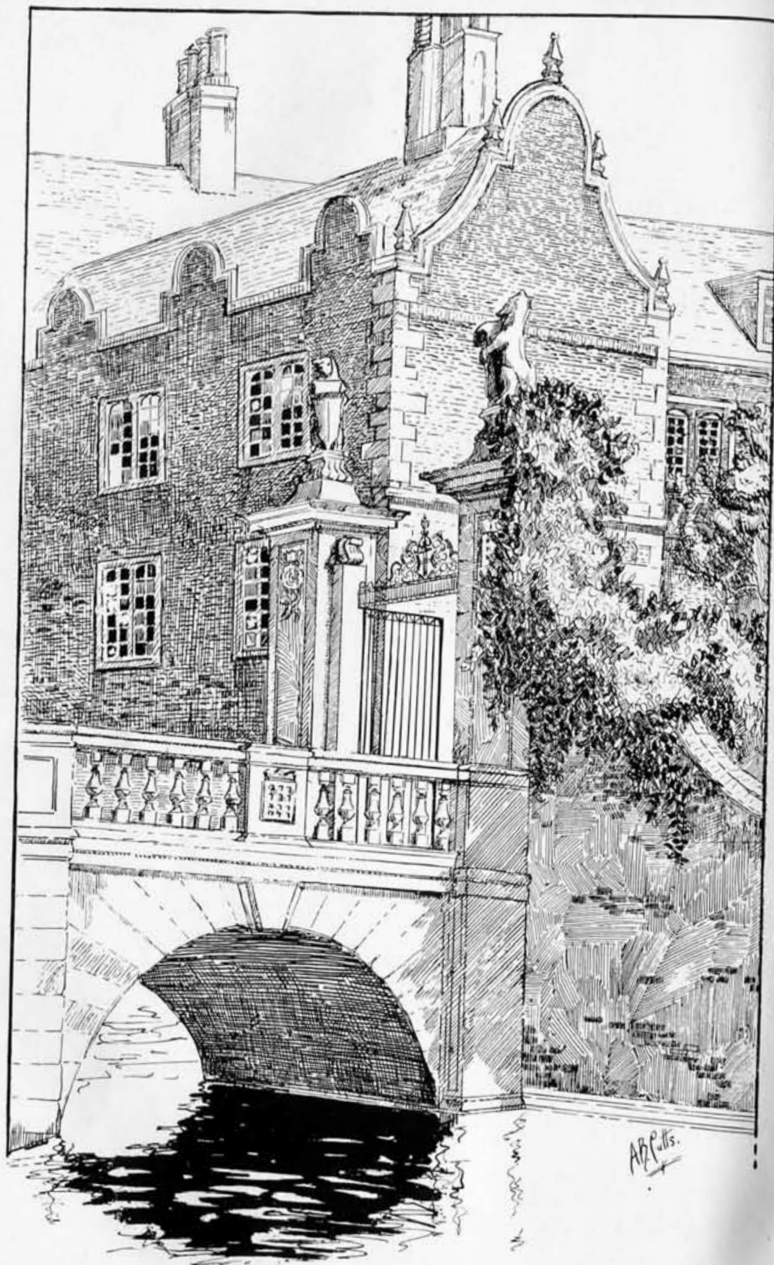

Kitchen Bridge

THE EAGLE

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MICHELSON AND MORLEY

TWO courteous courtiers spread their steel-ribbed cloak
  In puddles for their Queen Light's dirty shoes
Ostensibly. Their trick trips her wheel's spoke,
  And gives them all they will. She'll not refuse.

She swims their sunny river, tips the bank,
  And breasts a neat return against the flood,
Oddly direct. Leander's Hero thank,
  Then seek an explanation in the mud.

The grey mud mutters, gurgles, splutters,
  Idiotically blank,
Reproves them mutely from its gutters
  "Pretty business if she sank."

So they strut on, stiff-necked, along the stream
  As hungry herons gape their beaks for fish.
Till river turns to milk, its mud to cream,
  "Let's stay here till we die"—"Yes, if you wish."

So they dwell rich in Lotus-eaters' bliss,
  Full-gorged to split, indulge their pumping dream,
Learn Love from Fame's Newfoundland-pulpy kiss,
  Mud-wallowing send up a pleasant steam.

From them a slimy progeny in-breed
  A crop of neo-mystics to delight us
With a saner, simpler, newer, nobler creed,
  Based on Einstein. "Oo's this 'Eracleitus?"

H. S.

EPIGRAMS

KEATS

κάρτ᾽ ᾠδὴ βιότου ψυχή· μέλεσιν δὲ φυλάττει
πάντα βρότων μνήμη χάρματα, πένθος ἅπαν.
Σαπφὼ μὲν κελαδοῦσ᾽ ἔχθρας καὶ ἔρωτας ἀοιδῇ
πᾶσι μέλει· Μουσαῖς καὶ σύ γε, Γαῖε, φίλος*.
ἦν δὲ καὶ ἐξ ἡμῶν ποτ᾽ ἀήδονι ἶσος ἀοιδός,
λῆμα νεὸν Ῥώμης, Ἕλλαδος ἄνθος, ἔχων.

* Gaius Valerius Catullus.

KEATS

θεῖος ἀοιδὸς ἔην· θείως δ᾽ ἤειδεν ἐν ὥρᾳ·
τοῦ κάλλους γὰρ ἔην τῷ ποτε τοῖος ἔρως;
ἀλλὰ νεός περ ἐὼν κατέβη δόμον εἰς Ἀίδαο·
φασὶ θεῶν ἔμεναι πᾶν τὸ γένος φθονερόν.
ζῇ δ᾽ ἔτι νῦν τὰ μελίσματ᾽· ὅ δ᾽ εἰ θάνε καλὸς ἀοιδός,
καὶ Μούσαις φθόνος ἦν ἅρπαγα πρὸς Θάνατον.

KEATS AGAIN

"ʻρήματ᾽ ἔγωγ᾽ ἐφίλησα μελισσότοκ᾽ ἠδὲ καὶ ᾠδήν,
τοῦτ᾽ ἐπικηρύξας· ''Ἀθάνατον τὸ καλόν.'
ἀθάνατον τὸ καλόν· τοῦτ᾽ ᾖσα πότ᾽, ἀλλὰ βροτοῖσι
προσπίπτει θάνατος· νῦν με κέκευθε κόνις."
ὄρθον ἔειπεν ἔπος· τέθνηκε μὲν αὐτὸς ἀοιδός,
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν τὸ μέλος τοὔνομά τ᾽ ἀθάνατον.

ARMISTICE DAY

εἰρήνης ἕνεκεν τεθνήκαμεν· οὔτε γυναῖκας
οὔτε πόλεις ἱερὰς ὄψομεθ᾽, οὔτε δόμους.
ʻἕνδεκ᾽ ἀποφθίμενοι τάδ᾽ ἔτη μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης
κείμεθ᾽, ἄνευ στήλης· ἀλλὰ μένει τὸ κλέος.

THE FISHING CAMP ON THE RAPIDAN RIVER

Oceano remis victo, cum consule consul
Hoovercam gaudet fessus adire casam.
Gaudent; per gentes hominum mox Pace redacta
Belligeras Tellus gaudeat ipsa simul.

THE CONDUCTOR

αἰνῶ μὲν κιθάρην· αἰνῶ δὲ καὶ αὐλὸν ὁμοίως·
αὐλὸς καὶ κιθάρη δῶρα θεῶν τελέθει.
χείλεσί τις φυσᾷ· τῆς δ᾽ αὖ θίγε δακτύλῳ ἄλλος·
ἀλλὰ μόνης ἔργον τῆς φρενὸς ἁρμονίη.
μουσοπόλων μέγ᾽ ἄριστε φρεσίν, Κύριλλε, χορηγεῖς,
τῇ χερὶ ῥαβδουχῶν χείλεσι δ᾽ οὐκ ἄλαλος.

THE LADY MAGISTRATE

Majestas legum valeas; fit femina praetor;
Inter lictores jura dat ipsa viris.
Femineam mentem veterum praescripta movebunt?
Norma novi juris, Sic volo, sic jubeo.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

πυγμαχίαν φιλέουσ᾽ ἄλλοι ποταμόν τε ταράσσειν
κωπηρεῖς· ἡμῖν σφαῖρα μάλιστα μέλει.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐρεταῖς πλατὺς ἐστὶν ὁ ποῦς, δύσμορφος ὁ πυκτής,
ἡμῖν δ᾽ αὖ κάλλος σώζεται ἠδὲ δρόμος.

THE ST JOHN'S COLLEGE ORGAN

τίπτε πανημερίῳ πατάγῳ βαρυλαίλαπι μέλπεις
τέκνοις ἀντίθρουν ὑστερόφωνον ὄπα;
ἦ καὶ σοὶ προτέροιο δόμου πόθος, ὥστε διαιρεῖν
πειρᾷ τῶν ναῶν τόνδ᾽ ἀχαριστότατον;

G., R., D., & B.

"JOURNEY'S END" AND ITS AUTHOR

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF A PLAY, WITH SOME RANDOM REFLECTIONS ON THE DRAMA AND THEATRE OF TO-DAY

THE Nashe Society, which has quickly taken its place among the more significant literary societies of the University, was very fortunate in prevailing on Mr R. C. Sherriff to come and speak to it in November, the more particularly because Mr Sherriff was on the point of leaving for Warsaw and Prague, to see the production of his play in those two cities, and because he has talked so much about his reactions to the play, which has met with such signal success, that he is growing a little weary of it all. However, he seemed to appreciate the informality and heartiness of our greeting, and was cheered, in his capacity as captain of the Kingston Rowing Club, by the presence of a number of L.M.B.C. men. Mr Sherriff did not deliver a set address, but talked in an interesting and spontaneous way for an hour and a half about the history of the play, answering questions we put to him, and discussing points of interest as they arose. So much that was amusing and entertaining came out of all this that I have thought it worth while to jot down such things as I can remember. [Mr Sherriff was a little alarmed when he saw me making notes, for fear some of the less discreet of his remarks might be destined for the public press. But when he learnt that the *Eagle* was "printed for subscribers only," he was reassured, and gave me full leave to report him!]

Some time after the war was over, Mr Sherriff felt the desire to record in some form or other his experiences in, and reaction to, the war, of which he had eighteen months' experience as a subaltern. He started on a war-diary, but grew tired of it, and began on a play instead. He wrote the first page, with its detailed description of the dugout which forms the scene of the play, and then left it for some time.... After a while he went back to it, and got under way with the first act, which

took him about four months. Over the second act he spent a month, and the third was finished in a week. (Two or three scenes were included in the original play which do not appear in the stage version.) He was persuaded to take the manuscript to an agent who tried to "place" it, but without success. Managers shook their heads and unanimously rejected it because there was no woman in it. Finally, it was produced by a Sunday society, and the critics, almost without exception, were very proud of it. But it was still no easy task to get anyone to undertake its public production. Basil Dean turned it down because he said no play of the type would "take" without six changes of scene. Anmer Hall said it was "too sad," and so on.... But there was at that moment in London an actor who had spent twenty years in America, in Chicago and elsewhere, and had at last come home, steerage! On the boat an old lady had interested herself in him, and promised him £3000 to produce a play in London, if he could find one that was worth while. That man was Maurice Browne; he read *Journey's End*, and decided he must do that. But it was not easy to get a theatre; very often they are contracted to people for years in advance. However, it so happened *Young Woodley* was about to come off at the Savoy, and, after negotiation, that theatre was secured, at the rate of £500 a week. (This was just for the bricks and mortar of the place, nothing else. An army of sublessees and subsublessees live off the rent of almost every London theatre.) They were taking a great risk; they paid for three weeks in advance; would the great gamble come off? It did. Mr Sherriff was most emphatic that it was the papers which made the play. Their approving notices, differing only in the degree and terms of their enthusiasm, soon brought London in crowds to the Savoy. Mr Sherriff told how the first night was full, but that was nothing to go by, because there are so many "first-nighters" nowadays. The second night was nearly empty. On the third night he hardly dare go near the theatre. Finally, in fear and trembling, he approached it about half-past nine, to find the old commissionaire putting out "House Full" notices. "This is good," he said to the man. "Ah, Sir,"

replied the old fellow, "we allus puts these 'ere aht, as soon as it's bung up, *or we know it ain't goin' to be, nohow!*" But those early days of doubt and trepidation were soon left behind, and after a month's run, America became interested. Very soon other countries followed suit, and the foreign productions grew like a snowball.

Mr Sherriff gave us some very amusing instances of translating this peculiarly English play into other languages—including the American! He had written it originally purely as a private document, and quite naturally had made no concessions at all to foreign translators, or allowed for differences of tradition, idiom, type, or point of view. The trouble started right at the beginning of the American production, for the producer had never heard of an "earwig," and a lengthy discussion ensued as to what could be used instead. Finally, it was decided to substitute the word "cockchafer," but immediately after the first night, a lady who had been seated in one of the boxes at the side, wrote indignantly to complain that if there had been a cockchafer on the stage, she would have been able to see it from where she was. The word "tram" had to be altered to "trolley-car," and the "Rugger" three-quarter had to become centre-half for the Corinthians, that being the only English football team of which Americans have heard. [These remarks of Mr Sherriff's reminded me of a similar experience related to me by a man who had been concerned in the production of Eden Philpotts' *Yellow Sands* in New York. Starting by the substitution of "pants" for "trousers" wherever the latter word occurred, the producer had gone on until the whole of the West Country dialect was transposed into Bowery slang. After this, the play, which had been a poor success, picked up wonderfully and ran for a long time.]

But there were more serious language difficulties on the European continent. The Greek translation of "a master *at* Rugby" as "a professor of gymnastics" is a good one; and the Polish translator was much worried over the word "wind-up." "Vat does he mean, eh? I tink dat eet is someting which repeat after dinner!" was his comment, and so, presumably,

that is how the Poles are reading it now. A Norwegian paper commenting on the Stockholm production remarked: "This must be the first play Mr Sheridan has written for some time."

Mr Sherriff said he was very curious to see the reactions of a neutral country to the play, and very interesting the Stockholm production was. The whole Swedish army seemed to be there on the first night, and though they did not seem to care particularly for the play, they revelled in the noises! The Director-General of Ordnance in the Swedish Army asked to be allowed to manage the stage-effects, and he and the producer between them managed to stage a very creditable reproduction of a heavy bombardment, through which a word here or there from the actors might be distinguished by those sitting in the front stalls!

In Germany, on the other hand, the play is produced to point a moral throughout; there are practically no "noises off" and very few laughs; the action takes place in a really *deep* dugout to which few sounds can penetrate; in adapting the characterisation the Germans have gone for *types* rather than individuals, and in doing so have changed Mr Sherriff's original meaning entirely. The "ranker" officer for one thing was a phenomenon unknown in the German army, and the German "Raleigh" gave Mr Sherriff the impression of a boy playing pirates, slapping his revolver-holster, and "beating round" the place generally—none of the subtle sensitiveness of the English character. And one interesting sidelight on the Teutonic character is revealed by the difference of mood in Stanhope after he has opened Raleigh's letter. In the English production he is overcome with remorse at having been such a cad; in Berlin he is overjoyed to discover that in the letter there is nothing derogatory about him. Still Mr Sherriff claims that the German production is a very moving one, and has given him an extraordinarily clear insight into the subtle differences of approach and reaction on the part of a defeated nation to a war-play, from those of a victorious one. The German prevailing mood is one of much greater disgust and bitterness towards war than ours, and this is, quite naturally,

reflected in *The Other Side*, which is what they call *Journey's End*.

The French hereditary dislike of the Germans came out all along in their production, and was emphasised particularly in their desire to have the German prisoner, who is brought on to the stage, lynched every night in full view of the audience! Incidentally it was no use trying to get the *Alice in Wonderland* bit "over" in France, so Osborne in Paris reads the *Midsummer Night's Dream* instead! (In America *Alice* is far better known and appreciated than in England that incident is one of the most successful in the play in New York.)

It is an interesting point that the foreign productions differ very greatly in length. The French is a very short one, the German a long one, while the Swedish first night was still going strong when Mr Sherriff left after three and a half hours of it. It takes so much longer to say things in some languages. For instance, "Shall I stick it down?" in Swedish becomes "Shall I moisten with the tip of my tongue the adhesive solution contained on the flap, in order that when applied to the main portion of the envelope the two portions may firmly adhere the one to the other?"

Mr Sherriff had some very interesting things to say about broadcast plays. He believes they have enormous potentialities, if only because of the vast audience they reach. It is possible for eight million people, at present, and the numbers are increasing daily, to listen to one broadcast from London. It would take three companies playing to crowded houses for eight years to achieve the same result; such figures as these make one gasp. Mr Sherriff emphasised the necessity of evolving an entirely new technique for the broadcast play, and paid a generous tribute to the pioneer work of Mr Howard Rose in this direction. It came as a shock to him to find that in the Armistice Day broadcast of *Journey's End*, nearly all the "damns" and "bloodys" and "Gods" had been cut out. He wondered at first if there would be anything of the play left. But when he realised the enormous responsibilities which lie with the B.B.C., when he thought of the

number, and of the kind of homes which would be listening-in, he saw their point and acquiesced in their Bowdlerisation. He realised, too, how very difficult it was, and must always be, for the actors to play, as it were, to a blank wall, not knowing how people were liking it, not knowing whether they must play "hard" to get it over, or whether it was "easy" work. These things an actor in a theatre can tell, especially after a play has been running for some little time, almost as soon as the curtain has gone up on the first scene. Sometimes in order to hearten the broadcast players, the B.B.C. arrange for telephone calls to be made to the studio during the performance, from people outside, saying what a magnificent show it is. This serves instead of laughter and applause! [Variety artists, of course, have found they cannot do without an audience. And broadcast variety suffers as a consequence because there is an inevitable tendency to play to the people present rather than to the "mike." Clapham and Dwyer are always funnier to those who see them, than to those who are listening-in.]

Mr Sherriff was most definite in his assertion that he had not written *Journey's End* as peace propaganda. He does not think any of the flood of war-books now being published will have much effect in deciding people for or against war, in the long run. He thinks too, that it is a bad tendency which is shown in many of the books nowadays, especially German ones, to *degrade* war, to present it in its most brutal and sinister aspects, and to leave out of account the bravery, endurance, sacrifice, and comradeship which meant so much at the time. He pointed out that if there is another war, the nation or nations will win whose peace propaganda has been the least effective—a sobering thought for most of us. He does not think the observance of Armistice Day will die out; reverence for the war-graves in France may, with the passing of this generation or the next, but the Two Minutes' Silence will always be a moving symbolism of all War.

K. A.

?

WHAT is vision? 'tis but the seeing
of all things as a dream.
What is life? 'tis but the being
in the golden heart of it all.
What is love? 'tis but the full
experience, the middle stream.
Ah! what is song but a beautiful
interpreting when dream-voices call.

Are not the seers happy vision-making?
And for the dreamers need there be a waking?

INCOMING

IT is a secret thing,
Bearer of loveliness;
Softly to me it comes
To soothe and bless.

Loaded of quiet joy
And deep unspoken bliss;
Falleth around my heart,
Stoops to kiss.

Swiftly it floodeth in
Most glad, as when the sun
Strikes through the shallow wave
That lisps a stone.

Laughter and hurrying leaves
And grass are not more gay
At gusts of happiness
Than I to-day.

Friends may be well known,
Beauty we notice not,
But mirth that brimmeth thus
Is not forgot.

Inmost it doth remain
Nor shall I let it fly;
I'll hold it to my heart
Lest it die.

So shall I cherish this
Song of a happy hour,
Plant it most daintily.
It shall flower;

It shall grow beautiful
And flower in new spring,
Cast idle blossoms forth
Southward to wing.

TIME AND THE POET

SHALL we be friends, golden-haired,
At evening as at dawn?
Shall I regret to see your shadow
Fall across the lawn?

Shall we be friends, golden-haired,
In autumn as in spring,
When colour is gone and song is gone
And winter is hastening?

Shall we be friends, golden-haired,
In the middle-vale of life?
Cut not my faithful dreams in twain
With disillusion's knife.

Shall we be friends, golden-haired,
On the moorland of old age?
I prithee leave me memory,
A sweetened heritage.

Shall we be friends golden-haired,
Before the hour of death?
Yes, for I will give thanks to thee
And smile, at my last breath.

ALPESTRE

Hill behind hill, then peak, blue silhouette;
Delicate-mouthed, earth breathes her folded spell,
The sun unrisen, day unveiled, to tell
Man's insignificance, her pirouette.
Thus she appeared when Roman legions met
And burst her valley secrets; and obeyed;
When fleeing Gothic remnants hither strayed,
Alaric dead, their faces westward set;

Or earlier to that master of endeavour
Who came from Spain with elephants to force
Her winter-portal, carved a track and stood
Wise, for a moment, on the pass. (Horse,
Elephants and men the bravest ever.)
Saw her eternity, and understood.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY AND ITS RENOVATION

The completion of the work of restoration and repair in the College Library, which had been rendered necessary by the damage inflicted by the death-watch beetle, seems a fit occasion for a short narrative (which does not pretend to be complete, but which marks the main stages) of what has taken place during the past five years.

There is no doubt that the death-watch has long been a denizen of the Library: it is quite possible that an infected beam was introduced when the Library was built in 1624; and it is almost certain that owing to it the roof was repaired in 1783 by the architect Essex*, which was probably the occasion of the insertion of new ends to some of the roof-beams. However that may be, the memory of earlier ravages of the death-watch had disappeared, and its presence was

* Baker-Mayor, II, 1087. But the lead on the south side of the roof had been recast in 1771 (*ibid.* 1076).

unsuspected when an extension of its range in a most unusual direction caused its discovery in November, 1924. Owing, presumably, to the increase in numbers of the beetle, it had taken to laying its eggs not only in the woodwork but also on the edges of the books in the Upper Library; the grubs then burrowed into the paper as they did into wood, and passed the larva stage of their life in the books. In class M and class O on the north side books were found damaged, and a living grub and an adult beetle were picked out. These were submitted to Mr Brindley, who identified them as specimens of the death-watch. Remedial measures were then taken in hand. The books in the Upper Library were subjected to a thorough search, volume by volume and page by page, by Mr C. C. Scott, the Sub-Librarian, and E. J. Gillingham, the Library Assistant. This laborious but effective process resulted in the discovery that some 200 books* had been damaged in the few years preceding, and in the case of seven grubs were actually at work. It was finished in April, 1925, when it may be safely stated that the books were cleared of infection for the time being.

It was obvious, however, that the real home of the beetle was in the woodwork, and the College Council called for advice on the late Professor H. Maxwell Lefroy, the chief expert on the subject, who had directed the restoration of Westminster Hall under a similar attack. In January, 1925, he examined the bookcases of the Library and the roof, and gave advice on the amount of infection and on the remedial work to be undertaken. Here it will be well to give a rough description of the structure of the roof and ceiling.

Into the top of the wall, some 12 inches apart, were built on each side two "plate" beams of oak, an upper and a lower; supported on oak blocks inserted between these rose the main cross beams, each in three pieces, *i.e.* two slanting pieces joined by a horizontal member in the middle. Slender cross beams of the same design ran between them, and to both were attached the thin panels of the ceiling. The great beams

* The numberof damaged books was greater, but this is due to ancient damage by the ordinary bookworm or furniture beetle.

themselves were hidden above the ceiling, but their position was marked by ornamental woodwork. The carved ornamentation seen was mainly composed of small pieces fastened on. Round the top of the visible inside wall, but not touching it, ran an oaken cornice concealing the "plate" beams from below. Above this ceiling, between the great cross beams, were again slighter cross beams springing from the upper "plate" beams, and on them and the great beams themselves lay the planks which held the lead of the roof. It may here be mentioned—what became abundantly evident later—that the beetle only on multiplication of its numbers left the sap-wood, which the old builders were not careful to cut away from the beams, and that the unventilated damp wood, thick enough to burrow in, by the wall under the roof and its gutters, was its next most favoured habitat. Only as the really suitable wood got used up by continual burrowing did the beetle spread to the dry hard wood.

The first step taken, therefore, by Dr Shore in 1925 was to clear out the accumulated rubbish between the cornice and the wall so as to secure more ventilation, and to treat the cornice and accessible woodwork externally with insecticide. Then the lower "plate" beam was removed, partly in pails, from above the two most westerly bays of the north side, which were undoubtedly the favourite breeding ground of the beetle. The length of beam removed was replaced by bricks. It was hoped that by these means the greater part of the infection could be stopped.

The hold of the beetle on the Library was, however, stronger than was then suspected. By this time the Library staff were become expert in recognising the beetle, when motionless, at sight; and as it was known that the mature beetle, after its larval existence, emerged from its burrow in spring to breed and then died, daily search was made in the Upper Library for the two succeeding years, chiefly by E. J. Gillingham, who made his services the more valuable by keeping careful record of the places where the dead beetles were found. Thus, as the beetle travels but little, the distribution of the infection could be estimated with considerable

accuracy. In April and May, 1926, over 400 beetles were picked up, and from April to June 10th, 1927, the record was 530. While the worst-affected part of the building was the western half of the north side, and the book-cases were in comparison with the rest but slightly attacked, it now became clear that the whole Upper Library was infected, and the Library Committee reported this to the Council.

A thorough examination was obviously necessary, and Dr Shore called in Professor Beresford Pite as architect; in June an iron scaffolding was erected so that the examination could be made. It showed that complete dismantling and reconstruction were required. With regard to reconstruction there were two separate questions involved, that of the real roof and that of the ornamental ceiling beneath it. Discussion on these points produced a plan which received general approval. For the real roof Professor Beresford Pite replaced beams and woodwork by a structure of steel girders, concrete, and fire-proof brick, excellently ventilated, on which were laid first boards and then the recast lead of the old roof. It was a magnificent piece of engineering, and with its completion the Library possessed a roof answering to the most exacting modern requirements. Externally it showed the same outline as the old roof. As regards the ceiling and the cornice, in order that as much of the surface woodwork as possible should be saved, at the suggestion of Dr Coulton, Mr Weir, of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, was called in for advice. It was found when the damaged parts were removed a very high percentage of the surface woodwork, which could be seen from below, could be reinstated with safety under certain conditions. These were that all thickness of the old oak should be removed, and all sapwood cut away. Thus the back of thicker wood was cut away and replaced, and the ornamental brackets hollowed out and refilled, with pine wood immune from the beetle. The whole was dressed thoroughly with Heppell's insecticide. Thus when completed, the ceiling exhibited its former design and ornamentation and the largest part of its old surface wood; but this is really a kind of thin veneer of disinfected wood applied

to an immune structure. All this work was carried out by Messrs Rattee and Kett between August, 1927, and December, 1928, under the direction of Dr Shore and Professor Beresford Pite, assisted by a committee which included eventually Mr Blackman, Mr Brindley, Dr Coulton, Mr Cunningham, Sir Henry Howard, and the Librarian. Mr William Weir gave advice on the amount of the old wood which it would be safe to retain. The success of the result can be seen by all who remember the Library as it was before the visitation.

There remained the treatment of the rest of the interior. To deal with this, a special committee was set up, which entered on its duties in December, 1928. It consisted of Mr Foxwell, Dr Coulton, Mr Brindley, Mr Cunningham, and the Librarian. The architect for this was Mr William Weir, and Mr Douglas Cockerell gave advice on the books. The books were removed to Lecture Room 4 to a scaffolding designed by Mr Cunningham, and there they were carefully searched through once more by E. J. Gillingham and two boys under him for fresh infection. This was found to be much less than was feared, and it appeared that cases of the successful emergence of the beetle from books were few, since the grubs mostly died before their transformation. By June 10th, 1929, the books were ready to be replaced.

The bookcases and panelling were all removed to Messrs Rattee and Kett's shed, where they were carefully taken to pieces. Infected or otherwise decayed wood was renewed, and the cases were treated thoroughly on the inner surfaces with insecticide, and then replaced exactly in their former positions. Before this reinstatement took place, however, it was necessary to examine the floor. Here again the result was much more satisfactory than had been feared. It was found that the great cross beams and the joists between them were really supported by a wide ledge created by the greater thickness of the lower wall, although they projected into the upper wall beyond. Only sapwood and the unventilated ends of the beams and joists, besides the oak "templates" (or blocks) and thin "plates" built in the wall, on which they rested, were affected. Templates and plates were replaced by concrete and brick; and the beams, from which the useless sapwood and decayed ends were cut away, were made to rest directly on the well-ventilated ledge thus restored. Athwart the cross beams lay two great longitudinal beams, and from these the sapwood, which had attracted the beetle to a small extent, was also cut away. The beetle had left their hard wood alone. A number of the floor-boards had to be replaced. The whole, it is hardly needful to say, was treated with insecticide. The lobby and the small Librarian's room were examined in the same way. All this work was carried out, under Mr Weir's direction, by Messrs Rattee and Kett in the most satisfactory manner between January and August, 1929.

The clunch Library arch was also cleaned of paint, the panels of the Librarian's room and the lobby cleaned and polished, and the old oak flooring of the Librarian's room exposed. The work was finished in August, and the books were replaced by August 31st, 1929.

As a result of the whole restoration the Upper Library has regained, with comparatively slight differences, its appearance in 1924, and may again rank as one of the most impressive and beautiful interiors in the kingdom. In this respect the College is deeply indebted to the skill and taste of Mr Weir.

Some points of antiquarian interest may be mentioned. In the course of the operations on the roof, the shafts of the chimneys which are shown in Loggan's engraving were discovered in the thickness of the wall between the windows. They belonged to the sets of rooms of which the present Lower Library once consisted, and were removed and blocked up in the nineteenth century, when these sets were thrown together. Secondly, during the work on the floor it was found that there had at some time been a subsidence of some four inches at the west end of the Library, no doubt owing to the softness of the soil beneath. This had been remedied and disguised by strengthening the two great longitudinal beams, curved slightly by the stress, with iron clamps and bolts, and then progressively "firring" up the floor-boards to produce a level surface. This work of restoration may be safely

identified with that of 1777–81, when the arch next the Library and the foundation of the College next the river were repaired by Essex*. Further, while the centre floor-boards were due to past restorations, those at the sides were proved by the type of nails used to be of the date of the original building, and curiously enough were of both oak and deal. The older floor-boards of whatever date were reinstated towards the east end of the Library. Lastly, under several coats of paint it was found that the arch had been originally coloured black and red, of which traces have been left to recall the history of the building to the curious.

I cannot leave this story without expressing the obligations we are under to the Sub-Librarian, Mr C. C. Scott, who has throughout acted with the greatest zeal and judgement, and to E. J. Gillingham for his admirable work.

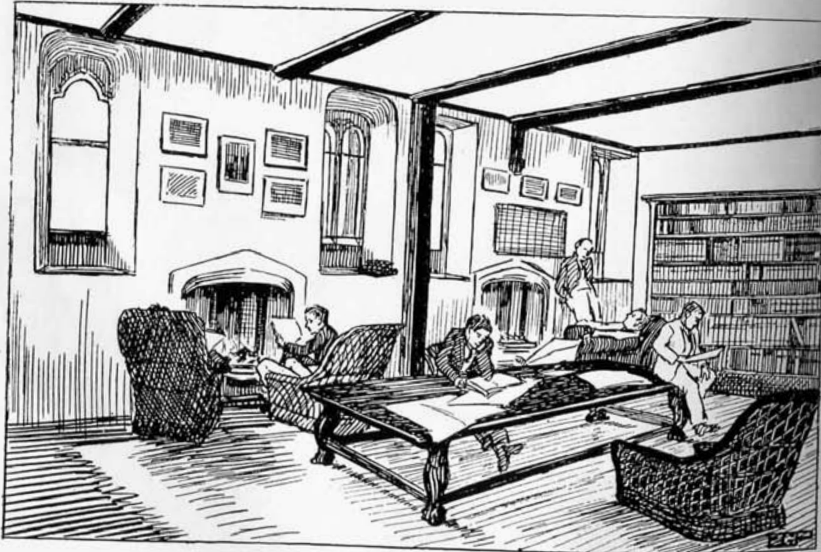
C. W. P. O.

* Baker-Mayor, II, 1084, 1085.

ENDYMION

THE moon
Glints
On silver-birches,
And peeps and peers
And leaps and leers
And squints
With sidelong hints at the dead leaves strewn
On the grass
Like frosted glass at the feet of the silver-birches.

Tell me and tell me, moon,
For what your search is?
Is it a lover you're waiting for
Like a maiden hiding behind her door,
That you part so shyly the black-net branches
Casting a brightness
Of sleeping whiteness
Where the chalk-shadow shimmers and gleams and blanches?
But he will not come



The College Reading Room: the Ideal and the Actual

Nor late nor soon,
No more will he hasten to greet you,
Moon;
For all your sprightness he's deaf and dumb
And cold as the frosted grass is numb.
He will not come
Through the owl-light night of the dusk twilight to meet you.

K. H. J.

THE CASE FOR A NEW READING ROOM

It has long been our private contention that the present undergraduates' Reading Room, situated obscurely in a corner of the First Court, is from no point of view at all adequate or worthy for a college of the size, the wealth, and the traditions of St John's. At length, urged on by a number of people no less dissatisfied than ourselves, and encouraged by the persistent inactivity of Authority in the matter, we have been driven to the course of making public controversy of the matter in this organ, in the hope that some practical good may result therefrom. We cannot but believe we shall have a strong, if not unanimous, body of opinion behind us in proclaiming our discontent. The undergraduate is a notoriously lazy animal, slow to anger, hard to move, but we feel that the three hundred odd persons who at one time or another use, or attempt to use, the College Reading Room must feel, if they take the trouble to think about it, that the present miserable makeshift *will not do.* The College shows on November 11th and on certain other occasions that it can combine and co-operate in unselfish causes to achieve magnificent results. Let us now work together for our own benefit, and for the benefit of future generations. A comfortable Reading Room in a college where so many junior members are compelled by the exigencies of the present lodging-house conditions to live a considerable distance from

the centre of the town, is an urgent and an indispensable necessity. If the College chooses so greatly to increase its numbers, it must not shirk the ensuing responsibilities. We in Cambridge are prepared to appreciate the antique if it is at the same time the beautiful. We suffer in our rooms old-fashioned extravagant grates, and ancient, draughty windows because their artistic effect may compensate for their practical insufficiency. But the Reading Room is not even old; it has neither dignity nor usefulness; it is merely Victorian and out-of-date.

Opinion must be mobilised. Authority must be made to see, and to act. How many of the senior members of the College have an inkling of the deplorable conditions with which those *in statu pupillari* have to contend? Can justice be said to exist when on the one hand you have a Senior Combination Room which is perhaps the most beautiful room in the University, and one which extends the whole length of one side of Second Court, and on the other a Junior Reading Room which is an ill-lighted, ill-ventilated cave which on summer nights just after Hall resembles nothing so much as a modern Black Hole of Calcutta, and on winter afternoons might well be compared to a canvas tent in the Antarctic, so bitter, so draughty and so dark is it? It is, it must be firmly said, the worst room of its type in the University. This is a statement which may be verified by anyone who will go to the present writer's pains to discover if other colleges be so badly provided for.

Let us undertake a short tour of inspection of the Reading Room as at present constructed; let us look for ourselves at its fabric, its fittings and appointments. The first thing which strikes us as we enter is that the only window from which any reasonable amount of light penetrates from the outside world is that which is farthest away from the fire. The draught down one's neck as one sits on the seat directly beneath that window is enough to tempt even the hardiest to ruin their eyesight by moving nearer the fire. When ensconced by the fire, in one of the three basket-chairs which the room boasts, it is, at all times of the day, for the artificial lighting is woefully inadequate, difficult to read a word. When these basket-chairs are occupied, the fire is effectively screened from everyone else in the room, and one is faced with the prospect, either of huddling in one of the four prehistorically uncomfortable armchairs in other parts of the room, or of perching on one of the hard chairs at the table, and being subjected to a roaring draught from the door. The door itself, which is rarely shut for more than a moment at a time, is not at all well protected by the badly-hung and unhygienic curtains which are suspended round it. There are no curtains over the windows, and no carpet on the floor. This last is an elementary necessity—a really good carpet will last twenty years or more—the one now in the Drawing Room at the Union was bought in 1907.

An unbelievable spirit of niggardliness seems to prevail with regard to the appointments of the room. Suggestions in the Reading Room Book about an automatic self-closing apparatus for the door—a matter of a few shillings—have been consistently shelved. The economy of the Reading Room Committee has resulted in the provision of far too few papers and periodicals; at rush hours it is impossible to get hold of anything save the *Magazine* of some hospital in London, or the *Exchange and Mart* of a fortnight previous. Two writing desks, with pens that will rarely write, are not nearly sufficient to meet the need, and the calls made upon them. Simple necessities, such as a posting-box for letters, are denied us; we had to fight to get a stamp machine and a waste-paper basket; as for such minor and inexpensive luxuries as chess and draught boards, no one even troubles to ask for them now, because they know how useless it would be.

On the other side of the First Court there is a beautiful long low room with plenty of light and air, which is 25 per cent. larger than the present Reading Room, and which is at the moment shamefully degraded by use as a bicycle shed. We are privileged to publish in this issue of *The Eagle* a couple of drawings done at our instigation by E. G. Parfit, which show the present Reading Room as it might be, if fittingly used as a storage-room for "bikes," and the present

bicycle shed as something approaching the Reading Room of our dreams. The cost of this change and transformation would not be enormous; there are for example fire-places in the bicycle shed mutely pleading for great log-fires to roar up their chimneys. There is no lack of light, no lecture-room above to distract the attention; no part of the room would be far away from the fires; the elegant beauty of the windows and the graceful length of the place would satisfy the sternest aesthetic sense.

Is it too much to ask that the College authorities should pay serious attention to this proposal? Might we not at any rate be informed of any insuperable difficulties which lie in the way of its fulfilment? Is there any reason why, profiting by the experience of other colleges, we should not have a room as delightful as that of Peterhouse and as modern and well-equipped as that in Gonville and Caius?

After all, what better way could be found to reinforce that lack of corporate feeling which is so lamentable a feature of our older universities to-day? How better stay the disintegration of college life than by providing a comfortable and convenient centre for that essentially sociable and gregarious creature—the undergraduate? Why should not the Junior Reading Room become the focus of college life and activity? For the social life of a college, the art of intercourse between its members, is the index of its spiritual well-being. Outside clubs and attractions would lose their appeal if leisure hours were better provided for within the College itself. Will not the authorities deign to cultivate our idleness, or are they only interested in us as lecture-goers and as supervisees? Will not they help us in our struggles to form a technique of pleasure, or must we attempt the task unbefriended and alone? In many respects the modern universities put us to shame here. It would be a sad thing if we were to have finally to admit that they caught better than we, with our centuries of tradition and experience, the old refectory spirit. Newman's "idea of a University" can hold good for us to-day, if we care enough that it should. But no university is worthy of the name which does not comprise colleges each

with their own traditions, loyalties, and activities. To-day these latter are no longer being fostered as they ought. If the spirit of the smaller corporations dies, can one with any confidence predict the future of that larger corporation, of which each college forms a part? If the members languish, can the body live?

The lazy charm of deep chairs by a drowsy fireside, of quiet reading and talking in the evening after Hall, is well-nigh unknown to the modern generation. The gentle ghost of our Lady Margaret must sometimes look down upon this mad, bustling world with pity—and with misgiving. The modern tendency is more and more to split into small, self-contained, little groups, or to drift out into the vast unlettered "flick-going" multitude, where all individuality is lost, and no one is called upon to think. It is a tendency which must be checked.

Suffice it now in conclusion to say that *we shall not rest until we have assured that every undergraduate and junior member of this College shall come to regard the continued rejection, or indefinite postponement, of this particular claim of his to consideration and comfort, as a wound to his self-respect, which he is bound to resent.*

K. A.

THE LECTURES OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

A THOUSAND Philistines old Samson slew,
Wielding an ass's jaw, sharp tooth and bone;
But Arnold slaughtered myriads, he too
Using a jaw; no ass's, but his own.

K. H. J.

ROOKS

TO-DAY is beauteous, yet you caw and caw.
Aurelius and Aquinas did the same,
Thus Plato and th' Evangelists won fame
Haggling th' efficacy of moral law.
Augustine wrote his *Civitas Dei*
Poised on bare boughs ecclesiastical;
Inge on an aerial prophesies the Fall
Of Birmingham to dust of Pompei.

While thinkers and black-coated priests take breath,
Black-shirted politicians recommend
A robot paradise, a moral death,
Rivalled by God wrapped in a flag of red.
Caw on, Pilsudski, Starlin; die and descend—
To-day is beauteous—thus are the hungry fed.

Z.

MOMENT

TRAFFIC
Dense packed, screeching brakes, noisome smells,
Luxurious cars, proletariat buses, fare-consuming taxis,
Humanity thrown together,
Stirred up by some invisible ladle,
Chafing, swearing at delays....

Two cars, wedged alongside,
Creeping from Piccadilly up Regent Street...
Their passengers gazed at each other,
Eyes
Exchanged messages of what men call Love...
Fate? Inevitable!
They would journey on for ever
Side by side.

A Cambridgeshire Cottage

Oxford Circus.
The woman shot ahead, the man
Was stopped, and dare not
Follow...
Strong was the arm of the law, and his licence
Was already
Endorsed.

B.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE COTTAGE

Before the Industrial Revolution, when transport was less organised than now and the village community was accustomed to live largely on its own resources, the English cottage-builders necessarily had to use the materials which came most readily to hand. For example in Cornwall, where the rock is mainly granite, and timber is relatively scarce, the cottages are made of large rough-hewn granite blocks, often without mortar, whitewashed and slate-tiled; and similarly on the chalk downs of Southern England, since the chalk is too soft to weather and trees are non-existent, they used the only possible material, flint; so that the split-flint cottage is almost the only known type. Some seaside villages used large unsplit pebbles; good examples are common in Worthing, Rottingdean, and Deal. In wooded districts half-timber cottages are naturally prevalent; the Surrey-Sussex Weald fills in the frames with deep red Weald clay bricks, horizontal or herring-boned, and roofs them with dark umber tiles. Sandstone regions like the Leith Hill range employ squared sandstone blocks of moderate size, with or without half-timber. Shere in Surrey is a fine example of an almost homogeneous yellow stone village.

A very different and very characteristic style is the rule in Cambridgeshire. Here there is a good supply of timber, though large woods are rare, and plenty of clay. This clay was not used for bricks until the Victorian grey-brick type of Cambridgeshire house, and consequently all the genuine "old English countryside" cottages employed it in another way. A solid timber framework was put up, and the posts con-

nected with close horizontal laths; the walls of this compact skeleton were then plastered firm with a cement of local clay and sand, and the outside was whitewashed. This construction can be seen quite plainly in the many ruined cottages round Cambridge, particularly at and near Fulbourn; and one can scarcely avoid the conclusion that they are direct lineal descendants from the Anglo-Saxon hut of wattle and daub. The roof is high and generally thatched, with deep-set windows to light the attic bedrooms; there are often shutters to the lower windows, which are small and dark, lost in large expanses of wall space. The woodwork, which is almost always drab or fawn, is fresh-looking, and the whitewash bright and clean; it is not uncommon to find a wash of pink or duck's-egg-green instead of white, which looks much better than it sounds. For the larger villages and towns, such as Shelford, Royston, and Cambridge, where presumably the inhabitants could afford a more permanent and ornate style, half-timber and even herring-bone brick are used for the more expensive houses; but in the small villages the above mentioned are the typical Cambridge cottages (see lino-cut), which though they sometimes vary considerably in size, ground plan, roof material, and number of stories, in general appearance are quite definitely characteristic.

These cottages are not confined to Cambridgeshire, for they are found in Essex and other adjoining counties; but somehow they seem best suited to the flat and rather damp landscape of the Cambridge plain. It is the native local style, and certainly they are fine-looking and clean and prosperous, so that Cambridge should be proud of them. They are often very effective in a long terraced row, as at Grantchester and Boxworth; but small separate ones as in the illustration have a comfortable and self-important look, notably at Toft, Comberton, and the two Wilbrahams. A third arrangement groups them compactly round the village green, which gives an appearance of solidarity of the kind to be seen at Cottenham, Histon, Madingley, and particularly at Barrington. The general effect of these clusters is rather Christmas-cardy; Madingley, on a snowy night with its lighted windows shining

out round the green, can look exceedingly so. The villages are all small, but there are also very many of them, and consequently specimens of the type described are common everywhere. But unfortunately two new styles have arisen since last century, both of them less attractive. The first is the grey brick referred to above; the bricks were originally yellow, but have weathered to a dull neutral colour. The effect is not unpleasing in isolated cases, but a row of them is intolerable. The second is a variation of the first that has sprung up since the War. Here again the brick is yellow, but it is bright and generally ruined by interposed layers of red brick. An ugly slate is used for the roof, and, with the niggardly woodwork and formal spacing, the result is cheap in the extreme. Histon, Sawston, Girton, Papworth Everard, Comberton, and many other villages have been spoilt by them; but the "wattle and daub" is still typical of Cambridgeshire, and most of them are good for many decades yet.

K. H. J.

THE STORY OF SOTH

MANY another besides Xim has perished in the vale of Orni Peeroth. There is still to tell of Arna Lura, of Sni, of Lis, and of what befel to Yneeta when he encountered the Sleeths; of Pneara and of Sneiri and of all the sons of the misshapen Keth; but the most tragic of all is the story of the incomprehensible Soth.

Taking the third turning to the left after you pass through the north gate of Constantinople and following the elusive track over the hills which lie around you, you will find before you a well. But take heed you do not drink of it, no nor even look into it, or the fate of Soth will be yours, which is one with the fate of Arna Lura.

In a little room over a carpet maker's shop in the less known part of Constantinople, lived Soth, and none knew his trade; none, save only his employer. Let it be whispered only; he traded in souls. And his employer——we must not tell. There

was a time once when the barter of souls was an open and an upright practice, but since it fell into evil hands it is not spoken of, except in a whisper, and then only with circumspection.

It was not so long ago that Soth received from his employer an order for thirteen souls, to be delivered safely by the following evening.

Many people would have been at a loss how to carry out the order, but not so Soth; he was born and bred in the trade, and knew his business.

Taking in his hands the inestimable shoes, he went out by the North gate and took the third turning to the left along the elusive track. He did not drink of the well, for the day was cool as yet, but he passed it by making all speed, for he had a hard day's work before him.

When he arrived at the top of the misshapen crags of Litha Lura he descended into the vale of Orni Peeroth.

In a little cave by the brink of the River Incredible, he donned the inestimable shoes, which enabled him to see the Sleeths.

All day long he worked, snatching here and there a soul from the grasp of a Sleeth, and by evening he had in his wallet twelve good souls. But by this time the Sleeths had become aware that a thief was at large, and it seemed that he would have to return without his full complement.

At length in despair he started to trudge back still lacking one soul. But near the well into which no man may look he espied a stray Sleeth carrying a soul; as good a soul as he had ever seen. Despite his weariness he gave chase; but the Sleeth was cunning, he knew the safety that the well would afford him against mortals and he made straight for it. Driven mad with desperation, Soth flew after him, and for the first time in his life he forgot the advice given to him by his old father Toos. He peered into the well after the Sleeth. That was the end. Even his wallet of souls disappeared with him, and only the inestimable shoes remain to tell of Soth and his incorrigible trade.

W. W.

T. F. POWYS: AN APPRECIATION

Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying.... *Paradise Lost.*

EVERY good author improves on acquaintance. But surprisingly little is known of T. F. Powys, who for a quarter of a century has remained securely isolated from the Western World in the Dorsetshire village of East Chaldon. The only adequate account of the man himself has been written by his brother Llewelyn:

> Never for a single moment, since he reached the age of discretion, has my brother Theodore given so much as a sunflower seed for the busy practical life of our Western World, that shallow, unreflective life, which appears to be so exactly adapted to the taste of most Anglo-Saxons. He is like a sportsman who has left his fellow pheasant-shooters to go down indeed to the marshlands after snipe. He is hunting a wild bird indeed, *a bird that flies zigzag*. He is hunting God...
>
> And here (East Chaldon), for twenty years, he has lived, occupied with his own queer, mystical illuminations, with his books, his writing, and his wife and two boys....During the twenty years my brother has walked over those downs, never once, not for a day, has he forgotten his quest. With grey, haunted eyes he has scanned the immemorial outlines of the hills. With ears pricked up like a cat's in a kitchen, he has listened to the village priest and the village pauper. Like a melancholy-eyed beagle moving in and out of the bracken, he has smelt God and will not be called off. For more than a quarter of a century he has been the manœuvring, incorrigible eavesdropper, who is always on the alert to hear, through cranny or keyhole, what God says *when he talks to himself*.

No one has been more misjudged and misunderstood by the critics than this solitary figure; which, considering the present pathetic condition of English criticism, is not remarkable. "The critics are of one mind with the public. You may have noticed, they rarely flower above that rocky surface." Here is a typical piece of misunderstanding from an American book of criticism:

> Powys is not very skilful in plot. He has to rely there on a greater malevolence in humanity, and a more total depravity in

inanimate things than is usual in our world. Such a villain as Charles Tulk in *Mark Only* is scarcely credible. A portion of this crudity of character and incident and construction may be due merely to his inexperience in the architectonics of the story...but there is unquestioned crudity in the very fiber of Powys. Trying hard to be as implacable as life itself, Powys cannot help but betray himself as the sentimentalist,

and so on, until the criticism becomes a confession of mental dullness and insensibility.

If the reader treats Powys as a realist of the modern school, he cannot hope to appreciate him. He cannot be compared with any contemporary writer. That is his chief charm. In fact, there are very few writers he can be compared with at all. John Bunyan is perhaps the only man whose influence can be seen in his work. Many of his characters are what Ben Jonson would have called Humours—men and women living human lives with human relationships, and at the same time embodying a single humour or quality, to the exclusion of all others. He does not intend them to be complete. He only considers their prominent traits, and the part of the man's character that he has no artistic use for he discards. His characters, for the most part, are "flat," not "round." But he draws them so brilliantly, with such unquestioned power, that one can be forgiven for supposing they really exist. Charlie Tulk is thoroughly black—Powys intends that he should be. It is necessary that he should be. Powys is an artist, not an alienist. But there are people in this world dangerously like Charlie Tulk.

Mr Tulk had found the world, even the tiny part of it that is called Dodderdown, as a place very much to his liking. There were so many things, even in Dodderdown, for a clever man to say, and he never wanted for a pleasant word. He had, indeed, all the merry matters of the countryside at his finger-ends, and could always choose at will a suitable story out of a full store-room of rival obscenities.

Mr Tulk had a firm belief that one could, although lame and poor enough to have to borrow an outhouse to sleep in, still take a nice profit from the trade of living: the profit in his case being the anticipation and consummation of a certain passion.

Surely there are many Charlie Tulks?

Another criticism, frequently launched—when the critics deign to become aware of his existence—is that "to Powys the country is nothing but mud." In his first published novel, *The Left Leg*, Powys has described the country as it seems to him. They have evidently not read this exquisite passage.

Luke Bird had come to Dodder like a simple virgin of the Lord. The peasant people were altogether new beings to him.

He had wandered into their ways and had found all their ways to be a new language—a language with words strange to his ear. When Dunell talked about his horses, the man spoke of their very bots and sidecracks as though they were the mystic part of a wonderful story—a story more wonderful than the utmost immortality of man could reach to. The people moved between magic hedges in cloud-haunted fields—all hours and days and winds were to them moving beasts and gods and sweet flowers. They heard the mighty movement of a song that underground heaved up in light and sank in darkness, that touched everything, that became all. For ever the times and the seasons beat, beat in undulating monotony upon those who dwelt below Angel Hill. The sun shone sometimes, and the autumn rains lashed slantwise against the lattice windows. The curlew would cry in its flight over the hill. The lambs would bleat plaintively to their dams. The robin would pertly hop upon the stile. And the dread song would go on moving, eternal in its changes, below it all....

Powys's characters, good and evil, may be instructively likened to the carvings on medieval cathedrals. Charlie Tulk, Mr Tasker, Mrs Vosper, Mrs Fancy, are the spitting gargoyles. Henry Turnbull, Neville, Mr Grobe, Rose Netley, Luke Bird, are the saints and patriarchs of the church standing in their niches where the crows and pigeons come to perch and make their nests. Tamar Grobe, Mike Peach, all the children in the novels are the sprites and pucks and little, merry-faced men. His work has the same curious mixture of realism and mysticism which the illuminators of medieval breviaries and the carvers of English Gothic possessed, which makes him stand alone among modern writers.

Mark Only, read as a realist novel, could reasonably be called crude. It is like a Greek tragedy in its austerity. Nothing is put in which is unnecessary, and to take out any

part would destroy the unity of the whole. The christening at the beginning of the book—which is not put there as "padding" or "local colour"—is the beginning of tragedy. And as a result of the deaf clergyman's disastrous mistake, Mark, with his queer name, is destined from his birth for tragedy. Throughout the book, like a chorus, the mystical hounds of death pursue him; and though at first he fears and avoids them, in the end, when his tragedy is consummated, he goes to them willingly.

"'Twas a kind maid to lead I to they quiet dogs," he murmured, "In olden times I did use to fear they death's dogs, but now they be all round a-licking of I. They dogs be kinder than warm stable, they dogs be, and there bain't nor wife nor maid that be so loving kind as they good dogs."

Mark Only said no more. The wind blew his coat and shirt open, and his neck and chest were laid bare. The lonely tree was fallen, and Mark was fallen too like the tree. The dogs had him, the good dogs.

Of the earlier novels, *Mark Only* and *Innocent Birds* are the finest. The description of the death of Fred and Polly in *Innocent Birds* has not, to my knowledge, been anywhere excelled and very rarely equalled in the literature of the twentieth century. Powys's style is as individual as his thought. It is always exquisitely sensitive, at times lyrical, at times austere, and unique. There is no prose writer now living with a style so definitely his own, and so near to perfection.

Of the last three books to be published—*The House with the Echo*, *Mr Weston's Good Wine*, and *An Interpretation of Genesis* (the first work he wrote)—*Mr Weston* is immeasurably the finest. With this book, worthy to be placed beside the great allegories of English literature, Powys has given us something utterly new. I do not think it a serious exaggeration to say that this is the most original work of the century. All the events take place in a single night, since the clock of the village inn stops with the arrival of Mr Weston.

"No, no, there bain't no need to hurry," said Dealer Kiddle and Mr Vosper, in one voice, "for time be stopped."

"And Eternity have come," muttered Mr Grunter.

The story concerns itself with the visit of God—in the guise of Mr Weston, a wine merchant—to the village of Folly Down, with his wine, "as strong as death and as sweet as love." His wines are Love and Death, for Powys, the two great realities.

I do not know much about love, but this I do know, that in all its ramifications, in all its manifold appearances, it should be used kindly. Love is the only thing in the world; all else is weariness and wormwood. In its wildest flights, in its most grotesque attitudes, love remains untainted. Unhappiness would fade and perish if love were always kind. All amusements that gather about this wonderful loadstone should be ever treated by all the committees of the world with tolerance and magnanimity. And the most strange abnormalities of love, its most distorted and fantastical expressions, should but be viewed by the magistrates as the rage of God.

But for those whom he loves especially, he has a draught of deadlier wine. Mr Grobe, the good clergyman of the village, is one of the fortunates to whom Mr Weston gives some of this precious wine.

"I have brought another wine with me, that you are welcome to drink. I only give this to those I love, but when you drink this wine you will sorrow no more."

Mr Grobe poured out a glass of wine. He drank contentedly, and seemed to fall into a deep sleep. But soon he sighed happily, and his breathing stopped.

Mr Weston raised Mr Grobe's head and placed the cushion more easily underneath it.

The wine merchant covered the face of the dead.

When Mr Weston has settled the affairs of the village, the eternal moment ends, time moves again, and Mr Weston stands, with his attendant archangel Michael, on the hill above Folly Down.

"There is still your old enemy to be thought of," remarked Michael, "have you forgotten him?"

"I certainly had," replied Mr Weston, "but don't you think he would like to be a serpent again—a small adder?"

"I fancy," said Michael, "that he would like to disappear in his old element—fire."

"And so he shall," cried Mr Weston. "Will you be so kind, Michael, as to drop a burning match into the petrol tank?"

"And we?" asked Michael.

"Shall vanish in the smoke," replied Mr Weston.

"Very well," said Michael, sadly.

Michael did as he was told. In a moment a fierce tongue of flame leaped up from the car; a pillar of smoke rose above the flame and ascended into the heavens. The fire died down, smouldered, and went out.

Mr Weston was gone.

Many contemporary novels may become permanent literature. It is always a risky, but very entertaining, business to anticipate the verdict of posterity. There are perhaps six novels written during the past twenty years, which one feels sure are permanent. And among those is certainly *Mr Weston's Good Wine*. Powys is a poet whose imagination clothes the most ordinary objects and occurrences in such vivid colours of illusion as compel belief.

The power of art is magnificent. It can change the dullest sense into the most glorious; it can people a new world in a moment of time; it can cause a sparkling fountain to flow in the driest desert to solace a thirsty traveller.

I have to thank Mr Powys for permission to quote so extensively from his novels, and Mr Llewelyn Powys for permission to quote from *Skin for Skin*.

W. C. H.

ROMAN HISTORY 9

NOW in dealing with Caesar and Pompey you must ask yourself the question, "What did Stanley say to Livingstone in 1852?" What did Pompey *think*? You remember, all of you, what Abraham Lincoln said when American Independence was proclaimed, "You can't get away," he said, "you can't get away from pottery." Now it was just the same with Pompey; having come to a standstill he realised he was moving neither forwards nor backwards—

you understand? I ask you, why did the army of Chang-Tso-Lin advance on Chang-Kai-Shek with blue shields? In those blue shields you have the key to the whole problem. Have you ever realised why it is that so few women have pink teeth? Gentlemen, I beg of you, when you marry, do not marry women with pink teeth. It was like that with Caesar—you understand? Tenney Mark, *Roman Imperialism*, chap. 5, page 178, paragraph 10, says—I want you to take this sentence down—some people say they can't take notes at these lectures—here is something they *can* take down—"It should not only be never forgotten, but also always remembered, that just as Rome was never Greece, so Greece was never Rome." Very well then! Gentlemen, in the state of California there is perpetual sunshine. As Homer says—Will someone take the pole and open the window?...Now where was I? Oh yes, we had reached Pharsalia. Now I ask you, what was the object of President Wilson's Gettysburg oration? In other words, where was Cleopatra in 45 B.C.? And if not, why not? Can anyone doubt that if the answers to these two questions are carefully considered in the light of Professor Schlusche's recent discoveries at Girton Corner the whole thing becomes perfectly clear? Lucan, *Pharsalia* XII, 2: "Talis agunt non esset, agant nec qualis agendum"—if you can understand that you can understand the whole of Greek and Roman history. That explains why the boundary of the state of Illinois lies inside, but at the same time outside, the boundary of Ohio. *And the next American president will be from Kansas*—you understand? Caesar, then, realised the game was up—*he hadn't been to California*. Neither had Polybius. If they had, they would have realised that undergraduates cannot dig up Trinity Street without the Proctor's permission. Can this be reconciled with the present aims of Mexico in Tibet? Very well then! Now we come to Caesar's domestic legislation. Gentlemen, why is it that no woman has ever known how to cook as well as a man? What do you think was the cause of the French Revolution? If Wordsworth had never heard of it, he would never have written a line! Gentlemen, *was it justified*? I ask you! Henry VIII—whom I'm sure you

all admire—could not cook—then why should Wordsworth? Read Polybius, Bk. 35, chap. 28, and then ask yourselves what Polybius would have done. If Wordsworth had met Henry VIII the whole course of history might have been changed— I ask you, what is the connexion between politics and hosiery? The answer is, the senate is breaking down, and Caesar knew it. *Then what about Trinity Street*? You see the idea—it is all in Polybius.

So much for Caesar's political reorganisation. Next time we shall deal with his social reforms.

MIBREW.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

SUMMER 1929

President: THE MASTER. *Treasurer:* MR E. CUNNINGHAM. *First Boat Captain:* R. H. BAINES. *Second Boat Captain:* N. BOOTH. *Secretary:* B. M. DAVISON. *Junior Treasurer:* R. H. S. TURNER.

THE May Boat, with six colours of last year, was expected to hold its own, if not to go up. The order was, however, not settled for a long time, and thus the benefit which may have been gained in the first weeks of practice was not made the best use of. Besides this disadvantage, the crew never learned, in spite of the coaching of Sir Henry Howard and R. A. Symonds, to use their legs properly, and never rowed really hard enough in the practice courses. In the races the crew did try to row hard, and succeeded in bumping Christ's on the first night, and rowing over on the second. On the third and fourth nights they went down to Pembroke and Selwyn, after quite good races, especially with the former. It is hoped the whole club learned from this that a crew must think for themselves and row hard all through practice, as well as listening to their coach.

The Second Boat hardly realised expectations; good paddling cannot, however, make up for half-hearted rowing. On the first night Caius III caught us rather surprisingly; the next night rowing much better we nearly caught them back again. On the

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TWO PARTINGS

I

My footsteps echo slowly down the stairs;
A pause
and the front door shuts with a dull slam,
And you are left alone in the empty house.

II

Our eyes strain to each other as the train sweeps from the station,
Crying out mutely against the necessity of separation,
Calling each to the other in a kind of desperate chorus.

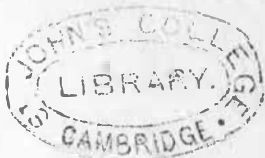
The link snaps. We that were one are suddenly snatched asunder,
Two diverse units; and, with a rush of helpless wonder
We each turn blankly to face the unknown life before us.

K. H. J.

RICHARD EBERHART*

Of last year's Cambridge poets the most interesting figures, in very different ways, were Empson and Eberhart. Empson approaches the kind of poetic sensibility exemplified in Donne, whereas Eberhart's is a simpler and more direct sensibility; Empson is a poet of possibilities rather than performance at present, but Eberhart's development is complete. Their respective attitudes to the reader point the contrast between them; Empson in *Letter IV* for instance is aware of his audience, but in rather an

* *A Bravery of Earth*, by Richard Eberhart. (Cape. 5*s*.)



insolent way; the consciousness of an audience seems an essential part of Empson's attitude; he makes no concession to his readers, but he cannot write without them. Eberhart's work suggests that he is not aware of an audience at all, and as a result he is at times not critical enough, as in the passage on the oilcan (p. 122), which is mere prose. His autobiographic poem is obviously to be compared with the Prelude, the work of another Johnian; several parallels may be found. Wordsworth feels the

> heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world...

and for Eberhart

> Corruption that inheres in life...
> ...brings the dead weight
> Upon me of the waste world.

But *A Bravery of Earth* does not definitely challenge comparison, because Wordsworth claimed value for his philosophy, the doctrine of the three stages, whereas Eberhart simply recounts his own experience, a progress of "awarenesses." It is not an uncommon experience; many young men may have had similar emotions and attitudes, but few have written such fresh and vital lyric passages as form the most valuable parts of this book. Eberhart is essentially a lyric poet (it is to be hoped that his shorter poems are to be published), and he is not capable of writing a long sustained poem; the best passages are in the first section, and in the description of his voyage in a tramp-steamer. Occasionally his impulses are not productive of poetry, as when he describes common-places of philosophy; but the poem rarely loses interest, the reader does not have to jump from one oasis to another; and the poet is most skilful in preventing his metre becoming monotonous. The opening of the poem indicates its quality:

> This fevers me, this sun on green,
> On grass glowing, this young spring.
> The secret hallowing is come,
> Regenerate sudden incarnation,
> Mystery made visible

> In growth, yet subtly veiled in all,
> Ununderstandable in grass,
> In flowers, and in the human heart,
> This lyric mortal loveliness,
> The earth breathing, and the sun.

Richard Eberhart is an American; he was at St John's until 1929, and the poem was written during his residence here.

A. D. H. T.

D. H. LAWRENCE

The obituary notices on D. H. Lawrence have been almost wholly bad. Most of them have been panegyrical, and defensive, in tone; but most of the praise, and all the justification, have been so hopelessly irrelevant as to make Lawrence's work seem even more open to destructive criticism than did the many bitter attacks which were directed against him while he lived. In his life he was accused of many vices, of which he was proud; now, he is praised for many virtues which he would have despised.

It must be admitted that most of his novels are, as organic wholes, unreadable. The only exceptions are *Sons and Lovers* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; even these are not notable for good construction. He never troubled to contrive a really good plot and never could draw a character that was not either himself, or a partition of himself. The reason for this is that, as a young man, he was driven into the position of a preacher, through moral indignation; this attitude of didacticism grew upon him; his only balanced novel, *Sons and Lovers*, was among his very first. For the rest, he preached.

From his work we may deduce in him certain frustrated potentialities, which could have made him a greater writer. He obviously knew people well, and from his intensely personal mind could have created characters which would have been quite unique in the novel. Also, where he fails in construction, his failure is not due to a defective sense of balance but to his subjection, in himself, of the artist to the moralist. Again, his prose style, if it had been developed fully

along the lines which he had thought out for himself, and later neglected, might have been an instrument which would have at last given one great precedent to the English poetical novel. As it is, though he evolved it with the clear purpose of achieving new rhythms and, thereby, a new emphasis on old words and phrases, in process of time he debased it into the preacher's mere repetition of his text. "The essential function of art is moral. Not æsthetic, not decorative, not pastime and recreation. But moral. The essential function of art is moral."

His moral attitude is not a sex obsession. Lawrence's whole philosophy was Epicurean; he regarded pleasure as the highest good. Striving against the realisation of this ideal he saw, in England, many traditional and absurd preconceptions; the greatest of these he considered to be English prudery. And English prudery he attacked in almost every book he wrote, whether by direct satire, or by metaphysical rationalising, or by orgiastic descriptions of sexual emotion and enjoyment. The satirical method he uses in his pamphlet *Pornography and Obscenity* and in his introduction to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; in these he attacks, with great vigour and wit, on the one hand sex sentimentality and the false idea of "purity," and on the other hand the inevitable reaction to such ideals found in the tired satiety of the upper classes in this country. In his books on psycho-analysis and the unconscious he merely revived the cosmic meanderings of writers like Novalis and Richter, with an occasional punctuating remark to the effect that sex is the real clue of everything; these books are completely and thoroughly foolish. His descriptions of sexual emotion, and his treatment of thoughts and conversations consequent on such emotion, are his most important work. It is partly realistic description of his own personal experiences and partly a didactic code of instructions for the use of English men and women. In so far as he keeps to his personal experience he writes vividly and well; but when he becomes instructive—and this tendency is made evident by his insistent and obstinate recurrence to such themes—he serves a purpose no better than that of prescriptive writers such as Dr Marie Stopes.

I have said that in Lawrence's work the artist was gradually submerged in the moralist; but occasionally his moralising is sublimated, by a transient application of his real style and imagination, into art as great as that of Donne's sermons. It is on these passages that he must be judged. The most notable of them is to be found in that chapter of *Kangaroo* called "Nightmare," which is pure autobiography. In the ordinary way Lawrence achieves nothing approaching the usual fusion of elements necessary to a good novel; at the expense of everything else he keeps paving the way for the reiteration of his text. Here, however, for confusion there is perfect balance, for repetition there is a quick continuity, for proselytism there is simple and direct self-revelation. Such a passage at least shows us that Lawrence was a genius; it is in total contrast to the rest of his work.

This article is not intended as another of the many obituary notices on Lawrence; it is more final than that; it is his funeral and burial service. He was forced always by the English public to be, in his writings, something far less than he was in himself; like many other potentially great writers of to-day—the most noteworthy, I suppose, is Shaw—he allowed his esemplastic genius to be torn apart and one small partition of it—in his case, sex morality—to receive an exaggerated importance. Moral indignation compelled him to become one small advertising unit in the gradual movement towards a more frank relation between the sexes in this country. Lawrence was undoubtedly a genius, but he is dead; his work is the instrument of a movement which is ever in progress, and so cannot live.

GORDON FRASER.

FIRST LESSONS IN THE "OXFORD" ACCENT

§ 1. VOWELS

ENGLISH		PRONUNCIATION	EXAMPLE
a	short	*e* short	bank = *benk*
	long	*aw*	rather = *rawther*
e	short	*ai*(*r*) [Germ. *ä*]	bell = *bairl*
	long	*i* short	seen = *sin*
i	short	as in Eng., but often trebled	trick = *tri-i-ick*
	long	*ay*	side = *sade*
o	short	*aw*	on top = *awn tawp*
	long	*ay-o*	no = *nay-o*
u	short	*a* short	luck = *lack.*

§ 2. NOTES ON VOWELS

(i) *a* short may also be sounded as *e* short; thus "bank" (normally *benk*) also occurs as *bairnk*. The beginner, however, is advised to confine himself to first principles.

(ii) *ow* as in "cow" is sounded as *o* long; e.g. "how" is pronounced *hayo*.

(iii) *oo* long is avoided; thus in "room," "moon," the sound is as in "book," "look."

§ 3. CONSONANTS

h—in combination with *w* is always dropped. Thus "what" is pronounced *wawt*.

r—is omitted wherever possible, and always at the ends of words (e.g. "work" = *wuk*; "floor" = *flaw*). It should always be inserted, however, to help in cases which would otherwise require effort; thus *the hayah the fyaw*, but *the lawr awf label.* (In the passages for translation, and in § 2, i above, *r* is accordingly silent.) Frequently final *r* creates an exception to the above table of vowels; thus "hire," "wire," are pronounced *hah*, *wah*.

s—is occasionally dropped when final: e.g. "yes" = *ye-ah*.

t—between vowels is frequently elided: e.g. "The Scottish Cup" = *The Scawhish Cap*; "much better" = *mach bairhah*.

w—is often dropped in the centre of a word: thus "flower" = *flah*; "sower" = *saw*, etc.

§ 4. ARCHAISMS

g. This consonant was formerly dropped when final, especially in sports: thus *huntin'*, *shootin'*, *fishin'*, etc. The best authorities now, however, have abandoned this practice.

girl. Pronunciation as *gairl*, with the allied modification *gel*, resulting from the usual elision of *r*, was formerly thought essential, and may still be heard from older exponents, but was generally abandoned on the discovery that less *calchud* classes had evolved an almost identical form (cf. Pitcher, "*Gals*' Gossip"). The natural form *gull*, parallel to *wuk* (v. § 3), is now most esteemed.

§ 5. GENERAL

Slur wherever possible, and let the predominating vowel-sounds be *aw* and *ai*(*r*). The word *mawvlus* should occur in every fourth sentence.

§ 6. EXERCISES

Translate into English:

1. Cam awn, cheps, lairt's gayo twa fli-i-ick; wawt's awn?
2. Ave gawto ran apto tayone in may caw to simmay pipple.
3. Ye-ah, mawvlus bittah hawt sex wuk in thet reecawd.
4. Cayohs in the clayover; sawsagen mesh; hev sam bah.

§ 7. ADVANCED PASSAGES FOR SENIOR STUDENTS

(see § 2, i; § 5)

1. Taird sairdey mairnto gairten airxeat wairney wairnto Bairdfud.
2. Bawb's dawg gawt lawst in the fawg pawst the crawss lawst Mawch.

B. O'C.

A SAD STORY

ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Glasgow an eminent Greek scholar, the Professor of Greek at the University, whose name was MacGolliwog. He was a great and a happy man. He had studied at the Universities of Edinburgh, Cambridge, Lyons, Leipzig, Bologna and Montpellier, and was considered one of the most erudite men of his time, particularly in Greek Particles. He had published, besides innumerable papers in learned journals, a monumental work in two volumes on *γε*, and important books on *δῆτα*, *καὶ μήν*, and *που*. It was in recognition of this last work that he was generally known as MacGolliwog the Π*ου*. One of his most astonishing feats of learning was to lecture for a whole year to his Honours class on the one word *ἀλλά*. With such amazing subtlety had he analysed the uses of this word that his students would boldly assert that the whole of human thought had been brought within the ambit of this single word.

MacGolliwog the Π*ου* was certainly a little queer. He had always been a recluse: he had never married—never even made any close friendships. His colleagues of the Senate knew him only by sight, and he took no part in the administrative or social life of the University. Scarcely anyone knew where he lived, for he had a curious faculty of suddenly appearing in the University to lecture, and equally suddenly disappearing when he had lectured; and in the University Diary he gave as his address the simple words "Greek Department." His only recreation was the occasional solving of the Chess problem in the *Times Literary Supplement*; but he was nevertheless a happy man. To his work on *που* he added one on *ποτε*, and was well advanced on his treatise on *οὖν* and *ἄρα* when the dreadful thing happened.

By the munificence of a citizen of Glasgow a new chair was founded in the University, a chair of Plasticine Modelling. The citizens rejoiced, and the University Court searched the world for the most profound and most learned modeller in Plasticine. At length he was found, and his name was Blunk. Now Blunk was not a bad fellow: indeed he had taken a Fourth in Greats; but he was rather too "pushing." Within three weeks he was calling all the Senate by their Christian names—all, that is, except MacGolliwog. But Blunk was very anxious to make the acquaintance of MacGolliwog, whom he knew very well by repute. One fatal morning, therefore, he made his way into the Greek ante-room. The Professor of Greek did not like the Professor of Plasticine Modelling, but though a recluse he was not a churl, and he received Blunk politely enough. Blunk made a lot of conversation, and at length had the audacity to put a question which had never before been put to the Π*ου*. He asked him where he lived. "I have rooms," said the Professor of Greek, "in Hamilton Terrace." "Oh yes," said Blunk, "in Partick, near the cricket-ground?" "Yes," replied MacGolliwog, "I overlook that ground." Blunk reflected for a moment, then broke into a loud laugh. "Why," he cried, "you are a regular Greek Particle yourself! Are you, on the one hand, *μέν*, or are you, on the other hand, *δέ*?"

MacGolliwog winced at the stupid joke, and got rid of Blunk as quickly as he could. But although he could get rid of Blunk, he could not get rid of Blunk's question. That foolish and coarse-grained fellow had raised a problem which, to poor MacGolliwog's mind, demanded an answer, for he was a man, perhaps not of a well-balanced mind, but of great intellectual courage, a man to whom the most minute subtleties were a challenge which could not but be taken up. Was he on the one hand *μέν*, or was he on the other hand *δέ*?

A foolish question! But was it? What *was* he? He had never stopped to ask. He had never allowed himself any ordinary human curiosity either about himself or about anyone else: he had never gracefully given way to whims and absurdities: with a grim, Highland fanaticism he had mastered himself into mastering his chosen subject; and now, in revenge, were these things to master him? It was sheer nonsense; he must get back to *οὖν* and *ἄρα*. But the question would recur: *μέν*

or δέ? Impossible to go on with οὖν and ἄρα until this personal question was settled. The thing began to prey on his mind. Never had he been so inactive. He tried to persuade himself that the thing was a silly joke; that had he been living in Hillhead, for example, and not in Partick, the question could never have arisen. But the fanatical part of his mind rejected this appeal to commonsense as a mere dishonest evasion, and wherever he went this question stared him in the face: was he μέν or was he δέ?

After weeks of blind searching he controlled himself sufficiently to attack the problem in all seriousness. He steadily worked through all his notes on these two words, looking up, abstracting and comparing all his references. He brought together an incredible amount of material, from Homer to Tzetzes, and worked as he had never worked before, but to no purpose. Though he might, on the one hand, be μέν, he might equally, on the other hand, be δέ.

Then a new horror occurred to him. He saw a personal application of the grammatical fact, that though μέν and δέ are grammatically co-ordinate, μέν is often logically subordinate to δέ. It was bad enough not to know which of two co-ordinate and equally important particles one was; it was ten times worse to be uncertain if one was logically subordinate or not. At the end of this period he was definitely insane.

However a ray of hope appeared. Δέ, it is well-known, occurs *in apodosi*, μέν, never. If therefore he could discover whether or not he were in an apodosis, the question was settled, and he was undoubtedly δέ. But this question was no more capable of solution than the original one. After frantically studying "if" clauses and "result" clauses, he saw no reason whatsoever to decide that he was in any sense in an apodosis. Things were worse than ever. His intellect could not discover whether he were μέν or whether he were δέ.

Now, the rapid decay of a finely organised mind is not a topic on which I can linger with any pleasure. The last few months of MacGolliwog's life were a nightmare over which

I pass quickly. I come to the morning when the strain became at last intolerable. The demented Professor, driven at last to raving lunacy by his unanswerable question, rushed out of his house, crossed Dumbarton Road, and made for the river to drown himself. He walked rapidly and with determination straight towards his doom. But when he could now see the muddy tide in the distance, a hideous shrieking noise fell on his ears. Drawn by this, automatically and suddenly he swung to the right as the compass swings to the Magnetic North. It was a saw-mill that he had entered. Swiftly and without a moment's hesitation, before anyone had fairly seen him or had thought of stopping him, he walked straight on to the shrieking thing. It was a circular saw. He walked straight on to it, and it cut him exactly in two, from his head downwards.

And there lay MacGolliwog, a half of him on either side of the shrieking saw: on the one hand, μέν, on the other hand, δέ.

H. D. F. K.

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

At the Service of Commemoration of Benefactors, held in the College Chapel on May 4th, 1930, the Second Sunday after Easter, the sermon was preached by the Rev. J. M. Creed, B.D., Ely Professor of Divinity and Canon of Ely Cathedral.

> And I said, It is mine own infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most Highest.—Psalm lxxvii. 10.

This morning's service carries the minds of the present generation of Johnians back over four hundred years and more of a continuous academic life which has moved about the courts, the Hall, the Chapel of the College. There has been no complete break. Each succeeding generation of men has overlapped with its predecessors and with its successors, and we to-day can feel ourselves bound up with the first body of students which collected in this College in the heroic

age of learning, when for a few years the great Erasmus himself lived and taught in Cambridge, succeeding to the Lady Margaret's Readership in Divinity in the year of our own foundation 1511.

The first half of our history is more diversified and in most ways more interesting than the second. The new learning of the Renaissance, of which our College was in England the most illustrious centre, was a portent which touched the life of the whole country, for it involved a direct challenge to accepted beliefs and modes of thought, and a threat to the established order in religion. The great scholars of the age, such as our own John Cheke and Roger Ascham, were not academic recluses, but friends and confidants of princes, and heralds of a new era in Church and State. Roger Ascham, we are told, at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, "was daily admitted to the presence of the Queen, assisted her private studies, and partook of her diversions; sometimes read to her in the learned languages, and sometimes played with her at draughts or chess" (Cooper, *Athenae Cantabrigienses*, I, p. 265). An all too brief period of learned activity was sadly interrupted by the great religious conflict which the new learning itself had helped to precipitate. From the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century religious and dogmatic issues were dominant in public life. The University in general and our own College in particular, being before all training grounds for the clergy, were closely bound up with all the changing fortunes of that eventful age. After the Restoration dogmatic and political issues tend to fall into the background. We may regard the honourable if not very important incident of the loyal non-Jurors as the last flicker of a great conflagration. On the accession of George I in 1714 there were still six survivors of the twenty Fellows of St John's whose ejection as non-Jurors had been demanded in 1693. On that earlier occasion technical legal objections had enabled the College to evade the unwelcome order. On this latter occasion the demand was pressed, and the six survivors together with four Junior Fellows were ejected from their Fellowships.

Among the six was our learned Johnian historian, the studious and sweet-tempered Thomas Baker. But times had greatly changed since the ejections of old days. When Queen Mary came to the throne in 1553, the Protestant Master Thomas Leaver and many of the Fellows fled the country and took refuge in Switzerland "until the tyranny was overpast"—"Mo perfite scholers were dispersed from thence," wrote Ascham, "in one month, than many years can reare up again." But the good Thomas Baker *socius ejectus* was suffered to continue in his old rooms (in Letter F Third Court) where for three and twenty years longer he continued his literary labours in peace and quietness to the great benefit of his successors. Baker was ejected for an honourable loyalty to a dying cause. He was an antiquary. His concessions to the great age in which he lived were grudging. His heart was in the past. His *Reflections on Learning*, once widely read, show us how great a change had taken place in the conditions of learning since the days of the Renaissance. The theological background of men's lives, which the Reformation had been able to assume, was now felt to call for apology and defence. Baker surveys the field of learning as he knew it: language and grammar, philosophy, moral and natural, astronomy, metaphysics, history, geography, law, physic, learning, critical, oriental and scholastic. He is not disposed to take sides in the fashionable controversy of the age between Ancients and Moderns. His argument is rather that all spheres of knowledge alike justify a mean opinion of the human understanding as such. Everywhere we find inherent and inevitable defect. Of the value of the great developments in physics with which he was contemporary he is a little doubtful: "Gravitation," he writes, "was never yet solved, and possibly never may [be], and after men have spent a thousand years longer in these enquiries, they may perhaps sit down at last under *Attraction*, or may be content to resolve all into the Power or Providence of God. And might not that be done as well now? We know little of the causes of things, but may see Wisdom enough in everything. And could we be content to spend as much time in con-

templating the wise Ends of Providence, as we do in searching into Causes, it would certainly make us better men, and, I am apt to think, no worse philosophers" (p. 104). The upshot of the whole is that finding ourselves dissatisfied in the pursuit of knowledge and wearied with other methods, we turn our minds at last upon the one supreme and Unerring Truth. "Were there no other use of humane learning, there is at least this in it, that by its many Defects, it brings the Mind to a Sense of its own weakness, and makes it more readily, and with greater willingness, submit to Revelation" (p. 282). Thomas Baker commanded a wide range of learning, he was a man of a deep and sincere piety, he was also a diligent student who, for his labours upon our College history, has a peculiar claim upon our gratitude. But his was not the spirit of the pioneer.

In truth new fields were being opened up not only for natural science, but also for philology. The greatest of all Johnian scholars, Richard Bentley, entered the College two years after Thomas Baker. His name belongs to the history of European learning and his influence as critic and scholar has been at least as great outside Cambridge and outside England, as it has been at home.

The quiet stagnation of the eighteenth century has a charm and interest of its own. The universities did not lead the intellectual life of the country. But it was not all stagnation. The century which witnessed the foundation of the Chancellor's Medals and Smith's Prizes and the establishment of the Mathematical Tripos must not be overlooked in the history of the University. But College life continued under the momentum imparted by an earlier age. It was still governed by the Elizabethan statutes, which indeed remained in force until the middle of the next century. Perhaps with most of those who lived within our walls there was little consciousness of the great and permanent changes which had come to pass in the world since the days of our first foundation.

If this was so, our predecessors of the eighteenth century differed greatly from ourselves; for we are acutely conscious that we have passed over into another age, and though the fire of loyalty to St John's burns brightly, we cannot but feel that College loyalty means something different, in some ways something less, to us than it once did to members of the unreformed College.

There are members of our Society who can tell stories of the great revolution through which the University and the Colleges passed under Parliamentary Commissions beginning with the middle of the last century down to the statutes of 1882, and of the strenuous opposition which the changes provoked. Hopeless as we can see that opposition to have been, we may perhaps surmise that many an honest conservative of those days, would, could he revisit us to-day, feel that the event had proved *him* right. The disintegration which he had feared would seem to have come to pass. He would find the direction of teaching and study had largely passed beyond the College. Instead of a body of bachelor Fellows living and sleeping in College rooms he would find the great majority living outside distracted by the care of wife and family. Most striking of all, he would find the intimate historical connection between the College and the Church of England, not indeed abolished, but sadly attenuated and much changed. We should be gentle with him if he felt that he had not done wrong in taking his stand against the forces which threatened dissolution to the order he had known and loved.

Our imaginary visitor may at least be allowed to prompt us to ask questions of ourselves as to the place and justification of our Johnian loyalty in the modern Cambridge.

The persistence of our ancient colleges is remarkable. A new Cambridge of laboratories and museums has grown up since the great reforms, and it still grows. This Cambridge is organised almost entirely outside the world of the Colleges, and under the latest statutes, the new type of organisation, which has grown up mainly to meet the needs of scientific and the new technological subjects, has in turn imposed itself upon the older subjects which are now less closely associated with the Colleges than heretofore. And yet College life does not seem to be wearing out. Partly it depends upon our

corporate consciousness of a great past, partly too upon the social conveniences of the system. But has it deeper grounds in our intellectual life and our educational needs? I believe it has, and I do not think I am eccentric in my belief. In these days of the birth of new studies, and new branches of old studies, we need some corporate body smaller and more intimate than the University. The immensity of the field of knowledge and the inevitable specialisation threaten our sense of the unity of learning, a sense which was more easily maintained in the days of old. It is essential to our health that we should never lose our hold upon the idea of knowledge as one inter-connected whole, relative in all its parts to the mind of man. It has been said by a philosopher that it is the aim of philosophy to promote unification of thought. If that be so, a College should foster the philosophic mind and help us to keep our mental balance in a rapidly changing world. We are members one of another. And in a College it is not easy to escape that too easily forgotten truth.

Historically, philosophy and faith are close of kin, and though like other close kinsmen they have not always been on the best terms, the kinship lies in the nature of things. Religion I suppose is rather concerned with our practical attitude to the world and the sense of weakness which sooner or later comes to most men. Thomas Baker found the defects of all human learning an argument for embracing the revealed truth of God. Revelation, so to say, made good what reason failed to secure. For us at any rate Baker's theology must be accounted inferior to his piety. He shows no inner connection between Reason and Revelation. Yet he is nearly right. Perhaps we may say that our consciousness of infirmity appears to be a condition of our apprehension of God's eternal power. It is one of the paradoxes of religion that the two go together. Not strength instead of weakness, but strength made perfect through weakness. "And I said, It is mine own infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most Highest."

BROOMLEE LOUGH, NORTHUMBERLAND, FROM HADRIAN'S WALL

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Eagle*

Sir,

We are of the opinion that it is time some member of this College became sufficiently susceptible to his rights to register more than silent protest or passive disobedience against one of the grosser infringements thereof. We refer to the condemnation by authority of gramophones.

The illogicality of this ruling annoys us. Why gramophones, and not jazz-bands, saxophones, bag-pipes, harmonicas and other instruments by which we are troubled or charmed? How are those with greater modesty to defend themselves or even return the compliment? Surely the gramophone has more to recommend it than other means adopted by hard-working undergraduates for the relief of jaded nerves. At least those whose performances are recorded usually have talent, of some sort, objectionable as the music delivered frequently is. And there are always loud and soft needles. Powerful indeed would be the talking-machine capable of filling a whole court with its echoes; yet this we suffer only too often from the unripe efforts of instrumentalists. No doubt those in authority are musically-minded, and would have us all struggling instrumentalists.

It is a pity that St John's, usually in the van of progress, should in this be so far behind. Why only here does this rule still persist, this tattered fragment from a long past age of "scratchy records" and poor reproduction? We would not have unbounded liberties, but we do suggest that if authority values itself, it had much better expend its energy in the limitation of music in College to its proper hours (a job at present very imperfectly executed) than in imposing rules which cannot help but make it unpopular, scorned, hated, despised.

Yours,

EUPHORION.

Sir,

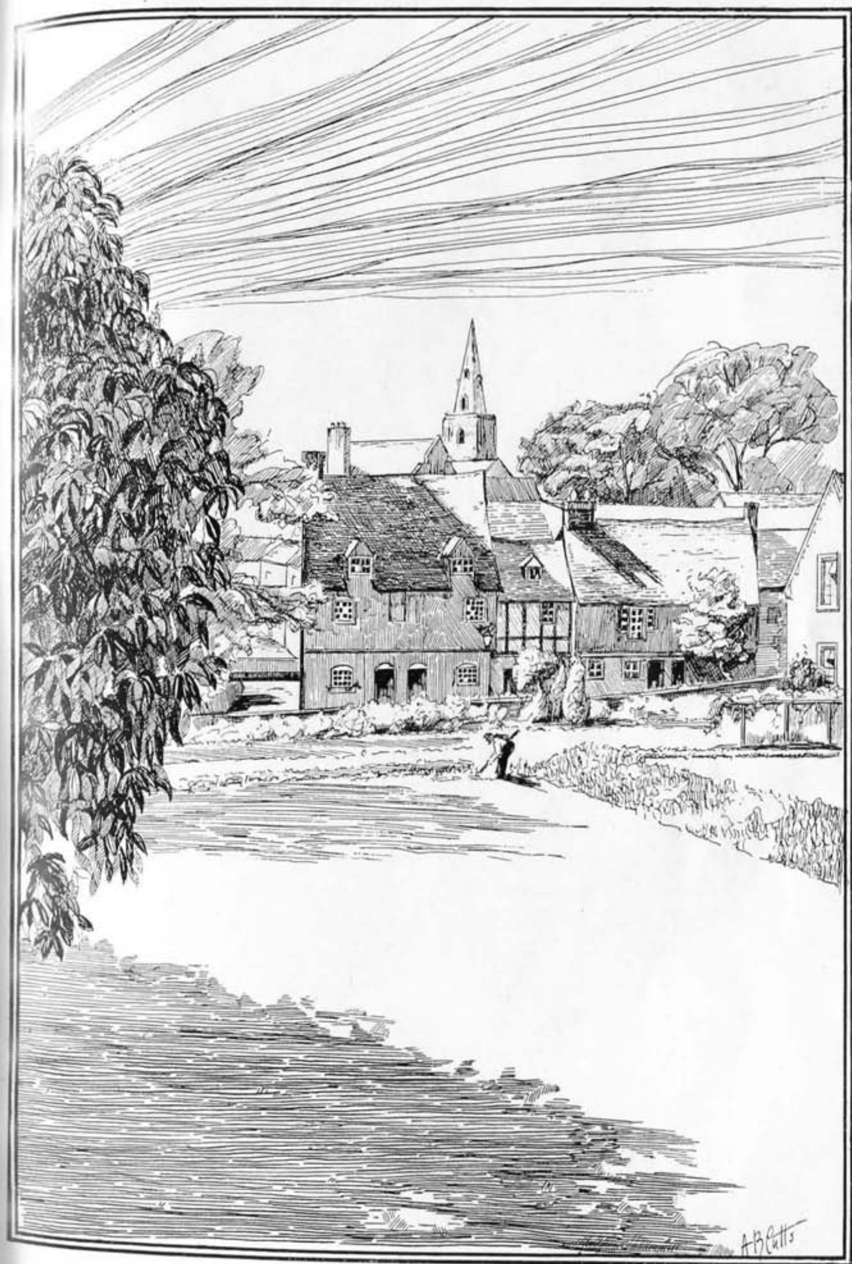
This letter sets forth what we believe to be a general feeling in the College on the subject of gramophones. It seems that the history of the present ordinance is no longer well known. Prior to it gramophones were permitted under certain provisions as to hours and volume which were designed to meet what the Council felt to be the general good. It must be remembered that gramophones are poison to some, if meat to others; and had the regulations been enforced, they would have struck a good balance between the two factions.

The gramophone brigade, however, very foolishly abused its privileges and gave no heed to the regulations. The regulations were not enforced, they hardly could be in face of their universal disregard, and the prohibition faction made the most of it. Something had to be done. And since the regulations could not be enforced, or, perhaps we should say, observed, gramophones were, *de jure*, abolished.

Other forms of music were left untouched and we think rightly. If they constitute a nuisance, a tactful application to the offender, and failing that, a complaint to the authorities, can mend the matter. Those who play saxophones or pianos have at least the moral advantage of exercising their own skill rather than relying on vicarious intensity.

The present position seems to be satisfactory in most ways. *De facto*, a gramophone is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility. From (im)personal experience we have found it feasible to have a gramophone in College and extract full enjoyment from it. The absolute prohibition only serves to exact a relative obedience and by means of it we get a relief from the previous position where one was compelled to buy a gramophone as a weapon of defence, attack being the best defence. If now for fear that your transgression will discover itself you play so that you cannot be heard in the courts or by the nearest don, that is all anyone can reasonably demand, and your conscience need not trouble you.

It might, however, be more satisfactory if, in view of the apparent dissatisfaction in the College, the Council were to



FISHER'S LANE, FROM CHAPEL COURT

devise some scheme whereby they could enforce those conditions under which they must be willing to allow us our gramophones. With such ripe ingenuity in the Council and such an admirable executive as we possess the task should not be beyond us. If, following the example of the United States, we as a College can set our official face against the evils of strong drink, can we not also learn from them the evils of an impracticable prohibition? And a little sense, consideration and spirit of responsibility and co-operation on the part of those *in stat. pup.* might help our authorities in their task of making the College a better place for its heroes to live in.

Yours,

LYCURGUS.

Sir,

I have often thought how very much nicer the College Backs would be if the dismal, dirty evergreens between the Kitchen Bridge and the Bridge of Sighs were cut down. If this were done we should get a delightful view of the corner of Third Court from the Backs, and the inhabitants of that Court would have lighter rooms, and the finest prospect in Cambridge to look out upon. Further, the site of the evergreens would make an excellent flower-bed, as it is sheltered, and faces south-west. But best of all the old wall, just the place for toad-flax, gilly-flowers, and roses falling in clusters to the water, would be revealed. So in place of the trees, which are in themselves dull and ugly, we could make the prettiest of corners.

I am sorry to take up your space, but I believe this is worthy of consideration.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

K. C. BANKS.

／# THE EAGLE

Vol. XLVI *December* 1930 No. 206

OCEAN VIEW HOTEL

Ah could change change; stone stand still!
I had snarled, nooked this seething surge,
And would mourn my birth-throën skull
Could wind be other, or electron large.
Then had bone, sculpted, bone-bits flung
Gouging a cruel face, digging the tide;
Nought to fear, flown on flinty plunge
Where, there, the infant sea not widens.
Some cut gull, some ghostcrab could be shorn,
Their colours robbed, till the ribbed skeletons,
Forced, a wished paeon choired. Or ferns
Of colder coral sweep their strung shells.
By fierce ease, flouting the proud whelk,
Curt to uncoil his symphonic banners;
Make strange anew, that can quell
Anemones, and the built nautilis.
But O, could it be so, the whole world
And I must be disjoint; the salt waste
Absorbs its impulse, it swells hurled.
Bitter the sea winds, they lash my face.

RICHARD EBERHART

THE FRESHER'S CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Every fresher is told before he comes up that Cambridgeshire is flat and uninteresting. Prejudiced from the start, most do not trouble to find out if this is true or not, and consequently the average undergraduate's knowledge of the county is confined to the Girton road, the Newmarket road, the London road, and the towpath.

Yet it really is worth while verifying. Cambridgeshire is a rich agricultural plain, partly surrounded by low, bare hills; there are no woods, no mountains, no gorges and spectacular river scenery and, except Ely and Cambridge itself, no show places. Anyone can appreciate or at least be moved by the facile appeal of mountains and the rest, but the appreciation of Cambridgeshire demands a certain amount of effort and a certain amount of intelligence. There is nothing obvious about it; its attraction consists rather in a quiet ordered beauty, the subtle lines of hill-slopes and hedges and plough-furrows, the disposition and prominence of the scattered trees, the combinations of colours, the clean-looking villages, and above all, the skies.

Plainly its beauty needs looking for, and looking for with sympathetic insight. For example, many people see the river daily in the neighbourhood of Ditton and Baitsbite, and very many more see it vaguely in the excitement of the races; but how many have seen it on a still June night with the stars gleaming through the willow branches reflected in the water, the last green of sunset down in the north-western sky, and the owls shrieking from the dark trees of Ditton village?

For such a "dull" county, Cambridge is extraordinarily varied. First of all there is the river. Most rowing men will always retain in their minds a picture of the buttercup fields and double rank of willows along the Baitsbite reach, or the tower of Ditton church dominating the ruffled water of the Long. As for the upper river, everybody knows the joys of Grantchester Meadows in May Term, and a great many penetrate further up to the quiet stretches near Haslingfield, full of tangled water flowers and surrounded by tossing white hawthorn trees. It makes a good day's voyage to continue up to Harston, where your canoe passes under a massive dark chestnut tunnel and suddenly out into the sunlight in the mill-pool. Kingfishers are quite common on this part of the river, and herons are sometimes seen between here and Grantchester.

Then there are the chalk downs. These stretch from Newmarket to the Gogs, where they break out into a series of little rounded hillocks running north for Cambridge, and then sink away south-west by Saffron Walden and Royston. They are not nearly so abrupt as most of the chalk ranges of England, but in other respects they are very like them, being open and airy with the smooth dimpled surface typical of chalk. It gives an extraordinary sense of vigour to get away from the rather lifeless Cambridge plain to the wide slopes of these wheat prairies with their hill-top villages, Brinkley, Westley-Waterless, Balsham, Linton, Bartlow, Chishall, and Royston, and their magnificent views, as much as thirty miles at a stretch, across the plain to Ely. Two of the best heights near Cambridge, Madingley Hill and Chapel Hill near Haslingfield, are outliers of the chalk range. From Chapel Hill almost the whole of South Cambridgeshire, from Ely to Royston, can be seen, while a visit to Madingley Hill and village is the best answer to those who complain of the drabness of the county. The other hill country of Cambridge, reaching from Huntingdon to Girton, Hardwicke, Wimpole, and the Hatleys, is quite different in character. It is more wooded, but also more level, so much so that the neighbourhood of Caxton feels like a high plateau, though it is only a little over 200 feet up. Some of the best country near Cambridge is to be found in these hills; you climb gradually out of the plain along the Coton footpath, passing among shallow valleys that get more and more wooded as you go on, until shortly before Hardwicke you look back on a view of the distant towers of Cambridge which almost rivals the more celebrated "dreaming spires" of Oxford. South of this ridge is the Comberton valley, and south of that the long ridge along which the Mare Way runs until it vanishes on Chapel Hill. This lane makes a splendid walk in May Term, with the small churches and villages close up under the hill to the left, and the long line of Madingley Hill behind, to the right the woods of Wimpole and the Royston heights, and in front the ridge running far out into the plain and dipping suddenly down into Haslingfield; the fens and the Newmarket hills merging into the Gogs in the background, and the towers of Cambridge and Ely in the centre. There is nothing in the county to beat this walk on a clear afternoon in early June, with the hawthorns in flower and the

cuckoos calling over the young wheat, and all round the low blue lines of the Cambridge hills.

Then there are the fens. One is apt to think vaguely of Cambridge as lying on the edge of a huge unhealthy swamp, but actually the real Fen country does not start until Clayhithe is reached, five miles down stream. Most undergraduates' acquaintance with the fens does not go beyond the Ely road, which can often be a sufficiently dreary prospect, in February for example, when a grey east wind is howling over the flats. On the other hand, on a bright spring morning, when the air has that peculiar sea-like feel, it is a very pleasant ride. But the best way to go to Ely is by river, for here you see things behind the scenes as it were; the lonely farm houses, the huge isolated elms, the locks and river windings, and most of all the first glimpse of Ely as it comes unexpectedly upon you, make the river journey far more interesting than the road. The chief thing though about the fens is the sky. All Cambridgeshire skies are good, because there is so much of them, but the fen skies are different. They are huge, crushing, menacing, almost alive. In all moods they are good, in clear morning mist, in cold winter sunset; but the most impressive is in rain, when immense cloud columns drift slowly along, coloured in places with queer pinks and soft oranges, and trailing grey veils of rain behind them.

Lastly there is the Cambridge plain, the valley of the Cam, a great low expanse hemmed in by hills and reaching south from Cambridge past Shelford and Harston to the hills beyond Fowlmere and Duxford. This is the origin of the "flat Cambridgeshire" myth, but it is by no means uninteresting. The villages, which are, after all, one of the chief glories of the county, are here at their best. This is the rich agricultural land *par excellence*. Cambridgeshire, then, is a county to be explored, not neglected and despised; but it must be done thoroughly and sympathetically with a watchful eye for small things. If he really takes the trouble to understand it, the fresher will not find it so dull after all.

K. H. J.

NIGHT STORM

The rain was falling,
Idly, drenchingly falling,
And the trees wept with it,
Wailing with the wind's force.
All the earth was calling,
Nature wildly calling,
And mankind joined with it,
Slinking from the wind's force.
Dully gleamed the roadway,
The shiny, dull black roadway;
And the fence that edged it,
Creaking with the wind's force,
Shone a dull, wet, cold grey,
Shone in the dying day—
Dying with the wind's force.

M. A.

THE DON'S DREAM

In the year 2000, the history of England suddenly came to an end.

Two French fishermen were the first to realise the fact. It was a very bright day; the Channel Tunnel Monument on the cliffs of Dover seemed very near; and the French fishermen were placidly smoking their pipes, when one of them, casually glancing up, suddenly stared, removed his pipe, and rubbed his eyes.

"Mon Dieu, Bill!" he said. "Wot's 'appened?"

"Well," asked the other. "Wot 'as 'appened?"

"Bill," said the first speaker, "Bill! There ain't no Dover Monument."

There was no Dover Monument. The fishermen hastened to the village, and brought a crowd to the shore. "A smoke screen, perhaps," suggested someone. "A naval manœuvre."

But someone else had brought a telescope, and no smoke could be seen.

Next day the whole world knew. The Bostun *Sun* demanded:

HAS ENGLAND DISAPPEARED?

And the *Matin* cried:

ENGLAND HAS DISAPPEARED!

Of course, a diligent search was made. Newspapers financed large expeditions to find England. Salvage companies, Research parties and Tripping Vessels came in thousands. But nothing was discovered. Even the newspapers lost hope; and three months after the event, people were occupied again in their own immediacies. It was a pity to lose English Inns, English Liberty and English Gentlemen, but the economic consequences were not at all important. By the year 2000 the whole world had adopted Free Trade, and England had therefore supported only a very small population, which lived much as the Highlanders of an earlier age. Still, it was very remarkable.

Ten thousand years later—that is, in the year 12,000 A.D., appeared the Thirteenth Volume of the *Chicago Modern History*. We quote the sole ruffled passage in its monumental calm:

"At a period probably somewhat anterior to the close of the 20th century, a mysterious phenomenon known as England, described in the De Bello Gallico (to quote one of the multitude of contemporary documents) as an island to the north-west of Europe (see Appendix B), is said to have disappeared. Though the authorities of that period are unanimous on the point, so unparalleled an occurrence can scarcely be literally accepted. Despite repeated exhaustive examinations, the sea-bed has revealed not the slightest suggestion of a submerged civilisation. Then how is the phenomenon to be explained? That primitive conception, which extended the Age of Miracles to cover the period in question, is by this time (let us hope) finally exploded. Maturer and profounder views have lent themselves to a deeper interpretation and a completer

exposition. The hypothesis put forward by Ratzikoff is now accepted by the preponderance of historical opinion. According to this hypothesis, 'England' was a conception to our ancestors: it was a symbol of manliness, a sanction and a standard of sportsmanship, a species, if you will, of psychological phantasmagoria which stirred their imaginations—to quote Ratzikoff's very apt simile—as 'the gods of Olympus stirred the Greeks of Homer.' The 'Kingdom of England,' compared with Olympus, Valhalla, and the Never-Never Land, is certainly not the least mysterious of these realms of the spirit!"

The only historian of any eminence who did not accept the view of Professor Ratzikoff was Professor Feenicks, formerly Fellow of a College in the University of Chicago.

Professor Feenicks liked to lean back in his armchair and look upon the world with a benevolent smile; but mention the word Ratzikoff to him, and he would sit up sharply and glower. "What's that?" he would say. "Ratzikoff? What do I think of Professor Ratzikoff? I consider his method absurdly *a priori* and unscientific! Brilliant? Pshaw! Mere flashy fascination! Thoroughly unhistorical!"

One night, after a public discussion on the disappearance of England, Feenicks returned home more incensed than ever against Ratzikoff.

"It is no use!" he cried, stamping up and down in front of his wife. "I must prove—I must find conclusive proof of the falsity of the assertions of that misguided man. He openly challenged me to find the original locality of England. Very well! I shall accept his challenge!"

His wife put her hands on his shoulders. "Softly, my dear, softly," she said. But the Professor was wroth. He insisted on writing personally to Ratzikoff.

"Sir," he wrote,

"I accept your challenge.

D. P. Feenicks."

The letter was posted. Ratzikoff read it, and sent it to the newspapers.

It must be admitted that when he had calmed somewhat, Professor Feenicks regretted his rash letter. To preserve his own reputation and to belittle that of Ratzikoff was now a Herculean task. None the less, he possessed tenacity of purpose, and considerable resources. He was a scientific historian, and that meant a great deal: neither a dry-as-dust, nor a contributor to the Chicago Modern; but a scholar who knew a great deal about the elements of this earth as well as its past inhabitants. Above all, the Delphic Oracle might help him.

The newspapers published Feenicks' letter together with a statement by Ratzikoff in which he described "England" as "Dreamland."

Feenicks read this, and startled his wife by crying: "Eureka!"

"Desiderius! Are you not well?"

"Excellently well, my love," cried the Professor, controlling himself with an effort. "Excellently well! Ratzikoff says that 'England is Dreamland.'" The Professor chuckled. "I do not think that 'England is Dreamland.' But I do think it is in the clouds."

"In the clouds? Oh, it cannot be! It would have been found before this time!"

"Must I remind you, my dear, that we are still confined to our own planet, and that about everything beyond it we necessarily cannot be omniscient?"

The Professor, for all his confident words, knew full well the improbability of his theory. His idea might be one of those obvious ones which are never seen—like Columbus's, or like Galileo's. More likely it was not.

A week later Professor Feenicks set out to consult the Delphic Oracle. His parting had been pathetic. "Desiderius!" protested his wife, "How can you think of such a thing? A cruise in the clouds at your age!" But he remained firm. "What is your reputation compared with your health?" she insisted. Finding him still adamant, she burst into tears. "Oh what am I to do?" she sobbed. "For a year, perhaps forever, I shall be without you! Don't—oh, don't desert me, Desiderius!" The Professor patted her shoulder, and murmured soothingly. He was now on his way.

The Delphic Oracle of the year 12000 worked quite as efficiently as the Delphic Oracle of classical mythology. The chief difference was this. The original Oracle was a picturesque affair, wherein the Pythian priestess chewed sacred bay, and drank of the spring Cassotis, and turned her utterance to verse. The present Oracle was thoroughly modern. The supplicant submitted his question, and left his card with the commissionaire. Next day, he called again, and put a large offering of money in a slot machine which rumbled forth an answer intelligible to none but him who had asked it.

Professor Feenicks knew better than to ask timidly: "Where is England?" because many men had asked that before, and received—so they said—the answer:

> Feeble man, learned and meek,
>   Hast come to ask me where to seek?
> Faint of Heart! Conventional Mind!
>   England shall ye never find!

So the Professor asked a bolder question, and—*mirabile dictu*—received a satisfactory answer. England was in the clouds.

Professor Feenicks was never heard of again. How he found England and what he found in it, no one can tell. The learned world attributed his death to suicide.

Ratzikoff delivered a touching tribute to the memory of the departed man.

D. C.

COMING NIGHT

(From the *Rig-Veda*.)

As she comes, the goddess Night has looked out
With many eyes in many places;
She has assumed all beauties.

The immortal goddess has pervaded
The wide expanse, the depths and heights;
She banishes the dusk with starlight.

As she comes, the goddess
Has expelled her sister, Dawn;
The dusk too will vanish.

So to-day she has approached
At whose coming we have gone home
Like birds to their nest in the tree.

The villagers have gone home,
And creatures with feet and creatures with wings,
Even the voracious hawks.

Keep off the she-wolf and the wolf,
Keep off the thief, O Night,
And so be pleasant for us to pass.

The darkness has come upon me
Glooming, black, palpable;
Wipe it out, Dawn, like a debt.

K. H. J.

A LETTER FROM BISHOP BURNET TO THOMAS BAKER

THE following letter (Plate I) from the famous seventeenth-century divine, Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury (1643–1715), to Thomas Baker, the historian of St John's College, Cambridge, may be of interest as it almost certainly seems to be a reply to the first letter of a good many written by Baker to the Bishop. These letters were sent for the purpose of giving a series of corrections and criticisms of Burnet's well known *History of the Reformation*. A list of the known letters of Burnet to Baker mentions five, one being in the British Museum and the others in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.[1] These are, however, all dated twelve or more after this one.

[1] T. E. S. Clarke and H. C. Foxcroft, *A Life of Gilbert Burnet*, Cambridge, 1907, pp. 557–566.

Windsor castle
23 July 1700

Sir

your most obliging letter of July came to me
three dayes agoe I can lose no time in making the
return that so kind an offer demands of me I doe
therefore give you all possible thanks till I know what
other returns it may be in your way to accept from me
or in my power to offer you I send this to St Johns
Colledge for since you do not give me any special
addresse at Durham a letter directed thither might
miscarry. Nothing can oblige me more sensibly than
helping me either to supply the defects or to correct the er-
rours that may be in any of my writings but more
particularly in the History of our Reformation.
I do not yet know when Mr Chiswell will call for ano-
ther Edition of that work therefore I can fixe no time
for that but how uncertain soever that may be I will
endeavour to have as many materialls ready for it as
I can bring together so as soon as your leisure will al-
low you to lay all that you can furnish me with in order
I beg you will set somebody to copy them out for me and
Mr Colbatch of Trinity will pay him for his pains and
you may depend upon it I will study by all the wayes I
can think of to let you see how sensible I am of so great
a favour and how sincerely I am tho you are unknown
to me
Sir your most humble servant
Gi Sarum

A LETTER FROM BISHOP BURNET TO T. BAKER

Windsor castle

23 July 1700

Sir

your most obliging letter of July 12 [?] came to me three daies agoe. I can lose no time in making the return that so kind an offer demands of me. I doe therefore give you all possible thanks till I know what other returns it may be in your way to accept of from me or in my power to offer you. I send this to St Johns Colledge for since you do not give me any speciall addresse at Durham a letter diverted thither might miscarry. Nothing can oblige me more sensibly than [?] the helping me either to supply the defects or to correct the errours that may be in any of my writtings but more particularly in the History of our Reformation. I do not yet know when Mr Chiswell will call for another Edition of that work therefore I can fixe no time for that but how uncertain soever that may be I will endeavour to have as many materialls ready for it as I can bring together. so as soon as your leisure will allow you to say all that you can furnish me with in order I beg you will set somebody to copy them out for me and Mr Colbatch of Trinity will pay him for his pains and you may depend upon it I will study by all the waies I can think of to let you see how sensible I am of so great a favour and how sincerly I am tho you are unknown to me

Sir

Your most humble servant

Gi Sarum

The cover (Plate II), in which the letter was enclosed, bears the address,

For

The Most Honored

Master Thomas Baker

St Johns Colledge

Cambridge

G. Sarum

Although the two men seem not to have met in person, they evidently developed a warm regard for each other through the medium of their letters.

Baker entered the following inscription in his copy of the third volume of the *History of the Reformation* which the Bishop sent to him shortly before he died:

Ex dono Doctissimi Auctoris, ac celeberrimi Praesulis, Gilberti Episcopi Sarisburiensis.

This, with the two former Volumes, I leave to Dr Middleton, for the Public Library. Tho: Baker.

I shall always have an Honour for the Author's Memory, who entered all the Corrections I had made, at the end of this Volume. If any more are found, they were not sent, for he suppresst nothing.

This volume is in the Cambridge University Library.

A gentleman who knew Baker has left the following record of a conversation with him:

I remember that the learned Mr Baker of Cambridge expressed great esteem for the memory of Bishop Burnet, when he lent me the *third* volume of the "History of the Reformation" which, he said, was a present to him from the Bishop himself.

Mr Baker particularly acknowledged the great condescension and ingenuity of this great man, in the regard he paid to the animadversions which he had offered to his Lordship upon some parts of that valuable History; and the favour of several very civil letters, wherewith the learned Prelate had honoured him.[1]

Two letters written by Baker show the high regard he felt for the Bishop. In one, dated 1734, he says of the second volume of Burnet's *History of his own Time*, which he had just read, that

it is not so entertaining as the first, being less instructive and written with more temper and reserve. His life, by his son, is the best part of the book; which, if it may be depended on, shew him to have been a great, and no bad, man; and I cannot forbear thinking that his enemies have blackened him beyond what he deserved. I have reason to speak well of him, for he treated me with great humanity, as his letters to me will shew.[2]

In the other letter he says:

To Bishop Burnet I have no more to say than that, instead of compliances, I gave him the highest provocation, such as most men would have highly resented, but few besides himself would have

[1] J. Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. IV, p. 724.
[2] *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. LXI (1791), Part ii, p. 725.

For
The Most Honored
Master Thomas Baker
St Johns Colledg
Cambridg
G Sarum

COVER OF A LETTER FROM BISHOP BURNET TO T. BAKER

printed....No man ever had more enemies, or has been more despitefully treated. I wish you could find time to read his Life, written by his son, which has given me more entertainment than his history.[1]

Burnet had acknowledged his debt to Baker in his Preface to the third volume of the *History of the Reformation*, where he speaks of having received,

a large Collection of many Mistakes (descending even to Literal ones) in both the Volumes of my History, and in the Records published in them, which a Learned and Worthy Person has read with more Exactness than either my Amanuensis or my self had done. I publish these Sheets as that unknown Person sent them to me, whom I never saw, as far as I remember and who will not suffer me to give any other Account of him, but that he lives in one of the Universities. His copy of my Work being of the 2d Edition, only some very few of the Errors marked that had crept into the 2nd, but that were not in the 1st Edition, are struck out. In several Particulars I do not perfectly agree with these Corrections; but I set them down as they were sent to me, without any Remarks on them; and I give my hearty Thanks in the fullest Manner I can to him who was first at the Pains to make this Collection, and then had the Goodness to communicate it to me, in so obliging a Manner: For he gave me a much greater Power over these Papers than I have thought fit to assume.[2]

In the Introduction he mentions that

A Very Worthy Person in one of the Universities, has sent me a Copious Collection of Remarks on both my former Volumes, but upon Condition not to name him; which I will observe religiously, because I promised it; though it is not easy to my self, since I may not own to whom I owe so great an Obligation; but I suppress none of them, and give them entirely as he offered them to me.

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 788.

[2] In his copy, already referred to, of this volume, Baker has underlined the last sentence of this passage, "For he gave...assume," and has noted in the margin, "This is very true, and much to the Author's honor, that he scorn'd to make use of y^{e}: power that was given him, tho' he might have suppresst these Papers, in part or in whole. One thing more particularly was desir'd, that nothing might be printed that might give offence to the Church or Religion; for indeed they are wrote with too much freedome. One particular concerning Bp: Gardiner, I desired, might be suppresst, as rather too
that sent it, wch yet stands, as I sent it."

It is interesting to note that Burnet stayed with the Master of St John's College during part of the summer of 1679, a month or two after the publication of the first volume of the *History of the Reformation.*[1]

Of the two names mentioned in this letter, the first is that of Richard Chiswell, the son of John and Margaret Chiswell. He was born in the Parish of St Botolph, Aldersgate in 1639, and became the best known publisher and book-seller in England. His business was carried on at the sign of the 'Rose and Crown" in St Paul's Churchyard. His second wife was the daughter of Richard Royston who was book-seller to both Charles I and Charles II. When Chiswell died, the business passed into the hands of Charles Rivington and is well known to-day under that name.

Although both Royston and Moses Pitt published a few of Burnet's early books and pamphlets after he had left Scotland for England, Chiswell came into favour in 1677 and produced over sixty of the works between that date and 1706 when the partnership ceased and John Churchill took his place.

John Evelyn, the diarist, in a letter dated 10 Nov. 1699 to Archdeacon Nicolson, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, mentions that Chiswell or Burnet had lost some valuable historical letters which he had lent them. After mentioning a large number of original state papers which were or had been in his possession, he says:

But what most of all, and still afflicts me, those letters and papers of the Queen of Scots, originals and written with her own hand to Queen Elizabeth and Earl of Leicester, before and during her imprisonment, which I furnished to Dr Burnet (now Bishop of Salisbury), some of which being printed in his "History of the Reformation," those, and others with them, are pretended to have been lost at the press, which has been a quarrel between me and his lordship, who lays the fault on Chiswell, but so as between them I have lost the originals, which had now been safe records as you will find in that history.[2]

[1] T. E. S. Clarke and H. C. Foxcroft, *op. cit.*, p. 157.

[2] *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn*, ed. W. Bray, London, 1857, vol. III, pp. 380–81.

In his *Life and Errors*, John Dunton, speaking of publishers and book-sellers, says:

I take the first to be Mr Richard Chiswell, who well deserves the title of Metropolitan book-seller of England if not of all the world. His name at the bottom of a title page does sufficiently recommend the book. He has not been known to print either a bad book or on bad paper. He is admirably well qualified for his business and knows how to value a copy according to its worth; witness the purchase he has made of Archbishop Tillotson's octavo sermons.[1]

The following letter written by Chiswell to the Rev. John Strype (1643–1737), whose previous book had caused him financial loss, in answer to an offer to let him print the latter's *Ecclesiastical History*, may be cited to show the business acumen of the publisher:

London,

Nov., 27, 1696.

Sir

Your design I take it to be good, but at such a juncture as this when there is such a Concurrence of all Things to interrupt and discourage Trade, it is by no means seasonable to offer anything of that nature to the world, except it be of no moment to have it balked. This is my opinion: others may differ. But I am sure the Reccomendation of all the Bp's in England cannot induce me to subscribe. Shall not have money for Bread, or that's all & with great difficulty. I think it better to lye for a better time & then I should be willing to serve you: at present I cannot: however I return my hearty Thanks for the offer.

your humble servt

Ri: Chiswell.

Strype, who corresponded with Thomas Baker, is another of those who are thanked by Burnet for corrections and criticisms of his *History of the Reformation.*

At least one early news-sheet was published for some time by Chiswell, as we find his name at the foot of a paper published twice a week in 1689 giving the "Proceedings of the Convention of the Estates in Scotland." It also gave general news and served to advertise new books which were being produced by him.

[1] p. 280.

Chiswell was also one of the earliest book-sellers to sell libraries and books by auction. In 1678 he advertised a sale of the books of "Dr Benjamin Worsley and two other learned men over against the 'Hen and Chickens', in Paternoster Row at 9 in the morning."

He died in 1711 and was buried in the Church of St Botolph, Aldersgate. His son Richard, who was born in 1673, was a great traveller, bought a large estate in Essex and left a considerable fortune.

The other name mentioned in the letter is that of John Colbatch, D.D. He was born in 1664 and entered Westminster as a scholar in 1680. After spending three years at Trinity College, Cambridge, he took his B.A. degree in 1686 and became M.A. in 1690. On first taking orders he went out to Portugal and was the Chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon for seven years. At Burnet's request he wrote *An Account of the State of Religion and Literature in Portugal*, and was promised preferment by the Bishop and also by the Queen. On his return to England in order to coach Burnet's eldest son for Trinity, he wrote *An Account of the Court of Portugal under the Reign of the present King, Dom Pedro II*. This book was published in 1700, and Burnet mentions it in the Introduction to volume three of the *History of the Reformation*. Later, the Master of Trinity, Bentley, was instrumental in obtaining for him the post of Tutor to the Earl of Hertford, eldest son of the Duke of Somerset, at that time Chancellor of the University.

This early part of the life of Colbatch would seem to indicate that he was well on the road to a prosperous career, but he soon began to suffer a continuous series of disappointments. The early promises of preferment were not fulfilled; the Duke of Somerset did not carry out his obligations, and worst of all, Colbatch, against his will, became involved in the long feud between the Master and Fellows of Trinity. Finally, the Master, Richard Bentley, D.D., published a pamphlet in which he imputed to Colbatch the authorship of a certain criticism of himself. The true author was Conyers Middleton, D.D., another fellow of the College. This was well known to

Bentley, but he pretended otherwise for the double pleasure it would give him of abusing Colbatch and showing his contempt for Middleton. The Vice-Chancellor and eight other heads of the University, including Dr R. Jenkin, Master of St John's College, passed a resolution as follows—that "...Dr Colbatch had just ground of complaint, it appearing to us that he is therein described under very odious and ignominious characters and do declare and pronounce the said book to be a most virulent and scandalous libel, highly injurious to the said Dr Colbatch, contrary to good manners and a notorious violation of the Statutes and Discipline of this University...." Although proceedings were instituted, the Procedure was defective and no satisfaction was obtained, and Colbatch retired to the College living of Orwell, which he obtained in spite of Bentley's efforts to pass him over. His lectures as Casuistical Professor of Divinity in the University had brought him renown and he continued to be held in high esteem by his friends, but there is no doubt that he was a disappointed man. He died in 1748. His obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* describes him as "Rev. John Colbatch, D.D., Rector of Orwell, Senior Fellow of Trinity College and Casuistical Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, reputed one of the most learned man of the age."

N. LONG BROWN.

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

THERE can be but few persons now living who remember Arthur Hilton and still fewer who could number him among their acquaintances. So, as one of those on terms of intimate friendship with him during undergraduate days, I feel that no apology is necessary for recording these early memories of him in the Magazine of his old College. Some years ago, with no idea of publishing them, but anxious that the "iniquity of oblivion" should not overwhelm them, I put down the following notes, and I perhaps cannot do better than give them as they stand. I have said nothing of the

Light Green, or discussed what contributions were and were not from his pen. That has been done elsewhere.

* * * * *

How shall I write of Arthur Hilton? No words can ever depict the man—the winning joyousness of him, the extraordinary vivid expression of fun and humour that lit up the whole face, the sudden unexpected flashes of wit or rhyme that convulsed us with inextinguishable laughter. I will not attempt it. I should probably only succeed in making my reader conceive of him as that most dreadful of all bores—a funny man! Never was anyone less so. He was by nature a very gentle quiet person, but the fun that was in him was altogether too overpowering to be restrained, and it welled up and bubbled over almost independent of the control of its owner. His name will be familiar to Cambridge men for all time as the author of the *Light Green* and numerous parodies contained in it and elsewhere, of which the "Heathen Passee" and the "Octopus" are perhaps the best. Hilton's life was a very short one—he was only six and twenty when he died—but into that bare quarter-century he crowded a full hundred years of fun and laughter. His "Life" was written by R. C. Pearce Edgcumbe, and it is very inadequate. But, after all, how could one write a Life of him! So short, and so devoid of incident, it could be little else than a collection of stories.

Hilton was a finished actor and stage manager, and indeed did little else but this at Cambridge, writing burlesques and farces, and his parodies, between whiles. He and Cholmondeley and Augustus Thornton of Trinity, with Miss Mary Guillemard, Miss Kate Lamb and myself, formed a little company and acted at several places in Cambridge and elsewhere. The A.D.C. asked Hilton and myself to join them, but we got as much acting as we could manage, and rather fought shy of the social expenses and waste of time that membership of the Club necessarily entailed in those days. Moreover, we were trained together and knew each other's ways well—no little advantage in acting—and neither of us would have appreciated starting as novices under a new stage-manager.

Under Hilton's rule—although he was difficult to please and kept us at it remorselessly—one quite looked forward to rehearsals, wonderful to relate, owing to the fun and humour he gave off, much as radium gives off electrons. And it was all so absolutely natural and spontaneous. We were once acting at the Ferrers's (later Master of Caius), where a man called Wall was taking a (luckily quite unimportant) part. He was a perfectly hopeless stick, and again and again Hilton went over a passage with him, and then started him off to try it once more. Wall had unconsciously been leaning against a newly whitewashed part of the wings, which had liberally transferred itself to his coat—and his performance was no better. Hilton threw up his hands in despair—"God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!" was all he said.

One of the very few times I ever saw him depressed was when we were giving a piece entitled "How will it End?" It dragged hopelessly and went no better even on the night of the performance. Thompson, Master of Trinity, who was sitting near the front, leant forward and remarked to someone in an audible whisper "Surely there is a mistake in the title: it should be '*When* will it end?'" During the play one of the actors had to address the hero in a tone of deep remonstrance "Oh! Raoul, Raoul!" But he could not pronounce his r's, and his "Oh! Wowool! Wowool!" was received with shrieks of laughter. It was about all that we evoked that night!

In no way a lover of practical jokes, Hilton once played one when with me which was certainly most ludicrous in its effects. We had been dining together, and after Hall turned in to a tobacconist's to get a cigar. The girl behind the counter was doing up a package with a large ball of string. Hilton lingered after lighting his weed and affected to take a deep interest in the operation, lolling right across the counter. I could not imagine what he was doing! All at once his arm shot out, and he seized the ball of string, which was fast to the parcel, and in another second he was racing up Sidney Street, taking a turn round a lamp-post here, across the road to a bell-pull there, back again to a door-handle, after encircling a few passers-by, a perambulator, and some dogs, and so on

right up the street till the ball was finished. As it was dark, no one saw what was going on, and the affair "came off" beautifully, a state of hopeless confusion ensuing. Hilton of course returned to the scene with a look of interested astonishment on his face that would have taken in a Pinkerton detective. But I am quite sure that he made his peace with the young woman next day. He was always an immense favourite with the ladies.

In the suddenness and unexpectedness of his wit lay half its charm. He was in a Divinity Class on one occasion, when the lecturer propounded the question—"'Let his way be dark and slippery.' To what was the Psalmist probably referring in this passage, Mr Hilton?" Not for an instant did he hesitate. "I should think undoubtedly, Sir, to the episode of Jonah and the whale."

Whom the Gods love die young. What would I not give to recall this most lovable, delightful, and witty of companions. I don't think I ever saw him again after he took his degree. Odd as it may seem, he took Orders, but I honestly believe that this was the life which he most wished and for which he was most fitted. He became curate of Sandwich in 1874 and died there three years later, having won the hearts of all his parishioners. I learnt of his death when I was out in Africa, and for a time, even in that sunny land, all the skies were grey to me.

F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.

A FORGOTTEN PAINTER

In a quiet side street in Brussels not far from the Porte de Namur may be found one of the lesser sights of the city, the Musée Wiertz. Here is a collection of the paintings of the Belgian artist Antoine Joseph Wiertz, who died in 1865. Naturally they are proud of him in Brussels, from patriotic motives, and foreigners visit the gallery in the course of their sightseeing; but apart from these, Wiertz and his work have vanished out of the minds of men. Yet in his day he was

hailed everywhere as a genius, and he himself was not slow to agree with this opinion. He had won the Grand Prix at the Antwerp Academy in 1832, and when he came to Brussels in 1848, the foremost artist in Belgium, a studio, the present Musée, was built for him at the state expense.

His paintings as they hang in the rooms of the little gallery may perhaps be divided roughly into three groups. First, there are paintings of women, typical Belgian women, with plump whiteish arms and placid faces, leaning out of casements and smirking voluptuously at the spectator. They are the women of Rubens, with all their florid lasciviousness and none of their significance; clever, in a way, and entirely unconvincing.

Next comes his more ambitious work, large canvases, combining a classical formality of composition with a realism little short of brutal. Perhaps the most remarkable is the "Battle for the Body of Patroclus," a scene of furious action. The Greek and Trojan heroes, in traditional dress and armour, are grouped in the foreground, a complicated mass, round the body which they have seized and are dragging in opposite directions. The stress is terrific; muscles stand out in strained lumps, fingers grip and tear at flesh that seems to writhe visibly beneath them, one of the combatants has plunged a spear clean through the back of another, whose face is twisted with shock and horror at the moment of his death; the stamping and heaving and laboured panting are almost audible. The body itself gleams palely, a horrid phosphorescent blue (Wiertz was a master at painting realistic corpses). Here at least then he succeeds in producing the effect he wanted; whether that effect is a desirable one is another matter. Another of this class is a huge panel, the height of the room, representing the storming of heaven by the powers of hell. Fie

while the heavenly hosts try to hurl them back from above. The sky in the upper background is a very delicate blue, a colour which Wiertz often managed with some success.

The third group is that which is described by English tourists as "queer." It was these pictures which prompted a

remark I overheard in the gallery, that the degrees of comparison of "weird" are "weird, weirder, Wiertz." They show a strange distorted imagination, a preoccupation with things loathsome and revolting.
with damp slimy walls; in the centre is a coffin, with an inscription signifying that the dead man is a victim of the plague. But he is not dead; he is struggling to push up the coffin-lid, and his greenish yellow face, swathed in winding sheets, glares over the side with an expression of fearful agony at a large repulsive toad in the foreground. It might be an illustration to Edgar Allan Poe's story "Buried Alive"; and, like Poe, Wiertz has often been thought insane.
a picture of a mother sitting by a cottage hearth; she has been driven mad by famine, and is gloating in lunatic glee over the remains of her child's body half wrapped in a cloth on her lap. She holds a bloodstained knife in one hand, and from the cauldron over the fire protrudes one of the baby's legs, hacked off and thrown there in her ravings.
of the gallery a suicide, dressed only in a pair of white trousers, is blowing his head off with a pistol, while two solemn angelic figures look on, acquiescing in his death, and yet with intense pity. A fourth picture takes us down to hell, where Napoleon rises from the flames in his characteristic cocked hat and uniform. A band of old women, the mothers of the men whose death he has caused, surround him, shaking their fists in his face and shrieking curses on him, but he stares through them with folded arms and curling lip and eyes fixed on the distance, not seeming to see them.

That is the kind of thing, cheap emotional stuff, stories of obvious moral; intending to interpret some of the grimmer tragedies of life, and to shock the observer into pity by his vigorous realism, Wiertz only succeeds in producing some competent if conventional figure studies sinking under a weight of preaching, the worn change of puerile sensationalism. This section of his work reminds one in some ways of the fifth-rate French illustrator Gustave Doré, who had something of the same twisted imagination, though much of his work is more purely grotesque than Wiertz's.

Throughout the phases of his painting Wiertz was preoccupied with the human figure; he could draw it with realism and accuracy, and on occasion could put into it an impression of stupendous vitality.
the interest aroused by his romantic "horror" pictures in that century of Poe and de Maupassant, that won him the popular attention that he and they mistook for the acclamation of a genius. Of more value to us is his invention of the "peinture mate," the matt-surface style of oil painting, which is perhaps his one claim to originality and recognition as anything more than a draughtsman and a crank.

But they are very proud of him in Brussels, naturally; and scores of foreigners visit the Musée Wiertz daily in the routine of their sight-seeing. Otherwise, he is forgotten.

K. H. J.

NOCTURNE

CALM is the night and clear
Whispering, slumberous,
Soft on the waiting ear
Melody thrills;
Gently the river glides,
Silently murmurous,
Moveless, the moon abides
Over the hills.

Listen, a music rings,
Ghostlike, ethereal,
Lilting from elfin strings
Harmonies slow,—
Music from fairy lands,
Pipes immaterial—
Played by an airy hand's
Gossamer bow.

Dying, the echoes fall,
  Palpitant, shivering
Drooping, the willow's pall
  Dapples the stream,
Mourning the vanished strains,
  Passionate, quivering—
Silence alone remains:
  'Twas but a dream.

J. W. C.

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE" IN FILMLAND

Mr Frederick Fairlie, Mrs Vesey, Mr Gilmore, Mr Kyrle, Walter Hartright's mother and sister, and Professor Pesca have no existence in Filmland, while Marian Halcombe is no more than a "walking lady" whose only part is to tell Laura Fairlie that she is wanted, either by her father dying or by Anne Catherick knocking at the window. Thus we have Mr Philip Fairlie present in the flesh. His is the first death, and he accomplishes it very consistently with his evening dress, in which he reclines on a sofa and expires gradually (of some malady which we cannot diagnose) after impressing upon Laura that she must marry Sir Percival Glyde. She promises to do so dutifully enough, and at once goes downstairs to him, though evidently against the grain, for it has been made clear already that something like a secret engagement exists between her and Walter Hartright, who it seems is not a drawing-master but a youth of good station who is one of the guests at Limmeridge Hall for a dance given on the evening of Mr Philip Fairlie's death. Things now move swiftly, for we next find ourselves at Blackwater Park, with Laura as Lady Glyde, and Sir Percival with her settlement drawn up in his favour all ready to be signed by her. Count Fosco is present to father the proceedings. Blackwater Park is far from being a gloomy place, for the rooms, both upstairs and downstairs, to which we are introduced are furnished

cheerfully, and the lake and boat-house form a rather pleasing spot. Laura won't sign, in consequence of a note from Anne Catherick that it will be bad for her if she does. Anne is a mysterious and eccentric young woman who has no obvious connection with the family, and who has a habit of going about after dark in white to knock at windows and demand interviews. She likes scribbling notes also, and is clearly a disturbing factor in life at Blackwater. Soon she begins to ask for interviews at the boat-house, and there she and Laura are discovered by Sir Percival and Count Fosco, who pounce on Laura while Anne scurries off round the corner of the boat-house. Fosco however is an observant person, and has had time to be impressed with the remarkable resemblance between the two, so he speedily evolves a death and substitution scheme. For his assistance in this he demands £10,000 from Sir Percival, and we see the notes paid over without demur, from which it appears that Sir Percival is solvent just now. This is a good piece of work, for it is accomplished some time before we are introduced to either the tombstone or Lady Glyde in captivity. The latter development is led up to by Count Fosco locking Lady Glyde in her bedroom. In Filmland progress is evidently ahead of our world's, for we find our old friends of 1851 attired in the fashion of the present day, and telephones are a matter of course. At Blackwater there are telephones in the bedrooms, and Fosco saves much time and trouble by connecting Lady Glyde's wire with the dining room set. Thus, while she thinks that she has got a trunk call through to Walter in London she is really conversing with Fosco on the ground floor. In due course Fosco unlocks the bedroom door and Lady Glyde emerges in an hysterical state which ends in her collapsing on the floor. Fosco pours something out of a tumbler down her throat, by which she is drugged and so made ready for convenient transport to the asylum, a step which is rendered feasible by the previous death of Anne, which takes place at the boat-house in the course of a severe tussle with Fosco. This incident is disposed of by his waving what looks like a death-certificate inscribed "Heart Failure" in his own writing. Soon afterwards Fosco

and Glyde pay a visit to the asylum to make sure that Laura is safely caged. This she is, for while the two men gloat at her round a corner, she is seen sitting on her bed behind strong bars just like those of the Lion House. The nurse who superintends the exhibition ought to be called a wardress, for she wears a shiny belt with immense keys and has something very like a helmet on her head. After the wicked pair have left this scene their victim becomes violently hysterical in bed, plunging about in the porpoise-like manner of Fascination Fledgeby. But after a time she discovers that the wardress has forgotten to lock the cage. So out Laura runs, and makes at once for Anne Catherick's grave, which turns out to be in Blackwater churchyard instead of at Limmeridge. In the asylum Lady Glyde was dressed with appropriate plainness, but now she has resumed her old habit of going everywhere and at all times of day and night in a dinner dress, though the light shawl she usually adds is now replaced by the Anne Catherick mode of all-white. Her stay in the churchyard must be a long one, and is seemingly without shelter to go to and without means of obtaining food, for it continues till Walter Hartright turns up, and he has to come all the way from South America, where we now behold him in a cabaret patronised by very dubious Spanish people. In this company he is apparently consoling himself for the loss of Lady Glyde when he reads in a newspaper that she is waiting for him in the churchyard. He flings aside the arm of the siren with whom he is sitting and is off to Blackwater churchyard, where there is mutual recognition beside the tombstone. Lady Glyde tells him all about things, and he then comes to the conclusion that it would be well to get her under a roof again. Mrs Catherick, whom we now see for the first time, and whose connection with the other characters remains unexplained, lives close by, and is altogether a kind-hearted benevolent woman, for she responds with pleasure to Walter's "Can she stay with you?" We gather that the resemblance to Anne predisposes Mrs Catherick in Laura's favour. This happy arrangement sets Walter free for a serious talk with Sir Percival, and he finds him and the Count at home. Walter enters quickly and at

once tells the Baronet that he isn't one at all, though he adds to this that he is going to examine the Church Register to clinch his opinion. Heated words ensue, and Sir Percival states that he proposes to have first innings in the vestry, a resolve which is backed by Count Fosco's revolver producing a speedy "hands-up" on Walter's part. Mrs Catherick keeps the church keys, and soon Laura sees her husband coming up the garden path, whereupon she hides in the cupboard. When the coast is clear she comes out and naturally pursues Sir Percival and catches him *flag. del.* in the vestry, Register in hand. He is annoyed and one of his gestures upsets the lamp, upon which the vestry catches fire. This occurs in a curiously patchy manner, for we see the table burning furiously in half-a-dozen places without any smoke. The rest of the furniture and the walls of the vestry break into flame in a similar manner, some parts being highly inflammable and others quite uninflammable. Vast clouds of smoke come from other parts we do not see, and Sir Percival is speedily overcome and succumbs in a corner. Laura, however, is as good as a salamander: it is true that she faints once or twice, but in the intervals she divides her time between praiseworthy efforts to bring her husband back to life and attempts to get out. She tries both doors and smashes one small pane of glass. (The church is Saxon with Decorated windows.) The fire, though it started so rapidly, does not spread any more after the first minute or so, but it has attracted the attention of the parishioners, who, headed by Walter, come in a body carrying a battering ram with which they burst in a door. Sir Percival is reverently carried off to Blackwater House, while Laura, quite fresh again, walks back to Mrs Catherick's without a smut on her face and with the beloved dinner dress quite unharmed. Thus we have passed death no. 3, and there remains only Count Fosco to be dealt with. Why he resolves on suicide we do not see, for there is no sign that he is suspected of improper proceedings. But he sits down at a study table and after some observations about his behaviour being consistent with the course events have taken he swallows some kind of pill and dies very peacefully. With his departure

we have only the widowed Laura and Walter left to interest us. We find them back at Limmeridge, happily married and in possession, in fact, sitting on the same sofa on which we saw them at the evening dance of long ago.

H. H. B.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

President: THE MASTER. *Treasurer:* MR E. CUNNINGHAM. *First Boat Captain:* R. H. H. SYMONDS. *Second Boat Captain:* J. R. OWEN. *Additional Boat Captains:* D. HAIG THOMAS, F. J. CONNELL. *Junior Treasurer:* J. E. PRINCE. *Secretary:* G. P. EASTEN.

HENLEY 1930

THE Regatta of 1930 was one upon which we may look back with satisfaction. Altogether we were a party of twenty-one, and entered three crews: our First Boat for the Ladies' Challenge Plate; the Second Boat for the Thames Challenge Cup; and a Four for the Visitors' Challenge Cup.

Let us say now how extremely grateful we are to all those who, by their generosity, enabled us to take this large party. Henley is not a picnic for the crews and is such an expense that without help from the College it would be impossible for us to go at all.

The only change in the First Boat was at "4." E. H. Whitaker was unable to make the trip and the captain, O. V. Bevan, who had been unable to row in the May Races, took his place and his inclusion materially strengthened the crew. In the Second Boat E. H. Schupbach and E. W. Thomas took the places of K. A. McIntosh and N. Booth.

Of course our hopes were centred on the First Boat; the Second Boat going mainly to gain experience and to pace the First Boat, in which they succeeded admirably. They were a very lively and pretty crew and for a short distance were as fast as any boat at the Regatta. In practice they continually beat the First Boat which, without their invaluable pacing, would have been a very different crew.

The Four we made a very secondary affair, keeping our energy for the VIIIs. Nevertheless, it was good practice and gave the three biggest men in the boat the chance of getting really fit.

And now a word for the two spare men who were as keen and

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IRISH TRANSLATIONS

The Drowning of Coning mac Aedan (c. 720 A.D.)

The waves of the sea are very clear;
With sand they have covered
The frail wicker coracle;
They threw themselves on Coning.

The ocean has cast its white hair
Over the coracle of Coning;
Well may it smile its hateful smile
To-day, upon the tree of Tontiu[1].

Autumn Song (c. 850 A.D.)

My tale to you; the stag bells,
Winter snows, summer is gone.

Wind high and cold, the sun low
His course is short; the sea flowing high.

Dark red is the fern, whose form has failed;
The wild goose sings its accustomed song.

Cold has seized the birds' wings;
The season of ice. This is my tale.

K. H. J.

[1] The sacred tree of Leinster.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE[1]

CAMBRIDGE

By J. M. WILSON

May 18*th*, 1913. It is some years now since I wrote anything for these memories of my past life: perhaps I may begin again. But I am now nearer 77 than 76, and neither memory nor hand is quite as active as it was. I am at this moment in the little Pension Uto-Staffel on the Uetliberg, looking down over Zürich, with my wife.

But I must try and recall Cambridge. Term opened in October, about the 10th I imagine, in 1855. My father went up with me to St John's College. I found rooms, said to have been Wordsworth's[2], assigned me at the top of the left-hand corner staircase farthest from the Porter's Lodge of the 1st Court. It was close to the kitchens. The sitting-room looked into the court; bedroom, and a little sort of boxroom, into a back lane, on the other side of which was Trinity 1st Court, with its clock and its "male and female chimes." I took on all the furniture at about £10; and bought myself a Windsor chair, the one I have used ever since, which is now at my study table at Worcester.

[1] [The late Dr J. M. Wilson (B.A. 1859; Fellow 1860), whose death at the age of 94 is recorded in this number, left certain volumes of unpublished *Reminiscences* of his life. Chapter v of these *Reminiscences* is entitled "Cambridge," and it covers the four years (1855–9) which he spent at St John's College. By permission of his son, Sir Arnold T. Wilson, K.C.I.E., the chapter is printed here, without abbreviation. As will be seen, it was written in May 1913. Dr Wilson was the last survivor of the original Editorial Committee of *The Eagle*. He was the author of the opening article in the first number, which appeared in the Lent Term, 1858. The present Editors are grateful for permission to print in this number a record which thereby becomes his last, as it is also his longest, contribution to *The Eagle*.—ED.]

[2] [J. M. Wilson's rooms were F 4, First Court. Wordsworth's rooms were F 2, on the floor below. See *Lists of Past Occupants of Rooms in St John's College*, compiled by G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. [B.A. 1881; Honorary Fellow, 1931], and published by the Editors of the *Eagle Magazine*, 1895, p. 11; and, for Wordsworth's rooms, *The Eagle*, vol. XVI, pp. 429–30, and vol. XVIII, pp. 61–2.—ED.]

I knew no one at the College; Ralph Tatham was Master. Atlay, afterwards Vicar of Leeds and Bishop of Hereford, was my tutor; and in other Colleges, I had some remembrance of Evan Gill, who had gone up to Trinity from K.W.C.[1] two years before; Lamb and Smith of Emmanuel, Whitmore of Caius, and Deane of Emmanuel who had gone up with me from Sedbergh. There was also Longmire of St John's, my contemporary at Sedbergh; but he was a recluse.

Lectures soon began; and it gradually dawned on me that none of us was in the least degree individualised or directed. It mattered to nobody what I did, whether I worked or was idle; whether I read Classics or Mathematics, or nothing at all. There were lectures given in the College Hall, to all the freshmen together, about ninety of us, by Reyner, in Algebra. He would give out about eighteen or twenty questions. Then he went round the hall, looking at the papers we brought on his last lecture. Of course it was useless. The help we got from him was infinitesimal. Later on the Mathematical lectures were very good. Ben Horne's lectures on Optics and Dynamics were as good as lectures could be.

Ben Horne was a character. He was well known at Newmarket; a famous whist player and with a reputation. But he never neglected his work. His lectures were at 8.0 a.m. We assembled in his lecture room: no sign of Ben. So we knocked at his bedroom door. Murmurs from bed clothes within. In three or four minutes in came a rough unshorn unkempt figure in a long dressing gown; he dictated questions, and said "Excuse me for a few minutes" and retired. Then most careful undisturbed work, often lasting till 9.30 or after. "Hadn't we better get some breakfast?" said Ben. Todhunter, too, was a good lecturer, though not an attractive one.

The Classical lectures open to freshmen were certainly not equal to Evans's careful lessons at Sedbergh; and composi-

[1] [King William's College, Isle of Man. J. M. Wilson's father, Edward Wilson, Fellow of St John's College 1826–36, was its first Principal (1833–8). Wilson was born there on 6 November, 1836, and afterwards (1848–53) was in Dr Dixon's house.—ED.]

tions were rarely corrected. The Greek Testament lectures, given by Atlay, to some forty men, were quite elementary. Almost all teaching was given by private tutors.

But during my first term, very early in it, W. E. Mullins[1], who kept in the room at the bottom of my staircase, called on me: and I regard this as one of the great events of my Cambridge days. It gave the colour to all that followed. Indeed I can scarcely imagine what I should have done without his friendship. He was—and is—(for happily he is still alive and very vigorous)—about two years my senior in years and very much more in experience and self-reliance. He had been through King's College; had come under the strong influence of Maurice, the prophet of that age; and was a reader and disciple of Carlyle, Kingsley, Hughes, Ludlow and other Christian Socialists. He was a reader of German also, and a lover of Goethe, Schiller and others whose names I had never heard. He opened to me on every side vistas of quite unknown country. I had been bred in a country Vicarage, on old-fashioned Evangelical lines; and at schools into which no modern thoughts penetrated. Mullins had had a wholly different education. He was twenty years, not two, my senior.

In the first term I had no aim at all put before me by anyone; I was reading quite at random for the Classical and Mathematical lectures, and that was all. Mullins and I, and sometimes W. G. Adams, amused ourselves with doing Bland's Geometrical and Algebraical problems in such intervals as there were. But after a week or so came the examination for Scholarships, of value varying according to residence, but worth about £25 a year. There was one more valuable Scholarship, called the Port Latin, of £50. Some twenty or thirty or more of us stood for these Scholarships. Of course Arthur Holmes, a brilliant, perhaps unequalled, Shrewsbury scholar, got the Port Latin, and Longmire and

[1] [W. E. Mullins was born in 1834, he entered St John's in the Michaelmas Term 1855, and took his B.A. degree in 1859. He was afterwards a house master at Marlborough. He died in 1918 (*The Eagle*, vol. XL, p. 194).—ED.]

I were elected scholars on our Classics, and some five or six more: R. B. Clifton being one for Mathematics. Yet not one of the Dons, not even Atlay, took the slightest notice of me, nor enquired what I was reading for. Half that term was frittered away. Then an old Sedberghian, John Rigg, Fellow of the College, a shy quiet man, called on me, and found out how much I needed guidance. He offered to coach me more or less for the Bell Scholarship, which was to come off in March; and I went to his rooms for Classical and Mathematical papers, and some direction as to reading. He probably spoke to Atlay; for about that time Atlay sent for me, and told me it was no use my attending his Greek Testament lectures; they were only for poll men "to teach them first aorists," as he said.

At the end of the term we had an examination in Classics and Mathematics, and an absurd *viva voce* examination in Bushby's introduction to the Old Testament. Bushby was an old Sedberghian and a Fellow. The book was of the most elementary kind. Some forty or fifty of us sat round the common room, and questions were asked and passed down till someone answered them.

I went down home at once; and the list followed; and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I found that I was first. A letter of congratulation from Atlay to my father followed. The Mathematics did not go beyond Algebra and Euclid, Trigonometry and Geometrical Conics, and the Classics were as usual some prepared books and some composition and unseens.

I was reading now definitely for the Classical Tripos; and in the Christmas vacation read a good deal, and did some composition. On returning to Cambridge, Rigg advised me to get a classical private tutor for the "Bell" and to go on reading for him in Mathematics. For the "Bell" we were to be examined in Trigonometry and the beginning of Coordinate Geometry, of which I knew next to nothing. Atlay agreed, and sent me to a young classical B.A., Pearson, of St John's, who had taken a low first class a year ago. He was told that I was reading for the "Bell." He was a poor

scholar; a languid, uninteresting and supercilious person. He gave me pieces for composition and corrected them, not nearly as well as Evans: and gave me sometimes his own compositions as "fair copy" in which it was not difficult to detect bad blunders. I asked him more than once whether so-and-so was right. "Well, perhaps not, I wrote that as a freshman." Atlay asked me one day what I thought of Pearson; I showed him one of these copies, and told him Pearson's remark. "He shall not get a fellowship at St John's," was his reply: and he did not.

Then in March 1856 came the "Bell" Scholarship examination. This was open to all sons of clergy in their first year in the University. The standard therefore varied a good deal. Classics, it was said, counted 8, Mathematics 2, Divinity 1. My father had held the second "Bell" and so had my cousin W. G. Wilson, then Rector of Forncett St Peter's, and I was very anxious to keep up the tradition. Pearson told me it was waste of time to go in, but I excused myself by saying it was my father's wish, and sent in my name. The papers suited me very well. In Classics, I think I had seen two pieces before, one from a late book in the *Odyssey*; and the Latin Elegiacs suited me, Mrs Hemans' poem, beginning:

> Leaves have their time to fall
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set: but Thou hast all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

I kept for my father a copy of my verses, and still have them. In Mathematics, I did everything except a question or two in Co-ordinate Geometry, which were beyond me. I had not got beyond the straight line. There was a paper in Divinity, i.e., Old and New Testament, long and varied, of which I know very little.

No one had the smallest doubt who would get the first "Bell"; for Arthur Holmes had already, as a freshman, won the blue ribbon of scholarship, the "Craven." This was open to all four years: and had not been won by a freshman for many years, not, it was said, since Kennedy himself, the master of Shrewsbury, had won it "in his jacket."

Practically no one had any doubt that Henry Sidgwick, who had come up from the head of Rugby School, with a very great reputation, would take the second. One morning Atlay came to my room, and said he was going to a meeting of the Electors of the "Bell," and wished to know particulars of income, family, etc., in case they were asked for; since by the will of the founder if men were equal the money should be given to the one who needed it most. In an hour or so he returned, and told me that I was bracketed with Henry Sidgwick for the second, and that the money was divided between us equally. This was a great joy to my father. I remember a letter from my twin brother Edward—a rare occurrence; he saw, far more clearly than I did, the meaning of such a success: that it heralded a good first class, and a probable fellowship; as my own ambitions at that time were very modest indeed.

I had to go to the V.C. who happened to be Whewell, who was rather gracious, for him, and told me where I stood: I was 2nd in Classics to Holmes, 3rd in Mathematics to Vyvyan and Sidgwick, and 2nd in Divinity to Sidgwick. He showed me the marks; I can only imperfectly recall those in Mathematics,—Vyvyan who was at King William's College with me till he left for Shrewsbury 275, Sidgwick 268, and I was about 263. Probably 275 was full marks.

The paper in Divinity was a curiously discursive one on Old and New Testament. My out-of-the-way reading of my father's old books came in useful: for I had read, for want of other books, such books as Beausobre, Mosheim, Tomline, Marsh, Prideaux, Newton and Keith on *Prophecies*, and Lowth's *Isaiah*. Of the New Testament I knew little. Jeremie, the Divinity Professor, who examined in this subject, sent for me and asked where on earth I got all the odd information I had poured out. He was amused when I told him: and he well remembered my father.

The Lent Term came to an end, and in the Summer Term the problem of my reading took a new phase. At the end

of each May Term there was a College examination in which, in each successive year, Wood's exhibitions of £40 were given to the first three men. The Mathematical papers at the end of the first year included advanced Trigonometry and Algebra, and of course Geometry and Co-ordinate Geometry of which I knew only the elements. I felt bound to go to a Mathematical tutor, and Atlay induced Parkinson, one of the very best honour coaches, as an exception and special favour, to take me for one term in these subjects.

Money was a great object then. My brother's illness, and my University expenses, small as they were, were hard to meet. So I dropped Classics for a term, and read whole-heartedly for Parkinson. Meantime I had arranged with a first rate classical coach to read with him in the Lake Country for the Long Vacation, and subsequently: Hammond of Trinity was the man.

The May examination came; and on the last evening, just before I was going down for the Long, Atlay came to my room to enquire my plans for the Long and afterwards. I told him. He said, No, no, no! I must read Mathematics; I was first in Mathematics, fifty per cent. more than the next man, and it was folly not to go on with them. Parkinson concurred, he said. I argued that I didn't care for Mathematics, had no turn for them. I knew I could do well at Classics—it was giving up a certainty for a chance, and so on. He put his back against the door, and vowed he would not go till I consented to give Parkinson a trial for the ten or eleven weeks of the Long Vacation. So I reluctantly wrote to Hammond to say what had happened, and went down home. Soon followed the list and the College bill, with £40 subtracted from it.

After a short holiday at Nocton[1] I went back to Cambridge for the Long Vacation. It was full eleven weeks or rather more of continuous reading. I went three days a week to Parkinson from 11 to 2. Then he gave me a MS paper on the subject I had been doing, and I took him my work in

[1] [Nocton, Lincolnshire, of which J. M. Wilson's father was then vicar.—Ed.]

the interval. There were some ten or fifteen men in the outer lecture room; I only remember one, Bunting of Pembroke, afterwards Sir Percy, Editor of the *Contemporary*.

In that Long Vacation (it seems incredible but it is true), I read Analytical Geometry, Todhunter and Salmon, the Differential Calculus and Integral Calculus, both in Todhunter; supplementing it by De Morgan's great book which fascinated me. Then Differential Equations, a long intricate subject, and Geometry of Three Dimensions. It was an immense quantity to get through. Parkinson made no comment at the time, but he spoke of it after my degree.

My day was very regular. Chapel, if I remember right, was at 8 o'clock, but of this I am not sure. I usually breakfasted at 7.30 and began work at 9, and stuck to it till 2. On the days when I did not go to Parkinson I used often to get restless: took gymnastic exercises at intervals; adopted a standing desk, interrupted the Mathematics by short intervals of poetry or other books: but at last I found myself able to work continuously for the five hours; but when 1.45 came, and some bread and cheese and some beer from the Buttery, and when some friend turned up, as we usually arranged, I was very, very glad. From 2 till 4 I was on the river, or at Fives, or on Parker's Piece, or now and then on a velocipede, in the fullest enjoyment. Long Vacation College elevens played one another on Parker's Piece; or occasionally I played on Fenner's for the Long Vacation University eleven, or sometimes we took long walks or runs. I had a large acquaintance who shared these amusements; but few of them became more than acquaintances.

The mention of cricket reminds me that in the first May Term I was invited to join the College Cricket Club, and paid my subscription. I had taken up to College my old Sedbergh bat, pads and gloves. Very early in the season I was tried in the College 2nd eleven against a Trinity 2nd eleven, on Parker's Piece. We were beaten in the first innings, to which I contributed an 0; and I did not bowl. But in the 2nd innings I was put on to bowl: and it was my day; I took 9 wickets, all clean bowled; and I long kept some annual

Journal of matches in which "b. Wilson" occurred with such monotony. That performance attracted Joe McCormick's attention: and others of the 1st eleven pressed me to go down in term time at 11 to bowl at nets or in matches. This would have been ruin. I talked to Newbery, a very nice cricketing Don; and took his advice and left the Club.

The most amusing cricket was a match among the non-cricketers who came up for the Long. Every member of the College Club was ineligible. We each bowled one over in turn; one, and no more. It was great fun, and very easy to make 50 runs or more, if one had the luck to be drawn to go in early.

Dinner was at 4 o'clock, and from 4.30 to 6 we usually spent over biscuits and raisins and oranges or a modest glass of wine in one another's rooms; often in some other College: and those times did more perhaps for me than any other hours of the day. We talked of everything in heaven and earth, as young men do: very crude and unformed we were, and none of us very brilliant or learned or advanced: we were slowly feeling our way. Mullins was the most widely read, and the most philosophically minded of us. Through him I got to know such books as Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, Mill's *Logic*, and Hare's *Guesses at Truth*, the last of which volumes, when I looked at it in later years, was so amazingly commonplace.

Then at 6, Chapel, if I had not been at morning Chapel, and Classics till 8; good steady reading and writing, for 1½ hours or more: some supper at 8, and very often a game of backgammon: and at 8.30 or 9, Mathematics till about 11.

My working day thus included a good 7 hours of Mathematics, and 2 of Classics.

In my second year, beginning October 1856, I read steadily Classics and Mathematics, attending lectures on both subjects, though not all or probably the best of the classical lectures, and doing occasional compositions. I cannot remember the classical lectures as being of much value, but I recall reading Aristotle's *Ethics* and *Politics* with real pleasure. The lecturer was not, I think, in the least interested in the subject of either; and his only satisfaction was in showing the bad scholarship of the Oxford Editors; Congreve was one, and I think Eaton was another.

It was in my second year that the College Boat Club, the Lady Margaret, blackballed a Sizar, whose name I have forgotten, a very good sort of man, simply because he was a Sizar. This provoked a good deal of comment, as being snobbish. Some vain negotiations went on. Most of the Club were sound on the point, it was believed, but there was a compact minority large enough to carry their point. A new club was therefore started, the Lady Somerset, on the same terms of subscription, as a protest; and I joined it, and rowed pretty regularly. I was never a good oar; but the club was not strong, and I was put in the 1st boat. I found that the training then in vogue, of which I have forgotten the details, excited me, and made me restless; I could not stick to work. So I gave up my place in the boat and rowed 7 in the second boat without training; and enjoyed the delicious sensation of making a bump or two, and pulling into the shore.

Near the end of this term that curious event happened of which I gave an account to H. Sidgwick, Myers and others. One evening towards 9 o'clock, an indescribable feeling of terror and illness came over me. I had done nothing to account for it; I felt sure I was dying. I struggled against it; assured myself I was well; but in vain. I went downstairs, and went in to see Mullins. He exclaimed at once, "What is the matter?" I explained. He put away his books, brewed some hot whiskey, which he must have got from a friend, and water, and talked with me; but he too thought I was dying or something like it. We had an old friend, one Peckover, who kept in the same court, who professed some medical knowledge. He looked very wise, but I don't think he helped me much. Towards 11 I got better, went up to bed, and next morning was perfectly well, when Mullins came up to see me. I dismissed the whole thing from my mind. But just before Hall, Atlay came up and told me what I should otherwise have read in a letter I should receive in

Hall, viz., that my brother Edward was dying, and not expected to live for another hour; and that my father wanted me to go home. Our post left Nocton about 3 o'clock, so that I did not at the moment connect the death with my seizure; but afterwards on reaching home, it appeared that Edward's death and my strange seizure were simultaneous.

My brother and I had seen little of one another for the last two or three years. He was away at Torquay for the winter vacations, and in the summer I had been in the Isle of Man and elsewhere. But I felt his death very much. He had great charm, as well as great gifts, and was much loved and honoured wherever he was. Had he lived, I can see now that he would have been a very noble character, and have had a wide and deep influence.

As the examination at St John's in the work of the term was already begun, I did not go back to Cambridge till January for the Lent Term. I think it was in that term that I got the prize for Latin Declamation, along with Arthur Holmes. Several subjects were put up on the notice board; and he asked me to declaim against him, and we jointly chose the subject. I forget what it was; but it had something to do with Cicero as a philosopher. We took opposite views of Cicero as an eclectic philosopher; declaimed against one another *in the Chapel* at the close of service, standing on the top steps of the first gangways N. and S. The men had to stay and hear us. I believe the custom came to an end in that year. I also got a Latin Essay prize, and the Reading prize in Chapel, and put them all together in my Grote's *Greece*.

In the Summer Term we had several scratch 4 races, old Sedberghians, and other groups; and in one of them I somehow caught cold and pleurisy, and was seriously ill. Dr Bond attended me, and my father came up, and it all looked very serious; but in about three weeks I was well enough to go in for the May examination, though with a very imperfect knowledge of the special subject of that term—Dynamics of a particle. I managed however to keep my place as head of the list, and secured another Wood's Exhibition.

The next Summer Vacation was spent like the one before, now on higher mathematical subjects. I varied my work as before, with Classics, and was thus able to get through a great quantity of work. I had started so late in Mathematics, that I was reading up to the end of my second year what men like Clifton, and some others, had read before they came up.

I recall with great pleasure the friendship which sprang up about this time with J. E. B. Mayor, one of the Fellows, a man of huge learning. J. E. B. Mayor was excessively kind. Some of us used very often to go to tea with him on Sundays, and he would read to us from all sorts of books, Fuller's *Worthies*, Maitland's *Dark Ages*, Baxter, Milton and others. He had a vast library, and was collecting material for a Church History of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His younger brother J. B. Mayor was also most kind; and I saw a little of Roby, a most genial person. J. B. Mayor and Roby were College Reformers: among other things they were anxious to encourage the study of Moral Sciences in the College, in connection I suppose with the new Tripos. They offered a prize for the best essay on Butler's *Analogy* and *Sermons*, which was one of the subjects for, I think, the last Christmas examination, i.e., one in the third year. An extra paper was set on certain books, connected with the Deism of the period and its philosophy. Men who competed for the prize had to send in their names, and Mayor personally asked me, as head of the year, to send in my name, and to get some others to do the same, just to give the thing a start. He explained that some men were reading these extra books with himself and Roby, and he did not the least expect me to give time to get them up. I was, he knew, fully occupied; but it would give dignity, etc. So I consented, and borrowed some of Mullins's books to look at, and talked them over with Mullins, who had carefully mastered them. My knowledge was absolutely valueless compared with his; but in the examination on Butler, and in the extra paper, I was so far ahead in marks that I got the prize, rather I think to the annoyance of Mayor and Roby,

but to the joy of my generous friend Mullins, who regarded me, rightly, as his pupil.

Then came all the interest that gathered round the publication of the first number of *The Eagle*. I was an undergraduate Editor, and J. B. Mayor the Fellow Editor: and I wrote the first article in it. Mullins and I got together the writers, Ashe, Bush, A. Holmes and Samuel Butler, afterwards so deservedly famous[1]. About this time too, I became very keen on learning languages; and read a good deal of French, and began German. I gave up ten entire days of the Long Vacation to German, beginning Grammar and reading at once and learning a quantity by heart, mainly *Hermann und Dorothea*. At the end of the time I was able to read such books as *Sintram*, and tackled some of Goethe's and Schiller's shorter poems. Afterwards I could read German classical notes, and German scientific books, and I read a good deal of Ewald. But my German has all slipped away, except the few words one wants in travelling. I learnt Spanish also sufficiently to read it; and this came in useful when I was invited in July 1860 to go on the Government Eclipse Expedition to Spain. I began Italian, but it dropped out. Hebrew I had learnt a little of at K.W.C.

I ought to have mentioned our Shakespeare Society—Mullins, Bush, Adams, Ashe and myself. We met on Saturday evenings, pretty regularly for two years. Ashe was the poet of the party. I still recall some of his acute criticisms. Bush and Mullins were careful and well read students; and these three were the main contributors. *The Eagle* sprang from an egg laid in that nest.

As I recall this period, the hours of work will not reappear; it all seems a time of leisure and games, and talk, talk, talk. Yet it is plain that I must have worked very hard.

One of my school friends, W. F. Rowsell, was the son of a Cambridgeshire Vicar, and I used to go out to his home at Six Mile Bottom once or twice a term in my second and third years. There were two sons and four very nice daughters. The eldest married Haig Brown, then Tutor of Peterhouse,

[1] [Cf. *The Eagle*, vol. XV, pp. 325-7, and vol. XXIX, pp. 125-7.—ED.]

and afterwards Head Master of Charterhouse; the next, Adeline, married Porter, the Master of Peterhouse; the third, Flora, married a young officer; and the youngest, Rosalind, became the wife of Sir Charles Barry. They were very pleasant interludes in the Cambridge life.

I also visited at the Grahams. John Graham was Vicar of Hinxton, about ten miles out of Cambridge. His son William was at Sedbergh with me; and we used to walk out; and I got to know the family well.

No special incidents are worth recording in my third year. By the 3rd May I had nearly finished the subjects ordinarily required for the Tripos, and by the end of the first Long Vacation I had read all more or less completely. It is perhaps worth mentioning that Mullins and I were both of us much taken with the method of Trilinear Co-ordinates, or "Abridged Notation," which was then in its infancy: and we used to challenge one another to new and unsolved problems, such as finding the equations to the tangents and normals of the circumscribed and inscribed conics of a triangle, and finding their foci, eccentricity, etc.

At last we resolved on jointly bringing out a small work on Trilinears very soon after our Degrees; and we went on, accumulating in portfolios our papers and solutions. I said something of this to Parkinson, and he urged me not to waste any time on this. He had been already alarmed and distressed at my Editorship of *The Eagle*; and at what he heard of my reading. Once he called on me, and looked over my shelves; and Mill's *Logic* and Reid's *Philosophy*, and Coleridge's *Friend*, and other books caught his eye. He turned them upside down, and said they would ruin my degree.

I believe it was a true instinct which led me to read very widely, if very superficially; it served as a digestive to the masses of Mathematics I was gulping down, for which I had no particular love: but I am not surprised that it frightened Parkinson. For Mullins and I had other things on our hands. In our last two Long Vacations we took the senior classes in Harvey Goodwin's Sunday School, he taking the girls and I the boys as the result of a toss-up. And this led to our

taking some regular hours with a select class of boys in St Giles' Day School: teaching them Euclid, and I think some Latin. The hours for this I remember interfered with regular boating and sufficient exercise. One of the boys whom I so taught in Harvey Goodwin's Sunday School was one Mountain, a Pitt Press boy, to whom I also taught Greek for an hour a week on Sunday evenings for many months. I lost sight of him at my degree: but when I was at Rugby, and went over years afterwards to Loughborough to lecture, I met him once more. He was Head Master of a small endowed school, from which he afterwards went to a larger school. Mullins told me that a gentleman came up to him in a well-known London publisher's shop, and told him that he was one of his pupils, and that he owed everything to what he had done for him.

These recollections, and all sorts of interesting College debates, Port Latin Debating Society, occasional whist or chess or backgammon, boating to Ely, Long Vacation cricket matches at Royston, Saffron Walden or on Fenner's, and all their varied incidents come up. I still see "Fat Ward," as he was called, batting at Fenner's, and Hitchcock telling the waiter "to go on bringing beer till I tell you to stop!" But the heavy monotonous work has all vanished from memory. Nothing that was unpleasant or anxious remains.

After the Long Vacation at Cambridge, which must have been a very severe ten weeks of Mathematics, three of us, C. J. E. Smith, a brilliant pianist, and Codd, both in the year below me, resolved on a Swiss tour. There were five clear weeks before we were due, on about 12th October. We each could muster about £20. How far could we make it go? We travelled 3rd class via Paris to Basle and Zürich with knapsack and umbrella only: and our first night in Switzerland was spent in an inn on the outskirts of Zürich on the Zug Road. Of course we bargained before entering: a franc for supper, a franc for bed, a franc for breakfast: such were our terms, and the good Frau agreed. But next morning she demanded two francs more: we had eaten *so viel Brod*, and *so viel Butter* and *so viel Honig*. We pleaded

the bargain: she set her back against the door. Codd went to the window. Smith implored me to pay: and I paid. Then began our walk, first day to Zug, and boat to Arth, and walk to Rigi Kulm: a stream of Germans and Swiss going up, for the day was glorious. We strode up, passing groups of them: one group paused to watch us. *O mein Gott, Engländer*, we had the satisfaction of hearing. A glorious supper, bed and sunrise on the Kulm: never forgotten, never surpassed. It was the first fine day for weeks, and was perfect. Next day was Sunday. We walked down to Küssnacht and to Luzern: and made similar terms in a little German inn or Gasthaus. We found them invariably clean and civil, and good food and plenty of it. Next day we walked to Lungern and slept there: and on the Tuesday took a guide, a little lad, to show us the footpath over the Brünig, and so to Brienz, and a boat to the Giessbach and back, and slept at Lauterbrunnen. There we fell in with the magnificent guide Ulric Lauener, chancing to ask one day at a cottage which was his. He scorned our idea of walking by Oeschi to Kandersteg; and we took him as guide, and walked up to Mürren in the early morning: the shadow of the Jungfrau swept over me as we crossed the meadows of Mürren. So over the Sefinenfurgge into the head of Kienthal, where he opened a chalet and we slept on the hay: so over the Dündengrat into Oeschinen Thal and down to Kandersteg: we did the Gemmi the same afternoon and slept at Leukerbad. Next day we walked to Leuk and drove to Visp, and walked up to Stalden or St Niklaus. So to Zermatt and I remember we got to the Riffel-Haus on Saturday evening. There we rested all Sunday. The weather was glorious. We went up the Gorner Grat, and I have the whole panorama still before me. At night we had the ever memorable comet of Donati at its greatest brilliancy, covering a clear 90 degrees of arc: a comet to which none since has been comparable. This was in September 1858.

Next day we went up the Cima di Jazzi, and by the old Weiss Thor, a most difficult pass, taking an additional guide down to Macugnaga in the Val Anzasca. I remember

Lauener's charge was eight francs a day whatever we did—and six francs a day for return whenever we parted. A very small tariff compared to present prices.

But I must cut this short. We went to Domo d'Ossola, Baveno, Stresa, Luino, Lugano, San Salvatore, Porlezza, Menaggio, Como, Milan, Colico, Chiavenna, Splügen, Ragaz, Baths of Pfäfers, Constance, Schaffhausen, Waldshut.

Then we fell short of money, and found that we could not afford either a night's lodging, or train to Basle. So we footed it all the way through the night; breakfasted at some workman's café, and got into a slow train for Paris. I had not enough to get more than a very small meal in London, and arrived in Cambridge in splendid condition, with coppers only in my pocket.

Work began at once, I had to revise and collect all the three years work, in a series of most admirable papers set by Parkinson: lectures were all but suspended. There were gaps to be filled, for I had gone rapidly over some subjects. I could get no hint from Parkinson as to my prospects, except that I ought to be in the first twelve, with which I was elated, and which I promptly told my father.

I took a short Christmas holiday, Bush and Ashe, and I think Mullins, all coming with me for Christmas to Nocton. There Ashe wrote his pretty sonnet to my little sister Charlotte. All the way down in the train, and all the way back, I read a treatise of De Morgan on Algebra of two dimensions, of which I had practically no grasp before. Like all his work it was first rate. It was a curiosity then, lying outside the ordinary course for the Tripos I believe, but familiar in all the Professors' lectures, which Parkinson forbade me to attend, as not bearing on the Tripos sufficiently. I had wished to attend Stokes, who was lecturing magnificently on the Undulatory Theory of Light.

At last came the Tripos: it consisted then of three days for papers, then an interval of a week or so; and then those who had come up to the standard for honours, had five days more—ten papers. I can perfectly recall the first paper, twelve questions; each some bit of book-work, a proposition

of Euclid or in Geometrical Conics, followed by a rider or problem. I looked through the paper; and all was easy. One problem came out wrong, a different result from that stated: the paper said that the sum of the squares on the four sides of any quadrilateral figure was greater than the sum of the squares on its diagonals by *twice* the square of the line joining the middle points of the diagonals. I made the difference *four times* that square. I tore up the paper, and could not spare the time to revise, and went on. In about a quarter of an hour, one of the examiners said that there was an error in "such and such a question": for *twice* read *four* times. I had just time to finish the paper, recur to that rider and turn it out, before the three hours were up. I have other clear reminiscences of the problem paper that came last. One was of a type then new to books on Algebra, now familiar to every schoolboy, to show that $(a+b+c)^4 - (b+c)^4 - (c+a)^4 - (a+b)^4 + a^4 + b^4 + c^4 = 12abc\,(a+b+c)$. I felt certain it was not intended to be done by multiplying out; and the artifice, now obvious, occurred to me that the first side equalled 0 when a was 0; and therefore a was a factor, and therefore abc, and therefore the only remaining symmetrical factor of one dimension, $a+b+c$; and that the coefficient was determinable by making a, b, c each equal to 1; which made the first side $81 - 3 \times 16 + 3 = 36$; and the second side must therefore be 12×3.

The interval was spent in revision of high work, Rigid Dynamics, Lunar and Planetary Theory, Astronomy, Calculus of Functions, and some of the parts I had omitted in Theory of Equations, Finite Differences, etc. But we took much exercise, walks and runs, and there was always the leisure after Hall. One day I went down after Hall to Elijah Johnson's the bookseller to read the papers, which were then of great interest. On the counter was the new copy of some Mathematical Journal; I picked it up, and it contained an article by Slesser, the Senior Wrangler of three or four years before[1], on the solution of certain problems in Rigid Dynamics

[1] [G. M. Slesser (Queens') was Senior Wrangler in 1858, the year before Wilson.—Ed.]

by a new artifice, referring the data to *moveable axes*. I read it carefully, and mastered the principle, from pure curiosity, not thinking it could be of any use to me.

The five days came: on the third afternoon, I went in with a vile headache, and at one time sat head in hand, unable to do anything. Nothing in the paper seemed possible. I was in despair. I must have broken down dismally on that paper. But in the evening, in the dark, some of us went a long walk, six or seven miles, and a sleep set me right.

Two pieces of singular good fortune occurred to me. One was that a problem in Rigid Dynamics was set, which consisted in determining the path of a ball, thrown in at one side of a rough roller, moving with a certain velocity. It would of course be carried up the side, as a result of the motion. I tackled it by Slesser's method, and got the result stated in the paper. I doubt whether it could have been done otherwise.

Another was that there was an unusual number of questions which could only be solved by the use of Trilinear Coordinates, by no means easy problems. The joint work of Mullins and myself was very useful; I think I got all, or all but one, out.

But it had never occurred to me that I was in the running for a very high place; and I had no more dreamt of being senior than I had of being the Prime Minister; and among ourselves the question was never discussed, not even in chaff; we knew that there were two or three very good men in Caius, one in Queens', one or two more in Trinity; an excellent man in Peterhouse, and there was Clifton of St John's, who I knew was a far better mathematician than I was. But one evening the senior porter of St John's came up to my rooms (which for the last four terms were the top rooms with bay windows in the farthest corner of the New Court)[2] and consulted me as to his bets. He and the other College servants all had their money on me; now they heard there was someone else; "Who was it? who did I recommend?" I shouted to get their money off me, and put it on

[2] [H 16, New Court. See *Past Occupants of Rooms*, p. 67.—Ed.]

the field; or on Jack and Stone, and Steel and Brown and Clifton: anybody but me for the first place. He took it very seriously. They all meant to back me, but hedge a little. I fear he went away not much wiser than he came.

Then my father came up: and enjoyed himself greatly. The Dons made much of him; his undergraduate friends, Mullins and Ashe and others did the same. Harvey Goodwin stopped him in King's Parade one day, and asked him what were his expectations. (He was one of the Examiners.) My father said he hoped I should be in the first twelve. The morning came when the list was to be read out in the Senate House. I stayed in my rooms, listening for the clock, now more excited, as a result of the porter's consultation, with dreams of a high place. At last the University Clock; and within a few seconds of its last stroke, I heard steps running upstairs to my door, and the head porter, the Duke of Cambridge we called him, burst in: "Senior Wrangler," he exclaimed, and collapsed on a chair.

I could not stay still. I went down to meet my father as he would return from the Senate House: the courts were absolutely empty; a breakfast party in the Second Court caught sight of me, and ran to the window and gave me a cheer as I walked alone through the court. I met my father in the First Court, along with a lot of friends, and we all trooped back to my rooms, soon filled with a crowd of happy folk. They went off one by one, till we two were left alone. We dropped on our knees: first in silence; then a very few words of thanksgiving and prayer: and when we rose I said, "Now, Daddy, you are to be photographed." He had never been photographed. We had teased him to consent years before; but he refused. At last he had turned and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I will, Jim, when you are Senior Wrangler." So down we went to a photographer just opposite St Mary's, on the South side, and there and then was taken the excellent photograph. He is sitting, in gown, spectacles in hand resting on his knee.

He used to tell the story of his being in the noisy crowd that morning in the Senate House. The four Examiners

alone were in the gallery; the floor packed with University-men; a clock is heard. "Read, read" is the shout. "That, gentlemen, is not the University Clock." Then the University Clock chimes, and on the first stroke the senior Examiner said, "Wilson." There was a roar, and no more names could be heard, but the four Examiners snowed down lists on paper, to be scrambled for. He was bowled over in the rush, scrambled up, and just saved his spectacles, and someone gave him a list.

A system of telegraphing had been arranged by the College servants, one was inside, and others standing at intervals along Trinity Street and through the College, so that holding up the hand conveyed the intelligence to the foot of my stairs.

The Degree Day was the next day; and the Senior Wrangler had the distinction of going up alone, and being presented for his degree. The gallery was full of undergraduates, cheering and chaffing. My father was recognised, as I returned to him after taking my degree; and someone in the gallery cried, "Three cheers for the Senior Wrangler's father," and a glorious cheer followed.

He had to go back to Nocton; and I stayed on at Cambridge. Of course I sent in my name for the Smith's prize, the examination for which was to come on in a week or so; and read a few advanced sections of books by way of preparation. If I recollect right the examination lasted four days, one long paper of five hours being set on each day; but I am not sure of this. The examination was wholly in high subjects, some of which I had not read. One paper I recall, by Stokes. There were only three questions; and we might only take one. One was on the result of passing light in certain directions, through some combination of crystals; the next on the methods of determining the mass of the moon; the third on the geometrical interpretation of $\sqrt{-1}$. I hesitated between 2 and 3, and finally recalling my De Morgan, chose No. 3. I was not successful, and certainly the verdict was right. The order in the Tripos was 1. Wilson, 2. Brown and Steel equal, 4. Jack, 5. Stone, 6. Clifton, and

the two winners of the Smith's prize were Jack and Clifton. Jack came up from Aberdeen, a good mathematician, and Clifton from University College, London.

It was in some respects a singular year. No two of the first six men were in the same pupil room; and only Clifton and I in the same College; so that no comparison was possible. The betting was wild. I heard afterwards that the first eleven of our year were considered good; but that we should all have been between Stirling and Bailey, the senior and second of 1860, had the two years gone in together. We eleven ran close; the interval between myself and the second being the largest gap, but unusually small for gaps in that part of the list.

My name was sent in for the Classical Tripos: and it was hoped that I should repeat what Cotterill had done years before, viz. take a first class in Classics in addition to the first place in Mathematics. But it was not to be. I fell suddenly ill, from a nervous breakdown; and I am quite unable to recall what took place. I remember my father's sorrowful face; and two doctors visiting me, and a nurse. Then I remember going with my father to London, and consulting Sir T. Watson, his old College friend. He gave me a most thorough examination and a totally different verdict from all the others. "There was nothing the matter, I should soon recover. Go to the Isle of Wight, and do what you please." So we went to Ventnor. I could not walk fifty yards when we came there; but gained strength day by day, and in three months' time got leave to join Prof. Williamson's Birkbeck Laboratory at University College, London. I lived in Hampstead lodgings and came down for five or six hours in the Laboratory every day.

I omitted to say that just before my degree I had seen R. B. Mayor, one of Temple's Rugby masters, and was offered a mastership there in Science (of which I knew nothing) in August! If I failed to teach Science satisfactorily, I was to be a Form Master, or if there were no vacancy in a Form, a Mathematical Master.

About June I made the discovery that my illness had

entirely swept away all my higher Mathematics, indeed all that I had learnt at Cambridge, completely out of my memory. I could not differentiate or integrate; I had forgotten utterly all Lunar Theory, and Dynamics. Nearly the whole of Trigonometry and Conic Sections was a blank. Hence during the Summer I spent many hours each day in *learning*, not revising, Trigonometry and Conics, and the Calculus. Happily Algebra and Euclid were safe. All the Mathematics I have used since were acquired *de novo* after my degree.

In 1860 I went up for my Fellowship, and was elected on my *Classics*; I was unable to touch the mathematical papers, and explained to the Examiners what had happened. I was elected; but never resided. It was the time when we were building the new Chapel, and Master's Lodge, and pulling down many houses where the Master's Lodge now stands: and the Fellowships were much reduced in value.

I have said little or nothing of my friends and acquaintances at Cambridge. W. E. Mullins was much the closest. He became, on my recommendation, tutor to Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's two sons, Robin and Lionel. (Sir James had offered me after my degree a post in the Education Office with good prospects, and I went up to see him about it and stayed at his house.) Then Bradley offered Mullins a mastership at Marlborough College, where he had a house for many years. He is now, 1913, at the age of 79 I suppose, very active in London County Council work, and *exactly* what he was fifty-five years ago!

T. Ashe was our poet, a gentle, fair, sensitive creature most lovable. He wrote a good many volumes of tender, musical, imaginative poetry, but not of the sort that interpreted the age. He was essentially a minor poet. He took Orders, and afterwards resigned them; he would answer no letter from his old friends, and we lost sight of him for years. Then we heard of his death.

T. H. Bush was a remarkable man, short, solid, rather silent. He had been the house-boy of my uncle James Pears, when Head Master of the Grammar School, Bath. Then it

was discovered that in intervals of work he had learnt Latin, Euclid and Algebra from old books the boys left about. My uncle then put him into the School, though he continued to do all or most of the house-work. He got into the highest form; and then an Oriental Language teacher died suddenly, some few months before some boys were going up for the examination in Hindustani and other Oriental Languages at Haileybury. There was a difficulty in replacing him at short notice, and Bush offered to take the post. It seemed incredible; but my uncle sent him up to Oxford to be examined by Monier Williams who reported him competent to teach three Indian languages. So he became *Master* instead of *house-boy*. He saved money enough to put himself to College; took a fair Mathematical degree, about fifteenth Wrangler, and some Hebrew prizes; and after his degree offered himself to the Bishop of Salisbury to go to some neglected village, and there take pupils, and start a mission service, in the first place as a layman. He was sent to Burton, near Christchurch, Hants. I more than once visited him there. He lodged in a farmhouse, which was added to for him; built School and Church; took Orders; married a lady with a considerable fortune, and then was appointed to the living of Christchurch, one of the finest Churches in England with an income of £40 a year! He spent his time and money in thoroughly and wisely restoring this splendid Church; and died three or four years ago.

R. B. Clifton was appointed very soon after his degree to Owen's College, Manchester, and after a year or two to be Professor of Physics at Oxford, where he is still, having held the Professorship fifty years. I saw nothing of him till I went to Clifton College, where he had sent his two sons.

W. G. Adams, brother of J. C. Adams, was also one of my friends. He was very soon appointed Professor of Engineering at King's College, London. He held it for many years, forty or more, and died in April 1915.

Gorst, now Sir J. E., a year or two my senior, only called on me in my fourth year. He was a delightful person; but we saw little of one another.

E. J. Stone was Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, and then at Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford. Barlow, also senior to me, I saw something of. He was a dull man, as we thought, who took a multiplicity of second classes, three or four I think. But he held a certain status in the College as a B.A.; he was leader of the Evangelicals; and we thought it wise to put him on the editorial staff of *The Eagle*. He never wrote anything for us, was ordained to a Church at Islington, and was made Dean of Peterborough.

Arthur Holmes, the brilliant scholar, was second to Sidgwick in the Classical Tripos, and became fellow and tutor of Clare. He married unhappily, and destroyed himself.

H. Sidgwick, of whom I saw but little as an undergraduate, but a most delightful acquaintance, is known to every one.

Edwin Abbot, a year below me, was a valued and brilliant friend. He has devoted himself, with the assistance of a most scholarly daughter, to minute study of the New Testament Greek. He was Senior Classic, and Head Master of the City of London School.

About the time of my degree I began to think what I should do afterwards. I put aside the prospects of staying up at Cambridge as a lecturer or coach. I was offered a private tutorship to some youngster, to spend two years in travel with him, at £300 or £500 a year and all expenses. This came through my uncle James Pears. I was pressed to go to the Bar; and a man who was two or three years my senior in St John's, then reading with some great leader at the Bar, got me the offer of a place in his office, to study scientific cases, in fact to do what Moulton did a few years later. This tempted me; but I wanted money at once, to help my father with the education of my brothers. Then Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, head of the Education Department, invited me to visit him in London, and offered me a post in the Education Office; and finally Robert Mayor came to Cambridge, at Temple's request, to look for a man whom he could appoint to succeed Highton who was going to Cheltenham as Head Master. Mayor told me that he could find no one in Cambridge of any general education, who

knew any Science; and had been advised to see me, and enquire whether in the months between January and August I would do my best to learn some! He offered me the largest immediate salary except the private tutorship—and I accepted. Shortly after my illness I went down to see Temple. He told me afterwards he thought he had made a very bad bargain in appointing me; and so in truth did I. No one could have felt more unfit; and I was in weak health.

Then I bid farewell to Cambridge, only returning to it for my Fellowship examination.

I got my Fellowship in 1860, and retained it till I married.

All this I have written has been entirely concerned with events of the outer life. What was I in the matter of religion? I think I must have been in a singularly conventional and non-introspective or philosophical condition. Mullins and I taught in Harvey Goodwin's Sunday School during the Long Vacations: I had some young University Press boys and bookseller boys to my rooms on Sunday evenings to read the New Testament; I attended University sermons generally and Harvey Goodwin at St Edward's on the Sunday evenings; I said my prayers; I read carefully some Greek Testament. But it all seems to have been superficial and slight and boyish. My talks with Mullins and Ashe went deeper, but the discussions were more for the pleasure of debate than in real quest of vital truth. I had unconsciously abandoned or nearly abandoned the theory of verbal inspiration, and some of the Evangelical doctrine; and I found that I could not now talk freely with my father; but the matter had not yet, from a philosophical point of view, begun really to interest me. In fact I think I was little more than a boy in these matters, for many years. They were not vital to me, and I had no great curiosity about them. I lived from day to day and enjoyed life to the full. I had not then, and have never had since, any special gift or talent; I could take pains, I could just do what lay before me to do, not brilliantly, but with fair efficiency. And to this efficiency, the three-and-a-half years spent at Cambridge contributed very largely.

VERSE

AUGUSTUS still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Brothers, I am sixty-one,
And my course on earth is run;
Peace should follow after storm;
Pass me down the chloroform.

BY SOME ADMIRER OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER.

Some day or other ('tis a general curse)
The wisest author stumbles into verse.

R. L. S.

If you could see your ancestors all standing in a row,
There might be some of them, perhaps, you wouldn't care to know;
But there's another question, which requires a different view—
If you could see your ancestors, would they be proud of you?

When the ways of our parents we view,
'Tis a comforting thought—and it's true—
That, though they are trying,
There's still no denying
At the worst we can only have two.

Our learnèd Professor of Chemic,
The most white of our Knights academic,
He knows every language,
And can ask for a sandguage
In Japhetic or Hamic or Shemic.

(WRITTEN OF SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, THE CHEMIST, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.)

VERSION

AUGUSTUS vivit; satis est cecinisse Maronem;
Spenser dum legitur regnat Elissa diu;
Formavit Natura, canat qui facta Georgi,
Cibberium. Dignus rege poeta suo.

Sex decies annis, fratres, superadditur unus,
Metaque iam cursus conspicienda mei;
Pacem post hiemes melius cognoscere; pacem
(Capsam tradatis) pota cicuta dabit.

Serius ocius—hoc voluit mala Parca—Camenis
Et nimium sapiens cedet, et ipse canet.

Tu proavos longam seriem si cernere posses,
Hic tibi non cordi forte vel ille foret;
Sed dubito; proavis fastidia nulla moveres
Tu quoque? sic stirpem degenerasse suam?

Si doleas mores spectare et facta parentum,
Unum solamen semper habere potes;
Etsi delirant, plures Natura duobus
Dat nulli, reputans hoc satis esse mali.

Sunt inter socios equites; huic Chemica cordi est;
Candidior tamen hoc, credite, nullus eques;
Quidquid Sem loquitur, blaterat Cham, garrit Iaphet,
Hoc novit. Crambe doctus ubique rogat.

T. R. G.

TO CASSANDRA

[From the French of Pierre de Ronsard.]

SWEET Love, come out and seek the rose
That just this morning left repose
To show her purple to our view;
Does she fade, or age, or languish,
Curling petals in her anguish,
The rose that's not more fair than you?

Weary, forlorn, how short a day,
Sweet Love, our rose has yet to stay,
Until her beauties, left to rot,
Weary, at last cruel nature leave—
Cruel for only from morn to eve
Can such a flower grace our plot.

Believe me, Love, I pray you do,
While life's young vigour flows through you
In all its freshest greenery;
Clutch, clutch at youth, for all too soon,
Like that sweet flower, you'll pass your noon,
And age will mar your finery.

ZETETIC COSMOLOGY

THE words of our title mean just this—Flat-earthism. We think that they are derived from two Greek words, *zeto* = I know, that is I know better than anyone else, and something else, but our classical readers will know all about this.

To continue—it is well known that nearly all organs of publication (and their editors) are horribly narrow-minded, far too narrow, indeed, to welcome a defence of flat-earthism. *The Eagle* stands (or flies) alone. *Vive l'Aigle!*

When the writer was just half as high as he is now he asked his school teacher how she knew that the earth was round. There was a pause, it was clear she had forgotten, then an inspiration came and an abrupt reply. "Because you can go round it." The subject was quickly changed. But we hope to be able to show that this is no reason whatever. How tragic it is that youth should be in such hands!

Well,—the earth you know is a flat disc like a penny, its North pole is in the centre, its South round the periphery,—largely unexplored. Vast regions of ice prevent people from falling over the edge. All is simple so far.

But, the supercritical will ask, what happens to the sun during the night? We are not of those who would propound a subterranean tunnel, nor yet of those who believe that a new sun rises each morning. It is very simple: you see, about midway between the edge of the world and its centre there is the equator. Poised directly above this the sun goes round and round in a circle. (It seems to rise and fall a bit according to the season by the way.) So it is light at the other side of the world when it is night here; the sun sets when it is a long way away, or perhaps it hides behind the North pole, which may be elevated a little. Anyhow, no respectable zetetic cosmologist thinks the world is absolutely flat.

So much for that. And now what about going round the world? This, too, is simple. The compass points to the middle

of the disc, that is to the North pole, and in moving at right angles to North you just go round in a circle.

There remains one objection—my reader is wondering whether I will politely leave out the disappearance of the hull of a ship as it goes over the horizon. He remembers that Professor Huxley said, "We assume the convexity of water because we have no other way to explain the disappearance of ships at sea." Had the Professor thought before he spoke, the words would have never been uttered. I will explain this way. Imagine you are looking along straight railway lines. In the distance, where they seem to merge into one, a tree has been felled across them. You will not see two lines at this point but you will see the tree, for it subtends more than a minute of angle at your eye while the rails do not. If you like it, the portion of the tree between the rails seems to vanish although the whole tree is visible. In like manner the hull of a ship seems to vanish when you cannot resolve its top and bottom, but the mast is still visible.

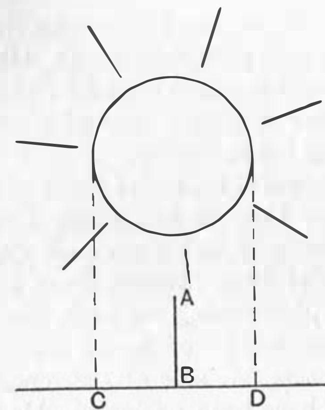
In so short an article we cannot answer every objection, but we assure our readers that even if they do not agree with flat-earthism, at any rate things can be as easily explained so far on this theory as on the globular hypothesis.

We will turn now from destructive to constructive criticism.

In different parts of the world the smaller stars (astronomers say "the more distant," which is begging the question) show no parallax on applying the method of spherical triangulation, —*if* we assume that the earth is a globe. There are thus two alternatives open to us. Either (1) the stars are at ridiculous distances, or, (2) the earth is flat. The first idea need hardly be confuted!

We use, therefore, the usual triangulation for finding the height of the sun, and it comes out at about 3400 miles. Now the sun subtends an angle of 0° 32′, and this in radian measure multiplied by the above distance gives the diameter of the sun as 31 to 32 miles.

Happily this result may be verified independently. For a vertical body AB (see figure) may be moved from C to D without causing a shadow when the source of light is directly above. Now it has been found both on sea and on land that vertical sticks do not cast a shadow for 16 miles north or south of the equator with the sun overhead. The argument is independent of the distance of the sun. Hence the diameter of the latter is 32 miles, which is in good agreement with the previous estimate.



Space forbids further details, the subject is ill advanced, and we can only hope that a few wranglers will be inspired to take it up. How we envy our children, or our children's children! Their wise teachers will not worry them with polyintegrals in *n*-dimensional space-time. All is so simple, but scientists dislike simplicity. Professor Eddington thinks in 16 dimensions and Einstein in 20. O happy Zetetic Cosmologist, you need only think in two! And far from pouring scorn upon you we are sure that Professor Einstein would agree that, if you wish to think it so, the earth is whatever shape you like.

R. E. D. C.

THE MAN WHO DIED

"'MOTHER!" he whimpered—"Mother!"

'She was the only thing that held him up, himself, amid all this. And she was gone, intermingled herself. He wanted her to touch him, have him alongside with her.

'But no, he would not give in. Turning sharply, he walked towards the city's gold phosphorescence. His fists were shut, his mouth set fast. He would not take that direction, to the darkness, to follow her. He walked towards the faintly humming, glowing town, quickly.'

So Lawrence set out at the end of *Sons and Lovers*, choosing the bitter struggle through life, rather than the effortless release through death. Lately there have appeared two vital books: the one, Middleton Murry's life of Lawrence, *Son of Woman*; the other, Lawrence's last work, *The Man Who Died*. Never has Lawrence had a more honest critic than Mr Murry, yet in *Son of Woman* one side of Lawrence's teaching and destiny seems to have been neglected. He was always the prophet of living, in an age when death is more often preached than life, and philosophy has become a cult of suicide. Lawrence is portrayed in this biography as a man crucified by sex, by a doctrine which was in itself a lie, being based on the prophet's own impotency. And for this honest and painstaking exposure of the soul of a great man we are eternally grateful, since it explains much in Lawrence which was perforce unintelligible to an uninitiated reader. But the danger lies in reading this as if Lawrence knew that he was preaching a lie and died blaspheming against his own Holy Ghost. To be convinced that this is not true, it is only necessary to read *The Man Who Died*.

The story must by now be well known to all. The man who had died, having been taken down from the Cross before death, recovered in the tomb and arrived at a peasant's dwelling in time to assist in the capture of an escaped cock. He remained in the cottage until his wounds healed and then

departed with the cock, which he liberated amid the hens of an inn after it had slain the former cockerel. The man who had died then travels on, finds refuge in a convent of Isis, falls in love with the Priestess, and is forced to flee later, when she is with child by him.

The story itself need give offence to no one, for the man who had died is much more the perfect dream-creation of Lawrence's imagination than the Christ of Christian tradition. The book may indeed best be read as Lawrence's dream of perfection in human love. The woman, unlike Miriam, Clara, Ursula or any other of his former women, is a mystic, a believer in the lotus goddess Isis awaiting fecundation of her womb by Osiris, "dead and scattered asunder, dead, torn apart, and thrown into fragments over the wide world." So the priestess awaits her own lover, "she would wait for the lotus to stir." She goes to look at the man who had died, sleeping in the shelter she had granted him as a vagabond the night before, since her slaves have informed her that he is a crucified malefactor. "For the first time she was touched on the quick at the sight of a man, as if the tip of a fine flame of living had touched her. It was the first time. Men had roused all kinds of feelings in her, but never had touched her with the tip-flame of life." When he awakes she questions him. "'Is it well with thee here?' she asked him, 'Has Isis brought thee home to herself?'...'I know not,' he said." But he stays, and that evening is invited by the priestess to "come to Isis." She anoints his wounds with ointment and he feels, for the first time, the love of a woman overcoming him.

"And he drew her to his breast with a passion of tenderness and consuming desire, and the last thought: 'My hour is upon me, I am taken unawares——.'

"So he knew her, and was one with her. Afterwards, with a dim wonder, she touched the great scars in his sides with her finger tips and said: 'But they no longer hurt?'

"'They are suns!' he said, 'They shine from your touch. They are my atonement with you'...."

We wish it could end there, but Lawrence is too truthful to deceive even himself so near the grave. The slaves of the

priestess' mother are roused against him and he has to flee into the night leaving the priestess alone with her yet unborn child.

"And when the nightingale calls again from your valley-bed, I shall come again, sure as spring."

What does it matter if the whole is a false attempt to make Christ vindicate Lawrence by renouncing His own teaching? Christ is too great in Himself to be so perverted, just as Lawrence is too great for such an attempt to be allowed to vilify his whole character. If we forget that the Man who died was Christ and regard him only as Lawrence perfected, the book loses nothing in beauty or validity, and gains much in truth. At last the battle of love is over; the perfect consummation has been attained. A dream of a disillusioned and disappointed man? Yet if so, who would not try to travel his road and even die his death, for the beauty of that dream of the victory of love over hate, and life over death?

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

At the Service of Commemoration of Benefactors, held in the College Chapel on 3 May, 1931, the Fourth Sunday after Easter, the sermon was preached by Sir Humphry Rolleston, Regius Professor of Physic.

> A wise man shall inherit glory among his people,
> and his name shall be perpetual.
>
> *Ecclesiasticus* xxxvii. 26.

It is a long roll-call of names—many unfamiliar—of those, mainly sons of the College, who have done good service to the advancement of learning here, and so in the wider world, in the various aspects of spirit, mind, body, or estate. From the College has issued a long procession of prelates and theologians, classical scholars and philosophers, poets and historians, statesmen, mathematicians, astronomers and physicists, pioneers and leaders in the sciences of nature and disease, as well as those who have furthered these forms of

research and study by generous donations—benefactors in the everyday use of the word, who have thus made it possible for the College to be the *alma mater* of the benefactors in a broader sense, namely the discovery of new truths and the creation of sound learning.

It is dutiful and right on these occasions to detach our thoughts for a space from the busy fever of life, to forget our own future and futilities, and to recall from the past the memory of those who enabled us to be their dependents in a College of which, "as a place of education, religion, learning and research," to repeat the words recently quoted by our latest benefactor J. R. Tanner, they have made us legitimately proud. To set out in detail the reasons for our admiration and gratitude, to point out the virtues and self-denying ordinances of individuals, and to illustrate the value of the example they set in adding to knowledge and therefore to human happiness, is obviously impossible. A moment's consideration of what they accomplished in circumstances so much less favourable than those of the present day inevitably induces humility and an uneasy questioning doubt whether we are maintaining the high standard of the fathers who begat us. To a few outstanding figures, including some pioneers of the particular branch of science connected with disease, attention may be briefly directed.

Sir John Cheke (1514–57), born in Cambridge three years after the College was founded, was in 1529–30 eighteenth in the *Ordo Senioritatis*, out of which the Mathematical Tripos gradually evolved, the actual change in name of the examination taking place in 1747–8. Elected a Fellow on March 26, 1529, he was the last "Master of Glomery" (1539–40), a University officer whose mysterious title has aroused explanations: according to Thomas Baker (*History of the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge*, edited by J. E. B. Mayor, 1869, Part 1, pp. 28–30), our antiquarian historian, he looked after, and on occasion, as in the Senate House, marshalled (*glomerare = congregare*) the students ("glomerels") preparing to be schoolmasters who took the old-time degree in grammar which ceased to exist after 1548. According

to W. W. Skeat (quoted by H. P. Stokes, *The Mediaeval Hostels of the University of Cambridge*, 1924, p. 57) the word "glomery" is a perversion of *grammaire*, grammar. For the duty of giving instruction in grammar Cheke was, as one of the early Greek scholars in this country, eminently fitted; together with (Sir) Thomas Smith he introduced a reformed pronunciation of Greek; this differed from that on the Continent, and eventually gained the day; but in the meanwhile brought down on their heads the prohibition of the Chancellor, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. Cheke taught Greek on these lines gratuitously in the University until he was appointed the first Regius Professor of Greek in 1540; he was subsequently Public Orator (1544), Tutor to Edward VI (1544), Provost of King's (1548–50), and Secretary of State. But what touches us more closely, he initiated an improved method of study here and, according to Roger Ascham, "laid the very foundation of learning in this College."

But there were earlier and therefore more influential pioneers in re-establishing at the Renaissance the spirit and study of Greek learning in this country: William Grocyn (1446–1519) of Oxford, his pupil Thomas Linacre (1460?–1524), Desiderius Erasmus (1466–1536) of Queens', and Richard Croke (1489?–1558), Fellow of this College, who began lecturing on Greek in the University in 1518. Linacre—grammarian, scholar, and medical humanist—was a benefactor though not a member of this College. A Fellow of All Souls, Oxford (1484), he endowed two lectureships at Oxford and one at this College in 1524, thus showing in Thomas Fuller's quaint phrase "dutifully his respect to his mother, double above his aunt."

This is the oldest medical lectureship in the University, dating, like the Rede lectureship, from 1524, sixteen years before the establishment of the Regius Professorships. It was intended by Linacre to establish a living, active School of Medicine in the University, but this was not to be for more than three centuries. The Linacre Lecture is now given on the day, May 6, which celebrates the miracle of St John the

Evangelist's escape from the intended martyrdom ordered by Domitian (the last of the twelve Caesars) in A.D. 95, by immersion in a cauldron of boiling oil before the Latin Gate, so called because it led from Rome to Latium. It is indeed fitting that this year's Linacre Lecture should be given by Sir John Rose Bradford, who for the last five years has been President of the Royal College of Physicians of London, Linacre's magnificent foundation for the encouragement of scholar-physicians, of which he was himself the first president when it was constituted by Letters Patent Henry VIII, dated September 23, 1518. In the sixteenth century scholars took all knowledge as their province, and physicians played a prominent part in sciences other than their own.

William Gilbert (1540–1603), Fellow of the College from March 16, 1560–1, was an outstanding example of one who carried out this ideal; for 1560, the year he was President of the Royal College of Physicians of London, saw the publication of his patient researches in *De Magnete*, *Magneticisque Corporibus*, *et de Magno Magnete Tellure*, *Physiologia Nova*; "this treatise was the earliest as well as one of the chief of the select classics of physical science," and acclaims him "as the originator, in both its branches, of the vast modern development, which on the technical side has now dominated all engineering practice, and on the theoretical side lies at the very foundation of Natural Philosophy" (J. Larmor). It is said to have stimulated Galileo to work on the subject; it certainly made Gilbert the father of experimental philosophy in this country, thus justifying Dryden's prophecy: "Gilbert shall live till loadstones cease to draw."

Charles Algernon Parsons (1854–1931), who died on February 11, was the greatest engineer since James Watt, a century ago, and in 1927 was therefore deservedly the first in this branch of applied science to receive the Order of Merit, instituted in 1902. A pioneer in several directions, it was as the creator of the steam turbine that he made the most notable engineering advance during the last hundred years; his ingenuity enormously facilitated the generation of electricity, thus supplementing the discoveries of his

predecessor William Gilbert. "In addition to these achievements he made important researches in physics, the resources at his command enabling him to experiment on a scale not possible in a physical laboratory. He spent much time on the production of diamonds from ordinary carbon which the great French chemist, Moissan, claimed to have accomplished; he came to the conclusion that this claim was unfounded and that diamonds have not yet been made artificially. For some years before his death he had been keenly interested in the manufacture of large lenses for astronomical telescopes, and made great advances both in the manufacture of the glass and the shaping of the lenses" (J. J. Thomson).

With the growth of knowledge in centuries subsequent to the seventeenth the human mind could no longer keep pace, hence there appeared a gap which widened into a gulf between the cultivation of purely intellectual knowledge and the material care of the body. Though the first may be relatively attractive and the latter repulsive to the academic mind concentrated on the problems of abstract philosophy and the realms of infinity, it remains true "that the mind hath phases as the body hath" (P. J. Bailey's *Festus*), and that they are influenced by the state of the body, through which the mind works and manifests its activities. It may be well to recall what Thomas Carlyle said in his Rectorial address at the University of Edinburgh in 1866:

"Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one. I have no doubt you will have among you people ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high; and you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, that health is a thing to be attended to continually—that you are to regard that as the very highest of temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, 'Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?' Sleep was not in the market at any quotation. It is a curious thing that I remarked long ago, and have

WILLIAM HEBERDEN, THE ELDER, M.D., F.R.S. (1710–1801)

often turned in my head, that the old word for 'holy' in the German language—*heilig*—also means 'healthy.' And so *Heilbronn* means 'holy-well,' or 'healthy-well.' We have in the Scotch 'hale'; and, I suppose our English word 'whole'—with a 'w'—all of one piece, without any hole in it—is the same word. I find that you could not get any better definition of what 'holy' really is than 'healthy'—'completely healthy.' *Mens sana in corpore sano*."

Of the numerous members of this College who, to use an old phrase, have entered on the physic line, three in the last two centuries stand out as having by their teaching and example greatly influenced their own and succeeding generations.

William Heberden (1710–1801) the elder was a Fellow of the College (1731–52), (Linacre Lecturer, 1734–38) and for the rest of his active life a physician in London. His name is still often on the lips of his present-day followers, and his famous *Commentaries on the History and Cure of Disease*, left to be published after his death though completed seventeen years previously, were for many years a standard of accurate observation and description, earning him the title of "the English Celsus." While indefatigable in making and recording his observations and deductions, he was reluctant to let his light shine before men, being quite content to leave them as a guide for his sons, one of whom, William Heberden the younger (1767–1845), was a very brilliant classical scholar and physician-in-ordinary to George III. He was indeed of opinion that "if men of letters could be obliged to write always with a view to publishing, though without ever doing so, they would perhaps be the happiest of men." Further evidence of this principle is forthcoming in the manuscript of *An Introduction to the Study of Physic*, probably written before 1756, which was only discovered in a second-hand bookshop, authentically identified as his, and for the first time published in 1928 by Dr Leroy Crummer. In addition to being a good classical scholar, Samuel Johnson, speaking of him as "Ultimus Romanorum, the last of our learned physicians," he was a patron of letters; in 1768 at

his own expense he had printed three plays of Euripides edited by Jeremiah Markland (1693–1776), Fellow of Peterhouse. The following incident illustrates his Christian charity: the widow of Conyers Middleton (1683–1750), D.D., who was for a time *protobibliothecarius* and Woodwardian Professor of Geology in the University and an unorthodox divine who disputed the credibility of miracles, consulted Heberden about the publication of a manuscript of her husband's on *The Inefficacy of Prayer*; after reading it Heberden considered that it would be injurious for her husband's reputation, but as the matter was pressing said that he would ascertain what a publisher would give for the copyright. This was found to be £150, and accordingly he paid the widow £200 and consigned the manuscript to the flames.

Sir Thomas Watson (1792–1882), Fellow of the College (1816–25), Linacre Lecturer (1822–6), Junior Proctor (1823), was President of the Royal College of Physicians of London[1] (1862–7), and in 1843 published his *Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine* which for thirty years or more was the chief English textbook of Medicine and can still be read for its clinical descriptions and its lucid scholarly style which has brought him the title of "the Cicero of English Medicine." He was made an Honorary Fellow of the College at the same time as his exact contemporary Sir John Herschel (1792–1871).

John Haygarth (1740–1827) is little known now except for the eponym "Haygarth's nodes" derived from the name "Nodosity of the Joints" which he gave to chronic rheumatoid arthritis. He deserves, however, to be borne in perpetual benediction for the great service of originating the isolation of patients with infectious fevers from others; this now obvious and universally adopted precaution of having separate

[1] Of the 84 Presidents of the Royal College of Physicians since 1518, there have been 38 with Cambridge degrees (St John's 7, Gonville and Caius 6, Peterhouse, Queens' and Trinity 3 each). With Oxford degrees there were 33 and of these 3 also had the Cambridge degree of M.D. In early days incorporation at the two older Universities of those with doctorates obtained abroad was quite common.

PLATE IV

Copyright, The Wellcome Historical Medical Museum

JOHN HAYGARTH, M.D.

PLATE V

SIR THOMAS WATSON, BART.

wards for fever patients he proposed in 1774 and in 1783 carried into effect at the Chester Infirmary, where he was physician from 1767 to 1798. He continued to be most active in advocating measures for the prevention of fevers and formulated "the rules of safety." Like Heberden, he was a most careful note-taker, as is shown by his records of 10,549 poor patients at the Chester Infirmary. In 1798 he moved to Bath, where he was busily engaged not only in medical practice but in projects for the public good, such as the education of the poor (1812) and the establishment of Savings Banks (1813). His is an example of in how many ways a man may benefit his fellow-men[1].

The death on April 15 of *James Maurice Wilson* (1836–1931) removes one of the two oldest members on the College books; he was senior wrangler in 1859, and played many parts in his long life. For twenty years he was a master at Rugby, where he entirely reorganized the teaching of science; was then headmaster of Clifton (1878–90), Vicar of Rochdale (1890–1905), and resident Canon at Worcester (1905–26). A science master when Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859) burst on the world, the main inspiration of his life was to harmonize "as in binocular vision" the revelations of science with religious faith.

[1] He was educated at Sedbergh School and in 1756 was one of the first three pupils of John Dawson (1734–1820), surgeon and afterwards private coach in mathematics for Cambridge men, including eight senior wranglers, who resorted to Sedbergh. On June 25, 1759, Haygarth was admitted a pensioner at St John's, and proceeded to the degree of M.B. in 1766.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

President: THE MASTER. *Treasurer:* MR E. CUNNINGHAM. *First Boat Captain:* R. H. H. SYMONDS. *Second Boat Captain:* J. R. OWEN. *Additional Captains:* D. HAIG-THOMAS, F. J. CONNELL. *Secretary:* G. P. EASTEN. *Junior Treasurer:* J. E. PRINCE.

Right ho:ble and my very good father; havinge so convenient a bearer as Flint I could not shew my selfe so negligent as not to signifie my duty in writinge by him. Flint hath brought with him your Tassell and mine also, which I haue very willingly parted with in hope it shalbe a meanes to make your sport the better. If it shall so please your Ho: my desire is to stay heere at Theobalds till Friday come seuennight and then to goe to Mr Maynardes and stay there till Mr Thomas Howard, and Mr William Maynard do goe to Cambridge and so to go thether when they goe except it please you that I shall doe otherwise wherein if it shall please you to signifie your pleasure I shalbe veary ready both in it and in all other things to shew my selfe

Your Ho: most obedient sonne.

William. Cecil.

From your house of Theobalds this 2. of September. 1602.

To the right ho:ble my very good father Sr Robert Cecil Principall Secretarie to her Matie be these dd

1602
September 2.
Mr William to my mr.

A LETTER OF WILLIAM CECIL

THE EAGLE

Vol. XLVII *January* 1932 No. 208

HOMAGE TO SAMUEL BUTLER

It is apparent, from the recent "Butler Number" of *Life and Letters*, that we are as far as ever from a just estimate of the work of Samuel Butler. The greater part of this issue was devoted to the elaboration and confirmation of the familiar conception of Butler—the Wit, the First Critic of Victorianism, and so forth; the rest consisted of Butler's own account, published here for the first time, of his relations with Pauli. This was worth publishing; it is a terrible and moving story. For the present, no more need be said about it. It will be time to examine it more closely only when the critics begin to use it as an explanation of everything that Butler thought and wrote—as they have used the affair with Annette to explain away Wordsworth.

At the root of the current misconception of Butler lies a wider misconception—the confusion of anti-Victorianism. The whole of this anti-Victorian ramp was invented by men of thirty-five or so—who probably had good reasons for inventing it; it has been palmed off on to the younger generation—who have no real reasons at all for accepting it, but who have been given no chance of disowning it. Actually, not only have we no use for it, but also we are aware of the mistakes into which it may lead us—into which it has already led the men of thirty-five.

One of these mistakes is the current conception of Butler. As long as we regard him as a figure of the reaction against Victorianism, we limit ourselves to his tilts at Tennyson, at the Church, and at sexual ignorance; we limit ourselves, in fact, to Butler the Wit. I am not denying that he was a Wit,

but that he was nothing but a Wit. And we only discover that he was more than a Wit, by regarding him, not as a Victorian, but as a figure of the late nineteenth century.

The general problem of the nineteenth century was the interpretation of history: is there any regular law of succession in human events? Is it retrograde or progressive? What moral rules can be deduced from it? Broadly speaking the conclusion reached by historians was that in human events we may discern some regular law of progress (whether direct or indirect, linear or cyclical). But this conclusion inevitably involved a deterministic conception of human conduct, and brought in its train all the usual diseases with which—as Plato very properly insisted—determinism afflicts the moral life of communities and individuals. Theologians and humanists of the last century must be judged mainly by the merit of the methods by which they combated deterministic morality. With the theologians we are not concerned at the moment; fortunately, for in England at least they were so ignorant of traditional Christian philosophy that they were unable to make use of the libertarian theory of progress in Augustine, Aquinas, Irenaeus, and fell back on clumsy compromise or clumsier abuse: they made a mess of it. The humanists fared better. In France Renouvier proved the existence and illustrated the nature of free will actually from history itself, defeating historical determinism on its own ground; in Germany Nietzsche gave determinism a curious libertarian twist, and to some extent drew its teeth. But in England the task of the humanist was rendered vastly more difficult by the advent of a new type of history—Darwinian biology—which threw the whole weight of its authority on the side of determinism, at the same time aggravating the evils of historical determinism by a more violent materialistic bias, drawn from the nature of its sphere of investigation. The morality which was deduced from Darwinism is appalling. All moral effort is discounted: the fittest survive. Moral qualities as an element of fitness were overlooked, for no better reason than that they are not obviously operative in biology. Not only do the fittest survive, but they survive cheerfully, feeling that they are right in

surviving—for the Good of the Race; thus their attitude to the weak who go to the wall is not one of pity, as in the older forms of fatalism, but of contempt. Pessimistic fatalism is bad enough; but optimistic fatalism is the most horrible philosophy ever invented as a mask for good honest egotism.

This is the philosophy and morality against which Butler struggled. Unsuccessfully, perhaps; but even so he deserves the credit of his struggle. In a series of books on biology he attacked Darwin, and put forward a theory of heredity considered as unconscious memory. The scientific merits of this theory are quite irrelevant from our point of view; what does matter is that his theory was designed to introduce again into scientific philosophy the concept of mind; into scientific morality the recognition that moral effort on the part of every individual is a necessary condition not only of progress, but of the continuance of the race. This is summed up in the last sentences of his war with Darwinism, at the end of *Luck or Cunning*: "The theory that luck is the main means of organic modification is the most absolute denial of God which it is possible for the human mind to conceive—while the view that God is in all His creatures, He in them, and they in Him, is only expressed in other words by declaring that the main means of organic modification is, not luck, but cunning."

The same antithesis is found in the first of Butler's books on biology, *Life and Habit*, free from the confusion of this immanent God: "According to Mr Darwin, differentiations of structure and instinct have mainly come about through the accumulation of small, fortuitous variations without intelligence or desire upon the part of the creature varying.... According to Lamarck, genera and species have been evolved, in the main, by exactly the same process as that by which human inventions and civilisations are now progressing; and this involves that intelligence, ingenuity, heroism, and all the elements of romance, should have had the main share in the development of every herb and living creature around us." Butler's whole biological work was calculated to prove that this is what Lamarck meant, and that Lamarck was right: it was designed with great skill to bring again into favour

"intelligence, ingenuity, heroism,"—in a word, the necessity for individual effort, and for effort of a moral nature.

Unless our analysis of the state of affairs in the late nineteenth century is wrong, it is apparent that Butler had the clearest grasp of the problems with which he was dealing: that he constructed a coherent and respectable theory as a weapon. That he used his weapon diligently, though at enormous cost to himself, is evident from the list of profit and loss from his books at the end of the *Note-Books*. For these things he deserves an honourable place among the Humanists.

One question remains to be examined—the cause and importance of his failure. This question comes within the sphere of what we may call "humanist tactics"—the methods by which the authority usurped by science in non-scientific fields may be destroyed. (On this definition most scientists would, I think, agree that the success of humanist tactics is of the greatest importance to true science; I do not wish to convey an impression that I dislike science—true science in its proper place.) We are concerned here with a very old habit of the human mind—the habit which produced astrology no less than Darwinism and modern popular astrophysical theology. It is impossible to prove on decent logical grounds that theories of heredity and biological behaviour may be *directly* applied to the historical-psychological-philosophical questions of Free Will, the existence and nature of a First Cause, the bases of morality, and so forth.

Relations between these essentially different spheres of activity are of the nature, not of logical connections, but of analogies, and they carry persuasion, like similes and metaphors in poetry, in virtue not of rational, but of aesthetic qualities. The only sound policy for humanism is to deny the truth of relations formed in this way, to denounce them as mere analogies and possibilities, masquerading as arguments and probabilities. This is sound policy; it is characteristic of Butler that he chose an unsound method, because it was more exciting, more paradoxical. Instead of denying the existence of any real connection between his morality and science, he accepted the analogy, and reformed biology so that it would

support his own system of morality. Actually it would have been possible to do this purely as a *reductio ad absurdum* in the manner of Swift. It seems likely that when the idea first occurred to Butler, this is what he intended to do; but like Don Quixote, whom he resembles in so many ways, he allowed himself to take his paradox seriously. It is regrettable. If only he could have kept to his first intention, he would have written a masterpiece of satire; since—he would have argued —the scientists themselves had urged that if Darwin was in the right, history and morality must be conceived as deterministic, if it were proved that history and morals could not possibly rest on such a basis, then Darwin was in the wrong. A similar *reductio* might be attempted with our contemporary astrophysicists. If, they say, the theory of discontinuity is correct, there is Free Will: if it is incorrect, there is no Free Will; we must reply, then, that the proof or disproof of the theory must be attempted on historical grounds; the astrophysicists must leave their laboratories, and inquire earnestly after Free Will in the Faculties of History and Theology.

This is the sort of thing that Butler might have done; that he was just incapable of doing. He was too like Don Quixote. When the knight had made a helmet of cardboard, he smote it with his sword, and it collapsed. He repaired it, but did not again try it under the sword, believing firmly that it was the strongest helmet in the world. Butler held most of his beliefs in this sort of way; he was too fond of his theories to test them properly, and so was deluded by his own paradoxes. That is why he is not a Humanist of the first rank.

It may be objected that Butler was conscious of this: at the end of *Life and Habit* he said: "At the same time, I admit that when I began to write upon my subject I did not seriously believe in it. I saw, as it were, a pebble upon the ground, with a sheen that pleased me; taking it up, I turned it over and over for my amusement, and found it always grow brighter and brighter the more I examined it. At length I became fascinated, and gave loose rein to self-illusion." But this was in his first book. Like most men who support paradoxical positions in the face of opposition, he was led by the heat of

controversy to believe that he believed what he was saying. In the second book he has already forgotten that his theory was ever an illusion.

In Butler we have a curious example of the mentality which has produced all the great heretics. Such men are never clear whether their illusion is illusion, or whether they suffer from an illusion that it is illusion; they fall readily into the sceptic's infinite paradox: I doubt: I doubt that I doubt: I doubt that I doubt that I doubt; they will be logical, will turn fractions to decimals, and so spend their lives in writing ·33333...if their souls are immortal they will use all eternity in the same way. Hamlet is the great type of such invalids and Quixotes; their disease is not of the intellect, but of the will—heresy. As Coleridge says: "When I call duelling, and similar aberrations of honour, a moral *heresy*, I refer to the force of the Greek *αἵρεσις*, as signifying a principle or opinion taken up by the will for the will's sake, as a proof or pledge to itself of its own power of self-determination, independent of all other motives." Butler stands precisely in this relation to the Humanist tradition—a great heretic.

H. S. D.

EPIGRAMS

Ad T. R. G.

HAEC mea si volvat quis inepta epigrammata, dicet
  "Quae scribis, demens, esse faceta putas?"
pessima dicendum est haec esse poemata: forsan
  cur scribam iratus talia dura roges.
iram pone; mihi non culpa est, namque magister
  ut faciam versus imperat, et facio.

tune chorum nutu qui ducis, Rutame, quaeris
  qui cantare queant? balnea vise: sat est.

uxorem est hominis sapientis ducere nullam;
  si sapiens non es, praestat habere bonam.

Ὁππότ' ἀναγνοίην ποιητὰς οἳ τὸν Ἔρωτα
  μολπαῖς ἡδυλόγοις ᾕνεσαν, ἐξεγέλων.
Ἀλλ' ἐνόησε Κύπρις γελόωντά με· πέμψε δ' ἄρ' υἱόν,
  ἠδ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ ῥίπτειν πάντ' ἐκέλευσε βέλη.
Ἔπτετο κἀξέβαλεν τοὺς αἰθαλόεντας ὀϊστούς
  νῦνδ' αὐτὸς μολπὰς ᾄσομ' Ἔρωτος ἀεί.
Ἀθάνατοι τεθνᾶσι θεοί, πίστις δὲ βροτοῖσι
  δώδεκ' ἐπουρανίων οὐκέτ' ἔνεστι σοφοῖς.
Οὐδ' ἀπολήψονταί ποτε τὸ σθένος, ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνη
  σχήσεις ἀθάνατον κάρτος, ἄνασσα Κύπρις.

O Venus, saevi genetrix Amoris,
imperas omni dicione cordi,
te quis ingressam vetet arceatve
    fronte superba?
quo nefas, audax penetras; scholamque
numine invadis iuvenesque siccis
detrahis libris, et amoris ardent
    pectora flamma.
vidimus Cyrum Glyceramque amore
mutuo flagrare; pavorque dirus
occupat pectus, nova ne tropaea
    iam, dea, quaeras.

R. E. C. J.

THE MARQUISE DEL TORNE

AY! She looked like that at first,
The sunlight purpling shadows on her hair
So gold and silken, and her eyes like mist
On the horizon when a haze obscures the view.
So we dwelt a while—you smile—nay, nay,
Not as you think a childish passing glance;
She was not thus—a stranger being—so!
One day came the test. We failed. Want more?
Ah well! How cold it is to tell the bitter truth;
No garish words to ease the tear-rimmed eye;
No sentient touch of sentimental note
Nor passing bell nor dim-felt dirge for that which died.
One day I felt the urge, the passion
Gripping like a pang; yet all my needs
She spurned awhile until the coldness came,
Then took me for her own. I bore you? No?
Her passion seared me like a brand;
Brain-seethings surged within me,
Death murmurings rustled in my brain—
I killed her. Ah! you start. A madman, eh?
Nay, nay don't fly. No need for fear.
I shall be going soon, but needs must talk
Before I go. Sometimes I see before me
Her frail body broken neath my yoke:
The dullish shadow o'er her navel cast
By the further breast i' the candle flame,
The smooth round whiteness of that outstretched arm,
The silk soft texture of that curving leg,...
And yet she denied me—once? nay more:
Three times i' truth like Christ awaiting death.
But I forgave her not. She died and I must go.

M. A.

THE JILT

In IMITATION *of the youthful* JOHN DONNE

I SAID I loved thee with a Midas hold
That turns each thing it touches into gold;
Mine eyes around
Saw everything a joy, thee only cold.
Yet on a day I gained
Thee too; thou swor'st to anchor on my ground
If 't hailed, or snowed, or rained;
And sure thou mean'st it true—an hour told.

Each our three souls freely we'd combine,
Joined with the Trinity to make it nine:
So God and thou
Yourselves flow in celestial happiness with mine.
Spirit, gold and ship,
In all, a priested galleon, and how
The bow of Spanished lip
Would send a dart from eyes more strong than wine!

I've heard these ruby barks on sapphire waves
Are cankered by a horde of driven slaves
Beneath the deck,
And so thy love, which outward seeming braves,
Is like a painted skull,
Or ribboned arrows in a bullock's neck.
Curse thee, thou'rt near as dull
As he, the fool, that merely weeps and raves.

H. ST. C. S.

A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCH

A CERTAIN traveller was sailing in the South Seas, and it happened that his ship was wrecked in a hurricane and he alone was washed up on an island and escaped drowning. The inhabitants of the island led him off with great rejoicing to their king; and the traveller gave himself up for lost, for he could see that they were cannibals. Now the king of the island was an Englishman who had also been wrecked there and instead of being boiled had contrived to make himself their king; and when the traveller saw him, he was overjoyed, and said:

"I see you are a white man like myself; therefore tell your subjects to let me go, for it is impossible that one white man should sit by and see another cooked and eaten."

"I should be delighted to do so," replied the king, "but unhappily there are certain circumstances that prevent me."

"What can these be?" cried the traveller.

"Under the laws of this island, every castaway found here must be sacrificed in a peculiarly revolting manner and afterwards eaten."

"But this is frightful!" cried the traveller, "this cannot be allowed! And after all you are the king here, you have only to order my release and the situation is saved."

"I should be delighted to do so," said the king, "but unfortunately I am a constitutional monarch with a parliament and a Prime Minister (here he indicated an exceedingly repellent ruffian seated on his right), and this being so I have no alternative but to act as the law directs. Would you, a white man and an Englishman, have me act unconstitutionally and transgress a regulation consecrated by centuries of tradition?"

"No indeed," replied the traveller, "that is of course out of the question. But would it not be possible for you to *interpret* the law, to follow as it were the *meaning* rather than the actual letter, and kill and eat me in the spirit rather than in the flesh? You could then propose and pass a ruling to the

effect that I am virtually in a state of having been killed and eaten, and after all I have no objection whatever to being killed and eaten in the spirit."

"That is a very ingenious suggestion," replied the king, "and one that does you credit. Indeed I should be happy to do as you propose, but unluckily by *x* Hoogabooga cap. *iii* § 15 it is illegal, under penalty of being boiled in molten lead, to interpret a law in any other way than according to the strictest letter. Besides, the inhabitants of this island are a godless race and have little conception of the nature of the spirit."

"But this is frightful!" cried the traveller. "But stop, I have another idea. You are of course a citizen of this island?"

"Yes."

"Then as such you can propose and pass a bill to annul the law about sacrificing castaways, and so save the situation."

"I am sure I should be delighted to do as you suggest, but unhappily under the constitution of the island it is illegal to annul this particular law under penalty of being skinned alive."

"To the Devil with you and your laws!" shouted the traveller; and seizing a spear from one of his guards, he plunged it through the heart of this disobliging king. But to his surprise, instead of being chopped in pieces, he was greeted with cries of "All hail your Majesty!" from the entire court.

"What is the meaning of this?" he enquired from the kneeling Prime Minister.

"It means, your Majesty," said he, "that you are now king of the island, since under *xv* Mungibongo cap. *vii* § 20, whatever castaway kills the reigning king, shall immediately become king in his place."

"Oh well," said the traveller to himself, "the law must take its course." And his first official act as king was to introduce and pass a bill repealing *xv* Mungibongo cap. *vii* § 20.

WILLIAM CECIL

THE following letter, which is reproduced as the frontispiece to this number of *The Eagle*, is from William Cecil to his father Robert Cecil, second son of Lord Burghley and afterwards Earl of Salisbury. It is now in the possession of Mr Norman Long Brown (B.A. 1924), who has lent it for the purpose. William Cecil was born in February 1591, and he matriculated in the University as a Fellow Commoner of St John's College, 11 December 1602. This letter, which is dated 2 September 1602, was written, apparently, on his way to Cambridge, when he was still under twelve years old.

Four other letters from William Cecil to his father, the earliest dated 16 November 1602, from St John's College, the others written later than May 1605, were printed in *The Eagle*, vol. *xxx*, No. 149, June 1909, in "Notes from the College Records," contributed by the present Master.

William Maynard was the son of Sir Henry Maynard of Little Easton, Essex. He took his M.A. degree from St John's College in 1608, and was afterwards Baron Maynard of Wicklow. The Thomas Howard mentioned in the letter is, no doubt, the second son of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk. He matriculated from Magdalene in the Michaelmas Term 1598.

Right ho:bll and my very good father; havinge so convenient a bearer as Flint I could not shew my selfe so negligent as not to signifie my duty in writinge by him. Flint hath brought wth him your Tassell and mine also, which I haue very willingly parted wth in hope it shal be a meanes to make your sport the better: If it shall so please your Ho: my desire is to stay heere at Theobalds till Friday come seuennight and then to goe to Mr Maynardes and stay there till Mr Thomas Howard, and Mr William Maynard do goe to Cambridge and so to go thether when they goe except it please you that I shall doe otherwise wherein if it shall please you to signifie your pleasure I shal be veary ready both in it and in all other things to shew my selfe

Your Ho: most obedient sonne. WILLIAM CECILL

From your house of Theobalds this. 2. of September. 1602.

Addressed: To the right ho:ble my very good father S:r Robert Cecill Principall Secretarie to her Matie be theise dd

Endorsed in another hand: September 2 1602 Mr William to my mr.

PERSONALITIES

WE sat, and sat, but little said
To stir that geophysic head;
A "perfect earthquake" roused no sport—
We sat, and sat, but little thought.

NOTE:—A good deal of the symbolism in the last line of this poem was suggested by the works of a former member of this college. Indeed, so deeply am I indebted, W.W.'s books will elucidate the difficulties of the poem much better than any notes can do.

Professor Rapson joys to read
The darkest Karoṣṭean screed;
He thinks Tibetan not so fine:
"Brhsg" pronounced "Dha" is not his line.

How could the *Tatler* keep its place,
Or *Sketch* retain with fee
Its plutocratic camera race
If not to give us David's face
With car-killed duck or grouse a brace—
Or but a graceful she?

What is Hugh Sykes's little game,
Why does he thus deny his name?
Who is it moves our poet's anger:
Marion, W. H., or Sanger?

He floated lonely as a cloud,
A dream of adipose delight;
The Dog Star bayed a solo proud,
And goal posts clasped their guardian tight.

Tom Anderson, my blue, Tom,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were yet uncovered
Your prowess wasna kent.
And though you're still so mild, Tom,
Your locks are crowned with leaves,
For you've got colours now in sheaves,
Tom Anderson, my blue!

The slumbers of our Mr Glover
Were smashed by a dog and his lover,
As befitting an orator
I hear that he swore at her
With classical tags far above her.

NIGHT REPORTING IN A NORTHERN CITY

A TALK BROADCAST *from the* NORTHERN REGIONAL STATION *of the* B.B.C.

FEW people, I find, have any but the vaguest of ideas of what goes on in a newspaper office, still less of how news is collected and of the way an ordinary reporter goes to work. The average person derives his notion of journalists from one of two equally unreliable sources. There are in the first place the stray references to them in detective novels, where they invariably appear as shabby and disreputable creatures whose inquisitiveness is matched only by their capacity for whisky; and secondly there are the films of newspaper life, of which, since the talkies came in, there have been many. Now however differently they manage things in America, it is impossible to believe that the view these films give of newspaper life and newspaper men is anything but distorted, and distorted, as so often in Hollywood

productions, out of all relation to the truth. At any rate life in this country is not, for the reporter, anything like so exciting or so hectic as it is represented to be in the United States. It has however its share of incident, and even the details of the daily, or in this case, the nightly, routine are not without interest.

Perhaps the best thing I can do is to take you with me through a representative night's work. You will have to sleep late in the morning if you want to keep fresh, for the greater part of our work will be done while honest citizens are asleep. Our day does not begin until evening. When we get down to the office things will seem rather slack for a while; the afternoon duty men are finishing off their copy—some will have already gone home—only those two or three who have evening engagements will be gathered round the fire, chatting idly till it is time for them to go out. Down a corridor the editor and his leader-writers, the foreign and sports editors, the dramatic critic and all others whose dignity of position entitles them to a separate room, will be settling down to their duties, dealing with their letters, glancing through the evening papers in order to be abreast of the hour. Soon messengers will be bringing them copy, from abroad, from Parliament, from conferences and meetings, and they will be in the thick of it. Sleepy as the office may seem at half-past six or seven o'clock, it is in reality the lull before the storm. For us it may be quiet for a while, with the reporters' room to ourselves, and the fire burning brightly in the grate, but outside in the passages the bustle grows. Upstairs the tape machines never stop; their staccato chatter is faintly audible to us two floors below. The air seems heavy with rumours. Across the way in a brilliantly lighted room the sub-editors, through whose hands all copy must pass, are bent over their desks, altering, adding, cutting, and providing with the appropriate headlines the "stories" that lie in front of them. Here on the foreign sub-editor's desk are piled sheets of the characteristic grey-blue telegrams of the most famous foreign news agency in the world. There on the desk next to him lie the long thin strips which are the Parliamentary report, incomplete as yet, for the debate is still

in progress. There is a continual crackle of paper, the constant coming and going of boys, the smell of wet ink, acrid, lying heavily on the air, as some urgent proofs are rushed up from the machine-room....But our reverie is broken, a messenger has come in. "Reporter wanted on the 'phone." We make for the box, one of a line of six on our own private exchange. "Hello, hello,...yes." It may be the account of a political meeting, of a birth or a death or a marriage; it may be a resolution on unemployment by a chamber of commerce or a football result, but whatever it is we must do our best to make our informant think that what he has just told us was the one thing we needed to go to press. This is only common-sense, for the day may come when that same person will really have something that is worth our while, some day he may have a first-class "story," and when that happens we want to get it. The same policy, with modifications, must be adopted with the curious race of people called "runners," of whom we find a ragged specimen waiting for us when we get back to the room. These folk are at once a boon and a plague, more often the latter. Most of them are unemployed men, who hang around police-stations and hospitals, or at street corners, anywhere in fact that seems a likely place for seeing or hearing of an accident or any other incident, from a burglary to a mad dog, which they think will interest us. The speed at which rumours spread in this strange underworld is extraordinary, and sometimes the tale that one of these fellows brings in is useful in enabling one to steal a march on a rival with a really good story. Their names are entered in a book and they are rewarded the next morning in proportion to the use made, after investigation, of their story. Most of them are tricky fellows, out to earn a shilling by fair means or foul. Some ingenious members of the fraternity try to cover the thinness of their story by a dramatic manner, telling their tale in headlines culled from the popular press. A seedy looking individual will slide into the room, move cautiously over to your desk, look suspiciously round as though fearing an eavesdropper, and then breathe hoarsely into your ear: "Sensation in the Suburbs, sir, Woman Falls Down Coal-

Hole," or, "Tragedy in London Road, sir, Child Cr-r-rushed Beneath Bus...." There is one man who calls himself, most inappropriately, Ambrose, whose inventiveness and ingenuity amount almost to genius. Born into another sphere of life, his guile would without doubt have won for him a place of honour in society. One of his favourite tricks, which we did not discover for some time, was to dash into the office immediately after the last edition of the evening paper was out, and with an air of feverish haste report as his own exclusive discovery a fire or an accident which he had read the moment before in the stop-press column. One of my colleagues, a cautious Scot, once caught Ambrose out beautifully. He came in one night with a pitiful tale of not having been rewarded by the day clerk for a fatal accident which he claimed to have brought in the night before. "But your name is not in the book, Ambrose." "No, sir? Well, I cawn't help that, sir, can I? All I know is I come in straight as soon as I 'eard it," and so on eloquently for several minutes, until, in spite of himself, my friend was impressed. Suddenly a thought struck him. He turned up the account of the accident in the morning's paper. "What time did you say you brought it in, Ambrose?" "What time, sir, why, just after half-past seven, it'd be." "Well, now, isn't that curious? because according to the report here the affair did not happen till a quarter to nine." Ambrose's face fell. For a moment he was nonplussed. Then he looked up with a grin; "Ah, well, sir, better luck next time..." and he was gone. But he was in again next morning, as bold as brass.

It is not Ambrose who is waiting for us this time, but a youngish man with thin shoulders and a cough that tears him, winter and summer...a tragedy of the war. He is a reliable man, and has news of a fire in a block of warehouses not far away. We enter his name in the book and ring up the fire station. Yes, four engines went out twenty minutes ago in response to a call from Box 010 and have not yet come back. We decide to go and have a look. The most important thing about a fire story is to get on the spot as soon as possible if there seems likely to be anything at all in it, for then you stand a chance of button-holing the person who discovered it, and

if it is a big affair, of witnessing escapes, and watching the firemen play their jets from swaying ladders, or from precarious holds on neighbouring roofs. All these things make good copy—in fact a fire is the surest copy of all. So we hire a cab and tell the driver to drive hell-for-leather for the street where the outbreak is. But the taxi is quite incapable of doing more than fifteen miles an hour, and grumbling at that. We rattle along past theatres and cinemas where the glitter and fierce blaze from the sky-signs and moving lights turn night into a flickering artificial day, past crowded pavements and bumping trams into a district of quiet deserted streets and dark looming warehouses. At last as we turn a corner our impatience is at an end, for here, bearing down upon us are the four great engines, coming *away* from the fire; past us in the gloom they rattle and swing with a great clanging of the big brass bell that is by the driver's seat, looking like huge pantomime dragons in scarlet and gold.... So there was nothing in that fire after all...disappointing that it was out so soon... we shall get all we want about it from the fire station later on.

Back to the office, big and tense now with the accumulated knowledge of twenty-four hours. The low throb of machines deep down in the bowels of the earth has grown to a roar; outside the building, motors stand in a long line, their engines humming, waiting to rush to the stations with the first editions which should be ready by now. We make our way through a small crowd of hustling men, up through the rattle of the composing-room to the canteen at the very top of the building. Here, over their supper, groups of men from the various departments are talking over, before midnight, the news that will be causing comment at many a breakfast table and discussion in many a railway carriage nine or ten hours later. We can only join half-heartedly in the conversation, with one eye on the clock, for there are the routine calls to be made by telephone and in person. So we gulp down hot coffee and make our way downstairs again where the fever and the fret are at their height. The reporters' room is quiet but not deserted. At a desk a solitary figure is seated in evening dress, writing busily, giving vent to little pants and groans as he works. He looks up with a frown. It is Cartwright. He has been attending a dinner; he hates evening engagements, dinners especially, for he is a vegetarian. He is certain to be in a bad temper. We beat a hasty retreat.

The round of calls that we have to make is pure routine work. As a rule the best thing to do is to take down the details of a number of accidents, on the road, in factories and so on, from the various hospital porters, and then select the most interesting for writing up when we get back to the office. Sometimes an accident of this kind will have an interesting story behind it, and then further enquiries will have to be made elsewhere. From the police we *may* get the facts of a burglary here or a betting-raid there, but as a rule they are the soul of reticence and ready to talk of anything but "shop." One particular inspector in A Division will keep you talking for an hour, if you have the time, about Shaw, O'Casey and Pirandello....

By the time we have finished this round it is well past midnight, and the city is asleep. The only people who pass us are a rather dispirited party clearly on their way home from a dance. They have missed the last tram and don't want to wait in the cold for the all-night bus. The women, with their long frocks trailing on the pavement, hang heavily on their partners' arms. One man is singing a waltz tune softly. As his voice dies away in the darkness, we realise how still everything is. No one who has not worked in an industrial city by night can understand the transformation and appreciate the beauty of it. This silence, for instance, is remarkable not only for the relief it gives from the cacophony of civilisation by day, but because it invites us out of its depth to distinguish incidental sounds. At night every footfall is of importance, every noise, however small, is interesting. As we walk back to the office we can make out the heavy characteristic tread of a policeman on the other side of the street, the whirr, somewhere in the distance, of an electric road-sweeper, and behind the next block, the quick whistle of a railway engine.

Then the buildings and streets take on an unfamiliar, sometimes eerie aspect, with only the moon and the infrequent

lamps to break their blackness. Even the long lines of warehouses, dwarfing the narrow streets that lie between them, are imposing in their shadowed mass. Their ugly lines are clothed by the darkness; only the outline of them against the sky is clear. Sometimes the soft cry of a startled pigeon will come incongruously from a street like this. City Square, as we come into it, is magically different from the noisy quadrangle we know by day. It seems infinitely spacious Here and there is a round pool of light where a lamp shines, but only the sombre pile of the Town Hall opposite gives the place a confine. Just in front of us a re-painted statesman gleams whitely from his pedestal. The Town Hall itself, by day a drab and ill-favoured building, has new dignity. Its many neo-Gothic spires and towers reach vaguely into the night sky, seeming to symbolise the aspirations of the many generations of municipal legislators who have worked in its walls. . . . One more typical night scene which has a macabre beauty all its own, and needs the brush of a Nevinson to bring it to life. Little crouching groups of men work on the tramlines through the night, protected by heavy gauntlets and fantastic goggles, doing mysterious things to the banded steel between the "sets," with sizzling acetylene so bright that the naked eye cannot look at them. Seen from a distance these men, in their ungainly postures, with their darting movements, look like denizens of another world, like modern witches performing a rite of invocation round a fire of unnatural brilliance.

There is another thing that strikes one about this queer world of the small hours—its human fellowship. Night breaks down the barriers that in the light of day shut off a man from his neighbour in street or tramcar. Even civilised man for all his self-possession seems to need his fellow in the dark. Strangers in the city at midnight will give each other greeting as countrymen do at market. Night workers of all kinds from policemen to roadsweepers are bound together in a cheery companionship, warm with a humanity too often lacking in those who work by day.

It has taken us a long time to get back to the office and we have an hour's work still to do, with the copy that we have

gathered to write up and a few final enquiries to be made by telephone. The office is much quieter now, though the rumble of the machines has not altogether died, and the delivery vans are still humming backwards and forwards like bees round a hive. The corridors are silent; the editorial dignitaries long since retired to their beds, conscious of having once again set the world about its business. In the messengers' room one youth is half-asleep over a book with a bright yellow cover, another is carefully studying the sports columns in the latest edition. In our own room the fire has smouldered out and the air from the open window has an early morning chill. It is not worth while lighting it again; we keep an overcoat on and sit down to write, but it is hard work keeping awake. At length two o'clock arrives and there has been no alarm to send us out again; we hand in our copy and go. It has been a quiet night. As the all-night bus speeds along the empty roads to the suburbs with its odd load of tired men, newspaper men, post-office workers, railway porters and the like, we open our papers and settle down to study the news of the new day. For such is the fascination of news, you see, that after a night of gleaning it first-hand, we still want to know how the wider world goes. . . . The conductor of our bus is a quaint old fellow with white hair and a little white moustache, but as lively as a sparrow. He knows us all, our fares, our occupations, our stopping-places, and as we get off the bus at last, his "Good-morning" is significantly spoken. It is not the aggressive matutinal greeting which business men in bowler hats fresh from their bacon and eggs will be throwing to each other in a few hours' time. Rather is it a chirpy benediction, for the Sparrow knows that "Good-morning" is for us "Good-night."

K. A.

TO A VISITOR

O LADY with the silver hair, who came
into my home at evening, hard as flame,
took the floor, held it, and then proudly stalked
away once more, stiff with your tulip-grace,
—would you not be more pleasant if you walked
with humbler attitude, nor loudly spoke
of tender things as if they were a joke,
but looked on beauty with a kindly face?

A. P. P.

TO MADAME ——

YOU gave us rotten peaches, and for this
you shall not be forgiven.
For I had never tasted peaches then,
and dreamed of luscious fruits that feel the kiss
of the warm sunlight and are gathered when
they glow with the sweetness that the south has given.
I found them (thanks to you) unripe and sour,
—pale scentless mockery of a summer flower.
I take a fierce delight that you should know
destroyers of ideals can never go
to join the vendors of fine fruits in heaven.

A. P. P.

QUISQUILIAE

MANY wonders there be, but of all wonders the best,
A college porter.
Like to the Gods,
He watches from afar the brief generations of men,
But unlike them,
He is kindly, tolerant, and sympathetic.
Nothing can surprise him; if you met your tutor
In the middle of the Second Court,
Slew him,
Ripped open his abdomen
And devoured his liver raw:
The porter would smile beatifically,
Stroke his chin, and recollect,
That this was last done in 1879 by a man
Who just missed a hockey Blue, and subsequently
Became missionary bishop of Tahiti.
There are but two mortal sins,
Cursed be he who brings a dog into College
Or walks on
The grass plots in the courts.

D. R. D.

JOHNIANA

"I RECEIVED the following communication from St John's College, Cambridge, dated November 10th, 1872:

I take the liberty of asking you to supply me by return of post with some information regarding the private life of actors and actresses, whether moral or otherwise, as a rule; also the names of two or three whom you consider the best tragic actors; whether you think it would pay to put a more classical and refined kind of play on the boards than there is at present; the class from which actors and actresses are generally taken; your opinion as to the power of the stage to elevate or debase the sentiments of the nation. I want this information for a debate here on Tuesday evening. Hoping you send me some answers to these questions.

This was rather a large order by return of post."

Gaiety Chronicles (1898), by John Hollingshead (Manager of the Gaiety Theatre, London, 1868–86).

[At the Union Society on Tuesday, November 12th, 1872, F. J. Lowe, of St John's College, moved "That in the opinion of this house the present state of the Stage is highly unsatisfactory." Among the speakers were, for the motion, W. E. Anderson and R. F. Winch; against the motion, J. H. W. Tow; neutral, A. Glen-Bott; all of St John's College.—B. O'C.]

"In my own case, it [University training] encouraged my natural conceit—a more utter young prig than I was at seven and twenty it would be hard to find—and did me harm in a hundred ways which there can be no object in detailing. Yet in the end, after many years, what I learned at school and Cambridge came back to me as bread cast up on the waters, and I am aware that I owe to Shrewsbury and St John's no small measure of that success which I believe myself to have very sufficiently attained."

From an account of C. P. Pauli by Samuel Butler, first completely published in *Life and Letters* (Samuel Butler Number, October 1931).

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THE JUNIOR COMBINATION ROOM

FOR some time it had been felt that the undergraduates' Reading Room on the ground floor under Lecture Room I in the First Court, established by an order of the Council in the Easter Term 1902[1], was inadequate to the needs of the College. In the Easter Term 1931, it was finally decided to convert the Bicycle Room, which occupied most of the ground floor of the range of buildings to the south of the Gate Tower in the First Court, into a Junior Combination Room. This plan had been suggested as early as 1927.

The room, which is under the original College Library, was formed by throwing together two sets of chambers. The northern part, approached from the turret of the Gate Tower, was the set known latterly as K 1; the southern part formed a portion of the set I 1, approached from the staircase in the south-east corner of the First Court. K 1 was converted into a Bicycle Room in the Michaelmas Term 1898; and this was enlarged in the Lent Term 1911 by taking in a portion of I 1. Some of the earlier occupants of K 1 are given in G. C. Moore Smith's *List of Past Occupants of Rooms in St John's College*, published by the Editors of the *Eagle Magazine* in 1895. Among the occupants was J. B. Mayor, afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy, King's College, London. Henry Kirke White (1785–1806), the poet, is believed to have occupied them and to have died there. The last occupant given by Moore Smith is C. T. Powell, who kept there from 1892 to 1895. I have not been able to trace his successor,

[1] What is now the eastern end of the Lower Library in the Third Court had been a Reading Room from 1889 to 1902.

probably the last occupant of the set. I 1 was once two sets, numbered, according to the old numeration, 7 and 9, the latter, in the south-east corner, being commonly known as the Garden Chamber. It was a part of 7 only that was taken to enlarge the Bicycle Room. The last occupant of I 1 was Peter H. Mason, formerly President of the College. Among former occupants were James Wood, Master of the College from 1815 to 1839, who kept there before 1815; and Ralph Tatham, Master of the College from 1839 to 1857, who kept there from 1823 to 1830: both, as is shewn by a list now in the Muniment Room, had the whole of I 1, *i.e.* sets 7 and 9, and so occupied a part of what is now the Junior Combination Room. Other occupants are given in Moore Smith's *List*.

The conversion of the Bicycle Room was begun during the Long Vacation 1931, the bicycles being accommodated in a building in the Kitchen Lane; and the Junior Combination Room was opened in February of this year. The upper part of the walls was re-plastered, and the deal wainscoting replaced by oak panelling. The deal floor, which rested on joists, was replaced by an oak floor laid on concrete. The brick arches over the windows were exposed. The small turret room in the north-east corner serves as a telephone room. The two original clunch fire-places on the east side were repaired. The north wall, when exposed, was found to consist almost entirely of large blocks of clunch, on two of which are carvings; the more interesting of these is left exposed. On the stonework surrounding some of the windows (those of K 1) are remains of a leaf design in red: this survives where the blocks are of true stone, but it had perished where the blocks are of clunch.

The work was carried out by Messrs Rattee and Kett, Ltd., of Cambridge, under the direction of Mr William Weir as architect. The furniture and electric light fittings were supplied by Messrs Heal and Son, Ltd., of Tottenham Court Road, London.

Part of the cost of the room was borne by a legacy to the College from the late William Albert Cox (B.A. 1867),

Fellow of the College from 1868 to his death in 1923, Lecturer in Theology from 1885 to 1905, Junior Dean from 1882 to 1886, and Senior Dean from 1886 to 1894. The clause in his will was: "To St John's College, Cambridge, to which I owe so much, I gratefully bequeath the sum of Five Hundred Pounds (£500) for any College purpose of a permanent nature."

The Junior Combination Room is under the management of a Treasurer, appointed by the Council, and a Committee of junior members of the College. The photograph here reproduced is by Mr G. E. Briggs (B.A. 1915), Fellow of the College.

Readers of this number of *The Eagle* may be interested to refer to Number 204 (vol. XLV, pp. 303–7) to see how far the hopes of a former Editor have been fulfilled.

J. S. B. S.

A HOUSE: DUSK

SLOWLY, unwilling, the brave light goes;
—The day could not last.
And the heart with a numbing coldness knows
That the glamour is past.

Our happiness here was only a part
Of a passing pantomime;
An empty house and an empty heart
Remain: and the sneer of Time.

H. E. B.

TO—

I long to take you by the hand
And say—
And what wish I to say?
A lengthy speech prepared,
Rehearsed;
Each flexion stressed;—
Here I raise an eye, there a finger;
And here I sink my voice
Waiting to catch your choked tones
Responding to my own.
But when I see your eyes
Sparkling,
Your mouth shaping into
A smile,
Past, present and future rush
Burbling
To my mouth; strangle what I
Rehearsed.
And I listen to you.
And only at the end when you
Have turned the corner
Away
To your occupation
I recall
The portent of my speech and say—
Damn your impudence.

T. L. T.

GOLDER'S HILL PARK

Here, where the summer crowds
jostle and shuffle on the pebble walks,
exasperated in the clammy heat
beneath a vaporous sun, it is most sweet
to linger in the spring. The crocus clouds
purple the dark mould, and frail April stalks
of flowers unbudded sway in the light breeze;
rain patters in the trees;
idly the sundial points; the fountain talks...
—But soon the crowds must tread the pebble walks
and solitude's blue flower will swiftly meet
its fate, stampeded by unthinking feet.

A. P. P.

THE CHESTNUT IN MOONLIGHT

The moon-washed chestnut rides,
a phantom vessel, stately, slow,
with stippled sails all set;
the foam of fallen blossom licks its sides.
It leaves a rose-pale shore where wall-flowers glow,
glimmering lamps, mist-wet.
The wind's dark waters past the tall ship flow.

A. P. P.

MARK RUTHERFORD, AND THE ATTAINMENT OF LONELINESS

"RUTHERFORD, at any rate in his earlier life, was an example of the dangers and the folly of cultivating thoughts and reading books to which he was not equal, and which tend to make a man lonely." Thus Hale White introduces his self-hero in the preface to his Autobiography, and nobody who reads his works with any appreciation can fail to discover the depths of loneliness into which the author descended. Unfortunately for Rutherford—and for posterity which might have profited from his experiences—he failed to find any ultimate value in his loneliness. Every item in his Puritanical upbringing conspired against such a faith in solitude; his whole life was a struggle to evade the inevitable isolation which came upon him; and this, reflected in his works, may account in part for their small popularity. The seeker after plot will find little to excite him, even in the revolutions of Tanner's Lane or the seduction of Clara Hopgood; the modern reader, accustomed to the apt, empty pseudo-psychology of most contemporary writers, will find the Victorian pedantry of the many sermons intolerably dull; while the atmosphere of Methodism which pervades the whole does not assist in elucidating the philosophy.

Yet it may not be so unreasonable or wildly provocative as appears at first sight to identify Rutherford as a forerunner of that most lonely of modern writers, D. H. Lawrence. The comparisons are naturally fundamental and not stylistic. Rutherford, living in an age when all open discussion of personal emotions and actions was repressed, did not arouse even interest. Lawrence, in a more enlightened age, suffered the penalty of his greater vision and capabilities in an unrelenting persecution. Yet, as in Akinside and other minor poets of the late eighteenth century one may obtain a foretaste of Wordsworth's diction and doctrine, so in Rutherford can be seen the first seeds of that discontent and disillusionment which is the preoccupation of thought to-day. That he sought—and claimed to have found—the requisite solace in a religious revival and domestic happiness is more the effect of his environment than the weighed judgment of his experiences. For it is inconceivable that the writer of *Clara Hopgood* in 1896 was the Rutherford officially redeemed and comforted in the *Deliverance*.

But it is undoubtedly true that Rutherford considered rejection of self as the ultimate aim for all happiness. Therein lay his failure as a philosophical writer and his main divergence from modern thought. He preferred to hesitate at the gateway to "jener kurze Wahnsinn des Glücks, den nur der Leidendste erfährt"; he never ventured among the backworlds-men, and so he never had to face that bitter aftermath of disillusionment which obsessed Nietzsche, Lawrence and Blake. That theirs was insanity may be true; but it is an insanity so closely knit with all human experience that one regrets the restraint of Rutherford.

For we leave Madge and Baruch, happy in their brief moment of bliss, with the truism: "There are some so closely akin that the meaning of each may be said to lie in the other, who do not approach till it is too late." That very lateness was what appalled him; the moment was enough: why venture into the infinite? But this is from one of his later works, the final rejection of the great opportunity; Mark Rutherford had died on attaining his deliverance ten years previously. He it was who knew the profundities that lie in love and hate, his creator who destroyed and betrayed these confidences. "Blessed is love, less blessed is hatred, but thrice accursed is that indifference which is neither one nor the other, the muddy mess which men call friendship." From that might have been built a creed to rival Lawrence's Manifesto:

> Then, we shall be two and distinct, we shall have each our separate being.
> And that will be pure existence, real liberty.
> Till then, we are confused, a mixture, unresolved, unextricated one from the other.

But Rutherford preferred to shirk the issue; the reap-

pearance of Ellen Butts, rejected lover of the autobiography, seems unreal, almost untrue. The writer himself had lost his belief in the narrative, and until the end, all appear forced and laboured into that hypocrisy of enjoyment which so often serves for happiness. Even then, the author was too honest for his age; that the happiness could not live he realised; rather than pursue the disillusionment or strive to attain the ultimate perfection of loneliness, Mark Rutherford had to die. So failed what might have been the beginning of a new era in thought; environment and upbringing were too strong, and this self-deception will ever remove Rutherford from the forefront of writers.

Thus we may view him: a lonely figure, striving to evade that loneliness; an explorer, terrified at each new discovery; an eternal dweller in winter, longing for the spring. Like Rutherford, Lawrence too cried for the spring:

> Ah, let me not die on the brink of such anticipation!

but he added with an insight that refused to be betrayed:

> Worse, let me not deceive myself.

Rutherford wilfully submitted to the deception, rejected himself for the mere enjoyment of life. Greater men have preferred the way of death. It is not for us to judge of their personal values; of their value to mankind they themselves have judged.

M. A.

[W. Tams

I. THE CARVED PANELS ON THE BRIDGE

THE OLD BRIDGE

In the course of his inaugural lecture, on "The Rise and Progress of Classical Archaeology," Professor A. B. Cook referred to the figures of Divinity, Law, Physic, and Mathematics that stand on Trinity Library. "I confess," he said, "they leave me cold. More attractive are the relief-panels on the beautiful bridges of Clare and St John's. Those at St John's have never been published. They shew Father Neptune flanked by water-babies with mirror, shell-trumpet, and sea-wrack; and again 'Camus, reverend sire,' with a pile of books above him and the Johnian buildings, bridge and all, in the background. The designs—sanctioned perhaps by Wren—are deserving of study; but, since they face outward over the river, they are hard to see, and, mindful of the warning *sexagenarios de ponte*, I gave up the attempt in favour of a telephotic lens."[1] Professor Cook projected his pictures on to a screen, and has kindly given permission for them to appear in this number.

There has long been a tradition in the College that Sir Christopher Wren had a part in the building of the old bridge, but it was without documentary support until, in 1889, the present Master discovered a letter by Wren and two by Hawksmoor[2], from which, with the help of other documents in the College, the whole course of the building can be reconstructed.

It appears that about 1696 the project of building a bridge was formed, and that Wren was consulted on the best means of carrying it out. He replied that it would be a simple matter to replace the old wooden bridge (shewn in Loggan's view, taken in 1688) by a stone one on the same site (where it was in fact eventually built); but he favoured a more elaborate scheme, involving the diversion of the Cam so as to eliminate the bend near Trinity.

[1] *The Rise and Progress of Classical Archaeology*, by A. B. Cook. Cambridge, 1931, p. 15.

[2] Printed in full in *The Eagle*, xv (1889), p. 469, and *Camb. Antiquarian Soc. Com.*, VII (1893). See also *Country Life*, 15 November 1930, p. 616.

His letter, which is addressed to Dr Gower, the Master, begins:

WHITEHALL, *March* 31, 1697

S[r]

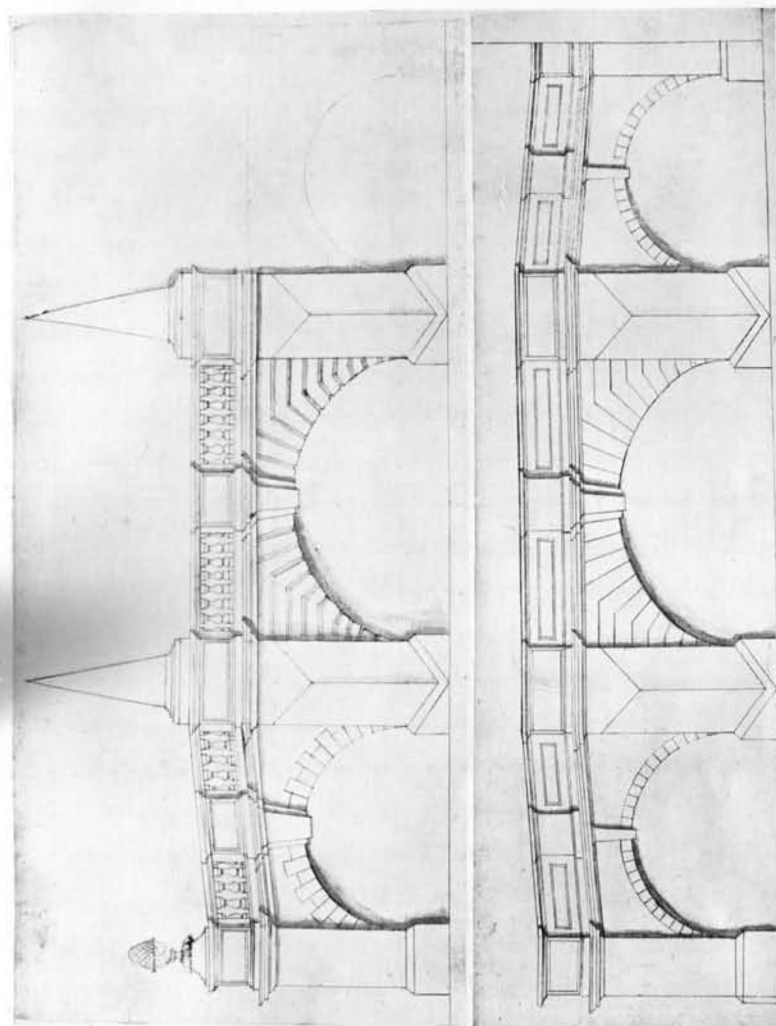
Nothing is more acceptable to me then to promote what in me lies any public ornament, and more especially in the Universities, where I find something of a public spirit to be yet aliue. The proposition you made me by M[r] Grumbold about your Bridge, I have considered, and can thinke but of two methods. The first takes some farther ornament to your College: The second is obvious, the making [a stone][1] Bridge instead of your wooden one in the same place; and of this I sent you severall sketches to conclude upon and afterward to be more correctedly designed for the worke; and I thinke there is nothing in this more than your workmen know how to performe, for you need not be sollicitous that the Bridge should appear fine to the River and the Bargemen, & if you resolue to keepe the bridge leuell with the walkes, you have only to take care of a handsome Ballastrade, upon the peers of which for ornament to the walkes, you may set vrnes pyramids or statues even what your Heartes or Benefactions will reach; and as for the substruction, it is enough if the Arches giue passage enough to Boates & floods & be firmly built upon good foundations and with good materiells.

Then follow the details of his more costly diversion scheme, never carried out.

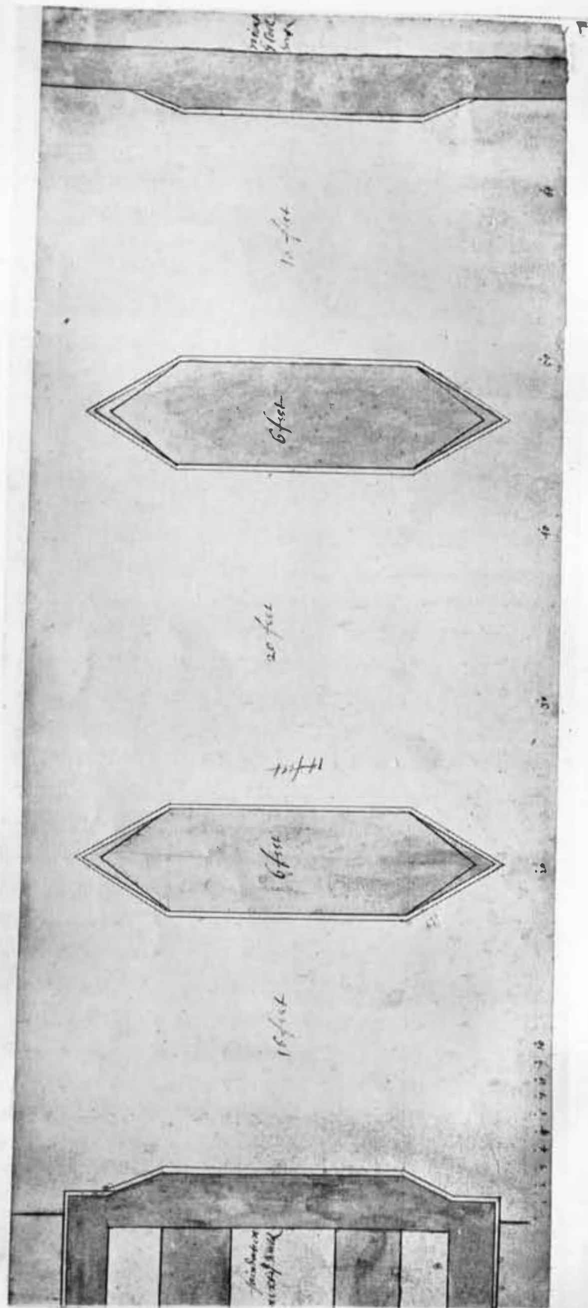
In the College Library are preserved two elevations and a plan, executed in pen and wash; these are reproduced with this article. It will be seen that the plan and upper elevation agree closely with the existing bridge. The "urnes and pyramids" were never made, but suggest strongly that these are the sketches referred to in the letter; and this is supported by the appearance of the drawings, which closely resemble those made in Wren's drawing office about this time[2].

The correspondence continued for over a year, for Hawksmoor's letters, dated May and June 1698, are on the same subject. Hawksmoor, who was apprenticed to Wren in 1679, was in 1698 assisting him in all his works, including St Paul's.

[1] A hole in the paper here.
[2] Cf. the drawings for Trinity Library, reproduced in The Wren Society's series, vol. V (1928).



II. ELEVATIONS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY



III. PLAN IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

Our two letters are three years earlier than the earliest previously known[1].

In his first letter, written at Kensington House, 16 May 1698, Hawksmoor is still urging the advantages of a central position for the bridge, in terms more vigorous than any Wren had allowed himself:

> I well remember that this old bridge is at ye end of a narrow crooked back lane having no proper access to it and being without any regard of ye front or sides of ye Colledge so very ungracefull and inconvenient that seems rather by chance to belong to y^r^ Coll: than by any intention: tis true it leads to a walk of trees which is an Avenue leading to nothing and would be no worse if ye Bridge was elsewhere, than in the present scituation which sufficiently condemns itselfe without any further evidence as being irregular unseemly & barbarous unfitt to be contiguous to so noble a house in a place where so many strangers come. The other scituacōn with all ye reasons imaginable recommends itself as being the true and proper comming to the house, giving a pleasant vista and entrance thro' ye body of ye whole fabrick. It is impossible anyone can argue for ye old site when this is proposed, which all artists approve of and on ye contrary protest against ye other, and I humbly beg that you will take this as a memoriall, that you will hereafter dislike ye bridge if placed in ye old scituacōn.

He asks to be sent "a plan of that part of ye College which must be opened to make a dorway," on which to mark down his ideas.

In his second letter (Whitehall, 9 June 1698), he suggests an intermediate scheme, for a bridge issuing (like the present Gothic structure) directly from the middle of the Third Court range, abandoning the intermediate "parterre" that was to have been made by deflecting the Cam; all of which "I have laid downe on ye plan which I hope will be intelligible to you." This plan also can be identified with one in the Library, shewing the whole College, drawn mainly in one hand, but with the bridge roughly inserted in another, and having a note in Hawksmoor's hand explaining that in order to give a "vista" he proposes to make the bridge continue

[1] For this and much other information I am indebted to Mr Geoffrey Webb.

along the main axis of the College, which is not quite perpendicular to the wall of the Third Court; and he continues:

Sr Chr: Wren in his Letter to you Laid downe Something of this affair which I could wish you would Consider, As also about diverting the Streame a little farther from ye house, but to avoid expencive propōsions this is ye most plausible and best we can make of this Case.

Another copy of this plan, which except for the bridge and Hawksmoor's inscription is so exact a duplicate that one must be a tracing of the other, is in the great collection of Wren's drawings at All Souls[1]. In this copy, which remained in Wren's office, the bridge is perpendicular to the wall, but each plan shews faint traces of the scheme adopted in the other[2].

These plans have given rise to some misunderstanding. Willis and Clark[3], not having the letters before them, took our copy for one of the original sketches for the Third Court, and inferred that Hawksmoor had some hand in the design, at least of the river range, overlooking the fact that he was only eight years old when the Third Court was built.

From the College accounts it appears that the whole scheme was now dropped for about ten years. At the end of the section *Reparationes Domi* in the accounts for the year 1711–12 is a statement of all the expenses incurred in building the bridge and gateway[4]. It begins:

Acct of money Laid out p̱ Dr. Berry sen Bursar for worke & materialls used in Building the new Stone Bridge Leading into the walkes from Apr: 20th 1696 to Apr: 21° 1698 Imprimis to Robert Grumbold freemason for stone as p̱ Bills. 168.16.02.

After a few more items, payments to workmen and for material, comes

Spent more in Building ye Bridge from may ye eigth 1709 to . Imprimis to Robt Grumbold, etc.

[1] Vol. IV, 50; reproduced in The Wren Society's series, vol. V, plate XXIX.
[2] A third plan, shewing on a larger scale the river range of Third Court and a little of the other sides, with the wooden bridge, is in the British Museum, King's Library, VIII, 57 *a*. This may perhaps be the plan sent by Grumbold in answer to Hawksmoor's request.
[3] *Arch. History of Cambridge* (1886), vol. II, 274, and vol. III, 534.
[4] Printed in full at the end of this article.

From this heading, which, coming after the general building accounts for 1711–12, cannot have been written before 1712, it may be inferred that the bridge was finished *after* 1712; for otherwise the blank would not have been left after "1709 to ."

There now follow numerous items which shew that the building had actually begun. Some of them give a lively picture of the progress of the work.

To Jn Green p̱ order for his advice 1.1.6. And to Abraham Silke Carpenter for Timber & worke about ye Stanks[1] & making ye centres for ye Bridge & other worke p̱ Bills 200 : 19.09. In toto	202	1	3
To Wm Baker manciple for Bread & Beer for all the workemen p̱ Bills	47	5	8
To ffran: woodward for carving worke about ye Bridge and new Gate adjoyning p̱ Bills	73	0	0
...for a load of straw to cover ye Bridge in winter 6^{s}.			
To Mr Apethorpe & Mr Nutting for Hire of Boates during ye worke p̱ Bills	7	1	0

Since the dates of Hawksmoor's letters, still discussing the situation of the bridge, are later than April 1698, when the first period of the accounts closes, the items before "spent more..." must be merely expenses for accumulating material. It is also pretty clear that when work was re-started in 1709 Grumbold had complete charge of the operations; and the natural conclusion is that he was given Wren's sketches and told to make what he could of them, neither Wren nor Hawksmoor being further consulted.

Robert Grumbold was one of a family of freemasons who performed numerous works in Cambridge from the close of the sixteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century[2]. He had worked under Wren at the building of the Trinity Library. In the construction of the bridge he followed Wren's main ideas, but modified and added to them in a number of ways. The gateway, so important a part of the whole composition, is entirely Grumbold's; and the details of the bridge

[1] *Stank*: A dam to hold back water (*N.E.D.*).
[2] For a list of their works see the index of Willis and Clark. Clare Bridge was built by Thomas Grumbold, Robert's uncle.

have been slightly, but significantly, changed. The sloping surface of the bastions starts further from the balustrade and runs down to a point much nearer the water; the joints between the stones of the arches are straight, without the angles proposed by Wren; and the proportions of the balustrade and the mouldings have been varied. The balusters are of square plan. It is generally agreed that these changes are improvements, and a great deal of the credit for the beauty of the whole group, bridge and gates, must be given to Grumbold, who used Wren's ideas, but with a proper freedom of interpretation.

The carving on the panels of the bridge and the beasts on the gates[1] have been seen to be by Francis Woodward. Most of his other works in Cambridge seem to have been in wood. They include the panelling of Queens' Hall and of Christ's Chapel, and the doors to the closed classes in Trinity Library. The further gateway, at the end of the Kitchen Lane, was erected by Grumbold, when the bridge was nearing completion (1711–12); the eagles were "cut" by Nicholas Biged and John Woodward.

Professor Cook sends the following further comments on the panels: "They follow Roman rather than Greek style. The heavy frames are presumably to harmonise with the architecture of the bridge, for no Roman and certainly no Greek sculpture would be framed thus. On one panel is Neptune (he has a trident) as a river god (witness his urn)—a somewhat inconsequent blend. Do the clouds above him signify storm, or fog out of the Fens? The children on either side may have been inspired by Psyche and Eros, and possibly indicate calm and stormy waters. The child on the left has a mirror, the child on the right a shell-trumpet and sea-wrack. The other panel bears Father Cam with a pile of books, and the College buildings. It is interesting that

[1] They are supposed to represent the supporters of the Beaufort arms, antelopes or yales. As the only specimens in the College carved in the round they should have settled the vexed question whether the fore-and-aft disposition of the horns in other representations is a genuine characteristic of the animal, or an effect of perspective; but unfortunately (among other peculiarities) the horns are missing or vestigial in this pair. For an account of the morphology and habits of yales see Shipley, *Cambridge Cameos*.

such details as the gutter-pipe on the Third Court and the beasts surmounting the gate-pillars are carefully inserted."

Mr Gatty has made the following transcription of the entries relating to the Bridge in the College Account Book ("Rental") for the year 1711–12. They follow the current building expenses (*Reparationes Domi*) for the year 1711–12 itself.

Acct of money Laid out p Dr. Berry sen Bursar for worke & materialls used in Building the new Stone Bridge Leading into the walkes from Apr: 20th 1696 to Apr: 21o 1698 Imprimis to Robert Grumbold freemason for stone as p Bills. 168.16.02. Item to him for workemens wages p Bills 90 : 10 : 02. In toto	259	06	04
To Abraham Silke for 100 & an half of Deale Bordes for a shed for ye workemen p Bill	9	15	0
To Adames Carpenter for Building ye shed & other worke p Bills	17	10	5
To Wm Randall for forty Balkers & carriage p Bill	2	6	6
To Mr ffox for 900 & an half of Deale Bordes & Carriage	19	10	0
To Wm Baker, manciple, for Bread & Beer for ye workemen p Bills	10	11	3
Spent with Mr Longland & others in advising about a modell for ye Bridge 10s. 9. & to Labourers pd p ye Bursar 9s. In toto	0	19	9
Spent more in building ye Bridge from may ye eigth 1709 to . Imprimis to Robt Grumbold for more stone for ye Bridge p Bills. 104 : 06 : 11 & to Stephen Lode Wm Stanton & others for Bricks p Bills 45 : 14 : 10½. In toto	150	1	9½
To Wm Mason for Lime p Bills 37 : 0 : 0 To Wm Newling for his Advice & direction p order 9.7.6. In toto	46	7	6
To Jn Green p order for his advice 1.1.6 And to Abraham Silke Carpenter for Timber & worke about ye Stanks & making ye centres for ye Bridge & other worke p Bills 200 : 19.09. In toto	202	1	3
To Robert Grumbold for himself and workemen p Bill 227 : 14 : 11. & to him for Labourers wages p Bills 136 : 10 : 07. In toto	364	5	6

To Nottingham Bricklayer for himself & Labourers for worke about ye Bridge p Bills	31	9	3
To Wm Baker manciple for Bread & Beer for all ye workemen p Bills	47	5	8
To ffran: woodward for carving worke about ye Bridge & new Gate adjoyning p Bills	73	0	0
To Jn Berry & Jn Coe Smiths for Iron worke about ye Stank, Bridge and new Gate adjoyning p Bills	46	10	10
To Tho: Kettle Carpenter for worke done & materialls used about ye new Gate adjoyning to the Bridge p Bills 10 : 10 : 03 & to (?) Culshey for sand & carriage p Bills. 24 : 2 : 6. In toto	34	12	9
To Mr Lancaster for terras & Carriage from London 5 : 5 : 10. To ye Bursar of Clare for 4 poles used in the worke 1 : 8 : 0 & for a load of straw to cover ye Bridge in ye winter 6s. In toto	6	19	10
To Mr Apethorpe & Mr Nutting for Hire of Boates during ye worke p Bills	7	1	0
To Edw: York & Allen Stanton for Ropes used about ye Stank p Bills	6	3	6
To philip prigg plum̄er for Led used about ye Bridge & Gates p Bills	5	1	
To Jn Smith for Digging galt for ye Stank p Bill 8.5.0 & to Mr Walson Chandler, for Scuttles, candles, cordes, & nailes, p Bills 1 : 15 : 6. To wert for mending ye Buckett used in ye worke p Bill 1.3.2. And given to Stanton keeper of ye shield 5s & to ye workemen 7s 6. In toto	11	16	2

Total expended about this Bridge and Gate adjoyning	1353 : 06 : 07
whence deduct rec per ye Bursar toward ye Building ye Bridge Dr. Hen: Paman's legacy	0500 : 00 : 00
Item of Dr. Martin Hill	0004 : 08 : 00
Item of Antony Ham̄ond Esqr	0040 : 00 : 00
Rec also of ye Bursar of Clare Hall for stone sold ym p order	0008 : 19 : 04
Tot: rcd	0553 : 07 : 04

Remt due to ye Bursar 799 19 3

M. H. A. N.

DEGENERATION

WHEN I came up to college
With virtuous intent,
A clean-limbed schoolboy,
Academically bent;
I refused to play racquets,
And said I'd do packets
Of work, work, work!

I'd learn metaphysics,
Classics, theology,
Italian, and Hebrew,
And moral zoology;
I said I'd write Syriads
And read several myriads
Of books, books, books!

The wishes were pious
And really sincere,
But I left them abandoned
In less than a year;
My scruples I swallowed,
Metaphorically wallowed
In vice, vice, vice!

Conversion was needful
And perfectly right;
I enjoy playing darts,
And spend day and night
Just drinking in tots of
And living in lots of
Sin, sin, sin!

H. ST C. S.

SOME CURES AND RECIPES OF THE TENTH CENTURY

For baldness. If anyone's hair falls out, let him make himself a salve; take greater aconite, viper's bugloss, burdock root, and gentian, and make the salve of the root and all, and of butter unmixed with water. If the hair is too thick, take a swallow, burn it to ashes under a tile, and let the ashes be sprinkled on the hair.

For poisoning with wolfsbane. If anyone eats wolfsbane, take butter and drink it; the wolfsbane will pass out with the butter. After that, let him stand on his head, and let someone tear several sharp scratches in his shins; the poison will depart through those scratches.

For sudden stitch in the side. Take feverfew, and the red nettle that grows by the house, and dock, and boil in butter.

Against Tiredness. On a long journey across country, to prevent himself tiring a man should take mugwort in his hand or fasten it on his shoe, lest he weary. And when he would pluck it, before sunrise, let him first say these words: "Tollam te, artemisia, ne lassus sum in via." Sign it with the cross when you pull it up.

Before fighting. If anyone wishes to beat his enemy in combat, let him boil sandmartins in wine and eat them beforehand; or he may boil them in spring-water.

For insanity. If a man suffers from insanity, take a porpoise hide; make a whip of it, and beat him with it. He will soon be better. Amen.

TWO HEBREW CHARTERS AT ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

The recent discovery by Mr Gatty of two Hebrew Charters (Starrs or *Sheṭarōth*) in the College Muniment room is an event of considerable literary importance. Latin charters are fairly common: starrs are extremely rare. There are 50,000 Latin charters, dating from before 1500, in the muniment rooms of Oxford colleges. In the whole of England only 221 starrs are known. Mr Gatty's acumen has now tripled the number of Cambridge starrs, and it is fairly certain that equally careful search in all collegiate, ecclesiastical and manorial deed-rooms would disclose many starrs that have so far escaped notice and remain unknown. For the study of Hebrew palæography and for the county historian alike, the recovery of these starrs is eminently desirable. They often afford topographical and historical information that would otherwise be unavailable. This statement can be illustrated by a comparison of the Latin and Hebrew documents given below.

From the Royal Letters Patent, or document I, we learn that in 1254–5 a messuage belonging to Geoffrey le Savage in Ospringe, co. Kent, passed to the local Hospital or Domus Dei. We further learn that this messuage was situated between that of Robert of London, on the east, and the watercourse, on the west. Possibly this latter boundary can be identified. This is all that can be gleaned from the seven lines of the Royal Letter. Now as the property of the Hospital finally came into the possession of St John's College, and as, in consequence, certain readers of these lines may be drawing part of their stipends or scholarships from this property, it may be of interest to them to possess such further information as the two tiny starrs, amounting in all to no more than $6\frac{1}{2}$ lines of script, afford concerning the source of their emoluments.

In the first place, the piece of land in question presumably

measured three acres, unless document II refers only to part of the property mentioned in document I. One might argue that for so small a piece of land, Royal Letters Patent would scarcely be necessary. But three acres are not too small for one messuage, and it is with one messuage alone that I is concerned. We may therefore assume that documents I and II refer to the same land, since it was unusual to tie together and seal documents which had no mutual connection. But this assumption, though probable, remains an assumption. With this limitation in mind, we may proceed to note that the land first belonged to William Prik' who sold it to Geoffrey le Savage. In order to develop his estate or for some other purpose, Geoffrey mortgaged his land to Solomon, son of Jose. The mortgage was redeemed in 1254–5 by the Master of the Hospital, and thus the land came into ecclesiastical possession. The purpose of document III is not easy to determine. If documents III and II refer to the same piece of land then, between 1254 and 1287, it must have passed out of the hands of the Master. If documents III and II refer to different pieces of land, what is III doing here? It tells us that Aaron, son of Vives, of London, quitclaimed to *Rav*[1] Hugh Savage.

The Hospital may have exchanged lands with one of the Savages, and this piece of land may have then come back to the family and thus have reverted to the Hospital; or the Hospital may have mortgaged it and Hugh may have been acting for the Hospital. This is unlikely. In such cases the "Prior and Convent" are usually named as Principals. The names of Geoffrey and Hugh are at present unknown, but no doubt they can be traced in the Calendars of State Papers.

Thus the amount of material contained in the starrs is by no means inconsiderable.

The publication of these starrs is therefore eminently

[1] *Rav* is a Jewish title, the equivalent either of Rabbi or of Gentleman. In the starrs the latter is more usually *Nadib*. But *Rav*, which is rarely used of Christians, sometimes denotes Archdeacon. The application by Jewish scribes of an honoured title such as *Rav* to a Christian ecclesiastic is a sign of friendship and regard; the fact is significant in 1287, before the Expulsion of the Jews.

desirable, and there can be no more fitting medium than the pages of *The Eagle*. To save space, notes have been restricted. Very few biographical details are given; students can consult the Calendars, etc.[1] The plates shew the front and back of the group of documents, with the Great Seal of Henry III. In Plate I the pieces have been cut apart to avoid excessive reduction, and the starrs are on a larger scale than the rest; but Plate II, in which the pieces are numbered correspondingly, shews their original disposition.

It may be observed that *starr*, Latin *starrum*, comes from an ancient Semitic root STR, which occurs in Assyrian, Hebrew and Arabic and which possesses two distinct meanings that at an early date became associated, i.e. *to write* and *to exercise authority*. Psychologically the combination is of interest. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries *starr* was a generic term for any Hebrew document of authority. Some starrs were drawn up by professional scribes, others were the work of amateurs. It must be observed that there was little illiteracy among the Jews of that period. Witnesses sign their names, merchants write the deeds dealing with their transactions. On the other hand, it must be noted that there was a far greater knowledge of Hebrew among Christians then than exists to-day. In the British Museum there is a Hebrew letter[2], written by certain Jews to Sir William le Briton, one of the Justices of the Jewish Exchequer, on a matter of business. It is fairly certain that some, at least, of the Christian chirographers knew Hebrew. And if it be urged that this knowledge might have been limited merely to those whose duties required it, we may recall the case of the Oxford Clerk who was called to Farley to read a starr in 1340, fifty years after the Expulsion of the Jews. Not

[1] In part .
History of the Jews of Canterbury, in vol. VII of the *Transactions* of the Jewish Historical Society of England (cited as *J.H.S. Trans.* VII: in the U.L.C., 535 b.c. 1–), the *Plea Rolls of the Jewish Exchequer*, vols I and II by Rigg, vol. III by Jenkinson (cited as *P.R.J.E.*: in the U.L.C., R.C. 27 . 112–) and to vol. II of the edition of the British Museum Starrs which I hope will be out immediately.

[2] Lansdowne, ch. 30.

many clergymen to-day are able to read starrs. Nor is it altogether safe to reason that Christians might indeed be able to read a starr but that they would merely spell out the words and no more, and therefore could not read the Bible. True, the biblical style and vocabulary differ from those of the starrs, but it is a harder task to tackle a starr than to construe Genesis. It is somewhat unlikely that the *Frater Thesaurarius* who constantly bought and sold on behalf of his monastery, who handled starrs and who mixed with Jews, often on terms of friendship, should not have attempted to make other use of his familiarity with the sacred tongue.

The starrs are not always mere records of money-lending transactions; they are frequently the counterpart of the modern cheque, for the Jews fulfilled the function of bankers, and not every cheque paid, even under Lord Snowden's Budget, represents an overdraft. I have dealt with this question in *B.M. Starrs* and I must mention also Mr Lincoln's *Excursus* on mortgages and the acquisition of lands by the Church. This is not the place to deal with these subjects and we must now let the documents speak for themselves. Before citing the Latin documents I must express my obligation to Mr Gatty for transcribing and interpreting them.

I. Letters Patent of Henry III, *dated 1 January* 1254–5

(1) Henricus dei gratia Rex Anglie Dominus Hybernie Dux Normannie Aquitanie et comes Andegavensis omnibus ad quos presentes

(2) littere peruenerint Salutem. Conuencionem factam inter Magistrum Hospitalis de Ospringes et fratres eiusdem domus ex una

(3) parte et Galfridum le Sauuage ex altera de illo messuagio cum pertinenciis in Ospringes quod Iacet inter messuagium

(4) Roberti de London' quod est uersus orientem et cursum aque qui est uersus occidentem ratam habentes et gratam

(5) ipsam pro nobis et heredibus nostris concedimus et confirmauimus sicut scriptum inde inter eos cyrographatum ra

(6) cionabiliter testatur. In cuius rei testimonium has literas nostras fieri fecimus patentes. Teste me ipso apud

(7) Roffam primo die Ianuarii anno regni nostri tricesimo nono.

Translation

(1) Henry, by grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, Aquitaine, and Earl of Anjou, to all to whom the present

(2) letters may come, greeting. The agreement made between the Master of the Hospital of Ospringe and the Friars of the same House, on the one

(3) side, and Geoffrey le Savage, on the other side, concerning that messuage with purtenances in Ospringe, which lies between the messuage

(4) of Robert of London, which is towards the East, and the watercourse, which is towards the West, (We), deeming it [i.e. the agreement] confirmed and approved,

(5) do grant and confirm it, on our behalf and on behalf of our heirs, according as the chirograph then drawn up between them rea-

(6) sonably testifies. In testimony whereof we have caused these our letters patent to be made. Witness Me Myself[1] at

(7) Rochester, on the first day of January, in the nine and thirtieth year of our reign.

II. Hebrew quitclaim of Solomon, son of Jose

Undated

(1) אני שלמה בן יוסי פוטר ליפריי שוגייא שלשה מידות מקרקע שקנה מגיליים פריקייא

(2) שאין אני ויורשי יכולין לערער על אותו קרקע הנק׳ שום חוב בעלילת שום חוב שגיליים הנק׳ חייב לי

(3) ועתי׳ד לחייב לי מבריאת עולם עד סופו

Translation

(1) I, Solomon, son of Jose, release Geoffrey Savage (in respect of) three acres of land which he bought of William Prik'

(2) So that neither I, nor my heirs, shall be able to raise any

[1] This phrase was first used by Richard I. See footnote 3 on p. 135 of T. F. Tout's *Chapters in the Administrative History of Mediæval England*, Manchester, 1920 (U.L.C., R.E. 36 . 27).

demand on the land aforesaid [any debt] by reason of any debt which William, the aforesaid, owes to me

(3) or may in the future owe me, from the creation of the world till the end thereof.

Notes on the Hebrew

Line 1. Note the transcription of Geoffrey Savage in Hebrew characters. The line over the *gimel* will be noted. This was a device to represent *w*, but it is omitted over *William* in this and in the next line; the use was not uniform. The Hebrew scribe must have tried to record the pronunciation which he heard, i.e. Yeffrie Sowie. The final syllables were more probably *iye*, with half mute *e*, than *ey*, *ay*, but this is not certain. He did not, however, hear any *g* pronounced in *Savage*: of this there can be little doubt. Compare the rendering of the name in the next starr.

מידות. Note the *plene* spelling: this is frequent. מִדָּה lit. measure, is the common equivalent of *Acre*, but sometimes the phrase שקוראין אקרא "which they call acre," is added.

מקרקע. *Min* (from) is used as an equivalent of the French *de*, "of," when the usual construct was difficult or impossible. This is an exact parallel to the use of French *de* (of) from Latin *de* (from).

גיליים. Although there is no *raphe* over the *gimel*, the double *yod* makes it clear that this name is William (i.e. Wil-i-yam), not *Gulielmus* or *Guillaume*.

פריקייא. The final *alef* often represents a mute *e*.

Line 2. This line contains a scribal error: the words שום חוב "any debt," are erroneously inserted before בעלילת "by reason of." One would have expected the scribe to delete them.

Line 3. The release from future debts is curious but occurs elsewhere. The phrase has not been explained. It is unqualified, but yet there must have been some implied limitation which prevented its possessing unrestricted power over any future debts contracted by the person herewith released.

There is no Millenarian implication in the phrase "end of the world." See note 608 in Vol. II of B.M. Starrs.

III. Hebrew quitclaim of Aaron, son of Vives

Dated 20 July 1287

(1) אני החתום מטה מודה הודאה גמורה שרב הואה
שאובייא מאושפריקא ויורשיו ובאי מכחו פטורין

(2) ממני ומיורשיי ובאי מכחי מכל חובות תביעות
ועירעורין ואובליגשיונש מבריאת עולם עד

(3) יום ש"י מרגרט שנת שבעה עשר למלכות אדוננו
המלך אדגרט בן המלך הנרי ומה שהודתי

(4) חתמתי | אהרן בן ויוש |

Translation

(1) I, the undersigned, acknowledge (with) unqualified acknowledgement, that *Rav* Hugh Savage of Ospringe and his heirs and assigns are quit

(2) from me and my heirs and assigns from all debts, claims, demands and obligations, from the creation of the world till

(3) St Margaret's day of the year seventeen of the reign of our lord King Edward, son of King Henry, and what I have acknowledged

(4) I have signed, Aaron, son of Vives.

Notes on the Hebrew

1. Undersigned. Lit. "undersealed." So also in line 4. But when there is no evidence that the document was sealed or intended to be sealed, "signed" is more accurate. On this question see excursus on sealing in B.M. Starrs.

Rav is a Hebrew title, "Rabbi," sometimes applied to Christian ecclesiastics and sometimes meaning "Archdeacon." No Hugh le Savage occurs in the index to le Neve, *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*.

באי מכחו. The singular is בא כח or בא מכח, lit. "coming from the strength of." It is an old expression. Note here the unidiomatic but not infrequent מן.

Note the diacritical sign to render the *ng* of *Ospringe*: the Hebrew has *Ōspriq'*[1]. The final ה in Hugh represents mute *e*, e.g. Hu'e. Note the more accurate rendering of Savage, i.e. "Sōvey'e," as compared with the former Hebrew document[2]. Again the *g* of *Savage* seems to have been inaudible. Note the two dots over פטורין.

Line 2. יורשיי has two final *yods* to insure that the word is read in the plural, i.e. *yoreshai*, "my heirs," not *yoreshi*, "my heir."

[1] In the 51 Nottingham starrs at Westminster, the name is nearly always written *Notigham*, with no *n* or mark to indicate *n*.

[2] A somewhat similar spelling occurs in a Westminster starr (6780).

Obligations. A rare word in the starrs. The Hebrew may equally well represent the Latin *Obligationes* or the French *Obligacions*.

Line 3. Edward. The *g* should have the usual *Raphe* mark: it is, in Hebrew, *Edgart*, not *Edḡart*. Final Latin *d* was usually rendered by Hebrew *ṭ*, but medial *d* by *d* in Hebrew. This implies a variety of pronunciation in English which the Hebrew scribe strove to represent. He could just as easily have written *Edgard* as *Edgart*. Examples, both in this name and in others, of this peculiarity occur.

For the custom of encircling the signatures see *B.M. Starrs*, vol. II, note 166.

IV. Latin Counterpart to Starr

(1) Kant Aaron filius Uiues iudeus Lond(iniensis) venit coram Iusticiis et c(eteris) et recognouit per starrum suum quod Magister Hugo le

(2) Savage de Ospringes heredes et assignati sui quieti sunt de predicto iudeo heredibus et assignatis suis de omnibus debitis demandis

(3) querelis obligacionibus in quibus predicto iudeo tenebatur a creacione seculi usque ad diem Sancti Edwardi Regis anno regni regis Edwardi xvij

(4) Irr(otulatum) in termino Sancti Michaelis anno regni regis Edwardi xvij incipiente xviij

Endorsement of III

(1) Irr(otulatum) in Termino Sancti Michaelis anno regni regis Edwardi xvij

(2) incipiente xviij pro magistro Hugone le Sawage de

(3) Ospringe

Translation

(1) Aaron, son of Vives, a Jew of London, came before the justices and others and admitted, by his starr, that Master Hugh le

(2) Savage, of Ospringe, his heirs and assigns, are quit from the aforesaid Jew, his heirs and assigns, from all debts, demands,

(3) claims and obligations in which he was held (bound) to the aforesaid Jew, from the creation of the world unto the day of Saint Edward the King[1] in the seventeenth year of the reign of King Edward.

(4) Enrolled in Michaelmas term of the seventeenth year of the reign of King Edward at the beginning of the eighteenth.

[1] The scribe has written *Sancti Edwardi Regis* in error for *Sanctae Margaretae*.

Endorsement

(1) Enrolled in the Michaelmas term of the seventeenth year of the reign of King Edward

(2) at the beginning of the eighteenth, for Master Hugh le Savage of

(3) Ospringe.

Note

The phrase "seventeenth year...at the beginning of the eighteenth" is due to the curious circumstance that the regnal years of Edward I, which began on Nov. 20, ended on Nov. 20, not on Nov. 19. This is proved by the Rolls in the Tower, the Wardrobe accounts and the record of the surrender of the kingdom of Scotland by John Balliol in 1292. The question is discussed by Sir Harris Nicholas on p. 311 of *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, London, 1838 (U.L.C. 896, d. 1, also S. 850, d. 6).

Notes on Names and Places

Ospringe is a village in Kent close to Faversham. At the time of these documents there was a deanery of Ospringe. There are records of Jews having lived there. Thus in 1266 Leo, son of the Solomon son of Jose who was a principal in the starr, paid one bezant for leave to move from Canterbury and reside at Ospringe[1], and the heirs of Manser of Ospringe are mentioned in 1274[2]. The Maison Dieu, Domus Dei or Hospital of the Virgin Mary, was founded at Ospringe, according to Hasted, by Henry III, *circa* 1235. In 1240 Elias l'Eveske made final concord with Friar O., *elemosinario nostros* (sic) *et custodi hospitalis nostri de Offsprung*, for the debts of Andrew Bukerel and Robert de Cyryton (*Close Rolls*, p. 170). In the Plea Rolls of the Jewish Exchequer numerous references to this House can be found. In these records it is called Ospringe Hospital or the Hospital of Blessed Mary or the Domus Dei. In 1270 the Master, as tenant of William, son of Hamo de Tangreton, cited John de Cobham and others "that they acquit him as to the king of 20 marks on account of Jose of Leicester, which 20 marks the previous Master of the Hospital had paid to the Sheriff" (I, 219). Distraint was ordered, but in 1273 the Sheriff reported that the writ reached him too late for execution (II, 105). The Master of Ospringe Hospital in 1273 paid 3 shillings on account of Reginald de Cornhull (*ib.* 49) and 4 shillings in 1274 (*ib.* 242). Of the distraint mentioned before, the Master ultimately paid his quota (*ib.* 58), for in 1274 mandate was issued to the Sheriff "that he distrain the Abbot of St Augustine's

[1] Plea Rolls of Jewish Exchequer I, 134.
[2] *Ib.* II, 150.

at Canterbury and eleven others, tenants of part of the lands of John Renger, the Master of the Domus Dei at Ospringe and three others, tenants of the lands and rents late of Reginald de Cornhull" (*ib.* 159: further details on p. 180).

The *P.R.J.E.* contain numerous entries under Savage, in Surrey, Sussex, Bucks and other counties. This very common name was also borne by Jews (III, 277). In Kent there was a Roger (?) le Savage who was an executor of the will of Reginald de Cobham (II, 150). Neither Geoffrey nor Hugh is mentioned in Hasted or in Dugdale, and no Savage at all occurs in the list of houses etc. left behind by the Jews of Canterbury at the Expulsion (*J.H.S. Trans.* VII, pp. 79 foll.).

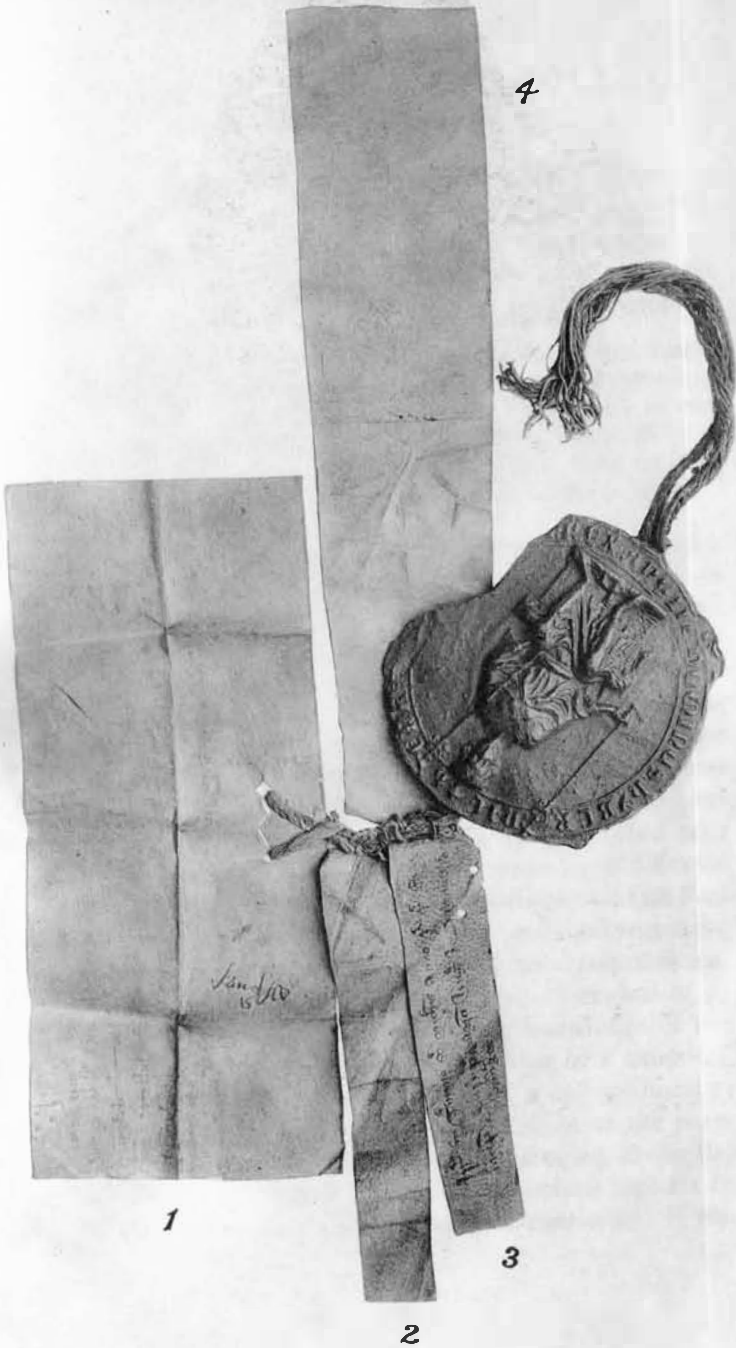
The William Prik', son of Henry of Thanet, who in 1286 was a debtor of Moses le Petit (*J.H.S. Trans.* VII, 82), would probably be a later namesake of the William Prik' mentioned in this starr.

Of the Jewish principals little need here be said: both are extremely well known. In *P.R.J.E.* III alone the references to Aaron son of Vives of London occupy much space. Solomon son of Jose was a highly important resident of Canterbury. Much can be said of him, though little of consequence can be added to the very full account in Adler.

The foregoing notes are very hasty and inadequate and no research has been made in any of the P.R.O. Calendars for further information. But students can turn to these sources by themselves: the space in *The Eagle* is limited and we are in the middle of the busy term of the year. The immediate publication of the starrs, in facsimile, transcription and translation, together with the germane Latin documents, is the real purpose of this article.

H. LOEWE

TWO HEBREW CHARTERS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ADMISSIONS TO ST JOHN'S COLLEGE: PART IV (1767–1802)

THE publication of the Admissions to the College was begun by Professor J. E. B. Mayor, now a revered memory, and was one of his many contributions to college and university history. But already in 1893 in his introduction to *Admissions, Part II* (1665–1715) he wrote:

> Our bursar, Mr R. F. Scott, who is making the college magazine, *The Eagle*, a storehouse of authentic information regarding our early history, next deserves my thanks. The mantle of our historian, the "ejected fellow," Thomas Baker, seems to have fallen upon Mr Scott. Certainly I know of no bursar, from the first, who has been so much at home in the archives of the college.

Professor Mayor has died, the bursar has become Master, Mr Scott has become Sir Robert, but the mantle of Thomas Baker has clung to his shoulders—and he has never abandoned the course on which he had started forty years ago. In 1903 he brought out *Admissions, Part III* under his own name. This covered the period 1715 to 1767 and the information provided under the different names was much fuller than before. In *Admissions, Part IV* which appeared last August he has continued the story to 1802. His notes on the men admitted in the thirty-five years from 1767 to 1802 take 480 pages of small print, and include some 1450 different articles. It is impossible to estimate the time which this Part alone has cost in searching wills, visiting episcopal registries, studying the *Gentleman's Magazine* and in correspondence. And all this is not the work of a hack researcher, but of an accomplished lawyer and a man of wide knowledge of the world, always ready to seize on the humour of a situation. The book has a value far beyond that of a college history; notice, for example, the careful discrimination of the parts played by Clarkson and Wilberforce in bringing about the abolition of the slave-trade, or again the curious account in the Preface of the claims of the Southwell choristers. If you

turn over the leaves anywhere, you find yourself reading on. These biographies can never be superseded by the necessarily compressed notices of *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, and they do not yield to the larger work in accuracy. The change of arrangement in Part IV by which the names come in alphabetical order, and not in the order of the date of admission, is one which will commend itself on many grounds.

Among the more interesting names in Part IV are Henry Cecil, first Marquess of Exeter (Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh"), admitted 1770; Dr Samuel Parr, admitted as LL.D. 1774; Herbert Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough, 1774; Thos. Dunham Whitaker, antiquary, 1774; William Wilberforce, 1776; Dr James Wood, Master of the College, 1778; Thomas Clarkson, 1779; Robert Stewart, afterwards Lord Castlereagh and Marquess of Londonderry, 1786; William Wordsworth, 1787; George, Marquess of Huntley, later Duke of Gordon, who raised the Gordon Highlanders, 1788; William Stewart Rose, 1794; Henry Martyn, 1797; the Hon. F. Robinson, afterwards Viscount Goderich (Prime Minister 1827–8), 1799; Lord Haddo, afterwards Earl of Aberdeen (Prime Minister 1852–5), 1800; Hugh, Lord Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland and Chancellor of the University, 1802.

In connection with Dr Parr, it was a shock to me to find that the Master was sceptical about the clay pipe commonly said to have been painted out of the Doctor's portrait in the Combination Room. I have so often told visitors where to stand in order to see where the pipe went!

I can only end with congratulating the Master on completing an immense task which has been constantly in his mind for many years.

G. C. M. S.

THE STREAM OF TEARS

(From *The Eagle* of 1869)

"MOTHER, what makes our father *weep*?
Sure 'twere the manlier part to keep
The heart from overflowing—
Mother, I cannot bear to see
Yon form that like the rock should be
Bent like the rushes blowing."

"Thou art but young," my mother said,
And laid her hand upon my head,
"The heart that fount embedding—
Why doth it store the bitter well?"
"Mother, indeed I cannot tell,
Unless it be for shedding."

JOHNIANA

"The Members of this College are celebrated for the origin of a term, which is in great request among the coxcombs of the day. *To cut—i.e.* to look an old friend in the face, and affect not to know him. The art of *cutting* was first exemplified in a comedy, publicly acted by Students of St John's, in 1606, entitled, *The Return from Parnassus*. This elegant term is in equal request at the sister University."

Memorabilia Cantabrigiae, by Joseph Wilson, London, 1803, p. 211.

[*G. E. Briggs*

THE MASTER'S TOWER

THE EAGLE

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THE MASTER'S TOWER

THE turret and rectangular lobby in the north-eastern corner of the Second Court provide an attractive "case" for the amateur architectural detective. Two of the most important alterations in the fabric of the College—the grafting on of the Second Court in 1599–1602, and the cutting away of the Old Combination Room and Master's Lodge in 1863—affected these two buildings, and scars remain which can be made to tell a good deal about the early form of the College.

§ 1. *Outside*

At least six different types of brickwork can be distinguished. The greater part of both turret and lobby is of the original material of the First Court, a uniform deep red brick, easily distinguishable, especially on a sunny day, from the lighter brick of the Second Court, which is freely spotted with yellow[1]. There can in fact be little doubt, in spite of one or two facts to be mentioned later, that tower and lobby were part of the original buildings, erected under Bishop Fisher's supervision in 1511–16. They were certainly built together, for their brickwork is in bond: several bricks have been specially shaped so that they might be laid half in the tower and half in the lobby.

The next oldest piece is the brick plinth that here, as in the rest of the Court, surrounds the foot of the buildings, and seems, at least on the lobby, to be of the Second Court brick. This plinth has everywhere a somewhat detached appearance, and the action of damp has given it a different surface from

[1] A learned discussion of the differences between the bricks will be found in Dr Bonney's account of the College buildings in the *Quatercentenary Memorial Volume* (1911), p. 27.

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[1] A learned discussion of the differences between the bricks will be found in Dr Bonney's account of the College buildings in the *Quatercentenary Memorial Volume* (1911), p. 27.

the rest of the wall, but it is certainly part of the original design of the Second Court, for it is mentioned in the contract between the College and the architect[1], and is shown in his original elevations, preserved in the College Library.

The "First Court" brick rises in the turret to the general level of the roofs, in the lobby only to a point between the upper two windows. Above this is newer work, in the tower quite modern, in the lobby somewhat older, but different from the Second Court brick, or indeed any I have noticed in the College. (The joins can easily be seen in the photograph.) Both these upper parts are renewals of work at least as old as Loggan's view from the South (1688) in which they appear; but there are many grounds for supposing that they were not part of the 1511 design, but were added in 1600. It must be remembered that the west face of the Hall had quite different proportions before this date. Not only were the gables (of which those on the Hall are, of course, shams) added by the builders of the Second Court, but the level of the gutters was raised, disguising the slope of the roof, which really intersects the wall at a point still clearly marked by the join of the old and the new brick, half-way between the top of the great windows and the foot of the gable windows (see the photograph, on the extreme right). Had the tower always been of its present height more than half of it would have stood up above the walls before the alteration, and produced a very top-heavy effect. Again, during recent repairs, the floor-boards of the gyp-room at the top of the lobby building were taken up and it was seen that the bricks of the tower and of the Hall just below had outdoor pointing and were weathered. It seems clear then that here, as elsewhere in the College, the inferior brick of the Second Court has perished, while that of the first buildings, its senior by eighty years, still presents an unimpaired surface to the weather.

[1] "5. The walls of this building shalbe...from the grownd to the water table three foote fowre ynches [in thickness]; from them to the first flower three foote; from the first to the second flower two foote and a half...." From the articles still preserved in the College, quoted by Willis and Clark, *Architectural History of Cambridge*, vol. II, p. 251.

Besides the main ingredients that have been mentioned, and a few soft red bricks in the crenellations, there is an interesting patch on the lobby wall facing west, at the corner next to the Fellows' entrance. Its outline can be traced by a "fault" in the pointing of the bricks, starting at a height of about six feet and running down to the ground. The reason for this patching was of course the insertion of the pleasant baroque doorway which is now the Fellows' entrance to the Hall. Although the plinth has been re-pointed, the join can still be traced on it by the curious complications in the bricks, and also by the slightly different weathering of the last stone of the water table surmounting the plinth. The insertion of the doorway must, then, have been carried out definitely later than the construction of the plinth, which is itself at this point not earlier than 1599.

The windows of the two buildings also show something of their history. In the turret only two, facing diagonally across towards the opposite corner of the Court, are original, but just a trace of a third can still be seen from outside, namely, the end of its hood-mould, which projects into the angle formed by the turret and the Combination-Room range, two-thirds of the way up the building. The rest of the window is buried between the walls of the First and Second Courts. (This fragment alone is sufficient to show conclusively that the turret is of earlier date than the Second Court.) The remaining windows in the turret, which have wider lights and spandrils, were inserted in 1600 to compensate for the loss of others then blocked up. In the lobby the windows are, as we should expect, of two kinds, in the two lower storeys identical with those of the First Court, in the highest storey slightly different.

In Hamond's plan of Cambridge, taken in 1592[1], there is a glimpse of what may be our tower in its first state. The north range of the College is shown to project a few feet beyond the Hall, and has a little turret at the corner. (It is obvious, by comparison with other examples, that it is

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intended for a tower with a battlement, not for a chimney.) Hamond's work has not the accuracy of Loggan's; he occasionally gets shapes and sizes wrong; but unlike his predecessors, he does not introduce totally imaginary features.

Part of Hamond's plan.

It may safely be assumed that his turret represents something that existed, and its situation is almost identical with that of the turret under discussion.

§ 2. *Inside*

If it is recalled that the buildings we are considering were on the outside of the original College buildings, of which they formed part, it is clear that they did not serve the purpose of an ordinary College staircase, and at first it is not obvious what their function was. To answer this question some acquaintance with the disposition of the College buildings before the changes of 1863–9 is necessary. The plan on page 133

indicates the state of this part of the College about 1860, irrelevant partitions in the Master's Lodge being omitted[1].

It will be seen that all the first-floor rooms in this neighbourhood belonged to the Master's Lodge, which extended along the whole of the Second Court, past the Hall, and some way along the First Court. It had no rooms on the ground floor, save a kitchen in a separate building projecting towards St John's Lane. The top-floor garrets are not shown in the plan. They belonged sometimes to the Fellows and undergraduates, sometimes to the Master.

A rough idea of the original buildings (before 1599) may be formed by omitting the walls marked *c* (shaded horizontally); but this is subject to certain reservations.

A first reason for the existence of the lobby building appears immediately on passing through the Fellows' entrance to the Hall (*x*). The plan shows that, of the two blocked doors now visible on the right, one led into the Hall, and the other into the Combination Room[2]. This was the only covered communication between the two rooms: there seems never to have been any opening through the great oak screen at the end of the Hall. It will be noticed on inspection that the uprights of the first doorway are recessed for a door opening out into the lobby, the hinges being still visible on the right in the corner. The other opening has merely ornamental mouldings, and so opened inwards. A precisely similar pair may be seen in the First Court by standing outside the Junior Combination Room. There the opening into the Court is recessed and the hinges of the vanished door remain; the other doorway, leading into the room, has ornamental mouldings, its door

[1] The evidence for details no longer existing is:

(1) for the windows in the north wall, a photograph in the College Library;

(2) for the "step" in the same wall at the junction of the Courts, the same photograph (rather doubtfully) and Dr Bonney's account in the *Memorial Volume* (p. 37);

(3) for the position of the end of the Hall, the change in the decoration of the roof, and the line of the old wall of the First Court, the foundations of which can still be seen.

[2] In this article "Combination Room" always means the Old Combination Room shown in the plan. The Long Gallery was not assigned to the Fellows as a Combination Room until the changes of 1863–9.

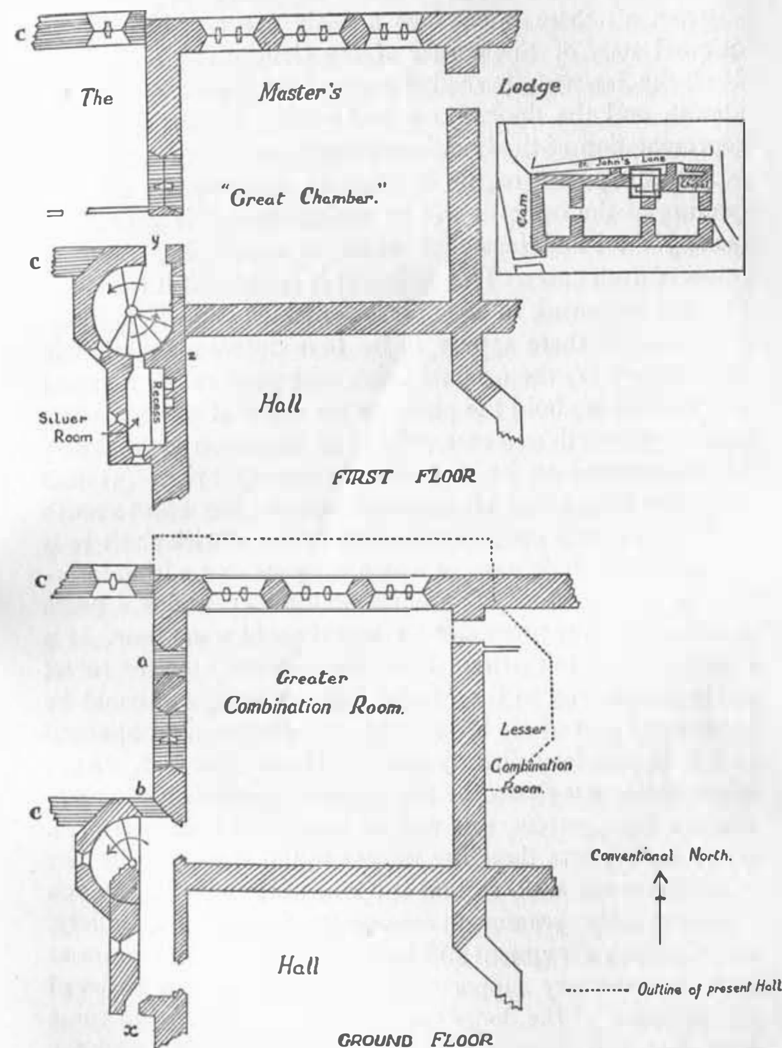
opening away from the observer. From the identical character of the corresponding pairs of doorways it is clear that the lobby openings are of the date of the First Court; and the absence of a hood-mould or dripstone shows that they were never exposed to the weather, confirming once more the view that turret and lobby are as old as the College.

It is, however, on ascending the first flight of the turret stairs that the principal reason for the existence of our two buildings becomes clear. In the wall on the right at the top of the flight there is visible a bricked-up doorway, which formerly led into the Master's lodging. According to Willis and Clark[1] this was, for the first few years of the College's existence, the only entrance to the Lodge—at any rate from outside the College—and it was, until recently, always known as "The Master's Tower." Now the Fellows' entrance to the Hall is an insertion not earlier than 1600, and it is difficult to believe that it replaced an earlier opening. For it will be seen by anyone standing in the lobby that any such doorway must cut across the passage in an awkward and unsymmetrical manner, and besides, it has already been noticed that the old Hall door opened outwards across this entrance, a very inconvenient arrangement. If then we assume that before the Second Court was built the southern wall of the lobby was pierced by nothing more than a window, it is natural to go further and conjecture (though there is no tangible evidence) that the original ground-floor opening was at the opposite end, in the north wall of the turret, forming the Master's entrance to the Lodge from his garden (*b* on the plan).

According to a note of Babington[2], when the panelling was taken down in the Old Combination Room, traces were discovered on the west wall of a large central window flanked by two doors, one the door already discussed, which led to the lobby, while the other, buried and forgotten since the erection of the Second Court, would appear to have led straight out into the Master's garden—a most unlikely arrangement. The most plausible explanation is that a building of some kind

[1] Vol. II, p. 313.

[2] *The Eagle* 4 (1865), p. 264.



projected at this point—possibly an earlier "Master's Gallery," referred to repeatedly in sixteenth-century College documents, built and demolished between 1520 and 1600.

From all these indications a fairly accurate idea of the original state of this corner of the College can be formed. If all the *horizontally* shaded parts of the plan are supposed absent, and the doorways x and y filled up, the result is a representation of the buildings in (say) 1592.

Returning now to the bricked-up doorway on the first landing of the turret it will be noticed that it is very plain, lacking the mouldings that might be expected to grace so important an entry. This difficulty is resolved if it is noticed that the brickwork in which it is contained is itself an insertion; in fact there appear to be four different "strata" in this corner: (1) the original brick with very rough pointing and surface (to hold the plaster with which it was covered); (2) in both north and east walls large insertions of what may be conjectured to be seventeenth-century brick; (3) still smoother bricks that fill up the doorway. But on the north wall brick 2 does not join immediately on to brick 1: there is (4) an intermediate passage which suggests that 2 is an insertion in an insertion. The north wall also contains a beam which proves the presence of a door there at some time. It is rather difficult to disentangle all this. Before 1599 the turret staircase led only to the Master's apartments, and could be considered part of his house. It was therefore not unnatural that it should lead directly into his Great Chamber. Later, when its use was shared by the Fellows and students living in the top-floor garrets, this was no longer a convenient plan. The opening was therefore moved round the corner to the adjoining north wall, so that it opened into a passage which from the early seventeenth century led to the Long Gallery, and of which a fragment still remains. This much appears to have documentary support[1]. If the bricks may be believed the positions of the doors were once more reversed at some later date, but there is no other evidence for this, and the second change is not a natural one.

[1] Willis and Clark, II, p. 314.

When the Second Court was built the ground-floor entry into the turret was of course blocked, and until the piercing of the Fellows' entry their only way to the Combination Room was through the Hall. This was, however, effectively so before: the turret opening was outside the College, in the Master's garden, and must have been used exclusively by him.

The small room on the first floor of the lobby building is of considerable interest. It was originally the Master's private treasury, and was still in use for this purpose some years after the completion of the present Lodge. It is still known as "the Silver Room." The panelled ceiling, moulded doorway, and carved cupboard doors, show that it was not intended for a mere service room; the strong door and massive lock (still in excellent working order) reveal its function. The great arched recess in its east wall is a curious feature, not easily explained. It corresponds closely in shape and position, with a Hall window; *i.e.* if the lobby building were absent and another window, similar to the existing ones, were made in its natural position in the west wall of the Hall, its head would coincide with this arch. Moreover, the bricks filling the recess are different from those used elsewhere. Here, it seems, we have a really substantial argument for the view that the lobby is an added building, a window in the Hall having been blocked for the purpose. Even apart, however, from the arguments to the contrary that have already been given, a more careful examination of the structure leads to the opposite view. From the plan it will be seen that, if the wall within the recess is thin, the ground-floor wall below it is even thinner[1]. Moreover, it supports not only the filling of the recess, but also the mass of brick (z) that forms the northern respond of the arch. The stability of the structure can only be explained by supposing that beneath the plaster of the entrance passage there

[1] The thicknesses are: normal wall, 3 ft. 4 in.; silver-room inner wall, within recess, 2 ft. 6 in.; inner wall of entrance passage, 1 ft. 8 in. The surprising fact that the silver-room wall is thicker than the passage wall it stands on is easily verified by noticing that while both room and passage have the same breadth (4 ft. 6 in.), the *outer* wall is nearly a foot thicker on the ground floor (at the window level) than it is above.

is a substantial brick or masonry vault. An eastern abutment for this vault was formerly provided by the north wall of the Hall; its removal must have seriously weakened the whole structure, which now looks, on paper, a little precarious.

It is unlikely that such an elaborate architectural feat would have been undertaken once the building was completed; or that the stone mouldings of the window would have been removed if they had ever been in position. A pure guess at the reason for these complications and coincidences is that the lobby, though contemporary, was an afterthought, added, after the window had been roughed in, to avoid piercing an opening through the great screen. The purpose of the undercutting would be to prevent the lobby from projecting beyond the south wall of the turret. There is further evidence of a change of mind in the carrying of the stone quoins between turret and lobby some feet below the original top of the lobby (see the photograph). There is a slight projection on the silver-room wall at this level, and on removing a fragment of plaster it was found that the turret wall had exterior pointing down to this point.

Within the silver-room recess itself are two small window-like recesses, inside which the wall is little more than a foot thick. A tempting suggestion was that these were once openings into the Hall, like those in Trinity, through which spectators from the Lodge could look down at important ceremonies and festivities. It was found, however, that the bricks blocking the two "windows" are exactly similar to those in the rest of the great recess, and that their bond continues behind the central pillar.

The higher part of the staircase has less to tell. The window of the buried hood-mould is now plainly seen, transformed into a niche by the end wall of the Second Court, and the difference between the workmanship of the old window and the new is at these close quarters very obvious. On the top landing is a patching of the brickwork in the east wall, similar to that on the floor below. Here was the entrance to the Master's garrets, to which the staircase once led. The small staircase on the left leads up to two more storeys in the turret, forming

two quite commodious rooms, of which the lower has recently been brought into use again.

Further progress in unravelling the history of this corner of the College must wait upon the removal of the plaster that now conceals the walls and roof of the passage on the ground floor of the lobby.

I am much indebted to Mr and Mrs Heitland for information about the old Master's Lodge, and to Mr Briggs for the photograph, on which nearly every detail mentioned in this article can be distinguished.

M. H. A. N.

THE LIME TREE

THOUGH every day a countless multitude
Flow past this lime, not one of all takes thought
To feed his eyes upon the tree and the tree
Performs no miracle: no blind are given sight;
No heavy-laden pass into lighter strides...

I had not thought death had undone so many.

To most the tree is but a shape of wood,
(A shape, we'll say, for few could give its name)
Columnal, sometimes sprouting leaves on top,
As certain as a lamp-post or a house,
And every bit as boring.
(Thus they confuse
The living and the dead, when, if they only knew,
Their limbs might almost feel the very sap
That drums inside the tree. And yet what else
From men whose world is safely limited
By neatly-copied rows of pounds and pence,
Which, drilled and marshalled by a careful man,
Give such a nice and satisfying finity;
From men who write: "S.S. *Nicobar*
One day from Penang," but shape no image
Of sweating men who breathe strange drifting scents
And think at once of land and shade and palms
Although as yet they see no line of land.)

Sometimes one moment in the early spring
They've glimpsed a flash of green and groped (unconsciously)
After the symbol of eternal hope
One moment only for their eyes and hands are weak;
And sometimes in the summer some have watched
The drowsy bees close round the yellow fruit.

Or hurried on along the burning road
To reach the lime tree's lonely patch of shade
And rest their eyes one moment from the glare
And feel one moment a breath of woodland coolness
Fading away into the forest dim...
And sometimes in the winter some have shuddered
—Childish of course to feel for senseless wood
Whate'er the learnèd Indian may say—
To watch the callous woodmen hack the boughs
With crude and jagged strokes
But even those who have these passing thoughts
Would never dare to speak them out aloud.
And yet, although no blade of waving grass
Grows round its roots, but only the stone pavement,
Only a layer of gravel and the gutter stones,
And though the roar and fume of motor-buses
Drives all the birds from out its grimy boughs,
It is a wondrous thing. Consider only
The tiny speck of seed from which it grew,
And how it fought and battled through the soil.
—You, man, would only rot beneath the soil!—
And think how great its foster-parents were.
Were yours as great as these? The kind old sun
Suckled it from birth, and, with strange tenderness
For hands so gnarled and brown, drew it at length
From out the ground; the wizard, gravity,
Gave it a straight strong guardsman's back;
And wind, the unseen gymnast, trained its boughs,
Sometimes impatiently with angry snaps of his fingers
And twirling of his Aldershot moustache,
And sometimes caressingly on a lazy summer day,
At nine and noon and five incessantly
While sightless men and women hurried by.

E. P.

MOONSTRUCK

THE moon has hung a silver casket at my feet
And paved a silver pathway up the sky:
The frail wind's beat
Sends empty shudders up the empty sky,
And moves the dull leaf-shoulders till they shudder
At my feet,
And die.

The dull leaf-shoulders thrill again and shudder
And weave a dappled river-rushing cry:
Hangs like blown udder
The empty moon upon an empty sky;
And faint-lit candles mock the frowning bedside star
To flutter,
And fly....

Drunk—
Wine swept billows on a heaving sea;
Faint spittle-sperm filthed bottles
Ever bobbed and sunk
Where daylight throttles
You and me.
Cloud gathering blackness;
Rain blossoming grain;
Man wandering luckless;
Woman's labouring groan.
Hopelessly helpless
Belief ever dinned:
Every creed hopeless.
Seaman found drowned,
Drunk....

The moon has flung a silver shadow on my head
And poured a silver tideway down the sky:
The wild wind fled
Sends empty shudders down the empty sky,
And proves that dull leaf-shoulders ever shudder
O'er my head—
Then die.

M. A.

DR EWIN AND DR PENNINGTON

A CORRESPONDENCE

ON April 4th, 1790, there was a riot in Cambridge, on which the *Cambridge Chronicle* reported on the following Saturday.

On Sunday last, about eight o'clock in the evening, a number of people assembled in a tumultuous and riotous manner, before the house of a gentleman of large property in this town, broke the windows and window-shutters, forced into the house, destroyed a considerable part of the furniture, and demolished a very curious window of painted glass. The magistrates and constables attended, but notwithstanding all their endeavours, and reading the riot act, it was near eleven o'clock before the people dispersed. Two persons were apprehended and committed to prison. The next day the magistrates gave notice by a printed bill that all disturbers of the peace would be punished with the utmost severity; the constables attended in the evening; and it being generally reported that the object of the people's resentment had quitted Cambridge, everything has since remained quiet. These outrages were occasioned by a rumour, that the owner of the house had been accused of an odious crime: and this gaining credit, the populace took the above method of shewing their detestation of it.

The object of the people's resentment was a certain William Howell Ewin; and the claim to fame, which has justified his inclusion in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, was that he was an usurer. He was born the son of a grocer and brewer, Thomas Ewin, in St Sepulchre's parish, Cambridge, in 1731, and was educated at St John's College, as a member of which he took the degrees of B.A. 1753, M.A. 1759 and LL.D. 1766. He was not content with enjoying the large fortune which his father left to him. He preferred to receive his own with usury, and notably in 1775 and 1776 he lent money "to a scholar of Trinity College named William Bird, then a minor and without a father, whom he had also caused to be imprisoned in a sponging-house. The sum advanced was £750, for which he took notes to the amount of £1090."

For this he was deprived of his degrees by the Vice-Chancellor but was reinstated after an appeal to the royal courts. He caused something of a stir by appearing at the ceremony in the Senate House in his doctor's gown, which he was obliged to take off. But misfortunes never come singly; and in 1781 he was deprived of his commission as a Justice of the Peace. This time he was not reinstated. However he continued to live in Cambridge, at number 69 Bridge Street; and being "busy and meddling in other people's concerns" (as Nicholls calls him), as well as "frugal and economical in his habits" (as Cole), he was a public figure if not a public official. An anecdote given by Cole shows that he had the ability both to kill two birds with one stone and behave in such a manner as to endear himself to those with whom he came in contact.

> He was at a coffee-house..., where some Fellow Commoners who owed him a grudge, sitting in the next Box to him, in order to affront him, pretended to call their dog Squintum, and frequently repeated the name very loudly in the coffee-house, and in their joviality swore many oaths, and caressed their dog. Dr Ewin, as did his father, squinted very much....He was sufficiently mortified to be so affronted in public; however he carefully marked down the number of oaths sworn by these gentlemen, whom he made to pay severally the penalty of five shillings each oath, which amounted to a good round sum.

So it is not surprising that he had his windows broken with tolerable regularity or that a ballad, called "Dr Squintum" (printed by the Master in the third volume of the Admissions, together with the extracts from the memoir-writers given above), should be hawked about the streets, even though his education at the College had naturally given to him, or developed in him, easy manners, a cheerful temper, extensive knowledge and great taste in the polite arts.

His connexion with the Fellows seems to have remained fairly close. For when, after the riot of 1790, he thought it advisable to move away from Cambridge, he sold his house to Dr Isaac Pennington (President of the College, Professor of Chemistry, and later Regius Professor of Physic) from whom the house and the adjoining property have come, *via* Dr James

Wood, to the College. The date, 1791, on the rain-water pipes presumably bears witness to the repairs made by the new owner. But a correspondence which survives in the Muniment Room shows that the transaction was not so straightforward as all that. It was complicated by the fact that Ewin was a Doctor of Laws, endowed both by nature and by training with all a lawyer's strict attention to detail and informed by a nearness that was curiously mixed with generous impulses; and, for his part, Pennington seems to have behaved unreasonably.

The correspondence begins with an agreement signed both by Ewin and by Pennington, dated September 20th, 1790; whereby Ewin undertakes to sell to Pennington the houses now numbered 68 and 69 Bridge Street, the first then a public-house called "The Bell," the second Ewin's own dwelling-house, for the sum of £2000, with certain fixtures specified in a schedule attached. Ewin is to do the repairs necessitated by the riot by October 20th next; there is an annual charge on the property of 20 bushels of sea-coal (which we call coal, since it is brought to us overland), half for the poor of St Sepulchre's parish, half for those of the parish of St Michael; and £5 of the purchase-money are paid at the signing of the agreement, £1995 remaining to be paid on October 20th following. On the same day, there is the following cordial letter from Ewin to Pennington, which may be given as a complete specimen of Ewin's epistolary style:

Monday morning.
Sep^{er} 20. 1790.

SIR

Permitt me to Thank you for the very Civil Message you sent me by Mr Thackeray [last] night respecting the use of the little Wine Vault & your offer of other Accomodations *to us*, as I know it will be very Acceptable to my Sister, who must come for a week or Two, to Pack up her most Confused and Tumbled together Property; the Gentlemen as they called themselves could conceive me hid in Draws of Ladies Linnen or Cloathes, & ye Honble man of your Coll: could not find me in a Cabinet of Small articles. I most Sincerely wish you long life, wealth & happiness to enjoy

the Premises you have bought of me, & I assure you, a more convenient Dwelling no man *can have*, Two men Serts in my house, being so compact, & their work lying so near together, can Do as well as Three men Serts in most houses not so large, & *there* is a saving of forty pounds a year there. As to what passed at Mr Burleighs I cannot speak to. But everything that I agreed to with Mr Thackeray Sen: shall be fulfilled by me, & at the Time of agreeing, I told him that I laid the furniture of the Greenhouse, Stoves, Plants, Tubs & Potts at Twenty pounds, & that ye whole of what I should leave would be near a hundred pounds, but I Did not mention any particulars more, but the Greenhouse etc:. I make no Doubt but you will be Satisfied with your Bargain, tho' I know its the fashion to find fault with any new Purchase: how my Sister will act about the Furniture I Cannot say, if we part with *the whole*, you shall certainly have it at a fair Valuation of Two men, or if we have any part you shall have it on the same terms; you have in my fixtures a most Excellent Range, made full of Conveniencies that can be & an excellent Jack, both unusual work & made by good hands. they cost me I think 15 guineas. & two stoves near it. If my Sister should stand in need of either personal Protection, or any other, I hope you will attend to her. for I assure you, she Dreads coming & can not look on ingratitude without great emotions, tho' in a Sanctified Dress. I am

Sir your most obedient

humble Servt W. H. Ewin.

And there is a postscript offering advice about any alterations that Pennington may wish to make.

There follows a series of letters about doing up the house, one every two or three days, mostly written from Soham, whither Ewin seems to have retired. The communications include the alterations to the house, a gallery "where I made a kind of recess & made ye Arch & Pillars & within I meant to Place Something that would Strike ye eye. I once thought of a Large Busto, or a Plaister Statue, but hearing of an Old Cabinet which once belonged to Shelford house, & was Paliocurious, I bought it & had begun repairing it & would have been finished this summer & I had ye Ancient Frame fitted, which Draws out from ye bottom: this I take with me"; talk about the title-deeds and a plan "which was in the same Escritoire which was broke open & the Papers Dispersed in ye Street: its most likely this might please some one"; advice to a new house-holder, "Get a copy of the Land-Tax... you can see if they raise you or fall others, this will secure every dirty Trick of raising your Premiums"; and continuous offers of help in postscripts. But difficulties had begun to arise by October. On the 6th Ewin writes the following note in Cambridge:

Sir I should certainly wish to oblige you in any thing but Mr Smith has within my own hearing said Such Things that we cannot wish him to Come into ye house any more there is nothing that hurt us more than to refuse you this but he said it unprovoked & before the Servts too bad in Deed & I am sure you will not press it take any body else out of any other Shops I assure my Sister is much alleviated by your goodness & we will be out of the Time if we are alive to give you Possession I am Sir

your most obliged

Friend W. H. Ewin

I am sure you will not repent of your Purchase & over Accomodating Disposition.

The next stage shows no signs of haste, but is no longer at all cordial. It is written in the third person and announces, on October 21st, the removal of Dr and Mrs (Miss) Ewin from Cambridge. Also "Dr P has something by this Time to Send to Dr E whose Servt brings this & is at Mr Hancocks opposite to Dr Ewins late Dwelling & returns at four oClock tomorrow afternoon. Soham Thursday night nine oClock." Then matters become more cordial again, and Ewin, on the 24th, writes to say that he has left behind him two pictures, one of Dr Lambert "later master of your College & the other old Mr Baker the Antiquarian," perhaps the picture that now hangs in the Combination Room. He left as well "the bones and Teeth on Gums of some kind of Animal," which he had dug up, fossilised, in the garden.

Pennington, however, who seems to have been to London to consult his brother, a lawyer, returned unsatisfied with the title. To this Ewin's reply was that "where writings have been Flung out into a Publick Street & there Distributed amongst a Mob & the next Day hawked about from house to

house it might be the Interest of some persons to Secrete or Destroy the Deeds & render almost useless what remained." In November the question of the cost of the fixtures is discussed, again rather acrimoniously. Ewin is surprised that Pennington should take so long to pay, but mitigates his demands with a great deal more good advice, mixed with gibes at the neighbours. He had suppressed the playing of "*Nine Pins* and *Roley Poley*" in the inn-yard over the garden wall; the staging in the greenhouse "cost me about Ten pounds, tho' I attended myself to the work"; and altogether the things he is selling become more valuable as the arrangements proceed.

I valued the Fixtures & so I Do ye Pots and Plants as they cost me in proportion & had I a house to have put everything in, I would take them, pay every expense & give you a Sumptuous piece of Plate for your side board & thank you too. I know what it is to Buy & *I now know* what it is to part with them.... If necessity about this furniture should Call me to Cambridge soon, I shall Crave ye Protection of ye Vicechancellor [William Craven, Master of St John's] in Person at St Johns & will not leave till ye business is finished or resolved to be contested at once. I have kept Copies of every letter on this unhappy business.

But on December 7th he acknowledges note for £175, so presumably his threats were enough. Notwithstanding, Pennington was still sending Ewin bills for the rates paid while the latter was packing up and other small items in August 1791, and maintaining that the coal-charge had never been mentioned in the agreement. Pennington was more than a match in invective for Ewin when he chose:

Sir, I have your favour by Mr Thackeray and am sorry you should put yourself so much out of humour; in the first place there is no ground for it and in the second place it can be of no use.

But the letters have not survived in which they came to terms at last.

Best of all, however, for its professions of human sentiments, is the letter written to Pennington's lawyer brother in London by Ewin. The lawyer had written about the title and

the non-payment of the rest of the purchase-money at the proper time; and Ewin produced the following reply.

...Had you paid me at ye Time fixed, I should have laid out my money at £40 to my advantage & shows ye Motto of a Great man to be True. "Mora, Trahit, Periculum." And I can say, that the Delay need not have been, because there was not any one Article yt wanted Clearing up in ye Title....My house was mine....I bought it myself, so that a very small part would have been Subject to ye charge [of paying a legacy, under his father's will, to his sister], which I could have indemnified myself or Thank God (tho' an unfortunate man) could have found friends to have Done it for me & give me leave to Say, & leave it for your belief or not, but if ever I Committed ye Crime Laid to my Charge with any one person living or Dead, I hope never to receive eternal bliss in ye life to come; & with my Dying breath I will & can with Confidence confirm my Innocency, & had not I formerly Defeated my University enemies, I am Certain what has happened could never have been Carried into Execution unnoticed, but Severely Punished. Excuse my saying what I have Done, but Such Treatment cannot be forgot, but must have its vent at Times.

Three years later, the affair was still dragging on. For there is preserved a letter from the lawyer Pennington to his brother, dated from Bourn Bridge, March 26th, 1794. In it he talks of prosecuting Ewin at Cambridge Assizes for money which he owes in connexion with the sale of the house. And it also contains some curious sidelights on the conditions then obtaining. William Pennington was on his way back to London from the Assizes at Bury St Edmund's.

On Monday at Bury great part of the Day was employed in the Trial of John Nicholls the Father & Nathan Nicholls his son for the Murder of Sarah the Daughter of John—about 18 years of Age & the Son not 20—the son committed the Murder by the Directions of the Father so that both were principals—....Father & Son will both be executed toDay—the Son dissected and anatomized & the Father hung in chains (near Euston) where the Offence was committed....Dr Ewin shall be written to again by Dr Sr your affte Bror Wm Pennington. Monsr le Duc de Liancourt dined with us at Bury. Mr Phipps has just informed me he has heard the Cam: Mail was robbed last night.

And so the correspondence ends. Dr Ewin passes to New Brentford, where he continued to meddle in parish affairs, died in 1804 and was buried under a monument by Flaxman which also commemorates his sister, in the church of St Lawrence. And Dr Pennington, in his turn, died at his house in Bridge Street, in 1817, leaving part of his property to the College for the foundation of two Exhibitions, and commemorated by a tablet in the ante-chapel. H. G.

THE VASE

THE hands were swift to break; and with the vase
Something in the mind snapped, swiftly too.
And now I stand, striving to recollect
(Now that the pieces have been swept away)
The surface of the vase, its patterned glaze,
The edgeless curve of shape in varying planes
With space uncoloured filtering through the pores.
And then beyond this timeless, spaceless vase
To where it stood, peculiar yet a part,
Upon the mantle-piece in the old house
Where childhood laughed. It has remained
The symbol of that life, and could recall
From a mere glance the firelight and the scent
Of winter dusks, when the bleak air outside
Lent to the gentle room a secret warmth;
Or nimble mornings when the fierce red coals
Stared like a crystal till the fabric dropped
With a great shaking. Thus had the past life
Continued in the vase, and that alone
Could bridge from bank to bank the memory's void.

And now that the vase is gone
The fabric of the life falls too, and stays
Only in weak attenuated tones
Too shadowy for deliberate will to catch.

It comes but in sudden flashes of the wind
And strange even then—each time a little less
Like its real self. Better it is I think
Entirely to forget, than to destroy
The life's true image with an untrue dream.

We do much murder, many vases break
That kept our memories whole. It will require
My hands to be more careful when they take
The precious products of the potter's fire. A. P. P.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERÓN

THESE flowers which have been mirth and proud display
Waking in splendour at the break of day,
Will be at eve an empty, piteous sight
Nursed in the bosom of the chilly night.
These hues that to defy the sky make bold
—The rainbow streaked with scarlet, white and gold—
Will be the lesson of the human race:
So much attempted in a day's short space!
The roses early were astir to bloom
And blossomed only that they might grow old:
Cradle and tomb in one small bud behold.
Men saw their fortunes to be those of flowers;
They died the same day that they left the womb;
And centuries in the passing were but hours. A. P. P.

"PRIVATE VICES, PUBLICK BENEFITS"

WHAT is "English Individualism"? The eighteenth-century Oligarchy might have answered: Bluff commonsense, or Aversion from deductive reasoning. The eighteenth-century Mob might have answered: Love of liberty and hatred of wooden shoes. For the political philosopher, however, English Individualism has a deeper significance. The sixteenth-century State not only administered law and order, it controlled religious, economic, moral and cultural life. English Individualism signifies the separation of *Staat* from *Gesellschaft*, the disruption of the Commonweal (ideal of the sixteenth century) by religious toleration and economic *laissez-faire*. Bernard Mandeville, a contemporary of Locke and Walpole, was an empiricist and full of bluff commonsense; he loved liberty and hated wooden shoes; he advocated religious toleration and *laissez-faire*. And yet he saw the book in which he displayed all these qualities and opinions twice presented by the Grand Jury as a public nuisance, and heartily condemned from every pulpit in England. He was unpopular for generations. John Wesley protested that not even Voltaire could have said so much for wickedness. Crabb Robinson described Mandeville's book as the "wickedest, cleverest book in the English language." What is the reason for this paradox? Why was Mandeville, the English Individualist, persistently and severely attacked by Englishmen, Individualists and others, in every generation from his own to the present?

It is hardly an adequate answer, that the paradoxical title of Mandeville's work, *The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices, Publick Benefits*, has plunged most people into a kind of mental hysteria. Mandeville himself observed: "I am sorry if the Words (Private Vices, Publick Benefits) have ever given any offence to a well-meaning Man. The Mystery of them is soon unfolded when once they are rightly understood."

The Mystery is indeed unfolded by Mandeville's definition of virtue, which is really composed of two definitions, one of which had been adopted by orthodox theologians, the other by rationalists. According to the theologians, virtue was a conquest of self, to be achieved by divine grace. In the words of St Augustine: "Omnis infidelium vita peccatum est; et nihil est bonum sine summo bono. Ubi enim deest agnitio aeternae et incommutabilis veritatis, falsa virtus est, etiam in optimis moribus." The rationalists maintained that virtue was conduct in accord with the dictates of "sheer reason." There was no logical inconsistency in combining these two conceptions of virtue.

But when Mandeville came to examine the world in the light of his definition, he could find no virtue, for he believed with Pascal: "Tout notre raisonnement se réduit à céder au sentiment"; and secondly, he detested the idea of virtue as something independent of its consequences—the religious virtues of chastity and poverty which made men roll themselves naked in thorns and spread disease wherever they walked. It is evidently possible to regard the good things of this world as vanities: it is also possible to regard them as wealth or welfare. Mandeville held the latter position. He makes it quite clear that the only vice to be encouraged is useful vice, that vices are to be punished as soon as they grow into crimes. He was trying to show his readers that as what many important and influential people considered "vice" actually produces all the good things in the world, there is something wrong with the terminology of these people. Mandeville is indeed a Utilitarian: he believes that men act for happiness, which fact is its own justification. He observes, in one of his immense footnotes, that "if a Publick Act, taking in all its Consequences, really produces a greater Quantity of Good, it must, and ought to be term'd a good Act." Mandeville died only sixteen years before Bentham was born.

"We are ever pushing our Reason which way soever we feel Passion to draw it." There are only two fundamental springs of action—pride, which is love of praise, and honour, which is fear of blame. The very desire not to appear proud

is pride, for the true gentleman takes pride in never appearing proud. All men would be cowards if they durst! "The only useful Passion that Man is possess'd of toward the Peace and Quiet of a Society, is his Fear, and the more you work upon it the more orderly and governable he'll be.... The Courage which is only useful to the Body Politick and what is generally call'd true Valour, is artificial and consists in a Superlative Horror against Shame." Mandeville had read Hobbes. But what about man's gregariousness? Doesn't this indicate a generous love in man? No: man loves company, as he does everything else, for his own sake, "No friendships or Civilities are lasting that are not reciprocal.... The Sociableness of Man arises only from these Two things, viz. The multiplicity of his Desires, and the continual opposition he meets with in his Endeavours to gratify them."

Mandeville must have angered his readers when he told them that for want of self-knowledge, they were deceiving themselves. Pride, luxury and fear are still rather disreputable words: in Mandeville's time, they were considerably more so. Englishmen insisted then much more strongly than they do now that the greatness and goodness of a nation are made up of the humility, simple living and courage of its inhabitants; they insisted they were Christians, Spartans and worth four of any Frenchman. For some were not quite sure that they did not see ghouls and salamanders haunting the fields at twilight. They called themselves Spartans because they were not convinced that poverty was not a virtue, and perhaps because in a world poorer than the present (so it has been estimated) by nine billion man-power, it was more natural to make a virtue of necessity. Finally, in a country whose population was only about one-quarter of that of its hereditary foe, it seemed not unreasonable to argue that if each Englishman had not been able to beat four Frenchmen, England would have been enslaved. Mandeville was a physician of repute, and in consequence had to be taken seriously, for the eighteenth-century physician was both what would now be called "doctor of medicine" and "psychologist." Ever since the times of the ancient Greeks, physicians

had taught that man's mental and moral constitution was determined by the relative proportions of the four "humours" which combine to compose a man's temperament.

Another important cause of Mandeville's unpopularity was his attack on the charity schools. It is unhistorical to date Humanitarianism in England from Wilberforce and Hannah More. Long before that time Addison had written to an approving public: "I have always looked on this institution of charity-schools as the glory of the age we live in.... It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity. There will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had the early tincture of religion." A contemporary estimated that in 1718 there were in the United Kingdom some 1500 charity schools, attended by some 24,000 boys and some 6000 girls.

"Whoever dares openly oppose Charity-Schools," wrote Mandeville, "is in danger of being stoned by the Rabble." From motives dictated presumably neither by love of praise nor fear of blame, he continued: "Charity-Schools are in Fashion in the same manner as Hoop'd Petticoats, by Caprice, and no more Reason can be given for the one than the other." He argued that no one will do unpleasant work unless compelled to by necessity. There is much unpleasant work to be done. Therefore, by educating children "to expect comforts they will not have and to loathe occupations they must engage in," charity schools are subversive of the future happiness and usefulness of the scholars. "To be compassionate to excess where Reason forbids it is an unpardonable Weakness.... By bringing children up in Ignorance you may inure them to real Hardship without being ever sensible themselves that they are such."

Such sentiments infuriate philanthropists. It is necessary, however, to read Mandeville's words in their historical setting. This, indeed, is Mandeville's own teaching: "It is the Opinion of most People," he says, "and mine among the rest, that the most commendable Quality of the present Czar of Muscovy is his unwearied Application in raising his Subjects from their native Stupidity and Civilising his

Nation. . . . But what is that to us who labour under a contrary Disease? Russia has too few knowing Men, and Great Britain too many." What was "Equality of Opportunity" to a people which believed that men were meant to live in that station to which God had pleased to call them? What was the "Good Life For All" to a hard-headed man writing before there were any machines to do the dirty work? For in Mandeville's time, the technique of production had scarcely advanced beyond that of the Ancient Egyptians. What importance could Mandeville have attached to the argument of present-day Socialists, that there exists a treasure of talent waiting to be discovered among the lower orders? Mandeville would have answered that the lower orders scattered in country homesteads had produced no evidence of intellectual ability, that the mobs in the big cities had produced only drunkenness, squalor and disease. Mandeville lived through one of the gravest calamities in English history, the Gin Fever—("Intoxicating Gin, that charms the inactive, the desperate and crazy of either sex"). It was foreign to the ideas of that society to discover hidden talent among poor children. Addison's friends were merely trying to make the Mob less drunken and more docile. They professed, it is true, other and nobler aims. They were, therefore, infuriated when Mandeville not only imputed to them low aims, but dismissed them as suicidal. Mandeville's argument was irrefutable: contemporaries and subsequent generations, who regarded it as pernicious, found they could not demolish it by reason, and tried to do so by abuse.

In an age which thought anarchy of the devil, Mandeville showed himself a philosophic anarchist. He can see no point in τὸ κάλον. He will admit no *summum bonum*. Beauty? What is beautiful in one country is not so in another. Morality? "Plurality of Wives is odious among Christians. But Polygamy is not shocking to a Mahometan." His opinion, "What men have learned from their Infancy enslaves them," serves as a text to attack not only charity schools, but also Philosophers. What would Professor Ernest Barker think of this? "A Person Educated under a great Philosopher may have a better opinion of his inward State than it really deserves, and believe himself Virtuous, because his Passions lie dormant. He may form fine Notions of the Social Virtues, and the Contempt of Death, write well of them in his Closet, and talk eloquently of them in Company." Virtue consists in Action. "That boasted middle way, and the calm Virtues recommended in the Characteristicks, are good for nothing but to breed Drones. . . . Man's strong Habits and Inclinations can only be subdued by Passions of greater Violence." People were burned at the stake even in Mandeville's life-time for heresy and sorcery; and these remarks of Mandeville's must have seemed to many of his contemporaries not far short of those damnable sins.

Could no one, then, find a good word for Mandeville? Did not his economic Individualism, his Constitutionalism, his religious tolerance, bring him any public friends? His Bees, after all:

> No Bees had better Government,
> More Fickleness, or less Content:
> They were not slaves to Tyranny,
> Nor rul'd by wild Democracy;
> But Kings, that could not wrong, because
> Their Power was circumscrib'd by laws.

Did not this please both Whigs and Tories? By displeasing neither, it probably displeased both.

Mandeville shows he lacked much interest in any particular religion. He doesn't even attack Popery. But he did attack religious dogma and intolerance and obscurantism. He said the Universities should be open to men of all sects. He thought it a "Vulgar Error that no body can spell or write English well without a little smatch of Latin. This is upheld by the Pedants in their own Interest"; he recommended Oxford and Cambridge to teach a little less Latin and Greek, and a little more Medicine. "A Man may as well qualify himself at Oxford and Cambridge to be a Turkey-Merchant as he can to be a Physician." These things evidently could not make Mandeville popular; they merely annoyed the parsons and the friends of Lord Chesterfield.

He was less an advocate of Economic Individualism than a very individualistic economist. Contemporaries (like the modern Dictionary of Political Economy) regarded him as a crank. True, he attacked the old State Labour Code: "The Proportion as to Numbers in every Trade finds itself, and is never better kept than when no body meddles or interferes with it." Relating the experiences of the Dutch, he pleaded for Freer Trade. But what he was really concerned about was to show (what politicians and the public have not learned to this day) that industry cannot flourish in a community which regards Thrift as a major virtue. One cannot increase prosperity by preaching Economy. In the community of the Bees,

> Envy itself and Vanity,
> Were Ministers of Industry;
> Their darling Folly, Fickleness,
> In Diet, Furniture and Dress
> That strange ridic'lous Vice, was made
> The very Wheel that turn'd the Trade...
> Thus every Part was full of Vice
> Yet the whole Mass a Paradise...
> Such were the Blessings of that State;
> Their Crimes conspir'd to make them Great.

When Jove swore

> He'd rid
> The bawling Hive of Fraud; and did...
> But, Oh ye Gods! What Consternation,
> How vast and sudden was th' Alteration!...
> All Arts and Crafts neglected lie;
> Content, the Bane of Industry,
> Makes 'em admire their homely Store,
> And neither seek nor covet more.
>
> The Moral:
>
> Then leave Complaints: Fools only strive
> To make a Great an Honest Hive.

For lawyers live on dishonesty, physicians on ill Health, soldiers on pride, harlots on lust, builders on ostentation, and tailors on vanity. Noblemen are extravagant, but this very extravagance increases prosperity by increasing the velocity

of circulation of money. This argument is not absurd. In Mandeville's time, the supply of money was not keeping pace with the growth of business. Inn-keepers were actually empowered to strike coins. If the general shortage of money had been intensified by hoarding, the country might have suffered a very severe Deflation.

Many classical economists supposed Mandeville held the "Make-Work Fallacy." This supposition receives no justification from Mandeville's writings. Is it likely, indeed, that a man of Mandeville's intellectual calibre would argue (as the Make-Work School argues) that earthquakes should be welcomed since they make work for builders and grave-diggers? He most explicitly denied the false meanings that have been read into him. "Should any of my Readers draw Conclusions *in infinitum* from my Assertions that Goods sunk or burnt are as beneficial to the Poor as if they had been well sold and put to their proper Uses, I would count him a Caviller." And again: "Whoever can subsist and lives above his Income is a Fool." What he believed was that "Goods sunk or burnt," and foolish extravagances, are beneficial to the class of workers which will have increased occupation in supplying the extra demands: and also to the community, for the catastrophe is like a stone flung into economic waters, which produces ever-widening circles of prosperity. A more pertinent criticism is that the extravagant man only benefits his neighbours if "saving" exceeds "investment." But this condition was present in Mandeville's time, and indeed, has usually obtained throughout history.

Dr Johnson confessed that Mandeville opened his views into real life very much. He enjoyed the vigour and brilliance of Mandeville's style, the arguments of one of the earliest and ablest of English Individualists, and the extraordinary impression he made upon his century. But Mandeville's interest is not solely antiquarian. His attack on Reality interests the philosopher *qua* philosopher; his denial of "Good Taste" shocks the aesthete who is sure of himself; his denunciation of "Saving" delights the economist, if he is indeed an economist. His book is, as he says, designed for the "Reader's

Diversion." He says he loved good company and good talk. After reading *Private Vices, Publick Benefits*, one can well believe it, and one is left with a feeling of sorrow at being too late to join in the conversation.

D. C.

BY the Life-Giver ever life-informed,
Moving interminably things long dead
To make new life; or wrecking life half formed
To hurl it with strange dying things sea-fed
To foster life upon the dead dry land,
What is thy secret, Sea?—which draws
Man by the soul to wander on thy sand,
Seeing at lowest ebb or full-flood's pause
Death-Proteus leaning from three greater waves
Ever three parts of that lost knowledge giving,
Ne'er wholly known to us this side our graves,
—The knowledge of right aim and art of living:

That in thee, Death, the sunset of our seeing
Is not the fruitless end, but hopeful youth of being?

JOHNIANA

THE Publisher's Preface to the Russian translation of *Principles of Quantum Mechanics*, by P. A. M. Dirac, Moscow and Leningrad, 1932, contains the following passage:

"The publishers are well aware that there is contained in this work a whole series of opinions, both explicit and implicit, which are totally incompatible with Dialectical Materialism.

"But it is precisely the necessity for a smashing attack on the Theoretical Front against Idealism, against Mechanism, and against a whole series of eclectic doctrines, that makes it a duty of the publisher to provide Soviet scientists with the concrete material that plays a crucial part in the foundation of these theories, in order that, critically assimilated, this material may be employed on the front of the fight for Dialectical Materialism.

"The appearance of these books in Russian will make it possible for wider circles of Soviet scientists and philosophers to discuss the questions involved in them. Besides this the publishers are convinced that these books will produce a counter-flow of works by our Soviet scientists on these questions, and will make it possible, by the use of the method of Dialectical Materialism, to set our science on an even higher level."

W. M. W. writes: An autograph letter of Robert Herrick, written during the period 1613–16 when he was a fellow-commoner of St John's College and a member of the brilliant if disorderly group of writers known as the University wits, appeared recently in a London sale-room.

Letters of Herrick are extremely rare. With the exception of a few still in the possession of the Herrick family, it is believed that no other specimens have survived, in either public or private collections. The present letter was originally in the possession of the Herrick family at Beaumanor Park,

Leicestershire, from whom it passed to Lady Sitwell, of Rempstone, Derbyshire, and then to her grandson, Canon Egerton Leigh of Richmond, Yorkshire. It was sold at Stevens's Auction Rooms, Covent Garden, on September 13th, 1932, for £235.

The letter is addressed to the poet's uncle, Sir William Hearick or Herrick, of Great Wood Street, London, one of the most prominent goldsmiths of the period, who brought up the Herrick children after the death (perhaps suicide) of their father. It will be noticed that the poet signs his name Robin Hearick. The spelling of names at this time was by no means fixed, as can be seen from the classic example of Shakespeare.

The letter consists of a single quarto page and reads:

Cambridg St Johns

Sr the first place testifies my deutie the second only reiterates the former letter, of which (as I may iustly wonder) I heard no answeare, neither concerning the payment or receat of the letter, (it is best knowne to your self) upon which ignorance I have sent this oratour, entreating you to paye to mr Adrian Marius bookseller of the black fryers the sum of 10 li, from whome so soone as it is payd I shall receave a dew acknowledgment. I shall not need to amplyfy my sense for this warrants sufficiencie. I expect your countenance and your furtherance to my well beeing who hath power to command my service to eternitie. Heaven be your guide to direct you to perfection which is the end of mans endeavour:

I expect an answeare from mr Adrian concerning the recipt.

Robin Hearick
obliged to your
virtue eternally:

[This letter is reproduced in facsimile in *Robert Herrick: a Biographical and Critical Study*, by F. W. Moorman, London, 1910.]

"I was much interested in Lord Dunedin's memories of lawn tennis. I played Sphairistike in the year 1874. We played in a rectangular court. The net was 4½ ft. at the centre, rising to 5ft., I think, at the posts. We scored as at rackets. Fifteen was game. The server served from a triangle on one side of the net, till he was put out. When he was put out his opponent crossed over and served from the triangle. The racket was shaped more like a real tennis racket. As the net was so high the way to win a point was to put on as powerful a screw as possible. This was helped by the shape of the racket, which was wider on one side than the other.

"Lawn tennis was introduced at Cambridge in 1876. The first club, of which I was an original member, was at St John's. It was called 'The Grasshoppers,' and the game was played as now in the Backs. It was played, as far as my recollection goes, much as it is played to-day, except that the racket was shaped differently. In the year 1875 Mr Watson, a distinguished Cambridge mathematician, the then rector of Berkswell in Warwickshire, told his family on his return from a garden party that he had been playing a very silly game called lawn tennis. Afterwards he taught his two daughters the angles, and they both became famous players. Miss Watson was the first lady champion player at Wimbledon, and her brother, a contemporary of mine, was, I believe, the best player at Cambridge.

I am, &c.

W. B. Hesketh Biggs." [B.A. 1880]

From *The Times*, 6 *July* 1932.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Eagle*

Dear Sir,

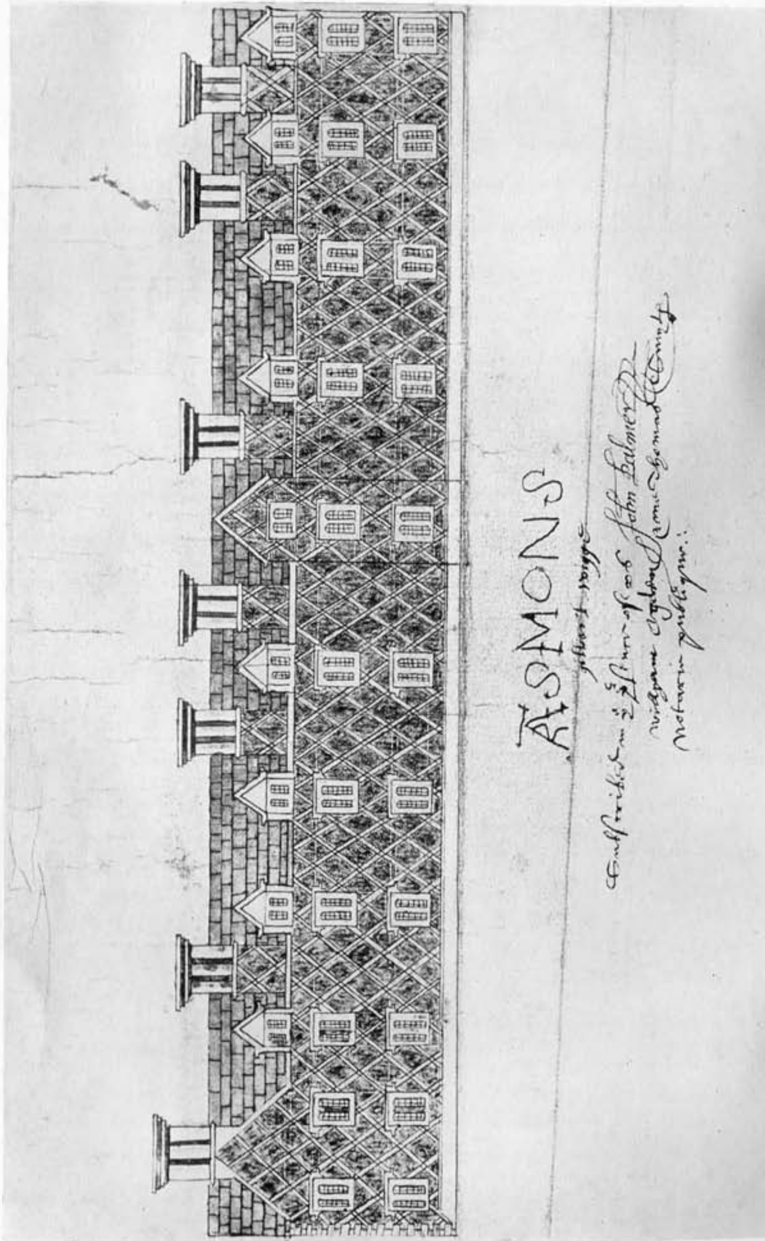
We thought it might be of interest to your northern readers to hear that an attempt is being made to hold periodical meetings of old Johnians in Manchester. Thanks to the efforts of J. H. Bell a meeting (consisting of "hot-pot" supper and beer) took place on December 19th at the Clarendon Club, Manchester, and was attended by J. H. Bell, J. T. Bell, D. Bythell, I. C. Hill, J. Majdalany, C. J. Morreau, C. J. Platt, J. R. Southern, and M. Staveacre. The "hot-pot" was of particularly good quality and the supper was followed by games of Bridge and Vingt-et-un according to respective tastes. Everyone present enjoyed the evening immensely and with one accord noted in their diaries that a similar evening is to take place on April 11th.

As it is most difficult to discover the existence of Johnians in the district it would be appreciated if anyone interested in the idea would please communicate with Mr J. H. Bell, 5 Clarence Street, Albert Square, Manchester.

Yours truly,

C. J. Morreau

Manchester
30 *December* 1932



I. ORIGINAL ELEVATION OF THE SECOND COURT, NORTH SIDE EXTERIOR

THE EAGLE

VOL. XLVII *June* 1933 NO. 211

CROCUSES ON TRINITY BACKS

LAY me on this bed of crocuses and let me gaze
  At the solemn awe of grim gnarled trees
  Stripped of their fleeting splendour.
And gazing at their compelling majesty
I think awhile on the loveliness of these
Crocuses...gold, white and lavender...
Frail beauty...majestic age towering over me.
And thinking on these I think of you...
Majesty and love...breathing apace...
Unattainable...so soon gone.
Dark deeds that clog my blood; dark doubts that cloud my
  peace;
Dark thoughts, dark dark thoughts that weigh me down...
And sleep itself forsakes me...sweet sleep...anodyne sweet!
But lay me on this bed of crocuses. And let me gaze
On those ancient trees...patriarchs undying!
Last autumn they shed their leaves...
Gold, white and lavender. Phoenix-like rising
They lift their heads...mutely adoring...greet
Anew those birds above...joy incarnate!
So let me gaze and listen; for haply
I shall find peace...peace inviolate!

T. T. L.

LINKS BETWEEN HULL AND ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

[*Part of a lecture delivered at University College, Hull on 2 December* 1932 *by* SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bart., G.C.V.O., K.C.B. *This is the first of an annual series of lectures endowed by St John's College.*]

I WOULD first express sincere appreciation of the honour of being selected to give in this College the first annual lecture founded by the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge, and at the same time voice admiration for the rapid strides made by University College, Hull, since its incorporation five years ago—surely a confident omen of future and even greater achievement.

There are links, ancient and modern, between the district of Kingston-on-Hull and St John's College, Cambridge, which was founded in 1511 largely as a result of the resolute efforts of John Fisher (1459–1535), Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor of the University, who was born at Beverley. Not only was he the trusted adviser of Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby (1443–1509), but had it not been for his insistence her bequest for the transformation of the ancient House or Hospital of the Brethren of St John (founded about 1135) into the College of St John the Evangelist might never have been so completely carried out.

Thomas Watson (1637–1717) was born at North Ferriby near Hull as the son of John Watson, "seaman," and became a Fellow of St John's in 1660 and Bishop of St David's in 1687. He was a keen supporter of James II, and in the revolution of 1688 was excluded from the Act of Indemnity; he then, when still at his rectory at Burrough Green, had the experience of being taken by the protestant mob as a prisoner to Cambridge, where he was rescued by the undergraduates. He continued to oppose William and Mary as the lawful monarchs; in 1695

he was tried for simony, "the crime of trafficking in ecclesiastical preferment," so called from Simon Magus (*circa* A.D. 50) the Jewish sectary who wished to purchase the gift of the Holy Ghost with money. After years of legal delay, during which he was excommunicated in 1701, Watson was finally, in 1704, ejected from his see. After his death on 3rd June 1717, at Wilbraham, near Cambridge, he was buried in the chancel of the parish church, but, being excommunicated, without any service. He was a benefactor both to his birthplace and to his college, and indeed thereby linked them together. To St John's he gave the advowson of the three livings of Fulbourn St Vigor's and Brinkley in Cambridgeshire, and of Brandesburton near Beverley in Yorkshire, and decreed that "if the fellows refused to accept one of the benefices, the College was to give two months' notice to the Mayor and Corporation of Hull, who might make the presentation." He also built a hospital at Hull, which his brother William (1637–1721) (buried at Cherry Hinton), further endowed. He must not be confused with another Thomas Watson (1513–84) who was Master of St John's (1553–4) and then Bishop of Lincoln. Sir Thomas Watson (1792–1882), President of the Royal College of Physicians of London (1862–7), was a Fellow of St John's and a proctor, but had not any connection with Hull.

William Wilberforce (1759–1833), who did so much to abolish the slave trade, was born at Hull, and in the years immediately before he became its Member of Parliament in 1780 was at St John's (1776–80), where, as a man of substance, he was a fellow-commoner, and was thus brought much in contact with the dons or fellows of the college (and we may remember the Oxford definition of a "don": "In Spain, a gentleman; in Oxford, a common fellow"). The Johnian dons of that day, it is related, did not encourage him to work, but would say "why in the world should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging?" If this be true (and the present Master of the College thinks that there may be some exaggeration in the nature of the above advice[1]), it does

[1] Cf. *Admissions to St John's College*, vol. IV, p. 556.

not appear to have brought forth any evil crop of tares in his case. At the Hull election (a two-membered constituency), which cost him between £8000 and £9000, there was a regular tariff: a single vote of a resident elector was rewarded by a donation of two guineas; four guineas were paid for a plumper, and the expenses of a freeman's journey from London (of whom 300 were employed on the Thames) averaged ten pounds each. The letter of the law was observed, for the money was not paid until the time for presenting a petition had expired.

An educational link is John Hymers, D.D., F.R.S., who was born at Ormesby-in-Cleveland, Yorkshire, on 20th July 1803, was educated at Sedbergh and at St John's where he was second wrangler in 1826, Fellow (1827), tutor (1832) and President (1848). He was a most successful coach for the Mathematical Tripos, running neck and neck with his senior William Hopkins (1793–1866) of Peterhouse, who was called "the senior-wrangler maker." From 1852 he was rector of Brandesburton-in-Holderness, where he died on 7th April 1887. He left the residue of his estate to "the Mayor and Corporation of the borough of Kingston-upon-Hull in the county of York, wherewith to found and endow a grammar school in their town, on the models of the grammar schools at Birmingham and Dulwich, for the training of intelligence in whatsoever social rank of life it may be found among the vast and varied population of the town and port of Hull." Unfortunately the will was unskilfully drawn, its provisions being contrary to the statute of mortmain; the words "found *and* endow" rendered it invalid to benefit an existing body; had it been worded "found *or* endow" the difficulty would not have arisen. The amount of money involved was about £170,000, but the heir-at-law, his brother, who had previously been in very poor circumstances, offered the sum of £40,000 with which Hymers' College was established. The origin of Hymers' wealth was the fortunate investment of his early savings in the purchase of a farm in Cleveland on which ironstone was later discovered.

A link of the muscular Christian type was Canon Joseph

McCormick, D.D. (1834–1914) who for many years was vicar of Holy Trinity, Hull, and Rural Dean. Later he was Rector of St James's, Piccadilly; when during this period he presided at a St John's College dinner in London, it was difficult to imagine a finer figure of a man. At St John's he was a "double blue" of the highest brand—cricket and rowing; he played cricket against Oxford in 1854, 1855 and 1856, being captain in his last year and leading Cambridge to victory; in that year he also rowed against Oxford, when Cambridge won in spite of the fact recorded by the chronicler that in some rough water McCormick "caught an immense shell-fish (= crab) and fell backwards on the top of No. 4."

A living link is Mr Alfred Harker, F.R.S., Emeritus Reader in Petrology in Cambridge University, Fellow of St John's College, a native of Hull, and most appropriately a representative Governor of this College.

As long ago as 1530 St John's acquired estates at Marfleet, at Paull on the Humber, and at Atwicke (now pronounced Attick) from John Lambert of Skipton-in-Craven, who must not be confused with his contemporary, another John Lambert, burnt at the stake as a religious martyr by Cromwell in 1538.

REVERIE

THE spirit slips out through the folded hands
clasping the fire-edged knee,
and slides into a single subtle flame
that flickers tip-toe on the tireless coal;
compelled in this new shape to analyse
the smallest shadow, the least speck of soot,
with sightless curiosity.

Through the crossed hands the tall flame strides
upwards to unwalled space;
and there rides
the eyeless horses of each changing wind,
visiting strange scenes and ancient sights
and building phantom visions on the air;
sees Quixote tilting at a host of sheep
and lives with Crusoe on his lonely isle.
And all the while
can see far far beneath the ashen clod
huddled before the hearth, as dead.

Then sudden feeling all its flight is spent
it seeks the substance, swiftly backward sinks
through countless ages to the eye-watched coal
and executes a fitful dance of death,
fading to greyness: slowly the spirit steals
back through the fingers, and the body feels
the former warmth and the sweet new-found breath.

A. P. P.

ISLAND NIGHT

THE whole of that June the island had been ripening under an almost Mediterranean sunshine, floating in a perpetual heat-haze on seas of hot and polished brass; every day at breakfast we looked out over the strait to see massed pale blue clouds, the Irish hills, tenuous and insubstantial in the grey of the midsummer mornings. As St John's Eve drew near we were beginning to anticipate the celebrations we were to have, the bonfires and games and songs and the moonlight dances on the cliff: but when the morning came, gathering showers were drifting in from the Atlantic and the mountains had hidden themselves away under their caps of mist; all day the waves on the strand dragged themselves backwards and forwards with a heavy painful groaning. This year the island would have to do without its St John's Eve ritual.

The darkness fell thick and early, and I set out through a ragged drizzle to spend the evening at old Brighid's, where we always meet on wet nights. The company was already gathered there when I arrived, huddled upon the table and ranked round the whitewashed walls, and the usual stealthy whispering and flirting rustled up from the darker corners. But for the most part the talk was languid; even old Brighid's vivacity was quelled, as she sat dozing and purring over her turf fire, her quick eyes hidden in a mass of wrinkles. I think we were all oppressed by the heavy change of the weather.

But presently Brighid sat up; her shawl slipped back from her head, the lock of grey hair fell over her eyes, and with all her usual animation she plunged into a satirical story of a priest and his Friday fish, which Poggio was telling in the fifteenth century and yet had found its way somehow to this remote corner of Ireland. The young people sat in silence, listening, with their eyes like a herd of deer, and the dim oil

lamp swinging in the roof seemed only to accentuate the darkness of their faces in the shadow of hat-brims or tangled hair. Brighid, her story done, returned to her rocking at the fireside, and old Mícheál took up the tale with his favourite song, the *Cailín deas cruíte na mbó*, in his ancient quavering tones.

But the evening was not a success for all that, and presently, as if we had been watching the clock for a signal, we all stood up and went out together, and splashed our several ways home through the darkness of the stony little lane. I stood for a time at our cottage door, watching the disembodied lights of a steamer travelling up the sound; then turned to bed, and fell asleep with the groaning of the sea still coming to me faintly from the shore.

Before long the usual nebula of dreams began to form in my mind, and condensed itself into a very distinct and striking picture of an old man, a stranger to me, dressed in the fashion of the island, with the round black felt hat still worn by the oldest generation; he was tall, with a prominent nose and a frill of white whisker round his chin, and his face was strong and yet repulsive. I dreamed that as I watched him Brighid herself joined in; she was whispering in my ear, and saying: "He is getting very old, he has only a short time to live and he knows it." I looked at the old man with a fresh interest, but in spite of Brighid's words I thought he seemed to be strong and well enough. Then, without warning and in the senseless way dreams have, the old man and I started to run like lunatics; we were racing, he and my dream-self were racing frantically to where my body lay unconscious in bed, and I knew that the prize of the race was to be the possession of my body and that if I lost I should never wake up again. We arrived together, and began a fierce struggle, each trying to get into the mouth first; but I threw him off at last, and with a sensation of rising to the surface from the bottom of the sea, I woke up panting and sweating and my heart thumping like a hammer.

I lay for a time in a sort of doze, trying to collect my thoughts, and muttering to myself as one always does after a nightmare: "Thank God it was only a dream." At that moment the bushes outside my window began to rustle as though some animal was pushing itself through them; there was a pause, something outside made a sound like a large dog shaking itself, and with a rush of sick horror I understood that after all it was not a dream.

Now the battle began again, this time in waking earnest; I was conscious of some tremendously powerful influence outside trying to tear me headlong out of my own body. I sat up in bed, glaring at the dim square of the window, and dragged all my will into resistance—I seemed to clench my brain like a fist, and with face thrust forward and teeth showing in a sort of snarl, hair bristling, and eyes straining at the dark garden, I clung desperately to my body as one digs one's feet in the ground in a tug of war; while at the same time another part of me stood by to watch, or wandered about in an irrelevant way, noting that the wind had dropped and stars had come out over the hillside, or pausing to consider the glow of my phosphorescent watch on the table beside me. Time passed, neither side gaining or losing, till something reminded me of Brighid; she if anyone could help me against whatever island manifestation this might be, and as though directing my will across the village to her house, I called with it, heaven knows how many times, "Brighid, help! Brighid, help!" I could not tell whether there was any response.

At last, when my strength was nearly exhausted, I felt the strain slackening and myself prevailing; at the same time our dog set up a furious barking from the other end of the cottage, and all the dogs of the village joined the chorus. The tension ceased, the fight was over, and I lay back gasping on my pillow. Outside, the last cloud blew off the hill and the bushes in the garden were black under the stars. I looked at my watch—it was half-past twelve—and settled myself to lie awake, though I knew in some half conscious way that the attack would not be renewed. When I woke the sun was shining on my bed and the woman of the house was calling me to breakfast.

Breakfast over, I went across to Brighid's and sat by the hearth while she moved slowly about the room, sanding the floor and rooting the chickens out from under the benches.

"I had a dream about you last night, Cionaodh," she said, "I dreamed that there was a big wild creature attacking you, and it throwing you down and tearing you, and you called out to me and I came and helped you drive it off."

"So she *did* answer, then," I thought to myself. "What kind of a creature was it, Brighid?", said I.

"I don't know for sure, but I thought it was the like of a dog."

"And I dreamed of you," I said, and told her of the old man and what she herself had whispered in my ear, but said nothing of the dream struggle and its sequel.

"God help us, that's old Séamas," she cried; "when did you see him? He's old now and stays indoors always, and how do you come to know him?"

"I don't know him," I replied, "and I've never seen him before last night, and to my knowledge he hasn't seen me."

I tried to get her to tell me more, but I could get little from her, for she seemed unwilling to talk of him, and I only gathered he had been a fine strong man in his day and bore very hard the loss of his vigour and the weakness of old age. Finding she knew or would say no more, I came away.

I emerged into the village to find it full of excitement and importance—old Séamas had died in the night. His granddaughter came to our cottage later on to tell us the story, which she did with some relish. It appeared that he had been ill for a good time and sinking steadily; but last night in the middle of the night he went into a sort of coma from which they could not wake him, and continued so for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time he suddenly recovered consciousness and sat up in bed, sobbing and panting as if with exhaustion. A few seconds later he was dead.

I was not troubled any more by nightmares while I was on the island.

THROUGH WESTERN EYES

THERE is a certain magic in distance as in time—a certain power of enchantment which distorts the truth. Hence it is that people in one part of the world are ignorant of the ways of a people in some remote part. And this is particularly true of the Western world with regard to the Far East. The people of the Far East have never been understood in England. Perhaps there has never been a people so grossly and so often misunderstood as the Chinese. Whether inherent racial characteristics have further aggravated the misrepresentation is a neat question. Perhaps one may ask: Is the oriental really as inscrutable as he is made to appear? Yet even if he is, is this any reason why he has been so garishly painted?

The popular conception of the Chinese is derived from three sources—the novel, the cinema, and the stage. All three owe their origin to one thing—the desire to shock and thrill.

English people never seem to be able to distinguish a Chinese from a Japanese. Either this is due to some sneaking belief that every oriental is a Japanese or else the influence of the novel, the cinema and the stage has been greater than is generally conceded. Perhaps in reality the one reason is just another aspect of the other.

A full length portrait of a Chinese would seem to be somewhat after this fashion:

> His eyes slant upwards, reaching almost to the roots of his hair. He smiles hardly but bares his teeth in some fiendish grimace. If it were possible his rat-tail moustaches make him yet more sinister. There he bows and scrapes, his long claw-like hands tightly enclasped in the folds of his robes, gorgeously embroidered with a golden dragon. Now he sits down; he flicks his pigtail aside, and draws towards him his opium pipe.

Credit him with extraordinary avarice or some unholy lust for power; in short make him the embodiment of evil genius, and you have a complete picture of a Chinese after the style of the novelist.

Imagine a China of 400,000,000 such people! Small wonder there is so much talk of a yellow peril.

With such a picture in mind it is a relief to read the books of Miss Ann Bridge and Mrs Pearl S. Buck. They present a more prosaic and therefore a saner picture of the Chinese. Mrs Buck is the delineator, Miss Bridge the commentator.

The interest of *Peking Picnic* does not lie so much in its setting as in its characterisation. Had the picnic been a Sunday excursion to Box Hill; had it taken place over the week end in Mexico—in fact, had it taken place anywhere but in China, the novel would have remained the same. Substantially the same. But the scene being laid in Peking Miss Bridge has an excuse to make accurate observations of Chinese characteristics.

> They had paused before the gateway to let through a convoy of long solid-wheeled carts, laden with sacks of grain and flour, which were creaking up the steep cobbled slope and through the vaulted archway, their teams of mules and oxen straining painfully at the loads. Many of the beasts were sickeningly galled under their clumsy harness, and Judith exclaimed with pity and horror at the sight, "How can they treat animals so cruelly?"
>
> "It isn't cruelty," said Fitzmaurice, "they treat animals just as they treat themselves. Look at that chap....He doesn't care, and he doesn't expect the mule to mind. They're quite accustomed to it. You must remember that the principal draught animal is still man....What carries practically the entire human traffic? Rickshas. And quite half the goods traffic is borne on shoulder-yokes and wheeled in hand-barrows, inside the city."
>
> "...Isn't it strange that a people of such ancient civilisation, of so much culture and such exalted ideas as the Chinese, should tolerate the use of human beings for the work of beasts? Doesn't it strike you as shocking?" Miss Hande said, turning to Laura.
>
> "No, it doesn't," said Laura flatly. "They don't talk about the dignity of labour, and then constantly go on strike; they *are* the dignity of labour. There is greater poverty here than anywhere else in the world, but somehow no squalor."

There is truth in this passage. The Chinese labourer finds his time taken up with manual labour sufficient to leave him a minimum amount of thinking. He accepts his plight with a philosophy of his own. Politics do not concern him. His is a

contented lot. He may triumph over adversity; and if he falls, he falls alone—an insignificant being in the face of raw elemental forces.

Wang Lung in *The Good Earth* is such a person. He represents the old labourer class—ignorant but family proud. And Olan his wife is like him. She quietly bears with her fate. Quietly, but bravely. It is not servile surrender. Nor any vociferous resistance. Perhaps only the humble in spirit are capable of such a gesture.

Olan and Wang Lung are fast dying away. The new generation is the so-called progressive generation, steeped in the ideas of nationalism, industrialisation and all the trappings of Western cult and learning. But a westernisation of China cannot be good for her.

The "progress" is evidenced in *The Young Revolutionist*. A fierce patriotism—or perhaps one should more aptly call it chauvinism—rages through the book. One lays down the book with a feeling that Mrs Buck has adopted the attitude of a theatrical, moral preacher. Out of the welter of ranting people, one figure stands out by its very quiet simplicity. This is the old priest, who goes about his duties quietly, neither preaching forgiveness and fortitude nor ranting about fire and blood.

These three figures stand out sharply as true types from the many characters of Mrs Buck's four novels. Somehow they do not seem particular types but are universal. And indeed there is little reason to doubt that there are more points of similarity than differences between races. But we are brought up with the idea of inherent racial superiority; and we are taught to approach a subject in a particular fashion. We look for the differences between races, and enlarge on them.

> Laura watched Miss Hande with amusement. She longed to ask her whether she felt that the use of human manure for agriculture was also inconsistent with the "ancient culture and exalted ideas" of the Chinese, and constituted another "prahblem." She was prepared to like the novelist, but all the same she was aware of the faint irritation with which Americans nearly always inspired her.

"They won't use their eyes," she thought, "it's always the same. They want uplift, and uplift they've got to have; facts must take their chance. And it must be their idea of what is uplifting, too.... She's come to look for exalted ideas, and she'll get them all right—American ideas of Chinese ideas. But she'll learn nothing about China."

Laura may say that the fault is peculiar to the Americans. But there is no reason to limit it to the Americans. We all suffer from it. We do not approach another people with an open mind but with preconceived ideas. We are like that celebrated robber who put his guests in his equally celebrated bed and stretched them to the length of the bed if they were too short, or lopped off their limbs if the bed was too short.

In *East Wind West Wind* one has a strong feeling that Mrs Buck is all the time reading the American mind into that of her Chinese characters; or put it another way: it is not so much Chinese sentiment she is expressing but what the American thinks is Chinese sentiment under the circumstances. For this reason the book is far less convincing than *The Good Earth*. Another reason for its failure lies in the fact that Mrs Buck has never learnt to understand the Chinese other than the labourer. She forgets that the leisured class differs greatly from the labourer. It will not be unjust to suspect that her information on many things Chinese was gleaned from her amahs and other servants. Miss Bridge is also in that position. So long as she confines her observations to the Chinese labourer she is speaking with accuracy.

Many more inaccuracies are to be found in these books. Mrs Buck has a whole string of them. In one place she writes:

> Wang Lung dipped some (boiling water) into a bowl, and then, after a moment he opened a glazed jar...and took from it a dozen or so of the curled dried (tea) leaves, and sprinkled them upon the surface of the water.

This is certainly a strange way of making tea. Then in *Sons* there is mention of a man taking to himself two principal wives. This is incorrect. There can be only one principal wife: but concubines may be of the same degree.

In *Peking Picnic* Miss Bridge has adopted a queer style where she is reporting a conversation supposed to be in Chinese. There does not seem to be much good served by this method; and indeed in certain parts this is quite irritating. An isolated phrase or so may be forceful; but a whole page of them cannot but be tedious.

One small point deserves notice. The Chinese people have always protested against the use of such words as "Chinaman," "Chink," "Chinee." There are lengthy reasons which need not here be gone into. It is gratifying that Mrs Buck does not use the word at all; and Miss Bridge but once, when Vinstead mutters something under his breath. But then Vinstead is a new arrival; and never having had dealings with the Chinese, his error is excusable.

T. L. TAN.

RECESSIONAL

THIS is the hour, and this the happy day
That takes ourselves (and all our debts) away;
The reading-lamp with modern lines must go,
But my pot-belly will, I fear, stay so.
My pet editions, Tourneur, Browne, Defoe,
My flaming ties, and glowing shirts—ah no,
No, no—"not one to spare," but yet the books,
Uncut, unopened have not lost their looks;
He'll give at least ten pounds, I hope and trust,
In fact he will—I say—he must! he must!
"Why, my dear sir, for if you don't—I bust!"
Ah! Cambridge hearts are harder than the crust
Which we see comes to take the place of Hall,
As thistles were invented at the Fall.
But whether I go, or whether I stay,
One thing, I know, is sure—I cannot pay.

THREE VIEWS OF ST JOHN'S LANE

ALTHOUGH the transformation of the north side of the First Court from its ancient to its present state happened within living memory, pictorial records of the old buildings are extremely scanty. Many collections of views were published before 1863, but the wish to make a pleasing picture led the artists to take their views over and over again from one or other of a few favoured spots. If it is thought surprising that the College authorities of the day did not themselves make a systematic record before demolition began, it must be remembered that at that time the merits of a mediaeval building were assessed by one simple criterion—the purity of its style; and the Old Chapel and Master's Lodge had the misfortune to be not merely Perpendicular, an inferior style, but Debased Perpendicular of the sixteenth century. It was only when the process of demolition revealed within those unassuming brick and clunch walls the recognisable remains of genuine "Decorated" and "Early English" buildings that general interest began to awaken. Careful notes were taken at this stage, and photographs made, by C. C. Babington, Fellow of the College and Professor of Botany, 1861–95; and in his book on *St John's College Chapel* there will be found a number of pictures of the ruins[1].

Views of the northern side of the College are particularly rare. Along this side, from St John's Street to the river, there ran till 1865 a narrow street called St John's Lane. The view of the College, looking down this lane, with the Library buttresses at the far end, must have been singularly attractive, but not a single representation of it as it was from 1624 to 1863 seems to have survived to the present day. It was of course definitely a "back" of the College, and there might be the same difficulty to-day in finding a view of the ancient wall of Trinity on to Trinity Lane. In the absence of a complete view of the undisturbed buildings, it has been thought worth while to publish in *The Eagle* the three fragmentary views or drawings which are, apparently, all that remain.

[1] It is to Babington also that we owe the few existing photographs of the old First Court buildings taken before the alterations: there is a collection of them in the College Library. Unfortunately he did not take photographs of any interiors except the Chapel.

The original plans and elevations of the Second Court, made in 1598 by the architects, Symons and Wigge, have all been preserved, and may be seen in the College Library. From them is taken Plate I, which shows Symons' elevation of the outer wall of the north range (*i.e.* the wall facing towards Bridge Street). Its chief interest for us is that it includes, on the left, the gable end of the Hall range, a part of the original First Court buildings which was incorporated into Symons' design and survived till the lengthening of the Hall in 1863[1]. The two ground floor windows lit the Old Combination Room behind the Hall, the two above lit the Master's Great Chamber, and it will be noticed that there is no light in the garret. In the centre of the drawing is the rectangular projection containing the staircase to the top storey of Letter C. It now has a doorway on the ground floor, leading to Chapel Court, but originally its only purpose was to give access to the upper chambers without going through the Long Gallery. There is still a door half way up the stairs, which led into the Gallery; but inside the room the panelling has been sealed up.

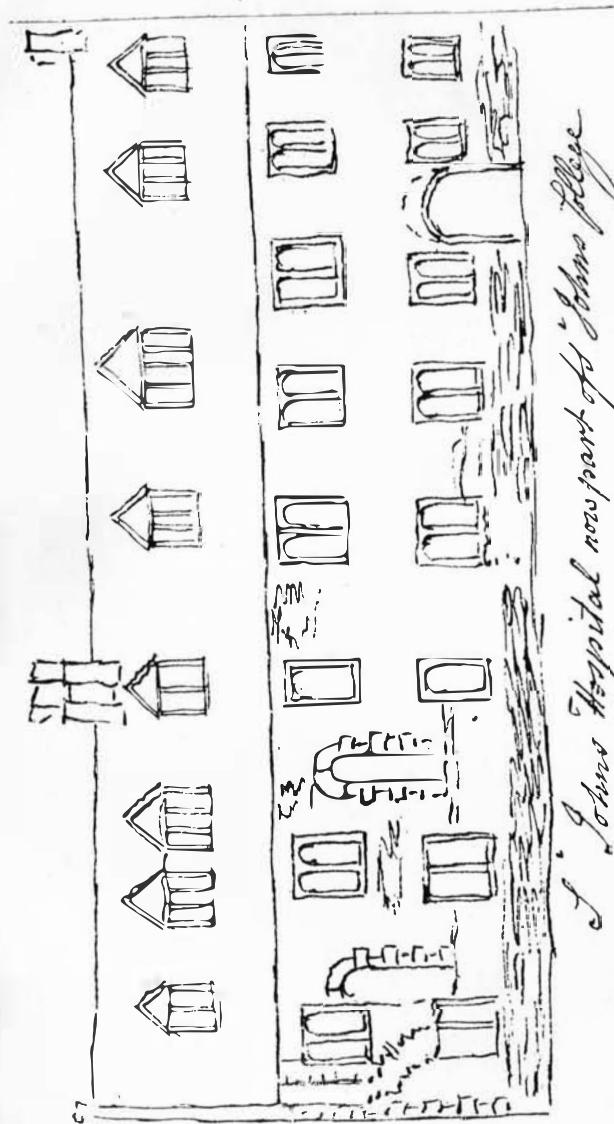
Plate II needs some preliminary explanation. The old north range of the First Court stood, of course, not on the site of the present chapel, but within the present Court: the foundations are still visible. It was a building some two hundred and fifty years older than the College, having originally contained the chapel and perhaps the actual Infirmary of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist, our predecessor on this site. The greater part of this building was converted by John Fisher into the College Chapel, the rest

[1] The former disposition of this part of the College was explained, with a plan, in the last number of *The Eagle*.

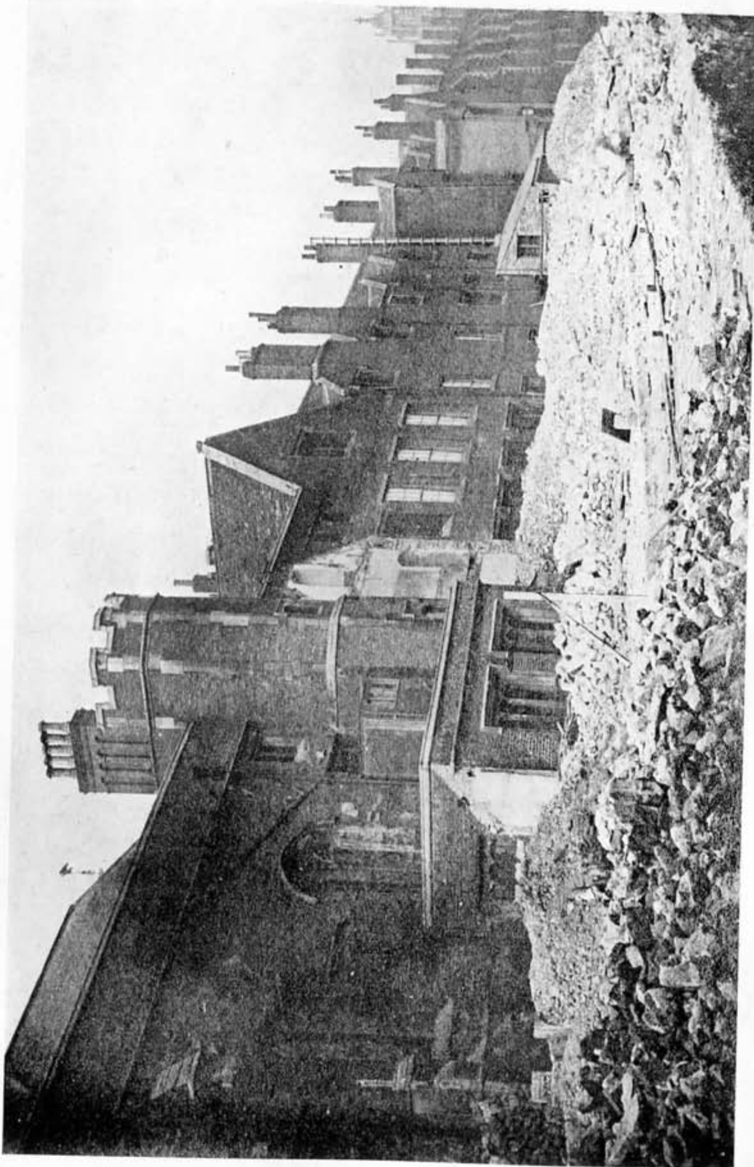
into part of the Master's Lodge. Outside the Old Court, to the north next the street, was a small building running parallel to the Chapel, lying between it and St John's Lane, and approached from the First Court by a winding passage which gave the building its modern name—the Labyrinth. There is documentary evidence that a chapel was licensed in the Hospital shortly before 1208, and this date agrees well with the architectural character of "the Labyrinth" as shown in the illustrations to Babington's book. (That the larger chapel, already mentioned, was not built before about 1260 is clear from other pictures in the same book.) According to Baker and later writers, "the Labyrinth" was the Infirmary of the Hospital during most of its existence. In 1584, having been used as a stable since the suppression of the Hospital in 1509, it was divided into three stories and made into chambers, and so it remained—perhaps the oldest building in use as College chambers in either university—until its removal in 1869.

The view of the Labyrinth reproduced in Plate II is a rough drawing made by James Essex the younger about the time (1772) that he was Italianising the south range of the First Court. It is now in the British Museum[1]. The building is seen from St John's Lane, and in spite of the roughness of the sketch traces of the antiquity of the building appear in the stone fragments buried in the wall. It is curious that, while the east end of "the Labyrinth" appears as an incident in many old views of the front of the College, the only view of it taken on its own account should be by James Essex, whose classic stone facing first disturbed the unity of the First Court. There is, however, good evidence, from his surviving sketch-books, that in an age as extreme in its contempt for Gothic as the following age was in its enthusiasm, Essex was a careful and discriminating student of mediaeval architecture; and it seems that several of his Italianisings were carried out at the direction of the responsible authorities in the face of his own advice.

[1] Add. MSS. 6768, folio 247. The straight line on the right represents the edge of the original paper.



II. THE INFIRMARY, 1772: A SKETCH BY ESSEX



III. ST JOHN'S LANE IN 1863

Plate III is one of the Babington Collection. It is unfortunately inferior in quality to the others in the collection, but still shows a number of interesting details. The wall of the Master's Garden and the houses on the north side of St John's Lane had been destroyed by the time it was taken, and the Labyrinth is represented by the heap of stones in the foreground.

On the left of the picture is part of the Chapel with one of its thirteenth-century buttresses. The low square projecting building is a chantry, built about 1522, as a memorial to Hugh Ashton, the founder of four fellowships and four scholarships in the College. The College historian, Thomas Baker, was an Ashton Fellow, and wrote of this chantry in the *History* (p. 93):

> It has long since lost the face of religion. Many years after its desecration, in Dr Beal's time, it was restored to sacred use, but the times coming on when little regard was had to sacred things and less to sacred places, it was again desecrated, and has not since been restored to such uses, as the other two chapels yet standing have been. It may, 'tis hoped, one day recover that right, and might I choose my place of sepulchre, I would lay my body there; that as I owe the few comforts I possess to Mr Ashton's bounty, so I might not be separated from him in my death.

The Fellows of his day respected Thomas Baker's wishes, for he was buried in the ante-Chapel, near Ashton's monument. The feelings of later generations have been less delicate. In 1868 the Ashton tomb was moved into the new Chapel; but Thomas Baker's slab was left to face the weather, and grass is now growing through the many cracks that have appeared in it.

Next to the Chapel is a turret, built after (or at the time of) the erection of the Second Court, which served for many years as the principal entrance to the Master's Lodge. Loggan's views (1688) show the top of this turret, and also next to it a projecting building (the Master's kitchen and domestic offices) of which the outline is seen in our photograph on the right of the turret.

It will be noticed that under the gable of the Hall range

there were now three windows on each floor, rather crowded together. Those on the ground floor appear to be of the Second Court type, and it is likely that they were inserted by Symons, in place of the two original ones shown in his elevation (Plate I) to make up for the loss of two windows in the west wall of the Old Combination Room, which were blocked by his new (Second Court) buildings. The existence of two such blocked up windows in the western wall was verified by Babington during the lengthening of the Hall[1]. The Great Chamber windows above were probably similarly treated, but they had been sashed at some later date. A window had been inserted in the garret.

On the right of the photograph is the C staircase projection, on to which a further projection had been built to permit carriages in St John's Lane to set down directly at the door. The join between the old and new brick on the building as it now exists agrees with the join as shown in the photograph, confirming a conjecture made by Dr Bonney in his article in the *Memorial Volume*[2].

On the extreme right appear the Library buttresses, with a glimpse of the New Court.

M. H. A. N.

[1] *The Eagle*, 4 (1865), p. 264; and cf. *The Eagle*, 47 (1932), p. 132.
[2] *Quatercentenary Memorial Volume* (1911), p. 39.

FELLOWS HAWAII FUND

THE Secretary of the Fund sends the following appeal, which we gladly publish:

Despite financial difficulties the Committee of the Old Johnian Hawaii Fund has been kind enough to promise a donation of £500 towards sending our Fellows' Ukelele Team to Hawaii this summer as usual. The High Table this year, though young and inexperienced, has had a very successful season, and should stand more than an average chance of carrying off the Cup. They have excellent rhythm, are potentially very fast, and during the last few weeks have been getting well together.

We therefore ask for the generous support of the senior and junior members of the College, without which we should be unable to visit Hawaii at all.

The expenses are estimated thus (12 men, 30 days in Hawaii):

	£
Rooms in Hotel	720
Catering	1080
Cigars	360
Fire Insurance	200
Cartage of Ukeleles	20
Coach for Horse	5
Gratuities	50
	2435

This we hope to cover as follows:

Old Johnian Hawaii Fund Grant	500
Team and Spare Men (£25 each)	300
Donations from Fellows and Undergraduates	1635
	2435

Cheques, which should be crossed "Fellows Hawaii Fund, may be sent to the Secretary at the College Office.

JOHNIANA

THE stag in First Court, 1777:

"On one of the Walden Meetings of this Season a Deer that had been turned out at Chesterford took his direct course to Cambridge. Passing through the walks he crossed the River at the back of the Colleges and entered Trinity College through the Queen's Gate, followed by the Hounds at his Heels, took directly across the great Court to the King's Gate, when he next turned into St John's College and closely pressed by the Hounds took refuge at the Foot of a Staircase and was taken at the Door of Mr Tye, an Irishman of Fortune and a Fellow Commoner of that College, who was one of the sportsmen of that day, with the Duke of Grafton then Lord Euston of Trinity and many other Members of the University. The Beautiful grass Plots of Trinity and of St John's which are preserved from violation from even the tread of a student's foot, were on this occasion totally forgotten, and the damage done by the crowd of horsemen, did not fail to fill the Seniors of each College with dismay. I was not myself of the Hunting Party that day, but luckily was in the Hall of Trinity near enough to get out to enjoy the Scene of mirthful turmoil and confusion."

From the MS. diary of John Hanson, quoted in *The Essex Foxhounds*, 1895–1926 (London, 1926), p. 188.

[Probably Robert StearneTighe, admitted Fellow-Commoner, aged 16, November 11th, 1776 (*Admissions*, Part IV, p. 517). For another contemporary account of the incident see the Master's notes on Charles Curtis (*Admissions*, Part IV, p. 216). The inscription "Stag Nov. 15 1777" is still plainly visible on the underside of the lintel of G First Court.]

"Still he [William Wilberforce] says of College society [in 1788], 'They were not what I had expected; they had neither the solidity of judgement possessed by ordinary men

of business, nor the refined feelings and elevated principles which become a studious and sequestered life.'"

Samuel Wilberforce, *The Life of William Wilberforce* (1872), p. 62.

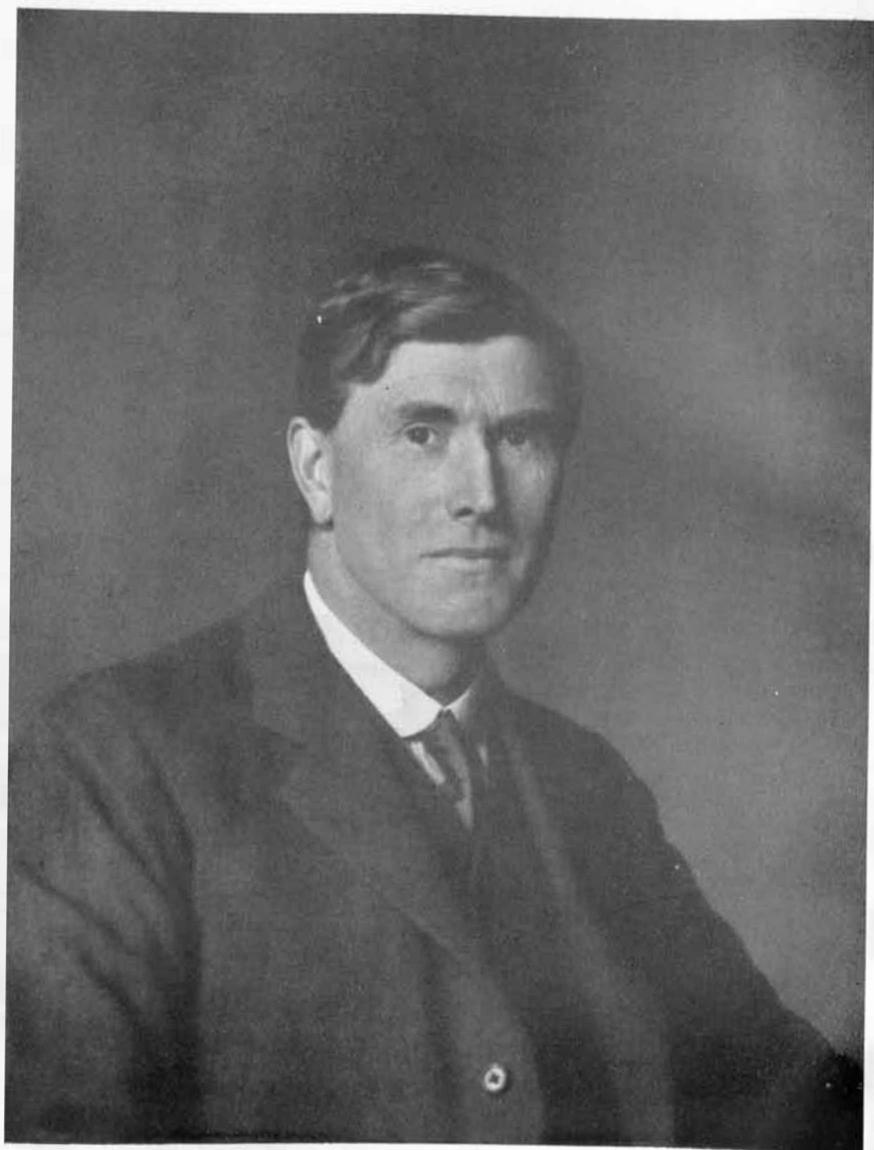
A hitherto unknown example of the binding-work of Nicholas Spierinck has recently been identified in the muniment-room. Spierinck was by origin a Fleming who settled in Cambridge about 1505 and later became stationer to the University.

The book bound is the Cartulary of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist, the greater part of which seems to have been written about the middle of the thirteenth century, in a singularly neat and beautiful hand; it consists of copies of the title-deeds to the land owned by the Hospital, lists of rents, etc.

The binding, from the style and the tools used, appears to date from about 1525, so that it is reasonable to suppose that the newly-founded College had the book bound; a theory which is borne out by the fact that there are several books in the library dating from the same period which are also bound by Spierinck. The binding is of calf over beech boards, with clasps to hold it shut and two pages from a glossed manuscript for end-sheets. When found it was in a neglected state, the boards being badly worm-eaten and the leather dry and shrunk. It has recently been repaired at the Public Record Office.

Thomas Baker in *The History of St John's College* (p. 17) says of this book:

And because ancient charters are little things, the more ancient, still the less, and consequently might easily be lost, there is an ancient Cartulary (*inter archiva Coll.*), older than King's College (for therein is mention of our tenement in St John Baptist's parish, then St Cross' hostel, since part of the site of that College, by exchange with Henry the Sixth for the fish ponds near St John's). It contains copies of the grants and charters of our benefactors.



THE MASTER

THE EAGLE

VOL. XLVIII *January* 1934 No. 212

THE MASTER

ERNEST ALFRED BENIANS, our new Master, is fifty-three years old, and comes from Kent, a region which Julius Caesar long ago recognized as producing "the most civilized of the Britons." He came into residence as a Scholar (the first Entrance Scholar in History the College had admitted) in the Michaelmas Term, 1899; he gained a First Class in Part I of the History Tripos in 1901, in Part II in 1902, and followed this up by winning the Lightfoot Scholarship in 1903, the Allen Scholarship in 1905 and the Adam Smith Prize in 1906, in which year he was elected a Fellow.

Since that time, as Albert Kahn Travelling Fellow, he spent fifteen months travelling round the world, wrote several chapters (mostly dealing with Colonial History) for the *Cambridge Modern History*, and edited the Atlas Volume for that work. After being Adviser to Indian Students he became Tutor, and for seven years has been Senior Tutor of the College. He has acted as Chairman of the Faculty Board of History, and was a member of the General Board of Studies during the difficult years when University and Colleges were settling down to the new Statutes. He was an original member of the Junior Historians, and is now editing the *Cambridge History of the British Empire*.

This is no mean record, yet a great College demands of its Master even more, a complete absorption in its interests. For years, unobtrusively yet actively, he has been the centre of

College life; whatever was concerned—be it the revision of the College Statutes, or a question of educational policy, whether it was some harassed Junior Tutor seeking advice, or an undergraduate in debt, or someone who felt he had been unfairly treated—sooner or later "the gentle Ben" has had to be taken into counsel, and his kindly but definite wisdom has solved the difficulty.

In an age when great and exciting events are happening, not only in the world of knowledge but also in the world of politics, and when the College, thanks to the unselfish labours of its officers in past years, stands on a level worthy of its best traditions, it has chosen the new Master to be its leader, to direct its policy and interpret it to the outside world, and to guide it onward still, because it knows and has experienced his sympathy, his fairmindedness, and his wisdom, and perhaps even more because each member can feel that he has in him a friend.

[Palmer Clark

SIR ROBERT FORSYTH SCOTT

Senior Bursar 1883–1908
Master 1908–1933

SIR ROBERT FORSYTH SCOTT:

MASTER 1908–33

ROBERT FORSYTH SCOTT, the elder son of the Rev. George Scott, Minister of Dairsie, Co. Fife, and Mary, daughter of Robert Forsyth, advocate, was born at Leith on July 28th, 1849. He was at the High School, Edinburgh, continued his education at Stuttgart and at King's College, London, and entered St John's College as an Exhibitioner in October 1871. In 1875 he was Fourth Wrangler, and he was elected to a MacMahon Studentship in 1876. In the latter year he rowed in the Third Lent Boat and in the Third May Boat: forty-four years later, in 1920, he was elected President of the L.M.B.C. He was elected a Fellow of the College in 1877. From 1877 to 1879 he was an Assistant Master at Christ's Hospital. He published *The Theory of Determinants* in 1880, and in the same year was called to the Bar. For three years he practised at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1883 returned to the College as Senior Bursar. On his return, he became Major of the University Corps, and held the office of Junior Proctor in 1888. In 1898 he married Jenny, daughter of Lieutenant-General T. E. Webster. On August 31st, 1908, he was elected Master of the College, in succession to Dr Charles Taylor. He was Vice-Chancellor from 1910 to 1912, and received the honorary degree of LL.D. at St Andrews. In 1922 he became a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and in 1924 received the honour of Knighthood. He died on November 18th, 1933, in his eighty-fifth year, havi
Senior Bursar and twenty-five as Master.

From *The Cambridge Review* (abridged):

Robert Forsyth Scott was (like most Scotsmen) a son of the manse, and the manse was that of Dairsie in Fifeshire, where his father was the Established Church minister. His mother, the daughter of Robert Forsyth, advocate, was, in her later

years, a not unfamiliar figure in the courts of St John's, quietly making her way to the Bursary in I, New Court, where her son sat under the portraits of the family. In Scotland it was more usual for the elder son to be called from the paternal side; here it was reversed, and George Scott was the younger son. The dedication of his well-known book, *The Burman, his life and notions, by Shway Yoe*, pictures the mother.

"When anything surprises or pleases a Burman, he never fails to cry out, Amè—mother. Following the national example, to whom can I better dedicate this book than to you, my dear mother? Who else will be so eager to praise; so tender to chide; so soft to soothe and console; so prompt to shield and defend?..."

R. F. Scott was not an emotional man, most people would have said; but those about him, when in advanced old age his mother was taken from him, knew better, if he did not unpack his heart with words. There, as in many other ways, he showed his race.

He had some schooling with his brother in Germany; and he used to tell of fights with German boys, repeated till he realized that "Nicht wahr?" implied no doubt as to his veracity. In October 1871 he entered at St John's, where he became Fourth Wrangler, and a Fellow, and rowed in the third L.M.B.C. boat. He confessed to tears when he was turned out of the first boat—and to a vigorous undergraduate life with his lifelong friend, Sir Charles Parsons, the inventor of the turbine.

In 1883 he returned to St John's as Bursar, and was soon to find enough to do; yet a feature of his work was his tolerance of interruption. Few men had more work or more difficult; but if you invaded the Bursary, you would see him look up over his glasses, and lay down his pen, with an air of relief as if he were sick of solitude and wanted nothing more than a half-hour's crack. And let us supplement this with some words from the preface of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (which pleased him, as they well might): "No inquiry addressed to Mr R. F. Scott, bursar of St John's College, Cambridge...has failed to procure a useful reply." He had, he

would say in later years, "a passion for minute biography." At one of the *D.N.B.* dinners, Mr Archbold says, he explained "I am here as an original authority."

He was Proctor, too. A Proctor (said Foakes Jackson), who comes through without some loss of reputation does well. Scott gained regard by it, he was so human. He would tell tales of his Proctor days, beginning: "When I was Proggins." It was of him that a guilty Trinity man, now one of His Majesty's Judges, inquired: "And where *is* St John's?" One night he entertained the University Boat (or L.M.B.C. I, it may have been), tendering them cigars as they left, with the friendly words: "You will find my colleague at the gate." The colleague was Neville of Sidney.

He was a Major in the Volunteers of those times, and took part duly in their field days. He piloted new scholars and Fellows to the Lodge for the awful ceremony of Admission. To a new Fellow who wondered if it was quite right for him to come punctually to hall and sit among his seniors, "it might improve your mind," said Scott. He delved unceasingly into the College archives, and term by term *The Eagle* opened with "Notes from the College Records." He liked to quote a grumbling subscriber (in arrears, perhaps): "Is good old Scott still doing those Notes? He must be a long way into futurity by now." He had other activities—the Town Council, the University Council, the Conservators of the Cam, and the Conservative Association; but they did not interfere with his services to his friends and his leisure for them.

His friends had his portrait painted for the College. There have not been many portraits presented of late, but Scott's was over-subscribed; and every member had a cheque returning him a third of his gift. This pleased Scott, who spoke of "the picture that paid a dividend." The picture hangs in St John's, a dignified portraiture, in which, however, his friends miss something. The painter was reported to have said he would not have his sitters "going down grinning to posterity." So he painted Scott without the least hint of a twinkle; and in Scott's case, you might almost say, the twinkle was the man.

In 1908 he succeeded Dr Charles Taylor as Master. On the night of his election, he ended his speech to the Fellows with the hint that people say "moss gathers in Lodges," and hoping that, if it did, they might remember it covered the remains of a good fellow. He was in due course Vice-Chancellor, and received the honorary degree of LL.D. at St Andrews, became a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn and was Knighted in 1924. Everybody enjoyed the short speeches in which he would propose the health of new Fellows at the election feasts; and he grew better and better at it. His ambition in his later years was to hold out till he had served a full half-century as Bursar and Master; and his hope was fulfilled.

As one looks back upon the many years, one sees a figure always genial, always ready with some amusing story, always sympathetic with normal youth (less so with premature apostles or prigs of any age), always open-eyed for service to the College, devotion to which was the very core of his life and character.

T. R. G.

* * *

The late Master was appointed to the office of Senior Bursar on October 9th, 1883, at the time of a serious crisis in the finances of the College, and he held the appointment for approximately twenty-five years till his election to the mastership on August 31st, 1908.

In order to explain the nature of the difficulties with which he was faced, it is necessary to go back to the past. From the earliest period the main income of the College had been derived from real estate, and this, apart from some house property in Cambridge and London, consisted almost entirely of agricultural land. The great growth in agricultural prosperity during the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century was accompanied by a rapid expansion in the College income. Those responsible for the finances of the College during this period appear to have assumed that these conditions would go on for ever. Large sums received for land in and near London, and elsewhere, sold to public corporations, railway companies and others, were employed almost entirely in the purchase of further

agricultural properties, not all of the first class; and no attempt was made to spread the risks. On the expenditure side commitments were entered into absorbing the increase in income, and no reserves were created to provide for the inevitable rainy day. The construction of a new Chapel and Master's Lodge was undertaken in 1863 without completely counting the cost. The original estimate for these was in the neighbourhood of £40,000; the actual cost amounted to no less than £78,000 before they were completed in 1869, and interest payments to a further £21,000, bringing the total payments to £99,000, before the debt was ultimately liquidated in 1896.

Meanwhile by 1876 the tide of prosperity was on the turn. At this juncture Dr Reyner, who had been Bursar since 1857, retired and was presented to the College living of Staplehurst. In the following years conditions deteriorated rapidly, with the result that rents of agricultural property declined, and, in spite of concessions to tenants, fell into embarrassing arrears, while the situation was further aggravated by the burden of the instalments of capital and interest on the Chapel debt. In 1883 Dr Pieters, who had succeeded Dr Reyner as Senior Bursar, felt that he was unable to cope with the situation and left Cambridge, and Mr Scott, as he then was, was invited to take up the appointment. For several years the position continued to grow worse; many farms came in hand between 1885 and 1896, by which date the income from farm rents had fallen to £14,600 compared with £23,800 in 1883 and about £30,000 in 1876.

The difficulties were met by the enforcement of rigid economies to bring the expenditure within the income, these including a drastic reduction in the Fellowship dividend (a substantial part of the remuneration of College officers and others), and also in the actual number of Fellows. The dividend which had been £300 between 1872 and 1878, and which stood at £200 for 1884, progressively fell until for 1894 and 1895 it reached the low level of £80. By these measures, which were loyally accepted by the Fellows, equilibrium was maintained and some relief was secured when the final instalment of the Chapel debt was paid in 1896.

Concurrently Mr Scott had put in train important measures for increasing the College revenues by developing its properties at Cambridge and Sunningdale as building estates, the land being let on 99 years' leases. The construction of the northern section of the Grange Road, and of the Adams, Herschel, and Sylvester Roads, dates from this period; and the ground rents of houses on these roads, as also on the Madingley Road and other frontages, now forms an important element in the income of the College. The development of the Sunningdale Estate, with its well-known golf course, was no less successful, and as a result of this policy the income from ground rents to-day amounts to well over £10,000 per annum compared with less than £3000 in 1883. The improvement in the finances was materially helped by considerable sales of land ripe for development, the most important of which was a section of the river frontage at Marfleet for the construction of a portion of the Hull Docks. From 1896 the position continued to improve; by 1904 the dividend had again reached £200, and by 1908, when Mr Scott was elected Master, he was able to hand over an unencumbered legacy to his successor.

One very important feature of his administration throughout this period consisted of the very close and intimate relations which he was able to establish with the College tenants. There is evidence that this was not the case with his immediate predecessors and, apart from this, he had at the outset to deal with tenants disheartened by a series of calamitous agricultural years. His sympathetic treatment of their difficulties, and the personal methods introduced by him into the relations between the College and its tenants, did much to help matters at that time and set an example which his successors have endeavoured to follow. Those of the existing tenants who knew him still speak of him with affection, and several of them, on hearing of his death, have written of him to the College in the warmest terms.

In his capacity as Bursar he had direct charge of the College muniments and various College records, and did much to ensure their safe custody and proper maintenance.

The present fireproof room was constructed and the more important documents were removed to this room from the old Treasury and made accessible for ready examination and reference. He had also an intimate knowledge of many of the documents, and published in *The Eagle* a long series of interesting extracts from these under the title "Notes from the College Records." His work on the past admissions to the College is well known, but in addition to the published volumes he has collected a large amount of material for the later admissions which will facilitate the continuance of the series.

His services as Master are referred to elsewhere, but it must be said that the painstaking care which he expended on these researches was typical of the devotion with which he attended throughout to all matters in any way affecting the College interests. At the same time he took a boyish delight in any College successes, for example in the large number of St John's men who won high places in the various triposes in 1933, and in the Lady Margaret victory in the Ladies' Plate at Henley. On the completion of his fifty years of service to the College the Governing Body sent him the following message, which was recorded in the College Minutes:

> The Governing Body wish to convey their warmest congratulations to the Master on his completion of fifty years' service to the College. They feel that the College is equally to be congratulated, as they deeply appreciate the value of the work that he has done for it. They fully recognize that the position in which it stands to-day, both with regard to its finances and otherwise, is in a large measure due to the watchful and loving care which he has devoted to its interests throughout the whole of this period.

This message gave him the greatest pleasure. He was very happy to know that his work had been appreciated and that this appreciation had been placed on permanent record.

H. F. H.

* * *

It was characteristic of the late Master that even the hobby which occupied his leisure was devoted to College interests. He became, partly at the suggestion of Professor Mayor, but mainly by natural tastes and aptitude, the historian of the

College and the biographer of its members from its foundation, and never has a College found a more successful chronicler. It was in 1903 that he published his first continuation (Part III) of Professor Mayor's *Admissions*, and the new volume showed at once the quality of his work. The faithful transcript of the Register of Admissions was proceeded with from 1715 to 1767, but it was linked with succinct biographical notes on almost every name, which embodied the results of most laborious and acute research in all possible directions into the lives of even the least distinguished of Johnian *alumni*. On well-known names he could cast fresh light, but what was most remarkable was the way in which long-forgotten men in the middle walks of life became once more living, and often interesting, personalities in his hands. The same qualities, accompanied by a more convenient arrangement, marked his Part IV from 1767 to 1802, published only two years ago. In detail and fullness of record these volumes surpassed, it may safely be said, all rivals.

This intentness on detail did not imply that the Master could not take a comprehensive view of College history. His little book on St John's in Dent's *College Monographs* (1907) happily achieved the difficult task of representing the continuous life of a corporate society, waxing and waning, changing and static, reflecting to-day and yesterday at any given moment in three hundred years, and maintaining through transmutation, as individuals do, an unmistakable identity. The style was none the worse for being completely unpretentious. It had a genuine ring.

It is natural, however, to associate him most of all with the "Notes from the College Records" which filled so many pages of *The Eagle* from 1889 to 1915. An immense amount of College history is contained in these disconnected papers, if sometimes through the lack of an index it is a little hard to track. The Notes touch on a world of subjects: suppression of monasteries, the College's foundation, College accounts, College benefactions, the allied schools, the Library, questions of tithes and patronage, evasions of statutes, architectural plans, truculent divines, cantankerous Fellows—almost every aspect

of College life. The College archives gave him a mine of unworked material, and he supplemented it from the Record Office and the British Museum, from rare tracts, local histories, old newspapers, and parish registers, even from barely accessible episcopal muniments. He was willing to stand all day in an ill-lit corner in a discouraging registry to copy records of ordinations and the like. His thoroughness and perseverance on the trail of an elusive Johnian were not to be denied. He had a natural instinct for the source, as opposed to the derivative narrative; he was himself, as he said, "an original authority" for the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He was not careful of the finesse of scholarship. Punctuation he treated with the freedom of the seventeenth century, and he never gave much attention to misprints in Latin documents, but in the essential accuracy of fact and interpretation he easily held his own against more meticulous proof-correctors. A shrewd insight, trained in practical affairs, and a sound, critical judgment made his results always weighty and generally right. Those results, too, were no frigid reconstruction from a rubble of powdery, broken facts. A kindly, sub-cynical sympathy pervades the minute and exact research in which he delighted. He met new acquaintances in the past, stalwart and weak, upright and devious, place-hunting as "your worship's woorme," quarrelling, disputing, zealous and lukewarm, met them with a genial tolerance on a common ground of humanity.

C. W. P. O.

KNOWLEDGE

KNOWLEDGE will come to me (if it comes at all)
Not as the dew falls swiftly to the flower,
Nor be absorbed as parched land drains the shower.
But as worms in subterranean channels crawl,
Feeding the while, and sift the encountered soil,
Patient towards some hidden end I'll strive,
And, seeking the essence whence all forms derive,
Nourish the mind upon the very toil.

A. P. P.

SIMPLIFICATION

EVERYTHING is being made plain,
difficulties shaken out,
ambiguities neatly dissected.
Simplify.

We substitute
paragraph for chapter
sentence for paragraph
word for sentence.

There is my idea now,
it cannot escape me
closely imprisoned
in a five-linked chain of words.

But after six months' interval
when I go to unlock it,
I find to my horror
that I have lost the key.

A. P. P.

ANTOINE WATTEAU

OF WATTEAU the painter, many records remain; of Antoine the man, scarcely anything that is authentic; nevertheless the few facts we have are significant, and from them much, if not all, can be gleaned.

Watteau was born at Valenciennes during the latter part of the Thirty Years' War, and his childhood, therefore, was passed in the heart of that country, which for all time has been the battleground of Europe.

Small wonder, then, if the first Watteau of whom we have knowledge is a military painter, a realist, painting war as no man before him had dared to paint it—war without romance and without glamour; war in its everyday aspect, as, in his childhood, he had seen and known it, when, always with that eternal stump of pencil in his hands, he had wandered along the stricken lanes and by-ways of Flanders.

The realism of his early work, this passion for the exact truth, as he saw it, was to remain with him through life. How comes it, then, that the pictures, which have given to Watteau his great reputation, are creations of fantastic imagery and romance?

The apparent contradiction is explained when we take into account such facts and details as we actually do possess of Watteau's personal history.

His father was a tiller by trade, and the years of Watteau's early life in Valenciennes would seem to have been spent in poor and uncongenial circumstances. At eighteen, ambitious and hungering for the broader life of the capital, he worked his way to Paris in the company of a troop of players for whom, it is said, he painted scenery. After this he served as an apprentice to a faker of old masters—a strange occupation for this devotee of truth—and later he drifted to the studio of a clever but profligate painter named Gillot, from whom he learned much that was valuable and also much that was not. It was at this time that he fell under the spell of an actress named Desmares, and although little enough is known of the

affair, the fact remains that after a lapse of ten years the remembrance of his early love had not faded from his mind, since on the occasion of his admission to the Académie Royale, he chose for the subject of his great diploma work, "L'Embarquement pour Cythère," a scene from the play in which he had first seen her.

For some time Watteau cherished a passionate desire to study art in Italy, and, with this end in view, he competed for the Prix de Rome, but failed to win the purse. Compensation, however, for this bitter disappointment was not far off, for not long afterwards he made the acquaintance of those two devoted friends and lavish patrons, Monsieur de Crozat and Monsieur de Julienne.

From this time forward, Watteau's position and success were assured—he became the fashion, the rage: yet always he seemed to have remained as he had been, a little aloof: a little difficult and retiring. His one passionate preoccupation was his work, his faithfulness to the truth as he saw it; yet surely this realist of a Watteau would be likely to see the truth at a different angle from most other men? Might not this son of a Flemish working man, who fifty years before the revolution finds himself the idol of the most exclusive aristocracy in Europe, translated suddenly upon terms of intimacy and equality into a world of fantastic and exquisite elegance—might not such a man see in all this, not reality, but a dream? Could such a world seem a reality to this peasant who from childhood had been accustomed to the terrors of war? Could it seem a reality to this genius who had once faked, and starved in the gutters of Paris? Would it not rather have appeared to him what in point of fact it was and as he painted it, a dream world, a fairy world of unreality which an oncoming Terror, only a few years later, was to sweep for ever out of existence? Thus seeing it, would he not so paint it, flinging over all those the inevitable and characteristic veil of glamour and romance?—that is, of *unreality*.

In the winter of 1719, his health, which for some time had been failing, broke down completely, and he sought medical advice in England. In the following spring he returned, worse than ever, to Paris, when suddenly and for no apparent reason, he seems to have acquired a new lease of life. He works magnificently and at a fever heat, with an ease and an assurance such as he has never before known, completing in an incredibly short space of time his masterpiece, "L'Enseigne de Garsaint." He puts off in some measure his aloof and retiring manner; he writes the gayest letters, goes to see everything and is seen everywhere: and the secret is not far to seek. The new mood synchronizes with the brief period of his intimacy with the Venetian pastellist, Rosealba Carriera, for "Watteau," says Gillet, "adorait en elle le vivant génie de l'Italie." All his life he had hungered for Italy, and now at length it would seem as though Italy herself had come to him in the person of the Venetian artist. She was not young, nor was she beautiful, and yet in her he seems to have found an answer to some age-long dissatisfaction of the soul. In her presence life takes on new powers, new possibilities, and when she goes the brief flame subsides, never again to revive.

Yet, though he is dying, he still paints, but in a strangely different vein. For subject he chooses not the drab weariness of war, not the light loves of the Fêtes Galantes, but instead such subjects as the great Italians chose—the Holy Family at Bethany and the Christ on the Cross.

And so painting he died, Truth worshipper, even till the end.

J. K.

THE FIELDS

THERE, the fields rising, the brown earth
Slowly swelling above the plainland, rising
In broad sweep of the furrows; low and bare.
Winter taking the fields; the beeches
Already golden and becoming bare;
And the long stretch of the flat country, hardly broken
With low ploughland rising ahead.
Day by day, morning by morning,
The cattle going forth ploughing;
Day by day, morning by morning,
The labourers to the fields;
Day by day, morning by morning, the years passing.
And these who were young grow old;
The ploughboy whistles at morning, the old man asleep in the
cottage.
Winter again taking the fields;
Here, after many centuries, year by year, winter again;
The wind blowing over the flat country;
The brown ploughland bare, low hill rising ahead;
And here where time goes slowly by,
The ploughland bare, the distance grey,
'Tis I who come and wander by
To watch the daylight die away.
One I knew who would lead forth his team.
Drawing the bare furrow over the ploughland,
Here, in the flat country of long views; fen and brown fields;
And the beeches gold and becoming bare.
One whom I knew and now see little of.

I could as well be happy here as elsewhere.
Here indeed more happy; silence of the fields,
Silence perfect of their sadness. The winter
Year by year coming again. The ploughboy
To the fields no longer, he in his turn asleep

(One whom I knew and do not see again)
Rising no longer at morning, growing old;
Always the fields watching, with sorrow peacefully,
And with great beauty.

And I have come to these fields, to the flat country,
Here, to the winter and the sunset.
I have watched, my friend, a long sunset;
And have come here, here where the years are changeless.

H. M. C.

THE PYLONS

HARSH, girt with cables there aloft,
The pylons stand in helplessness,
Truncated limbs that seem
To plunge the very depths of earth,
And arms clasping the cordage
Of slack strands. From these
The East wind sweeping low
From barren hills long numbed
Into monastic dun, wrings out no cry
For quarter or responsive moan,
—The cables dumb
And dumb their porters too,—
But petulant, enraged, gusts on,
Into the masses of the trees
Battalioned, but more yielding, these....

Grim marcher lords,
Across the heath the pylons stare,
—Arrogance naked striding there—
Threatening perpetual war;
But ever motionless, half mocked,
Unquickened by these nerves that sear
The lesser giants, though for these
Vitality withheld.

J. M. P.

THE PANTHEIST

On Judgement Day
Shall be
No tale of Sacraments
For me.

Hymns I knew not,
But the glees
Of windy diapasons
In the trees,

North-Wester squadrons
Sweeping low,
Sea battle eager in
Crescendo.

It may be these things shall weigh
For me in Judgement Day.

J. M. P.

IN THE CATHEDRAL

They have gone from here, ceasing in time to sing,
Turning to their business. Once, I remember,
These aisles were with us over the meadows,
The candle flickering by the swallow's wing
And the chanting with us that harvesting of September.
The unconscious power fades, now with the laughter
And hard communion of new success. Natural, I suppose;
And yet 'tis regretfully that I look after
The light falling no more on the crucifix
And the old sympathy dwindling to its close.

H. M. C.

EPILOGUE

You may forget that day we spent together,
lying we two far up green Huglith side;
you may forget that last sad happy ride
—cyder and ale and sun-kissed windy weather—
you may forget, but still shall I be minding
Sun on the broom and fresh green bracken fronds,
you may forget those thousand tiny bonds
—the hawks that stooped—but yet will they be binding.
We lay and laughed and talked but commonplaces;
you climbed a tree, and I a little thorn
—grasshoppers danced, and chirped themselves away—;
laughed we and lay there, merry were our faces
and I forgot how sad would be the dawn;
nor said I then what I had come to say.

D.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST

"ST JOHN'S COLLEGE," said William Cole the antiquary, "grafted on the Hospital, and still enjoying its possessions, may justly be accounted the first of our present colleges." This opinion, attractive as it is to Johnians, leads to dangerous analogies; for Jesus College was also "grafted," but there the stock was the nunnery of St Radegund, founded earlier than the earliest date claimed for the Hospital. Yet even if we view the events of 1511 rather as an uprooting and replanting, we cannot fail to find interest in the Hospital of St John, which had occupied the site of the College since it was a poor waste; in the founders of the Hospital, who willy-nilly at its suppression became benefactors of the College; and in the date from which the name of St John the Evangelist has been continuously associated with this part of Cambridge.

The early historians of the University (Dr Caius, Archbishop Parker, Fuller, and others) gave the honour of the foundation to Nigel, second Bishop of Ely; and of those who venture on a date, Richard Parker favours 1134, while Fuller prefers 1145. If the authorities referred to in the footnotes of these writers are followed back as far as they will go, they are found to end either in a vague formula, such as "from authorities in Ely monastery," or in a plain unsupported assertion[1]. Thomas Baker, who had an unequalled knowledge of the Hospital documents, thought little of this theory. In the *History of St John's College* he says (p. 17):

> Amongst all the grants and charters of the old house, which are pretty numerous, some of very ancient date, I never could hit upon one by Nigellus, after the strictest enquiry, though the monuments of the old house are yet tolerably complete.

[1] The majority lead back to a footnote of Henry Wharton in *Anglia Sacra* (1591, vol. I, p. 619): "Literatis memoria Nigelli non ingrata esse debet, quorum studia liberalitate sua plurimum promovit. Canonicis enim Regularibus bonae literaturae operam navaturis Hospitium apud Cantabrigiam posuit, ubi loci Collegium S. Johannis nunc cernitur." The part of *Anglia Sacra* to which this is a note is a transcription of the *Historia Eliensis*, written not long after Nigel's death, and it is possible that some of the authority of the text has been transferred to Wharton's footnote.

And again:

> To say no more upon this head, there is a catalogue, among the college archives, of such founders and benefactors as were to be prayed for by the religious brethren; Eustachius bishop of Ely stands in the front of that catalogue, as he well deserves, (the family of the Mortimers stand next, who gave endowments in the reign of Henry the Third) and no more mention of our supposed founder, than if he had never been; which had been an unpardonable omission, had he been really a founder, and had conferred such endowments, as he is supposed to have done.

No subsequent discovery has ever diminished the force of these arguments. Baker proposed instead, on the authority of a late thirteenth-century document which will be further discussed in this article, to substitute for Nigel a Cambridge burgess, one Henry Frost, and suggested that the date of the foundation fell within the reign of Henry II (1154–89).

Since Baker's time, and mainly on his authority, Bishop Nigel has been replaced by Henry Frost as founder in the histories of the College—though it is doubtful if Baker would have allowed him quite the full title; but the date 1135, which should surely have disappeared at the same time, has been quietly revived, and is now orthodox. Despite the unanimous support that this combination of theories has received from all recent writers, including the most learned, I believe it is of quite modern origin, and finds no support in the older histories, much less in ancient documents.

In the following sections some ancient documents are reviewed, and allowed to deliver their own verdict, which they seem to do without much coaxing. That the originals of many of them were easily accessible without prolonged searching is due to the labours of Mr Gatty, who is now ordering and cataloguing "the monuments of the old house."

§ 1

The best known and most massive witnesses of the early years of the Hospital were two of its buildings which survived in disguised form until the 'sixties of the last century. The larger, a building with a central tower, was converted in 1511

into the College Chapel and Master's Lodge. Its two halves had been either the choir and nave of a large chapel, or more probably one half the chapel and the other the infirmary itself; and its architectural character suggested that it was built about 1270. The smaller building, called in modern times "the Labyrinth," had also the character of a chapel or chapel-cum-infirmary, but may have passed to mainly secular purposes when the larger chapel was built. From a photograph taken during its demolition[1] it appears that it was built in the early years of the thirteenth century. No other architectural remains of the Hospital are known.

Impressions of two successive seals of the Hospital have also survived. Photographs of them are reproduced in the *Quatercentenary Volume* (Plate IX), where an opinion of Sir George Warner is quoted that "the earlier of the two is thirteenth century, if not late twelfth century"—that is to say, presumably, about the turn of the century. (The later seal is of the fourteenth century.)

If we turn to written evidence, we find that the earliest extant documents concerned with the Hospital are, with one exception, about matters in which Eustace, Bishop of Ely from 1197 to 1215, was involved. First, and most important, is a group of three documents dealing with the original licensing of the chapel. Here, as in some other cases, we have good luck in being able to assign a fairly precise date. It was not usual before about 1250 to affix dates to documents; the only evidence in most cases is the names of the witnesses, whose approximate dates may be known. But it happens that of the witnesses to these three documents (they are the same for all) one, Richard Barre, Archdeacon of Ely, died in or before 1210[2], while another, who signs as "William prior of Barnwell," became prior at the earliest in 1208[3]. The documents therefore belong to the intervening years.

[1] It is reproduced in many books on Cambridge (*e.g.* Babington's *St John's College Chapel*; Willis and Clark's *Architectural History*, the *Quatercentenary Volume*), and there are direct prints in the College Library.

[2] Bentham's *History of Ely*, p. 273.

[3] Cf. the *Liber Memorandorum* of Barnwell, ed. by J. W. Clark, p. xv.

(I) The first document is an ordinance of the Bishop of Ely concerning the Hospital of St John the Evangelist in Cambridge, in which the bishop requires that every Master of the Hospital on taking office shall make a solemn promise not to receive any parishioner of All Saints' to the sacraments of the church, to the damage and prejudice of All Saints'; and it further states that the Priory of St Radegund has granted the brethren a free and pure chantry for ever, and free burial wherever they choose; and that in recompense for the damage which may result to All Saints' "from the common ground on which the house of the hospital is situated[1]" the nuns of St Radegund [who held the advowson of All Saints'] have been given a rent of twelve pence by each of three Cambridge burgesses, Hervey the son of Eustace [Dunning], Maurice the son of Alberic, and Robert Seman[2].

(II) and (III) The deeds of the gifts of Hervey the son of Eustace, and Maurice the son of Alberic, mentioned in the bishop's ordinance, are among the documents of the Priory of St Radegund preserved in Jesus College[3]. The witnesses are identical with those of (I), and the three deeds were evidently drawn at the same time.

Two important pieces of information may be extracted from these documents. The occasion for the Master's solemn promise (as all authorities who have noticed the documents agree) is clearly the licensing of an altar in the Hospital; we shall find a more explicit reference to the licensing of an "oratory" by Bishop Eustace in a later thirteenth-century document. The date 1208 agrees so well with the known architectural character of "the Labyrinth" that there can be little doubt that this was the building in question[4]. It should be noticed that the mere replacement of an old chapel by a new one (as happened in 1270) would not have occasioned this new danger of loss to All Saints'; we must conclude that

[1] De communi terra in qua sita est domus hospitalis predicti.

[2] The text is in Le Keux's *Memorials of Cambridge*, vol. II, p. 251. The original is said by Baker to be in the Treasury of St John's College. Le Keux's text is taken from a copy made by William Cole and is therefore very reliable; and it is in addition fully authenticated by the documents (II) and (III), which certainly exist.

[3] *The Priory of St Radegund*, by A. Gray, deeds 180 and 181.

[4] But it must be mentioned that Babington, who saw the building during demolition, inclined—apparently on the authority of Professor Willis—to a date not later than 1200, while Dr Coulton believes it improbable that it was earlier than 1220. Perhaps between the views of these two eminent authorities there is room for a third possibility.

the Hospital had no chapel of its own, and no rights of sepulture, before 1208.

The second piece of information contained in (I) is that the Hospital stood on common ground. To this we will return later.

The next two documents are deeds of gift from Bishop Eustace; the originals of both are preserved among the College muniments.

(IV) "That they might not want firing, he gave them two ships or boats, to carry wood or turf from Ely marshes to keep them warm" (Baker). The witnesses to (IV) include the three burgesses of (I)–(III), and it is therefore probably of the same date.

(V) The grant to the Hospital of the profits of the church of Horningsey. A witness is "S. Ridel, Archdeacon of Ely," who held office from 1208 to 1214[1]. This living has remained ever since in the gift, first of the Hospital, then of the College; the last presentation was made in 1931.

(VI) The last early document to be mentioned is from an entirely different source. In the Roll of Pleas of the year 1207 there is recorded a suit brought to determine whether the Church of St Peter in Cambridge (*i.e.* St Peter without the Trumpington Gate, now Little St Mary's) is in the gift of the king or of certain named persons. "The jurors say that neither the King nor his ancestor gave the church, but that one Langlinus who held that church and was its parson gave it in the manner then customary in the city of Cambridge to a kinsman of his called Segar, who held it for more than *lx* years and was its parson, and who afterwards gave it to his son Henry, who held it for *lx* years and gave it to the Hospital of Cambridge by his charter. Whereupon it is adjudged that the Hospital shall have that Church[2]." The litigation was presumably occasioned by the bequest (or gift) of the advowson to the Hospital, which therefore took place in or shortly before 1207. Although the title "Hospital of Cambridge" is not very precise, there is no doubt that it refers to our Hospital, for other documents confirm that the Church belonged to the Hospital until it passed to Peterhouse when that college was founded in 1284, by the withdrawal of the secular brethren from the Hospital of St John.

[1] Bentham's *Ely*, p. 273.

[2] Maitland's translation (*Township and Borough*, p. 175), the original in Curia Regis Rolls, vol. v (1931), p. 39. In the earlier edition (1811, p. 94) the case was given in a mixed batch marked "7 Ric. I & 9 Joh.," which no doubt led C. H. Cooper, and others following him, to ascribe it to the year 1194.

After the years 1207–10 there is a steady stream of benefactions, from persons with such picturesque names as Baldwin Blancgernun (*i.e.* "white moustache"), Thomas Tuylet, and William Sueteye. They are recorded in the great mass of Hospital documents still preserved in the College. There is a gift of six acres in the common field from that Hervey the son of Eustace Dunning whom we have already encountered in (I). He was probably the most prominent burgess of his time, the first known Mayor of Cambridge, and a member of the Dunning family who built the "Stone House" (now called Pythagoras' School) and occupied it till it passed in 1270 to the Scholars of Merton, who have held it ever since. There is a gift of a whole ploughland (some 120 acres) from Robert de Mortemer[1], and for this we have seen that he was placed first after Bishop Eustace in the roll of benefactors. And there is a gift from one Salomon Frost: but of this it will be convenient to speak later. Many of these early donors figure largely in the St Radegund and other documents of the time, and all are known to have flourished in the first quarter of the thirteenth century.

It has been seen that a number of contemporary documents point to activity round the year 1208, and that thereafter throughout the thirteenth century there are frequent mentions of benefactors and other references. We must now ask, what of the references to the Hospital in twelfth-century sources? The answer is, there appear to be none whatever. The Hospital documents themselves, though, as Baker says, "yet tolerably complete," produce nothing earlier than the documents (I)–(V); and the St Radegund documents, which go back to *c.* 1133, are also silent.

The Great Roll of the Pipe is extant from the year 1155 onward, and in the years 1169–72 the Bishop of Ely's accounts were included[2]. They show eleemosynary grants to the

[1] Drawer 17, no. 98; witnesses include Bishop Eustace and William de Mortemer. No. 99 in the same drawer is the confirmation of the gift by William de Mortemer. A mention apparently of this land in the Pipe Roll of 1230 (p. 56) refers back to the Roll of 1214 (not yet available in print) for a full specification, which suggests that the gift was made *c.* 1214.

[2] *P.R. Soc.* 1169, p. 96; 1170, p. 115; 1171, p. 116; 1172, p. 161.

Hospital of Ely, to the Hospital of Steresbridge (Stourbridge), to the Hospital of Barnwell, and a payment to the nuns of Grenecroft (St Radegund's), *i.e.* to all the other hospitals and religious houses in Cambridge; but not to our Hospital. The Pipe Rolls available in print are those from 1130 to 1199: in none of them is there any mention of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist. It would be rash to assert that there is nothing in any of the numerous published Public Record Office documents, but their magnificent indexes make them easy to search, and there is certainly no reference before 1207 in any of the more obvious sources.

If the evidence of this section is now considered, it will be seen to converge in a remarkable way on the years immediately surrounding 1208. From the documents (I)–(V) it is clear that this was a crucial time in the history of the Hospital. In these years its first chapel was built and consecrated; it was presented with two valuable churches; and it received its first known offerings from burgesses of Cambridge. In the absence of other evidence these documents alone would justify at least the presumption that this crucial event in the Hospital's history was in fact its foundation. Taken in conjunction with the style of its earlier seal, which again points to this period; with the known corporate enterprise of the burgesses of this time[1]; and above all with the contrast between the silence of all earlier sources and the stream of references which now sets in, they provide already the materials of a fairly strong case.

§ 2

The evidence for a thirteenth-century date briefly set out in the preceding section may be called the circumstantial evidence. For direct statements about the foundation of the Hospital we turn to three documents later by some half-century than the events they describe. All three are concerned with a dispute about the presentation to the mastership which arose at this time between the Bishop of Ely and the Cambridge burgesses. We will consider first the latest and best known of them, which was the source—and the only source—of Baker's theory that Henry Frost was the true originator of the Hospital.

[1] It was in 1207 that King John granted the fee-farm of the town to the burgesses in perpetuity.

In 1279 King Edward I caused a survey to be made of certain parts of England, including Cambridgeshire, which is still preserved and called the Hundred Rolls. It is an inventory in the greatest detail, giving not only the owner of every house in Cambridge, but also the previous owners as far as documents or memory would reach, and for the three great religious houses—Barnwell, St Radegund's and St John's—the names of the principal benefactors. That the St John's list of benefactors supports earlier documents in mentioning none earlier than 1200 must be regarded as evidence of the accuracy of the survey rather than as fresh support for a thirteenth-century date; for the Hundred Rolls' information is evidently derived from these very documents.

At the end of the account of the Hospital's possessions there is the following passage:

(VII) Also the said Master and Brethren of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist in Cambridge have a certain plot of ground in fee of the King on which the Hospital and its chapel are founded. This plot of ground a certain Cambridge burgess, by name Henry Frost, once gave to the township of Cambridge to make there a hospital for the succouring of the poor and infirm; and the presentation of the master of that place used to belong to the burgesses and by right still should, for they hold the town in fee-farm from the King in chief; but the presentation of the master of the said hospital was unjustly alienated by Hugh Norwold, formerly Bishop of Ely, and by his successors, who made masters as they willed, in disinheritance of the King and to the grave loss of the Cambridge burgesses, who hold the town at fee-farm from the King. And this was shewn many times to King Henry, father of King Edward now reigning, and his Council, and also both before the itinerant justices and before the escheators and inquisitors of the King when in Cambridge. And it should be known that this presentation was alienated within the last thirty years, in King Henry's time, the father of King Edward now reigning[1].

[1] Item predicti magister et fratres Osspitalis S. Joh. Ewang. Cant. habent quendam arream terrae de feodo domini Regis in qua osspitale predictum cum capella eiusdem osspitalis fundata est quam quidem

There is also a shorter passage among the complaints in vol. I[1], but it contains no fresh matter to our purpose. Since Northwold was Bishop of Ely from 1229 to 1254, "within thirty years" (of 1279) fixes the date of the alienation at roughly 1250.

I have found three references to Henry Frost, one in each of the three chief early sources on Cambridge:

(1) In a St Radegund document, which by a most unusual chance bears an explicit date, 1201, one of the witnesses is Henry Frost[2].

(2) Among the St John's muniments is a deed (with an unusually perfect impression of the donor's seal) witnessed by, among others, Maurice the son of Alberic, whom we know. Its date is therefore *c.* 1210, with a probable error of ten years. In it Salomon Frost confirms as heir a gift of land in St Michael's parish, by his uncle Henry Frost, made with Salomon's consent. (This is not, of course, the site of the Hospital itself, which was in All Saints' parish.) The occasion

arream terrae quidam burgensis Cant. Henricus Frost nomine quondam dedit villatae Cant. ad construendum et ad faciendum ibidem osspitale quoddam ad operam pauperum et infirmorum quibus burgensibus presentacio magistri eiusdem loci pertinere solebat et de jure esse deberet qui quidem burgenses tenent dictam villam ad feodi firmam de domino Rege in capite; alienata tamen presentacio magistri dicti osspitalis de dictis burgensibus injuste per dominum Hugonem de Norwold quondam Eliens. Episc. et per ejus successores qui ad eorum voluntatem fecerunt magistros in dicto hosspitali commorantes in exhereditione domini Regis et predictorum burgensium Cant. grave dampnum qui tenent dictam villam ad feodi firmam de domino Rege. Et hoc monstratum fuit multociens domino H. Regi patri Domini Edwardi qui nunc est et eius consilio et etiam tam coram justiciis itinerantibus quam coram escaetoribus et inquisitoribus domini Regis apud Cant. venientibus. Et de hoc per dominum Regem nichil emendatum est. Et sciendum est quod ista presentacio alienata est infra triginta annos tempore Henrici Regis patris domini Edwardi qui nunc est. (H.R. vol. II, p. 360.)

[1] Vol. I, p. 55.

[2] Deed 332 in Dr Gray's edition. Actually the date is given by means of the lunar cycle: "...de Pascha cuius anni ciclus est quinque primum post obitum Hugonis de Chartuse episcopi Lincoln. usque ad novem annos." The grammar is peculiar, but the meaning seems to be (with a comma after "quinque"), "from Easter of the year five of the cycle, the first year after the death of Hugh Bishop of Lincoln, for nine years." This is confirmed by the fact that 1201 is both the year after Bishop Hugh's death, and the fifth of a lunar cycle. (Lunar cycles begin with years that are divisible by 19.)

of the deed is clearly Henry Frost's death. This document alone, which from its witnesses can hardly be much earlier than 1200, is sufficient to dispose of "Henry Frost in 1135," unless either very extravagant assumptions are made about the ages both of Henry and of Salomon (who consented to the gift), or it is postulated that another Henry Frost lived a hundred years earlier, and also benefited the Hospital, the existence of which at that date is another independent postulate.

(3) Among the Dunning (Pythagoras School) documents, now in Merton College, is one which can be dated between 1255 and 1266, which deals with land "formerly of Henry son of Edward Frost, now of the Prior of Barnwell." This suggests a benefaction by Frost to Barnwell Priory[1].

A Henry Frostulf appears among the amercements in the Pipe Roll of 1176[2]. This can hardly be counted as positive evidence, but on the other hand is not inconsistent with the dates suggested for Henry Frost by the other documents (say, born 1140, died 1210).

In the Hundred Rolls' passage that has been quoted the burgesses assert that they have rehearsed their wrongs both before the travelling justices and in the king's court, and in fact we find records of the dispute in both places.

The complaint before the itinerant justices has only quite recently become available through the publication, in 1930, of *The Assizes at Cambridge in* 1260, by Dr W. M. Palmer. On membrane 32d (p. 42) is the following passage[3]:

(VIII) [The jury] say that the Hospital of St John in Cambridge and the Hospital of Steresbridge used to be in the King's gift and now belong to the vill of Cambridge. And that Hugh formerly Bishop of Ely removed Geoffry Chaplain, Keeper of the Hospital of Steresbridge and placed there another it is not known by what warrant.

This adds nothing to the passage in the Hundred Rolls (where Stourbridge is also mentioned), but it is an interesting confirmation.

[1] *The School of Pythagoras*, by J. M. Gray (C.A.S. Quartos), deed 21.

[2] *P.R. Soc.* 1176, p. 184.

[3] Dr Palmer has kindly allowed me to see his transcript of the original.

The record of the hearing in the king's court at Westminster, on the other hand, gives some entirely new particulars. The case was heard in the Michaelmas Term, 1274, and the report runs as follows (omitting the formal preliminaries):

(IX) The jury find that the site of the Hospital of St John, where the hospital is founded, was formerly a very poor vacant place of the community of Cambridge; and Henry Eldcorn of the said town, by the assent of the community of the town, built there a very poor shed (*bordam*) to lodge the poor, and afterwards obtained from Bishop Eustace, the diocesan, an oratory and burying ground for the use of the poor, which oratory and burying ground were of the said community; and the said Eustace conferred on the said place the church of Horningsea; and by the consent of the community the bishop thenceforth continued patron of that place; [but owing to the lapse of time the jurors could not say whether this happened in the reign of Richard or of John][1].

I can find no other references to Henry Eldcorn, but numbers of other members of the family appear in Cambridge documents later in the thirteenth century, notably one Eustace Eldcorn, who was one of the twelve jurymen for Cambridge township at the Assizes of 1260[2].

The account given by (IX) of the origin of the Hospital fits in well with the other evidence, if we leave aside the Hundred Rolls, to which we shall return. The story it suggests is that about the year 1195 (± 5 years) an inhabitant of Cambridge, Henry Eldcorn, erected a little building on the waste land of

[1] Maitland's translation, *Township and Borough*, p. 161. His original is an inquest taken at Royston in 3 Edw. I, and the report of the hearing at Westminster in fact begins "Venit inquisitio per subscripta... qui dicunt." The words in square brackets above are not in the Plea Roll text, which runs: "Venit inquisitio per subscripta scilicet [twelve names] qui dicunt quod status Hospitalis S. Joh. in Cant. ubi hospitale fundatum est fuit quondam quidam locus pauperrimus et vacuus de communitate Cant. et Henricus Eldcorn de predicta villa per assensum communitatis dicte ville erexit ibi quondam pauperrimam bordam ad hospitandum pauperes et postea impetravit ab Ep. Eustachio tunc loci dioc. quoddam oratorium et sepulturam ad opus dictorum pauperum; oratorium et sepultura fuerunt de communitate; qui quidem Eustachius dicto loco contulit eccl. de Horningsey et per consensum dicte communitatis extunc remansit dictus episc. patronus ipsius loci qui quidam locus jam idem hospitale est. Hoc placitum est inter Dominam matrem Regis et Ep. Eli. tangendum ad advocacionem ejusdem." (Abbrev. Placit. I, 263.)

[2] Ed. Palmer, p. 39.

the town, as a shelter for the poor and infirm. It was merely "the hospital of the town," and so remained until, about the year 1208, two things happened: the Bishop of Ely became interested in the matter, and a body of Austin canons decided to occupy the hospital, which now became the Hospital of St John the Evangelist, a house of canons regular. A chapel was built, handsome endowments were provided by the bishop, and the new religious house at once began to attract benefactions—a large one from Robert de Mortemer and numerous smaller ones from the burgesses of Cambridge.

The sworn testimony of these twelve witnesses is in any case not lightly to be doubted, but in addition it will be noticed that a great part of their evidence can be checked by earlier documents still existing. The site *was* common land, the Horningsea benefice *was* given by the bishop, and the "oratorium et sepultura" *were* given at that time. This was the case for the bishop, but even if we suppose that the witnesses were prepared to distort the facts to prove it, they had no inducement to invent Henry Eldcorn; their profit lay in magnifying the bishop's part, and here we are able to verify that they did not go beyond the facts[1]. Only in the description *pauperrimam bordam*, "miserable little hut," do they allow their feelings about Eldcorn's contribution to appear. A small point which may perhaps give further support to the story is this—that in the earliest of all the documents quoted in this article, namely, the report of the case of St Peter's Church in 1207 (document VI), the hospital is referred to simply as "the hospital of Cambridge," *ospitale Cant.*, while in all other sources it is invariably called the Hospital of St John. This is just what we should expect if the change of character had not yet taken place; and if it could be relied on this would definitely fix the date of foundation of the religious house between the years 1208 and 1210.

The Hundred Rolls' passage (VII), is also of extremely respectable authority, but it does not provide its own inner

[1] It is of interest to note that a fourteenth-century *inspeximus* relied on by Baker (p. 20) ascribes the St Peter's advowson also to Bishop Eustace. Our authority (VI) is against this, and we notice that the twelve witnesses refrain from claiming it on his behalf.

support, as (IX) does; and some writers have held it to be incompatible with document I, whose authority can hardly be questioned. For if the site of the Hospital was common ground, how can it have been given by a Cambridge burgess?

It should be observed that the difficulty does not lie in any incompatibility between Henry Frost and Henry Eldcorn themselves. It was perhaps a sense of some such rivalry that led C. H. Cooper, the annalist of Cambridge, to begin his account of the Hospital thus:

> Henry Frost, also called Henry Eldcorn, a burgess of Cambridge, founded at a remote time...[1].

There seem to be no grounds for this identification. According to our documents one man gave the land and the other the building, and there is nothing impossible, nor even unusual, in this. Frosts and Eldcorns were still living in Cambridge in 1279, and were mentioned in the Hundred Rolls with long pedigrees, and no suggestion of interrelation, much less of identity.

The trouble is not between Frost and Eldcorn, but to account for Henry Frost at all, in the face of document (I). One suggestion, perhaps too ingenuous, is that if the site was common land, land belonging to the community of Cambridge, *de communitate Cantabrigiensi*, as our later authority puts it, it was so because Henry Frost had given it to them. Maitland, who refers to the dispute, in *Township and Borough*, does not seem to see anything irregular in the gift, though his general argument suggests difficulties. A second possibility is that the gift of land in St Michael's parish, established by the still surviving deed (2) mentioned above, was confused in the course of seventy years with the gift of the site itself.

But questions of the law of property in the thirteenth century are beginning to loom up behind the figure of Henry Frost. It would be absurd for me to attempt to discuss the problem further, and I have referred to it only in the hope of eliciting an opinion from some more informed quarter.

[1] Cooper's *Memorials of Cambridge*, vol. II, p. 58.

The main purpose of this article has been to put the case for an early thirteenth-century date of foundation of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist. The evidence seems reasonably conclusive if account is taken both of its positive aspect (the documents (I)–(IX)) and its negative (the twelfth-century silence). The two later sources (VII) and (IX) are particularly definite, and the 1135 theory can only be maintained by rejecting them. There is the less ground for doing so since no evidence of any kind for the theory of an earlier date of foundation has emerged; indeed its source is fairly clearly to be found in a long discredited story of the founding of the Hospital by Bishop Nigel.

The circumstances of the foundation are not so clear. Bishop Eustace had evidently a large share in setting the new house going; and there is no reason to doubt the story of Henry Eldcorn and his little shed on the common, which fits in so well with the rest. It is Henry Frost whose position has become rather insecure. It may be that new discoveries in the College muniment room will resolve his difficulties, and if so he may well be our first substantial benefactor, for the site of the old house is within our First Court; and it may be that Bishop Eustace was the titular Founder of the Hospital; but if we accept the testimony of a very ancient Law Report, of proved accuracy in many other matters, it was to Eldcorn that the project of a hospital owed its origin, and through his persistence that the bishop's interest was finally secured. It seems, then, that a well-known passage in Baker's *History* should be altered to read:

> I know, it had been more for the honour of the foundation to have given it a greater patron and larger endowments; but I must prefer truth to the glory of the house, and HENRY ELDCORN ought never to be forgot, who first gave birth to so noted a seat of religion, and afterwards to one of the most renowned seats of learning now in Europe.

M. H. A. N.

A QUESTIONNAIRE ON WAR

With the object of gaining information on the state of undergraduate opinion on the best method of preventing war a questionnaire was drawn up and sent out to junior members of the College by the "War Discussion Group," a society formed in the College last summer for the discussion of the causes and prevention of war. It is thought that the analysis which has been made of the results may be of interest to readers of *The Eagle*.

The questions asked were the following:

(1) Do you think disarmament is possible by international consent?

(2) Do you think England should disarm unconditionally and immediately?

(3) What do you think is the most effective way of preventing War:

(*a*) By disarmament;
(*b*) By League of Nations action;
(*c*) By organizing for strike action;
(*d*) By individual refusal to bear arms;
(*e*) By ....?

(4) Do you consider World Peace to be either helped or menaced by:

(*a*) Fascism;
(*b*) The present system in any of its forms;
(*c*) Communism?

About 400 forms were distributed, and 175 were returned, the non-receipt of the rest being due in part to refusal to answer, but in part to faulty collection.

After studying the results it became clear that the questions were not well formulated. It would have been better to ask for opinions on the causes of war, rather than on methods of preventing it, for it is useless to make suggestions for preventing war, without giving the motivating causes.

We apologize in particular for Question 4; its aim was to ascertain how people related politics and methods of government to the cause of war, but this was found to be impossible,

and no attempt will be made to analyse the answers to this question.

As was expected, a large majority (127) were of the opinion that disarmament by international agreement is possible. The 48 that have no hope in it may be divided into two groups. On the one hand are the 35 who think war inevitable; on the other the 13, chiefly believers in Socialism or Communism as the only permanent basis for peace, who look not to capitalist international machinery, but to strike action on the part of the working class, as the only method of preventing war.

The answers to the second question follow naturally the line marked out by opinions on the first. A big majority (145) declare that immediate and unconditional disarmament by Great Britain would be national suicide. The remaining 30 hold various views as to disarmament by international agreement, League of Nations action, strike action, etc., but in the main are conscientious objectors to war and think it is Great Britain's duty to disarm at once.

The replies to the third question on the paper are of the most vital interest. Most people evidently gave the subject a good deal of thought. Just over half the replies (about 95) used the printed suggestions, the rest (some 80) made their own, as diverse perhaps as the causes of war itself.

Taking first the replies that used the printed suggestions, disarmament and League of Nations action, separate and interwoven, were the most favoured. They found over 70 supporters who believe that present difficulties will eventually be overcome by this machinery, and that ultimately, even if not in the near future, the nations will reach a Disarmament Convention that will ensure the peace of the world. Three people think that the League should meanwhile keep order by means of an International Court of Law, enforcing compliance with its decisions, or with those of the League Assembly, either by the more pacific method of economic action, or by the military strength of an international police force.

Organizing for strike action to prevent the making or transport of arms and munitions if war were threatened was approved by only 13 people. Some did not understand what

it meant; many perhaps considered it dangerous from its association with Communist and Socialist thought.

Turning now to the 80 who made additional suggestions: the many similarities in idea allow us, in spite of diversities in detail, to divide them into three broad groups.

The largest of these groups is formed by the opinions (about 40) which find in man's perverse nature, in his ignorance, and in his lack of vision, the real causes of war, and see as the only hope of world peace a change in the heart, and the education of the mind of every individual. Some 15 of these 40 would rely on a more genuine acceptance of the gospel of Christianity, teaching men and women to love God and man and creature; the other 25 would prefer to increase culture and general education by means of international schools and other forms of international relationships, by eliminating harmful influences such as nationalist propaganda, military display and glorification, and the private manufacture of arms, and by teaching the causes of war and the horrors in which it results.

The doctrine of peace enforced by power forms the basis of 11 suggestions. They imply that peace cannot be attained by international agreement, and that the only method of obtaining law and order for the world is either an all-round retention of armaments for protection against irresponsible aggressors, or the supremacy of one great power which should dominate the world with its culture and justice, and thus ensure the safety of civilization. For this position they hold Great Britain alone to be suitable, and would have her, if not conquer the world, as one suggested, at least make herself so strong that no one else would dare to take up arms.

Lastly, there are those few (about 5) who think that World Peace is dependent upon a change in the economic and political system of to-day. They believe the fundamental cause of modern war to be the clash of interests between the big imperialist powers, in trying to obtain new markets; and that one should work for the development of socialist states, under which war will be impossible, since production will be co-operative and not competitive.

A. R. M.

JOHNIANA

"Sir,

The following extract from a book of jottings by my father, dated January 25, 1858, may be of interest to some of your readers:

'Rode over to Haworth. To-day it was a dismal place indeed to see, with a cold east wind blowing and a chill thick damp still obstinately clinging about all.... Mrs Gaskell was very hasty and inaccurate in the steps she took to gain information, and never consulted Mr Nicholls or old Mr Brontë, as the latter himself told me. They never saw the book (Life of Charlotte Brontë) till it was in print. He lamented much the "many unfounded things pertaining to our neighbours" which was therein related, and though he said there were also "many ridiculous anecdotes about himself which never had existence except in some curious imaginations" this did not seem to move him. He seemed too old (80) and too composed to mind it.... Mr Brontë thought the 3rd edition more truthful, but he said "vulgar readers would always prefer the 1st."

'He was in neat black, in a tiny room, with white thin locks and a powdered head, a Bible on the table the only visible book. He had preached the day before. His eye was keen. His talk was not only vigorous but clever. He spoke with interest of University reforms, and talked of the time when he was a volunteer at St John's, Cambridge, under fear of Napoleon's invasion. Every one here knows that he changed his name in honour of Lord Nelson when the latter was made Duke of Brontë. But it is so long ago that no-one knows what his name was.

'The Clerk volunteered his information: he thought it very unjust to call Mr Brontë an "austere" man, or to describe

him shooting out of his door to relieve his temper. He used to shoot sparrows with a pistol, he said.'

I am, &c.,

E. F. BENSON."

From *The Times*, September 20th, 1933.

[Mr Brontë was admitted to the College at Michaelmas 1802, and was thus too late by a few months to be included in vol. IV of the *Admissions*. He was the son of William Brunty of Co. Down. In the College Admission register the name is Pat[r] Branty, but is written in another handwriting. "His own extant signatures shew a gradual evolution. His matriculation signature, the first we have, is Patrick Bronte, without the diæresis; at Wethersfield he signed Bronté; at Dewsbury Brontĕ or Bronté. Not until he arrived at Haworth do we find his signature as Brontë" (*The Brontës*, by Clement Shorter, London 1908). Lord Nelson was created Duke of Brontë in 1799.]

A LETTER OF ROGER ASCHAM, I

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A LETTER OF ROGER ASCHAM

The College Library has recently received, as a gift from *The Eagle*, an autograph letter of peculiarly strong Johnian interest. It was written by Roger Ascham to William Cecil, Lord Burghley, both of them Johnians who had exceptionally close relations with the College.

Roger Ascham entered St John's in 1530 and was elected a Fellow in 1534. He was one of the most active in spreading enthusiasm for the study of Greek literature, which had been introduced by Erasmus in 1511, and was the beginning of a revolution in University studies. He was for some years Public Orator in the University. "He was distinguished," says Mullinger in his *History of the College*, "for an admirable Latin style, and for a corresponding beauty of penmanship." William Cecil entered the College in 1535, and was in residence for six years. He too was interested in the new learning, and was for a short time lecturer in Greek. He kept closely in touch with College affairs throughout his life, and as Chancellor of the University had a large part in the framing of the Elizabethan Statutes, which remained substantially in force until the middle of the nineteenth century.

The letter is of particular interest since it is dated from St John's College, "E Colleg. D. Joañ."; and it is important for the specimen of Ascham's Greek hand that it contains. It was published by Ascham's pupil, Edward Grant, sizar of the

College, and headmaster of Westminster School, in Ascham's "Familiarum epistolarum libri tres," and has been frequently reprinted since. Like most such letters, it is a rather vague exercise in elegant Latinity, concerned with Ascham's admiration for Cecil and the "insperatam iniuriam," which, he says, Cecil had done him. Details are left for a future personal interview. It is doubtless connected with his loss of the Princess Elizabeth's favour in 1549, which he recovered in 1550.

The autograph differs in a few words from the printed version. The most important is the date, in the manuscript 10 Feb. 1150, in the editions xv Feb. 1550: presumably 10 Feb. 1550 may be taken as the writer's intention. In addition the printed version omits the salutation "S.P. in Christo Jesu" and the signature "Dignitatis tuae Cupidissimus Rog. Aschamus"; and it makes trivial changes, apparently for the sake of elegance. No doubt the rough draft was retained by Ascham and corrected before publication. A peculiarity of the manuscript is the wavering use of the diphthong "æ" or its medieval simplification, the plain "e." Early habits were, probably, as usual hard to check. This interesting link between two of the most eminent of early Johnians is now to be seen in the case in the oriel window of the Upper Library.

A LETTER OF ROGER ASCHAM, II

EQUINOX

YOU said in equinoctial strife
Lay the ecstasies of life,

But gloom there was in a sullen sky
And fever-disquieted sea
To set us dwelling
On all had been and was to be.

For we had been up with the dawn winds
And the sun rose none too soon;
But the ecstasy of morning
Dropped quickly into noon.

J. M. P.

FOG

AH, Fog is down and men
Become as children, grope again,
Leviathans that loom to prey
Were banished by the light of day,
Leashed imaginings and
Creeping gloom 'neath thought's bat wings.

Quick past the greasy signs,
These drip of other tales than wines,
And the flickering gas—the wheezing jet's
End, advancing minutes fixed bayonet set—
And a tree jerks out, and a boulder gleams,
And a sigh but slips out for contracted screams....

The shroud, the fog leviathan
So quickly harnessed man....

J. M. P

WAS SHAKESPEARE A JOHNIAN?

When, in August 1564, Queen Elizabeth paid her state visit to Cambridge University she was accompanied by Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, at that time aged fourteen, who was lodged in St John's College[1] and received a ceremonial degree from the Chancellor, Lord Burghley himself one of the most illustrious members of the College. De Vere had matriculated as a Fellow-commoner at Queens' College in 1558, but had subsequently migrated to St John's[2], and he is referred to in connection with the royal visit as a "pensioner of St John's."

Contemporary opinion places the seventeenth Earl of Oxford among the best of the courtier poets, and a number of poems written when he was a young man and published under his own name testify to his outstanding ability. There is, moreover, substantial reason to suppose that he was the author of the lyrics in Lyly's plays. These writings alone would justify his inclusion in the long list of Johnian poets, but far more has been claimed for him than a handful of exquisite lyrics; it has been seriously contended that Edward de Vere was actually the author of a large part of the writings that are usually attributed to William Shakespeare.

The notorious antics of the Baconian theorists have made it hard for anyone who throws doubt on the Shakespearian authorship to gain a serious hearing. The arguments that have been put forward for Edward de Vere as author, in a book entitled *Shakespeare Identified*, by J. T. Looney, are far removed from cryptograms or rebuses, and are not to be lightly dismissed; nevertheless the book has made little impression in literary circles—partly, perhaps, because of its rather provocative title, and a technique that is not strictly academic. It is,

[1] "...the lord Robert [Dudley], the queen's great favourite, had been invited before to the College by the Chancellor and received with an oration by Mr Becon afterwards public orator, being more than was done for the earls of Oxford and Rutland, though both of them lodged in the college with the Chancellor" (Baker, ed. Mayor, *History of St John's College*, vol. I, p. 161).

[2] *D.N.B.*

however, well worth reading, whether it is viewed as a piece of serious literary criticism or as a good detective story.

The negative considerations which give at least some antecedent probability to an unorthodox theory of authorship are too well known to need repetition here. They may be summed up by saying that while the writings would lead us to expect an author with an immensely varied experience of life in the highest Court circles, both in England and abroad, the few scanty facts that are known about the Stratford Shakespeare point in exactly the opposite direction. The son of an illiterate father, he appears himself to have had considerable difficulty in writing his own name; and this great personality, which one would have expected to have made a deep impression on his contemporaries, is hardly noticed by them—under the name of Shakespeare.

If one attempts to derive from the plays and poems themselves some information about their author, one is led to suppose that he had had an every-day experience of outdoor sports such as riding and falconry, that he was well educated, with a good knowledge of the classics and of law, and an outstandingly good knowledge of English history—not only of the main events, but of the interests and allegiances of a host of minor historical characters. One would expect him to be a man with feudal connections, and strongly developed Lancastrian sympathies. In religion his outlook would be mainly agnostic, but perhaps with leanings towards Roman Catholicism. He would be a man whose attitude towards women was peculiar.

While searching through the writings of contemporary poets Looney was struck by the remarkable similarities of form, style and content between the poems of Shakespeare and the lyrics of Edward de Vere, of whom he at that time knew nothing. He then found that the known facts about de Vere coincided in a remarkable way with the inferences he had already drawn about the author of the Shakespearian writings. All the suggestions given in the preceding paragraph fit excellently, and on pursuing the matter further a large number of other coincidences were discovered. De Vere

was, for example, the intimate friend of that Earl of Southampton (also a Johnian) to whom *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* are dedicated. He was a nephew and pupil of Arthur Golding, whose translations of Ovid are thought (by "orthodox" critics) to have influenced Shakespeare strongly. Of his early work enough remains for us to expect a brilliant maturity; but of maturer work, though contemporary allusion shews him to have been a prolific writer, not a vestige remains. Shakespeare, on the other hand, bursts upon us in full maturity, the highly-finished *Venus and Adonis* coinciding with his first arrival in London, while there is no record of the products of his immaturity. De Vere moreover was the employer of Lyly (the contemporary writer from whom Shakespeare is said to have borrowed most), and with him produced plays for many years.

Owing to loss of favour at Court, de Vere went into retirement; and this retirement coincides with the period of the great outpouring of Shakespearian plays. He emerged only when his friend Southampton was tried for treason. If the writer of the Sonnets was in disgrace, light is thrown on the frequent allusions in them to the loss of his good name.

De Vere died in 1604, and in this year the regular and rapid publication of Shakespeare's plays suddenly ceased. Thenceforward only a few pirated additions were made, until the Folio appeared in 1623, produced under the patronage of de Vere's son-in-law.

Perhaps the most interesting coincidences are associated with parts of the plays which are often thought to be autobiographical. If de Vere wrote *Hamlet*, then much of it is of this nature. When he was a boy of seven his father, for whom he had a great admiration, died, and his mother shortly afterwards re-married. Again, de Vere was himself unwillingly led into a marriage with the daughter of his guardian, Lord Burleigh, who on quite other grounds has been identified with Polonius.

By such facts as these, and the many others that have been discovered, a *prima facie* case may be held to have been made out which at least merits further examination. The problem

has a special interest for Johnians. Will not some member of the College explore further the history of one who was undoubtedly an outstanding poet, and may prove to have been the greatest poet of all?

L. S. P.

DUG OUT OF A SALTPIT

"THE East wind bloweth every day
Throughout the year!" "What's that you say?
To-day 'tis blowing West!" "Alack!
'Tis but the East wind blowing back!"

Old rhyme.

"Οἴμ'
Σήμερον." "Οὐ Νότος ἐστ', ἀλλὰ Παλιμβορέας[1]."

A GERMAN in Tonbridge once complained to his landlord that his house was so out of repair "a dog was not fit to live in it!"

Τοιόνδ' οὐδὲ κύων δόμον ἐστι δίκαιος ἐνοικεῖν.

"THERE was an old woman of Thurston,
Who thought her third husband the worst 'un;
She always had reckoned
Him worse than the second,
And the second 'un worse than the first 'un."

"Hic vir meorum pessimus maritorum est,"
Sic flet Chloe ter nupta, "namque eo peior
Hic vir secundo est, quo secundus, heu, primo."

A HYDE-PARK tub-thumper exclaimed, "Thank God, I am an Atheist!"

Quam sibi conveniens crepat haec sententia "Grates
Dis habeo, nullos quod reor esse deos!"

W. GLYNN WILLIAMS (B.A. 1874).

[1] v. Liddell and Scott.

MOONRISE

THERE is rich colour in the skies to-night;
small careless clouds creep by the rising moon
and, softly shaping, take fantastic form
to ease the weary sickness of my heart;
one like an eagle stoops upon the earth,
and there a panther gapes to gorge its wing;
here slinks a weasel crouching, and immense
behind a chimney sprawls Aladdin's lamp.
I want to pierce through further, see the plan
behind these empty figments of my brain;
I want to have a vision, want to know
if there's a God, or if this living night
is but a vast material accident
without a plan or purpose, anything.

The clouds are drifting faster; tiny winds
circle the tower and tumble through my hair;
one star is glinting coldly; can it be
that star is nothing, masterless, inane?
If it should be, then there's no use to find
in all the tortured fabric of the world,
all, all of it's for nothing, there's no God.
We may pretend that there is something still,
that even nothingness is worth to live,
that there is work for doing, ills to mend,
a million twisted elemental wrongs
to set to order, new events to build
to the dim aeon of imagined years
when the cold earth will hurtle down the void
and life's last embers flicker to the dark.
We may pretend; pretend is all we can.
The moon is rising whitely; darkling still
stands the unfathomed torment of my soul
and there's no answer. Will it ever come,
that splendid glimpse into the depth of things
which might destroy me? "Who sees God must die."

Maybe this way is wiser; in that glance
might come the dissolution of my self,
this little that I cling to; that were death.
It may be there's some virtue in this sense,
to think all's nothingness, and still to fight,
nor lose the brave integrity of them
who gaze clear-eyed upon the sum of things,
and deem it vain, and laugh, and still go on
to meet the strengthless buffetings of chance
which has no power against them. If in truth
there is a God, they will have served him well
and asked no prize for their humanity,
content to live for life's intrinsic worth.
And if there's none, why it's no argument
to waste this lucky compound of the world
in cries that will not help it. Life is good,
the moon is up, and there is much to do,
enough to keep us striving till our flame
is snuffed for ever. We need nothing more.

Sudden the clouds have fled the lighted sky;
the full moon dims the wanly-paling stars;
it may be after all this is the sign,
and this the symbol of my heart's relief.

D. A.

IMMORTALITY

Low in the night-time sobs the refrain:
"Deirdrë the peerless, Deirdrë is dead,
Beauty is broken, Destiny sated,
Deirdrë is dead."

Wind on the mountains cries me again:
"Mirth is forgotten, laughter has fled,
Naisë is dying, Concobar fated,
Laughter has fled."

Rings my defiance proud to the skies:
"They are immortal, told in a tale;
Concobar lives and the three sons of Usna
Told in a tale."

"Deirdrë is peerless yet to our eyes;
Ere she be lost shall Destiny fail,
Ere Emain Macha crumble shall sooner
Destiny fail."

D. A.

And even as the verse foretold
Beneath the unencumbered bough
The knowledge comes upon you now
That all your springtime groweth old,

And those that were your best of days
And loveliest of your delight
Were guarded with a sovereign light
That vanished from your altered ways.

The murmuring about the stream
Is loud across the April wood,
And I have hardly understood
The passing of a summer's dream.

H. M. C.

THE MUSIC OF INDIA

The genius of a people expresses itself in its art. This art naturally bears its own local colour and expresses in its own way the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the dreams and ideals of the race. Its form as well as its content is coloured by the ideas and the outlook of the people. Standards differ in different races, and while there is the common desire to produce something beautiful, each race creates its own form of beauty, only to be really understood when approached in the spirit of that race.

Art in India is not a mere imitation of nature; it claims to have a much higher mission. It is self-expression in beautiful form. The beauty of nature—her lovely colours, her graceful forms, her melodious sounds—is but the wellspring from which the artist drinks "the milk of paradise." His soul is filled with wonder and beauty. It is this inward beauty which urges the musician to pour out his soul in melody and the artist to express himself in form and colour.

Religion is intimately associated with Indian art from of old. At the lotus-feet of the Master all the beautiful best that man's mind and hand can produce is to be placed. All forms of Indian art are, therefore, largely religious.

Music in India, like the other forms of art, is thus the product of ancient ideals, traditions, conventions and religion. Memory, not written script, has been its faithful handmaiden and preserved its elusive beauty through the ages. Essays, even books, can therefore give but a very faint idea of the wonderful many-sidedness of Indian music.

The particular form of musical expression that has been elaborated and wellnigh perfected in India is melody. "An artistic nation has reduced to law and order the melodies that come and go on the lips of the people." These "melody-types," on which the edifice of all Indian music is based, are called *rāgas* (literally, colours). From the primary *rāgas* are derived numerous secondary melodies known as *rāginis* (wives of *rāgas*) and *putras* (sons). These have been classified in

different ways in different parts of the country. In the North Indian systems (Hindustani schools) there are supposed to be six primary *rāgas*, each having numerous wives and sons. Musicians differ as to which six they are, but *Bhairava* and *Sri* seem to be common to all. In Southern India (Carnatic school) they are classified as seventy-two *janakas* (parents) and their numerous *janyas* (children).

There is no fixed scale, but each *Rāga* has its own scale which may or may not contain all the notes of the octave. The octave itself is not merely divided into twelve notes as in the Western system but has twenty-two notes by a division of semi-tones into quarter-tones. Each *rāga* has essentially two parts. The first is the *Ālāp* (Introduction) in which the musician introduces the melody. It is a kind of a fantasia in which the different phrases, in turn, give prominence to the main notes of the particular scale of that *rāga*. There are beautiful slurs. Notes glide into one another, now being hummed, now vocalised, now pulsated. The predominant note in the phrase seems to call to the others which play all round it and up to it. There is no fixed "time" except that imposed by the musical sense of the musician. In the second part, the *Gath*, he has to play to some definite time in obedience to the *tabalchi* (drummer). It is of interest to note that Indian music, for obvious reasons, cannot be played on any keyed instrument. In the first place, it is not played or sung in tempered intonation, and secondly, the separation of one note from another "eliminates the continuity of sound and gliding transitions which are essential characteristics of our music." Neither can it be written in ordinary staff-notation.

The different hours of the day, the different seasons of the year on which are based all the popular festivals, have their own appropriate *rāgas*. The soul of man desires to be in tune with the music of nature. Through the medium of *rāgas* it expresses the emotions aroused by the solemn beauty of dawn or the magic of the moonlight; the patter of raindrops or the murmur of brooks; the sleep that is in the lonely hills or the silence of the starry skies. Each *rāga* has, therefore, its own symbolic picture visualised by the painter. *Bhairava* (the

early morning *rāga*) for example has been visualised by the artist in the following manner:

The traveller stands in front of the snowcapped, sky-kissed peaks of the Himalayas. In the East there is the faint flush of dawn. On the treetops in the background the birds have not yet awakened. The traveller is rapt in wonder in the presence of this majesty and grandeur of nature—something that is beyond man's control. In that solemn beauty he hears the call of the Infinite. In that hour of peace—a peace which is not a mere dead stillness but instinct with life—his soul responds to the divine call. He bends his head in reverence, for his heart is full.

The *Bhairava Rāga* is solemn, peaceful and meditative. Those who have heard it sung or played in the early dawn by wandering minstrels know the charm of its haunting melody. There you have art at its highest—self-expression in beautiful form. While the miracle of dawn takes place in the East *Bhairava* sets your spirit free. Your music comes in response to all that you see and hear and feel around you. You realise the kinship of your human soul with the soul of things beyond. Your music is but a wave, a ripple in the unfathomable ocean of Divine Music.

Indeed, all Indian religious thought is saturated with this idea. *Saraswati*, the goddess of learning, is always represented as seated on a lotus throne with a *vina* in one hand, playing it with another, a book in the third and a pearl necklace in the fourth. The conception of *Indrasabha* (Heaven) of the ancients was not complete without music. The great leaders of the *bhakti* movement, which swept all over India during the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, poured forth their message in popular devotional songs and ballads which are sung even to-day. They constantly refer to the music and the rhythm of the universe. Kabir (fifteenth century) our musical mystic says again and again that "Creation is full of music; it *is* music. . . . The body of every man is the lyre on which *Bralama* plays." Everywhere he hears the "Unstruck music of the Infinite." And in modern India to-day our poet Tagore writes in his *Gitanjali*:

I know not how Thou singest, my Master. I ever listen in silent amazement.
Oh my Master! Thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of eternal music.

In its highest and most emblematic form Indian music moves to the lilt of Krishna's *murali* (flute) and dances to the throb of Shiva's *damaru* (drum). The whole universe swings to the rhythm of Shiva's dance. The *gopis* (milkmaids) of *Brindaban* (Krishna's birthplace) are but the myriads of human souls panting for the flute of the divine beloved even as the hart pants for the brook.

Numerous are the legends associated with Indian music and in some are preserved maxims and principles of great value even to an ultra-modern world. In the Narada legend we are told that once upon a time the great *rishi* Narada thought he had perfectly mastered the whole art and science of music. To teach him a lesson, one day Vishnu took him to Heaven where all the gods dwelt. In one of the magnificent palaces there they found a large number of men and women with broken limbs weeping and groaning with pain. Vishnu stopped and asked them why they thus wept and groaned. "We are the *rāgas* and *rāginis*," they replied, "created by Mahadeva. A *rishi* named Narada, ignorant of the true knowledge of music and unskilled in performance, has sung us recklessly and thereby distorted our features and broken our limbs. Unless Mahadeva or some really skilful person sings us correctly there is no hope of our ever being restored to our former healthy condition." Needless to say, Narada was ashamed, knelt down and begged to be forgiven. We have here "history and criticism in one." The legend teaches us two things of great importance:

(i) The divinity of art—the source of everything beautiful is God.

(ii) Carelessness and ignorance will spoil your art—"murder" your song.

What fulsome appreciation or captious criticism could bring home these two points better? According to tradition, Narada first "heard" (*shruti*) the law of music and taught it

to man, and one of our earliest books on music, the *Narada Shiksha* (tenth to twelfth century?), is wrongly ascribed to him. Our oldest musical treatise is the *Natya Shastra* (sixth century), a treatise on dancing with one chapter dealing with music proper and is attributed to Bharata.

Indian music has had a very varied and interesting history. Our kings and princes with very few exceptions, in all parts of India and in all ages, have been great patrons of music. And while in royal courts, royal schools of music have flourished under famous *ustads* (masters), folk music has always remained a unique feature of our land, enriched as it has been by the *bhajans*[1], *kirtans*[1] and *abhangs*[1] of the *bhākti* leaders. For a proper appreciation of Indian music, therefore, we have to go down to the common things of Indian life, the nursery rhymes and cradle songs, the chants and *bāuls*[1] of wandering minstrels, the songs of the boatmen and the labourers, that tell of the simple joys and sorrows, the trivial round and common task of everyday Indian life.

Jayadeva (eleventh century) who wrote the *Gitagobinda*, Amir Khusro (early fourteenth century) the versatile genius who could be a poet, scholar, soldier, statesman and musician in one, and who introduced *qavali*[2] music and modified the *vina* to the simpler form of the *sitar*, and mian tansen (sixteenth century), the court musician of the Emperor Akbar who introduced *darbari* (chamber) music, are some of the honoured names in mediaeval India. Of the last, Abul Fazl in the *Ain-i-Akbari* wrote, "A singer like him hath not been in India for the last thousand years." Even to-day, Indian musicians make long pilgrimages to his tomb at Gwalior and eat the leaf of the tree over his grave in the hope that some spark of his genius and some of the charm and sweetness of his music might pass into them.

Sailing down the stream of history we pass by a period of decline which set in with the fall of the Mogul Empire. The last great Mogul Emperor, the puritan Aurangzeb (1657–1707)

[1] Popular devotional songs. (*Bāul:* folksongs in Bengal, generally religious.)
[2] Devotional Mohammedan music influenced by Persian music.

banished music and poetry from his court. The story of the funeral procession of music passing under the Emperor's window and how he told the mourners "to bury her deep so that she might not rise again" is too well known to need repetition.

In the nineteenth century we hear of famous musicians in the South—Tyaga Raja of Tanjore, Govinda Marar of Travancore, Vishnu Digambar of Bombay. We come to the great name of Tagore towards the close of the century, the interpreter and poet-musician of modern India. At his University of Shantiniketan in Bengal, he has left the beaten tracks of professional musicians and chalked out "new paths for his melodies." His songs have wonderful musical as well as poetical qualities. His very presence reminds us of the great truth "that music does not reside in those designs and devices which can be imprisoned in symbols and committed to paper, but that it comes and goes upon the lips and the fingers of men who are able to feel it or create it."

K. M. SARKAR.

CURTAL SONNET

WHAT sea-moon rise of blood, what surging and roaring
Through every vein and artery pounding and pouring
Each time I but look into your dauntless eyes
—Long on the rare-veined iris flower smoking there
With amber-changing hue—and (how would guard the bloom
On wings of butterfly) fold down your lids light-fingered as the air.
But oh, how soon the mind can quell that rise,
Picturing—as startling-bright as lightning sheet
The distant night-snared hills—a darkened room
And you, stiff-limbed, with thousand-fingered pennies on your eyes,
Your eyes, those dauntless eyes.

E. C. P.

BOOK REVIEWS

Reading and Discrimination, by DENYS THOMPSON. Pp. 152. (Chatto and Windus, 3*s*. 6*d*.)

In *Culture and Environment* Mr Thompson (with the collaboration of Mr Leavis) analysed some of the factors responsible for the general lowering of cultural standards in England since the Industrial Revolution. While diagnosing the malady, however, the authors omitted to prescribe a cure. *Reading and Discrimination* repairs, in part, this omission. It provides a training in critical appreciation, based on work with a fifth form, and intended for use in schools, but designed also to appeal to a wider public. The method adopted is derived from that employed in I. A. Richards' *Practical Criticism*. The reader is confronted with two or more parallel passages of prose or verse, and is required to assess their relative merits, unaided by any indication of their authorship. The procedure is occasionally varied by the provision of a single piece for analysis and comment.

Two-thirds of the book are devoted to such selections. The author has obviously been at pains to secure quotations showing a more than superficial similarity of subject and treatment, and this is the most successful part of his work. Mr Eliot has remarked that the adolescent is at a stage in his critical development where he can only be expected to distinguish between the genuine and the sham, and this capacity is, in general, all that is required of the reader by Mr Thompson. Occasionally, however, and wrongly, in our opinion, he raises more difficult critical issues. Surely it is unreasonable to expect a fifth form to profit from a comparison of the merits of Milton and Shakespeare, or even of Herrick and Donne? A minor improvement in this part of the book would have been effected by following Mr Richards' example in consistently modernising the spelling, omitting all titles, and, where Hopkins' poetry is concerned, suppressing the stress-marks. These are, admittedly, details, but their retention does, on occasion, give a very broad hint as to the provenance of a poem.

A commentary on the selections to follow occupies the first fifty pages of the book. This is largely derivative, but the author is drawing on excellent sources which command our respect. He adopts, however, a peculiar tone of didactic dogmatism, which is certainly not present in the work of the two critics, Mr Richards and Mr Empson, to whom he is most indebted. The effect of this is to emphasise the occasional slips in what is, on the whole, a

carefully written book. The most striking of such lapses is the sentence which, introducing a discussion of fiction, concludes "...while poetry-reading is nearly a vestigial habit, novel-reading is as universal as eating, and more insidious in effect if indulged in uncritically." We cannot help feeling that a detailed analysis of other passages, on the lines of the discussion of Owen's poem on pp. 10 and 11, would have been more valuable than the brief dole of praise or blame meted out by the commentary.

With these qualifications Mr Thompson's book is to be recommended. It would be interesting to know what success he is having in his attempt to remedy some of the defects in our educational system revealed by *Practical Criticism*. Perhaps he will write another book quoting and discussing his pupils' answers.

D. E. W. W.

William Garnett, a Memoir, by BERNARD M. ALLEN. Pp. 140. (Heffers, 3*s*. 6*d*.)

William Garnett was at St John's from 1869 to 1880, first as Scholar and then as Fellow. He wore the Queen's uniform as a Volunteer, and the friend who kept in the rooms below his in that Johnian Colony called Portugal Place complained of the rifle-butt dumping on the floor when young Garnett was putting in his drills. But it will not do to call him a Victorian. What Victorian was ever seen wearing a top-hat on his head, coat tails flapping behind, carrying through the streets on his shoulders a great bar of Swedish iron? This was when he was the newly-appointed Principal of the Durham College of Science at Newcastle. But wherever he was, whatever position he held, he was a healthy and refreshing defier of all the conventions.

He knew every kind of handicraft, and could take classes in bricklaying or bakery as well as mathematics. He reformed the whole system of College commissariat and gave undergraduates better service for smaller money. His energy was enormous, his simplicity Spartan.

From Cambridge he was summoned to the Chair of Physics and Mathematics at Nottingham University College. After two years he was offered the Principalship but there was a more difficult job to be done at Newcastle, and he went there to build the College of Science and appoint his friend Owen Seaman as first Lecturer in English. Thence he went to London, and for ten years, as head of the Technical Education Board under the London County Council, he organised into a coherent system all the different independent Scientific Colleges and Polytechnics of Larger London, and

through a Scholarship opened up an educational highway to the University for the poorest elementary scholar. Huxley talked of an educational ladder: Garnett built it. This was done in the first four years—a work "remarkable as indicating both independence and ubiquity of influence." Directly he came to London he made himself felt as a man of vision who was also a creator, and the memoir now published shows how behind the scenes he was one of the formative influences that shaped out the final Acts of 1902 and 1903 which unified all public education in England and set it working on progressive lines.

Mr Bernard M. Allen, who was associated with Dr Garnett in those strenuous years in London, has given us in this memoir, all too short, a sketch of one of the great sons of our College. It has been said that a man can do great work in the world if he does not mind who gets the credit. Garnett never cared in the least who got the credit. It was in doing the work and putting his whole soul and consummate engineering ability into it that he found his exceeding great reward.

J. L. P.

JOHNIANA

"AS examining the east face of Monte Rosa from the Pizzo Bianco, which stands facing it to the south of the Macugnaga, and formed the idea of attacking the giant on that side. They did not, however, carry out their plan, because they considered it too dangerous at that time, on account of the avalanches which fell without ceasing from below the highest point.

"The same idea was taken up by Mr Taylor and the Messrs Pendlebury, who were the first to put it into execution, on the 22nd of July, 1872.

"In No. 41 (vol. VI) of the *Alpine Journal* is printed the paper read by Mr Taylor himself before the Alpine Club in London on the 2nd of April, 1873, and Signor Cerruti of the Varallo section gave a translation of it in the *Journal of the C.A.I.* for 1875 (p. 87).

"One need only read this paper in order to realise how the width of the crevasses on the upper glacier and the continual threat of avalanches hindered the climbers' advance, and filled them at times with absolute terror."

From *Climbs on Alpine Peaks*, by ABATE ACCHILLE RATTI (now Pope Pius XI), London, 1929, p. 18.

"...'Under no circumstances, however favourable,'—this was the formula in which Professor Bonney deprecated any fresh attempt to ascend the Dufour from Macugnaga, and in which Signor Kugy concurred." *Ibid.* p. 85.

[Charles Taylor, Fellow 1864, Master of the College 1881–1908; R. Pendlebury, Fellow 1871; T. G. Bonney, Fellow 1859.

Sir Joseph Larmor, who sends the above extracts, writes: "In July 1872 Charles Taylor and Richard Pendlebury, travelling with their own special Tyrolese guide, arrived at Macugnaga and decided to go up Monte Rosa from that (the Italian) side, an expedition from which they acquired some fame and considerable charge of recklessness. Yet this traverse has been occasionally accomplished afterwards. The most notable instance was an ascent by Achille Ratti and his friend Luigi Grasselli, scholarly ecclesiastics from Milan, who in June 1889 achieved an Italian conquest of their own national mountain. An account of the climb, and justification of the risks undergone, was contributed by the former of the two, now no less a person than His Holiness Pope Pius XI, to the *Bulletin of the Italian Alpine Club* in the same year, and has now been translated and published in the small book *Climbs on Alpine Peaks*. This narrative contains some history of previous ascents, and in particular of the earliest, that of C. Taylor and R. Pendlebury along with his brother W. M. Pendlebury and the landlord at Macugnaga, G. Oberto (p. 32). Incidentally a judgment of T. G. Bonney, also a Fellow of St John's, and later President of the Alpine Club, as regards risks in such adventures is quoted; he was thus also known to the writer.

When the fading activities of a scholarly generation of members of St John's College perhaps become ripe for writing up, the references in this remarkable record will be of value, as also may possibly be contemporary mention in *The Eagle* of the period."]

"Sir—By gracious permission of the Duke of Portland I have examined some old documents at Welbeck Abbey relating to the historic family plate.

One of the most interesting was an account, dated September 18, 1721, of disbursements for 70 gold memorial rings, bequeathed by Matthew Prior for distribution among his friends, amounting to £73. 10*s*. Each ring was inscribed, probably in black enamel: 'M. Prior. Ob: 18. Sep: 1721 Ætat. 57.' The 70 recipients included such men of mark as Dean Swift; Dr John Freind and his brother Robert, Headmaster of Westminster School; the Rev. Robert Jenkin, D.D., Master of St John's College, Cambridge, Prior's *alma mater*; the Bishop of Rochester; Richard Mead, the celebrated physician; Sir James Thornhill, the artist; the Rev. John Billers, non-juror Fellow of St John's, the poet's tutor; and Thomas Tudway, Professor of Music at Cambridge and compiler for Lord Harley of the well-known collection of compositions by English musicians.

This document is also of interest in that it discloses the names of the makers of 65 of these rings; Mr Fury, who made nine, and Mr Lukin, the maker of 56. The second was William Lukin, a London goldsmith of excellent reputation, whose work is represented at Welbeck by a two-handled cup and cover of the year 1709–10. Such small objects as rings would

hardly bear a hall-mark, and therefore this account is of double value in the history of English goldsmiths.

It is incredible that all the rings can have been melted. This letter may be the means of bringing some of them to light.

Yours faithfully,

E. ALFRED JONES."

From *The Times*, February 6th, 1934.

Diary of William Lucas of Hitchin (5 September 1837):

"We reached Cambridge about dark and walked for some time about the Quadrangles of Trinity, St John's, and King's Colleges; the new part of St John's had a very magnificent appearance. The gas lights below and the innumerable stars above afforded a light by which the effect of the architecture was greatly heightened: the view of the river from the covered Gothic bridge, calm and wide, reflecting the dark masses of building on its banks was very striking."

A Quaker Journal, vol. I (1934), p. 112.

"LONDON, October 9, 1920. Yesterday I went down to Cambridge to stay a night. Train full of undergrads and relatives. I dined in St John's hall. A 'short' dinner, too short, and professors, etc., rather dull. Too cautious, too pedagogic. A professor there, agriculture. I forget his name. His chief interest seemed to be the history of the barley plant. Went on with him to Rivers', where there was another psychologist (psycho-analyst) who had just been on a visit to Freud."

ARNOLD BENNETT, *Journal*. [From B. O'C.]

THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY
Foundress of the Second Court

THE EAGLE

Vol. XLVIII *December* 1934 No. 214

THREE SCULPTURED MONUMENTS IN ST JOHN'S

[The following notes, by Mrs Arundell Esdaile, are reprinted by permission of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society.]

One of the most notable tombs in Cambridge is that of Hugh Ashton (Pl. II) who built the third chantry in the Chapel and desired to be buried before the altar. This canopied monument, with its full-length effigy laid on a slab above a cadaver, is an admirable example of Gothic just touched by Renaissance feeling and detail. The scheme, the living laid above the dead, is found in the tomb of William of Wykeham and other fifteenth-century works; but it persisted almost until the Civil War, though the slab, in some of the finest seventeenth-century examples, is borne up by mourners or allegorical figures, as at Hatfield. Another variation, in which a half-figure of the dead surmounts the skeleton, is also worth noting; its first appearance was on the lost monument of Dean Colet in Old St Paul's. To return to St John's, the tablet (Pl. III) to Robert Worsley (d. 1714) is of great technical excellence, and when we realise that the death's head cherub below represents Time on the wings of Immortality—I take this explanation from a London guide-book of 1731—we see how much more this sort of imagery meant to the generation which used it than to us to-day who have lost the key to what was a genuine religious symbolism when it was in use.

We may also glance at the statue of Dr James Wood, unkindly known as the Johnian Newton, by E. H. Baily, which is good for its period, 1843.

There is a mass of material in Willis and Clark for the history of the architectural sculpture at St John's. In 1662–3 George Woodrofe, who was employed at Clare and Trinity besides, was paid £11 "for Cutting St John's Statue" on the gate; "ye Foundresses statue erected over ye Hall door" and "brought from London by ye Stonecutter's man" in 1674 cost £40; and as we know the author of the statue of the Countess of Shrewsbury, erected by her nephew the Duke of Newcastle in 1671, it seems almost certain in view of the style, cost, and character of the foundress's figure (Pl. I) that both are by the same hand. "To Mr Drake, for drawing Articles between ye College and Thos. Burman sculpr 0. 6. 8." gives us the clue, but the statue of Lady Shrewsbury was not so much more expensive as it sounds, since carriage and fixing were included in the £58 charged, whereas the £40 was for the other statue alone, without these extra expenses.

Since I read this paper, I have been able to obtain much fresh light on Thomas Burman, previously only known to us as the scoundrel who, having seduced his wife's nurse, induced his young apprentice John Bushnell to marry her. I have now seen a full-length figure at Sherborne, Glos., signed by him in 1661, and the character of its setting makes it absolutely certain that he is the author of the busts of Sir Robert Cotton and his family at Conington, which bear a close resemblance to yet another documented work, that of the parents of Mary Beale, the artist, at Walton, Bucks. The Countess therefore is the third known documented work by Burman, and, as already said, we may certainly give the statue of Lady Margaret to him also, which, closely allied to it in style and character, was the work of a London sculptor and cost much the same. It is curious to see how much Burman influenced his greater pupil, John Bushnell. Lady Shrewsbury is a quieter elder sister of Bushnell's Queen Elizabeth on Temple Bar; the Beale and Cotton busts are the models for the Trevor monuments at Leamington (which I knew too late

Pl. II

HUGH ASHTON (d. 1522)

ROBERT WORSLEY (d. 1714)

for their inclusion in the appendix of Bushnell's works just published) and for the Myddelton busts at Chirk: Bushnell might work in Italy, but his English training could not be eradicated. Burman's will, moreover, exhibits the very last feature of his character which was to be expected, a deep concern with the welfare of his apprentices. He had no fewer than five; unlike any other sculptor whose will I have examined he leaves them all bequests, "to be paid unto them severally at the end of their severall apprenticeships, if they serve out their time"; and one is forced to the conclusion that his disgraceful conduct to Bushnell was no index of his character in later life, the rather that bequests to two highly respected sculptors and excellent men, "my good friends Joshua Marshall and Abraham Storey," with both of whom he had served as Warden of the Masons' Company, prove that he was intimate with colleagues of high character. But his early crime had its appropriate punishment. Walpole says that even in his day Burman was remembered only as the master of Bushnell, and if the art of both had undergone complete eclipse, that of Bushnell was the first to be recovered. Burman's lost tomb was in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, and Vertue gives a little sketch of it; he died on March 17th, 1674, aged 56 years, and was therefore born in 1618.

FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUS

SEMPER ego lector tantum? Numquamne reponam
Qui patior potiens ridenda poemata Clausi?
Impune ergo mihi poterit recitare iuventus,
Infandi fetus Aquilae? Impune iste vocabit
"Mortua Nympha" Paris? Longas consumpserit horas
Tale melos scriptum vati quem luna ferivit?
Nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi versus
A grege inexperto ficti muliebriter omnes:
"Ventus in arboribus diapason sibilat"; "Illa
Putrida mala mihi dedit"; "Eheu, labitur annus";
"Carpit agros crudelis hiems"; "Iam cantat arator"
(Qui, si vera canit vatis, maledicit Olympo).
Expectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta.
Haec mala sunt; peiora queror iam plurima passus:

Doctus ego satis ut qui discere carmina possim
Vergilii Flaccique et non insulsa Catulli;
Haec tamen haud novi. Nec possum. Verba poetis
His nihil innumerata valent quîs thema patescat.
Auxilio scribunt obelos et puncta notasque.
Linea plus monstrat quam rerum nomina centum.
Sit satis hoc. Stulta est clementia talibus. Esto
Tempus in aeternum lex haec immota poetis:
"Ne faciat versus quisquam nisi lege coactus!"

C. M. H.

CEASING IN TIME TO SING

IT must be that I, down the avenue of the years,
Shall turn, searching the grey road behind,
Seeking to know if aught emerge
Of love, old eagernesses, tears,
Yews on the blur of the white road,...
The things I see....

I must see how, gravely passing on my way,
I turned aside, and, wisely led,
Sought once to see the way
Of mornings from Thorpe Cloud;
And how the mists, breaking the bivouac of night,
Shrink tints to sun, and like an army streamed
Up from a valley, Ashbourne way.
And strong with regarding, I shall watch
Still with the evenings from Madge Mill,
Still with the counties surge and song
Caught at the throat and marvelling,
Turning away at last, as one in tears,
Half drowned in ecstasy, in despair,
For all the bitterness of what
I would, but could not share.

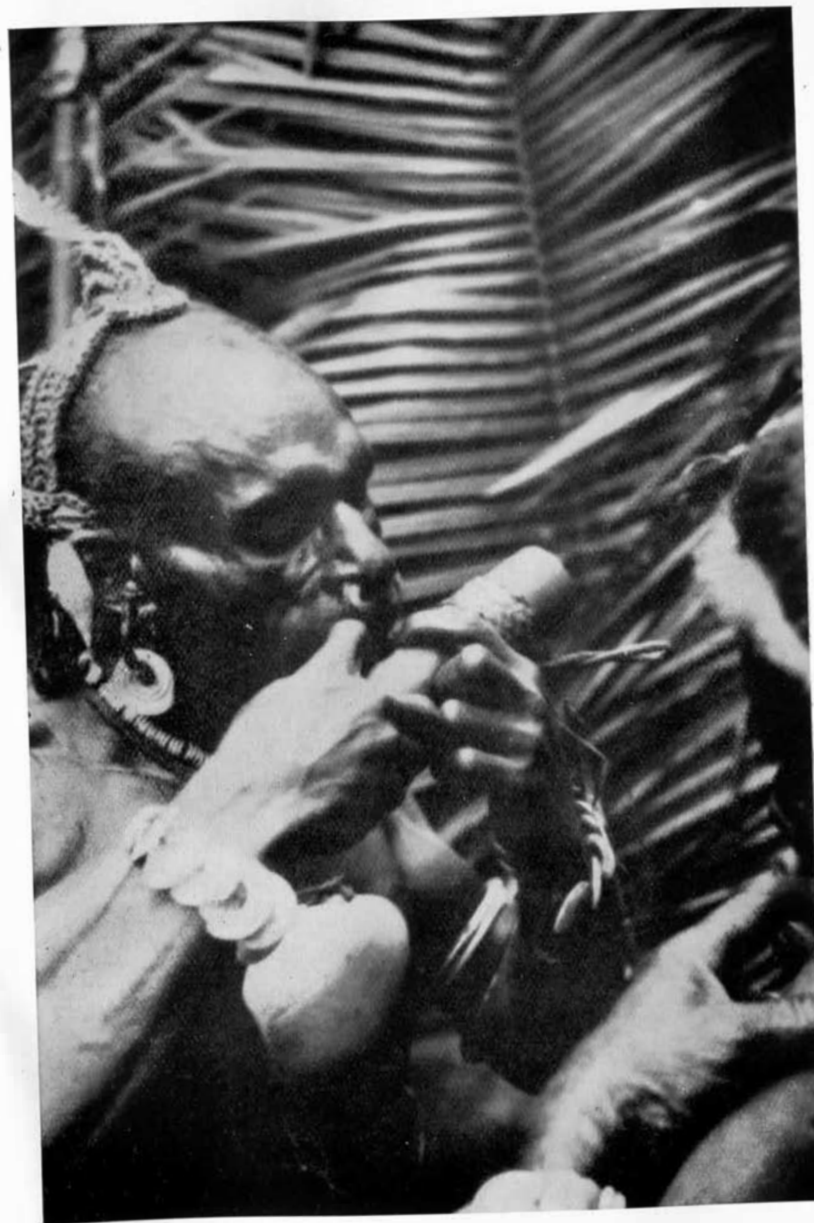
It must be that I must turn
Sightless bending to the way,
Perhaps my speechless thought was loud
That whispering poplars by my side,
Rumoured it that I was blind,
Rumoured it that I was proud.

J. M. P.

MUSIC IN NEW GUINEA

Among the Iatmul, a tribe which I studied in New Guinea, there is a very good rule—*no practising in public.* This rule is not made in the interests of the listener to protect his ears from offence. It is a precaution taken by the performers in fear lest the uninitiated should laugh not only at them but at the whole organisation of musicians, at the whole mystery of music. For music among the Iatmul is a *mystery*; and there is a danger too that if broken phrases and stray notes are overheard by the uninitiated, the means whereby the sounds are produced may be conjectured. Then it might be openly and scornfully said by the women that such music is not made by birds or by spirits, but by men unskilfully blowing on bamboo tubes.

The best and most elaborate of Iatmul music is played on flutes—tubes of bamboo from four to seven feet in length with a two-inch bore. One end of the tube remains closed by a septum of the bamboo, but the remaining septa have been removed with a ram-rod. Close to the closed end there is a circular hole about an inch in diameter burnt in the side of the tube. The player blows skilfully and violently across this hole and thereby produces the sound. There are no other holes in the side of the flute by which he might control the pitch. He can therefore only alter it by the manner of his blowing and he is limited to the series of notes which the natural harmonics of the tube provide. Such a flute will give seven or eight different notes scattered over about three octaves of a diatonic scale; and a chord of several simultaneous notes can be achieved if the player has both skill and strong lungs. The intervals between the notes are necessarily large so that the bamboo flute is not one which can be used satisfactorily as a solo instrument. The Iatmul have got over this difficulty by combining two flutes of different pitch into a duet. Neighbouring tribes have large flute orchestras with four or six pairs of flutes playing simultaneously, but among the Iatmul the flute is always a duet instrument.



IATMUL MAN PLAYING FLUTE

Two men play together and their flutes are tuned by trimming the length so that flute A is exactly one tone higher in pitch than flute B. Then the harmonics of A will to a great extent fill the gaps in B's scale, an arrangement which would seem to be a characteristic product of Iatmul thought. In their social system this pattern is repeated in the Age Grades which are arranged in an alternating series, staggered like the spokes of a wheel; and again in a long series of brothers there is a similar staggering and it is expected that the first, third and fifth brothers will form an alliance in quarrels against the second and fourth. Whether the processes of thought patterned by such a system have influenced the planning of the flute duet it is impossible to say for certain, but this sort of staggering is not common as a feature of social organisation and I do not know of any similar phenomenon in music.

From what has been said, anyone who is familiar with wind instruments will realise that the Iatmul flutes are by no means easy to play. The little flutes used in Europe are, I believe, generally blown with the larynx closed and the air in the mouth is compressed while the performer breathes through his nose, occasionally replenishing the supply of air in his mouth as may be necessary. Not so the Iatmul flute,—a flute six feet long and two inches in diameter requires the whole air of a man's lungs and the player must continually stop to draw breath. The two men blow in turn, and each man inhales while the other is blowing. The control of the harmonics is by no means easy and it is no simple matter to distribute a tune between two players, each of whom can only contribute a note or two at a blow.

Probably for these reasons, the tunes which the Iatmul have devised are exceedingly simple and actually only use a small number of the available notes. In general the man who has the flute of higher pitch plays consistently on one note (or chord?), while the other player varies his pitch between the note one tone lower than this and the note one tone higher. The notes may be broken and their length varied.

With these variables the Iatmul have constructed a very

simple and very charming music. It consists of short phrases repeated over and over again and resembles the song of some sophisticated bird rather than a Beethoven symphony. When transcribed into musical notation the tunes look silly because the notes are robbed of their rich overtones, and for the same reason they sound infantile when played on the piano. But the flutes have a splendid tone and I became very fond of lying in the ceremonial house at night and listening to them in the dark. I only regret that I am not musician enough to add the overtones to my transcription and hope that some day a real musician will examine the specimens in the Cambridge Ethnology Museum and add the overtones[1].

In these phrases all the G sharps are played by the flute of higher pitch, while the other flute supplies the F sharps and A sharps.

A piece starts always with a short series of long introductory notes of which I have no record; and after this opening the players take up phrase *A* and repeat it for a minute or two. This phrase is the simplest of all and to it the performers return whenever they get into difficulties (for the continuity must never be broken). When they have played enough of *A*,

[1] Since this was written, the flutes have been examined by Dr Rootham. The flute of lower pitch was found to give the series of harmonics: fundamental (F sharp), octave, fifth, octave, *minor* third, minor seventh. Unless this anomaly is due to some crack or irregularity in the bamboo, it would appear the A sharps in the melodies should all be A naturals.

one of them will gently tread on the other's foot to indicate that he is about to start the phrase *B* already agreed on. Then they will repeat *B* for some minutes, until a signal is again given and they go back to *A*. Finally they end with a series of long drawn-out notes. The phrases *C* and *D* are rather more difficult ones which might be played in place of *B*. Every piece has the same general form and there is a great variety of phrases which may be substituted for *B*.

Though the phrases are so simple I found that to learn to play the flute would involve me in more expenditure of time and energy than I could afford. I am myself no musician and my lungs are no more powerful than other men's, but for various reasons I did at least make an effort to learn to play.

After a good deal of negotiation, I had succeeded in buying a very beautiful pair of flutes from a neighbouring village; a pair so beautiful that a personal name had been given to them, so that they had a soul like any other member of society. The owners were unwilling to sell the flutes because they feared that the soul of the flute pair would cause them to be sick if they let the flutes leave the village. I was interested in this matter of the soul of the flutes and asked for more information, and was finally told that this was only a polite way of saying that they were afraid that if they sold the flutes their sisters' children who had made, ornamented and presented them to their mothers' brothers would be huffed and would resort to black magic, thereby causing the sickness. As if I were to say tactfully that I feared the Eagle would peck at my liver if I let this article digress into the complex motivations of sisters' children, meaning that I actually feared the black magic of the Editor.

I finally succeeded in buying the flutes, for one axe, six plane-blades and six kitchen knives. (There were six men in the clan to which the flutes belonged, and the axe was a bribe to the man with whom I negotiated.) I wrapped them up carefully in canvas so that the women should not see them and brought them back in triumph to my own village. There I unpacked them solemnly in the ceremonial house and my natives' eyes lit up when they saw the carving and shell work

with which the flutes were ornamented. They congratulated me on buying something worth while at last and remarked that all the rest of my collection was nothing but firewood. As soon as it was dark the two best musicians in the village came to try the flutes. One of them exclaimed, "This bird [*i.e.* flute pair] sings of itself without our blowing it!" and they were so entranced that they played on in the ceremonial house till nearly dawn.

There was one moment's gloom. They were talking about the flutes and their faces fell. I asked what was the matter and hesitatingly they said, "What are you going to do with the flutes? Are you going to take them away with you when you go? Will they never sing anymore?...Will women see them?" I reassured them about the women—and indeed no native woman in New Guinea ever did see them—but still the musicians asked, "Who will play them in your country?" and scornfully, "Can white men play flutes?" Finally to comfort them I said, "You shall teach me to play and when I get to England I shall teach another white man and we shall play duets."

With that they were satisfied and my lessons in flute playing began the very next morning. The first difficulty was that I could not have my lessons in the village—no practising in public. Even if I played in the privacy of the ceremonial house the women would hear my hopeless efforts and would laugh. My teachers and I therefore had to make an expedition into the bush to a spot out of earshot of the village, taking the flutes with us carefully wrapped up again in their canvas. Then we settled down to a hard morning's work.

They showed me how to hold the flute and how to place my index fingers along the edges of the hole, pointing towards my mouth—"Yes, now put your lips against the tips of your fingers. That's right. Now blow." And I blew but got no sound. I tried with my fingers in all sorts of positions. I tried blowing hard and blowing gently; but my flute only made one sound and that in the middle of my lesson. My teachers were frankly disappointed with me; but I was really rather proud of that one noise my flute had made.

I had several more lessons and learnt to produce the different harmonics with fair certainty, but I never became any more expert with the Iatmul flute than I am with any other instrument. I was permitted to play a little in the ceremonial house, but always we made it a rule that while I played in one duet another pair of men should be playing at the same time to cover the deficiencies of my performance, so that the women should not laugh. Really it was that rule about not practising in public which cut short my musical career. It is really not much use to practise while other music is being produced a few yards away to drown your shortcomings; and to practise adequately I had to go out into the bush. The bush was full of mosquitoes!

The Iatmul have, however, an ingenious instrument resembling the Pan pipes. It consists of three bamboo tubes open at both ends and of different lengths, bound together side by side. This instrument by itself provides the three notes used in flute duets so that a man can sit down alone and practise or extemporise new phrases for the flutes. Above all he need make no uncomfortable expedition into the bush whenever he wants to play, for the practising pipes produce only a faint whispering note owing to the tubes being open at the ends[1]. The enthusiast can play on this instrument in the ceremonial house, but still he must be careful not to let women see even the Pan pipes.

But—it may be asked—what is the reason for all this secrecy? What would happen if the flutes were shown to women? Do the women really not know that the sounds are produced by men blowing on bamboo tubes? Do they believe this Father Christmas story about the "bird"?

As to reasons for secrecy the younger men are inarticulate, but the older men know that the flutes are phallic in nature and in mythological origin. They say that therefore the whole male community will be shamed if the flutes are exposed. This answer is, as we shall see, only a part of the truth, but it fits the facts of what happened in certain villages. The missionaries,

[1] In the true Pan pipes the lower ends of the tubes are, I believe, always closed.

anxious apparently to destroy religion rather than to promote it, set out to show flutes to women. They lined up the women and got some mission-trained natives to perform on flutes in front of them. I made tentative enquiries into what happened, but I could only get grudging and shame-faced answers. It seems evident however that both sexes were utterly ashamed.

This business of showing flutes to women would in any case have been a stupid and (perhaps unimaginatively) cruel piece of work, but it would have mattered less if the flutes were merely phallic symbols and the instruments of a beautiful art. Actually they are much more than that. They are one of the most important threads in the whole fabric of the culture.

Every culture is built up on certain basic and often inarticulate assumptions about human nature. By these the lives of the individuals are moulded to such an extent that the assumptions become true for the large majority of the individuals. In our own culture we have such ideas as the doctrine of original sin and the expectation that most people, especially males, will be interested in commercial success. In Germany to-day there is an attempt to stress the official assertiveness of the male and the home interests of the female—and incidentally the assumption is becoming more and more general that every man is a potential informer and spy—and as the assumption gains ground so it will become more and more true of the German population. And so on. Every culture has made its own assumptions of this kind, and every culture has been modified by its assumptions.

The variety of theories of human nature contained in the various cultures of the world is enormous, and we constantly find that the basic ideas of one culture are the direct antithesis of the ideas of another. We find cultures in which it is assumed that human beings *are* like this or that and *ought* to be different. Even within one and the same community it is commonly assumed that individuals of one social status are different in temperament from those of another; and such is the strength of culture that the various individuals will modify their behaviour accordingly, and accept as a matter of course

the fact that in other walks of life behaviour is "naturally" different.

Among the Iatmul there is no differentiation among the people according to rank or wealth but, instead, there is a very marked contrast between the sexes. The natives used to criticise me because I was not sufficiently violent and self-assertive; and when one day I succeeded in losing my temper they approved strongly of my unreasonable behaviour and presented me with a house on the strength of it. In their opinion a man, and especially an important man, should be "hot" and violently assertive. On this point they are perfectly articulate. Besides this assertiveness, and perhaps in some way connected with it, the men have a curious tendency to histrionic behaviour—either excessive swagger or wild and generally obscene clowning. I have never been told in so many words that a man *should* be histrionic, though such a concept could easily be expressed in the language by reference to "play" and "big mouth" talking. But certainly this sort of behaviour is much affected by the more important men.

The younger men exhibit less of this swaggering and dramatisation. They enter the ceremonial house soberly and sit down quietly in the presence of their ranting elders. But it is their ambition to rant, and there is a junior ceremonial house where they carry out in simpler form the ritual of the senior house, and here they ape the behaviour and tone of their elders.

Compared with the men, the women are quiet and unostentatious. They are jolly and readily co-operative—unlike the men who are so obsessed with points of pride that co-operation is rendered difficult. But it must not be supposed that the women are mere submissive mice. A woman should know her own mind and be prepared to assert herself, even to take the initiative in love affairs, and she may have considerable power and authority in the household. She it is who feeds the pigs and catches the fish, and it is upon her activities that her husband chiefly depends for the wealth which he requires to make a splash in the ceremonial house. In a few house-

holds it is definitely the wife who wears the trousers, and in such a case the sympathy of outsiders goes to her rather than to the hen-pecked husband. It is her misfortune that she has married a weakling.

The contrast between the sexes lies not so much in assertiveness as in attitudes towards reality. The men appear to see the world as a splendid theatrical performance—almost a melodrama—with themselves in the centre of the stage; while the women appear to see it as a reality, a cheerful routine in which the business of food-getting and child-rearing is enlivened by the dramatic and exciting activities of the men.

Associated with this contrast in attitudes, there is a very sharp division of social rôles between the sexes; and there is no doubt both that the differences in way of life have promoted the differences in attitude, and that, conversely, the differences in attitude have influenced the division of labour between the sexes. The process of differentiation has been carried so far that the sexes are almost separated in their daily lives. The life of the men centres around the ceremonial house, while that of the women centres around the dwelling houses and the gardens. And the point which I wish to stress here is that the whole splendour and beauty of life, as the Iatmul live it, is dependent upon maintaining this separation. Without it life could only become a drab monotony. There could be no ceremonies and no ceremonial house.

The ceremonial house is a splendid building which may be a hundred and twenty feet in length. At each end the gable rises to a high peak, and from little windows in the gable-face there look out onto the dancing ground four enemy skulls. It is built with enormous carved posts which give to the interior somewhat the appearance of the nave of a great church. Along the two sides there are platforms on which the men sit, and down the centre is a series of great carved and hollowed logs. These are gongs which may be used for simple signalling, but which, apart from this secular use, are an essential part of the ceremonial life of the institution, another form of music which is built into the life of the men. When the whole series

of gongs is beaten in concert, the complicated rhythms may be heard and recognised twenty miles away.

But besides its use for ritual purposes, the ceremonial house is a club where men meet and sit and gossip, where they debate every matter of general importance and where they brawl. It is not like an English club in which the members, separated from their womenfolk, can be at ease. The Iatmul men feel rather that in it they are in public; and to the public eye they respond with the self-assertion and buffoonery already mentioned.

The ceremonial house is also the place where men arrange and organise a great part of their outside activities. Their hunting, fishing, canoe-cutting and, in the old days, their head-hunting are discussed in the ceremonial house; and thus it comes about that all these other activities are carried on in the same spectacular manner. The men form large parties in their big canoes to go fishing, hunting, and trading, or they go off into the bush in large groups to fell trees for canoe making or building. These parties are called together by rhythms beaten on the great gongs, and if the work is taking place close to the ceremonial house the gongs are beaten from time to time to stimulate the workers, who shout and cheer as they labour.

In this exciting life of the men the women have no part except that of an admiring and nominally mystified audience. The small boys have their toy ceremonial house, and later undergo an arduous initiation whereby they are assimilated into the community of the men.

Initiation takes place when a boy is between nine and fourteen years old and generally a number of novices go through the ceremony together. All night long on the eve of the ceremony the men stamp up and down the village in single file, chanting the names of ancestral crocodiles and the novices tremble with fear. In the early morning the men form up in two lines with sticks in their hands behind a screen-fence which surrounds the ceremonial house. The novice and his father come in through the fence and have to run the gauntlet of the sticks. The father takes the blows on his own back, for

the son is shortly to be scarified and his skin must not be bruised before the "crocodile bites him."

In the scarification, cuts are made all over the boy's back with a small bamboo blade while the flutes play. When the novices scream too loud the gongs are beaten to drown the noise, but in all this process there is no emphasis on Spartan endurance. The spectators are a little shocked by the infliction of pain in cold blood and the operators are interested rather in their craft than in torture. Later while the cuts are healing and after, the novice is subjected to a great deal of jerky irresponsible bullying and to a series of drastic practical jokes. Such is the process of initiation and its natural effect on the boy is to make him anxious to assert himself and eager to treat in the same way those whom he will in due course initiate.

But besides being bullied the boy himself takes part in some spectacular ceremonies, and he is shown some of the mysteries of the ceremonial house. He is taught how to swing a bull-roarer and how to play the flute. He may spend hours practising these instruments in the bush and he is threatened with death should he ever disclose their nature to the women. Thus the flutes are the mysteries into which the boy is initiated, and though the mysteries themselves may seem puerile and at best not very mysterious, without them there would be no initiation, no separation of the sexes, no ceremonial house and no beautiful ceremonies.

For the little girls there is no real initiation ceremony. I have stated above that the women are cheerful and realist in their attitudes, and, as in the case of the men, the histrionic bias is worked out in all the aspects of the life of the ceremonial house, so, in the life of the women, their realism is exemplified in their daily routine. Their work is not carried out publicly in big shouting groups, but privately and quietly. In the very early morning before dawn the women go out in their tiny canoes to tend the fish-traps in which they catch prawns, eels and small fish. Each canoe is just big enough to carry a woman and perhaps her small child, and on the stern is a little fire in an old pot at which the woman may warm

herself, for the examining of the traps involves wading about in water breast high and she will be cold when the job is done. The little fleet of canoes, each with its column of smoke rising in the half light, is a very pretty sight, but as they draw away from the village each canoe separates itself from the others as each woman goes to the part of the river bank where her traps are set. In this work there is none of the excitement which the men would introduce into a corresponding expedition. Each woman works by herself to do her day's work. When she has tended the traps, she will go and collect firewood, and then return to the village and attend to the cooking and the jobs of the house.

But the women are not mere drudges, nor are they dissatisfied with their lot. Indeed there is no *a priori* reason why they should resent their exclusion from the ceremonial house, any more than the men resent the initiation ceremonies through which they are compelled to go, or their exclusion from the rites which accompany childbirth. On the whole the women are very little curious about the mysteries. They do, as a matter of fact, know that the flute music is produced by means of bamboos, but they do not flaunt this knowledge. Occasionally some woman is caught spying on the flutes—a sort of peeping Tom conduct. Such women are nominally killed, but actually in the few cases I have investigated they were either beaten and fined or put through the ceremony of initiation. After this they become as keen as the men on preserving the secrecy of that which they have suffered so much to see; and whenever some other woman spies on the flutes, the rumour of her act spreads through the group of women until an initiated woman hears of it. Then she will be jealous that the spy has seen the flutes *gratis*; and she will at once report the matter to the men who will deal with the offender.

The attitude of the women towards the ceremonial house is more than a passive acquiescence in the right of the men to lead their own life in their own way. The women are proud that the village has a fine ceremonial house, the symbol of successful head-hunting, and they take a real pleasure in the ceremonial shown them by the men. The men put on their

ornaments and masks in the ceremonial house and sally forth to perform before the crowd of women assembled on the mounds at the sides of the dancing ground. The presence of an audience of women is an essential constituent of the performance. Even such purely male affairs as initiation are so staged that the women can see a part of the ceremony; and the men who are playing flutes hidden in the upper storey of the ceremonial house are exceedingly conscious of the women listening outside. They play for their music to be admired, and if they make a technical blunder it is the laughter of the women that they fear.

Thus the whole system fits together. The contrasting attitudes of the two sexes are so dovetailed together that the culture works as a balanced whole. In this whole music plays an essential part, since it is the mystery upon which the separation of the sexes is based. We may say that the flutes are phallic symbols; but this statement is itself symbolic, and we might amplify it by saying that the flutes are a symbol rather of the fine spectacular pride of the men, a pride of which the women approve.

G. B.

WHAT bugle from the pine wood
Where the erect, unspeaking trees point skyward,
What black, numerous trees unstirring
On this remote evening,
What bugle from the pines and from the heather?—

These are the tents we have set
Where comes no change of season, no disturbance
Of time or place; the uplands
Of secure marches, the long days and nights

That do not separate us. Here is the symbol
Of one perfection, the untroubled joy.
What bugle summons
The remembered vision with sudden calling?

The bugle interrupts
The interminable succession of talk, interrupts the assemblage.
Those who croak about Freud, will explain all through him;
Disbelievers in authority;
Those who have no scruples, are perfectly assured;
The unsympathetic to emotion, the cynical;
And all those proud to believe in nothing,
Who live without joy.
For knowledge is not other than joy
And is easily forgotten;
Strives with experience a long battle
Seeking to remember its origin, its ground of life.
There is one moment, the symbol
And most real; the value that survives
Triumphant, in a time of criticism.

Tents are set by the stars; under our pine trees
Freedom rises to perceiving,
Joins itself to its order, and mounts guard
Where there are long winds blowing,
Where we have spent the days
Together with ourselves and with the life
Breathed from the silence of these moors.

What memory from the pine wood
Breaks on these passive afternoons,
What stirring,
What bugle from the pines and from the heather?

H. M. C.

FRUSTRATION

Some, by rich impulse stirred, from birth
Seek always contact of earth's quickening flow,
Sap-rise and fructile seed; ambition some
Sweeps to acclaim of cheering multitudes, or flying
Over Atlantic's death-sown wastes; and some,
So I, for light an endless hungering:

As eagle dares of birds unflinching gaze
Into well-springs of life, the blinding sun;

Or roaming night-long on old hills, compelled
By wonder of the bright and daedal stars;

But that too deep, too deep this century overwhelms
In dungeon-dark and aching solitude
All spirits native urge; where only gleam
The narrow searchlight tracing on clouded skies
Destruction of this vast metropolis; at barriers,
Vienna and Madrid, the scattered rifle flash:
These reach to striving eyes; but sun and stars
Shut out, or glimpsed but fitfully in dream.

E. P.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

President: THE MASTER.

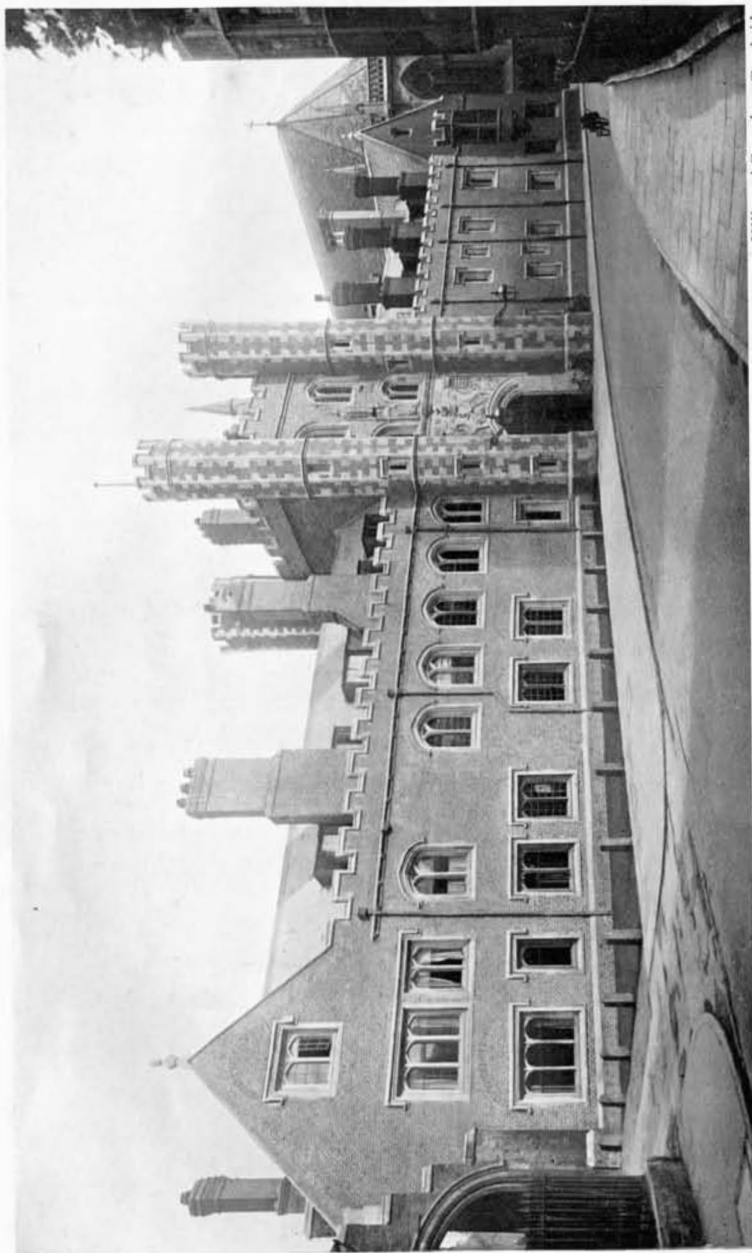
Captain: M. D. PARKES. *Second Boat Captain:* C. H. HOSKYN.
Secretary: R. HAMBRIDGE. *Junior Treasurer:* L. J. QUILTER.

May Races 1934

THE May Races formed a bad end to a bad year. All the boats went down. Altogether the five boats went down a total of fifteen places. The Second Boat was the only boat that showed any racing spirit at all—the others seemed to give up hope as soon as the boat behind came within a length of them.

The First Boat was especially disappointing. There were five of the previous year's crew in the boat and the three new men all had had plenty of racing experience, and there was no excuse for such a lack of keenness and willingness to work hard. Roy Meldrum

Pl. I



Hills and Saunders, Cambridge

THE FRONT OF THE COLLEGE SINCE THE RESTORATION

THE EAGLE

VOL. XLIX *July* 1935 No. 215

THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS: REPAIRS OF 1934–5

[The street front of the College has been repaired and cleaned under the supervision of Sir Charles Peers, M.A., C.B.E., F.B.A., F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. and Mr Noel Dean, M.A., L.R.I.B.A. The following article is by Sir Charles Peers.]

THE First Court was built between 1510 and 1520 on the site of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist, founded in the twelfth century by Henry Frost, burgess of Cambridge. The Chapel of the Hospital, a fourteenth-century building, was retained as the north range of the Court of the College, its eastern part becoming the College Chapel, the rest serving as part of the Master's Lodge. The other three ranges were new from the foundations, and anything which had previously occupied their site was cleared away. From time to time traces of foundations and floors have been uncovered within the area of the Court, but the precise nature of the buildings to which they belonged is never likely to be known. The College buildings are well and solidly constructed of red brick with dressings of Barnack stone and clunch, their foundations, so far as has been ascertained, being of clunch rubble carried down to an underlying bed of gravel. Nothing in their subsequent history suggests any structural failure which can be laid to the charge of the original builders, and the principal alteration which they have undergone, apart from the changes entailed by the

building of the new Chapel in 1863, is the refacing of the north side of the south range by Essex in 1772. Last year's repairs were confined to the east or front elevation of the east range, facing St John's Street. In the middle of this elevation is the gateway, three stories in height with octagonal flanking turrets, to north and south of it two-story ranges with attics, and at the end of the southern range a gabled third story. While the general design has suffered but little change in four hundred years, the renewal of the embattled parapets, the rebuilding of the chimneys, the addition of dormer windows and the alteration in the roof covering have brought a note of modernity which it has been our endeavour to tone down as far as may be. The stonework of the windows and stringcourses had been largely made up in Roman cement, and the brickwork was extremely dirty. The original glazing-scheme of the windows, of leaded lights with three panes in the width, protected by wrought-iron stanchions and saddle bars, remained practically intact in the north wing, but in the south wing had been replaced by larger panes—in a few windows by plate glass—and the ironwork was almost entirely missing.

The treatment of the masonry of the windows must be noted. The sills, mullions, and one or two lower courses of the jambs, were in Barnack stone—the best of all English stones but not now procurable—while the heads and upper parts of the jambs were in clunch. In the course of time this had weathered and had been made up in Roman cement, which involved hacking the remains of the old material to get a key for the cement. The outer member of the jamb-section had been lost in the process, and when in comparatively recent times new Ketton stone was put in some of the windows, the simplified Roman cement section was followed instead of the original. Roman cement, being of a very different texture to a natural stone, adheres badly to it and is inclined to craze—it is in an old building a distinctly unsympathetic material, but the principle of applying a protective covering to old masonry is perfectly sound, given a suitable material for the covering. The modern use of synthetic stone, which, being of the same texture as natural stone, readily adheres to it, seems to fulfil the necessary conditions, but it is essential that all decayed stone should be cut away before it is applied.

The clunch in the windows was in many cases too shattered to be retained, and has been replaced by Clipsham stone, which matches well with the Barnack. The labels over the windows and the string at the base of the parapet, being in Barnack stone, needed only a certain amount of making out. In the north wing the string was much perished and all the carved ornament was in Roman cement. To take its place some lengths of a similar string, once on the old Chapel, and of late years piled up on the river wall in the Master's Garden, were available and served the purpose admirably.

The cleaning of the brickwork was a laborious undertaking. Plain water did little, and soda was necessary to remove the grime of ages. At the same time pointing in lime mortar in place of the black jointing helped to bring out the warm colour of the old brickwork, and the lozenge patterns in black headers, which could with difficulty be seen, once more became evident. The ugly modern red brick of the parapets could not be made to harmonise with the old work, but fortunately a good supply of old bricks, matching very satisfactorily with the original work, was made available, and served not only for use in the parapets but also to replace a number of patches of modern brick in the wall face and plinths.

The Gatehouse presented a different set of problems. Its eastern turrets, being built with walls only 14 inches thick, had so suffered from the vibration caused by modern heavy traffic that nothing short of taking down and rebuilding sufficed. An examination of their foundations showed that no part of the damage was due to any settlement, and in rebuilding the turrets the opportunity was taken to thicken their walls and to build within them a frame of steel stanchions which should act as an absolute stiffening in future. The carved ornament of the gateway is probably based on that of the gateway of Christ's, built in the lifetime of the Foundress, but in scale and richness it far excels it. In the

middle of the composition is the shield of the Foundress, crowned with a coronet of daisies, and supported by yales which stand on the ogre curves of the crocketed label of the four-centred arch of the gateway. On either side are crowned badges, a double rose on the south and a portcullis on the north, but whereas the portcullis is surmounted by a coronet of daisies like that over the Foundress' shield, the rose has a clumsy arched crown of eighteenth-century date, completely out of balance and harmony with its surroundings. Tall crocketed pinnacles spring from the ends of the label and enclose these devices, while the ground on which they are set is enriched with bunches of daisies and borage. The plants are represented as growing with tufts of leaves at the base of the flower stems, and the panels above the yales are treated as uneven ground, where a fox is carrying a goose into his earth, and a rabbit bolts from a ferret.

Above the arms of the Foundress the label ends in a fine crocketed finial, and in the spandrel below her shield is a Tudor rose set in foliage and smaller roses.

At the top of the composition is a row of thirty-one daisies, each with its tuft of leaves, and immediately above them a rich and deeply undercut vine scroll, with rose and portcullis badges, breaking out in the middle round the corbel which, based on a cluster of daisies, carries a tall canopied niche containing a figure of St John the Evangelist, carved in 1662 to replace a statue destroyed in the time of the Civil Wars. On either side of the niche is a four-centred window of two cinquefoiled lights with a quatrefoil in the head, and over each window a crowned badge—a rose on the south and a portcullis on the north. The original crown over the rose was replaced in the eighteenth century by a clumsy specimen, the rose being pushed down on to the label of the window to make room for it. It was in total decay, and has now been superseded by a copy of the original crown opposite, and the rose put back to its proper level. The crown over the portcullis is arched, with an orb and cross on top; its base is tilted downwards in order that from below too much of the hollow underside may not be seen. Below the portcullis there were

till lately eight daisies of Roman cement, stuck on the brickwork, presumably to balance the rose after it had been lowered to make room for the eighteenth-century crown. They came off during the process of cleaning down the brickwork and have not been replaced.

Over the whole extent of this decorative carving traces of colour are visible, and it is not too much to say that the whole of it was originally painted. This colour must have been from time to time renewed, and the College accounts show that this was still being done in the eighteenth century. The statue of the Evangelist, dating from 1662, had been coloured all over. The heraldic colours on the Foundress' shield are very evident, the Tudor roses show much red, but apparently no white; the daisies also have red on their petals, and their leaves and the ground from which they spring were green, while the row of thirty-one daisies above were gilt. The yales show no colour, but it can hardly be doubted that they appeared in their proper garb of white with gold spots.

We in these days of uncoloured sculpture are not accustomed to such displays, but quite apart from their aesthetic merits these tints had one outstanding virtue, that they preserved the surfaces of the stonework. If the paint had been maintained till the present day, we should have little if any stone decay to contend with. But this is not the whole of the story. The designer of the gateway thought of his ornament in terms of colour, as a reproduction on paper will make clear. On the green field the blue of the borage and the pink of the daisies are carefully balanced, and from this background the white and gold yales stand out, carrying the eye upwards to the dominant figure of the patron saint in his tall canopied niche. The four-crowned badges give stability to the composition and the red rose over the crown of the arch acts as a base to the Foundress' shield. We may admire the old stone, weathered and stained as it is, but this is not what Bishop Fisher saw, or intended that future generations should see. Let it be granted that such a consideration is not binding on us who live in a very different age, as far as our aesthetics are concerned. There is however another element

in the case, and it is this, that we have cogent reason for thinking that the atmosphere of our towns is to-day far more destructive to stonework than it was three or four centuries ago. How else are we to explain the fact that sixteenth-century stone which fifty years ago was sound is to-day decaying away in Cambridge? The most striking instance of such a process that has come within my experience is to be seen in the cloisters at Westminster Abbey, where part of the fourteenth-century wall tracery in one of the bays of the south walk has been till recently covered by a monument fixed to the wall in the seventeenth century. When the monument was taken down the tracery behind it, having been protected from the air, was in perfect condition, while all the rest was in an advanced stage of decay. At the present day the sound tracery is beginning to crumble like the rest: and so we may conclude that the seventeenth-century air of London was comparatively harmless, while our twentieth-century air is corrosive. Cambridge, doubtless, is less polluted than London, but it is not without its dangers, and in dealing with our old buildings this must not be left out of account. It is not possible to say at what precise date the stonework of the gateway began to decay—the replacement of two of the crowns in the eighteenth century gives some sort of evidence; and the extensive repairs in Roman cement—a material which came into use at the end of the eighteenth century—witness to its rate of wastage. What must be kept in mind, in this matter of stone decay, is that decay is progressive and apparently contagious, and that no means of reconstituting perished stone is known to us. The disease must be treated as such, and cut out as if it were a cancerous growth, or it will spread to sound material in contact with it. It is possible to build up on the sound material with synthetic stone, as has been done on the gateway, so that for the present there is no decay where till recently there was plenty of it. The newly treated stone, if carefully cleaned down at regular intervals, may be expected to remain sound for a considerable time, so that an immediate protection by paint is not absolutely necessary.

COMMEMORATION SERMON

SUNDAY, *May 5th*, 1935

BY G. UDNY YULE, C.B.E., M.A., F.R.S., Fellow.

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.
There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.
And some there be, which have no memorial.

Ecclesiasticus xliv. 7–9.

One of his disciples, whom Jesus loved. *John* xiii. 23.

WE commemorate this morning the Benefactors of our College, and have listened to the long and splendid tale of those who have given us the very means to live the corporate life we now enjoy. These Benefactors have "left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported." But are they all whom we should now remember? Surely, No. Is it even true that these are, as they were termed in the words that followed the conclusion of the list, our "Principal Benefactors"? That too may well be queried, queried perhaps in the words of Sir Thomas Browne, brooding on those "Sepulchrall Urnes lately found in Norfolk." "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity."

Who is our Benefactor? a question very near kin to that of a certain lawyer who asked[1], And who is my neighbour? and deserving of as wide an answer. Not those alone are Benefactors who gave, or left to us when they could not keep them, their possessions. Even our possessions would fail, if those who served the College did not serve it well; and even on this mere counting of our wealth the faithful servant may well be reckoned for more, far more, than the testator of a thousand pounds. Consider our late beloved Master, Sir Robert Forsyth Scott, who became Senior Bursar in 1883[2].

[1] *Luke* x. 29.
[2] See obituary in *The Eagle*, vol. XLVIII, p. 3, from which I quote.

He found the College heavily burdened by debt, due to the building of this Chapel and the new Master's Lodge, almost the whole income of the College derived from agricultural land, and that income rapidly falling owing to the agricultural depression. By drastic economies and careful finance expenditure was brought within income, and the last instalment of debt paid off in 1896. Revenues were increased by the development of estates, the position steadily improved, and when he was elected Master in 1908 he left to his successor sound, adequate and unencumbered finances; and a great example. Harsh treatment, let it be said to those who did not know him, could form no part of his policy in dealing with College estates. On the contrary, he formed close and intimate relations with College tenants—no light labour now, and a far heavier tax before the coming of the car—and the survivors remembered him to his death with affection and respect. His leisure too was given to the College. The long series of "Notes from the College Records" in *The Eagle*, and Parts III and IV of the *Admissions to the College of St John the Evangelist*—the latter a most astonishing volume for a man of his years to have brought to completion—witness to his devotion. He could not have done the work he did, if he had not loved the College.

> Love feels not the burden:
> Love thinks nought of labours,
> Tries things beyond his strength;
> Talks not of impossibility,
> For he deemeth that he may and can do all.
> So hath he strength for all,
> And completeth many things and bringeth them to effect,
> When he that loveth not fainteth, and is cast down[1].

Is this man, this great servant, Master, lover of the College, to be deemed no Benefactor, on the ground that he gave nothing? Nothing truly, except himself. Shall we forget that passionate prodigality, or value his memory for his stewardship of our wealth alone?

Surely we must not, we should not, in this place above all,

[1] *Imitatio Christi*, lib. III, cap. 5, lines 53–60 of Hirsche's text.

stay in our valuing of the College at an auctioneer's estimate. That for which we value it lies neither in stocks nor land, in brick nor stone, but in the spirit of man. Its Benefactors may be as rich as Croesus, or as poor as the poorest in worldly goods who have ever been within these walls. They are a countless host, of whom we name but a few. The rest are men that have no memorial.

Every officer, every servant, of the College surely is a Benefactor who serves it well with all his heart, no matter whether his post be high or low: the value lies in the spirit in which the work is done. As but one example, that Tutor is a Benefactor who has so done his work that his men remember him, not as a mere official with a cunning knowledge of rules, but as one of their best friends, one of the real influences on their lives: and who so has helped also to weld dons and undergraduates into one body. I find an admirable illustration of my meaning in the words written, by those who had known him well, of L. H. K. Bushe-Fox, Tutor from 1905 till his death in 1916, and for many years coach of the Lady Margaret Boat Club[1]. "It was Bushe-Fox's special gift," writes one, "that he could arouse in the average man that sense of comradeship and corporate loyalty which is indispensable to a vigorous College life, and could develop in him a cheerful readiness to postpone private advantage to the general good. The Cambridge undergraduate has nowhere found a wiser counsellor or better friend. He is being mourned to-day, not alone by those in Cambridge who miss his cheery and reliable presence, but by Johnians all over the world, who cannot think that any one will ever be to their sons quite what 'Bushey' was to them." "He was the moral force which directed and controlled the undergraduate life of the College," writes another, "he was a trusted confidant and true friend in matters of which the world knew nothing." And again: "The chief work of Bushey's life was to unite the senior and junior members of St John's in a far closer understanding than hitherto. He created an *entente cordiale*. In his rooms all met on common ground: in his presence we were Johnians

[1] *The Eagle*, vol. XXXVII, p. 379: citations from pp. 386–7, 380, 383.

first and dons and undergraduates afterwards. He has gone from us before his time, but this work of his will live after him." It was a deep misfortune for the College that it lost within three years, both before their time, two such Tutors as Bushe-Fox and R. P. Gregory[1]. Both were Benefactors of the College in the highest sense of that term.

All are not officers. But every Fellow is a Benefactor who has done his best for the reputation of the College, to use the words of the Statutes, "as a place of education, religion, learning and research," not merely in a spirit of personal ambition; and, here or in other fields, has played his part in spreading that reputation over the world. He is no less a Benefactor, in some ways perhaps a greater Benefactor, who, while resident, does not isolate himself in his own work, but takes his full share in College activities and responsibilities, and helps to unite all in a real and living Fellowship. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others[2].

And as to juniors: for good or for ill, O undergraduates, the tone of the College is in your hands; and that which you do lives after you, the tradition being carried from one generation to the next. If the life of the community grows slack, the Society disintegrated, it may take years to recover. But if, in a fortunate generation, by the efforts it may be of only some one or two, the life has been invigorated, that vigour will persist when they have gone into the wider world. Every undergraduate owes a duty to the College, and he may well be called a Benefactor who has tried to pay that debt by doing his best, not in working solely for himself, but in any way for the College: in "learning" if he can, in sport it may be, but above and beyond all in endeavouring to make the College a happy, active, pleasant and friendly Society, a Society that is one body, not a swarm of hostile or unrelated factions. Such endeavours carry no glory, but there are rewards other than glory. As our Senior Fellow wrote not many years ago, "Enough—nay, too much—attention is directed to the distinctions and successes of individuals;

[1] *The Eagle*, vol. XL p. 117. [2] *Philippians* ii. 4.

triumphs which in many cases glorify the winners, but do little or nothing to benefit or ennoble the Society in whose human surroundings the victories were won[1]." The words were written in an obituary notice of the Rev. John Francis Tarleton, a member of the College undistinguished academically—he took but a third class in the Theological Tripos—who passed all his life as a village parson, and died in 1931 at the age of 75. Mr Heitland opens his notice with the following words: "Now here is a name that all who believe in the value of the College system in our Universities should hold in honour." A "third class cruiser[2]," but to be held in honour by all who believe in the value of the College system: a fine epitaph, and consolatory to "third class cruisers." But why? Because the service of his College and his fellow-students was his academic life, "a natural function discharged without effort; easy, unselfish, almost unconscious." "If I may say so," Mr Heitland concludes, "he shewed in the affairs of College society how much good feeling and union for common ends can be maintained by the unobtrusive help of a man who wears his Christianity inside."

Of this I am sure: if any one of you who has hitherto done nothing for the College, if such an one there be, will only do something, he will want to do more. Love grows by service, and service grows with love. We are men, not angels. We all do stupid things at times, or leave undone those things which we ought to have done. But sometimes we can make amends. There is no one who cannot contribute something, if he does not put himself in the centre of his world; if he does not act as those who "passed by on the other side" in the story told to that lawyer.

This is a day of remembrance. What stays longest in the memory, and comes first to recall? Not, I think, all the toys of learning, nor the passing triumphs and failures of life; but the words and looks of those we have loved, kindnesses uncountable and undeserved, friendships unlooked for and un-

[1] *The Eagle*, vol. XLVII, p. 112.
[2] The use of the phrase is an excuse for citing that delightful little volume, *An Oxford Correspondence of* 1903, ed. by W. Warde Fowler, Blackwell, Oxford, 1904.

sought. A smile seems written in laughing water, but its memory may outlast crumbling stone.

It is to me a comfortable thought that this College is named after the Evangelist who, by old tradition, was "the disciple whom Jesus loved." None are greater Benefactors than those who help it to be worthy of the name, though their benefactions stand in no Annual Accounts and find no record in the Council minutes. Here we should remember them and give thanks for their lives, even though of some the very names have perished. For they wrought the stubborn stuff of our humanity a little nearer to the perfect pattern of a Fellowship, the divine Idea of a Society, informed by Love as is a flower by Beauty.

I would not undervalue the wealth given us. I cannot overvalue the love given us. To me our present Commemoration seems a forgetful remembrance, a duty half-performed. Almost it looks as if we had asked a Valuer to schedule our blessings, an Accountant to total our mercies in sterling. Could we not amend our ways? So many have given us love and service, the living as well as the dead. Might we not, once in the year, give but a minute's silence to their memory, justified by some such words as the following, instead of those used now, at the end of the tale of those who gave us of their wealth?

"These are our Founders and Principal Benefactors to whom we owe the means of corporate life in the College of St John the Evangelist. Let us bless and praise God for them all. Now let us be silent for a space, giving thanks in remembrance of that host of Benefactors, men and women, young and old, men renowned and nameless men, who have given us freely of their love and service, and let us pray that the spirit of love and service may never perish from the College which is called by the name of the Beloved Disciple."

Let us stand now, and so pray and give thanks, each of us with his own memories.

The congregation then stood in silence for a short time, after which there followed the Prayer for the College and the General Thanksgiving.

Tunc veniam subito, nec quisquam nuntiet ante,
sed videar caelo missus adesse tibi. TIBULLUS I, iii, 89.

FOR MIRANDA

SO I came back: and still I knew I loved you,
and still the world was mirrored in your eyes;
I marvelled from my life I so could shut you
two years in cowardice;
we both had changed, I thought: your face drawn finer
with depth of kindness I could not recall;
myself grown harder, and a little wiser,
yet younger after all.

We, who knew magic, could not have forgotten
spells of which once we were initiate;
the contact memories two years deep-trodden
rose tumbling, swelled to spate—
I looked into your eyes and found them laughing,
saw hair sun-dusted, felt the lilting thrill
of voice and movement, rhythm arrow-darting,
to mark I loved you still.

And suddenly I came to comprehending
we had not changed, we were not growing old,
merely more open, braver, ripe for friending,
lead touchstone-turned to gold.

D. A.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GIL VICENTE

PASSING lovely is the maiden,
How beautiful and fair is she

Tell me thou o sailor,
Who in vessels fairest,
If ship or sail or star can be
As fair as she.

Tell me thou o soldier,
Who thine armour wearest,
If horse or arms or warfare be
As fair as she.

Tell me thou o shepherd,
Who for thy flock carest,
If flock or vale or mountain be
As fair as she.

A. P. P.

BALLAD OF THE COUNT ARNALDOS

(From the Spanish)

WOULD the happy fortune
Might some day come to me
That befell the Count Arnaldos
On St John's day, by the sea.
Going forth to hunting
With his falcon on his hand,
He beheld a galley sailing
That would fain have reached the land.
Of twisted silk the rigging
And the sails of silk were they,
And the sailor that did steer her
Came a-singing such a lay
That it calmed the ruffled waters
And it set the winds asleep,
Drew the fishes to the surface
From their playing in the deep,
And the birds that were a-flying
On the mast it made them stay.
Then spake the Count Arnaldos,
You shall hear what he did say:
"For the love of God, o sailor,
Teach me now thy song I pray."
But the sailor thus replied to him:
"I only teach the song to him
Who comes with me away."

A. P. P.

ON THE BEACH

BEYOND the waves, the night-time sea of darkness,
We have no travellers. There is the light
Over the horizon drifting, the moving light
We have not touched.

Salute to the ocean,
Motionless for the passage of midnight;
The dark waves sounding, the unceasing march
Of our mysterious countries.
Here do we live without past or future
On this hourless desert where there is one light
Moving beyond our reach.

This is the solitude
Which makes our ultimate being. Because we are alone
Without knowledge of our destiny, because we have much
to fear
And no certain hope in our strange land,
And because we are lost,
We have here found ourselves. To the night ocean
Making our salute we acknowledge ourselves,
Being no less than that which we perceive;
By that which overwhelms we also are made,
By that which surrounds ourselves too are measured.

H. M. C.

R. L. Knight, Barnstaple

RACHEL, COUNTESS OF BATH

Died 1680. Statue in Tawstock Church, North Devon

A REPLICA OF THE STATUE OF THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY AT ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

WITH the publication of the article on, and the photograph of, Thomas Burman's stone statue of the Countess of Shrewsbury in the last number of *The Eagle*, the last word on the subject might seem to have been said. Within a short time of its appearance, however, Fate took me to the church of Tawstock, near Barnstaple, to look at the monument of Arthur Bourchier, fifth Earl of Bath (d. 1659). Beside his monument, I found a white marble statue of his Countess, who died in 1680. That statue is, in every detail, a copy of the stone statue at St John's, by Thomas Burman.

The epitaph states that she was "...*Ecclesiae Anglicanae filia humilis, et devota, et iniquis temporibus eiectorum Patrum mater et hic pene unica fautrix...plus mille liberorum Parens, quos liberalissime educavit, dotavit, sacravit et nobilitavit Adhuc vivit et nunquam moritura dum his Regionibus supersunt grata pectora.*" We may safely say that this inscription was not put up in her lifetime and the point is important, since it proves that the work is not by Thomas Burman, who died in March 1674. Who, then, can have executed it?

Two conditions are postulated by the character of this statue: access to the model —for us mere drawings from the St John's statue would lead to a reproduction so exact—and the tradition of the school of Nicholas Stone visible in the circular pedestal adorned with reliefs, which, material excepted, constitutes the sole difference between the Countesses at Cambridge and Tawstock. Both conditions are fulfilled if we ascribe the statue to Thomas Burman's son, Balthasar.

Until the discovery of the elder Burman's will, I confess to having assumed that the signature B. Burman on the monument of Bishop Brian Duppa, of Winchester (d. 1662), in Westminster Abbey was a stone-cutter's error for T. Burman; the clause in the will quoted below and the discovery that Crull's *Westminster Abbey* [ed. 1722–3] speaks of Duppa's

monument as erected long after his death, made this position untenable. Burman bequeaths "the house and yard in which I now dwell to my son Balthasar," who was not to come into his legacy till he was twenty-four, and who was to inherit his mother's share of the estate at her death. This house and yard were in the parish of St Martin-in-the-Fields. The other children mentioned are daughters; the third, whose son has a legacy, had married a man named Bradford, and if Balthasar died, the property was to be equally distributed among them or their heirs[1].

That Balthasar was a sculptor appears from the signature on the Duppa monument and from the bequest of the yard; and it is probable that he took his rare Christian name from Sir Balthasar Gerbier, who was himself the tenant of a sculptor, Matthias Christmas, in the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate. [Will of Christmas, proved 1 November, 1654: a house which "now is, or late was in the Tenure or occupation of Master Gerbier."] It is safe to say that Balthasar Burman was not a sculptor of any originality, since his only known signed work is repeated four times with slight variations.

1. Tablet to Katherine Hardres (d. 1675). Canterbury Cathedral.

2 and 3. Two members of the Williams family (1704 and 1706). Denton, Lincolnshire[2].

4. Admiral Sir Richard Munden (d. 1680). Bromley-by-Bow.

It is therefore quite in character for him to reproduce his father's statue, the model for which would naturally be in his studio at his death.

As for the pedestal, with its echoes of Stone's manner, the elder Burman was associated with Nicholas Stone's son and successor, John[3]; and it is Stone's pedestal to the Holles monument in Westminster Abbey which is recalled by the Countess of Bath's at Tawstock. The numerous square bases of the statues of the 1680's are totally different in character.

[1] Somerset House Wills: Bunce 344.
[2] I have to thank my elder son for this note.
[3] Walpole Society, vol. VII, pp. 27, 30.

THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY
Foundress of the Second Court

We can probably reconstruct the story as follows. A statue to Rachel, Countess of Bath, is wanted after her death in 1680. Some friend of the Bourchier family—probably, from the tenour of the epitaph, a Devonshire clergyman who had benefited by her kindness—remembers that a fine statue of the Countess of Shrewsbury had been put up a few years before at St John's and suggests that the same sculptor be employed[1]. A letter to Mr Burman would find Balthasar at the same address as his father; Balthasar has the model of his father's Countess handy, accepts the commission and copies it in white marble. A pedestal is wanted, for which he has no model; his father possessed copies or studies of his own studio period; Balthasar chooses that of the Holles monument as a model, but, instead of wreaths and lettering, adorns his pedestal with heraldic shields connected by a conventional design, all in relief; and the finished work goes off to Tawstock. Nor is this the end of its singular history. In the current *Guide to Tawstock Church* [second edition, by F. and C. Wrey, 1927], which is adorned with a somewhat Victorianised drawing of the statue and pedestal, it is ascribed to "the celebrated Florentine (*sic*) sculptor," Bernini. The compiler probably had access to manuscript sources of information as to the Countess's statue; the name of Burman was unfamiliar and could easily be read as Bernini; therefore the statue is ascribed to him. The impossibility of the ascription needs no emphasis. Even if we had not the statue at St John's to go on, Bernini was a papal servant who had only been permitted to do the bust of Charles I because there were hopes of converting that monarch to Catholicism; and the sculptor died in the same year as the Countess. The statement is valuable nevertheless as confirming the ascription to a Burman; but our respect for Balthasar is not enhanced when we find him the unashamed copyist of one of his father's latest and most interesting compositions.

K. A. ESDAILE.

[1] There were two Bourchiers, Josuah (*sic*) and Richard, sons of Philip Bourchier, lawyer, of Pilton, Devonshire, admitted 1674/5 and 1675/6 respectively, at St John's. Both subsequently became Fellows of the College. [*Admissions*, Vol. II.] Pilton is close to Barnstaple [Editor's Note].

You trees and swallows of the quiet spring
Whose lanes we have encountered and so loved,
On Bank Holiday some three or four
Go by train to the country and take sandwiches
Looking for your retreats during the long day,
And meeting again together
Now after their months of separate work.
How gladly do I come to you my friends
Among familiar places, where your laughter
And all our recollection is delight;
How am I happy that our words should fall
By twilight hills and gentleness of sky
Over the lonely and far countryside.
This it is only that is my reward
For so long absence and so many fears,
This new returning to your company
And sweet revival of my earlier love.

H. M. C.

FURROW

Horses, leaning and straining on the plough,
And the harsh shrieking of the grinding axle trees;
The corner rounded, quick convulsions of the plunging share,
The plough-hand falling back upon the reins now.

Almost as if he sensed in his restraint,
His weight thrown back upon the long-tongued thongs,
Oblivion to the old year's soil in the fresh furrow driven,
Forgotten as a page turned over.

Ploughs shall cleave but never break
For earth a furrow of escape,
And clay is leaden down the years
With the burden of her fears.

J. M. P.

SI JE PUIS

It was the 2nd day of the Lent Races 1935—a day which was to be memorable for at least one Lady Margaret boat. During the first part of the course the crew behaved quite normally and suffered the usual "Third Degree" of a bumping race. They went right up on the boat in front, got gun after gun from the bank, but somehow the shouts of their supporters began to lose their enthusiasm and gradually to fade away to a few unconvincing "You'll get them yet boys," and they realised that the guns were now back in the cycle baskets and that they had missed their bump.

It might be expected that their excitement in the race was now over, but actually it was only just beginning. The water in the Long Reach was, if the phrase has not been copyrighted by the B.B.C., "Distinctly Popply," and the boat was without covering for stern or bow.

Water soon began to be shipped and by the Railway Bridge things looked definitely damping; at Morley's Holt the extra weight had so slowed them up that Corpus II, who had started three places behind them, began to come dangerously near; another 100 yards and Lady Margaret were still "going down" and Corpus still "coming up." The shouts on the bank now became louder and louder—could the good ship Hesperus last the course? At the Pike and Eel they were sitting in water, and soon, amidst the deafening blare of megaphones, the end came, and their final act in this aquatic entertainment can be summed up in the words of a *News Chronicle* poster of the next morning:

"CAMBRIDGE CREW SWIM PAST FINISHING POST."

The press were generous to this effort, and the paragraph in the *Daily Mirror*, under the title "They Sank, Swam—and Won," might be quoted as typical:

"Lady Margaret III crew swam their boat past the winning post in the Lent races at Cambridge yesterday.

They held second position in the third division when their

boat became waterlogged. By swimming and propelling their craft they avoided a bump by Corpus II, the pursuing crew."

The *Morning Post*, after describing "the really heroic gesture of the day," concluded with "How proud Lady Maggie must have felt if she looked down upon these, her hardy sons!"

Is that all? Not quite. It is only right to add that certainly not every member of the crew helped to swim the boat over, for one of its heavier members became so firmly embedded in the mud at the bottom of the river that he would indubitably have been lost if he had not clung to an oar, and been pulled to safety! The Lady Margaret does not so easily desert her sons.

THE COLLEGE CLUB CONCERT

"ALICE IN STAT. PUP. A WHIMSEY"

IT must be admitted that it was a courageous, as well as a successful attempt that produced a play to fill the Hall of St John's without the inevitable liaison being established early in the evening between the back benchers and the Buttery. We were more than a little amused by "Alice In Stat. Pup." A collection at the door, which realised just about £24. 0*s*. 0*d*., seemed to prove that well enough. Any possible forebodings that here would be repeated the generosity of imagination lavished on "Alice" by Hollywood, disappeared when we saw that she was not endowed with the voice of a young Garbo, nor the Red Queen equipped with the vocal powers of a megaphone.

In the best "Alice" tradition, the play inevitably comes to a climax with a trial scene. So it proved here. We started with "Notion the First," where the characters were more in than out of Stat. Pup., and Alice met the Red Queen (H. A. Ree), the College Eagle (K. R. Oliver), and the grand figure of Humpty Dumpty (H. J. G. Collis). Perhaps Alice, a little Gulliver in a stranger Lilliput, was astonished at the unshaken

worship, of a figure who appeared to represent "Fixture cards, Posters, and Blazers." This was the College Eagle. And there was also the strange figure of the Mock Hawk, the symbol of the Teddy Bear coat, suede shoes, old school colours, and p.t. (patronising the turf). Then came "Notion the Second," and we continued with the Mad Clothier's Tea-party, with the Robertson Hare (H. J. G. Collis), who by some chance also was appearing at the Victoria that week, and the Reremouse (Quite bats). After the fight between Rattee and Kett (R. Tilney and R. P. Tong), who would undoubtedly have made Tweedledum and Tweedledee appear small, we ended with the climax of the trial of the College knave for the theft of silver from the College. Everyone, crowded on to the stage, gave an impression of confusion in keeping with the waking thoughts of Alice.

"What a luscious pun," said the Mad Clothier. And so the dialogue was. More punny perhaps than luscious. "What smart shoes he's wearing" someone remarked about the Mock Hawk. "They're called suede shoes." "Why?" queried Alice. "Because no one can per*suade* him not to wear them." Poor Alice, she was mystified throughout.

But Alice persevered admirably, despite the general rudeness, which really could not have been rudeness after all, because it always seemed so aloof.

"What did you learn at school?" she asked.

"About the customary course—Epsom and Gatwick, *huntin'*, *shootin'* and *fishin'*."

"Surely you learnt bookkeeping?"

"Oh no. Duggie's always been my bookmaker."

We "indubitably" rejoiced in the Robertson Hare, a superbly meek creature, with the appropriate drooping moustache, and deep dignified protest upon occasion. "Two days wrong," said the Mad Clothier (M. O. Palmer) angrily, as he took out his watch. "I told you Tolly would not suit the works." "Oh, oh! abomination take it," with a quivering of moustachios, and mild eyes swivelling indignantly beneath strong lenses. "But I assure you, Sir, it was in need of lubrication." The Mad Clothier departed with "I must go

and buy five miles of flannel." Perhaps because this was a fairy story, Alice did not think to ask him if he would really sell it, nor have believed him if he had said so.

Superb was the battle between Rattee and Kett, who gyrated menacingly round one another, complete with golfing umbrella, and an armament of culinary weapons that delighted the childish heart within us all. Then came the Trial with its nonsense (so logical in a gem of dialogue between the Red Queen and Alice earlier on in the play).

Q. "Can you answer useful questions? How are nights kept?"

A. "They live in castles, of course."

Q. "I said Nights, not Knights. The K is silent as in Caius."

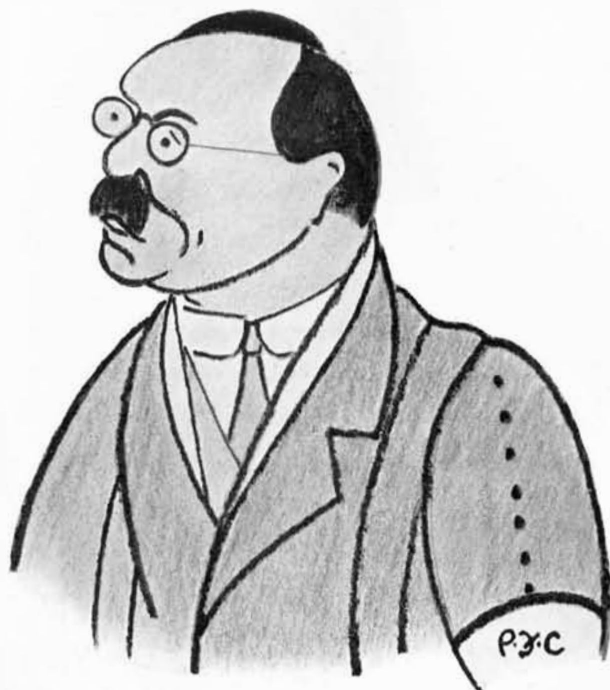
A. "KEYS—but the K is sounded."

Q. "I said Caius, not keys, silly. The C is hard as in the Arctic Circle."

Hats off to the energetic authors and producers, H. J. G. Collis and D. W. Alexander, whose "hair was supplied by nature and herself," as the programme surprisingly informed us, and to Rattee and Kett for an inspired little piece of acting, and to the Mad Clothier and all—all whom we should have liked to mention, but are prevented from doing so by lack of space alone. We offer grateful thanks to Mrs Rootham, for her invaluable advice. We remind future producers that by the kindness of the Master and Fellows, it was made possible to have one hall alone this night, and that this play took two hours only to enact. The printed programmes were all sold, and added considerably to the profit. Finally we thank Mr Lockhart, without whose ready co-operation this evening could not have been the success it proved to be.

J. M. P.

Pl. IV



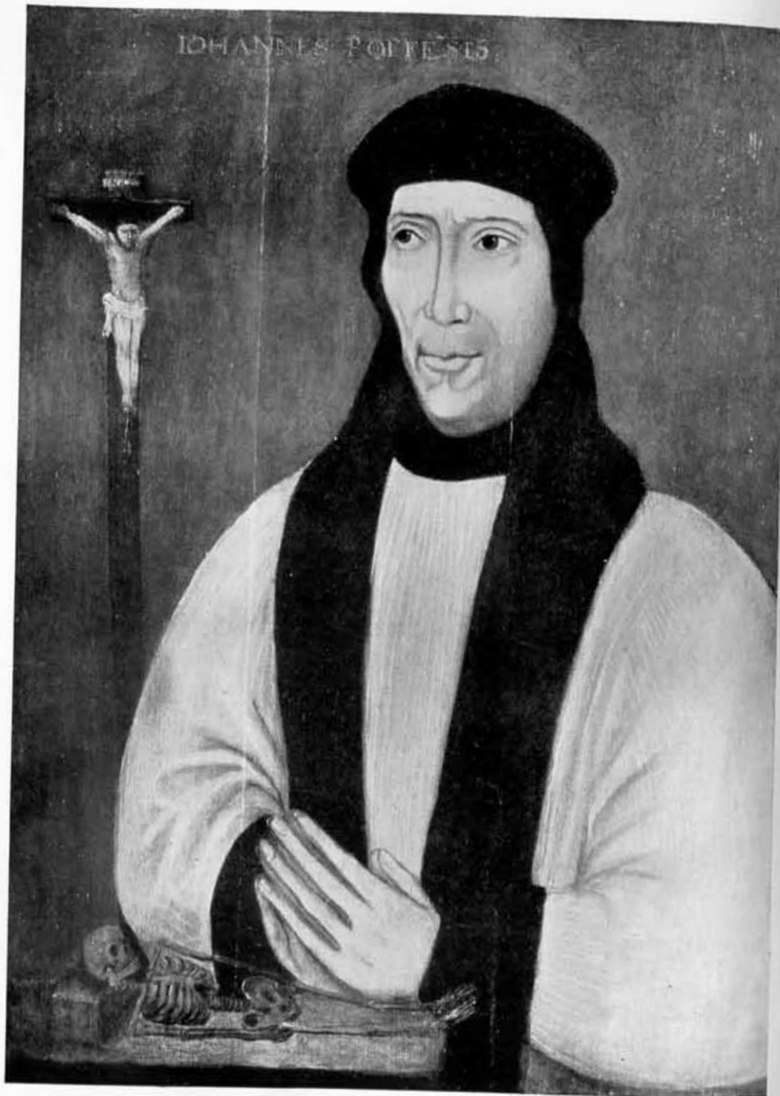
C. W. P.-O.

JOHNIANA

HENLEY, *Spectator*, No. 396.—"From St. John's College, Cambridge, Feb. 3, 1712.... The monopoly of puns in this university has been an immortal privilege of us Johnians.... It is notorious... that it must be owing chiefly to the use of brown jugs, muddy belch, and the fumes of a certain memorable place of rendezvous with us at meals, known by the name of Staincoat Hole: for the atmosphere of the kitchen... fills the fragrant receptacle above mentioned.... It fills the imagination with an assemblage of such ideas and pictures as are hardly anything but shade,... and give an inclination to be in a brown study.... During this twilight of the intellects, the patient... now and then... unfortunately stumbles on that mongrel miscreated... form of wit, vulgarly termed the pun.... It is further observable, that the delicate spirits among us, who... sip tea,... profess likewise an equal abhorrence for punning, the ancient innocent diversion of this society."

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH to William Wordsworth and Sara Hutchinson, 14 August, 1810: "We reached Leicester at half-past three.... Breakfasted with a Gentleman who was going to Cambridge, and the morning was so fine that I resolved to go on the outside as he promised to protect me. ... Dear William, we stopped at the gate of St John's to set down the Professor of Arabic, who I afterwards learned was a Cockermouth man. I was awe-stricken with the venerable appearance of the gateway, and the light from a distance streaming along the level pavement. Thy freshman's days came into my mind and I could have burst into tears."

From *Dorothy Wordsworth*, by E. de Selincourt (1933), p. 261. John Palmer, Professor of Arabic 1804–1819, born 12 June, 1769, at Whitehaven, Cumberland. (*Admissions*, Part IV, pp. 409–11.)



JOHN FISHER, 1469–1535
Bishop of Rochester. Canonised 1935.

From the painting in the College Hall

THE EAGLE

VOL. XLIX *December* 1935 NO. 216

THE QUATERCENTENARY CELEBRATION OF ST JOHN OF ROCHESTER

THE joint celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, on Tower Hill by the four Cambridge colleges, Trinity, St John's, Queens', and Christ's, specially connected with him has coincided with his canonisation at Rome by the Pope. As readers of *The Eagle* will know the canonisation, following, as is usual, on the earlier beatification of several years ago, took place in St Peter's with full pontifical ceremony on May 19th. Photographs of Fisher's portrait in the College Hall and autographs in the College Archives had been sent to the Vatican earlier in the year, and the College received in return the printed process of the canonisation as well as the beautiful medal struck for the occasion with the portrait heads of Fisher and his fellow-sufferer, Sir Thomas More. Both these are now in the College Library.

The four colleges, however, celebrated on July 24th, not so much the heroic death as the saintly life of one of the most eminent members and benefactors of the University. To the University Fisher was successively Senior Proctor, Vice-Chancellor, and Chancellor. He was undergraduate, Fellow, and Master of Michaelhouse, now merged in Trinity. He was President of Queens'. By his advice and chiefly under

his direction, the Lady Margaret enlarged and renamed the older foundation of Godshouse as Christ's College. He lastly persuaded her to found St John's, and after her death carried the task of foundation through. All four, therefore, had a share in him and the celebration was in common. The first part of it took place at twelve o'clock in St John's College Hall, where the Fellows of the four colleges with their wives, and other guests, the Doctors wearing scarlet, met to hear the Master deliver the Memorial Lecture, which has since been printed at the University Press.[1]

No place could have been more fitting than the Hall for the Memorial Lecture. Closely connected as he was with all four colleges, and with the whole University as its Chancellor, St John's can claim to be most in his debt and in the strictest sense his child. For the Lady Margaret's pious intention would have been frustrated by her death had not Fisher, its inspirer, come to the rescue. It was he who overcame the most formidable obstacles, the King who was the Foundress's heir, the vested rights of the Bishop of Ely and the brethren of the ancient Hospital of St John, the absence of endowments when the Lady Margaret's intended gift of estates was forestalled by her death, and the technical delays of the Papal Curia. He obtained the King's Charter, the Bishop's deed, the Papal Bulls, and the lands of dissolved monasteries. He is the true founder of the College, and the Master, in this hour's lecture, has given the portrait of a saint whose works live after him. It is an admirable *mise au point*. The Master has made Fisher live again in the plain yet sympathetic record of his acts and sayings. As in a portrait miniature everything is reduced to the allotted scale, but everything essential is there in due proportion. We see the medieval divine of old-fashioned training and unshaken orthodoxy, who yet perceived the new needs in religion: teaching colleges instead of recluse convents, Christian humanism to supplement scholastic syllogisms. We see the devout pastor and man of affairs, who confesses the Lady Margaret and audits his college's accounts. Last of all, we see the man faithful unto death to his convictions of the eternal order: "other men's consciences may save them, and mine must save me". The Master tells the close with an austere felicity which matches its theme.

[1] *John Fisher*, by E. A. Benians, M.A., Master of St John's College. (Cambridge University Press, 1935.)

At the close of the lecture, which filled precisely the allotted hour, the Master of Trinity expressed the thanks of the audience in a brief and happy speech, and the whole company proceeded to Trinity to lunch together in the College Hall. The more distinguished guests sat at the high table—to everyone's regret the Master of Christ's was prevented by ill-health from attending the celebration. The rest sat at four parallel tables in the body of the hall, one table being reserved for each college. It was wisely arranged that there were to be no speeches, but a curiously dramatic element was provided by the picture of Henry VIII, gazing with undiminished self-confidence and authority over the commemoration of his disobedient subject.

Lastly, the choir of Trinity College sang madrigals and part-songs, all by English composers, in Nevile's Court; they were rendered with great charm in these harmonious surroundings, while the listeners in all the variety of academic robes and less crudely coloured feminine creations moved about the cloisters and the lawn. With their close the proceedings came to an end. One may doubt whether a University celebration of quite the same character has occurred before, but the innovation, if such it was, was most happy and fitting, not least in the Master's lecture. As Sir Joseph Thomson said, there is no better way of honouring a great man than by becoming acquainted with what he did and how he did it.

SYMMETRY

GLORY be to God for balanced things
With complements and answerings,
Echoes and re-echoings,
For lungs and tongues and eagles' wings,
For kidneys, hearts and twins;
For Swastika and Fleur-de-lis,
For thesis and antithesis,
The Sun and Joyce's "Ulysses",
For triangles isosceles,
All spiders, birds and honey bees,
Tigers, larks and highland screes,
Ghostly-flowered magnolia trees,
And Angel-fishes' fins;
For symmetry
In sails and ships,
Their bows and prows,
In lovers' lips and brows and hips
And in the heaving of the deep;
In squares and circles, domes and spheres,
In stars and Solomon's seal,
In children's faces, children's tears,
The rhymed lilt we dreaming feel
Of breathing in our sleep.
For the balanced pattern Nature weaves
In robins' eyes and lotus seeds,
In petals of waving willow-weeds,
In crystals, rainbows, dewy beads,
In stamens, pistils, calyx, leaves,
Praise the Holy One in Three,
Sublime and Perfect Symmetry.

E. B. H.

NAY, to what praises shall I turn?
Thou'rt not so fair, if rose be fair,
Not wise, save in thy gracious air,
Not proud at all.

Thou art no more than age shall burn,
No more than silent death enfold.
Thou art but very woman's mould,
And sorrow's thrall.

Even so thou art, and yet shalt spurn
The sullen earth and death despise,
Outstar the rose, and school the wise,
If love befall.

G. P. W.

WITH wonderful and long surprise
That still is passing not away
I, in the silence of those eyes
Of quiet, never troubled grey,
Found then the image of a deep
And unsuspected peacefulness
That, resting, did not fall asleep
Or ever lose its happiness,
But mellowed the abounding life
And made of it a thing more rare
By reason of some ended strife
And gentle, retrospective care
That brought that stillness to the eyes
And made a thousand times more fair
The loveliness that always lies
In what has never known the snare
Of years that make it worldly wise.

H. M. C.

RESTORATION WORK, FIRST COURT, 1935

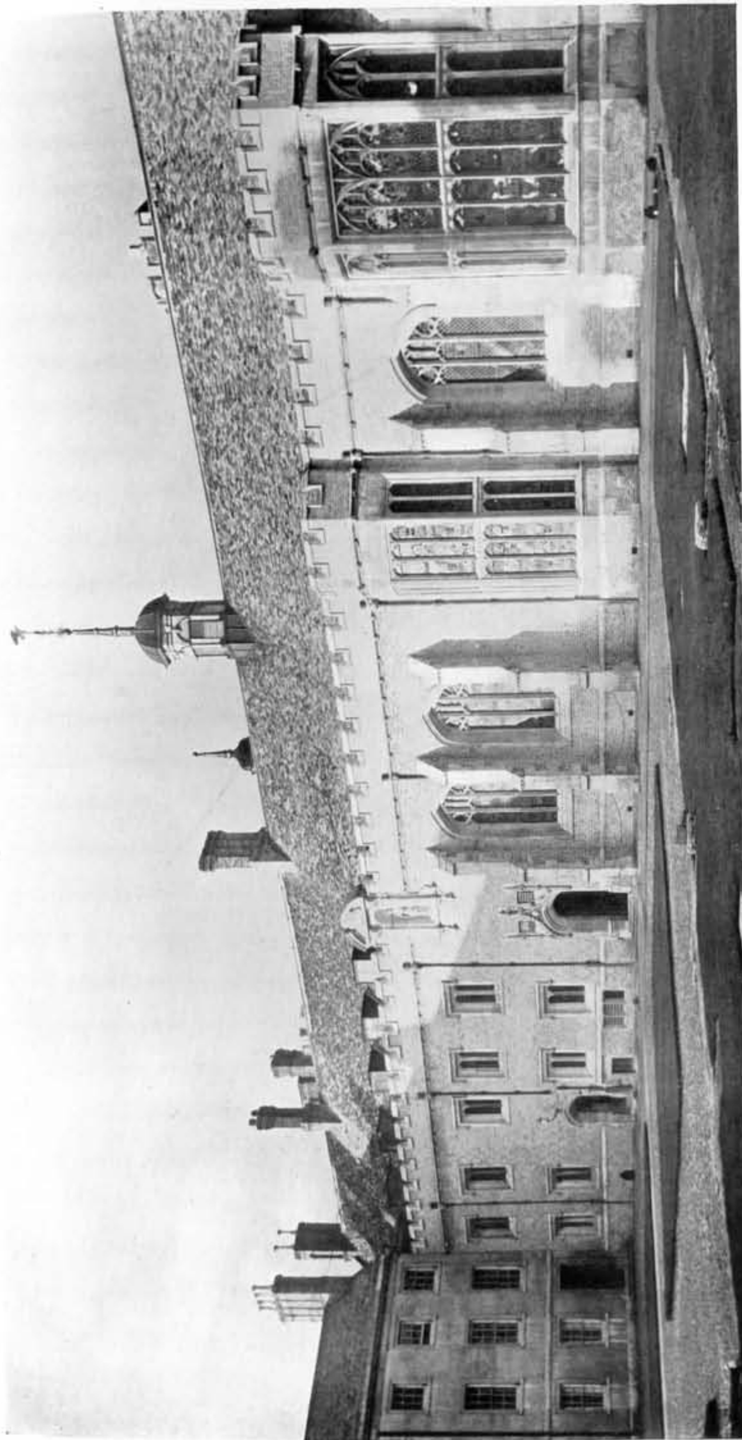
[This article on the repairs done this year has been written as a continuation of Sir Charles Peers' contribution to the last number of *The Eagle*, by Mr Noel Dean, M.A., F.S.I., L.R.I.B.A.]

In February 1935 Sir Charles Peers and I reported on the condition of the two turrets in First Court and of the brickwork and stonework of the inside of First Court. We pointed out that the two turrets were in a very unsound condition. The walls had cracked and bulged badly, and although they were not in such a dangerous state as the front turrets, it was urgently necessary to rebuild the top portion of the North turret, and to strengthen the remainder of this turret and also the South turret. We also recommended substantial repairs to the brickwork of the Court.

During the demolition of the top portion of the North turret it was found that the condition of the walls was far worse than had been anticipated. They were constructed of "bats", or broken bricks, on the inner and outer faces, filled in between with clunch and soft and powdery lime mortar. There was no proper bond between the brickwork and clunch; the turrets were held together by means of the quoin stones which were only about 4 in. in thickness. The inside of the turret was coated with a rendering of cement and sand, and there can be no doubt that this had materially helped to hold the turret together. The top portion above the level of the Gate Tower roof was completely hollow, having no cross-ties of any kind, but the lower portion was strengthened by the presence of a spiral stone staircase which acted as a very good tie although several of the stone steps were broken through.

The question of taking down and rebuilding the lower portion of the turret was considered, but it was finally decided, on sentimental grounds, not to rebuild but to strengthen the old walls and make them last as long as possible. It was, however, found necessary to amend the original scheme some-

Pl. II



FIRST COURT, WEST SIDE, SINCE THE RESTORATION

what in order to reduce the amount of cutting away and consequent weakening of these old walls. In the revised scheme three encircling steel bands were fixed on the inside of the turret, the lowest band being 3 ft. 3 in. above the floor of A 1 Staircase and the others at vertical intervals of 7 ft. 8 in. and 6 ft. 10 in. respectively. Wrought-iron tie rods connected these bands to phosphor-bronze plates fixed on the external faces of the turrets. These encircling bands were anchored securely into the main walls of the Gate Tower.

The top portion of the turret was rebuilt with old facing bricks obtained from Longstanton, backed up with sound hard bricks, and the whole was strengthened at 2 ft. vertical intervals with special brickwork reinforcement. The lower portion was bonded into the main walls of the Gate Tower and also connected by a tie rod to the steel framework of the North (front) turret. The stone spiral staircase was rebuilt to its former height, six of the original steps being replaced with a better bearing in the walls. In rebuilding the top portion the greatest care was taken to ensure that it was rebuilt exactly as it was before. Every stone was numbered and enlarged photographs of the original turret were worked to.

The South-west (Bell) turret was found to be in better condition. The top portion, which had been rebuilt comparatively recently, was very badly cracked, largely owing to the defective construction of the internal angles and partly to the weight and vibration of the bell. It was not, however, necessary to rebuild any portion of this turret. The walls were found to be constructed of whole bricks throughout with satisfactory bonding, and although a scheme of strengthening similar to that previously described was adopted, it was found possible owing to the better condition of the walls to fix the plates, 4½ in. back from the brick face, so that none is visible. Owing to its greater size the encircling bands in this turret had to be considerably larger. Five bands consisting of 5 in. by 4½ in. steel joists were fixed at intervals of about 5 ft. and were tied through securely into the walls of the Gate Tower. In addition the defective internal angles were strengthened with special bricks properly bonded in. During

the progress of this work the timber supports of the "silver" bell were found to be badly infected with death-watch beetle. The wall plates and ends of the main beams had almost disappeared. The structure was made safe by bolting the oak beams to compound steel girders built into the walls of the turret, the weight of the bell being thus transferred to them. The defective ends of the joists and all the wood plates were then cut away and destroyed and the remaining timbers treated with creosote.

Serious damage by death-watch beetles to timbers on the east side of the Court was also discovered during the progress of the work. Many live grubs were found, leaving no doubt that the beetles were active. On the south side of the Gateway the attack was confined to wall plates, ends of rafters, ashlaring, principal rafters and floor joists. Fortunately it was found possible to remove and replace all infected timber in such a manner as to prevent a further spread of the attack. New wall plates were fixed; the defective feet of the main roof principals were cut away; the principals are now supported by steel channels bolted on either side and the channels rest on the walls. All dust was removed by vacuum cleaners and all exposed old timbers were thoroughly creosoted under pressure. Through ventilation was provided by ventilators fixed on the landings and the ashlaring was refixed with movable sections to facilitate periodic inspection.

On the north of the Gateway the attack was found to be more extensive. The roof timbers have been dealt with but a considerable amount of work in connection with the floors had to be deferred until next Long Vacation.

In carrying out repairs to the brickwork the greatest care was taken to match the bricks. Old Tudor bricks were obtained from a manor house at Mildenhall (recently demolished to build a cinema), a wall at Longstanton, a building being demolished at St Catharine's College and various other sources. Five thousand defective or unsuitable modern bricks were cut out from the main walls and replaced in single bricks or in small patches. The battlements, plinths and the 1860 section of the Hall were refaced with old bricks, as those used in earlier repairs were unsound. Lias lime mortar was

used throughout to avoid the damage caused to old brickwork by the use of cement mortar, and great care was taken to obtain a suitable texture and finish for the mortar joints.

The stonework repairs consisted of removing all the Roman cement rendering which had been plastered over the original clunch windows, destroying or altering the shape of their mouldings and sections. All unsound clunch and stone was cut away and restored in synthetic stone, leaving the surrounding sound stone intact. These synthetic stone repairs may require explanation. The process consists of cutting away all decayed stonework, drilling holes, undercutting where possible and fixing copper tubes and dowels in the stone or clunch to provide a "key" for the synthetic stone. All dust is brushed away, the surface to be treated is wetted and a mixture applied composed of natural stone dust, silver sand and a little cement to bind it together. This synthetic stone can be applied like a plaster and when set is approximately of the same consistency as natural stone, it can then be carved or worked to any shape required and, when toned down, is practically indistinguishable from natural stone. Its great virtue is that it enables repairs to old buildings to be undertaken with the minimum amount of cutting away of the old stone; it is particularly useful in the repair of ornamental or carved stonework which can by this means be kept in repair, and not be left to decay until the original detail is lost. Synthetic stone has been used for at least 25 years and many examples of its weathering qualities can be seen in Cambridge, notably on King's College Chapel.

The cleaning of the stone was undertaken primarily in order to remove injurious soot deposits which cause rapid decay. Great care must, however, be taken not to injure the face of the stone by "scouring". Clean, softened water applied through fine-jetted sprays and plenty of scrubbing with ordinary scrubbing brushes were the methods employed.

The very satisfactory quality of the workmanship was due largely to the foremen, Mr Puttick, the general (bricklayer) foreman, and Mr Topper, of Messrs Layton & Leech, foreman mason. Both of these men showed the greatest interest, enthusiasm and skill.

T. E. HULME

SOME years ago it was the custom at meetings of the Nashe Society to conclude the more official and inaugurate the less official part of the proceedings by drinking a series of toasts in excellent punch, made according to an old College recipe, to eminent old Johnians. The list of toasts was interesting. Nashe himself came first, then, in a varying order, Wordsworth, Titus Oates, and Samuel Butler. There were others who appeared spasmodically: Ben Jonson, and an eminent post-war murderer, but after a time we found that they had been educated elsewhere. Curiously we never celebrated any of our notable politicians (except Oates), perhaps because the Nashe is a literary society. And still more curiously, we never, as far as I can remember, drank to T. E. Hulme. This omission was really remarkable, for in those days any literary society was very much concerned with the poetic and critical movement which had been developed by T. S. Eliot, and this movement, like most aspects of post-war intellectual culture and art, owed a very great deal to Hulme. But quite apart from his influence on some of our present intellectual leaders, Hulme was a very remarkable person, and his works, though somewhat fragmentary through no fault of his own, will continue for a long time to occupy a very definite place in the reading of intelligent people. It is possible, I think, that he is a suitable candidate for that kind of local and unofficial canonisation conferred by recognition as a College celebrity; it is certain that he deserves a little space in the College magazine. And while the papers and literary journals are devoting themselves so liberally to Samuel Butler (not always, unfortunately, remembering to mention his connection with the College), we, who recognised the importance of Butler so long ago, and provided a home for his despised paintings, may reasonably try to be still ahead of the outside world in our tastes, and do something for Hulme.

He was born in 1883, and duly appeared at St John's, only to be sent down in 1904, for overstepping the limits of that

"traditional licence allowed by the authorities on the night following the annual aquatic contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge".[1] In 1912, after wandering about the world and pursuing his studies on his own account, he sought readmission, armed with the following recommendation from Bergson: "Je me fais un plaisir de certifier que je considère Mr T. E. Hulme comme un esprit de grande valeur. Il apporte, à l'étude des questions philosophiques, de rares qualités de finesse, de vigueur, et de pénétration. Ou je me trompe beaucoup, ou il est destiné à produire des œuvres intéressantes et importantes dans le domaine de la philosophie en général, et plus particulièrement peut-être dans celui de la philosophie de l'art." It is very much to the credit of the College that his application was successful. However, he availed himself of the opportunities for study provided here only for a short time, and then set out again, first to Germany, and then to London, where he was the acknowledged centre of *avant-garde* intellectual life. In 1917 he was killed in France. A selection from his notebooks and manuscripts was edited in 1924 by Herbert Read, with a short introduction from which I have taken these biographical details, adding only the exact reason for which Hulme was originally sent down, a piece of information given by a present Fellow of the College who remembers him—who, indeed, used to row behind him in a College boat.

So much for his life. From a College point of view it is not, perhaps, all that could be desired. But other colleges have worthies who did much worse than that, and at least Hulme did nothing after he left us which needs hushing up: that is a consideration. And in any case, it is the custom to overlook a little misbehaviour for the sake of some positive achievement.

His achievement was, of course, cut short by his premature death. For this, we need not pity him, for at the time his philosophy had led him to a very unusual intellectual acceptance of militarism, and he died an enthusiastic and very

[1] The phrase will no doubt be familiar to students of the works of Mr Wodehouse.

able soldier. But though there is no need for pity on his account, there is some reason for regret on our own, for it is clear from the published work that if Hulme had survived he would have done much to justify the high opinion which Bergson had formed of his powers. What there is, is well worth having; but with Hulme, more than with most philosophers, time was needed to develop his positions. For, almost alone in his generation, he considered that the historical method was important in philosophy, and the historical method can never be a quick one, can never produce good results in a year or two. His conception of this method and of its uses is very clearly expressed more than once in his notes, and it deserves special attention, because any clear contribution to the discussion of this subject is as valuable as it is rare. The phrase "the historical method" seems to have been used for the most part very loosely in England—and elsewhere—often to mean nothing more than a willingness to take a sort of cultivated interest in the past, and to swell quite needlessly the size of books and essays by historical anecdotes. Of our eminent philosophers, only Whewell has succeeded in managing it properly, in making an orderly survey of the history of his particular subject, and in showing how that history really helps to explain the present state of thought. With Whewell, the historical method is a method of discovery, its results are positive; with Hulme, it is a method of discovery, but with negative results. Hulme does not use history as a means of discovering our present position, but as a means of disentangling our present position from the past; it is a critical technique:

I think that history is necessary in order to *emancipate* the individual from the influence of certain *pseudo-categories*. We are all of us under the influence of a number of abstract ideas, of which we are as a matter of fact unconscious. We do not see them, but see other things *through* them. In order that the kind of discussion about "satisfaction" which I want may be carried on, it is first of all necessary to rob certain ideas of their status of categories. This is a difficult operation. Fortunately, however, all such "attitudes" and ideologies have a gradual growth. The rare type of historical intelligence which investigates their origins can help us considerably. Just as a knowledge of the colours extended and separated in the spectrum enables us to distinguish the feebler colours confused together in shadows, so a knowledge of these ideas, as it were *objectified*, and *extended* in history enables us to perceive them hidden in our own minds. Once they have been brought to the surface of the mind, they lose their *inevitable* character. They are no longer categories.[1]

The particular purpose for which he proposes to use this critical technique is the destruction of what he calls the Humanist attitude, that constellation of assumptions which he considered to have dominated all European thought since the Renaissance—the perfectibility of humanity, the importance of human personality, progress. These notions, he says, have become pseudo-categories colouring our whole attitude to the world; they are not themselves seen, but we see everything through them; they are not proved or criticised, because we are not aware that there is anything to prove or criticise. Hulme does not carry his criticism of these notions any further, does not make a direct attack; it is enough if they are recognised as theories, dethroned from their privileged position as inevitable categories of thought. Then they can be compared and contrasted with Hulme's own attitude, which he calls, not very tactfully, the religious attitude. The essence of this is the belief in Original Sin—man is in himself essentially imperfect and incapable of perfection—human personality is of no intrinsic value: progress is not proven, certainly it is not inevitable, and it is, perhaps, hardly likely. To attribute perfection to anything human is a crude confusion between the human and the divine, for perfection can only belong to the divine. In all ways, then, the religious attitude is in direct opposition to the Humanist. It is a new way of looking at life, a new set of categories which will make people see things differently.

It was, I have said, hardly tactful of Hulme to call his own attitude religious, since the word alone is a stumbling-block to the irreligious, and his peculiar use of it is no less a scandal to the religious. The doctrine of human imperfection is

[1] *Speculations*, p. 37.

certainly embodied in the dogma of Original Sin, but that dogma is not as important as it used to be, and modern religion seems to be able to dispense with it, or to thrust it into the background. Moreover, the same idea occurs in various philosophies, particularly, perhaps, in the Epicurean tradition—for example in Hobbes. Hulme might have done better to select some less paradoxical term for his central conception. However, his choice of terms gives his explanation a certain force. It is difficult, he says, for anyone whose judgments of value are determined by the Humanist categories to

look at the religious attitude as anything but a sentimental survival. But I want to emphasise as clearly as I can, that I attach very little value indeed to the *sentiments* attaching to the religious attitude. I hold, quite coldly and intellectually as it were, that the way of thinking about the world and man, the conception of sin, and the categories which ultimately make up the religious attitude, are the *true* categories and the *right* way of thinking.... It is not, then, that I put up with the dogma for the sake of the sentiment, but that I may possibly swallow the sentiment for the sake of the dogma.[1]

Perhaps Hulme would have passed out of this form of statement, which, though forceful, is confusing, to some more purely philosophic or even scientific formulation. One wonders, for example, if he might not have found in psycho-analysis a more satisfactory account of human imperfection, one more easily capable of philosophic development.

The most striking development of this contrast between the Humanist and the religious attitude is given in the theory of art, where the former is regarded as the basis of Romanticism, the latter of classicism. In painting and sculpture, Hulme sees signs of a return to classicism in the Cubists, in the new abstract painters, and in the work of Epstein. In rejecting the naturalistic representation of human vision, they are rejecting the Humanist idea of perfection; in accepting the non-human symmetry of geometrical form, they are re-cognising the existence of perfection outside humanity. In this change of aesthetic sensibility, he saw the chief evidence of a more general change from the Humanist or romantic to

[1] *Speculations*, pp. 70–1.

the religious or classical attitude. In verse similarly, he considered that the romantic vagueness and confusion between the finite and the infinite, the human and the divine, would soon be terminated by a revival of poetry of the classical type: "I prophesy that a period of dry, hard, classical verse is coming."

Hulme's prophecies have, in the main, proved to be correct. We have had a period of abstract painting and sculpture, and we have had a period of hard dry verse. And in so far as these movements have had any ideological background at all in England, it has been largely derived from Hulme. Anyone interested in the condition of the arts from about 1906 till 1926 will find Hulme by far the best guide to an understanding of the remarkable and certainly important "movement" which took place during those years. And since the movement was important, Hulme is still important to the historian. But, it should be added, only to the historian. That movement is now at an end, lingering only in a few odd places like England where, except for a few people like Hulme himself, we are customarily twenty years out of date. There is now a new and, I think, much more important tendency in painting and poetry, which will, in another ten years, be as well known in England as Epstein and cubism are now. This should be made clear, because if Hulme is to be accepted as a College worthy, we must be quite certain that we are not getting mixed up with really advanced artistic movements—a College has no business with such things. But we are quite safe. Hulme, with the period which he understood and which he helped to form, are safely past, and before long will be completely respectable, at any rate in comparison with the new movement; and not the least important claim to respectability which can be made on behalf of the followers of Hulme is that they are bitter opponents of this new movement.

Finally, if we should adopt Hulme as a worthy, we might some day have the chance of acquiring the magnificent bust of him by his friend (and to some degree his disciple) Epstein. It would, I think, considerably raise the level of College statuary.

A CAMP FOR UNEMPLOYED MEN

At the foot of the Yorkshire moors the River Rye winds an erratic and capricious course, playing havoc with the corn-land on its banks. Yet for some two hundred yards south of the village of Harome its course runs straight. This is the only visible sign that remains of a month that some hundred and thirty people are never likely to forget. For the other things that remain are not visible to the eye. A new worthwhileness in living, a sense, perhaps largely unconscious, that somebody cares, a little more stamina to face the winter months, and on the other hand the ability to translate the abstract problems of unemployment into the particular needs of the folk in Evenwood, Jarrow or Sheffield, these things are not visible or tangible.

The Camp for Unemployed Men was held in August and the first week of September in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The men came from Manchester, Durham, Jarrow and Sheffield. Married and single, youths and middle-aged men, some out of work for a few months, others out continuously for four years, of many different trades and crafts, they defy all classification. The Staff, with seven exceptions, were from St John's College. The site left nothing to be desired. A road from the village of Harome ran to the Camp and there stopped. A flat field was bounded on one side by the river, deep enough for bathing. Water was laid on to the site, provisions were handy and the surrounding country offered infinite variety of scenery and delight. Amid such luxuries who could complain of thistles or cows?

We were divided for the most part into ten tents, one member of the Staff sleeping and eating with and acting as tent leader to each tent. But he was a leader and not a commander, and there was also a Mate elected by the members of the tent to voice their opinions and to bring forward complaints and suggestions at the frequent meetings of leaders and mates.

Our main work was to cut a channel which would divert

THE U.C. UNEMPLOYED CAMP, NEAR HELMSLEY

the course of the river and so prevent further ravages of the adjoining corn-land. This was no easy task and we scarcely finished it in the time at our disposal. A surveyor from the Ouse Catchment Board supervised our work and saved us from many errors of ignorance. In this way our mornings were occupied. Afternoons were taken up with walks, games, bathing and even sleep. After tea, more definitely organised games were generally arranged—a cricket match against the village team, a football fixture with a neighbouring Oxford Camp, sports or inter-tent competitions. Everyone was encouraged to take up some kind of hobby. Ingenious erections began to appear in the tents from the carpenter's bench and for these marks were given in the daily tent inspection. Boots were repaired. A French class was a great attraction while it lasted. Others preferred lino-cutting or drawing and some were extremely interested in a course that taught them how to write business letters and apply for jobs. After supper the programme varied; sometimes a sing-song round the Camp fire, sometimes a debate. A mock trial was a great success and concerts were always popular. Nor were we slow to display our talents. Twice we took the village hall and gave a concert to the general public, and the problem was not to find talent but to keep down our items to reasonable proportions. There was, too, a memorable evening when the whole Camp went on an excursion to Scarborough—and all but two returned.

A remarkable feature of the Camp was the almost entire lack of rules. Within reason everyone was free to do what he liked. We were dealing with men, not boys, and we relied on good sense and *esprit de corps.* It was a bold policy, but it was wholly justified and no higher tribute could be paid to the personality and leadership of the Camp chief. It is infinitely easier to dragoon than to lead, but when one's aim is to restore men's self-respect there is no question which method must be used.

To run such a Camp for a month costs money. This came from three sources: the University Council for Unemployed Camps, under whose auspices the Camp was run; contri-

butions from the men and the Staff; and contributions from the College. The men received their normal relief and themselves decided what they should send home, what they should keep for themselves and what they should pay to the Camp. Some were receiving no relief and of course paid nothing, but the contributions from the men averaged about 2*s*. 6*d*. a week. The contributions from the Staff and the College amounted to about £140 and the total cost of the Camp was approximately £410.

No one will deny that these Camps are mere palliatives. They could not be anything else. It may well be asked whether they are worth while and whether they are appreciated. If any of us were expecting bouquets to be thrown at us, we were disappointed. North-country folk do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. Some grumbled continually, almost all took everything for granted, but beneath the surface there was a real appreciation that showed itself in little ways. And those who were there for the whole month and saw the colour and the healthiness returning, the vigour and interest in life increasing almost from day to day, have not a shadow of doubt that even a palliative is worth while. Apart from all else, it was worth while for the friendships that were created.

It would not be fair to leave the impression that the Camp was a success entirely on its own merits. The Earl of Feversham, on whose estate we were, did all he could for our comfort and not least did we appreciate his continued personal interest throughout the month. And but for the unfailing patience, generosity and courtesy of the whole neighbourhood we might have had a very different tale to tell. Already both in the North and in Cambridge we are asking: "Why not the same again?"

LAUS DOCTORUM TOPLII ATQUE MAJORIS DE SILVULA VIRIDI

NECNON DE MURIBUS EORUM THRENULUS

[Professor W. W. C. Topley, F.R.S. (Joh. B.A. 1907, M.D. 1919), Professor of Bacteriology and Immunology at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, and Professor Major Greenwood, F.R.S., Professor of Epidemiology and Vital Statistics at the same School, have carried out during the past ten years a long series of experiments on the course of epidemics in herds of mice. A report reviewing the experiments as a whole was recently presented to the Medical Research Council and in the ordinary course came before the statistical committee of which Professor Greenwood is chairman (line 6) and the writer a member. *Ectromelia* (line 24) is one of the diseases used in the experiments.]

1 Pange lingua professores,
inclitos indagatores,
murium catos pastores,
   et eorum musculos:

5 Toplium, doctum doctorem;
nostrum praesidem Majorem,
callidum computatorem,
   Viridi de Silvula.

9 Numerosos habent greges,
mures pereunt ut seges,
clare leges mortis leges
   numerorum tabulis.

13 Mures febribus necantur,
aut per vira trucidantur;
jecora examinantur
   duris ab auguribus:

17 pereunt et imputantur,
pereunt nec conservantur;
juniores manducantur
   seniorum dentibus:

21 ardent jecur, splen, abdomen;
morbus torquet cujus nomen
timor noctis, dirum omen;
ferox ectromelia:

25 nullo medico curantur,
nullo comite servantur,
sed instanter terminantur:
heu, misellos musculos!

29 Nonne verum Haceldama?
Nonne clamat vox in Rama,
Rachel plorans? triste drama!
Pax vobiscum, musculi!

33 O verendam, pulchram mortem!
Clare lego gregis sortem,
si ingenium apportem,
curvas per pulcherrimas.

37 Habet fluctus mors ut mare,
nolit semper constans stare;
surgit, cadit, gliscit: quare?
Nonne pulchra quaestio?

41 Ai! quid dicis, puerule?
Haec sunt nugae, miserule!
Gusta libum,[1] pusillule,
alta non intelligis!

45 Hoc est arduum problema,
et donatur diadema
docto qui per enthymema
talia illuminat.

49 Pone, multa sunt obscura,
difficilia et dura;
pura tamen conjectura:
mus e mure nascitur.

[1] Confer responsionem anglicam, puero plurima quaerenti: "Do eat your damn bun!"

53 Hoc demonstrant indagantes,
mille partus observantes;
nulla mus dat elephantes—
certa est conclusio.

57 Vivant ergo professores,
incliti indagatores,
sed pestiferi pastores,
vira dantes ovibus.

61 Laudet chorus medicorum,
laudent angeli caelorum,
ut in saecla saeculorum
dulce sonet canticum.

65 Forsan voculae stridentes
cantent choro assistentes;
nunc gaudentes neque flentes,
ignoverunt musculi.

G. U. Y.

BOOK REVIEW

An Account of the Finances of the College of St John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge, 1511–1926. By Henry Fraser Howard, Fellow and Senior Bursar. xiv + 398 pp., and a map showing the situation of the more important College Estates. (Cambridge University Press, 1935. 21*s*.)

In writing this book Sir Henry Howard has placed all Johnians still further in his debt. He has produced a clear and fully documented account of the way in which the College has managed, through more than four centuries, to adapt itself to changing needs. If the main emphasis throughout is on the financial side, this does not prevent the author from giving us delightful glimpses of what must always have been—alike in its virtues and its defects—a very human society. Moreover those periods in which particular attention and care were paid to collegiate resources are amongst the

brightest in Johnian history, and one need be no Marxian to admit, over the centuries, a close relationship between loaves and fishes and intellectual achievement. Indeed, it is encouraging to note that the present flourishing state of the College as a seat of sound learning coincides with a budget nicely balanced and an enlightened interest in the material well-being of the Society to which this book bears eloquent witness.

This must be the first consecutive account yet given of the finances of a corporate society in England from the Renaissance to the present day. A picture of the fortunes of a property amounting in the aggregate to some sixteen thousand acres and extending from Cumberland to Kent is obviously a contribution of first-rate importance to the history of rural England. As such the book will be of the greatest interest to many outside the Johnian circle, and its value in this connection is considerably enhanced by the fact that the author, in describing domestic happenings, has always kept in mind the general trend of events in the country as a whole.

Some of the material which the author has used has been drawn upon before, and he himself makes the fullest acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Baker-Mayor and to the series of articles which the late Master published in *The Eagle*. It is, however, no detraction from the valuable work of his predecessors to say that this is a new book and one, moreover, that was badly needed. On certain points, such as the real nature of beneficial leases and the connected problem of the origin of the Fellowship Dividend, earlier opinions will have to be revised. But, important as these and other details are, and full as is their treatment here, the real merit of this book is not antiquarian but general. It is the work of a financial officer, trained originally in the classics, who has turned historian for the nonce. His object in sifting masses of evidence—unimpeachable raw material even in the critical eye of the Cambridge historical school because hitherto largely unpublished—has clearly not been to accumulate documentary information for its own sake, but rather to find out how the College was actually administered.

He may occasionally have gone further than this, and attempted to draw from the past certain lessons relevant to the present and the future.

This approach to his subject is new in the history of College historians. Mr Baker was a devoted son of St John's, but his judgment in many matters was not wholly free from personal prejudice. We have had to wait until the year of grace 1935—four hundred years after the martyrdom of St John Fisher—for a rehabilitation of Dr Owen Gwyn, Master, who died in 1633, and who now appears as one of the most successful administrators the College has ever had.

Readers of Professor Mayor's voluminous and invaluable notes have had material for estimating the importance of the work of Dr Powell as Master (1765–75). Sir Henry Howard places this work in clear perspective: and finds it convenient to regard the reform of the Rentals in 1770 as a turning-point in College history. Before that date the available material is scattered and incomplete, though we know that between 1545 and 1770 the gross income of the College increased from £625 to £6449. After 1770 we have full details compiled according to a standard pattern which remained substantially unchanged till 1926. An Abstract of these Rentals is given in an Appendix containing twenty-three tightly packed pages of statistics and fifty pages of notes. From this it appears that the gross income of the College increased from £6449 in 1770 to £62,709 in 1925. Behind this remarkable rise lies the transformation of the face of modern England. We follow, with Sir Henry as our guide, the influence of the enclosure movement, the growth of railways and other concomitants of progressive industrialisation upon the fortunes of a landed society. We are told something of the delinquencies of Mr Blick the Bursar, who was not re-elected in 1846 but slipped conveniently into the comfortable obscurity of the living of Brandesburton. We are enabled to appreciate the importance of the reforms of his successor, Dr Bateson, who had been Master for twenty-four years when he died in 1881. We see the effects of a long period of agricultural depression in the 'eighties and 'nineties which unfortunately coincided with a

legacy of indebtedness on account of buildings. A Fellowship Dividend of £300 in 1878 had fallen to £80 in 1894—a fact which remains as a nightmare in living memory. And with this as a background we are able to appreciate the steady work of economy and consolidation undertaken by Sir Robert Scott, who was Senior Bursar from 1882 to 1908, and his successor Dr Leathem, who died in 1923.

The financial administration of the College since the new Statutes came into operation in 1926 must be left to a future historian, and it would be unseemly for a reviewer to trespass beyond the limits set by the author. One can only recommend the interested reader to consider not merely total figures of gross revenue, but also the distribution as between the different sources of net income: and conclude with the pious hope that the finances of all societies devoted to sound learning may some day be as prudently conducted as are those of St John's to-day.

I. L. E.

JOHNIANA

I

...PASSING through the empty Hall, later in the day, she stopped to stare at the portrait of that Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, in whose honour the college had been founded. The painting was a well-executed modern copy of the one in St John's College, Cambridge, and the queer, strong-featured face, with its ill-tempered mouth and sidelong, secretive glance, had always exercised a curious fascination over her—even in her student days, a period when portraits of dead and gone celebrities exposed in public places incur more sarcastic comment than reverential consideration. She did not know, and indeed had never troubled to inquire, how Shrewsbury College had come to adopt so ominous a patroness. Bess of Hardwick's daughter had been a great intellectual, indeed, but something of a holy terror; uncontrollable by her menfolk, undaunted by the Tower, contemptuously silent before the Privy Council, an obstinate recusant, a staunch friend and implacable enemy and a lady with a turn for invective remarkable even in an age when few mouths suffered from mealiness. She seemed, in fact, to be the epitome of every alarming quality which a learned woman is popularly credited with developing. Her husband, the "great and glorious Earl of Shrewsbury", had purchased domestic peace at a price; for, said Bacon, there was "a greater than he, which is my Lady of Shrewsbury". And that, of course, was a dreadful thing to have said about one.

From Miss Dorothy L. Sayers' novel, *Gaudy Night*, published by Messrs Victor Gollancz Limited.

II

From the *Daily Telegraph*, October 11th, 1935.

UNIVERSITY PROGRESS

Sir,

Your notice of the Royal Horticultural Society's show said: One would scarcely expect to find St John's College, Cambridge, among the exhibitors of vegetables, but they have won the first prize for brussels sprouts.

I suggest the event shows the College's economic progress, for

We Johnians love our Tudor rose,
And now, with gladsome shouts,
Though Oxford rear its Verdant Greens
We hail our brussels sprouts.

Yours, etc., J. H. Payne.

Conyngham-road, Victoria Park, Manchester, Oct. 9.

III

A LOST BENEFACTION

IN the Public Record Office there is the fragment of a Will dated December 1588 catalogued as that of one Rusham (S.P./30/123). In this the testator disposed of his "lands tenements...in Burch Esthorpe and Copford called Holtes"

to his brother Jeffery Rusham for life with reversion to the College of St John's, unless John Hanwick of Stebbings or one of his family should within two years after the testator's death produce the purchase price of £280, in which case the money should be divided between Jeffery Rusham and St John's College to be used by the latter Society "upon bilding and edificacons in and upon the collidge". The parishes mentioned lie four to five miles to the south-west of Colchester.

Jeffery Rusham died within the two years and his Will was proved on 12 June 1589. In this no mention was made of "Holtes" and the only brother mentioned was John Hunwick who is said to have been a step-brother and to have owned the farm in 1593.

The above particulars were furnished by a correspondent who is endeavouring to trace the history of the farm.

It has not been possible to trace from the College records any reference to this bequest, any payment on account of it by any member of the Rusham family, or even to ascertain what was the testator's connection with the College. It would seem that the only inference that can be drawn is that the College never heard of the benefaction.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE AMALGAMATED CLUBS

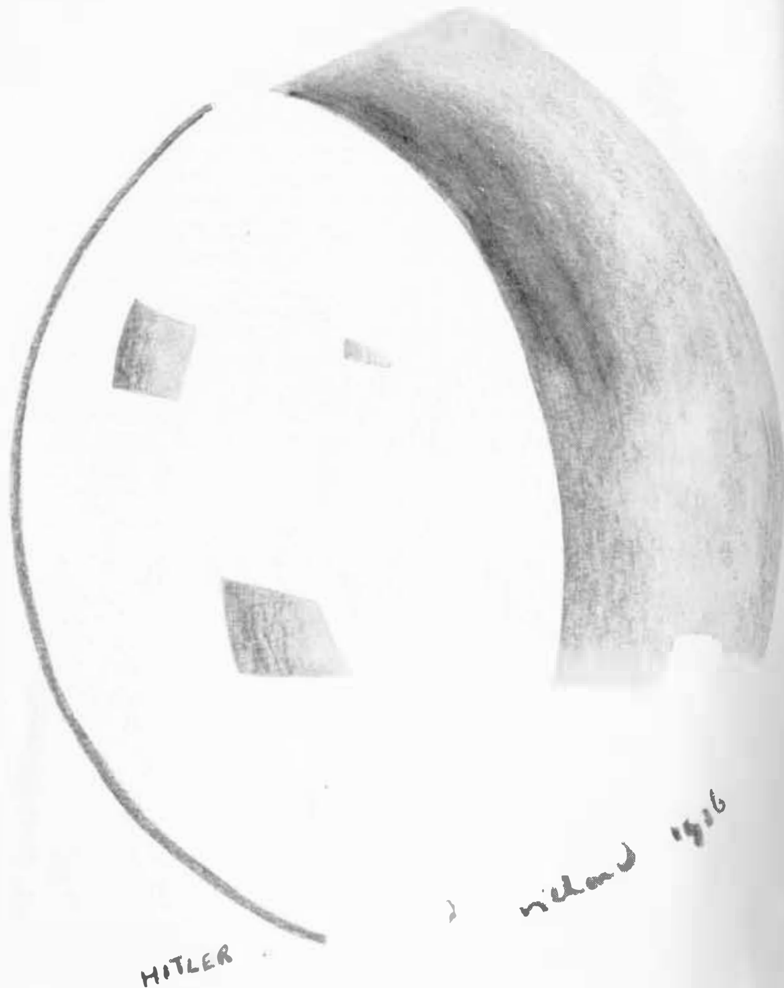
BALANCE SHEET, 1934–5

Receipts	£	s.	d.	Payments	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand ...	592	2	5	To purchase of Investments ...	329	1	2
By sale of Investments	647	0	6	Contribution to new Pavilion	600	0	0
Interest on Investments	25	10	0	Sundries	10	10	0
Subscriptions ...	1888	18	0	To L.M.B.C. ...	640	0	0
				To Field Clubs ...	1150	0	0
				Balance in hand ...	423	19	9
	£3153	10	11		£3153	10	11

Examined and found correct.

F. PURYER WHITE.

November 23rd, 1935.



THE EAGLE

Vol. XLIX *July* 1936 No. 217

We know and do not know what it is to perceive phenomena.
We know and do not know that perception is eternal
And eternity perception. Neither is what we see all,
Nor do we see all things; yet when we see
Something, we must not-see all that is not-it.
Both what we see, which is all,
And what we do not see, which is the rest
Of all, are one and we perceive both as one.
Not-you is as much of you as you yourself,
Both is one and one is both forever,
And down the loud-roaring loom of time
Sails one eternal Unity, the part
Being no longer unequal to the whole—
No Principle of Contradiction—
That the pattern may subsist, for the pattern is perception,
And the pattern must perforce evolve,
In the conflux of eternities, by
Thesis, antithesis and synthesis....

Why must our poets stultify their song
With the vapid débris of decrepit minds,
Tricking out their mawkish measures
With these sand-blind flounderings in nugality?
Why must the flatulent modern Muse
Obfuscate her lambent-glowing thoughts

With endless vortices of froth-logic,
Jejune and foisonless, impotent, hollow?
How long must we endure these nebulous,
Insulse, abortive claudications?
How long must our foredone souls wallow
In pseudo-psychological quagmires?
Let us away these philosophic parturitions,
These terrifico-absurd miscarriages,
And let us learn to sing the scent of cowslips
And the face of a friend.

THROUGH the hushed evening to the farm
The waggon winds upon its way,
And from the meadow still and warm
Bears home its toppling load of hay:

This was the fashion of the prime,
The season of no fear or grief
When we enjoyed that summertime
That was the pledge of our belief;

And in the movement and the grace
And in the speaking that I heard
Another presence filled the place,
The hope of the incarnate word.

"From servitude you led me free."
Oh, then we had been much together!
You could not but be truth to me
Amid that blue and tranquil weather.

And as our summertime was glad,
So, speedily we saw it pass,
And death will take Sir Galahad
Who never knew the least disgrace,

And shrouding with a formless veil
The purity that gave him light
Will snatch forever from his might
The questing of the Holy Grail.

H. M. C.

SHORTLY, when dawn breaks
Over the red-gold tiles,
Bells in their music caught on the wind
Joyously echoing, loud and clear,
Call with their numberless iron tongues
The world to rise,
To worship God.

Mingled at noon-tide
With the townsfolks' hurrying footsteps,
Muffled by sounds of industry and life,
Tall steeples reeling, clang their chimes,
Telling unheeded of a day half done,
The sun's high zenith,
And shadows coming.

Slowly when night falls
On the quietening huddled houses,
Clear as an owl's call in the country night,
Booms the deep tenor's resonant voice
Bidding all hasten, for Curfew rings,
Say vespers, snuff light,
The day is gone.

P. E. C. H.

SAXON POTTERY

DURING the winter of 1935–6 there was rediscovered in the College Library some pottery which had for many years been hidden away there and completely forgotten. The following short account notes the circumstances of its rediscovery and essays at describing it briefly. All the pottery concerned, as well as a few other pieces which were in the Library, and which included three Samian platters found on a farm belonging
been placed by the Master and Fellows on loan at the University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, where it has been cleaned and restored, and is now suitably displayed. The definitive publications of the pottery will appear shortly in the transactions of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society and of the

Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire Archaeological Society. My thanks are due to Miss M. O'Reilly and to Mr T. C. Lethbridge for their kindness in discussing the pottery with me, and to Mr C. C. Scott for his assistance in writing this note.

Attention was first drawn to the matter by Mr F. Puryer White who came across a letter dated March 26th, 1758, from John Newcome, then Master of the College, to John Orlebar of the Middle Temple. This letter is printed on p. 60 of F. St John Orlebar's *The Orlebar Chronicles in Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire*, 1533–1733 (vol. I, London, 1930). It says: "I have received the Box in which the medals, urns, and other curiosities, given by Mr Bromsall were enclosed and being put into a strong case, are come safe to hand", and then this remark is added in a postscript: "We shall lodge them in proper new Drawers and make honourable mention of our benefactor." Mr White enquired of the Library staff if they knew anything of this Bromsall legacy or of the "proper new drawers" mentioned, and after a careful search there were found in an old cupboard many coins, some pottery, and a number of miscellaneous objects—including odd bones, pieces of antler and horn, and a very peculiar fish—all of which could not be better described than as "other curiosities". The pottery in this cupboard was an odd assortment, but it included five Saxon pots, two of which were very good examples of the normal cinerary urns found in pagan Saxon cemeteries. Both were decorated in the usual way with incised and stamped ribs and mouldings, and one of them still contained its original cremation. There was also a Romano-British pot found in Chesterton in 1744. This latter pot was the only one to have any label. While the whole of the pottery found in this cupboard is intrinsically interesting, it is singularly unfortunate that, excepting the Chesterton piece, the provenance of all of it is indeterminate. It is not improbable that some, at least, of it represents the Bromsall legacy which Mr Scott and Mr Buck were trying to trace when they opened this cupboard. But it is quite possible that some of the Saxon pots may have come from the large and important pagan

SAXON CINERARY URN FROM SOMERSHAM, HUNTS

Saxon cemetery which existed in the College cricket field, mainly on the site of the old racquets courts (*vide* C. Fox, *Archaeology of the Cambridge Region*, p. 242). Mixed up with the ashes and partially burnt bones in one of the cinerary urns was a piece of newspaper rolled up into a ball. While this newspaper does not, of course, date the construction or use of the urn, it perhaps dates the deposition of the pot in the cupboard. It seems likely that it was part of the packing used when the urn was sent to the College. The newspaper bore no dates of any kind but Mr Lethbridge inferred from the written material that it was published during the Crimean War. The Crimean War was about 100 years after the Bromsall legacy, and 30 years before the College cemetery was excavated. The assorted finds in this cupboard probably represent a nucleus of the Bromsall legacy to which various other pots have been added at different times. But it must be pointed out that even if we could be certain how much of the pottery was given to the College by Bromsall in the eighteenth century, its exact provenance would still be indeterminate.

Some time afterwards, Mr Scott wondered whether I would not like to see an old pot which was kept in a box hidden away in a dark corner on the upper floor of the Library. I willingly assented and he produced a large wooden box and, opening it, revealed among other things the very fine Saxon urn illustrated in the accompanying plate. On the inner side of the lid of the box in which the pottery was contained, was pasted the following notice of its contents: "This urn with the Bones, Annulets, Broken Comb and Scissars, contained in it, was dug up in Hurst Field near Somersham in the year 1736 and was given to the College by Tho. Hammond Esq of Somersham Place...." Thomas Hammond was an old member of the College and took his M.A. in 1717. In the box, as well as the urn illustrated, were a few other things, including the cremation from it, portions of a broken bone comb decorated with incised circles, a broken iron scissors, a worked cylinder of bone of penannular section (perhaps the handle of the scissors or of a knife) and fragments of another urn decorated in the same style as the complete one. In ex-

amining the cremation Mr Lethbridge found a short length of beads fused together; this find makes it probable that the urn held the ashes and burnt bones of a female. The complete pot here illustrated is a large globular urn, about 14 in. high, with a slightly developed foot, a short neck and an out-turned rim. It is hand-made and is of a thin well-fired ware. Decoration is confined to the upper part of the pot and consists of incised lines and grooves, raised bands, ribs, and bosses all heavily scored diagonally, and some circular depressions. This pot is an extremely fine example of the typical cinerary urns in which the Anglo-Saxons deposited the cremated remains of their dead in the centuries subsequent to the conquest and prior to their conversion to Christianity. In the wealth and detail of its decoration it is very like the continental prototypes of this early Anglo-Saxon pottery, and must therefore be put fairly early in the Pagan period. These Saxon cinerary urns with their cremations and any grave-furniture were normally buried in groups forming urn-fields or cemeteries. It is highly probable that this pot comes from a cemetery and the occurrence of fragments of a second urn with it strengthens this hypothesis. It is unfortunate that the exact site cannot now be located at Somersham. Mr Tebbutt pointed out to me that the Hurst Field probably refers to unenclosed common land at Somersham, and Mr Scott informs me that the date of the Somersham Enclosure Act was 1796. The Somersham cemetery—if we may indulge in what seems to me a justifiable hypothesis—is entirely new to archaeologists, and in view of its position relative to the waterways of the Wash, and of the early date which may be inferred for it on formal grounds, is extremely important. The nearest cemeteries mapped and discussed by Sir Cyril Fox (*Archaeology of the Cambridge Region*) and by Mr O. G. S. Crawford (*Britain in the Dark Ages*) are at Peterborough, about 15 miles to the north-west, and at Chatteris, 4 miles to the north.

Everybody may not be interested intrinsically in the finds we have described above (and indeed, it must be confessed that, judged by general standards of aesthetics, the pottery is ugly and barbaric), and everybody may not be moved by the

prospect of adding yet another dot to the distribution map of Pagan Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, but they may at least be amused by the curious and chance succession of events related above that led to the appreciative rediscovery of the Somersham urns. And they may too, remembering this, sense a new value in the following well-known quotation from Sir Thomas Browne: "Vain ashes! which in the oblivion of Names, Persons, Times, and Sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless Continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as Emblems of mortall Vanities."

G. E. D.

SIOBHÁN AND DÔNAL

Note. The "shanachy" of modern Ireland is the cultural centre of peasant life in the Gaelic West. He is the sole entertainer of the village—local historian and wise-man, preserver of legend and tradition, singer of folk-songs, and above all teller of folk-tales. His repertoire is eagerly listened to by the people, grown-ups as well as children, and the evening gatherings at the house of the shanachy have been an important factor in preserving and disseminating Irish peasant lore. The shanachy's tales have come to him from very varied sources (orally, as he is generally illiterate), and include such diverse types as mediaeval Irish hero-stories, legends of the saints, fairy stories familiar to us in collections such as those of the brothers Grimm, and humorous tales of a well-known mediaeval kind. The present story is one of a number taken down in Irish by the writer from the telling of Peig Sayers, a West Kerry shanachy. It belongs to the last-mentioned class, and consists of three separate tales known to folklorists as numbers 1541, 1386 and 1653A. Full references to these will be found under those numbers in A. Aarne and Stith Thompson, *The Types of the Folktale* (Folklore Fellows Communications, No. 74); Helsinki, 1928. The story, translated as closely as possible, is as follows:

Dônal was a widow's son, and he hadn't a scrap of the wealth of the world, neither land nor cattle. He lived in a nice little comfortable thatched house near by a farmer's house. He used to work for the farmer always, and he was very contented till his mother died. When she died Dônal was shorthanded for want of her; he had to get his bit of food ready and to do the many little jobs that concern the kitchen. He

was tired of this life, and made up his mind to make a marriage for himself. A short distance from the place where he was there was a girl whom he thought would do very well for him; he struck a bargain with her and they were married. But alas, Siobhán had neither wits nor sense enough to do anything right and properly for Dônal; but he didn't let on at all, for fear that folk would be mocking at him. One day he came home from work with some meal in a bag which he had got from the farmer's wife. "There's some meal in this bag, Siobhán", he said, "and make a bit of bread for me for to-morrow morning." "Very well," said Siobhán. When she found he had gone out of the house she put the meal on a plate before her; but as bad luck would have it a hen flew up on the end of the loft-beam and let fall a bit of dirt into the plate beside Siobhán. Off she went and got a white cloth and put it outside the door; then she got a sieve and began to sift the meal so that the dirt would stay behind. But, my boy, when she had finished sifting there was not a shadow of the meal to be found on the white cloth, for there was a gust of wind blowing and as the meal fell the wind carried it off so that Siobhán had nothing left but the amount of dirt that was left in the sieve. "God bless my soul", said she, "the meal is gone and Dônal will have no bread in the morning. He will kill me!" So matters stood till the morning came and Dônal was making haste to go to work. "Where's the loaf, Siobhán?" said he. "Well, Dônal, a big wind carried the meal from me." "Wisha, a thousand curses on you," said Dônal, "and you to be priding yourself on being a housewife." He had to go off without loaf or meal, and Siobhán was in a dreadful state, for she knew Dônal was hardly grateful to her; but there was no help for it, she was not smart enough.

It happened that Dônal had a fat pig. "How long before we sell the pig, Dônal?" said she. "I don't intend to sell it at all; we will kill it and it will make a nice extra with the cabbage for the grey blast of spring." They killed the pig and had a barrel of salt meat, and they would have a bit boiled now and then. But one day Siobhán was alone at home and Dônal at work—it was a hard windy day—and a strapping

middle-aged man walked in the door, with a bush of long grey beard on him, a pack on his shoulders, and a stick in his hand. He was begging alms. Siobhán gazed at him, and when she saw the bristle of hair that was on him, "Well now", she said "you must be the man Dônal was talking about. Are you the Grey Blast of Spring?" "That's me, surely," said the beggar; "why do you say that?" "I say that", she said, "because Dônal has killed a pig ready for you." "Very well, woman of the house," said the beggar, "get up and put it in my bag." Off went Siobhán to where the pig was in salt. She filled the pack for the beggar so that he could carry no more. Out of the door he went for fear anyone else should come. When she saw he had gone, the next thing she did was to take as much of the pig as was left in the barrel and carry it out into the garden, and to set to work putting a bit here and there on every cabbage plant. When Dônal came home in the evening, "Is anything stewed, Siobhán dear?" said he, "have you put any bit of meat or cabbage on to boil?" "O, devil a bit, Dônal," said she; "the Grey Blast of Spring came to-day and he took it with him, and what was left of it I put as an extra on the cabbages." "O, sorrow on your health," said Dônal in anger, "you have my heart broken since I married you. Devil a day or night more will I stay bothering with you." "Where will you go, Dônal?" said she in surprise. "I shall go off by myself out of this place for good," said Dônal; "I won't remain squabbling with you another day or night." "On my life, but I'll follow you," said Siobhán. "I'd pull your head off your neck if you did," said Dônal, and flung out of the door in a burst of rage. He had put a good bit of the road behind when he heard someone legging it after him. He looked back, and what should it be but Siobhán. "Where are you going?" said Dônal. "Along with you, of course." "Did you shut the door?" said Dônal; "if you didn't shut it, go back and pull the door after you in case we may return yet." She may have been simple-minded, but she was a good walker; and instead of shutting the door it is how she took the door from the doorway and put it on her back. It was not long before Dônal heard a clattering behind

him. "God of Miracles," said he to himself, "I wonder what she has done now! The door from the doorway, and it on her back! She'll hang me before I can be even with her."

Night was coming on them, and they went into a nook in a wood. "This is no good place," said Siobhán; "wild animals might come upon us. It would be better for you to go up into a tree and I'd follow you, and we'd settle this door between two boughs, and we should be able to sleep on it till morning." "Wisha, by my faith," said Dônal, "that's a good plan." Up with him into the tree, pulling the door after him. He settled it between two boughs. Up with Siobhán after him. "See now, Dônal, how comfortable we are." But not long into the night they heard noise and talking coming towards the tree. It is how there were robbers with an underground cave at the foot of the tree. They began to make food ready for themselves after the day's work. When their food was on the table, "O God be with us, Dônal," said Siobhán, "how hungry I am, and food so plentiful with that crowd below." "What matter to you?" said Dônal; "but don't let out a sound, don't stir or the door will fall." Well, my dear, she must have shifted about somehow, for she moved the door in some way, and down it went. Siobhán would have followed if Dônal hadn't grabbed her skull. As soon as the robbers heard the din coming down on top of them, off they ran, for they thought they were betrayed and that all was up with them. When Siobhán saw they were gone, "Come down, Dônal, and we'll eat the food." "Food that'll kill you," said Dônal. "On my word, I shall go down." Down she came from the tree. But she hadn't been in the cave long when she considered that one of the robbers might come back, and she and Dônal would be dead. Out she went, and she wasn't far from the cave when one of the robbers came on her as he was returning back. She ran at him with her two arms outspread, and said, "My dear, my mother's sister's son, put your tongue in my mouth for love of you." He didn't twig anything, and stuck the tip of his tongue down into Siobhán's mouth. But alas, if he stuck it in he didn't draw it out, for as soon as Siobhán got it in she let her teeth into it

close and firm and bit the tip off his tongue at one go. He turned around with every sort of frightful shriek, and "Boohoo, wait for me, the tip of my tongue has been bitten off here!" They could scarcely understand a word he said. Whatever intention they had of returning, every one of them was making off for hiding then. Siobhán returned to the cave. "Down with you, Dônal," said she, "there is no danger that any of them will come back now and catch you." It was true for her, none of them came back to the cave. Dônal came down; they ate and drank their fill, and spent the seven days of the week taking out gold and treasure and jewels from the robbers' cave, so that Siobhán and Dônal became the most comfortable and most wealthy couple in the district. They had a fine brood of children and enough for all of them to eat and drink. Siobhán put away her half-wittedness and became a smart housewife from that out. K. J.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE FUTURE

A UNIVERSITY is not an ivory tower, cut off from all contact with the outside world. It must be affected by any great changes in the social and political arrangements of the community in which it lives. It is therefore impossible to forecast the future of the university without making some assumptions about the future of society in general.

In particular, the future of the university will depend on the success with which the world meets the greatest of its problems—that of war. It is often said that another great war would destroy civilisation. If this happened the universities would assuredly not survive. Our prophecies, therefore, must be based on some estimate of what is likely to be the future of society in this respect.

Ultimately there are two alternatives, world-order and peace on the one hand, and a relapse to barbarism on the other. For even if civilisation as we know it survives one great war, it will not survive a second, third and fourth. Modern

warfare becomes steadily more destructive with the progress of scientific invention, and must eventually become annihilatory. Our hope is that the world-community will be organised, and war abolished, before that stage arrives (if indeed it has not already arrived).

My opinion is that society will escape annihilation. If it did not do so, then clearly the university would perish along with all the other institutions of a civilised community. We may therefore set this possibility aside and proceed on the assumption that world-order and permanent peace are established at no very remote date.

We have not yet, however, succeeded in clearing the ground. We must consider the probable trend of the social and political relations of individuals, as well as of nations. For clearly this too will profoundly affect the future of the university. The crux of this problem is in my view economic. Capitalism will survive if, and only if, it solves the problem of unemployment. If this happens (and it seems not unlikely), the standard of living of the majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain would in a short time be a very comfortable one. But we cannot go on as we are at present, with trade depressions recurring and getting worse each time. If no solution is found, the working class will at last revolt and forcibly replace Capitalism with Communism. Some countries, such as Great Britain, might witness a peaceful transition to socialism by democratic methods. Even where socialism is at first established and worked by a tyrannical minority, as in Russia, it may eventually become liberal and democratic.

Where Capitalism solves its problems and therefore survives, there is certain to be a continuation and perhaps an accentuation of the trend towards what Dicey called Collectivism, which, as he pointed out, started in Great Britain about 1870. The scope of state regulation of private industry will continue to extend; and the equalitarian movement which has produced social services and heavy taxation of the rich will take further and more drastic measures. Thus this alternative may turn out to be not so different from the other as might *prima facie* have been expected.

For my purpose it will be sufficient to distinguish two main alternative forms of organisation, the tyrannical Communist state, established by violent revolution, as in Russia to-day, and the democratic capitalist state with strong collectivist tendencies. In particular, I regard Great Britain as being extremely likely to follow the latter course.

I ought to say in parenthesis here that I do not believe the Fascist state to be permanently a third alternative. It is a throwback, a return to barbarism in the field of social relations, the final excrescence of nationalism, now due for a decline. World citizenship and democratic government will ultimately overthrow and replace it. It is thus idle, in an essay on the university of the future, to consider the place of the university in a Fascist state.

This somewhat elaborate account of the general environment in which I expect the university of the future to live is not, I think, irrelevant. Nothing of the least importance can be said about the university of the future unless some assumptions, tacit or otherwise, are made about environment. It has been my endeavour to make my assumptions as explicit as possible, and to justify them.

Let us consider first the more unlikely of my two alternative forms of social structure—the tyrannical proletarian state—exemplified at the present day by Communist Russia. Learning for its own sake is not valued in modern Russia. The university is an institution which trains technicians—in other words, the university as we envisage it does not exist. That the search for knowledge is an end worthy in itself, apart from specific practical uses; that even practical necessities are best served by leaving the spirit of enquiry to go its own way, unhampered and unregulated—these principles, on which, ultimately, our English universities depend for their *raison d'être*, would be indignantly denied by the Communist leaders. The University, properly speaking, seems to have no future in the Communist state.

To this conclusion two qualifications must be added. First, it is not true that no unfettered enquiry takes place in Russia. Natural science is greatly respected and is not hamstrung by

orthodoxy, as are political science and economics. Secondly, it is possible that the present attitude of the Communist state is temporary and that greater freedom will be granted in the future.

In the second place, we must consider the future of the university in the democratic capitalist state. A rising standard of living and a strengthening of the democratic spirit, such as I have postulated, threaten the universities with a very serious danger—that of being flooded and debased. America may well appear to represent the kind of society towards which we in England are moving. And it is unfortunately undeniable that the number of students at American universities is much too large; that they are selected with far too little discrimination; and that academic standards have consequently been lowered. The American universites (even some of the best of them) have created Home Study departments which teach tens of thousands by means of correspondence courses. They have established departments of Journalism, of Housekeeping, of Business and Advertising, and they give degrees for work that has no cultural value whatever (and, it is to be feared, very little practical value either).

These things are due mainly to the high standard of living and strong democratic spirit of America. In England natural conservatism and the strong and independent position of Oxford and Cambridge may avert these dangers in the future, as they have done, in the main, up to the present.

This does not mean that higher education is to be denied to the masses, as they come to want it and to be able and willing to pay for it, but that it should not be given through the universities. The high standard of teaching and thought which exists at present in British universities could not be maintained if they had to provide for ten times their present number of students. There is not enough first rate ability to provide a teaching staff for such a number.

There is thus a probability of a great increase in the number seeking admission to the universities. To prevent a lowering of standards the number admitted must be kept down, and provision made by some other means for the continued edu-

cation, whether vocational or cultural, of those excluded. But the method of restriction must not be, as it is at present, that of making university education expensive. The number of young men capable of passing the usual entrance examinations, given the usual education therefor, is certainly more than ten times the university population to-day. There are practically no undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge who are the sons of working-class parents. The scholarship system that exists to-day, excellent so far as it goes, does not provide equality of opportunity.

All this must and will be changed. Restriction to the wealthy must be replaced by restriction to the talented. On a conservative estimate, one-half of the undergraduate students at Cambridge have no right to be there. There will have to be a considerable raising of the standards of the examinations giving entrance to the universities, together with further progress towards making university education independent of wealth—the obvious method being to make it free to all those who can prove themselves capable of benefiting from it.

The raising of the intellectual standard of the student population will contribute, along with other causes, to increase the importance of research work in a university career. Original work is the end and crown of education; without it, a university is nothing. All else is essentially preliminary. Nowadays it is exceptional for a graduate to remain at the university and do original work. In the university of the future it will be the normal procedure. At the same time far more of the time and energy of the teaching staff will be spent on supervising research, and less on doling out accepted knowledge. Tutorial supervision will become easily the most important part of official instruction, and lectures will decay. They will not, I think, vanish. Many productive thinkers find it easier to lecture than to publish. But for lectures their work would be known only to a very narrow circle, and the progress of knowledge would suffer.

A discussion of the technical devices of university education would not be complete without some reference to the examination system. During the last two centuries the im-

portance of examinations has steadily increased. To-day, however, the system is being vigorously criticised, and it may have reached its zenith and be doomed henceforth to decay. In my judgment this is unlikely. That examinations often fail in their purpose is clearly true; but no one has suggested any workable alternative. We may reasonably expect examinations to figure almost as largely in the university of the future as in that of to-day. Almost, but not quite, as largely—for since research is likely to play a larger part in the career of an average student than it does now, the relative importance of undergraduate work, and with it, of examinations, is likely to diminish (research is not—indeed cannot be—regulated by examination). In addition to this, it is likely that university authorities will attempt to mollify to some extent the critics of the system by adding *viva voce* tests to written examinations, where this has not already been done.

It does not seem likely that great changes will be made in the curriculum. Recent events in America, and even in Great Britain, have revealed a tendency to establish in the universities, schools of such vocational studies as Journalism, Business Management and Housewifery. These would more properly be carried on in technical institutes; they are alien to the true spirit of the university.

The danger of vocationalism is closely akin to another and greater, because more insidious, menace. The newer British universities betray signs of what may be called "regionalism". Their curriculum shows the influence of their territorial environment. Thus the University of Wales includes a School of Mines at Treforest; Bradford has a department for the study of textiles. These departments have no place in a university; and it is to be hoped that the strength in England of sound traditions as to cultural values will prevent further extension and recover the ground so far lost.

Another possible danger lies in the specialisation of different universities on particular (legitimate) subjects. Traces of such a tendency may perhaps be found in the predominance of Oxford in the Humanities and of Cambridge in Mathematical and Physical Sciences. The logical conclusion of this

process will be a state of affairs in which Cambridge teaches nothing but Mathematics, Oxford nothing but Classics. The aggregation of specialists might conceivably accelerate the progress of particular branches of knowledge (though even this is doubtful) but the loss in broad cultural education would be immense. Universality is of the essence of a university.

I turn now to the position of women in the university of the future. The disabilities that still exist in some universities will certainly, in time, be removed. The history of the universities in this respect provides an excellent example of the principle that they are profoundly influenced by the currents of contemporary social life; and it is certain that the present trend will continue in both spheres. Nevertheless, I do not think that the sex-ratio will ultimately be much nearer to equality than it is at present. When the university population is selected solely by stiff examinations, with no discrimination in favour of either sex, the majority of the places will certainly be filled by men. This is not anti-feminism, but merely facing the facts. It may even be that the female university population is at present unnaturally swollen by the recent feminist reaction.

Up to this point the discussion has had reference mainly to English universities. Progress towards a world state and world citizenship may be expected to reduce differences between the universities of different countries, but it will not, at least for a very long time, produce uniformity.

The factors which will be most important in differentiating universities will in the future be rather different from those of the present moment. To-day the universities of India differ less fundamentally from those of England than do those of Italy. But as the political systems of different European states come to resemble one another, the basic unity of European culture will produce greater uniformity as between universities. At the same time the deeper differences between Europeans and Orientals will be reflected in a differentiation of the characteristics of their universities.

Finally, what will be the importance of the university to the society of the future? At present the universities are mainly

engaged in providing the final stages in the production of "gentlemen" and in training professional men. In the future the education of scholars, fit to devote their lives to the advancement of knowledge, will be their chief concern. In a more democratic society than ours, the influence of "class" on the universities will be negligible, and there will be no question of training "gentlemen". The professions will be recruited largely from vocational institutions outside the universities. University men and women will form an intellectual élite, a highly-trained aristocracy of talent, a new and better samurai. Clearly they will be enormously powerful and important. They will be the leaders of man in the conquest of nature and of himself.

W. A. B. H.

THE COMIC HISTORIE OF DOCTOR FAUSTERELLA OF ST JOHN'S

SUCH was the title of the Mission Concert to which we were treated this year, and it was with a certain thrill of excitement that we entered the Hall on the evening of March 9th; for weeks vague rumours had been spreading in various quarters concerning this masterpiece. Did we not hear that one scene was to represent the New University Library, where a ball was to be held, and more daring still were we not to be treated to an inside view of the famous but all too secretive Court of the Sex Viri? Finally had not *The Observer* referred to the piece the previous Sunday as "A Night Mare: By Faust out of Cinderella"?

On buying a programme we were intrigued to learn that "With sincere respect this Nightmare was dedicated to C. W. P.-O., C. B. R., J. M. W., without whose kind permission and unwitting inspiration it would never have been written".

The curtains jerked apart fitfully on a scene which we read in the programme represented St John's College Library, the likeness achieved was extraordinary, for, except for a single desk lamp, the stage was in darkness. Under the desk lamp

sat Dr Fausterella, who immediately began to sing us a Cambridge adaption of the Nightmare Song. Having sunk into another nightmare he began a pretty parody of Faust's famous soliloquy. He was the librarian at St John's, but unfortunately was in love with a young lady, who attended his lectures, by name Gretchen of Girton. His one chance of meeting this enchanting young lady was at a ball that was to be given in the University Library that night. He could not, however, pluck up courage to go. At this point two dons entered the Library—Radley Bootham and Hamish Bordie, who announced to Fausterella their intention of attending this ball, and requested that he should sleep in College that night. Despite protests Fausterella was left to sleep in, but a fairy godmother appeared, who announced her intention of sending Fausterella to the ball. Suddenly, with a green flash and a clash of cymbals the Senior Proctor leapt onto the stage; it was not long before we learnt that his second name was Mephistopheles. After a slight altercation with the fairy godmother, he gave Fausterella permission to attend the ball, on condition that he was in College by twelve:

> The punishment for failing this shall be
> Trial before the Court of Sex Viri.

After this blood-curdling threat, he left, and Fausterella was despatched to the ball by the fairy godmother in a most ingenious coach.

The second scene was in the Catalogue Room of the University Library. Bootham and Bordie were bored.

> The braying of this band is most inferior,
> Come let us go—into the Cafeteria.

Then Gretchen tripped onto the stage, looking most Nordic. She explained to the audience in a little song that she had bribed all her examining committee to give her a first class, by offering them her cheek to be kissed. She had done all except the chairman, whom she hoped to meet at the ball.

> I've no time for books,
> I rely on my looks
> To get me a first in the Trip.

Who should now enter but Fausterella himself, and what should he confess to her, but that he was chairman of her examining committee. Gretchen got to work. Fausterella, however, being a Johnian and a Gentleman, would not be bribed, but suggested a sportsmanlike scheme whereby, if she managed to implant a kiss before the first of June, upon his cheek, then he would grant her boon. She tried to begin at once, and just as we thought she had got him under control—the clock "Collected in the Tower its strength and struck" twelve. Fausterella scuttled away, but in his scuttling his square fell from his head, and the curtains closed on Gretchen holding it triumphantly in her hands.

The curtains parted again on the Court of the Sex Viri. Six bearded dons sat at a long desk and sang, in very excellent harmony, to Sullivan's music: "Sex little College Dons are we".

Pert as a College Don can be,
Full to the brim with donnish glee.
Sex little College Dons.

Our legal Status is such fun,
Nobody's safe, we care for none,
Life is a joke that's just begun.
Sex little College Dons.

Free from our duties tutelary
In our position judicary
We don't give a hoot for the chancelary.
Sex little College Dons....

The case began. Mephistopheles stepped into the witness box.

Good morrow, members of the Sex Virorum.
My facts are in this scroll, you can't ignore 'em.

Things looked very black for Fausterella until Charley (a witness) announced that the Dean had slept in College that night. Fausterella was acquitted, but the Sex Viri had to judge another case. A certain undergraduette of Girton had found a square which she wished to redeem to its rightful owner. This she proposed to do by trying it on everyone in

the court, on condition that she would be allowed to give the don whom the cap fitted, and therefore belonged to, one kiss upon the cheek. The Sex Viri were delighted and immediately began to hide their own squares. Gretchen came in and the court filed past her, each man seeking to qualify for the promised prize. At the end of the line came Fausterella, and, marvel of marvels, it fitted him. The piano struck up: "If you go in, you're sure to win." The actors took it up, and while the whole stage was ringing with "Faint heart, faint heart, faint heart, never won fair lady," Fausterella and Gretchen were hidden behind the M.A. square, and the curtains creaked together.

It was a delightful evening and our thanks must go to the actors, whose interpretation of various College figures was masterly, to the authors, who must have spent many hours working out a clever plot and then wrapping the whole in tantalising rhyming couplets, to the musician, who not only played for the four songs, but also composed a delightful tune for Gretchen's song, and finally to all the people, whether they were in the audience or not, who may have seen their august selves mirrored so admirably and so comically throughout the evening.

JOHNIANA

THE two following extracts are from an article of the late Professor Karl Pearson in the *Mathematical Gazette* for February, 1936.

"With Adams my contact was small, but perhaps worth recording. I think in my second term an Italian, Signor Nathan, came to lecture on Dante in Cambridge. There were then no Italian teachers, no *Modern Languages Tripos*. On the first day there was a fair audience, but after the third lecture only Adams and I were left to keep Nathan in countenance. It was probably unnoticed by Adams; he would be used to small audiences. My next meeting with Adams was of a more painful kind. I held the respect for him current in our

time at Cambridge. One day in vacation time I was playing tennis in the grounds of an hotel at St Ives, Cornwall, when up the drive came an old-fashioned pair followed by a porter carrying one large skin-covered trunk on his back—it was all a little out of date even fifty-eight years ago. But I was thrilled; here *was* a chance! I returned to my game, but I had hardly served when I saw the back of the porter, the hairy trunk and the old-fashioned pair, obviously tired, retreating down the drive! I threw down my racquet, for I knew there were vacant rooms in the hotel, and rushed to the manageress. 'What have you done?' I cried; 'you have turned away the discoverer of Neptune.' 'Neptune or no,' she replied, 'I am not going to have dowdies like that in this hotel!' Such is the fate of genius if it does not put on its best clothes when it enters a big hotel."

"The last day [of the Smith's Prize Examination] we went to Todhunter's. I do not think any of us knew more of him than what we had gathered from his text-books, or perhaps in a few cases, from his two histories. He held no teaching position. What we did not know was that he was a strict disciplinarian. He came into the room with his papers in his hand. He stood aghast, the papers fell from his hand—mindful of the greater Cayley's permission, we had dropped our gowns in the corner of the room! 'Put on your gowns, gentlemen, at once; this is an unheard-of irregularity.' Crestfallen, we resumed our academic costume, but with us Cayley was reckoned still higher in the scale of Cambridge worthies than before."

Westminster, *December 8th*, 1719.

Sir,

Having spent part of my summer very agreeably in *Cambridgeshire* with dear Lord *Harley*, I am returned without him to my own palace in *Duke-street*, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring Court of Requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet. I have

treated lady *Harriot* at *Cambridge*. Good God! A fellow of a college treat! and spoke verses to her in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary so far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht; the man, that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est*, *homo sum*; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to one, who can make much better.

[From *Letters of Jonathan Swift, D.D.*, edited by John Hawkesworth. 1766. II. 88.]

Matthew Prior (1664–1721), the writer of the letter from which the above is an extract, was a Fellow of the College from 1688 till his death. He negotiated the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, and was ambassador to Paris, as well as being a very popular poet. Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, was the seat of his patron, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, whose grand-daughter, Harriet, became Duchess of Portland. The verses mentioned were published under the following title: *Verses spoken to Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov.* 9, 1719.

"When the Chief Justice arrived in Cambridge, and went to the Town-hall to open the commission, it seems he found, to his inexpressible surprise, that the Town-hall was at that moment undergoing the operation of being fresh painted. His Lordship's health continuing bad, and apprehensive of the unwholesome effects from the smell of paint, he intimated his displeasure to the Mayor, threatening to go on without holding the assizes at that town. An application was in consequence made to the principals of the Colleges to remedy the evil, when the several halls of St. John's and Jesus Colleges were granted, and were allowed to be fitted up for the purpose. The Nisi Prius was held in the former. In the latter Mr. Justice Abbott tried the prisoners."

[From *The Courier* (a London journal), August 5th, 1817.] Copy in the College Library

The Lord Chief Justice at this time was Sir Edward Law, better known as Baron Ellenborough. He was succeeded in 1818 by Sir Charles Abbott, Baron Tenterden. Sir Vicary Gibbs

"The following melancholy accident occurred in Cambridge on Saturday last: As the Rev: Mr Brathwaite, Fellow of St John's College, was entering the Blue Boar Inn, in Trinity Street, on the roof of the Ipswich coach, he was so much crushed (owing to the lowness of the gateway) as to cause his death in a few hours; he was a gentleman much esteemed for his mild and amiable manners."

[From the *Huntingdon, Bedford and Peterborough Gazette and General Advertiser*, November 5th, 1814.]

"Prof. Fovargue, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, has pointed out that no such thing exists as a 'Science of Astrology,' for astrology is not a science in any sense, and has never had any standing whatever in the scientific world. It is practiced by countless superstitious and ignorant people throughout the world who believe that the stars control their destinies. There is a true science of the stars called 'astronomy' and this science has never found any reason to believe that the stars affect human fortunes or misfortunes. To say there is a science of astrology would be like saying there is a science of ignorance, scientists say."

[From "The Debunker", by John Harvey Furbay, Ph.D., in *The Daily Mail and Empire*, Toronto, Canada, January 4th, 1936.]

The Rev. Stephen Fovargue was admitted sizar January 30th, 1754; Fellow 1760. He was tried for murder of his gyp in 1770 and acquitted; but ejected from his Fellowship. He died at Bath in 1775. He published at Cambridge in 1767 *A New Catalogue of Vulgar Errors*, Number XV of which is: *That there is now, or ever was, such a science as Astrology*.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

President: M. V. WILKES. *Vice-President:* G. A. BARNARD.
Secretary: R. W. RADFORD. *Treasurer:* J. P. STRUDWICK.

THE 100th meeting of the Society was held on January 30th. Mr White, who was the lecturer at the first meeting of the Society, read a paper on "Some Johnian mathematicians". He mentioned a number of famous mathematicians, who were members of the College between the times of John Dee, and Professor Adams.

THE EAGLE

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PALMERSTON AND THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D., F.B.A.

Though Britain's half century of effort (1816–65) to put down the transatlantic slave trade ought to rank among her greatest maritime achievements, yet it has received scant notice both from historians and from biographers of its champion, Viscount Palmerston. But at last Professor Hugh Bell in his recent scholarly *Life of Palmerston* has called attention to his "vigour, stubbornness and sometimes ruthless audacity" in that "crusade". Certainly, both as Foreign Minister and Prime Minister, Palmerston acted with his native Celtic ardour and impulsiveness in grappling with that enormously difficult task; for he was convinced that only we could carry it through; while the other chief maritime peoples, who in principle repudiated the slave trade, long thwarted British efforts by stoutly refusing to our cruisers the necessary right of searching suspect slave-vessels which hoisted their flags. To gain that right was one of the leading objects of his life, and it often brought him into stiff opposition both to the Latin nations and the United States. Here, surely, was one of the causes of his "pugnacity", which has often been blamed as causeless.[1]

[1] E.g. by E. Wingfield-Stratford in his *History of English Patriotism*, II, 272 ff.

Educated at St John's College, Cambridge, he probably there imbibed sympathy with the Abolitionist movement started by its earlier graduates, Clarkson and Wilberforce, which was to be espoused later by another alumnus, Lord Castlereagh. Palmerston entered Parliament in 1807, just after it had suppressed the slave trade in British vessels; and he must have followed with interest Castlereagh's earnest but futile efforts in 1814–16 to induce the Great Powers to follow that example. Later, Palmerston inclined strongly to the principles of Canning, upholding the cause of oppressed peoples in Europe. Thus, his sturdy patriotism was balanced by wide human sympathies; and these brought him to the head of the Foreign Office in Lord Grey's Ministry of 1830. During some sixteen years, in all, he directed our foreign policy with characteristic, and sometimes excessive, vigour; and his relative, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, declared that never did he show so much zeal and earnestness as on the "crusade".

It now entered on a hopeful phase. For the July Revolution of 1830 brought to the throne of France Louis Philippe, who for the first time allowed British cruisers to search suspect slave-ships carrying the French flag. He also despatched French cruisers to help our West African squadron hunt down slavers off that coast. Thereupon those miscreants took to the flag of Spain or Portugal. Palmerston strove hard with the Iberian Powers to gain from them the same concession, but long in vain; for their colonies deemed the slave trade essential. When he won over Spain in 1835, her Cuban and other colonists made use of the Portuguese flag, for which they paid large sums to officials in West Africa. At length Portugal honoured her former pledge to abolish the trade by instituting Anglo-Portuguese Commissions to try her captured slavers. Highly interesting are the returns of that which sat in Sierra Leone. A typical one is that of July–December 1836, when 12 Portuguese slave-vessels were condemned and 4620 slaves freed, though 385 died owing to their hardships.

Endless were the tricks of slave-dealers to evade capture or condemnation. In 1839, driven to desperation, Palmerston induced Parliament to authorize the seizure of all suspect

Portuguese vessels, even if only "equipped" for the slave trade. In face of vehement protests he held firm, and, in 1840, 79 captures were made. Our naval officers now showed more daring; thus, Commander Joseph Denman landed men from his ship, *Wanderer* (12 guns), and destroyed barracoons (slave depots) in and near the Gallinas River. Next, by closely blockading that coast, he nearly extirpated the nefarious traffic, and declared that now, "for the first time suppression became possible". Forthwith he was promoted captain.

Unfortunately, in 1841, the Melbourne Cabinet resigned, and Palmerston's place as Foreign Minister was taken by another Johnian, Lord Aberdeen. He, made of softer stuff, secretly warned our naval officers to be cautious as to destroying barracoons and taking suspect vessels; but the secret leaked out, and West African slave-dealers at once blurted forth that England now sided with them! Quickly their trade revived, but though Portugal conceded to us in 1842 the right of search, yet our captures in 1843 declined to 44—a signal proof that suppression depended largely on the influence exerted by our Foreign Minister on the Admiralty.

As to the need of always exerting pressure on the Admiralty Palmerston on 10 August 1862 wrote thus to Lord John Russell: "No First Lord and no Board of Admiralty have ever felt any interest in the suppression of the slave trade, or taken of their own free will any steps towards its accomplishment.... Things go better now, but still there is at the Admiralty an invincible aversion to the measures necessary for putting down the slave trade."[1] Naturally, my Lords disliked a service which brought no glory but subjected ships and men alike to a heavy strain. All the more need, then, was there for a determined Abolitionist at the Foreign Office; and in 1842–45 Palmerston protested strongly against Aberdeen's reversal of the measures adopted so successfully in 1839. Very forcible was his speech of 16 July 1844, as to the horrors of the slave trade, in which the raids far inland destroyed as many negroes as were embarked for the New World, while

[1] E. Ashley, *Life of Palmerston*, II, 417.

of these only two-thirds generally survived the voyage. He also declared those horrors equal in their totality to all other crimes committed by mankind.

Crusading zeal rendered Palmerston rather unjust to Aberdeen, who afterwards assured Parliament that, during his tenure of office in 1841–46, he had increased the crews of our West African squadron from 900 men to 3000. Seemingly, he did not increase its energy, which was re-vitalized in 1846 when Palmerston ousted him from the Foreign Office; for the captures of slave-ships rose from 47 in 1846 to 81 and 91 in the next two years. This increase, however, was due partly to the boom in "slave-grown" sugar in Cuba and Brazil, etc., consequent on Peel's equalizing of our duties on that sugar with the "free-grown" sugar of our own colonies—a change which increased the demand both for the "slave-grown" product and for more negro slaves. Accordingly, slave-dealers now fixed their hopes more and more on "sharp" Baltimore clippers and the protection of the stars-and-stripes. The latter was so effective as to arouse here a strong agitation against continuing this philanthropic quest, which some of our naval officers pronounced hopeless. As for our poor, they clamoured for cheap sugar, whether "slave-grown" or "free-grown"; and extreme Free Traders protested against suppressing by force any trade, even in men. Cynics, echoing continental taunts, sneered at our action as "hypocrisy".

Suppression was also arraigned in Parliament by the Protectionist leader, Lord George Bentinck, who on 3 February 1848 scoffed at us for favouring the import of "slave-grown" sugar, to the ruin of our West Indies. What madness to have spent already over £100,000,000 in extirpating the slave trade! In May Disraeli and others vented their sarcasm on the Government, but Palmerston "interposed (says Hansard) with an ingenious and good-humoured speech", and finally its policy was approved. Accordingly the West African squadron was maintained in full strength. For now proofs were at hand as to the efficiency of our new swift screw steamers, able to enter rivers and lagoons; while most slave-dealers found steamers too expensive, also lethal to their tightly packed human cargoes. As to the annual cost of that squadron (now of 24 units, including several steamers) Lord Hay stated it as £301,623, inclusive of coal. Early in 1849 the House of Lords passed a motion for inquiring into the best methods of suppressing the slave trade. And in May 1850 the Admiralty issued a detailed Questionnaire on this subject to 26 experienced naval officers.

Such were Palmerston's methods of counteracting the popular agitation. By this time it was dying down; for events now proved that the slave trade could not "be choked by honest commerce". Early in 1849 he had appointed as British consul in Dahomey a Glasgow merchant, John Duncan, who asserted that its new King would give up slave-dealing if we promoted agriculture and legal commerce. Palmerston furnished Duncan with a letter to the dusky potentate urging him to promote honest trade, whereby "the great natural resources of your country will be developed,... and the detestable practice of stealing, buying and selling men, women and children, which is now the bane and disgrace of Africa, will be put an end to". The King of Dahomey welcomed it heartily, and gave ground for sowing the cotton seed sent out from Manchester. At first all went well: but the powerful slave-dealers soon regained their hold over him, and this promising effort lapsed.[1]

Meanwhile Palmerston's efforts had extended to Asia. In July 1849 he urged the House to keep a squadron in the Persian Gulf and thereby end raids on the East African and Abyssinian coasts. To a member who complained that Moslem potentates would take offence, he retorted by proofs to the contrary; for the Sultan had helped us rescue a Maltese subject carried off to Tripoli. So the House agreed to the new squadron (Hansard, CVII, cols. 1030 ff.).

Equally energetic was British action against a usurping King of Lagos, the fortified stronghold on the Slave Coast of Africa. His raids on a British settlement near by compelled us to attack Lagos; and a flotilla of steamers towing in armed

[1] Full details in Foreign Office Records, 84, vol. 775.

boats, silenced with difficulty the 52 guns of that slaving fortress. The restoration of its lawful king, friendly to us, also promised well, in December 1851, the month in which Palmerston had to resign the Foreign Office. His Abolitionist energy since 1846 had not only thwarted a formidable hostile agitation in England, and won a good base at Lagos for our West African squadron, but had also secured other posts farther west. For early in 1850, Denmark, always sympathetic with his anti-slavery policy, consented to transfer to us for the nominal sum of £10,000 her six coastal posts, from Christiansborg to Lome. Thereby we acquired control of all districts south of Ashanti and could more readily survey all the Slave Coast farther east. Few *Lives of Palmerston* mention this acquisition and the control of Lagos; but they are surely more important even than the personal disputes which caused Lord John Russell to dismiss him from the Foreign Office in December 1851.

His reputation for manly firmness brought him to the Premiership, early in 1855, amidst the appalling difficulties of the Crimean War. But that struggle and other crises that ensued, especially the sharp friction with Napoleon III in 1858–60, thwarted the efforts of our West African squadron (now consisting largely of swift screw steamers) against the slavers, sheltered as they were by the stars-and-stripes. Abolitionist hopes sank low so long as the Government at Washington was controlled by the Southern States. But the sharp reaction, which in 1860–61 carried Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, opened a new future; for he soon sent American cruisers to hunt down all slavers, and in February 1862 conceded to us the (long-denied) right of searching suspect American vessels. Acute friction arose on maritime disputes like those over the *Trent* and *Alabama* cases; but war between two kindred peoples, led by keen Abolitionists like Lincoln and Palmerston, was impossible; for slavery and the slave trade had now become the vital issues.

The last important act of the Palmerston Government for the suppression of the West African slave trade was the annexation of Lagos (August 1861). On 9 April 1860, Brand,

then our consul there, wrote to Lord John Russell (now Foreign Secretary) that the king and chiefs clung obstinately to old customs, and blocked all progress. The previous king, also under our protection, had likewise become a tool of the old slaver-gang. So, on 22 June 1861, Russell, who supported Palmerston warmly on Abolition, wrote to Consul Foote that the Government had decided to annex Lagos, "though with some reluctance at extending the number of British dependencies on the African coast; but it was indispensable to the complete suppression of the slave trade in the Bight" and would check that obstinate slaver, the King of Dahomey. Such was the result; for, thanks largely to the success of Lincoln's efforts in North America, the transatlantic slave trade now sharply declined, and was virtually extinct by the end of 1865.

We know not whether Palmerston heard that welcome news before 18 October, when his end came; for gossips shunned that boring topic of the slave trade; and it therefore skulks behind the biographic scene, which bristles with disputes and diatribes. Yet those who peer below the surface, and place the welfare of the negro race above Cabinet changes, will conclude that the success of our African squadron was, from 1830 to 1865, the object nearest to his heart and his greatest achievement. That ceaseless devotion both glorifies and explains his career. For his fervid patriotism was rooted in the conviction that England alone could, and would, wipe from the world that age-long disgrace, the transatlantic slave trade.

NIGHT PIECE

A bird from the rushes
Calling across the water; almost invisible rushes
And trees rising to no moon;
Stirless pregnancy of shadow over the house crying;
Imperceptible movement.

So, after all, returning
The forester startles the deer at midnight,
The hunter reawakens by night-time.

Outliving all,
The antiquity of darkness fallen across the woodland
Echoes the stars: "It is to us you return
After the summer and winter, the various excitements
Of your long pleasure, your long pain."
The swan of the lake, asleep,
Covers with his wing much beauty,
Distant time, of profound mystery of quiet.
The bird from the rushes
Calling across the water, under dim starlight
Across the shadows.

H. M. C.

SONNET

So do we come to parting, with green fields
And trees in such abundance blossoming
As when the summer stirs the woodland wealds,
Mellowing the early colours of the spring.
This green that seems the very spirit of rest,
This deepest blue that burns across the sky
And sinks into the sunset of the west,
These come upon me and about me lie
With peacefulness that almost brings content,
Though parting from the sight of what I love
And though this time of happiness is spent.
Here with such quiet on the sun-warm ground,
Such fair security around, above,
I cannot feel it any lasting wound.

H. M. C.

IN MEMORIAM H. D. S.

Twilight shadows still are creeping
Round the Jotunheimen vales,
Cotton grasses still are sleeping
While the star of morning pales;
But aloft the mists are glowing
Where the grey light turns to rose,
And the cold winds softly blowing
Whisper on the glacier snows.

Soon each mighty peak will waken,
Ice-cliffs stir and fall away,
All those sombre rock-walls shaken
By the movement of the day;
Yet one form is still forever,
Silenced by the mountain law,
Whom not even death could sever
From the hills he climbs no more.

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

Preached by Mr A. Harker, F.R.S. F.G.S. *Fellow*

on Sunday, 3 May 1936

The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers. I KINGS VIII. 57

This prayer was uttered by Solomon at the dedication of the Temple in Jerusalem. On that great day in the history of Israel he recalled the happy experiences of the fathers of the nation, and in a grateful review of the past sought assurance of a like prosperity in the days to come. Such an attitude of mind may well be ours on this day, which registers the passage of another year in the life of the College to which we all own allegiance. For St John's has its history, in which haply we may feel a reflected pride, or, in more sober mood, find matter for thanksgiving. It has too its fathers, if so we may style those who, by their achievements and policy in earlier times, have fashioned the College to the shape that we know to-day.

One name there is among the rest which can never be spoken without reverence in this place. Since our last Commemoration some of us have taken part in a more special celebration, viz. the four-hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of John Fisher, coinciding too with his elevation to the dignity of Saint in the Catholic calendar. Four colleges joined to do him honour, but it is St John's that has most cause to cherish the memory of him who, if not literally

Founder, was very eminently Father of the College. He it was who, in the face of many obstacles, translated into fact the partly frustrated design of Lady Margaret. His liberality supplemented, to the full extent of his means, the depleted endowments of her foundation; and his wisdom guided the infant Society through its early perplexities. I will quote only the concluding words of the address which the Master delivered in our Hall on that occasion: "To the conduct and pattern of his life the Church which he defended and adorns has paid its highest tribute, and we, not less mindful of his virtue and service, in this Hall which knew his presence, remember to-day, with gratitude and humility, one who has placed us for ever in his debt."

We have listened to the recital of the beadroll of our Benefactors: the Foundress, to whose pious dispositions the College owes its origin, and those numerous others whose gifts in money or in kind have gone to enlarge the material resources of her foundation. I think we must all feel that this list, long as it is, does not exhaust the number of those to whom our grateful remembrance is due. It is not by buildings and endowments alone that a college is made. With those who have given of their substance let us remember also those who, in one way or another—by wise counsel and management, by prudent husbanding of the corporate revenues, by unstinted devotion of their abilities to the common weal, it may be merely by the influence of their personal character—may be said to have given *themselves* to the service of the College which they loved.

From an early time St John's has been rich in such men. When Fuller desired to present a character-sketch of the Good Master of a College, he took as his model Nicholas Metcalfe, who stands third on the long list of our Masters. At the same time John Cheke, and after him Roger Ascham, the first Greek Reader in Cambridge, were making St John's the chief centre in the University of what was then the "new learning". A little later Henry Billingsley was making the first English translation of Euclid, and Henry Briggs was reducing to practical use the new invention of logarithms.

The energies of the College in its youth overflowed its then narrow bounds; and, when its neighbour Trinity was founded in 1546, it was from St John's that its whole staff was recruited. Human institutions are mutable, and, in the course of four centuries, our College, like the University itself, has had its periods of greater and of less brilliance; but the torch lighted in that first blaze of enthusiasm has never been extinguished. Other wise rulers have sat in the seat of Metcalfe, and Cheke and Ascham have had many worthy successors among teachers of later times.

To speak merely in terms of academic distinction would give an incomplete picture of what is described in our Statutes as "a place of education, religion, learning, and research". The education which was nearest to the heart of the Foundress was the training of men for the service of the Church, and in the curriculum prescribed by Fisher Divinity filled a large place. Theological polemic flourished no less, and that in days when more timid men might well have sought safety in silence. If, since old differences have been composed, religion is less frequently on the lips of men, we need not therefore conclude that it is less effective in their hearts. There have been here in St John's those who, more by example than by precept, have exerted an influence for good wider perhaps than they themselves knew. Some of these we have known in the flesh: many must remain nameless, but it was not for fame that they lived their lives of usefulness, and "their works follow them".

I have called those old sixteenth-century worthies and their successors of like stamp the fathers of the College. If the intimacy of our daily life in common, and its continuity from one generation to another, make the idea of a college as a larger family something more than an idle fancy, a practical conclusion follows; for, in claiming kinship with our spiritual forbears, we acknowledge brotherhood with one another. The close comradeship which is possible in a small college becomes indeed less easy as numbers increase and divergent interests multiply, but the ideal is one to be always fostered. There is a pleasant feature of our college life to-day very noticeable by one

who has watched the changes of fifty years: I mean the freer and more cordial relations between older and younger. Here at least is something gained, and we owe thanks to all who, from the one side or the other, have contributed to this happier understanding.

A subject which has been much in our minds and before our eyes during the past year is the fabric of the College itself: more particularly those ancient buildings which we have inherited from our early benefactors, and which it has been the duty and privilege of succeeding generations to maintain. Even to the least reflecting it must be no small part of the charm of college life that it is passed in surroundings so perennially pleasing to the eye and hallowed by so many associations. Here indeed is much of the story of the past told in brick and stone. Our Foundress did not live to see the College which her bounty created, but there are not wanting tokens which should keep her memory fresh among us. One cannot pass the great gateway, now renovated, without remarking how, amidst all the pomp of heraldry which proclaims her exalted station, are scattered the modest flowers which were the chosen emblem of Lady Margaret herself.

Among those to whom that gateway has been familiar in bygone years are numbered many whose names are still recalled with pride. Some spent their lives within these walls, and by their labours enhanced the fame and prosperity of the College, but many have gone out to win renown in the larger world beyond; for St John's has bred statesmen and soldiers as well as scholars and divines. To us, who tread the stones worn by their feet—dwell, it may be, in the rooms which they once called their own—they must surely be more than mere names of which we read. To the imagination of our Johnian poet it seemed that

> Their several memories here
> Put on a touching and a lowly grace
> Of more distinct humanity, that left
> All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Something of this chastened familiarity with the departed great we too may indulge, each according to his fancy. For

myself, I like to remember that I have lived in the rooms which once sheltered the antiquary Thomas Baker. Him we know best as the historian of the College; but he is not less entitled to our respect as one who did not shrink from sacrifice for what he held to be the right—a true son of John Fisher. It is pleasant to know that the College stood by him, as it had stood by Fisher in his fiercer trial, and, though by law ejected from his Fellowship, he was suffered still to pursue his studies in the same quiet chamber.

Many such memories cling about these old walls for those who care to recall them. The pious labours of Baker and of his editor John Mayor have preserved our early annals. Others—not least among them our late Master—have carried on the story, and made it accessible to all. If our national patriotism is kindled by the history of our country and the lives of the heroes who figure there, so too will our love for the old College grow warmer as we learn more of its past.

We are exhorted to-day to "praise famous men"; but that applause is a barren sentiment which does not stir some spirit of emulation. We may not indeed aspire like Gilbert to lay the foundation of a new science, or like Wordsworth to clothe lofty thoughts in enduring words: the breath of genius is a wind that bloweth where it listeth. And yet, I think, it was no resplendent intellect, but rather whole-souled devotion to a cause and reliance upon a strength not their own, that upheld Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce in their stern crusade against the iniquity of slavery. Such characters and such deeds may a plain man, in all humility, propose to himself as a pattern and a source of inspiration. We have not all the same gifts. But be assured that what will most nearly concern a man at the last is not whether he has been endowed with five talents or only one, but how faithfully he has employed the trust committed to him. Let it then be the prayer of each one of us on this day of remembrance that he may be granted strength to play his part manfully, be it great or small. So only shall we hand on unbroken the tradition of faithful service bequeathed to us as sons of St John's by "famous men and our fathers that begat us".

VERSE LETTER TO THOSE WHO WRITE IN SUGGESTION BOOKS

BEHOLD from Mars a spectral vision glide!
By Granta's banks he taxies, unespied,
Like the pale shade of some too proggish Fury
He haunts the Courts, the Pubs and Petty Cury,
To learn the truth of what Cantabrians boast,
He wanders round, a secret-service ghost!
'Tis Christmas, 'mong deserted rooms he strays
To know if Cambridge now deserves this Praise.

A J.C.R., whose names we all must hide,
Reveals a curious tome. He looks inside.
Dire disenchantment! What a fall was there!
The dirty little Ego, Oh, Alas laid bare!

Too tough by half—in folly yet complete
With nought to do but foul the pure white Sheet.
Are Homer and Achilles models here?
Or some demented half-wit, soused in beer?
How sad that self-display's the only joy
Of those whose brightest thoughts are words that dons don't as a rule employ!
Those whose dull folly 'tis their names to trace
Had better go and find a better place.
Complaints unheeded go, however sore
If plaintiff needs reforming even more.
So seeing, and so thinking he departs
And his ethereal engine easily he starts.
Since then all Martians to our sister city go
And that's the cause of all our present woe!

Moral, and Cri de cœur—
Come Oh great Freud! and curb this papery perversion
Defend the virgin page from Johnian introversion.

DESIRE

SOME men there are that would for ever gaze
On damask roses of the darkest purple,
Fresh and breathing odours as of cloves ambrosial.
And some are feign to wander everlastingly
On thymy lawns with syringa-bushes bordured,
Studded with poppies and with meadow-sweet,
Where peacocks white and peacocks purple in their pride
Strut by mossy-margined pools with moonlight lilies floating.
And some would feast on perfumed oranges
And tulip-tinctured tangerines,
Or suck the blood of rubine pomegranates
And drink deep draughts of pitch-flavoured wine.
The souls of some do swoon
To think on perfect symmetry;
Some yearn to catch the thoughts
"That wander through Eternity";
Some to drink deep of death.
And many break their brains
To know their brains;
And some grow mad for God.
Some would translate their souls to sound,
Dissolve their being in sweet harmony,
Or weave an all-including pattern of diaphotick verse.
And some men yearn for deeds of glory,
To slay some festering lizard that lays waste the land,
To sear the head of some bloat cacodaemon,
Jacinth-eyed, with gorgonzola fangs
And carrion breath that stinks of sin,
A fiend from Hell stained with red blood
And gangrened with the salt of tortured children's tears.
Some long to arrow on for ever,
Cleaving Infinity like a swift-sailed shallop,
Hurtling to boundlessness with a heron's speed.
And I would be some silk-skinned god,
For ever and for ever would I kiss a wild-rose maid
Beneath the tingling stars.

TRANSLATION FROM BAUDELAIRE

How bitter-sweet it is, in winter days,
To watch the smoky, vacillating blaze,
To hear the chanting bells amid the evening haze,
And catch the far-off memories they slowly raise.

Happy the bell with vigorous lung!
Untouched by age, its sturdy tongue
Religious chimes has truly rung,
Like the loud call that watchmen old have sung.

And I? The music in my broken brain is hushed;
Breathing out its sorrow in the frigid air,
My voice is oft so feeble and my heart so crushed
It mutters like a fighter's strangled prayer,
The thick death-rattle of a bleeding head
That writhes in vain forgotten in a heap of dead.

E. B. H.

THE CAMP FOR UNEMPLOYED MEN

The camp for unemployed, staffed mainly by the College, was held this year at the same site as last, near Helmsley in Yorkshire, and at the same time, during the late summer. The organization and methods of the camp, also, followed last year's so closely that it will not be very easy to describe them without repeating what has already been written in the previous article in *The Eagle*. The two camps have, in fact, established a type, and one which has been very favourably remarked on by visitors and unofficial inspectors. We have little doubt that the best method of running such camps is that which we have employed, of doing nothing to hinder the absolute community of life and feeling between the staff and the men, and abolishing as far as possible anything that savours of restraint or unnecessary discipline. On only one occasion indeed was there anything approaching regimentation, the day of the breaking of camp. On that

THE UNEMPLOYED CAMP

morning a careful organization rigidly adhered to allowed the difficult task in hand to be carried through with the greatest success, and the readiness with which the men responded to the demands made on them was itself a justification of the customary, more free and easy, proceedings.

During the work in the mornings we made another cut across a bend in the river, following straight on from last year's work. There was some difficulty in getting this completed, but a little overtime work made it possible for everything to be finished in time for an official opening ceremony on the last day but one. A low dam had been left to keep out the river. The Earl of Feversham's estate manager, wearing Wellington boots, cut the first opening through this, and, as the water began to trickle through, picked representatives of the men and the more enthusiastic members of the staff set to work barefoot, and speedily demolished the rest of the dam. As the water made its way slowly but steadily down the cut the entire camp, ranged along one bank, watched its progress with shouts of joy and encouragement; and on the other bank our works manager stalked up and down with the air of solitary and dignified triumph of one who sees his life work at last reaching a successful conclusion. When finally the whole cut was filled to the depth of several inches everyone returned to camp for a beer and sausage supper. This was the climax of the month. Whether it was the beer or the sausages or just the consciousness that a well-spent month was reaching its conclusion it would be hard to say, but whatever the reason the fact remains that everyone present was overwhelmed by an intense feeling of well-being and universal benevolence. Speech after speech was called for and made amid roars of applause and thumping of tables, and when at last we left the marquee and dispersed to our tents it was with the happy consciousness that the camp had proved itself a complete success; for however much such enthusiasm may have been stimulated by the particular occasion it would never have been shown save by men who were genuinely grateful for a holiday they had greatly enjoyed.

Of the ordinary activities of the camp: football and cricket

and sports took place, and matches were arranged against Helmsley and Harome and the neighbouring Oxford camp. Of the hobbies, carpentering again proved very popular. And in the evenings we would hold a debate or a concert or a whist drive or sometimes a sing-song round the camp fire. These evening occupations were nearly always very successful; some of the men showed a real capacity for debating and many of them provided excellent concert turns. Our last concert took place in the Harome village hall and was attended by many of the villagers, who warmly appreciated our efforts and encouraged us to feel that we were doing something in return for the many benefits we received from them. A word must be said here of the extremely kind welcome we were given by nearly all the neighbourhood. The Earl of Feversham had provided our site and his generosity was supported by his estate manager and tenants, who not only gave us all the help we required but made us feel at home by entering into the friendliest personal relations with us. We shall not easily forget their kindness.

For nearly the whole month the staff was short-handed and consequently hard-worked. Indeed for the last week we were only able to keep at minimum strength through the timely arrival of two members of the staff of the Oxford camp who gave us their assistance with a zest and ability that was absolutely invaluable. Even as it was more than one tent was running itself without the leadership of a member of the staff. That this could be so is yet another proof that the men were our willing co-operators in the task of carrying on the camp.

Anyone who wishes for a detailed account of the ordinary life of the camp we would refer to the article in *The Eagle* of December 1935; there is no point in repeating it here. We must conclude, however, by stating once again our conviction that the object of these camps is a worthy one and a certain pride that St John's has gone so far to achieve it. It would be absurd to deny that the month had its times of difficulty and moments of irritation; such could hardly fail to occur. The point is that these troubles were successfully surmounted. As a result of the camp nearly a hundred men

from the county of Durham have received a month's pleasure and renewed health with which to face their life in the depressed areas from which they come. It is our hope to hold a similar camp next year, provided the necessary support from the College is forthcoming.

SAMUEL PARR

"Having spent an evening at Mr Langton's with the Reverend Dr Parr he was much pleased with the conversation of that learned gentleman; and, after he was gone, said to Mr Langton, 'Sir, I am obliged to you for having asked me this evening. Parr is a fair man. I do not know when I have had an occasion of such free controversy.'"

(Hill and Powell's *Boswell*, IV, p. 15.)

MANY years ago, a Johnian sent me a pleasant engraving of Dr Samuel Parr taking his ease with pipe and smoking cap, and I promised myself the satisfaction of discovering what sort of man he was. That was several years ago and he is so little remembered that in the index to that mine of information, *The Dropmore Papers*, he figures as "Parr, Dr Samuel, of Oxford University". It is not the biographers' fault if Parr is forgotten. His official biographer, Dr John Johnstone, produced 900 large pages. A friend, the Rev. William Field, rather more, and another friend, E. H. Barker, compiled two stout volumes of *Parriana*. But perhaps it *is* the fault of the biographers after all. A contemporary certainly said of Johnstone's book that it was "a fearless, manly and noble specimen of biography, putting to shame the meagre attempts of those puny scribblers who have sought to write themselves into ephemeral notice by the celebrity of the great name with which their own may be thus temporarily associated". But the only comfort a modern reader will draw from this fearless and noble work is the reflection that—in spite of split infinitives and slang—the art of writing has been improved in the last hundred years. Field's book is less detestable, but the point of precedency

between Johnstone and Field may not be much easier to settle than that between Smart and Derrick.

Few men have led less externally eventful lives than Samuel Parr. Born in 1746, the son of an apothecary in Harrow, educated at the now famous school and for a little more than a year at Cambridge (he was of Emmanuel but migrated to St John's in 1784), he was an assistant master at Harrow by the age of twenty. Disappointed of the head-mastership, he attempted to rival Harrow by a new establishment in Stanmore in 1771; the attempt failed. He was successively headmaster of the Colchester and Norwich grammar schools, and retired to a parsonage near Birmingham in 1786 where he continued to take boys for many years. In 1804, owing to the falling in of leases, a prebend he had received many years before became valuable, and for the last twenty years of his life Parr was wealthy. He died in 1825, in the eightieth year of his age.

Almost the only reason one could now give for taking an interest in Parr is that his friends and admirers compared him, not to his disadvantage, with Johnson; they actually called him the Whig Johnson. Nobody who could be thought to have the qualities of a Johnson should be uninteresting. The thousands of pages devoted to Parr are dull (Leslie Stephen's notice in the *Dictionary* is an honourable exception) but a Boswell might have made something of him.

Some parallel between the early lives of the two Samuels can be sustained. Both were poor, both lost their fathers in youth, both came down without degrees, both were good and mainly self-taught scholars, both began their lives as schoolmasters. But there are differences. Samuel Johnson was on excellent terms with his father; Samuel Parr quarrelled fiercely with his. Samuel Johnson ceased to be a schoolmaster early in life; Samuel Parr was a schoolmaster for thirty years. Samuel Johnson tossed and gored a good many people but had few public quarrels. Parr was nearly always angry with somebody and often expressed his anger in print. Even if Boswell had never written, Johnson would have been remembered as a wit—in both the modern and obsolete senses of the

word. Not more than, say, 20 per cent of Johnson's good things depend for their point upon giving pain or annoyance to some individual. All the good things of Parr to be found in *Parriana* or his biographies have no other point. Here is one Leslie Stephen thought worth preserving. A Scottish barrister of the Whig party, suspected of an intention to rat, had said it was impossible to conceive of a greater scoundrel than the Irish priest O'Coighley, who had been hanged for treason. "By no means, Sir," said Parr, "for it is very possible to conceive of a greater scoundrel. He was an Irishman—he might have been a Scotchman: he was a priest—he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor—he might have been an apostate."

Here is another. A lady had ventured to argue with him and apologized on the ground that it was the privilege of women to talk nonsense. "No, madam, it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle."

These, let us hope, were not the best things Parr ever said, but I have not found any better. Indeed the best story in *Parriana* is at Parr's expense. He interrupted a convivial meeting with the question: "Mr Porson, pray what do you think about the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world?" and received for answer: "Why, Doctor, I think we should have done very well without them."

Sir Walter Scott said, rather unkindly, of Samuel the Great (*Croker Papers*, II, p. 31): "Johnson's rudeness possibly arose from his retaining till late in life the habits of a pedagogue, who is a man among boys and a boy among men, and having the bad taste to think it more striking to leap over the little differences and courtesies which form the turnpike gates in society, and which fly open on payment of a trifling tribute." Johnson was a pedagogue for a very short time and a complete failure in the profession. Parr was a successful schoolmaster and Scott's remark is fully applicable to him. Parr was what we take to be a *typical* eighteenth-century schoolmaster; even a little too typical to be admired universally. Not only did a disgruntled assistant call him Orbilius,

but parents in Norwich, more than a century before striking a boy led to police-court proceedings, murmured.

Charles Lamb gave us two portraits of a schoolmaster contemporary with Parr, the Rev. James Boyer:

(1) *The decorous.* "He was a disciplinarian, indeed, of a different stamp from him whom I have just described; but now the terrors of the rod, and of a temper a little too hasty to leave the more nervous of us quite at our ease to do justice to his merits in those days are long since over, ungrateful were we if we should refuse our testimony to that unwearied assiduity with which he attended to the particular improvement of each one of us."

(2) *The graphic.* "B. was a rabid pedant...his English style was cramped to barbarism....He would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*—or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle....I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a 'Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?'...L. has given credit to B's great merits as an instructor.... Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C.—when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed—'Poor J. B.—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities.'"

Of Parr we have precisely parallel records.

Here is the decorous (naturally from the pen of Dr Johnstone):

He professed himself an advocate for the old and salutary discipline of our public schools. He resisted all the specious arguments, which are employed in vindicating those refinements which the partiality of parents, the ingenuity of experimentalists, and the growing luxury of the age, have introduced into the education of our youth.

And here is the graphic from an anonymous contributor to *Parriana*:

As the best boys were generally in requisition at lesson, of course they came under more frequent rebuke of the rod; but for the most part we all had our share; when a question was not answered in the first instance, it was put to every boy with, "you", "you", etc., and the result too often was, "*I'll flog you all*"; this was immediately done, and it was my business, as the last in the form, to assist in the operation; and then I came to the slaughter last, like Ulysses, but ere this the hand of the executioner was wearied, or his displeasure abated, and it became more a brushing than a flogging. I should not call the Doctor's flogging generally severe; it was characterised more by frequency than by anything else, as we had never any guarantee for our skin but the Doctor's good humour....I never remember seeing him with any instrument of correction except the rod; and that uniformly applied *secundum artem*, where it could do the brain no harm. It would have amused anybody, except the parties immediately, and others not very remotely concerned, to have seen the Doctor receive the bundle of rods and select a few twigs for present execution, while a peculiar expression of complacency sat upon his countenance, as if fully satisfied of the usefulness of the infliction, and resolved to do his duty every way, in spite of vulgar clamour. The Doctor would sometimes be a little violent; to throw a book at a boy would have been unworthy of him; but to hurl a book to the further end of a large schoolroom with strong gesticulations and a violent outcry against dunces was something quite in character.

The parallel with the Rev. James Boyer of Christ's Hospital is completed by this deponent's account of the transports of mirth which Flaccus's quibble over *rex* excited in the Doctor:

His mirthful feelings, visible through a smile, began at the first line, and increasing with the humour, notwithstanding our provocations, burst out at the close into a loud laugh.

"A miserable clench", said John Dryden, "in my opinion, for Horace to record. I have heard honest Mr Swan make many a better and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance." But Dryden was not a schoolmaster.

Of course in these enlightened days, when everybody has *heard* of psycho-analysis, it is a sign of intelligence to smile grimly and mention the Marquis de Sade when the habits of the Boyers and the Parrs of 150 years ago are mentioned. It would be tactless and even verge upon impropriety to inquire exactly how much this hint does explain. Indeed, another contributor to *Parriana* offers an explanation which is easier

to accept. Dr Nathaniel Forster of Colchester wrote to a friend:

I advise nothing. He is, as you well know, the best of scholars, and, as far as instruction goes the best of masters. And, if it be an object with you, *at all events* to make your son a scholar, you cannot do better than send him to Parr. But his *theory* of discipline I detest. He certainly acts upon principle. He thinks, too, but I fear he is sometimes mistaken, that he studies the disposition of the boy, and treats him accordingly. When I call Parr the best of masters, I mean, according to the present mode of education. This mode, especially at the outset, I think absurd and irrational to the last degree. But, while it continues to be the mode, it must in some measure be followed by all at least, who wish to have their sons pass for fine scholars, and get Scholarships and Fellowships at our famous Universities.... I am not at all surprised that you have not succeeded as you wish. It is impossible you should. I know but two principles that can make a child attend to the jargon of our Latin Grammars, or to *any jargon*. And these are emulation, or fear of punishment: reward will not do. There can be no emulation with a single pupil; and *your* doses of fear, I am sure, would not be Q.S.

Dr Forster's argument may be expanded. If the object is to cultivate as soon as possible an ability to reproduce in prose or verse sentences or periods which, so far as concerns form, might have been written by educated Romans, then a child must be submitted to years of drill, the evolutions of which have no relation whatever to his normal experience. Precision in the drill involves minute attention to a number of uninteresting and, to him, quite meaningless *minutiae*. He *will* not attend to them, he will be too bored, unless the consequences of not paying attention are so disagreeable that he submits as the lesser of two evils. Samuel the Less, and in this matter Samuel the Great was of the same opinion (*Boswell*, Hill and Powell's edition, I, p. 46), held that the birch was the only means of enforcing attention, and that it should be applied with special vigour and frequency to those boys who showed signs of being able to learn the drill.

Forster—who was a political economist—thought the end in view irrational; perhaps it was. To construct *pastiches* of

Cicero and Vergil may not be a valuable occupation, and probably 90 per cent of Parr's pupils never learned even to do that. But some of us *have* lived to regret that we were not forced to acquire a minute knowledge of dull *minutiae* in childhood, the mastering of which in later life is prevented by a boredom no longer capable of dispersal by the waving of a birchen wand.

Perhaps the real case against the energetic, flogging schoolmaster of the Parr type is not that he was a psychopath gloating over the bare buttocks and screams of children, but that he first confused and finally identified means with ends. He simulated fury over a false concord or a false tense, and ended by living in a perpetual passion. He expatiated on verbal peculiarities and ended by thinking that good writing was odd writing. He pretended to be amused by jokes which were not funny (after all, to have been amused, in school, by the Horatian jests which *are* funny would have excited a good deal more disapprobation of Parr in Norwich than his liberal use of the rod), and ended without any sense of humour at all. All this is true of Parr. Whether Parr was a scholar in the sense that Porson was a scholar and whether he "knew" more Latin and Greek than Johnson are questions I am incompetent to discuss. But whether he was a good writer of Latin prose is, I think, a question which people who are not scholars at all, in any serious, technical sense of the term, but take an intelligent interest in Latin, may fairly discuss. Mark Pattison said of Muret: "His imitation of the ancients was the most perfect, because, unlike the servile procedure of Manutius and the Ciceronians, it was imitation, and not a copy." Anybody who reads Muret will know what Pattison meant. I have no doubt that a *pukka* scholar with a good memory could write notes upon his speeches, point out that here he took a hint from such and such a passage; there, he modified this or that phrase of Tully. But the ordinary reader will not be conscious of this. With Parr's great effort in Latin prose, his Preface to Bellenden, the case is different. Any reader is conscious that it is a *pastiche*. Often the writer himself, who had a passion for annotations, tells us where he

took his phrase. When he does not, no scholarship beyond ability to use a lexicon reveals it.

Let us take a specimen, it is from the onslaught upon Pitt (*Works of Samuel Parr*, ed. Johnstone, III, p. 135):

(1) Haud sane diu est, cum se in cancellos et contiunculas tanquam in pistrinum quoddam detrudi et compingi indignatus est.

(2) Quae autem aliis tradi solent certa quadam via et ratione, ea omnia credibile est eum hausisse ab ipsa natura, aut raptim leviterque primoribus labris attigisse.

(3) Inde fit, ut verborum gurgite in vasto, communes loci, qui Latine scripti sint, rari nantes appareant.

(4) Hic videlicet a Lucano petitus, ille a Livio; puerulis uterque et litteratoribus notissimus. Inde fit, ut argumenta ejus persaepe declamatorem de ludo sapiant; convicia ejusdem, rabulam de foro.

The only footnote by the author is to *verborum gurgite*, where we are referred to "Warburton, praef. ad Shaksp." With no more formidable aid to scholarship than "Lewis and Short" and common knowledge, the following notes are compiled:

(1) Taken from Cicero, *de Or.* I, 11. Where we have:
"oratorem excludi ab omni doctrina ac tantum in judicia et contiunculas tanquam in aliquod pistrinum detrudi."

The word *contiuncula* occurs only here and in the *Letters to Atticus* (II, 16).

(2) Primoribus labris attingere is from Cicero, *de Or.* I, 19.

(3) Verg. *Aen.* I, 118.

(4) Taken from Cicero, *de Or.* I, 15. Non declamatorem aliquem de ludo aut rabulam de foro quaesimus.

Surely this is not literary art, but crossword-puzzling. Its author gloated over the thought that a man he disliked would find some parts hard to construe:

They have it, my boy, with so much classical allusion, that somebody at Windsor must send for our sleek Bishop of Worcester to construe and explain it for them; and then the good Bishop will be puzzled, and construe wrong.

One has the pedagogue at his worst, the examiner who seeks to discover what the candidate does *not* know and triumphs in his success.

"There are in the Preface", said its author, "almost all the phraseological beauties I knew in Latin, and in particular you will find the subjunctive used properly, and with great wit, and yet I have endeavoured to shun all appearance of affected phraseology." (*Works*, I, p. 203.)[1]

One wonders what Tully himself would have made of this jackdaw's nest. Probably those who have read Cicero on the orator for the first time at a mature age, and not with the fear of an examination before their eyes, will have the same feeling for Parr's use of it as one has for tourists who carry away 'souvenirs' from historical monuments. They may not appreciate the verbal niceties of the legal *facetiae*, the puns and quips so well as Dr Parr did, but they will find something better than a quarry for difficult construes. The pleasant dialogue of men who had fought many battles in the courts and the shrewd observation of the strength and weakness of forensic method are as true and fresh as ever. An artistic beauty is heightened by the *aura* of tragedy, the author's knowledge of what happened to his characters, his foreboding of what was soon to happen to him and those he loved. "O fallacem hominum spem fragilemque fortunam et inanis nostras contentiones! quae mediocri in spatio saepe franguntur et corruunt aut ante in ipso cursu obruuntur, quam portum conspicere potuerunt....Ego vero te, Crasse, cum vitae flore tum mortis opportunitate divino consilio et ornatum et extinctum esse arbitror."

It may be a pity that Latin is no longer a compulsory subject in examinations, but at least we are at liberty to read literary masterpieces because they *are* masterpieces and not to enable us to show off our knowledge of the subjunctive mood. Nobody now cares whether we understand the use of the subjunctive mood or not.

As a writer of English, Parr is less detestable than as a

[1] It is fair to add that Parr considered that at least five of his contemporaries wrote Latin better than he. (Field's *Life*, I, p. 257.)

writer of Latin. He modelled himself on Samuel the Great and, having neither Johnson's sense of humour nor his knowledge of the world, is often dull. But when he was, although angry, yet in reasonable command of his temper, he could be entertaining. His only work even faintly recalled by modern readers, *The Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian*, is better reading than the Preface to Bellenden. Parr may have thought that the motive of this publication was to vindicate the memories of two men whom Warburton and Hurd (the Warburtonian) had ill-treated. Indeed I should imagine he really believed that *was* his motive. But a desire to hurt the feelings of a man he disliked was a much more powerful stimulus. His conduct was very boyish and if Hurd was a man (I have no evidence on the point) not likely to give him much pain. This is the story. Hurd had omitted from a collected edition of Warburton's works some juvenile productions of no value. Parr reprinted them and also two tracts by Hurd himself which, at the time of original publication, had been severely handled, together with a long dedication to Hurd and a slightly less insulting preface. Hurd's attack on Leland and Jortin, who had presumed to criticise Warburton, had been published anonymously in 1755 when Hurd was thirty-five. Parr republished it in 1789 when Hurd was sixty-nine, his Bishop and twenty-three years his senior. The manner of his Dedication may be judged from this extract:

> The Bishop of Gloucester, amidst all his fooleries in criticism and all his outrages in controversy, certainly united a most vigorous and comprehensive intellect with an open and generous heart. As a friend he was, what your Lordship experienced, zealous and constant: and as an enemy, he properly describes himself to have been choleric, but not implacable. He, my Lord, threw a cloud over no man's brighter prospects of prosperity or honour by dark and portentous whispers in the ears of the powerful. He, in private company, blasted no man's good name by shedding over it the cold and deadly mildews of insinuation. He was too magnanimous to undermine when his duty or his honour prompted him to overthrow. He was too sincere to disguise the natural haughtiness and irritability of his temper under a specious veil of humility and meekness. He never thought it expedient to save appearances by shaking off the "shackles of consistency"—to soften the hideous aspect of certain uncourtly opinions by a calm and progressive apostacy—to expiate the artless and animated effusions of his youth, by the example of a temporizing and obsequious old age. He began not his course, as others have done, with speculative republicanism, nor did he end it, as the same persons are now doing, with practical toryism. (*Works*, III, p. 369.)

Or this:

> You made great paradoxes less incredible, by exciting our wonder at the greater, which were started by yourself. You taught us to set a just value upon the eccentricities of impetuous and untutored genius, by giving us an opportunity to compare them with the trickeries of cold and systematic refinement. (*Works*, III, p. 357.)

To the offence of having a generation earlier played the sneak to Warburton's bully (to adopt Macaulay's succinct description of Hurd's relation to Warburton), the Bishop of Worcester had added two more recent offences. He had been heard to say that he did not care for Parr's long vernacular sermons, and when the Doctor called at Hartlebury Castle he had not been invited to remain to lunch. These may seem insufficient motives to induce a learned clergyman of over forty to address forty pages of insult to his diocesan. Dr John Johnstone had horrid doubts about the propriety of the affair. It *has* an odd look. Johnstone did his best; he showed conclusively that Hurd *was* a sneak. But the evidence—Hurd's republication of the silly, spiteful things Bully and Sneak had written one another about abler men than themselves—was furnished years later and Parr knew nothing of it when he wrote. Parr's other biographer Field did *his* best. He argues that as Hurd never apologised to Jortin or Leland, "it is reasonable to conclude that, in his attempted suppression, he was actuated, not by generous views of doing justice to them, but by the desire merely of escaping from the deep disgrace, which, in the opinion of the literary world, he had brought upon himself". But Field is uneasy: "It is true, the wrongs complained of, in the case of Leland and Jortin,

were not, at the time of this publication, of very recent date. But——." It certainly was not an offence of very recent date. Field thinks it safer to dwell on the literary beauty of the work. "Considered as compositions, the Dedication and the Preface to the Warburtonian Tracts have been generally regarded as among Dr Parr's happiest efforts; and have certainly established his claim to a distinguished rank, among the great writers of his age." The modern reader may, or may not, agree with Field on this last point. He will certainly see what was hidden from both the contemporary biographers, that Parr was behaving like an angry child. He could not hurt the Bishop of Worcester, if Hurd were the sort of man he made him out to be; for Hurd was on the winning side. While if Hurd were really a decent sort of man, and had refrained from reprinting over his own name squibs published anonymously thirty-four years before, because he was ashamed of them, Parr's transports of indignation were ill-bestowed. Actually to mention his own grievance ("Knowing, my Lord, the rooted antipathy which you bear to long epistolary introductions in classical writers, to long vernacular sermons from Dr Parr...") at one stroke reduced the whole performance to the level of childishness. It has the further merit, of course, of enabling us to acquit Parr of deliberately offering a cowardly insult to a man much older than himself and not in a position to reply. Had Parr been a normal adult man, he would have had no defence to that charge. No adult, however, would have been silly enough to allude to Hurd's opinion of the Preface of Bellenden and Parr's sermons, when he was pretending to bring Hurd to justice for an outrage on the dead.

The conclusion here is that Parr was, in Scott's phrase, a boy among men, a very perfect pedagogue.

As nothing else of Parr has survived—if indeed the Preface to Bellenden and the Dedication and Preface of the Tracts themselves have survived—one might seem forced to wonder why Leslie Stephen gave him a good deal of space in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He was not in Johnson's class as a talker; he wrote like an angry pedant. Why bother

about him? The answer is that in the seven volumes of his forgotten works and in many actions of his forgotten life, Parr often rose above the pedant and showed himself a kindly, Christian gentleman. He mimicked Johnson's conversational manner, reproducing nothing but its occasional brutality. He mimicked Johnson's antithetical style, leaving out the pithiness and wit. Johnson was perhaps his model in another activity; that of helping people who could not help themselves. Here he surpassed his model, and in this field of endeavour fairly won the right to be called the Whig Johnson. Johnson's efforts on behalf of Dodd form one of the pleasantest pictures in that gallery of pleasant pictures we are never tired of admiring. Johnson's action was benevolent; Dodd was precisely the kind of man, a shallow, pretentious humbug, which Johnson loathed. But Dodd had lived in the public eye, he was notorious if not famous, and Johnson had no special affection for the family of the nobleman by whose means Dodd was convicted. Parr exerted himself as strenuously for men whose only claim on him was their distress. He more than once financed the defence of mere acquaintances or strangers and he devoted himself passionately to the case of a former pupil who had committed a murder.[1]

[1] There are two versions of the story:

(1) Field's. On pp. 373–8 of vol. 1 of *Memoirs of the Life, etc., of the Rev. Samuel Parr*, London, 1828.

(2) Parr's own. *Parriana*, pp. 379–85.

They are irreconcilable in detail. As (2) is at second hand, it may well do injustice to Parr's actual words. Although Dr Johnstone's biography of Parr does not give me much reason to respect his ability, I find it difficult to believe that he really "gave it, as his professional opinion, that no man, in whose family was derangement, and who had himself been deranged, ought ever to be considered as capable of a legal act." If Dr Johnstone really *did* say that, the judge's incredulity was natural. But that the judge should have been converted to the Doctor's opinion by perusal of a pamphlet subsequently published by Dr Johnstone is even more improbable. That Oliver (the murderer) was what we should call a psychoneurotic is consistent with both accounts. Parr's view (*Parriana*, pp. 392, etc.; here not at second hand but in contemporary letters) that Oliver was hunted down because the murdered man was a Methodist "and Methodists unite the language of saints with the tempers of fiends. They are not social, but gregarious, and as they wage war against the common sense and common feeling of mankind, they make common cause among themselves upon all occasions" is *not* quoted by Field (who was, if not a Methodist, at least a nonconformist minister). Oliver was hanged.

Poor dependents lived on Johnson. Beggars never went away empty from Parr's house. Most of them, he said, might be, and probably were, imposters, but he would rather be cheated by rogues than neglect one man in real distress. This letter (Field's *Memoirs*, II, p. 65) is typical:

Dear and most esteemed Mr Roscoe,

The bearer is an Irish lad, who has no friend in the world, or the world's law. He is about twenty years old. He was brought into my neighbourhood by his parents, who have deserted him. He was unknown; he was unassisted; he was unemployed. In danger of starving, he on Thursday night opened the door of my carriage, which was at an inn in Leamington. He found in it a pair of gaiters, a large coachman's great-coat, and a small great-coat. He took away the small great-coat. The robbery was discovered late at night: and the proprietor of the inn the next morning began to inquire. He traced the offender to a neighbouring village. He seized and secured him; and the poor wretch immediately confessed his crime; and conducted his pursuer, who was the constable, to the house of a country tailor, with whom he had left the coat to be mended. Last night the constable came to me for orders. I heard the story with anguish. My servant shall not prosecute. The constable is compelled to bring the poor creature before a justice; and I am endeavouring, by previous communication with his worship, to stop further proceedings, that the poor fellow may not be sent to jail. Ample is the punishment already inflicted by menaces, reproaches, and confinement in a dark room. His terrors, I am told, are unexampled. If I can manage with the justice, I shall pay his passage to Liverpool, when all must depend on your humane protection. Pray have him sent forward to Ireland; and, like the Samaritan, I will pay you what is laid out when I go your way again, or before. I must take this letter with me to Warwick. My spirits are disturbed by this affair; and my house is beset by those who are come to me about it—My dear friends, I add a line or two just to say that I have rescued the poor creature from the gripe of the law. I commend him to the mercy of God, and to you as the instrument of that Mercy.

That is not much like the Dedication to the Lord Bishop of Worcester, and gives a better reason for calling Parr the Whig Johnson. A flogging schoolmaster, a conversational bully and a pedant, he was all this, but he was something more. He was kind to the friendless. Such men are loved and that was why Dr Johnstone and Mr Field tried to preserve his memory among us. They have failed. Fortunately for human nature, there have always been too many kind people in the world for the record of their lives to be of interest to posterity unless the recorder was an artist. The literary immortality of Parr is secured by one thing only, the sentence I took as the motto of this paper. Nothing he wrote is likely to be reprinted. But there are worse things in anthologies than that letter to "dear and most esteemed Mr Roscoe".

JOHNIANA

William Barnes (1801–86), the poet of Dorset and its dialect, was entered as a "ten year man" at the College in 1838, came into residence in June 1847 and graduated B.D. in 1850. The following extracts are from his letters to his wife, printed by his daughter, Lucy Baxter, in *The Life of William Barnes*, pp. 107 ff. A few explanatory notes may be helpful.

Horningsea. The patronage of the living was given to the Hospital of St John in the early thirteenth century by the Bishop of Ely, and the parish was served first by a brother of the Hospital, then by a Fellow of the College from its foundation, until after the abolition of the necessity for Fellows to take Holy Orders in 1871. The custom was for the Fellow to ride out to Horningsea from Cambridge on Sundays.

The installation was that of the Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University. The election was contested, the Prince Consort's opponent being the Earl of Powis, a member of the College. The tent may have been left over from the festivities on which the College had spent over £1800 in 1842, at the installation of the Duke of Northumberland, also a member of the College, as the Prince Consort's predecessor. In 1847, by contrast, the College spent only £42 on "glory".

By "the wilderness" Barnes probably meant "the labyrinth", where Samuel Butler lived and which was pulled down in the 1860's to make room for the new chapel.

"June 12th. I have got into work. I go to do two services at Horningsea on Sunday for one of our fellows who is called away, and I read prayers for him at the Hospital here every day till he comes back."

"June 28th. You are not to laugh at my tea-party. I was not so silly as to make the tea myself. The other man brought a tea-making thing called a wife; and of course I put the teapot into her hands, and made her wait on me with her husband. When I have a single man, however, I do make tea for him. Preparations for the installation are now thickening fast. They are putting up an immense tent in our grounds, I think it will be as large as the shed of our railway station."

"July 6th. Our noble old college has appeared in her glory today. We have had two halls (dinners), one for pensioners and sizars at four o'clock, and a fellows' hall at six, when I sat down to a most superb dinner with about 200 sons of our *Alma Mater*; most of these men come up from the provinces to the installation."

"St John's College. November 1st, 1848. My dearest Julia, I came up in exactly the way I marked out, but from the slipperiness of the rail I was late in London, and arrived at the Eastern Counties' station at the last minute. Mr B. (my tutor) had found me a room and sent in a sack of coals and a bedmaker ready to receive me, and a porter met me at the lodge to show me the way to my abode. I am in that part of the college which the men call 'the wilderness', one side of the first or oldest court. I ascend to my room by a dismal dusty decayed staircase of dark oak, trodden by gownsmen of many generations. My room is large and lofty, and is partially lighted by a great window with stone mullions, but unluckily the fireplace is in the same wall as the window and therefore in a dark corner, so that I can hardly read in the luxurious attitude in which I indulge myself at home, with my feet on the hobs, or with my nose roasting over the grate. I guess the room might have been so built to give the students a hint of the difference between light and heat."

Mr Allen Foxley writes:

"I happened to be assigned rooms for a night last June on E, Third Court. My father (B.A. 1854) had rooms on the top floor of this staircase, I believe; in his time, as I have heard him tell, there was on the inner side of his bedroom door a full-size skeleton, performed with a red-hot poker upon the wood, showing some anatomical knowledge, the hand upon the door-handle. I enquired of the bedmaker whether this still existed, but she told me no, and that she had never heard of it. This pleasant conceit should not be allowed to perish without memorial."

During the Long Vacation 1936 the Third Annual Conference of Beekeepers from the Eastern and Home Counties was held in Cambridge. On Saturday, 29 August, "after the lectures, the visitors adjourned for lunch in the beautiful Combination Room at St John's College. As they entered the Second Court, a swarm of bees, a most unusual incident at the end of August, was observed to be clustering in a corner of the roof. Whether the swarm was provided by the college kitchen as part of their entertainment or whether it was an act of God cannot be determined. It happened that a convenient scaffolding stood against the wall and reached to the cluster. During lunch a waste-paper basket was produced, and a piece of rope. With marvellous agility, Mr Morland, who we understand is a skilful glider, ascended the scaffold, basket in hand, and quickly secured the swarm, which he lowered to the ground. His descent was watched and photographed by an applauding crowd and the bees were safely stowed in a small packing case."

From the *Cambridge Independent Press.*

The *Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research*, XIV, No. 54, has an article on Col. Hierome Sankey, one of Cromwell's officers. Sankey graduated at Clare Hall (B.A. 1640/1). In 1648 he was appointed Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and was Proctor in 1649. As Proctor on 22 May 1649 he presented General Fairfax (St John's) and Lt.-Gen.

Oliver Cromwell (Sidney Sussex) for the degree of D.C.L. The presentation of a St John's and a Sidney Sussex man by a Clare man for the Oxford D.C.L. is probably unique in the history of that University.

"EAGLE (The): A MAGAZINE supported by MEMBERS of ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, from its Beginning in 1858 to VOL. 43 (1923), with plates, 43 vols. 8vo. VERY SCARCE. Cambridge, 1858–1923.

"One of the best and longest maintained of all English college magazines. Besides numerous mathematical contributions, it includes articles on the most varied literary, artistic, and antiquarian subjects, notes from the College records, and an obituary."

From the clearance catalogue no. 2, issued during the past autumn by Messrs Henry Sotheran, Ltd., late of 43 Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

President: J. P. STRUDWICK. *Vice-President:* R. W. RADFORD.
Secretary: J. O. DOLEY. *Treasurer:* C. H. B. PRIESTLEY.

THE average attendance of 32 at the four meetings which have been held this term shows plainly the flourishing condition of the Society.

At the first meeting, held on 22 October, the speaker was Prof. Appleton, and his subject "Non-Linear Electric Vibrations". He took as his example of a non-linear conductor a thermionic valve, and worked out the mathematical theory of many radio phenomena, such as cross-modulation, and the generation of the intermediate frequency in a superheterodyne receiver. In answer to a question, he gave an explanation of the Luxembourg effect.

On 29 October P. R. Smith addressed the Society on "Index Numbers". He explained the many types of index numbers, and the difference between the fixed- and chain-base method of calculation, and gave a large number of numerical illustrations.

The third meeting was held on 12 November, when Prof. Baker gave a paper on "Some Geometry arising from Physics". He

THE EAGLE

VOL. L *July* 1937 NO. 219

THE FIFTIETH VOLUME

By THE MASTER

"HOW long do you think it will last, Mr Editor?" Such was the question with which his critics sought to confound the first Editor of *The Eagle*. The year was 1858. Dr Bateson had just become Master of the College. New Statutes were in contemplation. The enlargement of the Hall, the new Chapel, the new Lodge were in the near future. Undergraduates "cannot write" and "ought not to write", went on the objectors. Triposes will suffer; sport will suffer. "If in truth no man in St John's College has anything he wants to say, this is surely very lamentable," replied the Editor. He thought of grave contributions to learning and politics and the young *Eagle* did not eschew the most serious themes. Anglo-Saxon poetry, Classical studies, four Shakespearian subjects and two articles on Paley's Moral Philosophy appear in the first volume. But as Dr Johnson's fellow-collegian, Mr Edwards, found, cheerfulness would break in on philosophy, and before long lighter topics shared the Editor's favours. The authentic note was soon struck. The Editors had sought "something to fasten College spirit upon", and before they reached their hundredth page, they realised that they wanted not a magazine, but a Johnian magazine, something to make us "realise more vividly than we have hitherto done that we are members of a Society". They set out to make the magazine a part of the life of the College.

In 1860 "Our Chronicle" begins. This was started for the benefit of Old Johnians, "to furnish tidings of what was going on in the place where they themselves had spent so many happy hours". And they were called upon to respond. "Why should not our offshoots in India, or Australia, or Natal, follow the example of 'Our Emigrant', whose description of New Zealand has been such a valuable addition to our pages?" "Our Emigrant", it may be observed, was Samuel Butler. The Chronicle was rapidly expanded to include all the activities and interests of the College. *Johniani nihil alienum* was the motto. The progress of the Chapel tower, the levelling of the cricket field, the activities of all the Clubs found their place with the Scholarships and Tripos lists, academic appointments, and notes on books published by members of the College. How many forgotten names leap to life in these pages. And more mundane matters were not forgotten. "The reform of our dinner in Hall has at length been effected," write the Editors triumphantly. "This question which assumed an almost revolutionary aspect in some Colleges has with us been brought to a settlement...by a milder course of constitutional action." On a topic of such grave and perennial interest we may be pardoned for noticing the settlement which gave the Editors so much satisfaction. A dinner consisting of entrees, meat, vegetables, sauces and puddings was to be served at 1*s.* 9*d.* per head, with no sizings except for beer, joints not to be pushed about the tables, and all at the same table to leave Hall together. A committee was to be set up to receive complaints and suggestions and to be a medium of communication between the undergraduates and the cook.

In 1867 the Editors set aside their old rule, by which the technicalities of science were excluded from the pages of *The Eagle*, to give an account of Professor Adams's recent discoveries in Astronomy. But this was a rare exception in the Table of Contents, which had by this time assumed the character it was to keep. By the tenth year the subscription list was flourishing and the Editors launched forth into considerable improvements in the typographical and publishing

arrangements. "The ancient bird has now moulted and reappears in new and gorgeous plumage." But not till 1885 did it shed the purple plumage of its original cover. Almost from the beginning contributions to the history of the College figure in the pages of *The Eagle*, and in 1890 began the "Notes from the College Records", perhaps the most valuable series of historical articles of its kind.

But we need follow the fortunes of *The Eagle* no further. The stroke of genius that discovered in the College itself a continuing inspiration gave *The Eagle* its vitality and, on the other hand, gave the College an institution which enlarged its life with a new activity. It came speedily to be a record of that life, of those who were sharing and had shared it, the autobiography of a society. As such it has lived and flourished and as such may it always continue to flourish. To the zeal which first taught *The Eagle* to fly and the labour which has sustained it all these years, this preface to the fiftieth volume pays a humble tribute.

EDITORS OF *THE EAGLE* MAGAZINE

FROM THE FIRST TO THE FORTY-NINTH VOLUME INCLUSIVE 1858–1937

[Note. The list of editors from 1858 to 1893 is reprinted from the list given in the hundredth number, Lent Term, 1893. The names subsequent to that date have now for the first time been extracted from the magazine itself. It is assumed, in spite of the notice on the cover of each issue (that contributions for the *next* number should be sent to ......) that the editors retired after the appearance of the issue in which their names last appear. This seems likely in view of the large number of December retirements which would otherwise appear in this list.]

Abbott, E. A.	December 1861–June 1862.
Adam, K.	December 1928–December 1929.
Adams, J. B. P.	December 1910–June 1913.
Adams, W. G.	Founder, 1858.
Adler, H. M.	December 1897–June 1898.
Apperly, J. M.	December 1878–May 1880.
Appleby, M.	June 1931–June 1933.
Arundell, D. D.	December 1925–December 1928.
Ashe, T.	Founder, 1858.
Avery, E. N.	December 1927–June 1929.
Bagley, A. H.	June 1887–December 1888.
Bailey, W.	April–December 1859.
Barlow, H. T. E.	March 1895–June 1896.
Barlow, W. H.	May 1858.
Barradell-Smith, W.	March 1901–June 1903.
Beamish, A. M.	March–June 1863.
Beith, J. H.	December 1897–June 1900.
Bell, E. H.	March 1875–March 1876.
Benians, E. A.	December 1908–December 1910. December 1912–March 1921.
Bevan, H. E. J.	December 1875–December 1877.
Beverley, H.	March–May 1861.
Blackett, J. P. M.	December 1889–June 1890.
Blumhardt, E. H. F.	December 1912–June 1913.
Booth, E.	December 1919–June 1921.
Bourne, A. A.	December 1869–May 1870.
Bowling, E. W.	November 1858–March 1860. December 1862–June 1864.
Boyes, D. L.	December 1871.
Boys Smith, J. S.	December 1928–December 1933.

Brett, A. E.	March 1880–April 1882.
Brooke, H.	November 1873–June 1874.
Bryers, J. S.	December 1896–June 1897.
Bush, T. H.	Founder, 1858.
Bushell, W. D.	April–June 1859. June 1862–March 1863.
Cadle, H. S.	June 1885.
Caldecott, A.	July 1881–December 1883.
Cameron, J. A.	December 1889–March 1892.
Campbell, A. J.	December 1896–June 1897.
Campbell, A. Y.	December 1905–June 1908. December 1921–June 1922.
Carnegy, F. W.	December 1890–March 1892.
Carpmael, A.	August 1882–June 1883.
Carter, H. R.	December 1912–June 1915.
Charlesworth, M. P.	December 1924–June 1925.
Chaudhuri, A.	December 1882–December 1883.
Cherrill, A. K.	December 1861.
Chotzner, A. J.	December 1894–June 1895.
Christie, P. R.	March–December 1883.
Close, H. M.	December 1934 to the present time.
Coop, W.	December 1904–June 1905.
Cotterill, C. C.	June 1865–March 1866.
Cowie, H. M.	February 1872–March 1876.
Crole Rees, H. S.	December 1905–June 1906.
Croggan, J. F. S.	December 1901–June 1902.
Darlington, W. A. C.	December 1912–June 1913.
Davies, H. S.	June 1930–June 1931.
Dick, G. I. B.	December 1925–June 1926.
Douglas, S. M.	December 1899–June 1901.
Dymond, E. G.	December 1926–December 1930.
Eagles, F. M.	December 1922–March 1924.
Ebsworth, J. W.	December 1862–June 1863.
Evans, H. C.	December 1910–June 1912.
Falcke, D. C.	December 1879–July 1881.
Foot, H. M.	December 1928.
Foote, J. A.	February–June 1871.
Foottit, R. L. C.	December 1924–June 1926.
Forrest, G. W.	December 1867–December 1869.
Fox, C. A.	December 1866.
Foxwell, H. S.	December 1877–December 1878.
Fraser, G.	June 1930–June 1931.
Frederick, T.	March 1914–June 1915.
Garrett, H. L.	December 1901–June 1902.

Name	Period
Gasper, P. A.	December 1916–June 1918.
Gatty, H. P. W.	June 1934 to the present time.
Gibson-Carmichael, T. D.	December 1878–December 1879.
Goulding, E. A.	June 1883–March 1885.
Graves, C. E.	December 1862–December 1864. June 1866.
Green, J.	February–May 1858.
Hadingham, F. E.	June 1932–June 1933.
Haigh, P. B.	December 1898–June 1901.
Hamilton, J. A. G.	May 1877–April 1878.
Hankin, E. H.	March–June 1889.
Hardwick, J. M.	December 1893–March 1896.
Harris, H. W.	December 1904–June 1906.
Harris, J. F.	December 1913.
Hart, H. G.	June 1864–March 1865.
Hart, W. E.	June 1866–March 1868.
Haskins, C. E.	December 1868–June 1869.
Haslam, A. B.	February–December 1871. May 1872–March 1873.
Haslam, C. E.	June 1868.
Haslam, F. W. C.	December 1868–May 1870.
Hayes, J. H.	March 1896–June 1897.
Heath, C. H.	December 1885–December 1887.
Hiern, W. P.	March–November 1860.
Hill, H. E.	May 1884–March 1885.
Holmes, A.	March–May 1858. June 1860–May 1861.
Horton-Smith, L. G. H.	June 1891–June 1894.
Hoyland, G.	December 1913–June 1915.
Hudson, W. H. H.	December 1871–June 1873.
Irving, P. A.	December 1908–June 1910.
Jackson, K. H.	June 1930–June 1932.
Jacob, A. R.	March 1914–June 1915.
Jagger, J. E.	May 1884–March 1885.
Jenkins, J. H.	December 1876–May 1877.
Jeudwine, J. W.	November 1874–June 1875.
Joce, J. B. D.	December 1902–June 1904.
Johnson, J. M.	June 1871–February 1872.
Keeling, C. P.	March–June 1896.
Kelly, E.	December 1872–March 1874.
Kendon, F. H.	June 1921–June 1922.
Kingdon, D.	December 1904–June 1905.
Kitto, H. D. F.	March 1919–June 1920.
Knowles, T.	December 1863.

Name	Period
Lee, W. J.	April–December 1878.
Lee-Warner, H.	March–December 1861.
Lee-Warner, W.	April 1867–March 1868.
Le Maître, A. S.	December 1918–June 1920.
Lewis, C. J.	December 1925–June 1926.
Light, G. M.	December 1877–April 1878.
Little, E. D.	November 1858.
Long, B.	December 1889–March 1891.
Lourie, A.	December 1924–June 1925.
Ludlow, H.	March–May 1858.
MacAlister, D.	December 1885–December 1894.
MacBride, E. W.	December 1890–March 1891.
Macdonald, A.	December 1925–June 1926. December 1927–June 1928.
McDonnell, M. F. J.	December 1903–June 1904.
Macdonnell, T. F. R.	December 1897–June 1899.
McDougall, W.	June 1891–March 1893.
McKee, C. R.	December 1894–June 1895.
Macklin, L. H.	December 1921–March 1924.
Magnay, H. S.	December 1924–June 1925.
Maples, F. G.	March–December 1865.
Masterman, J. H. B.	June 1892–December 1893.
Mayor, J. B.	Founder, 1858.
Meldrum, R.	December 1906–December 1907.
Merivale, B.	December 1902–June 1903.
Merriman, H. A.	June 1892–June 1894.
Miller, E.	December 1936 to the present time.
Mills, E. H. F. (Blumhardt)	December 1919–June 1921.
Morton, F. D.	December 1908–June 1910.
Moser, E. B.	February 1872–November 1874.
Moss, H. W.	December 1861–March 1862.
Moss, T.	March 1866–June 1867. December 1868–February 1871.
Mullinger, J. B.	May 1884–June 1885.
Mullins, W. E.	Founder, 1858.
Newman, M. H. A.	June 1931 to the present time.
Oakley, F. C.	December 1910–June 1911.
Palmer, E. H.	December 1867–March 1869.
Palmer, T. N. P.	December 1902–June 1904.
Palmer, W. G.	December 1916–June 1919.
Patterson, R. F.	December 1908–June 1912.
Patton, A. G.	March 1915–June 1916.
Pearson, J. B.	March–June 1862.
Peddie, J.	May 1926–June 1928.

Name	Dates
Pocock, G. N.	December 1903–June 1904.
Polack, A. P.	June 1932–June 1935.
Pond, C. A. M.	December 1885–March 1887.
Potter, G. R.	December 1921–June 1924.
Powell, N. G.	December 1897–June 1899.
Poynder, A. J.	October 1880–April 1882.
Preston, J. M.	December 1933–June 1935.
Previté-Orton, C. W.	March 1911–June 1919.
Ram, S. A. S.	June 1885–June 1886.
Raven, E. E.	December 1922–March 1924.
Ray, J. L.	January 1882–March 1883.
Raynor, A. G. S.	December 1883–March 1885.
Richardson, G.	June 1864–June 1865.
Roach, T.	December 1863–March 1864.
Robertson, J. A. C.	December 1933–June 1935.
Rolleston, H. D.	June 1885–June 1886.
Ronaldson, J. B.	December 1904–June 1908.
Rootham, C. B.	December 1896–June 1897.
Roseveare, W. N.	December 1888.
Russell-Smith, H. F.	March 1908–June 1910.
Salisbury, C. H.	December 1887–June 1888.
Sandys, J. E.	December 1864–June 1865. November 1873–April 1882.
Sargant, W. W.	May 1926–June 1928.
Schiller, F. N.	December 1886–June 1887.
Scott, R. F.	December 1896–June 1908.
Scriven, J. B.	March–November 1860.
Sherrington, W. S.	March 1881–December 1882.
Sikes, E. E.	December 1888–June 1889. December 1894–June 1899.
Simpkinson, H. W.	June 1874–December 1876.
Moore Smith, G. C.	March 1889–June 1894.
Stanwell, C.	November 1860–May 1861.
Stewart, H. St C.	June 1931–June 1932.
Struthers, J. A.	March 1919–June 1920.
Tanner, J. R.	May 1884–June 1888. December 1900–June 1912.
Taylor, C.	December 1865–March 1866.
Taylor, R. W.	November 1860–June 1862.
Thistlethwaite, F.	December 1935 to the present time.
Thomas, R. B. H.	December 1915–June 1916.
Thompson, A. H.	December 1893–December 1896.
Tottenham, H. R.	December 1882–December 1883.
Towle, J. H.	December 1899–June 1902.

Name	Dates
Tracey, C. B.	March 1921–June 1922.
Tucker, T. G.	December 1879–October 1880.
Turner, G. J.	December 1887–June 1889.
Vale, H. E. T.	December 1911–June 1912.
Wace, F. C.	November 1858–June 1860. December 1864–May 1872.
Walker, S.	March 1924–June 1925.
Ward, D. W.	December 1906–June 1908.
Warner, G. P.	December 1935–June 1936.
Watt, I. P.	December 1936 to the present time.
Whitaker, G. H.	February–June 1871. December 1876–May 1877.
White, F. P.	June 1921–March 1926.
Wilkins, A. S.	December 1865–June 1867.
Williams, G. W.	December 1899–June 1900.
Wilson, J. M.	Founder, 1858.
Wilson, K.	December 1862. December 1863.
Windsor, J.	December 1886–June 1887.
Wright, A. A. G.	June 1896.
Wynne-Willson, St J. B.	March 1888–June 1890.
Yates, P. L.	December 1928–June 1929.
Yeld, C.	December 1863–June 1864.

T. E. HULME AND THE RELIGIOUS ATTITUDE

THESE remarks have been prompted by the unsigned article on T. E. Hulme which appeared in *The Eagle* of December 1935. There will be no need to recapitulate here the arguments of that article, but one or two passages in it may serve as texts for a few considerations on his position in contemporary thought. If we may judge from the fact that *Speculations*, which was first published thirteen years ago, has only just reached a second edition, it would appear that his importance has not yet been realised. Moreover the previous article suggests that he is of interest now "only to the historian". (It is true that this is said with particular reference to his aesthetic theories, but it appears to be intended to possess a more general significance.) It is my purpose to maintain that many of his works, far from being dated, are as much worthy of attention at the present moment as at the time they were written.

His work suffers to some extent from its fragmentary condition, and it will be as well in the first place to point out a certain fundamental contradiction in his views. This may be illustrated briefly by a few quotations. In *Humanism and the Religious Attitude* he says:

> I hold the religious conception of ultimate values to be right, the humanist wrong. From the nature of things, these categories are not inevitable, like the categories of time and space, but are equally objective.

In *Cinders*, he says:

> Therefore it is suggested that there is no such thing as an absolute truth to be discovered. All general statements about truth, etc., are in the end only amplifications of man's appetites.

In *Humanism* we find:

> Similarly, ethics can be exhibited as an objective science, and is also purified from anthropomorphism:

and in *Cinders*:

> Language becomes a disease in the hands of the counter-word mongers. It must constantly be remembered that it is an invention for the convenience of men.... Symbols are picked out and believed to be realities. People imagine that all the complicated structure of the world can be woven out of "good" and "beauty". These words are merely counters representing vague groups of things, to be moved about on a board for the convenience of the players.

The purely fragmentary nature of *Cinders*, and the fact that the notes which compose it were, as we are told, "constantly rewritten and amended", makes it difficult to know what importance is to be attached to it. However, it is plain that its doctrine that "All is flux.... Truth is what helps a particular sect in the general flow" is in complete opposition to the attempt of the *Humanism* essay to maintain the existence of "absolute" ethical and religious values. The agnosticism of *Cinders* does not, of course, affect his *preference* for the classical attitude, but it completely invalidates his claim for its categorical truth. It is impossible to say in what way Hulme would have reconciled this contradiction had he lived. But in so far as the attitude displayed in *Cinders* is completely unformulated it is perhaps fair to presume that it was less firmly and understandingly held by him than the clear and consistent viewpoint of the earlier essays in the volume, *Humanism and the Religious Attitude*, *Modern Art and its Philosophy* and *Romanticism and Classicism*. It is in these that is to be found his distinctive contribution to modern thought. The opposite tendency in his work, the philosophy of flux, was derived from Bergson, and was presumably due in part to his personal studies with the French philosopher. In one respect, certainly, Bergson's theories were genuinely useful for his main line of thought, in that they afforded an answer to the mechanical determinists. But he does not seem to have realised that in its wider implications Bergsonism (as argued by Wyndham Lewis in *Time and Western Man*) is an influence on the side of the "romantics". As Michael Roberts has pointed out in his *Critique of Poetry*, there are many points

of resemblance between Hulme and Wyndham Lewis. But in so far as Hulme was a Bergsonian he was open to the line of criticism so brilliantly conducted in *Time and Western Man*.

Now that this contradiction in Hulme's work has been admitted we may proceed to a consideration of his principal achievement, his defence of "classicism" and "the religious attitude". In his general position he may be related with a considerable number of modern authors who in their different ways have attacked the liberal romantic tradition, with Catholic apologists such as Jaques Maritain and T. S. Eliot, and with classical humanists such as Irving Babbitt and (if we may so describe him) Wyndham Lewis himself. Taken in this general context, I wish to emphasise those points in Hulme's philosophy which seem most essential to an understanding of his approach, his aesthetic theory, his method of historical criticism, and his insistence on the doctrine of Original Sin.

His views on poetry and art are of considerable interest for their own sakes. However, I do not intend to discuss here his friendship with Epstein or the importance of his five imagist poems. He is a notable figure in the development of modern aesthetic theory, but aesthetics are not our present purpose. What is peculiarly interesting is the way in which his attitude to art is related to and strongly supports the other aspects of his philosophy. In *Modern Art and its Philosophy* he writes:

> There are two kinds of art, geometrical and vital, absolutely distinct in kind from one another. These two arts are not modifications of one and the same art but pursue different aims and are created for the satisfaction of different necessities of the mind.
>
> Each of these arts springs from and corresponds to a certain general attitude towards the world. You get long periods of time in which only one of these arts with its corresponding mental attitudes prevails. The vital art of Greece and the Renaissance corresponded to a certain attitude of mind and the geometrical has always gone with a different general attitude of greater intensity than this.

Byzantine mosaics, which he first saw at a time when he had just himself arrived at his anti-humanist position, immediately impressed him as expressing "quite directly" an

attitude he agreed with. Similarly in Egyptian art "we find that in the endeavour to escape from anything that might suggest the relative and impermanent there is always the same tendency to make all the surfaces as flat as possible". It is interesting to note that many of his preferences are the same as those of Clive Bell's *Art*. But in the philosophical bearings of his aesthetic judgments he is something more than an art critic. Thus it is of vital importance to him that the Byzantine and Egyptian cultures which produced geometrical art were also two of the supreme examples known to history of civilisations existing on a theocentric basis. It is a commonplace to assert that the increasing naturalism of art during the later middle ages and the beginning of the Renaissance is associated with a new interest in humanity and nature. It is Hulme's peculiar merit to have been one of the first to point out (in England at any rate) that this process is reversible, and that naturalism and the return to the Hellenic tradition so far from implying any advance in artistic merit is merely one of the less unpleasant symptoms of a general decline in the standards of western civilisation.

> The new conception of man as fundamentally good manifests itself at first in a more heroic form. In art, Donatello, Michael Angelo, or Marlowe might stand for this period. I do not deny that humanism of this kind has a certain attraction. But it deserves no admiration, for it bears in itself the seed which is bound inevitably later to develop into sentimental, utilitarian romanticism. Such humanism could have no permanence; however heroic at the start it was bound sooner or later to end in Rousseau. There is the parallel development in art. Just as humanism leads to Rousseau so Michael Angelo leads to Greuze.

It is hard, perhaps, to refuse any admiration to the earlier Renaissance, and it is doubtful whether such an extreme judgment is necessarily demanded by Hulme's position. Marlowe, at any rate (I cannot speak for the others), is "heroic" largely because his humanism is very definitely related to the religious attitude of the middle ages. *Dr Faustus*, after all, is hardly a witness to the view that man is fundamentally good. But however that may be, Hulme is certainly

right in tracing a logical development from the temper of mind of the sixteenth century to that represented by Rousseau and Greuze.

We have been led by these considerations to the topic of Hulme's historical criticism. To some extent his views have become established since his death. The more extreme form of the belief in progress (as represented by the whig interpretation of history) has lost its hold. But Hulme was striking at something more fundamental than that. Even among those who have given up the faith in continuous progress it is still customary to take an optimistic view of the essential nature of the natural man. Hulme maintains that this denial of Original Sin has been the common basis of all thought during modern times, and during the course of four centuries has become so engrained that it is now no longer consciously noticed but unconsciously taken for granted. Only by detaching oneself from one's time and getting inside another age, so to speak, is it possible to realise that this "pseudo-category" is not inevitable. Moreover, the attempt to understand a previous period without first achieving this detachment is doomed to failure; hence the mystification with which the modern mind confronts (for example) the mediaeval ideal of asceticism. Religion cannot be properly understood from the standpoint of humanism, for the ideals and the values of the two systems of thought are different. This fact goes a long way to explain a great deal of the nonsense that is popularly written about religion, the demands that the Church should bring itself into line with the "modern mind". The curiously naïve assumption that there is some peculiar merit in modernity and the consequent neglect of the opposite possibility that it may be the duty of the "modern mind" to bring itself into line with the Church can only be cured by that sympathetic study of the past which Hulme recommends, and the discovery that such a study will bring, that the characteristic assumptions of this age are "natural" only in the sense that they have been customary for a certain period of time. It does not follow from this that it is either possible or desirable to return to an earlier period. Hulme (thus anticipating Nicolas

Berdyaev) believed that the world is turning towards a "New Middle Age". But he was careful to point out that the New Middle Age would be in no way like the old one.

> I do not in the least imagine that humanism is breaking up merely to make place for a new mediaevalism. The only thing the new period will have in common with mediaevalism will be the subordination of man to certain absolute values....The humanist period has developed an honesty in science, and a certain conception of freedom of thought and action which will remain.

In this way he saves himself from fundamentalism and recognises the necessity for a certain give-and-take between the two attitudes.

The necessity for a wider understanding of Hulme's position is well illustrated by a passage from the previous article in *The Eagle*:

> It was, I have said, hardly tactful of Hulme to call his own attitude religious, since...his peculiar use of it is no less a scandal to the religious. The doctrine of human imperfection is certainly embodied in the dogma of Original Sin, but that dogma is not as important as it used to be, and modern religion seems to be able to dispense with it, or to thrust it into the background.

It is impossible not to feel that there is some truth in this, so far as the churches in England are concerned. None the less that does not alter the fact that it is with the churches that the blame lies. It must be admitted, however, that the term "Original Sin" opens the way to a great deal of intellectual confusion. We must attempt now to see what Hulme meant by it.

The writer of the previous article suggests that had Hulme lived he might have abandoned the doctrine and "found in psycho-analysis a more satisfactory account of human imperfection, one more easily capable of philosophic development". This does not seem to me to fit the case at all. In the first place, to give an account of human imperfection does not in any way alter the fact of its existence. Thus psycho-analysis may do no more than reveal various symptoms of its working. In fact a recent article in the *Modern Churchman* took the

work of Freud as a confirmation of the traditional ecclesiastical view. Whether psycho-analysis can *remove* human imperfection is another and more doubtful proposition; there is certainly no evidence that it can ever do so. But in any case this is beside the mark, for it is only concupiscence that psycho-analysis can explain and not Original Sin at all. Hulme's words will throw some light on the matter:

> The Religious attitude: (1) Its first postulate is the impossibility I discussed earlier, of expressing the absolute values of religion and ethics in terms of the essentially relative categories of life. Ethical values are not relative to human desires and feelings, but absolute and objective. Religion supplements this by its conception of perfection.
>
> (2) In the light of these absolute values, man himself is judged to be essentially limited and imperfect. He is endowed with Original Sin. While he can occasionally accomplish acts which partake of perfection he can never himself be perfect.

Plainly this has nothing to do with anything that lies within the sphere of psycho-analysis. Original Sin is not merely a matter of this or that particular sin or this or that specific imperfection, but is something completely radical and is felt most of all perhaps in one's best and happiest moments, for it is then that the absolute values are perceived, while still remaining beyond one's grasp. Thus it is human merit rather than human failure that reveals this fundamental imperfection.

Hulme, of course, was very far from being a Christian. His sudden and slightly reckless remark that "God, freedom, and immortality" are "secondary matters" is an almost alarmingly comprehensive heresy. None the less, in view of the quotation immediately above, I think it is fair to say that his philosophy was genuinely religious. And it is this that makes his work rather more satisfactory than that of such a writer as Irving Babbitt with whom, as mentioned above, he has many points of contact.

Babbitt was a professed humanist, but it is important to realise that he used the term in a slightly different sense from Hulme's. Thus, much that he includes in humanism (Buddhism and Confucianism, for instance) is obviously religion in Hulme's sense. The two are united in a good deal of their positive faith, and also in their spirited attack on the romantics in general and Rousseau in particular. None the less there is a difference between them. Babbitt agrees with Hulme on the necessity for discipline and restraint in human conduct, but he lacks his emphatic assertion of the existence of objective values. Consequently it is by no means clear what the discipline is *for*. T. S. Eliot's two essays on Babbitt and Norman Foerster seem to me to be final:

> If life is an act of faith (Babbitt's phrase) in what is it an act of faith?

There is no answer to this question. Babbitt's humanism, admirable as it is in so many ways, lacks any philosophical basis that can make it stable. This is even more true of Wyndham Lewis, who does not even pretend to possess a positive ground, but delivers his attacks from a sort of void. This does not diminish the value of his destructive criticism, but in the last resort a purely destructive attitude must be inadequate. Hulme's advantage in this respect is recognised by Eliot in the second of the two essays mentioned above:

> It is to the immense credit of Hulme that he found out for himself that there is an *absolute* to which man can *never* attain.

I hope it is now apparent why it seems to me untrue to say that Hulme is of interest "only to the historian". At a time when popular controversy about religion is prolific and in the main singularly uninstructive, the need is urgent for a proper understanding of first principles. The main source of the trouble is the attempt to interpret religion in the light of humanist values; and, among those who in this century have attempted to re-establish the authority of religious standards, Hulme takes a prominent place. It is for this reason that I have thought it worth while to attempt to answer the criticisms contained in the previous article.

H. M. C.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA

I

THE CORAL REEF

THE submarine sun's mysterious morning
Upon the coral-forest dawning
Suffuses the deep, warm pools that embower
Both the petalled beast and the pulsing flower.
Urchin, moss and sea-weed hairy,
Anemone, the fern of floating fairy,
All that's coloured with iodine,
Or borrows its hues from the harsh sea brine,
Covers with sumptuous patterns of gore
The vermiculate root of the wan madrepore.
With burnished scales that dim the sea's gems
A great fish glides through the rocky stems;
Languid he drifts through the crystal shade.
On a sudden the blue of the motionless glade
Is thrilled with the flash of his blazing fin's swirl
Into shudders of gold and emerald and pearl.

E. B. H.

II

THE SHELL

WHO shall know through what chill seas,
How many years, frail, opalescent Shell,
The tide, the currents, and the ocean-swell
Have rolled you in their green profundities?
Far from the backward-flowing sea, beneath the sky,
Embedded softly in the burnished sand you lie;
But think you you may here abide?
Abide you never will,
For the long, disconsolate moan of the tide
Reverberates in you still.

My soul is shut in a sounding cell,
And as in your whorls the old refrain, pale Shell,
With clamorous complaint your soul is rending,
So in the depths of my heart for Her too warm,
Dull, slow, insensible, but never-ending,
Echoes the wild rumour of the distant storm.

E. B. H.

THE MOUNTAINEERS

THEY climb the rocks of Everest,
They mount the Himalayan snows,
And north and south and east and west
The silver-gleaming vision grows
Of distant mountain and of plain,
Of clouds wide-flung in purple net
Whose broad and fleeting shadows stain
The silent plateau of Thibet.

Oh, there is more delight and wonder
Than all our dreaming ever knew,
Beyond our bounds that will not sunder,
Beyond the life of me and you!

H. M. C.

TH
the final achievement, ultimate despair,
the all-embracing motive, swift secret sanction,
man self-responsible, choosing good and evil...
Through the long swinging plainlands,
Village running water, dusty hot gravelways:
At night ever seeking, while resting in tavern rooms,
chatting too easily, men self divided,
through
in the land we had forgotten,
lost in our limbo,
to the one only ending, unity in sleep.

J. A. B.

THOMAS LEVER AND SOME OPINION ON EDUCATION IN THE MID-SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Among the social theorists, even among the theologians of the sixteenth century, Thomas Lever holds a distinguished place; but with these things we shall not primarily be concerned here. For Lever was also a Johnian, and a member of the University of Cambridge, who was deeply concerned with the effect upon the Universities of the more general changes that were transforming the society of England.

Like so many of the members of St John's at this period, Lever was a North Countryman, a native of Lancashire. He appears to have been born at, and taken his name from, the village of Little Lever. He graduated in 1542, in the midst of one of the golden periods in the history of the College, when Thomas Smith of Queens' stood out as almost the only major intellectual figure of the time not associated with St John's. Religious radicalism and intellectual qualities appear to have gone together, for they are found associated in all the great Johnians who were making their college the centre of Cambridge learning—Madew, Redman, Cheke, Ascham, William Bill, who preceded Lever as Master of the College, and William Cecil who in his twenty-fifth year was College Lecturer in Greek. There was perhaps good reason for Edward Grant, the biographer of Ascham, to declare that the learned men of St John's equalled, if they did not surpass, those of any other centre of learning throughout the world.

Lever's promotion was rapid. In 1543 he was elected a Fellow, and during the next five years he became one of the leaders of the ultra-Protestant group in Cambridge. In 1548 he and Hutchinson engaged in public disputation with the Catholics in the College, and in the same year Lever became a Senior Fellow and a College preacher. But even more signal honours awaited him; it was in 1550 that he delivered his

three famous sermons in the Shrouds of St Paul's, before the King, and at St Paul's Cross. If only on account of the fearlessness with which he denounced the abuses of the courtiers to their faces, he is deserving of the rank which Ridley gives him—a place with Latimer and Knox.

But Lever was not to drift away from Cambridge. In the winter of 1551 he became Master of St John's. His election marks in many ways the final triumph of the Protestants over the Catholic party in the College. The Northern men, unlike Lever himself, had been the heart and soul of the reactionary faction; in 1537 they had sought to make Master of the College Dr Nicholas Wilson, a fervent opponent of the royal supremacy and but recently a state prisoner on a charge of misprision of treason.[1] The struggle had gone on under the mastership of the Lutheran Dr John Taylor, and the back of the opposition was broken only in 1545, when a new body of statutes was secured, increasing the power of the Master and restricting the number of Northern Fellows. With this victory in the background Lever could take office with some prospect of tranquillity.

Despite the intellectual activity of the 'forties, the University had been in a very depressed state. The number of students taking degrees had sharply declined, the finances were in a desperate condition, and over the head of the Colleges hung the threat of dissolution. Measures of economy became the order of the day: the "useless" books in the University Library were sold; and the Hebrew and Greek lecturers were, on two occasions, paid only by suspending the lecturer in mathematics for the current year and appropriating his salary.[2]

With the accession of Edward VI it looked as though matters would take a turn for the better. Somerset himself became Chancellor, and his enthusiasm for letters was well known; very soon he gave a sharp rebuff to those who wished to disendow the colleges.[3] But if the situation was somewhat

[1] J. Bass Mullinger, *The University of Cambridge*, II, 19–20.
[2] J. Bass Mullinger, *op. cit.* p. 51.
[3] Harrison, *Description of England* (ed. Furnivall), I, 88–9.

less tense, the picture of undergraduate life in St John's which Lever gives does not point to any great revival of prosperity. He tells us how numbers have fallen, leaving only "a small number of poor, godly, diligent students", who get up at four or five o'clock in the morning and spend the next hour in chapel. From six till ten o'clock they occupy themselves with private study or lectures, and then have dinner. The fare is not princely. "They be content with a penny piece of beef amongst four, having a few porridge made of the broth of the same beef, salt and oatmeal and nothing else." This is followed by work again until five o'clock, and then comes supper "not much better than their dinner". They then dispersed, "either to reasoning in problems or unto some other study, until it be nine or ten of the clock, and there being without fire, are fain to walk or run up and down for half an hour to get a heat on their feet when they go to bed". Having read this passage, one is inclined to agree with Lever's conclusion: "These be the living saints which serve God, taking great pains in abstinence, labour and diligence, with watching and prayer."[1]

This sad state of affairs is not inexplicable. Behind it all lies the monstrous sin of covetousness. Like Latimer, Lever felt that "charity is waxen cold; none helpeth the scholar, nor yet the poor".[2] Still more, he roundly charges the courtiers with intercepting endowments, above all from chantry lands, which ought to have gone to the maintenance of learning. But it was a matter of demand as well as of supply; for the danger of student unemployment was a matter of sore controversy. The covetous landlord, by impropriating tithes, makes benefices incapable of keeping a man; the covetous priest, by heaping together benefices in his own hands, leaves fewer to be distributed among his fellows. Lever did not, like Bacon later,[3] advise that the unemployment of academics should be avoided by reducing facilities for education. He is insistent that the old ways should be restored, for a numerous

[1] Sermon at St Paul's Cross, 1550 (Arber's *English Reprints*, IV, 121–2).
[2] Latimer, *Sermons* (Everyman Library), p. 59.
[3] L. C. Knights, *Drama and Society in the Age of Jonson*, pp. 324–5.

and educated priesthood is a matter of supreme importance in his whole social scheme. Lever's conception of the function of the preacher is well illustrated by his first sermon in 1550. The cause of the recent rebellions, he tells us, is not the translation of the Scriptures into English, "but because the rude people, lacking the counsel of learned men to teach them the true meaning when they read it or hear it, must needs follow their own imagination in the taking of it". Lever preached the sermon on the text Romans xiii. 1–7: "The powers that be are ordained of God." Nor is this mere academic theory. On the outbreak of the Western Rebellion in 1549, Miles Coverdale and other able men were sent down to Cornwall "to preach good doctrine and obedience.... For the King's council thought preaching a good expedient to quell these stirs, as well as force, and that sober exhortation, founded upon God's word, would tend much to incline the people to obedience."[1] Matthew Parker was meant to play the same part in the Norfolk rebellion, but Ket's men knew the answer; and the future archbishop made a somewhat undignified retreat to the safety of Cambridge.[2]

If covetousness is one cause of the decline of Cambridge, Lever found yet another—a change in the social standing of the majority of the students. Many of the wealthier students, beneficed men or those with rich friends, who used to live by themselves in inns or hostelries, were nowadays "fain to creep into colleges and put poor men from bare livings". In consequence, poor diligent students "be not able to tarry and continue their study in the university for lack of exhibition and help".[3] Lever does not go into the matter, but the significance of his remarks can be understood by reference to contemporaries. Ascham in 1547 finds one of the chief causes of the intellectual decline of the University in the fact

[1] Strype, *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, II, pt i, pp. 262–3.
[2] F. W. Russell, *Kett's Rebellion in Norfolk*, pp. 62–5. Parker was interrupted in the midst of a sermon with the cry: "How long shall we bear with this hireling Doctor? He is hired by the gentry, and so he comes with words for which they have paid him. But for all his prating we will bridle their intolerable power, and will hold them bound by the cords of our laws, spite of their hearts."
[3] Arber's *English Reprints*, IV, 121.

that most of those coming up are mere boys, the sons of wealthy parents, who will be satisfied with superficial and elementary acquirements. "Talent, learning, poverty, and discretion avail nothing in the college, when interest, favour, letters from the great and other irregular influences exert their pressure from without."[1] Harrison and Latimer tell the same tale: "there be none now but great men's sons in colleges, and their fathers look not to have the preachers."[2] There are even indications that the social expediency of educating the poor was a matter of heated debate. In 1540 Lord Rich and others put a case not dissimilar to that which Bacon was to present half a century later. "As for husbandmen's children they were more meet for the plough and to be artificers than to occupy the place of the learned sort. So they wished none else to be put to school, but only gentlemen's children." Cranmer, on the other hand, gives the point of view that he shared with Lever, Latimer, and Ascham. "Poor men's children are more apt to apply their study than gentlemen's sons, delicately educated....The poor man's son by painstaking will be learned, when the gentleman's son will not take the pains to get it....Wherefore, if the gentleman's son be apt to learning, let him be admitted; if not, let the poor man's child, being apt, enter in his room."[3] However, it is, as usual, another distinguished Johnian that has the last word. William Cecil, like many another "new man", adapted himself with considerable celerity to the point of view of the amalgam which we call the sixteenth-century aristocracy. In 1559 he is found recommending that the nobility be compelled to bring up their sons in learning, and that one-third of the free scholarships be assigned to sons of the poorer gentry. "For the wanton bringing up and ignorance of the nobility forces the prince to advance new men that can serve, which for the most part neither affecting true honour, because the glory thereof descended not to them, nor yet the commonwealth (through coveting to be hastily in wealth and honour)

[1] J. Bass Mullinger, *op. cit.* p. 90.
[2] Latimer, *Sermons*, p. 155; cf. Harrison, *Description of England*, I, 76–8.
[3] A. F. Leach, *Educational Charters*, pp. 470–1.

forget their duty and old estate, and subvert the noble houses to have their rooms themselves."[1]

It is the triumph of Cecil's view that is symbolised in Lever's later life. In 1553 he supported Lady Jane Grey rather than see a Catholic on the throne, and supped with Northumberland when he stayed in Cambridge on his way to Framlingham. With the triumph of Mary, he and twenty-four fellows fled abroad, and Ascham sees in this a severe blow to St John's in its rivalry with Trinity. "Yea, St John's did then so flourish, as Trinity College, that princely house now, was but *colonia deducta* out of St John's....St John's stood in this state until those heavy times, and that grievous change that chanced an. 1553, when more perfect scholars were dispersed from there in one month than many years can rear up again."[2] After five years in Switzerland, Lever returned shortly after the accession of Elizabeth, more radical than ever in his religious opinions. He married the next year, and this ruined whatever chance he might have had of recovering the mastership of St John's, for in those days "there was no room for mistresses within the walls of a college".[3] He spent his last years a pluralist, holding the mastership of Sherburn Hospital and the archdeaconry of Coventry. Perhaps he had learnt, like Harrison, that "one most commonly of those small livings is of so little value that it is not able to maintain a mean scholar, much less a learned man".

But he was still a radical. He lost a prebend at Durham for his extreme opinions; he refused to wear a surplice, and more and more favoured the Calvinist discipline. In 1571 he was summoned before the Court of High Commission for breaches of church discipline; and in 1577, the year of his death, he was ordered to suppress the prophesyings that he had encouraged in his archdeaconry. And still, in 1568, in the style of twenty years before, he fulminated against the pollution of England "with much covetous spoil, especially

[1] "Considerations presented to Parliament in 1559" in *Tudor Economic Documents*, ed. R. H. Tawney and E. Power, I, 326.
[2] Arber's *English Reprints*, IV, 4.
[3] T. Baker, *History of St John's College* (ed. Mayor), I, 135.

of impropriations, grammar schools, and other provision for the poor", and against the decay of the Universities.[1] But the changes that were transforming Cambridge were only part of a greater change which was depressing the fortunes of the honest husbandman; so that, like the successor of Latimer's father, he was no longer "able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor".[2] Dr Caius, returning to Cambridge in 1558 to found the college that bears his name, discovers himself in a strange world, where the wine shop and the tavern replace the lecture room and the gaudy doublet the sober robes of learning. "Etenim nova personarum, nova rerum omnium facies erat, novi mores, novus habitus, novus vultus et pronunciatio, nova denique docendi, discendi, et disputandi forma."[3]

E. M.

[1] Arber's *English Reprints*, IV, 5.
[2] Latimer, *Sermons*, p. 85.
[3] *The Works of John Caius* (ed. John Venn)—*Historiae Cantabrigiensis Academiae ab urbe condita*, p. 3.

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS

THE first race for the Colquhoun Sculls was rowed just a hundred years ago, on the morning of Friday, 16 June 1837, over a course from Westminster to Putney "with the tide"; when Mr Berney, of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, "was saluted as victor of the day by the cheers of the spectators and discharge of cannon from the shore".[1] The race was transferred to the Cam in the October Term 1842,[2] and, with the exception of the war years 1914–19, has been rowed every year since then at Cambridge. In this centenary year, it is perhaps of interest to print some letters which have survived in the archives of the Senior Treasurer of the Lady Margaret Boat Club. Those from Mr James and Sir Patrick Colquhoun are written in a clear, and to modern eyes characterless, hand, on large sheets of gold-edged notepaper. The story of the foundation was told by Sir Patrick Colquhoun in *The Eagle* in 1886.[3] As in 1836 he was still an undergraduate and "feeling that my junior position and age might draw down on me the imputation of unbecoming assumption, I requested my late father to allow me to use his name as Founder". Thus the prize stands in the name of "James" instead of "Patrick". Sir Patrick MacChombaich Colquhoun, LL.D., Q.C., who took his B.A. in 1837, was afterwards a Bencher of the Inner Temple and Chief Justice of the Ionian Islands, in the period before Great Britain handed them over to Greece, and he had been elected an Honorary Fellow of the College in the Easter Term 1886. He was famous as an oarsman in his undergraduate days, and was also secretary of the Leander Boat Club for many years. He was knighted in 1861, and he died in 1891.

His father,[4] the nominal founder of the Sculls, who called himself the "Chevalier James de Colquhoun" after receiving the Star of a Commander of the first Class of the Royal Saxon order of Civil Merit, was Consul General in Great Britain of the Free Hanseatic Republics, and of the King of Saxony

[1] *History of the Lady Margaret Boat Club*, 1926, p. 25.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 32.
[3] XIV, 228.
[4] Cf. *Admissions*, IV, 200.

and Chargé d'Affaires of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg; and he died in 1855. Sir Patrick succeeded to most of his father's appointments, and he had helped him in the execution of his diplomatic duties. He continued the family tradition by signing treaties between various German states and such governments as the Porte and Mexico. And he was also the author, in several languages, of legal and political works.[1]

The correspondence opens with a letter from Mr James Colquhoun:

St. James's Place

Gentlemen, *Novr.* 1836

In the Character of an old Johnian I beg to present for the acceptance of the Lady Margaret Boat Club a pair of miniature Sculls to be held by the best Sculler in the Club. The Heads of it may nevertheless if it shall so please them admit other Members of the University to contend for the Naval Championship of the Cam & thus throw the Competition open to all the Undergraduates. This little distinction to be rowed for annually when and where the Lady Margaret Club may determine.

My motive in thus presenting these Sculls to your Club is to promote the moral and bodily health of the Members thereof.

Reading Men are benefited by rowing, in the Economy of time, because they thereby procure the greatest possible quantum of Exercise in the least possible Space; while Nonreading Men also derive advantages as Reformers, seeing that they are compelled to eschew debauchery in all it's ramifications or they will be unfitted for rowing at all, & more so, to compete for the Championship.

As rowing then promotes the mental and moral health of the body corporate, I ∴ give these Sculls in little, to the Lady Margaret Boat Club, wishing the Members a continuance of harmony and good feeling for which this excellent & useful Club is so distinguished and that they may collectively and individually bear away the Palm of honor as well on the Cam as every where else in all things desireable and deserving.

I have the honor to be with sincere regard & esteem, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble Servant

J. Colquhoun.

To the President & Members of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, St John's College, Cambridge.

[1] *The Eagle*, xvi, 567.

To this the Lady Margaret Boat Club replied, possibly through Thomas Humphreys,[1] though the letter is not signed:

St. John's, Cambridge.
December 10th, 1836.

Sir,

In virtue of my office as Secretary to the "Lady Margaret Boat Club", it falls to my lot in the name of that Club to undertake the agreeable task of offering to you our most grateful acknowledgements for the very handsome present you have so kindly sent us, as well as for the liberal manner in which you have left us entirely at liberty to regulate the race for the *Sculls* in whatever way our Club may think best.

Availing ourselves of this permission we have determined that the match shall take place on the Thames annually on the 10th of June & that the competition for the prize shall be open to all undergraduates & Bachelors in their first year who are members of some Boat Club in the university—reserving to ourselves the presentation of the prize & the arbitration of any disputes that may arise in a race. We hope that this arrangement may meet with your approbation & may most effectually carry into execution your intentions both as to the encouragement of sculling & the preservation of the health of boating men.

At the same time that we offer our most earnest thanks to yourself, I must not omit to beg that you will present them also to Mrs. Colquhoun for the very kind interest she has taken in the welfare of our Club, as well as for the numerous & elegant presents she has made us.

Trusting that you will accept the grateful thanks as well as the sincere respect of our whole body, the only acknowledgement we can make for your kindness,

I have the honour to subscribe myself

[*Rest lacking*.]

Then there is a gap in the correspondence for two years. Meanwhile rules were drawn up and printed, which have

[1] Cf. letter below. T. H. was admitted from Shrewsbury School, pensioner, 1835. B.A. as 25th junior optime and first in the third class of the Classical Tripos, 1839. M.A. and called to the Bar, Lincoln's Inn, 1842. Died at Brecon 1885. [*Information from Mr F. P. White.*]

remained substantially unchanged until the present time. They are dated 12 December 1836, and are printed in full in the *History of the Boat Club*.[1] A copy of them addressed to "C. Edmonstone Esqre, Captain of the Second Trinity Boat, Trin. Coll.", and with the Cambridge post-mark of 17 December 1836, was presented to the College Library by Mr H. A. Game, through the agency of Sir Henry Howard.

But the Club wished, presumably, to mark the sense of gratitude which it felt towards the younger Colquhoun more permanently than by words; and there are two more letters extant.

St. James's Place
July 30 1838.

My dear Humphreys

Enclosed you will find a letter of Thanks from myself to the Club for the very handsome Cup with which they have been so good as to present me and for the very handsome manner in which it was done.

You will be so good as to lay the enclosed before the first general meeting of the Club, with the assurances of my highest regard and Esteem.

You will also find enclosed a Copy of the Inscription & a description of the Cup; I have transmitted these particulars as the choice & Inscription were left chiefly to Wood and those Members of the Club at that Period in London, owing to the Term being so near a close; it is therefore right that the Club should be made fully acquainted with these particulars, as well as the Secretary who I presume will wish they should be inserted in the Records of the Club.

And Believe me
My dear Humphreys
Yours sincerely
Colquhoun.

to T. Humphreys Esqre.
Secretary & Treasurer of the Lady Marg: Boat Club, etc. etc.

[1] P. 23.

St James's Place
The 1st *August* 1838

My very Dear and Kind Friends!

I have just received through Wood and Antrobus a most splendid Cup, in the remembrance of the time I spent among you as a Member of the Lady Margaret, nothing could have been more flattering to me than this Testimony of your Esteem, not alone from the personal Respect and Regard which I entertain for the Givers, but also from the Time that has elapsed since my Residence in Cambridge, of which had you not entertained more than ordinarily kindly Feelings, I should have become as others before me, long ago forgotten by my yet resident Contemporaries, and unknown even by name, to the more recent Members of the Club.

This Token is also particularly flattering to me for another Reason, it is the first Present of the kind which I have received, and one on which I shall alone need to look to recall the happy Associations of that Period of my Life, hitherto the most pleasantly spent, and I cannot hope that future years will flow on so happily.

With this Memorial before me I may silently let my thoughts revert to our "many merry Meetings" and find myself ideally in the midst of those, whose Society I so much enjoyed in the reality.

Yet once a year I trust I may be destined to meet some of my Companions of former days, when as this Year I trust, nay will not doubt, that John's will always shew her undeniable Superiority in Courage and Breeding, and seek alone to emulate in these Respects their present Champion of the 16th of June, who has already extended the reputation of the Lady Margaret beyond the limits of Cambridge.

As that is the best said which is said in a few Words, I will once more thank You All, with the most hearty Sincerity, for this new Token of your Attachment, and conclude by drinking out of the Lady-Margaret-Cup one deep and heartfelt Toast, in which no Member Old or New would not gladly join,

"Vivat Societas aquatica
Dominae Margaretae Fundatricis"

And Believe me with the most Affectionate Regard,
Yours' most sincerely & for Ever
Colquhoun.

This is presumably the enclosure mentioned above.

A Silver chased Cup & Cover with handles 14 In. high having the Arms of St. John's College with the foll: Inscription

To Patrick Colquhoun Esq B.A.
St. John's College Cambridge
From the Members of the
Lady Margaret Boat Club
In acknowledgement of his great and valuable Services
As President and Captain
In testimony of their sincere Regard & Esteem and
In pleasing Remembrance of his right good fellowship
At their many merry Meetings.
John's 10 August 1838.

The arms of Colquhoun (a Saltire engrailed Sable on a field Argent) in a Shield on the other Side of the Cup.

The cup thus presented is now in the possession of the College. It was made in Dublin by John Lloyd in 1773; is engraved with the arms of the College and of Colquhoun; and has the long inscription set out on the side. It was bequeathed to the College by Sir Patrick Colquhoun, and serves as a reminder that the Lady Margaret Boat Club is the oldest of the organised clubs in Cambridge.

H. G.

THE RACE OF 1837 BETWEEN QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

[The following account (copied from a note-book in the possession of the Queen's College Boat Club) of the race between Queen's College, Oxford, and the Lady Margaret Boat Club at Henley, to commemorate which a dinner was held at Oxford in May, has been sent by the Provost of Queen's College. In the absence of any University crews in 1837, Queen's College, second on the river at Oxford below Christchurch, who could not row, agreed to meet the challenge of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, head of the river at Cambridge; with the following result.]

GRAND MATCH BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

JUNE 10TH, 1837

THIS match was decided on Saturday at Henley. The visitors were equally numerous with those of the contest in 1829. Opinion was greatly in favour of Cambridge in consequence of the much talked of talents of the crew the S. John's (Lady Margaret) who were at the head of the 23 eight-oars, the competitors, and the reputed excellence of their boat. Until Friday afternoon the odds were greatly in favour of Cambridge, but when the Oxford rowers had been seen practising at Henley, the betting became even, and in some cases it was in favour of Oxford.

In our last we stated that the Christ Church Rowers had withdrawn their boat, which on Monday evening had recovered its long standing priority. At the race on Wednesday Queen's boat became victor, which decided that it should compete with the Cambridge boat at Henley. It is impossible to speak too highly of the crew of Queen's. The names are as follows:

Bow Lee — 5 Meyrick
2 Glazbrook — 6 Todd
3 Welch — 7 Eversley
4 Robinson — *Str.* Penny

Steersman—Berkley.

These gentlemen appeared to have been formed for the boat and the boat for them. All seemed perfection itself.

They left Oxford at noon on Friday in a barouche, the horses of which were decorated with ribbons. The boat had previously been sent to the scene of action.

This beautiful vessel was built by Mr J. King of this City, on whom it reflects the highest credit. Its excellence has become the theme of general eulogy; its superiority has been proved by repeated trials with several boats sent to Oxford by the very first London makers; and is acknowledged by all parties to be the very best that ever floated on the Isis.

At four on Saturday afternoon the rival vessels left Henley Bridge to the place of starting two miles and a half below, hailed by the shouts of an immense assemblage of spectators. Cambridge won the choice of sides, and of course took the inner, the most advantageous, as there is a considerable turn in the river in the first half mile. On the word "Off" being given, the start took place, and even during the first ten strokes it was clearly perceptible to the meanest capacity that Oxford was gaining on its opponent, although Oxford was pulling a very long stroke, and Cambridge using the spirting or quick one. In less than a quarter of a mile from the bridge the stern of the Oxford boat was level with the bow of the Cambridge, when Mr Berkley gave the word "Away with her" and immediately on passing the island at the bottom of the beautiful reach, *the Oxford shot ahead at least one hundred yards* [!]. From this point they gradually increased the advantage, and won by about 150 yards, with perfect ease, the crew not being in the slightest degree distressed. The crew of the Cambridge on the contrary appeared in a state of exhaustion, marked by painful anhelation, when they shipped their oars.

The Triumphant crew were immediately hailed by the flag of victory, which Mr Randall had brought from Oxford with a most confident anticipation of the actual result. The distance, as we have before stated, was about 2½ miles, the time 14 m.

The dresses of the crew were much admired. Wearing their

emblems of victory, the crew and the Oxford visitors set off on their return home, and the road presented a most anumating [and animated?] scene, they being hailed by all who saw them, the inhabitants of every village appearing to feel a strong interest in the much talked of contest.

When the issue became generally known here, it was determined by the crews of the other Oxford boats, to present Queen's with some testimony of the great pleasure they derived from the victory and Mr Randall of the High Street who had supplied the handsome dresses of the crew, and the handkerchiefs and rosettes worn by the Oxford men who were present at the match, was requested to make as splendid a flag by Tuesday[1] as the time would admit of. This was done, and on that evening the flag was attached to the stern of the victor boat, amidst shouts of applause, after which it headed a procession of nearly all the racing boats, decorated with their various flags, to Iffley and back. On returning to Christ Church meadow, the crew of the Queen's boat pulled in with precisely the same stroke as they had used at Henley. The crews of the other boats stopped, and standing up, with all their oars raised saluted the conquerors with loud cheers, which salutation was responded to by a very large assemblage of spectators on the banks of the river, who imagined that it was directed to themselves. The flag presented to the Queen's crew was in the most tasteful style of neatness, and does Mr Randall great credit as the designer of the decorations. In the centre was the Boar's Head, which our Oxford readers know is a most appropriate device appertaining to the College.

B. H. S.

[1] That is, the day of the Procession of Boats which, until 1893, was a feature of Commemoration week.

JOHNIANA

I. *Insurance of the College Buildings against Fire.*

In the past the University and the Town of Cambridge have suffered severely from destructive fires. Reference to many of these is made in Cooper's annals of Cambridge and it may be of interest to refer to a few of them. The earliest recorded fire is that of 1174 which is said to have consumed the greater part of the town, to have entirely destroyed Trinity Church, and to have damaged most of the other churches then built of wood. St Mary's the Great was similarly destroyed in 1290 with many houses round it.

Many Colleges have at times suffered; in 1362 Clare Hall was consumed by fire; and in 1420 there was a fire at Peterhouse which is said to have destroyed the muniments of that society. Coming to more recent times, in 1811 a fire broke out in Emmanuel College, which destroyed the interior of one side of the principal court, called the Founder's or Lord Westmorland's building, containing eighteen sets of rooms. The fire originated in the apartments of Mr Thomas, a fellow commoner, who presented the Society with £500 towards restoring the building. In 1812 and 1813 fires broke out at Sidney Sussex College on three occasions. On only one of these was any serious damage done, but it was suspected that the fires were the work of an incendiary and on the third occasion a B.A. of the College was arrested on suspicion of being the offender. A fire in 1852 gutted the whole front of the Trinity Hall building. By a singular coincidence the Master of the College, Sir Herbert Jenner-Fust, died on the same day.

In order to cope with the fire menace the Corporation passed an order in 1560 that the inhabitants should contribute rateably to buying ladders and hooks to serve at such a time as any casualty of fire might happen. The University on its part was to contribute to buy buckets to serve at the like time.

A few years later, in 1575, an elaborate composition was made between the University and the town for cleansing and lighting the streets, preventing various nuisances and diminishing the danger from pestilence and fire. For better provision against casualty from fire it was agreed that every college should provide and have in readiness within the college a specified number of instruments, of leather buckets, ladders and scoops—the quota of St John's College being 8 buckets, 2 scoops, 1 long ladder of 30 staves and 1 short ladder of 18 staves. The inhabitants of the town were to make similar provision, their implements being kept within the churches of St Mary's, St Sepulchre's, St Andrew's and St Botolph's. On the signification of any casual fire the two proctors and two constables of the ward affected were to repair to the place: the senior proctor and senior constable taking to them both scholars and other inhabitants meetest for the purpose were with all endeavour to labour to quench and stay the fire; the junior proctor and junior constable with others as aforesaid were to prevent persons from carrying anything, either from the place of the fire or from any other places near, except to such places as should be assigned. This composition was renewed in 1616.

St John's College has been fortunate in that it has up to the present time not suffered serious loss from this cause in the case of the College buildings, though such losses have on various occasions been incurred in the case of farm buildings owned by the College. Thus in 1731 its farm house at Barnwell was destroyed by the great fire at that place. This fire raged with excessive fury for five hours, destroying about fifty dwelling houses, with many stacks of corn and hay, barns filled with corn and stables with cattle. The whole place was consumed except the church and six houses, and the fierceness of the fire is stated to have been so great that it destroyed even the fire engine. This was the third conflagration in that place in twenty-five years.

The reference to the fire engine is interesting as it was only shortly before this that the Fire Insurance Companies had initiated the system of fire engines and regular firemen and watermen for the extinguishment of fires. These companies had been gradually developing in the latter part of the seventeenth century after the great fire of London. It was not,

however, until 1755 that the College insured its buildings against fire. In that year an order dated 22 February appears in the "Conclusion Book", in which the decisions of the Seniors were recorded, that it was agreed to insure the College buildings for £5000. A policy for this amount was taken out with the Sun Fire Office, the premium being £10. The amount, which even in those days must have been quite inadequate, has been steadily increased, and the position is periodically reviewed. Recently, in view of the enhanced replacement costs, the amount of insurance on the buildings, apart from the contents, has been raised from rather less than £250,000 to approximately £400,000. We reproduce opposite a photograph of the entry of the first College insurance in the books of the Sun Fire Office, obtained from the head office by their Cambridge district manager, Mr R. Page Thomas.

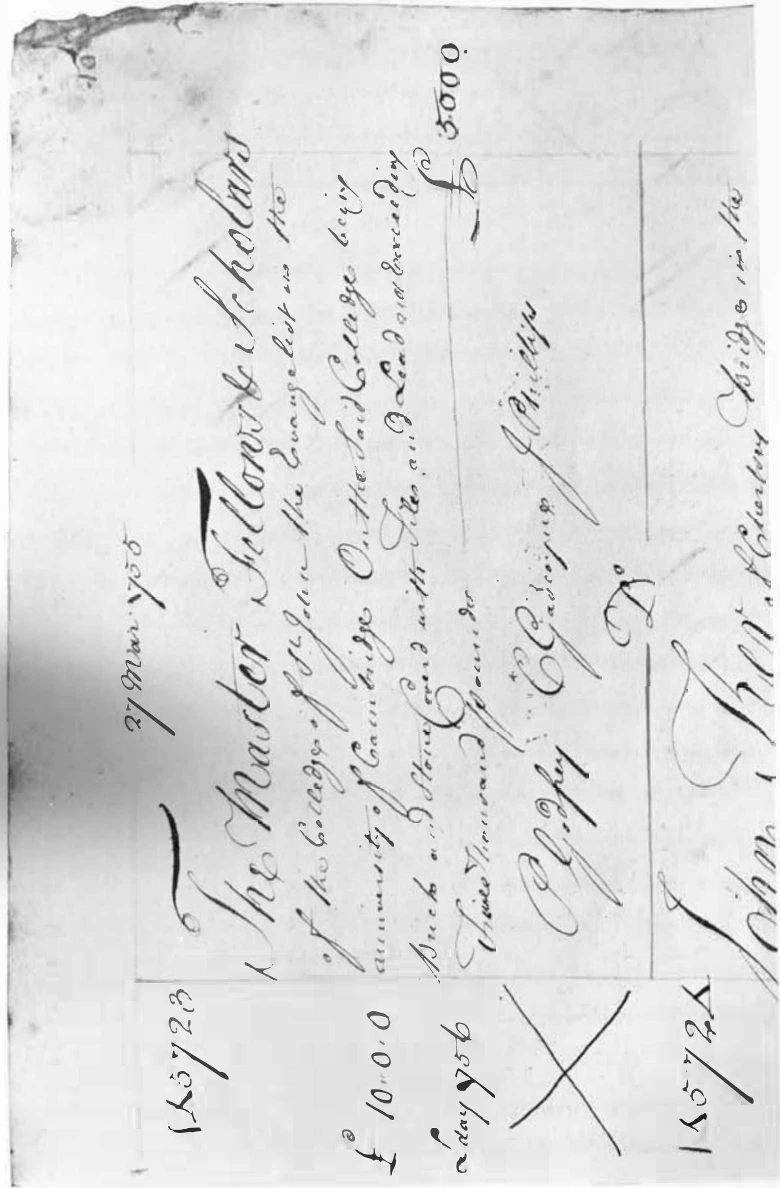
II. From the *Annual Register*, 1780, p. 226:

"14 September 1780. This morning about half-past four o'clock, a duel was fought in Hyde Park between the Rev. Mr Bate, of Surrey Street, and Mr R. a student of the law, late of St John's College, Cambridge. The quarrel arose from some circumstances relating to the conduct of the *Morning Post*, on which they are both engaged. The chance of the first fire falling to Mr B. he discharged his pistol and hit Mr R. in the fleshy part of the right arm; the wound, however, was not sufficient to incapacitate him from returning the fire, which he did, but without effect. The seconds now interposed, and the affair was adjusted."

[The Johnian was Joseph Richardson, admitted to St John's 4 July 1774; see *Admissions*, Part IV, p. 448.]

III. From a letter from Augustus De Morgan to William Whewell, Master of Trinity, 20 January 1861:

"I am glad to hear there are logicians at St John's. It is a college at which more pains are taken to make the men write ⊙ for 'circle' in their *writing out* than to prevent their reasoning in a circle. There is no attention given to *writing in*. Nevertheless, St John's has preserved the shadow of a teacher


27 Mar 1755
The Master Fellows & Scholars
of the College of St John the Evangelist in the
University of Cambridge On the said College being
£5000
£10.0.0

FIRST ENTRY OF INSURANCE OF COLLEGE BUILDINGS

of logic. When I published my syllabus last year, I sent a copy to every college in Cambridge, directed 'to the Tutor in Logic', just to make them stare. I got an answer from St John's from Mr Mayor, who acknowledged the title."

S. E. De Morgan: *Memoir of Augustus De Morgan* (London, 1882), p. 306.

[Joseph Bickersteth Mayor (B.A. 1851) is described in the *University Calendar* for 1860 as "Lecturer in the Moral Sciences" at St John's.]

IV. "...College muniments are still very largely unexplored territory. There is, moreover, great need for more special studies of particular subjects in Oxford history. We know little of the vicissitudes of college estate management and finance: here the way has been shown by a Cambridge college in Sir H. F. Howard's *Finances of St John's College, Cambridge*, 1511–1926."

[From the leading article on "Oxford History" in the *Times Literary Supplement*, 19 December 1936.]

V. "July 1763."

"I saw a little of Cambridge again....In the Master's lodge at St John's many pictures. Not a bad whole length of Margaret of Richmond, with a canopy to the old frame. A gigantic figure cut out in wood and well coloured, with a Staff in his hand; I suppose Oliver's porter."

[From the *Journals of Visits to Country Seats*, by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, published by the Walpole Society in its vol. XVI.]

VI. "...I was head of the Upper Sixth last term. I shall be head of the Upper Sixth all this year. I shall get a scholarship at Balliol, and that tiresome ass, Wilton, who will be lucky if he gets a scholarship at St John's, Cambridge, and probably won't manage more than Emmanuel, Wilton is to be Captain over my head...."

[From *The East Wind of Love*, by Compton Mackenzie (London: Rich and Cowan, Ltd., 1937), pp. 635–6.]

The sermon preached by Professor Creed at the service broadcast from the College Chapel on 9 May last has been published at the price of one shilling by Messrs Bowes and Bowes, under the title: *The Crowning of the King*.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of "The Eagle"

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE J.C.R.
30 *May* 1937.

Dear Sirs,

I feel that *The Eagle*, as a magazine, could yet be considerably improved. Surely you can tuck obituaries and antiquarianism away at the back, give us a snappy editorial, and some good articles (as well as verse). Contributions by elderly Dons should be reduced to an absolute minimum, and room should be left instead for undergraduates with literary pretensions—where is the Nashe Society these days?

As for reporting Club activities, at the moment this is prosaic and dull. A graphic account in a popular style of, say, how we won last term's Rugger Cupper, would be infinitely more entertaining than the present catalogue of events, most of them better forgotten.

Articles on subjects of controversial interest such as the College Kitchen, Boat Club, sanitary arrangements, or discipline would be valuable, and *The Eagle* would become the Forum for the discussion of vexed questions. Apropos of the Boat Club, the large allotment to them of Amalgamated Club funds is worth discussing in these pages.

Wake *The Eagle* up, make it scurrilous, make it readable! Finally, if you do not want the magazine to become something that we only tolerate because we forget to cancel our orders—put controversial correspondence near the front!

Have I said enough?

Yours sincerely

R. G. BENIANS.

[The Editors would welcome contributions of the kinds mentioned by Mr R. G. Benians.]

Photo: H. Carmichael
J. M. WORDIE

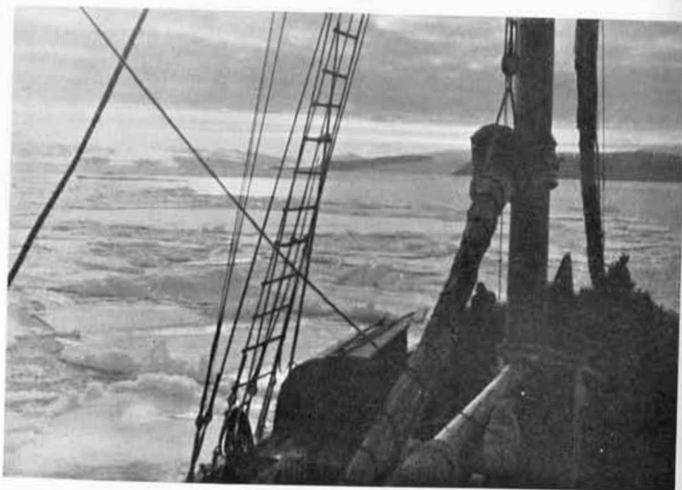


Photo: E. G Dymond
OFF THE COAST OF ELLESMERE LAND

THE EAGLE

VOL. L January 1938 No. 220

THE WORDIE ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1937

Mr J. M. Wordie's Arctic Expedition of 1937 sailed from Leith on 27 June on the M.V. *Isbjörn* of Tromsö (Captain Bergesen). The party consisted of ten expedition members, twelve of crew and the dog. Four of the expedition members were Johnians, Wordie, Carmichael, Drever and Dymond, and the others were Feachem (Downing), Hunter (Corpus), Leaf (Trinity), Lethbridge (Trinity), Paterson (Trinity) and Robin (Clare).

The scope of the expedition can best be judged from the occupations of the various members. There were three archaeologists and/or ethnologists, a petrologist, a surveyor, three physicists, and the youngest and largest member who combined all functions as occasion required. A doubling of parts enabled the expedition to put forward photographers (universal), big and small game hunters, mountaineers, poker fiends and lounge lizards. The latter was never a popular rôle nor was it perhaps conspicuously well played, but was required for social calls on the Danish officials at the various points of call. Add to these the post of leader, which would require an article in itself. His task varied from standing *in loco parentis* to all members to housekeeper, from direction of all details of the expedition to dodging reporters.

The ship arrived at Godhavn on Disko Island, West Greenland, on 15 July after a long and stormy voyage. Our first

taste of rough weather was had on rounding the north coast of Scotland where all members of the party were laid low except one, who unkindly spent his time with a ciné-camera. Progress was so slow in the head wind that it was deemed advisable to put into Loch Eriboll for two days until the wind blew itself out. However, a storm was again encountered shortly after leaving, and it was necessary to heave to. Cape Farewell, the most southerly point of Greenland, was rounded on 11 July in a north-easterly storm. The sea, however, calmed in a dramatic manner shortly afterwards, and remained so to the relief of all, until Disko was reached. Most of the party gained their sea legs in a day or two after leaving Scotland but, as the ship was heavily laden, she rolled strongly and shipped much water. The occupants of the deck cabin had some exciting times.

At Disko the primary task of the expedition began. It was an investigation of cosmic rays in high latitudes, and required the sending of recording apparatus into the higher levels of the atmosphere by means of balloons. Eight days were spent here in making several pilot balloon flights, for investigating winds, in preparing for the main flights and in fighting a losing battle with mosquitoes. The arctic mosquito is renowned and his qualities have not been exaggerated. After leaving Disko we made our way up the coast, calling at Nugssuaq where the mosquitoes were bigger and better even than those of Godhavn, at Upernivik, and at the Ryder Islands. Geological and cosmic ray work proceeded as occasion offered. During all this time we sighted no pack-ice, although icebergs were numerous, and it became apparent that we had struck an exceptional year. In fact no pack was encountered until Kane Basin was entered. Although the lack of ice simplified navigation, it caused a serious lack of fresh food as seals can only be shot successfully when resting on the ice. Indeed we tasted no seal during the entire trip, but the larder was replenished with guillemot and occasionally with ptarmigan and hare. The lack of ice was in striking contrast to the conditions encountered on Wordie's last expedition in 1934, when six weeks were spent waiting for the ice in Melville Bay to go out.

Thule was reached on 6 August. Here Paterson and Drever were left ashore to continue their vocations, to be joined two days later by Robin and Dymond bringing in the remains of a balloon apparatus which had come down on land and which they had recovered. The remainder of the party sailed for the Cary Islands, the chart of which was found to be misleading and deficient. Although much hampered by fog, a rough survey of the islands was carried out. The ship returned to Thule on the 12th and sailed north again the next day after a balloon flight.

Thule was the base of Haig-Thomas's expedition, consisting of Haig-Thomas, John Wright and R. A. Hamilton, who intend doing survey work in Ellesmere Land during the coming year. We had met them on several occasions coming up the coast, and were to see them again later. Haig-Thomas is a Johnian, so the College was well represented in the North this year.

After three more calls on the Greenland coast Ellesmere Land was reached. Here the archaeologists became very busy disinterring the remains of old Eskimo settlements, and the abandoned Royal Canadian Mounted Police post on Bache Peninsula was visited. This was the most northerly point reached by the expedition (79° 04′) and it is usually not accessible by ship due to the quantity of ice in Kane Basin. Here we met our first pack-ice and shot a walrus. This was indeed a red-letter day. Walrus meat might not be regarded with favour in civilization, but after nearly two months of bully beef fresh meat in any form is welcome.

This was the first occasion on which the ship could show her qualities as an ice-boat, and to those who had not been in ice before it was a great experience to see how she nosed her way among the floes, under the pilotage of the captain in the crows-nest. When progress was blocked she would charge the floe, and by riding over it break it up with her weight.

After sailing down the coast of Ellesmere Land as closely as the ice permitted, Craig Harbour Police post was reached on the 22nd. This is the only occupied post in Ellesmere Land, and the most northerly in the British Empire. Here Paterson

went ashore to study the Eskimo, while one of the mounted police came aboard for a visit to North Devon Island. At Cape Hardy (Cape Sparbo) there is a large herd of musk oxen, nearly a hundred of which were sighted. They are strictly preserved by the Canadian Government, and form one of the principal charges of the police in this district. After more digging of Eskimo houses, Paterson was picked up at Craig Harbour and the voyage was continued south to Baffin Land.

Here the interests of the expedition were geographical. Between Capes Bowen and Adair is a stretch of coast which is uncharted, although it has often been visited by whalers in the past. Six fjords, some running forty to fifty miles inland, were discovered and surveyed as thoroughly as time permitted. In all about six hundred miles of new coast-line were charted in a fortnight, which may be considered a record for speed. All hands were engaged on the work, and it was a busy time. A few shore excursions showed that the very fine scenery of the fjords did not extend inland, which is rolling hill country with no very pronounced forms.

This work formed a fitting close to the activities of the expedition. Baffin Land was left on 7 September, and after a stay of five days at Godhavn for one more balloon flight, a fast passage was made to Leith which was reached on 2 October.

It has been a most successful expedition. In the short space of three months including the voyage out and back, much work was done in many fields. It will take time before all the results are fully worked out, but it is already apparent that some striking results have been obtained from the balloon flights, some of which reached a height of about seventeen miles. Drever has found important territory in the study of the geology of West Greenland; Paterson has made an extensive collection of string figures and cultural objects of the Eskimo; and the labours of the digging crew under the leadership of Lethbridge have been very well rewarded. Finally an important addition to the map of Northern Baffin Land has been made.

The task of integrating all these activities was no easy one,

but we have the leader to thank not only for providing the opportunity for so many varied investigations, but also for seeing that all worked smoothly together. It was a voyage not lightly to be forgotten.

E. G. D.

HYPERBOLES TO LOVE

WHEN Cleopatra wrought Mark Anthony
to ductile, but undutiful, plasticity,
the Roman world no doubt sorrowed the sacrifice
of "higher ideals" to a woman's artifice.

And Christ annoyed the traditional complacency
of ancient men to whom the Sabbath ears of corn would be
the bruit of battles they had never heard,
the cornucopia whose riches they had never stirred.

(And so those jewels old men had failed to grow
cast, to warm cold hearts by, as the reflected glow
of pearl or diamond—muttered oration, ruffling pale eyes,
as their youth-chested prophecies, gaining, thus, their consolation-prize!)

In losing half the world Mark Anthony secured
the eastern star, but became not easily inured
to loss of provinces; the Agony and Crucifixion must have been
no easy price (even for a long Roman Catholic future seen).

My love (close the grip over it) individualized this time,
—too wise, I trust, to hurl backward for Sensibility to rhyme
of time's burials!—is as if Mark Anthony
in compassing the star, knocked down, like pins, the whole galaxy!

As if old men, metamorphosing stone desires
in merriment sent him to bed with sacrificial fires,
and did their best to ease Messiah's road;
you (opening all roads for me) metamorphose every episode.

G. H. P.

SERENADE TO AN ABSENT LADY

Your beauty now affects me spasmodically, the bright
iridescence has no power to scorch,
because the rays are broken up, refracted light;
my love smoulders behind my absence from you, like a torch
at the bottom of water; by an act of will
I can thrust my remembrance of you back some dozen years
(it reminds me of pushing a seed with my forefinger until
the soil covers it, but in this case, even the dropping of my tears,
the choice fertilization of my spirit's blood, effect no fruition!).
The task cries for patience, for sometimes my memory grows
too subtle, and brings you and the pain, close; but the intuition
that time cultivates, the well-exercised faculty that throws
Wordsworthian shadowings will succeed in the end;
I have, at least, had some practice at this burial-game;
several graves scar my spirit; the wounds will mend,
at least on the surface, and I am prepared for the same
grafting of skin, layer by layer, and I suppose the abrasion
will leave no after-effect, save perhaps some darkening of the blood;
in any case, one's energies must be re-concentrated by persuasion
of reason—and necessity (casting upon the flood
the crusts of love, or so we hope) to penetrate again,
in the hope of touching the body, this illusion,
life's most important; but with repeated failure we grow tired, until the brain,
sentimentalizing its memorials, automatically rejects each new intrusion
(...and, indeed, who doubts this numbness will be preferable?).

G. H. P.

DEATH SITS AT DINNER

by

BUNBURY SMITH

It was a good dinner party. Margaret had worried about it before, but it certainly seemed to be going as it should. Everybody was gay, and the crowd didn't seem as motley as it had when, a few nights ago, she had hurriedly asked them for dinner. It was just like Elinor to come into town of a sudden that way—she always did the unexpected. But at least, these people she had managed to get together seemed to be enjoying themselves. The conversation took care of itself, and flowed lazily about the table.

August Rutherford was talking now. She ought to be listening, because he always talked so well and cleverly. He was an exceedingly well-read man, her husband's partner, yet she could never like him. After what he had done she had always hated him. It was awful having to entertain a man you hated.

"You know", he was saying, "very much about an author by the name of Saltus?" No one did and he went on. "He isn't well known any more, but in his time, he died in 1921, he was decidedly sophisticated. Just about nineteen hundred he was at the height of his fame. I was looking through my library and found a book of his. Idly I picked it up, and began to thumb through it. His style is really very good, and he would be considered sophisticated even to-day. He has a very charming way of putting things."

"Yes," said Louise, "that's right—he does put things awfully well. August lent me a book of his essays and I found them quite entertaining. He has his own sort of whimsy—I believe he must have been the inspiration for Peter Pan."

"Well," began Dick, but he was interrupted.

"I just love Peter Pan," gushed Elinor, "and I think Barrie is just marvellous."

"Hear, hear," said Bob, "beautiful young deb confesses having read book. Scandal. Call for Winchell. Don't you

know that it is against all tradition to read? Why, in these days, that's comparable to high treason. You can't be doing that. And all this time I'd been thinking you were so well brought up. It just goes to show."

Yes, there was no doubt that the dinner party was going well. August had done more than his share to keep the conversation up. He seemed popular enough. And every one else seemed to like him so well. Look, his sister had just put the sugar in his cup for him. "Strange", she mused. Then Louise had carefully cut a peach, offered him half and eaten half herself. Even Joe across the table offered him something. Yes, there was no doubt he was popular. But still she could hardly bear having him to dinner. He had brought Louise Scott, the one who had talked about that book, by that supposedly sophisticated author. She hadn't known whom to get for him; he had suggested bringing Louise. But she hardly knew Louise, had met her once or twice before, and that only casually. She worked somewhere, an advertising office wasn't it? But this was Elinor's party, why should she worry about these others. Elinor seemed to be having a good time.

"Gosh, that's a good-looking ring you have on, Elinor", Bob was saying, from across the table. "Looks like an antique of some sort. Where did you get it?"

"Dad brought it back to me from Florence a couple of years ago. He picked it up in an old antique shop. It has some sort of a story with it—but I've forgotten it. It's a lucky ring, supposed to bring good luck to whomsoever wears it, if the person be good; but, if the person be bad, the ring will bring nothing but bad luck. It makes me feel so virtuous—so far I've had good luck."

"You've got it all wrong," said Bob, "it must bring good luck to those that are bad—I've long since lost all belief in good woman. There ain't no sech animule."

"That just shows how young and inexperienced you really are," volunteered Joe Rayfield. "Only when you get to be as old as I am, do you, after years of search find that there are good women, and get over this pseudo disbelief that marks

youth. But it is an awfully good-looking ring. Could I see it, please, Elinor."

"No, I'm sorry," she cried, and stopped. Then, "You see I never take it off ever, have never had it off. I guess it's a silly superstition, isn't it?"

"Florence, you say, you got it?" put in Frances. "It is very beautifully carved."

"Yes, those Italians certainly were masters in the arts," said Sarabel.

"And that wasn't all they were good in," answered Bob. "Now those people were masters of intrigue. They had more plots and counter plots per square inch of land than any other country in the world. And the people they didn't like they put out of the way in the most approved sort of manner. It was nothing at all to give a dinner party, and have the host the only one to get up from the table alive. In those days people used to be afraid to go out to dinner for fear they'd come back in a coffin. And then sometimes, they were even cleverer than that. A Roman host would give a very fine party and everyone would go home feeling fine and dandy, go to bed, relieved, thinking they hadn't been poisoned that way, and never wake up. Oh it was great in those days. But they didn't have any rules. What those people really needed was an umpire, somebody to see that they did their poisoning according to Hoyle. But even without an umpire, though, they did it skilfully. Why, suppose they had a dinner like this, suppose, John, our dearly beloved host, had decided he wanted to get rid of his partner, August, across the table, how easy it would be. All he would have to do was to have been a bit careless when he poured August's cocktail. Or he could have gotten that dark handsome servant of his to drop something into one of August's plates. But it would, I guess, be wiser to have done it himself, with no confederate. It's always tough on the confederate, because, usually he gets killed too. And then perhaps, when we got up from dinner, we would leave August sitting, no outcry, no disturbance, no nothing. He'd just be dead. What do you think, August, it's a mighty fine plan isn't it? You approve, don't you?"

August sat there quietly thinking before answering. Perhaps he was thinking of better ways to kill people than that, perhaps his mind had wandered to something else. At any rate, he didn't answer.

"What do you think, August? After all, it's you I've just killed."

"My God," Frances screamed, "he is dead."

August didn't move, just sat there, sitting staring straight ahead.

Silence settled on the table, a strange deadly dull void. People sat. Suddenly Dick got up, walked over to where Rutherford was, picked him up and carried him out to the next room. An excited hum of voices broke out, people talked, screamed, walked about, did nothing, everything, then suddenly broke and followed Dick into the other room.

They stood there about him, kneeling by the figure on the couch, huddled in a frightened half circle, each scared to ask the one question uppermost in every mind. Finally Dick turned around and faced them. "He's had another attack. I don't believe he will live. You go home, all of you, you can't do any good here—and don't get hysterical. John will take care of you."

Slowly they filed out of the room, out into the great huge hall. Once again they were all silent. Silently they got their coats, silently they left the apartment, silently the door closed behind each group. It was a sober, sombre partythat left now.

John came into the room where Dick was taking care of August. "What is it, Dick," he said, "any chance?"

Dick looked up for a moment, met John's glance, and then answered. "No," he said, "he's dead, was dead when I picked him up and brought him in here. He's had a weak heart, you know, must have been sitting there at the table dead, for ten minutes I guess. But," and he paused, looked questioningly at John again, and then slowly went on, "he didn't die, John, he was murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, poisoned."

"But who would poison him?"

"That's what we have to find out. I thought it was his heart a while ago—but it's not. John, August has been murdered, poisoned here. I'll call the police—and I guess you'd better tell Margaret. See to it that nothing is disturbed at the table."

It seemed ages until the police finally did come. Finally though, after innumerable pacings up and down the room, after innumerable attempts to try to start conversation, conversation which lapsed soon into a sickening silence, there came the awaited ring at the door. The three rushed to the door, and admitted the two men standing waiting. The one looked just like a policeman and a detective should, was in fact, complete in almost every detail, even to the large feet that amateur authors so like to write about. He was a hulking sort of man, huge, with a square large-boned face. The other, though, was different, tall and thin and sensitive looking.

"So, there's been a murder committed here," the large one said. "I'm Sergeant Monahan—this is Dr Butler—let's have a look at the body."

The five of them trooped into the room where Dick had carried Rutherford. "That's him", he said, "on the bed there."

"But this ain't no murder," protested the sergeant after a cursory examination of the body. "This ain't no murder, that man just died. What the hell made you think it was murder, anyhow? It's just heart failure, that's all. In my day I've seen many and many a case of murder, and they ain't none of 'em looked like that. That guy just died. People oughter have sense enough not to get us out of bed in the middle of the night when a man just ups and dies. Hell, everybody dies sometime. Whyn't you go see a doctor before you gets us up here. Jeest, and I was winnin' when I left too. It's you dumb birds that makes us cops work hard. Whyn't you call a doctor first?"

"But I am a doctor," said Dick, "and that man's been poisoned. It happens that a friend of mine has been studying poisons. Just recently I read some of his books. This man has been poisoned by nicotine. Look at the pupils of his

eyes; notice the dilation. Smell that strong odour of tobacco. It wouldn't be strange on a man who smoked, but August Rutherford never smoked. August Rutherford was murdered here to-night by some one of those ten people at Margaret's dinner party."

"Jeest," the sergeant said, "Jeest."

The tall thin man stepped forward, busied himself with the body, while Monahan looked on avidly, his eyes almost popping out of his head. The three others walked around the room. Margaret was nervously playing with a cigarette lighter picked up from a nearby table. From time to time her eyes wandered over to the bed and the still figure on it, then to her husband, and finally back to the lighter she was toying with. John, smoking viciously, paced up and down the room, his eyes never leaving the floor before him. Dick stood there, watching each of the others in his turn. He was busy with his thoughts. Murder, here, to-night, while they were sitting at dinner. Who could it have been, and when and how? Why, Rutherford had been talking brilliantly all during dinner, except, he recalled, for the last few minutes. But his silence had gone unnoticed in all the conversation about him.

The tall thin man broke the silence. "Yes, it's murder, right enough. And I'm pretty sure it's nicotine. I'll have the stomach analysed to-morrow. But if it's nicotine, we have a clever murderer to trap. If your young doctor friend here hadn't put me on the right track, I would have said it was heart failure. The only evidences in nicotine poisoning are dilation of the pupils and strong odour of tobacco. Neither of those symptoms are extraordinary. If the young man had not been so well versed in poisons, I would have said heart failure. But it's murder."

There was a gasp, and Margaret tumbled to the floor in a faint. The sergeant standing nearby, turned to pick her up, but was interrupted suddenly. "No you don't", said John, "I'll take care of her myself. Keep your hands off her." Savagely he lifted her off the floor and then carrying her over to a chair deposited her on it tenderly. "Get some water, if you want to make yourself useful." The sergeant departed

uncertainly in the direction of the kitchen, and soon came back with a glass of water.

Margaret was beginning to waken again. "Here, drink this," her husband said, giving her the glass he had taken from the sergeant. "Do you feel better now?" he said.

"Yes, I'm alright. I must have fainted. I'm sorry, but the shock...."

"You go up to bed, dear, we'll take care of this."

"Is that alright?" she looked questioningly at the sergeant.

"Yes'm," he said, "we'll know where you are if we want you."

"Oh!" and she left.

"Say, Doc," volunteered Monahan, "what do you think if I call 'em to get this here corpse and then while we're waitin' we look around?"

"Yes," answered Butler. "I'm quite sure that that diagnosis is right, but we'd better have a check anyhow for form's sake. What about his family?" he asked, turning to Ellis.

"None, he lived alone in his apartment. Father died when he was quite young, mother a few years ago. Since then he's lived alone. Only son, and no near relatives I know of."

"No one to notify, then."

"That's right."

"Good. Go ahead and 'phone, Monahan."

In a few minutes the sergeant turned away from the 'phone. "They'll be here right off."

"Let's have a look around, now. Where's the dining room?"

"Right here," and Ellis led the way.

Once at the scene of the crime, Sergeant Monahan took capable charge. "Everything's got to stay the way it was. Don't touch nothin' at all, till we get some pictures took. Now where did the dead one sit?"

"Right here," they pointed.

"Nobody ain't touched nothing yet?"

"Nope, nobody's been in here."

"This ought to be a pipe, then, a cinch to figger this one out. You was all sittin' around drinkin' coffee when you seen

he was dead. But look there ain't no coffee cup here nor no drinkin' glass. This is gettin' complicated. He probably took it in his coffee or his water, huh, doc? Well, which one of you took 'em?" His tone became menacing. "Which one of you was it? You was the only ones around here after it was done—which one of you took 'em?"

No answer.

"So you won't talk, huh? Well, wait till the chief sees you in the mornin', you'll talk for him, plenty. But it'll go easier if you talk now, plenty easier."

"Say," John suddenly whirled on Monahan, "where did you get that glass of water you got for my wife? My God," and he turned and dashed madly up the stairs.

"Jeest," Monahan said dazedly, "jeest, you know that's right—I just walked in here and took the first thing handy. That glass was full so I took it. Jeest, she's drunk up all the evidence. What'll the chief say?"

"Shut up, you idiot," Dick thundered, "what if she's dead? How'd you like to be on trial for murder? But I don't think she is. That glass you brought in here was untouched."

John came back down. "She's alright," he gasped. "I found her tight asleep with the window open. I thought I'd never wake her. But she's alright. That poison's so fast it would have worked by now, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Dr Butler, "it works in something between five and twenty-five minutes."

"Then if she had it, she'd be dead by now."

"Yes."

"Thank God. If my wife had died, there would have been one more murder here to-night"—he turned to Monahan.

"Jeest," the sergeant murmured, getting a wee bit red above the collar.

Just then the door bell rang again. It was the men who had come to take the body away and take the pictures. The Sergeant got the names of all the people who had been there, warned the three at the apartment to stay in town and left. He wanted awfully to get back to that poker hand.

"Well," Dick said, "Margaret's alright now, isn't she? I guess I'll go too. You can take care of everything. I'll call you up early in the morning. If you need anything to-night don't hesitate to call me."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

As he walked along the street toward his car, Dick noticed something shining on the sidewalk under the street light. Idly he glanced at it, then suddenly with a show of interest picked it up, examined it carefully and put it in his pocket. He looked around for more of them, but couldn't find any.

Sarabel had not yet gone to bed when the doorbell pealed a summons through the apartment. Somewhat amazed she went to the door, and opening it, found Dick outside.

"What about August, Dick?" she asked. "And what brings you here now? Did he die?"

"That's what brings me here. He's dead."

"Dead, and only to-night I sat across from him at dinner and laughed and talked and joked with him. I can't understand it."

"Neither can I. But Sarabel, he didn't die; August was murdered."

"Murdered?" again incredulously, "murdered!"

"Yes, murdered to-night during dinner."

"But that's impossible. There was only our crowd there, and all of us liked him. He can't have been murdered."

"Listen, Sarah, August never smoked, did he?"

"No, never, not so far as I know. But what's that got to do with all this about killing?"

"Well, he was poisoned with nicotine."

"But who would want to poison him? I can't understand it at all. Are you sure there isn't some mistake? I thought you said it was heart-failure when we left."

"I thought so at first, too, but that overpowering odour of tobacco put me on the track. And if he had been a little more careful; if August had smoked habitually, there would have been no way in the world for anyone to tell that he had been poisoned."

"Have they called the police? Do you think they'll get him?"

"To the first, yes; to the second, no. Now this is why I came here. The police at present are represented by one Sergeant Monahan, probably the dumbest cop that ever trod a beat. The murderer is clever—his use of nicotine shows that. I, for one, liked August. I am going to find out who killed him and see him brought to justice. I came here to see if you would help. Will you?"

A pause. Then, "Yes—yes, of course!"

"It's going to be a hard job, for if I guess right, we'll have to fight not only the murderer, but also the police. We will have to work, quickly and efficiently."

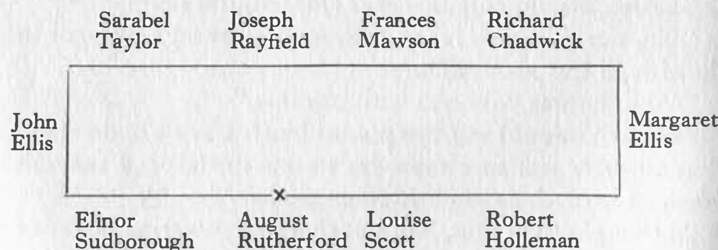
"We can, I think."

"Good. Now I thought we might get Bob in on this too. He's a chemist, working right now on nicotine. He ought to be able to help us a lot along that line. Or do you think three cooks are too many?"

"No, get Bob. He's quiet and efficient."

"Alright, I'll call him up and tell him to keep his mouth shut and come right over. Meanwhile, see if you can draw up a picture of the table. Do you remember where everyone was sitting?"

"I think so." She got pencil and paper, and busied herself with the drawing. When Dick came back she handed it over to him silently.



"Good. Bob will be right over. I told him to look up all he could find on nicotine—and that I'd tell him what it was for when he arrived. Now let's see who could have killed him from where they sat. That's going to let some of them out. He didn't get up from the table, did he?"

"No. How long does it take the poison to act?"

"I don't know exactly, but I think it's very fast. We'll have to wait till Bob comes. Now, John and Margaret and Bob and I were all too far away from him to have administered the poison ourselves. That leaves six possible suspects; no, counting out August, five."

"But what about John or Margaret? They could have arranged it, through the butler. And the butler himself, or the cook."

"That's right. That makes nine all told."

"Let's look over them and see what sort of motives we can find. We'll go around the table clockwise. First, there's John, our host. What about him?"

"He was August's partner in the brokerage business. Someone said they hadn't been doing so well lately. That can be looked into."

"But John's not the sort of man to commit murder."

"Neither is anyone else who was there. We can't let personal prejudice interfere with our reasoning, if we want to find the murderer."

"True, but..." She was interrupted by the doorbell, and a moment later, Dick ushered Bob in.

"Bob," Dick said, "August's been murdered, poisoned, and we want to find out who did it. Are you in with us?"

"Yes," Bob answered. "Poisoned, nicotine, hmm! That's what I thought coming up here. Clever killer."

"Right. Tell us what you know about nicotine."

"Well, nicotine is the most powerful poison known to man. The fatal dose is six milligrams; it is ten times as powerful as prussic acid. One drop of it on the tongue of a cat killed the cat in seventy-eight seconds. It is one of the four rapid poisons, killing a human in about fifteen minutes. No antidote is known. There are but three cases of its use as a poison on human beings on record. Two of these were suicide. The third was the famous case of Count Bocarmé, which enlisted the attention of the famous chemist, Stas. Bocarmé actually studied chemistry to learn about nicotine, and the cleverness of the poison was only counterbalanced by the

crudity with which it was administered. The victim was lured to the count's château, and there forcibly fed enough of the poison to kill a regiment. Stas even found traces of it on a plank in the floor. Bocarmé tried to remove the traces by pouring strong acetic acid into the victim's mouth afterwards, but Stas found the poison, and Bocarmé was convicted and executed. I am convinced many cases of nicotine poisoning have gone undiscovered."

"Can't", asked Sarabel, "the stomach be analysed and nicotine found there?"

"Yes, but if the man is a smoker, that may be expected anyhow."

"What about symptoms?" asked Bob. "From what I know, it's merely dilation and contraction of the pupils of the eyes, and an overpowering odour of tobacco."

"Yes. If the dose is too large, also convulsions."

"Then it seems we have a very clever man to deal with, who must also know something about chemistry," said Dick. "Sarah and I have made a plan of the table and are going over the possible suspects. Here it is. We've already considered John, and we're going around the table clockwise. Next comes Sarabel. We can skip her of course, and next...."

"No," she interrupted, "we can't skip her. You said before we can not be influenced by personal prejudice. I was in a position to reach across the table and poison August. I also may have had a motive. You know Dad died five years ago, practically penniless. He had borrowed on his insurance and there was almost nothing of value left. August was a close friend of his. He put me through school, and got me my job now. I make just about enough to live on, and had planned some day to make enough to pay August back. He has told me often that when he dies I will be well provided for. I may have killed him to get his money."

"Next comes Joe," put in Bob, "any motive there?"

"Yes," said Dick, "worked for Rutherford, Ellis. Might find something there."

"Wait," put in Bob. "You know Joe has no apparent source of income, yet he always seems to have enough to live

on. He got along for a while by playing the stock market, used to borrow money from the firm in an informal way, and always managed to pay it back again. Recently his luck's turned, and he's been caught embezzling. John knew nothing about it—only August. I walked in to call for Joe one night about five-thirty and heard August give him hell about it. There was no one else there, so I walked right out again and never said anything about it. I've never heard any mention about it since. Maybe August had planned to prosecute Joe, and was about to turn him over to the police."

"We'll have to investigate that," said Dick. "But I don't think that Joe would poison a victim, might shoot him, but then you can't tell."

"But", answered Bob, "didn't Joe pass him something across the table?"

"Yes," Sarabel answered, "that's right. I do remember that. I wonder about Joe."

"I'll see what I can find out to-morrow," said Dick. "Frances is next."

"She's a friend of yours, Sarabel, what about her?"

"I don't know much about her. She went to school with me, does nothing now. No motive as far as I can see."

"Then there's me," said Dick. "What about it?"

"No motive," came the chorus.

"I feel better now. And Margaret?"

"No obvious motive there. But she seemed awfully strange to-night," said Sarah.

"Yes," answered Dick, "and when we were talking about the murder she fainted. I wonder!"

"And me, now," said Bob, "no motive, but lots of poison. I'm working right now trying to extract the nicotine from tobacco, to make harmless cigarettes. I've got lots of the stuff in my lab."

"But you were too far away to reach August. Now Louise—we don't know much about her—writes copy for one of the department stores—no motive there."

"Wait," said Sarah. "Didn't she offer him a peach? I think she did. That looks quite strange indeed. After all we don't know very much about Louise."

"Yes, but when she offered him that peach, she cut it in half, and ate half herself. I happened to notice that. You can't poison just half a peach," said Bob. "No, she can't have done it."

"That leaves only Elinor," said Sarabel. "Did you notice the ring she wore?"

"Yes, with the intricate carving."

"That's it. Well it's one of those rings that are hollow inside and can contain liquid, I'm quite sure. The sort of stuff the Borgias used. She put the sugar in August's coffee for him. I noticed that. It seemed strange at the time. And she wouldn't take off the ring to show us."

"And the coffee cup was gone, after dinner," said Dick.

"Any motive?" asked Bob.

"Elinor was Margaret's kid sister. Sudborough is her name. You know the firm started out as Sudborough and Rutherford, then John married into it. Rutherford and Sudborough never got along well, and finally August accused his partner, Elinor's father, of juggling accounts. There was a great hullaballoo about it, and it was all over the front pages of the papers. Sudborough was of the old school, and when this happened he was well beyond seventy and the shock killed him. The two girls were still quite young; their mother had died at Elinor's birth. Anyhow, they insisted that the case be completed. Their father was completely exonerated and August was almost placed on trial for perjury. Elinor never had the chance to know her mother, but she deeply loved her father. Since that time she has deeply and completely hated August. Now I guess I'll be frank about it all. From all that I can piece together, it looks as though Elinor is the logical suspect. I don't believe she did it—in fact she's a good kid—I rather like her. That's frankly why I want to find out who killed August. Monahan will pick Elinor. We've got to find the true murderer."

"Yes," answered Sarabel, "I'm sure she didn't do it."

"Elinor isn't the sort of girl to commit murder. I'm sure about that. She can't have done it."

"Check", said Bob. "Now we still have the servants to consider."

"I know nothing about them," said Dick. "They're married—we'll have to wait till the detectives investigate before we find out more. Let's call it a day now, and go home and sleep on it. See if we can't put things together. It looks an awful lot like Elinor to me, though. We'll all be called up to-morrow. Let's see what happens then, and we'll talk about it after that. With this dumb Monahan, I don't want them to get Elinor. Well, good-night."

They left.

The next day both Dick and Bob were busy. Dick spent a good part of the afternoon in the morgue of a newspaper, and Bob spent an hour or so in the library.

At eight-thirty that evening, Elinor rang at the door of the Ellis apartment, was met by the butler and shown into the living room.

"The master will be right down, miss." Strange the way John had called up this morning and asked her to be at his apartment at eight-thirty that night.

Over the phone he had sounded casual enough, or perhaps it had been a studied casualness. But here her train of thought was interrupted by another arrival.

"The master will be right down, miss." And the butler withdrew respectfully. Frances sat down at the other side of the room.

"Good evening," Elinor ventured timidly. "Are you waiting to see John, too?"

"Yes, he called me up, and said he must see me at eight-thirty this evening. He sounded quite worried. I saw in the papers this morning, that August had died. It must be about that. He was so cheerful at dinner, somehow it seems strange that he died then. . . ."

"Yes, it is strange. In fact, I think it's damned suspicious," interrupted a male voice.

Two heads turned towards the speaker.

"Hello, Joe", said Elinor, brightly, "all we need now is a fourth for bridge."

"It's not so funny as that," he said. "What does John want of us here to-night? I think it's damn strange. 'Be sure to be here at eight-thirty,' he said. 'Break any other appointments you may have. This is important.' And so I came. And there's no John, just you two. If it weren't for what happened to August last night, I'd think he were playing some sort of practical joke on us. I suppose you saw in the paper a notice of his death, didn't you? It seems mighty queer to me. It's not natural for a man just to die in the middle of a meal that way, so quiet like. I never did like him much, anyhow."

The rest of the party began to appear then, until finally all eight of them were assembled there in the huge living-room. It was quarter to nine then, and still no sign of John.

Suddenly Margaret came down and into the room. She was besieged with questions. "Where was John?" "Why had he called them all together?" "When would August's funeral be held?" She didn't know. John had told her that he must go out, would return shortly, she should entertain the group in his absence. They should all stay there—he would be back—under no conditions should they leave before he got back. And so they waited there, all of them.

They were moving around the room, restlessly, all vaguely uncomfortable. A wave of doubt, of fear and worry seemed to sweep over them all. Outside over the city, even the signs seemed no longer to blink reassuringly. The people wandered about the room at random, idly picking up small objects on the tables, fingering them and putting them down again. Conversation had dwindled. Each preferred to be alone with his thoughts. One among these people had killed August Rutherford just about twenty-four hours ago. What must that person have felt, wandering idly about the room? There could be in one mind no doubt that the crime had been discovered, that the poisoning of Rutherford had been made known, that soon there would be questions, and answers, that must be convincing.

Suddenly there was a crash, and a smothered scream. All of them stopped still and looked. A little jade statuette had slipped to the floor. Elinor stood above it, looking down. "It's broken," she mumbled, "broken. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it. It slipped." And she crumpled into a chair beside the table and began to cry. Margaret walked over to her, took her hand, and started to comfort her.

Just then the door opened, and John entered. With him was Sergeant Monahan.

All of them turned at his entrance and looked at him.

"Hello, John," Joe said. "Not having a party are you?"

"No, not exactly a party. Sit down all of you." All of them sat down. "Now listen. August Rutherford was murdered here last night." All of them gasped in concert—"Murdered" the word sounded through the room, then died. John went on. "To save you the trouble and embarrassment of going to headquarters, Sergeant Monahan has agreed that you could all assemble here. Margaret, will you get Mr and Mrs Funk, please?" When the butler and cook had arrived, he went on.

"One of you, all assembled here last night, poisoned August Rutherford. He was my partner. All of you are my friends, yet if it takes me the rest of my life, I will find who killed Rutherford, and avenge him, by legal means or other. This is Sergeant Monahan from headquarters."

Monahan took his cue. "One of you killed that guy, see. And we're going to stay here till we find out who it is. So, you better make yourself comfortable for it'll be a damn long wait. Now, who's the cook? You, and what's your name?"

"Mrs Funk, sir."

"And where's Mr Funk?"

"Here. I buttle, sir."

"You what?"

"Buttle, sir."

"What's a buttle, sir, anyhow? Dammit, what do you do here?"

"He's the butler, Monahan," put in John.

"And you, the cook, you're married, huh?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice anything strange about Rutherford last night at dinner?"

"No."

"You served him his coffee, was he alive then?"

"Yes."

"Nothing strange about him?"

"No."

"Did you see him after that?"

"No."

"How long have you worked here?"

"Ten years."

"Before that, where?"

"We lived on a farm."

"So you're country folks, farmers, huh? Did you know Rutherford?"

"I only saw him here."

"Who do you think poisoned him?"

"I—I—I—I don't know."

"This is your wife, huh?"

"She didn't poison him, no sir, she wouldn't poison anybody, not even me, sir. She didn't even know him. Did you Mame?"

"No, I never saw him."

"O.K. Now who sat next to him last night—that's who must 'a done this job. This is gonna be a snap."

"Why, I did," said Louise.

"Well, why did you kill him? Come on confess now, that'll make it easier for your pals here. Save'm a lotta trouble. That's what they say in them detective books ain't it—cherchеez the feeme. I've always wanted to be a guy like this P. Vance. Come on, why did you kill him, now?"

"Hold it, Monahan," said Joe angrily. "You know there was somebody at the other side of August and across from him too. Hadn't you better ask them about it, too? And we've had enough of this rough stuff."

"Jeest, I hadn't thought of that. That's a new one of these angles, ain't it? Jeest. Well, who sat on the other side?"

"Elinor did—the young lady over there on the chair by the table. She's my sister-in-law," said John.

"Huh—your sister-in-law? Well, miss, when did you notice anything strange about this Rutherford?"

"I didn't—he sort of went silent after his coffee, though. Didn't seem to say very much of anything."

"He was pretty dead to be talking. After his coffee, you say. And his coffee cup is missin' too. Sounds like somethin' to me. Any of you notice anything strange about his coffee?"

"You put the sugar in his coffee for him, didn't you, dear?" sweetly volunteered Frances. "I didn't want to say anything about it, dear, but as long as you're innocent, it won't make any difference, and I thought the man ought to know."

At the words, Joe gave an involuntary start, and half turned to Elinor, then thinking better, stopped.

"Yes, miss, that's right. We need co-operation. That's the way we can get this done quick. If the young miss ain't guilty, we'll know it right soon. And you there, you know the one I mean, you that turned around. What's so surprising about putting sugar in coffee that makes you jump like that? I guess you know a little more than you oughter. We'll see about that. Come on now, tell us what it was as made you jump. You better tell us now, 'cause I'll keep at you till we finds out."

"It was nothing, nothing at all. Just something I thought of. Nothing important," and gathering courage from the flow of words he went on. "Just something I thought of. Nothing to do with the murder, nothing at all."

"None of that stalling, now. You turned and looked at that babe there, didn't you? Elinor, her name is. What's this between you two? Looks as if you're hiding something. We'll find it out though. Come on now, what is it?"

"Nothing at all—just something I thought about—it doesn't make any difference."

"You wouldn't be so nervous if it don't make no difference. I've seen 'em at the line up in the morning when they'd took

something and didn't want to talk, and you're just like 'em. I'm damn interested in you. What's your name?"

"Rayfield."

"Rayfield what?"

"Joe, er—Joseph Emanuel Rayfield."

"Well, Rayfield, out with it. What'd you see then or think of?"

"It was nothing, just a ring." He stopped, amazed at what he had said.

"A ring, huh? What sort of a ring?"

"Oh," cooed Frances, "I remember that ring. That Italian one with all that beautiful carving—the one that you never took off, that brought you luck. I've seen one like it somewhere—I can't just remember where though."

"So you had a lucky ring, babe? Let's see it."

"I, uh, forgot it. What with the hurry and excitement when John called me, I forgot to put it on to-night."

"But this lady here", he pointed dramatically at Frances, "says you never took it off. Sounds fishy."

"Oh," and a half smile lit up her face, "that ring. I didn't know you meant that one. You see I have two rings."

"I don't care how many rings you have, babe. Let's see that one."

"I—I—I guess I sort of lost it to-day. I mean I don't have it, and it's not at home. I must have just lost it sort of. It was so stupid of me," and she managed another one of those sickly half smiles. "If I'd known you'd want it officer, but...."

"But what?"

"But Sergeant," said helpful little Frances, "now I remember. It was one of those poison rings. You know the sort that you press and liquid comes out from the inside, poison or something. The kind you said the Borgias used to use, Bob, when you were talking about poisons. You know the sort I mean."

"Oh, I know," said the sergeant. "I read a story about those things once. But what about this Bob guy? Which one of you is him?"

"I am."

"Was that ring one of those sort, that poison sort?"

"Yes."

"Jeest," and Monahan smiled brilliantly from ear to ear. "This case is easy. Just like I allus said. Chercheez the feeme. This looks pretty simple. This babe here sat next to him, and put sugar in his coffee, and she wore one of them poison rings. All we need now is the motive. We'll get that easy. You took that coffee cup with you when you left last night, huh? And I guess you threw the ring away with it this mornin'. Damn clever little babe. But we allus gets our man, just like them Northwest mounted we are. Allus gets our man."

"All we need now is a motive. What did you say your name was, babe?"

"Elinor."

"Elinor what?"

"Sudborough. Elinor Sudborough."

"Sudborough? That's your name, huh? Sudborough." And laboriously the sergeant traced out the idea that that name had conjured up. Suddenly, like an inspiration, it came. "Jeest, wasn't there a guy named Sudborough who got his name all over the papers? Some rich guy. You know him?"

"He was my father."

"Was? Oh yeah, he died—and later they found him ain't guilty. Embezzlin' ain't it? And they just missed gettin' the other fella for perjury—a put up job it was—that other guy—he—he's named Rutherford. Jeest, that's that dead guy. Say, I thought out a motive just like this P. Vance. Easy. Lessee now. This guy he accuses your father—a put-up job—and this Sudborough, then, he dies, from the shock like. And Rutherford—he's poisoned, and you sit next to him. Revenge for your father. You bought this ring, and dropped the stuff in his coffee. I'm not blamin' you, sister. I mighta done the same myself, but the law's the law. I'm sorry I hadda get you, miss, but we gotta do our duty. You was pretty clever, but the law, they allus gets their man. I think you'd better come with me."

"Say," Dick jumped up, "she didn't do it—I'm sure she didn't."

"Shut up, you," said the sergeant, "I'm runnin' this case. Get that."

Elinor burst out crying, sitting there on the stool.

Angrily, the sergeant turned around to the others. "The rest of you get along home now. I'll call for a taxi to take her to the station, and wait here with the miss. And all of you stay in town so I can get you as witnesses. Get that. Stay in town. You're liable to arrest if you leave. Thanks a lot, for a mighty interesting evening, and thank you lady," he said, as Frances swept majestically out of the room.

Waiting for the elevator, Dick drew Bob aside for a moment. "I think we'd better meet at Sarabel's house now. You'll come?"

"In a little while. I may be late though, I have something to do first."

Leaving the Ellis apartment, Bob drove quickly to the house where Elinor was staying. Parking his car on a side street where he could get it if he had to run for it, he started towards the house. Fortunately, it was a black night, and he couldn't be seen as he made his way across the dark deserted lawn. It was not much of a job to shinny up a tree and out over a branch to the side porch roof. Fortunately from a chance remark Elinor had made and from his familiarity with the house, he knew exactly where the room was. The window to her room was open, and entrance was easy.

Once inside the room, he quickly began searching her drawers. Swiftly and methodically he worked to the accompaniment of a half-audible string of curses beneath his breath. But if the ring was here, she had hidden it well. It was not in her bureau drawers, that was certain. Gingerly, somewhat shamefacedly, he began to feel about among her lingerie in the drawer below. He felt a jewel box, opened it, and got the ring. His hand had hardly curled about the object when the lights went on and he heard behind him the voice of Sergeant Monahan. "That'll be about all of that, Rayfield. Put 'em up."

"Huh, so it ain't Rayfield? You're Holleman, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"What're you doin' here? Just come over for tea, I guess. Say whatta yuh got in your hand? Let's see it." Bob made no motion. "What's that you got in your fist? Let's see it. So it's a ring, huh? That ring the babe never did without. The one she forgot, huh? She forgot it and you came to get it. Sounds interestin'. Jeest, say you're that guy Holleman, the chemist guy. Say I know somethin' mighty interestin' about you. You had a lot of nicotine in your lab. You work on it. And this guy he was killed with nicotine. Now you've come callin', lookin' for the ring. I think you'll come for a ride with us. Tough I had to catch you, wasn't it? But we allus gotta get our man."

Just then there was a scuffle downstairs. Then a policeman appeared, dragging Joe Rayfield by the arm.

"Here he is, Sarge, we got him just as he was bustin' in."

"Hi," said Monahan, smiling. "You're Rayfield, and you came to our party. Rayfield, I want you to meet a pal, Holleman. Holleman, this is Rayfield. Well, boys, I guess we'll be goin' now."

Dick and Sarabel sat waiting for Bob.

"What", asked Sarah, "do you think about Frances?"

"Not much," said Dick succinctly, "she's just an ordinary sort of female—a cat—and hasn't enough brains to murder anyone. She just doesn't quite take to Elinor. I know she wouldn't have guts enough to do it, even if she possessed the brains. And by the way, about the coffee cup. When everybody left last night, they drove straight away, didn't they? And they were all parked in front of the apartment?"

"Yes, that's right. I was the last to leave."

"Well, I parked my car on the side of the place. The living room and dining room look out on different sides from Margaret's bedroom. My car was parked on the bedroom side. As I was about to get in it, I picked up a piece of china—from that missing cup, I'm sure." He produced it. "See, there's a fragment of the design here. And it is such a small piece, it must have been dropped from pretty high. Margaret

fainted when the police doctor was examining the body, and when she went up to bed afterwards, she went through the dining room, on her way upstairs. I think she thought Elinor had done it when she put the sugar in Rutherford's cup, and wanted to protect her sister."

Just then they were interrupted by the telephone. Sarabel answered. "It's for you, Dick. It's Bob," she said, handing him the 'phone.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Dick, this is Bob. I'm in jail now."

"Jail?"

"Yes. I tried to get that ring, but Monahan got there first. He brought me here, knows about all that nicotine in the lab. Listen, Elinor is innocent. I'm sure. I smelled that stuff in her ring, and it's some damn fool love potion the kid had. They'll analyse it and have her out to-morrow, I guess."

"That's good."

"Now, they got Joe when they got me. He wanted the ring, too. He claims he's in love with Elinor, and wanted to help her. They've booked him on a charge of breaking and entering. I don't know how much they know. Now, one more thing. Get the *Evening Star* for May the third, 1928, and read the leading story. Then get to work if you can. Good luck."

"Star, May 3, 1928?"

"Yes, good-bye."

"Good-bye." He turned to Sarah. "I've got to go on an errand. Wait for me. I'll be back as soon as I can, and then maybe we'll pay a call together."

Half an hour later, Dick returned.

"Let's go pay that call now, Sarah," he said.

"But who are we going to call on?"

"Wait, and you'll find out."

Dick knocked on the door of the apartment. There was no answer. He knocked again. Still no answer. Just as he raised his hand to knock again, the door opened, and Louise stood there.

"Hello, how are you? Come in and sit down."

"Look," said Dick, pulling a little book out of his pocket, "I happened to remember that at that dinner party you said you liked Saltus's essays so much. Well, I got hold of this little book and found some awfully interesting parts in it. This one, for example, is particularly good."

"Just a second while I powder my nose." To Sarabel it seemed as though this operation took a long, long time, but in reality it was only a few seconds. What, wondered Sarabel, was all this about? Dick had made no mention to her of finding this book. What could it mean? But just then Louise turned round again. "Where is this passage now?" Dick handed her the book. "Sit down," she said, "take off your coats and sit down." Deeply interested she read the place he had marked. Then she thumbed the preceding pages, and reread them. "Yes, that is awfully interesting. Will you pardon me for a moment while I get a piece of paper to make a note on? I'll be right back." She left the room. Dick paced up and down the floor, up and down, ever restless, while Sarabel sat in a chair wondering. Louise reappeared. A dead white envelope was in her hands. Deliberately she sat down, opened the book, wrote a few words on the envelope, and again read the passage. Dick still paced the floor, and Sarabel sat, not moving, but following him with her eyes. All in the room was still—a deathly still. Suddenly, into the silence came a crash. Two pairs of eyes turned to Louise. The book had slipped to the floor. But Louise sat there, immobile, staring straight before her. No sound did she make sitting there staring.

Suddenly Sarabel screamed, "My God, she's dead too."

"Yes," said Dick, "she is. She killed Rutherford. She had to kill herself. That envelope is a note, I imagine."

It was a note, too. On the outside, written in a pathetically shaky hand, were the words, "To Dick and Elinor". Inside was one typewritten sheet:

"When you read this, you will know that I am dead. For I killed August Rutherford. I am not sorry—for he had to die. He killed my sister. On May the third, 1928, a girl by the name of Lola Lorraine jumped off the twentieth floor of

the Trust Building, and killed herself. Her right name was Jane Scott. She was my sister. She killed herself because he hounded her to death. So I killed him—and I'm not sorry. With Jane dead, life wasn't worth living. Perhaps you want to know how. I used nicotine. I borrowed some books from the library and found out how to make it, by boiling the tobacco with alcohol, and then distilling the essence. The nicotine comes over first, and I made a paste of it with starch. I always kept it in my compact, for any opportunity to kill him, and later so I could use it myself. I killed him the way Saltus suggests in that essay. I spread some of it on one side of a knife, then cut a peach with it. I gave him the poisoned side, and ate the other half myself. That's all. And I'm not sorry I did it—I'm glad, for he had to die."

Afterwards Sarabel asked Dick how he had come to suspect her. "Well," he answered, "most of it was luck. I wondered about nicotine and how to make it, so I went to the library to borrow some books about it. There are only a few good books on poisons, and the same person had taken all of them out before me. I was curious and asked. It was Louise. That aroused my suspicions. Then suddenly I remembered having read an essay by this man Saltus that tells about poison on a knife, and she was talking about him at dinner. I recalled seeing her cut a peach for Rutherford. All that was necessary then was the motive. Bob told me that, when he called from jail. I was astonished. I hadn't suspected Louise."

Afterwards, when they told Monahan, he was astonished too.

"Jeest," he said, and paused. "Jeest, just what I allus said, cherchez the feeme."

FANTASIA ON THE THEME: ELECTIVE AFFINITY

EDENIST Artists, Edenist Apples, Edenist Anchises,
Playing off the slopes, offer stalling offers to
The chef of Spartlecomb, toff who melts muff ices,
Talc that ticks on Carter's Isles a cooling igloo.
Spent is then the saturated newtslett; the snipe,
Wing in the wind, waiting, on icicles intent, imp
Of crove and stamp of virtue, steers a veering to
The green, swampy, plane-eatin' spy-hole where I spy.

E. B. H.

TAKING STOCK

WE, who are living at this point of time
We who can make a circle with our hand
And call it home, see the familiar clock
And know each drawer, in this is Mother's lace
In this the camera that is full of sand:
Perhaps, at times, we are complacent;
But seeing the past curled withering in the present,
We see the future too, the worm of time. For this
We desire no false start and no false ending.

These trees remind us of our sadness
The silent trees in this flat marsh in Holland,
The one child playing—so far from home—,
The grass sighing. Life is lived alone,
Affection does not meet with understanding,
My love does not respond to your demands.

Nor do these trees speak life—in them I read
Death and content, a finished book:
No home the painter saw in this dead marsh,
Or under the ten skies of Europe.
Now change the scene; the mood the same; but I
Sitting, with the handbook on my knee:
I see the fading daylight, in the town
The light is fading, and the painter dead.

And we are living at this point of time,
This space of time—the change is meaningless;
Or have I not made clear the ties that bind me?
The State, the Land, the Government, the Church,
All the desires of these unfinished days—
My parents foreigners, my friends divide me:
The liberal, the wit (with whom I vie),
The presbyterian (whose theology
Impresses me)—
If I deny, how shall they understand me?
The wit, the liberal, the presbyterian:
And I, denouncing all, renouncing none.

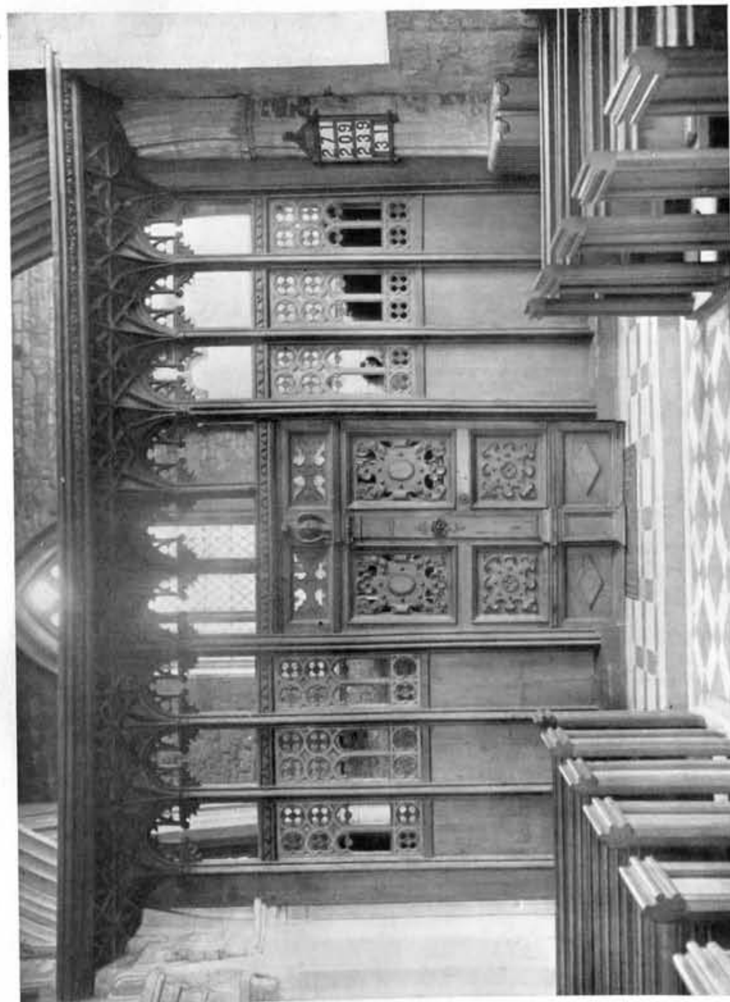
T. W. E.

THE OLD SCREEN AND ORGAN-CASES IN ST JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

by

AYMER VALLANCE

By an indenture, dated 20 June 1516, and entered upon between Dr Robert Shorton, Master of the College, and Thomas Loveday, of Sudbury, carpenter, the latter covenanted to make a Roodloft for St John's College, then newly founded, "after and according to the Roodelofte and Candell-beame in...Pembroke Hall" (placed there in 1463) "wyth Imagery and howsynge, such as shall be mete and convenient for the same works, and such as shall be advised by the discrecion of...Mr. Rob. Shorton"; and also "a doore into the Roodeloft, and a doore into the perclose there"; all to be finished "according to the best workmanship and proportion" by the ensuing Feast of All Saints (1 November) 1516. The accounts, which should record the removal of the great Rood under Edward VI, are wanting; but its restoration under Queen Mary is duly chronicled in the following item from the Audit Book of the College for the year 1555–6: "To the joyner for setting up ye Roode", *2d.* This sum is so



WHISSENDINE

insignificant that it looks as though the College had not allowed the Rood to be harmed in any way, but had carefully laid it by during King Edward's reign, to await the simple process of reinstatement in happier days.[1]

The College having decided to build a new chapel, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, the old one which measured 121 ft. long by 25 ft. 6 in. wide, was pulled down bodily in the summer of 1869. It had previously, in June 1868, been dismantled in readiness for demolition. The screen, however, was not entirely destroyed. Already ere this (it is believed during the Mastership of William Beale, 1633–44) the pulpitum had become considerably altered for the accommodation of the organ. It is supposed that previous to 1528 an organ existed "which seems to have been removed in about 1560. In 1634 a new instrument...was built by Robert Dallam at a cost of £185" (Andrew Freeman).

An item in the Audit Book for 1642–3 records a payment for taking down of the organ, and a further payment in the following year "when the organ was taken away". If not then, it must have been at the Restoration that there was set up the gallery for a larger organ, with a Renaissance parapet projecting from the archway eastwards, in a polygonal plan, into the quire. An entry in the Rental for 1710 shows the sum of £150 to have been paid to Renatus Harris for additions, comprising six stops to the instrument. A. F. Torrey, one-time Fellow, writing in 1888, describes as "of a somewhat incongruous character" the additions which, so he seems to imply, dated only from a reconstruction in 1838.

Two representations of the organ and gallery, viewed from within the quire, one of them a picture by Miss Colkett, the other an old photograph, show that the organ previous to 1868 consisted of two distinct parts, viz. the great organ and the choir organ. The pipes of the great organ, rising to the top of the mouldings of the arch, completely filled the upper part of the opening; while the choir organ was set forward considerably, and, projecting eastward from the front of the

[1] Robert Willis and John Willis Clark, *Architectural History of Cambridge*, II, 292.

gallery, hid all the middle portion of the parapet from its skirting-board upward.

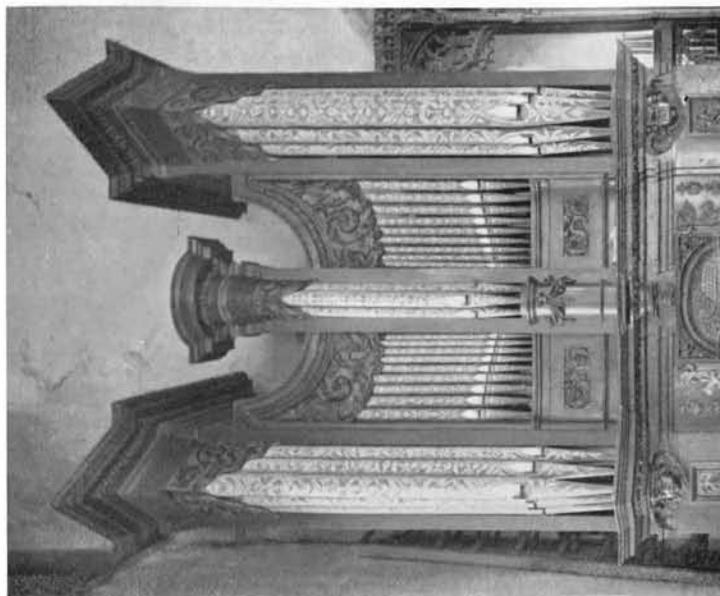
In 1868 the College retained the instrument for use in the new chapel, but the ornamental cases were sundered and disposed of separately, that of the great organ to the Rev. R. C. Assheton,[1] a former Rector of Bilton, Warwickshire; and that of the choir organ to the chapelry of Brownsover, near Rugby, in which several places both organ cases still remain. The great organ was mentioned by Prof. C. C. Babington in his *History of St John's Infirmary and Chapel* as being at Bilton in 1874, when he wrote.

The ornament of the two cases was so different that it showed that they were evidently of different dates. The great organ was the older of the two, and, displaying, as it does in its spandrels, the Rose and Portcullis, badges of the noble Foundress's family, bears witness to its *provenance*. This one would be, presumably, the case made for Dallam's organ of 1634. How ever the College was prevailed upon to let it go is an inexplicable and tragic enigma. As it now stands this organ case has had three groups of quasi-Gothic pinnacles added to the top; while the choir organ front has had a large panel added beneath the foot of the pipes—a panel for which there was no room in the organ so long as it remained in St John's Chapel.

The old screen itself was transferred to Whissendine, Rutland, and re-erected in the parish church there. The connexion between St John's College and Whissendine is easily explained. At the time when Sir Gilbert Scott was building the new chapel at St John's, he was also "restoring" the church at Whissendine, of which the Rev. E. L. Horne had become vicar in 1864. The latter was brother of one of the Fellows of St John's, Benjamin Worthy Horne, who, having, with the concurrence of Sir Gilbert Scott, acquired the ejected screen, presented it to Whissendine.

Now, the old screen of St John's being, like any other

[1] He was of the Asshetons of Downside Hall, Lancashire, an old county family. There was a chantry of Dr Hugh Ashton attached to the north side of the old ante-chapel of St John's College.



BROWNSOVER

BILTON

college chapel screen, a close one, consisting, that is, of solid panelling from top to bottom, was of course unsuitable for a parish church, until it had undergone a certain amount of alteration to adapt it to its new purpose. All the solid panels, therefore, were removed from the upper part down to the level of the middle rail, thus converting the close work into open work or fenestration.

But more than that. The screen was almost entirely remodelled for the position which it now occupies at Whissendine, viz. that of a parclose between the south transept and the nave's south aisle. It now measures 15 ft. 10 in. long by 12 ft. 4 in. high, and comprises nine bays, that is, three on either hand of the doorway, which has a clear opening of 4 ft. 9 in. and is itself the equivalent of three bays. There are indications that the screen has been shortened to make it fit into its present position, and that originally it was longer, consisting of at least eleven bays. Those portions of it which are original comprise most of the structural framework and mouldings: the vaulting (which overhangs toward the west only, and consists of a simple yet effective and beautiful system of ribbed groining); the trail along the top, which, in commemoration of the Foundress, contains three fleurs de lys, some roses and the Tudor badge of a portcullis with chains; and the head-tracery (which, as terminations of a small embattled transom, has some excellent little carved heads—one being that of a young girl, two of men, a pelican, a bird, and some conventionalized pomegranates and roses). On examination the grooves, or rebates, for the solid panelling, now removed, are unmistakable, and there is also a number of pin-holes which fastened the panels. The lower one of the two original trails seems to have been used for a new transom dividing the fenestration into two tiers, the upper consisting of the traceried arches under the vaulting, the lower (from the transom down to the middle rail) a row of six rectangular panels. These latter have been filled up with tracery *à jour*, all quite modern, and fixed somewhat forward of the plane of the former close panels.

The folding doors are of Renaissance fashion, and, though

out of keeping with the character of the original screenwork, are no doubt authentic additions of the Laudian, or the Restoration, period. They have "strapwork panels, an Ionic pilaster covering the meeting stiles, and dentilled cornice. ...There is a rose carved on the meeting pilaster of the doors".[1] A deep groove in the underside of the lintel or transom above the doors, and corresponding grooves continued from the lintel some 18 in. down the jamb-posts, show that there was once a head-ornament in the opening, that is to say a board, which may have taken the form either of a four-centred arch, or of foiled tracery.[2]

The College magazine, *The Eagle*, contains as a frontispiece to its twenty-fifth volume (1904) an old, and not particularly clear, photographic view of the interior of the chapel, facing west within the quire, and showing the screen *in situ*, surmounted by the loft-parapet and the organ. Prof. Babington's monograph, above referred to, has two excellent plans (1 and 2) of the infirmary and chapel at different dates; while his Plate 3, from a photograph, shows the breast-summer and pair of supporting posts of the pulpitum in the act of being pulled down.

To the north of the chapel stood a still older building, viz. the infirmary (*c.* 1180–1200) of the ancient Hospital of St John. To form a chapel the east end of this building was partitioned off by a wooden screen, 22 ft. 3 in. long, the width of the infirmary, all the rest of the interior to west of the screen being occupied by beds. "The screen which separated these two parts of the chamber was apparently placed close to the fourth window, and to east of the doorway, of which traces exist between the fourth and fifth windows." Thus wrote Prof. C. C. Babington on 29 February 1864. In 1560 the eastern part of the building became a stable and store-house for the College. The building of the new chapel between 1863 and 1869 involved the demolition, first of the old infirmary, and then that also of the old chapel.

[1] *Victoria County History of Rutland*, II, 162.

[2] From notes and drawings communicated by Albert Herbert, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A., after repeated visits to Whissendine in the spring of 1937.

Ἴζων οὕτω ποτ᾽ ἐφ᾽ αἱμασίας
Οὕμπτιος αὐτὸς καὶ Δούμπτιος ὢν
πτῶμ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἔπεσεν μέγ᾽ ανήκεστόν θ᾽
ὥστ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ὁπόσων ἵππων ἦρχεν
βασιλεύς, βασιλὶς δ᾽ ὁπόσων ἀνδρῶν
τὸν τοῦτο παθόνθ᾽
ἥρω᾽ ἐδύναντ᾽ ἐπανορθοῦν. W. G. W.

November 16*th*, 1937

JOHNIANA

I. ...the one Williams uncle who lived long enough to marry. In his case marriage was unduly delayed, though for quite respectable reasons. Being senior Dean of St John's College, Cambridge, he waited for a fat College living to fall vacant; when it did so, he married into it, and died shortly after. His wife was a lady with a lively sense of humour, and also a touch of mischief; and once during their long engagement when, properly chaperoned, she visited him in his College rooms and took lunch there, a group of undergraduates was seen gazing up at the Dean's bedroom window with excited interest. The reason being that, when the lady had gone into the room to tidy before lunch, she had purposely hung her bonnet and veil over the Dean's looking-glass, where such a feminine feature seemed highly out of place.

Laurence Housman, *The Unexpected Years* (London, 1937), p. 54.

[This was Basil Williams (B.A. 1840), senior dean, afterwards vicar of Holme on Spalding Moor; married 5 June 1861 to Catharine Mary, daughter of W. J. Wood, of The Thrupp, Stroud, Gloucestershire; died at Holme Vicarage 5 January 1862, aged 42. He was the uncle of Laurence Housman and of A. E. Housman. His rooms, 1853–61, were A 6, New Court.]

II. *Narrow escape.* On Wednesday a party of three gentlemen, members of St John's College, were skating on the river. They had a fine run down till they came within about five miles of Ely, but here two of them had the misfortune to get into deep water. By the assistance of their comrade, and also of Arnold, the cricketer, of Cambridge, they were rescued from their dangerous situation. While they were in

the water, a man stood on the bank a short distance off with a whip in his hand, with which he might have rendered them efficient aid; but there he stood, looking on with stupid indifference while they were struggling for life. One of the gentlemen, on regaining the ice, skated on, with the view of preventing any ill effect from the wetting; but, missing his companion, he turned back, and found him lying on the bank nearly exhausted and frozen. After great exertion, and with the kindly help of Arnold, they succeeded in getting to a public-house called the "World's End", where they hoped to receive hospitable treatment. In this, however, they were disappointed. The landlord would not let them have beds, stating that, though he had five, they were all occupied; neither did he, in the least degree, attempt to bring the gentlemen round, though one of them was by this time completely senseless. At last, a horse and cart were procured, in which the gentleman, in a state of unconsciousness, was conveyed to Ely, where medical attendance was procured, and he was placed in a warm bath, and animation restored.

Cambridge Chronicle, 17 February 1855.

III. On Tuesday last, a serious accident befell Mr Trollope, of St John's College, in a rather curious manner. He was bowling from the catapult in Fenner's cricket-ground, and had got the lever back to the utmost point of tension, when, through some inadvertency, it suddenly sprang up, and the end of it, which is covered with brass, hit him in the cheek. The effect of the blow was very severe. His cheek was completely cut through for more than two inches in length, and the wound was so large that a couple of fingers might have been laid in it; besides this, several of his teeth were knocked out. Mr Humphry, who was sent for, was soon on the ground, and dressed the wound; and under his skilful treatment, Mr Trollope, we understand, is doing well.

Cambridge Chronicle, 9 June 1855.

[Arthur Barnard Trollope came into residence at St John's in the Michaelmas Term 1854. He played cricket several times for the University, but did not get his Blue. He graduated B.A. in 1858, was rector of Cowlam, Yorkshire, and died 22 April 1872.]

IV. Among the Corporation Plate of the borough of East Retford, Nottinghamshire, described by Mr E. Alfred Jones and illustrated in the November issue of the *Burlington Magazine* 1937, are several pieces which commemorate the generosity of Sir Gervase Clifton (d. 1666), the royalist High Steward of the Borough and M.P. for Nottinghamshire and the Borough. He was admitted to the College as a fellow-commoner in 1603 and knighted the same year; and he became M.A. at the visit of the Prince of Wales to the University in 1612, after being created a baronet the year before. His gifts to Retford consist of a steeple cup of silver-gilt (London 1619–20), a pair of small plain cups of silver (London, 1634–5) and a pair of small flat salts of silver (probably London, between 1603 and 1611). He is also said, by tradition, to have given the mace, of silver, made in the Commonwealth period and reconstructed to include Stuart emblems after the Restoration.

V. Spent a week-end at St John's, Cambridge, college of Roger Ascham, Wordsworth and Samuel Butler. Comfortable oak-lined rooms, along front wall of which flowed the river, with Bridge of Sighs at arm's length. Woman gyp most attentive, and waiting at meals good.... Windows of one of the St John's quadrangles gay with flower boxes provided under a benefaction of Sir Arthur Shipley, who used to write so engagingly on pulex irritans and cimex lectularis.

"From Day to Day" in *The Countryman*, XVI, no. 1, October 1937.

[Sir Arthur Shipley, Master of Christ's College, bequeathed £100 to his own College for keeping up flower-boxes in the windows of the Master's Lodge in the First Court. Those at St John's, in the first court, are provided by the College.]

VI. *St John's College* was Founded by the said Countess of *Richmond* and *Derby*, *Anno* 1506. It hath 53 Fellows, and 93 Scholars.

Here are 3 large Courts, an excellent Library, a beautiful and costly Stone-bridge, just finished, and the Walks exceed any in the University, both for Largeness, Regularity and Pleasure.

British Curiosities in Art and Nature, London. Printed for Sam Illidge. 1721. (Preface dated 20 January 1712.)

THE EAGLE

Vol. L *June* 1938 No. 221

THE PAINTING OF THE FRONT GATE

We print opposite a plate from a colour-photograph taken last March of the restored Front Gate. And below are two articles, the first by the architectural correspondent of *The Times*, which appeared in that journal on 29 October 1937 and is reproduced with some slight alterations by permission of the editor, the second by Mr R. Toller, the College painter, who actually did the work under the general direction of Professor E. W. Tristram, D.Litt., F.S.A.

UNDER the direction and to the designs of Professor E. W. Tristram, of the Royal College of Art, a remarkably successful piece of colour decoration—or rather restoration—with a practical as well as an aesthetic purpose, has been carried out on the Great Gateway of St John's College, Cambridge.

The gateway, which is part of the original building and dates from 1511–16, is of the Tudor type with a four-centred archway and four octagonal angle-turrets. It is faced with exceedingly beautiful rose-coloured bricks, with dressings of golden Barnack and Ketton stone.

In the space between the arch and a decorated string-course below the windows are displayed the arms of the Foundress on a field with decorative and symbolical features carved in relief. In the centre, led up to by ogee curves from the crown of the arch, is the shield, surmounted by a crown and supported by yales. The yale is an heraldic beast, with the head of a goat and horns that could be swivelled independently

fore and aft for defence, the body and legs of an antelope and the tail of an elephant. To the left of the shield is the Tudor rose and to the right the Beaufort portcullis, both surmounted by crowns, and the rest of the field is occupied by panels of flowers—daisies or marguerites, evidently inspired by the name of the Foundress, and a blue flower which may be borage. In one panel there is a fox carrying a goose to its earth and a rabbit bolting. Above the string-course and between the windows is a richly canopied niche containing the figure of St John, the work of George Woodroff, a Cambridge carver, in 1662 to replace a figure destroyed, with the crowns, by the Puritan iconoclasts. Above the windows flanking the niche the Tudor rose and the Beaufort portcullis, both crowned, are repeated.

That this elaborate scheme of symbolical decoration was originally coloured there can be no doubt, and the last record of its painting occurs in the Rentals for 1701–2, when Robert Dalton was employed in "painting and gilding" the statuary and carved stonework all over the College. When in 1934–5 the street front of the College was cleaned and repaired, under the supervision of Sir Charles Peers (see *The Eagle*, nos. 215 and 216, vol. XLIX), it was found that the crumbling stonework, under the dirt, still retained considerable traces of colour and gilding. After allowing the cleaned work to settle, the present scheme of colouring was taken in hand under Professor Tristram, and as much for preservation as for decorative effect.

That it is a conspicuous success few will question. As a rule the repainting of Gothic stonework, though right in principle, is a trifle disconcerting at a first glance, but here, possibly owing to the complementary support of the rose-coloured brickwork, the effect is harmonious from the beginning. The ground has been coloured a full green, and upon it the gold of the heraldic features, the red of the roses, the pink of the daisies and the blue of the other flowers, make an impression of great but restrained richness. The yales have been coloured buff, with the regular gold spots which are their traditional due (and circles drawn by some earlier

painter on the stone were a guide to their spacing). The recessed mouldings of the main arch have been coloured red and blue, with the carved bosses or rosettes in them in natural colours. And the composition is completed by the gilded canopy over the brightly painted figure of St John.

The work has been executed by the College painter in solid pigment, made from powdered colours ground in oil, and, apart from any question of artistic effect, it should prove an admirable means of preservation.

The stonework was first painted with three coats of Light Stone colour, made from English ground white lead with very little paste driers. The paint was well thinned but plentifully applied, as this gets a better key than thick coats of paint.

The first coat was thinned with much more turpentine than linseed oil. By this means greater penetration was obtained than if it had been thinned with all oil. After the first coat, small cracks and sharp jutting edges of stone were filled or eased by application of a stiff mixture of resin and beeswax, mixed and warmed. The second coat was thinned with equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine. The third coat had much more linseed oil than turpentine.

Three coats were found sufficient to seal the pores of the stone and formed a good ground for the colouring. Undercoatings for the final colours were then applied: red lead priming for the roses, buff for an undercoat to the gold, Berger's Permanent Green for green and so on. Then followed the finishing colours; at least two coats of these to obtain substance for wearing.

In nearly all cases, except that of the gold, plain colours were broken up by catching prominent parts or high lights with lighter colour shades, as in oil painting. The roughness of the stone, and especially that of the yales, gave great scope for this breaking-on of colour. The roses were shaded by applying thin glazes over the vermilion and then wiping off the high lights.

The method of gilding was to use oil gold-size and transfer

leaf. The oil gold-size was over twenty years old, vatted 1916. The gold leaf was not placed on until the size was practically dry, three days to a week after application. By leaving the size until nearly dry, sinking of the gold and loss of lustre is prevented.

The whole of the work except the gold was treated with purified beeswax dissolved in equal parts of petrol and turpentine, applied cold and sparingly with a brush, and when dry slightly polished.

The colours were all ground up from powder in linseed oil by means of a marble muller and glass slab, as this is a more certain way of getting pure colours and better grinding than if the colours are bought ready ground.

The various finishing colours were obtained by mixtures of the following pigments:

For the roses: Berger's Orange and Scarlet Vermilions, in equal parts. These were glazed over when dry with thin Indian Red, and the high lights wiped off. The high lights were touched with the ground colour to give the true vermilion.

For the robes of St John: red, Venetian Red six parts, Red Lead half a part; blue, White, Prussian Blue, Raw Umber and a little Permanent Green; green, Light Brunswick, Permanent Green, Raw Umber and Prussian Blue. All these were toned down with dingy colours.

For the ceiling of the canopy: White, Antwerp Blue and Raw Umber, with the ribs gilded.

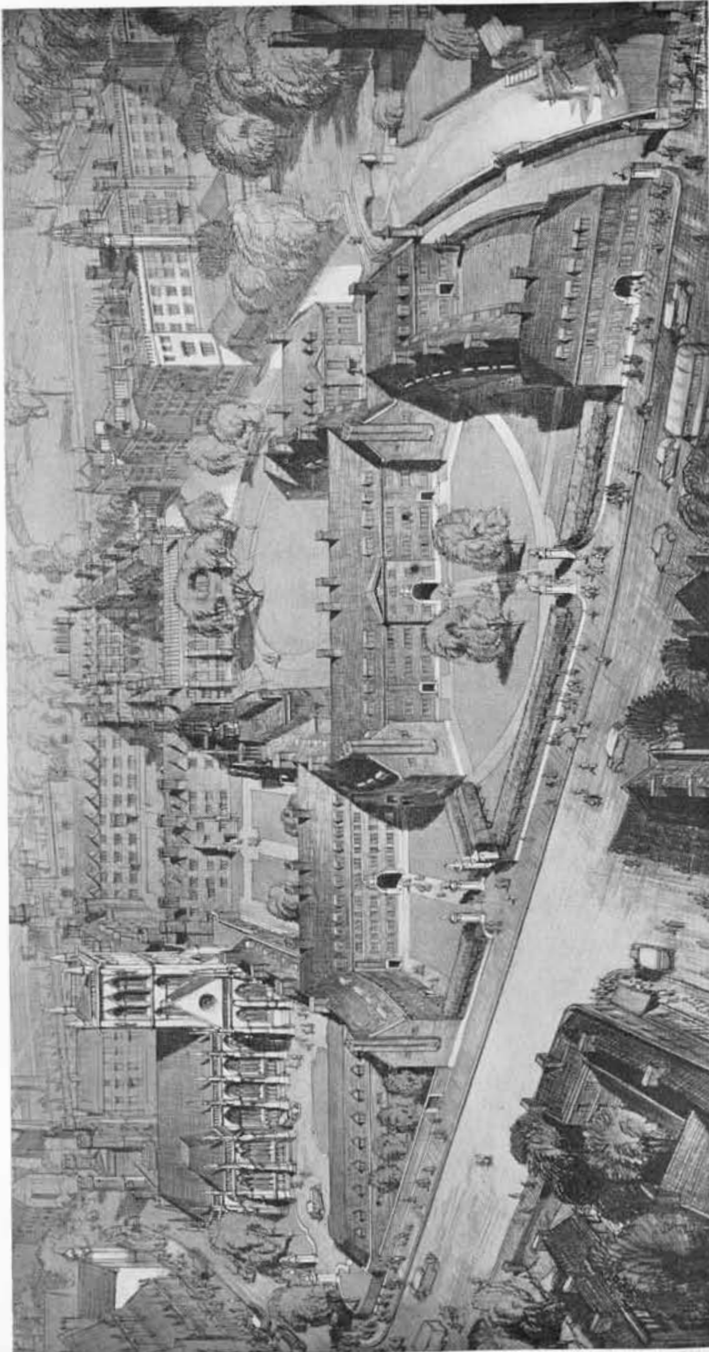
For the vine leaves: Berger's Permanent Green, Cadmium Yellow and Ochre, with the veins gilded.

For the vine grapes: Indian Red, tipped with gold.

For the Landscape background: Berger's Permanent Green, White, Venetian Red, Ochre and Light Brunswick, broken with many shading colours.

For the leaf-work on the landscape: Fast Verdine Green, Burnt Sienna, Ochre and Cadmium Yellow.

For the shield: blue, Prussian Blue and White; red, Orange and Scarlet Vermilions, in equal parts; border, Whiley's Platinum Leaf.



THE NEW COLLEGE BUILDINGS

For the yales: Buff ground, broken afterwards with white, etc., with gold spots.

For the daisies: White, with gold centres, tipped with Alizarine Crimson.

For the borage: White, glazed over with Antwerp Blue, touched here and there with solid blue, the gilded centres circled with Alizarine Crimson.

For the jewels of the crowns: Emerald Green, Alizarine Crimson and Antwerp Blue.

For the blue cove of the arch: the same blue as on the robe of St John, broken afterwards with a lighter blue.

For the red cove of the arch: the same red as for the roses.

All the gold used was Whiley's Double Regular Gold Leaf and sixty books were needed.

Before the painting was begun, a few restorations, additional to those made in 1934–5, were carried out. Of these, the replacement of the mouth, jaws and beard of the right-hand yale and of the nose of the left-hand corbel head were the most important.

THE NEW COLLEGE BUILDINGS

This explanation of the scheme for the new College buildings is by the architect, Mr Edward Maufe, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., A.R.A.

TWO complete schemes for the lay-out of buildings to the north of the older College buildings, on the large site contained within St John's Street, Bridge Street and the River Cam, have been agreed in principle. One scheme allows for the retention of the existing Master's Lodge, the other contemplates a new Master's Lodge nearer the river, and the latter is the scheme illustrated. The buildings now being constructed form approximately the first half of either scheme, so that the debatable question, whether to pull down or not to pull down the Master's Lodge, is left to the future.

The portion now about to be built, common to both schemes, comprises sixty sets of rooms, fifty for undergraduates and ten for Fellows, together with a service

building consisting in the main of a garage for ten cars, of a house for two hundred bicycles, of carpenter's, painter's and electrician's workshops, and of a common room for bed-makers. There is a new entrance arcade, with a Porter's Lodge, and a covered cloister leading across the west end of the Chapel to the Combination Room staircase. This part of the scheme also includes a sick-room with a nurse's room, adjacent to the new entrance, to attend the needs of minor accidents. The sets of rooms have been planned on separate staircases in the traditional Cambridge way, but each staircase has two lavatories and two showers, and each set has a separate gyp-room inside the oak. In addition to the showers on the staircase, there is a block of six baths approached from a covered way.

The first part of either scheme may be subdivided into three parts. First, it creates a new entrance forecourt from St John's Street, enclosed by piers and wrought-iron gates to the street, by the Chapel on the left, by the new service block on the right and by the new arcade at the end. Cars can be driven up to the arcade and be garaged on the right. The two hundred bicycles are all arranged for on the level, with a separate entrance and exit. Secondly, it means the completion of Chapel Court. The present Chapel Court building is extended northward and leaves standing the fine trees. The completed court is enclosed on the north by sets of rooms and, in the east, by the new arcade with sets over it and the cloister in front of the Chapel. Thirdly, there is the formation of a new open court—Fisher Court—approached through a tall archway in the centre of the northern side of Chapel Court. This archway will give a direct vista through to the centre of Second Court. The buildings here are set back from Bridge Street to escape noise and vibration. The two arms of the court curve gently outwards, so that the eastern arm ends parallel to Bridge Street and the western prepares the eye, either for the long line of the existing Master's Lodge, or for a future front, set back from Bridge Street.

Care has been taken to thread the buildings through the existing trees. Two fine planes and a silver birch will remain in Chapel Court and a tall ash in the new Fisher Court. For the new planting, it is suggested that the entrance to the forecourt should be flanked by two Dawyck beeches—a special beech of fastigiate growth—and that two new planes should be planted at the Bridge Street entrance to Fisher Court, with pleached limes all along this frontage.

The existing College buildings being, for the most part, so essentially Cambridge in character—"St John's is quintessence of Cambridge"—it has been thought that the new buildings must avoid merely following a fashion, in particular any foreign fashion. But, at the same time, it has been realized that the new buildings should not only grow out of their own town but out of their own time. Therefore new theories of design have been used, such as the long horizontal sitting-room windows and the long vertical staircase windows, which avoid the jumpiness in design where the staircase windows necessarily come at different levels from the room windows.

The walls are to be of solid brickwork; steel is eliminated as far as practicable to avoid the transmission of noise. The floors are to be "floating" for the same reason, and they are to be fire-resisting. The new buildings are to have pitched roofs, which conform aesthetically to the older roofs near by, insulate against cold and heat, and give the necessary space for tanks and services easily accessible for maintenance. Pitched roofs are also self-cleansing. A new heating installation not only takes care of the new buildings, but also of the old. By this means no less than five separate installations, which at present exist, are eliminated, and their attendant upkeep and expense.

It has been thought that there should be no ornament which has not a meaning and that what there is should be executed by the best sculptors of our day. The gate-piers to the forecourt should be surmounted by the eagles of St John the Evangelist; the new entrance archway should have the achievement of the College; the entrance to Fisher Court should bear the Fisher arms. The arms of two other Johnians should be recorded: William Gilbert, at one time Senior Bursar, Court Physician to Queen Elizabeth, in commemora-

tion of his work on magnetism, and Lord Courtney of Penwith, because a considerable portion of the cost of the buildings will be met from funds left by him to the College.

The necessary demolition in the yards leading to Bridge Street has already been completed. And work on the foundations of the new buildings, which it is hoped will be finished by September 1939, will have begun when this appears in print.

A THEATRE APPOINTMENT

AFTER lunch Mr John Green was seized by a sudden attack of peevish discontent. His unpleasant reflections contained, however, a good deal of truthful self-criticism. At some point in his career, he felt he had stopped living a real human life and had expended all his energies on elaborating the details of a cold and formalistic existence. He was alone in his house, and as he wandered aimlessly through every room, he occasionally paused to admire the furniture, the pictures, or the books, fingering them curiously as if they belonged to somebody else. In the drawing room he sat down for a moment to stare at a china cabinet filled with exquisite Dresden china figures—"All these *penates*", he thought, "are like the knobs of a rail, that encloses the empty space of my future... a good image."

Mr Green was only thirty-three, but for several years past he had spent every leisure moment in such reflections, analysing the causes of a vague discontent, regretting the disappearance of the sincerity and courage which, like valued friends, had graced his early youth. He saw his life in those days as a straight and vigorous tree, of which the sap had suddenly thinned, the roots weakened, and the whole exuberant growth prematurely turned askew.

"I am no longer able to think honestly, or, which is worse, to feel sincerely", he reflected, drumming his knuckles against the glass of the cabinet until it shook. "I don't even think of my wife as a flesh and blood person any longer; she is merely

the excuse for countless more or less profound reflections, which suffocate every spontaneous emotion."

He continued his aimless exploration of the house, which was furnished in excellent taste. His library walls were decorated with the finest prints and woodcuts, the shelves well filled with the best books, and shapely, delicately coloured bowls and vases stood on the mantelshelves and the grand piano. All these beautiful objects, however, had been acquired some years ago, and he often imagined that they were smiling scornfully at him. For his nature was not itself a shallow one. His present mode of life was not a thin crust that hid the complete bankruptcy of personality, but rather a ragged foliage that fringed and obscured depths now growing dark and derelict. It would soon be too late for him to reclaim these depths.

The cause of his present agitation was a quarrel with his wife. She expected more of him than other people, because she had known him for a long time. This demand was irritating, especially when his learned colleagues noticed no change for the worse, but rather commented enthusiastically on his increasing social plasticity. And whereas they lavished plaudits and favours she had only her loyalty to offer.

Glancing at his watch his dissatisfaction began to evaporate. He remembered that he must hurry to several important meetings at which the academic aristocracy would busy themselves in drawing up the rules whereby the volatile young might be encouraged to strive after the calm serenity of their elders. These engagements would probably be completed by seven o'clock. At seven thirty he had promised to return home and take his wife out for the evening. This kind of visit to the theatre had acquired for the Greens a special emotional significance. The conclusion of a quarrel was always attended by some such entertainment. Mrs Green in particular attached a good deal of importance to this, no doubt sentimental, convention.

Mr Green gave his valuable services to his various professional duties, and at seven o'clock, as his last professional meeting broke up, Severning, a colleague, came up to him.

"Would you care to come round to my rooms for an hour or so? Olaf Bending the poet will be there and the old Professor too."

Mr Green studied his watch. "Half an hour late would hardly matter", he thought. The prospect of an hour's discussion filled him with a warm feeling of anticipation as if he had swallowed a glass of port wine.

Severning's drawing room was a long low-ceilinged apartment, with a large bay window at the far end. As the autumn sky darkened, heavy curtains were drawn across the window, and the room was lighted by dim wall lamps set at wide intervals. The distant corners of the room were in consequence in half darkness. Near a writing table placed in the window alcove was a large standard lamp. This, as a rule, was only used when its owner was working at the desk.

The long room was soon filled with little groups of earnest debaters, each shrouded in eddies of blue cigarette smoke. It began to rain, and the sharp patter on the window panes quickened the pace of the conversation. Leaning against the mantelpiece the old Professor, with a sarcastic glint in his pale enamel blue eyes, was talking to a slim, elegant young man, who eyed this important personage as Francis might have eyed Henry on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Severning was talking loudly to a tall, prim-looking man who watched Severning severely, and followed every point in his argument by jerking his left shoulder, a gesture indicative of refined dissent. Mr Green joined this group and listened intently. But at the end of five minutes his attention wandered, and glancing to the other end of the room he saw Bending the poet, sitting with his legs astride a chair, talking pleasantly to several acquaintances who were busy affecting to appear unconcerned at so great a man's attentions. But from behind him he heard the Professor speaking slowly and in a loud voice like that of a degenerate prophet. Mr Green listened to him for a moment. Then he heard Bending's voice rise again above the hubbub; he wandered over to him, and then to Severning. He now began to pass quickly from one discussion to another, led to and fro by stray remarks which, catching his ear, stimulated his attention for a few minutes at a time.

But he was very restless and felt that to-night he filled no proper place amongst all these earnest people. Their pronouncements, so culturally "significant", were like the chirping of countless grasshoppers, and he himself was dimly conscious of some human and more important drama that was taking place within the boundaries of his own personal life. But he had to dance now, and perhaps for the rest of his life, to pipes which had seduced his ear in the past, and for whose tyranny he had only himself to blame.

They were all talking very loudly and rapidly now. He was like a solitary performer in a Russian mazurka, thrown nimbly from one group to another. As soon as he impinged breathlessly upon one cluster of learned acrobats, their arguments thrust him forth again, and propelled him towards another group, which in its turn caught him, held him for a moment and then sent him pirouetting down the room.

Soon, however, the whole dimly lit apartment was like a vast ballroom, in which figures moved in and out of intricate patterns, carrying perhaps a plate of sandwiches or a cup of coffee. Groups continually formed, and broke, and reformed with mercurial rapidity, as people darted from one topic of conversation to another. The hum of voices formed a somewhat sinister accompaniment to this learned fandango.

Perhaps it was the size of the room, its antique shabbiness and its dim lighting, but Mr Green suddenly was a little afraid; he no longer felt fully initiated in these mysteries. He was a strange player who had not yet grown used to the conventions of the club. His uneasiness was somehow connected with the thought of his wife, but he could not tell why. The animation before him, the absorption apparent on every face, seemed grotesque. As each person moved, long shadows were cast on the wall, and even on to the ceiling. They bustled backwards and forwards like so many heralds bent on the most momentous errands. The room, to Mr Green's heated imagination, seemed like a long barn from the rafters of which hung large spider webs right down to the floor, and the spiders scurried from web to web with monotonous and apparently tireless regularity.

At nine o'clock there occurred a temporary lull in the general conversation, which had the effect of dispelling the morbid fancies that were thronging Mr Green's mind. During this lull, everyone overheard Severning say, "Yes, yes, I *can* indeed prove my point! Wait a minute, I was reading the book only this morning." He went over to the desk, upon which lay an open book. He pressed the switch of the standard and the whole room was suddenly filled with brightness. Mr Green jumped as every detail of the room, and the people in it, grew distinct. The sudden bright glare might have been like a bugle call to summon him to simpler but more human commitments, or like a sharp and glittering rapier to pierce the cloak of his infatuation. But five minutes later Severning turned the reading lamp out, and Mr Green himself became the centre of a particularly animated group. G. H. P.

A LETTER FROM THE FOUNDRESS

AMONG the records of the Duchy of Lancaster at the Public Record Office (Privy Seals, 1, pt. 3, m. 5) there is a letter from Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and signed by herself, which is reproduced from a photograph I owe to my friend Dr W. Fisher Cassie. A transcription is given below. The letter is addressed to John Clerk, auditor of the north parts of the Duchy in the second half of Henry VII's reign. In the course of Henry's work to increase and consolidate the crown revenues an effort was made to improve the rents received by the Duchy of Lancaster, not without the tenants' resistance, as this letter shows; for in it Lady Margaret appeals to Clerk to show favour to certain tenants in their suit to the king, her son, against an increase of their rents. Lady Margaret had an interest in these tenants of Waddington in Lincolnshire because Tattershall, to which she refers, and which was in Waddington, had been granted to her by Henry VII in 1487 along with other properties.

From the bill of the inhabitants of Waddington which still survives in the Duchy archives (Pleadings, vol. 1, W. 5), it

appears that the suit first came before the Duchy council in Michaelmas term 1506; the bill was brought to the Chancellor of the Duchy on 12 November, and therefore Lady Margaret's letter belongs to that year. The inhabitants were given day to appear in the following Hilary term, when certain of them did appear and desired day to know their neighbours' mind.

It should be observed that the "R" in the sign manual represents "Richmond" (as Cooper points out in his memoir of the foundress), and not "Regina", a plausible error which Ellis made in his *Originall Letters*. The signature is rather more regular than that reproduced in the frontispiece of Halsted's *Life* of Lady Margaret.

It may not be amiss to mention here two other references to Lady Margaret from the Duchy of Lancaster records. On 20 November 1488, a warrant was sent to certain officers of Woxsey manor (Wilts.) to supply to Lady Margaret some lead which had been taken down in that manor and was lying there. The lead was destined for repairs to Corfe Castle in Dorset, which, like Tattershall, had been given to Lady Margaret in the previous year. In his *History of Dorset* Hutchins says that Henry VII repaired the castle for his mother's use, but she seems never to have resided there. In the other passage in the Duchy records (Orders and Decrees, II, fo. 24), Lady Margaret is found again making an appeal, this time to the king's council, on behalf of one Richard Saly in Trinity term 1502. His case was dismissed.

By her descent from John of Gaunt through his legitimated children by Katherine Swynford, Lady Margaret had an hereditary as well as a political interest in the house of Lancaster; and the Lancastrian connection is still apparent in the College arms, for the argent and azure of the bordure compony were the livery colours of that house.

R. SOMERVILLE.

Duchy of Lancaster Privy Seals, 1, pt. 3, m. 5.

By the Kinges moder.

Margaret R Trusty and welbiloued we grete you well, And vnderstande that ye of late haue commaunded the kinges

tenantes and also diuerse other tenantes aperteynyng to our Colleige of Tateshall within the town of Wadyngton not to medell with any land or medowe lyeng in the west felde aperteynyng vnto the said towne Vnles they bere newe charges for the same, other than euer was born heretofore as they afferme. Wherfor we desire and pray you to be soo fauourable vnto theym, and the rather at this our instaunce as to help by your wisdome that they be not wronged to their importable losse and vndoing; but that thies berers of the said Towne may haue good and comfortable aunswer of their suytes vnto the kinges grace at this tyme. Wherin in our opynyon ye shall doo a right godly and meritorous dede. Yeuen vnder our signet at the manour of Hatfelde the vith day of nouembre.

Endorsed: To oure trusty and welbiloued John Clerke oon of the kinges Auditours.

AN ADDITION TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

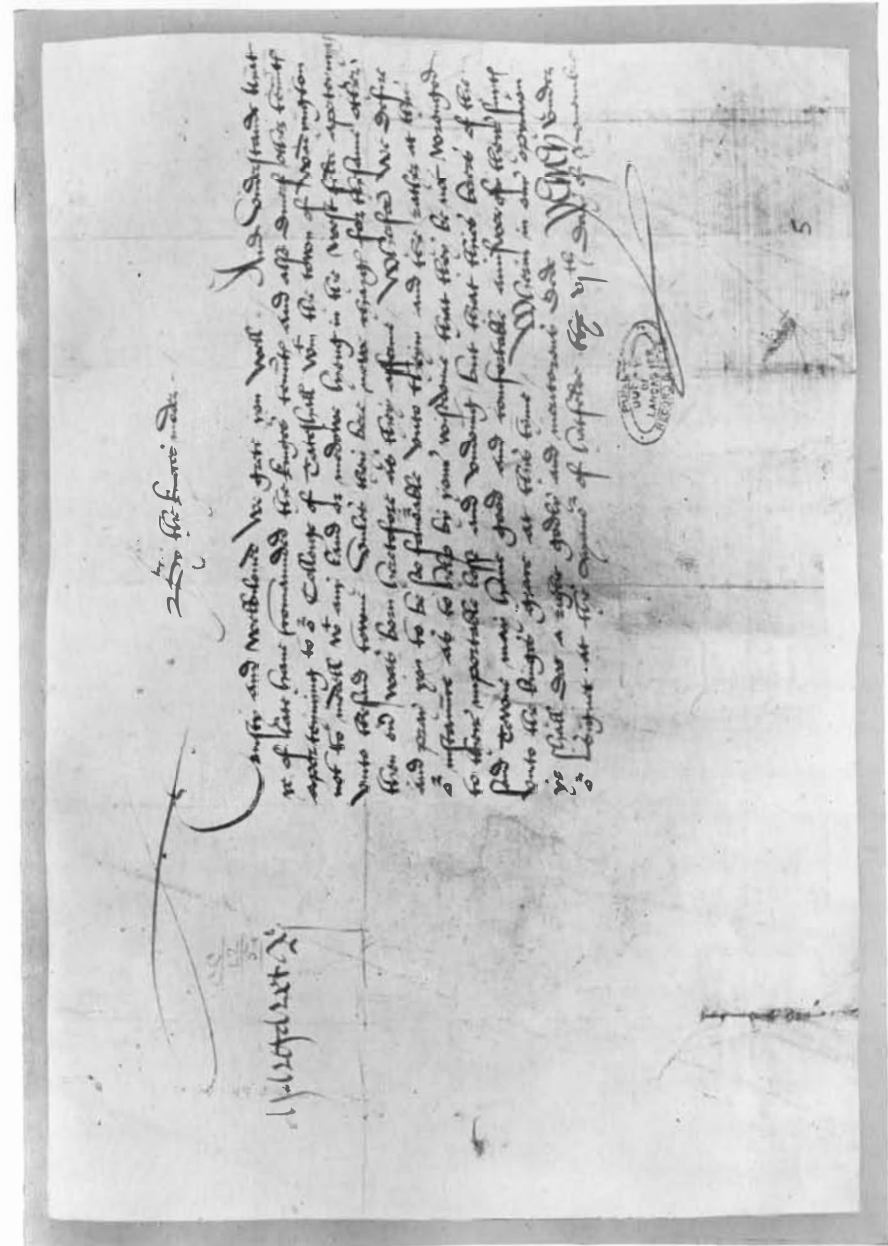
THE College Library has recently acquired, by gift from four Fellows, an interesting early printed book: interesting for its text, for its printer and for its provenance.

The text consists of a sermon preached by John Fisher, the "second founder" of the College and the most executive of the Foundress's executors. The title sets out the circumstances:

A sermon had at Paulis by the com(m)andment of the most reuerend father in god my lorde legate / and sayd by John the bysshop of Rochester / vpo(n) qui(n)quagesom sonday / concernynge certayne heretickes / whiche tha(n) were abiured for holdynge the heresies of Martyn Luther that famous hereticke / and for ye kepyng and reteynyng of his bokes agaynst the ordinance of the bulle of pope Leo the tenthe. Cu(m) priuilegio a rege indulto.[1]

The sermon was delivered at Paul's Cross in London on 11 February 1525, but was not printed until 1528 or 1529.

[1] The slanting strokes do not represent the ends of lines in the original, but are copied from the original's punctuation. This applies throughout the quotations.



A LETTER FROM THE FOUNDRESS

This gap no doubt accounts for the "Epistole vnto the reder by the same byshop", with which the sermon is prefaced, full, like the sermon itself, of pages that "call up some scene of common life and remind us that the writer is no Italianate ecclesiastic but English of the English".[1] After setting out the "grou(n)de of al heresye", Fisher shows how an heretic may be converted to the true faith. "And to thentent that your sightis maye be ye more clered in this faith / I shall gether iiij collectio(n)s: by the whiche to all them that be nat ouer peruersedly drowned in the heresies of Luther / it shall appere (as I verily suppose) that his doctryne is veray pestilent and pernitious." The Four Collections are based on the parable of the Sower and their headings are: concerning the sower, concerning the seed, concerning the good earth and concerning the fruit. Under these, Fisher brings in all the well-known objections of the Church to the doctrine and behaviour of Luther. And he ends with an appeal to his hearers not "to caste your soules away by beleuy(n)g this doctrine of this most pernitious hereticke / whiche bryngeth forth none e(n)crease of frute...but moche Habundance of pestile(n)t and stynkyng weedes / of carnall corruptio(n) / of horrible blasphemes / of detestable murders".

The colophon reads:

Imprinted at London / in fletestrete / in the house of Thomas Berthelet / nere to the Cundite / at ye signe of Lucrece. Cum priuilegio a rege indulto.

The book is printed throughout in black letter, for the most part of two sizes, with the letters used for the Latin quotations slightly smaller than those for the main part of the text. The lettering of the page-headings is slightly larger than that of the text. Twenty lines of text measure 3¾ inches and there are thirty lines to a page, excluding the headings. The words of the title are printed in the shape of what William Herbert calls a "jelly glass", wide at the top, narrowing down to two letters only three lines from the bottom, then widening out again; and they are enclosed in four woodcuts, "used by

[1] Benians, E. A., *John Fisher*, Cambridge, 1935, p. 34.

W. de Worde".[1] Two of these, at the top and bottom of the page, are geometrical. Those at the sides are, on the left, a man poking a stick into a tree with an owl and two other birds in it, and, on the right, a branch with grapes and foliage, birds and snails, and one of the birds about to eat one of the snails. There are besides five decorated initials, a T in a square frame with a flower on each side, used three times over; an F also in a square frame and decorated with flowers and an owl, of which the strokes end in animal heads; and an M, not framed, decorated only with an ornamental filling between the strokes. The whole book is in quarto, with signatures A ii to H iii. H iv, according to Herbert a blank, is missing. The leaves measure $7\frac{3}{8}$ by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The printer, Thomas Berthelet,[2] was probably the assistant of Pynson and may well have been, like Pynson, a Frenchman. In 1530, on Pynson's death, he succeeded as Printer to the King. He had certainly been in business on his own for a year or two previously. It is to this period that the printing of Fisher's *Sermon* belongs, and this is proved by the form of the colophon given above. After 1530, Berthelet regularly called himself "regius Impressor" in the books that he produced, until 1548, when, at the accession of Edward VI, he was deprived of the royal patronage and its annual pension. He is notable for having produced, in his capacity as stationer as well as printer, the first gilt bindings done in England, and he probably imported Italian workmen to execute them and to teach his own staff. He was twice married to Englishwomen and died in London on 26 September 1555. He left property in Herefordshire to his elder son Edward, who became a lawyer, property in London to his younger son Anthony and to his wife, as well as legacies to god-children, apprentices and charities. Duff[3] says of him: "Among all the early presses that of Berthelet was pre-eminent for good workmanship.

[1] W. Herbert's edition of J. Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, London, 1785–90, vol. I, p. 459.

[2] Duff, E. G., *A Century of the English Book Trade*, London, 1905, for the Bibliographical Society, pp. 11 ff.

[3] *The Printers...of Westminster and London from* 1476 *to* 1535, Cambridge, 1906, p. 183. (The Sandars Lectures.)

Though he avoided as far as possible the use of illustrations, all the ornamentation he used was in good taste, and in beauty and variety of type he surpassed all printers of the century."

The Fisher *Sermon*, to untrained eyes that have seen hardly any other book printed by Berthelet, fully bears this out.

The copy now in the College Library seems to have belonged in the sixteenth century to a Frenchman, or at least a French-speaking Englishman, and to have been bound with Fisher's *Funeral Sermon* at the death of Henry VII (first printed by de Worde in 1509), his *Treatise on the Seven Penitential Psalms* (also first printed by de Worde in 1508), and two other works, one by Erasmus. There is an inscription on the last page (f. H iii reverse) in what appears to be a sixteenth-century hand, and each folio is numbered in the same hand, starting from 24 on the title and running to 54 on f. H iii. It is this:

Cest Liu(re) ad 3. diuisions le (?) p(re)mi(er) fo. 1. lexposicion de pater n(oste)r / fo. 22 Erasmus sermon de im(m)ensa dei m(ise)r(icordi)a / et fo. 69. exornatorium Curatoru(m).

Le second diuision ad lexposicio(n) des sept psalmes fa(ic)t p(ar) Fisher euesq(ue) etc. fo. (illegible) 2^e^ p(ar)t.

Le 3^e^ et derni(er) p(ar)t fo. 1. ad vn funerall sermon fa(ic)t s(ur) la mort d(u) roy H. 7 / et fo. 13. est vn sermon en le moyes d(e la) mort H. 7 / et fo. 25 et seq. vn sermon s(ur) labiur(ation?) de... Luthar (several words illegible) fol. 51 ss. etc.

What is apparently the same hand has added, in a different ink, below the foregoing inscription:

the first psalme incipit in le second diuision fo. 1. et est vsque 12°. Inde le second penitentiall psalme / et fo. 24 the third. et seq. / 4. / fo. 49. et seq. miserere mei deus 5. / fo. 75. et seq. D(omi)ne exaudi or(aci)one(m) mea(m). Et 6. / fo. 107. et seq. De profundis clamaui. Et 7. fo. 125. et seq. D(omi)ne exaudi or(aci)one(m) mea(m), auriens p(er)cipe obsecratione(m) meam etc.

In this latter ink are various numerations of the points of the sermon in the margins, underlinings of the text, and references to passages quoted. The most interesting of these are on ff. F and G iv reverse. The former is a comment on a passage of the sermon: "But nowe let vs here what conditions our sauiour adioyneth vnto this good erthe / he sayth: Hi

sunt / qui in corde honesto / et bono. Pardon me / though I reherse ye wordes aft(er) ye greke boke: for they make better agaynst our enemies / he sayth: In corde honesto / et bono." The comment runs:

the vulgar translation ys: in corde bono et optimo : / Erasmus corde honesto ac bono.

The latter is a passage copied out of the text: "Luther had a child within 6 week(es) after his marriage." It evidently made a great impression.

From this unknown sixteenth-century owner there is a gap, until it is possible to say with almost complete certainty that the book, in its original state, bound up with the other works set out above, came to form part of the famous Harleian library, formed by Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, and his son, Edward, second Earl, who owned Wimpole Hall in Cambridgeshire in right of his wife. The son added to the collection and both father and son kept part of the library at Wimpole.[1] In 1743, after Edward Harley's death, Wimpole was sold to Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke, and the library of printed books to Thomas Osborne, a London bookseller. Osborne, at various times between 1743 and 1745, issued sale catalogues, five in all. The earliest has a Latin preface written by Dr Samuel Johnson in his most resounding style; the latest, as we shall see, is less grandiose. Perhaps Osborne found difficulty in getting back the £13,000 that the purchase of the library cost him. At any rate, his charge of 5*s*. for the catalogue aroused the displeasure of his trade rivals and an account of the transaction can be found in Dibdin's *Bibliomania*.[2] The catalogues are the only memorial, apart from the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, which were bought in 1753, and the dispersed books, of one of the greatest collections of books ever made.

The first mention of what is probably the actual book now belonging to the College comes on p. 119 of vol. I of the

[1] See Historical Manuscripts Commission, *Portland Papers*, vol. v, pp. 514–16, 522–4, 639. I am indebted to Professor G. M. Trevelyan for these references. The major part was perhaps at Welbeck Abbey.

[2] Second edition, London, 1811, pp. 460 ff.

Catalogus Bibliothecae Harleianae, as item 2459.[1] Under the heading: Sermons. Quarto., the first entry is: Bishop Fysher's, *black letter printed by Tho. Berthelet*. This is not conclusive, though according to the *Short Title Catalogue* of A. W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave (London, 1926) the *Sermon* is the only work of Fisher printed by Berthelet. More conclusive evidence comes from the fifth volume of Osborne's catalogue. This has as a title-page one of those compendious affairs reminiscent of seventeenth-century fighting theological pamphlets and is far from Johnson's Ciceronian periods. It must surely have been composed by Osborne himself.

Catalogus Bibliothecae Harleianae: or, a CATALOGUE of the remaining Part of the Library of the late Earl of OXFORD. Vol. v. containing, A Choice Series of BOOKS, in all Faculties; (there follow twenty-two lines of small print) Which will begin to be sold very cheap, the Price marked in each Book, at T. Osborne's in *Grays-Inn*, on the twenty second Day of *April*, 1745, and continue selling till the first of *July*.

Now the College copy of Fisher's *Sermon* is bound in what appears to be early eighteenth-century mottled calf. The tools, and their arrangement, much resemble the bindings on the books bequeathed by John Newcome, Master 1735–65, who bought them from the Harleian Library, though these are mostly in red morocco in the so-called "Harleian style". The *Sermon* has the usual marbled end-papers. The fly-leaves have a watermark of Britannia seated with the motto: Pro Patria. On one of these fly-leaves is written in pencil: N 3937 and also 3–6. The first is probably Osborne's mark for finding, the second almost certainly his price (3*s*. 6*d*.!). In the 1745 *Catalogus*, item 4721 is: "Fysher's, Bp. of Rochester, Sermon had at Paulis by Commandment of the most Reverend Father in God my Lorde Legate against the Heresie of Martyn Luther, *Black Letter, Printed by T. Berthelette, without Date*." Item 4722 is Fisher's Sermon at the Funeral of Henry VII, item 4712 is his Treatise on the Seven Penitential Psalms, item 4638 is Erasmus's Treatise on the Paternoster, item 4642

[1] The *Catalogus* is not in the University, and only one volume of it in the College Library. I am grateful to Mr H. M. Adams, Librarian of Trinity College, for the loan of the complete work from that Library.

is his Sermon on the Mercy of God and item 4641 is the Exornatorium Curatorum, printed by de Worde without date. It seems probable that all these were bought by Harley in one volume, as the inscription in our copy of the *Sermon* indicates, and by him bound up separately. The copy of the Seven Penitential Psalms sold at the same time as our Sermon had a very similar binding.

The sale which has brought these books again into the market is that of part of the celebrated library at Ham House, Surrey. The library there, according to the sale catalogue,[1] was mostly formed by Lionel Murray, fourth Earl of Dysart, who lived from 1708 till 1770. To him it owed "the major portion of its valuable contents" and from the Harleian collection he bought "at least six Caxtons", some of which had Osborne's pencilled prices in them. There seems no reasonable doubt that our Fisher book came from the same source.

By this gift, the College now has one of the four recorded copies of a work upon which John Fisher's reputation as a controversialist and a speaker of English chiefly rests. According to the *Short Title Catalogue*, number 10,892, there are only examples in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library and the Cambridge University Library; and the last is very imperfect. The work was printed by one of the best sixteenth-century printers. And a book from the library founded by Robert Harley, who "frequently visited his friends at Cambridge, and in particular Mr. Baker, for whom he always testified the highest Regard, and indeed often showed it, not only by frequent Visits, but by generous presents of Wine, &c. (for I am told he would receive no others). In Return for which Favours, Mr. Baker bequeathed to him the larger Share of his valuable MSS, after having given him all the Assistance he was able, in making that extraordinary Collection",[2] has come at last to the College which owes so much to John Fisher for its existence and to Thomas Baker for its Library.

H. G.

[1] Prepared by Messrs Sotheby and Company, New Bond Street, London, who conducted the auction on 30 and 31 May 1938.

[2] Masters, R., *Memoirs of...Thomas Baker of St John's College*, Cambridge, 1784, p. 107.

VANISHED PEACE

RETURNED FROM THE ANTARCTIC

I SHOT my dogs and left them there. They were my friends and in that land we needed and we trusted one another. For the moment it was horrible, but theirs was a happy end. Joyful and friendly, suddenly they left the world, trusting in their master's hand. Their bodies will lie for ages, stiff and ice-bound, but their spirits gallop through eternity in the dogs' Valhalla. Still as a team I picture them, bounding over the wind-crusted snow, plumed tails aloft and breath-clouds trailing behind them. In the bright, calm sunlight of that other place they drag a sledge but do not feel its weight; they gallop down the coast in search of seals, for even spirit dogs need food. They find their seal, fat and sluggish, yet wriggling just enough to give the fullest pleasure to the kill. Now for them there is no rationing; they gorge themselves on the hot flesh, then lie replete and sleep. If, from the body, man's spirit can separate and wander as it seems to do, mine is often with my dogs, living again with them those days of greatest joy. Together we rush, mile after mile, over the smooth plains of ice, under a cloudless sky, the broad sweeping glaciers and red rock summits brilliant in the midday sun. When we halt the peace and quiet is absolute; there is no sound nor movement but what we make ourselves. In that vast ice-clad land there is no ugliness of any kind, nothing but peace and beauty undefiled.

My dogs I sent for ever to that land of peace but I remained to feel the harshness of the world. After many months of peaceful quietness living and working in a clean and wholesome land, away from men and the multitudinous works of their hands, it is painful to return. The normal ability to shut out from the mind those things which are unpleasant has almost gone. Returned from afar the ceaseless conflict of the nations is viewed in the fullness of its stupidity, unmodified by the softening hand of apathy; it seems a personal burden, crushing one impotent to the ground. Even one's fellows, the

people in the streets, seem different now. In a motley crowd the pretty girls once used to be outstanding, but now it is the man that is lame, the tubercular girl, and the sad-faced woman with the wailing child. The other senses too are troubled. The nose is offended by smoke and petrol, the ears by motor-cars and useless chatter. Aeroplanes fly droning overhead, beautiful in their shape and speed, but made to bring misery to others. Peace and quietness are gone, left behind in that distant land, and in their place is talk of war and destruction, gas-masks for babies and building of battle-ships.

In a little group of men cut off from the world each sees his fellows as they really are, not as they would appear. But in our life called civilized, each is cloaked in a mantle of deception that must be stripped off before the man is truly visible. Returned into this bustling world of men, one is very conscious of the lack of honesty and confidence between each man and his neighbour. One feels girt about with fetters; one must not even speak the complete truth, for many are not used to it. Shyness, politeness, convention, all combine to hold one in, to prevent true communion with one's fellows, and so one longs everlastingly for return to the distant lands of freedom, peace and quietness. Those dogs I sent to gallop in Valhalla are surely in a place more happy than this troubled world.

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

Preached by Professor P. H. WINFIELD, Ll.D., F.B.A.
on SUNDAY, 8 May 1938

WHAT I have to say in the address which I am privileged to give you is founded upon a sentence towards the end of Part I of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*: "Now I saw in my dream that these men went in at the Gate; and, lo, as they entered, they were transfigured."

The benefit which we derive from this Commemoration

Service will be measured largely by the spirit in which we attend it. You have heard a list of the benefactors of this College read out. What exactly does it convey to you? On the surface, it might appear that it is no more than a catalogue of names to many of which we could, if we were honest with ourselves, attach no real importance. Of course, there are exceptions. Names like the Lady Margaret or John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (to mention no others), not only resounded in their own age but have gone echoing down the corridors of time to our own generation. Their fame is *aere perennius*, and it would endure even if this College perished. But, as to many of the other benefactors, what knowledge of them have we beyond the record of their gifts to this foundation? I owed a heavy debt of gratitude during my career here as an undergraduate to three whose names have been mentioned and yet I have been unable to trace anything more of them than the fact of their donations. And, but for one of them, I doubt whether I could have entered upon my profession at all.

On the surface, then, many of our benefactors might have been anonymous. But the true spirit of this service is marked, not by the glorification of this or that individual, but by the inner meaning of what all did for the College.

They represented its spirit, which is the spirit of every College at Oxford and Cambridge, of every University throughout this country—the spirit of effort, not merely for one's own advancement, but of effort for other members of the community. I speak with some diffidence of this, because it is characteristic of Englishmen that it is rarely spoken of at all. I have never before in my life said a word of it, and I have been in touch with two generations at this College and this University who have scarcely ever mentioned it either.

Yet no greater mistake could be made than to think that the spirit is not there because people are so silent about it. Most of us, I think, have lived and worked with colleagues who, if they have ever formulated the question, have asked themselves, not, "What shall I get out of the College?" but "What can I do for the College?" Personal ambition there

must be, and there is nothing discreditable in it unless it degenerates into selfishness. But few indeed there are who have not subordinated it to something higher.

No greater test of it can be cited than that which faced many members of this College nearly a quarter of a century ago. Some record of how they faced that test stands in this ante-chapel. And their spirit was the spirit in which John Fisher, four centuries ago, bowed to the headsman's block and axe. They gave no less than he did. They gave no more than he could. They gave all.

It is only within the last few months that two members of this College have passed from us who left to us all an example of whole-hearted devotion to the institution that they loved so well—Edward Rapson and Cyril Bradley Rootham.

We have listened to the names of those who are benefactors; but let us not forget the unnamed benefactors. They are innumerable and their names are written in water.

Many of them were men whose achievements in the Schools of the University and on the playing-fields of the College were only mediocre. And yet they were just as faithful witnesses to the spirit of the College as the most famous of its sons. Whether in work or in play, they spent their energy for others as well as for themselves, albeit with little consciousness of the higher purpose they were serving. They are forgotten by all but their own contemporaries, but what they did is as enduring as the beauty of the stone carvings on the buildings of the College in which they lived. No record survives of many of the masons whose skill is shown there. But, though their names are forgotten, their work is still with us. So it is with our unknown benefactors. Those who knew them were often influenced by their example, and took from them a tradition to be handed to their successors. The maintenance of that tradition is as impalpable and untraceable in its working as the wind and sunshine that have shaped the growth of the ancient trees in our College grounds. But in its results it is as plain to the eye as the trees themselves.

I fear that most of what I have said must sound dull and pedestrian in the ears of the younger members of this con-

gregation. They may well think that it is only an exposition of what every one takes for granted and nobody talks about. Thirty years ago I should have taken exactly the same view. It is only as we grow older that we realize how hard it is to create a standard, how hard it is to maintain a standard—above all, how hard it is to adapt that standard to the needs of the next generation. The years have shown us that all that is best in civilization cannot be taken for granted as if it were the air that we breathe or the sun that shines upon us; that it is only out of great tribulation that we have achieved such civilization as we have and that it is only by effort and agony that we can hope to make it something much better than it is.

I end this address upon the note with which it began.

What we brought to this service is what we shall take away from it. Our benefactors were mostly plain, ordinary men. They were no saints. They were only human. But, if in our memories they are transfigured as those who have kindled and kept alight the fire of self-denial that inspires the College, then we have not come here in vain. It is a spirit aptly enshrined in the old German motto:

> What I gave, I have.
> What I spent, I had.
> What I saved, I lost.

THE JOHNIAN SOCIETY

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING AND DINNER

At the Connaught Rooms on the night of the Varsity Rugger Match the Fifteenth Annual Dinner was held under the presidency of Colonel J. J. Gillespie. About eighty members were present and ten dons came up from Cambridge, thereby encouraging the Committee for its enterprise in altering the day of the dinner from the summer to the winter. It is, of course, too early to judge which day will suit the majority and indeed the numbers attending in December

were no more than average, but the attendance of so large a number of resident fellows was very gratifying to everyone.

Colonel Gillespie's term of office as President has been marked by a redrafting of the constitution of the Johnian Society with a view to encouraging the support of the College so as to induce a much greater number of undergraduates to join the Society. Colonel Gillespie was most active in visiting Cambridge and discussing with a number of the senior Fellows how best this might be done. The success of the Society in getting new members while men are still up is largely dependent, of course, upon the interest taken in the Society by the dons, since it is the link between present and past members of the College. The new rules provide, therefore, for two resident representatives to serve on the Committee of the Society—a senior member who will be a don and a junior undergraduate member. In addition Mr Wordie has been elected Vice-President.

As a further inducement to men to join while still up, the life subscription has been reduced from one guinea to ten shillings. This is, of course, in anticipation of a very large increase in the membership, since only by such an increase can a low subscription be justified.

For the benefit of those who do not know, it should be explained that the Johnian Society was founded after the War to keep old Johnians in touch with the College and with each other. Membership was subsequently extended to undergraduates to enable them to join the Society while still at Cambridge. The main activities of the Society consist of an Annual Dinner in London, now held at the time of the Varsity Rugger Match, while other dinners are held occasionally. A list of members is published from time to time containing the names and addresses of over 800 Johnians all over the world. The Society also provides a centre from which such activities as the organization of teams of old Johnians to play against the College can be conducted.

The late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., who was the first President of the Johnian Society, gave a cup for a prize for a Golf Competition to be held among members every year.

Johnians who are not yet members of the Johnian Society and wish to join are asked to write to the Honorary Secretary, Mr E. W. R. Peterson, 54 Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W. 1, telephone Victoria 1424.

JOHNIANA

I. By the generosity of the Marquess of Londonderry, the College has recently acquired a likeness of a distinguished member of his family and of the College: Robert Stewart, second Marquess of Londonderry, better known by his courtesy title of Viscount Castlereagh (1769–1822). The portrait, which has been hung in the Hall, is a copy made in 1926 by E. M. Bennett of the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, dating from 1813–14. It shows Castlereagh at the time when he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, leader of the House of Commons and one of the most important of European statesmen during that period of great diplomatic activity at the end of the Napoleonic wars. He stands in front of a red curtain, in civil dress but with the ribbon and star of the Garter, and holds a paper in his left hand, which rests on a table. The portrait is three-quarter length and the canvas measures 50 by 40 inches. The original is in the possession of the donor.

Castlereagh, as Robert Stewart, was admitted fellow-commoner on 26 October 1786 and, according to the late Master in his *Admissions*, "regularly took the half-yearly examinations, being amongst the first on each occasion, and in the last which he took in December 1787 was actually in the first class". He went down without graduating early in 1788 and travelled on the Continent. His entry into public life in 1790 was as one of the members for County Down of the Irish Parliament and in 1794 he was returned for the borough of Tregony in the Parliament of Great Britain. From 1797 till his death he was almost continuously active, either as a minister or as a diplomat; and he committed suicide under the combined strain of work and unpopularity. But the

hooligans who hooted his coffin on its way to Westminster Abbey have had their judgment reversed by the informed opinion of diplomatic historians. And the College is fortunate in possessing, at long last, a portrait of one of the most distinguished Foreign Secretaries who have held office in difficult times.

II. From the Letters of Kirke White:

To Mr B. Maddock

ST JOHN'S, Oct. 18, 1805.

My dear Ben,

...My rooms are in the top story of the farthest court of St John's (which you perhaps remember) near the cloisters. They are light and tolerably pleasant.

...You must know our college was originally a convent for Black Friars, and if a man of the reign of Henry the Sixth were to peep out of his grave in the adjoining churchyard, and look into our portals, he might deem us a convent of Black Friars still, judging from our dress and appearance. Some of our brethren, it is true, would seem of very unsightly bulk; but many of them, with eyes sunk into their heads with poring over the mathematics, might pass very well for the fasting and mortified shadows of penitent monks.

To his Mother

Oct. 26, 1805.

...It is only men's extravagance which makes college life so expensive. There are sizars at St. John's who spend £150 a year, but they are gay, dissipated men, who choose to be sizars that they may have more money to lavish on their pleasures....Our mode of living is not to be complained of, for the table is covered with all possible variety, and on feast days, which our fellows take care are pretty frequent, we have wine....I have three rooms: a sitting room, a bedroom and a kind of scullery or pantry.

To his brother Neville

Dec. 10, 1805.

...This place is literally a den of thieves; my bedmaker, whom we call a gyp, from a Greek word signifying vulture, runs away with everything he can lay hands on, and when he is caught says he only borrows them. He stole a sack of coals a week as regularly as the week came, when first I had fires; but I have stopped the run of this business by a monstrous strong padlock, which is hung to the staple of the bin. His next trick was to bring me four candles for a pound instead of six, and this trade he carried on for some time, till I accidentally discovered the trick....His neatest trick is going to the grocer every now and then for articles in your name which he converts to his own use. I have stopped him here too by using a check-book. Tea, sugar, and pocket-handkerchiefs are his natural perquisities, and I verily believe he will soon be filling his canister out of mine before my face. There is no redress for all this, for if you change you are no better off; they are all alike.

To Mr...Charlesworth

Sept. 22, 1806.

My dear Charlesworth,

...I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment...for how, indeed, should it be otherwise?...On such a subject who would not be poetical?...A wife!—a domestic fireside!—the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness!...If with all this in your grasp you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero*, still avoid the *irrupta copula*, still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman—why then you deserve to be a fellow of a college all your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy and careless bedmaker; and lastly to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor.

III. Edward Benlowes. Extracts from the Cole MSS. (British Museum), printed in Sir Egerton Brydges's *Restituta*, 1815, vol. III, p. 44:

"There is a good three-quarter picture of him in the Master's Lodge in St John's College, in the fine noble dining room, Oct. 26, 1779, and immediately under it hangs a small picture, in an ebony carved frame, representing a kitchen and larder, with game of all sorts and provisions, very curiously painted; and on it are his arms, viz. quarterly per fesse, indented gules and or, on a bend or a cinquefoil between two martlets, sable. This shews that the picture belonged to him, and was given by him to the College; as is the case of another picture over the chimney of a new erected bed-chamber, at the west end of the gallery, near the College Library: it is of a Sergeant at Law, dressed in his scarlet robes, and sitting in a chair, and a white coif on his head, and half length with the same arms in the corner, and W.B. They were at a loss to know for whom it was designed, till I found it out by the arms; which shews the usefulness of having them, or the name put upon the canvas; otherwise half a century destroys the merit of them, as to their persons, tho' they may be good portraits of they know not whom...."

The second picture is of Sergeant William Benlowes. Both portraits are now in the Library. The cooking picture is in the Kitchen Manager's office.

IV. St John's College, Cambridge. From *The Manchester Guardian*, reviewing the Royal Academy, 1938:

In the traditional camp there is nothing to hold a candle to Mr Edward Maufe's St John's College buildings, Cambridge. It has taken Cambridge University a long time to discover that Mr Maufe can do more than add gracefully and inconspicuously to the older buildings.

In this admirable scheme the authorities go a long way towards making amends for some recent work. Mr Maufe is apt to be a little inhibited in much of his design, even his best, but here he has obviously felt happy and has let himself go.

The combination of stone-mullioned study windows with renaissance archways and continuous strip-windows for the staircases is made boldly and vitally and in the grand Cambridge manner. Other classical buildings in the room lose lustre by comparison. Even the most conspicuously placed do not arrest the eye.

BOOK REVIEWS

Francis Baily the Astronomer, 1774–1844, by L. G. H. HORTON-SMITH.

An enterprising character, young Francis Baily finished a business apprenticeship to go adventuring in America, where he met shipwreck and other excitements, and, when back in England some years later, was deterred only by lack of funds from journeying into the wilds of Africa in the footsteps of Mungo Park. At 27, however, he settled down to business life in London, eventually making a considerable fortune on the Stock Exchange. At 37, he commenced his scientific career with a paper to the Royal Society, and at 51 retired from stockbroking to devote the remaining twenty years of his life to astronomy. During this later period he was a prominent leader in the affairs of the Royal Astronomical Society, for the foundation of which he had himself been largely responsible. His other work ranged over star catalogues, the Nautical Almanac, the mean density of the Earth, and the Standard Yard, while his name is commemorated in the "Baily's Beads" first observed by him at the solar eclipse of 1836.

The present pamphlet, reprinted from *The Newburian*, is by a former Fellow of the College, himself a descendant of the Baily family. It gives a brief biography and other family history.

Song Salad, by LAURANCE TANNER, with illustrations by G. S. Sherwood. Bristol, 1938. 60 pp. 2*s*.

A little collection of amusing verses, nonsense rhymes, and parodies. The illustrations, which owe much to Nicolas Bentley, are particularly pleasing. The poems are rather uneven, but some

have a very pleasant humour. We quote from the "Elegy" inspired by the fact that in 1937 forming fours was abolished from the training of infantry battalions under active service conditions:

> "Blue-nosed Colonels from the Tropics,
> All cashiered for gettin' shirty,
> Find these changes burnin' topics;
> What! no generals over thirty?
> No more —— formin' fours?
> They —— well can't get to wars,
> Now you've stopped 'em formin' fours!"

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

President: K. NEWIS. *Hon. Secretary:* H. C. RACKHAM.
Hon. Treasurer: A. D. MCCANN.

THE Society held two successful meetings in the Lent Term. On Wednesday, 16 February, Mr F. M. Heywood of Trinity Hall read a paper entitled "Some problems connected with the Battle of Cannae". The subject proved to be more interesting than might have been expected from this title, and Mr Heywood gave a convincing exposition of his own theories.

On Friday, 4 March, a paper was read by Mr F. H. Sandbach of Trinity College on the subject: "Metaphor in Latin Poetry". The paper gave rise to a very interesting though involved discussion upon the nature of metaphor, simile, allegory and parable, and their uses in literature.

Our gratitude is due to Mr Getty for the use of his room on both these occasions and also for his kindness in providing coffee and cigarettes.

As usual, a single meeting was held in the Easter Term for the election of officers for next year, 1938–9. The following were elected:

President: H. C. RACKHAM. *Hon. Secretary:* A. G. LEE. *Hon. Treasurer:* R. D. WILLIAMS.

The meeting was held in the rooms of Mr R. B. Marchant, and was followed by a play-reading in two groups, one group reading Euripides' *Cyclops*, the other, Aristophanes' *Acharnians* in English translation. Only junior members of the Society were present at this meeting.

THE EAGLE

VOL. LI *December* 1938 No. 222

FIFTY YEARS AGO[1]

To be tiresome, it has been said, it is only necessary to discuss education. Is there a subject on which men are more apt to be tedious? We generalize swiftly when education is mentioned, each of us deliberately or unconsciously basing himself upon his own experience; and the more magnificent our systems and theories grow, the less relation they seem to bear to life. The fact is, very few of us are really educated at all, and those who are best educated seem, like the best men elsewhere, to wish least to dogmatize about it. The men who go furthest are often the worst at mapping the route. There are critics who tell us that the route offered by one of the older English Universities does not take us very far and, moreover, leads us in the wrong direction. I will not dispute with them. All I will say is that it is a very pleasant route, and that one falls in with fellow-travellers upon it, who are human in a very large and delightful way—some indeed who are less human—but so many who grow progressively great of heart and wide of sympathy, that one feels at least that with all its defects—its failure to achieve the last thought in macadamizing, for instance—it must be a road that trends to the right goal, however many others there are.

The distinguishing feature of the older English Universities—for there are two, one on the Great Western some-

[1] A lecture delivered in the University of Chicago. The quotations are mostly from *The Cambridge Review* and *The Granta*.

where near Swindon, often confused with Oxford, Georgia—is their preservation of the ancient system of college life. There are alternatives to this. Men group themselves elsewhere in other ways—by the year in which they enter the University or by that in which they expect to graduate (the class of 1900 which I found as newly arrived as myself in the Canadian University was known as Noughty-Nought)—by the subjects of their choice, such as theology, medicine, arts or horse-doctoring—by age or wealth or religion or their views on politics, which form the bases of many combinations. But one may be pardoned for thinking that the English college system has advantages over them all. Here are grouped, and here are working together, men of every origin, of different ages and "subjects", of the widest varieties in wealth and religion, educating one another without knowing that they are doing it, and that perhaps is one of the great secrets of real education. The nucleus of college life is the staircase, and it branches out into the boat club, dinner in hall, college chapel, the lecture room, and all sorts of things. Of this life I propose to give such a picture as I may be able to draw of memories of the late eighties and the early nineties, helped out by illustrations from what historians impressively call contemporary sources.

The staircase may be old and inconvenient, an ancient and awkward monument of days when no one thought a grand piano a necessity—a twisting and unsafe ascent to rooms as ill-conceived, dark, low-ceiled and cramped. Or it may be a modern affair with air and light, with big windows and stone steps, leading to rooms planned for comfort and even for convenience. Over every staircase and its six or eight sets of rooms was appointed a bedmaker, as to whom, legend says, the ancient statutes prescribed that she should be old and ugly. Indeed, one might guess that Touchstone had some such place in mind for Audrey, when he said: "Praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter." "The courts", wrote a man a little after my period, "are full of squalid hags, who squeak and gibber, as they carry home their purloined bread." The bedmaker had her perquisites.

A fourpenny loaf came every morning, and not a quarter of it was eaten by the freshman. In return for this and other things of the kind, for a stated wage paid by the college and recovered from the student, and a variable tip, which custom always strove to fix, she looked after the rooms —"keeping room", bedroom and gyp-room—and generally maintained a reasonable dead level of dirtiness. Her husband might be the gyp—a word of disputed origin, "Egyptian or vulturous"—her partner in mess and petty larceny of victuals, and her tyrant. Here I may begin to quote *The Granta* of those days from which I shall have to draw a good deal:

> Should your bedmaker carelessly soil
> The books you have left on your table
> With candle-grease, blacking or oil,
> You should bear it as well as you're able—
> Yet the mildest of Junior Deans
> Will at times give his bedmaker beans.
>
> If your carpet is mostly unswept,
> (And your gyp isn't likely to sweep it),
> If your room is disgracefully kept
> (And that's how your bedder will keep it),
> They are but adding fuel to fire
> Who tell you to bottle your ire.

Elsewhere we read a man's scheme of a special purgatory for his acquaintance:

> And, first of all, it were fit to begin
> With my gyp, that hardened man of sin,—
> My gyp's long score to the full were paid
> Might he lie for aye on a bed he had made.

A satirist, even if he writes from knowledge, is generally conceded by literary critics a right to limit himself in the use of truth. It is also true that these elderly women were often decent kindly creatures. If they were not always miracles of cleanliness, they were often careful of the health and comfort of their "gentlemen", believed in well-aired beds and warm rooms, and insisted on having

such notice, when men were coming up, as would allow these natural comforts to be achieved. Too often they were the victims of husbands who married them to be supported by their earnings, and the woman who was dismal enough as a wife would brighten up wonderfully as a widow.

The undergraduate owned everything in his rooms. He took over at a valuation what his predecessor left—or refused it, in which case the valuer had to take it—and then he added what he thought fit, chairs, bookcases, pictures, crockery, table-silver, brooms and pans for the gyp-room, pipe-racks, curtains, ornaments and so forth. The Cambridge shops every October laid themselves out to suit him. In particular, cheap pictures filled their windows to catch his eye with their innocent and sentimental art.

Along with the problems of furnishing came those of dress, where many pitfalls awaited the unwary. He might find cap and gown provided in his room—an enterprising tailor had made friends with the "bedder". How long ought the tassel to be on his square cap? Just so long as not to hang over at any point. Should he slit the sleeves of his gown? Some colleges did; some did not. "You may smoke in academical dress, assault policemen, insult your Dean, dye the town vermilion, even come in after twelve, and all will be forgiven you. But there are some things you may not do. If you once go wrong, it will be no excuse to plead ignorance....You may be ill-treated, for instance, if you wear gloves with your academical dress, but you will probably not be regarded as a leper for the rest of your days....When a senior man, who was a freshman himself only last year, calls on you, you must not resent his air of patronage. Do not content yourself with leaving a card on his bedmaker by way of return for his favours. You must knock at the great man's door, until you find him in.... Above all, if you should happen to have grown a beard between the time of your leaving school and coming up here, cut it off and cast it from you. You will be better liked without it."

For you, says one of *The Granta*'s many poets

> For you the tradesman spreads his show,
> The tout prepares his artful games;
> The lynx-eyed porter sees you go
> Across the grass, and notes your names.
>
> All life you fully understand,
> Yet freshmen walk our streets again
> With gloved umbrella-bearing hand
> Held high to guard their gowns from rain;
>
> And some—the jest hath freshness still
> Though cynics sneer and gyps deride—
> Perchance will mount the ancient hill
> To see their freshmen's term divide.

In these passages we have a well-marked line drawn between actions banned by Parliament, the Town Council and the University, and on the other hand those actions which, as Thucydides—or Pericles in his pages—said, are forbidden by "unwritten laws, the breaking of which brings admitted shame".

The undergraduate in Cambridge has much less freedom in some directions than in the Scottish or the American University. The courts, as we more accurately call what Oxford in defiance of Euclid misnames quadrangles, are generally adorned with grass plots, carefully nurtured. Only dons are allowed to walk on the grass, and they do it with discretion. Here is a point at which that conflict with ancient rule may begin that so often heralds progress. The college porter watches over the grass plot and reports trespasses to the Dean, unless—unless he doesn't for some unspecified reason. In old days he had other things to report, as an old Cambridge alphabet shows:

> G is my gown: chuck it off! it's eleven!
> H "Half-a-crown, Sir! it's ten fifty-seven!"

Other regions remain where he is still eyes and ears to the Dean—in the chapel where he marks attendance, still compulsory a century after Wordsworth's criticism of it in *The Prelude*—at the gate, where he notes the moment of every man's return after 10 p.m.—and on nights when bonfires are

planned. "Called emphatically men" (Calverley's phrase), the men do things which in later life seem a little youthful. *Homo Sapiens, desipiens in loco*, was a naturalist's definition of our kind in those days. So the college porter had his place—and his opportunities, as was sometimes suggested.

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And I find, when two chapels I've done,
That, though you incessantly stand at the door,
You have managed to mark them as one."

"It is so, but observe," Mr Muddles replied,
"That I balance my score with much trouble,
My enemies' chapels by two I divide,
That my friends' I may manage to double."

Here again libel is not all the truth. For loyalty to the college and its sons, few would be harder to beat than some of the porters. They never forget us, and they recognize us, when, after years of absence, we return bald as a condor, bearded as a pard. One famous head porter was a great gardener, who kept his college court beautiful beyond all others—a grave stern good old man. Others are cheery souls, whose role in life is helpfulness, varied by strict attention to the Dean's wishes. And now it is time that we went and "saw the Dean".

"A fogey" revisits Cambridge and tells his reminiscences in an early *Granta*. "Dick is a Lancashire rector now, with a barren glebe and a fruitful wife"; but in undergraduate days, fresh together

We both wore gloves with our cap and gown,
And umbrellas too in showery weather,
And on Guy Fawkes day we challenged the town
And gave and received black eyes together.

We both cut chapels and stayed out late—
I wonder if Dick can still play loo;
Could he climb, I wonder, the New Court gate,
As—I blush to confess it—we used to do?

We both bought wine and cigars (on tick)
And both with money were far too free,
And the Dean was often "at home" to Dick,
He was just as often "at home" to me.

And, as another humourist suggested, the Dean would arrange for his visitors to be "At Home" too, by the week together. For, when disorder reached a certain pitch, the Dean would "gate" a man at such an hour (let us say 8 p.m.) for such a period, which meant that he must be within the college by 8 p.m. every night, or in his lodgings, if he lodged in the town. A man in college had, even if gated, certain opportunities of life and human intercourse in his friends' rooms, if he did not know any private ways into college. There were ways—by the bridge and the window next it, if you knew the man, for instance—or over the back gate, as we have seen. The man gated in lodgings was in worse case; he was dependent on good Samaritans who remembered him and called; for the landlord depended for his living on the strict use of his key.

The functions of a Dean, it will be seen, did not offer him many chances of cheap popularity, and not all Deans were equally successful in using the chances they had. Then there might come big trouble, and the comfortable way out was a college living, or some other promotion.

Upon a time there was a Dean;
No Dean was so undeanly.
His methods could not worse have been;
He managed things so meanly—
Not outward things; his dress was neat,
No tattered coat, nor frayed hose,
Adorned his frame whom now we name
Lord Bishop of Barbados.

He had a knack of falling out
With men of every pattern;
His horoscope beyond a doubt
Betrayed the reign of Saturn;
Upon the peacefullest of scenes
He'd burst like ten tornadoes;
But our undeanliest of deans
Is Bishop of Barbados.

Historically—for here I know the names—he was not Bishop of anything. "Don," said an earlier writer in *Light Green*, "a short way of spelling all that is unpleasant in man; Dean, a nastier way." "The men who keep our consciences", wrote someone, "may be classics and wranglers of high degree and nevertheless they may understand nothing of human nature," and he speaks sensibly of compulsory chapel: "The moral effects on the Dean's victims are appalling. Compulsion ends in repulsion. Many a man on going down celebrates his independence by leaving the Church of his fathers." And then he concludes happily: "Against Deans in their other capacities I throw no stone. Discipline is necessary; without it we should sink to the level of the Scottish universities, which can never know the pleasure of breaking rules because they have none to break. So long as they are content to preserve good order and green turf and regular hours, Deans are certainly to be encouraged. But in connection with compulsory chapels they are misguided fanatics, and enemies of true religion."

"I'm your enemy," a witty Dean used to say to undergraduates; "it's your Tutor who's your friend." For in Cambridge Tutor does not mean—at least with a capital T—what it does at Oxford, a person who merely looks over exercises. Our Latinity is purer. The entrance examination or "Littlego" in Cambridge is officially called the Previous, and the Tutor is guardian as the Latin would suggest. He is *in loco parentis*,[1] it is always said; he recommends courses of reading and prescribes lectures, he takes charge of you in case of illness or emergency, he bails you out of the police station, he stands up for you when the Dean becomes unreasonable. On the other hand, if the Dean is right, and if your conduct leaves too far behind the standards desired by the college, he will send you down. But as long as you are "up", you and your Tutor work together. The Tutor and the undergraduate form the strongest combination in the University when easy access is sought to

[1] I since learn that this phrase to-day is taken as the Latin equivalent of "modern daughter". "Modern father" is surely *ex-post-facto*.

the B.A. degree; between them they find out the "soft options", and the Tutor is always on the outlook on University boards and councils to safeguard his charge against excessive demands upon industry or intelligence. We did not know that when we were young. No wonder Tutors have testimonials when they retire; as the poet said,

> Gorgeous present he got;
>   Silver, I reckon, not pewter;
> Sugar-tongs and a teapot
>   Showed our respect for our tutor.

One feature of college discipline, which may surprise people outside, is the requirement that every undergraduate dines at least five nights in the week in the college hall. It makes for the common life; it secures that the poorest man has nutriment at least once a day, for his other meals he looks after himself in his own rooms; and it helps to secure that the student really is in Cambridge. Cambridge degrees depend on residence; a man must reside so many days in each term if he is to "keep the term", and he needs nine terms for his degree. Dining in hall is considered a help toward this. It is a matter of faith with undergraduates—or was—that the dinner is a bad one. They would grumble at the meat, at the "caterpillary attraction" of the vegetables, at the gooseberries used for the tart. The last formed the gravamen of a petition to a college steward, entitled "De Disgustibus", which was drawn up about 1890 but perhaps not presented formally. It began:

> Sir, we're not ambitious
> For a choice of dishes;
> Upon loaves and fishes,
>   Were they fresh and clean,
>
> You might safely trust to
> Us to feed with gusto,
> Until fit to bust a
>   "Try-your-weight" machine.

The poet surveys the dinner item by item, wishes "the dickens had those ancient chickens" and so forth and then concentrates on the gooseberries:

Oh! if we could see 'em
In the Fitz Museum,
What a great Te Deum
We would shout aloud!

So send those berries
To the Antiquaries,
Or manure the prairies
With your fragrant store;

And your petitioners
Will pray like missioners,
Nor need physician-ers
For ever more.

Perhaps by now it is time to refer in passing to the lectures and the lecture rooms, where some would find the very centre of Cambridge life. It must be owned they were dull, and they need not take up space here. Lectures everywhere are much the same, and Cambridge is in this very like other places. One point may be noted however. There were two ways to a degree—one by Honours and a Tripos, the other the Poll (abridged from *οἱ πολλοί*). The Honours man, when he was done with his Previous, was troubled no more by the University with examinations till he took the Tripos for which he specialized. The Poll man had his way punctuated with two parts of a General Examination before he reached his Special, also in two parts. (Hence the suggestion that "his General is caviare to him".) A Tripos candidate is not asked to construe at a lecture; it is not a "recitation"; he sits, listens and takes notes, or occupies his time as best he may; and he may not come out. It is not done. It has been done by slipping between desk and bench on to the floor, while the lecturer read from his manuscript, and then after an interval quietly crawling out. But enough of this part of our subject; as someone wrote, with a hint of indebtedness to Wordsworth:

Lectures are but a sleep and a forgetting.

Let us forget them and try a little more of the variety of Cambridge life.

Our backs and bridges, bills and bells,
Our boats and bumps and bloods and blues,
Our bedders, bull-dogs and Bedells,
Our chapels, colleges, canoes,
Our dons and deans and duns and dues,
Our friends from Hayti and Siam,
Tinge with kaleidoscopic hues
This ancient city by the Cam.

Cambridge by day is a commonplace country town of yellow brick—apart from the colleges—of duns and bills and shop windows. By night the streets have a new point of interest, as we are reminded again and again in *The Granta*'s pages.

O Proctor dear, where are you roaming?
O would that I could hear you coming,
As I sing both high and low.
Come not near me, I've been dining;
Dinners end in Proctors fining,
Every undergrad doth know.

"On the whole," says a leader-writer in the same columns, "we recommend a serious demeanour *vis à vis* of a Proctor. Always remember that, if he has fairly cornered you, he has quite two to one the better of you. Indeed, the University Statutes lay it down that in cases of breaches of discipline, if there be *quid gravius*, the Proctor may increase the fine; and a thoughtless word has been known under such circumstances to cost an additional six and eightpence. Remember, too, that the Proctor is not always a bad fellow....Only take to your heels when you are quite certain not to be caught."

And one great evening, I call to mind,
When Proctor and bull-dogs gave us chase;
Dick was noisy, we both had dined;
And they ran us down in the Market Place.

But oh! what a race we had of it first,
Petty Cury, Parade, and forrard again,
Through Senate House Passage, and then with a burst
Into Trinity Street through Trinity Lane.

And then with our haven well in sight,
When we thought we had done with our vain alarms,
Before we had time to turn left or right,
We found ourselves in the Proctor's arms.

The Proctor's duties in those days were not quite the same as now. He had a civil jurisdiction over the streets, and certain characters he could arrest and commit to the Spinning House. But about 1890 this part of his work was transferred to the town police—not unhappily. The Proctors were also concerned to check tandem-driving, which is long out of fashion in Cambridge. Instead, the Proctors have had of late years heavy work in the survey of cinema shows and in the registration and control of motor-cars and motor-cycles kept by students. Six hundred were registered in one winter before the War. The main work of the Proctor was moral discipline, and the streets and the cars came naturally under his care. From about 8 p.m. to midnight there was always one Proctor, sometimes more, on patrol. Two men, traditionally known as Bull-dogs and supposed to be fleet of foot, men with a wide and peculiar knowledge of who's who and who isn't, go with him, wearing tall hats, which are as conspicuous as the white bands and cap and gown of the Proctor. All students are required to wear cap and gown after dark, and to have them in good order; and the enforcement of this rule and of another of ancient years against smoking in academical dress is the point at which the Proctor and the undergraduate most frequently come in contact. The smoking rule is an old and rather vexatious one, and some Proctors, while they enforce it, as they must, lean to extenuating circumstances.

He'll come if you don't wear your gown, and stay out rather late,
He'll put you in his little book and fine you six and eight.
He'll catch you when you're smoking after dark, that's if he sees,
He'll mildly doff his cap and say, "Your name and College, please!"
And in the morn the Bull-dog comes, you pay him if you can.

The 5th of November was in old days a night consecrated to disorder, to bonfires and fireworks and to fights between town and gown. By 1890 the vigour of the warfare was declining, but freshmen went out together and fought any townees who were available. All the six Proctors would be occupied the whole evening. One point may be noted as characteristic. Whatever spirit was put into the game of outwitting the Proctor, if the townees attempted to touch him, the situation was changed, his victims rallied to him and fought the town to save him from indignity. This is a Cambridge tradition; our quarrels are within the family. Thus, in a certain college, opinion was dissatisfied with the dinner in hall, and a two-nights' boycott took place. A London half-penny paper sent a reporter to write it up. "If you want to know about our hall", said the boycotters politely, "you should go and see the Steward"—they would not give him away. In the twentieth century Guy Fawkes day declined into still lower depths of inanity and silliness—the burning of a haystack, and aimless processions of freshmen escorted by street boys, and nothing done beyond the discharge of fireworks.

A Cambridge humourist once spoke of perennial jokes that please every generation in turn—mother-in-law or policeman, for example. In Cambridge it has been Proctor. One of the happiest suggestions of a nonsensical kind on the subject was the proposed addition to the Oxford and Cambridge sports of a Proctors' Coursing Match. Two undergraduates smoking in cap and gown were to be liberated from traps, and the Proctor who first secured his man and took his name and college was to be held to have won the event for his University.

At the period of which I speak, athletics were in full swing. Every college had its boat club—the Lady Margaret Boat Club of St John's being the oldest—and a movement was in progress for blending all the athletic clubs in each college into an Amalgamation Club. Finance lay behind this move. The Boat Club was a costly affair, the others were inexpensive by comparison, and the union helped to maintain the boats. On the boats again and again depended the repute of the college, and it was not, as things go, such a bad test. For a

college boat to maintain for years together a good place on the river, the college must have a perpetual succession of good, sound, healthy-natured men, loyal and enthusiastic for their college. The Cam is a narrow stream, and the principle of bumping races was borrowed or invented to meet the case. The boats rowed one behind another; the winning boat bumped that ahead of it, and next day they changed places. The races lasted four days, and when a boat went up four places, a place a day, the men received their oars, painted with the college arms and the names of the crew, as trophies—these to keep. Each afternoon following one on which a bump was made the victorious crew wore flowers in their hats.

The boat took precedence of football and cricket in college interest, and those of hockey, lacrosse and golf. Golf was hardly played at that time. To represent the college in some sport was the common ambition—hence the sting of these lines:

> I am not athletic at all,
> Nor destined by Nature for sport;
> My biceps are certainly small
> And my sight is excessively short.
>
> I never was partial to balls
> Or the games which are played by their aid;
> For the danger, which others enthrals,
> Unluckily makes me afraid.
>
> There are some love to smite them with bats,
> And to hurl them at parallel sticks;
> Some serve them with entrails of cats,
> Some pursue them with violent kicks.

Nor does the gentleman row, but he begs not to be condemned unheard, or to be regarded as a "smug"—

> For one touch can make us all kin;
> One weakness I too must confess—
> I very soon hope to begin
> To play for my College at chess.

References to the river pervade the talk and the journals of the time. Here is the "Lament of an Oarsman"—with that

suggestion of Robert Browning's metre and manner that abounds in the verse of that day.

> Oh! who's for the river? The sleet drives cold,
> And the wind bites shrewdly, the clouds are black,
> (The proper expression for this, I'm told,
> Is "The sky is o'ercast with the tempest's wrack".)
>
> And the rain falls swift, and the stream is slow,
> And the scent of the river is wafted strong,
> And life is short—is it right to row
> In weather like this on a slide that's long?
>
> Barnwell Pool is dreary and dank,
> The birthplace of smells and the grave of hope;
> Would his death be swift if a man once drank
> This oozy mixture of slime and soap?
>
> Down we drift in a labouring eight,
> And we stir the Cam to its utmost dregs;
> And the coach from his horse shouts "Bow, you're late,
> Sit up, don't bucket, and use your legs".
>
> And the casual "funny" runs down the pair,
> And both are upset by a Freshman's four—
> Four and a cox; with their eyes a-stare—
> "Hi! look ahead Sir! Mind your oar!"

Then follows the rowing of a "course", and the poet concludes with a growl.

> So these are our joys, and this our toil;
> And this is truth that I now record;
> Rowing is—what with blister and boil,
> And the rain and the sewers—its own reward.
>
> Yet every day it is just the same,
> Though my nose be red and my fingers blue,
> I visit the river and sink my name
> And become one-eighth of an eight-oared crew.

The last line puts the great feature of the discipline. No man in the boat ever won the race by himself—not even the lady novelist's oarsman who rowed distinctly quicker than the rest of the crew—but almost any man could lose it for the boat. To row for one's college was service where the indi-

vidual and his glory were sunk, where college spirit endured what the poet has just told us for the sake of the college as much as for any pleasure in the thing. There were no heroics, and no escape once in the boat. It was discipline, and a valuable one—it called for skill and patience, it trained in co-operation and it denied (except in rare cases) any individual halo. And for those who threw themselves into it, there was more.

They cannot know who lounge and loaf the fierce exultant glow
That warms the heart and stirs the pulse when eight men really row,
When the banks go mad with roaring, and the roar becomes a yell
And the bow-men feel her dancing as she lifts upon the swell;
And the crowd in chaos blending rend the welkin with advice;
"Swing out, you've gained, you're gaining, you must get them in a trice;"
Till with one last stroke we do it, and the coxswain's face grows bright
And it's "Easy all, my bonny boys, you've made your bump to-night!"

I met a solid rowing friend, and asked about the race,
"How fared it with your wind?" I said, "when stroke increased the pace?
You swung it forward mightily, you heaved it greatly back;
Your muscles rose in knotted lumps, I almost heard them crack.
And while we roared and rattled too, your eyes were fixed like glue,
What thoughts were flying through your mind, how fared it, Five, with you?"
But Five made answer solemnly, "I heard them fire a gun,
No other mortal thing I knew until the race was done."

Another line of interest and ambition marked the Union. Here great questions were solemnly debated week by week—humorously, too—and men cultivated style and in some cases learnt to speak in such a way that their rising was not followed by the immediate exit of the assembly. Week by week the debates were reported, and the speakers criticized, in the University papers. "Mr Blank gave some successful imitations of a crowing cock and a screaming child." It was supposed or hoped that success at the bar or in Parliament

might await our leading speakers, but it did not. My generation of Cambridge has not been markedly more successful in politics than in poetry; we have had no Lord Chancellor any more than we had a Rupert Brooke. Still the Union too was education. Here are a few lines of advice given by someone reporting at the Union, and they would be hard to better. "The successful speaker in the Union is he who speaks unpretentiously, shortly, naturally and earnestly; who does not mistake platitude for thought, or cheap vulgarity for wit; who does not affect a force he does not feel; who does not think his few words a necessity for every debate; and, finally, who does not speak for more than seven minutes after ten o'clock."

Of political clubs, of the A.D.C. and the Footlights, of the Greek play, a good deal might be said but will not be; but a corner may be spared for the Grantchester "grind". The London road going south from Cambridge is not unpleasant with the great bank of trees on the right hand, and it leads to the village of Trumpington, where Chaucer placed his mill. Modern Cambridge men believe he meant Grantchester, famous long before in the Venerable Bede—another village half a mile or more away to the westward, where the road winds through fields, and by the stream flowing down from Byron's pool, and past the mill and its open water, the scene, we all believed, of Tennyson's poem *The Miller's Daughter* and worthy of it. Then we turned off to the right and crossed a series of open meadows, with the Cam, here known as the Granta, slowly finding its way down to Cambridge. It is a beautiful walk for this country, but I speak of it here for it was a good part, in old days before low bicycles and motor-cycles, of undergraduate life. Here we walked out in twos, talking, arguing, disputing and enjoying ourselves—and learning a great deal as we went, of tolerance and genial sense and strange opinions. Such intercourse will never die till Cambridge is reformed out of all life—no, not even in these days of wheels; but I doubt if it would ever be so good indoors and at late hours as in the afternoons on the Grantchester meadows.

The staircase, as I said before, was the nucleus of college life—six or eight rooms, and in them lived how many types? You lived at the top and read classics; the man opposite was a mathematician from Aberdeen; under you was a Chinese medical student from Singapore or a Jap or an Indian; under him a Poll man meaning to be ordained and reform the universe; below were the college drunkard, a Science man perhaps, a "Moral Stinks" man, and the First Boat Captain; and among you you represented four or five academic years and held eight varieties of religious belief, and as many of temperament, almost as many shades of politics, and of taste or no-taste in literature. You entertained one another at tea, borrowed milk and money, and furniture for entertainments, introduced your sisters (and sometimes—if grammar will stand it—you married them in the long run). We had to live together. We had our own sets of rooms and had as many meals alone as we chose, or shared them as we pleased. But we were one body, a microcosm—we had to pull together to keep the boat club going, and the college magazine, and the debating society and a lot more things—in short, the college. The dons, of course, did something in their detached and uncomfortable way; but we were the college. (When one reached the High Table, this conviction seemed to require modification.)

"Cambridge", said a writer in *The Granta*, "is a great leveller. The lad who at school overtopped his fellows, has to step down from his pinnacle and become even as other men. The neglected schoolboy, who withered at school amidst the unsympathetic society of those who dubbed him mad, merely because he wore side-spring boots or valued the affection of a tame guinea-pig more than the rude society of human wild animals, finds sympathy and appreciation. He can wear his hair long without being cuffed, and read English poetry without being sneered at or running the danger of an imposition. Even Peers leave their Coronets behind them in their ancestral halls, and consent to wear the cap which Proctors worship and rowdy men batter. Sometimes they are pilled for clubs—which is revolutionary; occasionally they fall off horses—which is absurd. But they no longer strut in the gold and purple wherewith the Cambridge of the past delighted to honour them. We have even seen a Peer whose cuffs were frayed, and who, in spite of the four columns in which Burke had chronicled his ancestry, was turned out of a Lent Boat for sugaring like any commoner. The Dean and the Examiner make no distinction between the proud and the lowly, the wealthy and the poor."

The man made his place for himself. Of course, there were in a human society men who somehow or other were early "boomed" and caught the eye of the student world. There were others who made their way more slowly to the front, but who got there by sheer manhood and worth, and no one asked whether they were scholars or sizars, or who their parents were. And with all the folly and nonsense we talked, with all the traditions and prejudices we called principles, men really did gravitate to deeper views of life, thought things out slowly and half-unconsciously, and reshaped the courses they had planned. It came, I suppose, as much as anything, from the men we met—more than from the lectures we attended. So it always will be in Universities, but our college system seemed to increase our chance of having our dogmatism broken up and our being put at a more universal point of view—if I may borrow language which we never dreamed of using.

Cambridge is apt to be cool where Oxford is hot. Oxford's most characteristic contribution to the nineteenth century was Newman; Cambridge gave Darwin, and said less about it. We leant rather to rationalism than romanticism, and took things coolly and quietly. What were the facts? Was there any sense in the thing? One small symptom was the very small place taken by the essay in our education, compared with the large place given to it at Oxford. It had too little attention, if truth must be told; and our bias to fact might degenerate sadly into "common sense" without imagination. But we checked any tendency to gush that we saw in one another; and we corrected our views cautiously when we found them wrong. Here the lectures of the dons and the

talk of our friends worked together; the same tone, allowing for age and responsibility, touched both. The extreme Low Churchmen were many and were little touched by the spirit of the place; the rest of us suffered something in enthusiasm and consecration, if we gained too by the constant reference to the facts of the case. Of poetry, apart from the type that I have been quoting, we wrote little—or did not mention it if we did. I am not sure that the twentieth-century Cambridge poets, with their anthologies of themselves and their friends, and their enthusiasm for their art, are really a very great improvement on my contemporaries. I doubt, too, if they will last; but middle-aged people are apt to have doubts of that sort. The doubts are often justified, but perhaps it is kinder not to air them.

But to return to history, three years at Cambridge brought a man to his Tripos—the theme of many versifiers in *The Granta*, in strains that recall the poets from Keats to Browning. They begin with being called early on the examination day, and admonish gyp or bedder—

You needn't pull the clothes off; I shall hear you as you tread
With those great heavy feet of yours tramping round about my
bed—

Or, like Keats with Cortés at Darien—for Cortés was never at Darien without Keats—

I watched the men,
Who, like myself o'erwhelmed with wild surprise,
Sat silent chewing gloomily their pen—

Or, with Horace, deprecate cramming—

Seek not, dear boy, to overstrain
The intellect for this exam,
Nor gauge amiss the gastric pain
That comes of undigested cram;
Nor ask the heathenish Chaldee
For tips in pure Theology—

Or reflect how much better Cambridge is out-of-doors in the month of May than in the Senate House, which

is quite true if irrelevant, for it is the best month of the year.

The air is warm, and the sun glows bright,
And sweet and soft is the whispering breeze,
A book and a boat in the Backs invite—
This is the season to take one's ease,
Lulled to sleep by the murmur of bees.—
Why should I value a printed list?
Who cares twopence about degrees?
Why is the Tripos allowed to exist?—

Or, somewhat like Wordsworth's soul, they face the ordeal

In too entire forgetfulness
And utter mental nakedness—

Or tell the whole story with the prolixity of *The Ring and the Book*:

What, Sir? You come thence? Then you're just my man!
Bless us and save us! Why! myself I sat
A week—six blessed live-by-labour days—
There in the Senate House. Boh! what a time!
What days, i' fegs, of brainpan-walloping!
"Grr!" whirrs alarm; "Past eight!" bawls bedmaker.
Out o' the bed you bundle, splash in tub,
Heap clothes on, cram down breakfast, bolt away,
And at the toll o' the bell, why, there you sit,
As though you'd grown upon the very spot
And never meant to budge an inch in life.
Eye runs o'er paper, hand goes up to chin,
Head nods approval or shakes woefulness.
Then pen to page, and scribble all you know—
Scratch head for breathing space—till twelve o'clock.
"Boom!" goes St Mary's, and you trundle out,
Glad to be rid o' a twelfth o' the whole week's work—
Run home to lunch—(or luncheon, do you say?
Nay! as *you* please—pay money and take choice!)
Stuff maw and mind together,—bread and book—
And back again for all the afternoon.

When the Triposes are over—or are beginning to be less thick on the ground—the May Week follows, but in June.

(College Examinations were called "Mays", being held in March or June in our time, but not in May.)

They say that Cambridge in the May
Is at its very, very best,
With all the crews in bright array,
And all the damsels gaily drest;

When every man has people up,
And sisters, cousins, friends unite
To fill the Undergraduate's cup
With every possible delight;

When matutinal tennis reigns,
And boats take up the afternoon;
And every country maid complains
The evenings are so short in June,

With supper hurried and scarce done
Before a concert claims its due,
And then a ball, till one by one
The larks are high in heaven's blue.

It was all only too true. Tennis was allowed in the mornings, and girls played on our courts; and the May races took place in the afternoons. Of the boats we have spoken; the spectators packed in rowing-boats and dogcarts, along the bank and in the paddock, at Ditton remain, and here we find them with some memories of Milton in his Cambridge days.

Cam from his muddy bed
Lifts an amazéd head
To see his stream alive with ladies fair;
While parasols, bedight
With many a riband bright,
Fling an unearthly radiance through the air,
As shouts of exultation
Escort each crew to its appointed station.

But hark! the last gun sounds,
And forward each boat bounds,
Swept by the eightfold stroke of racing oars,
To win eternal fame
Or sully its fair name,
While either bank sends thunderous applause,
And inharmonious symphony
Of horns and rattles makes heart-piercing melody.

Nor less when Sol retires
Before the starry fires,
Doth joy still hold its universal sway.
In every College hall
At concert or at ball
The mirth of night outdoes the gladness of the day;
And Hymen, too, I ween
Doth oft attend the dance, a deity serene.

"Proposals of marriage", says one chronicler of such a ball, "were as thick as blackberries." Perhaps they were not all accepted. I hope not.

Apart from halls and balls, there was endless entertainment in college rooms—the menus the unflinching choice of the hosts, and the result profits to the College kitchens.

White-robed, in the cool of the evening,
You gleam on the redolent gloom;
From the court's further side one may see you,
As there in a rose-lighted room,
You sit at the window a-thinking,
Half-hid by the flowers in bloom.

Are you tired of the dancing and singing,
The races, the amateur plays,
The breakfasts, and luncheons, and dinners
That fill up these jubilant days?
Are you weary of constantly eating
The creamy and cool mayonnaise?

She might well be—witness the college missioner who came up from South London, and, calling on an old friend, apologized for his bad temper—he had been having all his meals out to meet freshers, and "had eaten nothing but salmon mayonnaise for three days".

What did the Dons say to it all? Let us turn back to an appeal made to them.

Ye Dons of ancient lore
Recall the days of yore,
And all your solemn state forget awhile.
Come down to common earth,
And let our annual mirth
Your seemingly steeled hearts again beguile
From all that ye pretend that ye
Prefer to Undergraduate festivity.

What did the Dons make of it? Some were bored—they had seen and heard it all before, and did not always respond to the nieces of their wives—nor want to sit in boats; or they had examination papers to correct. But they too were perhaps still partly human; and, with a soliloquy borrowed from another University magazine, this long-drawn story of undergraduate Cambridge may reach an end.

The May Week! Yes, and the courts are gay
With dresses and hats of the charmingest kind;
After a winter of work (let us say!)
Youth finds the May Week much to its mind.

As I go through the courts in these twilight hours,
The rooms lit up with their candle light,
Girls' voices sound from behind the flowers,
Girls' faces look into the summer night.

It does one good such delight to divine
In room after room in the candle-glow;
But I turn to one window that once was mine,
And I think of a May Week long ago.

I see her again in the window-seat—
Her brown hair back in a bunch was tied,
Her voice such a voice! and her smile was sweet;
And I hoped such hopes—and that year she died.

It was my turn then; it is yours to-day,
My happy young friend in the room up there,
Love her? Of course! and win—if you may,
But never think that my life is bare.

But I 'loved and lost'? She died, it is true;
But 'lost'—ah! that you must never suppose;
What she did for me then, no years undo;
What she is to me now—my own heart knows.

It's lonely, of course, and life is strange;
But I think, as on through the courts I go,
My own old sorrow I would not change
For the cloudless happiness others know.

Let us end with another set of elderly reflexions on Cambridge:

'Tis not the Oxonian's somewhat heightened passion
That thrills our spirits when of thee we dream;
We feel for thee in quite another fashion
Such as might well beseem
The children of a rather colder clime,
Whose slower blood throbs not to fancy nor in rhyme.

The place—Heav'n help us! 'tis a cheerless region,
Featureless miles of fen and flat and fen—
And Camus footing slow, amid a legion
Of sluggish brooks—and then
The yellow brick, all that harsh Nature yields
To build dull rows of streets upon her own dull fields.

Yet take the Northward road, the Roman's planning,
Via Devana, some time in October;
Heaven lies most strangely open for your scanning,
And from the dull and sober
East Anglian scene, your eyes seek plains of sky
That wider far and vaster than you dreamed do lie.

Dull is the countryside; but those slow waters,
Gliding in peace beneath the ancient walls
Founded for God by great Kings and their daughters,
Chapels and courts and halls,
Keep the grass green; the elms stand, unsurpassed;
And lilac flowers each spring more glorious than the last.

Our grey old Alma Mater runs not riot
With swift "great movements", seeks no vague "wide view";
No! but she puts, in earnest mood and quiet,
A challenge to be true,
True to the fact, and serious in the quest
Of knowledge; that once gained, content she leaves the rest.

Good grey old Mother! quick to curb our fancies!
How I have chafed against thy cautious mood!
And yet, where'er my restless spirit glances,
I feel thee in my blood,
And, checking, thank kind fortune that my youth
Knew thy controlling hand, thy steady love of truth.

T. R. GLOVER

FROM THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS AGENCY

ITALIAN Beauty Dies in Tomb,
Suicide of Lover;
Moorish Napoleon Murders Wife;
King's Daughter hanged at Dover;

Dictator Stabbed in Senate-House—
Assassins Flee from Rome;
Scotch Peeress is Somnambulist;
Danish Ambassador Goes Home;

Princes in Woodland Outrage Case—
Grave charge by General's Daughter;
Duke-Magician Breaks his Wand,
Flings Books into the Water.

J. S.

MINOR JACOBEAN LOVE SONNET

MY heart resides within my love's fair breast,
Her eye in mine unworthy socket glows,
And in her orbs my happy eyes do rest,
Between my ribs her true heart doth repose.

Her mind is mine, and 'neath her snow-white brow
Sure am I that my mind is there inclos'd,
And in her spirit mine is harbour'd now,
And sure my cheek with hew of hers is gloz'd.

And so each part of each from each is given
To other, and from other every part
To each from other in like wise is riven,
Each has one's eyes, and one has other's heart.

I of my parts do make to her a gift,
She with her beauties closes up the rift.

J. S.

THE CAMP FOR UNEMPLOYED MEN

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.—*Richard III.*

SHAKESPEARE was wrong. The sun never shines in the vicinity of York. It only rains. That, at least, is the experience of those hardy members of the College who ran the camp for unemployed men at Helmsley this August. Despite the weather, however, this year's camp was a very successful one. Credit for this must go both to the men, who showed a complete disregard for the weather, and an enormous faculty for enjoying themselves, and to the herculean efforts of a small but very efficient staff.

A complete account of the camp should be a collective work, for one is so apt to regard it from a particular point of view. The Quartermaster, for instance, looks upon it as a very hungry animal, the Works Manager as a machine for digging, and the Treasurer as a vast mathematical problem in pounds, shillings and pence which must somehow be coaxed into giving a correct answer—and that without any evidence of "cooking" the accounts. Each tent leader, in addition, sees the camp from the doorway of his own tent. The men themselves have various—and strong—views on the subject. The present writer therefore apologizes at the outset for any undue stressing of some factors, and the exclusion of others.

The advance party left Cambridge on the morning of August the second in an ancient, but as it turned out, thoroughly reliable vehicle, presented to us by Lord Austin. Our speed was slow, and we arrived at Helmsley too late to do anything but descend on our neighbours the Oxford Camp, and demand a night's lodging. Refreshed by their hospitality, on the Wednesday morning we began putting up tents, and digging pits of various sizes and for various purposes. *Mirabile dictu*, all was ready for the arrival of the men on the

Thursday, and work was held up only for a brief moment—to admire the arrival of Roland Jones who had come from Southport on a bicycle.

On Friday morning, the camp was in full swing and Alan Beatty as Works Manager could already be seen urging on the wielders of pick and shovel to greater activity, wearing a rather worried expression and his hat.

A saga might be written on the subject of Mr Beatty's headgear, but alas! we can only give a few bare details of its epic career. Bought four years ago for four and sixpence, it has wandered, resting dignified on its owner's head or serving as a receptacle for rare zoological specimens, over large areas of Europe. It has descended into caves of Yugo-Slavia, and scaled the highest peaks of the Pyrenees. And, despite threats to the contrary, it remained secure on Mr Beatty's head for the duration of the camp, avoiding the sad fate of Steffen Peiser's umbrella. This latter, after floating merrily downstream for some hundreds of yards under the skilful navigation of Curly Still, disappeared for ever beneath the waters of the River Rye.

Mention of Mr Peiser's umbrella reminds us of Mr Peiser, and that brings us back to our subject. For was not Mr Peiser our Quartermaster? Our courteous, conscientious and somewhat worried Guardian of Our Stomachs? He performed miracles. With resources ridiculously limited he produced rich roasts, succulent stews, and savoury shepherd's pies, while his zeal, and his astonishment at the amounts eaten, grew side by side. It is lucky indeed for the house of Lyons that he is not going into the catering trade.

Curiously enough, despite the immense meals, there was very little indigestion. Neither of the doctors, Keith Moore, and Peter Sanderson who succeeded him when Keith began his hitch-hike North, had to deal with any great number of dyspepsia cases, although both expressed admiration for the capacity of the men to consume "number nines". Not that they were left idle. "Abrasions and contusions", though happily nearly always of a minor nature, awaited their attention. Wasp stings were of common occurrence, and the

cough mixture was ordered by the gallon. But then the latter tasted extremely nice.

One saw little of the treasurer. Frank Campbell was a very busy man and was unfortunately laid low for a time by an attack of tonsilitis. He was, therefore, usually to be found either in bed or Helmsley. In the one case he was adding up columns of figures, in the other, he was sorting out dole forms at the local Labour Exchange, or arguing about accounts with the tradespeople. Despite these exertions, however, he found time to play a pretty, if languid, game of football, and his repartee with the men was very definitely a sound to hear.

Alan Beatty as mentioned above had a hat. He was also a very efficient Works Manager, and certainly did his share of hard work.

Perhaps those who know both Roland Jones and Wolfgang Fuchs will appreciate the fact that both were very successful tent leaders, and correlate it with Roland's having the toughest tent in the camp, and Wolfgang the best behaved. Toughness, however, does not necessarily mean difficulty, for the most difficult tent was Dennis Waskett's. He came intending to stay for a mere fortnight and ended by staying the month. Truly a man of courage, and an example to others.

The men, as usual, were drawn from Middlesbrough and County Durham, a large proportion coming from Jarrow. To sentimentalize about them here would be both out of place and foolish. But they lived for a month under canvas facing abominable weather conditions with unvarying cheerfulness. They worked hard, played hard, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. In many cases they commanded our respect, and, in short, a sounder set of men it would be difficult to find anywhere. That they benefited from the camp there can be no doubt. A gratifying improvement in their physical condition was apparent, and furthermore it can be said that the camp means a relief from the utter monotony of existence which is the lot of most unemployed.

A word about the general running of the camp may not be out of place here. It has no political significance whatsoever and is run on non-military lines. The men are divided into

units of ten, and these units work, eat, and sleep together. The only compulsory duty is three hours' work in the mornings, this consisted in diverting the course of the River Rye, which though small has a habit of eating away its banks to the extent of several feet of valuable land every year.

In the afternoon and evening, all kinds of sport and occupation are indulged in, quite the most popular being association football. This year, besides a knock-out inter-tent competition, matches were played with the Oxford camp, Helmsley and Harome. All were won, our total aggregate being 17 goals for, and 1 against. At cricket, we were not quite so fortunate, but we had some most enjoyable games.

A series of concerts culminated in a show given in the local hall which was attended by a large proportion of the surrounding population. Other amusements were whist-drives, camp-fires, a peculiar brand of quoits played with heavy iron rings, and, believe it or believe it not, spelling bees! Of those occupations which may be classed as hobbies, carpentry and cobbling were the most popular.

There is only one real way to appreciate fully the value of the camp, and that is to see it for oneself. It does seem a great pity that out of a college the size of St John's there should have been so few willing to spend a fortnight of the long vacation doing a very useful job of work that the staff was barely equal to the minimum required by the regulations of the Universities Council. In fact the situation was only saved by the generous help of three students from Durham University. It is not as though the camp life is uncongenial; the actual work is far from hard, and the time spent is very enjoyable. Ask any member of this year's staff for his opinions.

Next year's camp chief will be F. W. A. Campbell. Give him your support.

MISTS OVER THE CAM

STOP! About this vistaed Bridge of Sighs—
See!—the morning mists have cast a spell:
The stream, the willows—all invisible,
Save yonder phantom bridge where clouds arise;
And here below us many a dead leaf lies
On listless currents. Somewhere calls a bell
To one forgotten hour more—"Farewell!"
"Farewell" an echo drowsily replies....
Ah, could such peace but linger on, oh mist
Of morn, and all the fev'rish day persist!—
But hark!—Beyond our ancient vaulted door
The burdened lorries roll with sullen roar;
And in the sky the screaming planes insist
On things to come....What are we waiting for?

NIGHT

To the Painter

NIGHT, like sudden rain, is in the town—
Tardy purpose spurring unseen feet—
Lights across wet pavement splashing down—
And news-men crying in the street....

To the Poet

Night, as stealthy as the Middle Ages,
Comes unnoticed while we brew our tea,
Speak of Spain, and scan the evening pages
To see what Flick to see....

AFTER AUTUMN

ONCE more the grass is brittle with the frost,
The low sun muffled in a smoky shawl;
No ruffled robin now to launch his call—
His willow's shiv'ring tresses wildly tossed
By wilful squalls that count, dear heart, no cost.
For Autumn days with such brief splendour fall;
And Love's—the most exquisite leaves of all—
Were snatched away, whirled up, away, and lost.
We used to dread when Winter would intrude
Where we in templed stillness did commune
By some secluded lake or silent wood—
Unmindful of the movements of the moon.
Strange—what Winter takes from hill and grove;
Yet somewhere there lie mouldering leaves of Love.

LIFE IN AN OLD TOWN

AN Editor, by a manœuvre which my pen refuses to transcribe in the pages of this Journal, has put my back to the wall: he must have at once my article or my life. In my perplexity, on this twenty-ninth day of November, I turn to the patron saint of the day. I find that he is St Saturninus; and, opening Caxton's *Golden Legend* at the appropriate page, I read as follows:

> Saturnine is said of *saturare*, that is to be filled, and of *nux*, that is a nut, for the paynims were filled for to martyr him, like as the squirrel that eateth the nut. For when the squirrel taketh the nut for to have it out of the hull, it seemeth to him bitter; then he goeth up on high on the tree and letteth it fall, and then the hull breaketh and the nut springeth out. And thus were the paynims filled in S. Saturnine, for he was bitter to them because he would not do sacrifice, and then they brought him up on high of the Capitol, and cast him down the steps or grees, so that he brake his head, and the brain sprang out of it.

This does not help me very much: it only illustrates a mediaeval habit of drawing a moral (which may or may not be just) from an etymology which is almost always false. At any rate we may safely leave this particular exercise in philology to Professor Jopson.

Beyond this Caxton does not help me, for I dare not claim for myself the honour of a saintly martyr; still less should I venture to damn the Editor as a paynim; not even now, when one of the most learned professors of history within the four seas has described me, no longer ago than last Sunday, as a "crusader" to whom "if resisted, his foe becomes a foul pagan". On reflection, however, I do gather a certain light from this same review of Sunday last. I find there that I am a person who lives in "confident faith that what interests him should, and will, interest them", that is, my possible readers. This, then, does to some extent fit in with what Mr Editor wants. He demands my article or my life; so he shall have my article *and* my life, in so far as human patience will hold out. Since that which frequently interests me most is to look back upon days at Lynn, I will write in the hope that a little maundering on this topic may also interest some of my fellow-collegians.

First of all, some may ignorantly ask, "Does he mean *King's* Lynn?" To this I answer: "Lynn people know only one Lynn in the world: you may call it King's if you like, but those who know its history are aware that it should properly be Bishop's". Henry VIII (the wickedest English monarch who ever reigned, although, incidentally, he did for the first time in history give this nation an official English translation of the Lord's Prayer) not only dissolved the monasteries, but compelled the Bishop of Norwich to exchange his wealthy revenues for those of the Abbey of St Benet at Hulme, whose ruins are a delightful landmark to all who know their Norfolk Broads. Since then it has been officially King's Lynn, but to all true citizens it remains as before, plain, solid Lynn; the only Lynn in the old world, for, of course, it has a counterpart in the United States of America.

This Lynn, then, may be briefly characterized in an

authentic anecdote; for one can expect little more than anecdotes from a man who is notoriously in his anecdotage. Some thirty years ago Mr Maw, the Librarian of the Stanley Library at Lynn, was promoted to a corresponding post at Luton. A colleague greeted the newcomer: "So you come from Lynn, do you! Do they still eat snails at Lynn?" Mr Maw replied that this was the first time that he had heard of such a practice. "Oh, yes, they used to be very fond of them, only I am told that they now find the snails are too fast for them!"

Into this town I was born on 15 October 1858, under the glare of a celebrated comet. A local physician, Dr Hunter, politely told my mother that this predicted celebrity for me. He was the only doctor, so far as I remember, who still went about the town with a tall hat, long coat, and ivory-handled stick, i.e. in almost as definite a uniform as an officer's. His hat was always set well at the back of his head, which (men whispered) was somewhat cracked. Personally, I did not sympathize with that rumour; but he was attacked later on by an infuriated patient, who did very seriously crack that head; and I was compelled unwillingly to surmise that there might be some truth in the criticism. All this, however, is in a very misty past.

One of the great sons of Lynn in my boyhood was Harvey Goodwin, Senior Wrangler, and afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. In 1883 or 1884 I had the honour of drinking a glass of Waterloo port as fellow-guest with him at the house of Mr Partridge, the then representative of the firm of solicitors from which Goodwin had sprung. The Bishop told against himself an anecdote which I can quote here in self-defence. He was a frequent University Preacher, and published a volume of sermons through the then infant firm of Macmillan. The proofs did not arrive as quickly as the author's impatience demanded; so he wrote a note of some severity to Daniel Macmillan, the famous founder of that house. Daniel, without departure from his invariable courtesy, answered deprecatingly that the establishment had entirely run out of capital I's and were awaiting a fresh consignment from the type-founder. Much later, I came across a village parson from somewhere near Whitehaven, who told me of the Bishop's confirmation visit to his parish. Harvey Goodwin was a big robust man, but hard work gave him in later life a nervous twitch, especially when he was interested or excited; he would wriggle his neck as if something uncomfortable had got inside his collar. The Vicar, according to custom, invited the two churchwardens to meet him at supper; and, meeting next day the people's churchwarden, who was a farmer, he asked his impression of the great man. "Oh, he is a graan mon, and he gave us a graan sarmon; but what a pity sooch a graan mon should be sa troobled wi fleas!"

My first impression to which I can give a definite date was the marriage of the Prince of Wales (the future Edward VII) to Princess Alexandra. They came down to Sandringham in a special white train, wreathed in white flowers. At Lynn they alighted for a while, and drove from the station to the Town Hall, where they were to receive a solemn address. The cortège passed thus under our nursery windows; and the royal carriage, with its escort of life-guards and kettle-drums and silver trumpets draped in embroidered banners, was an unforgettable sight. Incidentally, Queen Victoria had gone the same way a few years earlier under very different auspices. The loyal crowd insisted on taking out her horses and dragging the coach to the Town Hall, but they were so near upsetting it (in her imagination, at least) that we were told she bore thenceforward an unconquerable aversion to her royal borough.

The Prince was good enough to give a yearly gold medal to the head boy of Lynn Grammar School. To witness if I lie, let any Johnian call on Professor Winfield and ask to see his. On one occasion (I think in 1868) the Prince himself attended, and handed it over personally to the winner. At that time our French and German master was a corpulent and robust Swiss named Goebbels; we little thought what significance that name would have to us in future days. We mostly called him Gobbles, though it was understood that

his own preference was for a pronunciation equally easy and less uncomplimentary, Gobelles. The Prince remarked to a bystander on the platform, "Who can doubt that that man is a typical Norfolk farmer?" The Reverend Doctor White, who was our headmaster and a Johnian, took good care not to contradict his Royal Highness. When White resigned his headmastership he received a fat crown living, I believe in Hampshire. There he took private pupils; and Mrs White, who was decidedly penurious though they had no family, was specially concerned to keep her furniture from any desecration by the boys. Up the front stairs was put a long strip of brown holland to protect her new carpet; but one of the pupils used regularly to go up and down a-straddle, explaining when at last he was caught and reprimanded that he thought he was sparing the brown holland. The headmaster's doctorate was not made in Britain. I believe it was American. He did not contradict another eminent prize-giver, Lord Stanley, afterwards the great Earl of Derby in Disraeli's ministry, who spoke at another prize day under a similar misconception to the Prince's. My elder brother and I, fresh back from a French Lycée, were put on to rehearse a scene from Molière's *L'Avare*. Lord Stanley, in his formal speech, congratulated Doctor White on the correctness of accent which he had succeeded in imparting to two at least of the pupils. But here I am anticipating.

My first schooling was with two old dames, the Misses Thompson, in one of those delicious old Georgian houses which still survive at Lynn. I believe they taught me to read, and certainly it was not their fault if I do not always fasten up my letters properly. After the statutory lick, the elder Miss Thompson invariably laid her missive upon the floor and trod upon it carefully to ensure perfect adhesion. Thomas Seccombe, whose writings are still remembered by a few, and whose personality is cherished by surviving journalists of his time, followed me about ten years later under the same Misses Thompson, and carried away the same memory. On the other hand, there were far more gloomy recollections in the mind of a much older pupil, H. T. Francis of Caius, who

took a First in the Classical Tripos of 1860 and died at over eighty as Senior Assistant at the University Library. In 1911, on hearing that I came from Lynn, he told me how he had begun life under the Misses Thompson as a boarder, his parents living at Ipswich. But in his case homesickness had been fatal: he used to lie awake and sorrowing at night, and to count the beautiful chimes of St Margaret's, a couple of hundred yards off; so that these which people remember as among the richest and mellowest of their kind, were to him so odious that he could never enjoy, to the end of his life, even cathedral bells. From the Misses Thompson's I passed at six to the Grammar School, which was almost opposite our house. But that is another story.

G. G. COULTON

ÉTUDE

He laid him down adown,
in Sheba's lap adown,
the great King Solomon
without his golden crown,
while the nightingale it fluted
an interstellar tune
through the leaves of the trees deep-rooted
in the gardens of the Moon.

This is what it sang
to great King Solomon:

"We do ourselves no wrong
when all is done.
Solomon, bow thy head!
Thou hast good cause to bow.
Earth is thy bed
forgotten now.
I am wedded to sound
whose deadly beauty brings
dark and the green cold ground
on a flutter of silver wings:

it bursts my narrow breast
and my life is done.
Yet, for the rest,
music goes on:
great King Solomon
dies and Solomon's love,
life belongs to song,
the soul's dark treasure trove."

This is what Solomon sang
in Sheba's silken lap:

"We do ourselves no wrong
whatever hap.
Your mortal eyes are bright
with clarity of tears,
as dark as night
and endless as the years.
Your beauty is sound
and deathless as sound is;
like music it can wound,
and where the wound is
death follows after.
Before I freeze
I will catch your laughter
and hang it in the trees
with the nightingale
in the gardens of the Moon."

Dark song and pale
moonlight made the tune,
when great King Solomon
in Sheba's lap lay down.

THE *ACHARNIANS* OF ARISTOPHANES

At the end of the May Term, several members of this College presented a modern burlesque in English of Aristophanes' *Acharnians*, thus taking a step which, it is hoped, may lead to the formation of an official St John's Dramatic Society. It was originally intended to take advantage of the generous offer of the College authorities, and give the play in the Fellows' Garden; but bad weather conditions made it impossible to do so, and a lecture room was adapted for the purpose at the last moment.

The text of the play was originally based on Rogers' translation, but in the course of rehearsals an almost completely new version was evolved, in which the spirit if not the letter of Aristophanes was well preserved: modern convention forbids such libellous references to living persons as those which the Greek stage would tolerate, but certain Cambridge institutions—including one which is a fairly close parallel to the Athenian sycophants—were successfully satirized. The Choral odes of Aristophanes were sung to modern tunes by six members of the College Chorus, and the play as a whole, although insufficiently rehearsed, was lively and rapid enough to hold the attention of the audience throughout.

The principal part, that of Dicaeopolis, was taken by R. D. Williams, who although rather overcome by the length of his part, improvised gallantly, and succeeded in holding the play together. D. J. H. Keyte showed a Protean versatility in taking as many as four minor parts, and his mock running commentary on Lamachus' defeat in battle was extremely amusing. G. H. Dhenin, whose knowledge of Judo stood him in good stead, was especially effective as the braggart soldier Lamachus; while R. J. R. Hall, armed with a black beard, a red wig, and a Gloucestershire accent, acted excellently as a Boeotian farmer. J. B. Williams was in training for the May races, and was thus able to give a most

realistic portrayal of the starving Megarian: H. H. Huxley punned on the titles of Shakespearean plays with great dexterity; and other parts were ably taken by M. Ricketts, W. R. Buttle, H. Rackham, C. Hayman, D. Waskett and F. Cheers.

The play was produced and adapted by D. J. H. Keyte, R. D. Williams and R. J. R. Hall, and in spite of obvious defects due to lack of time and experience, proved definitely that there is room for a St John's Dramatic Society. Although accommodation was very limited, more than 400 people saw the production, and it is believed that with proper organization a play might be given each year in support of the Hoxton Boy's Club.

THE JOHNIAN SOCIETY

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER

THE ambitions of those who started the Johnian Society were realized this year in the largest and most successful dinner that has yet been held, for on Tuesday, 6 December, on the evening of the day upon which a scholar of the College, Chadwick, had led his men to victory, no fewer than 201 Johnians sat down to dine together under the presidency of the Honourable Mr Justice Morton at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London. With the President sat the Master, Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bt., Sir Henry Gauvain, Sir Fraser Russell (Chief Justice and Deputy Governor of Southern Rhodesia), Mr Cartwright Sharpe, K.C., and Major-General John Hay Beith, who has become, as someone said recently, Recruiting-Sergeant-Major-General of the Army. During the course of the evening Major-General Beith was elected President of the Society for the ensuing year. Other business transacted at the Annual Meeting was the re-election of officers and the election of Messrs Allen Watkins and Jasper Rootham to serve on the Committee.

The dinner was what is usually described as a thoroughly representative gathering with Charles Pendlebury at one end of the time scale, and at the other Sturge, Wetherley-Mein, Blake and First Boat Colours. Grouped around the tables were many smiling faces. In one corner of the room the President of the College and the Dean were seen fraternizing with the stars of 1927–30. In another, the plentiful and remarkable post-War 1919 vintage, now beginning to mature, was disporting itself. In another area the contemporaries of the learned Judge showed their esteem for him by their numbers and quality.

The Secretary having been responsible for the table plan showed wisdom by absenting himself during the interval before dinner during which those present tried to find seats. There was, indeed, some mystery as to his whereabouts, for while his absence was alluded to by more than one speaker, his presence was observed by a number of the diners. Speaking for himself, the writer did not actually see him but has every reason for believing that he was there. For once, at a Johnian Dinner, every speech was not only good but audible. General Beith proposed the College in his very best form. The Master in his reply whetted the interest of his audience in the new buildings. Laurence Tillard in proposing the health of the President, Mr Justice Morton, mentioned the danger of throwing tomatoes and even bouquets at His Majesty's Judges, and contented himself with recollections of sprays of wild oats sown by the Judge and himself at St John's in their undergraduate days. The Judge having replied to this toast made his position secure by saying that there would be no more speeches, that everyone would now mingle and that the penalty for disobeying these injunctions would make the throwing of tomatoes seem a mild recreation.

Consequently everybody did mingle, and were still mingling as midnight approached and your correspondent left to take his train. Fortunately, a printed list was provided and it is not necessary to rely for the names of those present upon the blurred and happy memory of a very enjoyable evening.

JOHNIANA

I. Among the works of art shown at a small exhibition by members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science during its meeting in Cambridge this summer were three oil paintings by the late William Bateson, the distinguished biologist, who was more widely known as a collector of art treasures than as an artist. One of these, the castle at Murol, Auvergne, and a second of Tourette, Alpes Maritimes, have been presented to the College by Mrs Bateson and now hang in the College guest room. Among the other works exhibited were three paintings by Mr Briggs, including a striking portrait of Dr Blackman.

II. Cambridge Petty Sessions, 1 September 1855. (Before Rev. W. Smith, Rev. J. Thornhill and J. P. Baumgartner, Esq.)

John Uttridge, a young man, was charged with wantonly and maliciously killing a cygnet, the property of the Master and Fellows of St John's College. Mr Francis appeared for the prosecution, and Mr Adcock for the defence.

John Marshall, gardener to St John's College, deposed as follows: The Master and Fellows of the College possessed six old swans and two young ones. The old ones were marked; the young ones were not, being too young to have a mark. I saw them all the last time on this day fortnight. On Saturday last, this day week, I saw one of them dead. It was one of the young ones that I saw dead, and I am quite certain it was the property of the Master and Fellows of St John's College. When I saw it, it was in the possession of a man named Ledman, at Newnham. I made inquiries; and in consequence of information I received, I saw the defendant, John Uttridge. I went to Mr Eddleston's farm to see him. He said, before I said anything to him about killing the swan, "I suppose you think I killed that swan." He also said, "One of the old ones came to me as I was dipping in the water; I took up a bit of a

stick and flung it at the old one; but it missed the old one, and hit the young one." He then began to cry, and said, "I am sorry I did it—I wish I had not done it." I advised him to come to the College, and see the Bursar, and make the best of it, telling him it was a sad thing the swan had been killed. He said he would come and see the Bursar and, for this, hoped that I would say that he was very sorry that he had done it.... There are no other swans on the water (the river) but these. The way in which the old ones were marked was by a pinion being taken off the right wing; they were not marked on the bill. I cannot tell the market value of a cygnet, but I know the Master and Fellows of St John's set a high value on the swans.

William Ledman, of Newnham, said: I am a bird stuffer. About seven o'clock, on the morning of Friday week, I was on Fuller's ground, near Coe Fen, when I saw two old swans and two young ones go up the river. About twenty minutes or half an hour afterwards I saw them come down again: there were only two old ones and one young one. The next morning, about six o'clock, I went up the river, and found a dead cygnet. It was one of those I saw go up the previous morning. It was on the Grantchester side of the river I found it.

To Mr Adcock: I found it in Mr Pemberton's ground, beyond the chain.

This was the case for the prosecution.

In defence, Mr Adcock urged, first, that the killing of the cygnet was not done "wantonly and maliciously" as charged in the information; secondly, that they were out of the bounds of the College territory, when, not being marked, any one might kill the cygnet as a wild bird; and, thirdly, that, if the cygnet were to be taken as marked, the mere cutting of a pinion of one of the wings was not a sufficient marking under the act. Besides, he thought it rather hard that the College authorities should proceed against such a penitent sinner as the defendant, who, when spoken to by Marshall, had actually cried.

Mr Francis: If he had come to the College, as he said he

would, and expressed his penitence, he would have heard nothing more about it.

Mr Adcock: If swans fly from their own river to a neighbour's river, that neighbour may regard them as wild, and kill them.

Mr Francis: In that case you will have to cut off their legs, as well as their wings.

Mr Adcock: Nonsense.

Mr Francis: You might as well say, that if a horse jumps over his neighbour's hedge, the man has a right to kill him.

Mr Adcock: But I know of no law that declares a horse to be a wild animal.

Mr Francis: A horse is at least as wild as a swan.

Mr Adcock: If that be so, we shall all be wild by-and-by (*laughter*).

The Bench, after a short consultation, dismissed the case.

(From the *Cambridge Chronicle*, 8 September 1855.)

III. I have seen an otter at half-past 10 in the morning under the "Bridge of Sighs" at St John's College, Cambridge, of all places. The experience seems, even to me, who am no naturalist, so unlikely that I would not have dared to recount it had I not been accompanied at the time by two reliable witnesses.

Mr B. A. Young, 15 St James's Mansions, West End Lane, N.W. 6. From *The Times*, 17 June 1938.

IV. At Cambridge, in my youth, there was a narrow and agreeable little walk, and it had the surpassingly agreeable name of Bandyleg Walk. At one end of it were posts, which might be supposed to act as a gauge, refusing to allow the excessively bandy-legged to pass. It led from the Madingley Road to Mount Pleasant (which was not then, in fact, very pleasant), and hard by was Honey Hill—surely a trinity of charming names. In course of time the Walk was widened and the posts removed, and that was, no doubt, the inevitable march of progress; but why should some wretches—who, like Mr Blotton of Aldgate, did not "cultivate the mysterious and the sublime"—why should these base creatures change its name to Lady Margaret Road?

From "A Casual Commentary" by B. D., *Country Life*, 29 October 1938.

BOOK REVIEW

Second Helping, by LAURANCE TANNER. Arrowsmith. 2*s*.

Mr Tanner provides another slim volume of light verses, choicely illustrated by G. S. Sherwood. In some he strikes a whimsical, humorous vein: in others a high level of fatuity. Towards the end of the volume a sentimental note creeps in, contrasting quaintly with the ruthless nonsense which precedes it. It seems odd that the writer of "Sweet Nineteen" and "Fascinating Eighteen Months" should have just previously declared:

"To me all poetry is mud:
I like to read
A meaty screed
About a pool of blood.
Just give me bodies, guns and crimes
A quart or more
Of oozing gore,
And you can keep your rhymes!"

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

President: P. E. MONTAGNON. *Vice-President:* R. TURNER. *Hon. Secretary:* D. D. FILTNESS. *Hon. Treasurer:* P. L. SPENCER.

As usual four meetings were held in the Lent Term and two in the Easter Term of last year. The reports of these, which should have appeared in the last issue, were unfortunately omitted.

The first meeting took place on 27 January when Professor Hartree gave a lantern lecture on "The Mechanical Integration of Differential Equations". He illustrated the manner in which a

THE EAGLE

Vol. LI *June* 1939 No. 223

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

By The Master, *Sunday*, 7 *May* 1939

Let me begin with a sentence from the will of the Lady Margaret:

"Be it remembered that it was also the last will of the said princess to dissolve the hospital of Saint John in Cambridge and to alter and to found thereof a College of secular persons, that is to say a Master and fifty scholars with divers servants and new to build the said College and sufficiently to endow the same with lands and tenements after the manner and form of other Colleges in Cambridge."

These are the words which record the purpose of the Lady Margaret to found this College. She died before the arrangements were complete, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury granted probate of her will, he wrote at the end this memorandum of her intentions. Her purpose would not have been fulfilled but for the man whose name follows hers on the roll call of our benefactors—John Fisher. He was the Chancellor of the University, intent on its service, and for ten years he had been the Lady Margaret's counsellor. She possessed great wealth and, as the King's mother, held a great position. But her youth had been passed in peril and anxiety until her son returned from exile to win the crown. Those anxious years remained an indelible memory, and her mature life was devoted to charity and religion. She had, wrote Fisher, nobleness of blood, of manners and of nature; she was

bounteous and liberal to every person of her knowledge or acquaintance. His influence diverted to Cambridge the generous flow of her charity. The schools of learning, he told her, are meanly endowed; the provisions for scholars are very few and small; and colleges yet wanting for their maintenance. She had at heart the interests of religion and learning. Right studious, he says, she was in books, which she had in great number, both in English and French, and for her exercise and for the profit of others she did translate divers matters of devotion out of the French into English. In the University, where men were trained to the service of Church and State, the interests of religion and learning were joined. So she accepted his advice: she refounded our sister College of Christ's; and the last and greatest object she designed was the foundation of this College. Fisher had inspired the project and in the end was left to realise it. Faithful to her memory, he overcame all difficulties and achieved their common purpose.

"After the manner and form of other Colleges in Cambridge": When Fisher, after infinite labour, opened the College in 1516, it was no novel conception that he brought into the University. For more than two centuries colleges had been springing up in Cambridge, and twelve foundations, in a line extending from Peterhouse to King's Hall and beyond, showed that the collegiate system had come to stay. Already it flourished, and was to flourish more in succeeding centuries. What gave the colleges their vitality? What was the secret of their success?

Their beginnings had been very humble—little buildings tucked away among taverns and shops in mean streets, not to be compared with the fine houses which the Orders of Friars had built for their students in Cambridge. Their members were very few among the multitude of boys and men who lodged in the hostels or lived in the monastic houses. But the future was with them; for these little corporations were charged with a new power and a new ideal, and on them the hopes of educational reformers were fixed. To the outward eye only a lodging house, the college in its nature and life

was a society, capable of supplying the great needs of the student world. To the poorer graduate its endowments gave the opportunity of completing his education. It protected its members from the exorbitant landlord and tradesman, and imposed on them a scholarly discipline. It gave them the strength of a common purpose and the inspiration of a social life. It brought rule and order and a new idealism into the tumult of the University town.

So the idea of the college took root, and as one college succeeded another in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, they took on a common form and character. The loyalty and affection of their members gave them strength. Free to control their own affairs, they acquired unity and traditions. In the management of the property on which their livelihood depended each little society was united by the strong bond of material interest. Step by step they evolved the architectural plan of the college—the closed court, with its complement of buildings, hall, chapel, library, and chambers for its members; and the social form—master, fellows, scholars and servants. They had begun as small bodies of graduate scholars, living and working together under a rule, but, as they grew in strength, they enlarged their functions. They opened their doors to younger students, and the college became a teaching body, which supplemented for its members the formal instruction of the University.

This great change in our system of education was not imposed from above; it was brought about by individual initiative and established itself on its merits. The means for it were provided by the founders and benefactors whom each college holds in proud remembrance. Rather than endow the monasteries, wrote one, it is more meet a great deal that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning and for such as also by their learning shall do good in the Church and Commonwealth. To the pioneers of the Christian Renaissance, education was the means to cleanse society from ignorance and wrong. They created in the college a new instrument for the purpose. In this tradition our great founders stand.

Thus Fisher had quite clear in his mind what he wanted to do, and his statutes for the College, with a few developments, reproduced the familiar institution in which his hopes of the moral progress of England were placed. He founded a society, a College of Scholars, and in the quaint language of the early statutes he conceived of the society as a living body. This society was to be closely bound together in its moral and material interests, its life was centred in mutual education, and its purpose was to send forth men for the service and honour of the State.

And since the Lady Margaret had particularly at heart the needs of the poorer student, a preference was given to scholars from the more northern counties, then reckoned the poorest in the kingdom, and thus was emphasized the motive that runs through all collegiate history from its beginning. The College would serve the nation best if it opened the door of opportunity where it was most needed.

Fisher set out in lavish detail the rules which were to govern the daily conduct and manner of education of the society. He had been a fellow of one college, the head of two, and visitor of a third, and he knew the life of which he wrote the rules.

While he built firmly on the existing tradition, "after the manner and form of other Colleges", he encouraged in his new foundations significant developments, and provided for the expansion of college life to greater usefulness and power. He introduced new subjects to be taught in the College, and he opened the door to students not on the foundation. Lecturers were to be appointed in Hebrew and Greek, as well as Philosophy and Mathematics. Thus the College became a centre of educational initiative, and rose quickly to fame in promoting the New Learning.

The admission of students other than scholars, in which Fisher's own colleges were leading the way, completed the great revolution in University life which the collegiate system had brought. Down to the early sixteenth century the majority of men still lived in the hostels or the monastic houses, but within the next fifty years the monasteries were

suppressed, and the hostels were swallowed up by the colleges, and all the students were gathered within college walls. Henceforward the colleges offered their members a broader experience and education. In the early colleges life was very simple, the inmates were a picked class, seeking a professional training as clergy and lawyers, and their number very small. But when the colleges opened their doors to pensioners and fellows commoners, the professional students were mingled with others who desired a University life for its general advantages. The variety already existing in the University was brought into the college. College life lost something in unity, but it gained in fullness and breadth, and with the fusion of these different elements acquired its unique character.

Fisher was much disappointed in the endowment he was able to secure for the College. Though something was done in deference to the Lady Margaret's wish, the new king took her estates as heir-at-law. The College would thus have been but a small college, and not the great foundation of which Fisher had dreamed, had not he given generously himself, and had not his work been followed up by the long line of benefactors whose names we remember to-day.

Ours is indeed a house built and adorned by many hands. You have heard the names of our benefactors—names famous in England's history, and names none but ourselves would call to mind. How many ranks of society, how many professions are represented in that list—noble ladies, ministers of state, bishops and judges, many clergy of all ranks, physicians, lawyers, London merchants, farmers and landed gentry. Most of them were members of the College, grateful for benefits received, or anxious to leave some memorial of themselves in a place endeared by memory. Their gifts were as various in kind and amount as their means and interests—land, houses, money, advowsons, the patronage of newly founded schools, rare books and manuscripts, furnishings, pictures, jewels and plate. Many gave money to found fellowships and scholarships in the College; some to establish a lectureship or studentship; others, remembering the hard-

ships of a life they had shared, would increase the commons of poor scholars and sizars; still others would benefit their native town or county, their kindred or their old school, with some emolument attached to the College, and numbers gave for the enlargement and embellishment of the buildings. Thus they endowed the College with its possessions, its many local connections; they added court to court and gave strength to a society dedicated to education and learning.

Through each succeeding age the College showed its power to excite the loyalty of its members. To Lord Burghley it was his "old nurse", his "beloved College". "I still carry about with me", wrote Lord Falkland, "an indelible character of affection and duty to that Society, and an extraordinary longing for some occasion of expressing that affection and that duty." Most of our benefactors had received before they gave. They knew what they had received and for what they gave. Many were not in residence; some perhaps had not returned here since their College days, but the loyalty awakened still burned. Here where they had made the first independent choices in life, where they had felt the springing of ambition, the joy of friendship, they would be remembered. They sought to benefit their fellow students in the society to which they belonged. They sought to preserve its influence to succeeding generations, to maintain here a society bound to a great purpose. So from age to age was the College strengthened by the faith and generosity of its sons. To them it owes its inextinguishable vitality and expanding power.

Four centuries in their passing have gone to the making of our material and spiritual home. Each generation has added something—some more, some less—in the long process of growth which has equipped the society for its work of education, religion, learning and research. Thus we are rich to-day in our inheritance. We are endowed with famous buildings and all the means of promoting knowledge. We tread

> Ground where the grass has yielded to the feet
> Of generations of illustrious men.

We inherit traditions, duties, interests, memories, hopes, which are the mould and pattern of our life.

Yet are we more than tenants here. For the true treasure of the College is that original purpose of its foundation, made stronger or weaker by its fulfilment in each generation, to uphold and extend the humane and fruitful power of knowledge in the life of mankind. The forms of our existence change, the medium in which we work is different from age to age. But the spirit of man remains the same, his needs and hopes the same, and the purpose transmitted to us the same. And as long as we are faithful to that purpose, so long may we in humble duty commemorate our benefactors; and so long, I think, will the sons of this house, wherever they may go, turn their faces towards it in grateful memory and fervent hope.

THE COLLEGE BOYS' CLUB

It is very difficult, at the present time, to say anything about the Club without first mentioning its financial difficulties. In the first place, when the lease of the main club building in Westland Place expires in October, the premises will come up for sale and we shall be faced with two alternatives. Either we must reconcile ourselves to running two clubs, a senior and a junior, in what is now the senior club and residents' house, or we must try and raise enough money to buy the Westland Place building. To run both clubs in the same building would be possible but most unsatisfactory from a club point of view, since the accommodation would be inadequate, and it would also entail reducing the number of residents. To buy the Westland Place building we shall need about £1300, of which we have already been promised £350; there is no doubt that this is by far the more satisfactory alternative. We have not only to raise this large sum but since there has been such a serious drop in subscriptions in the last few years, we must either find some way of increasing our income and make drastic alterations in the running of the Club which will reduce our expenditure or else we must close down altogether.

This state of uncertainty makes the running of the Club very difficult. It is heartrending to hear boys talking of what we are going to do next year, of the grand football team we are going to have, and of how we are going to get into the finals of the Federation Boxing Competition, and to know that next year they may not have a club at all. However, we pretend that nothing is wrong and try to carry on much the same as usual.

The winter is always the busiest time in a club, and this one has been no exception. The junior club has had a membership of about forty and we have been able to run two football teams throughout the season. The "gym", too, has been used to its fullest extent, and every night during the busiest months fifteen to twenty boys would be busily training there. Now that summer is here we try and keep out in the fresh air as much as possible. Two nights the whole Club goes round to the playgrou

particular brands of tennis and cricket, and nearly every week-end parties of boys cycle out into the country to camp. At Easter and Whitsun there were camping expeditions to the warden's caravan, and now we are all looking forward to the main club camp in August. During the winter we have tried to introduce hobbies of various kinds into the Club, and one evening a week has been set aside for that purpose. The experiment has not been an unqualified success, but we have succeeded in stimulating some interest in drawing and painting and also in photography. During the summer the art master has promised to take parties of boys out into the country to paint.

The senior club has also had a fairly active year. Its football team was chosen to represent the Islington League in the Touche Cup and was only defeated in the semi-final. The Club has also run a number of successful dances and whist drives, and is now busy playing cricket and camping at the week-ends.

A mere summary of the Club's activities gives a very poor picture of what it is really doing. In order to understand the boy and his needs it is essential to have some knowledge of

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE BOYS' CLUB

I enclose .... as a subscription / donation

to the Club for the general funds / purchase of the Westland Place building

(Please strike out words that do not apply)

Name..

Address......

....

....

Please return this form to the Senior Treasurer, The College Boys' Club, St John's College. Cheques should be made payable to St John's College Mission.

[There is a form of banker's order overleaf]

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE BOYS' CLUB

..........................1939

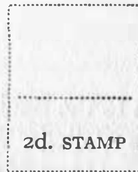
To Messrs...

(Insert name and address of your bankers here.)

Please pay to the account of the above Boys' Club with Barclays Bank Ltd., Cambridge Branch, the sum of

....

now and on the first day of January in each year.

Name ....  ....

2d. STAMP

Address ....

Please return this order to the Senior Treasurer, The College Boys' Club, St John's College.

his home conditions and of the environment in which he has been reared; only when one knows something of the kind of influences that have been brought to bear on a boy can one seek to counteract those detrimental to his character. One has not only to know something of a boy's background, but one should also be able to help him with any problems that may arise in his work or anything else that concerns his daily life. He should be able to look to the Club for help, recreation and exercise, and it should at the same time supply the moral guidance that is often lacking in his home life.

At the risk of being boastful we must say our visitors agree that the Club is doing grand work in helping to satisfy these needs for the boys of Hoxton.

R. L.

[The Editors venture to enclose a subscription form and banker's order in the hope that members of the College, both those in residence and those who have gone down, who are not already subscribers to the Club, will give it their support at this critical time.]

THE PRESIDENT

Πολλὰ καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα βροτοῖς Ζεὺς ὤπασεν εὔφρων·
τῷ μὲν ἔδωκε μένος, τῷ δὲ μέλος γλυκερόν,
τῷ δ' ἀρχὴν μεγάλην· τούτων δ' ἔτι μεῖζον ὀπάζων
Φωκυλίδῃ δῶρον δῶκε φιλοφροσύνην.

R. D. W.

POEM

I have crept no further than my forefathers.
Thinking. Give me power over next year.

THIS is our life—news, successive telegrams making no satisfactory sense,
Allowing no loophole to love, that gentle editor;
These opportunities missed or taken (who knows for the better?)

Decisions that have to be accepted, the unwillingness, the
repose,
The forgetting, death; our knowledge of death,
Our willingness to live, seeking love where none is offered,
A beggar rebuffed, losing heart but bewildered;
Our despair, and our resistance. The lack of conclusion. That
is our life.

Here where I sit alone (I was not always alone)
Men's voices assail me. Heavy with the persistent aroma of
cigars
And harsh as the clinking of glasses, they speak; a foreign
tongue
Without appeal, or threat, or promise,
Echoes in my brain's empty rooms.
Of no avail the courtesy of years, the tears at midnight—
Time does not value my tears, nor does it keep
Safe a warm corner where love is always right, where under-
standing
Meets its response always, sensitive, like Dürer's hands.
These voices, and this smoke, thunders like centuries,
Time swirls the fragments in this rocky pool.
The electric light goes out. I see the night, with unknown
constellations. Stars
Immeasurably young, or old. Beyond time. I am still young.

T. W. E.

Bentheim, 17. III. 39.

NOCTURNE

THE room was shrouded in a grey, diffused light, little darker than the twilight of a summer's evening, although it was close on two o'clock in the morning. By the utter stillness, the house might have been in the middle of a lonely moor, uninhabited save by birds and sheep. Although, indeed, other windows looked out on to green, unspoilt countryside, those of this room faced something infinitely more lonely—a row of new semi-villas. At this hour,

and in this light, they presented a sinister appearance, their chimneys smokeless, their curtained windows, like blank, sightless eyes, gaping wide, and their whole aspect of harmless sleep turned to that of death.

It is said that there is nothing more desolate than an empty, deserted house; but the stillnesses and silences of a house that has known gaiety and will know it often in the future, are frequently more intense and more gloomy than those of the house with no future. This villa, owned by a city business man, and used only in the holidays, seemed to possess silences more fathomless than those of any broken-down mansion, and the rooms, so full of life and laughter during Coronation week, seemed, a bare fortnight after, desolate and evil. The groups of empty chairs, the books and papers left lying about, the blank beds, all conveyed a vague feeling of dissatisfaction, of incompletion.

Something of this atmosphere conveyed itself to the four who sat in that room, in the grey light of early morning. Two on the sofa, and, separated by a gimcrack, two in easy chairs. They talked desultorily in voices which jarred on their ears, sounding loud and over-powerful. Forming a background to their talk, a low "basso ostinato", was the faint rustling and sighing of a light wind in the trees outside. Startling and disquieting at first, this melancholy rise and fall pervaded the room, and they had soon reconciled themselves to its accompaniment. The pallid light, reinforced by the faint glow of an electric fire, made their faces and forms just visible, as they talked.

Conversation, begun on general and artificially high-spirited lines, was insensibly influenced by the whole atmosphere of the house, masterless and faintly inimical to them, strangers, and swung round to the supernatural. As the talk progressed, becoming more eerie in tone, the character and mentality of each became more apparent. Two were enjoying themselves, not from any sense of bravado, but from a genuine attraction towards the Unseen; and by their vivid, erotic imaginings, they progressively increased the discomfort of their companions. Of these, one was comparatively un-

imaginative, hardly capable of appreciating the delicate horror of the subject, and nervous more from convention than from any real dislike. The other, nervous by temperament, realised to the full the trend of the conversation, was fascinated, repelled, thoroughly discomposed, but powerless to break free.

From vague theorising about dreams, vampires and werewolves, the talk drifted towards the will, and the power of the human mind. After discussing experiments of thought-compulsion, it was inevitable that, in that house, with that view, and in that atmosphere, they should experiment for themselves. He who sat nearest the fire, leader of the conversation, brought things to a head by suggesting suddenly that they should will the door to open. His colleague, on the couch opposite, immediately agreed. The other two hung back, the one because he was out of his depth, the other because he feared the consequences; but the influence of the atmosphere, the urgings of their companions, and a sense of their own bravery in defying the Unknown made them give in, and, gazing at the door, they began to concentrate.

An opaque stillness fell on the room and even the wind outside seemed to die away, as if in expectation. Sweat stood on their faces as they sat in strained attitudes, thinking, willing. Suddenly, in that intense silence like a clap of thunder, the click of the door-handle sounded, and, slowly, imperceptibly, the door itself began to glide open. The undertone of the breeze once more filled the room as they gazed at the ever-widening gap. The faces of the two enthusiasts, transfigured by success, wore an unholy expression of expectation. One of the others, scarcely aware of what had happened, seemed too scared to care for what might happen. But a dreadful realisation of the consequences of their action filled the fourth, and, unable to keep his eyes on the door, he covered his face with his hands. In utter stillness he remained thus for a few seconds, seconds which seemed interminable. Then, afraid to look up, but even more afraid of remaining in the dark, he slowly raised his head. He was alone in the room.

The door was now wide open, invitingly open, as though held by the hand of a solicitous host and, sitting there, a wild terror filled him as he realised that he was slowly rising from his chair. His face worked and twisted as he tried to break free, to dash through the windows, out of the house, but slowly, inevitably, his feet carried him onwards. Terror-stricken, still striving to escape, he passed through, and the door closed swiftly and silently on his heels.

The room was shrouded in a grey, diffused light...the only sound was the melancholy rise and fall of the wind in the trees outside.

S. C. R.

LINES ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SPECIAL CRISIS SERVICES OF PRAYERS FOR PEACE

HERE is no circle-system concentric
and regular, no ruled firmament,
but only unpremeditated shooting-star
loosed and unleashed
by wilful, wasteful trick
of a bored god's finger, only the far
rumble of unknown elements sent
raging on their planless destination
on uncharted seas
and through the formless air, released
by laughter from this bored god's knees.

Wandering in hesitation
within the outworn pattern of an age,
against the roughly regular background formed
by the ebb and flow of seasons,
by rising sap and rotting leaf,
by night following day
and the becalmed the bestormed;

wandering, seeking relief,
seeking reasons
or seeking merely pleasure,
we stoop to pray, to pray
for pleasure, reasons or relief,
or lest we should encounter grief,
from which we've learned to treasure
our immunity.

But the adored
god is bored,
and many seeking himself in a community
of confusion, seeking symmetry,
is still himself the greatest bar to what he seeks.

We, who are the wood-knot
in wood's planed surface, we
who are the boulder breaking
the brook's even flow; we who
remain the uncut pages
in the open book, we close
the book and stoop to pray.

F. H. H.

THE FALLING BIRTH-RATE

To grapple with and grope among
census returns, long
lists of population and mortality
curves, to be
confronted with the fantastic
but figure-founded fact that
its been dropping, gradually,
the birth-rate has—drastic
this is—since eighteen-eighty
is far less alarming than the realisation
that, what
with this political situation,
things tend to be uncertain, rather,

for the future, and dead
weight
threatens to bring the birth-rate
lower still.
Strange
that they should come with their street
demonstration, their
trucks and rifles, while
I was figuring out
the causes of mortality.
Especially on a Saturday afternoon....
"We don't advocate", said the sergeant
Loudly in the loud
speaker, "we don't
advocate conscription this
is a free country for which you must
thank God but we
are here to help you come nearer and
we want you to help us we
want...Parents don't
stop them let them
join and protect your houses and save
your country. Come
nearer see these guns don't be
afraid we are here to help and
we want....Him
over there", with a significant nod
in the direction of Germany,
"won't think about you
mothers and your...but progress
has been made we
don't march any more we
ride and we'll
take volunteers down in the truck.
We are here help
you help you and we
want and
we want...."

It is hard
to escape the conclusion,
on this Saturday afternoon
and in all this confusion,
that the population curve
will swoop and swerve
somewhere soon.
We are forced
(in the tone of a scientific committee)
to believe that probably it will be divorced
before long from all consideration
of overcrowding and city
administration,
of high prices and depression,
or cumulative confession,
of increasing reluctance and hesitation
to marry, on account
of changing social habits—
interjection: remember the rabbits—
and as a result of a growing amount
of women's employment and occupational skill.
Such factors as the provision of public health
and the sane utilisation
of wasting wealth
and medical skill, we feel sure, will
all decline and lose importance
compared with the desire to kill.
Contraception
and deception
and hypodermic injection
and economic subjection
will of course continue to affect
the birth-rate one way
or another, directly
or indirectly, although we cannot say
to what extent exactly.
But it is the cannon-fodder question,
the suicide and/or refugee question,

KNUD NIELSEN

Howland of the North

the violent death and demoralisation question,
among others, that civilisation
will have to take into consideration,
in reducing its conception of life, like
Mr Eliot's Sweeney, to the basic essentials,
which, with the birth-rate, will depend
upon protracted violence in the dark night
that is now falling, to last until the end.

F. H. H.

PSYCHOLOGY AMONG THE ESKIMOS

By D. M. CARMICHAEL

"Let us define the arctic explorer as a man who, not having his common habitat among icebergs, is yet found sitting on an iceberg" [Mr Bailey].

THE strangeness of the undertaking caused peculiar reactions in those who heard about it. Some went away quietly, saying nothing. Others laughed, and asked questions. The questioners fell into two classes: the *romantic*, who apparently would like to have gone seeking the soul of the Eskimo in the darkness of an igloo; and the *critical*, from whom it was prudent to retreat under a cloud of highly generalised statements about "trying out a new and semi-experimental approach to certain specific but very limited problems in culture-contact".

Early in the morning of 29 June, the coastal schooner *Fylla*, bound from Godhavn to Umanak, but owing to fog, some thirty miles off her course, dropped anchor abreast of the pier in the bay of Igdlorssuit. The fog having lifted slightly, we were able to see the full sweep of a mile-long beach of dark sand and, above it, a green and gently sloping foreland dotted with the houses of the settlement where we were going to live. Behind and almost completely encircling the houses, black and rotten walls of rock rose sharply to the line of the mist. Eastwards, seven miles distant across a strait filled with icebergs, the mountains and glaciers of

Upernivik Island were beginning to appear and, to the north, other mountains and islands, and the mouths of great fjords stretching in to the ice-cap.

Set further back and higher than the others was a red wooden house which we recognised at once, from the drawings in his book *Salamina*, as that built by Rockwell Kent, an American author and painter who had spent two years in Igdlorssuit. The Danish trader, Axel Skjold, and his wife, came on board. Yes, Kent's house was unoccupied, clean and ready for our use. The Igdlorssuit people were taking a holiday to welcome us—they were obviously all on the beach by this time—so if we'd get our stuff ashore, they'd carry it up the hill and help us to unpack. An hour later, while we sat at breakfast in the trader's house, a long procession began to shuffle past the window and up the winding path by the church—small boys full of self-importance when they found something light enough to carry; crooked old women in wrinkled yellow seal-skin boots and strapping young girls in smooth red ones; strong men of all sizes who grunted under the weight of Younger's No. 1 Ale (Export). After breakfast Skjold introduced us to a young widow whom he had chosen to be our housekeeper. She was a pure-blooded Eskimo (very few are now found in West Greenland), good-looking in a sleepy sort of way, but her lips were thin and her mouth frog-like. Her name was Helena. In the afternoon we hung up a dart-board and started the gramophone *outside* the hut, so that we might have room to work inside. By 7 p.m., thanks to Kent having provided his house with a large cellar and a loft, we had achieved something resembling a "harbour-stow", and our single living-room was practically clear of packing-cases and Greenlanders. (It is not done in Greenland to refer to any native as an *Eskimo*.) A commodious dog-closet, adjoining the south gable of the hut, and complete with internal lever and smoothly sliding hatch, gave promise of ease on all mornings on which mosquitoes were not over-active. In the evening we danced.

The three other members of the expedition—Drever (John's), leader and petrologist; Feachem (Downing), archaeo-

logist and botanist; Game (British Museum), geologist—were able to tackle their own "specific problems" straight away, and on that account I rather envied them. My first and constant business was "to get to know the people"—an undertaking fascinating enough in the abstract (which is probably why it appeals to the romantics), but in actuality, and especially for one with little knowledge of the language, beset with innumerable difficulties and only too often misdirected and quite unprofitable. Fortunately I soon found an interpreter—Thue Nicolaisen, assistant catechist (school teacher and lay preacher) of Igdlorssuit, whose Danish, though not nearly as good as he thought it was, was good enough to be going on with. Thue has been only a short time in Igdlorssuit. He is short, dark and extremely well-proportioned, except for one conspicuous defect which must at least partly explain his maladjustment in a hunting community where physical defects are exceedingly rare. His left arm and hand are small, undeveloped and almost useless, like the arm and hand of a child. His eyes are wide-set and intelligent, but his mouth is petulant, and his manner towards us was at times offensively ingratiating. It soon became apparent, in view of his unpopularity with some of the Igdlorssuit people, that his persistent efforts to be preferred in public before all others would have to be tactfully suppressed. His higher education has evidently given him exaggerated ideas of the importance of money in human relationships, for he often tried to do a deal with us on behalf of some simple hunter who himself desired no such deal, but was actually offering us something as a gift. Later we learned that he had been moved to Igdlorssuit because in one of the larger settlements he had misappropriated church funds derived from the sale of hymn books to his native parishioners. The general information which he gave had always to be checked up. Yet he was loyal, intelligent and obedient, quick to see the point of an experiment, and remarkably conscientious in carrying it out. He wept when we left Igdlorssuit.

Thue and I began by mapping the settlement and making a census of persons and property. Of persons we counted 166

—41 men, 44 women, 81 children (29 married couples); of property, 30 houses (6 of turf, 11 of wood and turf, 13 of wood); 27 kayaks; 19 boats; 33 shark-meat stands (wooden racks on which strips of shark-flesh are dried for dog food); 33 sledges, and 250 dogs (approx.). The prosperity of the place (it is the most productive outpost in the Umanak trading district) is reflected in the high proportion of wooden houses, which are the most expensive type to build, the most stylish, and the coldest in winter; in the large number of boats (in 1923 there were only 21 in the whole Umanak district) and in the fact that practically every family owns a sledge, and can afford to feed a dog-team. This prosperity seems to have resulted from a recent remarkable shift of emphasis from one type of occupation to another, encouraged by the Danish administration and made possible by the geographical position of the settlement. In the old days the Eskimo was essentially a hunter of sea mammals, and despised fishing as an occupation fit only for women and boys. Nowadays in Igdlorssuit in the summertime very little open-water seal hunting is done, and the number of kayaks is far greater than the number of active hunters. During July and August, however, sharks are caught in abundance in the fast running tides of Igdlorssuit Sound. The liver is sold, for the sake of its oil, at the local trading store, and the flesh is cut into strips and dried for dog food. The money so earned, if not spent immediately on tobacco and coffee, helps towards the purchase of wood for boats, houses and sledges, and (far more important) the community has an ample supply of dog food at the beginning of the winter. Good ice comes early to Igdlorssuit—generally about the beginning of January—and then, for anyone possessing a dog-team, it is comparatively easy, and very profitable, to hunt sea mammals on the ice, and exceedingly easy to catch more sharks through holes in the ice, and to transport them back to the settlement. But without a good team it is practically impossible either to hunt or to fish. Now a Greenland sledge-dog can survive the summer, but cannot work in winter, without being properly fed. The basic occupation of Igdlorssuit is thus no longer the

hunting of seals, but, as Skjold calls it, the "taking of sharks".

The fine physique, initiative and intelligence of the Igdlorssuit people is probably largely the result of a good environment. Some credit, however, must be given to a certain Danish trader, Carl Nielsen by name, who married a native woman and was stationed at Igdlorssuit until his death in 1919. With the help of his grandson, the hunter Knud Nielsen, we worked out a genealogical table of the descendants of Carl and discovered that they comprise at least one-third of the present population of Igdlorssuit, and include all the more prosperous families. At first we knew only their names. Then the names began to attach themselves to definite personalities —Abraham Zeeb, headman of the village council, forty years old, and like his two brothers, a splendid kayak-man; still in perfect physical condition and extremely industrious at an age when many Greenland hunters retire. He can dribble a seal-skin football stuffed with grass more skilfully and faster than anyone else in Igdlorssuit. His moustache, trimmed Mongolian fashion, accentuates the strength of his face, and there is about him an air of independence and dignity which, but for his sense of humour, would amount to self-importance. Yet he does not laugh so readily as most Greenlanders, nor at quite the same things. As befits his position, he has clearly formulated opinions concerning the relationship of Danes and Greenlanders, and is in every way an intelligent and thoroughly sound man. His brother Johan, though lively, boyish and friendly, seemed to me on the whole a much shallower character. He is taller and slimmer than Abraham, and equally fit, but he is less prudent, and improvident after the manner of most Greenlanders, working only by fits and starts. At times his face in repose looks vacant, almost stupid. Perhaps he tends to be slightly "dissociated" for he can act extremely well. In the old days he might have become an *angakok* or witch-doctor, if he had brains enough, which I doubt. Drever engaged him as companion in a kayak trip shortly after our arrival, and eventually he came to fulfil for Drever the precise functions of a

Highland "ghillie" in the old sense of the word—man-servant, adviser, tutor, "backer" and friend. But of all the Zeebs I liked Martin best. He seemed more genuine than Johan, and with him I never felt the peculiar tension which I was always aware of when talking to Abraham. He is big and placid, in face and build rather like a Dutchman, very domesticated, and completely happy playing at bows-and-arrows with his two-year-old son. Cousin to the Zeebs is Hendrik Quist, of medium height, massively built, and mighty in the procreation of children. He alone of those I tried at an Eskimo test of grip could twist a short smooth stick out of my hand—and he did it with the greatest of ease. He speaks seldom, has dark brown curly hair, a dazzling smile, sports a pair of ear-rings, and is the best motor-boat man in the settlement. In short, as Skjold put it, he is in every way a *fine* man, and yet, except when he was on our boat, I never saw him do a stroke of work.

Of Carl's descendants by the male line there are Christian, Niels, Severin and Edward, but the greatest of all the Nielsens is Knud. And he is greatest, it seems to me, because he is the most complex and at the same time possesses, to a far greater extent than any of the others, the power of self-analysis. Of that we shall speak later. Perhaps I am prejudiced in his favour, because he was ghillie to me as Johan Zeeb was to Drever. 5 feet 9¾ inches in his *kamiks*, he is the tallest man in Igdlorssuit, and must once have been immensely powerful. Now, at the age of thirty-nine, he has given up hunting—at least by kayak in the summer—and his arm and shoulder muscles have become thin and flabby. Yet his dancing, while his wind lasts, is extremely light and graceful, and his movements have an appearance of lithe, cat-like springiness which I think is partly due to his having developed to a remarkable degree the Eskimo capacity for hyper-extending the knee joints. He has a big moustache, grizzled hair, luminous dancing brown eyes, a very large mouth and a greater share than most of his cousins of what Kent has called the "Nielsen-Bourbon lip". We engaged him for a while on our motor-boat, but at heart he is no mechanic, but essentially an artist

and a craftsman. He built kayaks for us, as fine in their underwater lines as a racing shell; he made harpoons and lances; he carved in ivory; all his work was perfect in design and beautifully finished. He knows a very great deal about recent changes in the material culture of his people, and is well aware that what it may have gained in utility it has lost in artistry. In conversation he was the quickest to understand our meaning, and to make his own clear, and best of all he could always see the point of our jokes, and we of his. Temperamental, in a way almost *too* intelligent, he only does work which he likes, and when he likes, and so financially he seldom prospers.

Those whom we have described are all of Nielsen stock, the aristocracy of Igdlorssuit. But it was important not to make friends with them only. There is, for example, Sam Möller, chief catechist, who affects a poodle-tuft on his chin and a black alpaca *anorak*, and holds forth windily in church on Sundays while mothers suckle squalling babies and old men sleep. Sam's eldest son Gabriel styles himself, half-humorously, "big-hunter", and is the only Igdlorssuit man who disdains to fish for sharks. Then there are the Samuelsens, very conservative, almost pure-blooded Eskimos, lusty sons of old Immanuel, who is himself the grandson of an *angakok*. And cheery little Jens Ottosen and Martin Hansen, the cooper, and so on interminably. Nor should we forget the women, for it is more than a half-truth in Greenland that a man is what his wife makes him. But I'm afraid that at this stage we'll have to take them all for granted, and also all the children, except Frederick, our water-boy, who alone, to our knowledge, took advantage of the fact that we seldom locked our door. I came upon him suddenly, one evening, pilfering cigarettes. He fled, and I chased and caught him. Whereupon he resorted to a strange device, taking down his trousers and simulating a pressing and prolonged need for defaecation. An involuntary fear-reaction? I doubt it.

We met the people of Igdlorssuit at innumerable coffee parties—pathetic little affairs, really, symptomatic of a loss of social vigour. We danced with them. We went shooting

and fishing with them. They taught us to throw the harpoon and to use the kayak. We made fools of ourselves trying to "roll", and compensated by inducing them to play golf. We saw them at church, at weddings and at funerals. We competed with them in all sorts of Eskimo and European tests of speed, strength and agility. We played Greenland football with them—a game compared with which a "rugger cupper" is but a mild and shadowy affair, for there are no rules, and any number of players may appear on either side, as in the "hustling over large balls" prohibited by law in England in the Middle Ages, on account of violence and destruction of property. Every day we entertained some of them in our house. Yet when all is said and done, I don't think that we really "got to know them". There was, of course, the difficulty of language, but that, I am sure, is not the whole explanation. "Talk", writes Rockwell Kent in precisely this connection, "is in a large degree friendship's staff of life, sustaining it; by the community of interests that it reveals, enlarging it. But friendship is not *born* of that. Talk is, rather, but one of the lesser channels through which sensibility and character, which are the foundations of friendship, are brought to light. By the rare sensibility of our Greenland friends we were affected, and by the characters of many of them, impressed." Quite so: and yet in the company of Greenlanders I was, for my own part, nearly always conscious of a definite yet quite unanalysable feeling of strangeness, almost of artificiality, which, because it was neither one-sided nor voluntarily induced, could not be voluntarily dispelled. Only with one man did this barrier wholly disappear. The manner of its disappearance was this.

At the very outset of a rather difficult motor-boat journey of 300 miles, which had to be completed in four days' time, Knud, prophesying a great storm and expressing grave fear of it, had dragged me back some 20 miles to Igdlorssuit. When dealing with Greenlanders one always uses persuasion, never compulsion. Hendrik, the other member of my crew, committed himself so far as to say he *might* go on, but Knud proved so reluctant that eventually I decided to put

back. We arrived at 3 a.m. I slept on board; the crew went ashore.

"Report at 8 o'clock," I told them. At 8 neither had appeared. At 8.30 I went ashore and met Knud.

"Are you coming?" I asked.

"No," said he. "Too much wind." It was blowing pretty hard by this time. I went to see Hendrik.

"Are you coming?"

"No", said he, and when he saw my surprise, added, "My little daughter is ill. I must stay with her and with my wife Sophia."

I went to see the child—a feverish cold, aggravated by the appalling heat and stuffiness of Hendrik's house. Selecting some Formamint throat tablets as being the safest and pleasantest pills I had, I gave them, along with some oranges, to Sophia. She shed tears of gratitude over the oranges.

I met Knud again.

"Let us go up the hill and look at the weather", he said, "I'll bring my grandfather's telescope."

We peered through dusty lenses seawards towards the high blue cone of Umanak. The whole performance was a farce, for the sun was now shining, and the wind falling rapidly.

"Come on, Knud," I said, "Let's go."

"No, not to-day," said Knud. "Perhaps to-morrow."

I laughed at him, but (a most unusual thing) he didn't respond at all. Then suddenly he asked:

"*Knud ajorpoq*?—is Knud bad?"

"No, no, Knud's all right," I said, and laughed again. He didn't look satisfied.

"Is Hendrik bad?" he asked.

"No," I said, "Hendrick is a fine man."

"Yes", he said slowly and a little enviously, "Hendrik *is* a fine man." From that we began to discuss the outstanding people of Igdlorssuit, for Knud was in a mood to analyse character. And over and over again he returned to himself, and asked—"Is Knud bad?"—and the more I laughed at him and assured him of his complete goodness, the more dissatisfied he became. We went down to lunch.

"Let's have Hendrik in," I said.

Hendrik came. It was plain that Sophia had been talking to him.

"Will you sail with me this afternoon?" I asked him.

"Yes", he said, "if you answer one question. Why have you made Knud first motor-boat man? Skjold has told you that I am the best motor-boat man in Igdlorssuit."

I explained as well as I could that when the motor-boat arrived, Knud had already established himself as handyman to the expedition. Hendrik was satisfied.

"Now", I said, "Hendrik and Peter Möller will sail with me, and Knud will stay at home."

Knud came on board to help us to get under way. He hesitated for a moment before going ashore. Then he turned and asked me, for the last time:

"*Knud ajorpoq*?"

"*Ap, ingmánguaq*—yes, ever so slightly!" I replied, and this time we both laughed. And ever since then we seem to have understood each other. When I returned from the boat journey, Knud had finished building a kayak for the expedition, and earned forty kröner. Hendrik and Peter earned exactly twenty each.

. . . . . .

Before leaving Cambridge for Greenland, I discussed my plans many times with Professor Bartlett. It is entirely owing to his genius in suggesting possible lines of investigation (all the methods I used are his), combined with a large slice of luck in finding good interpreters and willing "subjects", that I was able to tackle any "specific problems" whatsoever. Eventually I made a study of four questions:

(1) In Cambridge we have begun an enquiry into the nature of the psychological factors which promote or prevent friendly relationships between two or more social groups. As the administration of Greenland by the Danes furnishes an outstanding example of harmonious working relationships between Europeans and a native population which has undergone, and is still undergoing, important changes in its social and economic organisation, I took the opportunity of studying

this relationship at first hand, with a view to discovering how far the harmony can be assigned to specifically psychological causes. Over such a short period of observation, of course, any conclusion reached could only be provisional and somewhat speculative, but it was obviously important to have *some* ideas on this general question, especially in view of its bearing on my second problem, which is subsidiary to it.

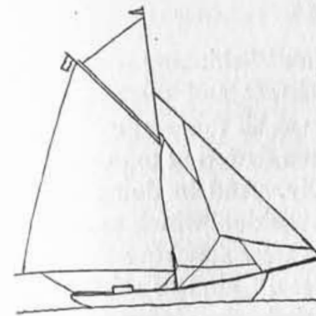
(2) In dealing with the contact of two groups possessing different cultures, the anthropologist endeavours primarily to discover what elements of culture pass from one group to the other, and what changes these elements undergo after they have been "imported". The psychologist starts where the anthropologist leaves off, and asks how far the rejection, or transference and assimilation of elements of culture can be explained in terms of the basic group relationship, the social determinants common or peculiar to each group, and the attitude and influence of individuals. The adoption of this general line of approach suggested immediately that some attempt should be made to discover not only the nature of the present group-relationship, but also the attitude of individual Greenlanders to the changes which their culture has undergone and is still undergoing. And here it proved possible to use a semi-experimental method. Greenlanders show a lively and intelligent interest in pictures. I therefore collected a series of pictures, showing objects of Eskimo material culture from all parts of Greenland, and from early times down to the present day, but arranged in no special order, and showed them to a number of adult men. Each man was asked the same set of questions concerning each picture ("What is this object? Do you possess one? Does anyone in Igdlorssuit possess one? Have you ever seen one anywhere?...Is it good? If not, how would you improve it?..." and so on), and notes on his general reactions were made. The method, of course, is akin to Mass Observation in that it is essentially an attempt to obtain a "cross-section of opinions and attitudes", but it is perhaps a little better directed.

(3) Some experiments in *remembering* were carried out, using Bartlett's "Method of Serial Reproduction". Briefly,

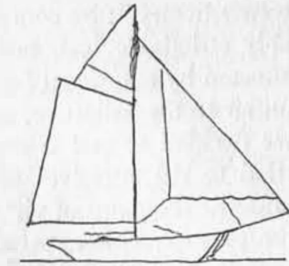
the aim of the experiments is to find out something about the social factors which determine the form which a rumour or a story or a decorative design finally assumes in a given social group. The material used in Greenland consisted of (*a*) specially selected stories which I had translated into Greenlandic, and (*b*) picture-material. In the case of the stories, the following procedure was adopted: the interpreter read the original story twice to subject A. After an interval of from 3 to 4 minutes, subject A was asked to retell the story to the interpreter, who wrote it down. Subject A's version was then reproduced in similar manner by subject B, whose version was subsequently dealt with by subject C, and so on until the story assumed a new and stable form, or (as sometimes happened) became completely nonsensical. In the case of the picture-material each subject was given adequate time for observation, and then asked to make a pencil drawing of what he had seen.

Although the stories were used more extensively, some of the picture-series gave the most clear-cut results. The one illustrated shows rather well what usually happens—a rapid simplification of the original material, due mainly to the omission of unfamiliar items, and its subsequent transformation, by the elaboration, modification and "rationalisation" of individual detail, into a wholly (or *almost* wholly) familiar form. Except when the local schooner calls, craft using gaff-mainsails or more than one headsail are never seen at Igdlorssuit; burgees and topsails are quite unknown. Flags, however, are very popular—though I've never seen any Greenlander fly one at his masthead!—and the natives who use sail rig their boats with small, safe, rectangular sprit-sails.

(4) The most interesting experiments, however, both to conduct and in the results they yielded, were the experiments on *constructive thinking*. It is often popularly thought, and it has certainly been contended in serious scientific treatises, that the thinking processes of primitive peoples (including the Eskimos) follow entirely different principles from those of normal civilised persons. Primitive thinking is variously described as "pre-logical, emotional, mystical and self-



Original drawing



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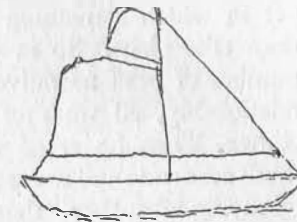

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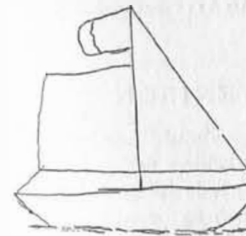

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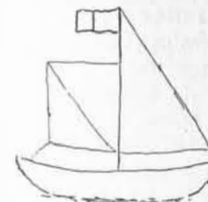

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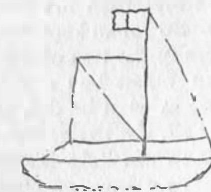

Reproduction 7

Experiments on remembering: Serial reproduction by adult male Greenlanders of a drawing of the yacht "Tern III".

contradictory"; by contrast, "civilised" thinking is presumably strictly logical, rational, consistent and relatively unaffected by emotional factors. Now as all this seemed rather unfair to the primitive, and much too flattering to ourselves, we decided to test it experimentally. And in doing so we tried to rid ourselves of a presupposition which seems to underlie the point of view which we were attacking—namely the presupposition that the only "real" kind of thinking is strictly controlled inductive and deductive inference. In everyday life it is obvious that there are many practical situations in which this kind of thinking is not possible, and yet in which something which everyone *calls* "thinking" does take place. So in Cambridge Bartlett constructed a number of brief narratives, all involving some critical social relationship, all working up to, but stopping short of, a climax. Then he asked various groups of English people (both academic and non-academic) to complete each situation by saying what they "thought" would happen next. After I had been in Greenland long enough "to collect atmosphere", I wrote up as nearly as possible an analogous set of stories, and used them in a similar manner with Greenlanders. Here is one of them:

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

It was unfortunate for Johan that the dogs should have passed at that moment. You see, Johan had been working for the outpost-trader for nearly six months, and on the whole he and the trader understood each other fairly well. Johan was capable, and the trader, who was a careful man himself, liked him for that, and also because he was clean and quiet. The trader, like most men who talk a good deal, was rather hot-tempered but, as Johan knew, his bark was worse than his bite, and he was really rather a kind-hearted man. So Johan kept out of his way when he was in a bad mood, and generally the two of them got on very well together.

But Johan had one fault. He himself could not see anything wrong in what he did, so perhaps one cannot blame him too much. After all, the trader had more than he required of most things, and if Johan *did* help himself now and again to a little food, a little coffee or a few cigarettes—well, as long as the trader knew nothing about it, then he was no less happy and Johan was a good deal happier.

At the end of the fourth month, and again during the fifth, the trader told Johan in no uncertain language what he would do to anyone that he caught pilfering. He did not accuse Johan directly, but Johan was wise enough to take the hint, and mend his ways.

And that brings us back to the dogs. Johan was one day taking a haunch of venison out to the little cold store-house where the trader kept his meat. Johan happened to forget the key of this little house, which was always kept locked. The venison being heavy, he hung it on the handle of the door and ran back quickly for the key. Just then the dogs came round the corner, and by the time Johan got back there wasn't much venison left. First of all Johan thought it would be best to tell the trader what had happened; but then he remembered that the trader was busy, and in a bad mood. So Johan said nothing about the accident, and hoped that the trader would forget his venison.

A few days later, however, the trader asked for his venison, and Johan had to tell him how he had lost it. Poor Johan did not tell his story very well, or very convincingly, for he saw from the very beginning that the trader was not believing him.

When the story was finished, the trader laughed—a short hard laugh—and then he looked at Johan and said:

"You are the only man other than myself who is allowed to use the key to my store-house. I don't think it was the *dogs* who ate the venison."

He laughed again, but only with his mouth, and Johan could see the anger growing in his eyes.

The questions asked in this instance were: (1) What did the trader do? (2) What did Johan do? (3) With whom do you sympathise more, and why?

Briefly, and non-technically, what we have found is that there is absolutely no difference between the way in which English people and the way in which Greenlanders "think about" this type of incomplete situation. It is rare to find anyone in either group who considers all the data impartially, and constructs an answer consistent with all of them. Usually either one detail or group of details is picked out—probably quite involuntarily—and is so overweighted as to govern all subsequent "thinking"; or recourse is had to a socially determined and more or less uncritically accepted generalisation, and "thinking" consists simply in the application of this generalisation, often to the total or partial exclusion of the "facts" as presented. Of course the kind of details selected,

and of generalisations used, vary from group to group, and from individual to individual, but the general *type* of response is identical throughout all our groups. Our experiments, of course, are merely preliminary, and certainly not very well controlled, but so far they seem to indicate quite definitely that, in this type of constructive thinking, normal English people are scarcely more cool, detached, consistent and analytical than the relatively primitive Greenlanders.

. . . .

At the beginning of September it became known in Igdlorssuit that we were leaving in a few days' time. Presents began to pour in. In three days we attended at least fifteen coffee-parties. The people, led by Sam Möller, sang to us in church on the evening of 5 September. Abraham Zeeb wrote us an official letter of farewell:

In the year 1938 it is heard here in Igdlorssuit that four Englishmen* are coming to this place on an expedition.... The Englishmen are well received.... Frequently the Greenlanders and the Englishmen work together harmoniously. I have no doubt that the work was good, and it is everywhere a pleasant thing to see people who are really fond of one another. Before the Englishmen go to their land out there, I express the hope that their work will be a means of progress and a benefit to them, and that the results will be advantageous both to the Greenlanders and to the Englishmen.... All of this I have written out of friendship to all of you. I send you greetings.

Igdlorssuit hunter, Abraham Zeeb.

We left Igdlorssuit at 4 a.m. on 8 September. I remained in Greenland for some time after the others had gone, but not long enough fully to test the words of a certain outpost trader—a Dane—with whom I had a conversation on one of our boat journeys. He was perhaps a little drunk, for he and I were sharing a bottle of whisky, and he hadn't tasted the stuff for a long time. This is what he said:

"You have seen Greenland in the summer. You have seen the people parading in their fine clothes. You have seen them when they have plenty to eat, when their houses are warm, when they

[1] The word "*tuluit*" which is usually translated "Englishmen" means literally "those who speak like ravens." There seems to me to be at least an equal chance that it was first earned by the Scottish whalers.

have forgotten the hardships of the winter. In a bad winter many of them have little to eat, and come to me asking for money and food. Many of them are ill: many have no coal for their houses, no blankets, no clothes to keep out the bitter cold. Life is hard for Greenlanders in the winter." He paused. Then—"In winter I go to the store late in the morning, about 11 o'clock. No people come. There is nothing to do. It is dark, and my head begins to go round. I go home, and I say to my wife, 'My head is going round'. She says, 'My head also is going round'. I go into the sitting room. I look for something to read. There is nothing to read. There is nothing to do. It is dark, and my head goes round." Another pause. Then—"A man needs the company of another man in Greenland in the winter. A wife is not enough. Will you come back to Greenland next winter?"

I think I shall go back—not out of any great desire to see this particular trader (I'd much rather see Knud, and spend the winter with him); nor because I wish to have the precise tactual experience necessary (by definition) to convert me into an explorer, but mainly because, like the seal-hunter from Aluk, I should like once more "to behold the great sun when it rises from the sea, and its rays splinter against the icebergs on the horizon".

MEDITATIONS ON THE MORROW

I

HE: Every Morrow, Love, has its Tomorrow
But you possess To-day,
Seek not to save it, Love, nor elsewhere borrow
Your moment, lost To-day.
Leave you alone that safe but wasted sorrow
Called Yesterday.

SHE: For all that, Love, you can't arrest To-day,
Yet I would blithely borrow
Time, and let our loving bless To-day
In future joy or sorrow—
But you! would you remember Yesterday
To-morrow?

II

"I've come to say 'so long' and seek a lea
To-night, old Friend. The wind has gone insane,
And on the Headlands, how the mad seas rave.
What news from Home? To-morrow night I'll be
Hull down on black atlantic foam again.
What news at all from home across the wave—
The great Divider, though we've served all three:
Necessity, the Ocean and the Grave."
"Yes, shut the door. We'll roast some chestnuts, come.
I have some wine now old and sweet, in pain
Made from the grapes of youth and flashing streams
Of childhood. Aye, we'll sing a song of home,
And in some sentimental old refrain
Forget the Day in Day's forgotten dreams."

III

O spider baffled by the water
What burst the silken web you spun?
Some monster wilful or unwitting
That leaves your little life undone?

I watched my own web so disrupted—
The flimsy threads men ought to cherish.
They said it was a skein of dreams,
As though 'twere dreams alone that perish.

Come clutch this branch, frail fellow mortal,
For though the shore is one of sorrow,
And little else is left To-day,
We'll leave the ebb tide for To-morrow.

D. J. B.

HEITLAND AS J.B.

I REMEMBER an American acquaintance, whom I was showing round the College, remarking that the buildings did very well to be standing "after all these years". I explained that this was due to the praiseworthy activities of

some Junior Bursars. And for the honour of the College, I refrained from explaining that it was in spite of the activities of other Junior Bursars. Heitland is reputed to have been one of the former kind of J.B.; these extracts from the archives of his "department" (as he was always very pleased to call it) should place that reputation on a firm basis; should show him, in fact, as in some sense the creator of the "department", in its modern function and efficiency: besides casting odd beams of light on life and history here in the last century.

Heitland was appointed to his office at the end of the Lent Term 1886. He appears to have set about his business with great energy, for on 21 April of the same year he sent to the Council a long and detailed report on the state of the College; on the *Roofs*, which were mostly terrible, on the lightning conductors, which "Mr Hart is willing to test when required, but he has not got the proper instruments", on the *Walls*, especially the SE Turret of the Second Court. (*Note*. "I wish members of the Council would look at the little rooms at the top of this turret. If this was the dwelling of our great benefactor—Master Dr Wood, is its present condition a credit to us?") On the *Heating of Hall and Chapel* Heitland shows that ready grasp of human weakness which leads to so much extra expense in the world: "This is done in a costly manner. During about 6 months in the years the fires never go out. There are 2 boilers and so 2 fires. The interest of the man in charge is to make up the fire big that he may seldom have to visit it. Hence the roasting in Chapel on Sunday evenings and damage to the Organ, causing expense." On *Fire* we have some touches of a fine caustic quality which often creeps into these notes: "The only protection against fire we have is the New Court Staircases being made of stone. Our means of putting out fire are an old and feeble fire engine, a small supply of hose for the court hydrants, about 6 or 7 old buckets. The inflammable nature of the materials especially of the Second and Third Courts is well known." He adds with relief: "It is well that we cook by gas now. When the Kitchen chimney used to catch fire, the heat (I am told) was great in the upper part, where the roof of the Second Court abuts on

it and *has wood built into it*." (A very devastating glimpse, this, of the bad old days when the kitchen chimney "used to catch fire".) On *Gas* Heitland makes a brief and unhappy reference to a regulator, installed by his predecessor, which was to cause him frequent disquiet in the years to come; even now, he says, "I wish I felt sure that we are not paying for our gas twice over." On *Drains*, he points out that no one knows anything about them, and though it would be costly to find out, "the prevailing ignorance is not reassuring". On the *Sinks* he writes at his best: "These are bad and inefficient, and a cause of constant expense for clearing (i.e. unchoking) and repairs. The Council may be interested to learn that the Plumbers' Lady-Day bill includes under 'To turning water on and off night and morning draining pipes and taps during frost', charged at 6*s*. each time, a total charge of more than £10, besides a few repairs. So well protected, trustworthy, and economical is our sink-and-tap apparatus." He is also good on *Coal-holes*: "The storage for Coal in Lecture rooms I and II is *very* inadequate. The dark and dismal WC by Lect R I (underground) is hardly ever used, and is occasionally a source of expense. I think an ill-judged structure. What we *want* there is a good coal-hole." A long list of *Sundries* is appended, covering damage by roof-climbing—"Do the Council wish it to continue?", the bad state of stairs leading to the Fellow's Buttery—"What do the Council say to this?", a piece of painted window handed over to Heitland by his predecessor—"What am I to do with it?", a plan of the offices in the back lane—"It may suggest some reflexions". There is also a passage which well illustrates his comprehension of detail in more or less mechanical matters: a comprehension one might not have expected in a mere Humanist. "The Coal porters ordered (under some general leave from Mr Tottenham, which I feel sure was never meant to cover what was actually done) a cart for carrying the luggage to and from the gate. Hunnybun made a cart with narrow iron tires ¼ in. thick on the wheels. It was to cost over £10, how much I forget. I refused to allow it in the courts. It would, what with its width and the

woodwork made to carry it off the bridge, have blocked the bridge, and would also have knocked our pavements to pieces. Being now obliged to employ Hunnybun, I have ordered a special barrow, designed by Dr MacAlister and Mr Hart, to go with a broad wheel with indiarubber tire, upon which I insist. This is only a makeshift, and I regret that when the Bridge was relaid these matters were not taken into consideration." Makeshift or no, the College owes Heitland something for keeping Hunnybun's original Juggernaut out of the courts.

This comprehensive report on the lamentable state of the College is based on a great deal of what one might call field-work; and this in turn is found recorded, almost day by day, in a little book which Heitland appears to have purchased as soon as he took office, and which bears witness to his almost hectic activity in 1886 and 1887. Here we find his comments set down with even greater freshness and freedom than in the great report. We learn, for example, that on 6 May 1886 Heitland found a "cork put in the regulator of big meter" in the back lane; but it is not altogether clear why the cork was there. The other standing grievance, Juggernaut, is even more freely designated as "the foolish truck sent in by Hunnybun". Unfortunately Hunnybun's second attempt, the indiarubber tyred one designed by Mr Hart, was little better. On 3 October 1887 Heitland had to record: "India rubber tire came off wheel of luggage barrow. A scamped job of Mr Hunnybun, of course. Had it stuck on by Howes the bicycle man. But it is really 1½ in. too big."

Hunnybun, too, was involved in the Fire Engine and its troubles. On 4 May 1886, the J.B. records that this was "exercised, worked well". But under 2 August 1887 we find this further note: "Went to see Fire Engine exercise. Found that Hunnybun's men attend and do the locking and unlocking of the hose. Hence no doubt their charge (£5. 15*s*. 6*d*. in 1886) for attendance on the engine is so large, and our men don't learn the work properly."

The danger of fire mentioned in the report was evidently much on Heitland's mind. Under 6 April 1886 there is this

note: "*Fire.* Inside of roof in 2nd Ct is too dark to see much, but I think there is a needless amount of wood rubbish lying there. (N.B. Turner proposed to go with naked candle, the lantern being dull. I said No.)"

We learn too from this note-book that the unsatisfactory lavatory under the lecture rooms in First Court was duly transformed into a satisfactory coal-hole. "And a good job too." It saved the College 2*s.* a week for the carrying of coal from bin to lecture room.

When something needed doing quickly, Heitland was not the man to stand on his dignity. If there was no one else at hand, he did the job himself. Thus: "Aug. 17 1886. Heavy rain—at 8 p.m. Merry told me wet coming through into Buttery—Saw it all up E 1st Court. Aug. 19. Went out on gutter, found cisternhead choked with paper and dirt. Cleared it myself."

He showed the same spirit in protecting our swans: "Sept. 13. Chased and caught boys who were pelting swans in the grounds." Incidentally, the swans were also a source of undue profit to those whom Heitland regularly calls "the tradesmen" (such men as Hunnybun). "In Long Vac 1887 found that Lawrence was charging us from 36*s.* to 43*s.* a quarter for barley to feed the swans! Transferred the job to Bell of Peas Hill at 22*s.*"

In the records of inspection of the buildings, Heitland shows a remarkable thoroughness, as well as a fine spirit of adventure. For example: "Nov 12. Went up on top of Bridge of Sighs with Cranfield. Brought down a lot of loose bits (crockets on the finials) merely stuck on and just dropping off. Scamped work. Shewed them to Council same day. General disgust." Indeed he pursued "scamped work" like an Inquisitor, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to record of his own work (as he did of the New Court drains) that "It has been costly, but I think an efficient job". These New Court drains, by the way, were the occasion of a dramatic and terrifying discovery: "Nov 5, 1886. Had the floor up. Drain of glazed earthenware pipes was exposed. A joint was leaking. Had it bedded in cement for the present. The chief

discovery was that the drain was laid in a bed *formed by cutting away the crown of the cellar vault. These vaults are the substructures of the New Court.*" It is a wonder that the monstrous fabric still stands.

Heitland's ability to deal with emergencies is well illustrated in this note:

Jubilee June 21 1887. Ordered on June 17 to do something by way of illuminating. Gas fittings in Storeroom out of order, and no labour to be got at this late hour. Found old crown, large, to light with lamps, in back lane shed. Lamps and wickholders in storeroom. Set Carpenter to work on frame and Matthews to get lamps ready. Moden of Sidney Street supplied wicks and oil. The job was done, and looked well. Spent about £5 on fireworks. Set off on Chapel Tower. Effect very good, Roman Candles in particular. 2 Fire-balloons successfully sent up from 2nd Court. Cost about £10 in all.

What if those fire balloons had landed on the roof, all full of bits of wood as it was—where he wouldn't let Turner take the naked candle! Here, one feels, Heitland the J.B. was lost in the greater loyalties.

But it was not only for this passionate enquiry into detail that Heitland deserves remembrance. At the end of his great report to the Council he shows that he was equally capable of taking the long and the broad view of his "department". In a notable survey of the past and present of the J.B.'s work, followed by a very accurate forecast of its future, he pleads for the establishment of a regular fund on which the J.B. could draw. This document should be printed in full—it deserves to be; but as a concession to the weaker subscribers, I extract only the most notable passages:

From various remarks that have reached me in the course of the last few years I gather that some persons hold in relation to the Junior Bursar's department views which appear to me erroneous. Indeed the number of Fellows who know anything of College Administration seems to me a very small one; and I shall make no apology for offering a few explanations of the policy pursued by me as JB, in the hope that some may be thus helped to see the truth.

I have heard it said that the department is a small one, implying that it is not worthy of much consideration, since it cannot do much good or much harm. I have known it added that the Reserve Fund

for Repairs and Renewals is merely a matter of account-keeping, implying that it is not worth the trouble it takes. Neither of these utterances need be regarded as having a personal reference, I do not purpose so to regard them.

(Here follows a detailed survey of expenditure in the department, and of its relations with the Senior Bursar, from 1830 onwards—a notable contribution to College financial history.)

At this point I pause to remark that a department that in one section of its work has spent annually sums varying from £230 to £2845 within the last 20 years, and has in its calls on the general College revenue varied from £1000 to £2350 within the same period, may not be capable of much good, but is certainly under present financial conditions capable of much harm. And any institution (such as a Reserve Fund) that tends to equalise burdens, taking year with year, is not a mere matter of book-keeping but is so far as it goes a wholesome and steadying power....

A few words on present difficulties may not be out of place. What presses on the department is that salaries and wages go on, never lessening, sometimes increasing. No reserves were kept in former years, but new liabilities were largely incurred. In recent times (just before I became JB) the Steward liberally took over some of the wage charges. It was well meant, but it has done harm as well as good, for it helped to hide the truth—that the department needed more money if it was to lay by against bad times. If this help ever be withdrawn, the general revenues must be called upon again.

Another point important in this connection is this—we use more elaborate and delicate appliances than we did 60 years ago. A water-pipe service is a great boon, but plumbers' bills increase vastly. Hot water heating is a great convenience, but the boilers and furnaces wear out. Earth closets are a sanitary luxury, but they cost money to work and keep in order. And so forth in other details. Now it is to be noted that manufacturers write off so much a year for depreciation of plant—that is, they allow for its renewal. But this College never did anything of the kind in the JB's department: and hence the difficulties of the present, which it will not be wise to ignore. There is no surer sign of unsoundness in a community than the unwillingness to face unwelcome truths.

I maintain that I have since 1886 effected large economies in the Repairing and Maintenance part of my work, and I have never had it shown me that the efficiency of the College appliances has been in any way impaired thereby. The question that is always presenting itself is—Repair or Renewal? This is a matter of judgment, to say when Repairing by patches ceases to be economical. For instance,

I find that the old Fire Engine was a source of continual expense. Since 1830 it must have cost several hundreds of pounds. It had to go: and now that I have bought a modern machine, much handier and much more powerful, in its place, I can see that the change might wisely have been made before. The outer North and South roofs of the Second Court are another instance of the patching plan being carried on too long. Ten years of patching was far more costly than complete renewal. Besides—which is perhaps important—patching did not keep out the wet. This is enough of instances. The point is that you cannot help making calls now and then, when you have a large renewal job in hand. But calls on what? on the general College revenue, or on some other fund?"

Here he goes on to justify two new points of policy—the keeping of appliances owned by the College, such as ladders, bits of stone, nails, and screws; also the employment of a permanent J.B.'s man. The conclusion renews the demand for the Reserve Fund.

On a separate sheet we have Heitland's proposals for the sources of this fund. By far the greater part of it was to come from the Kitchen profits, and the reasons given for this are at any rate ingenious: he appears to have regarded these profits much as a modern Chancellor of the Exchequer regards the Road Fund.

It may be urged that Kitchen profits should go to develop the Kitchen. It seems to me that the right plan is to treat all repairing and developing outlay (not for apparatus) under one head. The Kitchen cannot really thrive without the College: and I maintain that our present way of letting the Kitchen spend freely *because it earns money* is a grand mistake. I wish heartily to see the Kitchen appliances improved, but as part of the College, and subordinate to the whole. Surely we ought not to divide among us these Kitchen profits; then what are we to do with them?

On the whole, it is surely a remarkable piece of work, this report. It contains at any rate the germs of the present administration, and in its essentials, the College has been forced to adopt it. One cannot help wondering, again, that a mere humanist, a Roman historian, should have displayed such practical sense and such financial wisdom. Yet it is, perhaps (as a distinguished follower of Heitland in Roman History suggests to me) typical of the best in our system of university life. If at the worst you have a few scholars lost

to learning in the sterile paths of mere bureaucracy, at the best you have some scholars turning first-rate abilities to the practical side of College life, and losing nothing by it. It is something at any rate unique to Cambridge and Oxford. And Heitland at least was none the less a distinguished historian for being J.B.: though in these notes the only trace of his academic life is a note on a letter from "Mr Larmoor", drawing attention to the misdemeanours of undergraduates in the archway between Second and Third Courts. Heitland has briefly written on it, "De undergraduatis omnia convomentibus". A lesser classical scholar, surely, would not have thought to employ the compound form of the verb; and a lesser J.B. would never have made the note at all.

Other aspects of Heitland, of course, are fugitive, and will soon be lost for good. Two stories which came within my own experience seem to me to deserve preservation: typical, I hope, of his later years, when as a very young Fellow I looked on him from afar.

We were discussing the present new buildings. Heitland had been deeply suspicious throughout the meeting, walking round to each Fellow who spoke, standing in front of him with a disapproving hand behind a condemning ear. At length, unable to bear it any longer, he rose, and bid us farewell, as if for ever: "Mr President and gentlemen, I wish you a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year." The meeting was being held in October.

Again, we were talking of the arrangements for the election of our present Master. A Fellow asked the President if people other than members of the College could attend the election in the Chapel. The President asked him what sort of people he had in mind. "Some of the Fellows", replied the questioner, "are married, for example." "What's that?" cried Heitland, once more cupping that eloquent hand to his ear, "married *for example*!" I do not remember if the question survived our mirth.

A Junior Bursar is fortunate among College Officers, in that he leaves his mark firmly on the College, for good or ill. New buildings, or at least new parts of old buildings, mark his progress—if there has been progress; the archives of his department show him very much as he was to all posterity. But a Tutor is very differently situated. His effects are not noted in brick and stone, but in the stream of shifting personalities and fading memories which pours triennially through the more or less solid fabric maintained by the Junior Bursar. His merits are written in sand, his demerits in mud, and both are effaced with equal rapidity.

Of Heitland as a Tutor, then, little can be learned from written documents. There is, however, one tutorial incident which has been rescued from oblivion in these records. It is recorded in three letters, the first of which runs thus:

Dear Master,

I have to report that on the night of the 14th there was some noise in the New Court close to my rooms. A bonfire was twice lit and some fireworks let off. The fireworks were few and very poor in comparison of those which I let off (with the kind help of persons *in statu pupillari*) from the Chapel Tower and in the 1st and 2nd Cts in the Jubilee of 1887. The bonfires were poor things also, and if the first had been quietly allowed to burn out I do not think the second would have been made at all. No damage of the least importance was done, which is very gratifying. The noise was of the same kind as is common in this court, particularly of late. I have lost a good deal of sleep in the last 6 months from this cause; but, as we are expressly denied the presence of a Dean resident in the court, I presume it is of no use to complain.

The letter then goes on to describe in harrowing detail how the writer had gone to bed very tired; had been disturbed, and "compelled to witness a good deal of what went on, which is tiresome at my time of life". There is, in fact, a perceptible change in tone, which on the surface is somewhat puzzling. At a deeper level of interpretation, however, all is quite clear; this letter is a good example of that class of document which pursues a definite object, though its apparent contents are indefinite and confused. The description of the goings on in New Court is really only a pretext. The underlying object is to lay a complaint against the Deans. Heitland was, if I may say so, a remarkably good example of the kind of man described as a Squirradical by Stevenson in the *Wrong Box*; indeed he might have changed places with Mr Bloomfield, without any violence to that admirable novel. Heit-

land was a good anti-clerical; he was also a sturdy opponent of bureaucracy. Conflict with the Deans, therefore, was hardly to be avoided. It would appear from this first letter that Heitland wished to suggest that the state of discipline in the New Court went far to discredit the clerical bureaucracy which was supposed to control that turbulent district. And he was not altogether displeased to be able to draw the Master's attention to the bonfires and the fireworks. The letter is not merely the letter of a man who has lost a night's rest; it is also the letter of a man who is not going to have lost his night's rest for nothing.

The Dean, however, dealt with the situation in a masterly way. Ignoring the underlying intention of the Tutor's complaint, he affected to take it at its face value, and set about prosecuting the offenders with all the rigour of the law. Oddly enough, most of them were Heitland's own pupils. All this appears from the next letter:

Dear Master,

You will probably hear from the Dean about a noise, bonfire, fireworks, & in College on the night of last Tuesday, the 14th.

A complete list of penalties imposed would probably astonish you. I have to refer in particular to 3 cases of large fines imposed on pupils of mine, A. £5, B. £5, C. £2. 10*s*. They are all men of excellent character; A. & B. men to whom every penny is a matter of great importance. None of them has done anything in the least degree shameful. In a moment of excitement at what they deemed a College triumph in the Boat Races, they acted with some levity and unwisdom. They confessed their fault, and it appears to me that a mild penalty would have sufficed. A. & B. were sent down yesterday. I am not allowed to tell them that they will in fact be allowed to come up in the Long Vacn, and the poor little holiday they are now having is being sadly spoilt by fear of a prohibition that would do them a lifelong injury if enforced. I offer no comment here on this method of punishment.

Mr —— and myself seem to have no common platform in questions of discipline. A warm dispute between us would only serve to make more unpleasantness and to obscure the respect with which I regard him in other relations of life. I have therefore said very little, but quietly bowed to the storm.

The storm, however, for all the Tutor's bowing, continued to rage. The prosecution of Heitland's pupils was not relaxed; indeed Mr D now joined A, B and C, as victims of the Church's discipline. One feels rather sorry for these gentlemen—a helpless little party of non-combatants, caught in the cannonade of large opposing forces. But one of the major combatants, at any rate, was fully alive to the miseries of their position. Outmanœuvred in the main issue by the strategy of the Dean, Heitland could at least attempt to save his pupils from the wrath which had fallen on them—and at the same time say one or two things about the Dean which needed to be said:

Dear Master,

I have just got a note from the Senior Dean about a pupil of mine by name D. Mr —— yesterday refused to allow his name to stand on the Long Vcn list. He now offers to fine him £2. 10. 0 instead. I have at present refused to accept the offer, for in my opinion it presents the College in a ridiculous and contemptible light. I ask your approval of my action. D could easily pay the fine. He is not poor, like A and B. And it would suit me very well for the moment to have the matter settled, and D allowed to come up. But he has already been sent away at Mr ——'s order so as to miss the Ball and put his people to inconvenience and annoyance. It is a severe punishment to him. To forgive him the rest seems to me possible with dignity and grace. To compound with him for 50*s*. seems to me an undignified and awkward bathos.

I have been very patient, but I am roused at last.

I say that noises in the New Ct are quite common, of late almost normal: that, if the Deans wish to keep it quiet, they should put on a steady pressure, not surprise it with fitful outbursts of activity followed by schedules of extreme and arbitrary penalties. We have in fact English institutions and Turkish practice, and the mischief done is more than any man can tell.

I have told Mr —— that I should now write to you in a less resigned tone than before. Indeed I venture to say that, if all pending punishments were remitted, still too much would have been done in so small a matter.

I protest therefore against the infliction of any further penalties, and call for an amnesty.

We may hope that the amnesty was granted, and the Dean's wrath stayed in mid-course. And if Heitland had failed in the main action, I am not sure that the phrase about English institutions and Turkish practice does not constitute a minor victory.

A NOTE ON FINDS OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL INTEREST RECENTLY MADE IN THE COLLEGE

In the autumn of 1938 and the spring of 1939 during excavations for the foundations of the new College buildings at present being built to the north of Second Court and the Chapel and on the south side of Bridge Street, many interesting archaeological finds were made.

These finds consisted of pottery and skeletons. Immediately to the north of Second Court and in the angle between the north wall of Second Court and the west wall of the Chapel, test excavations and excavations for the foundations of the new arcade revealed at a depth of some ten feet a pit cut into the natural ground surface which had been filled up with a miscellaneous assortment of skeletal fragments. No purposeful excavation was possible, but from the holes dug by the builders were recovered the remains of at least a dozen individuals. Ten skulls in good condition have been placed by the College Council on permanent loan in the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, where they are at present being studied by Mr J. C. Trevor. The bones which filled up the pit were in a very confused state and clearly did not represent a cemetery of any kind: it seems likely that they had been dug out from some other cemetery and thrown in this pit, or possibly the pit may be a plague-pit. Together with the skeletons were found a large number of oyster shells and one or two sherds of pottery—possibly Roman in date. The dating of these skeletons is not difficult: from the character of the burials there is little doubt that they are post-Saxon in date and from their position they must surely antedate the building of the north wing of Second Court (i.e. pre-late-sixteenth century). Mr Trevor, from a preliminary examination of these skulls, assures me that they closely resemble in many ways skulls from the well-known medieval cemeteries of Hythe, Rothwell, Upchurch and Dover. These cemeteries are dated to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries,

and I think we shall not be far wrong if we say that in the late medieval period (perhaps in the fourteenth or fifteenth century) a number of skeletons (or bodies) were dug up from some neighbouring cemetery and thrown into this pit dug near the buildings of what was then the Hospital of St John. The two Roman (?) sherds found with the skeletons

Sherd of medieval pot found on the site of the St John's College new buildings. *Actual size.*

do not date them: they were not found in depositional association, and, in view of the great quantity of Roman pottery found on the site as a whole, there is little need to wonder at the presence of these two sherds in the pit. Without careful excavation for many days it would have been impossible to determine the extent of this pit and to estimate the number of people buried in it: but from observations in a number of the holes cut, it seemed to me that the pit was

an extremely large one and that it probably extended originally underneath the present chapel.

The pottery finds from the new buildings site are even more interesting than the bones: they were found all over the site from the north wall of Second Court right out to Bridge Street—the most prolific areas being those where deep excavations were made for the basement rooms of the new buildings. The earliest pottery found was Roman: no pre-Roman ceramic turned up. The Roman pottery includes Castor ware beakers and platters of various kinds; painted wares; mortaria; greyware ollae and lids; fragments of large stone jars made at the well-known kilns at Horningsea; and fragments of Samian ware of the second century A.D. imported from Gaul. The Roman sherds included a lid (comparatively rare in Romano-British contexts) painted with an orange slip, and the base of a Samian dish cut down and bored to form a spindle-whorl.

No pagan Anglo-Saxon pottery was found, but there occurred sherds of a large bowl with inturned rim of a kind not yet fully studied but attributed to the Late Saxon period and found chiefly in the Ouse and Cam valleys. There were also some sherds of a hard grey ware with thumb-impressed strap work; probably Norman in date. A very large amount of medieval pottery was found, including many types of pitchers, bowls and pipkins, and yielding many examples of glazes, including a charming green glaze. One sherd, illustrated here, has a delightful green glaze and an amusing representation of a human face above the handle. It may perhaps be assigned to the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries and compared with other figured decorated pottery of the period, such as the fifteenth century jug in the Fitzwilliam Museum, or the large pot from Earith in Huntingdonshire in the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology: it is of the same class as the famous thirteenth-century jug, with mounted knights in armour in relief, in the Fitzwilliam. Examples of ceramics of all dates were found from the late Medieval up to nineteenth-century Wedgwood and common present-day wares. Apart from the pottery and skeletons there was little

found of archaeological interest save for a great number of clay pipes of all dates—with some exceptionally good William and Mary examples.

The interest of all these finds is twofold. In the first place it is important to find such a quantity of Roman pottery on a site outside of and on the other side of the river from the Roman so-called town of Cambridge which was situated on what is now Castle Hill. In the second place it is most interesting to be able to claim for the College grounds a remarkable antiquity and continuity of human occupation. The site of the new buildings has given us, as we have said, pottery of all dates from Roman to the present day with the exception of the Pagan Saxon period—and this gap is filled in by the important pagan Anglo-Saxon cemetery on the site of the former racquets courts in the College Cricket Field, which was excavated by Jenkinson in 1888. There can be few sites in Cambridge with such a continuity of historical occupation, and it is an amusing thought that a College so well known for its historians and antiquaries should itself, through its site, boast a history of nearly two thousand years.

In conclusion I should like to express my thanks to J. A. Barnes and P. H. Baldwin for their assistance in recovering many of the remains described briefly here, and to Miss M. M. O'Reilly, Mr T. C. Lethbridge and Mr J. C. Trevor for discussing the finds with me.

G. E. D.

JOHNIANA

I. Thomas Nashe, the Elizabethan poet and pamphleteer, who was at St John's from 1582 to 1588, has several references in his works to the College: St John's "is and ever was the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all the university": "St John's was as an University within itself, shining so farre above all other houses, halls, and hospitals whatsoever, that no colledge in the towne was able to compare with the tithe of her students"; and the College was "able to supply all other inferior foundations' defects—and namely that royal erection

of Trinity Colledge, which the University Orator, in an epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly named 'Colonia Deducta' from the suburbs of St John's".

These quotations are fairly familiar; but in "An Almond for a Parratt", a violent anti-puritan pamphlet attributed to Nashe, there is an amusing anecdote that is not very well known. He is speaking of the Puritans in the matter of perjury: "Tush, they account it no sin as long as it is in the way of protestation, being in the mind of the good old fellow in Cambridge, who, sitting in St John's as Senior at the fellows' election, was reprehended by some of his betters, for that he gave his voice with a dunce like himself, contrary to oath, statute, and conscience: why, quoth he, I neither respect oath, statute, nor conscience, but only the glory of God."

II. The following is an extract from a letter written by Humfrey Wanley, dated at Wimpole 10 February 1715/6, to Edward Harley, afterwards second Earl of Oxford. Humfrey Wanley (1671/2–1726) was librarian to Lord Oxford and even more active than his master in collecting books for the Harleian Library. There is an account of him in Professor A. S. Turberville's *History of Welbeck Abbey and its Owners* (London 1938), I, pp. 364 ff. Both he and Harley, according to Masters (*Memoirs of Thomas Baker* (Cambridge 1784), pp. 106 ff.), were in the habit of visiting Baker, in the College, from Wimpole, where Oxford had built a library designed by James Gibbs. In view of Baker's generosity to the College Library, it is improbable that he would have countenanced the transfer to Lord Oxford of the College's *Great Bible* (1539) printed on vellum, which came from John Williams' collection, or even of the interesting document which he himself had given, the *Concilium Londiniense*, of which the late Dr M. R. James said "This copy is contemporary, I should think, with the Council. There is a certain variety in the signatures of the subscribers which at first sight gives the impression that they may be autographs." This letter, printed from *Historical Manuscripts Commission. MSS. of the Duke of Portland, Welbeck Abbey*, v (1899), p. 525, is probably an example of Wanley's zeal outrunning his discretion, which, it seems, it often did.

"...When I saw [Mr Baker] last, I had a desire to look upon the MSS. in [St John's] College library; I saw some of them, and among others, took notice of a Deed, which being given to Mr Baker by his bookseller, he gave to the place. It is an original, dated A.D. 1075, containing the Acts of the Council, holden at London in that year, and signed by those who were assessors therein. It is printed in the second vol. of Sir Henry Spelman's Councils, but not correctly, nor from any original. To your Lordship it is very valuable, as giving you the acts of a great Synod, authentically; a date of a hand of that antiquity; and the hands or signs of our most eminent Churchmen of that time. I desire to know your Lordship's noble pleasure; whether I may not write to Dr Jenkin the Master, to procure an exchange between you and the college for this old Parchment, for some duplicate book, or a small matter (suppose a guinea) in money. In order to this, I have already Mr Baker's consent; who will declare himself willing that your Lordship should have it...."

"...I have a great mind that you should have the fine Bible you saw at St John's College, among their MSS., and have spoken to Mr B about it, who will willingly serve you therein. It is by much the finest book of the English nation of its kind; and but one more than dare in the least to enter into competition with it, and that, not to be had for any money whatever. The College know not when, nor of whom, nor how, they came by it; which will make for you. Your Lordship heard that they have been bidden a good sum for it, but refused the same. I would willingly have this in your collection (now while I have friends there), and am of opinion with Mr B that for a duplicate of the same impression, your Lordship making up an equivalent to them in money, for their Library, you may compass it, if you lay hold on the present opportunity."

III. A society has recently been formed for the encouragement of the study of the history and antiquities of Cambridge

and Cambridgeshire. At the head is the Rev. the Master of St John's College....The annual subscription, commencing with the year 1840, is thirty shillings.

From "100 Years Ago", in the *Cambridge Independent Press*, 2 June 1939.

Ralph Tatham, D.D., was elected Master of the College, 7 May 1839.

IV. There is the first champion, the late Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell, then Scott, of whom we all think and talk, even as we do of the founder of St John's College at Cambridge, simply as Lady Margaret. With her lovely, long swing, her straw hat, and her parasol between the shots she is part of history.

"Golf. The Ladies' Museum." From *The Times*, 18 February 1939.

BOOK REVIEWS

The College of St John the Evangelist, Auckland, New Zealand, by the Venerable W. J. SIMKIN, Wellington, N.Z. 1938.

It is probably true that colonial history—in so far as history is made by individuals—has been made largely by mediocrities and by able men who were social misfits; but George Augustus Selwyn was neither of these. He was a man of great talent with a career of usefulness and distinction opening out before him in England when, in 1841, he accepted election as first Bishop of New Zealand. He believed it was his duty to God to take up the responsibilities that the Church wanted to place upon him; he found great opportunities, and St John's College, at Auckland, is one of the memorials to the manner in which he seized them.

Cambridge had already had its part in New Zealand affairs; the Maori language was given its permanent and very satisfactory spelling in 1820 by Samuel Lee, then Sir Thomas Adams' Professor of Arabic; the first great figure in the New Zealand mission, Samuel Marsden, was a Magdalene man; and, must one say it, the Baron de Thierry who, in 1835, had proclaimed himself king in New Zealand had been at Downing? And now it was Selwyn's turn. If it was an accident, it was a happy one that the first Bishop of New Zealand was an Etonian, had been captain of the

Lady Margaret Boat Club, and had been one of the three Johnians who rowed in the first Inter-University Boat Race in 1829. Many a worthy and able missionary had failed in New Zealand because in his bearing he had not the touch of arrogance, or of self-assurance, to mark him out as a "chief". The Maori chief was an aristocrat of the deepest dye; the "public school spirit" was something he could understand—for was he not, himself, trained by priests for the responsibilities which would devolve upon him? With a powerful intellect, athletic ability well above the average, and confidence in his own capacity to rule, Selwyn seemed predestined to succeed.

He arrived in New Zealand in May 1842, and was quickly persuaded of the need for a school "similar to...an English Public School, a school for the higher education of the Maoris, and a theological college for European candidates for Holy Orders." To fill these wants the College of St John the Evangelist was founded at Waimate in the far north of the North Island on the Feast of the Epiphany (6 January) 1843. An appeal was made in England for funds, and, amongst others, Johnians responded with a gift of £700 for the foundation of a *Lady Margaret Scholarship*, in recognition of the work of "three of our most valued brethren ...the Right Reverend George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand; William Martin, Chief Justice of the same Colony; and the Reverend Thomas Whytehead, Chaplain to the Bishop". In 1937 the fund had grown, by wise investment, to £5500. The College was moved shortly after its foundation to Auckland, and its permanent establishment seriously begun. Selwyn himself lived on the College estate, and interested himself most actively in its work—his home was continually thronged with its students. The College's later fortunes have been various. Increasingly it has devoted itself to its theological work; many of its students have done distinguished work in the Church—some few outside it. But during most of its career the College Trustees have controlled schools as well; to-day King's College and its associated preparatory school are under its government. Even so, the influence of Selwyn's foundation of St John's has so far fallen short of his greatest hopes, but it has never known adversity so great as to make these aspirations seem ultimately impossible of fulfilment.

St John's was the focal point of Selwyn's work, and from it he travelled unceasingly in New Zealand and the Pacific. As missionary, promoter of education, traveller, preacher, athlete, he is remembered; even the churches built under his influence still stand in contrast to the barn-like wooden structures built in later years by the practical, and to the neo-Gothic extravagance into

which the well-meaning allowed themselves to be led. Perhaps only in primitive and in small communities can men still attain to the true stature of heroes, and it is in this select band that the average New Zealander would place Selwyn—a shadowy figure of whom a little is known and a lot imagined. St John's College, Auckland, is but one of many memorials to his work, and if, in a sense, it is the most lasting (in New Zealand) it cannot be said of Selwyn, as it has been of Napoleon, that the most enduring achievement of his government was the one with which he had least to do.

Archdeacon Simkin's book has faults as a history; but it is, perhaps, in these that its greatest virtues lie. For it is written as a guide to the future rather than as an account of the past. "The 'golden age' of St John's must be before and not behind."

J. W. D.

Straw into Gold: An account of the doings of a Worker in ideas from the Armistice of '18 *to the Crisis of* '38, by EDMUND VALE. Methuen and Co., Ltd., 1939. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Rumpelstiltsken's song

"Round about, Round about
Lo and behold!
Reel away, Reel away
Straw into Gold"

stands on the title-page of Mr Vale's book, and the actual title is but a summary of this. Too ambitious a title, he admits, for the present facts if you *will* take it literally, for the Bank Balance has been often "more properly the Bank Overdraft"; but the story has not ended yet, and anyway Banks do not deal in *real* gold. The book—I quote from the delightful Dedication—"has a point rather than a moral, and the point is that *an optimist can make something out of nothing.* So I have tried to show, for the confusion of all pessimists, *how* something can be made out of nothing (sans capital, sans apparatus, and sans coterie".

It is a varied and absorbing tale. Mr Vale took his B.A. in 1913 and the War caught him in 1914. Before that fatal August, he already had two books to his name and had been accepted by *Blackwood* and the *Cornhill.* But, when free again in 1919, he found his work a failure. He thought he might be able to "use the commercial medium as a stepping stone to the romantic medium", settled in Anglesey and formed with a fellow ex-officer the Penmon Gardens Company to combine trawling, the selling

of fish, and the use of the offal for growing vegetables for sale. There was a touch of comedy at the start. A parcel of soil from the garden was sent to a friend at Cambridge for analysis and report by the School of Agriculture. Somebody in the post-office played a trick and exchanged two labels: his friend received a brace of excellent pheasants, and somebody else got a tin of earth. But the business ended in tragedy: local customers liked neither the higher prices for first-grade fish, nor fish so infernally fresh that you had to keep it until it acquired the accustomed flavour. The power-trawler, bought in succession to a sailing-trawler but never even taken to sea, dragged her moorings and was nearly wrecked, the slump came, and bankruptcy was only just avoided.

It was not a cheering start. But the power of writing began to return, and the old desire "to learn everything about everything in the hope of gaining a clue to the reality of something". There were all sorts of adventures, physical and spiritual as well as literary, including an interlude in the Furniture Trade and a consequent fateful meeting with a Lady in a Blue Hat, serving at another stall in the Woman's Exhibition at Olympia. Railway enthusiasts should get the book, for Mr Vale was commissioned to do the descriptive "route books" for the L.M.S. and did them thoroughly, as he did everything, surveying the whole of each route by bicycle or on foot—and they should read his note on railway rhythms. A trip to Canada, with a view to a book about steamers for Dent's, led to a commission to do "something similar" to the L.M.S. route-books for the C.P.R. (though it didn't turn out quite similar), and Ireland followed—and a book about the L.M.S. steamers. (The timetable for the departure of the Irish Mail Boat from Holyhead is fascinating.) The penultimate chapter tells of an adventure into the Games World (table games): and that sends my mind back to the glorious Wooden Horse, that jolting Pegasus—why didn't it succeed? But I'd better stop, though I feel I have given but an inadequate notion of the book with its vividly pictured succession of experiences, not least among them experiences (what else can one call them?) of the scenery and the solitudes of Wales. Mr Vale writes the dedication (to the Lady in the Blue Hat) from Nant Ffrancon Pass, where he has been settled for a long time, and the family has grown.

And what has been the ultimate effect on him of it all—hustle and contemplation, successes and disasters, happiness and disappointments? Let me cite his own words, immediately following those I have quoted above as showing his standpoint in 1919. "I have come to alter my view entirely, to believe that the most

rewarding mode of life is to live in the romantic medium and take the means that you find there for forcing the commercial medium to yield you a livelihood. Of course you must be a true believer to do this. The romantic world is a region which tolerates illusion but not deception. It is no place for *poseurs* and coterie triflers. It is the most exclusive and yet the most prodigally generous of all worlds. You cannot go to it via commerce though you can go to commerce via it."

Good luck to the continuation of the story, and the Lady in the Blue Hat.

G. U. Y.

K(G)ANTHI, or The Spirit and Service Stories, by K. G. Reddiar.

Kanthi means "Illumination", and these are unaffected tales of Indian life, written for the most part while the author was studying at Cambridge and Oxford. In a prefatory letter Hilton Brown speaks of the sure and masterly touch of these delicate evocations of memories of childhood, or incidents of daily life. It is fitting that an old Johnian should be able so to harmonise eastern life and philosophy with western style and outlook, and his tales will be read with pleasure by those interested in India, or in the fascinating processes of growing up, or even in the vagaries of Indian typesetting.

I. P. W.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

President: P. E. MONTAGNON. *Vice-President:* R. TURNER.
Secretary: D. D. FILTNESS. *Treasurer:* P. L. SPENCER.

The Society held three meetings in the Lent Term. On 26 January Professor Hardy spoke on "Some Problems of Ramanujan", in which he dealt mainly with the summation of certain numerical infinite series.

At the second meeting, on 9 February, J. D. Banks gave a paper on "Some Early Indian Mathematics". He mentioned their development of the theory of indeterminate equations, and illustrated this with several amusing and peculiarly worded problems.

The Annual Joint Meeting with Trinity Mathematical Society