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THE *GRANTA* AND ITS
CONTRIBUTORS
1889-1914

THE *GRANTA* AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS

1889-1914



COMPILED BY

F. A. RICE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

A. A. MILNE

"SOME day, it may be, the history of our origin will be written, and the journalistic Stubbs who traces back our career will pause in amused wonder over the strange story of this journal's inception. He will set down for the entertainment of men who have yet to be born, the account of the wayward young genius who first controlled our destinies. . . . He will devote a page, perhaps, to the 'over-true' tale of the rape of the title, and will record, with all a biographer's pride, how, with animosities soothed, with the voice of detraction hushed . . . the *Granta* became an established success."

R. C. LEHMANN, *The Granta*, 16th January 1892.

LONDON
CONSTABLE AND COMPANY LIMITED

1924

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN.
CHISWICK PRESS : CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND GRIGGS (PRINTERS), LTD.
TOKES COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

TO FREDERICK RICE

MY DEAR FATHER,

I do not see how I can very well dedicate this book to you. So much of it is taken up with the work of other people, that they (not knowing you, the unfortunate creatures) might conceivably object.

But if I cannot dedicate it, I can at least offer it to you. Others may read it (indeed, several have promised to do so), and a few may even buy it (though for this the promises have not been so eager). But in spite of them I want you to feel that the book is really intended for you. I can remember a time when you hoped I should get a First in my Tripos; you also entertained the possibility of seeing me a Rowing Blue. Both these ambitions I have fallen lamentably short of fulfilling, and so, as a sort of Consolation Prize, I present you with *The Granta and its Contributors*.

Of course, had I been wise, I would have called the book *An Enquiry into some Journalistic Ventures at the University of Cambridge during the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries*, and then they might have given me a Litt.D. for it. But I fancy that neither you nor I are particularly anxious to have a Litt.D. in the family.

F.A.R.

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INTRODUCTION

BY A. A. MILNE (EX-EDITOR OF THE *GRANTA*)

THERE is nothing so tiresome as the introduction by the Chairman of the Guest of the Evening. Here is a similar sort of introduction which will probably be as tiresome. To keep it in character, therefore, I shall begin in the recognized manner with a "little story" which "happened to me the other day." But this, unlike the Chairman's little story, will not be recognized, for it is true.

I was playing golf in a foursome—a friend and I against another friend (Smith, let us call him) and the professional. Standing on the second tee and wagging his club with an air, Smith said to the professional, "I say, what exactly *is* the line to this hole?" He did not really want to know, for he has a line of his own here—to the right, through a gorse-bush—but he wanted to be impressive up to the last possible moment. His game, thus far, had been very impressive; thus far, Smith had not made a mistake. The first hole he had played perfectly. His partner had driven on to the green, a foot from the pin, and Smith had picked up the ball and said, "You give us that, I suppose." His walk to the next tee was also good; his waggle stylish; and it sounded well to ask, "What *is* the line to this hole?"—as if he could place the ball just where it was wished. The professional looked down the course. Five hundred yards away were four scattered specks on the horizon, four players approaching from divers points the distant green. And the professional, shading his eyes with his hand, said to Smith, "Well, sir, play on his Grace the Duke of Leeds."

We all have our proud moments of reflected glory; moments never to be forgotten; and those of us with an eye on posterity have already

decided which of these memories shall be graved on our tombstone. On Smith's will be the simple words: "He once played on the Duke of Leeds"—and on mine the boast: "He was a *Granta* man." But perhaps there should be another line added, "He once played on Calverley."

Calverley was our hero. What chance had he at Oxford of indulging his glorious irresponsibility? He had to come to Cambridge to keep truly young. We, who followed him from afar, picked up his youth, if nothing else. It seems absurd that on a point of chronology, no more, the *Granta* cannot claim him. In the index to this book his name should be written large. "CALVERLEY. Influence on Smith, p. 27. Influence on Brown, p. 42. Influence on Robinson, p. 128. Inferiority of Jones to —, p. 160. Imitations of —, *hic et ubique*."

We were very young in those days, and young, it still seems to me, in the right sort of way; not with the portentous youth of our rival University; not scornful, not cynical, not superior; but youthfully light-hearted; light-headed, perhaps; laughing too easily, if you like, too loudly, if you will have it so; but laughing. What if we laughed sometimes to show you that you had had the joke? Better do this, we felt, than clear the throat in the Oxford manner to show you that an epigram was coming. Life, for us, was not "rather a problem," to be solved by a phrase at twenty, but "rather a rag," and at twenty most to be enjoyed. Do we blush as we read again our old contributions, thinking, "How immature they were"? Not we! We think proudly, "How expressive of our immaturity they were. How much they were ourselves. Does any of that divine youth hang over us still? If it be so, let us thank Cambridge and the *Granta* for casting the spell on us."

But I am delaying the moment when the *Granta* will speak to you for itself. First, however, let Mr. F. A. Rice, the present Editor, and only begetter of this book, tell you something of the paper's history. Lucky Mr. Rice! He is privileged now to begin the great journey from Liverpool Street (where you disembark from Cambridge) to

Fleet Street. He is at the heavenly age when you wonder whether it is nicer to be Milton or Fielding. Along what tributary of Fleet Street will his hopes take him? An Oxford man would saunter down the Strand to Wellington Street (if that is still the address); an Edinburgh man might double back to Printing House Square; but a Cambridge man could hardly resist looking in at Bouverie Street to pass the time of day with the London *Granta*, as Mr. Rice calls it, himself already a humble contributor. Yes, I say humble purposely. I detect traces in his book of a charming awe of those of us who set out before him, and who have arrived . . . not very far, perhaps. He sees swans ahead of him. Well, it will do him less harm to mistake a goose or two for a swan than to proclaim that all established swans are geese. He will write the better for feeling that it is wonderful to write at all. For you may find much youthful folly in these old contributions of *Granta* men, but you will not find, I think, that most unlovely folly of youth—the folly of superiority.

EDITORS OF THE *GRANTA*, 1889-1914

THE *Granta* was founded at the beginning of the Lent Term, 1889, by Murray Guthrie (Trinity Hall), the Hon. Lionel Holland (Trinity), and R. C. Lehmann (Trinity). The first number appeared on 18th January 1889.

The constitution of the *Granta* is a simple one, the proprietorship being vested in the Editor, who passes it on to his successor at the close of his period of office.

Up to 1914, of the Colleges, Trinity had 31 Editors; Clare, 4; Emmanuel, Gonville and Caius, Pembroke, St. John's, and Sidney Sussex, 2 each; Christ's, King's, Queens', and Trinity Hall, 1 each.

R. C. Lehmann held the *Granta* for the longest time, but as his permanent residence was in London, he relied to a great extent on the work of a succession of "Cambridge Editors."

1889.	<i>Lent.</i>	MURRAY GUTHRIE (Trinity Hall) and the Hon. LIONEL HOLLAND (Trinity).
	<i>May.</i>	MURRAY GUTHRIE (Trinity Hall).
1889.	<i>Michaelmas</i>	R. C. LEHMANN (Trinity). (<i>Cambridge Editors</i> : E. A. NEWTON, CHARLES GEAKE, R. P. MAHAFFY, B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.)
	<i>to</i>	
1895.	<i>Lent.</i>	
	<i>May.</i>	ST. J. B. WYNNE WILLSON (St. John's) and L. S. CHANLER (Trinity).
1895-	<i>Michaelmas.</i>	EUSTACE TALBOT (Trinity).
1896.	<i>Lent.</i>	EUSTACE TALBOT (Trinity).
	<i>May.</i>	EUSTACE TALBOT (Trinity).
896-	<i>Michaelmas.</i>	C. H. RODWELL (King's) and P. A. G. D'HAUTE- VILLE (Trinity).
897.	<i>Lent.</i>	
	<i>May.</i>	
		P. WHITWELL WILSON (Clare).
		P. WHITWELL WILSON (Clare).

- | | | |
|-------|--------------------|---|
| 1897- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | C. H. TREMLETT (Clare). |
| 1898. | <i>Lent.</i> | C. H. TREMLETT (Clare) and C. F. G. MASTERMAN (Christ's). |
| | <i>May.</i> | C. H. TREMLETT (Clare) and C. F. G. MASTERMAN (Christ's). |
| 1898- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | C. F. G. MASTERMAN (Christ's). |
| 1899. | <i>Lent.</i> | J. R. P. SCLATER (Emmanuel) and F. H. LUCAS (Trinity). |
| | <i>May.</i> | J. R. P. SCLATER (Emmanuel) and J. F. DOBSON (Trinity). |
| 1899- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | GEORGE STEWART BOWLES (Trinity) and MELVILLE BALFOUR (Trinity). |
| 1900. | <i>Lent.</i> | E. B. NOEL (Trinity), Lord HOWICK (Trinity), W. M. PRYOR (Trinity), and K. M. CHANCE (Trinity). |
| | <i>May.</i> | OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON (Trinity) and E. S. MONTAGU (Trinity). |
| 1900- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | E. S. MONTAGU (Trinity). |
| 1901. | <i>Lent.</i> | E. S. MONTAGU (Trinity) and J. C. STOBART (Trinity). |
| | <i>May.</i> | E. S. MONTAGU (Trinity). |
| 1901- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | CLEMENT JONES (Trinity). |
| 1902. | <i>Lent.</i> | A. A. MILNE (Trinity). |
| | <i>May.</i> | A. A. MILNE (Trinity) and H. S. VERE HODGE (Trinity). |
| 1902- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | A. C. TURNER (Trinity). |
| 1903. | <i>Lent.</i> | K. J. FREEMAN (Trinity). |
| | <i>May.</i> | G. W. MORRICE (Trinity). |
| 1903- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | E. M. GULL (Trinity). |
| 1904. | <i>Lent.</i> | E. M. GULL (Trinity). |
| | <i>May.</i> | G. W. MORRICE (Trinity). |

- 1904- *Michaelmas.* H. G. MACKEURTON (Trinity).
 1905. *Lent.* G. T. BOAG (Trinity).
May. G. T. BOAG (Trinity).
- 1905- *Michaelmas.* J. E. HAROLD TERRY (Pembroke).
 1906. *Lent.* R. S. T. HASLEHURST (Trinity).
May. R. S. T. HASLEHURST (Trinity) and J. H. MANDLEBERG (Trinity).
- 1906- *Michaelmas.* R. S. T. HASLEHURST (Trinity) and J. H. MANDLEBERG (Trinity).
 1907. *Lent.* R. S. T. HASLEHURST (Trinity) and J. H. MANDLEBERG (Trinity).
May. R. M. PATTISON MUIR (Gonville and Caius) and C. E. RAVEN (Gonville and Caius).
- 1907- *Michaelmas.* R. M. PATTISON MUIR (Gonville and Caius) and C. E. RAVEN (Gonville and Caius).
 1908. *Lent.* R. M. PATTISON MUIR (Gonville and Caius) and RAGLAN SOMERSET (Queens').
May. RAGLAN SOMERSET (Queens').
- 1908- *Michaelmas.* RAGLAN SOMERSET (Queens').
 1909. *Lent.* C. S. REWCASTLE (Trinity) and V. WHITAKER (Trinity).
May. C. S. REWCASTLE (Trinity) and V. WHITAKER (Trinity).
- 1909- *Michaelmas.* HAROLD WRIGHT (Pembroke) and NORMAN DAVEY (Clare).
 1910. *Lent.* HAROLD WRIGHT (Pembroke).
May. J. B. STERNDAL-BENNETT (St. John's).
- 1910- *Michaelmas.* HAROLD WRIGHT (Pembroke).
 1911. *Lent.* F. M. H. HOLMAN (Sidney Sussex).
May. F. M. H. HOLMAN (Sidney Sussex).

- | | | |
|-------|--------------------|--|
| 1911- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | M. D. FORBES (Clare). |
| 1912. | <i>Lent.</i> | DERMOT FREYER (Trinity) and DENIS GARSTIN (Sidney Sussex). |
| | <i>May.</i> | DERMOT FREYER (Trinity) and DENIS GARSTIN (Sidney Sussex). |
| 1912- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | EDWARD SHANKS (Trinity). |
| 1913. | <i>Lent.</i> | EDWARD SHANKS (Trinity). |
| | <i>May.</i> | EDWARD SHANKS (Trinity). |
| 1913- | <i>Michaelmas.</i> | DERMOT FREYER (Trinity). |
| 1914. | <i>Lent.</i> | JOHN NORMAN (Emmanuel). |
| | <i>May.</i> | JOHN NORMAN (Emmanuel). |

The *Granta* and its Contributors

1889-1914

I

SOME EARLY UNDERGRADUATE JOURNALS

EVERY biography worthy of so pretentious a name begins with an indication of the Great One's ancestry. The writer joyfully ascends the family tree, avoiding such branches as are known to be rotten, but swinging happily on those whose strength and durability are dependable. By this means it is shown that the virtues of his fathers have been inherited by the Great One, while at the same time the Great One has, by his career, added new lustre to the family's name. The whole business is, therefore, satisfactory from all points of view.

In much the same way it would be as well to begin this sketch of the history of the *Granta* with a brief outline of what preceded it in the way of Cambridge undergraduate publications. For the information for this preliminary section I am indebted to Mr. H. C. Marillier, whose little book, *University Magazines and their Makers*, has been most useful.

Oxford claims the distinction of producing the first journal intended for undergraduates. It was called the *Student*, and the first number was published on 31st January 1750. With the sixth number it changed its title to the *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany* and so assumed the patronage of both Universities. Some interesting names are found among its contributors—Christopher Smart, then of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, Thomas Warton, and Daniel Thornton, while there even appears one contribution from Dr. Johnson himself.

In 1776 Cambridge produced the *Reformer*, but it was left to Oxford to publish (in 1819) the first paper edited and controlled by those *in statu pupillari*. It was called the *Undergraduate*, but no such permanent interest is attached to it as to the first Cambridge undergraduate venture, the *Snob*. That collectors prize the *Snob* is well known, the reason being that in it appear the earliest literary efforts of Thackeray. In his letters Thackeray frequently referred to the *Snob*. On 29th May 1829 he wrote:

The *Snob* goes on and prospers. Here is a specimen of my wit in the shape of an advertisement therein inserted: "Sidney Sussex College. Wanted, a few freshmen.—Apply at the Butteries where the smallest contributions will be thankfully received."

When the *Snob* came to an end, it was succeeded by the *Gownsmen*, which also printed some of Thackeray's work, and from 1830 onwards undergraduate journals followed quickly one upon the other, the *Freshman*, the *Fellow*, the *Individual*, the *Tripos*, the *Sizar*, and the *Realm*. But the rate of infant mortality was high and few survived half a dozen issues.

The *Individual* has a particular interest since it contains an allusion to an early *Granta*. A pamphlet, "in the shape of a fugitive poem," called *Granta* was published, and was criticized by the *Fellow*. Concerning this, the *Individual* remarks on 21st February 1837:

The author of *Granta* may bless himself that he fell into the hands of the *Fellow* instead of ours . . . we take leave of him with a word of advice. If another such mess of stale Byronism and loathsome profligacy is to be voided under our noses, he will find the weak switch wielded by the *Fellow* very different from the cat-o'-nine tails brandished by the *Individual*.

A little farther on we read that a subsequent number of *Granta* was "too scurrilous and obscene for publication."

By far the most important paper from the literary point of view was the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, founded by William Morris shortly before he went down from Oxford. The magazine lasted only twelve months, but in that time its contributors, besides William Morris, included those other famous pre-Raphaelites, Burne-Jones and Rossetti. During the 'sixties *Momus* was published at Cambridge, and in 1871 the *Tatler in Cambridge* appeared for four terms. Contemporary

with the *Tatler* was the *Light Green*, with which the name of Arthur Clement Hilton is associated.

The last year of the 'seventies saw the founding of the *Cambridge Review*, the longevity of which was for many years ascribed to its weekly publication of the University Sermon, a firm circulation amongst country parsons being thereby established. But now the Sermon is no longer printed and scoffers must seek other reasons for the continued appearance of the *Review*.

The years 1880 to 1890 were a period of considerable journalistic activity, for they saw the birth (and in most cases the death) of the *Meteor*, the *True Blue*, the *Blue 'Un*, the *May Bee*, the *Cambridge University Magazine*, and the *Cambridge Fortnightly*. These last two printed the early efforts of Barry Pain.

Finally, in Michaelmas 1888, the *Gadfly* was published, and in the following term, Lent 1889, the *Granta*.

II

RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING—HOW THE *GRANTA* GOT ITS TITLE

THE story of the *Gadfly* is inevitably linked up with that of the *Granta*. Indeed, if it had not been for the swift suppression of the *Gadfly*, the title *Granta* would never have been adopted. The *Granta* was simply the *Gadfly* under a new name—and so closely were the two papers allied that I find the University Library have actually bound the first and only issue of the *Gadfly* with the first volume of the *Granta*.

But an explanation is needed.

During the Michaelmas Term of 1888 a Trinity Hall undergraduate, Murray Guthrie (a future Member of Parliament and

Alderman of the City of London), produced the first number of a paper called the *Gadfly*.

It contained [wrote Oscar Browning to me in 1923] a disgraceful article about myself which roused the indignation of my friends. . . .

Oscar Browning was, at that time, a Fellow of King's. Whether the article was so particularly offensive cannot here be discussed.¹ Sufficient to say that this was the first time a personality had been introduced into an undergraduate paper, and a this-is-the-thin-end-of-the-wedge fear fell upon those in authority, to whom the matter was reported.

Folk-lore has gathered round this incident. Oscar Browning persistently denied that he went to the Vice-Chancellor. But legend is just as certain that he did—to Dr. Charles Taylor, Master of St. John's. The Master was always laconic; the O.B. was not. And legend represents an excited visitor demanding suppression of the offending journal. Was there a Statute permitting such a suppression?

"There must be," said the visitor.

"Find it!" said the Vice-Chancellor with a characteristic grunt as he handed over the volume of the Statutes.

Whatever the truth in this tale, Dr. Searle, of Pembroke, had already succeeded Dr. Taylor.

But an ancient University and its officials (so an ex-Proctor tells me) have often more than one shot in their locker. Suppressed or not, the *Gadfly* never appeared again.

Feeling against Guthrie (or rather, against the *Gadfly*, for Guthrie carefully concealed his identity) had also run high among King's men; a number of them, and one from Trinity Hall² went so far as to band themselves together and swear that "they would neither wash nor shave until they had brought condign and personal vengeance on the head of the Editor of the *Gadfly*."

But in spite of these threats and in spite of the suppression of the *Gadfly*, Guthrie spent the rest of that Michaelmas Term planning the

¹ But its tone may be gauged by its conclusion:

"One more question," said our representative, as he turned to go after a boring and disappointing interview. "Do you believe in the personal existence of a Deity?"

"Do I believe in myself?" was the laconic answer."

² Guthrie, of course—to avert suspicion.

continued existence of his ewe lamb under a fresh title, the *Fool*. Here the story can best be continued by quoting from an article specially written for this volume by Oscar Browning shortly before his death:

It must have been towards the end of the year 1888 [he writes] that a Cambridge gentleman, who was Editor of a local newspaper, came and told me that he was intending to start another paper of a different kind and asked me if I would be Editor. It was to give much attention to University affairs, including education, to be illustrated and generally attractive. He was to supply the funds. I accepted the offer, engaged Nathaniel Wedd to be my assistant Editor, and made other preparations. I induced Roger Fry to draw a beautiful cover, the chief feature of which was a panoramic view of the Cambridge spires and towers. But the pressing duty was to find a name, which my domestic fairy at last whispered into my ear. It was the *Granta*—could there have been a better? The first number was to appear on my birthday, 17th January 1889.

About this time I had been lunching with my friend, Guthrie, at the A.D.C., of which he was a prominent member, and after that we took a walk. In the course of conversation I told him that I was going to edit a newspaper. He asked what it was to be called and in a fatal moment I said *Granta*. Early the following term I saw the countryside placarded with posters announcing that a new *undergraduate* paper, the *Granta*, was to be published. I was horrified. . . .

It is not difficult to see what had happened. Guthrie, who had naturally enough put down the suppression of the *Gadfly* to Oscar Browning, following the "disgraceful article," seized upon the first opportunity for retaliation. The O.B.'s chance reference to his own *Granta* afforded this opportunity. With the help of his coadjutor, the Hon. Lionel Holland, Guthrie's plans for the publication of the *Fool* were already well advanced. All that was needed was to change the title to *Granta*, and this was done exactly a week before the beginning of the Lent Term. In a letter to the *Cambridge Review* early that term, Browning describes this appropriation of the title as "an act of literary piracy." He was all the more disgusted since Guthrie had registered the title, *Granta*,¹ a precaution which he himself had failed to take.

¹ Guthrie writing in the *Granta* of 1st February 1889 said, "Gentlemen who are willing to devote time and money to searching through the register of newspapers will be able to discover in whose name the title of the *Granta* is registered." Fortunately I was spared both by referring to the *Granta* of 22nd February, where I learnt that the registration was made in the name of C. B. Gedge (son of the late Sydney Gedge, M.P.), who was connected with the *Granta*, being a friend of R. C. Lehmann.

Though no longer a young man, Gedge enlisted at the beginning of the late War and was killed in action in 1915.

Even in 1923 Browning was still sore. "The matter has often been discussed," he wrote, "and attempts have been made to discover an excuse for Guthrie which is entirely devoid of foundation." Of the ultimate fate of his paper little is known. Whether Guthrie's "piracy" actually ruined the scheme or whether the scheme had, for some reason or other, already been given up, is a subject for speculation. It is enough for our purpose that on 18th January 1889 the first *Granta* safely appeared.

In conclusion I will add the following Just-So Story, written by A. A. Milne (then in his third year), which appeared in the *Granta* of 18th October 1902:

How the "Granta" got its Name.

In the Far-off and Distant times, O Best Beloved, there lived and existed and was a Man who walked by his wild lone on the topmost pinnacle of Fame. (This is known as Metaphor and is a great Magic.) He was called the friend of Emperors and was most 'sclusively 'sclusive. (You must never forget the Emperors.)

And it came to pass and happened and turned out that one day the Obee, for that is what they called the man who walked by his wild lone on the topmost Pinnacle of Fame—(Obee, Best Beloved, means Order-of-the-Blue-Blood-of-Old-England, but we call him Obee for short)—it came to pass that the Obee resolved to publish (ask Mummy what that means, O Belovested) a Picture-Story-Book with pictures in it; all about Arithmetic and Twice Two and Registration of Teachers (Oh, you will never, never understand that, but he didn't either, O Beloved One) and Education Bills and things. And he called it the *Granta*, which means "All-about-Education-by-an-Authority-and-a-friend-of-Kings-and-one-who-has-tried-it." But he wanted to call it the *Granta* for short. (I hope you haven't forgotten about the Emperors.)

And he went to the Publishers (has Mummy told you yet what this means?) and said, "Look here, I am going to bring out a paper called the *Granta*. You need be in no hurry to register the title because no one else will dare to take it." And then he went home to tea. (But promise me you will *never, never* forget the Emperors.)

Later on in the day another Man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity thought of a Great Jibe, so he went to another 'stremely 'stute man, and said, "I say, old chap, rather a rag to have a paper of our own, and crib O.B.'s title for it before he registers it. Eh, what?" (Men of infinite-resource-and-sagacity often talk like this, but what he meant by O.B. I don't know; because it's Obee, isn't it, Best Beloved? *Have* you forgotten the Emperors?)

And they went and did this (at least, so the story goes, but it probably isn't true: all the best things never are—like jam and fairy tales and make-believes).

But the Obee was quite sorry and hurt and surprised and pained and 'sphyxiated: so he retired and consoled himself with his Emperors. (*Now* you see why I wanted you to remember the Emperors!)

And hence the truly paper never came out, but a funny paper did instead (this, O Best Beloved, is it, though you mightn't think it): and men call it the *Granta*, which means, "Trying-to-be-humorous-once-a-week-thanks-to-the-Editor-who-writes-it-almost-entirely-by-his-wild-lone," but we call it the *Granta* for short. That's the end of this story.

III

THE FIRST TERM

I HAVE said that Murray Guthrie ("the wayward young genius who first controlled our destinies") was not alone in the business. Lionel Holland had already gone down, but when Guthrie turned to him for help he at once gave it. A third and most willing collaborator was R. C. Lehmann, "the father of all the *Grantas*" as he has been called. Throughout that Christmas Vacation, 1888-1889, the three co-founders worked and planned. A printer and publisher was chosen, King, Sell and Railton, Ltd., of 4 Bolt Court, Fleet Street, and it was at Bolt Court that the *Granta* was printed during its first five terms. This was done in order that the *Granta* should be in no way associated with the *Gadfly*, and, at the same time, to be more secure should it arouse official displeasure. A cover¹ was adopted under rather interesting circumstances. Holland had been presented by Frederick Locker-Lampson with a book of his own poems. Locker-Lampson's bookplate, a picture of a jester (drawn by Stacey Marks), happened to be inside the volume. What could be more suitable for a humorous paper? With the exercise of a little ingenuity the design was soon adapted to meet the requirements of a cover. This, with a slight modification in 1895, was used until 1902.²

¹ See illustration facing p. 20.

² See illustration facing p. 76. It is an interesting coincidence that eleven years later Locker-Lampson's son, Oliver, became Editor of the *Granta*.

By the end of the Vacation the final details were settled, and on 18th January the first *Granta* was published. The price was one shilling, and with each copy was presented a coloured cartoon of some prominent figure in the University. This was the beginning of "Those in Authority," the first of whom was the late Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity. Motley Notes are another feature which began with the first number. Guthrie was responsible for them, while the Rowing Notes were written during the first term by S. D. Muttlebury.

Three events, useful to the *Granta* as levers by which to raise its circulation, took place during the Lent Term. And because the immediate success of the *Granta* was largely due to them, they are worth a little attention.

The first is the Union Debate, held on 19th February 1889, when a motion was proposed "That this House, though it does not regard the *Cambridge Review* as an adequate exponent of University life and thought, views with disapproval such publications as the *Gadfly* and the *Granta*." This was proposed by the Hon. M. M. MacNaghten¹ and when I add that he was himself on the staff of the *Granta* at this time, the real motive of the debate will be easily seen. Guthrie opposed and C. B. Gedge, in whose name, you will remember, the *Granta* was registered, moved an amendment that the words "and the *Granta*" be omitted from the original motion. "The *Granta* has been an attempt," he said, "to guard against the dullness of the *Review* and the scurrility of the *Gadfly*. . . . Our great hope is that it will become a really permanent paper for undergraduates."

The amendment was, however, negatived without a division. Other speakers that night included Robert Ross,² coadjutor with Guthrie on the *Gadfly*, and A. Mond, now Sir Alfred, who accused the supporters of the motion of condemning the *Granta* "because they were afraid of it." On a division the motion was lost by a majority of twenty-two (104-126), a result "eminently satisfactory to the *Granta* against whom in reality the motion was directed" as the last sentence in the seven-page *Granta* Supplement, published that week, puts it.

¹ Now the Hon. Sir Malcolm MacNaghten, K.C., of Lincoln's Inn.

² Ross was later the staunch friend and champion of Oscar Wilde.

Naturally the whole affair made excellent "copy."

The great day has come and gone [wrote Lehmann in the leader of the same week]. We shall continue, as we have begun, to deal with all matters of University interest in a spirit of independence. We shall praise without undue favour, we shall criticize without fear. Our standpoint will remain that of the undergraduates, who form, after all, the majority of this University, and in whose interests a University journal ought to be conducted.

The second of the three "stunts" (to use an ugly but useful word) run by the *Granta* was the "Sabbath-breaking Campaign." On 19th February 1889, the *University Reporter* printed an Edict of the Proctorial Syndicate giving notice that "persons *in statu pupillari* are forbidden to drive in dog-carts or other vehicles on Sundays without permission." This order was made following a report of the Council of the Senate to the effect that "scandal has been occasioned by a practice, which they believe to be becoming more common among students of the University, of driving on Sundays in a noisy and disorderly manner to villages in the neighbourhood of Cambridge."

The *Granta* saw its chance and took it. The Proctorial Edict was reproduced in the *Granta* of 22nd February, and the following week there appeared a leader, "Sabbath-breaking," written by Lionel Holland:

We do not wish [he wrote] to revile or to criticize the terms of this decree or to question the common-sense of those who are responsible for it; but we maintain at the outset that such a sweeping interdict should not have been pronounced without more preliminary discussion and attention than seems to have been bestowed upon this matter. . . . We trust this latest decree of the Proctorial Syndicate will be rescinded.

That an undergraduate journal should criticize the action of the authorities was, at that time, a thing unheard of, but in the next issue a further article was published. This second article, also by Lionel Holland, is written in the true *Granta* spirit:

It must be a comfort to Cambridge townspeople to observe that it [the Edict] does not apply to waggons or trams. . . . Again, no reference is contained in the Report to a hearse. We may take it therefore that an undergraduate is at liberty to be buried on a Sunday, but only if unaccompanied by mourners.

The charm of these Edicts in the eyes of Dons is that they refer purely to persons *in statu pupillari*. A person *in statu pupillari*, if called away suddenly, must walk down to the railway station with his portmanteau on his back, and his

other articles of luggage tied to various parts of his body; a Don may drive down to the station in a hansom cab.

We only venture to bring these points to the notice of the Senate in order that some amendments should be made before the Edi&ct is finally decided upon. A special clause should be inserted in favour of hearses and provision should be made for Sunday luggage-porters. The Edi&ct should be altered so as to apply to all members of the University, and not only to persons *in statu pupillari*. We are sure that the exemption was merely an oversight on the part of the Syndicate.

The fate of the Edi&ct need not be pursued further. It was, as a matter of fact, finally rescinded, but in the meantime the *Granta* had made good use of it.

The third and final event was the affair of The Douty Election at King's. The office of Dean had fallen vacant and a clique of King's men, known to their opponents as the "Stupid Party," were anxious that a certain Mr. Douty should be elected, a gentleman who was considered by others to be not at all qualified. Robert Ross was numbered amongst these others, and he wrote a long article in the *Granta* of 1st March, entitled "The Coming Dean." Here is an extract:

It is proposed to elect Mr. Douty to one of the vacant Fellowships and to confer on him the somewhat degrading office of Dean. A Dean must be a Fellow and they have decided to appoint a member of the college totally unqualified for a Fellowship. We protest most strongly against this proposal; it is one which will excite not only the indignation of King's, but of Cambridge generally. No one would ever have heard of Mr. Douty if he had not been unjustly shoved to the front by his own exertions and those of his supporters. . . . King's should greet him with mingled respect and qualified regard, with everything except a Fellowship. . . .

Of course, this suited the *Granta* admirably, for it raised a great deal of discussion and excitement. Ross was ducked, one dark evening after Hall, in the King's Fountain by a vastly superior force of stalwart cricketers, as a "punishment for disgracing the College." More "copy." The *Granta* made as much of the incident as possible. Lehmann wrote a leader in which he said that what Ross had written was in no sense disgraceful or blameworthy.

Holland produced an article for the last number of the Term called "Fountain Rowdyism," while Lehmann, an ever-ready versifier,

described the ambush and the subsequent ducking of Ross in "A Lay of Modern King's," after the manner of Macaulay:

Twelve eyes are flashing fury,
Six hearts are beating fast,
Twelve fists are clenched, six brows are bent,
He comes, he comes at last.

.

"Now yield thee, wretched Freshman,¹
Now yield thee, in thy pride—
For deeds less criminal than thine
Full many a man hath died.
Yield quickly, yield thee to our grace,
'Tis vain to cut and run,
'Tis vain to fight, yield, yield at once,
For we are six to one."

So much for the first term. In nine weeks (nine issues were printed that term) the *Granta* had become a journal of note, a thing to be reckoned with in University life. But the editorial trio, who had brought it to that happy state, was soon to be broken up. At the beginning of the summer Holland began to take a serious interest in politics, and was "bought out" by Guthrie for £5.

During the May Term, the coloured cartoon having been dropped and the price also—to sixpence, the *Granta* soon doubled its circulation, so that when Guthrie went down at the end of that term and Lehmann, in October, took over the paper for what was ultimately to be nearly six years, he had every reason for optimism.

¹ Ross's offence was thought doubly heinous since he was only in his first year.

IV

EARLY CONTRIBUTORS (1889-1895)

ON looking through the back-files of the *Granta*, one is quick to notice that the palmiest days of the paper, so far as contributors are concerned, were during the first four or five years of its life. At no time since then have so many men of such outstanding qualities been contributing almost simultaneously. I do not mean that the literary qualities of the *Granta* have been deteriorating since 1895. But it is a fact that the *Granta* was printing the work of its best contributors very early on in its career. This was fortunate, since it gave the *Granta* an initial start, the effects of which have never worn off. R. C. Lehmann, J. K. Stephen, Owen Seaman, Barry Pain, Anthony C. Deane, and "F. Anstey" were all *Granta* men, and they provided a very solid foundation of names on which a paper might well build its reputation.

Lehmann was already known as a writer. By 1890 he had joined the staff of *Punch*. But he continued his editorship of the *Granta* no less energetically than in the previous year.

It is certain that but for R. C. Lehmann [wrote Charles Geake¹ in the *Granta*, 30th November 1901] the *Granta* would not be a journal in being to-day. Lehmann watched over the infant *Granta* and brought up the child in the way it should go so successfully that it is still alive and vigorous. He was indefatigable in his *Granta* work. No number ever appeared without his having written at least a quarter of the whole or at the most a half. There was no kind of article in it which at one time or another he did not write. Since that time he has been called to journalistic positions of greater responsibility and less freedom, but I am certain that his active Editorship of the *Granta* will always count with him as amongst his most pleasant memories.

R.C.L., or Tis, his usual pseudonym, certainly turned out an enormous quantity of both verse and prose—an ability to produce light poems of topical interest was one of his greatest assets. His

¹ Geake was Cambridge Editor under Lehmann, 1890-2.

In Cambridge Courts is made up entirely of reprints from the *Granta*. Of his work as Editor more will be said in a later section.

Again I quote from Charles Geake:

. . . Perhaps our "leading line" was B.E.O.P.—to wit, Barry Pain. After a time he got too busy to write for the *Granta*, but for most of my time he contributed a series each term, in addition to occasional verse. His contributions were always popular—perhaps the "Canadian Canoe" most caught the undergraduate's fancy—and he did much to build up the *Granta* despite his theory that the papers for which he writes are those whom the gods love, in that they all die young.

Barry Pain (who was a scholar of Corpus) had actually gone down from Cambridge some little time before the *Granta* was started, but already he had been mixed up in University journalism. "He has been heard to say," declares his In Authority biography, "that he has killed two Cambridge papers, the *C.U. Magazine* and the *Cambridge Fortnightly*." He was instructing at an army crammers when he was first sought out and set down to write articles for the *Granta*. This he continued to do for something like four years at the rate of half a guinea a week! For those were the days when the *Granta* paid its contributors.¹ Through the *Granta*, Barry Pain's work attracted the attention of the London Press and he was soon contributing to the *Cornhill*, the *Speaker*, *Punch*, the *Illustrated London News*, *Black and White*, the *Idler*, and other papers. His was a new type of humour, which, though it aroused the condemnation of Andrew Lang, yet gallantly survived this formidable onslaught. One of Barry Pain's *Granta* contributions, the story of "The Hundred Gates," afterwards reprinted in the *Cornhill*, is said to have so amused Burnand (of *Punch*) that he thought he must have written it himself!

A third and most striking contributor at this time was J. K. Stephen, still regarded by his contemporaries with an awe and respect which have been transferred to us of the younger generation.

Of all my contemporaries at Cambridge [wrote Dr. A. C. Benson, the present Master of Magdalene, in an article to the *Granta*, 11th June 1909] there

¹ The usual rates were 5s. a column and 10s. a full-page drawing.

was no one for whom pre-eminent distinction was more confidently predicted than for J. K. Stephen. . . . He never seemed to have any fixed hours for work, and, indeed, the work which he did told more by quality than by quantity. He was always ready to talk, stroll, to entertain, or to be entertained. His writing in those days was the same fortuitous kind; if he was asked to contribute a poem to some magazine, he took a pen and wrote; and what he wrote always had a finish and balance about it, and an incomparable humour of its own.

Stephen anecdotes are numerous. Oscar Browning, in *Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere*, says:

Recollections come before me of how he held the Union Society breathless for a whole hour by a speech in defence of the Established Church, which might have been spoken by Burke; how he kept a dinner table of undergraduates in inexhaustible merriment for several hours by speeches not only brilliant in themselves, but which evoked brilliancy from others; how at the King's Combi he addressed the Vice-Chancellor in an extempore Latin oration which Erasmus might have envied; how he read a paper before a Philosophical Society from a series of blank leaves on which nothing was written. . . . He was the most genial and lovable of men.

Stephen contributed a number of poems to the *Granta* during the period when he was at Cambridge for the second time (1891). It was then that the verses containing the famous Kipling-Haggard couplet appeared in the *Cambridge Review*.¹

The connection of Anstey Guthrie ("F. Anstey") with the *Granta* was only a brief one—he contributed one story during the first term.² Like Barry Pain he had been contributing to pre-*Granta* Cambridge journals. *Vice-Versa* in its earlier form appeared in the *Cambridge Tatler* in the 'seventies.

The *Anthology of Humorous Verse*, edited by Theodore A. Cook, besides reprinting *Granta* verses by Barry Pain and R. C. Lehmann, reproduces a poem, "The Dean's Story," by R. Carr Bosanquet.³

¹ The couplet, itself, of course, a parody, was in turn parodied by an Oxford man writing in the *Granta* (20th February 1904). Complaining of the popular composers Ivan Caryl and Paul Rubens, he sighed for a time:

"When the Ivans cease to Caryl,
And the Rubens Paul no more."

² See p. 129.

³ See p. 85.

Maurice Baring, in his *Puppet Show of Memory*, speaks of Bosanquet: "At Cambridge he wrote as wittily as he talked and spoke. . . . We thought he was certain to be a bright star in English literature, a successor to Praed and Calverley, and perhaps to Charles Lamb; but his career was distinguished in another line—archaeology—and he allowed himself no rival pursuit. Had he opted for literature and the province of the witty essay and the light rhyme, he certainly could have achieved great things. . . ."

About that time Christ's was generally associated with an exceptional number of Indian students, and there is a story (now well known) invented by Bosanquet, which will bear re-telling: A missionary had the misfortune to be captured by a tribe of cannibals, who proceeded to fasten him to a stake before settling down to their meal. As the unhappy man was being secured, one of the natives, who had been examining his few possessions, found a Christ's blazer amongst them. He at once ordered the missionary to be released, apologized to him on behalf of his brother cannibals, and added in a friendly tone, "We are all Christ's men here."

Bosanquet first told this tale to B. Fletcher Robinson of Jesus, who was sub-editor of the *Granta* at the time. Robinson was delighted, and soon after repeated it to the Master of his own College (the famous "Black" Morgan), who at once put on cap and gown and hurried off to tell the Master of Christ's!

Between 1891 and 1893 there were two contributors later to become well-known figures in the Church, Anthony C. Deane and Peter Green. Of the two, Deane seems to have written more, light verse being his particular forte. He was contributing to *Punch* while still an undergraduate. E. A. Newton paid homage to his skill in a parody of Kipling's "Gunga Din," the refrain being,

Yes, Deane, Deane, Deane,
Poet, orator, and prophet, A. C. Deane,
Though I've laughed at and traduced you,
By the *Granta* that produced you,
You're a better bard than I am, A. C. Deane.¹

¹ The *Granta*, 21st May 1892.

T. R. Glover, who succeeded Sir John Sandys as Public Orator in 1920, was also a contributor during Lehmann's time under the pseudonym " π " (*i.e.*, a man who was "a little pi"), while, less frequently, another well-known name, that of J. N. Figgis, the historian, is found.

Then last and not least famous of these early contributors came Owen Seaman (now Sir Owen Seaman, Editor of *Punch*). Seaman was up for some time during 1894 coaching a Clare boat. He began writing for the *Granta* then and continued to do so regularly for some five terms. His best known contributions were a series of Horatian imitations, afterwards republished in *Horace at Cambridge*. Seaman has been constantly accused of having edited the *Granta*. For years he vigorously denied the charge, but he has never yet succeeded in completely clearing himself.

V

TO THE END OF THE LEHMANN PERIOD (1889-1895)

IN October 1890 the printing and publishing of the *Granta* was transferred from London to Cambridge and was put in the hands of Mr. W. P. Spalding, with whose firm it has since remained. R. C. Lehmann was still editor and proprietor. He continued to run the paper from London, while working for him locally was a "Cambridge Editor." It was an excellent arrangement.

Lehmann came up every Thursday with almost unfailing regularity [wrote Charles Geake in the *Granta*, 30th November 1901] and on Thursday night we met to approve of the next Saturday's paper, and to plot out that of the Saturday after. Happily, we had no Board of Directors—the Editorship and Managership were one and indissoluble—we encountered none of the rocks which (if rumour be true) harass and perplex the journalist who journeys in the Fleet Street waters.

Geake himself succeeded E. A. Newton as Cambridge Editor in 1890. Newton was a Union light of some brilliance, though he called himself, on the title-page of his book, *Union Echoes* (verses reprinted from the *Granta*), the "light that failed." He acted Creusa in the "Ion"—the Greek play of his time—and afterwards won fame as a schoolmaster in India by a much quoted telegram on the corporal punishment of a particular boy—"Results excellent."

Geake was already Mathematical Fellow of Clare when he took over the *Granta*, and it was to him that the unique Mathematical Tripos "scoop" of 1892 was due. The details are worth recording.

In the May Term of that year the Problem Paper for the last three days of the Mathematical Tripos was set on a Friday morning. It occurred to Geake that it would be a smart piece of journalism if the *Granta*, which at that time came out on Saturday, were to publish the full solution of this Problem Paper in a special Supplement within the twenty-four hours. So at 9.30 a.m. on the Friday (when the paper was available for the general public), Geake secured a copy of it and hurried off to Clare, where he had previously arranged for two high wranglers to help him. These unfortunates were practically locked in a room till all the problems were solved—except one. That could not be done. For the Supplement to have been incomplete would have meant a palpable admission of failure. Geake was in despair. All through the afternoon the mathematicians worked to no purpose. And then, at tea-time, a Clare man dropped in to see Geake. He had done the problem in the examination!

Thereafter the whole thing was plain sailing, and the workers returned to complete their labours.

There I visited them once or twice [wrote Lehmann in the *Granta*, 1st May 1919] and there they finally accomplished their task. Geake stayed up till 5 o'clock in the morning in order to see the Problem Supplement through the press. At 10.30 a.m. it was on sale in Cambridge to the astonishment of all mathematicians, who were tremendously impressed by the fact that not merely three or four, but all the problems had been correctly solved.

In addition, a special copy of the Supplement found its way to the breakfast-table of each of the examiners, accompanied by the remark that it had been stated that the Mathematical Tripos was becoming year by year more difficult; whereas, as a matter of fact, the Editor had

just called in the *Granta* office-boy, who had knocked off the paper and gone on with his work.

Another good "scoop" in Geake's time must be credited to Carr Bosanquet.

Girton were producing "The Princess," and considerable precautions were being taken lest an account of it should appear in any undergraduate paper. A limit of absurdity was reached when the most unoffending and innocent men were not being invited lest they should report the entertainment. On the Tuesday after the performance on the Saturday, Bosanquet was at a luncheon party at which two Girton students happened to be present. These two, all unsuspecting, gave him all the information he needed, and in the following *Granta* a full account of "The Princess" appeared. It was firmly believed in many quarters that, disguised as a woman, an undergraduate had secured admission to the performance.

The famous "Gordon Riots" was another rag for which Bosanquet was largely responsible, when the present Lord Stanmore and the late Erskine Childers contested the Presidency of the Magpie and Stump Debating Society. A record of the events is kept in a special album in the Trinity Library, and a long account of the election and the excitement it provoked, written mainly by Archibald Marshall, the novelist, appeared in the *Granta*, 8th March 1892.

R. P. Mahaffy, now the Legal Adviser to the Governor of Gibraltar, took over the Cambridge editorship from Geake in the autumn of 1892. The following term the 100th number was published amid great enthusiasm (21st January 1893). It was celebrated by a dinner held at the Reform Club at which the following guests were present:

J. R. ROBINSON (Editor of the <i>Daily News</i>)		ANSTEF GUTHRIE (of <i>Punch</i>)
LINLEY SAMBOURNE (of <i>Punch</i>)		BARRY PAIN
A. CONAN DOYLE		T. R. GLOVER
H. W. PYM		CARR BOSANQUET
F. C. BURNAND (Editor of <i>Punch</i>)		R. P. MAHAFFY
R. C. LEHMANN		ERNEST LEHMANN
T. WEMYSS REID (Editor of the <i>Speaker</i>)		E. J. MILLIKEN (of <i>Punch</i>)
ANTHONY C. DEANE		ARTHUR À BECKETT (of <i>Punch</i>, and Editor of the <i>Sunday Times</i>)
H. W. LUCY (of <i>Punch</i>)		SIR GUY CAMPBELL
E. T. REED (of <i>Punch</i>)	JAMES¹	

PLAN OF THE TABLE

¹ The identity of "James" remains a mystery.

This plan of the table is reproduced from the diary of one who was present. We read that "festivities were kept up to a late hour, and the solemn palace of Liberalism in Pall Mall re-echoed with laughter produced by many good stories."

Mahaffy wrote an interesting article on his Editorship in a later number of the *Granta*:

When I became Editor in the Autumn of 1892, there had been great changes in our staff at Cambridge. All our principal writers had gone down, especially the poets. I was left almost entirely without poets, rowing correspondents, football correspondents, or anything else. It is wonderful, however, how quickly one finds poets; in a very few weeks I had discovered a new nest of singing birds. . . . B. F. Robinson, of Jesus, was my Rugby man, and afterwards, when he was editor of *Vanity Fair* and then of *The World*, I used to tell him that I had launched him. . . .

As an instance of the seriousness with which the *Granta* took rowing matters, I may mention that in 1893 the Presidency of the O.U.B.C. was contested. The election took place on a Friday afternoon, and my Oxford correspondent was charged to telegraph the result to me at once. The O.U.B.C. Meeting was private, and its result was not known to many men in Oxford that night, but I knew it by ten o'clock and wrote a short account of the matter before midnight. Some copies of the *Granta* were at once printed and sent off by night to Oxford. They were on sale there early next morning, and, as our Oxford contemporary did not publish a report of the meeting, the gentlemen of Oxford were informed of it by reading the *Granta*.

Mahaffy was succeeded by B. Fletcher Robinson, whom he mentions above. Robinson, the last of the Cambridge editors under Lehmann, was a Rugby Blue and later on became a journalist of very considerable merit. He died in 1907 at the early age of thirty-five. The most important writer for the *Granta* during his editorship was Owen Seaman, while at the same time Barry Pain was drawing his long series of contributions to a close. And then, at the end of the Lent Term 1895, Lehmann himself gave up the *Granta*. His had been a long and faithful stewardship.

Here is what one of his contributors writes of him:

As I look back over thirty years, the thing that remains outstanding about Rudie Lehmann is his great genial vitality—his humanity always alive and young. *We* were awfully young and crude, but he never let us know it. He encouraged us, he praised our stuff, printed it and paid us for it—and the scale, I venture to say, looks more generous with years. I remember his frank enjoyment when

No. 1. Vol. I. January 18, 1889. PRICE ONE SHILLING

THE GRANTA

CONTENTS

OUR RAISON D'ÊTRE.
MOTLEY NOTES
THOSE IN AUTHORITY
UNIVERSITY LYRICS.
A PUBLIC DINNER
THE CAMBRIDGE PARNASSUS
BIG GOOSEBERRIES
SPECIMEN DIALOGUES
PROMETHEUS UNBOUND
A "VALE IN NUBIBUS"

CARTOON

THE MASTER OF TRINITY
Printed in Three Columns &
Eleven Lines



THE CARTOON WITH THIS NUMBER IS
THE MASTER OF TRINITY,
DR BUTLER, CAMBRIDGE

THE FIRST COVER DESIGN

B.I.N.K.,¹ a new man, began with a Pantoum.² Rudie came down at once on a single Cockney rhyme and he got it mended; but he clearly liked the fun of it, and the art—and the idea of having in the *Granta* the kind of thing Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang were doing in those days. The same thing, when A. A. Sykes broke out as a “Cantabard” on the stimulus of Lehmann’s “Universifier.” There was a swing and a go about his River verses that one felt in his personality. And his *Harry Fludyer* was one of the most authentically Cambridge things ever done. It is long since I saw it; I lent my copy to someone with too keen a literary sense and too low an idea of the Decalogue—they often go together, and one’s books go with them. Karl Breul did *Harry* into German to let the Germans know what we really were like. I wish they had read it more; they would not then have thought of a Hymn of Hate. It added to the fun to find that what Harry pronounced *ripping* was really *riesig* and *kolossal*. Some one, perhaps, has borrowed that little book too. But, dear Sir, you don’t want an epic from me, so I content myself by saying that Rudie Lehmann lives before me—a delightful human-hearted being, all made up of youth and good spirits and good nature, as straight in all our relations as he was in sport and in politics.

So we come to the end of an epoch—for with the passing of Lehmann the *Granta* entered upon a new stage in its career.

¹ G. Heyer of Sidney Sussex. A contemporary of Heyer’s, known even better at Sidney now than he was then, wrote this of him :

“A waggish and gay young man,
A plenty-to-say young man,
Tell you tales by the score,
Give you nicknames galore,
I’ll-show-you-the-way young man.”

² See p. 137.

VI

CARRYING ON (1895-1898)

LOOKING round for a successor, Lehmann lighted on St. J. B. Wynne Willson (then an assistant master at the Leys, since Headmaster of Haileybury and Marlborough, and now Bishop of Bath and Wells). Lehmann wrote to him asking if he would "take over the *Granta*, lock, stock, and barrel." Wynne Willson consented, and chose L. S. Chanler as an assistant editor. Chanler is remembered by his contemporaries for a remarkable speech made at the Union at the time when the closing of the old Empire Promenade was being considered. A motion was brought forward that the Promenade should remain open. Under ordinary circumstances, the Debate being more or less in the nature of a rag, the Ayes would doubtless have had it, but Chanler, who was opposing, made a powerful speech which completely swayed the House, so that the motion was rejected.

The chief event of the evening [says the *Granta*, 17th November 1894] was Mr. Chanler's speech, the finest piece of oratory heard in the Union since the wonderful farewell speech of the late J. K. Stephen. . . . The applause that arose at the end of his fine peroration seemed as though it would never subside, and every clap was deserved.

Chanler was subsequently elected President of the Union, but went down without taking the office.

Wynne Willson remained Editor for one term. One of his chief contributors was E. E. Kellett, then and still a master at the Leys. Kellett has been a contributor to *Punch*, and amongst other literary works has produced an anthology, *A Book of Cambridge Verse*, in which are included several poems from the *Granta*. But he is an Oxford man and so, unfortunately, cannot be said to be of pure *Granta* breed.

In Michaelmas 1895 Eustace Talbot, son of the late John Talbot, M.P. for Oxford, took over the *Granta* for one year.

The term began with a *fracas* over an article, "The Religion of the Undergraduate," written by Anthony Deane, and published in the *Nineteenth Century*. In it Deane accused the undergraduate of a

deplorable lack of religious enthusiasm. This caused much resentment both at Oxford and Cambridge. A defence for undergraduate religion was put up in the *Granta* (2nd November 1895) by a contributor who has since become a very well-known writer. He ended up his article on a particularly patronizing note:

But when all is said, our Deane means well. I am afraid he has done a good deal of harm to Cambridge for all that. Many anxious parents may now think twice before they send a son up here. But we need not complain. The Deane has given us a good deal of amusement. He is delightful. Does not Stevenson say somewhere, "For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself?"

The controversy continued in the *Granta* for some weeks. It was all good journalism and useful for circulation.

Two well-known names appear among the contributors during Talbot's time. The first is Archibald Marshall, who has already been mentioned in connection with the Gordon Riots. While he was up, Marshall wrote Golf Notes for the *Granta*, and shortly after he went down he began contributing the "Reminiscences of Mrs. Peddle, Bedmaker." These were followed by "Tales of Trinity," amongst which is included an early version of *Peter Binney, Undergraduate*. Marshall went down in 1894. It was during his last year that the following notice had appeared in the *Granta* (11th February 1894):

By kind permission of the Senior Dean

MR. T. G. LEWIS¹

MR. A. H. MARSHALL

At Home

TRINITY COLLEGE.

EVERY EVENING

8-12

Carpet Slippers and Closed Windows

¹ T. G. Lewis, a son of the late Lord Merthyr; stroked the Cambridge Boat for two years, 1893 and 1894. He died in 1921.

VI

CARRYING ON (1895-1898)

LOOKING round for a successor, Lehmann lighted on St. J. B. Wynne Willson (then an assistant master at the Leys, since Headmaster of Haileybury and Marlborough, and now Bishop of Bath and Wells). Lehmann wrote to him asking if he would "take over the *Granta*, lock, stock, and barrel." Wynne Willson consented, and chose L. S. Chanler as an assistant editor. Chanler is remembered by his contemporaries for a remarkable speech made at the Union at the time when the closing of the old Empire Promenade was being considered. A motion was brought forward that the Promenade should remain open. Under ordinary circumstances, the Debate being more or less in the nature of a rag, the Ayes would doubtless have had it, but Chanler, who was opposing, made a powerful speech which completely swayed the House, so that the motion was rejected.

The chief event of the evening [says the *Granta*, 17th November 1894] was Mr. Chanler's speech, the finest piece of oratory heard in the Union since the wonderful farewell speech of the late J. K. Stephen. . . . The applause that arose at the end of his fine peroration seemed as though it would never subside, and every clap was deserved.

Chanler was subsequently elected President of the Union, but went down without taking the office.

Wynne Willson remained Editor for one term. One of his chief contributors was E. E. Kellett, then and still a master at the Leys. Kellett has been a contributor to *Punch*, and amongst other literary works has produced an anthology, *A Book of Cambridge Verse*, in which are included several poems from the *Granta*. But he is an Oxford man and so, unfortunately, cannot be said to be of pure *Granta* breed.

In Michaelmas 1895 Eustace Talbot, son of the late John Talbot, M.P. for Oxford, took over the *Granta* for one year.

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deplorable lack of religious enthusiasm. This caused much resentment both at Oxford and Cambridge. A defence for undergraduate religion was put up in the *Granta* (2nd November 1895) by a contributor who has since become a very well-known writer. He ended up his article on a particularly patronizing note:

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The other contributor was E. F. Benson, with his "Scenes from the Life of the Babe at Cambridge," a series of stories which were later to reappear under the title of *The Babe, B.A.*

Talbot died of lung trouble at the early age of thirty-two years, when he was on the threshold of a most distinguished career as a physician.

From a privately printed Memoir I quote the following, written by Walter Morley Fletcher,¹ concerning Talbot's work on the *Granta*:

He read a great deal in his rooms . . . but text books were often long postponed in favour of Boswell, Pepys, Stevenson, Meredith or Barrie. Work in his room was still further handicapped in his last year by his editorship of the *Granta*. Some of his numbers were supposed to be rather scurrilous—one was certainly very scurrilous; but he was said to have made more out of it pecuniarily than any other editor. Eustace had great facility in writing and took a very pleasant and affectionate pride in it. He wrote very fast, and, I think, rarely corrected afterwards.

After Talbot came C. H. Rodwell (now Sir Cecil Rodwell, Governor and High Commissioner in Fiji), who shared the editorship with P. A. G. d'Hauteville. Rodwell has supplied, in a letter to me, a short description of the *Granta* as he knew it:

In those days the proprietorship passed to successive editors by bequest, without pecuniary consideration. In a good year there was usually a small balance on the right side after paying contributors and the printer. One of the best of my regular contributors was "K"—a Master at the Leys.² He supplied first-class light verse in the Calverleyan style, for which he persistently declined remuneration. My assistant editor was Paul d'Hauteville of Trinity. We worked very hard over the 200th Number, for which we cadged contributions from Owen Seaman and other former editors and contributors more distinguished than ourselves. This Anniversary Number was a great success. We were, however, seriously embarrassed by a certain celebrity who generously complied with our request for a set of verses, but in them perpetrated a grievous "howler." We were just going to press, but fortunately managed to obtain a correction from him by telephone, communication having been established with London a few weeks previously.

The standard arrived at then was about halfway between those of the *Oxford Magazine* and the *Isis*. The *Granta* viewed the former with respect and the

¹ Sir Walter Morley Fletcher, sometime Senior Tutor of Trinity.

² E. E. Kellett.

latter with some condescension. Our policy, which I hope is still maintained, was to be amusing without being vulgar, and to chaff without offending. Perhaps we went a little beyond the mark sometimes in our references to dear old O.B., but he took it all with great good humour.

And here I must pause to pay a brief tribute to the great service that Oscar Browning did for the *Granta*. Not that he performed any definite work for the paper. On the contrary, his was rather in the nature of unconscious support. He lived his normal life, and by doing so automatically supplied the *Granta* with a never-failing fund of humour. A butt, one might call him, but it is an unpleasant word. I think his position is best summed up in the following parody by Frank Sidgwick, which came out in the *Granta*, 27th October 1900:

We 'ave joked of many men in many keys
And some of 'em 'ave answered—some 'ave not—
With Aunt *Review* and with the Cingalese,
But the O.B. was the surest of the lot !
We always got our money's worth of 'im,
'E 'elped us in our weekly inspiration,
'Is sayings made the editors less grim
An' 'is portrait brought a larger circulation.

So 'ere's *to* you, Oscar Browning, an' your oysters an' your port,
You're no musty, crusty, dusty don—that ain't your blooming sort ;
But you pour out reminiscences an' smoke till all is blue,
Conversing with "the nicest Emperor you ever knew."

'E 'asn't got no paper of 'is own ;
'Is epigrams is wasted on the birds ;
So we certify the skill that 'e 'as shown
In usin' of 'is double-barrelled words.
You will find a joke about 'im if you squint
About the page on which this ode appears ;
For an 'appy thought of Oscar's, when in print,
Will last the *Granta* Editors for years !

So 'ere's *to* you, Oscar Browning ; you're a time-expired man !
We will joke no more about you—for the present—if we can !
Our successors will remember you—the post for which you're fit—
As the best and most prolific source of undergraduate wit.

The Union Treasurer's chair 'e fills with grace ;
 The dining-room betrays 'is calculations ;
 'E's inspected all the laundries in the place,
 An' 'e "shares the washerwoman's aspirations" ;¹
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb,
 'E's a deal the dearest don of all the bunch !
'E's the only one as sends a telegram
To invite a Foreign Royalty to lunch.

So 'ere's to you, Oscar Browning, in your rooms in stately King's,
 We wish you 'ealth and 'appiness, an' other pleasant things ;
 We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed,
 Just come an' 'ave a pipe with us, whenever you're inclined.

The next Editor was P. Whitwell Wilson. He ran the paper during the Lent and May Terms 1897, and it was in his time that the famous "Women's War" took place, when the women made an unsuccessful bid for admission to the University. Feeling on both sides ran high, and the *Granta* made the most of it. "Our Special Correspondent" was much in evidence, and the measure of the frenzy of his various articles and reports (spread over more than half that May Term) may be gauged by the following typical headlines:

**THE WOMEN'S WAR. MASSACRE IN NEVILE'S COURT.
 SHOCKING SCENES. HEROIC CONDUCT OF OUR FIGHTING
 EDITOR. CRUSHING DEFEAT OF THE INVADERS. BOM-
 BARDMENT OF SENATE HOUSE GREEN.**

Wilson gave up the *Granta* at the end of that May Term. He later became a Member of Parliament, winning a seat in the 1906 Election as Liberal member for South St. Pancras. For a time a contributor to *Punch*, he became Editor of the *Public Schools Magazine*, and then went on the *Daily News*, for which he is still American Correspondent. His successor on the *Granta* was C. H. Tremlett, now Head Master of King's School, Bruton, who writes of his editorship as follows:

¹ The O.B. was then Treasurer of the Union and while discussing some matter in connection with the Society's Laundry, he once remarked, "I may say that I share the hopes and aspirations, the disappointments and disillusionments of the washerwomen of Cambridge."

A. Wilkin of King's was my assistant during my first term, while C. P. Hawkes was our artist.

One of our contributors, H. D. Catling, whose father edited the *Cambridge Daily News*, helped to start a rival to the *Granta*—the *Cantab*, with which we had a short wordy warfare, which at a riper age I should have avoided. H. D. C. did not write for us after that. . . . The best things that appeared in my time were, I think, "More Beasts for Bad Children," by H. Dale of Trinity. They would still appeal to the survivors of the 'nineties, if not too libellous. . . .

Spalding's Head Printer, Grigson, was a splendid little man. He once wrote a May Week leader when an Editor had left him in the lurch. He took a personal pride in the paper, and was a tower of strength to youthful novices. He used to tell me that some of Barry Pain's most brilliant bits of the "In a Canadian Canoe" series were written with the printer's devil waiting at the foot of his staircase. . . .

During his last two terms, Lent and May 1898, Tremlett was being helped by C. F. G. Masterman. But before we get on to the politicians I must say something of the quarrel which took place between the *Granta* and the Union in 1897.

In the issue of 27th November of that year there appeared a leader by Whitwell Wilson entitled "Tammany at the Union." This article accused the Union of corruption and bribery:

The fact is—and it is folly to blink at it—a regular system of electioneering has sprung up, a Tammany Hall has been established, a "boss" has been enthroned. . . .

This is the sort of thing which has occurred more than once. A gentleman will come up to a candidate for office and make the following proposition: "I know, my dear fellow, that you are going to be elected all right, but I feel sure that you would like to get in by as big a majority as possible. Now, if you will promise to put me up for Secretary *next* term, then I will influence my college on your behalf *this* term." In other words: "Join our ring this term, and we'll put you in by a thumping majority; only you must promise faithfully, with all the honour of an electoral thief, to support our man next term. . . ."

. . . The most deplorable result of this disastrous abuse is when some really promising debater becomes entangled, as a Freshman, in the Tammany net. He enters an atmosphere of intrigue. He is educated to think that oratory and personal character are quite secondary qualifications for an officer at the Union. . . .

This is pretty direct language, and the Union officials retorted by calling a special meeting of the Society to discuss the motion: "That two copies of the *Granta*, one to be placed in the drawing room, and one

in the smoking room, be taken in by the Society at a weekly cost not exceeding one shilling." This motion, which appears to be a tribute to the popularity of the *Granta*, was really, of course, an endeavour to injure it by permanently decreasing its circulation. The *Granta* thereupon exhorted those of its readers who had votes to attend the Debate and "use them to throw out the malicious attack on the circulation of the *Granta*."

An account of the Debate is given in the *Granta* of 4th December:

The House assembled on Monday last at the Union to discuss the following Motion, proposed by Mr. J. F. Dobson, Trinity College.¹

"That two copies of the *Granta*, one to be placed in the drawing room, and one in the smoking room, be taken in by the Society at a weekly cost not exceeding one shilling."

An amendment was proposed by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Christ's College:

"That this House recognizes the services performed by the *Granta* in publishing the article on 'Tammany at the Union' in last week's issue."

The amendment was carried by 151 votes to 55.

So the *Granta* was saved!

The report concludes thus:

We beg to offer our sincere thanks to the members of the Union Society for thus officially recording their approbation of our conduct. The course undertaken by us was not a conspicuously pleasant one. It laid us open to serious misrepresentations. It may not have been the wisest move. But we are pleased that the Union Society have recognized that our motives were good, and not animated by personal considerations; and that in calling the attention of any undergraduates to flaws in any institution we were merely fulfilling our natural duty as the undergraduates' journal.

¹ Two years later Dobson became Editor of the *Granta*.

VII

SOME POLITICIANS AND OTHERS

(1898-1901)

I HAVE already made a reference to C. F. G. Masterman's connections with the *Granta*. He is the first of a group of Editors between 1898 and 1901 who were later to make their names in the world of politics.

Masterman became sub-editor of the *Granta* at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term 1898, the term of the "Kitchener Riots." Kitchener, fresh from his Egyptian successes, visited Cambridge on 24th November to receive an Honorary Degree and the Freedom of the Borough. This was the signal for a frantic outburst of undergraduate enthusiasm. Masterman himself wrote a graphic description (which was reproduced in one of the big London dailies) of the course of events during that memorable day.¹

While Kitchener was receiving his degree

the horses had been taken from the carriage . . . and the shafts manned by undergraduates. The Sirdar . . . re-entered and the triumphant procession started back amidst a continual volley of cheering. Slowly the car rolled towards Christ's. At the entrance the axle caught against the side and the wheels collapsed. The crowd poured into the college, literally mobbing the Sirdar and fighting for souvenirs and pieces of the carriage.

It was this incident which caused Kitchener, when he was made an Honorary Member of the Union Society that evening, to remark grimly, "I only wish I had had some of you with me in the Soudan." The sarcasm was, however, missed, and the remark was cheered to

¹ The *Granta*, 26th November 1898.

the echo! Of the proceedings later in the day Masterman's account runs as follows:

Soon after Hall the Market Place presented a deserted and woe-begone appearance; a few scattered townspeople, darkness and silence. Placards had been posted by an egregious and impotent Council forbidding bonfires and making the letting off of fireworks a penal offence. Shortly before eight a signal rocket shot upwards and the work began. Round this first beacon light gathered blazing barrels and boxes of shavings. Then, on this, hurdles and palings; subsequently anything burnable. By 8.30 the Market Place was packed from corner to corner, and presented a scene "more like hell than anything else I know." In the centre a colossal bonfire flared to heaven. As the hours passed the pandemonium deepened. The bonfire developed into the shape of a gigantic slug. A lamp-post caught in its fiery embrace was twisted, and melted, and shattered. The demand for fuel increased. The shutters from the G.E.R. dépôt were borne into the general destruction amidst wild enthusiasm. . . .

The Dervish demonstration at Christ's was completely circumvented by the subtle wiliness of the Master and Fellows, who invited all the members of the College to meet Lord Kitchener just about the time when the excitement should have commenced. The Dervishes, therefore, appeared in white faces and commonplace evening dress. . . .

Masterman was a fairly prolific writer. During 1897 he wrote frequent leaders and also a number of Open Letters, "addressed to Members of the University of Cambridge." A popular series of articles on well-known science dons called "In Darkest Downing Street" was contributed by his brother, H. W. Masterman, who was killed in the South African War.

J. R. P. Sclater succeeded Masterman as Editor, holding the paper for two terms, the first in conjunction with F. H. Lucas (afterwards of the India Office—he died in London during the War) and the second with J. F. Dobson (now Professor of Greek at Bristol University). It was about this time that Frank Sidgwick began his light verse contributions, under the pseudonym "Sigma Minor." Another versifier was D. P. Turner, who later wrote for *Punch*, while a less frequent contributor was Frank Rutter, the art critic.

Those other editors who come under this section, and who were later to be M.P.'s, are George Stewart Bowles, O. Locker-Lampson, and E. S. Montagu, sometime Secretary of State for India. Bowles, son of Thomas Gibson Bowles, was in the Navy before he came up to Cambridge, and had written a book of sea verses called *A Gun-room Ditty*

Box, which inspired Lucas to write (in the *Granta*, 19th May 1900) a "Fragment of an Unpublished Patriotic Hymn" parodying Bowles:

There's a wind acrost the sea,
And it blows for you and me,
And for all the other beggars in the world;
When the misty night-star dwindles
Through the rattling and the spindles,
And the standard of our Empire is unfurled.
(*Ta! ra!*)

Then forth, my people, forth and rule
From the line to the Northern Skoals!
And wherever you may be
By land or sea,
Good God, man, read your B-wl-s
(Blarst your souls!)
So shall ye conquer and be free
In God's own Vestibule.

Bowles edited the *Granta* during the Michaelmas Term 1899. He writes: "Melville Balfour of Trinity, now Major Balfour, M.C., was joint editor with me and we really ran the show together. . . . I remember inventing and being very pleased with the little Fool's Head, which appeared for the first time on 28th October 1899, instead of the old wavy 'rule' between the several Motley Notes."

The Fool's Head, thus,



is still used, and for the same purpose.

The late Mark Sykes was one of Bowles' contributors—they lived in the same house, 33 Jesus Lane. Sykes, whose death early in 1919 was so great a loss to the nation, was amongst the most interesting figures brought into prominence by the War. Shane Leslie has written his biography, and in it he speaks of Sykes' undergraduate days, when he never obeyed a University law and finally went down without a degree:

He did no work, played no games, he went off on his travels or he returned, as he pleased, in the middle of term or of vacation. He never dined in Hall, and

the [Jesus] College records show definitely that he passed no examinations, and acquired no degree. To University journalism . . . he gave himself, however, with ardour. The *Granta*, which is "*Punch* with a little Cam water," was his first field. . . .

When George Bowles was editor of the *Granta* Mark drew a number of sketches symbolizing modern journals.

One of these sketches is reproduced in this volume. Besides contributing to the *Granta*, Sykes brought out a short-lived paper of his own, the *Snarl*.

The following term (Lent 1900) there were four joint editors, E. B. Noel (the present Secretary of Queen's Club and part-author of a *History of Tennis* recently published by the Oxford University Press), W. M. Pryor, Lord Howick (now Earl Grey), and K. M. Chance, all of Trinity. Frank Sidgwick and D. P. Turner were still contributing, and drawings and cartoons were supplied regularly by R. Noel Pocock.

In the summer E. S. Montagu began his editorship, the first term working in conjunction with Oliver Locker-Lampson. The following are Montagu's *Granta* reminiscences recently written from Brazil:

I have such a pride in my connection with the *Granta* that it is a very deep regret to me that I am not able to be of service to you, for I should like to have had a long talk with you about the *Granta*.

I remember that, with great trouble and with little regard to expense (for we had not much business instinct in those days), we produced a sumptuous souvenir of the Greek Play, the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, in which many members of the then *Granta* staff acted, including F. H. Lucas, Frank Sidgwick, etc., etc. We made ourselves a great nuisance during rehearsals to Sir Hubert Parry and J. W. Clark, so much so that the latter's insistence upon nailing anachronistic bananas on to the altar, while Sir Hubert was endeavouring to conduct the rehearsal of the chorus, sank into insignificance.

I think my proudest recollection is that it was during my Editorship that A.A.M.—A. A. Milne—sometimes in collaboration with his brother, wrote for publication. I remember how I rejected—how arrogant we were!—his first contributions, telling him to persevere and that he might one day learn to write; and I remember well how R. C. Lehmann wrote from the Offices of *Punch* to enquire who "A.A.M." was.

Many other memories crowd to my mind—a serious controversy with the late Mr. Redfern about our libellous comments upon his orchestra; the withdrawal of our theatre pass as a consequence, and the final apology; many other recollections of stormy times and pleasant times; Mr. Spalding's frequent remark,

at the last moment, that we were a column short of matter; the engagement of a cartoonist; the efforts to get subjects for cartoons; the craze for parodies of advertisements. . . .

The old cover was, at Locker-Lampson's suggestion, discarded this term. Seymour Lucas, son of the Royal Academician, designed the new one, which is still used every week.¹

Locker-Lampson has memories of the May Week number:

A special May Week Number was produced under my direction, and was, I believe, one of the most ambitious on record. My brother, Godfrey Locker-Lampson, wrote the preface, making use of the longest words he could, by way of amusement. The rest of the writers are well known and all wrote for nothing and with great readiness.²

I remember that it cost us a great deal of time and difficulty to bring this edition out, and at the last moment there was some mechanical trouble which nearly lost us the whole production. It, however, sold very well indeed, and brought in letters from many parts of the world.

In Michaelmas 1900 Montagu took over the *Granta* completely. He was later President of the Union,³ and his contemporaries will tell you that during the time he held the office he had a flag flown from the Union while he was in residence! ⁴ But then, there are many amusing stories told of Montagu. The following one concerns a sequel to the *Granta* review of the Agamemnon.

J. W. Clark, affectionately known to many generations of Cambridge men simply by his first initial, was the moving spirit in the production of the Greek Play. He treated the performance with

¹ See illustration facing p. 302.

² These included Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Seymour Lucas, A. C. Benson, Edmund Gosse, E. F. Benson, Henry Newbolt, and Kate Greenaway.

³ In passing it may be noticed that the Union and the *Granta* have consistently attracted the same men: Lehmann, Chanler, Masterman, P. Whitwell Wilson, Sclater, Bowles, Montagu, Pattison Muir, and Wright were all Presidents of the Union as well as Editors of the *Granta*.

⁴ Concerning which, Frank Sidgwick wrote in the *Granta*, 25th October 1902:

"But while here he is residing
In his rooms, the fountain fronting,
Learn the fact from me, confiding
In a silent piece of bunting.
Fear no more, nor sigh, nor chafe,
Now ye know when ye are safe."

great seriousness, and expected everyone else to do the same. In post-War Trust Press language his attitude might be described as one of "Hands off the Greek Play," or "Hats off to the Greek Players." Imagine, then, his horror to find a review in the *Granta* which did not—to put it mildly—treat the Greek Play as seriously as he did. Forthwith "J" set out to denounce the Editor of the *Granta*—E. S. Montagu—in his rooms in Trinity.

Now Montagu kept on the same staircase as Walter Morley Fletcher, in the corner of Great Court near the Master's Lodge, on the floor above Fletcher's. So it came about that on this particular evening into Fletcher's room burst "J" very much out of breath (from the stairs) and very red in the face (from fury).

"Hullo, 'J,'" said Fletcher, "what have you come for? Have a cigarette?"

"I'm on my way upstairs," said "J," "to call the Editor of the *Granta* a two-penny, half-penny pip-squeak."

With that "J" resumed his upward journey. After a short interval down he came again, looked into Fletcher's rooms and cried out, "There! I called him a two-penny, half-penny pip-squeak." Whereupon he set off home. Two minutes later down came Montagu, flung himself into a chair in Fletcher's rooms and said: "I've just had a visit from 'J,' and what *do* you think he called me?"

"A two-penny, half-penny pip-squeak," replied Fletcher to the astonishment of Montagu, who could only exclaim, "How did *you* know?"

The following Lent, Montagu took J. C. Stobart into joint editorship. Stobart opened the term bravely. Montagu was not up, and Stobart himself wrote every word of the sixteen pages, including the account of the 'Varsity Rugger Match! According to Stobart the *Granta* was doing well. "I believe the *Granta* was prosperous in those days," he writes. "The circulation numbered about 1,000."

During this Lent Term the *Granta* printed a novel in serial form from the pen of (now) Lieut.-Commander Hilton Young, D.S.O. (late Financial Secretary to the Treasury), called "The Count," and written when he was ten years old!

At the beginning of the May Term Stobart dropped out, and at the end of the summer Montagu himself gave up the *Granta*. He had the good fortune of publishing during his editorship the 300th

number (4th February 1901), an event which inspired the following poem by R. C. Lehmann:

TO *GRANTA*, AGED 300 NUMBERS

Granta! though plunged in deep affairs of state, you pass the time assigned to you by fate; though, as you ponder on some mighty theme, the outside world goes by you like a dream; though vowed to Cambridge and to Cambridge things—to Caius or Cats or Trinity or King's, or any other Hostel, Hall, or College, where youths imbibe the heady wine of knowledge—you wield a pen, than which no pen is greater, chiefly to glorify your Alma Mater. Yet know that far from Cambridge there are some who once at Cambridge tried to make things hum, who now, unfriended, solitary, slow, in central London wander to and fro; yet even in the dismal toil that clogs them, amid the streets whose murky air befoes them, ever to one dear memory have clung, their days at Cambridge when the world was young. One of these lost ones now desires to pay his tribute to you on your natal day.

Twelve years have gone (and what I most bewail is, in all this *aevi spatium mortalis*, that years should go with all that we most cherish, that youth and slimness with the years should perish), twelve years since Cambridge thirsting for your news, first bought your paper and approved your views. The academic hosts obey your pen; you teach your lads to quit themselves like men. To you the awful dons with bended knee come; you are the Proctor's only *vade mecum*. Deans on your issues all their savings spend; you are the Master's guide the Tutor's friend. Things that are mean and all things bad you hate, oh stalwart champion of the undergraduate! So now—I hail you for the brilliant feat—three hundred numbers fitly you complete. In all the world, from Wick to Wei-hei-wei, from Perth to Durban, from Cape Horn to Skye, from Cambridge through Bombay to distant Siam, you'll find no man more “Grantaesque” than I am. No one wrote more—the task was often solemn—in duly filling every *Granta* column, and none remains with more complete sincerity devoted to your welfare and prosperity. Wherefore, dear *Granta*, let them not oppress you, these vows with which I heartily address you. Take them with all that heartfelt vows imply—friendship, goodwill, and love—and so, Goodbye!

VIII

BETWEEN TWO DRAMATISTS

(1901-1905)

THIS next period takes us from the editorship of A. A. Milne to that of J. E. Harold Terry.

Milne took over the *Granta* from Clement Jones, who had held it during the Michaelmas term, 1901. One of Jones's most interesting contributors was John Hay Beith ("Ian Hay"), who wrote the Rowing Notes, and who ultimately 'quarrelled' with Milne. Beith was an unknown quantity in those days. Jones had been put on his track by C. J. Bristowe, Tutor of Trinity Hall and an old Blue. Bristowe was Rowing Correspondent for some years, and at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term wished to resign. Jones was at a loss to find a successor, but Bristowe came to the rescue. "I think," he said vaguely, "there is a man in John's called 'Breath' who might do."

"Breath" was therefore approached, and so took on the work.

Jones finished up his term with a successful "Old Contributors" number, being supplied with articles and verses by Lehmann, Geake, P. Whitwell Wilson, Barry Pain, Seaman, and Deane. The article by Geake consisted of reminiscences of the *Granta* ten years previously, extracts from which I have quoted in §§ IV and V.

For work done in the late War, Jones was created a C.B. (he was an assistant secretary to the War Cabinet), and he has recently published a book on *British Merchant Shipping*.

Milne began contributing to the *Granta* in 1901, sometimes alone and sometimes in collaboration with his brother, K. J. Milne. His work seldom falls below a very high standard of excellence. The "Jeremy, I, and the Jelly-fish" stories attracted the attention of Lehmann,¹ then still on the *Punch* staff, who brought them to the notice of Burnand, and so in a way gave Milne his first introduction to the "London *Granta*." Since then he has, of course, made a name both as a *Punch* contributor and as a dramatist.

¹ See Montagu's letter, p. 32.

Of his editorship Milne himself may best speak. I quote from an article written by him which appeared in the first post-War issue of the *Granta*, 1st May 1919:

There is a story of an eminent person (I forget who) who said to his mother (or somebody like that): "Mother, when I'm a man I will—" do something or other, I forget what. The point of the story, in case I haven't told it very well, is that when he was a man he did. It is the most priggish story I know, and is told about every great man when he is dead and cannot deny it. But whether he would deny it or not, it is almost certainly a lie.

Unfortunately, in my case, the story is true. However, it doesn't matter, as I shall never be eminent enough for people to bring it up against me. When I was at school a copy of the *Granta* came down to us; and after a friend and I had looked through it together, he said to me, "You ought to go to Cambridge and edit that paper," and I said, "Henry (or whatever his name was), I will." And I did. It's a horrible story, isn't it?

... I don't know if any of my young readers have heard of Queen Victoria, but she was on the throne when I began to write for the *Granta*. In my second year, when I edited it, King Edward celebrated his coronation by appearing In Authority in the May Week number. I wrote his biography myself, though I was never very familiar with him. I probably said *Vivat Rex*, or something of that sort, in one of the Little-Go languages, but it was as Patron of the A.D.C. that he had earned his distinction. I meant to have sent him a copy, but somehow I didn't. Perhaps it was his turn to write.¹

¹ Here is the In Authority biography:

"Albert Edward made a first appearance on 9th November 1841, with the idea of doing honour to the then Lord Mayor. Little or nothing is known of his early life, but it is believed that in even this stage of his career he evinced signs of that love for the drama which was destined to make him President, and afterwards Patron, of the A.D.C. Anyway, there is evidence to show that he frequently came on at Her Majesty's and the Court about this time, while the Princess of Wales first saw him in 1862 with the part of Leading Gentleman—a part to which he has always lived up.

"But we are not concerned with this portion of his history. It was in 1861 that he came up to Cambridge and entered his name at Trinity College. With his customary taft he was excused the Little-Go, and decided finally on an honorary LL.D.—a degree to which he was admitted in 1864. Before this, however—on 17th May 1862, to be precise (and possibly inaccurate, as there is a little uncertainty on the point)—he was elected Honorary President of the A.D.C., and helped by a handsome donation to complete the extension of the stage.

"In private life (as all the world knows) our hero is a sportsman and a gentleman; in public life he is now the King—and Patron of the A.D.C., just as he has always been its good friend. For (to quote from Mr. F. C. Burnand) 'it is to His Majesty that the Club owes its open recognition by the highest University authorities.'"

Editing the *Granta* meant in those days (and perhaps still) writing most of it oneself. This annoyed my tutor, who hoped that if I stuck to mathematics I might one day become something respectable like an accountant. As I was *in statu pupillari* and he was *in loco parentis* (how the dear old language comes back to one), he did most of the arguing and I did most of the standing on one leg. Eventually it was agreed that, if I did six hours' solid mathematics every day, I might waste the rest of my time on the *Granta*. It seems funny that in those days Conscience reproved me when I spent a blessed morning in writing, and that she reproves me just as severely now when I spend a blessed morning in not writing. Which shows what a time-server Conscience is.

One of my contributors was Ian Hay, who wrote my Rowing Notes. (I say "one of my contributors," leaving you to suppose that the others were Milton and George Meredith.) We had a disagreement about the Lent Races, and he threw up a lucrative position (we gave him a free copy every week) and gradually drifted into novel writing. But, much as I admire his present work, I doubt if he ever touched again the glowing heights he reached when he described for me every week how Binks was bucketting badly and Jinks came forward too quickly at the finish.

The details of the Milne-Beith controversy are amusing. During the Lent Term of 1902 there was a heavy frost, and ice on the river had interfered with rowing. A suggestion was made that the Lent Races should be postponed, and a meeting of Boat Captains was held at the Goldie Boathouse to decide the matter. After some close voting it was agreed to postpone the Races. The following week (1st March 1902) Beith wrote in his Rowing Notes:

The responsibility for this decision rests not so much with the meeting as with the proposers of the motion. The motion was proposed to a biassed assembly. Probably most of those present, if they had been able to view the matter dispassionately, would have admitted that there was no reason for assenting to such a proposition. But those present consisted roughly of captains whose boats were good and captains whose boats were bad. It was hardly to be expected that the latter, who naturally preponderated, would resist the temptation of gaining a week's respite, which might possibly improve their crews, and would at any rate probably make them no worse. So this mischievous resolution was passed, on the ground that the men had not had sufficient practice.

Milne, realizing that this frank expression of opinion might lead to trouble, inserted an editorial note disclaiming responsibility:

The postponement of the Lent Races has caused considerable dissatisfaction in certain quarters. My Rowing Correspondent has put the case somewhat strongly

for his side, and I shall be glad to print any other letters on the subject. It must be understood that the opinions expressed in the *Rowing Notes* are the private ones of their writer, and would, perhaps, have been better in the form of a letter. I wish it to be clear that these views are not those of the *Granta* (which has no views at all), but of the *Granta's* Rowing Correspondent.

Beith, thereupon, promptly wrote to Milne pointing out that as the *Rowing Notes* were unsigned, they most certainly did represent the opinion of the *Granta* and that he begged to resign. To which Milne replied that he begged to accept the resignation, and so Beith's *Granta* activities, save for one or two contributions to May Week numbers and the like after he had gone down, came to an abrupt end.

Milne, whose co-editor during the May Term was H. S. Vere Hodge, now an assistant master at Tonbridge, gave up the *Granta* at the end of the May Term, 1902. In the meantime he had done much good work for the paper, writing a great deal of both verse and prose.

Hodge was also a frequent contributor. "On looking through the old pages," he wrote to me in 1924, "I am struck by the enormous amount which was written by A.A.M. and myself under various pseudonyms." Another contributor about this time was W. W. Morrice (a brother of G. W. Morrice, who became editor in 1903) while D. P. Turner was still turning out verses. Of the type of contribution Milne gave a hint when he sadly wrote:

Even our nights with *Granta*, even
The style that, week by blessed week,
Mixed Calverley and J. K. Stephen
With much that was (I hold) unique,
Even our parodies of the Rubaiyat
Were disappointing—yes, in certain ways. . . .¹

Milne was followed by A. C. Turner, a son of the late Bishop of Islington, whose subsequent distinguished career was cut short by his death in France during the late War. After getting a First Class in both parts of the Classical Tripos he was elected a Fellow of Trinity in 1906, and served for some time as Junior Dean. Enlisting as a private on the outbreak of war, he later received a commission. He was serving as an Intelligence Officer at Brigade Headquarters

¹ See p. 203.

when he was killed by a shell. Writing at the time, Canon E. W. Barnes of Westminster Abbey said:

The death at the Front of 2nd Lieutenant A. C. Turner is an almost irreparable loss to English theological scholarship and religious life. Archie Turner, as he was known to his many friends who love him, was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity some ten years ago on a thesis which was remarkable for the way in which it united close study of ancient philosophy to a penetrating insight into modern religious problems. . . . It is difficult without the appearance of exaggeration to express the sense of loss shared by all who knew him well. He seemed to them to have, more than any man of his years, the qualities of a prophet and a saint.

The next two years provide little of interest to the general reader of this book. The editors, K. J. Freeman, G. W. Morrice, E. M. Gull (a connection of C. Ranger Gull, who wrote *When it was Dark* about that time), H. G. Mackeurton, and G. T. Boag, are not to blame. Rather was it the lack of good contributions. Not even a wet Sunday seems to have produced a good Monday morning post. It was an altogether barren period, a fact evidenced by an article which was published, 9th May 1903, pointing out that "one does not expect a Calverley in every generation, but it cannot be denied that at present both the quality and the quantity of literature worthy of the name, emanating from this University, would be seen to be below the traditional standard."

Matters were improved, perhaps, by the appearance, in 1905, of A. C. Bray of Jesus (now a house-master at Oundle). Bray did not write a great quantity, but his verse was always of a high order of excellence. Writing in the *Daily News*, J. C. Squire once said of Bray that, as a light versifier, ". . . he is certainly one of the cleverest now writing; a master, one may say, of the Higher Jingle."

Here I might clear up a popular misconception, namely, that Squire (who was at St. John's) was a regular contributor to the *Granta*. To our loss be it said that all he wrote was one Union note.

In the Michaelmas Term of 1904 the "Senior Bedmaker of the University" (Mrs. Jacob, who had been in the service of Magdalene for sixty-two years!) was put In Authority, while in the previous Lent Term of the same year Edward VII appeared again in that column, this time as Hon. Colonel of the C.U.R.V. "He is not only Colonel of the C.U.R.V., and an LL.D. of the University," says the

biography, "he is the only King of England who was ever In Authority in the *Granta*." He visited Cambridge at the time, some rags took place, and the following, in a thick mourning border, was the result so far as the *Granta* was concerned:

We regret that no criticism of "My Lady Virtue" can appear this week, as our Dramatic Critic was progged on Parker's Piece and has been gated for the rest of the term.

We finish this section with the Michaelmas Term 1905, and our second dramatist-editor, J. E. Harold Terry.

Actually, Terry's editorship extended for one week into the Lent Term of 1906, but having been offered a position on the staff of the *Daily Mirror*, he went down at once without waiting till the end of the term. His period is marked by a series of leaders dealing with current University affairs. So outspoken were these that they caused a good deal of comment and in this way helped to work up the circulation, while to Terry himself they were directly useful in that they first brought him to the notice of the *Mirror*. After he had gone down he contributed a series of London Letters, signed "Grub Street."

Amongst Terry's *Granta* contributors was Anthony E. Brett, better known to theatre-goers as Eille Norwood, who, in point of fact, had gone down from St. John's (where he edited the *Eagle*) many years before. Another frequent contributor, J. B. Lindon (now of Lincoln's Inn), began writing about this time, while an artist was W. F. McQuade of Pembroke, one of whose *Granta* drawings was bought by Abdulla's and used as an advertisement!

IX

THE CHURCH AND THE LAW (1906-1909)

I HAVE called this section "The Church and the Law" because, in the three years between 1906 and 1909, out of seven editors five have since become either parsons or barristers.

At the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, 1907, the *Granta* entered on its twenty-first volume. A "21st Volume Celebration" number came out at the end of that term under the combined editorship of R. M. Pattison Muir and C. E. Raven, who later, for a time, became Dean of Emmanuel and is now Canon of Liverpool Cathedral. Lehmann, E. F. Benson, Barry Pain, and Mahaffy contributed to it, and a dinner was held at which Owen Seaman, Lehmann, and E. F. Benson, amongst others, were present.

Muir and Raven had succeeded R. S. T. Haslehurst (who featured prominently at both the Magpie and Stump and the Union) and J. H. Mandleberg as editors. Haslehurst was, like Muir and Raven, destined for the Church. Hence the following verses by Raglan Somerset:

TO R.S.T.H.

(CURATE-DESIGNATE OF CLUN)

Oh, his curate's clothes are ready, and his little cell is bare,
 He has packed his old portmanteau and he's stowed his plate away,
 And the cabby's standing waiting for his Very Reverend fare,
 And he's going *via* Hereford to-day.
 Yes, he's going to his curacy at Clun,
 And his merry hours at Ridley all are done,
 We shall miss him, oh so sadly! but they need him, oh so badly!
 As a tonic for a parish that's the dullest 'neath the sun.

On the river many coaches can but notice that he's gone,
 Once they used to stand behind him in an irritated queue,
 While six other boats were waiting, and the weary lookers on
 Heard him giving ghostly comfort to his crew.

In his new field many triumphs may be won,
 He'll be master of the tea-urn and the bun,
 He will shine at village "crushes," and awaken maiden's blushes,
 Who'll embroider carpet slippers for the paragon of Clun.

In 1907 the *Granta* was faced with a possible libel action. Raven has described the circumstances:

One event of note in our editorship was the threat of an action for libel from Prof. Langley, consequent on an article in May 1907 showing up the corruption in the science laboratories. Laboratory boys who prepared the slides and exhibits for medical and scientific examinations, sold lists of them for half-crowns to candidates. I got three Trinity men to write it up. Langley gave me 24 hours to prove my case—and I spent them heftically, collecting my witnesses and fortifying them to give evidence. Late that night we visited the Professor. He investigated—found the thing was true—withdrew his threat and asked me for the credit of the University to say no more about it. We made quite a lot of money over the *Granta* that term: but a certain medical college wasn't a bit pleased!

Amongst the contributors at this time were Leopold Spero, the novelist, and S. C. Roberts, now Secretary of the University Press and an authority on Dr. Johnson.

In Lent 1908 Raven was succeeded by Raglan Somerset—"the Heavy Villain from Queens'"—and for a term he and Muir ran the *Granta* together. In the following term Muir dropped out.

It was about this time that James Elroy Flecker came to Cambridge from Oxford as a student interpreter. Somerset wrote an article on him in the *Granta* of 30th May 1908, in which he said:

We speak a different language. We reverence different gods; names which are household words to us come to him with a strange unfamiliar flavour. Oxford has made him, Cambridge almost bores him. To Oxford, if he is good, he will return when he dies, where he will drink port and propound brilliantly superficial epigrams for all eternity. We met and drank together, and while I consumed new and fiery Chartreuse, he read me his quasi-literary compositions. . . .

Contrary to popular rumour Flecker never contributed to the *Granta*, though the *Granta* paid him the compliment, when reviewing his book, *The Bridge of Fire*, by remarking that "the makings of a poet, or some of them, are in the author of these verses!"

Of Somerset we can read in his In Authority biography, written by A. D. McNair, now Fellow of Caius. He was a Classical Scholar and a Union Speaker, and "after graduating in the school of adversity he became editor of the *Granta*, and during the last year his lash has spared neither friend nor foe. He once appeared in an 'Eight,' it is said, but the passage was not a long one, for opposite the Gas Works he

commanded the cox to 'put ashore,' stepped out, and said 'Good-bye' to his coach and the lower river for ever."

A Ballade by G. K. Chesterton appeared in the *Granta* during Somerset's editorship (17th October 1908):

BALLADE OF THE RENAISSANCE OF WONDER

I was always the Elephant's Friend,
 I never have caused him to grieve;
 Tho' monstrous and mighty to rend,
 He has fed from the fingers of Eve.
 He is wise, but he will not deceive,
 He is kind in his wildest career,
 But one thing I will say with his leave,
 The shape is decidedly queer.

I was light as a penny to spend,
 I was thin as an arrow to cleave,
 I could stand on a fishing rod's end
 With composure, though on the *qui vive*.
 But from Time all a-flying to thieve,
 The suns and the moons of the year
 A different shape receive,—
 The shape is decidedly queer.

I am proud of this world as I wend;
 What hills the Almighty could heave!
 I consider the heaven's blue bend
 A remarkable feat to achieve;
 But think of the Cosmos, conceive
 The universe, system and sphere
 I must say, with my heart on my sleeve,
 The shape is decidedly queer.

ENVOI

Prince, Prince, what is this I perceive
 On the top of your collar appear?
 You say it's your face, you believe . . .
 The shape is decidedly queer.

At the beginning of the Lent Term 1909, the *Granta* passed into the hands of C. S. Rewcastle and V. Whitaker. The latter had been

contributing drawings and poems for some time while Rewcastle was a constant writer of light verse. Somerset, in an ode following one of Rewcastle's poems, which appeared some time after both had gone down, says:

By him those moving lines are traced
He used to write the same in my day,
When we the weekly crisis faced
Of Friday.

The message came, a warning solemn,
Importunate, too long unheeded,
"The printer says that half a column
Is needed."

Then down he'd sit, good C.S.R.,
And turn out, while the urchin waited,
Lines headed, "My Tobacco-jar,"
Or "Gated."

A recent letter from Whitaker gives a good impression of the *Granta* at this time:

C. S. Rewcastle and myself took over in January 1909, from Raglan Somerset. Rewcastle was a tower of strength and brought out our first number on his own, in spite of such a paucity of material that he utilized as cartoon a rough sketch I had sent him as a Christmas Card. He wrote much excellent verse, leaders and reviews. He also wrote the lyrics of the Footlights show that year and took his Tripos final at the same time.

At the end of the Lent Term 1909, we fell foul of Lord Alfred Douglas and his paper, the *Academy*, and had a brisk passage of arms in which he devoted a lot of space to destroying us, but we kept our end up perkily, in spite of threats of libel actions (to which the *Cambridge Review* surrendered!). Then I believe my sending down was seriously discussed as a result of a cartoon, "The Last of the Old Port," but I survived.¹

¹ A few bottles of old port had been discovered in the cellar of Trinity. The amount of wine being so limited, the Fellows were asked not to bring guests to the High Table on the night that the port was to be opened. The *Granta* commenting on this, pointed out that the absence of guests would mean more wine for the dons, and Whitaker drew a picture of the Governing Body of Trinity being carried to bed.

By a little wangling we combined two numbers so as to get the 500th number into our last term and celebrated it by a dinner, but we could not attract to this all the celebrities who attended the *Granta's* "21st Volume" dinner a year or two earlier.

This 500th number was published on 12th June 1909 and luckily coincided with the May Week number. A leader of thanksgiving for past help from publishers, printers, subscribers, and contributors was written, R. C. Lehmann was again put In Authority, contributions were made by Barry Pain, P. Whitwell Wilson, Oliver Locker-Lampson and Harold Terry, while Mr. Spalding was induced to write "A Word from the Publisher":

Looking back over 20 or more years, one is bound to admit that nothing but that sentiment or *esprit de corps* (or whatever else it may be called) could have ensured the unbroken publication of the *Granta*. It has often happened that an Editor has finished his work, gone down, and perhaps forgotten all about the *Granta*, until the Publisher has reminded him of its existence by rendering an account of the past term's business. It has then been remembered that somebody must be found to take the Editorial Chair for the ensuing term, and in the most casual manner this has been done, so that when the new term came round, a supply of copy for the new term's *Granta* came with it, and the Undergraduates' Journal has continued to speak for the Undergraduates of Cambridge from term to term and year to year, until its 500th number has been reached.

Which makes one realize what a haphazard business it was, and still more does it make one wonder how the *Granta* has managed to survive at all.

X

AUTHORS AND JOURNALISTS (1909-1913)

JUST as during the last period the *Granta* was run by embryo parsons and barristers, so for the four following years was it in the hands mainly of men who are now well known in literary and journalistic circles. Norman Davey, J. B. Sterndale-Bennett, Harold Wright, and Edward Shanks were all editors between 1909 and 1913.

Harold Wright seems to have made a most vivid impression upon his contemporaries.¹ Sterndale-Bennett writes this of him:

In my time Wright was at the helm. Harold Wright came up to Cambridge far later than most undergraduates. He had suffered from poor health for many years, but had made good use of his sick room hours to cultivate a sound knowledge of economics and politics, a love of nonsense and laughter, and (he will forgive me if I say it) a sufficient acquaintance with specialists and practitioners (medical and otherwise) to be for ever the enemy of humbug. Few generations of Cambridge undergraduates can have had, as one of themselves, a friend so wise, so generous and so genially contemptuous of their follies. In the middle of his present distinguished labour he will scarcely have time to notice that I write of him as sentimentally as if he were dead, but that has always been a privilege of our happy society.

Wright was an editor of originality who had not the smallest fear of breaking away from the traditions of the paper. It was he who, observing that there were many men of exceptional talents and personality who deserved to be placed In Authority over us, far above the officials of athletic clubs, included (against my frantic protests) under that famous title, Rupert Brooke,² Hugh Dalton, and Dudley Ward, none of whom, as far as I know, had any official position at all.

¹ His In Authority biography (25th February 1911) says: "Of his editorship of the *Granta* it is difficult for us to say much here. Only those who have been privileged to help him in his task know the quiet pride, the loving care which he has taken in the producing of the paper, week by week. He acknowledges that he came to Cambridge with one object in view, to edit the *Granta*. It is no exaggeration to say that he has done more for the paper than any chief who has bestridden the editorial ass since Rudolf the First" (i.e., R. C. Lehmann).

² The following is taken from Brooke's In Authority biography, written by Hugh Dalton, 5th February 1910:

"He brought with him to Cambridge a reputation both as an athlete and as a poet, a combination supposed by vulgar people to be impossible. He represented Rugby at cricket and football, rose to high rank in the Volunteer Corps, and was not unknown as a steeplechaser. He also won a prize poem. There is a vacant place reserved for him between Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough, in the Poets' Corner in Rugby School Chapel. At Cambridge he has forsaken a few old fields and entered many new ones. While a Freshman he used, on occasions, to represent his College in various branches of athletics, but soon dropped the habit, in spite of protests. On his day he is still an irresistible tennis player, preferring to play barefooted, and to pick the ball up with his toes. As an actor, the 'Eumenides' provided him with not his only triumph. He was one of the founders of the Marlowe Society, which still flourishes. He has continued to write poems, some of which should be familiar to readers of the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Cambridge Review*. But the rest and certain other writings, not in verse, are known as yet only to a few, and mainly to

Co-editor with Wright during the Michaelmas Term 1909 was Norman Davey, and upon him also Sterndale-Bennett throws an interesting sidelight:

Of Norman Davey (because he would hate it) I cannot write in the sentimental tense. In those days he was more interested in gas turbines than linotypes, and more genuinely happy writing verse in his rather luxurious rooms in Market Square than correcting proofs in King Street. When he handed over the hack work, which I loved, to me and became again a contributor to the paper, he took a very wise decision. Those years of purely literary exercise must have contributed very largely to that English style which raised him on the publication of his first novel to the front rank amongst his fellow novelists.

Davey (who afterwards wrote occasionally for *Punch*) was a frequent contributor of both verse and prose—Sterndale-Bennett was more of a journalist. His contributions are mainly topical. He criticized London plays in the "Our Aunts' Funerals" series,¹ and after he had gone down he contributed a weekly causerie from London (as Harold Terry had done before him) entitled "The Friendly Town."

His recollections of his editorship give a good picture of the *Granta* in 1910:

I cannot believe that the mere business of producing the paper in the year 1910 differed very much from the business of producing it to-day, except perhaps that we were more haphazard. I think we collected most of our contributions by riding from College to College on a "push bike," though I remember a pestilential little "devil" who was apt to spring up at any corner between the Round Church and Parker's Piece, and demand in a deep bass voice, "Got any copy?" He was a minion of the head printer, Mr. Morecroft, whose name is surely still held in gratitude by many ex-editors.

I cannot claim anything for myself except that I initiated a bloody con-

certain King's Societies of which he is a member. Some of us hope that the world will one day know more of them. He is sometimes credited with having started a new fashion in dress, the chief features of which are the absence of collars and head-gear and the continual wearing of slippers. He will tell you that he did not really begin to live till he went out of College at the end of his third year, and took up his residence at The Orchard, Grantchester. It is said that there he lives the rustic life, broken by occasional visits to Cambridge; that he keeps poultry and a cow, plays simple tunes on a pan pipe, bathes every evening at sunset, and takes all his meals in a rose garden."

¹ So called because the typical excuse to get an exeat at that time was the death of an aunt; it meant the same to the undergraduate as the death of his grandmother means to the office-boy. Other contributors to "Our Aunts' Funerals" included A. D. McNair of Caius and Norman Davey.

troversy with the late Mr. Redfern on the subject of manners in the theatre and had the satisfaction of reading in the *Cambridge Daily News* that I was "a young man to whom nothing was sacred." We continued a more or less good humoured quarrel until all light-hearted subjects were eclipsed by the death of King Edward VII.

May I be forgiven for recalling what a profound sensation this caused in Cambridge—as it did, I suppose, all through England? I awoke that morning to the sobbing of my landlady, who, with the tears streaming down her face, informed me that a gentleman was waiting to see me in my sitting room. Hurrying into a dressing gown, I went downstairs to find a very grave member of the firm of Spalding, who asked me whether nothing could be done to stop the issue of the *Granta* which had gone to press the night before, so that some expression of grief could be included in it. I rushed to Wright's lodgings on Parker's Piece and together we concocted a "message" which was included as a black-edged inset in the number before it was published. The next week Mr. Redfern was forgotten. I wrote a leader on "A Mourning Community," Norman Davey wrote a memorial ode, Sir Arthur Shipley (anonymously) contributed an article on the King and Cambridge, and, through Wright's enterprise, we secured what, I believe, was the only published photograph of the painting at Madingley Hall of the King in his undergraduate robes.

The King died on the eve of May Week and there followed a period of lamentable indecision on the part of the authorities as to whether or not May Week festivities were to be held. This period is most humorously recorded by Wright in an article headed "The Decision," which appears in the issue of 21st May 1910.¹ Finally everything was abandoned, and my May Week Number, which was the last I edited, and which took a term's work of letter-writing to collect, fell flat for there was no one to buy it.

Sterndale-Bennett went down at the end of the May Term 1910, and Harold Wright took on the editorship again till Christmas. The following term he resigned in favour of F. M. H. Holman. Holman was editor for two terms, and we read that "he rested only on Saturdays, and even then the editorial eye peered down from its attic [in Sidney] on Spalding's window, painfully visible across the way." But (and you will forgive a personal note) I wonder if Holman enjoyed doing that as much as I do—to see a man stop outside Spalding's, read the posters, gaze at the latest *Granta* lying in the window, fumble in his trousers pockets for a moment, and then make his decision. It is, for me, the most entertaining occupation imaginable.

Holman's time is noteworthy since during it were published the first contributions of E. X. Kapp. He did not draw very much for

¹ See p. 287.

the *Granta*, but all his work is peculiarly distinctive. I think it is not too much to say that he is by far the best artist the *Granta* has ever had. Two of his early caricatures are reproduced in this book, the one of Dr. Verrall, the first Professor of English and predecessor of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, being of particular interest. About this time another good artist, W. A. H. Lowry, of Caius, was contributing, and while Norman Davey was still writing, Edward Shanks was sending in his first poems.

Holman was followed by M. D. Forbes (now a Fellow of Clare), who held the paper for a term. Forbes himself says that it was an uneventful time, though an article by him, attacking Dr. Torrey, the Revivalist, made a stir. The contributors seem to be much handicapped by love affairs, judging from the languishing verses addressed to fair absentees. That kind of thing hardly makes for brightness.

One or two of the music criticisms were written by Denis Browne, who was killed in the War, and of whom Edward Marsh speaks in his memoir of Rupert Brooke as "a musician of rare promise and complete equipment."

Incidentally, a book of Brooke's poems was reviewed by the *Granta* in the following term, the reviewer telling us that "one has a pleasant and singular feeling after reading this book that the author might quite conceivably have written, even if he had never seen a line of verse by any other man." Brooke occasionally wrote for the *Cambridge Review*, but never for the *Granta*, as is sometimes stated.

Denis Garstin and Dermot Freyer were associated together in the editorship of the *Granta*. Garstin was killed in Russia in 1918, but not before he had given promise of unusual literary gifts. Amongst his writings is a book, *The Shilling Soldiers*, to which Hugh Walpole wrote a preface after Garstin's death. From this I quote:

I have met many artists in my time, some artists by deliberate adoption, some artists by curiosity, some artists by ambition, but the born artist, who cannot help himself, who transmutes by his own spirit everything that he touches however common and unclean, into gold, is a rare creature. Of such a select company was Denis Garstin. Whatever the world might be into which destiny drew him, he assimilated its colour and texture until he became so thoroughly a part of it that it seemed to be his only possible condition. And yet, in spite of that assimilation, he never lost his own adventurous personality. . . . It is useless now to prophesy of what he might have done. . . .

Garstin was posthumously awarded the D.S.O. and M.C. Crosbie

Garstin, who first made a name as "Patlander" in *Punch*, is his brother. Crosbie contributed to the *Granta* while Denis was connected with it, but he was never actually "up."

Denis was the subject of the drawing which is still used as the heading for the Skipper's Guide,¹ the book-review column. It was drawn by his sister and the scene is laid on my own staircase (Garstin was at Sidney) in the rooms immediately above mine.

Garstin was a prolific writer, though not nearly so prolific as his co-editor, Dermot Freyer. Freyer had actually gone down some years previously and had returned as a resident to Cambridge. He edited and part-edited the *Granta* for some time, though this meant something of a break in the undergraduate traditions of the paper. Freyer has a number of books of verse to his credit, *Rhymes and Vanities*, *Sunlit Leaves*, etc. One of his *Granta* poems, "Little Steps to Longer Sonnets,"² was set to music by Herbert Hughes.

From the work of "outside" contributors which appeared in the *Granta* May Week number, published while Garstin and Freyer were editors, I have taken the following delightful Ballade by Philip Guedalla:

BALLADE OF TORY DEMOCRACY

You say, and are indubitably right,
 The lower classes of your native town
 Accumulate deplorably at night
 In homes which not infrequently fall down,
 And streets of a peculiar renown—
 For palpably insanitary flats
 Support the marquise of Underdown;
 (I wish to God that I could find my spats).

You add that you yourself have seen the sight,
 Perambulating like the Good Haroun,
 Who had a way of bringing things to light,
 An early Fabian whose skin was brown;
 I know the agéd Earl of Simonstown
 Pays for his famous pale Angora cats
 With money upon which the angels frown:
 (I wish to God that I could find my spats).

¹ This title ("the best punning title for a column of short book reviews in journalism," it has recently been called) has often led to confusion. "The Skipper's Guide" is a Guide for the Skipper, *i.e.*, a man who skips through books.

² See p. 115.

My heart is bleeding for the people's plight;
 The same, I think, is true of Mr. Brown,
 My able colleague, and Sir Sidney Bight,
 And Jasper Satterthwaite, fifth Earl of Clown,
 Whose benefactions, like his lady's gown,
 Have earned the praises of all democrats
 In tones it is impossible to drown:
 (I wish to God that I could find my spats).

ENVOI

Prince, we shall do the Other Fellows down
 By coming the benign aristocrats;
 I want to catch the 9.18 to Town:
 I wish to God that I could find my spats.

At the end of 1912 we come to the last of the Authors and Journalists—Edward Shanks. He wrote a great deal, and his several pseudonyms (amongst them N.M.W.—No Matter Who) appear regularly for something like two years. A member of the Squirearchy of Castle Court, Fleet Street, he has since acquired considerable reputation as a poet, critic, and novelist.

Amongst his contributors he numbered E. N. da C. Andrade, who was working at the Cavendish Laboratory at the time, and W. A. Darlington. Darlington achieved a success with *Alf's Button* during the War, and began writing for *Punch*, but he has since turned to weightier matters as dramatic critic on the *Daily Telegraph*. Jack Hulbert, the actor, also wrote for the *Granta*. But he seems to have confined himself to a few theatre criticisms and an article condemning bad behaviour during the performances!

It was when Shanks took over the *Granta*, that the editorship was first put on a legal footing—at the suggestion of R. C. Lehmann. Hitherto, the editor (and proprietor) had handed over the paper to his successor by word of mouth only, the only legal document being an agreement indemnifying the publisher against loss. And this had been sufficient so long as there was no doubt as to the identity of the editor-proprietor. But in 1912 a doubt arose.

At the end of the May Term, Garstin and Freyer began to think about a successor. Garstin, however, maintained that when the *Granta* had been handed over by the previous editor, he only had been made

editor and proprietor, and that Freyer was no more than an assistant, and had, therefore, no voice in the matter. But Freyer insisted that he had associated himself with Garstin as joint editor and proprietor (since he, also, had signed the Agreement of Indemnity) and that therefore he had an equal voice with Garstin in the matter of a successor.

Garstin's nominations were, either Harold Wright alone or D. G. Rouquette¹ and Edward Shanks together; Freyer's nomination was Shanks alone. But since there was no legal document defining their positions, neither Garstin nor Freyer could press his claim conclusively.

The difficulty was finally referred to R. C. Lehmann, who examined the claims of both parties and decided upon a successor. I quote from his "Award of the Arbitrator appointed to settle matters in dispute between Mr. Denis Garstin and Mr. Dermot Freyer":

My opinion, therefore, is that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Freyer did become joint proprietor and editor of the *Granta* with Mr. Garstin, and that he is thus entitled to have a voice in the appointment of a successor.

On the main question referred to me I decide that Mr. E. B. Shanks, of Trinity, is to be appointed Editor of the *Granta*, and that the proprietorship is to be transferred to him. Seeing that Mr. Garstin and Mr. Freyer have both indicated Mr. Shanks as an eligible successor to the editorship, I conceive that his appointment will be agreeable to each of them.

At the end of the document Lehmann made the suggestion that the position of editor and proprietor be in the future embodied in a legal document—which arrangement has since been consistently carried out:

I suggest . . . that in future the proprietorship should be transferred by a formal agreement to be drawn up by a lawyer. This agreement should be made between

- (1) the out-going editor,
- (2) the in-coming editor, and
- (3) Mr. W. P. Spalding, the publisher.

¹ D. G. Rouquette of Sidney was President of the Union and an occasional contributor to the *Granta*. He was killed in the War.

By the first part of the agreement the proprietorship should be conveyed from (1) to (2). If a consideration is judged to be necessary it might be of a small amount (say £1) and the receipt of it should be stated in the agreement to be acknowledged. The second part of the agreement would be between the in-coming Editor and Mr. Spalding in regard to the publication of the paper and the indemnity.

(Signed) R. C. LEHMANN.

Oct. 7th, 1912.

XI

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS COMPLETED

THE last editor before the War was John Norman of Emmanuel. He was killed at the Dardanelles in 1915. While he was up he was an athlete of some distinction, as the following extract from the War Edition (August 1915) of the Emmanuel magazine shows:

He [Norman] came up to Emmanuel in October 1912, and read for the Natural Sciences Tripos. He played in the Freshmen's Rugby match, and obtained his College colours; and these performances were repeated at Cricket. He also represented the College in the High Jump, the Hammer, and the Weight. He won the Weight in the Freshmen's Sports in 1912, and represented the University at Queen's Club in the Weight in 1913 and in the Hammer in 1914. In his second year he played in the Seniors' Rugby and Cricket matches, and played regularly in the University Rugby XV during the Lent Term. He was for some time Editor of the *Granta*, to which he contributed some excellent light verse.

Norman was editor during the Lent and May Terms of 1914. His sub-editor was C. J. Richards who, but for the War, would have succeeded him at Michaelmas of that year. One of his contributors was G. H. Shakespeare, who was later to become Private Secretary to Mr. Lloyd George and a Member of Parliament.

Both Richards and Shakespeare were up again in 1919, and contributed to the immediate post-war issues of the *Granta*.

* * * * *

So with 1914 we close the first twenty-five years of the *Granta's*

life. It is a long stretch of time and difficult to compress into a few pages. But it had to be done, though I fear that ex-editors, in particular, will bear me a grudge. For each one, be he never so modest, will feel that I have dealt inadequately, at any rate, with *his* work. It is to the ex-editors, therefore, that I make this briefest of apologies. I must point out that the *Anthology* is the main part of this book, and that much had to be sacrificed to it. It is from the literary and journalistic standpoint alone that this book has been compiled—to show that the *Granta*, perhaps more than any other paper, is a nursery of light literature. By many it is regarded as a stepping-stone to *Punch*.¹

The *Granta* has now an established reputation. Like many other and greater institutions it began in a small way. It passed through troublous times “when editors were few and quickly changing, and when it was never safe to predict from term to term whether or no the light-blue cover would be seen again in our streets.” Then it seemed to become a Trinity monopoly (look at the list of editors between 1900 and 1907)—“a Trinity joke to cure the dumps” was its perverted motto. But after a while it got out of the Trinity rut (if that ancient foundation will forgive the expression) and became more and more representative of the University as a whole.

Editors and contributors began to be drawn from every College until to-day the editor is never at a loss for a successor and seldom is he held up for lack of contributions. It is said that an editor was once asked how he thought the *Granta* compared with other University journals. But he shook his head. “I don’t read it,” he answered sadly, “I write it.”

Those days are mercifully past. The paper now is properly organized. The editor has an Office to sit in and, like the Psalmist, a Staff to comfort him. Perhaps I am over-bold when I write “properly organized.” I dare say that thirty years ago they thought they were “properly organized,” though we, to-day, wonder how they managed to go on with the business at all.

¹ Contributors both to the *Granta* (up to 1914) and to *Punch* include W. A. Darlington, Norman Davey, Anthony C. Deane, Charles Geake, Anstey Guthrie, H. S. Vere Hodge, R. P. Keigwin, F. O. Langley, R. C. Lehmann, Archibald Marshall, A. A. Milne, Barry Pain, Owen Scaman, A. A. Sykes, D. P. Turner, and P. Whitwell Wilson.

One forgets that in 1950 people may be saying the same about us. They will smile gently, those successors of ours, when they turn up the volumes of the 'twenties. "Only twenty pages a week," they will say. "And look, they still used that old half-tone method for reproducing photographs. Why, even the cover isn't in more than two colours. An office—there couldn't have been much of an office in King Street. Just a little room perhaps. And how absurd—they only had a telephone in the 'twenties. It really makes one wonder how the paper has lasted . . ."

That is how, I imagine, they will one day talk. And I hope, for the sake of the *Granta*, that I am right.

F.A.R.

ANTHOLOGY OF THE *GRANTA*

1889-1914

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ANTHOLOGY OF THE *GRANTA*

1889-1914

JOHN ALFORD (KING'S)

1.30 A.M.

A STEALTHY figure, from the darkness risen,
His course toward the spiked wall is shaping . . .
Is it a convict felon from his prison
Escaping?

With cautious step he starts to mount the brick-work,
His hand a friendly buttress stoutly grasping;
“ My holy Aunt, but this is jolly thick work! ”
Gasping.

The spikes at last! he hesitates before them,
Partly for breath, in calculation partly.
By Bacchus! now one leg he has thrown o'er them
Smartly.

But—*crzsh*—an awful sound of rending breeches,
While to the grass below he takes a header!

“ For mending trousers . . . 2s. 6d.” enriches
His bedder!

5th December 1911.

“ ALPHONSE ”

A LAMENT

I COME from the country. Papa is the vicar
Of Little Tumtiddle—it's not on the map.
I used to do lessons with Mr. Stumpsticker,
My dear papa's curate, an awfully nice chap.

He'd been up at Cambridge before he took Orders,
And when we went nutting, when lessons were done,
He'd talk of the practical jokes which the boarders
Would play on each other. It must have been fun!

And then he would talk of the sports and the rowing.
My goodness! it really was thrilling to hear
His description, in accents both manly and glowing,
How he *nearly* rowed bow in the fifth Lents one year.

And when I was twenty, and quite a big fellow,
I asked my papa if he thought I might go
To Cambridge, my mind and my manners to mellow.
He answered, “ Dear Bertie, decidedly so! ”

My dear Mamma bought me some vests and pyjamas,
And knitted a tie of the 'Varsity blue;
Papa gave me his blessing and warned me of harm, as
He knew Cambridge evils—it's funny he knew.

But, now that I'm up, I'm all sixes and sevens;
I don't seem to make the impression I should.
When I smile at a man he exclaims, “ Oh, good heavens! ”
I very much fear I am not understood.

I signed on for rowing, signed off on the morrow,
I found the bare seat so excessively hard.
So far (I am bound to confess it with sorrow)
I've no proper claim on the public regard.

17th November 1906.

HENRY BAERLEIN (TRINITY)

COLD LAMB

IT is not needful that I should dilate
 Upon the miscellaneous charms of Spring,
 When everything is damp and poets state
 That welkins—(who has ever seen one?)—ring;
 But there is one of whom I fain would sing,
 One whom I love, as dewberries the dew,
 And if I thought that such a tasteless thing
 Might hope to gratify your palate too,
 I'd pen a pastoral, O tender lamb, to you.

'Tis good to see you taking exercise
 And eager meals, at an alarming rate;
 'Tis good to see you cultivating size
 And gradually growing vertebrate;
 'Tis better to approach me on a plate,
 According to the culinary art
 That has decreed how you be laid in state
 Ere to the lambs' Valhalla you depart,
 And there you shall repose just underneath my heart.

Your fragile flesh with its ethereal tint
 Must undergo one final operation—
 Anointed with the fragrance of the mint,
 Shall you be borne to your incarceration.
 Farewell!—farewell!—no funeral oration
 Shall interrupt your everlasting sleep;
 We bury you—if that's a consolation—
 Where our most precious sentiments we keep:
 'Tis nobler to have died than have become a sheep!

28th April 1900.

THE SONNET-SPINNER

To an Enquirer

YOU wish to write a sonnet? this is how:—
 First take a text,—say, three times two are eight,
 Which, being doubtful, leaves room for debate,
 And then proceed to rhyme your “ how ” with “ now.”
 The next line, it may end in “ sow ” or “ cow,”
 And then, to balance all this rural freight,
 Put in a big word,—demiglomerate,—
 Which shows your strength of language, anyhow.

The next six lines are not so great a strain.
 Suppose you say,—“ I sing but as a bird,
 My bubbling rhymes come from the heart, not brain.”
 Which modesty sounds pretty, if absurd.
 You say we’ve wandered from the text? I know it,—
 But slight obscurity befits a poet.

12th May 1900.

JOHN HAY BEITH, “ Ian Hay ” (St. JOHN’S)

THE SUNSHADE

I AM very much annoyed with Mopson. I am also annoyed in a lesser degree with Miss Pansy Crumplit; also, though in a different way, with myself. But chiefly with Mopson, for I feel that I can never get quite even with him again.

However, I will tell the story from the beginning, and the judicious reader shall apportion for himself the responsibility for the deplorable catastrophe which has occurred.

I

Mopson and I live on the same staircase. He is several years my junior—two, to be precise, he being a Freshman and I practically a B.A. He is the son of our rector at home, and when his parents brought him to the College at the beginning of the term I faithfully promised his father that I would not lend Mopson money, and his mother that I would protect Mopson from undesirable influences.

I introduced Mopson to three of my most intimate friends—Allnutt, who is making rather a stir in the chess world just now; Mugby, the only undergraduate (to my knowledge) who has ever been invited to go for a walk with our College Tutor; and Spottisford, whom we, in our little circle, call “The Blood,” because he is so fastidious about his appearance and personal comforts. He flatly declines to wear a turn-down collar except on week-days, and there is practically only one brand of cocoa which he will drink.

Each of my friends tried to do something for Mopson. On one occasion he visited the Fitzwilliam Museum in company with Mugby, and on another Allnutt took him to a visitors’ night at the Chess Club. Spottisford, knowing that young blood sometimes runs hotly, took him to a rather rowdy meeting of the Geometrical Society. Several times we allowed him to accompany us upon our tri-weekly jaunt to Grantchester, and one night we took him to hear us ring ten thousand variations on the triple bob major at the weekly gathering of the Change Ringing Guild.

Few undergraduates enter the whirl of academic life under such tutelage as this; but Mopson proved to be absolutely impervious to civilization. As Mugby well said, he was “impossible.” He was docile enough for a week or two. Then, one morning he dropped into my room, and announced that although I wasn’t a bad old buffer myself, my friends struck him as the “absolute terminus.” Condescending to details, he criticized Spottisford’s—*Spottisford’s!*—dress, and added that two men who solemnly posted Cicero’s letters to one another for purposes of perusal at breakfast, as Allnutt and Mugby were in the habit of doing, were only fit to go and play at rabbits in an asylum for criminal lunatics. He concluded by imploring me as a personal favour to purchase an india-rubber and erase the lot.

I kept my temper, as I always do, and presently Mopson left the

room, banging the door behind him. Next day I encountered a boy on the staircase labouring under a basket containing bottles of lager beer, and later in the day a nauseating stench from the upper regions apprised me of the fact that Mopson had purchased a box of cigars and set up as a smoker.

Not content with thus ostentatiously burning his boats, Mopson proceeded to advertise his emancipation from my guardianship in a more concrete fashion. I found myself coerced into a sort of guerilla warfare.

I have a habit of pinning up notices of anything I may require for breakfast outside my oak overnight, to attract the somewhat unobservant eye of my bedmaker, Mrs. Gunn, when she arrives in the morning. On the Saturday evening following my rupture with Mopson, since I was expecting three friends to breakfast, I wrote upon a scrap of paper:

Please get me

12 eggs.

and pinned it outside the door as usual. Next morning Mrs. Gunn, whom a life spent in the society of irresponsible youth has robbed of all sense of proportion or capacity for surprise, protruded her bonneted head into my bedroom and observed:

"*Begging* your pardon, sir, but the Kitchens is sorry they can't give you more than seventy-four 'ens' eggs this morning. But they are sending up a couple of dozen ducks' eggs as well, in case they should be any use."

Mopson, on his way up to bed the night before, had added a 0 to my 12!

It was the first shot in a long campaign. I rose, put on a dressing-gown, picked my way through a sea of eggs, and went upstairs to interview Mopson. His door was sported, but on a covered dish left outside by a kitchen-man I observed three slices of cold beef—Mopson's lunch. Evidently he had given up having breakfast on Sunday mornings—another step in the downward path. I returned to my

room and procured a large envelope, which I inscribed, rather aptly, I think: "One of Cicero's Letters!" Into this I slipped Mopson's slices of beef, and posted it in Mopson's letter-box. Then I went downstairs again, feeling better.

The war raged for some weeks, but I will not weary the reader with a description of Mopson's somewhat drastic methods of conducting it. A single example will suffice. One morning, on returning to my rooms from a lecture, I was surprised to find a group of men standing about in the court outside my staircase, looking upward and smiling. My glasses are not suited to long-distance reading, and I was thus unable to distinguish what was printed on a placard, fixed to the wall some way up. On getting upstairs to my room I found that Mopson had forced an entrance and hung out from my window a large notice with the following legend:

WASHING!
A MANGLE KEPT
HEAR!

I retaliated by deleting Mopson's name from the Candidates' Book of our Coptic Manuscripts Club, for which I had put him up previous to our disagreement. I wrote him a note to that effect, and he wrote back recommending me to starch my dickey.

This is the first part of the story.

II

After this we did not speak to one another for a whole term. And then, somewhat to my surprise, Mopson made an effort at reconciliation.

One evening I encountered him at the door of the Union. I was coming out of a Private Business Meeting, and Mopson had come in to read the racing telegrams. These telegrams, by the way, I regard as a most pernicious institution. Times without number have I drawn

the attention of the Vice-President to their demoralizing influence upon people like Mopson. Once I put down a strongly worded motion for debate upon the subject. But I need hardly say that no one could be found bold enough to oppose me; so something of a more controversial nature was substituted, and my motion was shelved.

Anyhow, I met Mopson. He addressed me in a somewhat shame-faced awkward manner.

"Look here, Oyler, old man," he said, "I'm afraid I've been giving you a rotten time lately. I *have* been overdoing it a bit, and that's a fact. But you know what a blighter I am. I don't mean any harm. Anyhow, I'm sorry—there! Come and have a drink at the 'Gazeka.'"

I was never one to bear malice, and said so. I then accepted his apology. As regards his offer of refreshment, I replied, as he must have expected me to reply, that I was an abstainer. He merely replied: "Well, come and see *me* put one away, old son, and you can have a chat with Pansy."

I went—not, of course, because I was allured by the mention of Pansy, but because I remembered my promise to Mopson's mother.

Pansy proved to be a young person of considerable but somewhat mature attractions, in a purple blouse. Mopson, evidently with the intention of impressing me, ordered the most difficult liqueur he could think of, and then effected an introduction between myself and the lady. I attempted one or two conversational openings of a nature which I considered suitable to her intellectual standard, only to be interrupted with the somewhat irrelevant request that I would not address her as Miss Crumplit.

"Call me Pansy," said the lady. "I don't like being called Crumplit. It makes me feel like something to eat!"

"So you are!" exclaimed the infatuated Mopson.

"Naughty boy!" replied Miss Crumplit, archly rapping him on the knuckles with a stone matchstand.

Mopson retaliated by picking up the matchstand and emptying its contents over the mop-like coiffure of Miss Crumplit. In the playful scuffle which then ensued my toe was trodden on, and Miss Crumplit's little finger suffered abrasion through contact with the safety-pin which fastened the corners of Mopson's collar together. (She was endeavouring to pull his tie out by the roots at the moment.) Mopson offered no

apology in the matter of my toe, but insisted on applying first-aid (of a kind unrecognized in the medical profession) to the lady's little finger before we left.

That is the second part of the story. It merely serves to introduce Miss Crumpit to the reader's notice.

III

I regret to say that by the beginning of the May Term the armistice between myself and Mopson had come to an end. Possibly I was a little hasty in writing to Mopson's parents about Miss Pansy Crumpit, but Mopson was certainly not justified in calling me a canting hypocrite and addressing me as "Stiggins" and "Pecksniff" whenever we met on the staircase.

As many of my readers are aware, Whitsuntide at Cambridge used to be made hideous by the arrival of innumerable showmen's caravans upon Midsummer Common, where a fair of the most undesirable type was going on. One evening after Hall, Spottisford and I took a stroll in this direction. We had no intention of participating in any of the amusements provided, but the contemplation of humanity, however debased, must always be of interest to a thoughtful man.

Spottisford and I, then, wandered round the fair amid the flare of lights and medley of mechanically produced noises, resisting the blandishments of gentlemen in charge of swingboats and ladies who desired us to project missiles at cocoanuts. I was sorry to observe a large number of undergraduates present, all mingling freely with the roughs and shopgirls of the town, and treating the latter to all the amusements the place could offer. I pointed this out to Spottisford, and we were both animadverting somewhat sharply on the absence of Proctors when—we came face to face with Mopson and Miss Pansy Crumpit, arm-in-arm! Miss Crumpit still wore the purple blouse, but the most conspicuous article of her outfit was a scarlet sunshade, furled at the moment and employed as a walking-stick. With the ferrule of this weapon, as soon as she recognized me, she proceeded to dig me playfully in the ribs, enquiring at the same time whether I had been writing home to mother lately.

I kept my temper. I removed the point of the sunshade from the interstices of my ribs, and held it firmly aloft while I spoke to Miss

Crumpit. I pointed out in a clear and commanding voice—for it seemed to me that there were many present who might benefit by listening to my homily—that she would be much better employed even in dispensing inferior alcohol across the bar of the “Gazeka” than in trapesing about with a mere child like Mopson.

Then I turned to Mopson, and was proceeding to read him a sharp lecture—sadly interrupted I fear by a withering fire of reflections upon my appearance and character from Miss Crumpit—when there was a rush and a swirl in the unregenerate crowd which had gathered around us, accompanied by a frantic cry of “Proggins!”

Next moment everybody seemed to fade away. Mopson vanished into space. Miss Crumpit was swallowed up by the crowd. Even Spottisford, whom I thought I could have relied on, was no longer at my side. Instead, I found myself confronted by a grim-looking gentleman in a cap and gown and bands, behind him stood two of the most ferocious-looking myrmidons I have ever beheld. Thirty yards away I could see another Proctor with his bulldogs, driving the crowd before him.

There was a death-like silence. Even the steam organs seemed to have stopped of their own accord.

The Proctor took off his hat, and enquired formally:

“Your name and College, sir?”

It was a horrible position. Here was I, in the act of snatching a brand from the burning, actually mistaken by this undiscerning and hide-bound official for an opponent instead of an abettor of law and order. Of course, my character could be cleared. The College authorities would have nothing but this fellow’s word to go upon, and my previous record would entirely absolve me from any charges which might be brought against me. Still, he seemed to be expecting some sort of explanation.

“Your name and . . .,” he began again.

I immediately proceeded, as succinctly as possible, to outline the facts of the case for him. He was a man of no breeding and slight patience, for he presently interrupted me.

“Quite so,” he said, “*quite* so! But let me advise you, sir, when you go walking out with your lady friends, to return their property before you part company. It makes subsequent explanations of your conduct so much more plausible.”

One of the bull-dogs guffawed suddenly, and, with a slowly sinking sensation at my heart and a slight tightening of the hair upon my scalp, I followed with my eye the direction of his gaze. Then I perceived the trap into which, whether it had been set by accident or design, I had fallen.

My right hand was still convulsively grasping the scarlet sunshade of Miss Pansy Crumplit!

The College authorities took a lenient view of the case. But I have been expelled from the Chess Club. Mopson has bought a bundle of tracts, and drops one into my letter-box every time he passes.

11th June 1910.

E. F. BENSON (KING'S)

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE BABE AT CAMBRIDGE¹

THE Babe was a cynical old gentleman of twenty-one years of age, and played the banjo charmingly. In his less genial moments he spoke querulously of the monotony of the services of the Church of England, and the hopeless respectability of M. Zola. His particular forte was dinner parties for six, skirt dancing and acting, and the performances of the duties of half-back at Rugby football. His dinner parties were selected with the utmost carelessness, his usual plan being to ask the first five people he met, provided he did not know them too intimately. With a wig of fair hair, hardly any rouge, and an *ingénue* dress, he was the image of Vesta Collins, and that graceful young lady might have practised before him, as before a mirror. But far the most remarkable point about the Babe, considering his outward appearance and other tastes, was his brilliance as a Rugby football player. He was extraordinarily quick with the ball, his passing was like a beautiful dream, and he dodged, as was universally known, like the devil. It was a sight for sore eyes to see the seraphic smooth-faced Babe waltzing gaily about among rough-bearded barbarians, pretending

¹ Reprinted in *The Babe B.A.* PUTNAM'S.

to pass and doing nothing of the kind, dropping neatly out of what looked like the middle of the scrummage, or flickering about in a crowd which seemed to be unable to touch him with a finger.

Last night the Babe had been completely in his element. His dinner-party consisted of a rowing blue; a man who had been sent down from Oxford; a Dean who was to preach the University sermon next day, and was the Babe's uncle; Jack Marsden, a gentleman from Corpus, who had a very rosy chance, so said his friends, of representing Cambridge against Oxford at chess; and himself. Later on Reggie and Ealing had come in, and, with the help of the rowing man, broke both his sofas; the gentleman from Oxford had insisted, to the obvious discomfort of the Dean, on talking to him about predestination, a subject of which the Dean seemed to know nothing whatever; the chess-man had played *béziq*ue with Jack, and the Babe had presided over them all with infantine cynicism. A little later on, when the Dean had gone away, he had danced a skirt dance in a sheet and a nightgown, and they ended up the evening by what the Babe called "a set piece" from his window, consisting of a catherine wheel and four Roman candles, not counting the rocket which exploded backwards through the Babe's chandelier, narrowly missing the head of the man from Corpus, whose chance of getting his chess blue would, if it had hit him, have been totally extinguished. In order to lend verisimilitude to the proceedings Reggie had gone into the street and called "Oh-h-h-h," at intervals, and as he had left his cap and gown in the Babe's room, he was very promptly and properly proctorized.

The Babe breakfasted next morning at the civilized hour of ten, and observed with a faint smile that the rocket stick was deeply embedded in the ceiling. He ate his eggs and bacon with a serene sense of the successful incongruity of his little party the night before. The gentleman from Oxford, who was staying with him, had not yet appeared, but the Babe waited for no man when he was hungry.

The furniture of his rooms was as various and as diverse as his accomplishments. Several of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations from the *Yellow Book* clustering round a large photograph of Botticelli's *Primavera*, which the Babe had never seen, hung above one of the broken sofas, and in his bookcase several numbers of the *Yellow Book*, which the Babe declared bitterly had turned grey in a single night, since the former artist had ceased to draw for it, were ranged side by

side with Butler's *Analogy*, Mr. Sponge's *Sporting Tour*, and Miss Marie Corelli's *Barabbas*. It is, however, only fair to the Babe to say that Bishop Butler's volume had been part of the "set piece" for his Little-go, and that he referred to Miss Corelli as the arch humorist of English literature. A pair of dumb-bells, each weighing fifty-six pounds, stood by the fireplace, but these the Babe had never been known to use in order to further his muscular development; he only rolled them over the floor with the patient look of one who had the destinies of the world on his shoulders, whenever the lodger below played the piano. It may be remarked that the two were not on speaking terms.

"And herein," said the Babe, when he explained the use of the dumb-bells the evening before, "herein lies half the bitterness of human life."

He was pressed to explain further, but only replied sadly:

"So near and yet so far," and showed how it was possible to imitate the experience of a seasick passenger on the channel, by means of "that simple and, I may add, delicious fruit, the common orange."

It was a most realistic and spirited performance, and all that the Dean could do was to ejaculate feebly, "Do stop, Babe," between his spasms of laughter.

The Babe had finished his breakfast, which he ate with a good appetite, heartily, before the gentleman from Oxford appeared, and proceeded to skim the *Sunday Times*. When he did appear he looked a little disconsolately at the breakfast table, and lifting up a dish-cover found some cold bacon, at which he blanched visibly, and demanded soda water.

"What did you eat for breakfast, Babe?" he asked.

The Babe looked up apologetically.

"I'm afraid I ate all the eggs, and the bacon must be cold by now," he said. "But I'll send for some more."

"No thanks. Where's the tea?"

The Babe rang the bell.

"It'll be here in a moment. I drank cocoa."

Leamington finished his soda water and sat down.

"There is no end to your greatness. Cocoa! Great Scot! My tongue is the colour of mortar."

"I'm so sorry. I feel quite well, thanks. Will you have some

Eno's fruit salts? I know my landlady's got some, because she offered me them the other day when I had a cold. Here's your tea. Do you ever read the *Pink 'Un*? It's funny without being prudish."

Leamington poured out some tea.

"Don't read, Babe; it's unsociable. Talk to me while I eat."

The Babe laid down the current copy of the *Sunday Times*, and laid himself out to be pleasant.

"There are some people coming to luncheon at two," he said. "I rather think I asked Reggie. Poor Reggie, he got dropped on in a minute by the Proggins. Oh yes, and so is Stewart. Do you know Stewart? He's a don at Trinity, and is supposed to be wicked. I wish someone would suppose me to be wicked. But I'm beginning to be afraid they never will."

"You must lose your look of injured innocence, or rather cultivate the injury at the expense of the innocence. Grow a moustache; no one looks battered and world-weary without a moustache."

"I can't. I bought some Allen's Hair Restorer the other day, but it only smarted. I wonder if they made a mistake and gave me Allen's Antifat?"

"You don't look as if they had," said Leamington, "at least, it doesn't look as if it had had much effect. Wouldn't it take?"

"Not a bit," said the Babe. "I applied it night and morning to my upper lip, and it only smelt and smarted. I suppose you can't restore a thing that has never existed. I think I shall be a clergyman, because all clergymen cut their moustaches off; and to do that you must have one."

"I see. But isn't that rather elaborate?"

"No means are elaborate if you desire the end enough," said the Babe sententiously. "I shall marry too, because married people are bald, and I'm sure I don't wonder."

"So are babies."

"Not in the same way, and don't be personal. I can't think of any other means of losing the appearance of innocence. Suggest some: you've been rusticated."

"Why don't you——"

"I've tried that, and it's no use."

"But you don't know what I was going to say," objected Leamington.

THE GRANTA. OCT. 21. 1899.

Registered as a Newspaper

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THE GRANTA.

No. 266. Vol XIII.

October 21st, 1899.

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THE SECOND COVER DESIGN

"I know I don't. But I've tried it," said the wicked Babe. "I've even read the *Yellow Book* through from cover to cover, and, as you see, framed the pictures by Aubrey Beardsley. The *Yellow Book* is said to add twenty years per volume to anyone's life. Not at all. It has left me precisely where it found me; whereas, according to that, as I've read five volumes, I ought to be, let's see—five times twenty, plus twenty-one—a hundred and twenty. I don't look it, you know. It's no use your telling me I do, because I don't, and I have no illusions whatever about the matter."

"I wasn't going to tell you anything of the kind," said Leamington. "But you should take yourself more seriously. I believe that is very aging."

The Babe opened his eyes in the wildest astonishment.

"Why, I take myself like Gospels and Epistles," he said. "The fault is that no one else takes me seriously. You would hardly believe," he continued with some warmth, "that the other night I was proctorized, and that when the Proctor saw who I was—he's a Trinity man—he said, 'Oh, it's only you, Babe. Go home at once.' It is perfectly disheartening. I offered to let him search me to see whether I had such a thing as a cap or a gown concealed anywhere about me. And the bull-dogs grinned. How can I be the devil of a fellow if I'm treated like that?"

"I should have thought a Rugby Blue could have insisted on being treated properly."

"No, that's all part of the joke," cried the infuriated Babe. "It's supposed to add a relish to the silly pointless joke of treating me like a child and calling me 'Babe.' I've never been called anything but Babe since I can remember. And when I try to be proctorized the very bull-dogs come about me, making mouths at me."

"Rough luck. Try it on again."

"It's a pure waste of time," said the Babe disconsolately. "I might go out for a drive with all the bedmakers of this college on a tandem, and no one would take the slightest notice of me. Besides, I can never make a tandem go straight. The leader always turns round and winks at me. It knows perfectly well that I'm only the Babe, bless it's heart. I edited a perfectly scandalous magazine here last Term, you know, every day during the May week. It simply teemed with scurrilous suggestiveness. It insulted directly everyone with whom I

was acquainted, and many people with whom I was not. It compared the Vice-Chancellor to an old tooth-brush, and drew a trenchant parallel between the Proctors and the town drainage. It suggested that the ante-chapel of King's should be turned into a shooting gallery, and the side chapels into billiard rooms. It proposed that I should be appointed Master of Magdalene, I forget why at this moment. It contained the results of a plebiscite as to who should be Vice-Chancellor next year, and the under-porter of King's got in easily, with Jack Marsden as a bad second. It proposed the substitution of dominoes and hopscotch—I haven't the least idea what hopscotch is, but it sounds to me simply obscene—for the inter-University contests at cricket and rowing. And that magazine," said the Babe dramatically, rising from his chair, and addressing Primavera, "that magazine was welcomed, welcomed Madam, by all classes. The innocent lambs, whose reputation I ought to have ruined, came bleating after me, and said how they had enjoyed it. It sold by hundreds, when it ought to have been suppressed: people thought it funny, whereas it was only hopelessly foolish and vulgar, though I say it who shouldn't; while those few people who had the sense to see how despicable the whole production really was, told each other that it was only Me. Me! I'm almost sick of the word. I was put In Authority in the *Granta*, when I ought to have been sent down—the Vice-Chancellor asked me to dinner on the very day when I published a most infernal and libellous lampoon about him, and I have already told you how the Proctors treat me. It is enough," said the Babe in conclusion, "to make one take the veil, I mean the tonsure, and dry up the milk of human kindness within one."

"Hear, hear!" shouted Leamington. "Good old Babe!"

The Babe glared at him for a moment, with wild indignant eyes, and then went on rather shrilly—

"Look at Reggie. I'm older than he is—at least, I think so—and anyone with a grain of sense would say that I, therefore, ought to know better, and what is excusable in him, is not excusable in me, but he goes and says 'Oh' in the street, and he is treated as a dangerous character, sent home, and will be fined. I might say 'Oh' till Oscar Browning got into Parliament, and do you suppose they would ever consider me a dangerous character? Not they. (Here the Babe laughed in a hollow and scornful manner.) They would treat me with

that infernal familiarity which I so deprecate, and say, 'Go home, Babe.' 'Babe' indeed!"

The Babe's voice broke, and he flung himself into his chair with a tragic gesture.

Leamington applauded this histrionic effort, and feeling a little better after breakfast, lit a cigarette. The maid-servant came to clear breakfast away, and as she left the room the Babe resumed in the gentle, melancholy tones which were natural to him—

"If I thought it would do any good, I would go and snatch a kiss from that horrid, rat-faced girl as she is carrying the tray downstairs. But it wouldn't, you know, it wouldn't do any good at all. She wouldn't complain to the landlady, or if she did it would only end in my giving her half a crown. Besides, I don't in the least want to kiss her—I wouldn't do it if she gave me half a crown. I wonder what George Moore would do if he were me. We'll ask Stewart when he comes to lunch. He is intimate with all notable people. George Moore is notable, isn't he? Wasn't a book of his boycotted? That's real fame."

"Don't know," said Leamington. "I never read."

"When I grow up," continued the Babe with less bitterness, but returning like a burned moth to the sore subject—no charge for mixed metaphors—, "I shall live exclusively in the society of Archdeacons. Perhaps they might think me wicked. Yet I don't know—my uncle whom you met last night thinks I'm such a good boy, and he's a Dean."

"I doubt if they would. The other day someone sent a telegram to the Archdeacon of Basingstoke, a man of whom he knew nothing except that he was a teetotalter and an antivivisectionist, saying 'Fly at once, all is discovered.' The Archdeacon flew, and has never been heard of since. No one has the slightest idea where he has gone or what he had done. You know you wouldn't fly, Babe, if you were sent telegrams like that by the hundred."

"How little you know me," said the Babe dramatically; "I should fly like fun. Don't you see, if one flew, one's character for wickedness would be established beyond all doubt. I might send a telegram to myself, telling me to fly. Then I should fly, but leave the telegram lying about in a conspicuous position. After a year's absence I should return, but my character would be gone beyond all hopes of recovery, and the world would do me justice at last."

"Poor misunderstood Babe! Why don't you go to Oxford, saying you've been sent down from Cambridge? What time do we lunch?"

"Oh, about two, and it's half-past twelve already. Let's go round to the Pitt. This evening we will go to Trinity Chapel. A little walk is very wholesome after breakfast. Besides, I shall go in a bowler, and perhaps we shall meet a Proggins. I shall insult him if we do."

18th January 1896.

* * * * *

THE BABE and Reggie were sitting outside the pavilion at Fenner's watching the University against the Gentlemen of England who, as the Babe said, so far from "sitting at home at ease," were running out to Feltham's slow bowling and getting caught and stumped, with very enjoyable frequency. The cricket was a delightful mixture of a fine bowling performance and very hard hitting, which to the uneducated spectator is perhaps the most lively of all to watch. Feltham had in fact just, from the Babe's point of view, sent down the most ideal over. The first ball was hit out of the ground for six, the second bowled the hitter round his legs. The third ball was hit by the incomer for four, and the fourth for four. The fifth ball he also attempted to hit as hard as he could to square leg, and he was caught at point, in the manner of a catch at the wicket.

The Babe tilted his hat over his eyes, and gave a happy little sigh.

"Reggie, the Tripos is the secret of life," he said. "If you want to get a real feeling of leisure and independence, a feeling that you have been told privately by the archangels to amuse yourself and do nothing whatever else, go in for the Tripos, or rather, wait till you come out. I suppose that, considering my years, I have wasted more time than most people, and I thought I knew what it felt like. But I didn't. I had no idea how godlike it is to do nothing. To have breakfast, and feel that it won't be luncheon-time for four hours, and after that to have the whole afternoon before you."

"When are the lists out?"

"Oh, in about ten days now. Don't talk about lists. Tell me how long you worked this morning. Tell me about the man in your College who works ten hours every day and eleven hours every night.

Tell me of the difficulty of learning by heart the Roman Emperors or the Kings of Israel and Judah. Assure me that by knowing the angle of the sun above the horizon and the length of Feltham's shadow, you could find out how tall the umpire is."

"He's about five foot ten," said Reggie.

"That's like the answers I used to give to the question about the hands of a watch," said the Babe. "They tell you that if the hands of a watch are together at twelve—there's no 'if' about it, it is never otherwise—when will they be together next? I always said about five minutes past one. It seems absurdly simple. I've often noticed them together then: and the same remark applies to about ten minutes past two. That reminds me," added the Babe, looking at his watch, "That it's twenty-five minutes past five. The hour hand seems to have gained a little."

"Oh, I remember," said Reggie, "the hour hand gains seven-elevenths."

"Seven-elevenths of what?"

"I don't know. Of the answer, I suppose. I shouldn't have thought it was five yet."

"But it is, and that compels us to decide between tea and cricket."

"We can get tea in the pavilion. There's another four."

"You shall give me a hundred to one that the next ball is not a wicket," said the Babe.

"In pennies, and make it fifty."

"Done."

A very audible click and an appeal. Reggie got up and felt in his pockets.

"I should have been ashamed to get out to a ball like that. You'll have to pay for tea, Babe. There you are."

"Twopence more," said the Babe.

"Not if I went to the stake for it! Hullo Ealing, where are you from? Ealing's got a glorious post-Tripes face too. He really deserves to be able to play 'Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him,' but he can't, even now."

"Composed by Mr. Haydn," said Ealing. "It contains a very difficult passage. Your left hand has to go to the left, and your right hand to the right. You feel all pulled in two. Babe, the Tripes is the noblest of inventions. I think I shall go in for a second part. I can

quite understand how the lower classes get in such boisterous spirits on bank holidays that they change hats with each other."

"I'd change hats with—with a bishop," said the Babe, looking wildly about for suggestions.

"So would I. Or with Longridge. He wears a blue cake hat. Hullo, they're all out, and I think we need some refreshment."

"Come and have tea then," said Reggie. "The Babe stands tea."

"Hang the expense," said the Babe recklessly. "When a man's got some tin, what can he do better than to give his pals a real blow out? I've got four shillings. Tea for three and bread and butter for two. The fortune of the Rothschilds sprang from these small economies. Bread and butter for two will be plenty. I'm sure none of us can be very hungry on so warm a day. Oh, there's a tuft-hair drinking out of a tall glass. I expect it's gin-sling. What is gin-sling? In any case you can't say it ten times. Ging slin."

"I thought you could always say Ranjitsinghi, Babe?"

"I can when other people are just unable to. Sufficient champagne gives me a wonderful lucidity, followed by sleepiness. There's Stewart. I didn't know he came to cricket matches."

Stewart was delighted to see them.

"But you, Babe, are not fit for the society of ordinary people," he said; "your extreme cheerfulness since your Tripos argues a want of consideration for others. What have you been doing?"

"I've been looking at cricket, and also talking."

"You don't say so."

"I have indeed," said the Babe. "What effect does champagne have on you?"

"Why do you ask these sudden questions?" said Stewart wearily. "It makes the wings of my soul sprout."

"The principle is the same. I ate lobster salad the other day and drank port. It did not give me indigestion, but acute remorse."

"Remorse for having done so?"

"No, a vague searching remorse for all the foolish things I had done, and all the foolish things I meant to do, and for being what I was. Food doesn't effect your body, it effects your soul. Conversely, sermons which are supposed to effect your soul make you hungry."

Stewart lit a match thoughtfully against the sleeve of his coat.

"The Babe has hit on a great truth," he said. "A curious instance occurred to my knowledge two years ago. A strong, healthy man read *Robert Elsmere*. It gave him so severe an attack of dyspepsia that he had to spend the ensuing winter on the Riviera, and eat pepsine instead of salt for eighteen months. Then he died. The phenomenon is well established. Poor Simpson, the Fellow of my College, as you know, broke his leg the other day. It was supposed to have happened because he tripped and fell downstairs. But he told me himself that he was just leaving his room, and that as he walked downstairs he read the first few pages of *Stephen Remarx*. It was that, of course, that broke his leg, and so he fell downstairs as soon as he tried to put it to the ground. The Babe is quite right. Sermons, as he told us, make him hungry, and lobster and port remorseful. In the same way high tea, if frequently taken, will make anyone a Nonconformist, in the same way as incense induces Roman Catholicism. But, Babe, don't tell Longridge."

"Why not?"

"He will want to talk about it to me, and then I shall be taken with melancholy madness. Are you coming up for another year, Babe?"

"I don't know. I should like to. Of course, it will depend on my getting through. If I do, I think a note from my Tutor to my father might have a wholesome effect."

"Your Tutor will do whatever you wish him to," said Stewart. "At present he is going back to College. I have a hansom waiting because I hate walking. Do any of you want a lift?"

The others stayed up till stumps were drawn, and walked down together. The tea, no doubt, had affected the Babe's soul in some subtle manner, producing acute fatuity.

29th February 1896.

* * * * *

THE BABE spent the remaining ten days in assiduous inaction. He sat in canoes; he sat on benches watching cricket or tennis; he ate, and he slept. He appeared at the Senate House on the morning when the lists were read out, in pumps, pink pyjamas, a long great coat, and a straw hat. Reggie, who stood next him, thought he detected signs of

nervousness, when the names began to be read, but it is probable that he was mistaken, for the Babe had never before been known to be afflicted with that distressing malady. A large number of his more intimate friends were there, and an air of suspense was abroad. But it was over sooner than anyone anticipated, for the Babe, contrary to the expectation of even the most sanguine of them all, and that was himself, was first in the second class. There was one moment's pause of astonishment, not unmingled with awe, and then a wild disorderly scene of riot and shouting arose, in which the Babe was seized and taken back to Trinity in a triumphal procession, which carried him over the grass in the Great Court, wholly disregarding the porters who gibbered helplessly round them, until Stewart appeared, who, however, instead of instantly stopping it, seemed to take sympathetic interest in the proceedings.

Later in the day he wrote a charming letter to the Babe's father, in which he congratulated him on his son's brilliant success, alluded to his keen historical instinct and his vivid grasp of events—whatever a vivid grasp may be—and stated (which was undoubtedly true), that if certain five men out of the whole University had not happened to go in for the same Tripos the same year, the Babe would infallibly have been Senior Historian.

An answer came later to Stewart and the Babe. The latter's was short but satisfactory. Reggie was breakfasting with him when the post came in, or rather, he was waiting without any excess of patience, while the Babe, whom he had just pulled out of bed, explained precisely how it was that he was not dressed yet, and urged him not to begin, or, if he insisted on doing so, to play fair.

At this moment the porter entered with the letter, and the Babe snatched it from his hand, tore it open, and executed a *pas seul* round the room, until he stepped on the kettle lid, and hurt himself very much.

"The Babe, B.A., will be in residence another year," he shouted. "You may eat all the breakfast if you like."

Reggie has a healthy appetite, and the Babe was rather plaintive about it.

Stewart, who had received a letter from the Babe's father by the same post, looked in after breakfast with congratulations.

"I am delighted," he said, "but in a way disappointed, and for

this reason. I was looking forward to your *dénouement* with some interest, and should have found a melancholy pleasure in seeing how you would make your exit from Cambridge, and what piece of extraordinary folly would have been given last. It seems I shall have to wait another year for that."

"Oh, don't mind me," said the Babe shrilly. "Say you're sorry I'm coming up again straight out, if you like."

"No, on the whole, I don't mind waiting another year," said Stewart.

10th March 1896.

R. CARR BOSANQUET (TRINITY)

THE DEAN'S STORY¹

"THAT cat, sir, black and yellow
And blind and deaf and lame,
Is on the books as Fellow,
And ranks in all but name
As Master," said the Junior Dean,
And told this tale to me between
Our efforts on the bowling-green,
As I repeat the same.

"There entered at this College
Some dozen years ago,
A man that hated knowledge
And held that books were low.
Your thoroughbred patrician weed
Can run uncommon quick to seed—
I judge by Chapels—to proceed,
He lived on staircase O.

¹ Reprinted in Theodore A. Cook's *Anthology of Humorous Verse*. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

“ He never stinted tenners,
His tip was seldom less,
And when he ran at Fenner’s,
He ran in evening dress:
Became what you would call a Blood,
One part whisky, three parts mud,
The kind that chews the devil’s cud,
And chews it to excess.

“ His sinful soul was spotted
As any groom’s cravat,
And grew so far besotted
With self-indulgence that,
Impelled one night by freak of fate
Or liquors that intoxicate,
At any rate, returning late,
In passing through the College gate,
He kicked the Senior Cat.

“ She rose in silent sorrow
Inscrutable, obese,
Resolved that on the morrow
Indignities should cease.
Her couriers, the Chapel bats,
Proclaimed the tryst to fens and flats,
And midnight found three hundred cats
Encamped on Parker’s Piece.

“ That night, about a quarter
To one or something more,
Men say the college porter
Sat up in bed and swore.
He cursed the bell that broke his sleep
In tones to make a Bursar weep,
In metaphors as broad as deep,
Then loth unbarred the door.

“ It was no common cabby
That pealed the midnight bell;
It was a grizzled tabby,
A cat he knew right well.
And lo! behind her through the night
A long procession loomed in sight,
Cats black and yellow, dun and white,
Blue-grey and tortoiseshell.

“ Their pace was soft and solemn,
Their claws were bared to wound,
In dim fantastic column
A dreadful dirge they crooned.
He counted near three hundred pass
In single file across the grass,
He heard the crash of breaking glass,
That heard, and hearing swooned.

“ Against his shoulder creaking
The gate swung to and fro,
And round the turrets shrieking
Came gusts of wind and snow.
Yet men that are not wont to dream
Declare they heard a human scream
That unmistakably did seem
To come from staircase O.

* * * * *

“ A help about the dawning
Unlocked the outer door;
She found the window yawning
And snow across the floor,
An empty bed, no blood, no tracks:
No corpse in Cam or on the Backs:
For whom the wrath of Pasht attacks
Is seen on earth no more.

The only clue that fact supplied
 I personally verified—
The cats in all the country-side
Were sleeker than before.

“ No Proctor, Dean, or Master
 Has more despotic right
 Of dealing out disaster
 And satisfying spite.
 The most unbending democrat
 Does homage to the Senior Cat,
 And—*verbum sapienti sat*—
 It's just as well to lift your hat
 In passing; so—Good-night.”

25th April 1891.

GEORGE STEWART BOWLES (TRINITY)

I KNEW A MAN

I KNEW a man who lived upon the Past,
 The which he bolted with prodigious speed
 Until his mind would only move astern.

Perceiving this, they told him he was great,
 And bade him write them theses; which he did,
 Until his mind had ceased to move at all.

They gave him then a Fellowship for life,
 And called him learned; which, perhaps, he was.

21st October 1899.

And loud is the wail of the bike and the trailer and trap as they scatter
 afar
 To left and to right in discomfited flight at the blast of the God in
 the Car.

6th May 1905.

IN THE CAMBRIDGE EASTER VACATION

A LAMENT

SEDUCTIVE lilt and banjo-line forsaking,
 My Muse dictates an elegaic strain—
 Verses in sombre monotone partaking
 The darkling gloom that wraps my heart and brain.

Ye who in hansoms outward to the station
 Vanished *instantly* when the term was o'er;
 What do ye reckon of wretches whom Vacation
 Leaves in its wake as wreckage on the shore?

What do ye know of dreary days unending
 When March, departing, roars with rain and sleet
 Upon the solitary outcast wending
 His painful way along St. Andrew's Street?

In Hall a ghastly row of vacant places;
 The last lorn Little-Going wight is down;
 Stay—at the Union are familiar faces—
 The admirable staff of St-nl-y Br-wn.¹

But there I strike a deeper note of anguish,
 My haunts are "Closed for cleaning and repairs";
 Disconsolate within the hall I languish,
 Or stumble on a bucket on the stairs.

¹ Stanley Brown, Chief Clerk of the Union.

The river—I will watch the ripples glitter,
 Canoeing down the Backs. Another shock—
 From Strange's man the intimation bitter,
 "They've drained the water off at Jesus Lock."

The Theatre—ah, thither will I hasten;
 Perchance may Thalia consolation bring;
 A poster stands my eagerness to chasten—
 A comic Jew in "Soldiers of the King."

So to my hermit cell I pass with sorrow,
 And—though connoting horrors of the Mays—
 I hail the advent of the glad to-morrow
 That shall bring Term, and friends, and brighter days.

21st April 1906.

A COMPOSITE BAEDEKER

The ordinary Guide-Book, being the work of a single writer, suffers from a certain monotony of style. Would not a combination of literary efforts produce a more varied effect? We offer the suggestion gratis to enterprising publishers, and may perhaps hope eventually to see a Guide to Cambridge executed somewhat as follows:

I.—THE TOWN

(In the manner of Bart Kennedy)

CAMBRIDGE!

We are here at the station. How noble is this station. How long is this platform. Where the trains squeeze past each other. Up trains and down trains. All together. It is the longest platform in England. This long, asphalt platform. Here in Cambridge.

* * * * *

How grand are these arches outside. These bold, sweeping arches. Norman arches. These fine, beautiful arches. Arches at the station.

In the road are tram-lines. There are two tram-lines. Each is parallel to the other. Therefore they never meet. What a thought is this! They never, never meet. These tram-lines in the road.

There is no tram upon them. The tram has gone. It has vanished from this flat, wide road. Strong men have wept for this tram. This calm, peaceful tram. Women and children have sought for it in vain. It has gone, and the tram-lines are left desolate. Here on the wide road.

* * * * *

This is the river. It is called the Cam. Men call it thus because it cam, and never got back. An undergraduate told me this. A grave, studious undergraduate. Grave with the gravity of extreme youth. Musing by the Cam.

II.—THE BACKS

(In the manner of Swinburne)

SILVERED sheen in the shaded green, with slowing slide to the sighing
sea,

Drifting far from the things that are to the soul of the things that ought
to be;

Here the note of the gliding boat, the plangent paddle and plashing oar,
Onward creeping in languor'd sleep, and whisp'ring softly to sedge
and shore.

Golden dawn o'er the gleaming lawn; the birds sing out in the silence
cold;

Purpling light in the eastern night, as Phoebus rides in his car of gold;
Lambent flame where the Greek god came, the wings of dawn at his
shoulders fair,

Dream-like flow of effulgent glow, suffusing heaven and earth and air.

Hoary pile of the olden style that still recks nothing of storm and time,
Guarding store of cryptic lore beyond the limits of age and clime,
Floating weed and waving reed, and mullioned window and buttress
strong—

(The sense is weak, if the Bard may speak; but the *sound's* the thing
in a Swinburne song).

III.—THE COLLEGES

(In the manner of Meredith)

A FAMED portal this; eighth Harry centralized, stout if stunted, and trappinged with fictive gold annually, as scion's tribute to progenitor in primal stone. Beneath lurks your Cerberus, modernly not tri-cephalous; drowsily emergent to give head-affirmative or negative to query, and evoking a felicitous tourist-whisper, "He has a tall hat!"

* * * * *

Hard by, a similarity, with antelopes and red-brick, rushes to the perceptive faculty. Here, a vista of courts and cobblestones, with over-stream adjunct and Jove's bird as warden.

* * * * *

How can we manage to print on the crow-scalp of the outsider, by watchmaker's eye eruptive of the infinitesimal, or under broad Alpine survey, conception of this pinnacled fane (abhorred exteriorally though by one Slade Professor of note)? The penetrator, skirting, with head agape to gobble-up the venerable, sacred Fellows' turf to left, meets quivering immensity on entrance, with such glories of blue-glass and French *fourmillement*, as are not dreamed of in the very clarity of the drug-sleep. Wherefrom, the lively dialoguer, one for witty bouts, argues the noted majesty of these *alumni*.

* * * * *

Another pile here, isolated in oneness; that blazons Chanticleer as totem—once with the Attic tag, ἐγὼ εἶμι ἀλέκτωρ. Approach is by this alley, high-walled, constricted to chimney-ness. Within, Daedalian cloistered walks and buildings, whose denizens, not anchor-esses now, are in a bubble about oarage.

13th October 1906.

“BREKEKEKEX”

TWO PEOPLE

NUMBER ONE: *A Fresher.* He may have elder brothers. But none have been “up.” Of course, you know that.
 Number Two: *A Tailor.* Or another tailor. Or a third.
 You see?

ONE: “Good morning, sir.”

TWO: “Good morning, sir.”

“Erm. I should like to see some materials for a gown. Erm—and mortar-board. Yes.”

“Oh, will you step this way, sir?”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Not at all.”

“Thank you.” He is stepping that way.

“Of course we keep them ready-made.”

“Oh!”

“Yes. This is the standard quality stocked by all the best tailors at one price. You said Corpus, didn’t you, sir?”

“Thank you very much.—Oh, and will it really wear well?”

“Extryordinarily reliable, sir. Made of the very best something or other. You see, the what’s-its-name is beautifully so-and-so and something. Just hold it to the light, sir.”

“Yes, thank you. Let me see. Ah, very fine material. Very fine. So soft and yet so—you know. Yes.”

“You couldn’t beat that gown anywhere, sir.”

“No.”

“It’s a very handsome gown, that, sir. And suits you well, too.”

“Yes, very nice, very nice indeed.” He thinks very hard a bit.
 “Very nice.”

“We have a pier-glass here, sir. It appears to hang well behind, sir, too.”

“How about the length, please?”

“I should say it was just about the right length for you, sir.”

“Yes. Erm. Let me see. How are they worn?”

“Just over the shoulders, sir, and——”

“No, I mean how about the length, if you don’t mind?”

“Oh, well, just about so far down. That suits you very nicely.”

“I suppose you could make it a little longer, if necessary?”

“Oh, certainly, sir.”

“Yes. Oh, and erm—of course, I suppose you could shorten it in case——”

“Oh, very easily, sir, we should simply—. But you know, sir, you look very well in that one, sir. I should say it suits you.”

“Yes, I think it looks very nice indeed. Very nice. Have you any other qualities? Or any other shapes?”

“We have a cheaper quality, sir. But we never recommend it. No.”

“I mean, have you anything better, perhaps?”

“We could make you up something in a better material, if you should require it.”

“Yes, I see. I understand. How long would you take? You see, I’m rather in a hurry for it.”

“Oh, you could have it in a day or two, sir.”

“Yes, I see. I suppose it would be exactly the same shape?”

“How do you do? Yes, I mean, of course, exactly.”

“Why is it so much dearer?”

“Undoubtedly, indeed, yes.”

“I see.”

“Shall we make you one up, sir?”

“Erm. Let me see. Yes, I mean no. No, not to-day. Perhaps later. I mean to say, erm—now will the *cheapest* quality, will it, does it, I mean, does it, erm, does it—will it wear really *very well indeed*?”

“Harry, come and see to this gentleman’s gown, I’ve got to go to lunch.” He goes far away.

HARRY: “Good morning, sir.”

“Good morning, sir. I’ve come to see about a gown.”

“Oh, yes.”

“Perhaps you could show me some mortar-boards?”

“Caps, yes. Certainly, sir. In two qualities, 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.”

“I suppose the 7s. 6d. one is better quality or something?”

“No, oh, no! I mean, yes. Of course. It has the best board. This has cardboard. But, if you have any friends, it’ll soon be taken out, God bless yer——”

"I beg your pardon?"

"No, I mean, miserable day again, isn't it?"

"Yes, wretched. Don't you think, sir, that gown is a little too stiff across the back?"

"We're asked for 'em stiff. They sit better."

"Oh, yes. Well, I think I'll—erm—I'll come back again. Sorry to have troubled you. Good morning, sir."

"Good afternoon to *you*."

* * * * *

He forgets lunch.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good afternoon."

"Do you stock gowns? And caps?"

He steps that way. Asks to see the standard quality. And for very stiff across the back. And best boards. Learns a lot about dyes. Then proceeds to third tailor. Same scene. They are not really quite black enough. Towards eight returns to first tailor.

"Oh, they're not quite finished, sir."

"What?"

"The shirts, sir."

"What shirts? I've come to see about my gown."

"Oh, certainly, sir. Will you step this way?"

"You might make up that better quality. How long will you be?"

"You can have it by to-morrow night."

"I see. Yes. I think I'll have the other quality, then I can take it along with me. You see, I'm rather in a hurry for it. Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Not at all. Harry, make a parcel of that cap and gown, sharp. Miserable day again?"

"Yes, wretched. Thank you. Good afternoon."

"Good night."

14th October 1911.

“BUDDY”

A SOGG OF SPRIGG

OR, DAB BY DOSE!

I SIGG a Sogg of Sprigg; dow very sood
 That berry seasod cubs. E'ed dow do we
 Rebark its deardess: listed to by tude
 Ad you bay bark the harb it's dud to be.
 The sdow is od the growd; id beadows greed
 The yugg sprigg labkid stads beside its dab;
 Bidsubber Cobbod's packed with oarsbed, keed
 To pludge their blades like lightdigg id the Cab;
 The Ledts will sood, by this beadering streab,
 Bake thousads rud, both 'Varsity ad Towd;
 Id ebulation each boats' badly teab
 Will gride their heels id, swigg their stubbachs dowd.
 Ah be! ah be! the keeddess that I feel
 Ibbedse is, yet ibbedser would be thed,
 Had I dot failed to beg, borrow, or steal
 A hagkerchief ere taking up by ped.

17th February 1906

“L.C.”

REALITY

WHEN I was “progged,” I did *not* prate,
 I did *not* curse my fickle fate;
 I did *not* say that I was Brown
 Of John's, or someone in the town;
 I did *not* think “it was not late.”
 I did *not* run to reach my gate;
 “My cousin, Sir,” I did *not* state;
 I did *not* say I'd lost my gown
 When I was “progged.”

I did *not* try to illustrate
 My innocence and sober gait;
 I did *not* say—improper noun—
 No! my address was taken down,
 I simply paid my six-and-eight
 When I was “progged.”

30th May 1908.

P. V. COHN (TRINITY)

TO THE CHUCKER-OUT, NEW THEATRE

L ORD of the frowning mien and portly chest,
 To thee I sing,
 Who nightly, like some doughty warrior drest,
 Rulest a king
 Within the two-bob circle. But they might,
 Though dearly prized,
 I ne'er have seen, by afternoon or night,
 Yet exercised.
 Not thine to watch the melancholy Dane
 His uncle slay;
 Not thine to listen to the dulcet strain
 Of “music” play.
 Not thine to mark the hero (five foot one)
 In manly rage
 Bear in his arms the heroine (fourteen stone),
 Across the stage.
 Not thine to sniff the villain's cigarette,
 Or, while distress
 Seizes the lady, see him plot further yet
 In evening dress.
 Dreary thy lot, and yet perchance not hard:
 (Is't fortunate or
 Unlucky from stage joys to be debarred
 As a spectator?)

If thou must watch the graceless undergrad
 Who's indiscreet,
 Will they not suffer thee to speed the cad
 Forth from his seat?
 Fain would I see that brawny arm strike out
 And something do,
 Conquer some theatre-ruffian in a bout
 Of ju-jitsu.
 Perchance, now Clark¹ has proved how sore we need
 A censor morum,
 They'll let thee, not in name alone, but deed
 Enforce decorum!

3rd June 1905.

E. H. M. COOPER (QUEENS')

THE FOURTH YEAR

ONE, two, three, the years fly past,
 And the end comes all too fast.
 Make the most
 Of your time,
 Soft and slow
 (As a Ghost),
 Hark! the chime,
 FOUR!

One, two, three, the maids flit past,
 Hearts that beat a trifle fast,
 Oh! beware,
 While there's time.
 Slow and sure
 (Oh! Take care)
 Comes the chime,
 FOUR!

¹ J. W. Clark, for many years Registry of the University and a Director of the Theatre.

One, two, three, the friends go past,
Some, alas, too far, too fast!

Oh! be kind;
Short the time
While you may
(Love is blind),
Hark! the chime,
FOUR!

One, two, three, the years fly past,
And the end comes all too fast.

Make the most
Of your time,
Soft and slow
(As a Ghost)
Comes the chime
FOUR!

21st October 1899.

W. A. DARLINGTON (St. JOHN'S)

FAMILIARITY BREEDS . . . ?

"BUTTER, please, Jack," said Miss Harding.
I passed it to her in silence, and breakfast surged on.
"Tom, jam," was her next remark.

I coughed impressively and rose to my feet.

"Miss Harding," I began severely, "you have been staying in this house only a very short time, and you have lately shown premature signs of desiring to know Mr. Marshall and myself by our Christian names. So far, so good. But furthermore . . ."

"Sit down!" said Peggy.

¹ From a series entitled US.

"Furthermore, you call us by abbreviations of those names which our godfathers and godm . . ."

"Sit down!" said Helen.

"I refuse to be heckled by Suffragettes. Now, Mr. Marshall and I *both* think that it would be more fitting if you called me John and him Thomas until . . ."

"Sit down," chorused the whole family. I bowed to superior force and sat down. Tom coughed impressively and rose to his feet.

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," said he, "I rise to express myself in entire agreement not only with all that my honourable friend has said, but also with all that he would have said if . . ."

"Thomas!" said Madeline sharply, "sit down at once!"

"Henpecked already," sighed Tom, and subsided.

"It's absolutely inexcusable to talk like that at breakfast," said Helen.

"I think you're very rude, Tom," said Leila.

"Thomas, please," I corrected.

"And you too, Jack."

"John, please," murmured Tom.

"Well," said the lady of the house, "I think you're all talking a great deal of nonsense, and you'd be much better employed elsewhere."

The meeting broke up in confusion.

* * * * *

We met again at lunch. I removed the cover from the dish, and disclosed two very difficult chickens.

I looked interrogatively at Leila.

"Please, Jack," she said demurely.

"John, please," suggested Herbert.

There was a long silence, towards the end of which I very nearly said something.

"Oh, Jack, you *are* mangling them," said the lady of the house.

"Sorry, mother. I don't know the course," said I, missing an easy approach, and depositing a large divot on the table.

"Hadn't I better . . .?" she asked.

"Perhaps you had," I answered, and we changed places.

At this point Tom, who was reading a letter, burst into a loud, vulgar laugh.

"Who's it from? What's the joke?" we all wanted to know.

"Mrs. Crichton. Listen . . ."

"One minute, Tom. Who's Mrs. Crichton?" from Leila.

"Thomas, please. Mrs. Crichton is the wife of our late house-master," I explained. "Go on, Tom. Spout it forth."

"*You* won't like it," said Tom, and read it out. "I am so pleased to hear you are engaged, and to the sister of an old Crichtonian too. Is she as plain as her brother used to be?"

The whole table exploded.

"The double-faced woman!" I exclaimed.

"Oh dear," sobbed somebody, "that's the funniest thing I've heard for a long time."

"Well, I don't agree with your idea of humour. Nor does mother, I'm glad to see."

At this point Peggy, who had slipped nearly out of sight in her emotion, came up for a breath, caught sight of my face, and promptly disappeared again, yelping.

"I'll do the only thing in my power," I offered.

"Suicide?"

"No. A moustache."

"Well," said Tom, doubtfully, "I suppose any change would be for the better."

"We'll all shake hands with you, then, in future," threatened Helen.

"My dear girl, Kipling says somewhere that kissing a man without a moustache is like eating an egg without salt," said Tom.

"Oh, how vulgar," cried nearly everybody.

"What a lot of salt you must miss in a day, Madeline," said I, looking at Tom's clean-shaven countenance. There was a mild sensation, under cover of which Leila leant forward and murmured:

"I shouldn't have thought you were considered particularly ugly!"

"Thank you," said I gratefully. "Jack, please."

16th November 1912.

TO PHYLLIS, LATELY GROWN UP

PHYLLIS, when first we met, and you—
A red, amorphous, crumpled creature—
Exposed to my disgusted view
A face devoid of feature,
Your mental powers appeared to be
Quite of a piece with your exterior;
In fact I felt, though only three,
In *savoir faire* superior.

In later days, when I was ten
(You having reached the age of seven,)
We would discuss the ways of men,
And speculate on Heaven.
In all your baby tragedies
I was your first, your sole adviser;
Whence I infer that in your eyes
I still appeared the wiser.

Then when I found you, at fourteen,
Committing crimes you "didn't oughter,"
A graceless hoyden, not too clean,
Though always in "hot water,"
You would engage (untouched by shame
At playing secondary fiddle)
My readier intellect to frame
The ingenious tarradiddle.

Now I am nearly twenty-two,
Yet still an unlicked cub at college,
While at nineteen there came to you
Unfathomable knowledge.
You wreck my mental equipoise
Daily, with callousness inhuman,
Hinting you have no use for boys,
Now you've become a woman.

23rd November 1912.

NORMAN DAVEY (CLARE)

BACK TO THE GRANTA AGAIN

(My only apology for this is to remark that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery—and the easiest.)

I 'M 'ere in a cellyerloid collar and a purple 'Omberg 'at,
A-trying to 'ide from the printer I'm a friend of the orfice cat;
Pretending I don't know nothin' of the way the rag is run—
For 'ow could I show my face 'ere after the things I done!

Back to the *Granta* again, chief,
Back to the *Granta* again;
Be damned to the cat, I know what I'm at;
I'm back to the *Granta* again!

I'm quit of the London papers—I'm sick o' their sloppy swank,
I'm tired of " infinitive-splitting " on be'alf of the *Daily Blank*;
So I 'as a row with the guv'nor—'is langwidge I won't repeat,
And I takes a third-class ticket from a station called Liverpool Street.

Back to the *Granta* again, chief,
Back to the *Granta* again;
Why should you smile if I've mastered yer style?
I'm back to the *Granta* again!

There's a reckoning yet to be paid in 'arf of the pubs in the Fleet;
There's a bloke with a blunderbuss waiting in an orfice in Bouverie
Street;
There's 'arf a battalion o' coppers paradin' of Salisbury Square;
So I ses to myself, " Bill Bailey, you're in need of a change of air! "

Back to the *Granta* again, chief,
Back to the *Granta* again;
'Ow did I guess when you went to the press?
I'm back to the *Granta* again!

I beg the sub-editor's parding, for I ses to 'im "None of yer 'Nooks,'
But shove me be'ind the Leader, and jest in front o' the 'Dooks,'
For the set o' yer paper's 'orrid," and 'e ses to me, "Paint me pink!
But I thought I knew yer writin' as soon as I saw the ink."

Back to the *Granta* again, chief,
Back to the *Granta* again;
'Ow should I know where the verses would go?
I'm back to the *Granta* again!

So I buys a packet of foolscap, and puts a new nib to my pen.
And I spends my time with a briar inside the sub-editor's den;
For now I'm "Dolorous Daisy" what used to be "Solomon Stein,"
And—any poor devil 'oo wants it can 'ave my "penny-a-line!"

Back to the *Granta* again, chief,
Back to the *Granta* again,
You'll 'ave to make room for a new *nom-de-plume*,
For—I'm back to the *Granta* again!

'Oo's there?

A man that 'as studied yer "public"
And knows 'ow to write an' report;
'Oo can turn out the stuff that you ask for
Without the need to be taught, ole sport!
Yer losin' the pick of yer writers
Because yer don't 'elp 'em remain;
But drives 'em to cheat to get out 'er the Fleet
And back to the *Granta* again!

23rd April 1910.

TO DR. — — —

(It is unfortunate that the instigator of the present revolution in China has a name that the author of the following verses can never remember.)

I'VE never seen the East awake
 Beyond the crimson peaks, and shake
 The dew-drops from her jewelled hair;
 I've never seen the sunset sheen
 Fill all your brave bazaars with flame:
 I've never, never, never seen
 Your graven Dragon, gold and green:
 Yet still, in fancy, I can hear
 Your street-cries chanted, crisp and clear,
 Through all the shifting, drifting throng:
 Above the restless, rustling stir,
 That shakes the pilgrims kneeling there,
 The clamour of the Temple gong
 Sounds through the scented air!
 And yet, in spite of all this,—Sir,
 I can't recall your name!

I often see your name in print,
 Blazoned in large and leaded type;
 Yet, after half an hour or so,
 Your name, in some way, seems to go
 (As swiftly as the coloured stripe
 Fades from the well-sucked peppermint),
 And leaves me wondering whether one
 Should start with "Sen" or start with "Sun"?

It does not matter where I dine!
 Nor what the food: nor which the wine;
 The table-talk will surely turn
 To things that happen China way:

"The lesson that the East must learn!"
And then some silly fool will say:
"I never get his name right pat:
Does it begin or *end* with 'Yat'?"

And then I'm absolutely done!
Sometimes I swear it ends with "Sun,"
Sometimes with "Yat," and sometimes "Sen,"
I'd simply call you "Dr. Tun,"
Or, as it may be, "Dr. Ten":
But what if there be more implied:
Two gentlemen combined in one?
Two very, *very* different men,
Like Dr. Jekyll—Mr. Hyde?
Though both be named, there's still the hitch
In never knowing which is which!

If you *must* win such wide renown,
Such European fame,
By turning China upside down
(A trick that I have often tried—
To finish up what's left inside—
When drinking at the "Rose and Crown"!)
Could you not choose a simpler name?
A simple, soulful name like "Brown"?
The kind of name that does not baulk
The easy flow of table-talk.

But after all, "What's in a name?"
It does not matter very much:
And doubtless "Robinson," or such
Sweet, simple names as "Smith" or "Brown"
Are counted quaint in Chinatown:
While to ten thousand, thousand men
The triple name of Sun Yat Sen
Is absolute: is eloquent:
An unsheathed sword! A dazzling flame!
Out on the Orient!

I *had* your name; and in a flash
 It left me! Curséd, captious fate!
 And so these lines I dedicate
 (Lest I be counted over-rash)
 Simply to Dr. — — —!

5th December 1911.

ENGINEERING AT OXFORD

(“*Convocation at Oxford debated recently the proposals to build Science Laboratories on sites in the University parks. . . . That for an Engineering Laboratory was rejected by a majority of 153.*”—THE TIMES.)

GRAVE guardians of the memorial fires,
 Still dreaming of the chaplets and the oysters:
 No desecrating smoke shall shroud your spires:
 No noise of hammers clatter down your cloisters!
 Or that, at least, majority of votes
 Denotes.

By Convocation's vote your “verdant greens”
 Are verdant still; *O tempora! O mores!*
 That there rude men should quarter rude machines
 And raise barbaric shrines to their Dolores,
 To caterwaul the creed of those who deal
 In steel!

Custodian of precious classic lore;
 Guarding poor scholars from the world's mad turmoil,
 You might have checked this decadence before!
 Nor ever changed your midnight oil for sperm oil:
 Caring no jot what the unlettered say
 To-day!

Have you no further word to write on *óuv* ?
 Are there no glosses left? No texts to alter?
 That you must needs instruct the sons of Brown
 In trades mechanical? While sweet Sir Walter,¹
 Canonical in his poetic chair,
 Is there!

From the clear calm of your sequestered leas
 Whence Arnold loosed his quarrels at Philistia,
 Shall Ewing hustle old Euripides
 Outside? *O mitibus mutatis tristia!*
 Have you decided to abandon Watt?
 Or not?

You, the inviolate in gifts of grace,
 Blessed with a Muse, a "movement," and a manner,
 More than is meted to the "other place";
 Let London swear allegiance to the spanner!
 Or can't our mechanicians meet their needs
 With Leeds?

Viewing your frail and very parlous state,
 I heave an audible and somewhat sick sigh;
We had no warning—or it came too late—
 Alas, *Et ego in Arcadia vixi!*
 (Am I a dweller by the sluggish Cam?
 I am!)

Non placet and the menace passes on
 Out of our sight. But, "*Timeo Danaos*
Dona ferentes!"—never trust a don!
 The lords of our incorrigible chaos,
 As soon as Convocation meets again,
 May reign!

18th January 1913.

¹ The late Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature at Oxford.

GILES. I, too, have got an appointment
To talk on practical crops,
And a class of men is coming at ten
To study my field of 'ops!
So here's to the noble Sennut,
What gives us salaries fine;
A blessed day it was when they
Took up with the practical line!

BOTH (*enthusiastically*). Then it's ho for the 'igher heddication!
It will bring us heaps of wealth,
No need for us to vindicate the action of the Syndicate,
We wishes them prosperity and health!

21st November 1891.

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER

ASSIST me, Muses, in my tragic woes,
And hear, I pray, my agitated tones!
Just when I meant to bask in sweet repose
And carry on flirtations with Miss Jones!
Here, pen, ink, paper, quickly! let me try
To send at once a suitable reply:

"Dear Pater, I'm so very pleased to hear—"
Polite exaggeration, so to say—
"You mean to bring the family this year
To Cambridge for a fortnight in the May:
Of course you'll come, but yet I fear, you know,
Lest we" (the "we" is good!) "*may find it slow.*"

"My search for rooms has hitherto been vain,"
(A fact, perhaps, not notably surprising),
"The prices, too, that nowadays obtain
Are quite stupendous, but continue rising;
The food is bad—you will not care for that!"
Well, if he doesn't, may I eat my hat!

"What day will you arrive? Just send me word."

(I mustn't seem to show my hand too clearly.)

"The papers say, as you perhaps have heard,

That scarlet fever rages here severely;

A foolish rumour, probably, but still—"

If that don't stop the Mater, nothing will!

"I now must cease, and work for my degree,

The task of passing that exam immense is."

That's true enough, at any rate, for me;

Well, now to drop a hint about expenses

In terms that should secure a brace of tenners,

And that's enough I think. So now to Fenner's!

9th June 1893.

TO A COLLEGE PORTER

O GRAVE and stately Porter, you who play
A generous Saint Peter at the gate,

Admitting all, yes, even those who stay

At "soul-inspiring revelry" too late,

(It was, unless I err, the poet Gray

Who thus describes the supper of his date),

Never elsewhere in all the world I've seen a

Man of such bland, yet dignified, demeanour.

For most of us the green bay turns to yellow,

Terms and vacations fly too soon, alas!

The Undergraduate becomes a Fellow,

And treads the *via sacra* of the grass,

But yet with you—unless you're slightly mellow—

The sage's dictum fails to come to pass;

If *tempora mutantur* a true bill is,

The rest is false—you are not changed *in illis*!

Still with an air of kindly condescension
 You guide the timorous freshman on his way,
 You pilot those who shout their loud intention
 Not to go home before the break of day;
 What pure delight to hear you blandly mention
 'The sum which those who tread the grass must pay!
 What joy to watch you place beneath your ban a
 Parental Croesus puffing his Havannah!

Farewell! farewell! My verse its theme belittles;
 But when the practical shall conquer all,
 And bread and bacon are the usual victuals
 Sought by bucolic graduates in Hall,
 And when our Dons complete their game of skittles,
 And finally accomplish culture's fall,
 You, too, I think, in righteous indignation
 Will bid a hansom bear you to the station.

21st October 1893.

“ ERCH ”

THE SCOTS O' TRINITY

(Three of the new Fellows of Trinity are Scotsmen.¹)

A ' birkies² wha in Embro' toun
 Hae warstled wi' the Latin noun,
 Or learnt in Aberdeen the jinks
 O' steerin' scientific stinks,
 Pack aff to Trinity!

The southron billies ken they're damned—
 Puir stots³ wi' rotten doctrine crammed!
 They're sair to 'scape auld Hornie's han'
 By tryin' wi' the eleckit ban'
 To claim affinity.

¹ N. R. Campbell, D. H. Macgregor, and W. Rennie.

² Clever fellows. ³ Cattle.

McTaggart, tentin'¹ them perplexed,
 First waled ² a maist judeecious text,
 An' cam' to teach them absolution,
 An' gie them speeritual fushion,³
 A' gleg⁴ an' frisky.

An' now a min's⁵ abroad the place
 To multiply the means o' grace;
 An' spunkie doctrine may be gat
 Roun' Wee Macgregor's maskin-pat,⁶
 Or Campbell's whisky.

22nd October 1904.

DERMOT FREYER (TRINITY)

HUZ⁷

A Reverie in One Purr

I PURR before the drowsy fire,
 Serene, replete, unfair to stir;
 While others join the midnight choir,
 I purr-r.

The hearth-and-home life I prefer;
 Nor is it much that I require—
 Fish, pheasant, milk (just warm'd) and HER
 To tease me deftly and admire
 The old world's first philosopher . . .
 Touch, O hands delicate I desire—
 I purr-r-r!

5th December 1911.

¹ Noticing. ² Chose. ³ Pith. ⁴ Sharp. ⁵ Mind. ⁶ Tea pot.

⁷ Reprinted in *In Lavender Covers*. GLAISHER.

LITTLE STEPS TO LONGER SONNETS

(The poet addresses his domestic friend upon observing the latter's profoundly dubious demeanour at the conclusion of a somewhat liberal repast of souris au naturel.)

P^{USS,}
 Why
 Sigh
 Thus?

For
 Bliss
 This?
 Or

Are
 Nice
 Mice
 Far
 Too
 Few?

19th October 1912.

THE BUCCANEER

GIVE me the nectar of your lips,
 The bales of splendour in your eyes,
 And I will leave the deep-sea ships
 The meaner merchandise.

Give me the red gold of your hair,
 The ivory of your white hands,
 And I will sign a truce, and swear
 To pillage no man's lands.

¹ Reprinted in *Cambridge Poets*, 1900-1913, HEFFER.

Give me the tempests of your love,
The love-dark lightning of your smile,
And I will seek no treasure trove
Buried in South Sea isle.

The High Seas of your heart shall be
A new, more splendid Spanish Main;
Thereon will I set sail: for me—
Not gold, but greater gain.

15th February 1913.

“ G ”

ON A DEAD OYSTER, WHICH DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN
BUOL'S RESTAURANT, OCTOBER 1897

SO you are dead! I hardly like
To think of you as of a fish;
Yet were you cousin to a pike,
And years before you saw the dish
You proudly boasted that you were
Without a taint of Blue-Point Blood,
Descended from a native heir
Who never left his native mud.
Ah! how you shivered in your shell
When someone said you were a clam,
(As if *they* grew at Whitstable!)
And shut your house up with a slam.

And when the doctors all agreed
That typhoid came from oyster-beard,
You thought that you at last were freed
From death, and you no longer feared
That vinegar would be your fate.
Or that at last you'd rest upon

Your upper shell, upon a plate
 In Mr. Buol's Restaurant.
 Where are you now? Ah! who can tell?
 You went, and with you went eleven
 Of your poor friends: there may you dwell
 And may it be the oyster's Heaven!

23rd October 1897.

DENIS GARSTIN (SIDNEY SUSSEX)

TO A GRINDSMAN

O GRACELESS wight; I can't imagine why
 I sing to you; I'm pretty sure you aren't a
 Reader, and even so you'd scarcely try
 The *Granta*.

Morosely sucking at a shag-fed pipe,
 In pessimistic mood you speed your fare on
 His saddened way, as did your prototype,
 Old Charon.

In Buddhist wise you turn the wheel of ills
 Of your recurring fate with melancholy;
 But, like those copy-book extolled mills,
 Grind slowly.

Men say that, though your sparkling youth has gone,
 A pretty wit you have, and apt for jesting;
 The which they see you ever and anon
 Attesting.

Impersonating Nemesis you wait
 For craft whose speed bestirs your envy's vials,
 Then swinging out, you stop "tub," college eight,
 Or "trials."

Why not? The genial hen has e'er preferred
 To cross the road if bike or car defies her;
 And sapient Rome (see Livy) let this bird
 Advise her.

Grind on, I am no Calverley, I fear,
 To sing you, as your kinsman of the organ;
 I cannot pension you, I am no Pierre-
 Pont Morgan.

And so I say, "Grind on"; but still you'll find,
 Though drear your lot and dismal as a hearse's,
 'Tis nought to this bleak morbid itch to grind
 Out verses.

26th February 1910.

TOUT PASSE

CONGRATULATIONS have I none—
 A friend is nothing if not candid—
 I felt your life of joy was run
 When they assured me you were "landed."
 Now don't inflict me with those sad reproaches
 And treat me as a babe that burbles rot
 When I refuse to choose your bridesmaids' brooches
 And sing your happy lot.

I will not tell of marriage ills—
 That smacks of clowns and music-hall turns—
 Lost independence, frocks and frills,
 The flirting wife and smart subalterns.
 For wives are most delightful things, if guided
 Along the lines in which you're used to rub.
 She'll mate with you divinely—that's provided
 That you're the proper hub.

But then I've known you many years—
We've trod the same trite path to knowledge,
The same grim pedant boxed our ears,
We sowed the same wild oats at College.
Our whims were one, but wonderfully fickle,
From mayonnaise to motor-bikes their range;
To any fad that seemed inclined to tickle
Our palate's taste we'd change.

One term we'd cultivate the Muse,
We'd be intense of minds aesthetic,
In soul communion train our views
To soar above the mere athletic.
And I remember you in mauve pyjamas
With socks of heliotrope, and round your waist
A sash of pink, composing classic dramas
"For men of higher taste."

This palled when we became inflamed
With love that wasn't quite Platonic.
Fair Amaryllis was she named,
Her occupation histrionic.
Our rooms we used to deck with smiling visions
Of that fair houri variously arrayed,
We loved her madly, till some proud patrician's
Offspring annexed the maid.

We let our souls go hang, and plied
The oar with pain and coaches' cursing,
We kicked "the leathern sphere," or shied
The cricket pill, while interspersing
Some playful rags to paint the town yet redder;
Young blood flowed free, washed down by mellow wines.
Next morning we'd be wakened by a "bedder"
Babbling o' progs and fines.

Since then we've tried at many trades,
 We've run through twenty odd professions.
 With us each occupation fades
 And dies away at new impressions.
 You see, we're far too whimsical to tarry
 In any groove we make, and so the course
 Of Love that bids you take to wife and marry
 Will land you with divorce.

6th December 1910.

LUSIMUS SATIS

(Farewell Editorial)

A SMALL boy was crouching by the side of the stream, absorbed in sending a whole fleet of paper boats down the tide, with a vague improvised hymn in honour of the occasion.

A man was leaning over the garden wall drinking his beer in the cool of evening and stolidly watching the small boy launch his brave flotilla, while his wife hung up underclothing to dry in the strip of back garden.

"Which things are an allegory," mused the Jester. "Youth launches projects that pass away, the World looks on, drinking beer, and the Life Force works for them in the back garden."

"Eh!" said the Man, slowly bringing his gaze to rest on the Jester.

"I was watching that little boy," stammered the Jester. "Your son?"

"Umph," said the Man, by way of acknowledgement.

"He seems very interested in his boats," continued the Jester. "Did he make them all?"

"Umph," repeated the Man, who was evidently attracted to the remark. "Leastways, we all give 'im an 'and. 'E likes to 'ave 'em all different some'ow, though you wouldn't notice it, looking at 'em casual-like."

"Very clever of him," said the Jester.

"P'raps," assented the proud parent, "but 'tish't no use being clever like that. Waste of interlect, I says, 'is worriting with paper boats when 'e's got ter be a plumber."

The Jester was silent.

"'Owever, 'e's 'appy," continued the Man, "and 'tish't everyone as can say the same. Why 'e does it, I don't know; can't tell; it's 'is 'obby, I suppose. Everyone's queer somewhere, and 'e's a reg'lar cough-drop with 'is paper boats, 'e is. Ain't you, 'Erb?"

The small boy looked round in stolid, silent disapproval at the interruption, and continued his launching.

"'Owever, 'e's 'appy. It's the 'appiest time of 'is life, I dessay," continued the father, only pausing to take a long draught of beer. "The 'appiest time of 'is life, only 'e don't know it. Off 'e goes to school next September."

At this juncture a shrill scream from the Life Force warned them that they had better make haste and go in to tea. The sole remaining super-Dreadnought was lingeringly consigned to the waters, and, waiting for his father to gulp down his beer, the small boy watched his rearguard battleship slowly disappear round the bend.

"Behold the parable," said the Jester wistfully, and he returned home to launch his last paper boat forlornly down the *Granta*.

May Week Number, 1912.

CHARLES GEAKE (CLARE)

MY BEDDER

JUST let me tell you at the start
 That if you're ever writing verses,
 How to begin is just the part
 At which one always raves and curses;
 But into this my subject now
 I'll plunge at once and take a header,
 And do my best to tell you how
 I like—nay, love my dear old Bedder.

She's not exactly in the prime
Of womanhood—for line and wrinkle
And furrow show the mark of Time,
Though still her eye can boast a twinkle.
Her voice *is* just a trifle shrill—
In fact, I think it's pretty certain
Her loving spouse must have his fill
Of Lectures known to us as Curtain.

She's very saving in the main
(Although, perhaps, you'd hardly think it),
And so as not to waste champagne,
I've known her go herself and drink it.
From which, indeed, I grieve to say,
Her nose has grown a little redder,
But yet *'twas* noble in a way
And I, for one, won't blame my Bedder.

How often have I heard her tell
What happened to her "poor dear mother!"
I know all her relations well—
Her daughter, son, her aunt, her brother;
And many, many times, you know,
I've thought her worthy of a sonnet
As I have watched her come and go—
A symphony in shawl and bonnet.

She looks upon me as a son
And talks about my doings proudly;
In her at any rate I've *one*
Who's sure to sound my praises loudly.
She deems me all that's good and blinks
The weary dance I've often led her—
No matter what his valet thinks
A man's a hero to his Bedder!

She comforts me with words of cheer
 When creditors and dons embarrass;
 She wipes away the ready tear
 If cares annoy and worries harass.
 When all is "beastly rot" and "vile,"
 When six-and-eight I've had to borrow,
 She tells me with a ready smile
 "You'll feel much better, Sir, to-morrow."

The fleeting years will pass away,
 My growing ardour may grow colder,
 My auburn hair will turn to grey,
 And I shall gradually get older.
 Yet, if alive and kicking, or
 If she is dead as nails (or deader),
 I still shall have affection for
 My trusty and beloved Bedder.

29th November 1890.

T. R. GLOVER (ST. JOHN'S)

OTIUM CUM DIG

MARIS marmor placidum,
 Lenis aura flabat:
 Perque caelum medium
 Phoebus jam meabat.

Quantum erat gaudium
 Lignea macella¹
 Prope vadum Anglicum
 Struere castella.

¹ The writer tells me that after years of reflection he thinks this word is really Greek.

Mecum tutor optimus,
Dum susurrant fluctus,
Herculanis viribus
Condit aquaeductus.

Per lapillos varios
Parvus rivus salit,
Et, cum divertamus nos,
Parvum lacum alit.

Circumcursat lepide
Parvula puella,
Nosque juvat maxime
Garrula loquella.

Cujus mater domina,
Umbra sub amoena,
Lectiōni dedita
Sedet in arena.

Felix qui negotium
Animo detrudit,
More dum infantium
Juxta mare ludit.

Gratum hic solatium,
Si te vexat cura;
Medicamen optimum
Ludus cum natura.

6th May 1893.

IBAM FORTE

(At Somewhere-on-Sea)

I WALKED upon the Esplanade
 (I had a way of strolling there),
Thinking of nothing, I'm afraid,
Till all at once I grew aware
I gazed upon a man of Clare.

He was a man of Clare, I know;
 The black and yellow on his hat
Beyond a doubt proclaimed him so.
On a high window-seat he sat,
 This man that I was gazing at.

I should have passed without remark,
 And never thought of him again,
But on a sudden from the dark
 There stole a girl, and there and then
She kissed him (O! the ways of men!).

She kissed him on the window-sill,
 I saw so much and nothing more;
I passed; they may be kissing still;
 I might have lingered, but forbore,
And went on walking by the shore.

14th October 1893.

THE INDIGENT COACH

IT'S a maddening occupation
To the verge of desperation
All a sweltering Long Vacation
Pupils every day to take;
When you sweat and sigh for thunder,
And you wonder and you wonder
Is there any kind of blunder
That the boobies will not make.

One is sulky, and one whinnies,
And they all are precious ninnies,
And you only get ten guineas
For each noodle of the set.
And if you steal some leisure
For your business or your pleasure,
Well, thermometers can't measure
Half the heat—or else it's wet.

It's enough to make you humble,
As you hear your pupils stumble
Through the tragedy, and mumble
At the words they can't translate;
For they haven't read the poet,
Or they've scamped him, and you know it,
And they twig it, and they show it
As they cough and hesitate.

Yes, I'd like to chuck tuition,
And attempt some expedition
To the Pole, or else a mission
To the Zulu for his good.
For the elements of grammar
Pall at last upon a crammer,
When he's got them all to hammer
Into heads as thick as wood.

But as long as I've a body,
I must coach the clod and noddy
For the margarine and shoddy
That the body seems to need;
So with rueful resignation
I accept the situation
And endure the Long Vacation
In the hope of being fee'd.

27th October 1894.

THE AGED, AGED DON

THE Agéd Don stood wearily
Upon the Bridge of Sighs;
He scanned the waters of the Cam
With melancholy eyes,
A frail old man of twenty-five,
Astonished to be still alive.

He saw the Freshmen in canoes
Dawdling about the stream;
Their paddles splashed, the light bows crashed;
He saw as in a dream
His fresher days of long ago,
Removed by seven years or so.

“ O happy, happy, living things! ”
The ancient Don remarked,
“ You little know the cruise of woe
On which you are embarked!
You little reck how seasons fly
And leave you stranded high and dry!

“ I once was young, and loved full well
That Transatlantic craft;
A friend's capsized would glad my eyes;
At darkling care I laughed.
Equestrian care would never choose
To cox Canadian canoes.

“ Ah! Freshmen! read your Horace well;
Care coxes every ship;
You toy with hopes, she holds the ropes
And regulates the trip.
She steered me on through deepening gloom
Into the Combination room.

“ And now a dreary, weary Don,
I wander through the courts;
I ply no more oar or bat or oar,
I have no share in sports;
A thing to which men touch their hats,
As they go by with balls and bats.

“ O Freshmen! while you still are fresh,
Be fresh as e'er you will;
Be more absurd in deed and word
Than heart can dream, but still
With pity, not contempt, look on
The poor old antiquated Don.”

17th November 1894.

ANSTEY GUTHRIE, "F. ANSTEY"
(TRINITY HALL)

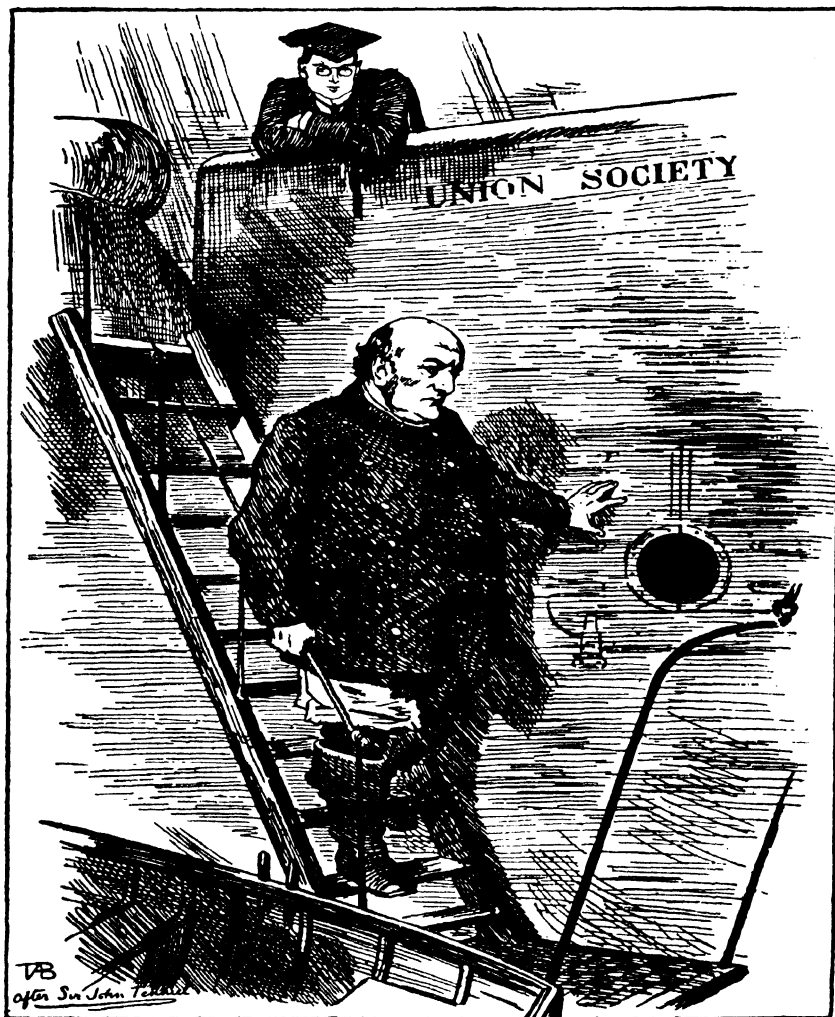
A WAIL OF WARNING

Note.—The following curious and instructive narrative has been deciphered from a document picked up in a lane near Trinity Hall. We have decided to publish it, although we are by no means clear upon the precise application of the moral which its author would seem to intend, and we must decline to be responsible for the truth of any statements contained in the MS.

I

I, FERDINAND FITKIN, formerly a member of this University—now, alas! a denizen of the dungeon wherein I have languished for a term of years beyond my powers of computation—commit my painful story to writing under conditions most discouraging to sustained literary effort, as will be gathered from the fact that I am reduced to tracing these lines by stealth, and at long intervals, in short-hand, with the tongue of an old waistcoat-buckle and a bottle of secreted marking-ink, upon both sides of a paper collar, the sole surviving remnant of a once scrupulous regard for appearances. When the collar is full, I shall toss it through the bars of my cell, in the hope that haply it may reach a sympathetic hand. I have no personal ends to serve in making known the facts which led to my incarceration. Sympathy I cannot expect; freedom I have long ceased to desire. The protracted and enforced deprivation of all toilet requisites has rendered me unfit for any other society than that of the tame toad I have trained to be my companion. Ah me! the very toad, could it know the nature of the offence that brought me here, would shrink from me with unaffected loathing. But the space afforded to composition by a paper collar is limited. Let me be brief.

I am now undergoing imprisonment for having once—and here I would entreat those who may read this confession to temper their condemnation with charity—for having once, many years ago, when still a happy and innocent Corpus undergraduate, suffered myself to be led into assuming the editorship of an intercollegiate periodical.



DROPPING THE PILOT

(With apologies to Sir John Tenniel)

This drawing by T. A. Brock was published in the May Week Number of the *Granta*, 1902, on the occasion of Oscar Browning's retirement from the Treasurership of the Union Society.

The President at the time (the top figure) was Percy B. Haigh, St. John's.

seemed to them that, though we abstained from personalities, we treated Undergraduates, as a class, without sufficient reverence, and in a style of assumed superiority that was felt to be vaguely offensive. We found it advisable to preserve a strict incognito; notwithstanding which the men of Piffler's college—a sporting set—discovered his identity by an easy process of elimination, and treated him with marked coolness, carrying their system of ostracism, indeed, to the extent of compelling him to remain for a somewhat prolonged period under the spout of the college pump.

Even this contretemps, however, did not damp Piffler; it only led him to propose a change of tactics. In future, he said, if we were to be popular, we must aim our harmless shafts at Dons alone. To be sure, we knew less than nothing about them; but that, as Titmuss pointed out, left us a freer hand. Once more I demurred. I thought the Dons might possibly be displeased; but at this Caulker came down upon me with burning indignation. Did I not know that the leading men in the land were travestied and caricatured every day in London comic papers? Were they displeased? Why, they were the first to join in the chorus of good-humoured laughter! And was it likely that the most learned and cultured members of our University would show a less keen sense of humour—a greater ignorance of the world? Very well, then!

I know now what miserable fallacies these were, but they sounded plausible enough at the time. As before, I was weak enough to give way, only stipulating that we should continue to confine our satire to types. Thereupon Titmuss set to work once more, and invented an impossible monstrosity—inflated, arrogant, pompous, tyrannical—in a word, a Don of tradition and convention. He called this abstraction Proudfoot, and in Proudfoot the entire staff, with the exception of myself, simply revelled. They pictured him in all conceivable situations and invariably under some ludicrous aspect. Piffler reported imaginary and preposterous lectures by Proudfoot; Titmuss wrote a ribald scene representing Proudfoot conversing affably with his aged bedmaker; Diggle constructed ponderous epigrams and table-talk which he faleely ascribed to him; Caulker sketched him in a variety of more or less absurd positions. Proudfoot's furniture and habits, his walks on the Trumpington and Madingley roads, his deportment at college meetings—all these and much more were enlarged upon with loving elaboration.

It was done in the purest innocence. As far as I know, the whole was sheer invention; there never was any Proudfoot; and yet, little as we dreamed of it, we were rushing blindly to our destruction!

17th May 1889.

II

ON the day that the second and last number of the *Cambridge Cockiolly Bird* appeared, every Combination Room was in a state of indescribable uproar, and the high tables had the greatest difficulty in keeping their heads. The printer whom we had persuaded to be our publisher had his presses broken up, and his place of business razed to the ground and sown with salt. He himself was discommuned, and stretched upon the rack in a cellar beneath the Senate House, with the object of compelling him to disclose his confederates. To the lasting honour of this loyal and gallant tradesman, be it recorded that nothing more compromising could be extracted from him than a succession of blood-curdling but inarticulate groans. I need scarcely say that we had no sooner learned the painful predicament in which, through our fault, he was placed, than we hastened to surrender our names to the incensed authorities, who took a prompt advantage of the information. Titmuss was arrested by two Esquire Bedells early the next morning, as he was taking his bath, and dragged off, just as he was, to prison, where the rest of the staff of the *Cockiolly Bird* joined him later in the same day.

I need not enlarge upon the hearing of the case in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, which will be fresh in the recollection of all who have passed middle-age. We had a fair trial; but, although the court took a large-minded and lenient view of our lampoons upon undergraduate society, the evidence in support of the Proudfoot counts in the indictment, upon which the prosecution chiefly relied, was simply overwhelming.

Don after Don entered the witness-box to testify upon oath that in the character of Proudfoot they distinctly recognized one or other of their colleagues, and as each named a different person, our case soon assumed the blackest hue.

With dismay and surprise we learnt the existence of several persons in high positions at the University who possessed points in common with Titmuss's and Piffler's imaginary Proudfoot. Many had habits, and even furniture similar to those in our descriptions; while not a few actually owned aged bedmakers, and were in the habit of walking to

Trumpington or Madingley of an afternoon! Of course, this was fatal, and the verdict was a foregone conclusion, even though we wisely abstained from aggravating our guilt by any attempt to cross-examine our accusers. Our sentences, which were not generally considered to err on the side of severity, were as follows:

Caulker and Diggle were each to be publicly rusticated by the porters of their respective colleges with a red-hot poker; Piffler to stand in the pillory facing the Guildhall from sunrise to sundown. Titmuss received a somewhat heavier punishment, being condemned to deportation to Siberia, and also to lose a sizarship of some value. To me, as editor, and the person morally and legally responsible for the contents of the paper, was meted out the extreme penalty known to University law—namely, death without the option of a fine!

I cannot say I was greatly surprised, or even moved, though the voice of the Vice-Chancellor, a humane and even sympathetic old gentleman, trembled perceptibly as he went into the details relating to the disposition of my remains. I was, after being hung and cut down—so ran the sentence—to be quartered. One leg of me was to be fixed on the tower of the Pitt Press, the other on Hobson's Conduit; my right arm was to be placed on the vane of the lantern of my College Hall; the left was apportioned to the façade of the Fitzwilliam Museum. My head was to adorn a gable of the Union, of which I was, and still am, a life-member. My torso, however, was considerably ordered to be given up to my relations for burial. I cannot recall any particular sensations on hearing my doom thus solemnly pronounced, beyond a passing wonder as to the appearance my limbs would present in those high and exposed positions, and a decided wish that my calves had been more fully developed. But I was as sensible then as I am now of the essential justice of the punishment awarded me.

I may be asked how, after having been reserved for such a fate, I yet survive to record the circumstance—but I am coming to that. Poor Diggle will carry the scars of his rustication with him to the tomb, while Caulker's nerves never recovered from that shattering ordeal. Piffler, who seemed at the time to have been most lightly dealt with, was, as it chanced, the most unfortunate. Hardly had he stood five hours in the pillory before a college cap—aimed with unerring accuracy by an Undergraduate of the name of Bellerby, who believed himself reflected upon by one of our earlier types—severed Piffler's head from the neck by a stroke of merciful cleanness. Bellerby, appeased and

softened, tendered, I understand, to Piffier's parents, a very handsome apology, admitting, as a gentleman would, that he had gone rather too far in thus allowing his feelings to get the better of him; his only excuse was that he had forgotten he was wearing so new a cap.

It would almost seem that this mishap led to a slight reaction in our favour, for Titmuss, though escorted to the silver mine in Siberia, which is still the scene of his energies, was, by a special act of clemency, permitted to retain his name on the University books, while my dear old Tutor, who in his heart had never taken so harsh a view of our offence as some, made strenuous efforts to procure a remission of my doom.

In this, I am rejoiced to say, he eventually succeeded. The University authorities—little as I merited such generosity at their hands—commuted my sentence to imprisonment for the term of my natural life.

It may be that some who read this have, in passing with light step and lighter heart along a certain narrow passage in the neighbourhood of the Senate House, had their attention momentarily attracted by a long-drawn sigh proceeding from a grating slightly above the level of the flag-stones. If so—to speak without pedantry—it was me. Not that, as a general thing, I repine, at least audibly—I merely languish, which I am learning almost to like, though perhaps it is a little dull sometimes in the Long. In the damp weather, however, when my chains compel me to sit in a perennial puddle (a season at which, curiously enough, my faithful toad exhibits an abnormal liveliness), in the damp weather, I admit my spirits have a certain tendency to depression. But, on the whole, I am resigned to my fate, and my sole purpose in penning these lines is to warn, if I may, by this example, any rash and thoughtless youths who feel tempted to follow in our footsteps adown the primrose path of ephemeral publication. All such I exhort solemnly, earnestly: Let them spend their time and their money up here in any other way that seems good in their eyes—ride, drive, bet, play “Bank” for higher stakes than their fathers can afford—nay, even read in moderation—but, as they would lead an honoured and respected career, let them shun all connection with Undergraduate journalism, or they may not escape so lightly as the repentant editor and staff of the long-extinct *Cockiolly Bird*.

24th May 1889.

R. S. T. HASLEHURST (TRINITY)

THE GREEK VOTE

E'S off for a bloomin' 'oliday, 'e's fairly on the spree,
 The passon's going on the bust, for all the village to see;
 'E's going to 'ave a good dinner, and 'e'll see a naughty play,
 And 'e'll take good care, the passon will, that 'e 'as a good 'oliday!

Greek vote, Greek vote! 'Ave I got to swallow that?
 Greek vote, Greek vote! Well, I'll eat my Sunday 'at!
 'E ain't a-going to vote for Greek nor any other lore,
 But 'e's going to 'ave such a gadabout as 'e never 'ad before!

'E goes away by an early train, and 'e comes back middling late,
 And 'e says they won't 'ave another vote "till a very distant date";
 But they as bosses Cambridge, they know 'is little ways,
 And they know 'e wants 'is yearly spree and 'is regular 'olidays!

Greek vote, Greek vote! It must be fairly prime!
 Greek vote, Greek vote! But it takes an awful time;
 'E goes away on Monday morn, and 'e's back on Saturday eve,
 'E's voting all the time, is 'e? It's a good lot to believe!

'E says 'e sees 'is college pals, and 'as a good long chat,
 'E may p'rhaps see a pal or two, but 'e does a bit more than that!
 But somehow or other when 'e comes back, 'e don't look quite so sad,
 And after the vote 'is sermons seem—well, call it "a little less bad"!

Greek vote, Greek vote! It's a very fishy game!
 Greek vote, Greek vote! But I wish I could do the same!
 If there was a Greek vote every year, and every passon went,
 It seems to me we should 'ear a bit less of the "Disestablishment."

2nd June 1906.

MY FIRST COURSE

By DANTE ALIGHIERI FRESHMANNO

IO cano della pleno corzzio
che nostro maestro—il diavolo!—
dissi noi lasto il Saturdozzio

roare. Ch'io con mòlto tremolo
meditare, e fui acùto nedulento.
Dissi il maestro: " Il secondo vento

" arriva, si tu grandi che shovare
sempre, me crede, in il più momento."
ed a Profundo, la Baitsbitia,

il boto nostro coxa i tornare,
e dissi: " Invigilate la ripia,
Secondo. Presto, o sanguinare! "

Maestro vocare: " Coxa, stratio? "
il mio corde presto descendia
a mio botto, ed il maestro, " Ro."

Io prensare grandi i cancere,
e maestro: " Confundo la tua anima! "
e boto arreta di suo movere.

il boto recomincia meliore,
e presto i secare il Camo,
ed il coxa incito noi del ore:

" Osittoboto, dona decimo, damo."
in duo minuto il Diccio
passare, ed ella Primapostia

cornare, ed il maestro: " Donnerundblizzio."
Ed io fui quasi mortua,
ma coxa dissi, " Dona decimo,"

ed io sentire a il Grazzio
 insido più meliore; per tortua
 cornar' il coxa parvola di Cami

dirigi il boto con molto cunninghio.
 Il maestro expletivissimo fui,
 e cria: " Dona decimo, dona inferno,"

Passare boto Dittone e Cypressi,
 ed il vitreo conservatorio,
 e Ponte Ferrovia, molto distressi.

Dolor i moi di corzzio laborio,
 ed il maestro: " Duodecimo minuto."
 e cetera, ch' il editore suppressi.

ed io socchero, e non più ro.

10th November 1906.

G. HEYER (SIDNEY SUSSEX)

IN THE LENT TERM

(With apologies to Austin Dobson)

AFTERNOON working is nauseous,
 (Bother that man in the court!)
 Though it was best to be cautious,
 It's suicide almost to sport.

Bother that man in the court:
 " Blinker, I've something to say "—
 It's suicide almost to sport,
 And doubtless he'll soon go away.

“Blinker, I’ve something to say”—
 He may yell, but he’ll find it no catch,
 And doubtless he’ll soon go away;
 Perhaps he is off to the match.

He may yell but he’ll find it no catch;
 I’d better get on with the “Persae”;
 Perhaps he is off to the match,
 (I remember I want a new jersey).

I’d better get on with the “Persae,”
 This chorus might well be in Hindoo;
 (I remember I want a new jersey),
 “Bang” goes a stone on the window.

This chorus might well be in Hindoo;
 —I suppose it’s that idiot again;
 “Bang” goes a stone on the window;
 Dash it! he’s broken a pane.

I suppose it’s that idiot again,
 He thinks in the end he will win;
 Dash it! he’s broken a pane,
 There’s a horrible draught coming in.

He thinks in the end he will win;
 I’ll stick to it:—“*Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ*,”—
 There’s a horrible draught coming in,
 Great Jupiter! what shall I do?

I’ll stick to it:—“*Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ*,—
νῦν στρατιὰν Περσῶν—”
 Great Jupiter! what shall I do?
 I wish he would leave me alone.

“*νῦν στρατιὰν Περσῶν*—”
 He’s coming upstairs, to be sure!
 I wish he would leave me alone,
 For I never sported my door!

He's coming upstairs, to be sure!
He says, as he enters with ease,
(For I never sported my door),
"We're off to the match at the Leys."

He says, as he enters with ease,
That I shouldn't have been so incautious.
We're off to the match at the Leys;
Afternoon working is nauseous.

13th February 1892.

VISIONS

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Gentleman, Apothecary, Ploughboy, Thief ?

HOW rarely do our lives agree
With what in early childhood we
Expected some fine day to be!

Each new-born summer we aspire
To be some newer thing, and tire
Of summer-twelve-month's pet desire.

To me, an imitative boy,
It seemed a never-ending joy
To holla hoarsely, "Dust ahoy!"

But soon, within a month or so,
A milkman's life was all the go;
I called, like Trilby, "Milk below!"

I went to school: the time was near
For milk-dispensing to appear
An undesirable career.

I saw new crafts; it was not strange
My aspirations suffered change,
Assuming now a wider range.

I longed to be an engine man,
To stand upon the engine's van,
And probe it with an oily can;

To hang upon its throbbing side
At terminuses and deride
Admiring schoolboys in my pride;

Nor yet disdainfully refuse
A *Standard* or a *Daily News*
From wealthy folk who but peruse

The leading articles, and then
Bestow them on the engine men
To barter back to Smith's again.

O engine man, untrammelled, free,
Your fingers were allowed to be
Dirty, yet unrebuked. Ah me!

And now, ah, now, O fickle mind,
Nor joy nor beauty I can find
In all the engine-driving kind.

The oily can, the mirky hand,
The dole of daily papers, and
The privilege I thought so grand;

I found their charms illusive when
I grew to learn that engine men
Have other duties now and then.

The bobby at the Lord Mayor's show,
Who, standing in the foremost row,
Barges the people to and fro!

The band-conductor at the play,
Who from his coign of vantage may
See a performance every day;

The channel-steamboat man, who tries
To make intelligent replies
To questions of the would-be wise;

“ How many passengers the ship
May carry? what her quickest trip
Across? and would he mind a tip? ”

These and their like, I now recall,
I emulated one and all,
Till each in turn began to pall.

And now I should not care to see
The same play every night, nor be
A Metropolitan P.C.

I even doubt if I should deign
To answer passengers' inane
Enquiries for the sake of gain:

Or dress in the peculiar
Blue jersey of the common tar
With label L.C. and D.R.¹

No more for such delights I pine,
A Minor Poet now's my line,
On rough-edged paper, superfine,

And two-thirds margin. Only wait;
Who knows but at some future date
I may be Poet Laureate?

15th October 1898.

¹ London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

H. S. VERE HODGE (TRINITY)

ELY AND ELYANA

To the Editor of the "Granta"

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE no doubt that you take a great interest in literary matters, and that you have a kind heart. As you are probably aware, the subject chosen for the Chancellor's Medal offered for English Verse is this year an admirable one, *videlicet* "Ely." I shall be deeply grateful if you will fling your eye over the enclosed lines, and, with any other eye you happen to have, drop me a line to say whether you think the medal will be mine.

Apologizing for thus trespassing on your time and good nature,

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.,

VITRIOL.

HAIL, sacred Muse, Invention's foster-mother,
 Art's aunt and uncle, Inspiration's brother!
 Tune now my vocal chords as I commence
 To sing of Ely and her neighbour Fens;
 See lest my voice, O Goddess all serene,
 Be flat as is the circumjacent scene.
 Let others perch on battlement and spire,
 Wafted thus upward by poetic fire,
 And chant aloud in sempiternal strains
 The prospect of the Fens, their dykes and drains.
 Let others, wafted by a railway fare,
 Perambulate awhile in Ely air,
 Peruse the monuments of what has been,
 Like Ultratantics, guided by the Dean,
 Now looking up at ancient architrave,
 Pausing to get a view right through the nave,
 Now panting breathless up a winding stair
 To reach the tower, and nothing find when there.
 Not mine to gaze with weird and vagrant eye

Upon the plains that do beneath me lie.
 A lower flight I crave for petty wings,
 And I find joy in chanting simple things.
 I am the laureate of the grocer's shop,
 Where rustic juveniles consume their pop;
 The haberdasher's, where the shilling ties
 Fill the spectator with a mild surprise;
 The butcher's, where cats live in constant dread
 Of being eaten after they are dead.
 And now, O Muses, grant me of your grace,
 That I may hymn the busy market-place!
 Mark well, O curious traveller, how to wives
 Husbands address well-chosen vocatives;
 The peasant swains display a homely wit,
 And put to blushing shame the urban cit.
 Forbid me not, dear Muse, to urge my theme,
 Forbid me not with rhymes to fill my ream,
 Stay not my quill, block not my shepherd's oat,
 Give me a J and modulate my note,
 Inspire my ink (my reed just let me wipe),
 Fill thou my lute and I will fill my pipe.
 And now to sing of Ely's buxom stream,
 The Adelaide course . . . (No thanks, I shut off steam!—E.D.)

22nd February 1902.

TO A FATHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY

SIR (for my fancy still doth much incline
 To these old words of filial respect,
 Deeming a reverential mark and sign
 No great defect),

Let me be brief and also to the point—
 I wish you joy upon your natal day;
 Therefore your head with oil I must anoint
 And crown with bay.

In milk and water I will drink your health,
 (A fine old fruity vintage, '73),
And wish you wealth, particularly wealth,
 Because of me!

I count it joy, amid a life of ills,
 To celebrate this oft-recurring day
About the time when I present my bills
 For you to pay.

I trust to-day nothing your peace shall mar,
 Nothing unwished occur to put you out;
The Fates preserve you from sciatica,
 Croup, and the gout.

The coy French bean now swells for you and me;
 Asparagus to crown the festal board
Is rife, with other weeds: the early pea
 Green pods afford.

Such portents herald this auspicious date!
 Therefore be wise, strain wine, drain bottled stout,
Eat Irish stew or fill the merry plate
 With sauerkraut.

Be rash, so be you merry. Let us quaff,
 You in your study, I in Jesus Lane,
A mutual toast, a modest half-and-half—
 Make it champagne!

10th June 1902.

F. M. H. HOLMAN (SIDNEY SUSSEX)

A BALLAD OF PORTSMOUTH TOWN

'ENERY WALKER, full of beer an' temper,
Kicked a stoker in the bloomin' stummick,
Laid 'im out and 'ad 'im well-nigh scuppered—
'Enery scooted at the rate o' knots.

All the coppers started askin' questions,
'Oo it was? An' where 'ad 'e vamoosed to?
Came an' jawed fer hours to Liza Slaughter,
Liza Slaughter didn't know a word.

When the coppers, talkin' most gigantic,
Slung their 'ooks an' soon fergot the subjeck
'Untin' some pore bloke fer pinchin' watches,
Liza Slaughter reached and got 'er 'at.

Went an' told a chap aboard the '*Ermes*
—'E was shipmates long o' that there stoker—
'Ow—'er mem'ry all at once grew better—
She remembered all about the row.

Said, when she was standin' on the pavemint
Long of 'im, that pore ole damaged stoker,
Up comes this 'ere bloomin' 'Enery Walker,
Laid the stoker out an' ran away.

When she'd blown the gaff on 'Enery Walker
Liza Slaughter went and 'ad some quenchers,
Got tin-'atted 'long o' stout an' whisky,
Got six months for blackin' coppers' eyes.

Two days after, late one Sunday evenin',
Just about the time the pubs was closin',
Thinkin' now that everythink was quiet,
'Enery Walker strolled down Whiteses Row.

Wot 'e didn't see wos, there, before 'im,
Fifteen stokers, most uncommon solemn,
Watchin' 'Enery Walker round a corner,
Spittin' 'ands an' rollin' up their sleeves.

Just when 'Enery Walker reached the corner—
Rather dark it was, an' very quiet—
Someone grabbed 'is neck an' chucked 'im over,
Someone banded 'is 'ead agin the kerb,

Someone put 'is knee in 'Enery's stummick,
Someone took a grip on 'Enery's nostrils,
Someone put 'is starn on 'Enery's breast-bone;
'Enery felt so tired 'e went to sleep.

Well, 'bout four o'clock on Monday mornin'
Someone fishin' out in Portsmouth 'Arbour
Spotted somethink comin' down the tide-race,
Big an' black an' rollin' round an' round.

That there fisher stood by with 'is boat-'ook,
Got a grip an' 'auled aboard the body;
Seemed to know the face as 'Enery Walker's;
Rowed it, wet an' drippin', to the shore.

When they come to 'old the bloomin' inquest,
All they knew was 'Enery in the 'Arbour;
No one knew 'ow pore ole 'Enery got there;
All the blokes could say was "Found 'im Drowned."

Why that low-down woman, Liza Slaughter,
Went an' blew the gaff on 'Enery Walker,
Then went out an' picked up six months' chokee,
Ain't fer you or me to ask or know.

All I says is, speakin' as a sailor,
When you wants to 'it a bloomin' stoker,
Go up like a man an' 'it 'im fairly;
Don't go kickin' stokers in the stummick,
'Tain't the sort o' game that's like to pay.

21st October 1911.

MR. DELLBRIDGE AT CAMBRIDGE

THERE was a clatter of heavy feet on my staircase, and the door shook to the thumping of a mighty hand. Startled, perhaps with a quaver in my voice, I called that the visitor might enter. Mr. Dellbridge stood before me. Scarlet of face, neat in blue uniform, radiant with gold badges, vastly friendly of smile, my stoker friend beamed upon my threshold and ran a curious eye over myself and my little room. Of course, I hastened to receive his proffered fist of greeting.

"Fortnight's leaf," he stated briefly. "'Ome from the Straits. Thought I'd run up the line and 'ave a look at yer."

So I sat him down and ordered from the Buttery adequate supplies of beer. He drank deep and often from my largest jug, and produced a black clay pipe from the inside of his cap. Clouds from his Navy tobacco, official issue, soon rose from our respective bowls. Mr. Dellbridge, though not in the least ill at ease, was very much aware of new surroundings. He openly took stock of my modest furniture and unexciting pictures, expectorated into the fireplace, and gave a grunt expressive of anything I chose to think of. I decided to call it approval.

"Like our ole Skipper's cabin," he said, after an interval, which was, I suppose, a compliment.

"Good time?" I asked, lazily, for I was enjoying Mr. Dellbridge's tobacco.

"'Ot," he replied. "*Bloomin'* 'ot down below."

"Steak do for lunch?" queried I.

"Prime!" signified Mr. Dellbridge.

We sat and smoked until the entry of my bedmaker—a lady who is on the young side of middle age, and a dainty dresser. I did not like the look of Mr. Dellbridge's eye, nor, for that matter, of Mrs. Baron's. My position, I reflected, in the event of an outbreak of badinage, would be difficult if not absolutely impossible. The savour of my pipe departed, and I waited uneasily as Mrs. Baron bustled and fussed about the table. Once their glances met, and I beheld a broad and wicked grin at its dawn upon the face of my guest. A smirk of surpassing sweetness was the feminine reply; so I deliberately kicked over a chair and thus tactfully saved the situation. But expedients of that sort are difficult to devise, and tend to become, in course of time, rather obvious.

Mrs. Baron, with final clashing of forks and spoons, disappeared. Mr. Dellbridge's expression became openly licentious.

"Now, now!" I admonished him, with wagging forefinger.

I regret to say that Mr. Dellbridge winked.

The entry of a kitchen boy with beef steak and chipped potatoes here saved me from any further discussion. My visitor's large sea appetite and colossal sea thirst were at length appeased; and, fearing a disastrous reappearance of Mrs. Baron in quest of dirty plates, I suggested that I should show Mr. Dellbridge the sights of Cambridge. He first stipulated, however, for an interval devoted, in his own elegant phrase, to "catching the bird." Fearing that this plea for a nap was a mere manœuvre to secure for him further glimpses of the charmer, I insisted upon his incarceration in my bedroom. Here he slept quite soundly through what, I am convinced, was the undue and designed rattling of crockery by Mrs. Baron. The lady retired in a distinct ill-humour.

It now becomes necessary for me to record, this being an accurate description of our strollings abroad together, several remarks on the part of Mr. Dellbridge which, though perhaps vivid, were yet sincere. For instance, upon our first emerging from the college gateway it was our fortune almost to collide with one of those peculiar young gentlemen who delight to crawl in ecstasies of adornment through the afternoon shades of our sober streets.

Mr. Dellbridge reeled back somewhat elaborately. The ornate gentleman, after one hasty glance at the horror of professional blue serge, crawled on with shoulders of disdain.

"Gawd!" said Mr. Dellbridge. He stared bluffly for a minute, and then joined me with a clicking of his teeth. "'E one o' your chaps?" he asked. And, after, "Wot a bloomin' gold-bound blighter!" Which shows that the Trinity young gentleman, if such he was, struck no sparks of admiration from the flint of Mr. Dellbridge's heart.

My stoker friend, in fact, probably because he was unused to the infliction of slights upon him by tall, thin-bodied bloods of obvious feebleness, reflected quite bitterly upon the incident, and even went to the length of darkly harbouring designs of physical outrage. I saw him glance backward once or twice quite longingly. But I gave him no encouragement.

"Blarsted young shaver!" he muttered. Also, "Bung 'is eye

up." I am inclined to think that Audit ale from the Buttery was partly responsible.

"King's!" I cried, waving my right arm in a gesture of introduction. Mr. Dellbridge gaped.

"Palace?" he queried, in the voice due to possessions of royalty.

I perceived that adequate explanations were going to be my difficulty.

"Sort o' barracks?" he interjected, in his efforts to follow my definitions, and I glanced fearfully round lest King's men should be nigh and overhear him.

A King's man there was, undoubtedly, approaching us from the direction of the Market Place. A long-haired, flowing-tied apparition, with a studied slouch of gait and a kindly tolerant beam of the eye upon the world in general. Undoubtedly a mover in the high realms of sterile criticism. Mr. Dellbridge, trained from early youth to ideals of close-cropped polls and erect figures, stared in disapproval.

"Where's 'is 'at?" he wanted to know. "Lost it?" I gently suggested that choice, and not necessity, was responsible for the many uncovered heads which he would encounter during the afternoon. Mr. Dellbridge began to flounder hopelessly.

We passed from College to College, and the workings of the naval mind were curious to watch. Spikes upon the tops of College walls were well within his province, and the sentry-like duties of Porters he passed by with scarce a comment. His continual source of wonder was the varying phases of undergraduate activity with which we came in contact.

Did a man hail musically from street or court to window above, then Mr. Dellbridge found it necessary to stop dead and to watch with a friendly interest the success or otherwise of the call. The river was prolific of matter for comment, and Mr. Dellbridge's first experience of a shorts-clad coach riding his bicycle along the towpath, just above the Gasworks, was memorable.

"'Ullo!"—the inevitable halt—" 'Ere's a feller been bathin' and lost 'is clothes! What's 'e yellin' at in the river? The bloke wot sneaked 'em?" An interval of intent observation.

"Hi! Where yer goin' to? Why, can't yer look where yer goin' to? Look out, there! Nearly into me, you are! Why can't yer *look* where yer ridin'? 'Ere, you Gawd-fersaken——" A scuffling of

feet on the towpath as I caught his arm and drew him away from danger. The coach swept past without a glance in our direction. Mr. Dellbridge glared after him in high dudgeon, and it was only when I drew his attention to it that he was aware of the boat which had so monopolized the offender's attention. When his eyes rested upon this, however, the burly mariner's wrath melted into keen professional interest in the handling of oars.

"'Tain't Navy style," he remarked.

I am familiar with Naval rowing, conducted in massive man-o'-war boats and entailing a wild throwing back of the body in superhuman tugs and heaves. Also I have seen Mr. Dellbridge, at a Fleet Regatta, proudly conduct his boat to victory in a Stokers' Race—where regulation shovels are used in place of the usual oars. Therefore, I could quite honestly concur with Mr. Dellbridge's remark that the Cambridge style is dissimilar.

"Don't chuck theirselves about enough," said my critical stoker. "Right back you ought to go! So!" He contorted his body to make clear his meaning, and I longed for the presence of rowing men of position that they might learn from him. The new method would be forceful if not elegant. Light ships would require to be strengthened considerably in order to stand it.

We went back to my rooms for tea—and more beer. The happy evening was devoted to tobacco—and more beer. Mr. Dellbridge said that he must go in half an hour—which meant more beer. Then there was the Last Drink; and the Time for Another Drink; and the Well, Here's Luck; the Last Wet, the Really Must Go Now, and the We shall 'Ave to Run to the Station.

I am glad to think that Mr. Dellbridge's last impression of this University was a pleasant one. For we passed a crowd of arm-linked diners in Regent Street, and broad smiles of sympathy flowed in easy succession over my companion's countenance, not only at the actual time of our meeting the revellers, but continuing until we reached the station.

"Well," said Mr. Dellbridge, as we stood upon the platform, "It's good beer!"

May Week Number 1912.

P. A. IRVING (St. JOHN'S)

AUDIT ALE

IN many a metre and ungarnered stave
Men sing the vine and chant the flowing bowl
Since Bacchus to the rustic vintners gave
Ripe clusters for refreshing of the soul.
Not here of wine-vat nor of vintaging,
But of the white-crowned tankard do we sing.

In meadows where the tassell'd barley waves
Over the rest of large and bearded gods,
Or by the chalky hill before whose caves
The green profusion of the hop-vine nods,
There would we tap the cask and fill the horn
With liquor of the hops and barley born.

Deceiving draughts of sweetness unalloy'd
We like not, neither baleful bitterness.
The one leaves thirst unslaked and senses cloy'd—
The other is a stark distastefulness.
Rightly to mix them in a single draught
Of foaming richness—'tis a noble craft.

Now some by Munich, some by Pilsen swear,
Others by Burton, or what other town
Of mighty brewing; but we here declare
So white a foam-crest and so rich a brown,
Such life, no other liquor can comprise
As in our crusted ale, the Ale of Audit, lies.

Life of old feasting and of harmless joys
Lurks in those bottles and the sound of songs,
The smoke of ancient rafters and the noise
Of shouting to our hoary beer belongs,
And from the flagon ancient fire doth blaze,
Reproachful of our watery latter days.

Therefore in praise of Audit every day—

Foam whiter than the fleece of sunlit flocks,
Brown darker than in Garry or in Tay

Falls roaring over cleft and polished rocks—
If drouth or doleful humour do assail,
Let each find solace in this royal Ale.

29th January 1910.

“J.M.J.”

YE BALLAD OF YE BICYCLE

AS I was pedalling down the street,
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
The sun was bright, the air was sweet,
And all the winds were in my feet!
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

I saw no wheels in front of mine,
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
And as I started the incline
Of Castle Hill my pace was fine!
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

My brakes were good, my bell was strong,
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
I knew I'd use them both ere long,
The scraping screech—the loud ding-dong—
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

Alack-a-day, and woe is me!
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
Full sore and sad my tale will be,
And dark and drear with misery!
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

What is this sound that bodeth ill?
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
 As I am half-way down the hill,
 My heart with terror standeth still.
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

The pulsing thunder draweth near
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
 And falls upon my quaking ear;
 My face is blanched! I faint with fear!
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

I turn my wheels, and shut my eyes—
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
 And find myself to my surprise
 A-gazing at the azure skies!
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

Prone on the ground, I meditate
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
 Thankful for an unbroken pate:
 My bike is in an awful state.
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

The motor-cyclist strives to add
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
 Insult to injury—the cad—
 And asks if I am feeling bad!
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

MORAL

DON'T TAKE THE HILL TOO FAST! I DID.
(With a heigh ho! and the slippery mud!)
 Of motor-bikes 'tis never rid,
 And nothing beats a Cambridge skid!
(Sing heigh! nonny nonny!)

9th May 1914.

“ J.R.L.”

“ STEVE ”

(“ Jesus paddled home—Steve Fairbairn coached them all the way.”
—*Cambridge Review*, 5th November 1908.)

THE day I joined the Freshers' rank,
Where tides of Camus flow,
Great Steve was on the towing bank,
And that was years ago,
And men of antiquated mien
Then whispered of his fame—
“ Long, long before we rowed, he'd been
Here tubbing men the same.”
That very minute past he swept,
And filled our reverent gaze,
The one and only relic left
Of Georgian coaching days;
And like an organ strapped to wheels,
We heard him through the fog—
“ Now shove like kine and slip like eels
And thus the water flog.”
'Twas in a prehistoric dream
That first he took an oar,
And his rowing on a rising stream
Was useful unto Noah.
And he later trained the Argo,
And he won the match
When he stroked both crew and cargo
As Medea's scratch.
With Persians once he dipped a blade,
Before he won his blue;
He sorted satraps out and made
A record trireme crew.

'Twas he on Hellespontine bay
 Set up Leander club,
 And coached Diogenes, they say,
 To sit his famous tub.
 And every Jesus college eight
 That ever rigged in May,
 Or sailed the sea in search of plate,
 He taught them how to stay
 Or go, as might the case require,
 And his the voice they know,
 So sleep begetting when they tire,
 So soothing when they row.
 He trains them long, and fills them well
 With draughts of steaming Oxo,
 Sole reason why (the posters tell)
 His Mayboat never crocks, oh!
 His men he watcheth from the marge,
 So hairy, thick, and browned
 Like haystacks sitting in a barge
 Where needles are not found.
 And I am sure those men and Stee
 One day will try the Styx,
 And Lethe not forgetful be
 Of their good stretcher-kicks.
 And they will one day shoot past Charon
 Like a breath of wind.
 And laugh to hear him put a fare on
 Men who use his grind.

21st November 1908.

“ P.R.L.”

ADIEU

FAREWELL, grey towers and walls!
As twilight falls
On the old town to-night,
I leave the happy scene
With summer's bounty green;
And tears of sorrow dim my sight.

First tears of sorrow shed
Since fortune led
My happy steps to thee,
Dear Alma Mater: few
Were the tears with thee I knew,
And they of mirth and revelry!

How shall we e'er forget,
Amid the fret
And fury of the coming days,
The many joyful hours
In which thou mad'st it ours
On purest happiness to gaze?
And all our praise
Can never pay our debt.

15th October 1910.

R. C. LEHMANN (TRINITY)¹

AMONG THE ORATORS

(FROM "SPECIMEN DIALOGUES")

Hitherto we have not ventured to intrude upon the ground that is sacred to orators, and yet they form a considerable section of the small society in the midst of which we live. In every College they collect themselves into a club, where, week by week, the Government is praised or denounced, the character of Queen Elizabeth is pulled to pieces, the course of trade is regulated, and capital punishment is abolished. Finally, and over-topping all the rest, we have the Union, which is principally devoted, as everybody is aware, to the cultivation of the voice and the manufacture of statesmen. Let us for a short space endeavour to find out how the thing is done.

Scene : An ordinary College room. Time : 7.15 p.m. on a Tuesday. The owner of the rooms, a Union light, is standing in the centre of the room with one hand carelessly thrust into the breast of his coat. He is declaiming aloud.

UNION LIGHT [*to himself, referring to a MS.*]: I thought I hadn't got that last sentence. I must try again. Let me see. Oh, yes. "Sir, I have done,"—no, that won't do, the other side always cheer that. I must try something else. "Sir, the warning hand of the clock shows me that my allotted time is almost spent,"—that's much better—"but before I sit down, I may perhaps be allowed to sum up what I have said. I have proved to demonstration that, under the present ruler of Monaco, freedom has pined and prosperity has languished. I have shown how the inhabitants groan under the oppression that prevails. I have made it clear that we, and we alone, are pointed out to be their deliverers. To us they appeal. Shall that appeal be in vain? I cannot doubt what the answer will be. Too long have the tyrants triumphed. They have struck at the keystone

¹ These contributions by R. C. Lehmann were afterwards reprinted in *In Cambridge Courts*, HENRY AND CO., and elsewhere.

of Freedom's arch. When the crash comes, they will find that by sitting upon the safety-valve they have only secured their own destruction. Their exploded fragments will be scattered over the earth; they shall be crushed beneath the wreck they caused; and Liberty shall once more raise her head and smile upon the world from the ruins." There, I think that will fetch 'em. [*A loud knocking at the door.*] Halloa, who's there?

FRIEND [*without*]: What have you sported your oak for? Let me in, like a good chap. [U.L. *opens with reluctance.* FRIEND *enters.*] Are you doing a read?

U.L.: No, not exactly. Fact is, I've been snoozing in my arm-chair. These cold days are so tiring.

F.: Yes, they are, awfully. But, I say, aren't you going to the Union to-night? Boffin's sure to be in grand form with his motion about the establishment of a protectorate in Monaco. Shall you speak?

U.L.: No, I don't think so. I don't know much about the subject, and then, I've had no time to prepare anything at all. So I'm certain not to speak.

F.: Oh, you'd better speak all the same. If you don't, Boffin will have it all his own way, and that'll make him more stuck up than ever. Jefferson, who's down to oppose him, is no good at all. Why, last term, when they had that motion about throwing dead cats into the Cam, he absolutely broke down just as he was trying to prove that, on the whole, he preferred a dead cat to a water-lily. Besides, he made such an awful fool of himself at the last business meeting. Compared George Moore to the Prophet Isaiah. Too ridiculous!

U.L. [*allowing himself to be persuaded*]: Well, let's go, anyhow; but I'll see about speaking when we get there. [*Furtively pockets MS.*] Come on.

[*They depart. We change the scene to the Union. Time 9 p.m.*

UNION LIGHT *has just risen and caught the President's eye.*

U.L.: Sir, it was not my intention to address the House to-night. I have not prepared what I have to say. But I cannot sit still and give the assent of silence to the tissue of absurdities which the honourable proposer has tried to foist upon the House.

[*Loud cheers. And so he proceeds for twenty minutes up to the glowing peroration that we have already heard him recite.*

U.L. [*concluding*]:—shall once more raise her head, and smile upon the world from the ruins.

[*Thunders of applause as U.L. resumes his seat.*]

ADMIRER [*on the next seat*]: Well done. Do you mean to say you prepared nothing?

U.L.: Not a word. Ask Johnson; he was with me.

FRIEND: Yes, that's right. I had to drag him here from his rooms.

ADMIRER: Splendid!

8th March 1889.

TO THE MASTER OF TRINITY¹

CONGRATULATORY ODE ON A RECENT HAPPY EVENT²

DR. BUTLER, may I venture, without seeming too officious, To congratulate you warmly on a birthday so auspicious? The event is surely worthy that I, too, should raise my voice at it,

And proclaim as best I may that, like all others, I rejoice at it. I am late, I own it humbly, but from censure crave immunity; I should have wished you joy before, but lacked the opportunity. And you, too, fair young mistress of our ancient Lodge at Trinity,³ Though to the usual natal ode my rhymes have small affinity, Though good wishes from an unknown friend may savour of temerity, Yet accept both them and my excuse for wishing them—sincerity. And the Son! with two such parents this small member of our college Must be, unlike the ruck of us, a paragon of knowledge. Armed cap-à-pie with wisdom like the goddess in the stories, A human sort of letters which we term *humaniores*; A kind of tiny scholiast who'll startle his relations With his luminous suggestions, and his subtle emendations; A Lexicon in arms, with all the syntax grafted in on him; A Gradus ad Parnassum, full of epithet and synonym,

¹ Reprinted in Theodore A. Cook's *Anthology of Humorous Verse*. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

² The birth of his son, J. R. M. Butler, now Fellow of Trinity.

³ Mrs. Butler (then Miss Agneta Ramsay) was Senior Classic in 1887.

A Corpus Poetarum, such as classics love to edit, he
 Will furnish, let me hope, a bright example of heredity.
 While no doubt he'll be a stoic or a modern Pocahontas
 (This allusion is $\tau\iota$ $\beta\acute{\alpha}\rho\beta\alpha\rho\omicron\nu$) when cutting his $\acute{o}\delta\acute{o}\nu\tau\alpha\varsigma$
 Yet if he, when his teething time approaches, should to cry elect,
 He will cry, I am persuaded, in the purest Attic dialect.
 If a keen desire for nourishment his baby face should mottle,
 He will think "nunc est bibendum," not like others, "pass the bottle."
 Before he doffs his long clothes, and while scarcely fit to wean, he
 Will be game to tackle Schliemann on the treasures of Mycenae;
 And although his conversation must be chiefly esoteric,
 Yet I warrant, if the truth were known, he often talks Homeric;
 Then, whilst others merely babble, he will whet his infant senses
 On a new and striking theory of Greek and Latin tenses.
 He'll eschew his india-rubber ring, vote picture books immoral,
 And prefer an hour with Tacitus to rattle or to coral.
 He will subjugate hexameters and conquer elegiacs,
 As easily as Rajah Brooke made mincemeat of the Dyaks;
 And in struggles with alcaics and iambics, and the rest of it,
 I will lay a thousand drachmae Master Butler gets the best of it,
 And whatever Dr. Jebb may think, he'll look a small potato
 Should he dare to take this infant on in Aeschylus or Plato.
 Then (forgive me if I mention but a few amongst his many tricks)
 He will call his father "genitor," his mother "alma genetrix"
 At an age when other babies stutter "Pa" or "Ma" or "Gra'ma";
 He will solve, oh joy! the mystery and sense of the digamma,
 He'll discover by an instinct, though the point is somewhat knotty,
 That in certain cases $\pi\rho\acute{o}\varsigma$ is used, in other cases $\pi\omicron\rho\acute{\iota}$
 He will know the proper case for every little preposition,
 Will correctly state a certainty or hint at a condition,
 Latin prose will be a game to him; at two he'll take a prize in it,
 With no end of Ciceronian turns and lots of *quippe qui-s* in it.
 With the ablatives so absolute they awe you into silence,
 And such indirect narrations that they wind away a mile hence;
 With the sentences so polished that they shine like housemaids' faces,
 All the words both big and little fixed like features in their places;
 With the moods all strictly accurate, the tenses in their sequences,
 And a taste so truly classical it shudders at infrequencies.

With some cunning bits of *tams* and *quams*, and all the little wily sets
 Of *donec-s* and of *quamvis-es*, of *dum-s* and *quin-s* and *scilicet-s*.
 All the imperfections rubbed away, the roughness nicely levelled off,
 Like a sheet of burnished copper with the edges neatly bevelled off.
 In short, go search all Europe through, you'll find that in Latinity
 Not a soul can hold a candle to our Master's son in Trinity.
 Then he'll write Greek plays by dozens, not such models of insipid ease
 (Robert Browning, grant me pardon) as the dramas of Euripides;
 But lines that roll like thunder, Aeschylean and Titanic,
 With a saving touch of Sophocles, a dash Aristophanic.
 Not an accent will be wanting, no false quantity will kill a line,
 There'll be no superfluous particles like $\gamma\epsilon$ to merely fill a line.
 Then, if asked to choose a story-book, this prodigy will nod at us,
 And demand the Polyhymnia or the Clio of Herodotus.
 At three he'll take a tripos class in Aryan mythology,
 And at four confute all Germany in Roman archaeology;
 And if Teuton rivals should indite huge quartos to suppress him, oh,
 I'll back this cyclopaedic child, this English duodecimo.
 And, bless me, how his cheeks will glow with infantine elation,
 Should he catch his parents tripping in a classical quotation;
 He'll be, in fact, before he's done with pap-boat and with ladle,
 The critic's last variety—the critic in the cradle.
 So a health to you, good Master, may the day that brought this boy
 to you
 Be through the years a constant source of happiness and joy to you.
 May he have his father's eloquence, be charming as his mother,
 And when he grows to wield a bat, play cricket like his brother.
 I look towards you, Dr. B., and Mrs. Butler, too, sir;
 The infant prodigy as well, let's drink it in a "brew," sir.
 Take of champagne a magnum, drop some Borage (*that's* the stuff) in it,
 With a dash of Cognac, lots of ice and seltzer, *quantum suff.*, in it,
 And we'll drain this simple mixture ("simple mixture" sounds
 Hibernian),
 And in honour of the classic babe we'll fancy it's Falernian.

18th October 1889.

AN INTER-UNIVERSITY INCIDENT¹

I

THE QUARREL: "A POORER LOT THAN USUAL."

STREW your heads with dust and ashes, O ye sons of sedgy Cam;
 Let your speech be meek and humble as the baa of bleating lamb;
 Let your bloods go robed in sackcloth and be careless of their
 boots,—

You're "a poorer lot than usual,"—rather lower than the brutes.

Fiery Nickalls wrote the latter,—fiery Nickalls, fine and large,—
 And his frenzied eye flashed fury as he sat within his barge.
 Long enough have we submitted; now the time has come to strike;
 Shall "a poorer lot than usual" settle *all* things as they like?

"I, the winner of the Wingfields, of the Diamonds winner too,
 Who at stroke, or six, or seven am the mainstay of the crew;
 I, whom friends call Guy or Luney,"—it was thus the chieftain spoke,—
 "Of 'a poorer lot than usual' will not tamely bear the yoke.

"Nay, my brothers of the Isis, let us write to them and say
 They shall trample us no longer in the old familiar way;
 And the banner of our Boat Club, as it flutters in its pride,
 By 'a poorer lot than usual' shall no longer be defied."

¹ In 1890 there arose a dispute between the Presidents of the Cambridge and Oxford University Boat Clubs (S. D. Muttelbury and G. Nickalls) with reference to the date of the boat-race. Nickalls was (not, perhaps, quite accurately) understood to have declared in an official letter that Cambridge wanted to get the best of everything, because they were this year "a poorer lot than usual." The quarrel raged for a few days; but ultimately a date was fixed, and shortly afterwards Nickalls and R. P. P. Rowe, of the O.U.B.C., visited Cambridge. The formal reconciliation was celebrated at a banquet. At the date of the visit the two University eights were manned by the following crews: *Oxford*: Bow, W. F. C. Holland; No. 2, H. E. L. Puxley; No. 3, R. P. P. Rowe; No. 4, C. H. St. J. Hornby; No. 5, Lord Ampthill; No. 6, C. F. Drake; No. 7, G. Nickalls; Stroke, W. A. L. Fletcher. *Cambridge*: Bow, C. S. Storrs; No. 2, J. M. Sladen; No. 3, E. T. Fison; No. 4, J. F. Rowlatt; No. 5, A. S. Duffield; No. 6, S. D. Muttelbury; No. 7, G. Francklyn; Stroke, G. Elin.

So he wrote it, and he signed it in the Presidential chair,
And he folded and addressed it, and he posted it with care;
And the heedless postman bore it, little recking of the frown
Of "a poorer lot than usual" who reside in Cambridge town.

Then the captains all were summoned, those who study "stinks" at
Caius,
Those who wear the blue of Pembroke, or in Magdalene loll at ease,
Those from Trinity and Downing, John's and Christ's, and eke the
Hall,
Came "a poorer lot than usual" at the Secretary's call.

From Emmanuel of the Lion, from St. Catherine's of the Wheel,
From Sidney and St. Peter's with the Crosskeys for a seal,
And from Jesus trooped the captains, where they own the Dean of
deans
(Not "a poorer lot than usual"), and from Corpus and from Queen's.

Came the pious youths of Selwyn and the brawny men of Clare,
And the Kingsmen trimmed with violet, who had heard of the affair;
And the baby boys of Cavendish came riding in their "pram,"
With "a poorer lot than usual" both of lollipops and jam.

And they sat in solemn conclave, there within the panelled hall,
Where the golden names of oarsmen gleam and glitter on the wall;
Mighty Muttie read the letter, lord and master of the crews,
In "a poorer lot than usual" of socks and shorts and shoes.

Then they looked at one another as they heard it with dismay,
And one said, "This is awful," and another, "Let us pray";
Till at last one rose and murmured, and his fingers, as he rose,
Were—"a poorer lot than usual"—extended from his nose.

"Thus," he said, "I answer Nickalls of the boast so loud and big;
Let him mount, and, if he likes it, ride to Putney on a pig.
Let him go to Bath or blazes, go to Jericho and back,
Or—"a poorer lot than usual"—place his head within a sack.

" But when next he writes to Cambridge let him try another plan;
Manners cost no more than twopence, and 'tis manners makyth man.
And, O Muttie! if you meet him, tell him plainly face to face
That ' a poorer lot than usual ' mean to beat him in the race." ¹

1st February 1890.

II

THE RECONCILIATION: OXFORD IN CAMBRIDGE

Oh! sadly flows the Isis, full sadly go the crews,
And the Blue-aspiring oarsmen all have yielded to the blues,
Through hall and quad and college sweeps the universal moan,—
" Give Guy and Reggie back to us; we cannot row alone."

To Ifley drift the " toggers," as slow as any hearse;
For while the men forget their form the coach forgets to curse;
And bow, who screws most painfully, forgets to murmur " Blank,"
As the cox forgets his rudder-strings and runs into the bank.

Tom Timms, the genial boatman, sits droning mournfully;
Sadly he hums the hymn " For those in peril on the sea."
(Yet—think not that I mock his grief—that faithful servant Timms
Is better with his boathooks than he is at chanting hymns.)

Black Holland of the elbows, who was never known to fail
With tea and buttered muffins, or with Phoenix cakes and ale,—
Unfed he sits in Vincent's, and o'er his brooding brow
Hangs sorrow like a thunder-cloud—that tough and tidy bow.

And Puxley droops in Corpus, the Janus of the oar,
With one face fixed to look behind, another fixed before;
Drake and our Lord of Amptill, too, a proud columnar pair,
Like Stylites on his pillar, stand abandoned to despair.

¹ Which, however, they failed to do, by a length.



AFTER THE BUMP SUPPER

A drawing by G. K. Chesterton from the "Twenty-First Celebration"
Number of the *Granta*, December 1907.

And St. John Hornby mopes with them; and Fletcher of the House,
Who strokes the crew, is silent as the quiet, proverbial mouse.
Yea, all the crew are sorrowful, like dogs bereft of bone,
And sigh for Guy and Reggie, for they cannot row alone.

* * * * *

But Guy has hastened Camward; he leaves them to their sighs,
And Reggie Rowe goes with him, curly Reggie of the eyes—
Reggie the slim and supple, the pride of all the Eight,
Who never left his bed too soon, and never yet rowed late.

See how our Muttie greets them; his childlike smile is bland,
That heathen Cantab, Muttie,—as he shakes them by the hand:
“Now, welcome both to Cambridge; first lunch and then away
To watch ‘the poorer——’ Hem! I mean the crew at work to-day.”

And soon, their luncheon ended, they issue forth again,
Speed past the gates of Sidney, and turn down Jesus Lane;
Then, ploughing through the common, leave Cambridge street
behind,
And come—oh, marvel!—to the Cam, and cross it in a grind.

Then swift is launched the Clasper; young Elin sits at stroke—
Young Elin, who treats chemical explosions as a joke;
And Francklyn swings behind him—swings, swings, until you feel
He means to knock his freshman’s face full tilt against the keel.

Muttie at six is “stylish,” so at least the *Field* reports;
No man has ever worn, I trow, so short a pair of shorts.
His blade sweeps through the water, as he swings his 14.10,
And pulls it all, and more than all, that brawny king of men.

Duffield in spectacles comes next, who hides his lip in hair;
And Rowlatt, fair and square at four—that is, in fact, four square;
Next Fison, skilled in sculling, stout Sladen plugs at two,
And Storrs sits gracefully at bow; and there you have the crew.

But oh! what thinks Guy Nickalls, who at Oxford doth preside,
The while he rides his towpath steed with Reggie at his side?
What thinks he of our river? And what, do you suppose—
What means that hasty handkerchief he presses to his nose?

Nay, Barnwell Pool is bright and clear, and Camus, flowing free,
Sweeps drainage, dogs, cats, tallow, soap, full swiftly to the sea.
Guy cannot curse our stream; yet, ah! what means that muttered d—n?
Perchance a blessing lurks therein; he cannot curse the Cam!

What thinks he of the rowing? What thinks he of the strength?
Thinks he his crew is smarter, or that ours prevails in length?
Thinks he that odds on him are right, and odds on us absurd?
Whate'er he thinks, he keeps it dark, and utters not a word.

So sit up, and row your smartest, who fain would wear the Blue;
Grip hard the clean beginning, then squarely row it through;
Out with your hands like lightning, and let the finish ring
Sharp as a church clock striking one; then slowly, slowly swing.

No need, O gallant Hutchinson, to rate your crew to-day;
Oxford rides watching on the bank; they know it and obey;
And even Muttie, scant of praise, is forced to say, "Well done!"
While eight oars strike the Cam at once, eight bodies move as one.

And, now the work is over, the rival chieftains sit
And talk of friendly nothings in their armchairs at the Pitt;
And yet methought I marked a shade of sadness on the face
Of Nickalls, as he thought upon the coming Putney race.

* * * * *

But oh! that merry evening—the clash of knives and forks,
The sparkle of the wineglass, and the popping of the corks;
And the walls and rafters echoed and re-echoed to our cry,
As we drained our brimming bumpers to Reggie and to Guy.

So here's a health to Oxford men; there came a storm of late,
But our sturdy friendship weathered it, nor foundered on a date;
And, when the furious race is past, again we'll meet and dine,
And drink a cup of kindness yet for days of auld lang syne.

15th February 1890.

IN JESUS LANE

(By A VETERAN)

DEAR Lane, thou art not passing fair,
Thou art not always passable,
Yet to be with thee I could spare
Much else; dear Lane, I love thee well.

I see thy well-known sights again,
And stray as once I used to stray
Amid the ceaseless stream of men
Who fill thy pavement every day.

The dogs of every sort and size,
Still masterless I see them sit
And contemplate with anxious eyes
The stucco temple of the Pitt.

And though I strive I may not miss
That tout who still saluteth me;
Oh venal smirker, tell me this,
Were it not better not to be?

Thou art so mean and void of sense,
And all the day thou lingerest
Unsnubbable in hope of pence—
For thee some easy death were best.

Some easy death to give thee pause
To wipe thee comfortably out,
For being kind, I would not cause
Much torture even to a tout.

Close by the cabmen jest or swear,
A rough, untutored, jovial throng:
Their noisy laughter fills the air;
They like their jests both broad and long.

And while the drivers gaily laugh,
The bony horses, bent and worn,
Stand heedless of their masters' chaff,
And droop their heads, and munch their corn.

I see the linen-suited cooks,
A balanced box on every head—
Men cannot live alone on books:
With chops and steaks they must be fed.

The Lane hath all its ancient stir,
Dogs, Dog-carts, Undergraduates,
The Polo-men with boot and spur,
The Rowing-men who talk of weights.

Oh, long and quite unlovely Lane
Of lodging-houses, row on row,
What though thy face of things be plain,
A world of beauty dwells below.

Again I see thy common bricks,
And scan each well-remembered door
Of 25 and 26,
Of 30 and of 34.

The doors dissolve, I seem to hear
The voice of friends, unaged I trace
Behind the bricks that disappear,
Some young and unforgotten face.

Such scenes doth memory enact
For those whose hair is turning grey,
Then ruthless brings them back to fact,
Rings down the curtain, ends the play.

Yet oft I tempt her to repeat
Her part, and make the present fair,
By changing all the busy street,
Its sights and sounds, to what they were

When twice twelve years had yet to go
Ere the slow century had its full,
And I was like the rest who row,
Or ride, or read in Cambridge still.

Yea, if some god restored the past,
And bade me live my life again,
I would not change from first to last
The hours I lived in Jesus Lane.

9th May 1891.

A TRINITY BOATING SONG¹

ALL hail! ye men from Trinity, who sport the old dark blue,
Who man the brittle cedar ship and sweep your oar-blades
through;
Who mark it well and far behind, and make the finish ring,
And shoot your hands like lightning out and slowly, slowly swing;
Now fling your ancient banner forth; Dame Fortune smooths her
frowns
When she sees your golden Lion with his triple gear of crowns;
Reach out, reach out and keep it long, oh men of ship and tub,
Though the stroke be two-and-forty, for the honour of your Club.

Chorus

So it's steady, boys, and swing to it,
And lift her as you spring to it;
Now, now you're fairly driving her, by Jupiter she jumps.
And the men who follow after
Shall recite with joy and laughter
All the glory of your story and the record of your bumps.

¹ Sung at the Trinity Smoking Concert, Michaelmas Term, 1894.

Ye cricketers, your runs mount up while brightly shines the sun;
 With rain in quite another sense ye have to cut and run.
 But us nor native hurricane nor transatlantic storm
 Can force to quit our daily toil, our daily dose of form.
 The rain may pour, the wind may blow—they pour and blow in vain,
 With equal hearts we face the wind, with equal hearts the rain.
 And when the work is past and done, and night begins to fall,
 We pile the plate and fill the glass and tell the tale in Hall.

Chorus.

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 wild with roaring, and the roar becomes a yell,
 And the bowmen 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."

Chorus.

I met a stolid 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 went 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."

Chorus.

Then shout for old First Trinity, and let your song be heard
 Not less for those who proudly wear the blue and white of Third.
 One kindly mother claims us all, she bids us play our parts
 As men whose Clubs are separate, while friendship joins their hearts.

We ply the oar in rivalry, and in the mimic fray
 With eager zest and dogged pluck we battle through the day.
 But when the gallant fight is o'er, united we can stand,
 And hold our own in name and fame, but clasp a foeman's hand.

Chorus

So it's steady, boys, and swing to it,
 And lift her as you spring to it:
 Now, now you're fairly driving her, by Jupiter she jumps.
 And the men who follow after
 Shall recite with joy and laughter
 All the glory of your story and the record of your bumps.

19th January 1895.

K. R. LEWIN (TRINITY)

D—— THE WEATHER

PERCHANCE 'twas with a barometric fall
 Or else the Weather Clerk's uncertain whim
 (If so, then I should like to get at him),
 But all the waters of this whirling ball
 Seem to have come together, all to all,
 In fell conspiracy to make me swim.
 Of late the sky has been so black and grim
 'Twould be relief to watch a funeral.

Not yet—my shooting and prophetic corn
 Informs me—has J. Pluvius made good,
 And three days hence I shall, I dare be sworn,
 Be at this very self-same window stood
 Watching some distant dripping and forlorn
 Prospective Noah seek for Gopher wood.

4th June 1910.

BALLADE OF DROUGHT IN THE DUCHY

THOUGH Cornwall's grand, they say, for walking tours,
 A Paradise for those who like to slog
 The weary foot by coast and inland moors,
 The countryside is destitute of grog.
 The weather, too, if cheerful for the dog,
 Is dull for man, the sky so often blubs,
 While, worse than any plight of rain or fog,
 The Duchy has a damsight too few pubs.

I love not such as tope within shut doors
 And generally imitate the hog,
 But, in default of bars with sanded floors,
 The countryside is destitute of grog;
 So when I've paddled through some beastly bog,
 And want a drop to lubricate my hubs,
 Why no! they have to grind until they clog;
 The Duchy has a damsight too few pubs.

In such a land, where only water pours,
 And Bible Christians roll the T.T. log,
 I wonder how they live, the local boors—
 The countryside is destitute of grog;
 So be they merely thirsty as a dog,
 Or eaten up by drouthy mollygrubs,
 Upon their creaking ways they have to jog—
 The Duchy has a damsight too few pubs.

ENVOI

Remember, Prince, should you come here *incog.*,
 To bring your liquor, Sire, in tubs and tubs—
 The countryside is destitute of grog;
 The Duchy has a damsight too few pubs.

2nd November 1912.

“ M ”

THE TOILERS

A, B, and C, those most enlightened men,
 Whose lives seem void of all mere earthly joys—
 I'm sure you must have met them, now and then,
 In things called Problems, done when we were boys.

A is the toiler: see him laying bricks:
 This is his work, he has no brilliant brain—
 He buys his Consols up at 96,
 And sells them out at 94 again.

B is the man who comes the second day,
 And then makes up by working twice as fast
 As that dull, able-bodied delver A,
 Who always plods along, and comes in last.

How great their energy! They never shirk:
 They seem to treat it as a perfect joy
 Able to “do a certain piece of work,”
 Helped by three women (ah!) and half a boy.

But very different are the deeds of C;
 He does a little work, and goes away,
 And leaves the field, or wall, or fence, to B,
 Helped by the steady industry of A.

Perhaps you think, tired out, they rest their brains
 And bodies, when they take a holiday
 And when they hurry off in different trains,
 Which overtake each other on the way.

But no, for when they reach a seaside place,
 Each bravely does his best to play the part
 Assigned in Section 3; they have a race
 In which they give each other three feet start.

Well, now I stop; to tell the truth, I tire,
 And close my eyes, and throw away my pen—
 (Perhaps I most resemble C, Esquire!)
 So let us leave these fascinating men.

4th February 1905.

“G.B.M.”

THE MISANTHROPE'S APPEAL

O H, save me from the reading man
 That keeps just over me;
 He walks about with heavy tread
 From nine o'clock to three.
 He juggles with Thucydides
 And *loves* the use of *av*
 The non-athletic, peripatetic,
 Nightly reading man.

Oh, save me from the science man
 Who in the darksome labs,
 Eviscerates the jelly-fish
 With playful little stabs.
 He always talks his beastly shop
 To everyone he can—
 The bug-inspecting, worm-dissecting,
 Average science man.

Oh, save me from the billiard crock;
 It is a gruesome sight,
 To see him aiming at the red
 And pocketing the white.
 He takes your favourite table,
 Whilst you stand and curse the clock,
 The billiard-talking, miss-in-baulking,
 Would-be Roberts crock.

Oh, save me from that awesome beast
 That stalks at night so wary,
 And meets the unsuspecting man
In statu pupillari.
 His pipe is out, but then he won't
 Believe him in the least.
 Oh, useless statements—"Six-and-eightpence!"
 Stony-hearted beast!

Oh, save me from my Union friend
 Who seeks forensic glory.
 With pulpit style, and swaying form,
 He argues *a priori*.
 He practises on me all day,
 His speeches know no end.
 This very ghastly, "Third and lastly,"
 Dictatorial friend.

Oh, save me from the would-be bloods,
 The sportsman's imitators,
 Who wear a bandage round their necks,
 And walk about in gaiters.
 You never see them with a horse,
 Though doubtless they've their studs;
 The pseudo-racing, own the place-ing,
 Rocking-horse bloods.

5th March 1898.

“H.M.”

BED

“That Heaven on Earth.”—*Thomas Hood*

PLANK, mattress, four-poster, or hammock at sea,
Or a sackful of straw in a shed;
There is nothing so jolly wherever you be,
As a bed.

When you're down in the dumps, and you cannot cheer up,
Do not blow the brains out of your head;
For there's little man needs save a smoke and a sup
And a bed.

If you've broken your heart for the fiftieth time,
Do not moan that all pleasure is fled;
It is folly to listen to chime after chime;
Go to bed.

When you're ploughed in exams. and you feel “below par,”
It is useless to wish you had read;
In the morning you'll find yourself better by far,
For your bed.

If your creditors call at the close of the day
And refuse to believe you are dead,
Tell the gyp “Mr. So-and-so's sorry to say
He's in bed.”

Plank, mattress, four-poster, or hammock at sea,
Or a twopenny “doss” in a shed,
There is nothing so jolly wherever you be,
As a bed.

11th November 1899.

" W.M."

WINGED WORDS

(Mr. Albert Spink, having acquired from books an " extensive and peculiar " acquaintance with Cambridge terminology, somewhat contaminated (to speak philologically) with that of " another place," giveth himself out, when on holiday in the country, to be a 'Varsity man, and discourseth on this wise to the " rustics ignorant of the way.")

I RAN in the 'Varsity " Tripos,"
 I coached on the Trumpington road,
 I wasn't a hard-reading " Torpid ";
 I was up for a " Go "— and I " goed."

I fed on the choicest of " proggins "—
 You know you need never pay cash—
 And always went clothed in a " gaudy "—
 There's nothing like cutting a dash!

I " sported my oak " in processions,
 I hung up my hat in the " Hall,"
 I had a top seat at " High Table "—
 Intended, you know, for the tall.

I wouldn't be seen with a " Fellow,"
 And " Commons " I utterly barred,
 While as for the kids they call " Scholars,"
 I told them to play in the yard.

I was " Head of the River " at " Tubbing "—
 A mystery truly profound;
 You propel the thing on with a broomstick,
 While its shape keeps it spinning around.

Yet I learnt all the lore of my " Tutor,"
 I learnt all they teach in the " Schools,"
 We are " Blues," you must know, up at Cambridge,
 We don't make provision for fools.

11th June 1908.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL (TRINITY)

A READING GENTLEMAN

(FROM "THE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. PEDDLE, BEDMAKER")

I

"THE gentleman as 'ad these rooms after you, sir? Let me see, now. I allus do say as I can give a name to all my gentlemen, —Dodgson, Pleydell, Thrapp, 'Amilton—I ain't sure it wasn't the German Baron von Boose-lager, or was it the honnerable Mountjoy?—ah, yes, it was 'im, the Baron come after, an' I always did say as 'ow 'e ought to have brought 'is trombone along with 'im, with a shock o' straw-coloured 'air as you might a mopped up the court with, as I often sez to the 'elp—laugh! lor she did laugh, enough to disturb 'erself.

"The honnerable Mountjoy—you knowed 'im I daresay, sir?—ah, yes, quite one o' your sort, 'e was, full of 'is pranks an' not particular as to 'is langwidge, same as you, sir, though I suppose that's all over now, an' you wouldn't speak your mind free, not on no provocation, 'ceptin' on Ash Wednesday when you lets yourself go in that there Combination Service, what I never could abide, a cursin' o' your neighbours what ain't done no worse nor what you 'ave, but I suppose a clergyman must 'ave 'is fling some time same's other folks.

"Well, sir, I likes your sort, an' the honnerable Mountjoy was just such another—free with your money an' free with your tongues, but open 'earted young gentlemen enough an' like enough to settle down as steady as anybody afterwards, same's what you 'ave, with a nice comfortable lady about yer path an' about yer bed an' spyin' out all yer ways, as the Good Book sez, an' yer children like olive branches under the table. Them readin' men they don't give so much trouble as what you do, but they don't give such honourablariums nor sech perquilates neither, an' things is about as short as they're long, as I often sez to the 'elp.

" I 'ad a readin' gentleman in these very rooms after the honnerable Mountjoy, an' it's a story I often thinks about and rummings upon, for life ain't all beer and wittles as I often sez to the 'elp.

" The honnerable Mountjoy 'e took all his furniture along with 'im 'ceptin' 'is bed and 'is washstand. They come an' painted the name 'Williams' over the door, but I 'adn't seen nothing of 'im till Term time. There was no furniture come, and I sez ' Whatever shall we do with a gentleman acomin' in an' all, an' not a stick on which to lay 'is 'ead?' Leastways when I sez not a stick you must understand me there was a common old deal table an' a few Windsor chairs an' sech like, but nothin' fit for a gentleman to use, as I said to the 'elp. You see, sir, with you and the honnerable Mountjoy comin' one after the other, I'd got used to a different class o' gentlemen as you might say, an' I never thought nothin' but what the rooms'd be well furnished same as they was in your time. But lor, when 'e come in, there, it was a case o' Lazarus and Davies, as the sayin' is, an' no mistake.

" We're all mortal, an' we all 'as our faults, an' me, though soundly converted this thirty years come next July, which I was a mendin' one o' father's shirts on a 'ot Sabbath afternoon, an' a voice seemed to come to me ' Don't you do no more work on the Sabbath; don't you do no more work on the Sabbath,' an' I was carried off into a sleep as sweet as a blessed babe's then an' there, an' when I came to I'd found peace sure enough, an' nothin'd make me go agin the voice that afternoon, though father was fair mad an' went out with 'is collar a jumpin' up an' down 'is neck, an' I'm a 'umble woman an' don't want no mansions as the minister sez we'll all have by an' by, but give me a semi-detached villa in the Noo Jeroosalim, says I, with no rates and no taxes, an' I'll sing Moody an' Sankey till there ain't no breath left in my body.

" Well, as I was a-sayin', we all 'as our faults an' I don't mind ownin' up to mine, and I always think I did ought to be ashamed o' myself the way I treated that there poor young Williams when 'e first come into these rooms. Would you believe it, that deal table an' them Windsor chairs, with a bookcase what I could almost 'a' made myself, was the only furniture these 'ere rooms 'ad from the time 'e come in to the time 'e went out, poor dear, and 'ow *that* was we shall come to bye an' bye. 'E was a little 'op-o'-my-thumb lookin' chap, an', upon my word, when 'e first come in at the beginning of Term, carryin' a box

in 'is 'and, I thought 'e was a tradesman's boy, an' it give me quite a turn when 'e says: 'I'm Mr. Williams, Mrs. Peddle, an' I 'ope we shall be very good friends.' 'Well, sir,' I sez, 'I don't know about friends, but I always tries to treat my gentlemen fair if they treat me fair; but lor', sir,' I sez, 'the rooms ain't nearly ready for you. Wherever's all your things? There ain't no carpets come nor no more furniture nor what you see before you, nor no linen, nor no crockery.' 'I've brought all the linen an' crockery I shall want,' 'e says, 'it's in the box what the porter's bringing in, an' as for carpets an' furniture,' 'e says, 'I'm afraid we shall 'ave to do with what's 'ere, for it's all I shall be able to afford.'

"Well, there! never was woman so taken aback as me, Jemima Peddle. 'Whatever 'ave we come to,' I sez to the 'elp, 'after the rooms bein' what they was when the other gentlemen 'ad 'em.' But there was young Williams a whistlin' away in them an' unpackin' 'is books an' 'is little bits o' pictures till it made me fair vexed to feel as 'ow 'e didn't know what gentlemen's rooms was like an' what we'd been used to in letter B.

"W'en 'e'd gone off to 'all, Lord Drag an' Beagle come in, what 'ad often dined 'ere in your time an' the Honnerable Mountjoy's, an' many's the time 'e'd come into the gyp room between the courses an' swore 'e'd marry me if 'e 'adn't been engaged to a German princess in 'is cradle, which blighted 'is life, though there ain't much blight about it now from all I can 'ear, 'an the German princess must a' come down in the world a bit, for I did 'ear as 'ow 'e married 'er from be'ind the bar.

"'Good evenin', beauteous Peddle,' sez 'e, puttin' 'is arm round my waist—'e was always full of 'is pranks—'oo's got these rooms now?' 'e says. 'Come in an' look, my lord,' says I. 'I never see rooms in such a state before, an' 'ope I shan't never again.' 'Well, they ain't exactly overdone with furniture,' says 'is lordship. 'Praps the gentleman's goin' to turn down rabbits in 'em; 'owever I won't disturb 'im.' So 'e chucks me under the chin an' goes off.

"Well, me an' young Williams was continually quarrelling the first Term, though I say it with shame; 'e didn't want to quarrel, I will say that for 'im, an' 'e didn't give no trouble, 'ceptin' 'avin' tea in 'is rooms two nights a week what 'e'd taken 'is name off 'all. 'E knocked off this, an' 'e knocked off that. Only one loaf o' bread a day, which

I've always ordered two for gentlemen an' butter to match, but butter 'e got from 'ome an' when it didn't come 'e went without.

"Then 'e told me one mornin' as 'ow 'e wasn't goin' to give me nothin' nor the 'elp neither at the end of the Term. 'I thought I'd better tell you, Mrs. Peddle,' 'e says, quite cheerful, as 'e always was, 'to prevent disappointment.' 'E'd just got another scholarship, which I'd 'eard of that mornin' from the University, for 'e was a rare scholar, an' I broke out at that: 'I don't know what you does with your money,' I sez, 'nor I don't care, but if you think it's right to rob a poor woman, with a family of six and three buried, I ain't goin' to say nothin' about it.' 'I don't think I'm robbin' you, Mrs. Peddle,' 'e says, gentle-like and serious, 'but you gets your fee through the tutor,' 'e sez, 'an' I'm afraid that's all I can afford to pay.' 'What, you with your scholarships from the University an' the College, and your pupils what you 'as in these very rooms, what can't come to much less than two 'undred a year.' 'It comes to more than that,' 'e sez, 'but I want it all, an' you can see I don't spend it on myself,' 'e says. Well, I could see that well enough, an' I began to be a bit sorry I'd spoke so. 'Well, sir,' I says, 'you must do your duty, an' I do my duty, an' none of us can't do more than that.'

"Work! well, I've been in this College, 'elp and bedmaker, for five-and-twenty year, an' I never see such a one to work. He was up an' at work before I am in the mornin', an' 'e'd work all day long, for when 'e wasn't readin' 'isself 'e was coachin' somebody else. 'E didn't play no games, nor nothin', an' 'e just went out for a walk an hour or so after 'is lunch; then 'e'd come in an' work till 'all, an' after 'all again, an' I never see the end of 'is day nor the beginning neither. 'E never 'ad nobody to come and see 'im, an' I don't believe 'e 'ardly knew a soul in College.

"In 'is second Term 'im and me was better friends. Filthy euchre ain't everythink, as I often sez to the 'elp, an' I begun to like 'im, for 'e was always cheerful an' 'ad a pleasant word for me whenever I came into 'is room, an' pleasant words don't break no bones, as the Good Book sez, though where I can't rightly remember. 'Ave you ever 'ad a senior wrangler in these rooms, Mrs. Peddle?' 'e says to me once when I brought 'im in 'is tea, and 'e was glad to knock off a bit an' 'ave a chat.

"'Lor, no, sir,' I sez, 'I don't take much notice of sech as them.'

“ ‘ Well, I hope you’re going to ’ave one,’ ’e says. ‘ I can fairly say as I couldn’t ’ave worked no ’arder, but it’s the coachin’ I’m afraid of,’ ’e says, ‘ I couldn’t afford that, an’ I’m afraid it’ll tell.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, sir, I ’ope you may, I like to ’ear of my gentlemen doin’ well. There was Mr. Dugdale, played cricket for us, and Sir ’Enery Spurway, Master of the Drag, and a senior wrangler wouldn’t come amiss.’ ”

2nd May 1896.

II

“ ONE evenin’, at the beginnin’ of the Summer Term, I come in about six o’clock an’ heard a lady talkin’ to Mr. Williams in ’is rooms. I was in the gyp-room, an’ ’eard what they said without listenin’, which I’d scorn to do.

“ ‘ You ought to send us more money, Harry,’ she was a-sayin’. ‘ ’Ere you are, content to live in luxury an’ your mother an’ sisters almost starvin’ at ’ome. It was a sad day for me when I married your father, and a sadder day when ’e died an’ left us all penniless.’ ”

“ ‘ It was a sad day for all of us, mother,’ I ’eard the voice of young Williams answer, ‘ an’ there’s nothin’ I want more than to provide you with such a ’ome as you’ve been used to, but until I’ve taken my degree, it’s impossible for me to do more than I’m a-doin’ now. I don’t believe I could save another sovereign a Term if I was to try my ’ardest.’ ”

“ ‘ What are all those books?’ says the woman’s voice; ‘ they are beautifully bound, they would fetch a good deal, an’ we are very ’ard-pressed. You ought not to keep such things when by sellin’ them you could make our life so much easier.’ ”

“ ‘ What, sell my prizes?’ ’e says. ‘ Oh no, mother, you couldn’t ask me to do that.’ ”

“ Well, it’s my belief she’d ’a’ asked ’im for the shirt off ’is back, but, ’owever, just then I dropped a plate I ’ad in my ’and, an’ they stopped talkin’.

“ Bye-and-bye the lady comes out—tall and ’aughty lookin’, she were—an’ she looked at me as if I was dirt under her feet, which I’m not nor never ’ave been, but a ’ard-workin’ widow with feelin’s the same as the gentry. I’d ’alf a mind to say somethin’ to ’er which she

wouldn't forget, an' 'im slavin' 'is life away, as you might say, to keep 'er the silk dress she 'ad on 'er back; but she passed out an' went across the court with 'im before I'd 'ad time to think of 'ow to put it.

"It seemed as if that was the last of 'is cheerfulness, poor young Williams; 'e just set to an' worked 'arder than ever, if it was possible, and 'e didn't seem to enjoy 'is work neither like what 'e 'ad before, but got paler an' thinner, till I said to 'im one mornin', 'Look 'ere, sir,' I sez, 'you'll never be able to master them examiners if you don't cheer up a bit. It was care as killed the cat, you must remember. It don't do to mope,' I sez.

"'It will soon be over now, Mrs. Peddle,' 'e sez. 'In another three weeks I shall be able to 'ave a good long rest, an' that's more than what I've done since I've been in Cambridge.'

"'You must take care of yourself, sir,' I sez; 'remember letter B's got to 'ave a Senior Wrangler before you go down.'

"'E laughed at that, but it wasn't the sort of laugh that 'e'd used to laugh.

"'Senior Wrangler,' 'e says; 'it's as much as I shall do to be a Wrangler at all.'

"So I could see 'e was upset—'e'd spoke before as if 'e was certain to be near the top o' the list.

"Well, one day about a week before 'is exam., I come in in the mornin' an' there 'e was in bed. 'Why, sir,' I sez, 'whatever is the matter?'

"'My 'ead's bad,' 'e says. 'I couldn't do any work if I was to get up, and I shall stay in bed an' rest.'

"So I made 'im some beef tea an' took it to 'im, and 'e lay in bed an' took it an' said nothin'.

"The next morning 'e wasn't no better, an' I just went out without sayin' nothin' to 'im and fetched a doctor. 'E come round soon after an' went in to see 'im. 'E wasn't there long, an' as 'e come out 'oo should 'e meet on the doorstep but young Williams' tootor. They went back into the keepin' room together.

"'What's the matter with 'im?' asked the tootor.

"'E's worked 'imself out,' says the doctor.

"'Can't 'e go in for 'is Tripos?' asked the tootor.

"'Not if 'e's no better nor what 'e is now,' says the doctor.

"'Dear, dear,' says the tootor. 'Why, 'e's a safe Senior Wrangler.'

We've never 'ad such a man,' he says. 'It would be a thousand pities if 'e was to 'ave to take an Aegrotat.'

" 'Is only chance is to take a complete rest, and to go away to the seaside until 'is examination,' says the doctor. 'I told 'im so, an' 'e said 'e couldn't possibly manage it.'

" 'Oh, 'e must manage it,' says the tootor. ' 'E mustn't throw away 'is chances like that. I'll go in an' see 'im.'

" So 'e did; 'e was a kind-hearted little man—Dr. Gibson, 'e's dead now—an' it's my belief as 'e paid 'isself for young Williams to go to Cromer. But neither of 'em said nothin' to me about it, so I can't tell you for certain. Any'ow 'e went, an' come back the day before 'is examination. 'E said 'e felt better, but 'e didn't look it, in fact, 'e looked thinner an' paler nor what 'e 'ad before. But 'e was more cheerful an' went into 'is exam., 'opin' 'e was goin' to do well. But when 'e came 'ome to lunch 'e said 'e 'adn't, an' 'e said the same thing in the afternoon an' the next day too, and so 'e did all through, an' every day 'e got more low and out of spirits; 'e couldn't 'ardly eat no food, and 'e always said 'e was too tired to go out, but just sat in 'is room doin' nothin', for 'e said 'isself it was no use tryin' to read, 'e'd only muddle 'is brain, which 'e wanted to keep clear for 'is papers.

" When the examination was over, 'e just took to 'is bed. 'E 'ad no cause to keep 'imself up then, and 'e didn't try. Nobody came near 'im 'cept the doctor, an' 'e always went away with a grave face, and the tootor once or twice, but you see 'e wasn't of much account in the College, an' nobody cared much whether 'e was well or ill.

" 'E didn't seem to get much better, nor 'e didn't get much worse. It seemed as if 'e was just lettin' 'isself go.

" Ain't you a-goin' to send for your ma?' I says to 'im one mornin'.

" 'Not till the lists come out,' 'e says. 'If I'm not better then I shall write; but I don't want to bother 'er now.'

" The night before the lists was doo 'e was feverish. I didn't like to leave 'im, but what was I to do? I made 'im as comfortable as I could and told the porter to keep an eye on 'is rooms.

" When I went into the Lodge in the mornin' to get my keys, the porter sez, 'We 'ad a rare to do with Mr. Williams last night,' 'e sez, 'I got frightened out of my wits. I was just dozin' in my chair about one o'clock, when I 'eard a rattlin' at the gate. I run out an' there 'e was in 'is nightshirt with nothing on 'is feet. " Lor', sir, what are you

up to?" I sez. "I must go to the Senate 'ouse and read the list," 'e sez. I saw 'e was wanderin'. "There ain't no list out to-night, sir," I sez. "Do go back to your bed, you'll catch your death o' cold." I took 'im back and set in 'is room till the 'elp come.'

"I 'urried to letter B. 'E was asleep then, but there was a flush on 'is face I didn't like to see. 'This'll be a bad night's work,' I thinks to myself.

"About half-past nine the tootor come in. 'The lists are out. Is 'e awake?' 'e asked.

"'No, sir,' I sez; an' I told 'im of 'is going out in the night.

"'Dear, dear,' 'e says, 'that's a bad job. Well, I won't wake 'im now. Tell 'im when 'e wakes that he's been placed sixth, and give 'im my congratulations. 'E'd 'a' been first if 'e 'adn't took ill. I'll come again later.'

"Well, I told 'im. 'E 'ardly moved. 'That's all over then,' 'e said, an' just turned over on 'is pillow. There 'e lay the 'ole day without sayin' a word. I didn't leave the rooms all the afternoon, but sat with my work in the keepin' room, goin' in every now an' then to see 'ow 'e was. Mr. L'Estrange upstairs 'e 'ad a party of ladies in his rooms to tea, and we could 'ear 'em laughin' and playin' the piano, but young Williams just lay there without movin', only thankin' me for drawin' down the blind when the afternoon sun 'ad got round so as to touch 'is 'ead. 'E seemed better in the evenin'. I'd asked 'im if 'is mother should be sent for, but 'e said 'No, 'e'd go 'ome now it was all over.'

"Well, 'e did go 'ome, though not where 'e meant. 'E seemed so much better that I left 'im in the evenin', tellin' the porter to go into 'is room every now and then to see 'ow 'e was.

"The next mornin' I come in an' the porter said 'e'd been all right, an' I felt more comfortable about 'im nor what I 'ad. I went into 'is bedroom: there 'e was lyin' quite still in 'is bed, asleep, as I thought at first. But 'e wasn't asleep; 'e was dead.

"Oh dear, dear!—you must excuse a old woman, Sir. 'E'd died in the night without a soul near 'im, just worked to death, as the doctor said, an' nobody cared much, for 'e 'adn't been Senior Wrangler after all, 'cept it might be 'is mother, an' she could sell 'is prizes if she wanted to."

9th May 1896.

A SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT

(FROM "TALES OF TRINITY")

TOM SMITH was a blood; one of your regular pink-and-white tie, Cottenham-riding, roulette-playing, furniture-breaking bloods, and don't you make any mistake about that. Albert Vavasour Pompadour Crevecoeur, on the other hand, was a smug, a real, fifty-horse-power, double-back-action, lock-stitch, ring-straked, Dunlop smug.

And the two quarrelled.

They kept opposite to each other on the same staircase, and the feud began on this wise. Two of Smith's friends, coming up to see him one Saturday evening, found his oak sported. Crevecoeur's oak was sported also, and on the floor, deposited by a careful cook in the most convenient position for an accident, were the modest materials destined for Crevecoeur's sustenance on the following day at lunch. They took the form of slices of cold beef and a dish of raspberry fool.

"Halloa! This Johnny's going to have a blow-out," exclaimed one of Smith's friends.

"I wonder if he is in," said the other. "We might tell him his grub has come."

But Crevecoeur was not in.

"Hadn't we better post them to him? He'll get them sooner," was the next suggestion, which was immediately carried out. The slices of beef were inserted one after the other into Crevecoeur's letter-box, and the raspberry fool was poured in to settle them. The plates were then buried in the flower bed under Smith's windows, and Smith's two friends retired, well pleased with themselves.

The next morning Smith received the following note:

"Sir,—I think I should not be forming an erroneous impression if I surmised that you had something to do with the dastardly outrage which was perpetrated during my absence last evening. Not content with depriving me of my Sunday's lunch, you have rendered entirely illegible my mother's weekly letter. I shall be glad to receive some explanation—an apology I do not anticipate from a man of your

calibre. If the explanation is unsatisfactory I shall put the matter into other hands.

“ I have the honour, Sir, to be

“ Your obedient servant,

“ ALBERT V. P. CREVECOEUR.”

To which Smith replied:

“ Mr. Smith presents his comps. to Mr. Crevecoeur, and doesn't know what you are talking about. Mr. Smith was dining out last night, and if he put his clumsy hoof into your lunch when I came home I'm very sorry. But I don't remember it. Mr. Smith will be glad if Mr. Crevecoeur will come and lunch with me instead, at 1.30.”

This was the soft answer, and it so far turned away Crevecoeur's wrath that he apologized for his unfounded suspicions, and accepted Smith's invitation.

All would have gone well, and this story, as the novelists say, would never have been written, had not Smith, in his innocence, likewise bidden to his feast the two friends who had expedited the delivery of Crevecoeur's lunch the night before. When Crevecoeur came into the room they were telling the tale, and Smith was splitting with laughter; Crevecoeur misunderstood the situation, cast Smith's apology and invitation in his face, and retired to his own rooms to a repast of marmalade and mixed biscuits.

The next move in the game was a request from the Dean that Mr. Smith would call upon him and explain the occurrence. Smith called in due course, and explained so far as to assert that he had had nothing to do with it, that he knew the gentlemen who had, however, but did not feel at liberty to disclose their names. The Dean was content with this assurance. Crevecoeur was not.

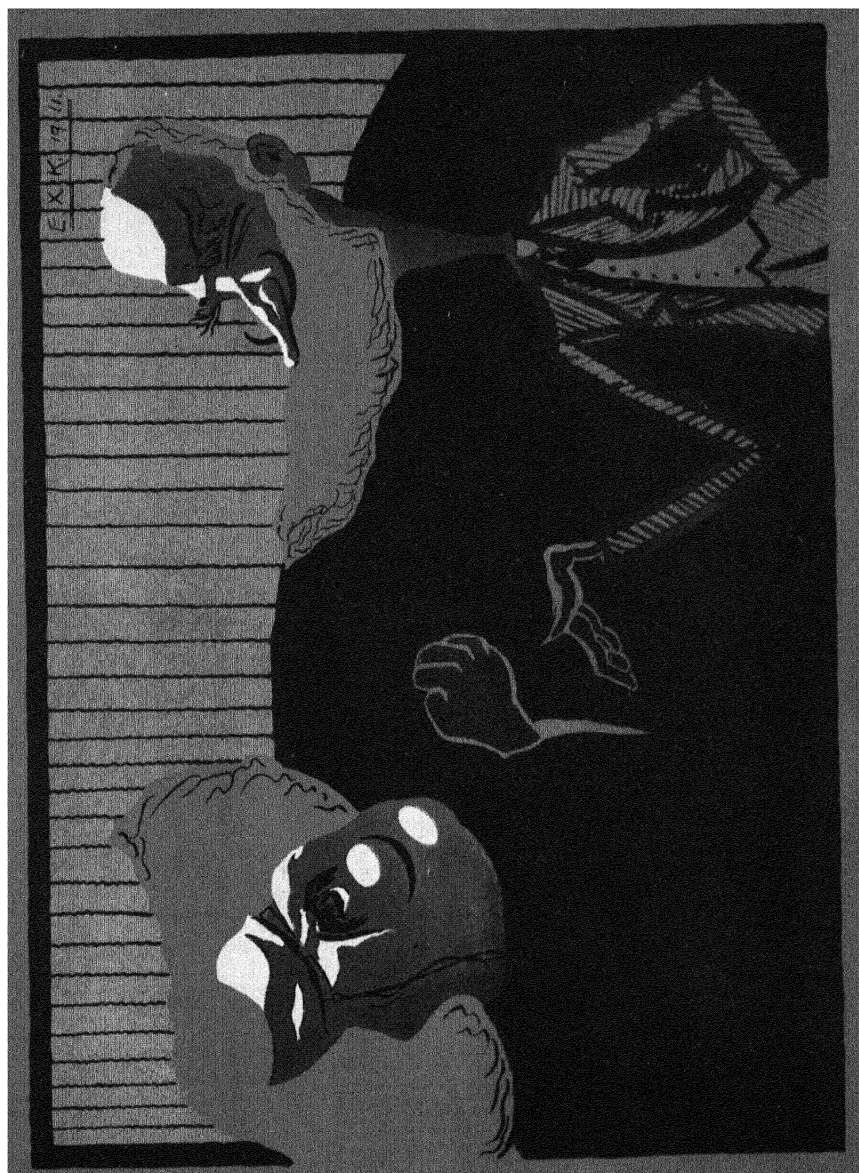
The following correspondence now took place.

“ Sir,—I need scarcely say that I entirely disbelieve your statements. In my opinion you are a cur, a coward, a liar, and no gentleman.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ ALBERT V. P. CREVECOEUR.”

“ Mr. Smith presents his comps. to Mr. Creepycur, and if you don't take jolly good care I'll bash your front teeth in.”



of your unmanly persecutions, I shall take legal proceedings against you.

“Your obedient servant,

“ALBERT V. P. CREVECOEUR.”

Smith wrote shortly—“Go to the devil,” and poured half a bottle of brilliantine into Crevecoeur’s beer jug, which upset that gentleman’s digestion. He went out and invited a policeman to take Smith into custody. The policeman, however, refused to set foot inside the college gates, so Crevecoeur propped a can of water in Smith’s door instead, which fell down and deluged the staircase, but did no further damage.

In the meantime the policeman, who was a friend of Smith’s, told him what had happened. Smith borrowed his uniform and induced a stalwart undergraduate to put it on, together with a dark beard and moustache. In the dead of night Crevecoeur awoke to find a bull’s-eye lantern flashed into his eyes. He was invited to rise and proceed to the police station to answer a charge of attempted manslaughter. He was very much frightened, and cried for mercy. Smith and his two friends were with the policeman.

“I’ve got a mother and two little brothers at home,” pleaded Crevecoeur; “have pity on me.”

“I’ve got a mother and two little sisters,” said Smith; “they might have had to attend my funeral. Take him away, policeman.”

“I didn’t mean to hurt you,” said Crevecoeur.

“You didn’t,” said Smith. “Put on your clothes.”

Crevecoeur went down on his knees. “Spare me,” he cried.

“I won’t press the charge if he begs my pardon for all he has done,” said Smith.

Crevecoeur made a full and abject apology.

“Put on your dressing-gown and come into my rooms,” said Smith. Crevecoeur did so. There was a nice little cold supper laid for five. Smith uncorked a bottle of champagne, and the policeman took off his beard and coat.

An hour later Albert Vavasour Pompadour Crevecoeur was helped to bed again, having cried on his late adversary’s neck, and called him “the bes’ flerirreworl’.”

20th February 1897.

S. T. MARTIN (SIDNEY SUSSEX)

THE SCEPTIC

THEY tould me tales of a wee green man
Wi' a crock o' fairy gold;
"If ye catch him, he'll give you treasure," says they,
As much as your hands'll hold."
"To the devil wi' him and his gold," says I,
"It wouldn't draw me astray;
But for wan wee curl o' Mollie's hair
I'd be after him night and day."

They found me hacking a fairy thorn,
An' warned me of fairy spite.
"As shure as ye touch that tree," says they,
"Ye'll sleep on its thorns to-night."
"And what would it matter to me?" says I,
"What more could wee prickles do?
For Mollie's looked at another man,
An' my heart's fair broke in two."

The hay was spoilt, and the cows went dry,
An' the crops all came to harm.
"We're under the fairies' curse," says they,
An' we'll need to find a charm."
"Och, let them curse if they like," says I,
"In troth, it's little I care,
For Mollie's promised to marry me
An' I've blessings and charms to spare."

6th May 1911.

A. A. MILNE (TRINITY)

THE TRAGEDY OF BIGGS

THERE once was a fresher called Biggs,
Who attended a lecture on statics
(But only "electro"),
With a very correct row
Of friends who adored Mathematics,
In attics,
And hated all forms of Aquatics.

Now he learnt, in a very short time,
How "electric conductors" would—swear
When "charged by the force"
(That's a policeman of course)
With wilfully seeking to cram
In his tram
A motor, six bikes, and a pram.

Then "a sphere in a uniform field"—
And the way that it commonly rolls—
And "the energy shown":
They were no more unknown
Than "a couple of opposite poles,"
—Which are goals;
(And "circular currents"—in shoals.)

But the problem of "infinite space"
Was a thing he but knew by renown;
And he swore—by the moon!—
He'd "get into it" soon—
He would learn it before he went down
Ho! ho!

He will learn it before he comes down!

For the gas was escaping one night—
 With a candle he looked for the place!

Well, he left for the sun
 At a quarter to one;
 And he seemed to be in for a race
 By the pace
 That he soared up to infinite space!

And he hopes to get into it soon!
 (Forgive me for dropping a tear)
 On Friday at noon
 He had passed by the moon,
 And was making for Saturn, I hear,
 Which is near—
 So he ought to be there in a year.

2nd November 1901.

JEREMY, I, AND THE JELLY-FISH

CRICKET

IT was Bank Holiday, and the day of the great cricket match. I was captaining the home team, and at eleven o'clock I walked with Clarissa to the ground. Already there was a large crowd, and our opponents were waiting to begin. I established Clarissa comfortably in a deck chair in the direction of deep square leg, and went up to the captain.

He produced a halfpenny and when I had carefully explained to him that, owing to the doubtful state of the ground, I should have no hesitation in putting him in first if I won, he spun it in the air.

"Heads," I called.

It was tails.

"I'll just go and write down our order," I said, and made my way to the scoring-box.

Their captain called after me, "Excuse me, sir, but I think we are going in first."

I looked at him in pained surprise. "Owing to the doubtful state of the ground——" I began.

"Exactly!" he said. "Shall we begin at once!"

There was no help for it, so I led my team into the field. We began to examine the pitch. Over the umpire's hat I could see, in the distance, Clarissa's pink parasol. An idea came to me.

"Jeremy," I called, "will you begin that end with lobs? Travers, you take this end." Travers is our best bowler, and has been approached by Rutland.

The wicketkeeper looked at me in surprise.

"I say; you aren't going to let old Jones bowl lobs, are you?" he said. "He's no good. Besides, you want a fast bowler that end."

"It is somewhat in the nature of an experiment," I said. "But I feel convinced that the first pair of batsmen have an unutterable loathing for lobs."

"Why, you've never seen them, have you?"

"No; but it was the way they put on their pads told me," I said. "Maclaren and I," I went on hurriedly, "can afford to take risks."

He looked suspicious.

"That's why I'm playing you," I added.

Meanwhile Jeremy was practising in a corner by himself.

"Will you arrange your field?" I said to him. "You'll want a deep square leg—very deep. I will go there. I think it only right that the captain should set an example of energy to his men."

And I strolled off in the direction of the pink parasol.

"I didn't know Mr. Jones could bowl," said Clarissa.

"He can't," I said frankly. "But he'll amuse the spectators, and Travers will get them out quite easily by himself."

Jeremy started his over. The first ball took point by surprise rather, and the umpire called wide. Jeremy said that he hadn't begun to bowl, but was desirous of attracting point's attention with a view to placing him in another position. "A point," he explained to the umpire, "has no magnitude but position only."

Over the other side of the pavilion was a field of barley. Conse-

quently there was some difficulty in locating the exact position of Jeremy's next, and a new ball was brought out.

Jeremy, who believed that a perfectly new ball enabled you to curve in the air, seemed anxious to prove his theory. After six attempts "over" was called, and the club treasurer sighed as the groundsman threw out a new ball for the seventh time.

"All among the barley—
Who would not be Blythe?"

sang Jeremy.

I went up to Travers.

"The usual field, I suppose? But you'll want a deep extra cover. I will go there. I think it is only right—"

"Whereabouts do you think he ought to go?" he asked.

I looked round.

"Somewhere in the direction of that pink parasol?" I suggested casually.

He caught my eye.

"Yes, the pink parasol," he said.

I strolled off again.

"Dick, won't you take Mr. Jones off?" said Clarissa, as I came near.

"I don't know; he's very happy," I said. "But I wish I knew who owned that barley field."

"Why don't you go on?" she asked. "Look, there's somebody out."

I turned round. Travers had just bowled the captain.

"Well bowled, Travers," I sang out encouragingly. "A very good ball indeed," I explained to Clarissa.

She laughed. "Poor man, he's out first ball," she said.

"Anyhow, he has been in while thirty-seven runs were scored," I replied, sitting down on the grass at her feet.

There was a little delay before the next man came in, and I took the opportunity to explain to Clarissa some of the beauties of the game.

"The charm of cricket," I said, "is that half the time you are doing nothing and the other half, if you are captain, even less. And then there's lunch and tea and a lot of nice people looking on. More-

over, I propose to make a century this afternoon, and that will please your mother. She has an idea that it is difficult."

"It would please me, too," said she, smiling.

"Thank you. Then that settles it. I shall start with a leg-bye; it always gives me confidence. By the way, do you know the difference between a leg-bye and the Sultan of Turkey's umbrella?"

"No," she said.

"Hardly anyone does," I answered, "and yet there must be a difference or cricket wouldn't be the game that it is."

Travers continued his over and succeeded in enticing the next man to run himself out. That was the last ball, and a new bowler had to be found in Jeremy's place. The wicketkeeper suggested Tom. Tom is our professional when he isn't the boot-boy. In neither capacity does he excel. I decided at last on the curate, who has an off-break coupled with a quaint system of placing his field.

"Who is going third man?" I asked. "Jeremy, I think."

"I do not require a third man," he replied.

"I am glad of that," I said. "It will suit Jeremy admirably. I generally have some difficulty in finding a place where he isn't wanted. Well, I'm off to my old corner. Good-bye."

"I do not require a square-leg, thank you."

This annoyed me rather.

"You don't know what's good for you," I said. "Here am I doing my very best to make you happy and now you're complaining. Where do you want me?"

"Silly mid-on," he said.

"I'm ashamed of you," I told him. "I shall go mid-on; mid-on without any adjective about it at all. And we will have a new bowler next over," I added to myself.

8th February 1902.

LAWN TENNIS

"THE score is thirty-love," I remarked. "You have two games to my one; and if you will kindly throw the ball back I will see if I can serve another fault."

"Where are all the rest?" asked Clarissa.

"One is in the ivy," I said. "One is lost, one we passed a vote of censure upon and it died, one the dog was kind enough to remove, and one went away after the dog, but unfortunately missed him."

"How many is that?"

"Five. And the dog has two inside him, so we mustn't lose him. That only leaves three about which we need have any scruples."

"I think we ought to find those, don't you?" said she. "If two of us lose five in three games——"

"How many bricks will it take to wall in a tennis lawn eight feet square?"

"Give your answer in boys. I never could do those things at school," said Clarissa. "I suppose I was silly."

"They are not hard," I replied. "There are only about four answers you can get, and the book tells you which one to select."

"Geography was my subject."

"Where is the Orinoco?" I asked.

"It was in South America, I believe," she said, doubtfully.

"Then it may be there now. Is it a river or what? I've never heard of it before. It sounds as though you might catch Anacondas there. I suppose your governess never got so far as that, did she?"

"No, I don't think Anacondas had any interest for her. What are they?"

"It's the sort of animal that you soon get to know quite well," I explained. "And there's a good deal to know, too."

"Let's go on playing," said Clarissa, suddenly. "You only stopped because I was beating you."

"On the contrary, I was thirty-love, you remember."

"You had just served a fault."

"Only a tentative one," I said. "To see if it could be done in that particular way. Shall I go for some more balls? Jeremy bought a dozen new ones early this morning, and spent the rest of it in marking them. A cross surrounded by four J's. The J, I am credibly informed, stands for Jeremy."

"What colours are those he always wears?"

"He was presented with them for making two not out in an important form match at his preparatory school. As a matter of fact it was an overthrow, but no one is supposed to know that. It is not talked of in the family. Here he comes."

Jeremy had a beautiful crease down the centre of his trousers and his boots were white and his hair had just been brushed. Also he had a new racquet with a rubber handle. In consequence of this it was decided that he and I should play Clarissa.

"I have the single court," said she.

"Then you'll win a love set," I answered. "You see."

Jeremy emptied out twelve new tennis balls on the lawn.

"I have just been marking them," he explained, "so that we shall know them again."

"Oh, that was why?" I said. "I thought there was some reason. There are forty-eight J's here. That must mean something, too."

"Don't be funny," he said, "but see if you can play tennis properly."

The first game Clarissa won easily. Then I served and Jeremy stood up close to the net. It was his idea, but I was glad to have him out of the way. Clarissa returned the second ball rather hard, and Jeremy kindly caught it on his face. He wished it to be understood that he did it to prevent the ball being lost, as it was obviously going out. We didn't press the point, and he prudently stood back afterwards. Later on he served.

Owing to the fortunate way in which the rules are constructed no one is able to make more than eight consecutive faults. Jeremy helped Clarissa to this extent, and I ventured mildly to remonstrate.

"Hang it all, my dear chap," he said, "you forget that we are playing against a lady. One never plays one's hardest in mixed doubles."

"This is a mixed one-and-a-half," I said.

"All the more reason why we should give her a few points now and then."

"Perhaps you're right," I said.

So Clarissa won her love set, and Jeremy suggested that he and I should look for the balls. She insisted on helping us.

"Now you will see the advantage of having them marked," said Jeremy.

"Two of them your dog has kindly consented to look after," I told him. "The fact that they are marked will doubtless assist in a large degree."

"I'll go and fetch him," he said, and went off.

Clarissa and I began to look about in a casual sort of way.

"Have you found anything yet?" she asked, when we had wandered after each other three times round the lawn.

"Only a lot of things I don't want," I said. "There's an apple down there with a wasp inside. I've found them three times so far. The wasp has made a happy home there. I think if I were a wasp I should like to live in an apple, wouldn't you? Then when you want to enlarge your house, instead of having workmen, and drains, and beer in tin cans, and red handkerchiefs, and things in for eight months, you merely ask a few of your best friends in to lunch."

"I used to keep a rabbit once," said Clarissa. "It was called Tweedledum and Tweedledee. And its staple food was sow-thistles in the afternoon, and bran-mash when it went to bed. Later on it died. Then we called it Tweedledead."

"I had a guinea-pig," I said, "and we called it Tweedledeaf and Tweedledum, because it had no tail. That isn't true, but it might have been."

"That's silly. Mine was true; and it really did die."

"Yes; I understood you to say that you had the exclusive care of it. What happened?"

"We gave it the canary's food by mistake."

"I suppose the canary died too?"

"I'm afraid so. We wanted to stuff it."

"Was that before or after it expired?"

"Oh, after," said Clarissa. "It's very funny, but they all die when I begin to get fond of them."

"I am feeling fairly well, I think," I said. Strictly speaking, I suppose I ought to have committed suicide. A tactful man would have done so in order to have made Clarissa's words true.

"I don't understand," said she.

"I will try and explain," I said; but she was gone before I could begin.

1st March 1902.

THE COMPLETE NOVEL WRITER

FIRST of all, a title. So much advice has been given on this subject that I propose to say only a few words. The important thing to remember is this: Your title must have no meaning. Suppose you select "Grape-Nuts." Then "Grape-Nuts" may be the family name of the heroine, or her pet name for the hero, or it may have some subtle meaning like "Wormwood." Anyhow, it will be a pleasant puzzle for your readers to discover where the Grape-Nuts come in; and if, in the end, it turns out to be an advertisement, then it will be somewhat in the nature of a surprise to them. Another popular class of title takes the form of a question, "Ought she to have done it?" or "Did he expect it from her?" In this case your novel will devote itself to answering the question in some hundred pages. If you and your public discover that she most certainly ought not to have done it, then in your new edition you may change the title to "How was it she didn't do it, supposing, for the moment, that she ought to have done it?"

There may not be room to get all this in on the back, so call it "A Wayward Woman" for short.

Having selected a title for the book, the next thing is to find one for the hero. Call him Lord Walton-on-the-Naze, if you like; but don't specify whether he is a viscount or a baron or an earl or anything else. It really isn't safe. You had better make all your characters of noble birth. It may seem strange at first for your bootboy to be a retired Duke, but he will get used to it and so will you. When your foreign Prince (don't let him be English, or they will identify him and run you in for libel) wants to murder someone *incog.*, let him disguise himself as a baronet. It is so much more genteel.

Now you are ready to begin.

CHAPTER I

The first chapter must describe an old country house "in the most beautiful corner of Blankshire." Any guide book will do. Kenilworth Castle and Hampton Court Maze between them should give you all you want. Don't mention any of the characters until the last few lines. Then finish up like this: "Such was the scene that spread itself before the eyes of the youthful Lord FitzBadly in the glamour of a golden

evening towards the middle of June some twenty years ago; perhaps the fairest scene that mortal eye had ever gazed upon since the days when . . .”

Don't describe Lord F.B. You won't want him again. And no one else will. This brings us to

CHAPTER II

Start with a new character. “Lord Grasmere was a middle-aged man of some thirty summers.” When you have been all over him, from the way he parts his hair to the town address of his bootmaker, then leave him and pick up someone else. Let it be a lady. Describe her and let them talk. Let them talk in the ordinary way that two such people would *not* talk in, but finish up like this if you can.

“At this moment a man rose from his chair and glided noiselessly out of the room. Lady Dorothy got up hastily and held her breath.

“‘Do you know who that is?’ she whispered.

“‘No, do you?’

“‘*It is John Bloggs!*’”

Don't mention John Bloggs again.

CHAPTER III

“When Lord Henry Dent de Lion went down from Cambridge with a third class in History and a reputation for bad cigars, not even his best friends thought . . .” Describe him. You might almost be funny at the expense of Lord Henry. Say that “those who saw him, for the first time, told themselves that after all there might be something in the Darwinian theory.” It is neither original, nor humorous, nor remarkable for its good taste—but never mind that.

Having said all you want to about Lord Henry, put him away somewhere where you will know him again. He may come in useful later on. You can always refer to his features when you feel in a humorous vein. By the way, Lord Henry might be a second cousin on his mother's side to the Prince Aloyau de Boeuf. Haven't you mentioned him? Then do it now.

CHAPTER IV

“Prince Aloyau de Boeuf was as handsome as he was high-born. His friends called him familiarly ‘Prince’”—this was rather original

of them, all things considered—"and his nickname suited him. For he *was* a Prince." (You have just said so before, of course, but there is no harm in repeating it. You don't meet a Prince every day of your life.)

Be very careful as to the way you describe him. When you have finished, leave him till Chapter XV. In Chapter XV important developments take place, and you will want all the spare royalty you can lay hands on.

For the next nine chapters, introduce as many new characters as you can. Always start a chapter with a new one, and then end it with another, if possible. This brings us to

CHAPTER XIV

A new character. The aged King of Malaria, dying of asthma. Also his son, the youthful Prince Consort. Don't describe either of them. The next chapter is twenty years later in point of time, and in twenty years the king will be dead, and his son so much altered that it wouldn't be much use wasting time over him now, would it?

When you have finished raving over his beautiful chestnut hair, your readers would have turned over the page and discovered him, with his iron grey locks, in

CHAPTER XV

Twenty Years After.

By this time you have some twenty members of the aristocracy present—and John Bloggs. But you won't want him. Begin like this:

"It was the Fancy Dress Ball of the season, and the Duchess of Billingsgate was waiting at the head of the kitchen-stair to receive her guests. Among the more notable people present were—" (Then run through your characters again.) "Little did any of them think that this night was fraught with dreadful possibilities for more than one of them."

At this point collect all your MS., tie it up in a parcel, and send it to any respectable home for the incurable blind. It wouldn't be much fun going on.

3rd May 1902.

THE TWO BROTHERS

(A Moral without a Story)

JEREMY JONES was a tailor's tout,
Horatio—he was a hatter's.
They were orphans by birth (with a taste for stout)
Which they took (as they said) for their father's gout;
And the meaning of this is a matter of doubt,
But it isn't the meaning that matters.

Now the names of their sister were Mary Flo
(The latter is short for Florence),
But she doesn't come in for a verse or so
(I say it myself and I ought to know),
And the rest of the story is somewhat slow,
The moral I view with abhorrence.

For Jeremy lived in the King's Parade,
Just opposite Oscar Browning;
And impossible odds were freely laid
That he kept a terrier, somewhat frayed,
And a pedigree bulldog, half decayed,
And had entered his name at Downing.

Let us return to Horatio J.
(His standard is even lower),
We quite forgot him, and, by the way,
His sister is not coming in to-day
In spite of my promise—forgive me, pray,
If it makes the story slower.

The story is this—presented free
To the needy and clean and clever—
That Jones was a Fellow of—let me see,
Where in the world can the story be?
Ask me another time after tea;
Perhaps—but it's gone for ever!

18th October 1902.

GOLDEN MEMORIES¹

WHEN memory with its scorn of ages,
Its predilection for the past,
'Turns back about a billion pages
And lands us by the Cam at last;
Is it the thought of *Granta* (once our daughter),
The Freshers' Match, the Second in our Mays
That makes our mouth, our very soul to water?
Ah no! Ah no! It is the Salmon Mayonnaise!

The work we did was rarely reckoned
Worthy a tutor's kindly word—
(For when I said we got a Second
I really meant we got a Third)—
The games we played were often tinged with bitter,
Amidst the damns no faintest hint of praise
Greeted us when we missed the authentic "sitter"—
But thou wert always kind, O Salmon Mayonnaise!

Even our nights with *Granta*, even
The style that, week by blessed week,
Mixed Calverley and J. K. Stephen
With much that was (I hold) unique,

¹ Reprinted in *The Sunny Side* and republished here by permission of the author and MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO., LTD.

Even our parodies of the Rubaiyat
 Were disappointing—yes, in certain ways:
 What genius loves (I mean) the people shy at—
 Yet no one ever shied at Salmon Mayonnaise!

Alas! no restaurant in London
 Can make us feel that thrill again;
 Though what they do or what leave undone
 I often ask, and ask in vain:
 Is it the sauce which puts the brand of Cam on
 Each maddening dish? The egg? The yellow glaze?
 The cucumber? The special breed of salmon?—
 I only know we loved, we *loved* that Mayonnaise!

* * * * *

“Did Beauty,” some may ask severely,
 “Visit him in no other guise?
 It cannot be that salmon merely
 Should bring the mist before his eyes!
 What of the river there where Byron’s Pool lay,
 The warm blue morning shimmering in the haze?”
 Not this (I say) . . . Yet something else . . . Crème Brûlée!
 Ye gods! to think of that *and* Salmon Mayonnaise!

11th June 1910.

HAROLD MONRO (GONVILLE AND CAIUS)

SOLOMON IN THE FOREST

WHEN Solomon walked out into the garden
 To meet the Queen of Sheba by the trees,
 Grave was the Queen; the King was weary.

She asked him questions, and he gave her answers:
 He watched the trees; she looked into his eyes.
 Stern was the Queen, waiting for wisdom.

They brought King Solomon his chair of ivory;
He leaned and poured the honey of his words:
The Queen of Sheba watched him gravely.

When Solomon had answered all her questions
He twined his fingers through a maiden's hair:
The Queen of Sheba pondered deeply.

The Queen of Sheba marvelled at his wisdom;
She gave him camels, spices, and much gold:
She marvelled also at his beauty.

At sunset, when the Queen had left the garden,
Then lightly beat the pulses of the King,
And he was filled with sudden laughter.

King Solomon rose from his chair of ivory,
Cast off his crown, his wisdom, and his robes,
And danced by moonlight in the forest.

May Week Number, 1913.

W. W. MORRICE (CLARE)

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST

THOMAS O'BRAY was a bachelor gay,
He was fond of his pipe and of having his way,
Unmarried he was, and unmarried he'd stay,
Swore celibate Thomas O'Bray.

Miss Amelia Brett her affections had set
Upon Thomas O'Bray, and I deeply regret
To tell you she bet that she'd collar him yet.
Unnatural Thomas O'Bray.

So everywhere that he went she was there,
 With a smile and a smirk and a die-away air,
 Till at length her persistency kindled despair
 In the bosom of Thomas O'Bray.

He encountered that smile on the banks of the Nile,
 By Niagara Falls and a Devonshire stile,
 To Paris and Greece and the Emerald Isle,
 It followed poor Thomas O'Bray.

But for all that she tried, she was never his bride;
 For when Thomas was cornered and had to decide
 Between death and a wedding, he chuckled—and died,
 Did heartless old Thomas O'Bray.

14th March 1901.

AVE ATQUE VALE!

O BEST of friends, the time is here
 When you and I awhile must part:
 Yet know that you are ever near
 My heart.

How many a pang your sterling worth
 Has soothed, how many an impulse rash
 Your counsel checked, in love—or dearth
 Of cash.

And yet that worth (observe the pun)
 In sterling silver was not great:
 You cost, if I remember, one-
 And-eight.

Though matchless was your counsel tried
 Escapes from Dons or duns to hatch,
 To fire your genius I applied
 A match.

You were no artist, yet you drew;
 In form a "bulldog," short and stout,
 Quite coolly, if neglected, you
 Went out.

But yet were ready, dearest friend
 (And cheapest), visions to evoke—
 Which visions found both birth and end
 In smoke.

The Lenten abstinence is nigh,
 And rowing claims its martyr-type;
 So for a week or two—Good-bye,
 My pipe.

1st February 1902.

E. NEWGASS (TRINITY)

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE

Overheard outside the Pitt Club

DOG FANCIER:

F AIR, honoured sir,
 I pray you, see
 This foolish cur;
 Yes, this is he—
 He's up for sale,
 And full of fleas,
 A wagless tail,
 And skin disease;

Can hardly see
 (He's five years old);
Slinks back to me
 When he is sold.
Too shy to fight;
 He won't kill rats,
Or bark or bite,
 Or chivvy cats.
Right up from birth
 He's had no sense,
He's hardly worth
 A dozen pence.

PITTITE:

Oh, beauteous tout,
 My noble fellow,
I trow his snout
 Is passing yellow;
But there! gadzooks!
 I like him well,
I like his looks
 And his—er—smell.
The price you quote
 Is much too low;
A five-pound note
 He's worth, I know.
What's that you say?
 It's your advice
I should not pay
 A fancy price?
You'd take a hat,
 Or some old suits,
A cricket bat,
 Or pair of boots?
Nay, honest soul,
 Come, take his due;
Here is a roll
 Of notes for you.

TOUT AND PITTITE (together):

God speed you, and
Guard you in danger,
I'm proud; my hand,
Good courteous stranger.

31st October 1908.

THE SONG OF THE WORM AS IT TURNS ON ITS WAY

“ I WONDER where you hail from, who you are.”
We pass each other as we stagger down
The corridor of some hot sleeping car;
Or else 'tis at a little frontier town,
At 6 a.m. that we alight to meet
And snatch a hasty coffee, rolls, or tea:
Eyeing each other silent as we eat,
“ I wonder who the dickens *you* may be! ”
Then suddenly the bell goes and we beat
A mutual, undignified retreat.

Possessed of wealth in varying degrees,
Italian, Englishman, or Japanese,
Solicitor, or clerk, we're whirled along,
And, passing each the other one, we dream
And guess—but guess inevitably wrong,
Because things are so seldom what they seem.
'Tis touching how we wanderers are brought
By Providence from continents afar
To meet—two minds with but a single thought,
“ I wonder who in Baedeker you are! ”

12th June 1909.

E. A. NEWTON (KING'S)

TO A LICENSED VICTUALLER

“SOMETHING to drink!” the thirsty cry rebounds
 From age to age, from continent to sea:
 And ever as mankind its want propounds,
 From Temperance platforms comes the answer,
 “Tea!”

Something to drink! while centuries of life,
 Human, and other, down to chaos flow,
 This panacea has not stilled the strife,
 And myriad voices still re-echo,
 “No!”

Something to drink! my brothers, down the wind
 Circling the swing of our revolving sphere,
 I hear this grand acclaim before, behind,
 While nations buried and unborn shout,
 “Beer!”

2nd December 1893.

JOHN NORMAN (EMMANUEL)

FROM EIGHT TO TEN OR THEREABOUTS

WHEN darkness cloaks the misty land
 And chilly is the morning,
 When half the world is sleeping and
 The other half is yawning,
 'Tis then my bedder comes and shouts
 At eight o'clock or thereabouts.

Oh, then the elements of life
Are very far from nice!
The air is cutting as a knife,
The water cold as ice,
The frozen earth is hard and white,
The wretched fire is not alight.

Oh, then my bed is dear to me,
And warmth alone is there.
In that soft refuge would I be
For morning dreams are fair;
And, interrupted, I am fain
To turn, and dream that dream again.

And so . . . you see . . . oh well! . . . and so
Perhaps the bard is meek:
He takes that shouting as a blow
And turns the other cheek.
Perhaps sweet slumber comes anew,
Perhaps . . . but what is that to you?

* * * * *

When rosy shines the rising sun
Upon our Alma Mater,
When you are working hard—for one—
At ten o'clock or later—
I charge thee, tell it not in Gath,—
The bard is creeping to his bath.

1st February 1913.

TO ANY DON'S WIFE WHO IS "AT HOME"
FROM THREE TO SIX ON SUNDAYS

O N Sundays, when the wind is high,
And merry is the weather;
When mighty clouds are in the sky,
And sable crows go drifting by,
Distraught of wind and feather;
When winter skies no longer frown,
But streams of sunlight filter down
To flood the fen with green and brown,
And blend the two together;
'Tis then my spirit can assume
No liking for a drawing-room.

So when, maybe, at half-past four
I eat your bread and butter,
Think not the bard a thankless boor
In that he gazes at the floor
And has no wit to utter.
Think not that he intends a slight
Who fails to pass the cake aright,
Or stir some silent Newnhamite
To a responsive flutter.
He dreams of fens where late he strode,
And beer upon a sunny road.

28th February 1914.

“ P’s & Q’s ”

THE DEVIL WALKS AGAIN

FROM his brimstone bed at the break of day
Again the Devil has gone,
To visit a promising part of his farm
In the guise of an agéd Don,

His horns were hid by a College Cap,
And his eyes by a learned frown,
And the tip of his tail was neatly tucked
In the sleeve of his Master’s gown.

As he entered along the Huntingdon Road,
He passed by a Ladies’ College;
And he laughed in his sleeve, as he thought of Eve,
And her lust for the apple of knowledge.

And he strolled by the river, inspecting the boats,
To see how this crop was progressing;
But the coaches soon drove him away from the Cam,
And he muttered “ However I dote on a d——n,
This language is really distressing.”

At the Theatre next he took his seat,
In an undergraduate crush;
But he learnt far more than he knew before
When he heard the jest and the answering roar;
And his sable cheek, as he sought the door,
Was dyed by a virgin blush.

And he went to the Union to hear a Debate
 By special permission of Sclater,¹
 But he started back as he glanced at the Chair,
 And he said to himself, "He's wasted there!"
 And neatly parried a vicious prayer,
 And murmured, "See you later!"

* * * * *

And he said as he left by the Trumpington Road,
 "It's not such a bad little Borough,
 They've plenty of go, for a lap or so,
But Oxford's much more thorough."

4th February 1899.

BARRY PAIN (CORPUS CHRISTI)

ON A DUST HEAP

IT is a waste, a parched and weary waste,
 Whereon are many cats that wander slowly,
 Because no brickbat comes to cause them haste,—
 So they are very happy there and holy.
 And also there are bottles, empty tins,
 Wherein of yore the juicy salmon lay—
 (The pickled sort is mostly lead and fins)
 And other things that have been cast away.

There is a boot, an ugly ponderous lump,
 That seems to sit a-mourning for its fellow,
 And yonder, near the handle of a pump—
 Broken by Mary Jane—, a glint of yellow.
 For Mary Jane was getting in her yard
 The water needed for to wash the delf,
 And, working the poor handle far too hard,
 Snapped it right off, and quite forgot herself.

¹ J. R. P. Sclater, President of the Union, Easter Term 1899.

I was in my yard, which is next to theirs,
And heard her using words that were not proper.
She went into the kitchen, knocked down chairs,
Poked the fire hard, and also cursed the copper.
They threw the handle over on the waste,
There where it lies amid the dust and ashes;
A cat who licked it didn't like the taste,
And wept; I saw the teardrops on her lashes.

She went away, and mewed like anything;
I sympathized and would have liked to pet her,
So threw some coal, and smote her on the wing,—
She ate the coal, and afterwards felt better.
As I was saying, there is something bright
Near the pump-handle, something bright as gold;
And, if my good nose judges fragrance right,
It is a flower, chance-rooted in the mould.

What poetry! Aye, there, amid the dust—
Amid the roar and ramp of dreary London,
Where might is right, and cruelty is just,
And men do things they ought to have left undone,
Blooms a pure flower of its own pure will,
Blooms on a dust-heap, on the grimiest spot—
Not on the Duke's rich marble window-sill,
Nor in the Marquis's gilt garden plot.

It blooms for me! I feel it blooms for me.
I call to it: "Oh, blessed little daisy,
Or dandelion—whichever you may be!"
For love is strong though nomenclature's hazy.
It seems to smile and nod its pretty head—
I fancy that I feel its fragrance grow;
I have no heart to pluck it; but instead
I'll stroke its little petals—off I go.

When disappointed, we should always grin;
 Others will do it if we are not able.
 The thing I greeted is a mustard-tin—
 They usually have a yellow label.
 No, I'll not stroke it. Moral? Here you are:
 Of things in general there are a cussed heap,
 The things you want are fewer, though, by far,
 And you won't find them on a London dust-heap.

22nd February 1890.

IN A CANADIAN CANOE¹

THERE is no pleasanter, sweeter, healthier spot than the Backs of the Colleges.

Get into your canoe at Silver Street. Put into that canoe:

- (1) The cushions of three other boats.
- (2) Two pipes, in order that one may be always cool, and tobacco.
- (3) One dozen boxes of matches, in order that one box may always be handy.
- (4) The spiritual part of your nature, which will not take up much room, but is useful to talk to.

But do not take another man with you. I may frankly say, my reader, that you are absolutely the only man in the University who has the keen appreciativeness, the capacity for quiet meditation, the dreaminess, the listlessness, the abominable laziness that a Canadian canoe requires.

The man who would attempt to get pace on in a Canadian canoe would analyse the want of harmony in the death-song which a swan never sings—or worse than that.

The man who would try to make a Canadian canoe go where he wanted would be angry because the inspiration of a poet does not always disappoint the expectations of a commonplace nature. You must go where the boat wants to, and that depends upon wind and current, and on the number of other boats that run into you, and the way they do it, and the language of their occupants.

19th April 1890.

¹ Reprinted in *In a Canadian Canoe*. HENRY AND CO.

ON REFLECTIONS

I LIKE to watch those trees reflected in the water. They are so suggestive, by reason of their being reflected wrong way up. All objective, outside facts are as trees, and the mind of man is as a river, and he consequently reflects everything in an inverted way. That is the reason why, if I try to guess a coin and say heads, it is always tails. That is the reason why, if I go to get a spoon out of my plate-basket in the dark, I always take out thirteen successive forks before I find one. It explains nearly everything. Probably the correct way to dine is really to begin with the fruit and end with the oysters. Itinerant musicians should begin by making a collection and leave out the other part. One's Tripes should be taken in one's first term, instead of being allowed to poison one's last May. Anything that *can* be done backwards is better done backwards. When I leave for a moment the presence of Royalty I always am required to walk backwards. That shows that Royalty, together with Her Privy Council, which is the collected wisdom of the nation, thinks that it is best to walk backwards. And so it is. It is not only happier and holier, but it is also more piquant. You can never tell until you've kicked it whether you have backed into a policeman or a lamp-post. New possibilities are open to you. Anything may happen, and generally does. So, too, in skating. A good skater told me that the only enjoyable method of progression is the outside edge backwards. "It makes you feel like a bird," he said, "and I don't believe you can get that sensation of flight any other way." He simply seemed to float on the ice. You see, he was a good skater. At last he galumphed into a snow-heap, flew just like a bird for a few yards, then came down hard and hurt a lady. Look at these railway collisions, too. We all know what an awful thing a railway collision is; and how does it always happen? It happens from two trains wanting to go to the same spot and arriving simultaneously. If both trains had respectively reversed their directions no collision could have happened. A train should never be allowed to go anywhere, but only to *back* to the place where it came from. But as I should like these papers to be of solid material use to any young men who are really trying to lead the philosophical life, and who are quite earnest in their desire to avoid the Scylla of

action without falling into the Charybdis of thought, I will put my facts and deductions clearly and briefly. The facts are two:

(1) That a tree is reflected in the water wrong way up.

(2) That the reflection of such a reflection would be right way up.

From No. 2 we deduce that the best literary method is to crib some other man's ideas or reflections; and this is what I always do when I write an article.

From No. 1 we deduce that as all reflection is the reverse of the thing reflected, it is better to act altogether without reflection; and this is what the Editor always does when he prints my articles; and what you yourselves do when you pay sixpence for the *Granta* in spite of it.

In the meanwhile my dear old sympathetic canoe has been going slowly backwards on its own account, and must be stopped.

10th May 1890.

A STORM ON THE BACKS

I HAVE often considered it as one of my misfortunes that I simply do not know what fear is. As a boy I was so brave and bright that everyone loved me; in my manhood my courage appals me. I feel that one day it will carry me too far.

As I climbed hand over hand up the side of the *Zeigeist* at the Silver Street Docks an old, old sailor stepped up to me. "Young stranger," he said, "you will not attempt to make King's Bridge on such a day as this. It would be madness. The boldest of us dare not."

"Avaunt!" I cried, "where honour calls I follow. England expects. *Per ardua ad astra.*"

He turned away to hide his emotion. I gave him my hand, which he wrung and knocked twice. There was no answer.

With one wild, exultant leap the vessel burst from its moorings, churning the iron-bound waves to sheer desperation, foaming at the mouth, and sobbing piteously. Through the driving rain, the blinding fog, the dazzling lightning, the impenetrable mist, and other atmospheric phenomena which Mr. Clark Russell had lent for the occasion, loomed a hideous dark object. I consulted the chart, the compass, the

telescope, the ship's biscuits, everything I could lay my hands on; but it was too late. Nearer and nearer it loomed. I could see that it was Silver Street Bridge, *and it was coming my way*. Oh, the horror of it!

I shrieked to it to save itself and go away. But my voice was drowned in the fury of the elements. It loomed nearer—it never stopped looming once—and I knew that I should be unable to avoid it, that I should destroy it.

Bump! From the top of the bridge there came the voice of a small boy, asking if I was insured. He seemed hysterical, and fear had probably sapped his reason. I was swept on by the fury of the elements. No, I've just had that—swept on by the elemental fury—well, that's much the same.

At any rate, I was swept on. The wind whistled in the rigging, until it got sick of being conventional. Then it went and whistled in the taffrail. At last it got so beastly original that it sang "Since first I saw your Face" in the binnacle. A hasty glance backward showed me that Silver Street Bridge was yet standing. My resolution was also unshaken.

The fierce old Berserker spirit fired my blood. Chanting aloud the grand old Latin hymn of the Crusaders:

"A, ab, absque, coram, de,
Palam, clam, cum, ex and e,"

I dashed forward. My speed may be guessed from the fact that by this time I was under Queen's Bridge. Before me, or close behind me, or at any rate on one side or the other, lowered in thick banks of cloud an angry sun, red as the blood of an orange that the thunder had pealed. The waves were mountain high.

The light of the unbroken Viking was in my eyes. I could not see them, but I knew that it must be so. The waves were mounting higher now.

Suddenly the wind shifted. It became semicircular, with a pendulum action. It swung my boat round to the left, then it swung it round to the right. It kept on doing this. A horrible thought flashed across me that I should never make King's Bridge at this rate. I said "Excelsior" to the boat to encourage it, but it only went on wagging. I smote it on the bows with the flat of my paddle, and that had no effect. Lastly, I raised myself about four inches, and sat down again with

the energy and directness of the wild Norsemen. The jerk started it on again. We went so fast that a sparrow seemed to be literally flying past me, I believe that was what it actually *was* doing. By this time the waves were quite extraordinary.

We were now but a few yards from home. There was another change in the weather. The sun was like a crystal chalice brimming with crimson wine, borne by an unseen Ganymede to his lord across the sapphire pavement of cloud. Poetry is cheap to-day. Had his white feet slipped on the wondrous far-off way? For of a sudden the crimson flood suffused the sapphire floor, and the gasp of the dying wind was as of one who cried, "Come away in my 'and, and it was cracked before, and you didn't ought to have left it there, and I never touched it, and 'ow was I to know yer didn't want it broke?" Then the wind sank. My boat was motionless. I was becalmed within sight of my goal.

So I waited in the middle of the river. The storm was passed, and the waves were perfectly calm and collected, like a bad halfpenny in an offertory bag. There was not a breath of wind, and consequently the first two matches which I lit were blown out at once. The third match did what was expected of it, and then I attempted to blow it out. Finding this impossible, I threw it in the water. It floated on the top, and burnt with a clear steady flame for ten consecutive minutes. While I was watching it I let my pipe out, and had to strike a fourth match. The head came off it, and nestled lovingly in the palm of my hand. Then it walked away, and burned two holes in my blazer. How such little incidents as this make one wish that the nature of things was otherwise!

I may own that I never did make King's Bridge that afternoon. My canoe did not seem to care about going there of its own accord, and I did not like to paddle it there because I hate unnecessary fuss; so I just stopped where I was and read a little.

17th May 1890.

THE DEVIL'S AUCTION

NOW, gentlemen, your offers. This maiden sings and dances—
She's beautiful and innocent and lively as the day.
You bid a fortune? Thank you, sir. I'm waiting for advances;
And you a life's devotion? Here, take that boy away.
A title? Come, that's better. Now she's going, going, going—
She is but seventeen, sirs, and lovely as you see—
Gone! Madam, you're the property, you will be pleased at knowing,
Of a genial old roué of the age of sixty-three.

Now here's a nice cold chicken and a bottle from the ice, Sirs—
Ah, you dramatic critics, aren't you hungry? won't you bid?
Won't someone offer me his soul—a very moderate price, Sirs?
You sold *your* soul last week, Sir? Yes—dear me—of course you
did!
Here's a ticket for a prize-fight. The magistrate's the winner,
After some sharp contention—the bidding's getting bold.
Here's a poet. What, no offers? Won't someone bid a dinner?
Take the brute away and drown him: he never will be sold.

And lastly I would offer here an over-dose of chloral.
That boy again? Bids twopence? Why don't you turn him out?
I may mention that the notion that suicide's immoral
Is an antiquated fallacy—it's utterly played out.
We cannot think of twopence: now, I'm waiting for advances—
There's not a death more painless, and I'll guarantee it's true—
Oh! Here's a better offer from the maid who sings and dances.
Thank you, maiden—I'd a fancy I should sell this lot to you.

25th April 1891.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF ONE WHO WAS CALLED

(FROM "THE FOG PAPERS")

I HAD left instructions that I was to be called fairly early, for it was necessary to catch a train at ten o'clock. I had arranged an alarum to go off half an hour after the time at which I was to be called; this was a last resource. If I slept through the knocking at my door, I knew that I should not sleep through the alarum.

I have just missed that train and I have some time to wait for the next. Let me occupy that time by writing down my impression of the manner in which it occurred. Your impression may possibly be that I was in bed and asleep, or partially asleep, all the time; such is also my impression now. But it was not so then; I am going to set down what my impressions were then.

Time had gone back again, and I was a very small infant indeed, although my mind was no better than it is now. I was being wheeled in my perambulator by my nursemaid down Piccadilly; as we went along she sang to a well-known minor chant: "Had it not been for the personal uncleanliness of the ticket-collector it would never have been half-past eight." She sang this in a fairly loud voice, and I was surprised that none of the passers-by stared at her or took the least notice of her. I thought of telling her that it was wrong of her—that she ought not to do it. I turned to do so, when she gave a despairing cry of "Time to get up!" and vanished. This was a nuisance. I was left stationary in my perambulator in the middle of the street. A very black and oily man came with a long hammer and tapped the perambulator wheels. I knew that he was doing it to see if they were cracked, and I thought it a very admirable and safe precaution. But why did he keep on doing it? What was the sense of this continual tapping? I was almost tempted to think that it was someone tapping at my bedroom door; but I concluded that it must be a dream, because I was far too young to have any bedroom door. That, at least, was what I said to myself at the time; at the present moment, when I have missed my train, it does not seem to me to have been quite logical, but it satisfied me then. The man went on tapping the wheels of my perambulator; I determined to stop him, but I did not know how to do it.



The Undergrad
With his little Dad
Who in his time
(Forgive my rhyme)
Was an undergrad
With a little dad.

A drawing by H. M. Bateman from the May Week
Number of the *Granta*, 1912.

However, just then a voice said loudly and clearly: "All right, you can stop making that row and go away. I have been out of bed some time." I thought I recognized the voice: I must have heard it somewhere: on thinking the thing out I came to the conclusion that it was my own voice. But why did it tell that abominable lie? For I was asleep in bed, and I was also a child wide awake in a perambulator—I had been forgetting that. I decided I must not forget it again; harm might come of it; I was a child in a——

Why no, I was nothing of the kind. I was full-grown in evening dress, in a brilliantly lighted drawing-room. My hostess was saying: "Will you come and be introduced to your own voice?" I determined to refuse—as politely as possible because the drawing-room was crowded and everyone had stopped talking to hear what I should say. I wanted to do it with some tact. So I answered distinctly "That be blowed!" No one in the drawing-room can have felt the horror of the remark more than I did. I had no notion how I came to make it. I was agonized by it. I began to apologize and explain that my voice had told such a wicked untruth about me, that I could not meet it. I said that I felt very strongly about it, and that possibly I had expressed myself too strongly. I was exceedingly sorry. But it was of no use—my hostess turned from me in disgust. Someone told me that I had better go; I found myself in the hall, where a man helped me on with my overcoat. He put it on inside out, but he said that was quite good enough for a man like me. Then I passed out through the door, straight into the pulpit of a church. The congregation were waiting for the sermon, and I was to preach. I was pleased to see that I had correct classical robes on. The people looked expectant, as if they had been waiting some little time. I would begin at once. But where were the notes of my sermon? Nowhere! It was terrible. I could not preach without notes, and I had lost them. Suddenly it occurred to me that I must have left them in the perambulator. With great presence of mind I gave out a hymn, and then rushed out of the church in search of the perambulator and my sermon notes. I should get back before the hymn was ended: and everything would be all right. But I could not find the perambulator; I knew that I had left it in Piccadilly, and it was not there. I found it at last in Sloane Street, where the hostess whom I had insulted was wheeling it. My sermon notes were on the seat. I jumped in, and directed my hostess to take

me to the church as quickly as she could go. She galloped all the way. When I entered the church the congregation were still singing. I went into the pulpit, and still they kept on singing. It seemed to me that I must have given out a very long hymn. I waited some minutes and still they kept on. I grew rather uncomfortable; they all had their eyes fixed on me reproachfully, and yet they kept on singing. At last I seized upon the second's silence between one verse and the next, and said in a loud voice: "I think we have had about enough of this, haven't we?" That stopped the choir and the congregation, but it had no effect on the church organ, which still went on playing. I called to the organist that I wanted to begin my sermon. He called back that it was no good—he couldn't stop her. She'd nearly pulled him off his seat already—had got a mouth as hard as——

Bang! Crash! A million little bells all began ringing at once as fast as they could go. Streams of red-hot demisemiquavers gushed out in all directions. Cymbals clashed, wheels whirled; faster and faster, louder and louder, until the noise was terrific. I knew at once what had happened, and called to the congregation:

"There is absolutely no danger, but the organ has burst. Run for your lives!"

They all began to run. I looked round towards the chancel, and saw that the organist was sending up signal-rockets. "It's no good," I called to him. "No fire-escape could possibly reach you in such a sea." Still the terrific noise went on. It was much louder than an alarum clock; it couldn't possibly be an alarum; and yet—why, of course, it was the alarum, and I must get up at once.

I want to know who threw a boot at that clock. It was an idiotic thing to do. I couldn't have done it myself because I am not an idiot; besides, I remembered that I had set the alarum myself and that I wanted to get up. Probably the clock had committed suicide. Yes, that was it. As for getting up—why, I *was* getting up. My bath was not nearly as cold as I thought it would be. I looked in the glass and found that my hair was already brushed—dressed in no time—turtle-soup for breakfast—wondered why I never thought of having it before—capital breakfast and plenty of time to catch the—oh!

To dream that one has got up, and then to wake and find that one hasn't—life has few sadder things than that.

30th January 1892.

BANGKOLIDYE ¹

“ GIMME my scarlet tie,”
 Says I.
 “ Gimme my brownest boots and hat,
 Gimme a vest with a pattern fancy,
 Gimme a gel with some style like Nancy,
 And then—well, it’s gimes as I’ll be at,
 Seein’ as it’s bangkolidye,”
 Says I.

“ May miss it, but we’ll try,”
 Says I.
 Nancy ran like a frightened ’en
 Hup the steps of the bloomin’ styeshun.
 Bookin’-orfus at last! Salvyeshun!
 An’ the two returns was five-and-ten.
 “ An’ travellin’ mikes your money fly,”
 Says I.

“ This atmosphere is ’igh,”
 Says I.
 Twelve in a carriage is pretty thick,
 When ’ite of the twelve is a-sittin’, smokin’;
 Nancy started ’er lawkin’ and jokin’
 Syin’ she ’oped as we shouldn’t be sick;
 “ Don’t go on, or you’ll mike me die! ”
 Says I.

“ Three styeshuns we’ve porst by,”
 Says I.
 “ So hout we get at the next, my gel.”
 When we got hout, she wer pale and saint-like,
 White in the gills and sorter faint-like,
 An’ said my cigar ’ad a powerful smell,
 “ Well, it’s the sime as I always buy,”
 Says I.

¹ Reprinted in Theodore A. Cook’s *Anthology of Humorous Verse*. HUTCHINSON
 AND CO.

“ ‘Ties them clouds in the sky,”

Says I.

“ Don’t like ‘em at all,” I says, “ that’s flat—
Black as your boots and sorter thick’nin’.”

“ If it’s wet,” says she, “ it will be sick’nin’.

I wish as I’d brought my other ‘at.”

“ You thinks too much of your finery.”

Says I.

“ Keep them sanwidjus dry,”

Says I,

When the rine came down in a reggiler sheet.

But what can yo do with one umbrella,

And a damp gel strung on the arm of a fella?

Well, rined-on ‘am ain’t pleasant to eat:

“ If yer don’t believe it, just go an’ try,”

Says I.

“ There is some gels whort cry,”

Says I.

“ And there is some don’t shed a tear,

But just get tempers, and when they has ‘em

Reaches a pint in their sarcasem,

As only a dorg could bear to ‘ear.”

This unto Nancy by-and-by,

Says I.

All’s hover now. “ And why,”

Says I.

“ Why did I wear them boots, that vest?

The bloom is orf ‘em; they’re sad to see;

And hev’rythin’s orf ‘twixt Nancy and me;

And my trousers is orf and gone to be pressed—

And ain’t this a blimed bangkolidye?”

Says I.

10th June 1892.

G. S. PENNY (JESUS)

"DIES NEFASTUS"

(16th May. *Classical Tripas, Part I, begins.*)

SATURDAY, 16-v-'08,
 So you have dawned at last.
 Dread of my life from day to day,
 More than a twelvemonth past,
 Held as I am by the Fate's decree
 In the never-relenting grip
 Of a brain-tormenting, malign device,
 To wit, the Classical Trip.

Saturday, 16-v-'08,
 What do you mean for the rest?
 Freedom and folly and *joie-de-vivre*,
 Spring at her youthful best.
 Others will idle and dream at will
 Adrift 'neath the willow bough,
 But I must sit in the Guildhall-pit
 And wrestle with *μη* and *οὐ*.

Saturday, 16-v-'08,
 Others may deem you fair,
 Waste you on river or field, maybe,
 Spend you devoid of care.
 I shall be weary and worn and sad
 Or ever your light is dead,
 Tearing the hair with a blank despair
 From my fevered and aching head.

Saturday, 16-v-'08,
 What do you hold in store?
 Torturing doubt till the lists are out,
 Miseries less or more?

Class and Division are myths obscure,
 They matter no whit to me,
 For I shall be ploughed or, at most, allowed
 A contemptible "Poll" degree.

Saturday, 16-v-'08,
 How I could wish me dead,
 Out of the ken of my fellow men,
 Earth in an earthly bed;
 Held as I am by the Fate's decree
 In the never-relenting grip
 Of a brain-tormenting, malign device,
 To wit, the Classical Trip.

16th May 1908.

TO A TRAM

BACK and forward still you go,
 To and fro,
 In your garb of dingy brown,
 Through the Town,
 To the sound of groans and squeals
 From your prehistoric wheels,
 As your body jolts and reels
 Up and down.

From the Station to the Bank
 (Bang and clank!)
 With a load of three or four
 (Never more),
 From the Bank unto the Station
 You pursue your avocation
 With a ceaseless iteration
 I deplore.

At your front the driver stout
Lolls about.
While invertebrate and slack,
At the back,
The conductor lounges sprawling,
While the horse, inertly crawling,
Barely saves himself from falling
On the track.

Poor old framework of a gee!
Once, maybe,
It was sound in wind and limb,
Spruce and trim;
Once, no doubt, it lured the backer,
Ere it leaner grew and slacker,
Tottering to its fate—the knacker,
Gruff and grim.

See the hansoms rolling by,
Trim and spry!
Their success is never checked
By neglect.
Watch the speedy motor-'bus
With its self-assertive fuss!
Hear it warn you, "Look at us,
And reflect."

You have lasted years a score,
Less or more;
But your day is at an end—
For the trend
Of a later generation
Towards relentless innovation
Cries for your annihilation,
Ancient friend.

Mournful is your creaking plaint:
 Flakes of paint
Fall like tears of maudlin shame
 From your frame.
Running in the same old groove,
You've forgotten to improve;
But the world is on the move,
 All the same.

Yes, it seems as though you know
 You must go;
Your dejection I can trace
 On your face;
E'en the hoardings by the Station
Seem to frown commiseration
At your fall from estimation
 To disgrace.

So when I come up again
 By the train,
Should I find you banished quite
 Out of sight,
I will shed a passing tear,
For my sorrow, never fear,
Will be perfectly sincere—
 Well it might,

Since your fate will whisper clear
 In my ear,
That whatever's had its day
 Must give way;
That what has been and is not,
Must expect to be forgot,
Cast aside and left to rot
 Sans regret.

31st October 1908.

"L.B.R."

A BALLADE OF THE CAM

(With apologies to all concerned)

AS I laye a-dreaminge, a-dreaminge, a-dreaminge,
 Merrie sang the birde as she sat upon the tree,
 For there came a lyghte canoe,
 With just seating-roome for two,
 And itte bore two lovers true,
 Lyghte and free,
 As I laye a-dreaminge, they paddled straichte by me.

As I laye a-smilinge, a-smilinge, a-smilinge,
 Softlie sang the birde, as she moved upon the bough,
 For there came a tutor wyghte,
 Who rowed with all his myghte,
 And his browe was blacke as nyghte,
 For a rowe,
 As I lay a-smilinge, he was juste upon them nowe.

As I laye a-watchinge, a-watchinge, a-watchinge,
 Quietie sat the birde as she ceased from her songe;
 For 'twas Gertie from the "Cri.,"
 And her voice was shrille and hyghe,
 As she curséd for a spye,
 Loude and longe;
 As I laye a-watchinge he gotte itte hotte and stronge.

As I laye a-thinkinge, a-thinkinge, a-thinkinge,
 Merrie sang the birde as she perched upon the spraye;
 For that tutor, dumbe with fryghte,
 Hadde bethoughte himself of flyghte,
 And straite hied him out of syghte,
 Far from gaye,
 As I laye a-thinkinge he gotte him quicke awaye.

As I laye a-thynkinge, the golden sun was synkinge,
 Cheerie sang the birde as she winged her on her flyghte,
 Then there sudden seemed to me
 That a whiffe of patchouli
 Blewe softe from Trinity,
 On my righte;
 As I laye a-thynkinge I sawe this prettie syghte:
 Upon the bridge of Clare
 Stoode that verie happy paire,
 So I murmured to them there,
 Juste "GOOD-NYGHTE."

25th May 1907.

C. S. REWCASTLE (TRINITY)

TO A CONTRIBUTOR

'T WAS only on Monday we met;
 You vowed that you'd something to send,
 But I'm bound to confess, with regret,
 That I'm patiently waiting, my friend.

You added the words "Without fail."
 Yet to-morrow we're due to appear,
 And I've watched for it, mail after mail—
 Half a moment, the porter is here.

So at last it has come, after all.
 Not failed me—! But oh, that it had!
 Why change Possibility's thrall
 For a Realization that's bad?

6th February 1909.

DOWN

“**A**ND there ain’t no buses runnin’ from the Benk to Mandalay,”
 As you’ve heard from Rudyard Kipling—if you’ve read him—
 I dare say;

It’s a platitude, no doubt, but has it e’er occurred to you
 How many far less likely spots are off the bus-route too?
 For it isn’t only money and a well-laid two-way track,
 Or a strip of asphalte paving that you need to take you back;
 For as “there ain’t no buses from the Benk to Mandalay,”
 There ain’t no joint-stock Diners labelled, “Now to Yesterday.”
 And places change uncommon quick, the places of our dreams,
 Though the maps remain unaltered, and surveyors pass no schemes.
 And the self-same streets are standing, and the self-same grind’s gone
 through—

Only other people do it and you’ve other things to do.
 So the G.E.R. attracts us, for a moment, in the street,
 And we hesitate and ponder, then are valiant—and discreet,
 For despite their bills and posters and their trips on Saturday—
 No—there ain’t no buses runnin’ from the Benk to Mandalay.

19th February 1910.

S. C. ROBERTS (PEMBROKE)

THE AFTERMATH

YOU may chant of the cricketer’s glory
 Who’s successfully carried his bat;
 You may tell of the trundler in story
 Who’s accomplished the trick of the hat;
 You may publish the prowess of Hall men
 When nautical honours they’ve won;
 But happiest far among all men
 Is the tripper whose Tripos is done.

For the darkest of days are behind him,
 And the Senate House summons no more;
 And tutors no longer remind him
 Of lectures in classical lore.
 He can breakfast in comfort and slippers,
 He can linger in attitudes lax,
 With a sigh for less fortunate trippers,
 And a book and a pipe on the Backs.

He can idle—his conscience has said it—
 And saunter at noon on K.P.,
 Making purchases choice—upon credit—
 For his cousins in May week to see.
 With a glassful of vintage Madeira
 He can babble far into the morn,
 For his motto is *Lingue severa*,
 And he turns into bed at the dawn.

You may make of the golfer memorial,
 Who's manœuvred a twenty-foot put;
 You may talk of the trim Territorial
 Who's recorded a "possible"—but
 Their delights are but drops in the ocean,
 They're as stars which would rival the sun,
 When you muse on the mystical notion
 That the toils of the Tripes are done.

5th June 1909.

THE SONGS OF THE THREE AGES

I

I AM the Freshman, I,
 Fresh with the first year flood;
 Big with desire to attain, to aspire
 To the pinnacled pride of the "blood."

I have heraldic crests
 (College and 'Varsity too).
I have begun on the things that are "done";
 I stand in awe of the "blue."

I can talk 'Varsity slang.
 I do not lodge, but I "keep,"
Nine o'clock "brekkers," then cut a few "lekkers,"
 I may be fresh—but I'm deep.

II

I am the Second Year Man.
 I have learnt one or two matters.
My college cap has endured a mishap;
 My precious gown is in tatters.

I have got into my stride,
 I take out freshers in tubs;
College is slow—I must manage the show,
 I put some life in the clubs.

III

I am the Third Year Man;
 I chat with ease to a don;
Freshers rave wildly, but I look on mildly—
 Ah, for the days that are gone!

I am grown pensive and old,
 Old in the wisdom of youth;
I can delight in discussing all night
 The ethical basis of truth.

I live oppressed by a cloud;
 Triposes darken the sun;
I must needs cram for a baneful exam.—
 Tea and wet towels for one!

30th October 1909.

A DEBATE IN DOGGEREL

(The following fragment has recently been discovered by a Cambridge antiquary in his researches amongst local archives. Dating apparently from the seventeenth or eighteenth century, it seems strangely to anticipate some modern practices.)

WHAT time resound the clanging strokes of eight,
 With glossy fronts the officers in state
 Appear, and from the presidential throne
 The issues of the evening straight are known.
 The Chair with condescension then avows
 A member in possession of the House.
 He, rising, drinks, and from his pocket draws
 His notes and all the benches sound applause.
 Before proceeding he with force contends
 That with th'opposer he's the best of friends,
 But grieves that one with such endowments blest
 Should be to wrongful causes thus address;
 For *his* part he'll to *Principles* adhere,
 And hope, in course of time, to make them clear.
 In skilful sort the facts and figures show
 Where opposition arguments must go.
 At last the speaker clears his raucous throat
 And triumphs in his peroration note.
 He takes his seat, and after timely lapse,
 Another rises 'midst tempestuous claps.
 And first of all he would congratulate
 His foeman on his cunning in debate,
 But while to rhetoric his praise conceding,
 He feels that it was nought but special pleading,
 And, therefore, he with earnestness submits
 That men be not cajoled by subtil wits.
 So, when have done the bold protagonists,
 The lesser members enter in the lists;
 And those with no particular suggestion
 Console themselves with frequent cries of "Question."
 Belike the folly of some new-made law

The pigmy senate gravely doth deplore.
Or e'en the Speech of our most sacred Prince,
Young idol-smashers soon reduce to mince.
But oftener tongues are loose and passion burns
On taxes and the Board of Trade returns.
"Free Trade," saith one, "hath long been England's pride."
"The Freedom," others urge, "is on one side."
And one doth plead of food the greater cost,
And others mourn for manufactures lost.
But Art is long and Time, that is too short,
Doth end all argumentative retort.
The House divides, the strength of sides appears,
And cheers are raised, and cheers and counter-cheers.
And each perforce must now the matter shelve,
And haste to keep his statutory twelve.

12th March 1910.

TWO FRAGMENTS

I. From the Tale of the Road

A T Trompyngtoun, nat fer fro' Cantebrigge,
Ther goth a streame of men from past the brigge,
Of suche an one twer quick to telle,
For from afar in sothe you coude him smelle.
And in the dust a furrow deepe he dugge,
And well did handle geare and sparkynge-plugge.
Pipen he coude with horne of dredfulle blare,
And turne corners and goode folkes scare.
He by a belt did drive his weeles twayne,
And smoke and foulnesse followed in his traine.
But if his speede made perel overmuche,
One wight there was that sharply durst him touche.
For he, with trappes well and truly laide,
And fustian blue conceal'd, his nottes made,
Then strait to hear his doome th'offender forced
Of penalties and—licenses endorsed.

II. Cambridge in September

(In the Tennysonian manner)

. . . They came unto a town
 Where it seemed always Thursday afternoon.
 Adown the street the languid tram did glide,
 Swaying like one that hath an empty life,
 And at the college gate the porter lone
 Would idly gaze, as downward in the court
 Slow-dropping leaves on primmest lawn did fall.
 While others through the corridors did bear
 The furniture of yester-term afar,
 In Autumn stillness stood the royal fane—
 Four silent pinnacles, and silent, too,
 The organ thunder. By the Senate House
 The fareless Jehus sleep—no more to roam.

May Week Number, 1912.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON (JESUS)

“IRISH BEAUTIES OF THE LAST CENTURY”

“A pretty face could rise to any dignity before the passing of the Royal Marriage Act.”

WHEN belles were all powder and patches,
 And beaux were all swagger and swords,
 When poachers were strung up in batches,
 And people respected the lords,
 When orators quoted their Horace,
 And thought of their country's renown,
 When no lung power to bawl at an Exeter Hall
 Was virtue as known to the Town;

When men did not marry with caution;
When toasted in speech and song,
Was the girl who had never a portion
Save "eyelashes half a yard long";
When nought was denied to the beauty,
Not even the chance of a crown;
When with old-fashioned ways in those old-fashioned days
They drank to her health in the Town;

Small wonder if she was ambitious,
Whose looks made each coffee-house ring,
While she, should her cards prove propitious,
Might deal and might capture a king.
For men admired beauty for beauty
And not for the price of her gown,
When a marriage a lord for his love could afford
Nor think of his debts in the Town.

Our girls are as fair and as witty,
Our men are as strong and as bold,
But Venus has fled from our city,
And left us her statue in gold.
Will she never more quicken before us,
And step from her pedestal down,
And stand there as fair, as when radiant and rare,
She reigned o'er the hearts of the Town?

16th November 1895.

YE ANCIENT BALLAD

(Written upon receiving a certain Christmas card, whereon the following scene is depicted.)

A MONK wandered down to the river's brim
(Sing heigh for a fisherman gay, boys),
He wore a black hat with a rather wide brim;
I cannot but add that it didn't suit him
(Sing ho, as you certainly may, boys).

He baited his hook and he threw it right in
(Sing heigh, but 'twas sharp at the point, boys).
In Lent you may drink from the best in the bin,
But you mustn't eat chops, 'tis a terrible sin
(Sing ho, for a cut from the joint, boys).

He had brought him a flask of Rhenish so sound
(Sing heigh for the wine that is red, boys);
'Twas excellent tipple he very soon found,
He swore that each fish would weigh over a pound
(Sing ho, but it went to his head, boys).

Then, lo and behold, came a pull at his hook
(Sing heigh, but he fished with a stout line),
With nervous excitement he grievously shook,
He spilt half his wine and he shut up his book
(Sing ho, as he pulled at his trout line).

Alas and alack! from the depths of the stream
(Sing heigh for his great expectation)
There popped what was neither a trout nor a bream,
But a little dead cat—(Sing heigh for his dream,
Sing ho for his realization).

This moral I draw from a story so sad
(Sing heigh, in my eyes there are tears, boys);
If you think that your fortune will never be bad
You are sure to "get left," you are safe "to be had"
(Sing ho, but we're wise for our years, boys).

23rd January 1897.

“ A.P.S.”

AN OLD-FASHIONED FIFTH OF NOVEMBER

DARKNESS is falling
 As up and down,
 Gownsmen are prowling,
 Silently scowling,
 Heedless of hauling
 Tutors who frown,
 Prospects of gating,
 Fining, or rating.
 Loudly are bawling
 Men of the Town—
 “ Please to remember
 Fifth of November!
 Give 'em a mauling!
 Go for the gown! ”

Charging the Cury,
 Cap all awry,
 Undergrads rushing,
 Pushing and crushing,
 Packed as a jury
 Echo the cry.
 Bull-dogs to right of them,
 Bull-dogs to left of them,
 Burning with fury
 After them hie;
 Tutors and doctors,
 Masters and proctors,
 Fresher is sure he
 Ought to defy.

Now out of Trinity
 Dozens of dons
 Hurry and skurry
 In terrible flurry;

YE ANCIENT BALLAD

(Written upon receiving a certain Christmas card, whereon the following scene is depicted.)

A MONK wandered down to the river's brim
(Sing heigh for a fisherman gay, boys),
He wore a black hat with a rather wide brim;
I cannot but add that it didn't suit him
(Sing ho, as you certainly may, boys).

He baited his hook and he threw it right in
(Sing heigh, but 'twas sharp at the point, boys).
In Lent you may drink from the best in the bin,
But you mustn't eat chops, 'tis a terrible sin
(Sing ho, for a cut from the joint, boys).

He had brought him a flask of Rhenish so sound
(Sing heigh for the wine that is red, boys);
'Twas excellent tippie he very soon found,
He swore that each fish would weigh over a pound
(Sing ho, but it went to his head, boys).

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 Tutors and doctors,
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 Fresher is sure he
 Ought to defy.

Now out of Trinity
 Dozens of dons
 Hurry and skurry
 In terrible flurry;

Men of Divinity
Issue from John's;
Smugs in their attics
Leave Mathematics,
Throw femininity
Out to the swans;
Faces defacing
Better than tracing
X to infinity
Over the "pons."
Hark to the prattle
Out in the street!
Hark to the swearing!
Somebody faring
Ill in the battle
Beats a retreat.
See in Rose Crescent,
Gown, who at present,
Penned in like cattle
Suffer defeat,
Now with a tally
Suddenly rally,
Town with a rattle
Swept off their feet!
Townsmen, electing,
Missiles and stones,
Thinking it jolly
Send in a volley.
Gownsmen expecting,
Answer with groans;
Recommence raging
Foemen engaging.
Bedders collecting
(Bonnetted crones),
Fill every casement
Down to the basement,
Watch them effecting
Breakage of bones.

Now by St. Mary's,
 Tramping is heard—
 Come in majorities
 Are the authorities
 (What a vagary)
 Finally stirred.
 Marching on steadily,
 Not very readily,
 That they are wary
 May be inferred;
 Yet such as these men,
 Sturdy policemen,
 Though they are chary
 Won't be deterred.

Somebody shouting,
 " Hi, the Police! "
 Causes a quiet,
 Racket and riot,
 Groaning and flouting
 Suddenly cease.
 Slowly approaching,
 Surely encroaching,
 Policemen are routing
 Breakers of peace;
 Proctor's assistance
 Lessens resistance,
 Bull-dogs are shouting,
 Numbers decrease.

Faster and faster
 Homeward they flow:
 'Varsity Proctorized
 Now must be doctorized,
 Binding and plaster
 Make a good show.
 Fighting is ended,
 Heads must be mended,

Vinegar caster
 Runs very low.
 They will remember
 Fifth of November
 When to the Master,
 Culprits they go.

9th May 1896.

OWEN SEAMAN (CLARE)

HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE¹

O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum . . .

O THOU, with whom so oft at 12.15,
 I've spoilt the porter's beauty-sleep (or later),
 Thrice welcome, welcome back, whitewashed and clean,
 To Alma Mater.

Jones, prime of Johnnies in the billiard line,
 With whom I made the drowsy hours to jig,
 All drenched with frequent sodas at the sign
 Of the Blue Pig.

With thee I shared the Fifth, that final rag,
 And lost ingloriously my tattered gown,
 What time my forehead bit a paving-flag
 In Sturton Town.

Me blessed Mercury, shaped like a Hansom,
 Bore through a thickish atmosphere of stones;
 For thee, O thee, another kind of ransom
 Was waiting, Jones!

¹ These verses were reprinted in *Horace at Cambridge*. A. D. INNES AND CO.

Sucked into Trumpington's absorbing gutter,
 Thou by the Proctor's pack wast fairly baited,
 Haled to that hardy sportsman on a shutter
 And rusticated.

So welcome back from rural contemplation!
 And here's a health to those that bring thee back!
 The Dons!—we'll pour a Lethe of libation
 In Miller's sack!

Pass round the loving-cup! a long, strong pull!
 Pomade is off and wreaths are run to seed;
 Instead about our lips shall curl the full
 And fragrant weed.

What choice for dissipation? Jones, old man,
 At this auspicious hour 'tis thine to choose;
 Loo? then to-night we'll linger longer than
 At former Loos!

27th January 1894.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
 Vidi docentem . . .*

I SAW old Dubbins—it's the solemn verity—
 In some obscure provincial town (the fact
 Will pass for racy fiction with posterity)
 Intoning with considerable tact,
 And just a dash of clerical severity,
 The service for the day; the pews were packed
 With most devoted nymphs in killing bonnets,
 A theme I've often thought would do for sonnets.

My mind recalled the last occasion when
 Those fluty tones had fallen on my ears;
 Supported by a brace of boating men
 Dubbins had risen (incoherent cheers),
 And starting by request with "Do ye ken?"
 Tailed off into "The British Grenadiers."
 I feel at times a kind of moral twist
 In glancing through the ordination list!

There is a period in woman's growth
 Which I will designate the Curate Age;
 It falls between—and has a touch of both—
 The Military Era and the Stage;
 Then with the tightest-laced (and nothing loth)
 The blooming young divine becomes the rage;
 Their adulation takes the form of mittens,
 Or carpet-slippers, or superfluous kittens.

Perchance there is a rival; it is the
 Extension Lecturer from Cambridge College,
 Who takes to "illustrating" poetry
 Of which he has a really fluent knowledge;
 They give him violets and fleurs-de-lis,
 A practice which the Church would fain abolidge;
 (I cull the form from Mrs. Gamp's anthology
 And tender to the same my frank apology).

In matters of the heart, as I am told,
 Woman is thermometrically tidal,
 Now secular and warm, now saintly cold,
 A state of things that's simply suicidal;
 She'll oscillate like Israel of old
 Exchanging Moses for a Moulton¹ idol;
 The joke is not my own, I wish it were;
 I also wish I were the Lecturer!

¹ R. G. Moulton, now Professor of Literature at Chicago University.

But whither, Muses, are ye footling on?

We must return to trace our wandering sheep,
Lest the connexion of the tale be gone,

As happened with the mutttons of Bo-Peep,
Or as the mild meandering of a Don

Laps a whole lecture-room in balmy sleep;
I don't know any medium that's neater
For circulating gas than Juan's metre.

So to return to Dubbins, as we knew him,

Then, when the casual oat was being sown,
He didn't care what Plautus calls a *duim*

For all the annotations of Perowne;
So open-minded that they trickled through him,

So open-handed, too, that I have known
The double-headed bull-dog passing by
Irregularly wink the other eye.

He never rowed, because his skin was porous

And sensitive in parts to any scar;
His voice was fairly useful in a chorus;

His wit was dry and suited to the bar;
Reckless at Pool he shed his lives before us,
And seldom missed his due, the hero's star;

In battle he was good to break a head;
In peace he wore his toga to a thread.

I take it, there's a difference between

This picture, see, and *that*—you know the phrase?
Think what he is, I say, and what he's been;

(Excuse my mixing one of Kipling's lays
With Hamlet quoting Shakespeare to the Queen);

I never knew in all my palmy days
A nicer connoisseur of flowing bowls;
And now—he's got a sinecure of souls!

3rd March 1894.

Tu ne quaesieris . . .

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.

Far happier he who doesn't mind
One little blow about the fray;
Who, if the foeman prove unkind,
Gently, but firmly, runs away:
Who puts his money in the slot,
And comes and takes another shot.

Be wise and fill the flowing can;
Strain off the fatal pips, and wash
The dust of work away with an
Alleviating lemon-squash;
There's something very nice, I think,
About an effervescent drink.

Eschew the heated lecture-hall;
Drive by its door, and pay no heed
To Cranmer on his pedestal,
Or holy Pearson on the Creed.
Blow up the horn; blow, while you may;
And, so to put it, pluck the day.

Come, pluck the day—I never knew
How people set about the thing;—
Come, brush aside the early dew,
And have your matutinal fling.
Time wears a forelock on his brow—
You'd better take him by it now.

Trust not the morrow, lest it turn
 Traitor and trump your cherished hope;
 Youth flies—I'd give a lot to learn
 Who first conceived that trenchant trope;—
 This blessed hour my urgent rhyme
 Is half a week behind the time.

19th May 1894.

*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
 Semper urgendo . . .*

ONE'S better course is, as a rule,
 To take the golden mean for motto;
 Therefore, my cherished coxswain, you'll
 Try not to

Call like a penny steamer at
 Each shore with stolid alternation,
 Rousing antiphonies of flat
 Damnation;

Nor yet conversely sin a sin,
 Dull as the after-dinner riddle,
 And cleave the current fairly in
 The middle.

Far sooner would I have you seek
 Barely to graze the bank at Grassy;
 As when a golfer with his cleek
 Or brassy,

Taking a deal of pains about
 His attitude, and saying "This is
 A rather pretty thing," lets out
 And misses.

Follow not up the zigzag foe,
As coursing hounds that hunt the rabbit;
Speaking from memory I know
No habit

More purely fatuous. I contend
(And so would any crossing-sweeper)
The shorter route is in the end
The cheaper.

Adopt the happy medium
(Compare the *Sludge* of Robert Browning);
Don't tell your men their time has come
For drowning;

Nor do the other thing and let
Their feather up too high; it knocks your
Best crew to pieces when they get
Too cocksure.

Remember there are things that sear
The soul with sore internal smarting;
E.g., to cross your steering-gear
At starting;

Or imitate the helmsman who,
Stop-watch in hand, acutely reckoned
The pealing of the cannon to
The second;

Then dropped it, and himself was shied
Over the rudder like a rocket,
Having secured the bung inside
His pocket.

Lose not your priceless head, of all
Your other parts the noblest portion;
The lack of some such natural
Precaution



H. G. PÉLISSIER

This portrait, from the *Granita*, 10th February 1912, was drawn by Fay Compton when the Follies visited Cambridge.

Ruined our late king, Charles the First;
 Accordingly through floods and blizzards
 Keep it, and bid your fellows burst
 Their gizzards

Round serried Ditton's sinuous bay,
 Till up the Reach with dancing riggers
 They feel the wash and pound away
 Like niggers;

Then, even as the crafty cub
 Closes upon his evening mutton,
 Swiftly apply your indiarub-
 -Ber button.

8th June 1894.

CAMBRIDGE REVISITED ¹

"Wait till you come to Forty Year"

I

AMONG the haunts of sage and saint,
 Where I was wont to wear the gown,
 And honestly attempt to paint
 The town,

I greet again the gracious Hall
 That nurtured me when I began
 To be what one is pleased to call
 A Man.

And now I move, at "forty year,"
 More pensively than once of yore,
 And quite a lot of things appear
 A bore.

¹ Reprinted in E. E. Kellett's *Book of Cambridge Verse*. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The jaunts and japes of long ago,
That pleased me then, no longer please,
In part because I tend to grow
Obese.

Nor can I altogether gloze
The fact that, when a man is stout,
A stately port will predispose
To gout.

Which things affront the Freshman who
Regards it as the cream of crimes
To be at all posterior to
The times.

And when I pass him, flushed and keen,
Light-hearted, sound of limb and lung,
I feel I never *could* have been
So young.

The spotless tie, the spangled vest,
A chrysalis that bursts the shell!—
I had forgotten that he dressed
So well!

But if my taste resembled his,
But now assumes a sober tone,
The fault indubitably is
My own.

Along the towing-path I strolled;
The situation seemed the same,
And everyone was at the old,
Old game.

I passed a little sporting knot
That held in leash the mongrel cur;
I saw that things were fairly what
They were.

I stood to watch a waiting boat;
The coach was cursing No. 3;
The fellow had the face to quote
From *me*!

Full hoary when I made them mine,
These wrinkles, trusty, tried and true—
He ran them out as something fine
And new!

He wore with all the old aplomb
His rude extensions; nay, I found
They ended even farther from
The ground.

The captains roamed the river-side;
I wondered, seeing how they sat,—
Great Nimrod! did we really ride
Like *that*?

A raucous beast assailed my eye;
“I know that horse,” I said, “it comes
From—” well, I recognized it by
Its gums.

The same, whose ribs were like to swords,
Who, when I tossed my men a tip,
Would turn his tufted tail towards
The ship!

Anon by Barnwell's oozy bed
I sniffed the old familiar stench;
“*Toujours le même vieux jeu!*” I said,
(In French).

All this was beautiful and right,
Long since accepted, long approved;
And yet I own it left me quite
Unmoved.

Perhaps my case was pretty much
His sorry case of whom they sing,
Tithonus, deadly out of touch
With Spring.

For age is apt to loose the link
Of chains that early manhood tied,
And cause a kind of moral kink
Inside.

I could, if necessary, spin
A column on this hallowed text;
I hope to add a trifle in
My next.

16th February 1895.

II

Thus musing (see my last) I left the bank
That curbs the eager current of the Cam;
This myth of Alma Mater seemed a blank
And hollow sham.

I lit a large cigar; a thing I do
Unconsciously when feeling desolate;
Unconsciously I reached, and sauntered through,
My College gate.

My course was theoretically barred
By that profound and venerable joke,
I mean the printed notice with regard
To dogs and smoke.

I entered; as I trod the verdant plot
An Apparition came within my ken;
My Tutor, I had always said, was not
As other men.

I felt the old effect of being foiled,
Of having no resource except to go,
In fact, by force of habit I recoiled
A yard or so.

He wrought around me some forgotten spell;
I doffed my weed and hat for fear of him;
The ash unfortunately broke and fell
Upon the brim.

“ I find that you ”—he spoke and slightly bowed—
“ Are guilty of a complicated tort;
No dogs ” (I hadn’t any) “ are allowed
Within the court,

“ Nor smoking. Vulgar passage we permit
Exclusively upon the paving-stones;
All persons who—why, bless me, surely it
Is Mr. Jones?

“ Nay, no apologies! Our private right
We fence from public usufruct—that’s all!
You’re looking well; you dine, I hope, to-night
With us in Hall? ”

I clinched the proposition hard. Indeed,
It seemed a boon beyond the common share
To sit above the salt and calmly feed
On Fellows’ fare.

I found them, frankly, quite a decent set;
They touched upon the scandals of the town,
And even now and then exchanged a bet
Of half a crown.

Below me, from my elevated seat,
Maintaining there a perfect equipoise,
I watched the rising generation eat
And make a noise.

On yonder lowly bench I once had sat,
Had laved in tepid soup my beardless lips,
And furiously fulminated at
Those hoary gyps.

I thought of him, long gathered to the past,
Whose voice would break upon my tympanum—
“ More beef, Sir ”—with a strong and steady blast
Of fog and rum.

All this was over. At my dexter hand
The stately College butler deigned to pour
Dry academic sherry, vintage brand
Of '64.

We mounted to the Combination Room—
It seemed to me a very nice resort;
And there we lingered long to cull the bloom
Of peerless port.

And in the glow that follows goodly cheer
I learned that, if you meet the proper lot,
You find the 'Varsity at “ forty year ”
A pleasant spot.

And so I tossed to-morrow to the wind,
Along with gout and “ hydrops, gryps, and pons ”;
And said—“ Fate cannot touch me, I have dined
To-day with Dons! ”

23rd February 1895.

G. H. SHAKESPEARE (EMMANUEL)

HALF-HOURS AMONG THE TOMBS

IN spite of everything that can be said against that biblical maniac, Legion, my personal conviction is that he was saner than many of us suppose. Graveyards are not over-popular in these days. We all find it hard enough to get a living without worrying about those who have for ever solved the secret; but, unlike many others, and like Legion, I must confess that I find a peculiar exhilaration in spending half-hours among the tombs. Whether it be due to instinctive humour, or strong imagination, or a reaction against civilization, as soon as I visit a new locality I first of all visit the graveyard. Here you will find me, like Addison or Gray, fitting faces and characters to handfuls of dust from the data that time has not erased.

Very common is the tablet set up in memory of a nagging wife. Who, for example, can "Sarah Inkpin" have been, who died in her fiftieth year? Under her name is written, "The Lord knew best." What could be plainer? The widower, Mr. Inkpin, was a henpecked husband who, from the overflowing of his heart, erected this stone to celebrate his new lease of life. Not far away we read the following:

" Here lies my wife Polly,
A terrible shrew;
If I said I was sorry,
Here I should lie too."

Just beyond is another case of a wife's nagging tongue, or, as Browning would have put it, "a woman's last word":

" Here lies the Mother of Children seven,
Four on earth and three in heaven;
The three in heaven preferring rather
To die with Mother than live with father."

Another favourite trick of the bereaved is to express the hope that heaven will be the common meeting-place:

“ We grieve to part with those we love,
 With those we hold most dear.
 Oh, may we all meet in heaven above
 Without a doubt or fear.”

What better send-off could one wish? Let us hope that the devoted wife's chance of meeting him above is not to be judged by her metrical effort. Otherwise we should have many a doubt and fear.

How pathetic is the epitaph which, apparently, was written in honour of some undergraduate who lost his life on the fatal fifth of November.

“ Here lie I,
 Killed by a sky-
 Rocket in the eye-socket.”

Another interesting epitaph which we do not find in this country, can be met with not infrequently across the Atlantic. Perhaps the reader has noticed the three letters, “R.I.P.”, which presumably stand for *Requiescat in pace*. Some American parents, being struck with the beauty of the idea, and being unacquainted with classical construction, wrote on the tomb of the dear departed:

“ Here lies Elizabeth Grant,
 Let her R. I. P.”

Yes, Legion must have been saner than we are apt to suppose. What a pity that his diary is not extant!

7th February 1914.

EDWARD SHANKS (TRINITY)

CATS

BLACK cats, grey cats, slinking to and fro,
Dancing on the College roofs in a mystic row.

Tabby-cats, sandy cats, chasing thin-blood shadows,
Making songs and making love on the slated meadows;

Dancing here and dancing there, light as autumn leaves,
Whirling in a mazy round that the moonlight weaves.

All night, every night, so I see them go,
Black cats, grey cats, slinking to and fro.

* * * * *

Pink cats, green cats, leaping through the night,
Yellow cats, purple cats . . . well, I *must* be tight.

5th December 1911.

MIDWINTER MADNESS ¹

OR, A RHAPSODY IN DIETETICS

AMONTH or twain to live on honeycomb
Is pleasant—but to eat it for a year
Is simply beastly. Thus the poet spake,
Feeling how sticky all his stomach was
With hivings of ten thousand cheated bees.

¹ Reprinted in *Poems* by Edward Shanks and included here by permission of the author and publishers, SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, LTD.

O wisdom that could shape immortal words
And frame a diet for dyspeptic man!
But what of turnips? Come, a lyric now
Upon the luscious roots unsung as yet,
(Not roots, I know, but stalks; still, never mind,
Metre and sauce will suit them just as well)
Or shall we speak of omelettes? Muse, begin!
To feed a fortnight on transmuted eggs
Would doubtless be both comforting and cheap,
But oh, the nausea on the fifteenth day!
I'd rather read a book by Ezra Pound
Than choke the seven hundredth omelette down,
Just as I'd rather read some F. S. Flint
Than live a month or twain on honeycomb.
O Ezra Pound! O omelette of the world!
Concocted with strange herbs from dead Provence,
Garlic from Italy and spice from Greece,
Having suffered a rare Pound-change on the way,
How rarely should'st thou taste were not the eggs
Laid in America and hither brought
Too late. I don't like omelettes made with fowls.
Take hence this Pound and put him to the test,
Try him with acid, see if he turn black
As will the best old silver when provoked
By touching fungi of the baser sort.
(Forgive digression. These similitudes
Entrance me and I lose myself in them,
As schoolboys, picking flowers by the way,
Elude the angry usher's vigilance,
And then, concealed behind a hedge or shed,
Produce the awesome pipe or thrice-lit fag
And make themselves incredibly unwell.)
My brain is bubbling and the thoughts will out.
But, Ezra Pound! they turn again to thee
As surely as the lode-stone to the pole
Or as the dog to what he hath cast up
(A simile of Solomon's, not mine)

And your shock head of damp unwholesome hay
Such as, the cunning farmer oft declares,
When stacked, will perish by spontaneous fire,
Frequents my dreams and makes them ludicrous.
Thou most ridiculous sprite! thou ponderous fairy!
Bourgeois Bohemian! Innocent Verlaine!
I read in the *Bookseller's Circular*,
That in the University of Pa.
(Or Kans. or Col. or Mass. or Tex. or Ont.
—A line of normal pattern, Saintsbury)
You held a fellowship in (O merciful gods!)
Romanics, which strange word interpreted
Means, I suppose, the Romance languages.
Doubtless they read Italian in Pa.
And some may speak French fluently in Ont.
But German, Ezra! There's the — rub,
It's not romance and it is hard to learn,
And Heine, though an easy-going chap,
Would doubtless trounce you soundly if he knew
The sorry hash that you have made of him.
But no! you're not for immortality,
Not even such as that of Freiligrath,
Enshrined, together with his Mohrerfürst
In unrelenting amber. I hold you here
In a soap-bubble's iridescent walls,
The whimsy of a long mid-winter's night
And give you immortality enough.
Thou sorry brat! thou transatlantic clown!
That seek'st to ape the treadless Ariel
And out-top Shelley in an aeroplane,
Take the all-obvious padding from your pants,
Go, cut your hair and go to Pa. again
(Or Kans. or Col. or Mass. or Tex. or Ont.
Or even Oomp. if such a place exists)
And take with you the poets you admire
Both Yeats and Flint to charm the folk of Oomp.
And write again for *Munsey's Magazine*

Of your good brother Everyone. (Just God!
 Am even I of your relationship?)
 So end as you began, or even worse,
 No matter, so 'tis in America.

7th March 1913.

FRANK SIDGWICK (TRINITY)

TO MY BED-MAKER

BUXOM bedder, whose black bonnet
 Has, I hope, seen better times,
 Theme for triolet or sonnet,
 Thee a humble poet rhymes.

Some may rail against thee, storming
 (In the Lexiconic phrase)
 At thy "prowling-base-informing
 Sad-litigious-plaguy ways."

But I warble not in mockery;
 For the dullest understands
 How varieties of crockery
 "Come to pieces" in your "'ands";

No; in "sorwe," like Dan Chaucer's,
 Say I Mantalini's "dem,"
 When my Worcester cups and saucers
 "Slip" while you are washing them.

I have heard thee oft explaining
 "How the 'help' my plates has broke,"
 "Not a bit of tea remaining,"
 "Quaker Oats is all a-soak";

How was torn my daily paper,
How my cheese has "got the mites,"
How my milk absorbs the vapour
From the dampness of the nights.

When the matutinal worm is
Caught by its proverbial bird,
Rap thy knuckle-epidermis
On my door and speak the word.

Let my tepid eggs and bacon
By the roaring fire be set;
Let them wait till I awaken,
Till my appetite they whet.

Let my porridge not be ladled
Forth, while I am sleeping sound,
"Calm," says Shelley, "as a cradled
Child in dreamless slumber bound."

Glad to see me safe returning,
Gladder, p'raps, to see me go,
Gladdest when you get your earning,—
Mrs. Perkins, *addio!*

3rd March 1900.

THOUGHTS ON A SPOON

SPOON of Trinity College Hall,
Dated seventeen-ninety-eight!
Stars may wane, and kingdoms fall,
Thou hast touched the lips of the great!

Mayn't Macaulay have munched his meat,
 Masticated meringues at noon,—
 Tennyson taken a toothsome sweet,
 Out of thy bowl, O silver Spoon?

Thirlwall's throttle, and Thackeray's throat
 Knew, it may be, thy curving lip;
 Praed may have dropped thee over his coat,
 Hallam, perhaps, hath kissed thy tip.

Spoon of seventeen-ninety-eight,
 Years have sped,—a hundred and two;
 Lo! I am linked with the century's great,
 I have used thee, Spoon, I too!

10th March 1900.

TENNYSON AT THE RACES

SO Vivian ran beside his College boat,
His boat, *his* College, not a lesser boat,
 Not Downing, nor another. On the Bank,
 Wearing the white flower of an aimless life,
 He left at Ditton, mother, sister, aunt,
 And murmuring of innumerable she's—
 The fair, the chaste (not inexpensive) she's.
 There saw they how there hove a lusty boat,
 Gay with the College scarves from stem to stern
 (Gay to the Stearn) and were rejoiced to see,
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes,
 The old order changing, giving place to new.
 Clothed in white flannel, hectic, underfed,
 Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs,
 The boats came on, and coming seemed to go;
 And still the water lapped upon the bank,
 Whereon the men were no more than a voice,
 Crying to those that sat the thwart, and all

Shove-loyal to the least wish of the cox,
 "Late, late, too late; ye cannot bump them now."
 And Vivian mused: "On either bank—alike—
 Distinct in individualities,
 Infinite indivisibility
 And indivisible infinity."

May Week Number, 1901.

RAGLAN SOMERSET (QUEENS')

BALLADE OF EX-PRESIDENTS

I

WHERE is Harris-Hyperides¹
 Of seasoned jest and oft-told story?
 Where is Sampson-Demosthenes?²
 Names like his on the roll of glory
 Shine undimmed, there are many more we
 Can but mention, have sunk to rest,
 Fabian, Radical, crusted Tory:
 (Fledgelings flown from a last year's nest.)

II

Where is the glib Hughes-Gibb?³ ah, where?
 He of "many a valid reason,"
 Sat but an evening in the chair,
 Now he hangs with a look of peace on
 Placid features, it may be treason
 Him to deride, who wears the best
 Panamas in the summer season.
 (Fledgelings flown from a last year's nest.)

¹ H. Wilson Harris, President of the Union, Michaelmas Term 1905. Now Foreign Correspondent to the *Daily News*.

² S. J. M. Sampson, President of the Union, Lent Term 1906.

³ A. P. Hughes-Gibb, President of the Union, Michaelmas Term 1906.

III

Brows knit fast in a beetling frown,
 Osborn Morgan,¹ where is he?
 What his guerdon of high renown?
 What is "Harry"?² a bland K.C.
 And what, I pray you, is "F.D."?³
 Member for Wolverhampton (West),
 Foremost man in the I.L.P.
 (Fledgelings flown from a last year's nest.)

L'ENVOI

Prince, inquire of Stanley,⁴ he
 Knew each orator, knew him best,
 Treasures him yet in his memory.
 (Fledgelings flown from a last year's nest.)

26th October 1907.

ON GOING DOWN

(Farewell Editorial)

IT is inconceivable. To a man's friends it is almost unthinkable: to his enemies it seems far too good to be true. It is as serious a business as dying or getting married, and, like these experiences, it comes to most of us at one time or another. Some few there are who are numbered with the Immortals—a blessed communion with what the hymn calls a "Fellowship divine"—but they are in a slender minority. It seems almost indecent on the part of the University not to stop running with our departure. After the funeral is over we come back to the house of the bereaved, and in the streets we meet

¹ A. C. O. Morgan, President of the Union, Easter Term 1906. Killed in action, 13th October 1915.

² H. A. Hollond, President of the Union, Michaelmas Term 1906. Now Fellow and Tutor of Trinity.

³ F. D. Livingstone, President of the Union, Easter Term 1907. Died of wounds, 22nd March 1917.

⁴ Stanley Brown, Chief Clerk of the Union.

the ordinary men doing the ordinary things quite unmoved by the gap we feel in our own lives. To the mourners there is something almost improper in the way the world still goes on; we have come to regard it in such a personal light, as a circle of which we and ours are the centre, that it is with a feeling of pained surprise that we notice how it has, apparently, found a fresh axis and spins on contentedly, as regardless of our absence as of our occasional interruptions during the period of our sojourning. If you have been well hated, you want to know whether they will still hate your memory, or whether they will murmur "*De mortuis*," and transfer the odium, which has long been your help and comfort, to another.

If you have taken an interest in the Union you want to know whether they will still have debates as in the good old days when you caught HIS eye, drank water, and talked about Sugar or the Censorship with the best of them. Tennyson speaks of a man who becomes "a part of all that he has met." With most of us it is different. The more common tendency is to become the whole—to look on it, not with the eyes merely of intelligent interest, but of authoritative possession, to feel that we are bound up with it in an integral way, that without our aid its progress is not only unlikely, but impossible. Calm reason bids us set our minds at rest. Things will stagger along somehow; the prominent institutions of Cambridge—the O.B., the President of the New Carlton, and the *Granta*—all that has made us and our University what we are, will come through the crisis with flying colours, and probably (however humiliating the thought) find their journey lighter for their release from their most formidable burden—ourselves. But it is all very sad, as they say in Maurice Maeterlinck's plays. It is high time to put our knapsacks on our shoulders and be gone. Behind us surges the roar of the advancing multitude. Hard on our heels presses that yearly miracle, the eternal fresher. Cambridge has been a pleasant harbour on the road, a slow backwater beneath the shade, wherein we have rested a happy hour and talked of what we loved most—ourselves.

Let us be very grateful and go without further words of sorrow or complaining.

8th December 1908.

LEOPOLD SPERO (SIDNEY SUSSEX)

AD MAGISTROS

YE canny progs, wha tak' delight
 In mulctin' men on pretext scanty,
 An' lo'e tae vent a petty spite
 By catchin' bodies *in flagrante*;
 Ye maunna be o' common clay,
 But wi' some de'il's soul inflated;
 Answer me then, good sirs, I pray,
 When, how, an' why were ye created?

In vain we sport oor vesties fine,
 In vain wi' bright cravats adorn us;
 Ye look on love wi' low'rin' eyne,
 An' gar the sonsie lasses scorn us.
 Ye'r evil labours never cease,
 O'er all is felt ye're presence creepy,
 What *will* become o' Parker's Piece?
 Must we resign the haud o' K.P.?

Ye selfish loons, live *ye* alane?
 Hae *ye* nae women folk to cheer ye?
 The luckless undergrad. has nane,
 Poor lonely chiel. Come, come! What fear ye?
 No wise preceptor's e'er afraid,
 But stringent rules wi' kindness waters;
 Lay, lay aside ye'r shamefu' trade,
 An' introjuice us to ye'r daughters.

9th November 1907.

THE LAGGARD ROUSED

JULIE, to-day this small bouquet
I bought in Covent Garden;
And if you hold me overbold
I humbly ask your pardon.

I got them fresh; no tangled mesh
Of wire and choking creeper;
But garnished fair with maiden-hair—
(Besides, I got them cheaper).

At other times—amongst my crimes
It's reckoned with the greater—
With tousled head I leave my bed
At half-past ten or later,

It may be wise betimes to rise,
The lark and others do it;
But if I did as duty bid
I feel that I should rue it.

And yet to-day I found a way,
Though Morpheus sought to floor me;
Aurora's neat and rosy feet
Scarce brought her out before me.

The mountain range may never change,
(*Videlicet* the Psalter);
The leopard not a single spot
Can ever hope to alter.

Yet I, the sloth—enchained both
By will and by my habit;
I, slumber's mate, was out at eight,
And frisking like a rabbit.

There must, of course, have been some force,
 Some subtle emanation;
 To make me thus industrious,
 Against my inclination.

A latent fire, a faint desire,
 Awakes within and warms me;
 The early spring's a funny thing,
 As Tennyson informs me. . . .

Ah well, my dear, I have no fear
 Your gentle heart will harden;
 So take, I pray, this small bouquet
 I bought in Covent Garden.

7th May 1910.

J. K. STEPHEN (KING'S) ¹

A THOUGHT

IF all the harm that women have done
 Were put in a bundle and rolled into one,
 Earth would not hold it,
 The sky could not enfold it,
 It could not be lighted nor warmed by the sun;
 Such masses of evil
 Would puzzle the devil
 And keep him in fuel while Time's wheels run.
 But if all the harm that's been done by men
 Were doubled and doubled and doubled again,
 And melted and fused into vapour, and then
 Were squared and raised to the power of ten,
 There wouldn't be nearly enough, not near,
 To keep a small girl for a tenth of a year.

7th February 1891.

¹ These poems by J. K. Stephen were subsequently published in *Lapsus Calami*, BOWES AND BOWES, by whose permission, and that of Sir Herbert Stephen, Bart., they are here reprinted.

ON KING'S PARADE

AS I was waiting for the tardy tram,
I met what purported to be a man.
What seemed to pass for its material frame,
The semblance of a suit of clothes had on,
Fit emblem of the grand sartorial art
And worthy of a more sublime abode.
I think it wore a parti-coloured tie,
Its coat and waistcoat were of weird design,
Adapted to the fashion's latest whim.
White flannels draped its too ethereal limbs
And in its vacant eye there glared a glass.

In vain for this poor derelict of flesh,
Void of the spirit it was built to house,
Have classic poets tuned their deathless lyre,
Astute historians fingered mouldering sheets
And reared a palace of sententious truth.
In vain has y been added unto x ,
In vain the mighty decimal unrolled,
Which strives indefinitely to be π .
In vain the palpitating frog has groaned
Beneath the licensed knife: in vain for this
The surreptitious corpse been disinterred
And forced, amid the disinfectant fumes,
To yield its secrets to philosophy.
In vain the stress and storm of politics
Beat round this empty head: in vain the priest
Pronounces loud anathemas: the fool
In vain remarks upon the fact that God
Is missing in the world of his belief.
Vain are the problems whether space, or time,
Or force, or matter can be said to be:
Vain are the mysteries of Melchisedec,
And vain Methuselah's nine hundred years.

It had a landlady I make no doubt;
A friend or two as vacant as itself;
A kitchen-bill; a thousand cigarettes;
A dog which knew it for the fool it was.
Perhaps it was a member of the Union,
Who votes as often as he does not speak,
And " recommends " as wildly as he spells.
Its income was as much beyond its merits
As less than its inane expenditure.
Its conversation stood to common sense
As stands the *Sporting Times* (its favourite print)
To wit or humour. It was seldom drunk,
But seldom sober when it went to bed.

The mean contents of these superior clothes
Were they but trained by duly careful hands,
And castigated with remorseless zeal,
Endowed with purpose, gifted with a mind,
And taught to work, or play, or talk, or laugh,
Might possibly aspire—I do not know—
To pass, in time, for what they dare to scorn,
An ordinary undergraduate.

What did this thing crawling 'twixt heaven and earth.
Amid the network of our grimy streets?
What end was it intended to subserve,
What lowly mission fashioned to neglect?
It did not seem to wish for a degree,
And what its object was I do not know,
Unless it was to catch the tardy tram.

6th June 1891.

A SONNET

TWO voices are there; one is of the deep;
 It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
 Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
 Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep;
 And one is of an old half-witted sheep
 Which bleats articulate monotony,
 And indicates that two and one are three,
 That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep:
 And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
 Forth from the stream of thy melodious rhymes,
 The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:
 At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be
 Quite unacquainted with the A B C
 Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

12th June 1891.

THE DAWN OF THE YEAR

ONCE in the year, if you get up early,
 You may get—just once—what you can't but praise:
 Not a sky that's blue, or a lawn that's pearly,
 Though these may be there as on other days:
 But a bright, cool, still, delicious thrill,
 Which tells you October is come, or near:—
 The Dawn of the Year!

For I take it the end of the Long Vacation
 Which re-peoples the Temple and Lincoln's Inn,
 And quickens the pulse of civilization,
 And ends the hush of our daily din,
 Is really the season, by light of reason,
 Which ought to, and does to the wise appear
 The Dawn of the Year.

Years die in July and are dead till September:
On the first of October the New Year's born:
It's a sturdy infant in mid-December,
And reaches its prime some April morn:
Hot and weary in June, it must perish soon,
It's working too hard: it will break: but *here*
Is the Dawn of the Year.

And this is the time for good resolutions:
He's a laggard who waits till, Christmas past,
In obedience to meaningless institutions
He starts on a year which can but last
Six months or so: while we, who know,
Find in golden autumn, not winter drear,
The Dawn of the Year.

You surely remember the feeling I mean?
It's a misty morning, portending heat:
Scarce a leaf has fallen, the trees are green,
And the last late flowers are bright and sweet;
By the sight and scent summer's not yet spent,
But there's something new in the atmosphere,
The Dawn of the Year.

Just a touch of healthy autumnal cold,
Not the dismal shiver of rainy summers;
And a sun, no longer a blaze of gold,
To light the frolic of idle mummers,
But a genial guide for the busy tide
Of men who have work to do, shows clear
The Dawn of the Year.

So back to work in the London streets,
Or College courts, or clamorous Schools;
We have tasted and dwelt on the passing sweets
Of sunlit leisure: resume your tools,
Get back to your labours, my excellent neighbours,
And greet with a spirit that work can cheer,
The Dawn of the Year.

24th October 1891.

J. B. STERNDALÉ-BENNETT (ST. JOHN'S)

OUR COLLEGE CORRESPONDENCE

We have been more than ever struck with the interest which is provided by the "College Notes" in the pages of our contemporaries. Not wishing to be outdone by the enterprise of those esteemed journals, we have arranged for a series of notes by intimate authorities for the Granta. The following is the first (and last) instalment :

TRINITY COLLEGE

OWING to the magnificent weather which has prevailed during the past week, the energy of the college appears to have reached a low ebb. Nevertheless, we learn that the Cricket Team has been playing a good deal of cricket, and the wielders of the racquet have been seen each afternoon on the tennis courts. Beyond this there appears to be little news, except to add a word of congratulation to Mr. Nodfish, who has been placed *proxime accessit* in the Camberwell Prize for Mongolian Hexameters.

GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE

Owing to the miserable weather, which at present shows no signs of improvement, little has been doing during the week. The Cricket Eleven seems to still show signs of activity, and much tennis has been played. We must apologize for the absence of notes last week. We need only add our congratulations to Mr. Bodfish on his election to a Chancellor's Prize for Arabic Elegiacs, and comment on the prowess of the oarsmen who are to be seen daily on the Cam.

KING'S COLLEGE

The weather is indulging in strange vagaries, and, with intermittent rain and sunshine, we find little to chronicle. Rumours are afloat that the flannelled fools still confess an attachment to the cricket bat and the tennis racquet. We wish them well. Congratulations to John

Codfish on acquiring the prize for Mesopotamian Alcaics. We apologize for the absence of notes last week. The boat is still afloat.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE

Owing, no doubt, to the cyclonic and anticyclonic disturbances which are moving over Iceland, the college is suffering from inertia and events are marking time. Hence our duties are light this week, and we can only testify to the spasmodic activity of our cricket team and tennis players. The boat seems to do a lot of boating and should do as well as may be reasonably anticipated. We are glad to note that Mr. Rodfish has been awarded the University Prize for Hindustani Iambics.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE

Nothing much out of the ordinary has occurred this week owing to the equable weather we have been enjoying, which has come so much as a surprise to everyone as to disarm suspicion. Tennis can be seen daily on the college courts, and cricket is also much in vogue. We congratulate the great Mr. Modfish on his well-deserved prize for Cappadocian Distychs. The boat is making preparations.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE

Halley's Comet has, no doubt, had its effect on the College this week; for, despite Sir Robert Ball, we believe that the changeable weather is greatly due to this airy traveller. Beyond a little cricket and tennis, played on the college grounds, we can make no mention of any interesting point. We should, however, like to compliment Mr. Podfish on winning the Poopstick Prize for Patagonian Pentameters. We reserve all criticism of the boat, which is certain to appear in the May Races.

4th June 1910.

DONE 'IM IN

An exercise for the would-be Rudyard Kipling reciter

(With cheerful vulgarity) :

'E 'D a generous 'eart and an open 'and
And a pile of original sin.
Yes, that was the style of young Corporal Tom,
As we called old "Done 'Im In."

Quick to quarrel, and quick to forgive,
With a temper like twenty Greeks.

(With pugnacious force) :

By God! that devil knew 'ow to live—
'E was one of Humanity's freaks.

(Scanning the audience) :

He scans the oily river,
And 'e scans the slimy sea,
And 'e takes the great big pampas leaves
And boils them down for tea.

(With more pugnacity) :

And then, in the dawn of to-morrow,
'E curses the 'eaven-cursed land,
And 'e lets the nauseous Back-shant mud
Slip right through his blood-stained 'and.

(With pianissimo pathos) :

For 'e's thinkin' of 'ome and the kiddies
Asleep in their dimity bed,

(With exceptional pugnacity) :

And then 'e whips out 'is revolver,
And fires and shoots 'im dead.

(Pathetic explanation, treated rallantando) :

“ And if I swing for my crime, lad,
Don’t pity old Corporal Flynn:
The man—well, ’e was an out-and-out cad
And I, well, I done ’im in.

“ And it’s much the same on the gallows
As it is in them barracks there,
And it’s much the same in Hell, I guess,
As it is in Trafalgar Square.”

(A long pause, and then, with terrifying grimness) :

We took the body away one night,
And the face bore a ghastly grin.

(Culminating crescendo of pugnacity) :

’E died game did Corporal Tom
As we called old Done ’Im In.

22nd October 1910.

J. C. STOBART (TRINITY)

THE LILLEY¹ OF THE VALLEY

LAST Tuesday morning a strange thing happened. In the ordinary course of events you expect bills at this time of year, particularly if you are in your fourth year. As a general rule I put these little documents on one side for further examination at my leisure. I was just about to add this one to the heap when something peculiar in it struck my attention. “—— Esq., late —— Esq.!” Why, that second blank was my name! Was I dead already, and was this a claim on my estate sent to my executors? Grisly anticipation! No, that was impossible. What was it all about? “Six stained walnut chairs, ten-and-six.” Oh, Rose of Sharon, Lilley of Eaden, and has it come

¹ Eaden Lilley, Furniture Dealers, Cambridge.



DR. VERRALL, LATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

A drawing by E. X. Kapp from the *Granta*, 28th October 1911.

to this? "Late —— Esq.!" Well, it *is* sudden, Mr. Lilley, and I think perhaps with a little more tact you might have broken the news. . . . My little chairs—my dear, chippy chairs—half-a-guinea for the lot of them! Chippy, no doubt, but each one a piece of me. Seats of the mighty they were in their time; seats of jolly diners now no more. There —— once sat, now dispensing equal justice in a far-off land, or perhaps consuming whiskies and sodas in the verandah of his lonely bungalow. There sat ——, now chasing Botha at Ermelo, and ——, who came a cropper in his Tripes, and so for his sins is a plaguy Orbilius in a country grammar school. Ten-and-six. Well, well! You must go, I suppose. "Three pairs of blue serge curtains and rods to doors." What, you going too? I wonder, I have always wondered, why we cover up our quite respectable doors with curtains and rods, that creak when the door opens and catch under it when it shuts, and make it impossible to turn the handle. Mysterious portière! Still, the late —— Esq. loved you, and you must fall into alien hands, perhaps into unsympathetic hands.

"Chesterfield in plushette." Would you believe it? That is my sofa. Insult upon injury, Mr. Lilley. The dog has got to hang, but need you give it a bad name first? The thing is a couch, an excellent comfortable couch, and you call it a "Chesterfield in plushette!" Who's going to buy it now? "Bookcases," heaps of them! Thank heaven, you can't touch the books, you can't assess my Horace and my Calverley, you can't appraise my *Pride and Prejudice*, my *Tristram Shandy*, you can't value *Half Hours in the Far South*, the first prize I ever won long, long ago in a misty, dim Preparatory School.

"3 ft. combination spring bedstead, hair mattress, feather bolster and pillow." Now I think you are going a little too far, Mr. Lilley. My very bed, valued at two guineas! Is it kind, is it worthy of a gentleman of your known probity and commercial abilities, is it quite *decent*? One of your henchmen, then, has been here in my absence prying and spying, holding up my chairs, my sofa, my very fire-irons to his merciless scrutiny. He has not even stopped short at my bed. I have had the measles in that bed, twice I have had the influenza in it—and now it is to go for two guineas! Well, well . . .

I notice you don't mention the wicker-chairs. You have no use for them? Well, they are the best chairs,—true, they are a little broken but they are still comfortable, very comfortable, and some of

the very greatest have sat in them. Won't you take them? They might, perhaps, fill up an odd corner in the garden of Eaden.

Why don't you take the occupier and value him? I would gladly stay on as a candlestick or a firedog or a hatstand. You might assess me and my memories after this fashion:

	£	s.	d.
One fixed seat trial, first term	0	1	6
One first year May week, aunt, some cousins, two picnics, and a college ball	2	2	0
One second-class tripos	0	5	0
Six dinners, one coming of age	3	0	0
One second year May week, no aunts	0	15	0
One third year, ditto, someone's cousin	70	10	0
Three speeches at the Union with press notices, rather bitter	0	1	6
Football, tennis, fives, and small games	1	0	0
One bump supper	5	0	0
Rags—Sirdar, Mafeking, Ladysmith	3	0	0
Ditto: Return of Volunteers	0	0	1½
Many conversations, subjects forgotten (im- possible to value, but priceless)			
	£85	15	1½

Well, Eaden Lilley, it makes a very fair total on the whole. We must all go sometime. It can't last for ever. So a new name shall be painted on the door; may it be a worthy name: for the door and all within it are hallowed and sanctified. The late —— Esq. is gathered to his predecessors in the Valley of the Shadow—and the Lilley of the Valley is there to point the way to him.

1st June 1901.

H. J. W. TILLYARD (GONVILLE AND CAIUS)

A CLERICAL PORTRAIT

REVEREND SIR, you smile down from your frame,
 A smile of bland and sanctified content:
 I know you, tho' I cannot tell your name,
 You smile and mock my fleeting merriment;
 Or, if I'm feeling glum, you beam the same
 Benign vacuity.—If Fortune sent
 To me a destiny of this and that,
 She left you to write sermons and grow fat.

See, what a look of placid optimism
 Shines in the face above those starchy bands!
 Undimm'd by fears of heresy and schism,
 With dogmas primed and parallels he stands—
 A talking creed, a living catechism,
 One who for all contingencies commands
 A repertory of old pious wheezes,
 And scatters benediction when he sneezes.

I wonder, if I gauged a world's new craze,
 And made a million by a patent drug,
 Or, as my country's saviour, wore the bays,
 Or were the Pope himself, or in some snug
 Old deanery I nested, could I raise
 A look so sleek, so unctuously smug?
 Still, if there be some truth in cynic railings,
 The clergy, too, must have their several failings.

Some, with their wives' allowances are mean,
 At stringy mutton in a passion fly.
 On luckless curates did you vent your spleen,
 Or read *Lotinga's Weekly* on the sly,
 Or soothe the Old Man with much nicotine?
 So the profane might hint, but not so I.
 That saintly smirk proclaims the man who quite
 Succeeds in making duty his delight.

In boyhood must I picture you a prig,
The scorn, and yet the pattern of the village,
The sort the envious usher dares not wig?
No lessons scamp, would you, no orchards pillage!
Till, as with hard-earn'd lore your head grew big.
One brother went to sea and one to tillage—
But you, the idol of all fond relations,
Were sent to cram up for examinations.

Your Greek and Hebrew possibly were "rocky,"
You rank'd in those days with the Great Unknown:
No studentessa's favour made you cocky,
You never danced; you kept no gramophone,
No bull-dog; risk'd no precious shins at hockey:
In secret hours the pregnant seed was sown.
I scan that visage now: what proof is needed?
It is the face of one who has succeeded.

I see you in your Bethel going strong—
Style more mellifluous perhaps than wise—
Thrice weekly at the many-headed throng
Hurling your many-headed homilies;
Or at bazaars and "socials" with what long,
Long flights of words your soul would skyward rise;
And for the hearers in their patient legions
Prepare a foretaste of some other regions!

Your tongue is mute. Yet on next Sabbath Day
Another proser shall your pulpit fill,
And crowds like yours with your old weapons slay,
And they in turn shall suffer and be still.
Alike to those who sleep and those who stay
Awake, comes little good and not much ill;
Till with a cheerful sense of duty done,
They, too, at last return to dine at one.

14th October 1911.

C. H. TREMLETT (CLARE)

TO ANY UNDERGRADUATE

WHEN you go down, and in your place
Is found another, newer face:
When from the door has gone your name,
And where your presence went and came
Your footsteps have not left a trace.

Whether you read or went the pace,
Had strength or skill in brains or grace,
All will forget you just the same—
When you go down.

But in the never-ending race,
If only for a moment's space,
You bore the torch and fanned the flame,
And passed it on undimmed by shame—
Your labour time shall not efface,
When you go down.

15th June 1898.

G. D. R. TUCKER (MAGDALENE)

MORNING CHAPEL

WHY haul us, dear Dean, if we don't see the fun
Of joining the ranks of the blest,
Who gird their pyjamas about them, and run
With language that can't be expressed?

We are not as black as your eloquence paints,
 When you pour out your wrath on our heads;
 In future remember we cannot be saints
 If we may not rejoice in our beds!

16th February 1901.

D. P. TURNER (PEMBROKE)

A FAREWELL

O LIDDELL and Scott, and Lewis and Short,
 You never were dear to me,
 And now I must part with each L.S.
 For the sake of L.S.D.

No longer I answer with sleepy curse
 My bedder's and duty's call;
 No longer I find as the term goes on
 That lectures are apt to pall.

No longer I dream of the nimble *ἀν*,
 And the frolics of *οῦ* and *μή*,
 No longer get ready my "comps." in haste
 From two in the morn till three.

But though my troubles and trip. are passed
 The pleasure is mixed with pain,
 And, in spite of the Classics, I'd gladly now
 Be a Freshman once again.

O Liddell and Scott, and Lewis and Short,
This much I declare is true,
The happiest hours I've spent were those
I ought to have spent with you.

15th October 1898.

BALLADE OF THE SCRIBE

THE trivial round, the common task,
Is quite enough, I know, for some;
Contrariwise, I only ask
That things should generally hum.
And yet for me (the truth must come)
Life's riddle has but two solutions,
Conspiring all my wits to numb—
Bills and rejected contributions.

Come wind or rain, come sleet or hail,
Come fog or thunderstorm or snow,
E'en should the glorious sun prevail
In all too brief a summer glow,
For me, alas! no difference show
The seasons in their revolutions;
They bring, in one unending flow,
Bills and rejected contributions.

Yet let the weakness be confessed—
Of patience still I hoard a stock;
Hope springs eternal in the breast
With the first crowing of the cock;
And still with something of a shock,
While at my matinal ablutions,
I hear the postman's double knock—
Bills and rejected contributions.

ENVOI

Sir, in my solitary den,
 Two well established institutions
 Keep me in touch with other men—
 Bills and rejected contributions.

6th Decem^r

K. E. T. WILKINSON (GONVILLE AND CAIUS)

THE LAMENT OF THE HALF-EMPLOYED

WHAT shall I do, when, finished all too soon,
 The morning's work at one o'clock or two,
 There waits me daily the long afternoon?
 What shall I do?

I cannot ply the light fantastic oar,
 I cannot sit with grace the rower's Pontius,
 Or love the treadmill of the eight or four,
 Of smarts unconscious.

I do not fancy being left for dead
 On fields of Rugby's not-too-mimic fight;
 Nor is to dribble neatly with my head
 My chief delight.

I am not skilled to smite the ball o'er whins
 And sand-pits wide and deep and hillocks rocky,
 Nor have I yet been sentenced for my sins
 To play at Hockey.

From sports so violent I'm gladly free;
 Hard exercise, I find, I always rue;
 But yet I grant you that I don't quite see
 What else to do.

'Tis sweet to wander mighty hills around,
 Or rest the noontide through in beechen bowers;
 But bowers and hills are seldom to be found
 By Cambridge towers.

Dulness unending hath me in her thrall.
 Naught interesting is there I can find,
 I can but go and do before my Hall
 A Coton grind.

19th November 1892.

HAROLD WRIGHT (PEMBROKE)

THE DECISION

(In view of the inconvenience caused by the uncertainty which overhangs the May Week festivities this year,¹ we think our readers will welcome the publication of the following letters.)

To the Editor of the "Granta"

7th May 1910.

SIR,—Will you kindly announce in your valuable paper that the Kingfishers' Ball has been indefinitely postponed? On behalf of the Ball Committee,

Yours faithfully,
 E. PUFFINGTON BLOW
 (Secretary).

¹ Following the death of Edward VII.

To the Editor of the "Granta"

9th May 1910.

SIR,—The Kingfishers' Ball has been abandoned and will not, therefore, take place.

Yours faithfully,
E. P. BLOW
(*Secretary*).

To the Editor of the "Granta"

10th May 1910.

SIR,—In view of the gracious wish expressed by His Majesty King George that entertainments shall take place as usual, the Kingfishers' Ball Committee have the pleasure of announcing that their arrangements are to be proceeded with.

Yours truly,
ERIC P. BLOW
(*Secretary*).

To the Editor of the "Granta"

11th May 1910.

SIR,—A special meeting of the Committee in charge of the Kingfishers' Ball was summoned on Midsummer Common at 2 o'clock this morning, and it was decided to abandon the proposed festivities. The Ball may, therefore, be regarded as indefinitely postponed.

Yours sincerely,
The Secretary.

12th May 1910.

The President of the Kingfishers begs to announce that in consequence of the Vice-Chancellor's wise expression of opinion in the

Cambridge Review, the Society will hold its May Week Ball as usual. The President would be obliged if the Editor of the *Granta* would make an announcement to this effect in his valuable journal.

(*Telegram, dated 14th May*)

Granta, Sidney Street.
Kingfishers Ball off.—Blow.

The Editor of the "Granta" to E. Puffington Blow, Esq.
(*Copy*)

16th May 1910.

DEAR SIR,—We should be grateful if you could give us any definite information respecting the Kingfishers' Ball. Is it taking place?

Yours faithfully,
THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the "Granta"

18th May 1910.

SIR,—In reply to your enquiry, I beg to state that the Kingfishers' Ball will take place as usual. Owing, however, to the heavy demand for tickets the price has been raised to £2 2s. each.

Yours very truly,
E. P. BLOW
(*Secretary*).

SPECIAL NOTE.—As we go to Press we receive the following wire:

"Ball uncertain, please make no announcement.—Blow."

21st May 1910.

ST. J. B. WYNNE WILLSON (ST. JOHN'S)

AT THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S REQUEST

(The following notice has recently startled the Union. "The Vice-President requests Hon. Members to be extremely careful to take their own gowns and coats only from the Society's pegs.")

THE rain pours a skin-soaking torrent,
 My great-coat I wish to put on;
 But no! the idea is abhorrent
 In my own rooms my ulster to don.
 I must brave all the elements' fury,
 For oh! the Vice-President begs
 That members will take their coats, *only*
 From off the Society's pegs.

I must risk diverse ailments rheumatic,
 Influenza and liver complaint,—
 A plague on the power autocratic
 That holds us in abject restraint—
 I must bear with the want of my wrappings
 For oh! the Vice-President begs
 That members will take their coats, *only*
 From off the Society's pegs.

"Your gown, sir, you ought to be wearing,"
 Says the Proctor, "remember the fine,"
 I answer in accents despairing
 "I would, were the choice only mine,
 But I daren't: I belong to the Union,
 And there the Vice-President begs
 That members will take their gowns, *only*
 From off the Society's pegs."

But at last a device is suggested;
 I can wear coat and gown after all,
 In “ Society’s pegs ” I’ve invested
 And fixed them on doors and in hall.
 I find the pegs rather expensive,
 But then, the Vice-President begs
 That members take coats and gowns, *only*
 From off the Society’s pegs.

31st January 1891.

“ ZIP ”

THE DOOMED 'VARSITY

One of the principal supports of England's tottering foundations has suffered from mental aberration produced from exhaustion. Riveting an Empire's chains is by no means such a trivial task as one would suppose, while a prolonged period of perpetual straining to stretch a hand (or hands) across the sea has had its effect.

WILL ye perspire at Ditton?
 Will ye feather an oar?
 Will ye a Briton's birthright
 —Freedom—outpour?
 Cringe 'neath a coach's curses,
 S'elp me it's 'ard—crool 'ard;
 What about Begbie's verses,
 Begbie, your bard?

Why do ye flock to Fenners?
 Why do ye join the scrum?
 Answer me—will ye *answer*?
 Are ye all dumb?
 Better be dumb than *liars*—
 Why do ye read for 'Trips'?
 Why smoke your smelly briars,
 Fouling your lips?

Terrors and touts at th' Theatres,
Sighting a scene from a stall,
Dare ye double your pudding-
Portions at Hall?
Why do ye hire your motors?
Why do ye back each way?
Are not the trumps of to-morrow
Wanted to-day?

Are ye double-dyed blackguards?
Are ye the sons of guns?
Shall your stomachs be stuffed with
Curranty buns?
Ask why such insults are packed in
Truculent poems of mine?
—'Cos they've a knack of extracting
So much a line.

29th November 1902.

ANONYMOUS

A SONG OF THE TERM

(With apologies to the author of "Dead Man's Rock")

SING heigh for the rattling train, my lads,
Sing ho for the station grey;
For the porters strain at the luggage again,
And the hansoms seek their prey, my lads,
Sing ho, how they love the day!

And it's heigh for the countless tips, my lads,
And the sharks that have gathered for miles,
And the passing quips and the smirking gyps
And the bedders' fresh-laid wiles, my lads,
Sing ho for the oily smiles!

Then the thoughts of the coming Term, my lads,
And the honours that you shall win;
The scrimmage firm, where they wriggle and squirm,
And the crash of the boot on the shin, my lads,
Sing ho for the glorious din!

And the swing and the dash of the oars, my lads,
And the fresher who buckets and cocks;
And the 'Varsity Fours, and the towpath roars,
And the Coaches who curse the crocks, my lads,
Sing heigh, how the barge mocks!

Of the chapels, for which you're late, my lads,
And the rows that you'll live to rue,
The Seven o'clock Gate, and the six-and-eight,
For the Proggins has got his due, my lads,
Sing ho, but he waits for you,

So it's heigh for the dear old town, my lads,
And ho for the place you adore;
And the tattered gown, and the tutor's frown,
And all that lies in store, my lads,
Sing ho to be up once more.

17th October 1896.

A COLLEGE DEBATE

THE President tried to take the chair at 8.15; but no chair being available, he sat on the table.

The Secretary had forgotten the Minute Book; but had brought a long pipe and a large tobacco jar. He said that he thought he could remember the minutes. The meeting agreed to this with acclamation and teaspoons, and the Secretary parted with his pipe and consulted the back of an envelope.

"The last meeting of the Summer Term was held on Saturday, June 1, for private business. There being no private business, the hon. members proceeded to make bonfires with matchboxes. Some one turned out the gas, and most of the members escaped without injury."

The President, not being able to make himself heard above the enthusiasm, asked in dumb show if it were "the pleasure of the House that he should sign these minutes." A piece of lump sugar hitting him on the head, he took it as an affirmative and was about to sign when an hon. member rose to object to the expression "minutes," because there was only one; also to the word "bonfire," as being too large a term. He suggested "firelets," and would have spoken in support of his amendment, but the sudden application of physical force compelled him to resume his seat with precipitation, and embroiled him in disputations with his neighbours which were renewed at intervals through the rest of the meeting.

During the pause the President and Secretary fought valiantly for coffee, and having each procured a cup, with the coffee evenly distributed between cup and saucer, they lit their pipes, and settling themselves

comfortably, the President asked if there were any private business. Seven men arose at once, and five more made good attempts. Four thought they had "caught the Speaker's eye," and all spoke with animation. From the tangled web of talk, the President dexterously extricated the fact that Mr. Sloth proposed "that the Secretary be asked to approach the Bursar concerning the painting of the college clock." At present the time could not be distinguished at any distance, and Mr. Sloth made the meeting shudder when he described graphically how, in consequence, some men had missed their lectures—some even been late for chapel.

The President: "Has the hon. member any choice as regards colour?"

Mr. S.: "Red, with green hands would, I think, be artistic, and typical of college life."

After a pause devoted to athletics and rudimentary melody, Mr. Deacon was understood to move that "the Secretary be instructed to interview the Dean on the subject of the exemption of third year men from Sunday chapels. Owing to the exceptional number of Freshmen, the accommodation was overtaxed." The Secretary asked what armour he should wear for the interview. Mr. Deacon suggested a surplice.

An hon. member in the rear here "caught the Speaker's eye" with a pellet of bread, and was ruled out of order, the President remarking that he would "get one back if he didn't look out."

Another hon. member struggled to his feet, and said plaintively that someone had "sneaked his pipe." The President remarked sarcastically that this was not a lost-property office. The hon. member apologized; but thought the loss of his favourite pipe came under the head of private business.

Mr. Scones leaned back against the tea-tray. It upset over him and he demanded justice. Order was restored with difficulty, and Mr. Scones left to change some of his clothes.

The President said that, as there was no more private business, he would call upon Mr. Green to move that "In the opinion of this House, smoking is injurious to health and morality, and should be restrained by Government." Mr. Green, having put down his pipe and arranged his notes, was about to speak when the door opened and a non-member reminded the House that it was the fifth of November, and that there was "a decent row on outside."

The members made a rush for the door, the President being third out, with the Secretary a good fourth.

The meeting was adjourned *sine die*, and the gyps cleared away the *débris*.

21st November 1896.

SUMMER

SUMMER is y-cumen in—
 Loud sing cuckoo;
 Now do men begin
 To sport them suites new.
 In flannel gray
 At break of day,
 Full fain they fare them out
 Till blasteth rude
 Chillen their blood
 And putten them to rout.

Summer is y-cumen in—
 Cold lieth grate.
 O'er everything in rooms that bin
 Spills spirit methylate.
 Not for all toil
 Will kettle boil,
 But spitteth over cloth,
 While spirit hot
 On hands doth drop
 (This also maketh wrath).

Summer is y-cumen in—
 Down droppeth rain,
 Up springeth rose,
 Loud bloweth nose
 And man begin'th to train.

Y-wis in spring
 It is the thing
 Strongly to pull at oar,
 While coach on horse
 Doth ride and curse
 Till sitting maketh sore.

Summer is y-cumen in—
 Ball striketh bat;
 At Fenner's ground men gathered bin
 And striven after hat.
 Nor slow nor quick
 Can they the trick
 By bowling hard attain.
 On others' luck
 Bestoweth duck
 Till they to swear are fain.

19th May 1900.

GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE to all. I see begun
 The agony of packing;
 And long ere half the job is done
 The box is almost cracking.
 (The *Granta* is the stuff to use
 For wrapping up your boots and shoes.)

Your bedders, left in peace to drink
 Your tea and whisky, want a
 Consoling something. Don't you think
 You'd better leave the *Granta*?
 (And, as he puts your pipe to lip,
 The *Granta* will amuse the gyp.)

Then stick a *Granta* in your Glads-
tone bag, if you shall take a
" Vacation Trip for Undergrads "
To Delos or Jamaica.

(But understand, I do not swear
The *Granta* cures the *mal-de-mer*.)

Of jokes whose very badness kills
The *Granta* sends its quota.
The *Granta* makes the best of spills,
So take it on your motor.
(And don't forget, when you desire,
The *Granta* serves to light a fire.)

14th March 1903.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

Being a letter addressed to the Compiler of the Second Volume of "The Granta and its Contributors."

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM in the difficulty of not knowing your address (supposing that you already have one), and because I am particularly anxious that you should get this letter, I can see no better way of sending it than to include it in this, the First Volume of "The *Granta* and its Contributors." I hope you won't mind other people reading it—I do not see how we can very well stop them.

When you begin writing your book which will, presumably, date from 1919, I want to give you a good start by telling you something of the *Granta* both since the War and as I know it to-day.

Here, in the first place, is a list of Editors from 1919 to the end of the academic year 1922-1923, when I took over the paper from Denys Smith:

1919.	<i>May.</i>	R. P. KEIGWIN (Peterhouse).
1919-	<i>Michaelmas.</i>	C. E. NEWHAM (Jesus).
1920.	<i>Lent.</i>	C. E. NEWHAM (Jesus).
	<i>May.</i>	C. E. NEWHAM (Jesus).
1920-	<i>Michaelmas.</i>	A. S. FRERE REEVES (Christ's) and H. GORDON SELFRIDGE (Trinity).
1921.	<i>Lent.</i>	V. W. W. S. PURCELL (Trinity) and H. GORDON SELFRIDGE (Trinity).
	<i>May.</i>	A. S. FRERE REEVES (Christ's) and H. GORDON SELFRIDGE (Trinity).
1921-	<i>Michaelmas.</i>	A. S. FRERE REEVES (Christ's).
1922.	<i>Lent.</i>	D. H. H. SMITH (Magdalene).
	<i>May.</i>	D. H. H. SMITH (Magdalene) and D. W. MURRAY (Emmanuel).

The Granta.

Vol. 32. No. 700. OCTOBER 13th, 1922

THE JESTER ABROAD

MORE DON'TS
FOR FRESHERS

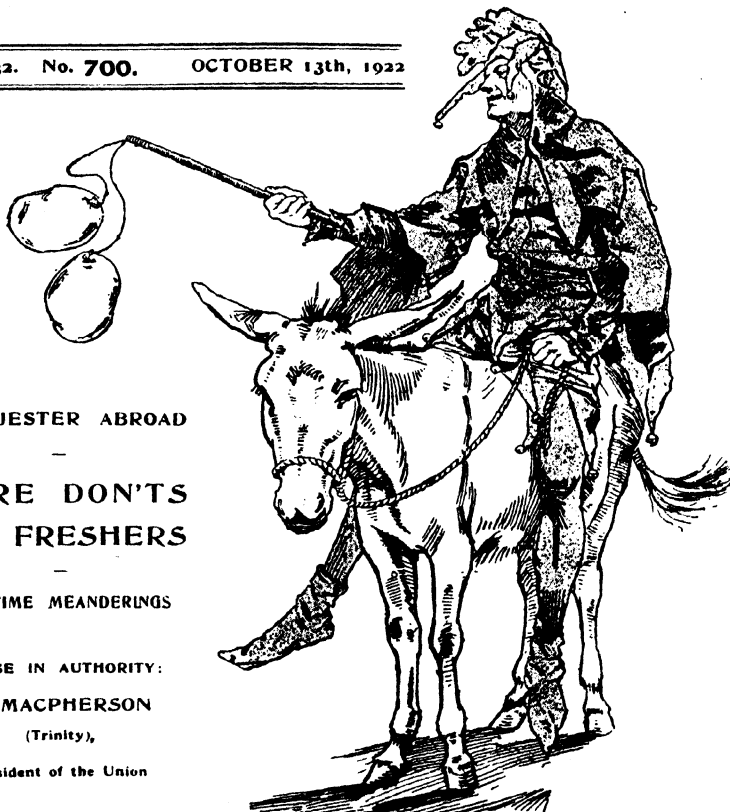
MARITIME MEANDERINGS

THOSE IN AUTHORITY:

I. MACPHERSON

(Trinity),

President of the Union



THE THIRD COVER DESIGN

such as Owen Seaman, A. A. Milne, R. C. Lehmann, and Harold Terry. If you look through the May Term number of 1919 you will find that quite a number of well-known people contributed.

I wanted to enlist as many sympathies in our support as possible (without of course cheapening ourselves), so I determined to have the Union and various Games Notes done as well and authoritatively as possible—as, indeed, they always had been done in the best days of the paper. I got a particularly bright and able person for the Union Notes—he was on the Committee of the Union—A. S. Le Maitre, of John's, who has since been Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. I got the Secretaries of the Boat Club and Cricket Club, A. Swann and G. E. C. Wood (President and Captain respectively the following year) to do me the Rowing and Cricket Notes, and the Lawn Tennis Captain (C. N. Thompson) to do the Lawn Tennis. Occasionally I did some of these myself.

But, above all, I was anxious that the *Granta* should continue to welcome light prose and verse articles from undergraduates, and, although it was an almost unprecedentedly fine and warm May term, we did manage to get hold of a certain amount of that sort of stuff, and also original sketches. I think my most frequent contributors were G. H. Shakespeare (ex-M.P. and until recently Lloyd George's private secretary: he was President of the Union at the beginning of 1920) and C. J. Richards (who had assisted Norman in the editorship in 1914, although, I believe, then only a freshman). I got in touch with these two right at the outset, and they were very useful to me. But very soon C. E. Newham began sending me in things, which I printed, but I didn't actually meet him till quite at the end of term. I didn't then know for certain that I wasn't going up again in October 1919, so that all my negotiations with him to succeed me in the Editorship were done by post. (I offered it in the first instance to Richards, then Shakespeare, but they were too busy).

So Newham took over from me in October 1919, and ran the paper with the greatest energy and success, and I gather it has been going strong ever since.

At the end of the May Term, Keigwin found that owing to various reasons (the high rate of printers' wages, the rise in price of paper, and the shyness of advertisers) there was a deficit of some £70 on the term's working, in spite of the fact that the circulation was higher than it had ever been before. He then, with Newham's concurrence as prospective editor, concluded an arrangement by which Mr. Spalding, the publisher, should become part (half) proprietor of the *Granta* in return for remission of the debt. This breaking of a strong tradition, namely, that the *Granta* should be a wholly undergraduate concern, was very unwelcome in certain quarters and caused considerable comment. A return to the old system of sole ownership by the editor was, however, made in October 1923, as the result of negotiations between Denys

Smith, Mr. Spalding, and myself. The *Granta* is, therefore, conducted on exactly the same lines as before the War. This point I should also like to stress.

For the rest, it is enough that I give you the briefest glimpse of the *Granta* as I know it. Five years have seen useful changes. There was no Editorial Office before Frere Reeve's time (1920-1). Mr. Mellor, our printer, who works tremendously hard for us and only smiles on Thursday nights when all the proofs are passed, and Mr. Careless, who, as publisher's assistant, has been with the *Granta* upwards of thirty years, have told me heartrending stories of desperate chases in search of editor or "copy." Now we have our office close by the "works"—and a condition of things without it is barely conceivable. We have a regular staff (Denys Smith instituted it), and we celebrated its formation by a dinner at the Pitt Club last May. Once a week we meet, on Mondays at tea, and discuss the following Friday's issue. From time to time we hold Contributors' Meetings—funereal functions as a rule, but useful for bringing the editor into personal contact with his props. We even keep a Minute Book . . . you may find it useful. . . .

Wednesdays and Thursdays are desperate days. I see an office littered with proofs and a harassed staff bending anxiously over its work. The Skipper is correcting his two pages of book reviews. The Jester, with half a column of Motley Notes short, is staring blankly at the inkpot. The Sports Editor sits in a tragic attitude waiting for Rowing (or Rugger or Hockey or Golf) Notes to be pushed through the letter-box. The Art Editor is trying to choose between two contributions—one is a good drawing of a bad joke, the other is a bad drawing of a good joke. It is hard for him to decide. . . . The Verse expert wants to know what rhymes with "bath."

And, in spite of all, the number is safely published on Friday morning.

What of the finished product? We, who are still up, cannot pass judgment. We are kept so busy painting the canvas that there is no opportunity of stepping back to criticize the picture. But, after all, what does it matter—it is not our opinion but yours that is going to count. You have elected to write about us, and the responsibility of praising us or condemning us must rest with you.

Good luck, then, to your labours. May you in your turn meet men whose interest is as great, and whose memories are as sound, as those

to whom I have turned for information. There are many of them, too many to be mentioned here by name (though to Mr. A. A. Milne for his kindness in writing the Introduction I am especially grateful). I can only regard them collectively as "*Granta* men," ex-editors and contributors, to whose encouragement I owe very much indeed. For wherever I sought help I found a sure welcome. The word "*Granta*" became a sort of "Open Sesame." To mention it was to be greeted as a long-lost brother by ex-editors of all ages. They were not easy to find, those ex-editors. Some, it is true, sprang readily to light; but others, hidden away in odd nooks and crannies of the professions, were difficult to discover.

I have been pursuing an interesting enquiry¹
 Up and down Town:—
 What becomes of the editors of the *Granta*
 When they go down?

Do they all pass on from so fair a beginning,
 Fleet to the Fleet,
 To become names in newspapers and to shine as
 Stars in The Street?

Do some among them, even—the best and the brightest—
 Seize hold the helm
 And become pulp proprietors and so, of necessity,
 Peers of the Realm?

No, not here have I found them: not among those who make
 Puppets to dance:
 Who mould public opinion, and direct foreign policy, and take their
 Hats off to France.

But rather in obscure places, far from the linotypes'
 Rattle and roar,
 Have I discovered them: in sleepy hamlets or by some
 Deserted shore.

¹ These verses are quoted from a poem by Norman Davey which first appeared in the Christmas Number of the *Granta*, 1923.

One I know, a fat and jolly Pastor, with care of
 One hundred souls;
 Who is, as well, a great fisher of fishes and a bit of a
 B-hoy with bowls.

And another who is happily with you still, a dreamer,
 Less don than man:
 A dear, lovable, impossible, irresponsible creature:
 More Puck than Pan.

And yet another I know of, who seeks no office: who labours
 For love, not pence:
 A friend to any man in trouble and a beloved *idiot*
 In the Greek sense.

And once I found, in a field, a tramp in tatters,
 Smoking his shag,
 Who drank ale with me, and quoted Horace, and told me how he, too,
 Once ran the rag.

I dare say that thirty years will make little difference. These will be your experiences even as they have been mine.

You will come in search of ex-editors, and I hope that I, for one, shall be there to help you. I wonder where you will find me. I shall be middle-aged and reminiscent and you will have to put up with an incredible number of anecdotes—mostly exaggerated, I expect—about my contemporaries up here. For I shall have reached that age when (I am told) one begins to live in the past rather than in the future.

And, believe me, my dear Sir, that for this last reason alone you will, when you knock upon my door, be doubly welcome.

F.A.R.

SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE,
 March 1924.

APPENDIX

THOSE IN AUTHORITY

1889-1914

APPENDIX

THOSE IN AUTHORITY

1889 (*Lent and May*)

BADCOCK, Edward Baynes (Trinity). *President C.U.A.C.*
BROWNING, Oscar (King's).
BUTLER, Dr. (Trinity). *Master of Trinity.*
COOPER-PATTIN, Harry (Jesus).
FORD, F. G. J. (King's). *Captain C.U.C.C.*
GUTHRIE, Murray (Trinity Hall). *A.D.C. ; Editor of the " Gadfly."*
HOLLAND, W. F. Claude (Brasenose, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C.*
JAMES, Montague Rhodes (King's).
LATHAM, Henry (Trinity). *Master of Trinity Hall.*
MAUGHAM, F. H. (Trinity Hall). *President of the Union.*
MUTTLEBURY, Stanley Duff (Trinity). *President C.U.B.C.*
SWORNSBOURNE, " Bob."
TREVOR-JONES, Henry Tudor (Trinity Hall).
WALKER, Gilbert Thomas (Trinity). *Senior Wrangler.*
WILKINSON, Richard James (Trinity).
WILLOUGHBY, Hon. G. H. D. (Trinity).

1889-1890

ASHWORTH, Percy (Trinity).
ASPLEN, William. *C.U.B.C. Boatman.*
BECK, E. A. (Trinity Hall). *Tutor of Trinity Hall.*
CAVENDISH, V. C. W. (Trinity). *President A.D.C.*
COTTERILL, G. H. (Trinity). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
ELIN, G. (Trinity). *President C.U.B.C.*
FAWCETT, Miss P. G. (Newnham).
GREIG, J. L. (Clare). *President C.U.A.C.*
GROSE HODGE, Rev. E. (Trinity Hall). *President of the Union.*
JENKINSON, Francis J. H. (Trinity). *University Librarian.*
LEESE, W. H. (Trinity Hall). *Stage Manager A.D.C.*
LEHMANN, R. C. (Trinity).
MACGREGOR, G. (Jesus).
MACNAGHTEN, Hon. M. M. (Trinity). *Vice-President of the Union.*
MORGAN, Rev. E. H. (Jesus).

- MORRISON, P. H. (Caius). *Captain C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 NEWTON, E. A. (King's).
 NICKALLS, W. Guy (Magdalen, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C.*
 SMITH, Rev. E. H. (Pembroke).
 STANFORD, C. V. (Trinity). *Professor of Music.*
 TURNER, R. W. (Trinity Hall). *Secretary C.U.A.C.*
 WEDD, Nathaniel (King's).
 WHITE, Anthony (Trinity). *Captain, 1st Trinity Boat Club.*
 WOODS, S. M. J. (Jesus). *Captain C.U.C.C.*

1890-1891

- AMPTHILL, Lord (New College, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C. ;
 President-Elect Oxford University Union Society.*
 BOSANQUET, S. R. C. (Trinity) *President of the Union.*
 CLARK, J. W. (Trinity).
 CLOSE, James B. (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 FRANCKLYN, G. (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 FULLER, H. G. (Peterhouse).
 GOODWILLIE, James (Corpus Christi). *Senior Wrangler.*
 HARRISON, A. H. (Trinity). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
 HOCKIN, T. E. (Jesus). *C.U.B.C.*
 JACKSON, F. S. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.C.C.*
 JENNINGS, T. (Caius). *President C.U.A.C.*
 LIAS, W. J. (Jesus). *Editor of the "Cambridge Review."*
 LORD, E. W. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.B.C.*
 MACBRIDE, E. W. (St. John's). *President of the Union.*
 MACLEAN, W. F. (Trinity). *President A.D.C.*
 McTAGGART, J. McT. Ellis (Trinity).
 MAITLAND, Professor (Downing).
 PARRY, Rev. St. John R. (Trinity).
 PATTERSON, H. W. T. (Trinity Hall).
 REDFERN, W. B. *Manager of the Theatre Royal.*
 ROUGHTON, H. (St. John's). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.C.*
 ROWLATT, J. F. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.B.C.*
 SCOTT, W. Martin (Jesus). *Captain C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 STANLEY, H. M., *Hon. LL.D.*
 STREATFIELD, E. C. (Pembroke).

VERRALL, Dr. A. W. (Trinity).
 WOTHERSPOON, W. (Clare).

1891-1892

BALL, Sir Robert Stawell, LL.D., F.R.S. *Professor of Astronomy.*
 BERTRAM, Anton (Caius). *President of the Union.*
 BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, H. R. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.C.C.*
 BUTLER, Master Herodotus [*i.e.*, J.R.M.] (Trinity).
 CROSS, J. R. *Chief Clerk of the Union.*
 DEVONSHIRE, The Duke of (Trinity). *Chancellor of the University.*
 FISON, E. T. (Corpus Christi). *C.U.B.C.*
 FOGG-ELLIOT, C. T. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.B.C.*
 GORDON, G. A. M. Hamilton (Trinity). *President of the Magpie
 and Stump Debating Society.*
 GRAHAM-CAMPBELL, R. F. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 JEBB, Professor, M.P. (Trinity).
 KERR, G. C. (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 LANDALE, W. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.B.C.*
 LE FLEMING, Hugh (Clare). *President C.U.A.C.*
 LOW, John L. (Clare). *Captain C.U.G.C.*
 MILLETT, Miss Maude.
 MONYPENNY, C. J. B. (Jesus). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.C.*
 MOORE, C. W. (Christ's). *C.U.B.C.*
 O'RORKE, H. W. L. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 PEILE, Dr. (Christ's). *Vice-Chancellor of the University.*
 ROBERTS, Rev. E. S. (Caius). *Colonel C.U.R.V.*
 ROWE, R. P. P. (Magdalen, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C.*
 STANBROUGH, M. H. (Caius). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
 STOREY, T. W. P. (Trinity Hall). *Captain C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 WEIGALL, G. J. V. (Emmanuel). *C.U.C.C.*
 WOMBWELL, Stephen F. (Trinity Hall). *Master of the Drag.*
 WOOD, Charles (Caius).

1892-1893

AGAR, C. T. (Trinity).
 BLANDFORD, The Marquis of (Trinity). *Master of the Drag.*
 BOUGHEY, Rev. A. H. F. (Trinity).
 COOPER, N. C. (Jesus). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*

- EKIN, C. (Clare). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.C.*
 FLETCHER, W. A. L. (Christ Church, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C.*
 FOAKES-JACKSON, Rev. F. S. (Jesus).
 GRAY, Dr. Alan (Trinity).
 GREEN, Peter (St. John's). *President of the Union.*
 HARRILD, W. C. (Trinity). *Captain C.U. Polo Club.*
 JACKSON, Dr. Henry (Trinity).
 KEMPT, G. D. (St. John's). *President of the Union.*
 LATHAM, P. H. (Pembroke). *Hon. Sec. C.U.C.C.*
 LEIGH, Rev. A. Austen (King's). *Provost of King's; President C.U.C.C.*
 LEWIS, T. G. (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 LUTYENS, W. E. (Sidney Sussex). *C.U.A.C.*
 MANLEY, G. T. (Christ's). *Senior Wrangler.*
 MASTERMAN, J. H. B. (St. John's). *President of the Union.*
 NEILSON, W. (Clare). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 NICHOLL, C. B. (Queens'). *Captain C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 OLLIVANT, L. A. E. (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 PAIN, Barry (Corpus Christi).
 RANJITSINHJI, K. S. (Trinity). *C.U.C.C.*
 WALDSTEIN (WALSTON), Dr. Charles (King's).
 WALLER, E. H. R. (Corpus Christi). *Winner of the Colquhoun Sculls.*
 WAUCHOPE, D. A. (Trinity Hall).
 WEBB, R. R. (St. John's). *Senior Wrangler.*
 WELLS, C. M. (Trinity). *C.U.C.C.*

1893-1894

- ADIE, W. S. (Trinity).
 APPLETON, Rev. R. (Trinity). *Senior Tutor of Trinity.*
 BATE, J. P. (Peterhouse).
 BEGG, F. C. (Trinity Hall).
 BENSON, E. F. (King's).
 BURNS, W. S. M. (Trinity).
 BURROUGH, J. (Jesus).
 COTTON, H. B. (Magdalen, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C.*
 CROFT, R. P. (Trinity Hall).
 DOUGLAS, J. (Selwyn). *C.U.C.C.*
 FISHER, T. Cathrew (Trinity). *President of the Union.*

GOWANS, J. J. (Clare). *C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 HAMBRO, C. E. (Trinity).
 HESELTINE, Godfrey (Trinity Hall).
 HORAN, F. S. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.A.C.*
 JACK, A. A. (Peterhouse). *President of the Union.*
 KERRISON, R. O. (Trinity).
 MACCREERY, W. A. (Magdalene). *Master of the Drag.*
 MARSHALL, Archibald (Trinity).
 MARTINEAU, C. E. (Trinity). *Stage Manager A.D.C.*
 PAINE, N. W. (Trinity).
 PELHAM, J. P. (Trinity).
 PERKINS, T. N. (Jesus). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
 ROBINSON, J. J. (St. John's).
 SEDGWICK, W. F. (Trinity).
 THOMAS, F. (Sidney Sussex). *President of the Union.*
 WELSH, W. (Jesus).

1894-1895

BAYFORD, R. F. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.B.C.*
 BEALE, J. F. (Trinity). *Winner of the Colquhoun Sculls.*
 BECK, E. A. (Trinity Hall). *Senior Tutor.*
 BRIDGEMAN, Hon. O. (Trinity).
 BROMWICH, T. J. I'A. (St. John's). *Senior Wrangler.*
 BUSHE-FOX, L. H. K. (St. John's).
 BUTLER, M. S. D. (Pembroke). *President of the Union.*
 COBBOLD, P. W. (Trinity).
 D'HAUTEVILLE, F. G. (Trinity).
 DRUCE, W. G. (Trinity). *Captain C.U.C.C.*
 GAME, H. A. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.B.C.*
 GEIKIE, R. (King's).
 GOSTLING, E. V. (Caius). *Captain C.U.A.C.*
 HOPE, T. B. (Trinity Hall).
 JIGGINS, Mrs. (Trinity).
 JOHNSTON, A. B. (Pembroke).
 LEIGH, R. A. Austen (King's). *President A.D.C.*
 MALIM, F. B. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 MITCHELL, F. (Caius). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.U.F.C. and C.U.C.C.*
 PITMAN, C. M. (New College, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C.*

- RUDD, C. J. L. (Trinity).
 SCOTT, R. B. (Trinity). *President C.U.L.T.C.*
 SMITH, Charles, M.A. (Sidney Sussex). *Vice-Chancellor of the University.*
 TALBOT, Eustace (Trinity). *Stage Manager A.D.C.*
 THOMPSON, J. P. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 TUCKER, W. E. (Caius). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*

1895-1896

- ALLEN, W. H. (Trinity).
 BELL, A. S. (Trinity Hall).
 BLAND, H. M. (Trinity). *Captain, 3rd Trinity Boat Club.*
 BRAY, E. H. (Trinity).
 CHANLER, L. S. (Trinity).
 CRUM, W. E. (New College, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C.*
 DOHERTY, R. F. (Trinity Hall). *President C.U.L.T.C.*
 DRUCE, N. F. (Trinity).
 FERNIE, W. J. (Trinity Hall).
 FITZHERBERT, W. (Trinity Hall). *President C.U.A.C.*
 FREAKER, F. M. (Magdalene). *Master of the Drag.*
 GIBLIN, L. F. (King's).
 HARRISON, A. L. (Trinity).
 HEMINGWAY, W. McG. (King's).
 LOWE, W. W. (Pembroke).
 MASTERMAN, C. F. G. (Christ's). *President of the Union.*
 SHEARME, D. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 SWAIN, E. G. (King's).
 WALKER, K. (Trinity). *Master of the Trinity Beagles.*
 WATSON, A. W. (Magdalene).
 WILSON, P. Whitwell (Clare). *President of the Union.*
 WYNNE WILLSON, St. J. B. (St. John's). *Librarian of the Union.*

1896-1897

- BELL, S. P. (King's). *Captain C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 BULLOCH, J. H. (Trinity). *C.U.A.C.*
 BURNUP, C. J. (Clare). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
 BUTLER, Frank (Pembroke). *President of the Union.*
 BUXTON, C. R. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*

CHATTERJEE, A. C. (King's).
 COMBER, H. G. (Pembroke). *Inceptor in Arts*.
 CRONIN, Lieut.-Col. H. S. (Trinity).
 DOHERTY, H. L. (Trinity Hall). *President C.U.L.T.C.*
 GOULD, H. U. (Trinity). *Winner of the Colquhoun Sculls*.
 HOWARD, Henry Fraser (Trinity Hall).
 LAWRENCE, F. W. (Trinity). *President of the Union*.
 LEHMANN, R. C. (Trinity).
 MACKIE, O. G. (Clare). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 MANN, Dr. A. H. (King's).
 MARRIOTT, H. H. (Clare). *Assistant-Treasurer C.U.C.C.*
 MORTIMER, WILLIAM (Trinity).
 PENNINGTON, Drury (Caius). *C.U.B.C.*
 RODWELL, C. H. (King's).
 RONALDSHAY, Lord (Trinity). *Master of the Drag*.
 SHINE, Eustace Beverley (Selwyn).
 WARD, William Dudley (Trinity). *President C.U.B.C.*
 WILSON-TAYLOR, J. *Chief Clerk of the Union*.
 WOOD, W. V. (Clare). *President C.U.A.C.*

1897-1898

ALEXANDER, C. L. (Trinity). *C.U.A.F.C.*
 BARNES, E. W. (Trinity). *President of the Union*.
 BRODIE, H. W. (Clare). *Footlights Dramatic Club*.
 CARTER, Frank (Caius). *President C.U.A.C.*
 DARBY, A. J. L. (Clare). *C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 DE ZOETE, H. W. (Trinity).
 ETHERINGTON-SMITH, R. B. (Trinity). *Captain, 1st Trinity Boat Club;*
Winner of the Colquhoun Sculls.
 FIGGIS, Rev. J. N. (St. Catharine's). *Editor of the "Cambridge Review."*
 FINLAY, William (Trinity). *President of the Union*.
 FLETCHER, W. A. L. (Christ Church, Oxford). *President O.U.B.C.*
 FULFORD, Rev. H. W. (Clare). *Senior Proctor*.
 GOLDIE, C. J. D. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.B.C.*
 HAWKINS, E. C. (Caius). *Hon. Sec. C.U.B.C.*
 HENDERSON, W. Craig (Trinity). *President of the Union*.
 HOME, Noel C. (Trinity Hall). *President of the Union*.

JESSOP, GILBERT L. (Christ's). *C.U.C.C.*
 LEAF, J. F. (Peterhouse). *Librarian of the Union.*
 LEES, Captain J. (Jesus). *Adjutant C.U.R.V.*
 LYTTON, Earl of (Trinity). *President A.D.C.*
 MAUNDRELL, W. H. (Corpus Christi). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.C.*
 MENDELSON, W. (Jesus). *C.U.R.U.F.C. ; C.U.A.C.*
 PILKINGTON, W. N. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 STOGDON, J. H. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.C.C.*
 TAYLOR, S. S. (Pembroke). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
 WILSON, C. E. M. (Trinity). *Captain C.U.C.C.*

1898-1899

BEASLEY, H. O. S. (Jesus). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
 CAMPBELL, John Argentine (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.F.C.*
 CAMPBELL, W. (Clare). *C.U.A.F.C.*
 DANIELL, John (Emmanuel). *C.U.R.F.C.*
 EDWARDS, Major H. J. (Trinity). *C.U.R.V. ; Dean of Selwyn.*
 GOLD, H. G. (Magdalen, Oxford). *O.U.B.C.*
 GURDON, B. F. (Trinity). *President A.D.C.*
 HUNTER, Alan (Trinity). *President C.U.A.C.*
 KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM AND ASPALL, Lord.
 LANGDON-DAVIES, B. N. (Pembroke). *President of the Union.*
 MACKAY, Alexander Morrice (Trinity). *President C.U.L.T.C.*
 McDONNELL, T. F. R. (St. John's). *President of the Union.*
 MILES, Eustace H. (King's).
 PAGET-TOMLINSON, William Guy (Trinity Hall). *C.U.A.C.*
 PAYNE, John E. (Peterhouse). *C.U.B.C.*
 PRINGLE, Arthur Stanley (Trinity).
 RENNIE, W. B. (Emmanuel). *C.U.B.C.*
 ROTTENBURG, H. (King's).
 SANDERSON, Ronald Harcourt (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 SCLATER, John Robert Paterson (Emmanuel). *President of the Union.*
 STOKES, Sir George Gabriel, Bart. (Pembroke). *Lucasian Professor,*
 1849-1899.
 SWANSTON, A. W. (Jesus). *C.U.B.C.*
 TAYLOR, T. L. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.C.C.*
 WILFRID, NOEL, CLAUDE, JOHN, RONALD, DUDLEY, JACK, LOYD.
The Cambridge Crew of 1899.

1899-1900

- ADIE, C. J. M. (Trinity).
 BLACKLOCK, George Herbert (Trinity). *President A.D.C.*
 BLAKER, R. N. R. (Jesus). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.F.C.*
 BOWLES, George Stewart (Trinity). *President A.D.C. ; Vice-President of the Union, etc.*
 BROOKE, B. W. D. (Trinity)
 CHAPMAN, Wilfrid H. (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 COCK, T. A. (Trinity).
 COCKERELL, Samuel Pepys (Trinity). *C.U.A.C.*
 CORNFORD, F. M. (Trinity). *Editor of the "Cambridge Review."*
 DAY, S. H. (Queens). *Assistant Treasurer C.U.C.C.*
 GIBBON, John Houghton (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 GOEDECKER, Oscar John (Trinity). *President, Footlights Dramatic Club.*
 GOSLING, Thomas Spencer (Trinity). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
 GUITERMAN, Charles Edward (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 HIND, A. E. (Trinity Hall). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.C.*
 LEWIN, E. O. (King's).
 LLOYD, George Ambrose (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 NOEL, E. B. (Trinity).
 PENN, Eric F. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.C.C.*
 PIGOU, Arthur Cecil (King's). *President of the Union.*
 ROSE, F. S. D. (Trinity).
 SCOTT, C. T. (Sidney Sussex).
 WILSON, Evelyn Rockley (Trinity). *Assistant Treasurer C.U.C.C.*
 WORKMAN, H. W. (Pembroke). *President C.U.A.C.*

1900-1901

- ALEXANDER, Cyril Wilson (Trinity). *C.U.A.F.C.*
 BEDELL-SIVRIGHT, D. R. (Trinity). *C.U.R.F.C.*
 CLAYTON, L. J. (Pembroke). *Captain C.U.H.C.*
 COCKSHOTT, F. G. (Trinity). *C.U.A.C.*
 CROSSLEY, Eric (Trinity). *C.U.A.F.C.*
 DOWSON, E. M. (Trinity). *Assistant Treasurer C.U.C.C.*
 FILDES, F. L. V. (Trinity). *President A.D.C.*
 FLETCHER, Walter Morley, B.A. (Trinity).
 GREENLEES, J. R. C. (St. John's). *President C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 LAURENCE, R. V. (Trinity). *Editor of the "Cambridge Review."*

LEES, Captain J. (Jesus). *Adjutant C.U.R.V.*
 MAITLAND, Graham M. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.B.C.*
 RANKIN, G. C. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 SAGAR, John Warburton (Jesus). *C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 TAYLOR, C. W. H. (Trinity). *President C.U.B.C.*
 TROTTER, A. McG. (Trinity).
 VAN ZIJL, H. S. (St. John's). *President of the Union.*
 WALKER, Edward Eaton (Trinity). *C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 WINTER, C. E. (Trinity).
 YOUNG, Edward Hilton (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 YOUNG, F. (Trinity). *C.U.A.F.C.*

1901-1902

ARMSTRONG, F. W. (St. John's). *President of the Union.*
 BAERLEIN, E. M. (Trinity). *C.U.L.T.C.*
 BRAITHWAITE, Philip P. (Caius). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.F.C.*
 DRYSDALE, Theodore (Jesus). *Winner of the Colquhoun Sculls.*
 DURNFORD, Walter (King's). *Treasurer A.D.C.*
 EBDEN, C. H. M. (Trinity). *C.U.H.C.*
 EDWARD VII, H.M. King (Trinity). *Patron of the A.D.C.*
 ESCOMBE, F. J. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.B.C.*
 GILMAN, James (Jesus). *C.U.A.C.*
 GREGSON, H. W. (Christ's). *C.U.A.C.*
 GRYLLS, H. B. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.B.C.*
 HAIGH, P. B. (St. John's). *President of the Union.*
 HEDLEY, W. (King's). *Hon. Sec. of the Pitt Club.*
 HOLLINS, Philip P. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.A.F.C.*
 HOWARD-SMITH, Gerald (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.C.*
 NELSON, R. H. (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
 ODGERS, F. W. (Trinity). *C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 PAGET, W. E. (Trinity). *Master of the Trinity Foot Beagles.*
 SPICER, N. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 WELLS, Ernest (Christ's). *C.U.A.F.C. ; President C.U.L.T.C.*
 WRIGHT, R. G. (Queens'). *C.U.A.F.C.*

1902-1903

ARGYLE, Frank Wilkinson (St. John's). *Captain C.U.L.T.C.*
 ARNOLD, John Corry (St. John's). *President of the Union.*

BALFOUR, Rt. Hon. Arthur James (Trinity).
 BARCLAY, R. W. (Trinity). *C.U.A.C.*
 BOOKER, Edward (St. John's).
 CALDWELL, H. F. H. (Trinity).
 CARTER, James Shuckburgh (King's). *C.U.B.C.*
 COMBER, H. G. (Pembroke).
 GIBSON, T. A. (Queens').
 GORDON, J. G. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 HARRIS, S. S. (Pembroke). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.F.C.*
 HARRISON, Ernest (Trinity). *Editor of the "Cambridge Review."*
 HORSLEY, Stanley (Clare).
 LOCKER-LAMPSON, O. S. (Trinity). *President A.D.C.*
 MONTAGU, E. S. (Trinity). *President of the Union.*
 ROBERTS, A. F. (Clare). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 STRACHAN, James (Clare). *President of the Union.*
 THOMAS, P. H. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.B.C.*
 WYATT-DAVIES, Ernest (Trinity).

1903-1904

BRAY, F. E. (Trinity). *Vice-President of the Union ; Captain C.U.R.V.*
 BUTLER, Dr. (Trinity). *Master of Trinity.*
 CHALMERS, C. H. L. H. (Trinity). *President A.D.C.*
 CLARK, J. W. (Trinity). *Registrary of the University.*
 EDWARD VII, H.M. King (Trinity). *Hon. Colonel, C.U.R.V.; Emperor of India, etc.*
 KEIGWIN, Richard Prescott (Peterhouse).
 KEYNES, J. M. (King's). *Hon. Sec. of the Union.*
 LUKER, S. G. (Pembroke). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.F.C.*
 MACCAW, V. H. (Trinity). *Captain C.U.H.C.*
 McDONNELL, Michael F. J. (St. John's). *Vice-President of the Union.*
 MAINPRICE, H. (Jesus). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 MELLIN, G. L. (Clare). *Captain C.U.A.F.C.*
 NEWBOLD, C. J. (Caius). *C.U.R.U.F.C.*
 SANGAR, H. (St. John's). *Hon. Sec. C.U.B.C.*
 SCOTT, B. G. A. (Trinity Hall). *C.U.B.C.*
 SCOTT, W. H. (Clare). *Hon. Sec. C.U.L.C.*
 SHEPPARD, J. T. (King's).

WELSH, A. R. (Trinity). *C.U.A.C. and Hon. Sec. C.U.H. & H.C.*
WILSON, T. Bowstead (Pembroke). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.C.*

1904-1905

BURNAND, Sir Francis C. (Trinity). *Founder of the A.D.C.*
CHURCHILL, A. R. (Caius). *Hon. Sec. C.U.H. & H.*
GELLING, L. D. (Clare). *Captain C.U.H.C.*
GEORGE, D. Lloyd, M.P.
HOFFMANN, G. (Caius). *Captain C.U.G.C.*
HOPLEY, F. J. V. (Pembroke). *C.U.B. and F.C., etc.*
JACOB, Mrs. (Magdalene). *Senior Bedmaker of the University.*
JAMES, Montague Rhodes (King's). *Provost of King's.*
JOHNSTONE, B. C. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.B.C.*
LAWRENCE, A. L. (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
LYTTELTON, Hon. G. W. (Trinity). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.C.*
MACLEOD, L. M. (Pembroke). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.F.C.*
McDONNELL, H. C. (Corpus Christi).
MANN, E. W. (Trinity).
MOZLEY, J. K. (Pembroke). *President of the Union.*
PAGE, C. C. (Clare). *Hon. Sec. C.U.A.F.C.*
POWELL, R. V. (Trinity). *President C.U.B.C.*
WILDING, A. F. (Trinity). *President C.U.L.T.C.*
WOOD, H. G. (Jesus). *President of the Union.*

1905-1906

ALLCARD, Rupert (Trinity). *C.U.B.C.*
BUTCHER, S. H., Litt.D. (Trinity). *Member of Parliament for the University.*
CALDWELL, Colonel R. T. (Corpus Christi).
COHEN, James Cecil (Emmanuel).
COLBECK, L. G. (King's).
CRABBE, R. P. (Corpus Christi). *C.U.A.C.*
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1906-1907

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1907-1908

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1908-1909

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1909-1910

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1910-1911

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1911-1912

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1912-1913

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1913-1914

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WILL, John George (Downing). *Hon. Sec. C.U.R.U.F.C.*

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LONDON : CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND GRIGGS (PRINTERS), LTD.
CHISWICK PRESS, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

