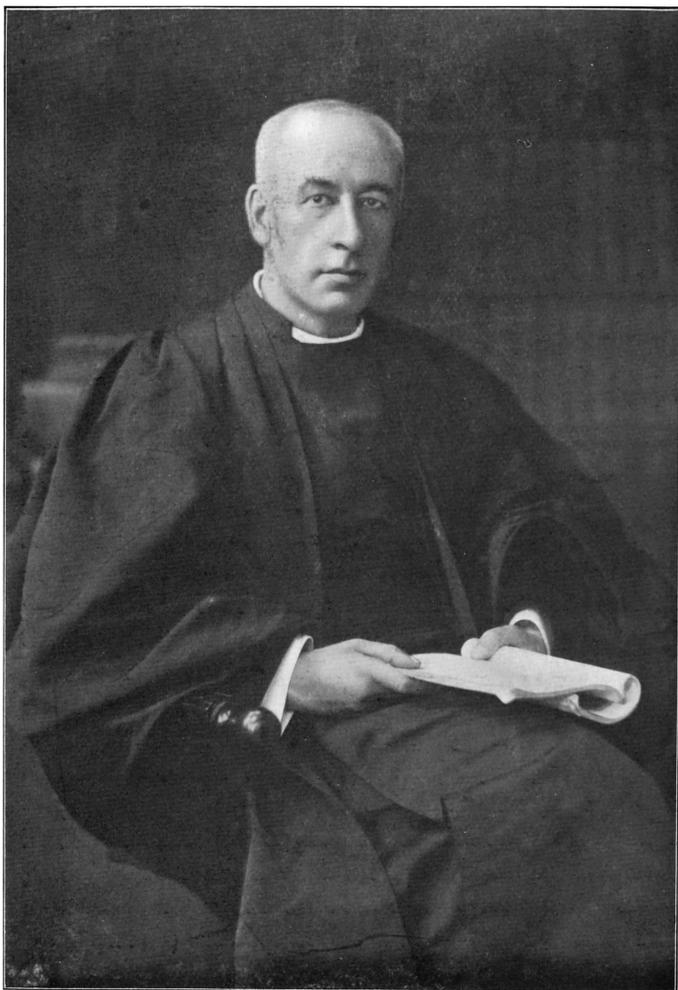


# The Queens' Courier



March 15, 1906



*Photo. by Scott & Wilkinson.)*

# The Queens' Courier.

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VOL. I. NO. 1

MARCH 15, 1906

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## EDITORIAL.

AT one of the first meetings in the Bernard Room last term the President read a letter from the Rev. C. T. Wood bearing a suggestion for a College Magazine. The suggestion was so well received that the Secretary had, perforce, put it into the form of a motion.

A somewhat reluctant committee was formed by selecting one member from each year; and one member of the Combination Room—Mr A. B. Cook—to act as a check upon possible indiscretion or heedlessness.

“*Drapers*,” according to Mr Wood, “*are not grown on every tree.*” True: but we are fortunate in having the help of some of the permanent officials; and, even though we fail to charm in the approved methods of the “*Green Bore*,” yet we hope that we shall supply, successfully, both the serious and the comic element so desired by a college citizen in a record of college life. And thus it is that we have taken upon ourselves to bring out a College Magazine of which these lines are but a prelude.

In entering upon a task like this we have many models before us to point out the way in which our halting feet should tread. But we hope that we shall not be dubbed ambitious when we say that *our* Pegasus does not quite approve of any of these oft-traversed paths to fame. "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci": or, as a friend of ours puts it:—

"That poet carries off the pasty  
Who blends the useful with the tasty."

That we may be a "type of the wise who soar but never roam" is our ambition; and to it we hope to adhere in the editing of this magazine. Our business lies with the "domestica facta" of Queens', and we hope to be recognised as at least impartial recorders of these short and simple annals. We hope also to obtain that hearty support which patriotic citizens deserve even if their attempts be of but mediocre brilliance. Also, we hope, perhaps somewhat vainly, that we shall cater in turn for every need.

Some of us are suffering from a querulous spirit of pessimism, the natural failing of the third-year 'tripper.' Some labour under a sort of fatty degeneration of the conscience which we hope to allay by a judicious course of gentle banter. Some are in the first year of college life, and, during this period, we shall try to wean these younglings of our flock from their kind, but not omnipotent mother, Dame Public School. And for the hardened profligates of the fourth year we shall have words of kindly encouragement mingled with fatherly warnings to these outgoing prodigals. For those who watch like Nestors over our adolescent gambols there will be, here and there,

a note of entreaty ; to temper justice with mercy, even as the "allaying Thames" is mingled with our Bernard Room beer.

In a word, we wish to be free, and yet not using our liberty as a cloak for anything which does not accord with the best traditions of college life and college citizenship.

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## THE PRESIDENT.

IT was in the middle of the Long Vacation that we heard of our President's nomination to the See of Ely. At first we were "struck all of a heap," even though the news was not quite unexpected. Some of us wondered that Mr Balfour should show such good sense: others growled half-proudly that "Queens' couldn't supply Bishops for every See in England (not to mention Asia)": all of us felt that the gain to the Church of England was dearly bought by the loss to Cambridge.

Now all we can say is that we wish him Godspeed from the bottom of our hearts for the great work that lies before him, and good health to meet the strain of episcopal life. However sorry we are that he is no longer to be our President, we are glad that he is to be our Bishop, and that he will still have rooms in College.

The best thing we can do is to print the account of him which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday, July 5th, 1905 :

“Mr Balfour’s recommendation of Dr Chase as successor to Lord Alwyne Compton in the See of Ely will give great satisfaction to the University and Town of Cambridge, where it was fully expected, and will be of benefit to the diocese at large. The new Bishop was born in 1853, his father being rector of St Andrew’s by the Wardrobe with St Anne’s, Blackfriars, and a strong supporter of various evangelical causes, including the Church Missionary Society. He was educated at King’s College School, London, and afterwards at Christ’s College, Cambridge.... Here he was elected to a scholarship, won the Powis Medal for Latin hexameter verse in 1875, and was placed eighth in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1876. In the same year he was ordained deacon, and in 1877 priest, in the diocese of Salisbury and became curate of Sherborne.... (He) returned to Cambridge in 1879 as Curate of St Michael’s, of which the Rev. A. H. Boughey of Trinity was then vicar. Here he had time for theological study, and in 1881 he became lecturer in that subject at Pembroke College. In 1884, when he won the Kaye Prize for a theological essay, he became the first tutor of the Cambridge Clergy Training School, which Dr Westcott and others were then bringing into existence. He became its Principal in 1887 and continued as such till his appointment to the headship of Queens’ in 1901. His work at the Training School, though quiet and unobtrusive, was of the highest value, and represents one of his chief claims to his present promotion. Meanwhile his treatise on ‘The Lord’s Prayer in the Early Church’ (in the Dean of Westminster’s *Texts and Studies* series) had shown that he was producing original work of a high order, and his Hulsean Lectures on “The Credibility

of the Book of Acts," valuable and suggestive as they are, are believed to be only preparatory to a larger and much needed commentary on that book.

In 1900 Dr Chase succeeded Dr Handley Moule in the Norrisian Divinity Chair, and shortly afterwards<sup>1</sup> was elected President of Queens' College in succession to Dr Ryle. His residence in the College has been shortened<sup>2</sup> by the necessity for extensive repairs at the Lodge, but the Fellows have had every reason to be satisfied with their choice. It was not, however, till Dr Chase became Vice-Chancellor in 1902 that his capabilities as a man of affairs were suddenly revealed to the University. He had had no great experience of the intricacies of University business, but he seemed to grasp difficulties with tact and shrewdness, and this was especially noticeable on the occasion of the King's visit to open the new Science Schools. Christ's College has recently made him an honorary Fellow together with the Dean of Westminster. He has been in recent years a frequent and welcome speaker at the meetings of societies of all parties in Cambridge. As Bishop he will be greatly helped by Mrs Chase, whom he married in 1877, and who is a daughter of the late Rev. George Armitage, vicar of St Luke's, Gloucester."

To this account we may be allowed to add a few details. Dr Chase won his high place in the Classical Tripos in the face of bad health, which at one time threatened to terminate his University career. Fortunately the trouble passed and left him free for a strenuous life.

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake. He was elected Professor six months after he came to Queens'.

<sup>2</sup> This also is a mistake. He lived in the Lodge during all the alterations.

Among his writings, special mention should be made of "The Old Syriac Element in the Codex Bezae." In this book he did perhaps more than anyone else has done, to solve the origin of the "Western" Text of the New Testament. He followed it up with the "Syro-Latin Text of the Gospels." But he was not wholly absorbed in textual problems. In 1887 he had already published his "Chrysostom: a study in the history of Biblical interpretation": and nine years later came his book on "Clement of Alexandria." He edited Dr Hort's unfinished Commentary on I Peter: and himself wrote the articles on I and II Peter, as well as that on St Peter himself, in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*.

The ripest product of his pen is his article on "The Gospels in the light of Historical Criticism," published in the recent volume of Cambridge *Theological Essays*. It summarises the results of many years of careful study and deep thought on some of the greatest questions of our faith, such as the Resurrection and Miracles of Our Lord. When we remember that the most notable triumphs of the modern School of Theology at Cambridge have been achieved in this very region of the historical study of the Gospels, we can understand the importance of such an essay from Dr Chase's pen. It is of deep interest to the non-theological reader: while Professor Sanday writes in the *Journal of Theological Studies*, "from an educational point of view his essay is just what I should like to see put into the hands of an advanced student." It seems to us, who know him, very characteristic of its author in its combination of candour and honesty with reverence and humility.

For, after all, it is not as theologian, but as President, that we in Queens' know him, and, knowing, are proud of him. Yet who shall write of these things in the cold light of publicity? It is impossible, as it would be impertinent, to praise him; equally impossible to be silent. We have given the gist of the matter already: we "*know* him." He is not to us a figure-head, but *our* Master: not *in loco parentis* (with all that those words suggest!) but something more.

All through the busy years of his Vice-Chancellorship, he managed to keep in close touch with the College,—in real contact, be it understood, not mere official contiguity. By his unchanging *ἐπιείκεια* (the word is untranslatable), he won our love. Two places we shall always connect with him especially: one is his study with its reminiscences of quiet talks: the other is his stall in Chapel, from which he—not "preached," they were not set sermons—but spoke to us out of the depths of his heart.

These words would be incomplete without some mention of Mrs Chase, who, alas! is not going to keep on rooms in College. We shall always remember her, not only as always ready to dispense tea and coffee to individuals, to societies, or to crews in training, from morning to night,—ready at times even to nurse the sick in the Lodge itself,—but as having welcomed every member of the College with a hospitality that was as charming as it was simple and kindly.

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The President was consecrated Bishop of Ely in Westminster Abbey on Wednesday, October 18th, at the same service at which Dr Gill, another old Queens' man, was made Bishop of Travancore and Cochin. The Bishop of

Winchester was, most appropriately, chosen to read the Epistle, which he did in a voice as clear and strong as ever, despite his recent illness. The Sermon was preached by the Master of Trinity, who chose as his text 2 Timothy iv. 5. In the course of it, he spoke of "The beloved and deeply honoured Professor and Head of a great College, who has won in a rare degree the confidence of Cambridge men, laymen no less than clergy, and will at Ely re-forge and rivet those ties of loyal attachment which still bind us to his venerable predecessor."

The Bishop's Installation in the Cathedral at Ely was on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 31st of October. It commenced with the quaint ceremony in which he seeks admission by knocking three times with his staff on the west door. He afterwards preached to a crowded congregation, which included a number of Queens' men and the majority of the Clergy in the diocese.

## BELATED VALENTINES, 1906.

The President.

'Only be it thy lot to find a less tempestuous sea.'

*Anon. Greek Trans., Alma Strettell.*

R.H.E.H.S. 'Most delicately hour by hour  
 He canvassed human mysteries,  
 And trod on silk, as if the winds  
 Blew his own praises in his eyes,  
 And stood aloof from other minds  
 In impotence of fancied power.'

Tennyson.

- ‘Tubby.’ ‘Let me have men about me that are fat.’  
Shakspere, *Julius Caesar*.
- A. P. S. S. (from Mr Munro, &c.)  
‘Spargere qui somnos cantu...solebat.’  
Verg. *Aen.* vii. 754.
- E. C. G. ‘Fate cannot touch me—I have dined to-day.’  
Calverley.
- S—M—L. ‘That huge earth-shaking beast.’ Old Poet.
- B—BB—. ‘I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that  
does harm to my wit.’  
Shakspere, *Twelfth Night*.
- M—PH. ‘You must wake and call me early.’  
Tennyson.
- ? ‘A sabbath drawler of old saws.’  
Tennyson.
- M—YN—RD.  
‘A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.’  
Shakspere, *A Midsummer (Common) Night’s Dream*.
- KYN—CH.  
‘Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.’  
Shakspere, *Hamlet*.
- C. T. W. ‘You babbled in the well-known voice—  
Not new, not new the words you said.’  
W. E. Henley.
- Dr W— (from a German critic)  
‘...Omnemque pererrat  
Arte locum.’ Verg. *Aen.* v. 441.

E.G.D.W. 'A (small) piece of witte bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and hee remembers it for you to all companies.'

Earle, *Microcosmographie*.

The Choir.—'And, strange to tell.....

Some could articulate, while others not.'

Omar Khayyám, LX.

L—NN—E.

'A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

Shakspeare, *Hamlet*.

'Loaf as I have loafed aforetime,

Through the streets, with tranquil mind,

And a long-backed fancy mongrel,

Trailing casually behind.' Calverley.

IR—N D—KE.

'This fellow doth not stand upon points.'

Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

J—CK—. 'And ther-out came a rage and such a vese

That it made al the gates for to rese.'

Chaucer, *The Knightes Tale*.

—? 'And there are some whom a thirst

Ardent, unquenchable, fires!'

Matthew Arnold.

R—TH—RF—RD.

'What sneaking fellow comes yonder?'

Shakspeare, *Troilus and Cressida*.

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## FELLOWS AT PLAY.

THE following paper of examination-questions, set by the Dons, has been picked up in the Screens.

*The President:*

If it takes a year and a half for a commissioner and a half to inspect half a drain, what sort of letter should you write to him?

*The Tutor:*

(1) What do you know of Bismarck—Denmark—Trade-mark—Trito-Mark?

(2) Distinguish carefully between Lucan's style and Lucan matter.

(3) Who shot cock-robin?

*The Dean:*

Analyse the following sentence from the *Cambridge Review*: "That grand athlete, that Nestor of all manly sport." Illustrate your answer by quotations from Homer and other popular songs.

*The Bursar:*

(1) Estimate in calorimeters the amount of heat generated in one morning in those whose slumbers are disturbed to attend lectures.

(2) If I were to run a mile race with Achilles' tortoise which would win, and why?

*Professor Kennett:*

(1) Put into Hebrew: "That was a corker!" "Toppin', old buck!"

(2) Why do you connect D.T. with a J.P.? Distinguish E from UR.

(3) Which do you prefer, "Hebrew without swears" or "Hebrew with tears" (the ladies' class)?

*Mr Munro:*

What is the correct fine for a proctor to exact from the following?

- (1) A bunker.
- (2) Those who bag-pipes.
- (3) A mashie behaving like a caddie.
- (4) A brassy clique of undergraduates driving to tee on the green, when they address you with lofting-irony.
- (5) Anyone heard saying "Hoots awa'" to his ball.

*Mr Johns:*

To whom would you attribute the following inscription:  
CAM—U—RE—A—BEA (the rest is undecipherable)?

*Mr Wood:*

- (1) Who wrote "After they've brought us out so far  
And made us run so fast"?
- (2) When is a man on the grass,
  - (a) of malice aforethought;
  - (b) justifiably;
  - (c) unconsciously?

*Mr Cook:*

(1) Describe the accompanying coin, and show wherein its chief beauty consists. [The coin cannot be reproduced, nor used; it is without form and void of expression—to the lay-eye.]

(2) Is it true to say that, after a while, all archaeologists grow more and more like one another?

(3) How does a book-worm turn?

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### Q. C. B. C.

THE Boat at present is hardly alive to its responsibilities. It represents a College of considerable size, which holds far too low a position on the river. Constant hard work off the stretcher is the only thing by which they can hope to gain their proper place in the first division; but it would seem that the sacrifice to the feelings of the legs of members of the boat is greater than one is justified in asking. All through the boat there is a tendency to shirk the leg-work, *especially at the beginning of the stroke*; and a still greater determination to stop the run of the boat by rushing forward.

*Bow.* Is in far too great a hurry to begin the next stroke before he has finished the one he is rowing. Has no leg-work and a bad rush. Has only to think of his faults to improve.

2. Far too intent on admiring the shape of his ankles. Makes too much effort about his paddling.

3. Does not make enough effort. Must sit back longer. Slow with his hands.

4. Inclined to flop down over the stretcher and consequently lose his beginning. Gets a fair blade in the middle of the stroke.

5. Rows about the best blade in the boat, but the originality of some of his strokes is somewhat disconcerting. Should remember that a curved back does not form a line of beauty.

6. Rushes last part of forward swing, and pulls out his blade with his arms at the end of the stroke.

7. Does not get his blade quite square at the beginning, and must think of sitting back longer. Is a steady oar and rows a very fair blade.

*Stroke.* Sets a very steady stroke, but should set a better example with his leg-work, especially at the beginning of the stroke.

*Bow.* C. D. Job.

2. R. G. F. Wyatt.

3. J. F. Barton.

4. T. Smith.

5. W. H. Webbe.

6. A. C. M. Maynard.

7. M. Smith.

*Stroke.* H. R. Malden.

*Cox.* E. L. Andrews.

### *The Second Boat.*

The Second Boat have improved considerably since the beginning of the term, but if they intend to stop on the river they will have to work very hard this last fortnight. They are not well together yet and there is a great lack of leg-work. However at times they go well, as on one occasion they succeeded in knocking 5 seconds off a ditch done by a boat (well known to us) in the second division. Now for a few remarks on individuals, which I hope they won't consider too personal!

*Bow.* Works hard and has a fairly good swing, but he has a habit of reposing at the end of each stroke and is also rather partial to the weeds at the bottom of the river.

2. Is very short forward and generally looks as if he is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. He is also not unknown to have caught a few "crabs" during his journey to Baitsbite.

3. Works hard but does not finish his stroke out, and has a tendency to see how fast he can bring his body forward.

4. If he sticks to it ought to row well. At present he washes out badly at the finish, and is very heavy with his hands over the stretcher.

5. Considering that he has only started to row this term, and has suffered severely from the "boating malady," is rowing well. He tries to work hard, has a fairly good swing, but misses his beginning and at present does not pull his weight.

6. Has by far the straightest back in the boat, but is short forward, heavy with his hands, and does not do as much work as he ought to do.

7. Has a very fair swing and seems to use his legs, but his back is round at the finish and he is very liable to "dig."

*Stroke.* Works very hard and tries to keep his men together, but is heavy with his hands and very inclined to hang over his stretcher.

*Cox.* Is quite capable of taking very good corners when he does not lose his head. He would do well to take a few lessons in voice production ; perhaps the 1st boat cox would help him in this.

*Bow.* C. M. Smith.

2. G. A. Chase.

3. D. L. Kerr.

4. H. D. Boulton.

5. J. E. J. Taylor.

6. A. N. Claxton.

7. T. G. Rogers.

*Stroke.* E. W. G. Kemp.

*Cox.* E. W. Clarke.

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**Q. C. A. F. C.**

THE following is a summary of the results of the League fixtures up to date:—

Oct. 19.	<i>v.</i> King's.	Lost.	0—2.
„ 30.	<i>v.</i> Pembroke.	Lost.	0—3.
Nov. 2.	<i>v.</i> Trin. Hall.	Won.	4—2.
„ 13.	<i>v.</i> Caius.	Drawn.	2—2.
„ 15.	<i>v.</i> Caius.	Won.	9—2.
„ 20.	<i>v.</i> S. John's.	Won.	7—2.
„ 28.	<i>v.</i> Clare.	Lost.	0—2.
Jan. 18.	<i>v.</i> Trin. Rest.	Won.	6—0.
„ 25.	<i>v.</i> Clare.	Won.	4—1.

*The Team.*

*H. S. Vinning.* Goal-keeper. Subject to nerves at times, but has kept consistently well this season and has occasionally been brilliant. His judgment in running out has much improved.

*Tomlins.* Right-back. Tried last season at forward and half but with indifferent success; now he plays quite a sound game at back. Is apt to dribble a trifle too much, especially in the weaker games, and should try to get out of this habit.

*G. S. Farnfield.* Left-back. See P. M. G. every Monday.

*Wells.* Right half-back. A plodder. Kicks often and usually manages to kick something; he frequently mistakes his right foot for his left. Has been known to feed his forwards, but would do well to turn his energies more in this direction. A good tackler, who makes up for his lack of science by his great keenness.

*Ingle.* Centre half-back. Plays good football and thoroughly understands the game. He tackles fearlessly and well. Should try to be quicker in parting with the ball: and also should remember that there is no rule against a half-back scoring. We advise him to put on a little more weight.

*A. P. Spencer-Smith.* Left half-back. Slight but bony. Plays an extremely useful spoiling game; and has much improved since last season, as he can now place to his forwards with some accuracy. Now that he has learned to head in the right direction his height is useful. Shows his keenness by denying himself more than 18 cigarettes per diem.

*Jones.* Outside right. Has the makings of a good player. Possesses pace and can centre well when in the mood. Should try to remember that to run the ball over the goal-line gives no advantage to his side, but rather nullifies any previous good work. Must get out of the fatal habit of shooting from acute angles. He should improve. We advise him to watch good players and to use a little more head. Has a weakness for overcoats.

*Gardner.* Inside right. Energy personified—he does not stop working from start to finish, and, although his efforts are sometimes a trifle misdirected, he has shown marked improvement on last season. Has not acquired the habit of drawing the man before parting with the ball, and so does not always place to the best advantage. Quite deserves his colours.

*R. Turner.* Centre-forward. We congratulate him on his well-merited “blue.” An adept at the “through” game, but would do well to feed his outside men a little more on occasion. Once headed a goal, but, as his hair was slightly ruffled in the effort, has relinquished the idea of doing so again.

*Yates.* Inside left. For a player who is naturally an outside, has taken well to the inside berth. Works well with the men on either side of him, judiciously combining the inside and the wing games. A good shot, but a little too prone to take “pots.” Should bear in mind that to run across the field tricking men is pretty but ineffective. A forward’s motto should always be “straight for goal.”

*E. G. D. Wright* (Capt.). Outside left. Will wear an international cap yet. For his prowess on the field, *vide* the Sporting papers (N.B. the *Sporting Times* excepted). His personal charms are great—one very great. Once seen never forgotten.

**Q. C. R. U. F. C.**

*Played* 18.      *Won* 7.      *Lost* 11.

THE past season was very disappointing. The Team, though better than that of the previous year, was lacking in "buck," especially in the earlier matches. There is, however, one redeeming feature in the record—the victory against King's on Nov. 2nd. We shall have practically the same team next season, and can hope that extra weight and experience will lead then to more satisfactory results. It is worthy of notice that the XV includes nine freshmen, of whom Band and H. C. Perry are the most prominent and promising.

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**Q. C. A. C.**

THE College Sports took place in fine weather on Nov. 7, 1905. A start was not made until 2.30 p.m., and therefore darkness set in before the conclusion of the programme was reached. In consequence, several members of the College are firmly convinced that they were first in the "Weight," not observing any other competitors. Under the circumstances the President took the prize. The entry for this event was somewhat disappointing: neither Failes nor Douglas appeared. It

is to be noted that H. M. Samuel's weight has not yet come down.

A. G. Tomlins won the sprints in good style and fair time. F. M. Edwards won the mile and two miles, accomplishing a good performance in the latter event. Band won the long jump and the hurdles, E. C. Green coming in second in the latter, for the hurdles bowed their heads before him. The College servants' race was won by W. F. Evans. It would be pleasing to see a larger entry for the Sports in future years; many men enter, and then do not turn out on the day, thus causing unnecessary expense and anticipation.

It is our pleasant duty to congratulate A. H. Pearson on winning the inter-'Varsity Cross Country race in grand style. It was a splendid performance. Also F. M. Edwards in running in the same race; he also won the Sidney 3 miles Strangers' race in 14' 46 $\frac{1}{5}$ "', only 3 seconds outside the 'Varsity record. We wish him every success at the Olympic games in May.

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### Q. C. H. C.

WITHOUT being accused of undue pessimism we can fairly say that the outlook for the hockey club is exceedingly unpromising. Last year we finished up at the bottom of the 2nd division of the League, but owing to the extension of the League we retain our place. This season we are manifestly weaker than the majority of the

2nd division clubs and it will need very earnest efforts to avoid relegation. Up to date we have played two League matches—*v.* Sidney and Christ's—both of which have resulted in rather heavy defeats. It is very much to be hoped that we shall keep clear of the last place, for the struggle for promotion in Division III is always a keen one, and if we once lose our position in the 2nd division we shall undoubtedly have great difficulty in regaining it. Our ill-success is not due to any deterioration on our part; the principal cause of it is to be found in the fact that there has been of recent years a general improvement in the standard of hockey teams throughout the 'Varsity and that we have failed to move forward with the times.

W. B. C.

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## BALLADE OF THE FRESHMAN.

I. M. 1903.

AUTUMN has come, and the panting train  
 (Praise the gods if it be in time!)  
 Opens its doors in the drizzling rain—  
 Glory of youth in his golden prime!  
 Fresh from some school (the name wouldn't rhyme)  
 Beaming he steps on the larger stage,  
 Playing the man with an air sublime—  
 The Book of Youth hath its golden page!

Turn to the left in the little lane,  
(Filthy and fit for the foulest crime!)  
Then to the right, then the left again—  
Glory of Youth in his golden prime!  
Here is a stage for the master-mime;  
Waistcoats of red: and “Scotch” to assuage  
The thirst that once lov'd the juice of lime—  
The Book of Youth hath its golden page!

Add—for the “*tout ensemble*”—a can-  
ine concoction: you'll learn in time  
Words that the navy cannot attain—  
Glory of Youth in his golden prime,  
'Tis excellent sport—*but*, all must climb  
The Senate-House steps (O! gilded cage!)  
And curse the hours that quickly chime—  
The Book of Youth *hath* its golden page!

*Envoi.*

Work is a bore—so is pantomime,  
Glory of Youth in his golden prime,  
But you can't stand still on the larger stage—  
Tho' the Book of Youth hath its golden page!

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**CHARACTERS.**

(AFTER THEOPHRASTUS.)

**I.**

THE Inquisitive Man is a man with an everlasting craving for information. He had no sooner arrived in Cambridge than he incontinently asked, while "he walked round us in a ring," such pertinent questions as, "Is it hard to get your Blue?" and, "Will any third-year man ask me to tea?"

Since then he has refrained, after consideration, from depriving another man of the much coveted colour, though he still takes an interrogative and pathetic interest in those who are entitled to wear it. In this he takes his cue from a power that is.

He now consoles himself with the thought that, being in his own person a third-year man, with a few friends of tea-giving propensities, his second question may possibly (if not probably) be answered, at length, in the affirmative.

**II.**

The Sonorous Singer of Sad Songs is well known to all. The buoyancy of his own spirits during his doleful threnody more than compensates for any lack of cheerfulness among the audience. A modern poet<sup>1</sup> provides a suitable summary of such a song and singer:—

<sup>1</sup> Alfred Noyes.

“And the song he sang —  
And his nose looked very grand  
As he sang it, with a bliss  
Which we could not understand;  
For his voice was very sad,  
While his nose was proud and glad.”

## III.

The Good Man has a keen nose. He keeps morning chapels regularly; not, mark you, because he wills to be there, but because he does not will not to be there. He loves to hear lectures, and to give them—of the two he prefers the latter. He is a player of great merit at doctrinal ping-pong on Friday evenings—and in this, at least, is a sportsman. He treats of sacred things with an assurance in inverse ratio to his years. His dogmatism would be delightful if it were not dangerous. His charity is charming. He does not despair of his fellows, though they may despair of him. He is a good judge of evil: and has a wholesome respect for the father of it.

## IV.

An extremely common, though not unclean, type of man is the Little Man. He wears spectacles, but would probably prefer a mere monocle. He has tried his hand at most things. There was a time when he coaxed an unbending boat into many a stubborn bank. He has essayed Football, Fives, and even Fisticuffs—with a large man and qualified success. He might aptly be termed a “Jack o’ all trades.”

## V.

The Literary Lout looms large, locally, before our mental vision. He probably looms larger before his own. He is a great talker, but his periods are only less loose than his limbs. He loves the middle chair. His favourite motto is "Union is strength." He puffs perennially at a ponderous pipe. He walks with a stick and a pseudo-scholarly stoop. He is intelligent but not always intelligible.

## VI.

The Vehement Volunteer is a veritable Milo in all things military. In civil life he labours under doubts as to what you mean; he rarely finds out without becoming military once more. He has a deep-rooted antipathy to all trips, except to the rifle-range. His martial habiliments effectively separate his head from his shoulders; but, when once again "in stat. pup.," he more than makes up for their temporary severance by a series of tentative but comforting approximations.

## VII.

The Forward Child has become a "Little Boy Blue." This has no reference to his waistcoats, which, however, would raise jealousy in a Joseph. His vivid passion for History (in the abstract) has twice been baulked by mechanical means. Yet he spurns not natural science, and has been known to dabble in crural calorimetry. His conversation is pinched and purely personal. On Saturday,

the crowd cheers him ; on Sunday the "People." So far, he has seen life only through an opera-glass. He is a dear child (at any price) and, in Martial's words :—

"Bellus homo(?) est, flexos qui digerit ordine crines,  
Balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet."

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## MEN OF MARK.

### I.

F. L. MARLEY

(*President of the S. Bernard Society*).

THE Bernard Room is, or should be, the centre of all College interests. There the budding orator reiterates, quite unnecessarily, the assertion that he is unaccustomed to public speaking ; there the pianist, the violinist, the sentimental songster, and the humourist, are sometimes heard, though rarely seen ; there the connoisseur of "starting-prices," the football league statistician, and the student of theatrical astronomy find solace and refreshment—which they take during the progress of concert or debate, lest perchance their attention should embarrass speaker or performer. And there, throned on high, sits the President, clothed, *inter alia*, in the remnants of a gown and crowned with a well-used cap.

Francis Lindsay Marley declares that he is very old.

He was born in the early eighties of the last century. No portent heralded his birth, a fact which, in view of his later achievements, argues an unpardonable oversight in some department. During his tender years two private schools benefited by his presence; and, even at that remote period, he exhibited that athletic and intellectual prowess which is now the glory of Queens' and its example. In 1897 Dover College opened its gates to the still youthful genius, and there he continued in a blaze of glory for full five years. The cricket, football, and hockey fields knew him well; the fives courts recognised in him a constant patron; the chapel did not. In the school-room he excelled in mathematics, but, with characteristic modesty, refused to accept more than one prize during the whole of his school career.

On leaving school he made possible the "Entente Cordiale" by residing on the Continent for a year before entering Cambridge. Of his life at Queens' it is unnecessary to speak in detail.

"Si monumentum requiris, circumspecte,"

which is, being interpreted, "Information may be obtained from the porters."

The main field of his activities is, of course, the Bernard Room. After passing a brilliant year as Secretary, he succeeded in due course to the Presidential Chair, in which he is seen at his best. Once he contributed to the gaiety of nations by singing, once by speaking (in a "Rag" debate). Now he concentrates his energies in the benign yet firm exercise of his Presidential powers. His decrees are prompted more by a sense of equity than by a con-



*(Photo. by Messrs Stearn.)*

sciousness of rigid law ; this was especially notable during the revision of the Rules of the Society which he carried out in the presence of his faithful and obedient committee. In the days of his youth he graced an "eight," until dissuaded, by the doctor, from a premature suicide. He assists the Cricket XI, and, when playing on the home ground, has been known to encourage the local glazier. Some of his few moments of hard-earned leisure he devotes to billiards, with marked success. Bridge he abominates, having played once—for what stakes and with what result he will not confess. Within the precincts of the College his principal recreation seems to be poker-work: he is expert also with the dagger, and, on occasion, makes excellent practice with lump-sugar.

Tall, pale as to the face, with a comprehensive yet graceful stride, he is a familiar figure in the courts. He is, by profession, clean-shaven, save for a spasmodically incipient moustache. His conversation is varied and refined, and, in moments of excitement, is enriched with "purpurei panni" of a truly Ruskinian splendour ; he has never heard the Rt. Hon. John Burns speak. In brief, his departure from Cambridge, whenever it happens, will leave an aching void in Queens'; and it is with a rather sorry smile that we lay aside our peculiar sorrow and try to congratulate the inhabitants of the new happy valley of his sojourning. He will go, but never will he be forgotten !

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## YEARS.

By one who has seen many.  
With some hints on a new Philosophy.

THE discussion of the seven ages of man has degenerated into a habit among great writers, and therefore there is little fear that this effusion will attempt the task of a consideration of even three—albeit otherwise there is much herein that might accord well with the spirit of the melancholy Jaques. It is the intention of this article to treat of Years in general—and of the First Year in particular. The writer claims, as an onlooker, the privilege of seeing most of the game, and, as one in a more advanced stage of academical existence, the privilege of giving advice.

The casual observer of the latest batch of pilgrims to the shrine of knowledge is damped by a feeling of undefined dissatisfaction. Individually, there is, in most cases, much to be said for them, but, as a whole, *quâ* year, so to speak, they give an impression of passivity, not to say dulness. There is, to begin with, a striking lack of initiative. One might almost call their attitude that of timidity, while any attempt at true self-confidence (one of the greatest gifts of our academical career), is seemingly still beyond their reach. With one or two notable exceptions, their manners still show traces of an archaic punctiliousness; their language is still comprehensible. In short, there is a decided lack of the "*abandon séduisant*"

in their character. When in the presence of an ebullition of animal spirits, in which it is the glory of their seniors to abound, they exhibit an attitude of half-amused, but nervous deprecation. They are even affirmatively modest on occasion. There are none among them who excel at drubbing with bludgeon-like tongue and borrowed Aeschylean phraseology any victim sufficiently helpless. There is nowhere the calm strut of dignified *embonpoint*, and aggressive air of appropriation. They have not even got the faculty of gracefully reclining in armchairs for long periods of time—as their seniors can, on and off, for days and days and days—(provided the “Fields” hold out). They cannot even produce a contortionist!

My children! 'tis plain some deeper remedy than mere worldly advice must be offered,—some drug to take the evil at the roots. And my message to you is thusly—take back again to your hearts the wisdom of childhood. Of this philosophy (called in Germany, that seedplot of great thought, the *Kindergartenismus*) it is our special privilege to be the nucleus, the centre from which all its power radiates. The second year have advanced to a state of proficiency therein which in itself argues the excellence of the doctrine. But we look to you—you, the lambkins of our tiny flock,—to perpetuate its glorious tenets, and to bequeath to the world at large a knowledge which shall be a possession for ever.

Call back to your minds in every act or thought the sentiments you had as children. Learn to scoff at the so-called “truth” put forward by such as are vulgarly considered to be authorities. Think of nothing which is not the production of your own individual mind—so you

shall certainly attain to the culminating excellence of total absence of thought. Do not omit to express your disregard for these same "truth"-mongers by showing a lack of respect towards them when 'tis safe to do so. Re-incarnate the nursery existence mentally and physically. Devote your whole time to the work, and omit no trifle—only first be well assured that it *is* a trifle. Let your exercises of mind be such as shall conduce to the absence of it,—Nap and Beggar-my-Neighbour! Clap hands and crow with joy at sight of crackers, worship the rocket, the Roman candle and

"Vos, aeterni ignes!"

*i.e.* your everlasting bonfires. Learn to hurl with aim unerring articles of diet across the board—imitate the noble savage in grotesque and naïve incongruity of decoration mural and personal. Refute the fallacy of those exhorting you to treat "your neighbour's property as your own," by a brilliant demonstration that it is not. Spare not to turn inside-out the apartments and property of your condisciples. Let your heart echo the cry of one of the shining lights of the New Philosophy:—"O that I had the mind of a child!" and persevere until you have obtained your desire as truly as he. So shall ye become men, and fit to rule men, and Alma Mater shall not feel shame for you.

AETNA.

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## REPORTS.

Q. C. C. U.

LIKE most kindred societies the Queens' College Christian Union had a very simple beginning. The Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting was instituted about thirty years ago. Some fifteen years afterwards it became united with a younger society known as the "Pie Posse." In 1893 there was a reorganisation, and the Union received its present name.

The following is a list of the Presidents since 1893 :—

1893. W. J. Price.	1900. H. A. Brewer.
1894. C. R. Quainton.	1901. E. C. Stephens.
1895. E. B. Hooper.	1902. J. E. T. Evitt.
1896. G. Askwith.	1903. W. Eatherley.
1897. H. J. Cossar.	1904. H. D. Salmon.
1898. C. F. Hardie.	1905. H. F. Steel.
1899. H. J. Parsons.	1906. A. C. M. Maynard.

It may be well in this first number of the *Queens' Courier* to indicate briefly the aims of the Union. They are :—

- I. To unite, as far as possible, all Christian men of whatever school of thought, for the purpose of mutual encouragement and for the extension of Christ's Kingdom.
- II. To afford a means of information and discussion on the various aspects of religious truth.

The list of speakers last term was strong, and the meetings were well attended.

Oct. 20th.....	“Collects.”.....	Rev. A. Wright, D.D.
„ 27th.....	“The Forgiveness of Sins.”.....	Rev. Prof. Kennett, M.A.
Nov. 3rd.....	“The Society of Friends.”.....	H. W. Harris, B.A.
„ 10th.....	“The Re-Union of Christendom.”...A. T. Wise, B.A.	
Nov. 17th.....	“Regeneration and Redemption.”... J. R. S. Taylor.	
„ 24th.....	“Does God suffer?”.....	Rev. G. A. Johnston-Ross, M.A.
Dec. 1st.....	“The Inspiration of Scripture.”.....	Rev. G. T. Manley, M.A.

The Committee would like to take this opportunity to thank those gentlemen who have so kindly put their rooms at the Union's disposal for meetings during the past term.

G. A. M.

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## THE ERASMUS SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the Michaelmas Term was held on October 23rd. Mr C. R. Reddy of S. John's read an exceedingly able paper on the “Religion of the Hindu.” The visitor's flow of language was extraordinary—and we venture to think that at times he soared above the heads even of the more erudite members of the Society. Mr Reddy is, however, always interesting and we hope he will repeat his kindness by reading again in the near future.

On Sunday, November 5th, a somewhat meagre House met to exhibit its taste in modern poetry. Mr Veysey entertained us with piquant selections from a book of poems by Alfred Noyes. Mr Green enunciated Kipling with evident appreciation. Mr Marley read several of the Breitmann Ballads to the delight of all present, whose merriment threatened to border on the unseemly. Other members contributed various short poems.

By the kind intervention of Mr Wood, our Vice-President, the third meeting of the term was held in the Combination-room on Nov. 13th, when Professor Ridgeway fulfilled the promise which he had so kindly given last May Term, by recounting in a most delightful manner the history of the Cambridgeshire Dykes. The Professor's attractive theories, combined with his interesting method of expressing them, held the meeting enthralled. He was materially assisted in his discourse by a map—one of the many products of Mr Wood's versatile genius—drawn beforehand on a blackboard. After the lecture, Professor Ridgeway showed us some coins which had been found in these Dykes, and, for about half-an-hour, discussed several topics of antiquarian interest. Altogether it was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year, though the number of the audience was not up to that anticipated.

On Sunday evening, November 19th, Mr A. B. Cook read a paper before the Society, on the relation between classical and Christian religious ideals. The distinguished visitor's beautiful English added a special charm to his interesting and thoughtful essay—of which the main point was to indicate the inability of the ancients to apprehend "Love" in the true Christian sense. Mr Cook's remarks

were appreciated to the full; and the discussion which followed the paper ended, at least for some of us, far too soon. The Society, we feel sure, was deeply grateful to Mr Cook for coming, as all must be aware how many and how various are the calls on his time. This meeting was fairly well attended; and we hope in future to see as many as possible at the papers read before the Society.

G. L. H.

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## THE QUAERISTS.

ONE looks forward with interest to the Quærist meeting at which the only persons present will be the President, the Secretary, and the reader. Certainly the subjects provided for discussion do not seem to be up to the level of the intellect of the College—or is it that the intellect is not equal to the subjects? Whichever be the case, the zeal of last year seems to have betaken itself to fresh woods and pastures new. We await with eagerness the new form of its manifestation.

The course of meetings was begun by Professor Kennett, who delivered a paper dealing with the subject of Jesus Christ as a prophet. He showed an appreciative audience how far one can remain from a true estimate of character by contemplating only one point of view, and helped to broaden that view by emphasizing the national side of the character of Christ.

Mr F. K. Clark followed by eulogising the "vales of Arcady." He complained that the ground of originality had already been covered by other great men, and did not attempt to intrude. His paper showed a careful arrangement of well-read matter.

As many as could be lured from sharing the cracker and the bonfire with the citizens of Cambridge, heard an extremely instructive paper by the Rev. C. H. W. Johns on the Babylonian Ideas of Life after Death. The meeting gained an appreciation of a subject little known to any, and a basis for further knowledge of the same.

The Rev. C. T. Wood delivered a paper on the Inspiration of the Old Testament. The largeness of his subject, as he said, precluded a full discussion of all the details, but all that could come within the limits of one paper, that, and more, Mr Wood made clear, suggesting the key to difficulties which he did not discuss in person.

The next meeting was addressed by Mr S. A. Cook, of Caius, on the earliest code of laws in the world. The works of Hammurabi, and their interest to the antiquary, the theologian and the sociologist, made a theme at once novel and instructive, and the subject was enhanced by the privilege of receiving the information from the fountain-head.

The sixth and last meeting of the Michaelmas Term was held on Dec. 7. Mr J. K. Mozley (Pembroke) read a paper entitled "The Doctrine of Salvation," which was, in effect, an essay on the relation of mankind to God. Mr Mozley's treatment of his subject was most lucid and admirably expressed. A short discussion followed.

I. G. K.

With reference to the general status of the "Quaerists" it seems necessary to remark (on account of the poor attendance at meetings during the Michaelmas Term) that the Quaerist Society does not exist for devotional purposes, but rather for the discussion of theological and philosophical questions in their general relation to modern thought. The Quaerists are in no way in antagonism to the Q. C. C. U. but should rather be considered as complementary to that Society.

A. P. S. S.

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## S. BERNARD SOCIETY.

IT is with feelings of some regret that we take up our pen to write a review of last term's proceedings in this Society, once the home of such eloquence and learning. With the exception of one speaker among the Freshmen, practically no new talent has come to the front and the attendance was on one occasion so limited that it was felt imperative to demand a count-out, thereby nipping a promising discussion in the bud. Amongst others of lesser interest we can recall a delightful debate, a strife of giants in fact, wherein two members of the Combination-room, having left their monastic seclusion with evident reluctance and no less evident unselfishness, took a prominent and amusing part. But such visits are obviously an unusual luxury. Messrs Sheppard, Reddy, Grazebrook and Livingstone accepted our invitation to the annual visitors' debate and contributed to our entertainment in speeches of varying erudition.

In the musical side of our Society we have been more fortunate. A great many members of the first year were beguiled into accepting the Secretary's invitation, and we congratulate ourselves on the advent of a new pianist of undoubted merit and good will. Quite a new feature has been the number of visitors who have charmed the Bernard Room with performances of which any College Society might be proud. Among these have been Messrs Markham, Sells, Bottomley, and Chadwick. We take this opportunity of publicly expressing our gratitude to them and apologising for the dense atmosphere of the room.

There seems to exist a certain unaccountable air of shyness among new members. If only they will read our article on the President, which we print elsewhere, we feel sure they will realize what a kind heart lies beneath his grim exterior. Our final appeal is for greater interest to be taken in the Bernard Room, which should rightly be one of the most important centres of College life.

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## NUIT BLANCHE.

LIKE ships at sea  
In a storm are we,  
Where rest and peace are rare;  
And where we are going  
There's little knowing—  
Until we find we are there!

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AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,  
AUGUST 30, 1905.

ABOUT thirty years ago my friend Mr E. J. Stone (formerly Fellow of Queens', at the time Honorary Fellow of Queens' and Astronomer Royal at the Cape, soon to become Radcliffe Observer at Oxford), gave me an account of an expedition which he had made from Capetown to observe an eclipse of the sun. He had travelled with his wife above a thousand miles over the veldt in a waggon drawn by fourteen oxen under the charge of a Boer, whose insolence was so much of a piece with that of his compatriots, that even in those early days Stone assured me, that if we meant to retain S. Africa we must fight the Dutch. The Professor set up his telescope (by permission) in an ostrich farm. The birds passed him quite quietly every night and morning, as they came home or went forth to feed. It never occurred to him to set up a fence against them, yet the neglect to do so nearly cost him his life, for at the moment of totality the silly creatures, terrified by the sudden darkness, stampeded homewards. While intent on observing, he was surrounded by wildly racing feet and clapping wings. It was a narrow escape. I cannot recall all the details of his narrative, but I well remember the conclusion:—"If ever you have the chance of witnessing an eclipse, by all means avail yourself of it, for the spectacle is most impressive."

With such advice from such a man, I studied the almanack. But in many years there was no eclipse of

the sun, in some an eclipse fell in full term, in others it was visible at Kamtchatka: on two occasions only have conditions been at all favourable.

In August, 1896, the moon's shadow crossed a narrow belt of land in northern Norway. The central line of totality passed from the North Sea near Tromsø westwards, till it reached the Arctic Ocean at Vardö, where Norway joins Russia.

Now before travelling five thousand miles to see an eclipse, it is well to ask what chance there is of clear skies, for an envious cloud may shut out the whole spectacle. Of all the countries which I have visited I should put into the first class, for astronomical purposes, Egypt, Syria, S. America, and New Zealand: a host of regions compete for a second class; Great Britain and Ireland deserve a doubtful third; but the Arctic regions of Norway are not worthy to be classed. In the land of the midnight sun what is gained in quantity is lost in quality. The sun shines persistently for twenty-four hours every day, but for weeks together he fails to warm you or to cast a shadow. Reason therefore said "Stay at home." Nevertheless the sun sometimes breaks forth even at the North Cape and there were considerations which made me hope against hope that he would do so on this occasion. (1) My eldest nephew had just secured a place among the wranglers. He had been an ardent astronomer for years and had spent his leisure hours in grinding telescope lenses. He needed a holiday and might never again have a chance. (2) Dr Lunn organized an attractive tour, landing us at Vardö for the eclipse, but arranging also for tours among the fjords. So we resolved to venture,

rather (it must be confessed) for a pleasant excursion than with any great expectation of seeing the corona. Nor was fortune more favourable than we anticipated. Not only did we encounter terrific seas in crossing, but when the destined day arrived the clouds were at their thickest. They cleared for two seconds, just enabling us to see the sun as a crescent, but they closed in again. We felt the horror of darkness, all the more after enjoying—or being plagued with?—uninterrupted daylight for a fortnight. Gulls hurried past us to their roosting-places. A reindeer on our island lay down to sleep and I all but succeeded in touching it before it bounded away. A hundred tiny lamps shone out, marking the places where disappointed astronomers were stationed on the hillside. It was a weird and fearsome sight, but for astronomical purposes a total failure. Of course the sky was clear at Tromsø! And Professor Stone in Baden-Powell's yacht at Novaya Zemlaya had brilliant sunshine! He paid for it by suffering shipwreck, for in the ill-explored harbour the vessel ran aground and could not be floated for a week. It heeled over, till his cabin made an angle of  $25^{\circ}$ . He slept in darkness, for the port-hole was under water!

Nothing daunted by these disasters I looked forward to the next chance, which presented itself on August 30th of last year, when the moon's shadow crossed Spain. There were many reasons for indulging more hope this time. (1) Spain for spectacular purposes deserves a high place in the second class. (2) Sun-spots were at their maximum of activity and therefore the corona would be unusually good. (3) The hour was 1 p.m., as compared with 6 a.m. last time. The sun therefore would be well above the

clouds which beset the horizon. (4) The duration of totality was  $3'42''$  as compared with  $1'40''$  in 1896. (5) The time of year entitled us to expect smooth seas.

Early therefore in January I began to make inquiries about means of transport. Dr Lunn promised a boat to the north of Spain, but this promise was not kept. Thos. Cook organized two expeditions, one to Burgos, the other to the Balearic Isles. I would gladly have renewed my acquaintance with the lovely cathedral at Burgos, but I knew better than to trust myself to Spanish railways or Spanish hotels at a crowded time. Cook's charges were high, yet no accommodation was offered beyond the local means of transport. There would therefore be many changes, dusty railway journeys and crowded steamers. In expectation of some better offer I waited till the end of July. At last the Orient Pacific Co. came to the rescue just as I was writing to secure places with Cook. They run a mail steamer to Australia every fortnight. The steamer starts from London, but runs to Marseilles nearly empty, as a rule, because the Colonials prefer to save a week and avoid the Bay of Biscay, by performing the first stage of the journey overland. It so happened that a boat—the *Ortona*—was timed to start on such a day, that it could reach the central line of totality at the required hour if its pace could be accelerated by three knots. This was merely a question of burning coal. For 70 tons a day the usual 12 knots could be made; for 150 tons, 15 knots. The company decided to make the offer and they met with a sufficient reward. About 250 astronomers and sightseers accepted. For £18 apiece we were supplied with first-class tickets with fourteen days at

sea and as many more on land as we chose to pay for. To anyone who has a wholesome liking for salt water, the trip with its sight of Gibraltar is worth doing even without an eclipse. The ships were twin-screws, of 9,000 tons burden and 10,000 horse-power.

Six of us started, five in all the excitement of their first voyage. In one respect we had some cause to grumble, for Neptune showed more than his usual jealousy. On the outward journey we had three rough days and four smooth. On returning the sea ran so high that the steamer could not enter the sorry harbour at Marseilles, but lay in the bay, where we reached her by carriages and a tender. After that four days were stormy and three rough. We finished up with a hurricane in the Channel. Nevertheless we were tolerably contented, for (1) in so large a vessel the motion is comparatively slight. (2) The sea was perfectly calm on the 30th. (3) The mistral at Marseilles cleared away the sultry heat and the swarms of mosquitoes which we expected, giving us two lovely days for Arles and Avignon. (4) On the return we had the great satisfaction of rescuing a castaway off the coast of Portugal. This man in one respect had beaten S. Paul's record, for whereas the Apostle writes, "A night and a day have I been in the deep," our Portuguese common sailor had spent three nights astride a couple of planks, which he and his two mates had lashed together. Soaked in brine, chilled to the marrow, without sleep or food, with "Water, water everywhere, Nor any drop to drink," he saw his companions succumb. Two ships passed without seeing him. When ours drew near he was too much exhausted to hail it till the whistle attracted his attention.

There are six principal things to observe in an eclipse. (1) The first point of contact, which takes place about an hour before totality. (2) The rapid sweep of the moon's shadow as it rushes over the earth. (3) Baily's Beads. (4) The red hydrogen flames, which extend about 250,000 miles from the sun's disk. (5) The corona. (6) The last point of contact.

Except during totality dark glasses are needed to protect the eye. We were warned not to look much at the sun during the hour after the first point of contact, lest our eyes should be too fatigued to see the corona. But I had arranged three thicknesses of smoked glass which so effectually cut off the light that I could gaze with impunity as long as I liked. Baily's Beads and the hydrogen flames can only be seen with a telescope or good field-glass. I brought a binocular, but when the cold of the eclipse drove me into my cabin for an overcoat I stupidly left the glass behind! This, however, was no great loss, for the hydrogen flames can be seen any day in a spectroscope, and Baily's Beads are simply shadows cast by the jagged craters of the moon's volcanoes. The corona can only be seen during totality and it is a shame to divert attention from it.

I was on deck before sunrise on the destined day. The sky was brilliantly clear and the sunrise magnificent. The only question was "would it last?" So much depended on the issue that I could not but be anxious. Nor were my fears without reason. At eleven o'clock fleecy clouds began to gather: at twelve the sky was everywhere flecked with them. The sun was entirely covered at the first point of contact. Evaporation from the Mediterranean in August

is enormous; the air is almost saturated; and the icy cold of the eclipse must surely condense it. Between twelve and one, however, the sky actually improved! The disk of the moon was intensely black. The moon appeared as a sphere. Gradually it overtook the sun, biting a larger piece out of his surface, till no more was left of him than a thin crescent of exquisite brilliance, then a fine semi-circular line, at last a mere point, and then, behold, it vanished and the corona burst on our view. I was so much entranced with the changes in the sun that I altogether missed the moon's shadow!

The corona was a far more brilliant spectacle than I was prepared for. I had seen the aurora borealis and many comets. I expected the corona to yield such light as you get from them, faint and ill-defined flashes, bright near the sun, but vanishing into space. But it formed a halo of almost uniform length and brightness. It extended round the sun about one and a half diameters. The light was scarcely less than the full moon yields on a clear night. I could quite easily read my watch by it. We could see Venus, but not Regulus nor Mercury, though they were near. A lurid light covered land, sea, and cloud. It was a huge piece of celestial fireworks, an immense Catharine-wheel, or a million squibs let off at the same moment. No sooner did the first pencil of returning sunlight appear than the vision disappeared. Though only a single ray passed, it compelled me to resume my dark glasses. I never realized till then the intense luminosity of sunlight. Ten minutes afterwards the sun was lost in cloud and the whole company retired for lunch. I stood alone on the upper deck when the last point of contact occurred.

And now it may be asked, What is the corona? I am no physicist, but some second-hand information may be acceptable. When I was a boy there was a general belief that the corona was an optical illusion created by the earth's atmosphere! It was therefore considered to be quite small and unimportant, as unsubstantial as the hues of a rainbow. Others said it was produced by the moon's atmosphere. Later researches established the truth that the moon has no atmosphere, but it was left to the spectroscopist to demonstrate that the corona is produced by the sun. This fact alters the whole conception about it. Its rays cannot be less than a million miles in length. They are now held to be electrons, shot forth from the sun-spots. Hence they are brightest when the sun-spots are largest. They never return to the sun, but rush through stellar space, performing (perhaps) important functions, which we do not yet understand. Magnetic storms are produced by them and the aurora borealis is the fag-end of such of them as reach the earth. Though we can only see them during an eclipse, they are of course continually streaming forth.

I can only advise the reader to go and see an eclipse if he gets a chance. Barring bad weather I can promise him that he will be rewarded.

A. WRIGHT.

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## TO A RAILWAY PORTER.

**D**RINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 For such a draught is inexpensive;  
 But why that look of sad surprise—  
 Prithee! good fellow, why so pensive?

Ah no! I have not any change,  
 I do not bear loose coin about me—  
 'Twas good of thee to so arrange  
 My trunks. What had I done without thee?

## THE RAGLAN LETTERS.

[We are requested to make public the following  
 correspondence. EDD.]

[*Deciphered.*]

QUEENS' COLLEGE.

*Jan. 15, 1906.*

DEAR MR FENNER,

I wish to get a little practice before the 'Varsity matches begin. Please have the ground prepared for me—and send terms and the date of the match *v.* New Zealand.

Yours truly,

HORATIO RAGLAN.

FENNER'S,

*Jan. 16, 1906.*

SIR,

Your favour to hand. Beg to state name not Fenner's. New Zealand match not on the card—but could be arranged. Are you batsman or bowler? And do you desire fielding practice—terms in proportion? We have put unemployed on to roll the ground as per specification. An early reply will oblige,

Yours obediently,

J. B. *pro* K. S. R.

L, QUEENS' COLLEGE,

*Jan. 16, 1906.*

MY DEAR J. B. *pro* K. S. R.,

Your letter surprised me. Do you read the papers? I BOWL, medium to terrific, round the sticks (as one may say), right hand. I do not deny having batted on occasion. For full particulars of my performances, *vide* (= see) the *Granta*, May, June, 1905, in the file at the Union (of which I am on the Committee). Mention my name.

Yours truly,

HORATIO RAGLAN.

FENNER'S,

Jan. 31, 1906.

[1 Enclosure.]

SIR,

Name is not J. B. *pro* K. S. R., which as it is James Brown and a good *plain* name at that. I mentioned your name. I enclose the bill for damages. Am nearly well again.

The terms are 1/6 per half-hour, exclusive of meals. Force, Grape nuts and cream (not less than sixpenny worth) may be obtained on the ground.

Yours obediently,

J. B. *pro* K. S. R.

P.S. The terms are of course for the use of one professional only. Should you require to bowl at more than one at a time, I shall be pleased to quote you special terms. Kindly state if fieldsmen will be necessary.

L, QUEENS' COLLEGE,

Jan. 31, 1906.

MY GOOD MAN,

Your name is a matter of trifling importance. By the sale of mine you may pay your doctor's bill. I caused enquiries to be made about you at the Union, and am not surprised at the treatment you received. Your face, Sir, apparently was not your fortune. I am writing to exonerate the Union Society officials entirely.

Sir—after deep cogitation during hours usually devoted to theosophical speculation and to the manufacture of rich-gilded sneers of varied pungency and delicate humour—I have arrived at a conclusion, on several grounds. In the first place, Sir, evolution has been running its course independently, Sir, of you! Secondly, Sir, and consequently, it were beneath my dignity and breach of my well-known opinions as to social intercourse, to continue this correspondence with one, Sir, whom I deem unworthy of such honour. I do not mix with [word illegible—perhaps “louts.” EDD.]. Thirdly, Sir, and finally, I remain

HORATIO E. H. S. RAGLAN.

P.S. Have you read Rabelais. I think many of his remarks might be aptly applied to you.

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## WE HAVE HEARD—

That the old statute against bathing in the Cam has never been repealed and is now to be enforced. “Si quis scholarium rivum, stagnum, aut aliam aquam quamcunque intra comitatum Cantabrigiae, natandi seu lavandi causa, diurno vel nocturno tempore, ingrediatur, verberibus castigetur.” The penalty for B.A.’s, however, is not to

be flogged, but to sit for one day in the stocks in the College Hall. Kemp has received orders to carry out sentence on Mr W-bb-, and others.

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That all Cambridge M.A.'s in residence have received a request from the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnography, that they will send a copy of their photographs, presumably to be used as links in the long line. Who said Darwin? And who Bertillon?

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The following Story. "Classics!" ejaculated the mathematical Don, in the manner of one who disgorges an election-egg; "it was Mathematics that spanned the Victoria Falls." "You forget," retorted the classical Don, "that Classics have spanned a gulf ten thousand times as broad. Classics have built the greatest bridge that ever was—they have linked the past with the present!" "But," said the M.D. with ill-assumed sadness, "but it is, I fear me, with a *pons asinorum*!"

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A suggestion that the eights should be labelled in the same fashion as their table in Hall—to prevent mistakes.

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## POPULAR SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

It is suggested that the programme of the Lent Concert should be somewhat as follows:—

*President:* F. L. MARLEY.

*Stage Manager*  
*Business Manager* } J. F. BARTON.  
*Proprietor*

*Hon. Sec.:* R. H. E. H. SOMERSET.

1. Song.....“If no one ever marries me.”  
The Hon. Sec.
2. Song.....“Is there room for Mary there?”  
J. F. Barton (v.-sup.).
3. Humorous Song...“Shall I be an angel, Daddy?”  
N. A. Alcock.
4. Recitation (by request)...“Oh! for a burst of song!”  
F. K. Clark.
5. Song.....“Who carries the gun?”  
L. T. Pearson.
6. Duet.....“The Song of Sleep.”... (arr. R. H. E. H. S.)  
F. L. Marley and J. E. J. Taylor.
7. Chorus.....“In Cellar Cool.”  
The Sphinx Club and Friends.
8. Song..... “Ma curly-headed Babby.”  
H. C. Perry.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

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**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

G. A. C. ; J. F. B. ; P. St G. K. (and others). No: the College is not for sale, but the Presidency will soon be vacant. Apply early.

FUNNY MAN. Try this: Why did A. B. cook? Because C. T. wouldn't; *or*, Where did C. A. chase? On the banks of Allan Water.

FRIAR. We are not sure what "hung-up" means. Look up under "wool."

F. K. C. It is Madame Patti who has sold her vocal chords, &c.: but doubtless the hospitals have room for yours, though the College has not.

NOVELIST. Yes: our columns are all covered as to copyright.

PONTIUS. Your situation is delicate. (1) Try Newskin. (2) Don't work so hard. (3) Yes, it does: but remember the Spartan Boy.

R. H. E. H. S. (1) Historical considerations preclude the idea that the words "Thou art a scholar...Horatio" were aimed at you. (2) Your resolution is courageous. Get a residential qualification for Yorkshire; but mind you don't hurt Rhodes' feelings.

CIRCUS. Try the World's Fair. In private life never mind both at a time. Yes, it is certainly picturesque.

G. L. H. "Haussement d'épaules" is the French euphemism. It expresses self-consciousness or repressed irritation. Use both shoulders at once occasionally.

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**CORRESPONDENCE.**

*To the Editor.*

SIR,

In the interests of moral and physical economy may I be allowed to encroach upon your valuable space and suggest that a permanent electric light be placed over the Sporting Notice Board, instead of the present occasional flicker of the feeble flame of a fickle match?

Yours truly,

LIGHT IN A SUBTERRANEAN TROPIC.

[The members of the Combination Room are subscribing to the Magazine and will therefore see this request. But how can a Notice Board be sporting?—EDD.]

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**NOTICE TO READERS, &c.**

IF the *Courier* receives adequate support, it is hoped that it will be published twice yearly—that is, at the division of the Lent and at the end of the May Term.

Contributions to the next number are earnestly solicited. They should be written legibly on one side of the paper, and should be signed. The signatures will not be published except by special request, or in reports from College Clubs and Societies, and are only required as a guarantee of good faith.

News of old Queens' men will be very welcome.