

DR. CONWAY'S LECTURE ON VIRGIL.

Professor Conway, in speaking of Virgil, dealt with two aspects of the poet's character as illustrated in his works, namely his simplicity and his attitude toward Providence. Virgil's simplicity, he said, is that of the man who has one end in view, and pursues it steadily through all the vicissitudes of circumstance, never diverted by side issues or by lower aims. Such a man was Virgil's hero Æneas, and the Æneid is the story of his perseverance and unswerving faith, through all the troubles which envious Juno could bring upon him. It was this loyal obedience to the will of the gods which earned for him the name of "pious" Æneas. In minor characters of the Æneid one can trace the same simplicity or singleness of motive. Virgil also shows that it is an essential part of the character of Rome, which left Art and Science to other nations, and bent all her powers on war, conquest and government.

Others, belike, with happier grace
 From bronze or stone shall call the face;
 Plead doubtful causes, map the skies,
 And tell when planets set or rise.
 But, Roman, thou, do thou control
 The nations far and wide:
 Be this thy genius, to impose
 The rule of peace on vanquished foes,
 Show pity to the humbled soul,
 And crush the sons of pride.

We see another side of Virgil's simplicity in the Georgics. Born and brought up on a farm in North Italy, Virgil naturally contrasted his early surroundings with the luxury and corruption of the capital, for which he believed a cure might be found in a return to a simple country life. The "Georgics" is a practical treatise on farming, but it also tells the farmer how he should view his work in relation to the rest of life. It is his duty to supply the great and simple needs of the community. In doing so he is brought daily into intimate contact with the purest and simplest sources of pleasure, in his work among "tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd." According to Virgil there is an instinctive sympathy between the farm animals and their master. His hard-working servants, the oxen, mourn with him when he is in trouble. The same pleasant feeling of friendliness extends to the moles and field-mice and the other little wild creatures on the farm. Virgil's quick sympathy regards the young vine-tendrils as needing the farmer's loving care and guidance, while the very flowers, adorning themselves in their robes, have a life of their own. In the habits of bees and ants the poet sees a picture of human life. It is plain that he is thinking bitterly of all the bloodshed of the civil wars, as he describes the deadly battles of the bee-people, so easily quelled by scattering a handful of dust.

Living thus in close companionship with nature, a farmer should find his calling full of dignity, characterised by simple aims, simple needs and pleasures, and as such, to be esteemed far above the life of court or forum.

Happy, too, is he who decks the bowers
 Of Sylvanus, and adores the rural powers,
 Whose mind, unmoved, the bribes of courts can see,
 Their glittering baits and purple slavery;
 Nor hopes the people's praise nor fears their frown,
 Nor, when contending kindred tear the crown,
 Will set one up or pull another down.

The second aspect of Virgil's character of which Dr. Conway spoke was his attitude to Providence. In an epic poem, he said, the real hero is Providence, and the whole progress of events is directed towards some great and destined end. In the Æneid this end is the foundation of a new city by Æneas and the Trojans. Virgil shows how this is brought about by the interaction of the divine will and human forces, and in the details of the action we find the same two causes at work. In the second book of the Æneid, when the

Trojans disregard Laocoon's warnings and lead the wooden horse into Troy, Æneas' comment is:—

Si fata deum, si mens non læva fuisset,
Troiaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.

That is to say, he traces the fall of Troy to the will of the gods and also to the blindness and infatuation of the Trojans, whose doom is the outcome of eternal law which they themselves had broken. The event, as so often in Virgil, is not supernatural but "internatural." Virgil believed in the justice of Providence, even when confronted with the hapless fate of those who are victims of its apparent cruelty—"children, unwedded maids and youths cast on the funeral pyre before their parents' eyes." He would have them submit, but for the few who revolt and fight to the end in hopeless resistance to the divine will, he has only pity, intense, clear-eyed, unappalled and unflinching. Such characters in the Æneid are Turnus and Dido, and their story is told with so much sympathy that someone has said; "I would rather be blamed by Virgil than praised by any other poet."

A. M. GREGORY.

NEW PICTURES.

If we look at our new pictures, it is clear that no two artists see the same thing quite in the same way; and, moreover, that the scenes around them and the thoughts and manners of their time influence greatly their choice of subject and method of expression.

Raphael, a copy of whose "Madonna di San Sisto" hangs in the Middle III. Form-room, was born in 1483, at a time which has been called the golden age of Italian art. Each large town had its group of artists, who studied together and helped each other. Each town possessed also fine examples of the work of former masters in sculpture, painting, and other crafts. At Perugia was the famous school of Pietro Perugino, and here Raphael was placed, when he was about twelve years old. Later, he went to Florence, and, after his fame had spread, to Rome, where most of his finest work was done. It was when he was living in Rome that the Benedictines of Placentia asked him to paint for their cloister of San Sisto an altarpiece which should contain, beside the Madonna and Child, the Saints Barbara and Sixtus. Our photograph does not show all the figures. The saints are on either side, and S. Barbara is looking down towards two child angels who are resting their arms on a balustrade below. Another of Raphael's paintings was intended for the monks of Palermo, but was shipwrecked on the way there, and drifted ashore at Genoa. The townsfolk opened the watertight case, and were beside themselves with delight at the unexpected arrival, until a message from the Pope obliged them to pack up the treasure and send it on to its rightful owners. An extraordinarily fine work, for whose completion people had long been eagerly waiting, was sometimes carried in procession through the streets of a city. At Raphael's death, the people who followed his funeral to the Church of the Pantheon carried aloft the "Transfiguration," which he had painted only a short time before.

The painter of the Doge Loredano's portrait, Giovanni Bellini, lived amongst the nobles of Venice when that city was most perfectly governed, and at the time of its purest art. It was a law that "whoever should attain to a certain degree of eminence should cause his likeness to be portrayed," and as Bellini was State painter, to him fell the duty of portraying the fine face of the Doge Loredano. Giovanni, and his brother Gentile, whose work was only slightly inferior to his own, were devoted to each other, and to their father, for whom they worked as long as he needed them. In 1505, Dürer, coming from Nuremberg to study in Italy, speaks of the courtesy and encouragement he received from Giovanni Bellini, then about eighty years old. "They made me a gentleman in Venice," he says.

In very different surroundings, three hundred years later, Turner lived. He spent most of his early life in London at the docks, in and out of the ships, and learning all the look of the river by heart. After he had become the greatest English landscape artist, and had painted a very large number of works, amongst which were the "Victory of Trafalgar," and the "Death of Nelson," he saw one evening at Greenwich the old Trafalgar battleship being towed into dock for the last time, with a wonderful sunset sky behind her. From memory of that scene came the picture of the "Fighting Téméraire."

Many celebrities of the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds came to his studio in Leicester Square to sit for their portraits in very gorgeous attire, wearing powdered wigs and buckled shoes. But when painting children, Sir Joshua never posed them stiffly, but watched them enjoying games with their dogs or resting under the trees, and then he made pictures of them. The "Age of Innocence" is perhaps the most beautiful of all his studies of children.

The remaining pictures presented to us by Dr. and Mrs. Paul Bowes are : "An Adoring Angel," by Filippino Lippi; "The Great Refusal," "Christ Blessing Little Children," and "The Good Shepherd," by Hoffman; "The Infant Daughter of Charles the First," by Vandyke; "Chichester Canal," by Turner; "Chill October," by Millais; and "The Pool of London," by Vicat Cole.

H. SHAW.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE EXHIBITION.

In September, 1911, the Lower and Upper Fifth and the Sixth Forms visited the Manchester Art Gallery, where a fine collection of works by Ford Madox Brown and the Pre-Raphaelites was exhibited. The pictures illustrated every aspect of the revolutionary movement in Art which began in the middle of the nineteenth century.

It is difficult for us to realise the opposition which the three young painters, Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti, met with at the beginning of their career, when they revolted against the rules and fashions in Art, which had been followed ever since the time of Raphael. Certain recipes concerning the amount of light and shade to be put into a picture, and the way the figures should be arranged had been carefully worked out, and the results were weak historical compositions, pictures of nymphs in impossible gardens, and unreal portraits with artificial backgrounds; all these having been regularly produced, and much admired. Holman Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti resolved to paint directly from Nature as did the early Italians, though using to the full all the knowledge that modern opportunity gave them. Rossetti's first two works, the "Annunciation," and the "Girlhood of the Virgin," show that he adopted not only the spirit of the early masters, but something also of the quaint style in which they drew.

By examining the pencil, pen, and chalk studies, portraits, and preliminary sketches, by all three men, we can form an idea of the amount of patient work which preceded each completed picture, every part of which was painted again direct from life. Relations and friends were often made to serve as models. Christina Rossetti was the Virgin of her brother's first two pictures, and Mrs. Rossetti sat for S. Anne in the "Girlhood of the Virgin." Rossetti did not long follow this method, preferring to embody only his own poetic imaginings. Several of his Dante pictures we saw: "Francesca da Rimini"—a gorgeous colour harmony—two versions of "Beata Beatrix," and a small water-colour of "Dante meeting Beatrice in Paradise."

Holman Hunt and Millais worked steadily on through many difficulties and painful experiences. Hunt's "Claudio and Isabella," and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," are examples of this period, and also Millais' "Woodman's Daughter." Then Hunt went to Palestine, and, fighting against odds which would have reduced most men to despair, he painted, beside many smaller works, "Christ in the Temple." Argument, persuasion,

bribery were all sometimes of no use in obtaining models for the Rabbis, and it was long before he could enter the Temple at Jerusalem. "The Scapegoat," of which a small version was exhibited, was painted on the Dead Sea shore, with the mountains of Moab in the distance. Later, Hunt went again to the Holy Land, and the "Shadow of Death" was the outcome of that visit.

Of Millais' other works we saw "Autumn Leaves," "The Blind Girl," "The Ransom," "The Heretic," and the "Crusaders," and amongst later examples, showing the gradual change to a much broader handling, "The Flood," "Victory, O Lord," "Glen Birnam," and many fine portraits.

Ford Madox Brown's works were placed with those of the Pre-Raphaelites, although he was not one of the Brotherhood. Some of his pictures, especially the "Last of England" and "Christ washing St. Peter's feet," show the influence of Millais and Hunt. A great number of sketches illustrate Madox Brown's way of trying one subject in many different arrangements of colour before he decided on the final scheme. Especially we noticed this in the designs for mural decoration. Amongst these were several panels which are carried out as frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall.

The effect of the whole movement on decorative art can easily be understood. In very early days the members of the Brotherhood expressed their dislike of ugly and debased forms. All their work and that of Ford Madox Brown is full of rich suggestion for the making of furniture, costumes, and books; and they are closely associated with those who, taught by Ruskin and led by William Morris, were trying at that time to bring back right ideas of beauty into the every-day life of English people.

H. SHAW.

THE CHESTER PAGEANT.

In July, 1910, a large party went from School to see the Chester Historical Pageant, which was held in the Duke of Westminster's grounds near Eaton Hall. The "stage" was a large meadow with a background of trees. In one of the early scenes a pretty effect was given by troops of little fairies, who at the command of Diva, goddess of the stream, poured out of these woods and formed themselves swiftly into the two banks of an imaginary river Dee, winding across the meadow. So graceful and natural were their movements that one could almost see the flowing stream and the swaying rushes, while the choir sang—adapting the song from Comus—

O Diva fair, listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave.

There were scenes from Roman and Saxon Chester, and several picturesque and dramatic scenes from the Middle Ages; in one of these the Archbishop, standing on the steps of Chester Cross, preaches a Crusade; in another the famous Hugh Lupus gives to the Church, in order to atone for his lawless life, land for the foundation of St. Werbergh's Abbey. One scene represented James I's visit to Chester. It opened with an old English merry-making, consisting of morris-dancing and other sports with which the loyal citizens were celebrating the King's visit. The part of the king was excellently acted and gave very much the same impression of his quaint speech and ways, as is given by Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel." The Pageant closed with a scene from the Civil War. Unfortunately the School party was obliged to leave without seeing this, and return reluctantly to the twentieth century while hearing in the distance the sound of artillery and the clash of battle between Royalists and Parliamentarians.

A. M. GREGORY.

HENRY V.

In the Autumn Term of last year, a party of forty girls were fortunate enough to see a matinée performance of *Henry V*, presented by Mr. F. R. Benson at the Theatre Royal in Manchester.

Perhaps there is no character in the whole of Mr. Benson's Shakespearean repertoire more sympathetically interpreted by him than *Henry V*, nor one in the representation of which his versatility as an actor is more evident.

The first act, which tends so often, even on a London stage, to be dull and heavy, was by judicious "cutting," better adapted to stage representation than as it stands in the text. Thus, greater importance was given to the sole dramatic scene in this act, that arising from the incident of the tennis balls, and Mr. Benson's fine rendering of the speech in answer to the mocking message of the Dauphin, emphasized at the outset the strength, dignity and courtesy of the English monarch in contrast to the weakness, arrogance and insolence of the Dauphin, a contrast that was well sustained throughout the performance.

The "traitor scene" in Act II was so superbly acted that it will, I think, live longest in our memories. So subtly were the fine touches of dramatic irony contained in this scene given point to, that our minds were kept in a state of tension, till the blow fell on the unsuspecting traitors, and their commissions proved to be their death warrants.

Then follows Henry's speech, in which all the pent-up misery of disillusionment finds utterance, delivered with such emotional restraint, and yet with such flashes of imaginative insight, as to give momentary glimpses into the tragic sufferings of the King's heart, when, betrayed by his most intimate friend, he loses for an instant his faith in human nature.

"And thus thy fall has left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion"

is his bitter reproach to Scroop. Here, as in the scene in the camp at night, following on the dialogue with Williams and Bates, we were made to feel the loneliness and pathos of Henry's situation.

The scenes woven round the incident of the glove came as a pleasant relief after the storm and stress of the battle scenes. No one feels the reaction more than King Henry, who for so many months has borne the chief burden and anxiety of the war, and this reaction is manifested by a sudden access of animal spirits. Once more the "old Hal," that has so long lain dormant, peeps out, and, without sacrificing his kingly dignity, he indulges again his old love of practical joking.

In the last scene, the love scene with Katherine, we see the hero king in new and yet equally attractive aspects. Here, in spite of the liberties he took with the text, Mr. Benson brought out in turn King Henry's extraordinary ingenuousness and unconventionality, his vivacity and brilliance, his fund of humour and, above all, his gentleness and chivalry.

The minor characters were, as they always are in Mr. Benson's performances, well cast. Every one lost their hearts to the fussy, pedantic, choleric, yet delightfully humorous Fluellen. Bardolph so endeared himself to the audience, that they almost wished it lay in their power to avert his luckless fate, demanded by a relentless poetic justice. Pistol was withal so lovable that those who before were inclined to despise this swaggering coward found food for laughter in his declamations "full of sound and fury," and were even disposed to tolerate his unfortunate propensity for annexing other people's belongings. No one, I think, witnessed unmoved his pathetic exit, when he tells us in confidence that his Nell is dead, and, when he disappeared from the stage at the end of Act IV., we felt "that we could have better spared a better man."

I. DE CASTRO.

THE FRENCH PLAY.

On February 29th we enjoyed, for the second year in succession, a treat which we hope is to become annual—that of seeing French plays performed by real French actors—of hearing the language just as the French themselves speak it.

By the courtesy of the High Master of the Manchester Grammar School, about twenty-five girls from Forms IV, V and VI were present at the performance by Monsieur Roubaud's company of "La Grammaire," and Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules."

In "La Grammaire," we should have sympathised more keenly with the old gentleman in his struggles with French spelling and the agreement of past participles, and with the Professor's despair over the hopeless ignorance on the same points of his otherwise excellent son, if we had not wondered when and how *la grand'mère* was to come in! It was pleasant to know that the old gentleman's daughter was willing to act as permanent secretary to both, and so save them from risk of discovery.

"Les Précieuses Ridicules" we followed quite easily, as we had read it beforehand.

The Précieuses must have been completely cured of wishing to ape the absurd affectations of society, as they imagined it, when their marquis and vicomte turned out to be the cook and the valet of their rejected suitors. The pretended Marquis de Mascarille was particularly amusing in his thorough enjoyment of the role of aristocrat, for which he seemed to fancy that nature had specially fitted him.

If M. Roubaud's company pays us a visit next year, we hope many more girls will take the opportunity of seeing them, for we can imagine no greater inspiration to the student of French, than such opportunities for hearing French spoken by natives.

F. EVINGTON.

CHETHAM HOSPITAL.

An expedition to Chetham Hospital was made by Forms VI and V on Tuesday, May 7th. The old building, though now almost hidden by modern erections, was nevertheless at one time of supreme importance to the neighbourhood, being the manorial home of the Barons of Manchester. The fine dining-hall, with its minstrels' gallery and raised dais, the large kitchen, bakeries and storerooms, still testify to the stately but comfortable existence of the old barons and their retainers. Later on the building, as a religious college in close connection with the present Cathedral, was threatened by Tudor depredations, and the secret underground passages and numerous secret chambers, which were pointed out to us, impressed upon us the dangers faced by priests in those exciting days.

The interior, with its beautiful panelled rooms and rich Jacobean furniture, its maze of low, dark passages, its cloisters and rows of tiny cells, seemed to take us back hundreds of years into a past full of fascinating interest.

After an exhaustive view of Chetham, an inspection was made of the illuminated manuscripts now on view at the Rylands Library.

M. GWYNNE.

A VISIT TO BRADLEY BROOK.

The tram ride from Manchester to Prestwich is in a N.N.W. direction, almost entirely uphill for about four miles. A short walk along the main road brought us to a lane leading into a field. At the end of the lane is a pond, artificially banked up, and containing water which would otherwise increase the volume of our stream. The stream we had come to explore rises in the field below the pond. Its head is simply an underground drainage

area ; when it appears as a brook, it is scarcely more than a foot across. It really looks impossible that so small a stream could wear out so large a valley, but convincing evidence of its power is given by the fact that many large trees have been undermined at their roots, and are either hanging in a precarious position, or, in some cases, have already fallen. The stream does not wear away much earth directly ; it loosens the banks, and, as they sink, the earth above gives way, and in this way the valley is formed.

We followed the upper course of the river, and noticed how it winds in and out, and how many little tributaries come down the steep sides ; we also noticed that where a tributary trickles down the grass is a lovely shade of bright green. The first tributary is a tiny stream which drains the water from a well and brings some sediment with it into the brook. Owing to the stony nature of the ground (the strata are boulder clays), many stones are washed out of the banks by the brook and are carried down to be deposited in its middle and lower course. The middle course may be said to begin where the brook is joined by its largest tributary ; the stream here becomes much wider and its bends much larger. We noticed that the tributaries which join the stream here deposit the sand they bring down in the bed of the brook.

To prevent the washing away of the footpaths a small artificial canal has been dug parallel to the stream, thereby robbing it of numerous tributaries.

In the lower course, quite near the confluence with the Irwell, the formation is red sandstone, and many small pot-holes, containing little whirlpools, have been worn out by pebbles. This part of the stream is really a little gorge ; we climbed down into the bed of the stream, and splashed along the slippery sandstone till we came out on a pebbly beach and saw the Irwell. The number and size of the pebbles deposited at the mouth of our brook seem out of all proportion to its size. We returned to Prestwich by Prestwich Clough, a pretty, well-wooded valley which leads back to the main road.

B. BAGOT and E. HUTCHINSON (Form IV).

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

It is not often that conditions are so favourable for observing a solar eclipse as they were on April 7th this year. There was hardly a cloud in the sky, and we watched the passing of the moon over the sun's surface for more than an hour. An eclipse is one of the few occasions when we see the real motion of a heavenly body—the actual direction of the moon's motion in its orbit, and the actual rate, only slightly retarded by the earth's rotation. The eclipse began a few minutes earlier than had been predicted ; by 11 a.m. a distinct black crescent was visible on the edge of the sun ; shortly after noon more than four-fifths of his surface was covered, and on looking through a piece of smoked glass (variously coloured and shaped were the pieces of glass hastily collected for the occasion !), one saw a curious orange crescent, resembling a new moon, seen through a slight fog, in an unheard-of position. It was a little disappointing for those who had hoped for something more dramatic that the light was still so strong, but this was not really surprising when one reflects how light it is on a clear evening for some time after the sun has disappeared altogether. Some time before afternoon school began, the last shadow had passed from the sun's surface, and he was once more shining with undiminished vigour.

C. E. CLEGG.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Royal Holloway College,

May 23rd, 1912.

My dear Girls,—When I wrote to you before from Holloway it was in the first term of my first year. Now, when writing in my last term, I can only say that time has confirmed my first impression, that to be a student at College, and in particular at Holloway, is to experience one of the greatest privileges and joys of life. It is a privilege that ought to be experienced to be really appreciated ; but I will try to give you some idea of what life is like at Holloway in the Summer Term, the most delightful term of the year.

Although very beautiful in the Michaelmas Term, with the rich autumn colouring of the trees, the grounds are at their loveliest in the summer. Below the south-east corner of the terrace is the azalea walk—at present a blaze of rich colour. Near it stands the magnolia tree with its delicate cup-shaped flowers. Also in bloom are the rhododendrons, magnificent in their various tints, ranging from deep purple and bright crimson to palest mauve. The laburnums, pink may and pink horse-chestnut make a pretty touch of colour amongst the trees. And then the roses ! They are already out on the south terrace, clambering over the balustrade and in the cloisters. They hang together with the clematis and wistaria round the pillars.

Although there is plenty of scope for exercise in walking round the grounds, which extend over ninety acres, there are many pretty walks in the surrounding neighbourhood, and in the springtime there are violets, bluebells and broom from the woods, and cowslips and kingcups from the meadows with which to adorn one's room. This year I was fortunate enough to be given a large bay-windowed room overlooking the hockey-field and tennis-courts.

Tennis is, of course, the game "par excellence" this term. The doubles' handicap-tournament is now in progress ; before the draw is made, it is quite exciting wondering who one's partner will be, and what handicap one will have. Matches are also played with various other colleges, and the corridor matches are often very exciting.

The river is a rival attraction to tennis. Every fine afternoon, crews are to be seen cycling down to Egham boat-house. Members of the boat club are divided up into beginners, moderates, efficient and captains, according to their state of proficiency. To win the captain's badge is naturally a keenly-coveted honour. The river is, of course, a favourite rendezvous for tea and supper parties and for "School" picnics.

In very hot weather hammocks and deck-chairs under the trees are in great demand ; my hammock is swung between a big copper-beech and a fir tree. Tea out-of-doors, particularly on a fine Sunday afternoon, is a very popular institution, and one's enjoyment is not lessened by such minor inconveniences as having to wait ten minutes for the tea-pot to appear—it is "first come, first served" with the gas-rings in the basement pantries—or having to ward off from one's bread and butter the too obstreperous ant or caterpillar.

We have fewer meetings in the Summer Term. "Political" and "Open Literary" are discontinued, and the half-hour after dinner is usually spent in strolling round the grounds.

Work is far from being a minor consideration—particularly in one's last term, with time-papers in the immediate present, and Finals looming large on the horizon.

But it is above all the spirit of a community, the spirit of fellowship in work and games, the joy of friendship that makes it such a good thing to have been a student of Holloway. At the end of my third year I can only say in the words of our College Song :—

“ . . . it is once again I'd be
Just a shy and timid fresher going up to R.H.C.”

Hoping that some of you will some day learn for yourselves the delights of Holloway College,
I remain,

Yours affectionately,

DORIS WARHURST

Royal Free Hospital.

Gray's Inn Road, W.C.,

June 20th, 1912.

Dear Madam,—In complying with your request to give some account of medical training in London, I find myself face to face with an unexpected difficulty: I cannot quite remember how much or how little I said in a similar letter which I wrote for your magazine two years ago. So, to avoid tiresome repetition, I will deal only with the latter two or three years of the course, spent at the Hospital, without going into the earlier two and a half years at the School of Medicine for Women.

The distinction between School and Hospital is very sharply drawn, although the two buildings are within five minutes' walk of one another. At the School, the work is very comparable in method with that of any ordinary college; we go to lectures and we do a great deal of practical work in the laboratories, until we pass the Intermediate Examination of the London University in Anatomy, Physiology, and Pharmacology. This done, we may begin to work as a Hospital student for our final examination, and very thrilling we find it!

To begin with, we buy ourselves brown linen coats with many pockets, and I fancy we feel rather important as we walk about the square of the Hospital, with our brand-new instruments jingling in the said pockets and our stethoscopes hanging round our necks. The new Hospital student then discovers that she has left behind the academic methods of work, and also, alas, the long academic holidays, and that people rather than books loom largest in the new scheme of things.

At the Royal Free Hospital, and I believe at most of the London hospitals, the students hold a succession of "posts" under the various visiting surgeons and physicians, each post lasting for three months. Thus, during one's time at hospital, one must hold a certain number of posts in surgery, medicine, pathology, anæsthetics and many other subjects, before entering for the M.B. and B.S. degrees of London.

I think I may be best able to explain the system by describing briefly the work of a typical post, such as that of dresser to one of the visiting surgeons. The day begins at nine o'clock with a lecture on some medical or surgical subject. The morning, from ten to twelve o'clock, is spent in the surgical wards; here there are four or five dressers, each of whom has a certain number of patients, varying from about eight to ten, allotted to her, and for these she is in some measure responsible. She must do such dressings as are necessary every morning, and must make careful and comprehensive notes of the state of her patients. When a new patient comes into one of her beds, she must make a thorough examination—must elicit from him or her a concise history of the illness, with all possible information bearing on the case, and must enter all that she finds in her notes. Besides all this, there are the babies to be played with, and light conversation to be exchanged with the older patients, who rather enjoy our visits.

Between twelve and two o'clock there is, as a rule, no stated work, but there is often a multiplicity of little things to be done, and it is not often easy to find time for a lengthy luncheon.

At two o'clock the "chief"—or visiting surgeon under whom you are working—visits the Hospital. On some afternoons he operates; in that case, the dressers array themselves, by a complicated and highly aseptic process, in linen overalls and head-bandages, rubber gloves and boots, and assist in the theatre. Their work consists in being ready with ligatures, needles, instruments and swabs, and in doing anything else that the surgeon may demand; and woe betide the improvident dresser who is not standing with the right kind of needle, threaded with the right kind of suture, at the precise moment at which it is needed! The dresser to whom the patient belongs must also watch the operation narrowly, with a view to writing an account of it subsequently in the notes of the case.

On other afternoons, the surgeon goes round his wards, followed by a train of students and qualified people, teaching at each bed, and requiring the dressers to recite the notes of their cases, or even to volunteer lines of treatment—a practice which is apt to create much mirth in the audience, and confusion to the inexperienced dresser.

For the most part, the other Hospital posts are, in all essentials, similar to this. Gradually the students learn to observe, to deduce and to diagnose; and in all this they find an invaluable helper and counsellor in the House Surgeon and Physician of their ward, who are generally ready to settle knotty points, and to haul them out of difficulties.

Perhaps I should have mentioned earlier that the Royal Free is a general hospital for men and women, and that the visiting, as well as the resident staff, consists of both men and women, while the students are solely women.

There is one post that is different enough from the rest to warrant a word all to itself—the casualty post, commonly and concisely known as “Gate.” This is the hardest worked, most responsible, and most utterly enthralling post of all. When “on gate,” we live in a big room, part office and part ward, just within the main entrance of the Hospital. Here come all the new patients, whatever their ailments may be. Perhaps a baby has been all too curious as to the contents of the kettle, or perhaps some enterprising child has substituted furniture-polish for gravy as a pleasant change; up they come to Gate, with a crowd of agitated relations. Or perhaps there has been an accident at one of the great railway termini, and in come the policemen with their stretchers. And all day and every day there is a constant stream of cut heads and fingers and “orrid ’acking coughs.” The dresser makes a rough and rapid diagnosis, fills in papers, assigning the cases to their various departments, and treats the quite simple cases herself. The others she keeps for a Resident Medical Officer to pronounce judgment upon; and should a really serious case come in, she sends an urgent telephone message for a Resident, and makes sure that everything shall be ready for him when he comes. She has, of course, a staff of nurses under her; moreover, there are generally a few policemen waiting at Gate in charge of casualties; they are wonderfully handy men, most ready to be made use of, and great friends of ours.

It would be impossible to give any idea of the infinite variety of odd jobs we do during one day at Gate. We pull out teeth, put up limbs in splints, bring babies out of fits, and end up the day with minor operations which we are usually allowed to do ourselves, under the eye of the Resident Surgeon.

I have said nothing of the social life of the Hospital; this is necessarily rather disjointed, for each post has its own hours of work, and it is difficult to find times at which all the students are free. Moreover, there are no students in residence at the Hospital; we live in hotels, or in chambers attached to the School of Medicine, while many of us have little flats of our own, so that there are not the facilities for social gatherings that Oxford and Cambridge offer. There are, however, many societies, common to both School and Hospital—in the winter, debating societies, musical societies, and a very flourishing dance club, the members of which invite their men friends to subscription dances, held once a month in the very beautiful common-room of the School of Medicine. There is also a hockey club, which plays matches nearly every Saturday. In summer there is a tennis club, which has, unfortunately, only a single court in the garden at the School. There is also a boating club, which has its head-quarters at the lake in Regent's Park, and a most efficient swimming club which figures largely in both inter-collegiate and inter-university matches.

At present the students' common-room, dining-room and library are small, and in fine weather we generally elect to spend our few spare moments in the square in the centre of the Hospital buildings, which is a pleasant place and boasts of a few big trees. In the very near future, a large new wing is to be added, and we are looking forward, not only to new wards and a much-needed new out-patients' department, but also to better and more spacious students' quarters.

I am afraid I have taken up much valuable space, while giving only a chaotic idea of our life here. I can only invite the Oldham girls to come and see the Hospital and its workings, when they are up in town, or, better still, to become medical students and try it for themselves.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

MARJORIE MARTLAND.

* * *

The University, Manchester,

May 19th, 1912.

Dear Girls,—In trying to give you some account of my life at Owens, I find it rather difficult to know where to begin. In a place so large as the College now is, the experience of every student differs, and one of the pains of the mere "fresher" is a sense of utter insignificance, a feeling which the worries of Registration Day, when students are first entered, does not diminish. In a short time, however, this feeling gives place to a new sense of freedom and independence, as the joys of College life are begun.

Naturally, as the College is not residential, and many students live out of Manchester, social life is carried on under some difficulties, but all the same, much cheerful intercourse is possible round certain centres. The chief of these is usually the particular "school" of study which has been entered upon, and each school's reputation for sociability is put to the test by freshers very quickly! The various societies—Historical, Classical, Literary, and Scientific—are anxious to enrol the newcomers amongst their members, and to secure this are prodigal of tea-parties during the first weeks of term. Then there are various societies and organisations in which work is not the source of common interest. Amongst such are the Christian Union, the Sociological Society, the Athletic Union, and, chief of all, the University Union itself.

Of the Athletic Union it is not necessary to say much. Games are played, enthusiastically and otherwise, at the "Firs," which is the College Athletic ground, and is a fine estate some distance from the College buildings. Perhaps the most exciting and interesting matches are those played between different schools, or between the College and the Ashburne Hall, the hostel for women students. On these occasions feelings of rivalry run highest. The English School, to which I belong, suffered a sad defeat this year at hockey at the hands of the more heroically-minded History people, whose enthusiasm extended even to vigorous practices after a day of lectures. After this, naturally, the English School intends to rise on the ashes of its past slackness to higher things, and burns to wipe out the stain.

The Christian Union holds Bible and Social and Missionary study circles at various times during the week, and in this way keeps members in touch with missionary work, often carried on by old students, in various parts of the world. In College itself it serves the useful purpose of bringing together girls whose paths otherwise diverge widely. Here the Arts student, whose life is spent chiefly in library and seminar, meets the Science girl or Medical, who dwells in laboratory and museum, and problems of great importance are discussed from the scientific and humanistic points of view, the parties usually departing with a comforting sense of having relieved their minds and shown the plain path to right action. It is not entirely talking in the air, however, as both the Sociological Society and the Christian Union take an active share in the carrying on of social work at the University Settlement in Ancoats, an institution for helping the inhabitants of one of the dreariest slums in existence. Theories may here be easily put to the test by the eager reformer.

The University Union is pre-eminently a student's organisation. It consists of a comparatively new and very up-to-date building, opposite the College proper and the quadrangle. The men and women students have their separate portions of this building, whilst the big dining-room, known as the Refectory, is common ground. Here there are many delightful small tables, specially designed for conversation. Our part

of the Union consists of a very pleasant reading-room, where newspapers and magazines are to be found, but it is somewhat too comfortable for serious hard work. Upstairs is a drawing-room, which has a library of fiction for leisure moments, and a debating-hall, in which the chief attraction is a grand piano.

In the Union, students may entertain visitors and have afternoon-tea, though usually common-room tea in College, which is held from two-fifty to three o'clock every afternoon, is more patronised.

The Union debates are interesting functions, especially when there is an Inter-Union debate between representatives of the Men's and Women's Union, or when there is an Inter-Varsity debate. On these last occasions representatives from as many colleges as possible are invited, some of whom have the opportunity of speaking for only five minutes or less. Our last debate of this kind was on Home Rule, and became extremely heated when the Irishmen got up to speak. The supper afterwards was one of the most entertaining affairs in the whole of my College experience.

There are few students but find in the varied activities something which appeals specially to their individual interests, and it is possible, by pursuing these, to pass a very pleasant life, and quickly to find a circle of friends, as I hope those of you who come to Owens some time in the future will find out for yourselves.

Yours affectionately,

VERA CALVERLEY.

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Girton College, Cambridge,

May 15th, 1912.

Dear Editor,—My first days of College life proved a delightful surprise; everything seemed so much larger than I had pictured. The building itself appeared to be of an amazing size, and it frequently happened that I lost my way among the bewildering labyrinth of corridors. As my room is situated in the Tower, above most rooms, it was with considerable difficulty that I reached the ground floor.

I think that this term has, so far, been the most interesting of all, especially as the fine weather has enabled us to play tennis, the most popular game in summer. The swimming-bath is also a great attraction this term; the Sports were held quite lately and provided much amusement, especially the "beginner's dive" and the "obstacle" race. In spite of all their firm resolutions, the beginners were generally disqualified, because they jumped into the water instead of diving.

Although much time is spent on games this term, everyone is working very hard either for their Tripos or for May Papers. We are continually reminded that, as first-year students, we make more preparations for our May Papers than the rest of College does for its Tripos. When the results are known, we shall sing appropriate College songs to congratulate those who have been successful.

The Fire Brigade is very efficient this term, when, for the only time in the year, the members are permitted to have out-door practices. Unfortunately, the hoses send out water in more than the requisite places, so that practices and alarms are a source of danger to passers-by as well as to members of the Brigade.

At this time of the year the grounds are especially beautiful. This term is the time of year when it is usual to sleep outside, on the flat roof of the Tower. There is a certain air of romance surrounding such an experience, especially as the nightingales are now in full song. A shower of rain has unfortunately been known to scatter the enthusiasts, and to send them with undue haste to seek the welcome shelter of their own rooms. Such experiences are, however, a necessary part of College life, which, I hope, will soon be shared by those who are intending to come here next year.

With best wishes to them and to all at School,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

MARY M. LEES.