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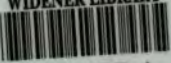
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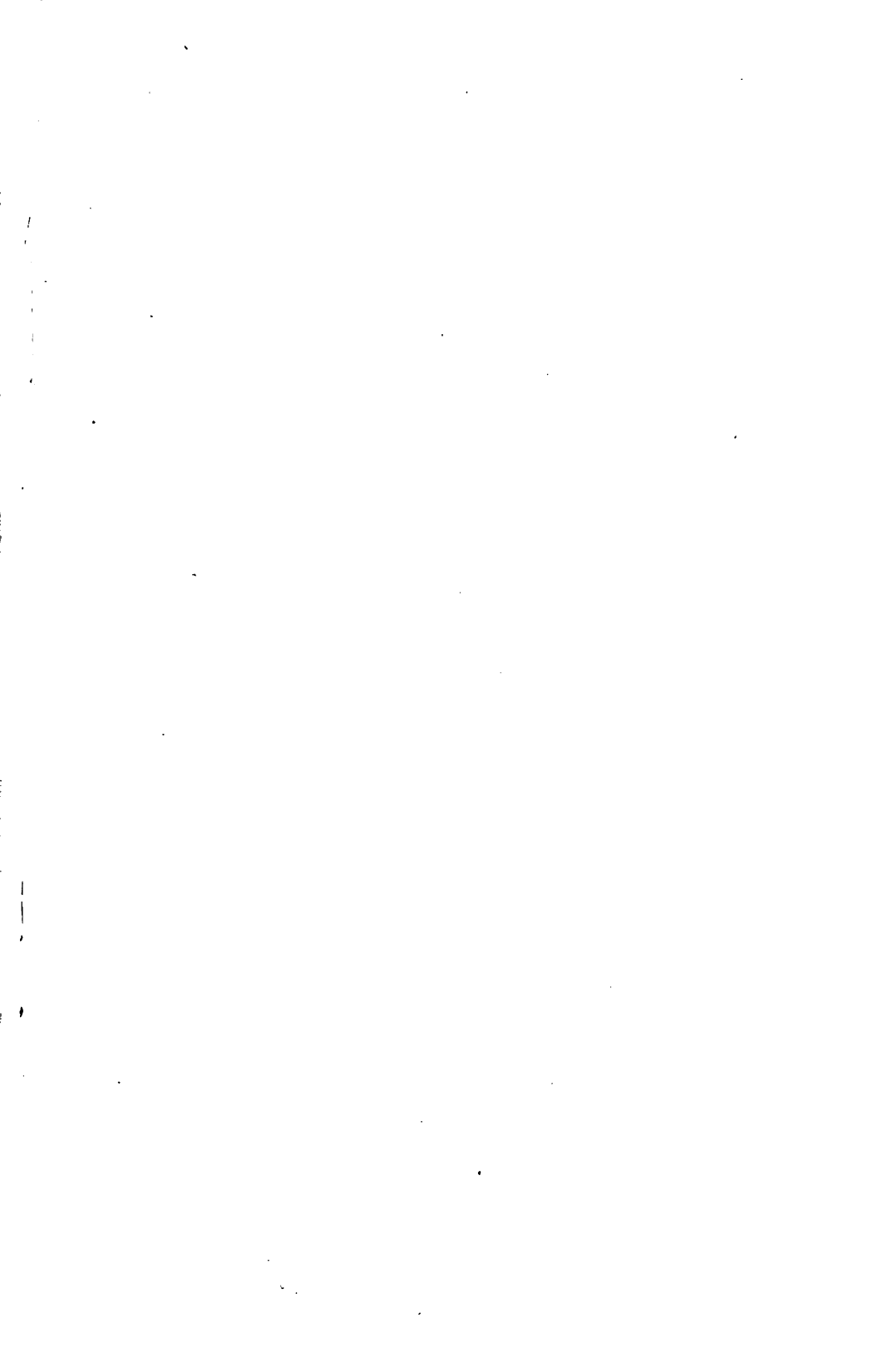
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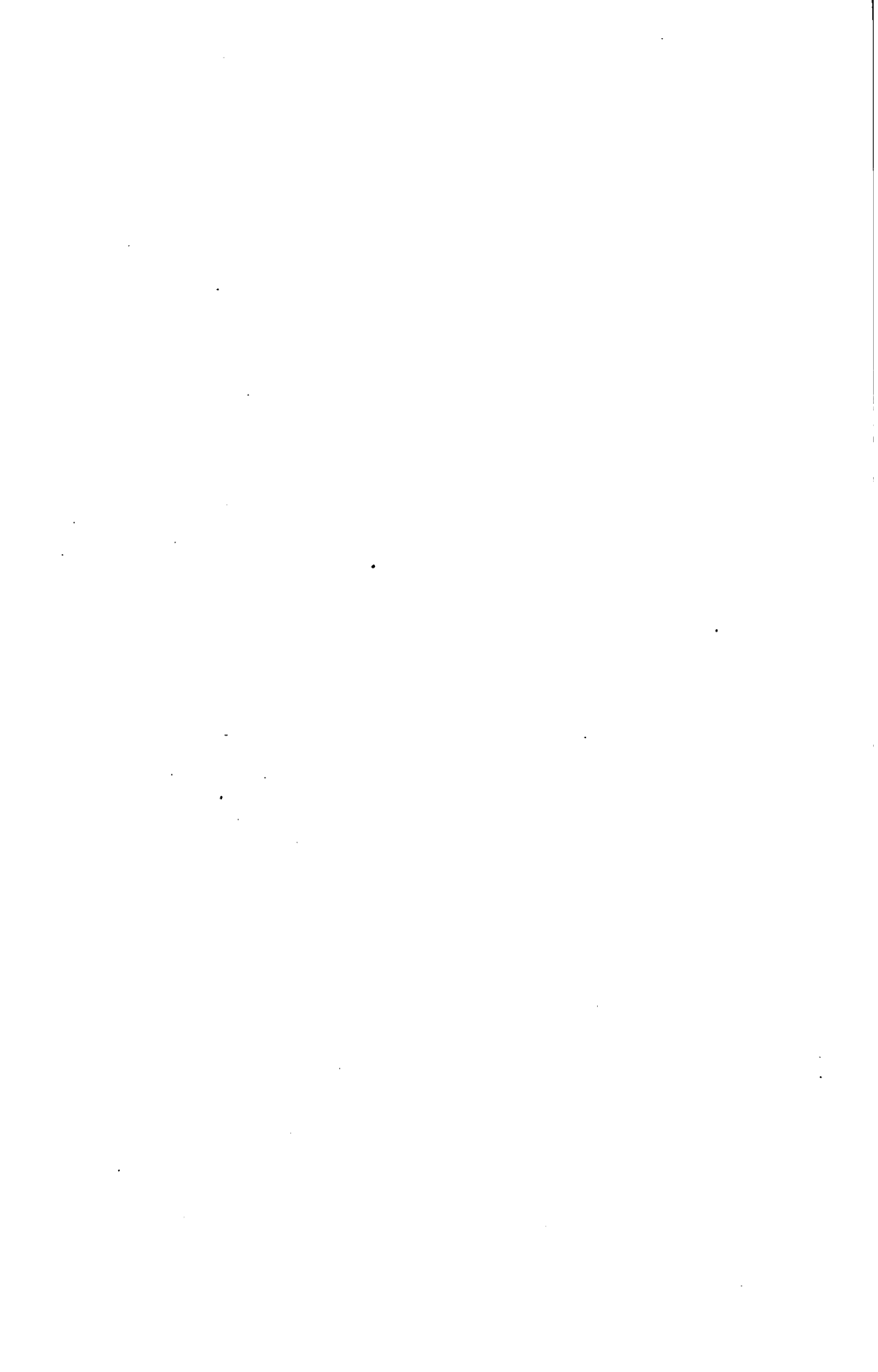
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THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE

SUPPORTED BY

MEMBERS OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

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THE EAGLE.

D'EWES'S DIARY.

(Continued.)

THE next particular which I cann call to minde was this yeare following, when about the beginning of March as I guesse I fell into a tertian ague with which though the proverb weere 'an ague in the spring is physicke for a king' yet I was long and much wearied; and at last finding noe mitigation but rather an encrease, I resolved to change the aire to going to Burie or to Stowhall my fathers cheife house or to either; into Suffolke (*sic*). And accordinglie upon the 18th of April being Wednesday before the second moneth after mine ague began, I toke my iournie from Cambridge, and through Gods mercie having sett out a little before noone a good prettie while before night I came in safetie to Burie lighting at the Shipp at the house of a verie aged woman one Mistres Nun whoe was drawing towards 80 yeares then and yet lived manye yeares after. Having lien about a fortnight at Burie at an Apothecaries house and not finding my recoverie to grow on soe fast as I expected, I had a great desire to remove to Stowhall my fathers house some five miles distant from that towne; and therupon about the 22 of the foresaid April, I rode thither; where partlie thorough ventring

abroad too soon and partlie thourough carelesnes in my diet I grew worse then before and at one time exceeding ill; but thorough Gods mercie this danger having taught mee moore warines, I grew better and better and about the end of May as I coniecture or shortlie after, I returned to Cambridge perfectlie recovered and fullie rid of mine ague.

By reason of this sicknes I lost much time and my studies weere much hindred, yet what time I was able I spent not altogether idlie, having the converse of my loving schoolemaster sometimes and of his schollers frequentlie whilst I lay at Burie; and after my comming to Stowhall borrowed some historie bookes of which I perused the greatest part ther, and was especiallie delighted with the historie of Scanderbeg containing his exceeding valour and manie encounters with and victories over the Turk. Besides I received severall letters from Cambridge not onlie from my loving Tutor but from Mr. Nevill my dear freind before mentioned and one John Rewse both of St Johns Colledge besides others from Jesus Colledge. In answering of whose kinde lines some part of my leisure howres was employed. From them I was furnished with the news that was stirring as of Queene Annes death whose funerall was celebrated in Cambridge the 13 of May; and in London the 26 of May with great solempnitie. As also that about the 9th of May a terrible fire happened in Cambridge between Jesus and Sidney Colledge which consumed and burned downe 60 dwelling houses and endangered Sidney Colledge verie nearelie, with manye other passages lesse worth the remembrance, which notwithstanding for the time weere verie pleasing and delightful unto mee.

After my returne to Cambridge I fell againe prettie roundlie to my olde studies everie day growing moore warie of mine acquaintance and avoiding the visitations too frequent and unnecessarie either to give or

take them. In the summer time during the long vacation my father as I coniecture comming to Stowhall I went over to visite him but cann call to minde noe other passage of this yeare worth the remembrance; only once this summer alsoe I was at Kediton with Sr. Nathaniel Barnardiston.

I am able to call to mind little or nothing worth the setting downe of all that happened from the moneth of May this present yeare untill about the beginning of December, soe that the greater parte of the whole yeare I passe over meerelie in silence. About the beginning of which moneth came the Lorde Wriotheislie eldest sonne to Henrie Earle of Southampton to our colledge and with him my kinde freind and old acquaintance Mr. Beeston being his Tutor; whose societie was of much comferte unto mee as followeth in manye places afterwards. But I departed soon after his comming into the cuntrie for this Christmas, having been invited to Sr. Nathaniel Barnardistons of Kediton in Suffolke Knight a man in whose acquaintance God blessed me very much.*

* * * * *

A Diarian Discourse, or Ephemeridian Narration.

How this Diarian discourse or commemoration of what soever I did upon each daye, begann, from the 27 of February A^o.Dⁱ. 1619 till it shall please God to cross my entent, the preface set downe in the frontispice of this worke will at large shew. Wherefore heere only note thus much; that I was at this time a fellow commoner of St Johns Colledge in Cambridge; that I strive not for the thirde part of all, that I either writt or said or did; lastly that it was commenced only for mine owne private use; and that I do earnestly desire it may never passe further then the relation of a childe; unles it bee transcendentlye extraordinary: as to direct the preacher.

* This visit resulted in the writer's marriage, as he states at some length.

Februar. 27. 1619

27. I resolved this daye to sanctify an holy sabboath, begann in the morning with the service of God in the chapell, and ended with running in a place neare the colledge called the bowling greene, which though in it selfe I dare averr a lawfull exercise, being used for the preservation of health; yet on this day it was an illicite sporte; because it pertained not to Gods service: the darkness of the night having draven us in: I was not moore tired in my bodye then troubled in my mind for I never desired the safeguard of my body, with the damage of my soule, wherefore comming into my private chamber after a little contemplation, upon my bended knees as my accustomed manner was I humbled my selfe for all my sinns, and for this last in speciall. In all this I noted Gods wonderful love and mercye; Satans execrable crafte and mallice; Gods mercy in suggesting good affections to begin well, Satans mallice in presenting that foppish sport to end ill. Gods meere working caused the first, and Satan had religious gentlemen my familiar associates for instruments to the last. The Almightyes power I found prevailing: when hee ministered praier to quell Satans tyrannye; yet even in these I found mine owne weaknes, for many idle thoughts presented themselves unto mee from all therefore results this one conclusion; man is unable to continue in any good worke if God leave him.

28. On Shrovedonday because I perceived lent comming on, I thought to glutt my minde though I did not fatt my bodye; wherefore I begann the Saturnals of Macrobius replenished with such sweet variety passing over his Somnium Scipionis which both by reason of the length and subject seemed to mee tedious. Shortely after supper I went to my Lorde Wriotheisly his chamber to see him, with whome by reason of his carefull Tutour Mr. Beeston my entire friend, I grew well acquainted. Hee was in my minde no lesse

happy in inward accouttrements then great by outward birth being sonne and heire to that most noble gentleman Henry Earle of Southampton. Heere for our better delight wee had pleasant discourse, or else read some wittye booke, imitating herein Favorinus his usual custome at his table, (Aul. Gel. *noct. Attic.* l. 2, c. 22) the bookes wee read weere twoe the one intituled *Hic mulier et Hæc vir* which was then newly come fourth, by reason of the great excesse of apparell a little before in this Kingdome, the other which I brought with mee in my pockett contained some little fragments of Mr. Joshuah Sylvesters where of one was styled Tobacco-battered.* Upon some occasion alsoe at supper I caused the french word Franc to bee looked out, which we found to bee but two shillings and a souze. After these things thus passed I withdrew my selfe with others to my chamber, where in shorte space I heard the bell goe twice, for some that weere then paying their last debt to nature.

29. On this daye being Shrove-tuesdaye past nothing worth the remembrance, neither doe I desire to cramm in any trifles, but only to name the daye for method sake. Yet thus much by the waye: it is that daye in which the Northren people if they have but a shilling in the worlde will feast, and rather rise at midnight to eat any thing was left, than it shall remaine till the next morning. I heard this related for certain at supper in our hall, by my loving Tutour Mr. Houlesworth. Finally this daye is the London-prentices madnes, the cuntry-theefes mildnes, and all Englands feest-daye.

March. 1. 1619.

1. This daye being Ashwednesday was the first acte belonging to Batchelors commencement in our phylosophye schooles; ther I was delighted with variety

* The title in full is, *Tobacco battered and the pipes shattered about their ears that idolize so barbarous a weed or at least-wise over-love so loathsome a vanity, by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon.*

of learning; both the proctors oratorizing, the Tripos jeasting, two junior batchelours replying and foure master of Arts disputing.

2. Here I past over a daye, like Appelles only, *non sine linea*.

3. Every friday night as this alsoe, wee mett lovingly together by companyes, as the custome in all colledges is to mend our fishy dinner with a fleshy supper; after which this night ended sorting my self with a junior master of arte wee had much pleasant chatt mixing it with sweet extemporanyes which our memoryes afforded us out of Gellius, Macrobius and other such like authors. Ther wee discoursed alsoe of the lepid derivations of some english words; as that Iland is either as much as to saye *ey* of the land, because it resembleth an *ey* being enclosed by the sea, or rather it comes from the compound word *in-land*, as *insula* the lattine worde quasi *in salo*; the worde scatter alsoe hee affirmed to come from the latine worde *scaturigo*; but I am not of this opinion for my parte, because it comes moore naturally and directly from *scatere* the infinitive moode of the verbe *scateo* which signifyes as much, as to disperse heere and ther.

4. On Saturday little past worth remembrance, only for mine owne humiliation I may consider how many good dutyes I omitted, and how many unlawfull frailtyes I rann into; before supper the sound of a trumpett drew mee to the colledge gate to behold the judges comming in; after supper the tooling of a bell drew me to the chappell to heare 2 declamations; mine eare I must confes was better pleased with the last then mine eye with the first, save that to it was added the expectation of an ensuing assises.

5. This Sunday I found the proverb true, *Ictus piscator* to, which alludes, the burnt child will beware of the fire; for as I begunn this daye with hearing one sermon in our chapell and another in great St Maryes the University church in the forenoone; soe

after supper instead of *running** I fell to correcting the sermon of Mr. Jeffry of Pembroke hall my worthy friend which I had heard at little St Maryes in the afternoone.

6. On Monday morning an excellent sermon served as a protasis for the judges proceedings; the text may intimate what the discourse was, as Hercules statue was judged by his foote found at Olympia, the place was in Amos the words these, Let judgment, runn down like water and justice like a mighty river. After the sermon ended I hasted to the castle where the assises are kept, excepting a learned charge for the epitasis to this tragædye (and here is to be noted that that judg ever gives the charge whoe sits upon life and death) but Sr. Henry Montague then Lord cheife justice uttered such poore stuffe, that with great difficulty I gott my selfe out, before it was ended.

7. Moste parte of this morning I kept my chamber till the receipt of some letters drew me fourth which for the speedy deliverye required mine owne endeavours because I had not then my subsizar present; in the afternoone I went to the schooles (where the batchelor commencers are forced to sitt all lent except they buy it out) and disputed extempore upon two senior sophisters the one of Trinitye the other of Christs, I my selfe being but a junior sophister; the first of them tooke my questions, but the other was brooken offe by the proctors comming, howsoever for my part I had very good successe in both.

8. Yesterdayes worke made mee skarce know my selfe to daye; yet did I to the uttermost restrain my approaching pride, wherefore noe sooner was dinner ended this Wednesday but I thought long to bee at the schooles to trye my fortunes once again, where I was soe intolerably pusseld by an excellent scholler much above mee in standing, both in giving mine

* Allusion to the 27 day of Febru.

and taking his questions, as I had good cause to pluck downe my plumes, and now alsoe as the daye before after our schoole worke ended we went to drinke, and the truth is I liked not all the companye with whome I was, after supper I went to my Lorde Wriotheisly his chamber to visite him, where wee played at cards till past ten, after which I came to my chamber, humbled my selfe by praier before my gracious and good God and enjoyed a comfortable rest. In all I noted the Almightyes care and mercye that ordered soe easy a cure for my selfe-conceitedness, and gave mee not over in either of those actions, which I feared weere displeasing unto him.

9. Thursdaye brought fourth nothing worth noting, unlesse this weere worth noting, that ther was nothing worth noting.

10. Among other employments this daye, I added an happy end to the historye of Phillip De Commines which I noted throughly; and certainly I thinke few historians of these latter times except Guicciardine are equall to him.

11. I am fully perswaded that the want of meanes is a great greife to a generous spirit. I found the first this daye, I will not speake how I enjoyed the last. My father allowed mee good maintenance, but not equal to our Academicall charges. For which cause I was somewhat troubled with the consideration of olde debts, readye to suck upp my ensuing quartridge.* Yet did I ever relye upon God, knowing that whatsoever estate hee suffers his servants to bee in, that is best for them. Through his divine providence I doubt not but this want of mine, bredd in mee both humility and the avoidance of evil company, which otherwise I might have runn into for mans extremitye is Gods opportunitye. Cæsar would have bought the pillowe of one that was much in debt hoping that if the other enjoyed a sweet sleepe on it hee

* *i.e.* quarterage, quarter's allowance.

could not doe otherwise; for my parte I was never soe farr disturbed as to breake my sleepe; the reason was because I doubted not but one daye to have wherewith to content all. I found this a just punishment because I had often (*two lines blank in manuscript.*)

12. On Sundaye morning I begann the daye with a sermon in our chappell where was taught both the force and subtilty of Sathan: and in the afternoone I perceived his mallice: for when I had resolved to serve God dulye as the day required, my entire freind comes to see mee in whose company as I much delighted at other times soe I could have wished him then absent: His name was Mr. Richarde Saltonstall fellow-commoner of Jesus Colledge, upon whome I had replied in the publick schools before I was junior sophister. I have named him the rather that I might never forget his inviolable freindshipp and constant affection; but before our bell toled to chappell at 4 of the clock hee hasted home and I as well as I could both then and after supper sought to recover my lost time.

13. This fore-noon I repaired again to Mr. Downes his Greek lectures (which I had a long time missed) because I understood that hee tooke notice of my former diligence and of my then absence: and that hee likewise would willingly help mee in whatsoever hee could. This man without controversye was the best Græcian at this time living in Europe: I have heard and I doubt not of the truth of it, that Joseph Scaliger himselfe confessed as much, by an epistle which upon some discontent hee sent unto him; hee was at this time an olde man somewhat passed 70 years; and had been Greeke Professor in this universitie about 30 years; and therefore I went the moore willinglye both to content him and better my selfe, while I might, fearing his shorte continuence.

14. The preparation for an ensuing probleme tooke upp this whole daye, to which I added not mine owne diligence only but my earnest praiers to the Almightye for an happy issue, which the rather desired, because the miscarriage of such like affaires doth moove generall contempt in others, and vexation of mind in our selves. Noe doubt alsoe I had some enemyes desired my misfortune, seeing Plato him self wanted not Trapezuntius* for his foe.

15. My late sitting upp the foregoing night, made me loose a good common-place this morning; which notwithstanding I laye not over long, for my present business counselled mee to a quick dispatch: The business I had in hand was a probleme for as ther are common-places on these dayes, monday, wednesday, friday in the morning soe are ther the above named acts in the chappell at night; at least I am sure it was thus in St. Johns Colledge; for mine owne selfe I was of the wednesday probleme, and therefore after the bell had sounded my approach with my freindly adversary I shortely went to it: I could not doe soe well as I might have done because the shortenes of an howre cutt off most of my arguments; for both these and my other performed in the schooles may bee seen in my booke intituled, *exercitationum liber*. The probleme being abruptly brooke offe to my great discontent: we went into the parlour wheere I had ready provided sack-possits for those fellows and fellow-commoners who weere of the wednesday probleme, and I doubt not with a good fire ther fully kindled but these pleased the palate better than our act had delighted the eare.

16. Such was my love of credit, that all good perswasions with which I armed my selfe could scarce

* Georgius Trapezuntius (1396—1485) venomously attacked Plato and his philosophy; wrote a treatise on Logic, which became an authorized text book at Cambridge. See Mullinger's *History of the University of Cambridge*, pp. 429, 430, 630.

drive away the dangerous continuance of a deepe melancholy, because I had not performed my act as I desired, and for this cause most of this Thursday morning I sought by sundry passages to dissemble my greife, but this was not the right waye. Wherefore after dinner comforting my selfe in the continuance of God's love towards mee, I addressed my selfe to him by praier, which being ended thorough his mercy I was comforted; and blessing him for it I rose upp joyfully and went to my studyes cheerefully that afternoone.

17. The greater parte of Fridaye was bestowed in buying a gowne, which great necessitye drove mee to doe; and what with that hasting to and fro in the sunn most parte of the fore-noone, and my playing at tennis with a serious study in the after noone, before five of the clock a cruell head-ach assaulted mee, which pain to mee was little known, though my two dangerous falls might well have bredd it: by one I was told when I complained of it that it was a signe of the small pox with which I was much greived and went to one Dr. Allot, a doctor of phisick and fellow of our colledg, for his advise; hee put mee in good hope of health, and in any case bad me keepe my selfe warme. After I had departed from him and supped I came to my chamber, where I prostrated myselfe before the true physition of soule and bodye, and seeing as one saieth sinn is the cause of all evil, I endeavoured by zealous oraisons to remooove this obstacle of Gods mercyes, I desiring the continuance of my inward and outwarde health, as well for the performance of holy dutyes as the propagation of my studyes. The reason especially was because that for my two former crosses the one of my fall the other of my ague, my father had in a manner protested that if I weere once sick again, hee would remove mee from the universitye. After my praieres weere ended I even then presently (which is

wonderfull to tell) found an alleviation of my paine capitall and assured perswasion of my insuring health. For as I had learned at Mr. Jeffryes his sermons, desiring health, I prayed to God by the title of the God of Hezekias who received health by praier, as holy David being persecuted by his sonn Absalon, did call upon the Lorde by the title of the God of Jacob, whoe was persecuted by his brother Esau and delivered, Psalm 84. And I dare affirme that the Almighty, as not long before hee had heard my praiers and freed mee from the danger of an ensuing ague; soe now hee accepted my petition, and quitted mee from the disaster of that eminent and loathsome disease. Wherefore I conclude that it is better for every true servant of God to fly to him as his cheife preserver in sicknes or health, prosperity or power, honour or disgrace.

18. Saturday morning well-near confirmed yesterdayes surmise; so that with all speed convenient I sent my woman which dressed my chamber to Dr. Allot for his promised physicke, hee with noe lesse care hast his man to mee, whoe brought with him iij pils which being divided my direction into six I tooke them downe roundly; and having kindled a fire, sent away companye and bolted my doore, as expedient it was, I desired a blessing from God by praier upon those meanes I had used for the continuance of my health: and I doe assuredly perswade my selfe that it was Gods especiall mercye in turning this eminent danger from mee. All the daye I was in Galenes οὐδέτερον though I know Aristotle him selfe and our moderne philosophers since after his example holde the contrary; neither did my physick at all worke till eight of the clock at night which to mee was very strange; but then its milde operation yeilded to mee noe little ease.

19. One cheife desire (as I said before) to continue my health was, because I knew sicknes would hinder

my service to Godwarde and that I found true this morning; that little I could doe I did, which was to read over some few sermons I had my selfe noted in this universitee: because out of doores I durst not venture either to church or chappell. Yet in the afternoone hearing that my deare freind Mr. Jeffrye (of whose sermons I have many lying by mee readye noted) preached at St. Maryes the universitee church; I according to my sudden determination went thither, and having heard what I desired, returned to my chamber, where ere eight of the clock at night I well perceived that all feare of the small poxe was fully banished; and then the expectation of an ague or nothing could assault mee; which notwithstanding I dreaded not, hoping that monday would confirme the contrary.

20. This day was the messenger of both good and bad newes unto mee, for by tenn of the clocke in the fore-noone I perceived all danger of any disease dispeld: and a little after eleven I was assured of the breaking (as they terme it) of Mr. Craddock my good freind a mercer in this towne of Cambridge, whoe was thought of all a very rich man and yet proved clean contrary; for as I thinke hee was sued with an execution of banke-rowtes by some Londoners with whome hee dealt; he was brother in law to that arch-divine of our times Mr. Perkins of whose workes very many are extant, and for my part I never perceived truer characters of honestye and religion in any layman before or since: after this thus related I hasted to Pembroke hall for I had determined to visite my kinde freind Mr. Jeffrye this afternoone, and being come to him I found him likewise pensive from the former accident; which made us devoure most of the time in talke of him; yet by reason of some other gentlemen of our acquaintance, many good ejaculations passed amongst us, which a long time would not fully rehearse.

21. Cambridge at this time seemed like Africa of which the historian saith, *semper aliquid novi parit*; for wee heard that Mr. Daniel Monsey one of our Seniors was departed this life; that many fellow-shippes would be voide this election; and noe doubt many of our youngsters had noe small hopes of obtaining these preferments.

22. Mr. Downes our Greeke professor to whose lectures I went as I have before related, had spoken to mee to come to his house; the reason I easily gessed; and this wednesday morning I received a little scrolle from him, which hee had left with a batchelour of divinity of our colledg to give to mee; in it weere contained some notes of his tuesdaye lectures, as the full derivation and meaning of the worde (*the manuscript is here illegible*)

and the voice *μισθωτός*,* which notwithstanding I had noted my selfe; his intent was as I afterwards gessed only by this means to putt mee in minde of my forgetfulness, because I had not come to him according to his direction; this afternoone therefore I went to him, and going up to him into his chamber, I found him sitting in a chaire with his leggs upon a table which stoode by him; hee was in my minde of an extraordinary tallnes, ther his carriage was very homely for hee neither stirred his hatt nor his bodye, only hee tooke mee by the hand, and the first question which hee asked mee was why I had absented my selfe soe long from his lectures, which as well as I could I putt offe, then hee asked mee where I had been at schoole; and I answered him at Burye which was the last place where I was (for I had been likewise at Chardstocke and Wambroke in Dorsetshire, at Lavenham in Suffolke, at London, and last at Burye where Suffolkeian assises are kept.) Then hee shewed unto mee what booke he was reading and I found it to bee a Terence, with a large coment though in a

* See commentators on *De Corona*, § 64.

little volume; then hee shewed mee a pretty derivation of *Cato* and *catus* which as I remember was ἀπό τοῦ κα which signifyes to burne because Cato was of a wise and fiery spirit and the eyes of a catt are fierye. I tolde him it might well bee because that *anima sicca est anima sapiens* and *adolescencia est in * posita* according to the philosopher. After this wee fell into discourse of Demosthenes his oration περὶ τοῦ στεφάνου against Æschines, which hee read in the schooles unto us; what passed to this purpose weere too long to set downe, but to conclude at last I tolde him I had but a shorte time to staye and knew too well that noe perfection in the greeke tounge could be obtained without a great deale of labour; howsoever as then I professed soe I did thinke myself much obliged unto him for his meaning was to have read a private lecture unto two or three of us at his owne house; but when hee saw mee not enclinable unto it hee quickly dismissed mee.

23. This afternoone as I was at studye ther came to mee a kinde gentleman my good freind whoe had been usher at Burye; where I last drunke of those sweete Pegasæan waters; his comming cheifely was to here the latter act of the bachelors commencement which hee expected this Thursday, but hee was deceived for it followed after as (God willing) I will relate; I was glad to see him, and I did not doubt of his sempatheticall intention; for soe commonly it falls out, that the meeting of freinds is very delightfull.

24. This Friday was solemnized on the morning with a Sermon which Doctor Scott preached in St Maryes the universyte church for hee was vice-chancellor this yeare; in afternoone with ringing and at night with bon-fires, the reason was, because K. James the first most happily on this daye begann his raigne over great Britaine, uniting these two

* A word illegible.

Islands in to one blessed and unseparable union : assoon as chappell was ended with others I hasted into the hall where according to our annuare custom was a speech pronounced for the celebrization of this daye.

25. I am not ignorant how very many doe beginn the yeare at Newyeares day which fell out this yeare *as it doth alwayes* up on the first of Januarye and then I should have reckoned the yeare of our Lorde 1620 and of mine age the 18th but I doe follow our ordinarye custome and beginn the yeare on this daye which is the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary or as it is commonly called our Lady-daye. Soe then I was entring into the third septenarye which astrologers for the most parte ascribe to Venus and to her government, according to the learned maxim *Astrologica atatum distinctio est juxta caelestes fluxus.*

26. The after-noone verified my fore-noones expectation for this Sundaye came upp my Tutor Mr. Houldsworth in St. Maryes, which by a generall approbation his sermon was esteemed extraordinary.

27. Monday brought fourth small novelty, only a small remembrance of London-newes, to witt, that yesterday the King, Prince, and all the peeres rode to Paules crosse to the sermon, in as great state as they goe to Parliament, where John Bishopp of London at this time, made a learned and excellent sermon.

28. This morning I begann to review over my Logick notes out of Keckerman and having left one side bare I addead other homogenial notes out of Polænus Ramus and Molineus: in the afternoone I hasted to Pembroke hall, hoping that my good freind Mr. Geffry had been come home; for I longed to heere upon what occasion soe solemn an assemblye was gathered to Paules-crosse. Most weere of opinion that it was to the intent that the Palsgrave of the Rheene whoe married Elizabeth the King's eldest

daughter should bee proclaimed K. of Bohemia, which Kingdom hee had obtained a good while before; another report went that, it was only about the repairing of Paules-church; but that busines (though I confes it weere waighty) seemes not worthy of soe great preparation for all the streetes weere railed through which the K. passed. How so ever this summer wee expected great warrs in Christendome, about the possession of the Bohemian Kingdome, (the end of which God only knowes) and wee hoped that it would prove the downfall of Antichrist: I saw my selfe a pretty poem in which was contained a dialoug between the Pope, the Emperor Ferdinand, and the K. of Spain; the conclusion of it was ther great feare of the Protestant forces, and complaine of ther dayly encreasing.

29. This morning I repaired againe to my Tutors chamber to lectures which I had a long time missed, in the foore-noone hee read Magirus, in the afternoone Ethicks, and at night Virgil, which hee propounded to beginn this evening; but being otherwise employed in the towne with strangers, I missed of my expectation and was not as yet resolved whether hee would read his Eglogs, Georgicks or Æneods: before wee had spent this houre usually in reading Suetonius and because wee had ended the first booke save one or two chapters hee left to us to reade ourselves. This Wednesday Mr. Downes brake upp reading for this tearme, and therefore with all diligence I repaired to him.

30. I did little this fore-noone save writing a letter to my kinde freinde Mr. Henrye Wharton who was second sonne to the Lor: Wharton advising him sundrye wayes as well as I could for his travile: for hee was newly gone from our colledge upon a journey to Venice which hee was now entring into, and I doubted not the good issue of it: for hee went not as many of our gentry doe, upon any rash

humour without guide or securitye; but with that discreet and worthy gentleman Sr. Henrye Wotton whoe was then going ambassador thither. . . . Soon after dinner I posted to the philosophie schooles where this daye was the latter act belonging to the batchelors commencement admirablye finisht. Two master of arts, one of our colledge another of Queenes supplied the Proctors absence. My kinde freind Mr. Saltonstall was senior brother, and one Sr. Tutsham of Trinity the second; a verye good scholar, the tripos as at the first act soe at this latter was of our owne house; it was hee that had made a comœdye a little before in our house which was very well acted in our open hall; the title of it was *stoicus vapulans*. This bachelors name was Sr. Barret one of my familiar acquaintance who both in his position and in his extemporye answering made a great deale of sporte, and gott much credit. After these had ended, and twoe master of arts besides which disputed upon him, ther ensued a good disputation betweene one of the vice-proctors whoe is téarmed the Father at this acte and two master of arts of our house. Heere I mett with my worthy freind Mr. Jeffrye, and was assured by him that the bishopp of London his sermon at Paules-crosse which was last Sundaye being the 26 daye of this month, tended to little else save the repairing of Paules Church: which with other conferance being ended, by reason I was wearye of standing and hott with crowding I hasted out a little before all was ended.

31. Through Gods assistance I lost not much time this Friday, but even from morning till night busied myselfe in varietye of studyes. After supper I hasted to a spacious feilde called sheepes-greene, which was situate on the back-side of Queenes-colledge because ther went a rumour of some hott foote-ball playing this night: for ther is an equall proportion of all colledges in two sides one against

the other; when I came ther as the night before our faction was come out thers durst not appeare; wherefore soone after my arrivall with a broken shinn (which I had gotten that night in our Walkes) as well as I could I betoke my selfe home-ward.

Aprill 1 1620.

1. As at other times soe this daye manye things past, some time I spent well, some I lost and many things weere revolved; my cogitations I am purposed not to dispose of, otherwise then whence they proceeded, but sure I desired greatnes, and suppressing this desire wished alwayes a contented mind, for if I considered well I might soone finde moore under mee then above and as the poet said—*mediotutissimus*.

2. I had at this time thorowly incorporated into my minde that of the holy prophet Isaiah 58. verses 13 and 14. If thou turne away thy foote from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy daye, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lorde and shalt honour him &c. 14. Then shalt thoue delight thye selfe in the Lorde, and I will make thee to ride upon the high places of the earth &c. This I saye did soe possess my serious meditations that to the uttermost of my power I stroove to sanctifye this sabbath: knowing that the profanation of it both is and will bee a most common and crying sin in this kingdome, till either God by some extraordinary accident amend it or poure downe upon us the full vials of his wrath for it, which notwithstanding hee of his infinite mercye turne from us, for my parte therefore I saye, I went to chappell in the morning to Church in the foorenoon, to Church in the after-noone, the rest of which I spent after the sermon in reveiwing that which I had noted, and to chappell at night, and yet I am not ignorant that soe manye weaknesses were intermixed and involved in these good dutyes, that it

was the great love of God if hee did not for these reject the whole as polluted.

3. Mondaye, entertained mee with the expectation of a common-place in our chappell; but heere mye hope proved frustraneous; the rest of the daye slidd awaye wonderfull fast for what soever I did, at night I perceived I might have done better both in my private duties and outward studies.

4. The day being passed over in my wonted affaires, of which I had at this time wonderfull varietye as Logicke, historye, physicks and ethicks beside my private meditations elaborate letters and other necessary exercises; after supper I went with the rest of our colledge and other colledges to sheepes-greene (of which is spooked March 30 daye) expecting the approach of the Triniticians, but they deceived our expectation, wherefore some of the lustiest of our company (whoe I thinke had been bickering with Sr. John Barley-corne a little before) for veye anger to bee thus continuallye deluded, set upon the back-gates of Trinitye colledge, which stoode by our way homeward brake them upon and with long poles beats into the colledg all they found in the walks, yea among the rest some violence was offered to a master of arte; but they did finde that sweete meete had soure sauce, and that a long time will not obliterate what a little rashnes may produce.

5. Betimes therfore on Wednesday morning came some Mr. of artes of Trinitye complaining to our Master Dr. Guin of the Jonians outrages, accusing all such as either weere there or should have been there among the rest, though they did nothing, all which upon serious examination weere punisht onely with a small pecuniarye mulct, but hence I draw this conclusion, that ill companye must alwayes prove if not hurtfull at leastwise præjudicious; *qui tangit picem inquinabitur ab ea* saith the proverb, and our chronicles testifie of a millars man

in the last northren insurrection that was hangd for his master. After supper was ended I went upp to the Lorde Wriotheisleys chamber where I shewed them a few verses, being a pretty and pithye fiction of a conference between Pope Paulus the fite, Ferdinand emperor of Germanye and Phillip K. of Spaine: and because I heard it ther verye much commended, I thought to try what I could doe in the propagation of it because it broke offe somewhat abruptlye, ther weere at this time alsoe chosen six new fellowes of our colledg among the rest one Scott which was made by the Kings Mandamus.

6. What I had purposed yesterdaye I performed to daye for before I went to bed I had made about fowerscore verses by way of inlarging the former conference; and found the adage true *facilius est preventis addere quam invenire.*

7. Fridaye augmented well my initeated poem, and I doubted not but ere Tuesday night (God blessing my labours) to make an end of it. This daye I bought Aristotles and Golius politicks because I had a desire to read them over and my Tutour was willing to helpe mee the best hee could in them. On Wednesdaye night wee had begunn Virgils first Eglog; but both Thursdaye night and this our progresse was hindred by divers occasions.

8. This daye brought fourth little noveltye, onlye it may well put mee in minde of my manifolde weaknesses; yea and that in my best actions, which notwithstanding, I relyed upon Gods mercye which had thus long upheld mee.

9. I did ever purpose to abandon even the least thought of worldlye affaires upon this daye; but one waye or other I was ever crossed in my entent: for other fellow-commoners with whome I tooke upp not only imployed the whole time in idle words but alsoe in vaine actions, and I must confes that

naturallie I was proclive enough unto it my selfe, but I dare boldlye affirme without those instigations I might much moore have shunned such unholye behaviour, upon soe holy a daye. I went away sooner after dinner then after supper, yet in both at lenth I mastred my selfe and withdrew to my chamber.

10. Mondaye morning at chappell I expected a commonplace but missed of it; wheere after going to walke with my good freind Mr. Beeston wee had much talke about the dealing of diverse men; and though he almost argued them knaves which bare the shew of honest men in our colledg, yet I could not bee perswaded that a conversation soe apparently good, should bee essentiallye evill. My begunn poem I plied harde, and ere supper made an end of it; for I must confesse, that to have been my nature, to witt to have been wonderfull eager in the pursuite of that thing, which I had initiated with affection.

11. This daye amongst other things, I shewed my fullye concluded verses to my Tutour; where hee with another gentleman reading them over and not knowing whose they weere, gave mee a great deale of praise before my face, little thinking hee had done soe. I after they had done hasted to my chamber and soon after was visited by my good freind Mr. Saltonstall.

12. Wednesdaye morning might have saluted mee with a commonplace if I had not too voluntariely missed it: in the afternoone I went to visite my good and worthy freind Mr. Jefferay; whome I have so often before named and though I found him not at first within yet ere I went awaye I both veiwed ther librarye which I had not before seen and had much private conference with him, to mee most pleasing and acceptable.



THE MODERN CLIMBER.

YEAR after year, as Summer suns come round,
Upon the Calais packet am I found :
Thence to Geneva hurried by express,
I halt for breakfast, bathe, and change my dress.
My well-worn knapsack to my back I strap ;
My Alpine rope I neatly round me wrap ;
Then, axe in hand, the diligence disdaining,
I walk to Chamonix by way of training.
Arrived at Couttet's Inn by eventide,
I interview my porter and my guide :
My guide, that Mentor who has dragg'd full oft
These aching, shaking, quaking limbs aloft ;
Braved falling stones, cut steps on ice-slopes steep,
That *I* the glory of *his* deeds might reap.
My Porter, who with uncomplaining back
O'er passes, peaks, and glaciers bears my pack :
Tho' now the good man looks a trifle sadder,
When I suggest the ill-omened name of "ladder."
O'er many a pipe our heads we put together ;
Our first enquiry is of course "the weather."
With buoyant hearts the star-lit heaven we view ;
Then our next point is "What are we to 'do' ?"
My pipe I pocket, and with head up-tossed
My listening followers I thus accost :—
"Mont Blanc, we know, is stupid, stale, and slow,
A tiresome tramp o'er lumps of lifeless snow.
The Col du Géant is a trifle worse ;
The Jardin's fit for babies with their nurse :

The Aiguille Verte is more the sort of thing,
 But time has robbed it of its former sting ;
 Alone the Dent du Géant and the Dru
 Remain "undone," and therefore fit to "do."
 Remember how I love my comrades tried,
 To linger on some rocky mountain's side,
 Where I can hear the crash of falling stones,
 Threatening destruction to the Tourist's bones!
 No cadence falls so sweetly on my ear
 As stones discharged from precipices sheer :
 No sight is half so soothing to my nerves
 As boulders bounding in eccentric curves.
 If falling stones sufficient be not found,
 Lead me where avalanches most abound.
 Ye shake your heads ; ye talk of home and wife,
 Of babes dependent on the Father's life.
 What still reluctant ! let me then make clear
 The duties of the guide and mountaineer :
 Mine is to order, yours is to obey—
 For you are hirelings, and 'tis I who pay.
 I've heard, indeed, that some old-fashioned Herren,
 Who've walked with Almer, Melchior, and Perren,
 Maintain that mountaineering is a pleasure,
 A recreation for our hours of leisure :
 To be or not to be perhaps may matter
 To them, for they may have some brains to scatter ;
 But we, I trust, shall take a higher view
 And make our mountain motto "die or do."
 Nay, hear me out ! your scruples well I know :
 Trust me, not unrewarded shall ye go.
 If ye succeed, much money will I give,
 And mine unfaltering friendship, while ye live.
 Nor only thus will I your deeds requite ;
 High testimonials in your books I'll write.
 Thee, trusty guide, will I much eulogize
 As strong and cautious, diligent and wise,
 Active, unhesitating, cheerful, sure—
 Nay, *almost* equal to an Amateur !

And thou, my meekest of meek beasts of burden,
Thou too shalt have thine undisputed guerdon:
I'll do for thee the very best I can,
And sound thy praise as 'a good third-rate man.'
But if ye fail, if cannonading stones,
Or toppling ice-crag, pulverize your bones;
O happy stroke, that makes immortal heroes
Of men who, otherwise, would be but zeroes!
What tho' no Alpine horn make music drear
O'er the lone snow which furnishes your bier;
Nor Alpine maiden strew your grave with posies
Of gentian, edelweiss, and Alpine roses?
The Alpine Muse her iciest tears shall shed,
And 'build a stone-man' o'er your honour'd head.
Chamoix and bouquctins the spot shall haunt,
With eagles, choughs, and lammergeyers gaunt;
The mountain marmots, marching o'er the snow,
Their yearly pilgrimage shall ne'er forego;
Tyndall himself, in grand, prophetic tones,
Shall calculate the movement of your bones;
And your renown shall live serene, eternal,
Embalmed in pages of the Alpine Journal!"

* * * * *

By reasoning such as this, year after year,
I overcome my men's unreasoning fear.
Twice has my guide by falling stones been struck,
Yet still I trust his science and my luck.
A falling stone once cut my rope in twain;
We stopped to mend it, and marched on again.
Once a big boulder, with a sudden whack,
Severed my knapsack from my Porter's back.
Twice on a sliding avalanche I've slid,
While my companion in its depths were hid.
Daring all dangers, no disaster fearing,
I carry out my plan of mountaineering.
Thus have I conquered glacier, peak, and pass,
Aiguilles du Midi, Cois des Grandes Jorasses.
Thus shall I onward march from peak to peak,
Till there are no new conquests left to seek.

O the wild joy, the unutterable bliss
To hear the coming avalanche's hiss!
Or place oneself in acrobatic pose,
While mountain missiles graze one's sun-burnt nose!
And if some future season I be doom'd
To be by boulders crushed, or snow entomb'd,
Still let me upward urge my mad career,
And risk my limbs and life for honour dear!
Sublimely acquiescent in my lot,
I'll die a martyr for—I know not what!

ARCULUS.



A MEDLEY.

Wherein we are presented to a pair of philosophic disputants, a garrulous grave-digger, and finally treated to an epitaph.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hamlet *Romantic.*
Horatio *The Reverse.*
Clown *The Village Sexton.*

SCENE I.—*A Country Church-yard in one of the Northern Counties, the exact locality not specified.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. There's the village, Harry, and to judge by the unusual amount of smoke issuing from its chimneys, that house with the chesnut trees ought to be the village-inn. What do you say? shall we press on and secure our beds and supper before the gentleman with the knapsack comes up, or shall we turn in here and rest awhile in the shade?

Hor. Rest in the shade, say I, and a pipe of Virginia to boot: there can be no run on the accommodation in this place, the grass on the roads forbids such a supposition, and our tourist friend may have the pick of beds for what I care: that wall-end down there by the stream with the trout rising looks very tempting, does'nt it?

Ham. It does indeed, and mark the colouring of the lichen and ivy on the tower! I must make a sketch of it as soon as the sun gets rather lower.

[*They cross the stile, sit down in the shade, and, after lighting their pipes, puff in silence.*]

Ham. (*soliloquizing*) What a lovely view this is! the river, the swelling moorlands, the blue mountain for the distance, in the foreground the church, 'the rugged elms, the yew tree's shade, where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap'! why I could fancy that Gray himself

Pleased with the cool, the calm refreshful hour,
And with hoarse murmur of unnumbered flies....

Hor. Hold hard, Frank, that's two mistakes already; in the first place its 'hoarse humming,' and in the second it was Warton wrote those lines, not Gray at all.

Hor. What a Vandal you are, Harry, to break in so rudely on my rhapsody; I never said the lines were Gray's, I only applied them to him; but might not this have well been Gray's churchyard? there stands 'the ivy-mantled tower,' and over the wall 'the straw-built shed' with 'the swallows twittering'! oh, what a divine poem it is; I'm like General Wolfe, I'd rather have written those stanzas than won a hundred battles.

Hor. You bagged that idea from Thackeray's "Virginians." Don't deny it, Frank, for I peeped into your book last night when you were out star-gazing, and saw some such bosh; but I don't believe Wolfe ever said anything of the sort, or he wasn't the man I take him for.

Ham. And why not pray? why should not the intrepid general, the consummate strategist possess the taste and delicate appreciation of the poet?

Hor. Because no man in my opinion ever did two things really well, and to have taken Quebec and written the Elegy required a perfect master of either art: can you name an instance?

Ham. A hundred if you like; take Wolfe's still greater contemporary, Washington—warrior, statesman, philosopher; no less courageous in the face of famine and pestilence than under the enemies' fire; out-generalling his foes, and curbing the malice and petty jealousies of his so-called friends; a man able at once to do and to suffer, to plan and to effect: and then, when he had freed his country, enrolled her armies, strengthened her constitution, refusing all personal aggrandizement, and retiring into private life an object of admiration to friend and foe alike: that was a man indeed.

Hor. Bravo, Frank! but your example's a poor one, for not only were these glories the result of one quality in your hero, as I take it, but Thackeray, whose ring I again detected in that panegyric of yours, seems to me rather to over-rate him; surely he was only the creature of circumstances, and his greatness due to the times in which he lived.

Ham. I grant you partly, but there must have been the talents latent in the man, or those times could not have called them out; besides, you may bring the same objection against most of the men whom history calls 'great'—Cæsar, Alexander, Cromwell.

Hor. And, therefore, I consider the epithet too often undeservedly bestowed. What was Cæsar *per se* but a drunken profligate? what Cromwell but a plebeian brewer? there surely have been hundreds as good or better than they, who have lived and died unknown, simply for lack of that 'king-maker' opportunity: why, what says your favourite elegy—

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some....

but what are you staring at?

Ham. Only that tombstone, which some illogical deity would seem to have placed there in defence of

your theory: "Sacred to the memory of John Washington, parish-clerk," I think it runs.*

Hor. It does, and if I had been a Greek or Roman, I should have taken it as proof positive; as it is, I am content to call it a curious coincidence; but seriously, granting a civil war and its rousing times, John Washington, clerk, for ought we know, might have won a kingdom like Oliver Cromwell, Protector, or freed one like his namesake George.

Ham. Or, more probably still, run away from the very first gun he heard.

Hor. I'm not so sure of that: honest John must have listened, unmoved, to many great guns in his time.

Ham. Good for you, Harry: methinks I could develop that idea into a reasonably good epitaph on the said John.

Hor. Do so, my dear Frank, and I'll go talk with that man of eld, who is climbing over the stile; to judge by "the pickaxe and the spade the spade," he should be the sexton.

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Horatio and Clown: Hamlet in the distance.

Hor. Nice day, my man!

Clo. Egh, egh, nice enef for them that's gitten nowt to do; I finds it a lile bit ower warm: ye'll be fra t' College, I'm thinking.

Hor. What College?

Clo. Why, Cambridge College to be sure.

Hor. Yes, I hail from Cambridge; what then?

Clo. Ye'll may be help me to t' meaning of a passage o' Scriptur as bangs me clean: Tommy Tyler and me was tackling it afore I comed oot.

Hor. I'll try what I can do; what's your puzzle?

* A man of this name was, for many years, parish clerk in the town of Kendal.

Clo. Why we read as the A'mighty smote Job wi' boils fra t' croon o' his head tul t' sole o' his foot, and Job tuk a potsherd to screap hisself, don't we?

Hor. Well, what then?

Clo. There mun surely be some mistake, and they suld ha ca'd it sma' pox as he'd gitten; if it had been boils ye see, he could n't ha bided to ha' done it no how.

Hor. Why, man, you're quite a theologian.

Clo. Nay, nay, I'se nobbut a sexton, but I was allus main fond o' t' Scriptur, so was my fadder afore me; a' t' childer had Scriptur names, mine's Adam, and my sister's ca'd Asenath.

Hor. Asenath! and who was she?

Clo. Hegh, sirs, you fra t' College and not know that! why she was Joseph's wife, my fadder thowt a deal o' Joseph's wife.

Hor. (*aside*). This old fellow's an original and no mistake, I must draw him out (*aloud*). And was your father sexton before you?

Clo. Nay, nay, my fadder ketched mouidi-warp;* Johnny Jenyons was t' sexton afore me, him as they ca'd "Sweeten for thy sell."

Hor. Ah! they called him "Sweeten for thy sell," did they? Was that his name?

Clo. Nay, nobbut a kind o' by-name he'd gitten; you see at t' Whitsun tea-drinking he'd allus be exing Miss Florence, that's our parson's darter, for mair sugar, till at last she says, "Sweeten for thysell, Johnny, sweeten for thysell," and that how he git t' name.

Hor. And what's become of him? is he dead?

Clo. Nay, not he, he's none o' your dying mak, he's i' t' awms-house ower there; he'd gitten ower auld for his wark; ding, but it maks me laugh now, when I think o' him at t' last burying he attended.

* Anglicè 'moles.'

Hor. What did he do?

Clo. What did he do! why instead o' coming forward at t' reet place and flinging t' mould doon, bang gaes he head formaist into t' grave reet on t' top o' t' coffin plate; t' parson hissel could'nt keep fra smiling when t' mutes pulled him out rubbing his head; there was a girt stir made aboot it by t' corpse's folk, and t' upshot was, that Johnny was pensioned and I got t' place.

Hor. You seem to have some characters about here then.

Clo. Karákters! of coorse we hev, ivery yan on us; hev ye gitten owt to say agin them, young man?

Hor. Ah, you don't understand me; I mean funny characters, funny folk.

Clo. Aye, we hev that, I'se warrant; there's auld Antony Askew up at t' Nunnery as he ca's it, tho why I niver knawed: he'll teäv t' whole country ower efter an auld black kist and gie as much for yan cracked pot, as ud buy a barrow-fu' o' whole uns; ye'd may-be ca him a karákteer: there was him and auld Willy Wadsworth, and a daft sprig they ca'd Hartley Cowdridge fra Grasmer, as was for iver lating broken steäns and ferns and siclike rubbidge.

Hor. Then you're no great admirer of Wordsworth, my friend?

Clo. Admire! what for suld I, a silly doited auld man;* it fair caps me why they suld ha' gien him a pension and takken away Johnny Close's fra Kirkby. But I'd a gay joke agin Muster Askew yan day.

Hor. How was that?

Clo. Why, it was yan dark morning aboot Cursmus time, terble hard and sleäp: I'd gitten up early to finish a grave I was making, and was warking wi' my speäd and shool under t' ground, when I heard summat saying, 'I wonder what o'clock it is;' I

* This estimate of Wordsworth was common among his humble contemporaries in the North.

knaw'd as it was Muster Askew by t' voice, and because he allus hed a walk i' t' grave-yard afore breakfast; thinks I, I'se gie you a fright my man, so I shoots oot gruffish-like 'It's hoof-past siven, Muster Askew:' ho, ho, ho, but he did skelp it awa.

Hor. You like your joke then, it seems.

Clo. I allus did, Sir; I'd many a crack wi' auld Antony when I was sarvant wi' Sir Daniel at t' Ha'; William, as was coachman then, and me yance played him a bonny truck.

Hor. What was that? I should like to hear it.

Clo. Auld Antony was biding wi' t' maister, and they were baith gaing to drink tea wi' parson Tatham, as then was; Antony 'd gotten a bran new par o' boots which warn't a common thing wi' him, so he exed William and me to carry him ower to t' parson's i' t' palanky, I think they ca's it, as his boots were sa thin, not that they were thin neither, but he was loath to tak off t' newness. Well, when we'd takken him and browt him back, we exed him for a trifle for drink, and we'd eddled it fair eneuf surely, but he wad 'nt gie us so much as the valley o' this auld hat. Says William, 'your boots are thin, are they,' says he; 'I'se warrant they'se be thinner when ye git em i' t' morning;' so afore we went to bed I hods t' boots and William turns t' grind-stun till we'd grund t' soles as thin as hoof a croon; ah, but Antony was gaily thrang when he put em on t' next morning, ho, ho, ho! but he dare na say owt aboot it for fear as folk suld knaw he wad 'nt gie us owt. Sir Daniel allus laughed at that teäl. Antony was near eneuf, but he was nowt to Dicky Unthank, that was a close-fisted yan to be sure.

Hor. And who was he, pray?

Clo. Him as married Miss Askew, Antony's sister, d' ye see; like to like, I allus said, for they were well-matched for near-ness; they 're buried ower yonder where your friend's sitting. She died first,

poor soul,—it 'll be a matter o' twelve year sin, come Curmus, and Dicky mun needs hev a grand buryin, tho' he 'd kept her poorly eneuf as lang as she was alive; so he orders coaches and scarfs and hat-bands and what not, but for gloves he sends oot a' t' auld uns as he'd iver hed sent to him; he'd kept em a purpose d' ye see, mair by token that Turner* Jackson, him as I hed t' teäl fra, got twa reet-hand yans; well, t' day turned out terble snawy and cauld, and t' mutes standing ootside were well-nigh starved to death, so they sends up to exe for a drop o' summat hot to drink for to warm theirsells; 'drink,' shoots Dicky, when t' message were browt him, 'tell em, if they're cauld they may jump aboot, and they'se soon be warm.'

Hor. Excellent, but what next?

Olo. Well, he hedn't ordered sufficient coaches, and t' friends hed to ride by turns, as t' church was a gay bit off; so yan thing wi t' other they were a good hoor late i' reaching t' yard; now t' bearers hed nobbut just gitten t' coffin on their shou'ders, when up runs t' landlord o' t' Mortal Man, that's whar Dicky 'd ordered t' buryin-dinner, and says, 'Can I hev a word wi' you, Muster Unthank?' 'Nowt wrang wi t' dinner?' says Dicky turning varra pale; 'Nowt wrang,' says t' other, 'But it was ordered for noo, and I'se feerd it 'll be cauld afore your wife's under ground.' 'I' that case,' says Dicky, 'I can see but yan thing to do, t' corpse is cauld a' ready, and can bide well eneuf; so clap her doon lads, and let's to t' dinner; she'd be as loath as any yan that it suld spoil.'

Hor. Capital, capital! but here comes my friend, (*Enter Hamlet*) Frank, you've missed a real treat—

Ham. Have I? that's a pity, but here's my impromptu; you must'nt be hard on it, though, for I've had no time for polishing.

* Anglicè Attorney.

Hor. Why, you wretch, you've had a good half-hour while we've been gossiping here, but let us have it whatever it's like; and happy thought, the Sexton shall hear it too and judge of its merits; here Mr. Gravedigger! you knew John Washington, I suppose?

Olo. Aye, aye, Sir, for twenty years or mair.

Hor. Well, my friend has been writing an epitaph on him, and we want your opinion. Fire away Frank.

Ham. (reads).

Here lies our clerk, John Washington,
A name unknown to slander,
Equal in deeds, if not in fame,
To George, the great commander.

As George in war, so John in church
Had much of service seen;
How to respond when duty called,
Full well he knew, I ween.

The duty plain of taking arms,
George preach'd to every state,
But John the one of giving alms,
Whene'er he held the plate.

George, on the field of victory,
Taught men what battle's rage meant;
And John has helped to terminate
Full many a long engagement.

King George's English fell beneath
The other George's spleen;
While John has murdered, so 'tis said,
The English of the Queen.

Oftimes the roar from cannon's mouth
The ears of each would stun;
George spelt the word with double "n"
But John with only one.

Full many a charge had either stood
And bravely borne its force;
John's charge it was a Bishop's charge,
George's a charge of horse.

And many a charge had either made,
 Deny this charge, who dares ;
 But George had charged the enemy,
 John newly wedded pairs.

George ever laboured for the "Free,"
 What Yankee true can doubt ?
 And so did John, except that he
 The letter "r" left out.

As George upon his fatherland
 Shed bay-wreathed freedom's smiles,
 So John with Christmas laurels loved
 To deck his native aisles.

Then who shall judge to which belongs
 The epithet of Great,
 John the custodian of his Church,
 George guardian of his State.

Hor. For goodness sake stop, you're like Shirley
 Brooke's romance writer.

"What's good he has prigged, what's stupid's his own."

(to Clown) fine stuff, isn't it ?

Clo. Aye, aye, fine indeed ; but I cannot under-
 stand yan word o' it a' ; hev ye gitten a saxpence,
 gentlemen, for an auld man.

Hor. Well, here's one, you deserve it for your
 stories ; now mind I shall expect a new stock when
 next I come. Good evening.

Clo. Good e'en to you.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SERMO.



AFRICA.

IT is strange that, though men have inhabited this earth for so many ages, and have so far wrested from Nature her secrets and enthralled her powers, that the lightning is our messenger, and the planets are weighed, and each valley and hill on the face of the moon is mapped out and named, it is strange, I say, that there should still be vast regions of this our globe that are, and probably have always been, unknown to civilized mankind. Central Africa is one of these regions. It is well known what intense curiosity was in ancient times excited by this mysterious continent, and, more especially, by its great river, "Egypt's heaven-descended fount." The immense volume of water that rolled past Memphis and Thebes and the Pyramids, and irrigated the fields by its strange inundations, came from a fabled land of pigmies, giants, and monsters; or, perchance, it rose in the great earth-encircling ocean itself. Herodotus, when in Egypt (and he penetrated as far as Elephantine), was told that the Nile rose between two conical hills called Crophi and Mophi, and that its fountains were too deep to fathom, for that Psammitichus had let down many thousand fathoms of rope in vain. "Half the water," he adds, "runs northward to Egypt, and half southward to Ethiopia." We read also of a great lake, great swamps, troglodytes (cave-dwellers), a race of dwarfs, and many

other things, the existence of which recent discoveries have confirmed. After the time of Herodotus we hear of several great men who tried to solve the riddle of the Egyptian Sphinx. Alexander the Great, when he founded his city at the mouth of the Nile, is said to have made the attempt, but this was no mere Gordian knot to be severed by the sword. Cæsar, says the poet Lucan (with, perhaps, a little of his usual exaggeration), vowed that he would give up the civil war and all his dreams of empire if he could but visit these fabulous fountains.

About two centuries later the great geographer Ptolemy stated that the river rose in the *Montes Lunae*. He makes six streams flow from these mountains, and form two great lakes lying E. and W. of one another. How near this is to the truth we all now know. The existence of these two great lakes has been vaguely asserted ever since the time of Ptolemy, and they will be found inserted in old charts; but gradually they were omitted, and Central Africa, some 15 or 20 years ago, was a mere blank, filled up by the imagination of map-makers with "unknown regions" and wondrous pictures of savage men and monsters.

As regards the discovery of the coast line a few words are necessary. There is ground for believing that at a very early period the east coast was known to traders from the Red Sea. Within the last few years certain large ruins have been discovered in the country that lies between the river Zambesi and Natal. The discoverer, Karl Manch (who, unfortunately, is since dead), identifies this ruined city, now called Zinbabwe, with the ancient Ophir, and the home of the Queen of Sheba.* It is, at all events, remarkable that the name of the chief river of the district is Sabia (Sheba), that extensive gold-mines have been worked

* For his most interesting descriptions and arguments see the *Mittheilungen*, conducted by Dr. Petermann (Karl Manch's *Reisen*).

there in ancient times, and that a tradition has for ages identified Sofala, the chief port, with Ophir. This is mentioned (with a false quantity) by Milton, and who speaks

“Of Sofala, thought Ophir.”—*Par. Lost*, Book xi.

Secondly, Herodotus relates that some Phœnician mariners were sent (about 600 B.C.) by King Necho from the Red Sea to explore the coast of Africa, and that, after a voyage of some two years, they found themselves at the pillars of Hercules. He, with his usual simplicity, doesn't believe the story because the men declared that in those regions the sun rose on their right hand instead of on their left, which is precisely the reason why we do believe it. I cannot do more than just mention the Periplous of Hanno, the Carthaginian, who was sent to found colonies on the west coast; it seems certain that he sailed as far south as Sierra Leone, for he speaks of the coast suddenly trending away to the east.

About the same time that Columbus discovered America, the Portuguese pushed their explorations down the west coast. At the end of the 15th century a Portuguese, Vasco de Gama, doubled the Cape. In course of time Portugal settled colonies on the east coast and advanced far towards the north, till they were driven back by colonists and traders from Persia, India, and Arabia, whose presence in those parts at a very early period is proved by remains of ancient mosques, temples, &c., which are to be found on the mainland and islands.

And this state of things continues almost unaltered. The Portuguese have settlements here and there on the vast coast line from Delagoa Bay up to Cape Delgado (lat. 10 S.), and they jealously claim this as Portuguese territory, although they are scarcely able to hold their fortified coast towns against the natives, and, in some cases, are even forced to pay

tribute to the natives! The Arab ruler of Zanzibar, called by courtesy the "Sultan," claims the allegiance of many mainland tribes, but his power is limited almost entirely to the seaboard. No other European power has as yet established itself on this coast. At one time (1828) the British flag was hoisted by a Capt. Owen in the town of Mombasa, a little north of Zanzibar, but through some political jealousy it was abandoned, and we gave up what would have proved a most valuable protectorate, especially now, when we are anxious to obtain some footing in those parts for the suppression of the slave trade.* It is not my intention now to go deeply into the history of slavery, or to discuss the moral and political questions connected with the status of a slave. Though I have definite views on this subject, I prefer to leave them unstated, and to call attention to the far more urgent question of the loss of life involved by the slave traffic in Africa at the present time. But, before doing so, it may be interesting to look back for an instant on past times, for the sake of comparison.

Of the existence of slavery at a very early period we have ample evidence, but those ages loom on us in such colossal and mysterious shapes that our human sympathy cannot be easily aroused for the millions that have lived and died. I shall, therefore, make a few passing remarks about slavery amongst those with whom we are brought into contact from our earliest days—the Romans and Greeks. In reading classical literature and history I fancy one does not often realize to the full extent the immense numbers of the slave-population of Greece and Italy. It is stated that in Attica there were at one time (309 B.C.) 21,000 free citizens and 400,000 slaves. Again, under the Roman Empire, many rich men are said by Athenians to have possessed from 10,000 to 20,000 slaves. This is

* I am glad to say that a "Liberia" is now being formed at this very spot under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

probably an exaggeration, but it is known that a single *familia* of slaves often consisted of several thousands. It would be a mistake to suppose that all of these were employed in manual or menial work. Many, of course, had a very hard life in the mines, quarries, and fields, as is proved by the fact of the Servile wars; but many worked at various trades and professions, merely paying over to their owners the whole or a part of the profits. They were in great request as private secretaries, literary men, and doctors. Gladiators also formed a large body. Not a few characters distinguished in literature were at least of slavish origin. Such names as Horace and Epictetus occur to one at once; and it is well known that many of those highest in favour and authority at the Roman Imperial Court first entered Rome with chalked feet and bored ears.

The laws gradually bettered the condition of the slave, and manumission—which had never been much practised in Greece—because of constant occurrence in Italy. Christianity at first contented herself with urging the duty of kindness towards the slave as a fellow-creature, and it was not till the time of Justinian that any effort was made to abolish the whole institution. These efforts were partially foiled by the Goths and other invading barbarians, who brought into the country great numbers of their own slaves, mostly Sclavonians, whence comes our word “slave.” But in time the *servus* became the *adscriptus glebae*—the serf of the feudal ages—and slavery became extinct.

It was reserved for the Christian nations of Europe to re-establish in more modern times a slavery, at least as unchristian and disastrous in its social and political principles as that of pagan times, and involving misery and loss of human life to a far greater extent. As far as I can discover, it was during the early part of the 16th century that the

Portuguese first began to sell as slaves the natives that fell into their hands as they extended their dominion down the west coast. They were soon followed by other nations, and from that time to the present century more than 50 million slaves have been exported from Africa. England was the first to cease from this exportation, and the first, about 20 years later (1834) to abolish in her possessions the institution of slavery. As Portugal was the first to begin, so has she been the last to abandon the traffic in men. This year slavery ceases (or is supposed to cease) in her colonies.

I said 50 million slaves were exported. If we apply to this the formula generally used with regard to the present slave traffic in East Africa, no less than *five hundred million* lives were lost in connexion with the trade on the west coast. This is a thing of the past, and, as a nation, we are quite content to look upon it as such. But it is a fact scarcely as well known and realised as it might be, that at the present moment there is existing in Africa a slave traffic that is, according to official accounts issued by our Government, draining that continent of human life at the rate of about *a million a year*, and spreading devastation and misery over some of the fairest portions of the earth.

In such a case statistics may to some extent prove fallacious, but the facts are inferred from (1) the numbers of slaves that pass, or used to pass, the custom-houses of Zanzibar and other such places; (2) from the known area over which the trade extends, *v.e.* from Egypt to the Zambesi and nearly across to the west coast; and (3) from the great mortality among the slaves before reaching their final destination.

Before our treaty with the Ruler of Zanzibar (1873) about 25,000 slaves used to pass through the customs of that island; many more were smuggled up the coast on their way to Arabia and Persia; many

others were conveyed, as now almost all are conveyed, by the land routes. Altogether, from the region of Africa lying to the S. and SW. of Zanzibar, 50,000 slaves, at the very least, are transported yearly. Now, according to Livingstone, about *ten* lives are lost for every slave that arrives at the final destination. A few quotations may make this more credible. "On arriving at the scene of their operations the Arabs incite and sometimes help the natives of one tribe to make war upon another... In the course of these operations thousands are killed, or die subsequently of their wounds or of starvation; villages are burnt, and the women and children are carried away as slaves. The complete depopulation of the country between the coast and the present field of the slave-traders' operations attests the fearful character of these raids."* "The road between Nyassa and the coast is strewn with the bones of slaves that have been killed or abandoned on the road."† "We passed," says Livingstone, "a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang... We saw others tied up in a similar manner." "We passed a slave woman shot or stabbed through the body, and lying on the path." And, again, "One of our men wandered and found a number of slaves with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food; they were too weak to be able to speak." "One slave-dealer told me," says Bishop Steere, "that he had on the coast a caravan of two hundred, all of whom died before they found a purchaser." No wonder that Livingstone exclaims, "I am heartsore and sick of human blood... The sights that I have seen, though common incidents of the traffic, are so nauseous that

* *Report of House of Commons*, 1871, p. iv. The description of a similar scene which occurred at Nyangwe is given by Livingstone in his *Last Journals*.

† *Report of House of Commons*, p. 287.

I always strive to drive them from my memory... but the slaving scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at the dead of night horrified at their vividness."

It would be possible to write at much greater length, if space allowed, of these terrible scenes; but surely what has been already stated, if once realised, must leave no doubt in our minds that, as Christians and as Englishmen, we are being appealed to by a cry of distress, such as the world has seldom, if ever, heard.

What then can be done? What is being done?

I would gladly dwell at length on the past work of those who have devoted themselves to this cause, and more especially on that of Livingstone, but it is impossible to do so at present; and though I had intended to have touched on the great recent discoveries, such as those of Livingstone, Speke, Baker, Stanley, Cameron, and others, I shall have to leave this subject, and pass on at once to consider one line of action with which I am at present interested, and which I am endeavouring, to the best of my power, to follow out.

Readers of Livingstone's books will remember that he always advocated the opening up of Central Africa by the great rivers, especially the Zambesi; and that as an indispensable means of obtaining a hold on the natives, and releasing them from the disastrous influences of the Arab slavers, from whom alone they can now obtain European goods, and that chiefly in exchange for slaves, he insisted most strongly that a legitimate trade should be introduced into these regions, as an auxiliary of missionary efforts. Mr. Oswell, the fellow-traveller of Livingstone, thus writes to me: "It has always been my belief, that African slavery is only to be put down, or rather starved out, by wholesome trade. Many a time have Livingstone and I talked over this subject at our camp fires.

Could the articles for which slaves are bought be offered to the *slave-sellers* at their doors in exchange for the products of their country, one part of a hard riddle would be solved." I could multiply authorities and quotations to this effect, but the fact is self-evident to any one who considers it. The one thing wanting was a basis of operation; for, on account of the malarious character of the country, no European station can be safely placed near the coast. This basis has lately been supplied by the establishment on Lake Nyassa of a small settlement, which will doubtless prove of incalculable value as a centre of operations.

In the summer of last year an expedition, sent out by the Scotch Churches and led by Mr. E. D. Young, R.N. (who once before had reached Nyassa in search of Livingstone), arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi. Here they put together a small steel steamer, which they had brought from England, and in a few weeks successfully ascended the main river and its tributary, the Shire, as far as the Murchison cataracts. It was then necessary to take the 'Hala' again to pieces, to transport it and their goods across country for about forty miles, and to launch it on the upper river. This was a wearisome matter, but the natives came from all parts to welcome their "English fathers," and to offer their services as carriers. Last October the little vessel steamed triumphantly into the broad blue sea of Nyassa; and the last letters inform us that a spot has been chosen for the site of "Livingstonia," that the native chiefs are most friendly, that the Arabs (who annually transport some 20,000 slaves across the lake) are in consternation at the appearance of the British flag in their secret haunts, and that if a determined effort is made to follow up this line of action, a vast amount of the slave traffic will be stopped at the fountain head. But these Arabs are exceedingly cunning, and there is no doubt that they will try to misrepresent our motives to the native chiefs. They

have beads and calico and guns, and will doubtless use such means to bribe and tempt the natives. We have nothing to offer them but good advice. Now it may be said, that we ought not to trust to such 'carnal' weapons as beads and calico in our crusade against slavery. But, I ask, is it fair to expose the natives to such a temptation, when it is in our power to offer them what they want in exchange for the products of their country? Is it *right* to allow the slavers this powerful means of seducing the natives to murder and rapine? Is it *politic* to allow them this means of gaining influence over the chiefs and the people, and thus endangering our very existence, and ruining our work, the chief object of which (at present at least) is so to gain a hold on the natives that they may make an united stand against the ravages of these Arabs?

Such reasons have induced me to attempt to make a beginning—however small. I am hoping to be able to go out this spring, taking with me a moderate amount of goods, and to join the new settlement on Nyassa as an independent member, but having the same great object in view as the missionaries who have so bravely acted as pioneers. There will be of course great difficulties, such as the choice of the best route, the exactions of the Portuguese, the climate, the immense distances; but the time has come for an attempt, and it must be made in spite of all risks. I am most thankful to say, that many persons have shewn the greatest sympathy with the scheme, and that there seems to be a chance of making an immediate attempt, which, though of course of a tentative character, may, if successful, lead to something more worthy of the great cause and of England. My page is full, but should any readers of *The Eagle* wish for further information on the subject, I shall be most happy to give it.

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VIVISECTION.*

BY A "STUFF GOWN."

GREAT as has been the amount of attention lately given to the subject of vivisection (under which head, for the purposes of the present article, will be included all cases of induced diseases), it must be admitted that, considering it involves the happiness and well-being, aye, further, the very existence of thousands of living creatures, it has not occupied too much, even if it has had bestowed upon it the just share of attention which its importance demands.

It is a subject which, above all others, requires to be approached with the greatest amount of care, caution, and consideration, free alike, on the one hand, from false sentiment and sympathy, and, on the other hand, from indifference and want of feeling, or the prejudice which constant association with the practice of vivisection may have in some instances tended to create in the minds of members of the scientific world. The arguments on the one side and the other must be followed out to their logical conclusion, and then, but not until then, will it be possible to form a true and correct decision on the matter.

Few people of the present day are prepared to question the principle so ably expounded and sup-

* The MS. of this article was in the hands of the printer before the *Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection* had been issued.

ported by Bentham, "That there is nothing good in this world but pleasure, or that which is productive of pleasure; nothing evil but pain, or that which is productive of pain;" and though the greater good is sometimes not unaccompanied by, or is even the cause of the lesser pain, the proposition is none the less true. Still more unquestioned and unquestionable is the fact that of all things existent upon earth the most sacred beyond comparison is that mysterious principle known as *life*, so easily destroyed and yet so utterly impossible to restore, that nothing but the most cogent necessity can justify responsible beings in taking it away even from the lowest or meanest created form that possesses it. And to man, as the responsible head of created nature—whether he owes his position to a gradual process of *natural selection* or whether he was originally so placed there—belongs the imperative duty not only of protecting and fencing round by every available means the lives of his fellow-creatures, but also of protecting the lives and mitigating, so far as in him lies, the pains which disease or inevitable necessity entail on those lower forms of animal life which may be within his dominion or power.

If this be a fair and true statement of the case, the *onus* of proving that vivisectional operations are justifiable, or, what amounts to the same thing, of proving (or at all events raising so strong a *prima facie* case as to call upon the other side for an answer) that the amount of good derived from them far more than outweighs the pain and evil inflicted by performing them is thrown upon those who advocate the continuance of the present system. In favour and support of vivisection, its advocates point with pride and confidence to the gigantic strides which have been made in medical science and surgical skill within the last few generations in consequence of the facts disclosed by vivisectional operations. One discovery

alone, which from the very nature of the case no amount of observation, unless accompanied by vivisectional operations, would ever have brought to light—the circulation of the blood—has created a revolution in medical and surgical science; and from the knowledge of this single fact more valuable lives have been saved, more disease, more suffering has been altogether removed or, in a greater or less degree, alleviated than would compensate for the whole aggregate amount of suffering and pain which all the vivisectional operations in the world have caused. Diseases are now successfully treated by new means and surgical operations almost daily performed with safety which but a century ago would have been looked upon as absurd or altogether impossible. By inoculating or infecting the lower animals with diseases, the course and phases which the diseases take may be watched and experiments tried, which, as experiments, could never be tried on the human patient—human life being very much too precious, very much too valuable to admit, except as a last resource, of any uncertain or unascertained process being employed upon it, involving in its results the probable or possible extinction of life, even though the immediate purpose were to endeavour to preserve it. By far the greater majority of vivisectional operations are performed whilst the animal operated upon is under the influence of *anæsthetics*, and in very, very few cases indeed is it suffered to regain sensitiveness, but is altogether deprived of life whilst in a state of perfect unconsciousness.

If man is justified in taking the life of the lower animals to support human life, is he not justified and more than justified in taking animal life in order to obtain knowledge and skill, by which he may save the lives and lessen the sufferings not of his fellow-creatures alone, but also of the whole system of animated nature?

And it is useless to urge that vivisection having been so long practised all the information which it is possible to acquire from it has already been acquired. Vast, indeed, was the difference between the surgeon of the 14th century and the surgeon of the 17th century! Would not the former have ridiculed the idea of the complete revolution which the discoveries made in the latter part of those centuries had worked in his science? Yet is not the difference between the surgeon of the 17th century and the surgeon of the present day as great or greater still? And who shall say that future generations will not look back upon ours as but the mere entering upon the road which shall eventually lead to a true and thorough knowledge of the functions, organization, and constitution of animal existence?

None but those utterly ignorant of the marvellous and mysterious complexity of even the lowest forms of animated creatures would for one moment pretend or suppose that the knowledge which has up to the present time been attained is at all a full or perfect knowledge. The most illustrious men in physiological science—men whose names, like those of William Harvey and Edward Jenner, will be handed down through all time—are the first to admit that their knowledge, great though it be as compared with the knowledge of previous ages, is but one atom of that which still remains unknown, and that on every side in their investigations they are met and confronted by matters and circumstances which are as yet to them hidden and impenetrable secrets; and the most rapid progress in medical science has been made in recent times, when research by vivisectional operations has been more frequent and complete.

Surely here is evidence which raises not only a mere *prima facie* case, but one of "*violent presumption*," in favour of vivisection; a case resting upon no unsubstantial theories, but one which the records

of every hospital, every physician, every surgeon in the world can support by the indubitable testimony of facts.

On the other side it is said that these operations are now useless and tend to brutalise the mind. "We have put down," say they, "bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and dog-fighting, and we must put down vivisection; we must have legislation on the subject." But one moment's reflexion will shew how widely is that class of pursuits separated from vivisection. In the one, pain, suffering, and anguish were inflicted for the mere pleasure the sight of pain might give to degraded minds; they were followed in times of intellectual darkness by the most brutal and ignorant in the community with no further object than their own cruel gratification and amusement; whilst, on the other hand, vivisection is pursued only by the highly educated and not on account of the pain which it causes, but in order that, by aid of the knowledge and experience gained, pain in innumerable instances may be removed or assuaged, and all mankind benefitted by a more intimate acquaintance with the ways and laws of nature.

Moreover, the present outcry against vivisection has been raised by people to whom the operating theatre and the anatomist's lecture-room are regions as little known as the North Pole or the centre of the Sahara; their vague notions on the subject are founded on the vaguest "*hearsay*" evidence, and they are either entirely incapable of comprehending, or wilfully shut their eyes to the real facts. But supposing for one moment that these fears are well founded, are they prepared to follow out to the logical conclusion the arguments which they so loudly enunciate?

Have they ever considered the intense suffering which is inflicted simply for the sport and pleasure of those who inflict it? Can words describe or ima-

gination paint the extreme sufferings and torture endured by a salmon on a hook in a death struggle which lasts for hours? Or by the "live bait," with a steel wire passed through its very vitals, and so arranged as to make it writhe and twist to the utmost in its vain endeavours to get free? Or by a hare or bird that, wounded and with broken limbs, creeps into some place of shelter to linger, it may be for days or weeks, in patient yet unutterable agony and pain? Or by a fox that, driven from covert to covert, finds all his places of refuge closed against him, and, after being hunted for hours, is at last, when overcome by fatigue and worn out by exertion, torn limb from limb whilst life and consciousness yet remain?

Do none of those who are loud in their protestations and indignation against vivisection ever join in any of these or kindred sports? Do they never use gag-bits and bearing reins for their carriage horses, and so unquestionably cause disease and worse than useless suffering, for the sake of gratifying their own idle pride by seeing their horses fretting and trembling under the bit? Or do they never discuss with interest or pleasure the sport which their friends have met with in the hunting-field or on the moor, the stubbles, or the river? Do not the newspapers, at certain times of the year, almost daily abound with paragraphs describing "*bags*," in which hundreds of lives have been destroyed in a single day? And these make up not one-tenth or hundredth part of the number of living creatures annually reared in this country for the very purpose of being deprived of life in a violent and, in most instances, painful manner for the selfish pleasure of the hour.

Surely these are matters which logically demand suppression before vivisection, which is pursued for the purpose, not of pleasure, but of obtaining knowledge, by which suffering and pain may be alleviated.

Even the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a lady to whom this generation owes an immense debt of gratitude, has so far shut her eyes to the facts of the case as to address a letter to several of the morning papers, in which she asks that subscriptions be withheld from Hospital Sunday until it be ascertained that the institutions participating in the division of the funds do not permit of vivisection. A more thoughtless and cruelly insidious blow, and one beyond the power of words to describe, unworthy of the lady who has dealt it, was never levelled against suffering humanity. Her letter will be read by hundreds of thousands of people, many of whom will never take the trouble to think the subject out for themselves, but will accept the opinion of Baroness Burdett-Coutts as all sufficient; and the result may be that those useful and charitable institutions—hospitals—which have done more than any other institutions or charities in the world towards benefitting the sufferings of mankind, will have to limit the sphere of their usefulness; and unfortunate beings, suffering from accident or disease, unable to provide assistance for themselves, will be debarred from the benefits which they would otherwise have derived from those institutions, and may through long hours of anguish and pain unconsciously rue the day when the Baroness Burdett-Coutts used her great authority in thus indirectly attempting to suppress the practice of vivisection. But, further, if she is willing to use means so indirect to suppress vivisection, has she taken care that all the means have been exercised that lie in her own immediate power and not more indirect of preventing wanton cruelty to animals? Does she permit no sporting on her estates? Has she no game preserves there? Has she given directions that no fishmonger who deals in rod-caught or crimped fish, or poulterer who deals in game should supply her table? Has she altogether prohibited the use of game in her

house? If not, she stands chargeable, not with deliberate selfishness, for her whole life is one standing testimony to the contrary, but with the most thoughtless inconsistency.*

No thinking person can deny that vivisection is practised for the purpose of obtaining knowledge, by which, more or less directly, the diseases and bodily sufferings of the whole human race and all animal creation that is brought into the service of man may be removed, prevented, or their disastrous consequences lessened. Yet, in the *Times* of the 24th of January, the Society for Abolition of Vivisection inserted an advertisement, in which, amongst other terms, they apply the following to the practice of vivisection:—“hideous cruelty,” “moral ulcer,” “dreadful form of insanity,” “dangerous and demoralizing to society,” “stigma on Christianity,” &c., &c. “The public,” they go on to add, “have little idea what the horrors of vivisection are; its crimes in studied, ingenious, refined, and appalling torture, in wantonness, uselessness, and wickedness cannot be surpassed in the annals of the world.”

Such is the language, such the arguments, by which the Society for the Abolition of Vivisection seek to advocate their cause. A Society which numbers amongst the members of its committee nine ladies, of whom, as they so energetically and in such unmeasured language take up the defence of dumb animals, it may not unreasonably be asked, Do they *never* in empty ostentation and the gratification of selfish personal vanity use feathers, pearls, furs, or any other of the almost innumerable ornaments of a lady's dress, to obtain which life or lives were unnecessarily sacrificed?

In short, whilst it is permitted to deprive thousands and hundreds of thousands of living creatures

* In fairness it must be stated that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts does not use gag-bits and bearing-reins, and has several times exerted herself to suppress these cruel instruments of torture.—π. β.

of life for the mere sake of pleasure, is it not straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel to attempt to prevent vivisection, which at the most, in comparison with sport, takes but a dozen or two lives, even if it were followed for the express purpose of affording pleasure to those practising it. But when it is followed solely for the purpose of obtaining knowledge, experience, and skill, by which all animal existence is continually being benefitted, surely man is justified, and more than justified, in carrying on vivisection as one of the means in his power of doing the *greater good by the lesser pain.*

π. β.



PROPERTIUS V. 11.

DESINE, Paule, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum :
Panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces.

Cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,
Non exorato stant adamante viae.

Te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae,
Nempe tuas lacrimas litora surda bibent.

Vota movent Superos—ubi portitor aera recepit,
Osserat herbosos lurida porta rogos. ...

Nunc tibi commendo, communia pignora, natos.
Haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.



CORNELIA.

CEASE, my Paullus, thus lamenting,
O'er my tomb these tears to rain,
Never doth the gloomy portal
Ope to mortal prayer again.

When the spirit once hath entered
'Neath the laws that bind the dead,
Barred with adamant relentless
Lies the pathway none may tread.

To the god of that dark dwelling
All in vain would fall your tears,
For the ruthless sand would drink them
Ere your grief might reach his ears.

Prayers may move the gods in heaven:
Once the boatman has his pay
Never more the soul returneth
Upward to the light of day.

Take, my husband, take our children,
Pledges of our wedded love;
Love, deep fixed in soul and spirit,
Death is powerless to remove.

Fungere maternis vicibus, pater. Illa meorum
Omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.

Oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice matris.
Tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.

Et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis:
Cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis.

Sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle, fatiges,
Somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam.

You must add the mother's fondness
To the tender father's care ;
What erewhile we bore together
Now is yours alone to bear.

When with father's kiss you soothe them,
Seal it with the mother's, too ;
Now the burden of the roof-tree
Rests its weight alone on you.

Though for me you wail in secret,
Let not them your grief espy,
Let caresses hide your sorrow,
Meet them with a tearless eye.

Let the weary night content you,
Husband, to indulge your pain,
When the visions of your slumber
Bring the lost one back again.

G. C. A.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term, 1876.

The Rev. E. A. Abbott, formerly Fellow of the College, has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.

The Rev. T. B. Rowe, M.A., late Assistant-Master at Uppingham School, has been appointed Head-Master of Tonbridge School; and the Rev. D. S. Ingram, M.A., late Assistant-Master at Tiverton School, Head Master of Felstead School.

We deeply regret to have to record the deaths of two Undergraduates of the College during the Christmas Vacation, G. A. Bishop and R. Jeffrey.

The following University Honours have been gained by Members of the College since our last issue :

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers.—J. T. Ward (Senior), Hargreaves (5th), Easton and Talbot (18th), Morgan (22nd), Mc Farland (25th).

Senior Optimas.—Horner, London, Penny, Treadgold, Coggin.

Junior Optimas.—A. C. Woodhouse, Sturt, Lambert, Ambridge, C. A. Carter, Peter, Speed.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.—Wace (Senior), Simpkinson (4th).

Second Class.—G. H. Raynor, Maxwell, Hunt, Ford, Stuart.

Third Class.—Samson.

MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

First Class.—Anderton. *Second Class.*—Hurndall, Boyns.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

First Class.—Nall and M. Stewart *æq.*

LAW TRIPOS.

First Class.—Trustring, Jeudwine. *Second Class.*—R. J. Griffiths, Thornber, Tarleton.

THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

Second Class.—Ds Body, Murray. *Third Class.*—Hartley, Winter.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

Third Class.—Wright.

The First Smith's Prize has been awarded to J. T. Ward, the Senior Wrangler.

The Kaye Prize has been awarded to J. Bass Mullinger, M.A. Subject of the Dissertation, "The Schools of Charles the Great and the Restoration of Education in the Ninth Century."

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, CHRISTMAS, 1876.

First Year (First Class).—W. Allen, Baker, E. A. Beresford, J. J. Beresford, A. Hall, Johnson, Saben, Sparrow, A. E. Swift, Tofts, W. F. Williams, Wilson, Wiseman. *Suspension.*—Lord Windsor, F. J. Allen, Biggs, Eddrup, Jenkins, King, Watson.

MATHEMATICS.

Third Year (First Class).—Mc Alister, Heath, Parsons, Pendlebury, Murton, Kikuchi, Tait. *Suspension.*—Marwood, Jones, Bell.

Second Year (First Class).—Morris, Bond, Lattimer, Pinsent, Mann. *Suspension.*—Mackie, Carlisle, Marsh.

SUBJECTS OF THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION, June, 1876.

Third Year.—(1) Hebrew—Micah, Psalms cvii.—cl., Isaiah. (2) Hebrew—Grammar, Pointing and Composition. (3) Greek Testament—Epistle to the Romans. (4) Greek Testament—General Paper. (5) *a.* Life and Times of Cardinal Pole; *b.* The Creeds, with questions on Liturgiology. (6) *a.* Eusebius *Hist. Eccl.* III., IV.; *b.* Pearson on the Creed, Articles VIII., IX., with questions on the Confessions of the Sixteenth Century.

Second and First Years.—(1) Hebrew—Genesis, I. II. Kings. (2) Hebrew—Grammar, Pointing and Composition. (3) Greek Testament—Gospel of St. John. (4) Greek Testament—General Paper. (5) Early Church History to A.D. 461.

SUBJECTS FOR GREEK TESTAMENT PRIZES.—*Open to all Undergraduates of the College.*—(1) St. John's Gospel. (2) Epistle to the Romans. (3) General Paper.

Prizes will also be given to such Students as in the judgment of the Hebrew Lecturer shew proficiency in the Hebrew language.

SUBJECTS OF CLASSICAL EXAMINATION, June, 1876.

Third and Second Years.—(1) Thucydides IV. (2) Euripides, *Helena*. (3) Plato, *Phaedrus* and *Gorgias*, and Aristotle, *Rhetoric* III.; also Translation and Composition, Greek and Latin Syntax, and Comparative Philology.

First Year.—(1) Thucydides IV. (2) Aristophanes, *Thesmophoriazusae* and *Ecclesiazusae*. (3) Cicero, *pro Plancio*; also Translation and Composition, Greek and Latin Syntax (and *no* Comparative Philology).

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The Trial Eights of this Club were rowed on Wednesday, November 30th. There were three boats of very fair form, which started in the following order:

Station 1—J. Phillips's. *Station 2*—W. Gripper's. *Station 3*—J. Allen's.

The middle boat gained steadily all the way, being capably steered over the course, and, finally, won a good race with the last boat by a few seconds. The winning crew was constituted as below:

	st	lb		st	lb
<i>Bow.</i> H. J. Lewis	10	2	6.	R. C. Smith.....	11 12
2. H. L. Young	10	2	7.	E. H. Bell	9 10
3. J. H. Lloyd	11	2	<i>Stroke.</i> H. T. Kemp		9 12
4. H. St. J. Wilding ..	10	10	<i>Cox.</i> C. Pendlebury		8 6
5. R. P. Stedman	11	3			

The Scratch Fours did not come off until the beginning of the present Term, having been postponed on account of bad weather. Only four boats came to the post. Two bumping

racers knocked out one boat, and the other three rowed a time race, which was won by

<i>Bow.</i> H. A. Williams.		<i>Stroke.</i> J. Phillips.
2. J. Allen.		<i>Cox.</i> Williams.
3. A. R. Wilson.		

At a General Meeting of the Club, on Saturday, February 5, the 1st Captain put in his resignation, and, accordingly, the Officers elected for the Lent Term were:

<i>President</i> —Rev. C. E. Graves.		<i>Secretary</i> —W. Gripper.
<i>1st Captain</i> —C. W. M. Dale.		<i>3rd Captain</i> —H. F. Nixon.
<i>2nd Captain</i> —J. Phillips.		<i>4th Captain</i> —H. A. Williams.
<i>Treasurer</i> —J. Allen.		<i>5th Captain</i> —P. D. Rowe.

Six new Members have joined the Club since the end of last Term.

The Club was represented in the University Trial Eights, on Dec. 4th, by C. W. M. Dale and J. Allen, who rowed respectively Nos. 5 and 2 in the losing Boat. On this occasion, also, a member of the St. John's Boat Club rowed in the Trials, S. Greenbank, who rowed No. 3 in the winning boat.

FOOTBALL.

Association Rules.—With the meagre details to hand it is impossible to give any accounts of our matches at the end of last term, and but little has been done in football since Christmas. The College team was chosen from the following:—

J. W. Jeurwine (*Captain*), D. P. Ware, G. White, E. P. Rooper, H. T. Talbot, H. A. Williams, J. H. Gwillim, J. J. Penny, J. H. Hallam, A. C. Davies, A. W. Keely, A. C. Tofts, C. J. C. Touzel, H. G. Bluett, Q. E. Roughton, H. W. Simpkinson.

Three matches were played at the end of last Term, *v.* the University, Harrow, and Old Uppinghamians. The first was lost by 1 goal to 0, as was the second, but the third was a glorious victory by 2 goals to 0. After Christmas, J. W. Jeurwine resigned the Captaincy, which he had filled to the complete satisfaction of all, and Q. E. Roughton was elected in his place. The first match of the Term was *v.* the "Old Uppinghamians," our third match with them. Our Captain was absent, and G. White basely deserted to the enemy, and so we were almost destitute of back-play, and lost the match by 4 goals to none.

A scratch match was played *v.* the "Old Brightonians," when we had a very indifferent team, but only lost by 1 goal, scoring 2 against our opponent's 3.

On Tuesday, 29th of February, we played Trinity Hall on Parker's Piece, in a tremendous wind, and lost by 1 goal to 0. Bad luck, as usual, kept us from scoring, though we made repeated efforts during the last quarter of the match. We had

almost as good a team as possible without H. Wace and H. W. Simpkinson; and a word of praise is due to the play of E. C. Foá and W. Y. Hargreaves for the Hall.

St. John's: D. P. Ware (back), Q. E. Roughton (*Captain*) and H. A. Williams (half-backs), J. H. Gwillim (goal), A. W. Keely, E. P. Rooper, G. White, A. C. Tofts, C. R. Cooke, J. V. T. Lander, and J. J. Penny,

Results of the season: Matches played, 15; won, 2; drawn, 2; lost, 11.

Rugby Union.—*St. John's v. Bury St. Edmund's.*—Played on our ground, and won. This Term has been singularly free of matches, the Colleges, as a rule, not having accepted our challenges. Our first was the return match against Bury, in which we scored 3 goals, 3 tries, and sundry touch-downs, the Bury men being content with acting on the defensive. We feel bound to say that our men averaged, at least, a stone more than they, but for all that they shoved us back several times. Extreme good humour was exhibited throughout, as we hope will always be the case.

St. John's v. Royal School of Mines.—Played on Parker's Piece, and won, though at first it seemed very much in their favour. Their forwards played well together and shoved us back very often, though by playing on the ball we generally succeeded in moving it towards their goal. From our weight we ought to have carried every scrimmage, but we always seem to have one or two men who are not quite certain which is the right way to shove, forwards or backwards. For their benefit we should like to say that it is usual to shove *forward* with the chest, holding the arms either above the shoulders of those in front or hanging down by the side, that the elbows may not incommode the members of one's own side by becoming planted in the small of the back or in the stomach. We won by 2 goals and 1 touch-down. The "Miners," most of whom are public school men, play well, and we sincerely hope that an annual match will be arranged with them. The following is a list of our Fifteen:

C. W. M. Adam, E. M. J. Adamson, G. C. Allen, J. Allen, W. L. Comrie, W. Gripper, C. W. M. Dale, F. C. Hill, C. Slater, Tunstall Smith, J. Tillard, C. J. C. Touzel, D. P. Ware, H. A. Williams.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

H. E. White has been elected to the vacancy on the Committee of the above Society, occasioned by the resignation of J. W. Jeudwine.

Any Member of the College can join the above Society by sending in his name to any Member of the Committee.

N.B. *Tenors* are very much wanted.

The following are Members of Committee:

R. Pendlebury, M.A., <i>President</i> .		P. D. Rowe, <i>Librarian</i> .
H. S. Foxwell, M.A., <i>Treasurer</i> .		H. E. J. Bevan.
J. P. A. Bowers, <i>Secretary</i> .		H. E. White.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Lent Term, 1876.—Debates:

February 10.—“That the Non-Collegiate Students deserve the thanks of Undergraduates for the public spirit they have shewn in perpetuating the time-honoured customs of the University.” Lost by 14.

February 17.—“That the Conservative Party, taking as its programme the Queen’s Speech, is worthy of the support of the nation.” 10 voted for, 10 against; President gave casting vote for the motion.

February 24.—“That the present exclusion of Women from the Learned Professions and Political Rights is a disgrace to a civilized nation.” 5 spoke for and 6 against. Motion was lost by 6.

March 2.—“That this House approves of the Inspection of Monastic and Conventional Institutions by Government.” Carried by 6. Present 34.

March 9.—Instead of a Debate a Spelling Bee was held, Professor Mayor kindly consenting to preside. At the first round a good many had to fall out, including several who were expected to be in at the finish. At the twelfth round only 3 were left in, and Hamilton at once succumbed. At the seventeenth Tait had to give in. Thus, Rigby won 1st Prize, £2. 2s., in books; Tait, 2nd Prize, £1. 1s., in books. 30 competed, and there were about as many spectators. Prof. Mayor, by his amusing stories and learned and interesting derivations, contributed very largely to its success, and at the conclusion a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him.

Officers for Lent Term, 1876:

J. Pope, <i>President.</i>	G. H. Marwood, <i>Treasurer</i>
J. P. Baynes, <i>Vice-President.</i>	(J. F. Skipper having resigned).
J. H. Lloyd, <i>Secretary.</i>	

29 have joined the Society this Term, and 18 last Term.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

B Company.—R. F. Clarke has been gazetted as Sub-Lieutenant in the Company. Private H. Holcroft has been elected to the second Sub-Lieutenancy.

The Roe Challenge Cup for Recruits has been won by Private H. Lattey.

In the matches between the Companies for Silver Medals, B Company was successful in the first preliminary match against A and C Companies; in the final match against D Company, B Company scored 305 points and D Company 309 points. The competitors for B Company were: Capt. Wace, Sub-Lieut. Clarke, Sub-Lieut. Holcroft, Col.-Sergt. R. C. Smith, L.-Corp. Doherty, and Private F. B. N. Lee.

The Company Challenge Cup was won in the October Term by Sergt. R. F. Clarke.

The Peek Challenge Bowl and Silver Cup of the value of £5 was won this Term by Private H. Holcroft, of B Company.

A Company Handicap was shot on Tuesday, February 29th. The winners were: 1st, Private Tidmas; 2nd, Private Crowfield; 3rd, Private Steer; 4th, Private Doherty; 5th, L.-Corp. Winkley.

The following promotions have been made:

L.-Corp. Winkley to be Corporal.	Private Ireland to be L. Corporal.
Private Hatfield " "	" Doherty " "



MY JOURNAL ON THE
TRANSIT OF VENUS EXPEDITION
TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

ABOUT 4 p.m., September 10, we had everything packed up, and left H.M.S. "Scout" to go to our quarters at the Hawaiian Hotel. The long-expected white men created no small sensation as they walked up the streets with their helmets on; all looked at us as the men who had come to see the new planet. On our way we passed the Theatre Royal; then a few paces on was the hotel—truly worth calling an hotel.

On entering the ground you pass through an avenue of acacias nearly eighty yards long, and arrive at the hotel, with its deep verandahs. It is two storeys high besides a basement, each having its verandah, the Passion flower festooning all over it, and filling the air with a delightful perfume. It is truly a beautiful place, with much shade and very cool; in fact, the whole of Honolulu is studded with banana and acacia trees for shade.

The town consists of several streets and cross streets, cutting the whole into blocks in the American fashion. The Government House is a fine building, where are held the Courts of Law, &c. Opposite to it is the King's Palace, which stands in the centre of a park of about 20 acres, surrounded by a wall

built of coral, having its gates guarded by soldiers pacing in the orthodox manner with rifle and fixed bayonet.

Honolulu has its army, and it can march out two very creditable companies fully equipped and knowing their drill thoroughly, with a military band of 40 who play well; they have, besides, half-a-dozen field pieces and their complement of men. Of course these are no use for war; no one would attack the Islands, but they are indispensable to keep order and morale in the town.

A little behind the town is what is called the Punch-bowl; it is an extinct volcano, not very high. On its brink facing the town are mounted seven guns commanding the harbour. On great occasions (and they often happen, as everything is a great occasion) salutes are fired from here. At the bottom of the crater of the Punch-bowl, which is a complete basin, is a sink filled with large lava boulders. I believe that any amount of water might be poured into the crater, and it would go down into the earth as easily as pulling the plug out of the bottom of a lavatory basin; it is certainly wonderful! All up the sides of this hill sea-shells are to be found in numbers, and also inside the crater. Descending to the town we arrive in Fort Street and pass up the Valley Road, or, as it is called there, the Nuanu Valley. This is a good macadamised road, and all the roads are equally good; along this road on both sides are situated the houses of most of the *élite*, the Minister of State, &c. Their houses are certainly most picturesque, and with the assistance of all the tropical beauties I don't think it has been very difficult to make them the "Bijoux" they are.

Continuing on this road about six miles we pass splendid scenery until we arrive at what is called the "Pali" precipice; the road suddenly turns, and looking down one sees a black abyss covered with

trees on every point, the rugged mountains rising on each side. It is a very dangerous place, and impossible to describe; the descent is rapid to the sea in the distance.

We return to the town, and are met as we ride in by some of the inhabitants, who step into the road with garlands in their hands and tie them round our ankles, wrists, necks, hats, or as a sash over one shoulder and under the other. These garlands or "lays," as they are called, are most tastefully composed of the beautifully-scented flowers with which the Islands abound, and which are not to be seen growing, I think, in England. So tasteful are the natives that I have seen most exquisite "lays" made from the leaves of the fern "Pulu," which is very like our bracken.

Then journeying out on the Waiakiki road we soon get out of the town, and have a good ride for a couple of miles, when we can turn to the right, passing by the summer residences of many of the inhabitants with their gardens stretching down to the sea. Amongst them is the King's summer house, with its cocoanut grove. We pass by and arrive at the foot of the crater of Diamond Head. Vessels from Australia always sight this Head first, as they call here on their way to San Francisco. After climbing up the volcano I was surprised to see inside it a lake, which I was told contained fish. There are plenty of plovers all over the crater, but very wild. The ascent and descent are difficult, but well repay the labour. I pounded a little of the lava, and, having subjected it to the microscope, I was surprised to see its beauty; garnets, crystals, copper, iron, far more beautiful than any other lava I had found in the Islands. After a short ride inland from here we come to the Telegraph Station, where an exquisite view is obtained of the neighbouring Islands—Molokai, Lanai, Kahoolawe, Moui, and sometimes the snow-

capped summit of Mauna Loa, 120 miles distant in the Island of Hawaii.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands are dark, but not negroes; they are somewhat the colour of a real gipsy; they are very hospitable and a fine race of people, but very idle. The Islands are within the banana belt. Their language is a very pretty one; it consists of only twelve letters, including the vowels as we have them, and the consonants h, k, l, m, n, p, w. The chief produce of the Islands is sugar and coffee.

They do things very peculiarly in Honolulu. A certain wealthy gentleman, named Kimo Pelikani (English Jim), had built himself a new house, and was going to give a house warming, but, instead of sending invitations to his friends, he simply advertised "There will be a Louou (native feast) at Puloa, Oct. 17th, all Honolulu Invited," and nearly all Honolulu went, the King with his band and all his Ministers, the Queen, Princess Ruth, the Captains and Officers of the Men of War, and we all made a capital party. The King doffed regality, and danced, laughed, and joked with all; the whole was like a large happy family. The repast was spread on a table about one foot from the ground, which was covered with Palm leaves. A dish of "Poi," a sort of squash from the Taro root, eaten by sticking your two fingers in, and by a dexterous movement carrying the "Poi" to your mouth, began the feast. There was every kind of native dish; roast dog, and the dish formed from the sea-urchins I can particularly recommend, and if any of my readers have the chance I advise them to lay aside prejudice and taste them, the roast dog being excellent.

There is one thing very wonderful in the Sandwich Islands, viz. their land shells. These are very exquisite, and are found chiefly on the trees; they can be easily discovered or traced by the wonderful noise they make, and when there are many of them singing,

as it is called, it sounds in the woods like an Æolian harp. At first the sound seems like a cricket's chirp, but the difference is soon known when a cricket is heard at the same time, and the mistake never happens twice. I made a considerable collection of these shells with much difficulty. Honolulu is truly a delightful place, a splendid climate, and a good sea.

On Nov. 2nd, at 10 a.m., two of us with a party of friends left Honolulu in H.M.S. "Scout" for Kailua, in the Island of Hawaii. When we arrived a few miles from there, at 6 the next morning, there was a very strong Koua southerly gale blowing, and too big a surf to attempt to land, so we went the other side of the Island to Hilo, and arrived the next morning. A large party left us to go to see the crater of Kilauea.

It was blowing also at Hilo very hard, and a big sea was running. I, with some others, however, went on shore, landed at the Creek, and walked a mile to the town, which consists only of a few stores. The great trade of the place is sharks' fin, which is sent to China, where it is used to form a dish for a celestial connoisseur; it is very good, but, I think, something like haddock.

Hilo Bay abounds with sharks, and I am told that the natives swim out to do battle with them, but I never saw this. The surf was still rolling in very high; nevertheless, the natives said they would take us on board, so we trusted ourselves in a surf boat and started. The moment had to be watched when to break through a line of surf; the man in the stern would tell the rowers to rest, and when he saw the right moment "hui! hui!" then they would pull like mad, shoot over or through the surf, and rest for the next charge. It was very exciting, and though very hazardous, any thought of danger was lost in the intense excitement. On looking back when we were through, it was wonderful to see what we had gone over.

We steamed again for Kailua ; on our arrival there the weather was fine and the sea calm, so we landed all the transit instruments and took up our quarters at the King's Palace, a large house built of coral blocks. When all was landed at Kailua, H.M.S. "Scout" left for Kaalalakua Bay, 12 miles south, to land the material for building a monument to the great Captain James Cook, R.N., who was killed there in 1779, after observing the last Transit of Venus in the South Pacific. The "Scout" returned there Nov. 14th, and on that day the monument was unveiled. It is an obelisk made of concrete, and stands only about ten yards from where he fell when murdered by the natives.

At Kailua my room was on the first floor, and had a verandah and five windows. From the one looking west I could see the whole of the Bay of Kailua with the few huts around it, the graves of the old chiefs, and the Pacific stretching out beyond. Often have I stood at this window to watch the sunsets ; they are very beautiful and, I should think, unsurpassed. From the windows looking south I could see the rugged coast stretching far in the distance, until it is brought to a termination by a promontory, called Kau Point, which is the foot of a gradual slope to the summit of Mauna Loa, the highest mountain in the Island, nearly 12000 ft.

In the Eastern direction Hualali, an extinct volcano, rears its head above the forest of orange, banana, lime, coffee, and bread-fruit trees. The scenery in these forests is splendid ; they are natural ferneries, and Nature's arrangement far surpasses the most perfect of man's skill and art.

The time passed up to the memorable day of the transit of the planet. The exact moment of contact was not observed at Kailua in consequence of a cloud, which was a great disappointment to me, but micrometrical measurements were taken, which are quite as valuable.

I was much amused with the native idea of our Expedition and what we had come for. They believed that a new planet was going to appear on the sun, that our telescopes were guns, and we were going to shoot at the new planet to pin it on the sun and so secure it.

On Dec. 18th I started with a guide, who was an Englishman, and three mules on a ride 140 miles to the crater of Kilanea, the largest active volcano in the world; and after a very tiring ride through some of the sublimest forest scenery that one can imagine, and a continual fernery, about two in the afternoon of the 20th I began the last ten miles of my journey up a very gentle and gradual slope. I could see the steam rising from the crater in the distance. When we had gone about eight miles we came to the brink of the great crater; after coasting along the edge of it for two miles we arrived at the Volcano House or Hotel, very much fatigued.

After supper, which consisted of very good ham and eggs, a pot of poi, coffee and whisky, I looked out upon the crater below. About three miles from us was the boiling lake of liquid earth, and I could distinctly hear the waves of lava surging and crashing against the sides of the crater, and dashing against each other. There were innumerable jets of fire all around, it all threw up a livid flame; and although the night was intensely dark, I do not think I was struck with the scene, for looking from the height down upon it brought to my mind a scene I had often witnessed in England: travelling on a dark night through the pottery district, where the innumerable fires and furnaces, with the addition of the roar and glare of Bessemer works, appear much the same.

The next morning when we looked out there stretched before us a chasm, nine miles across, with perpendicular sides. After looking at this for some

time, I thought that although I had seen its equal as man's work, it appears more awful as Nature's. Of course, we went down the crater, and spent half the day there, because it was the proper thing to do, but it was anything but pleasant, for we were nearly suffocated with the fumes and roasted by the heat; and at one time having really to run for our lives made it seem as though we had had a thrilling adventure.

We left the volcano on the return journey on Dec. 23rd, and arrived at Kailua on the 27th. I spent Christmas Day in a Chinaman's store in the woods, and it was a Christmas Day I shall remember all my life. We had for our Christmas dinner about a pound of boiled beef, a loaf of bread, a box of sardines, a plate of onions, and two slopbasins of tea? we ate with our fingers and bowie knives, and the counter was our table, cock-roaches were running about everywhere, and would persist in drowning themselves in our tea. The whole family of Chinamen were in the room, one of them had died the night before, and was laid out in the corner waiting for the morrow to be buried. A few days after I left Kailua for Honolulu, and having bid farewell to all my Sandwich Island acquaintances, I left Honolulu on January 12th for San Francisco, where I arrived, after a glorious passage, on the 21st.

The journey from San Francisco to New York over the Union Pacific Railway is interesting. In twelve hours, from our start from the sea level at San Francisco, the train had risen 7000 feet, to a place called Cape Horn, where the railway is cut out of the side of an almost precipitous mountain, and 3000 feet directly below is the great American Cañon with its river looking like a thread of silver. Two days after we passed the great Salt Lake, and then arrived at Ogden. I had intended to have gone to Salt Lake City, but the road was snowed up that I

was unable to do so. Just after leaving Ogden we passed the '1000 mile tree' which is a fir tree exactly 1000 miles west of Omaha, on one of whose branches is hung a board to notify the fact, and arrived then at Sherman, 8200 feet high, where a tremendous gale of wind was blowing, and snow drifting at an alarming rate into the cuttings. We did a good deal of snow butting with the snow plough, which is fastened to the engine; the plough shares reach from a couple of inches off the rails higher than the top of the funnel. The train I was in, though going moderately fast, was stopped by the snow, so we backed for about 2 miles, got up full speed, about 45 miles an hour, and went at the snow. I knew what we were going to do, so I buttoned up my coat and stood at the end of the Pullman Car to see what I could. When the plough touched the snow it threw it off on each side, and it seemed as though we were going through a snow Tunnel. The drift was 5 feet deep and about 300 yards long, but we cut a beautiful road right through it, and there seemed to me not to be the slightest diminution of speed. After the usual collision, in which we knocked over 4 tons of letters, we arrived without further mishap at Omaha late, and had to stay a night, starting off for Chicago the next morning. After coasting about the lakes, I arrived at Niagara, where I stayed to see that of which the Americans say, "I guess you ain't got anything to equal that," and true we hav'nt, for it is nothing but a big weir. The first thought is, that it is wonderful that the body of water continues so plentiful, but this is only for a moment, as it is not wonderful but only to be expected, when one considers the immense tract of land it drains and the extent of the lakes. I did not go into those raptures that are supposed to be the proper thing to do when one sees the "cut and dry" scenes, but

took it all as a matter of course, and left the place with a feeling of great disappointment, and determination never to go ten yards out of my way again to see the falls. The Yosemite fall in California, 2760 feet high, or the Bridal Veil in the same Valley, 900 feet high, with less water, is, in my opinion, far finer than a fall 300 feet high and 300 feet broad; the latter looks like a revolving water cylinder.

I left for New York, which is a fine city, and all I can say for it is that when I was in Broadway during business hours, I hardly realized the fact that I was not on the other side of the pond in the Strand.

The whole place was frozen up, the thermometer registering 28 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. However, I did not find it so cold as it often is in England, it seemed a dry coldness. I stayed until I was frost-bitten, when I thought it time to depart, and accordingly left in the "City of Montreal," in which I accomplished the last 3,000 miles of a 30,000 miles journey about the world, and arrived safely in England at the same part I started from only ten months previously.

H. G. B.



PEMBROKESHIRE.

SINCE the completion of the South Wales Railway and the opening of steam communication between Milford Haven and Waterford, the south-west corner of Wales has been rendered easy of access; still, with the exception of the through traffic to Ireland, the course of most strangers visiting the county of Pembroke is directed to the watering-place of Tenby and its immediate neighbourhood. The greater part of Pembrokeshire, lying north of Milford Haven, is traversed by few tourists, and those chiefly of a quiet sort, who move about on foot and seek retirement rather than a bear-garden. Cheap excursions, brass bands, beggars, and bathing-machines are unknown on its sea-coast; rarely will the wanderer be confronted with the sandwich-wrapping newspaper or sit down unawares upon the broken bottle. But to those whom these "pretty pleasures" do not move there are many attractions in the district of which I am speaking. It is a country of hills and valleys, with the sea close at hand; a sea the coasts of which are not tame and regular, but broken into a succession of small bays and upheaved by volcanic disturbance into bold and rugged headlands.

Very different from this is the central part of the county. Its character is generally moist in climate, undulating in outline; but its one leading feature is the great inlet of Milford Haven, the arms of which extend in all directions far into the interior. This

district does not present to the eye the same rough and bare appearance as the northern; trees are abundant throughout, especially in the sheltered and steamy bottoms, down which the streams run to the Haven; and in some parts large woods cover the ground for miles.

South Pembrokeshire is again widely different from the rest. Apart from the ridges, between which lie the valleys of Lamphey and St Florence, the country is more flat than the central district, and trees are very scarce. The coast is nearly all steep limestone cliff, broken and worn into grand and picturesque forms, but giving an effect of melancholy dreariness. Except along the coast the scenery is poor, and the country for the most part devoid of interest.

A glance at the Ordnance Map will shew that Pembrokeshire is exceptionally rich in ancient fortifications. From the castles of Pembroke, Manorbier, Carew, Narberth, and the still standing walls of Tenby to the mound of loose stones that cuts off the end of St David's Head is a great step backward. Between these come the earthworks, for the most part of an oval shape, with which the county is thickly dotted. There are, however, far more of these primitive strongholds in the northern part of the county than in the southern, while the castles lie chiefly in the latter. This may be taken as indicating that the early struggles of pre-historic times took place chiefly on the borders of the hilly country, while the castles represent the need of defending the English part of the county, or 'Englishry,' from the attacks of the Welsh, in times of which we possess some literary record. Contemporary, perhaps, with some of these early works are the monuments of supported (*cromlech*) or standing (*meini-hirion*) stones, which are very common in North Pembrokeshire. Within a circuit of ten miles round Fishguard most of the remarkable *cromlech* may be found. Those near St Nicholas

and Newport are well worth a visit; but that on the hill above Pentre-Evan decidedly ranks first. Its dimensions are given as follows by George Owen a local antiquary of the 16th century:* The tallest supporter is 8 feet high and the lowest above 7 feet; the cap-stone 18 feet long, 9 broad, 3 thick at one end, but tapering towards the other. As I had no measure with me when I visited it, I cannot vouch for the exactness of these dimensions, but am sure that they are not far wrong. A few large stones near the cromlech seem to be the remains of a stone circle that once surrounded it. It stands in a wild place among the low hills about five miles inland from Newport, and is hard to find unless you know something of the district, and can identify the lanes, paths, and small streams with those marked on the Ordnance Map. And, as it happens, this is not so simple a matter as might be expected.

The churches of Pembrokeshire present few points of interest to the architect, save one or two in the southern half of the county, and the Cathedral of St David's in the north. For the present purpose it is enough to remark that the southern churches have nearly all got embattled towers (mostly with saddleback roofs), while the northern are almost without exception utterly devoid of towers and are of the ancient barn-like shape common throughout Wales.

The two centres for the walking tourist in North Pembrokeshire are undoubtedly Fishguard and St David's. Of these the former will repay a more than passing visit. The bay affords good boating and excellent bathing, while the country presents much beautiful and varied scenery to those who will explore it on foot. The headlands of Dinas and Strumble, the Preselly hills and the valley of the

* Quoted by Fenton, pp. 559—60, *G. Owen's MS dates* 1595.

Gwaun may be mentioned as walks which offer much variety and deserve repetition. The town itself (the Welsh name of which is Abergwaun) stands on a bold cliff in a recess of the bay and is singularly fresh and healthy. Its population, including the lower town, is about 2000, and it is one of the group of Haverfordwest contributory boroughs. The people consider themselves Welsh, but their looks—agreeing with the cluster of Norse names on the coast, of which Fishguard is one—forbid one to doubt that there is a strong admixture of Teutonic blood in most of them.

Quiet and obscure though it be now, this little market-town and harbour of a remote district, its name was for awhile in men's mouths towards the end of the last century. On February 20th 1797 three French vessels appeared off the promontory of Pen-caer, and at a point about 3 miles to the west of Fishguard, in the parish of Llanwnda, disembarked some 1200 troops, 800 of whom were liberated convicts and all half-starved with hunger. A visit to the spot at which they landed will shew that Fenton does not exaggerate when he speaks of the 'vast toil' they underwent in rolling casks of ammunition up the cliff. The madness of choosing such a landing-place is evident, and the wonder is that they ever got up the casks at all. But it is best to let the Pembrokeshire historian tell the tale in his own words* as far as space will admit. After describing the flight of the country people and the removal of women and children from Fishguard in consequence of the general panic, he writes—

“In the meantime, the bloodhounds were no sooner at leisure than they hastened to satiate their hunger, which, from the vast toil they had undergone and their scanty allowance of provision for some days,

* *A Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*, by Richard Fenton, Esq. F.A.S. (London, 1810).

had become voracious. The fields were selected for the purpose of cookery, and the operations were carried on upon an immense scale. Not a fowl was left alive, and the geese were literally boiled in butter. They then proceeded to plunder, and give a loose to every brutal excess that pampered and inflamed appetites could prompt them to; but the veil of night was kindly drawn over their execrable* orgies, disgraceful to nature, and which humanity shudders to imagine. But what less could have been expected from wretches commissioned (as it afterwards appeared from the instructions taken on board one of the frigates that conveyed them to our shores) to confound and desolate?

“Gluttony was followed by intoxication, and here the finger of Heaven was manifestly visible; for, in consequence of a wreck of wine a few days before on that coast, there was not a cottage but supplied a cask of it, the intemperate use of which produced a frenzy that raised the men above the control of discipline, and sunk many of their officers below the power of command; and to this principally, in gratitude to the Divine Being, may be ascribed the so speedy and happy termination of a business that seemed to menace a much more distressing catastrophe.”

The writer goes on to draw a highly-coloured picture of what might have happened had the French been able to penetrate into the interior of the county; disasters happily averted by the utter disorder of the French, whose commander, having lost all authority over his men for purposes of offence, and finding that he was gradually being surrounded by the local yeomanry, under the command of Lord Cawdor, and by such other irregular forces as could be raised,

* When Mr. Fenton was on his tour through the country the gentlemen everywhere gave him hospitable entertainment. He then speaks of crowning the labours of the day by the ‘elegant conviviality’ of the evening.

resolved upon a surrender, which was accepted as absolute and unconditional. Mr Fenton then continues—

“However, our troops, actuated by true British valour from the gallant peer who headed them to the meanest of his followers, were then assembled, had taken a judicious position, and waited with firmness the motions of the enemy; yet this was a moment rich beyond the power of language to paint, as it recalled the fugitives to their homes, the husbandman to his plough, the shepherd to his flock, restored the suspended animation of the fields, and gave us a harvest of laurels, without hazarding the precious blood of our brave defenders.”

After describing the surrender, he adds, in a tone of mournful indignation—

“There have been invidious attempts to tarnish the lustre of this event.”

In fact it had been asserted that some of the local Baptists, being ill-affected towards the English Government, had entered into treasonable correspondence with the enemy. But, exclaims our patriotic friend—

“I may venture to ask how it were possible for such men without fortune, learning, or connections, to give effect to their principles, malignant as they might have been, and communicate with foreigners in an unknown tongue, who scarcely knew the patois* of their own. That one of them was found within the enemy’s lines was proved, and, I believe, little more; whither, like many others unnoticed, he had been carried by that fool-hardy inquisitiveness, a prominent feature in the character of the low Welsh, a sort of officious temerity, the result of nerve, which, if properly directed, would have impelled the possessor to pierce the recesses of the Thuilleries or St Cloud,

* ‘Welsh English,’ I suppose.

and sheathe a poniard in the heart of that disturber of the peace of the world, the execrated Corsican despot.”*

At the risk of quoting too much, I have added this last extract, for the closing outburst seems now too good to be missed. But the book bears date 1810, and it is hard to enter fully into the feelings of the early part of the century.

The advantages of forming a harbour in Fishguard Bay, by the construction of a strong breakwater, are well known to the Admiralty, who seem, however, to have no spare money for so large an undertaking. The work would not be likely to pay, even were the Waterford and Wexford packets to make this their port, and the railway which would render such a change feasible is not yet made. At the end of last century some project of the kind was under discussion, for in 1790 a Mr. Spence, having surveyed the Bay on behalf of the Admiralty, reports† that Fishguard is the right place for the next harbour north of Milford Haven, and estimates the cost of the proposed pier at £14,785 18s 5d. As yet, however, undisturbed by the railway whistle or the rush of excursionists, and enjoying two posts each week-day, the little place sleeps on. And whatever may be the hopes of the owners of property in that neighbourhood, no one who has spent a few weeks there and used his legs wisely will join in wishing for a change. There is no real need for it. No crowds of wearied operatives would come so far to seek their short refreshment, and the vapid concourse of dangling men and nupturient maids has made Tenby its place of resort in South Wales. As one who has enjoyed in various places more than one happy Long, and has found none to match Fishguard, I am bold to speak strongly in its praise. But to

* Fenton, pp 10—15.

† Quoted by Fenton, pp 575—6.

the lazy or passing visitor it would probably seem poor and dull.

As to views in the neighbourhood, by far the most extensive is that from the top of the Preselly Hills, whence you can see the sea to north, south and westward, and also into three counties, all more or less hilly. A walk to Dinas Head gives a good outlook over the sea, but little more, save the pleasure of looking down from the height into the deep green or blue water immediately below. On the low and seemingly alluvial isthmus, which joins the head to the mainland, the visitor who keeps to the northern side may come upon an interesting sight, though not one to be called pleasant—the deserted and ruinous old church and churchyard of Dinas; where, owing to encroachments of the sea and recent neglect, all is crumbling into the water piecemeal, and presenting in the process a ghastly travesty of the system of interment.

Before I conclude this notice of the district, I have to advise any reader of the *Eagle* who may visit St David's not to be content with seeing the Cathedral* and the fine ruins of the Bishop's Palace. Let him go all round the cliffs from the little harbour on the southern side to the sound between Ramsey and the mainland, to Whitesand Bay, and on to the grand pile of rocks known as St David's Head. But, if it be the evening of a fine summer's day, let him not tarry too long on the granite blocks looking out into the west and watching the tide-race. He should mount Carn Lleiddi in time to get the view over St Bride's Bay to the south, and then turn to face the sunset flushing the waters of St George's Channel. He will not regret the small trouble he will have taken, and he may then feel that he has

* There is a splendid history of St David's by W B T Jones and E A Freeman, published by Parker (1856).

seen what there is to see, and withdraw satisfied from this lonely corner of the world, with its sandy and marshy waste hemmed in by rocks; where still stands a cathedral and cathedral city, and where once was the western outpost of Roman power in Britain.

W E HEITLAND.

- Menapia, see *Camden*.



PERSECUTED SCIENCES.

I DESIRE to enlist your sympathies with the most ancient and honourable kindred sciences of Begging, Cheating, and Stealing, sciences most honoured by the ancients, and most neglectfully used and despitefully treated in modern times by those who cannot appreciate their beauty and their utility. This is a critical moment of their existence, when, from a stunted and despised infancy, they are growing to a possible bright youth and sunny manhood, and when they are passing to the higher ranks of society from the poor and disreputable, to whom the cultivation of their beauties has been too long restricted. The art of floating rotten loans, fraudulent bankruptcies, and friendly societies has now reached to so high a perfection that we may soon hope to see the sciences acknowledged in polite society, and raised from their present position of indigence to a luxurious affluence. Hermes must indeed have looked down with sorrow and pity on the persecuted condition of his modern votaries, and will, no doubt, rejoice greatly at their expectant good fortune. I will not, however, at present discuss the future prospects of these kindred arts, but will the rather call your attention to the great deeds and exploits of the heroes of old times.

Picking and Stealing—for of the sister science I shall speak presently—is by its nature none of your

downright, straightforward, brute-force professions, but depends for its success upon the subtle skill and the wily genius of its devotees. It is by means of dark nights, light fingers, and plenty of lying, that the master of the science can perform those exploits no less marvellous than the bootless feats of those who call feckless spirits and shadowy faces from the vasty deep, to grace our modern seances, and such as would put to shame their silly copyists, called conjurors, a bastard race who have gained the ear of the public by affecting to reveal the hidden mysteries of the art, and whose works are only fit for the wonderment of babies and old maids. The true science, with its noble contempt of *meum* and *tuum*, and its disinterested hatred of those who seek, vainly let us hope, to establish property as a basis of society, has many claims on the mankind whose constant welfare it fosters and over whose interest it has watched so carefully.

Those romantic times, when, on meeting with an undeserved and untimely fate, the professors of the art were visited and consoled by fair dames in prison, and escorted by tearful multitudes to the gallows, are unhappily long past never to return, but let us hope some revival of those chivalrous days may be in store, and perhaps even a grander if not so romantic an age is to be our future, since we daily see our neighbours swindling and swindled on a more gigantic and improving scale than before.

The great art of lying, practised mightily by all the heroes of ancient times from Ulysses upwards, but which has fallen rapidly into disuse until railway prospectuses, puffing advertisements, and the necessitous adulterations of tradesmen brought it into a prominence which it has never before attained, is a great aid to our light-fingered science, and has helped its practitioners out of many serious difficulties, and in fact no professor can ever become really great

without being a proficient in all the tortuous mazes of this difficult branch of his profession. In one of the works of our English Essayists there is an anecdote illustrative of what use this noble art may be to those intending to investigate the science of thieving, and which I cannot refrain from relating. In the days of Frederick the Second of Prussia, when Prussia was a Roman Catholic country, a ring was missed from an image of the Virgin Mary at Berlin, and was finally found on the person of a private soldier. He was tried for sacrilege, the fact was clearly proved against him, and he was condemned to death, when he completely puzzled his judges by affirming that 'the Virgin had given him the ring.' The judges were in the greatest perplexity. It was 'flat blasphemy' to deny the possibility of a gift from the Virgin Mary, and yet it seemed monstrous to permit such gross impudence to escape its due reward. In this dilemma the judges appealed to the king, and he, after due consideration, gravely pronounced this sentence: 'That all good Catholics would believe what was alleged by the soldier to be true, and he was therefore honourably dismissed, but that for the future it was forbidden any Prussian subject, whether civil or military, to accept a present from the Virgin Mary.'

We may remember also the lawyer who dropped his hat inside heaven's gate, and, having gained S. Peter's permission to step inside for it, refused to return, a trick not unlike the one that Sisyphus played off on Pluto. But both these latter are rather instances of the 'lie circumstantial.'

The mention of the judges' dilemma reminds me of a two-horned tale of a baron, albeit a just, yet a severe and inflexible, man, who had built a bridge over the river by his castle, and had at the same time erected a gallows hard by. This bridge builder assumed the right of asking every traveller whither he was going, and if he answered truly, well and

good; if not, the baron hanged him on the gallows. One day a passenger, being asked the usual question, replied, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows." "Now," thought the gallows builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly and ought not to have been hanged. If I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely and ought to have been hanged." It is not stated what decision he came to. One of the most celebrated dilemmas is one of the most ancient. A rhetorician taught a youth the art of pleading on condition that he was only to be paid in case his pupil gained his first cause. The pupil immediately brought an action against his teacher, with the object of being freed from the obligation he had contracted, and then put this dilemma to him: "If I gain my suit, the court will absolve me from paying you; if I lose, I am freed by the terms of our contract." To which the rhetorician replied, "If you gain, you must pay me according to our contract; if you lose, you must pay me in accordance with the decision of the court."

But to return to my subject; although hunted and hindered in their vocation by a narrow-minded aristocracy, and eyed with great jealousy and disfavour by the state, the law of honour among the members of the profession is so strong and the *esprit de corps* so close that, as between themselves, they seldom practise their profession to the detriment of their friends. "Me vil tell you," said the gipsy king to Tom Jones, "how the difference is between your people and my people. My people rob your people, but your people rob one another." To take an instance, Antolycus, when he found Sisypus a match for him in his art, so far forgot all jealousy as to become his friend and ally himself with him in marriage, and in all ages it has been considered a most infamous act to betray a professor of the great science and to disclose its occult mysteries. Poets and novelists generally, the faithful friends of our sect, have

laboured very consistently to place this striking trait of our character in its true light. "That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surprises me," are the words in which the great Macheath expresses regret at his betrayal,* and no doubt Fagin and his young friends would have been now living and carrying on their trade had it not been for their unfortunate connexion with the miscreant Oliver Twist.

But to turn from the consideration of these beauties of the science to the great deeds of its heroes, though I hinted at the outset of this paper that the masters of the great art had generally been those of low estate and mean origin, I find that the experiments of our science have not been uniformly carried out by men of this character, and in several cases even royalty itself has condescended to honour us with its example. That paragon of virtue and chivalry, the Cid, is an instance in point, since on one occasion, when in want of money, he very cleverly cheated some Spanish Jews, though perhaps Jews were of little account in those days. He had quarrelled with the king, as, of course, anyone with spirit would have done, and had been banished the realm, friends and all, in consequence, and, being in want of ready money, he commissioned a friend to negotiate a loan with the Moses of those times, promising to leave great securities, reversions, plate, jewelry, and stock of all kinds in their hands in exchange. These were to be put into two chests, which the Jews were not to open for a year on account of political circumstances, and in consideration of which they were to advance six hundred marks. Whilst Abrahams and Isaacs

* The name of "Jemmy Twitcher" was ever afterwards applied to Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, the bosom friend of Wilkes, and the companion of all his debaucheries. He conducted the motion against Wilkes, in the House of Commons, for his Essay on Woman, with a baseness for which the real Twitcher affords no parallel. It was said by those who heard him to be "Satan rebuking sin."

were discussing terms with the emissary, the Cid and his friends were engaged in employing their spare time in filling the chests with sand, which, when done, were duly handed over to the Jews in exchange for the ready money, the Cid saying, with a smile, "Ye see that I leave something with ye;" and the weight of the chests put the poor Jews in such excellent spirits that they gratuitously gave the Cid and his friends handsome presents in addition to the money. Then who does not remember the prince of pickpockets and highwaymen, that most attractive of scapegraces, Prince Hal, and the "bellipotent and immeasurable wag" Falstaff, playing their many merry tricks, to say nothing of Bardolph, who, we are told, "stole a lute-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold it for three halfpence!" Even no less a person than Saint Peter himself was not above cheating the poor Welshmen, who kicked up such a hullabaloo in heaven by talking and singing in their native tongue, for he is said to have stopped outside the door, and by bawling out "caws baub" or "toasted cheese" inveigled them into rushing out to find where the delicious diet was, when Peter stepped in nimbly and slammed the door in their faces.

But to begin more systematically to enumerate the deeds and exploits of our heroes, I find that I have so many brave and true men on my hands that I shall never have time for one half of them. There is the brave Dick Turpin, whose famous ride to York forms the subject of one of our modern novelist's tales; and Jack Sheppard, with his thousand daring deeds; and the gentle and noble Robin Hood, the peerless, kind-hearted king of brigands; and the villain Jonathan Wild the Great, a kind of reformer, who flew in the face of all established canons and rules of the profession; and Claude du Val; and Filippo Pacchione; and Count Fathom; and Captain Rolando; and Fra Diavolo; and the Forty Thieves.

But, perhaps, the *chef d'œuvre* of the craft is that recorded by Ariosto, and also by Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, of Giles de Passamonte, who, when Sancho was sitting asleep and nodding on the back of his donkey, comes and draws away the beast from under him, and leaves the discomfited squire propped up by four sticks.

Every nation has its humorous tales of practitioners of these fine arts. It is said to be no uncommon thing in Albania to begin a story with the preface "When I was a robber," and the Arabs not only rob strangers, but even break through the rules of honour, and seem to have a right to rob one another, stealing most cunningly each other's horses and camels. The *Arabian Nights*, French tales, and Italian novels are full of stories of thieves and robbers. Macaulay, in one of his essays, tells a tale of three thieves who induced a muddle-headed Brahmin, contrary to the evidence of his own senses, to believe that a half-bred cur of a dog was a fine sheep covered with fleecy wool. The Brahmin being anxious to buy an animal for sacrifice, the first thief (there is always a first thief, like the first villain or the first gentleman, in the play) offered to sell it to him, affirming that it was a sheep, which the Brahmin indignantly denied, declaring that it was a dog. Being unable to agree, they decide to refer it to the first comers, who, of course, are both of the accomplices, who come up one after another, and back up their own side through thick and thin. Finally, the Brahmin, convinced, I suppose, that he had had a drop too much, buys the dog, offers it up to the gods, and is struck dead in return.

The Italian brigand of old times, descended from the great barons of the peninsula, was a formidable craftsman, who carried on his trade on a gigantic scale, and with a vast amount of romance and chivalrous politeness. Dwelling in his eyrie on the

rock, he sallied forth with his band of hundreds of retainers to plunder and rob all travellers and other obnoxious persons. The ruins of mountain castles all over Europe bear witness to the widespread celebrity of these old professors. There is a tale related of Filippo Pacchione thoroughly descriptive of the courteous ogre of those times. It is related that hearing that Ariosto was passing through his country, he stopped his retinue, and turned out of his way that he might have the opportunity of paying his respects to the great poet, and vindicate his character as a gentleman. The name of Fra Diavolo, who carried on a guerilla war with the French Republicans in 1798 in Italy, is a terror even to the Italian children of to-day. He lived at Itri, a little town on the mountain of S. Andria, and roamed along the high roads between the river Garigliano and Terracina. His scouts, generally women, walked innocently along the roads with their distaffs in their hands, singing and laughing, and betrayed to Fra Diavolo and his men any French Republicans who happened to pass along the roads of the country of the Bourbons. It is a doubtful question whether the French or the followers of Fra Diavolo were the greater rogues.

After hair-breadth escapes innumerable, defying both civil and military authorities, until at last they thought him ubiquitous, Fra Diavolo was finally betrayed by his own friends, and marched off and executed at Naples.

But the greatest of all Italian bandits, Marco Sciarra, commonly called Re della Campagna, lived in the sixteenth century, and roamed the country at the head of six hundred men. If pressed by the Royal troops he used to retire into the dominions of the church, where he lived unmolested. This sugar-loaf-hatted hero was a kind-hearted brigand, averse to cruelty, and his fate was an unusually mild one

compared with that of most of his contemporaries, since he was stabbed by a friend, who embraced him with a dagger. Most of these great men came to violent ends, owing to the jealousy with which the profession is regarded by unbelievers. The modern descendants of these romantic heroes have greatly deteriorated from the pleasant courtesy of the trade, and are now only rude handicraftsmen, who cut off ears and noses, and expect pecuniary remittances in return.

When we come to the masters of our own country, the multitude of them and their great eminence certainly bewilders and perplexes us. To say nothing of the thieves of reality, such as Claude du Val dancing the stately minuet on the heath with the lady and the knight, whose carriage he has stopped, and Dick Turpin and his mare Black Bess, the thieves of fiction are so numerous and their tricks so lengthy as to defy enumeration. First comes that modest old hoary-headed professor of fiction Ephraim Jenkinson, he that stole Doctor Primrose's horse, with his talk about the cosmogony of the world, Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and what not, his servant Abraham as great a rascal as himself, his grey beard and reverent demeanour, which enchants good Doctor Primrose so much that he takes him for some great philanthropist, and his amazing impudence when he is discovered at his tricks.

Colonel Jack, a novel by De Foe, is an amusing life of a boy placed apprentice to a pickpocket, who remains about twenty years in the profession, acquiring a wonderful proficiency until he has the misfortune to be sent out on a mission to the colony of Sidney; and *Moll Flanders*, by the same writer, is no less interesting as a female thief. Colonel Jack's exploits were apparently of the same simple character as those which the lower class of modern professors practise. He and his friends hunted in couples, and one attracted the victim's notice whilst the other

attended to the necessary alterations in his pockets, using force, where force was necessary, to attain their object. For instance, a merchant is standing at a counter of a warehouse, with some bags of money lying on the table before him. Jack and his *confreere* enter the shop, and Jack whips off with the money bags, while his companion holds the merchant in talk with some rigmarole and improbable yarn about being sent by a friend with a message, after which he decamps also. Sometimes when they became possessed of bills of exchange and other papers of no use to them, they would conjure up an imaginary thief between whom and the owner they negotiated, and restored with one hand for a handsome reward what they had taken with the other. Some of Moll Flanders' feats are of precisely the same character as those of modern times. For instance, there is a fire three or four doors down the street from where she is living, and with the aid of an accomplice, her own landlady, she rushes to the house, affects great solicitude for the safety of the family, and states that she is sent by Mrs. — to help them in removing to a place of safety. The affrighted women give a large bundle of plate and two children (articles apparently of a very different value) to her care; the children she takes to Mrs. — with a request from her friend to keep them, and then, having discharged her duty, she goes home to bed with a light heart and an easy conscience, and sleeps with her neighbour's spoons under her pillow. To this day, whenever there is a fire, at least in London, you may see crowds of roughs ready to play the same trick collected round the door of the burning house.

In the History of the Plague, by the same author, a thief ventures into a plague-stricken house to steal, but pays dearly for the theft, being carried to the churchyard the same night. The thieves,

during the plague, not only pick people's pockets, and rob them of their money, but act as quack-doctors, and sell 'compounds of mercury and all kinds of hurtfull things' as antidotes to the plague, which are eagerly bought by the poor, and simple folk, 'taking down blindly, and without consideration, poison for physic and death instead of life.' Rare times, indeed, and exciting for the members of the thieving profession. Nurses and watchmen are said to have smothered the people committed to their care, for the sake of their money and clothes, and to have thrown them into the dead-cart, "scarce cold!" De Foe goes to his brother's house, and finds women coming out of his warehouse fitted with hats, and others in the house trying on hats 'as quiet and unconcerned as if they had been in a hatter's shop buying them for money.'

The heaviest punishment that you could inflict on anyone in those times was to button-hole him for a quarter of an hour, and then tell him that you had the plague. Yet people seemed very hardened to the chilling horrors of other's suffering. De Foe tells a tale of a poor piper who was wont to go from door to door singing and playing for the neighbours' diversion, who would give him food and drink in return. One night he drank too much, and, being drowsy, lay down to sleep on a bench outside a house, with the plague-stricken cross upon its doors. Then round comes the dead cart, with its ghastly bell tolling as it went along; the door opens, and people bring out a dead body and lay it by the side of the sleeping man. The watchman thinking him dead, both are taken up and carried off to the yawning pit, which had, perhaps, already received a hundred or more dead bodies. As they passed along they took up other bodies till, as the narrator says, they almost buried him alive in the cart, and the piper awoke only just in time

to save himself from being buried alive. 'With this story' (of which I have only given the outlines), according to De Foe, 'people have made themselves so merry.' This book is a ghastly reservoir of nightmares, rendered all the more awful and pathetic by being written in the most homely and unaffected language by an eyewitness, and with great coolness and impartiality. As the writer says, the people who made themselves so merry over such a tale as I have just related, "lived in a time of such general calamity, and, as it were, in the face of God's judgments, when the plague was at their very doors, and it may be, in their very houses, that they did not know but that the dead-cart might stop at their doors in a few hours to carry them to their graves!"

But I find that I have been carried away from my subject, and besides, that great master and king of our profession, 'Time' steals on, and warns me that I must leave our friends the cheats and thieves, and pass to the flourishing and ever-increasing science of Begging.

It is very remarkable that a science of such astonishing capabilities should so long have lived an undeveloped life among the merest outcasts of society, dependents on the providence of the wealthy and the compassionate kindness of the Church. Generally, the beggars of former times were a poor, uneducated and despicable people, unclothed, unfed, unsheltered, save by those to whom their very wretchedness was a passport. But yesterday begging rose above nothing but copper,—now it counts its earnings by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and the greatest men of the land practice and profit by it. It may be well, perhaps, before we discuss its present prospects to take a short insight into its history in this country.

In old times the monasteries supported thousands

of beggars, both without and within, and the custom of relieving the poor at the gate encouraged dependents on charity in classes of all kinds.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, begging fared very ill at the hands of the authorities. An act of Henry VIII, passed in the twenty-second year of his reign, may interest some readers. It enacted that "Scholars of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, that go about begging, not being authorized under the seal of the said Universities," and also "such persons as feign themselves to have knowledge of physic, physiognomy, palmistry, or other crafty science, whereby they bear the people in hand, that they can tell their destinies, deceases, and fortunes, and such like other fantastical imaginations" were to be whipped "at two days together," and for a second offence "to be twice whipped, to be set in the pillory, and to lose one ear." In the same year was passed an act concerning outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians. Begging, however, seems to have flourished notwithstanding these harsh laws, as in Elizabeth's reign fresh laws were made to restrain beggars, enacting that "rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars," defined to be "persons who went about begging under pretence of having been shipwrecked, all idlers going about begging, all cheats pretending to know palmistry, physic, &c., all fencers, bearwards, common players of interludes and minstrels wandering abroad, all jugglers, tinkers, pedlars, and petty chapmen, &c., &c.," besides labourers refusing to work at reasonable prices, and gipsies, when found begging, were to be whipped, "until his or her body be bloody," and sent to the House of Correction, "there to put him or herself to labour, as a true subject ought to do." These laws were re-enacted in James the First's reign, and continued to form the basis of the English poor laws for a long time after.

The Scotch tinkers, whom Sir Walter Scott has embodied in his ballad of "Donald Caird," seem to have been a loose rollicking sort of roving gipsy, alternately thief and beggar, as it suited him, ready to act the mendicant, or rob the hen roost, as occasion offered. A gentleman in Forfar, having sent his servants to order some tinkers, who had been stealing his poultry, to leave his land, they sent back word that they would remain where they were; but that if he would give them half the money that it would cost to send for the police-officers to drive them away, they would go immediately. The Irish beggar, like the Scottish gaberlunzie, of whom there is a good instance in the Antiquary, was a recognized member of society, had a place on every man's hearth, and played the confidant, the messenger, the conspirator, or the bearer of news, with equal skill wherever he went. To conclude, it is necessary to enumerate some of the many forms of modern cheating and begging. The former are so various [from the doctor, who, when he went into a new town, sent round the crier to advertise a reward of fifteen pounds for a dog which he never lost, and at the same time to enumerate all his titles, academic honours and place of residence, in full to the listening populace, down to the veriest pickpocket in the street] that a century would be short time to recapitulate them all.

Clergy and philanthropists have almost monopolised the science of begging, and it seems as if we must all become beggars together, merely to be on equal terms with our neighbours. Perhaps if everyone had a begging-book containing a list of subscribers to a charity, which he could pull out on occasion, there would be almost an end of mendicancy altogether. As to one form of cheating, adulteration, there was always and seems now to be no end to it. An act in the 5th year of Henry VIII, "for avoiding

deceits in worsted," inveighs heavily against the "dry callendering by gums, oils, and presses, so that a coarse piece of worsted not being past the value of XXVIs. VIII*l*. is and shall be made by their gums, oils, and presses, to show like to the value of XL*s*. or better, and if the same worsted, so dry callendered taking any wet, incontinent it will show spotty and foul, and ever after continue foul, and will not endure, to the great deceit and hurt of the wearers thereof, &c." Surely no vendor of ten-and-sixpenny hats could wish for any thing more satisfactory than this. In Falstaff's time the vintners were soundly rated for their limed sack and ropy wine, and English cloth was to be seen exposed in the square of S. Mark, nailed to a post, in token of its wilfully shortened measure, by order of the Seignory of Venice. But modern times, if we may be believed, are no better but rather the worse for civilization. Bread adulterated with Indian meal, bean flour, potatoes, and potato starch, bones, chalk, whiting, salt in excess, pounded spar and plaster of Paris; beer made of quassia, tobacco juice, grains of Paradise and *Cocculus Indicus*; wine of logwood-chips, sloeberries, apple-juice, brown brandy, essence of fruit, and soaked raw beef; brandied sherry; loaded claret; *vin ordinaire*, whose acidity is counteracted by sugar of lead; champagne, that owes its sparkling amber to the turnip, the rhubarb stalk, and the gooseberry; spirits made of turpentine and cayenne pepper; tea, heated and stained with metallic oxides and faced with Prussian blue; billiard balls made of dynamite, and warranted to explode if put near a light or a cigar-ash; coffee of Belgian chicory and roasted beans; cayenne of brickdust, common pepper, red lead, and oxide of mercury; curry of turmeric, pepper, mustard, and lime powder; sprats for sardines, copper and acid for pickles; butter composed of salt, boiled fats, tallow, and rag pulp; marmalade of straw pulp; jam made of the sweepings

of the markets; calves foot jelly of old combs; silk mostly composed of cotton; wool or devil's dust in Yorkshire cloth; cheese coloured with red lead; sausages of cats, dogs, rats, and unwholesome meat;—what are these hut *caviare* to the multitude? What vast strides has science made, indeed, in the last century? We hardly ever eat or drink, or wear or use anything which is what it professes to be!

Then, to take another view of social advancement, what an army of widows and orphans, bankers' clerks and old ladies do the rotten loan originator, the floater of shaky concerns, entrap and ruin? Like the line of Banquo, they pass before us pointing with their shadowy hands to some flowery prospectus of an Eden in a far off land; and yet if anything is suspended *per. col.* it is the business and not the speculator who probably leaves his bail in the lurch, and lives on ten thousand a year in some unextraditing country. Can we fail to admire a science of such vast proportions, and possessed of such a variety of royal roads to wealth and honour?

Dismissing the fact that our modern thief has no right to one farthing of the money which he has spent like a prince, unlike his wretched half-clothed type of ancient times, he is an accomplished gentleman, a man of taste in music, in painting, in architecture, an excellent landlord, a genial friend, a munificent patron of the church, and he probably dies "respected and beloved by all who knew him," and leaves a million and a half to his afflicted relations.

As Macheath said some time ago :

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as we,
I wonder we haven't better company
On Tyburn tree.

U. B. K.



THE CLIMBER'S DREAM.

I MADE an ascent of the Eiger
Last year, which has ne'er been surpassed;
'Twas dangerous, long, and laborious,
But almost incredibly fast.
We started at twelve from the Faulberg;
Ascended the Mönch by the way;
And were well at the base of our mountain
As the peak caught the dawn of the day!

In front of me Almer and Perren
Cut steps, each as big as a bucket;
While behind me there followed, as Herren,
George, Stephen, and Freshfield, and Tuckett.
We got to the top without trouble;
There halted, of course, for the view;
When clouds, sailing fast from the southward,
Veiled over the vault of dark blue.

The lightning shone playfully round us;
The thunder ferociously growled;
The hail beat upon us in bullets;
And the wind everlastingly howled.
We turned to descend to the Scheideck,
Eyes blinded, ears deafened, we ran,
In our panic of hurry, forgetting
To add a new stone to the *man*.

Palinurus himself—that is Almer—
No longer could make out the track;
'Twas folly, no doubt, to go onward;
'Twas madness, of course, to go back.
The thunder rolled deeper and deeper;
The lightning more vividly flared;
The snow slope grew steeper and steeper;
And the wind more offensively blared.

But at last a strong gust for a moment
Dispersed the thick cloud from our sight,
And revealed an astonishing prospect,
Which filled not our hearts with delight,
On our right was a precipice awful;
On the left chasms yawning and deep;
Glazed rocks and snow slopes were before us,
At an angle alarmingly steep.

We all turned and looked back at Almer,
Who then was the last on the rope;
His face for a moment was clouded,
Then beamed with the dawn of a hope.
He came to the front, and thence forward
In wonderful fashion he led,
Over rocks, over snow slopes glissading,
While he stood bolt upright on his head!

We followed in similar fashion;
Hurrah, what a moment is this!
What a moment of exquisite transport!
A realization of bliss!
To glissade is a pleasant sensation,
Of which all have written, or read;
But to taste it, in *perfect perfection*,
You should learn to glissade *on your head*.

Hurrah, with a wild scream of triumph,
Over snow, over boulders we fly,
Our heads firmly pressed to the surface,
Our heels pointing up to the sky!

We bound o'er the bergschrund uninjured;
 We shoot o'er a precipice sheer;
 Hurrah, for the modern glissader!
 Hurrah, for the wild mountaineer!

* * * * *

But, alas! what is this? what a shaking!
 What a jar! what a bump! what a thump!
 Out of bed, in intense consternation,
 I bound with a hop, skip, and jump.
 For I hear the sweet voice of a "person,"
 Of whom I with justice am proud,
*"My dear, when you dream about mountains,
 I wish you'd not jödel so loud!"*

ARCULUS.



GAG-BITS.

BY A "STUFF GOWN."

THIS Englishmen we are particularly prone to consider ourselves the most humane race on the face of the earth; we look back upon the efforts which have been made in the interests of humanity and in kindness towards the lower animals. We have our Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; a Society for the Protection of Animals subject to Vivisection; a Society for the Abolition of Vivisection. We have "Homes" for Lost Dogs, &c.; still there are matters, particularly with reference to our treatment of the animals to which we owe the greatest debt of gratitude, wherein we might learn a wholesome lesson, from the nomad hordes of the deserts of Arabia or from the painted savages of the prairies of America.

Writers of all times have vied with each other in their praises of the horse, not only as one of the most graceful of the brute creation, but also as the constant companion and faithful servant of man, whether in ease, prosperity, or sport, or in danger, adversity and labour. In almost every latitude inhabited by man there also is found the horse, ever willingly and patiently toiling for man's pleasure or man's benefit; content with the humblest and hardest fare, in every variety of circumstance—in the sunless, cheerless labyrinths and suffocating atmosphere of the deepest mines, on the scorching sands of the deserts of the tropics, and amidst the perpetual snows and

inclement weather of the highest mountain passes of the world—to spend his whole life in man's service. There is, in short, no other animal to which man is so greatly indebted. In peace and in war, in great engineering works, in the ordinary every-day business and pleasure of life, so much is dependent on the horse that it is no exaggeration of the case to say that were every horse suddenly destroyed from the face of the earth, man would find himself for the time in a more helpless and confused condition than at any time since his first appearance in the world. Yet our treatment of this faithful and uncomplaining servant is in many instances one of wanton and unnecessary cruelty.

There are cases where of necessity inconvenience and even pain are inflicted on the horse, and, though these are always to be regretted, they are justifiable when the amount of real and substantial benefit far more than outweighs the inconvenience or pain inflicted. No further reference will be made to such cases now, but to those only, or one class of them, in which pain and suffering are inflicted through gross ignorance or wilful negligence, and without serving any useful purpose. That these cases are numerous, and caused by the very people who, of all others, should set a better example to the classes less fortunately situated, no one, even the least observant, can deny after a single walk through the fashionable thoroughfares or by the "Ring" in an afternoon during the height of the London Season. In either place will be seen the otherwise graceful outline and easy actions of the horse tortured by gag-bits and bearing-reins into a posture more stiff and more unnatural than that exhibited by a Staunton chess knight. There will be seen ladies, to whom the very idea of cruelty is distasteful and who shudder with horror at the bare mention of the slightest vivisectional operation in the cause of science, who, nevertheless,

lounge for hours on the luxurious seats of their costly equipages, delighted in no small degree at the attention drawn to them by the foam-flecked sides and unnatural action of their horses, and utterly ignorant of, or, at all events, utterly indifferent to, the inconvenience, suffering, and pain to which these poor brutes are subjected by the incessant galling of gag-bits and bearing-reins.

Two reasons or, more correctly, excuses are usually urged by those ladies as the cause of their using such instruments of annoyance and pain. Either that the horses look so much more spirited whilst pawing the ground and champing the bit and tossing their heads, in their unavailing endeavours to obtain some slight cessation from the irritating pain, and in lifting their legs in an unnatural manner, from their heads being so reined back that they cannot see where or how to put their feet to ground; or else it is said the coachman is not able to manage his horses without the aid of such powerful bits and reins.

By those who urge the first excuse, and think they can improve upon the graceful and elegant forms of Nature's own modelling or on the wise provisions of Nature's own economy, can more convincing proof be required than the sight of the horse in his more natural state, in the plenitude of his strength, activity, and beauty. Those who after such proof still remain unconvinced will, it is believed, be found only amongst those who think that their own faces and figures can be improved by the poisonous cosmetics of a perfumer or by the tight laces of a fashionable dressmaker.

To those who urge the second excuse let the plain truth at once be told. That a coachman who is not able to manage his horses without such contrivances of torture, is so thoroughly lazy, so totally ignorant of his business, as to be less fitted to be placed in the charge of horses than a village carpenter or a country gardener.

Men are less frequently seen using gag-bits and bearing-reins probably because they are better acquainted with the horse and his habits. Some few, chiefly cockneys or undergraduates, whose principal ideas of the habits of the horse are derived from the experiences of "The Row," or of the Trumpington and Abingdon roads, or an occasional meet with the Brighton harriers, and pedantic old gentlemen, whose stiff neck cloths and sharp-pointed collars bear testimony alike to the density of their skins and skulls, are still to be found using gag-bits and bearing-reins; but, happily, their number is daily decreasing.

Moreover, not only does this pernicious fashion—and it is nothing more than a fashion—cause inconvenience and pain, but it sows the seeds of many fatal and insidious diseases—diseases of the respiratory organs, diseases of the ventricles of the heart, diseases of the brain, diseases of the joints, and many others are more or less directly or indirectly, referable to this pernicious practice.

Much has already been done towards the abolition of this practice by the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Edward Fordham Flower, the author of *Bits and Bearing Reins*, and, with the spread of enlightenment and knowledge, gag-bits and bearing-reins must inevitably disappear from our stables and harness.

Let the women and the men of this country, instead of wasting their time and energies in raising and magnifying imaginary evils in practices with which they are for the most part entirely unacquainted, look to the practices and abuses which prevail in their own stables and within their own control, and first suppress cruelty there, and then with a clearer conscience and a better grace will they be able to investigate the practices of scientific men.



THE LONG VACATION.

With books and papers, ink and pen,
The lamp reveals my table spread;
As from the page I raise my head
To hear St. Mary's clock chime 'ten.'

Each note the cold fresh breeze of night
Through yonder open casement bears;
And hushed are voices on the stairs,
And hushed the busy hum of light.

A passing step, a closing door
May still the slumbering echoes wake;
But soon they sleep again to make
The silence deeper than before.

A Johnian swan, an owl, a gnat
Unite to chant a doleful stave;
No caller now disturbs me, save
A moth, and, now and then, a bat.

Next Term must mourn a race 'gone down,'
Replaced by freshmen spruce and staid;
Save where some plucked one stands betrayed
In battered cap and ragged gown.

The gentle gyp hath ceased to swear,
No 'wines' his evening mirth alloy;
Nor warbles now the grocer's boy
His popular uncertain air.

No more the cracked piano's wail
Vies with the persevering flute;
But hark! I hear that heavenly lute
Which Nature lent the nightingale.

Strangely and sadly, scarce with pain,
Such music speaks of days gone by;
Till old acquaintance brings a sigh
That turns me to my books again.

H. B.



“OUR CHOIR.”

PART I.

THERE is an old adage that “the singers and the ringers are the plague of every parson’s life.” I can only answer for the former, the latter, of course, being altogether beneath contempt. It may, however, be remarked that they are usually presided over by the sexton, which will, perhaps, account for the fact that a marriage peal from the tower of W—— church always makes one feel very mournful.

The history of “Our Choir” might be traced back into the remote ages if there were anyone to do so, but as there is not, a few of its early features alone stand out from the deepening twilight of the past. These veracious fragments of tradition proceeded from my worthy grandfather, who could recollect the time when the sole musical instrument in use in our venerable parish church consisted of a “pitch-pipe.” This relic of antiquity was still in existence some years ago, and is described as a wooden machine of simple structure warranted to sound one note, on which the choir started some such psalm as

“Oh! what a happy thing it is
And joyful for to see—”

The service of those days, it is needless to say, was set as a duet for the rector and “old Mr. Mullins, the clerk,” as he was respectfully titled by

the villagers. Mullins was held in universal awe by the youth of W—, for whose edification he was wont to combine spiritual instruction with corporal chastisement. It was, therefore, a regularly disputed point among the schoolboys every Sabbath-day as to who should *not* sit within reach of his dreaded cane, since Mr. Mullins' official duties prevented him from reproving the more distant rebels, save by means of a running accompaniment of frowns and fist-shaking during the prayers, which often imparted a solemn severity to his slightly nasal tones. Mullins' only fault was a tendency to sleep during the sermon. This proved the source of divers scenes in church, of which one more notable than the rest may be mentioned. My great-grandfather's pew was a mighty square pen in the gallery, adjoining the *choir seat*, whither it was the clerk's custom to migrate from below after the third collect in order to "give the note." Now this proximity to the musical talent of W—, so far from begetting respect, led my great-uncles into a wicked temptation, which proved so sore that at last one of them, on a certain well-remembered Sunday, broke down altogether under its weight and stole the pitch-pipe, into the capacious mouth of which he firmly inserted a large cork. Mullins, who was, as usual, lost to worldly matters, on this occasion remained oblivious until the sermon was over and hymn time had arrived, and then it was that the portly rector from the pulpit delivered himself of the startling words, "Mullins, wake up!" to which the old gentleman replied, "Amen." (It was noticed that at this point four little boys were gently but firmly removed from the sacred edifice.) But how shall we describe the way in which the wretched clerk blew down the pipe with every muscle strained to the utmost, and how his efforts were at last rewarded by a tremendous "pop" and an unwonted blast of music? Decency spreads a veil over

the tableau, and history records, as a postscript and a warning, that the precocious author of this practical joke seemed loth to *sit down* at the afternoon service of that day, which he attended as an additional punishment.

On another occasion the younger Mullins, who was sent by his mother for the purpose, is said to have disturbed the paternal slumbers towards the close of an unusually lengthy discourse from the rector on unleavened bread, by whispering in *too* audible a voice, "Dad! you mun come whum, the dumplins bin ready." Time flies! and the rank grass now nearly conceals the crumbling stone that tells how John Mullins, junior, was parish clerk for forty-five years.

The pitch-pipe soon found itself far behind the age, and the next generation witnessed the fall of despotism and the substitution of a triumvirate, consisting of a harp, a violincello, and a key-bugle.

These instruments were regarded as peculiarly appropriate and Scriptural, especially the harp, inasmuch as they conveyed an idea of "all kinds of music," and, consequently, the third chapter of Daniel thenceforward possessed a new interest for the rustic mind.

The vocal parts were now sustained by half-a-dozen mighty voices headed by the "village blacksmith," who might possibly have

"Heard his daughter's voice"

once or twice in his life, when he was not altogether drowning it with his own. The effect produced by the united efforts of this company was decidedly striking. In the first place, the violincello was never quite in tune with the key-bugle, and the harp had no particular tune at all. Also, as a rule, "time" was out of the question, each instrument having its own and the singers likewise having theirs. However

the audience was not critical, and always listened with awe, not unmixed with a certain, amount of pardonable pride. I have heard my grandfather say that even he now and then had his doubts about the strictly devotional character of an *anthem* as it was then performed. I should have had no doubt whatever, but we live in different times.

He told me of one good old custom that was put a stop to by the late vicar on the very first Sunday after his induction to the living. It appears that a ringer had died, and the choir requested permission to perform the usual "dirge." Not exactly understanding its nature, the rector good-naturedly consented. Accordingly, at morning service, after the Litany was over, he was not a little surprised to witness the solemn descent from the gallery of both harp, violincello, and key-bugle, together with a reinforcement from the neighbouring parish, consisting of another key-bugle, a bassoon, and an accordion.

Down the steps they tramped, preceded by the clerk; then up the aisle and within the communion rails, where they ranged themselves in a semi-circle round the table, on which were deposited the music-books, for the sake of convenience. But, O! for a pen to describe the devout wailings and discords that followed! The congregation sat entranced, while their unhappy pastor, an unwilling listener in the reading-desk, endeavoured to conceal, with ill success, his amusement and mortification. Suffice it now to add that this was the last "dirge" heard in W— church.

H. B.



THE LAKE NYASSA MISSION.

THE following letter has been received from H. B. Cotterill, late Scholar of the College, and will, doubtless, be read with interest:

Quilimane, East Africa,
Aug. 13th, 1876.

Dear—,—Perhaps some of my many friends at Leeds, known and unknown to me, will be pleased to hear, that after many tedious delays, we have at last arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, and hope in a few days to begin our journey up the river into the interior. The last letter that I sent you was, I think, from Algoa Bay. We were delayed in those parts for five weeks. On the 27th July we had everything stowed on board, the steel boats well lashed down to the fore-deck, and the smaller wooden boats carefully deposited in the hold of the Swedish S.S. Ausgarius. A few friends came on board to say good-bye. We held a short service, after which the boat pushed off, the anchor was weighed, and, amidst cheers from the mail steamers, ships, and boats, we slowly steamed out of the bay. After touching at Natal, we stood out into the middle of the Mozambique Channel to escape the coast current, but were caught by a violent gale, which detained us for about three days. The accommodation on the little auxiliary screw-steamer was limited, but the captain was exceedingly anxious to make us as comfortable as possible, so that our rather protracted voyage of twelve days passed pleasantly enough. At length we sighted the delta of the Zambesi—a low flat bank, fringed with cocoanut trees. It was difficult to distinguish the various mouths, as there is no conspicuous point from which to take bearings. After steaming up the coast for some time we sighted a beacon, which proved to be that placed by the Portuguese on Tangalane Point, at the entrance of the Quilimane River. Our signals did not have the effect of enticing a pilot out, so next morning about 5 a.m. we made our way towards the bar, which we successfully cleared with two or three feet of water under our keel. The Quilimane

River, called the Kwakwa, is, after passing the two points (Tangalane and Hippopotamus), a fine sheet of water, about six or eight miles wide. But it is shallow, and we had to wind about considerably, under the guidance of an Arab pilot, before we reached the town of Quilimane, which lies amid a dense grove of cocoanuts, about ten miles from the sea.

We had expected to have to camp out among the mangroves, but great improvements have taken place here lately, and we found a spacious boarding-house, where we are very well accommodated, considering the circumstances. Some of the men are sleeping on board our steel boats. Mine, the "Herga," given to me by Harrow School, is now floating, as I have often longed to see her, in the waters of this great African river, awaiting her cargo of calico, beads, and provisions, which is at present lying at the Custom-house.

I am sorry to say that the free pass granted to me by the Lisbon Government on the application of Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs has not yet come to hand; for although the mail steamers lie to off the bar, the pilot boat scarcely ever goes off to secure the letters. This will make a great difference to me, for the duties on calico especially are very high,—about 20 per cent. It is said that a small steam-packet is being now built at Marseilles to ply in connection with the mail steamers, so that by the end of this year we may hope for a regular delivery of letters.

As regards the question of slavery in these parts there is much to say. As many know, there is a decree issued by the Portuguese Government declaring slavery illegal after some date (18th April I fancy), in 1878. Some of the more enlightened of the merchants—among whom I am glad to class our very good friend Senor Nunnes, one of the kindest and most liberal-minded men I know—have already, some time since, liberated their slaves. But most are still in actual servitude, though they are called free, because (so argue their masters) they are not slaves *in perpetuo*, but only till 1878. It is quite enough to see the long gangs of poor creatures—by whatever name you call them—attended by their drivers, streaming into the town, carrying large blocks of limestone from Mozambique—or to hear the shrieks of some poor wretch, as we have heard, being flogged at night, or to see, as we have seen, the dead body of a native floating past the ship—to understand that there is still much to be done in the name of God, Christianity, and humanity, in these regions of the world. Still, the worst is to come,—for the slave traffic is still carried on with all its horrors, northward from the parts about Nyassa.

We hear of various Europeans who have started, or are to start, for the interior; and we rejoice to hear it, for we know that every white face in those parts will serve to drive out the Arabs, more especially if they can outbid the Arabs, in their

influence with the natives. My party is stonger than when I started. I purchased a wooden boat, and engaged a fresh hand—the boatswain from the mail steamer—and also procured a bull pup, who will be a good guardian of my tent at night. In a few days we hope to get together enough canoes and men to make a start for Mazaro, before we reach which place we shall have some trouble in dragging our boats over shallows, and actually carrying them over some miles of dry ground.

I shall write again soon. Till then, I am yours faithfully,
H. B. COTTERILL.

P.S.—I forgot to say that the French merchants here report plenty of material for trade in the country, but at present no means for export. A little enterprise would mend this.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

LOUD howled the wind, high dashed the furious sea,
Where in the carven chest lay Danae;
Fear in her heart, tears streaming from her eyes,
Clasping her babe close in her arms, she cries:
“How great my terror, while in peaceful rest
“Thou gently slumberest on thy mother’s breast,
“Housed in this joyless brazen-banded ark,
“While all around thee spreads the murky dark.
“Thy clustering locks are dry: thou dost not dread
“The passing waves, which curl above thy head.
“Thou heedest not the winds, but sleep’st in joy
“Twined in thy purple cloak, my beauteous boy.
“If terror wore its fearful guise for thee
“Sweet to thine ear my soothing words would be.
“But sleep, my lovely babe, I bid thee sleep,
“Sleep too, the horrors of the raging deep,
“And sleep, ah! sleep, my never-ending grief.
“O father Zeus, in pity send relief;
“And if in aught too bold I seem to be,
“For thy son’s sake, I pray thee, pardon me.”

H. W. S.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter and Michaelmas Terms, 1876.

WE regret to have to record the death of the Rev. Thomas Crick, M.A., formerly Tutor and President of this College. In 1836 Mr. Crick was elected to the Public Oratorship, which office he held until 1848, when he was presented to the College living of Staplehurst, Kent.

The Rev. G. F. Reyner, D.D., has accepted the living thus vacated. Dr. Reyner has for nearly twenty years filled the office of Senior Bursar, to the great advantage of the College.

Dr. Reyner has been succeeded as Senior Bursar by the Rev. J. W. Pieters, B.D.

The Rev. A. Freeman, M.A., has accepted the office of Auditor, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Pieters.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, M.A., has been appointed one of Her Majesty's Preachers at Whitehall, and, though remaining in residence as Lecturer in Geology, has resigned his post as Tutor of the College. His successor is the Rev. E. Hill, M.A., who graduated as 5th Wrangler in 1866.

H. Cowie, M.A., for several years past Secretary to *The Eagle*, has been appointed Government Inspector of Schools. The Editors take this opportunity of placing on record their sense of the many services rendered by Mr. Cowie in the fulfilment of the duties of his office, and their sincere regret that he has been obliged to retire from the Committee. The Rev. G. H. Whitaker, formerly an Editor, now fills the vacant post of Secretary. The other Editors are Mr. Sandys, H. W. Simpkinson, H. E. J. Bevan, and J. H. Jenkins, who has been elected in the place of E. H. Bell resigned.

On Sunday, October 22nd, the Rev. J. Moorhouse, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Melbourne, at Westminster Abbey. On the following Thursday, October 26th, he addressed a meeting of University men in the College Hall, upon the nature of the work to be done in his new diocese. After describing the main features of the country, its climate, and capacities, he dwelt upon the character of the people of Victoria, and remarked that the type most resembling it in England was that of the large manufacturing towns, where the same vigorous independence in thought and hearty energy

in action were to be met with. This the Bishop had found when a Curate in Sheffield, where a decaying working men's club sprang into life as soon as the people saw that it was in the hands of men who were ready to devote to it all their energies. The Bishop, in inviting any for whom such a country and such a people had special attractions, and who had a taste for hard work, to think about joining him in his distant diocese, dwelt on the need which is felt there of University men, and pointed out the fact that the Church in Australia, besides paying the passage out, offers higher salaries than are usually offered to Curates at home; and, moreover, that, in consequence of the proportion borne by benefices to curacies being far greater than in England, the rate of promotion is far more rapid. It was impossible not to feel, as one listened to his strong, hopeful words, that in Dr. Moorhouse the College was sending to Australia a man under whom it would be a privilege and a happiness to work.

On Monday, November 25th, Dr. Moorhouse left England. His commissaries in this country are the Rev. J. B. Pearson, LL.D., Rector of Newark, and the Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D., who are ready to supply information about the diocese to any who may desire it.

Ecclesiastical Preferences.—Rev. F. G. Slight, M.A., to the Vicarage of Woodborough, Notts. Rev. H. Mitchell, B.A., late Scholar, Vicar of Leighland, Somerset, to the Rectory of Toxbear, Devon. Rev. R. J. Rowton, M.A., to the Vicarage of Penkhull, Stoke-upon-Trent. Rev. Valentine Williams, B.A., to the Vicarage of Cowleigh, Great Malvern. Rev. M. H. Marsden, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Wenthead. Rev. W. F. Creeny, M.A., Rector of St. Michael le Thorne, Norwich.

The following Members of the College have been admitted to the Degree of M.A.:

T. T. Gurney	R. G. Fowell	R. F. Charles
W. Garnett	P. Baylis	T. H. Chadwick
W. M. Hicks	R. S. Stephen	F. W. Haines
G. A. K. Simpson	H. B. Finch	J. B. Taylor
H. F. Pinder	W. H. Ruston	P. Ellis
T. E. Page	A. H. Roughton	E. A. Alderson
W. T. Newbold	J. N. Quirk	W. E. Buck
W. L. Wilson	F. S. Ellen	T. W. Windley
A. Hoare	T. Alston	W. H. Burville
S. H. Hall	J. J. H. Teall	G. M. Reeves
J. A. Lloyd	G. L. Hodgkinson	S. S. Allnutt
M. W. Whitfield	G. W. Lees	J. A. Macmeikan
A. E. R. Micklefield	C. H. Wood	F. C. Cursham
G. Cooper	H. Woodman	E. W. Hobson
T. Adams	H. A. V. Body	J. Pinches
T. Micklem	B. Arnett	J. Theed Watson

To that of LL.M.—F. S. Ellen; to that of LL.B.—R. J. Griffiths; to that of M.D.—W. E. Buck; to that of LL.D.—J. B. Pearson; and to that of D.D., *honoris causa, jure dignitatis*—J. Moorhouse.

The following Members of the College were ordained in Lent last:

By the Archbishop of Canterbury—Edward Hartley, B.A., *Deacon* (to Cranbrook); George Hodges, B.A., *Priest*. By the Bishop of Lichfield—George Sydney Raynor, B.A., *Deacon*. By the Bishop of Nottingham—Arthur Thelluson Oddie, B.A., *Deacon*. By the Bishop of Manchester—Norris Dredge, B.A., *Deacon* (to Christ Church, Preston); John Osborn Pink, B.A., *Deacon* (to Witton); Henry Huntley Oliver, B.A., *Priest*. By the Bishop of Ripon—John Wood, M.A., *Priest*. By the Bishop of St. David's—John Frederick Walwyn Trumper, *Priest*.

On Trinity Sunday the following were ordained:

At York, John Hopkin, B.A., *Priest*; at Carlisle, James Moore, B.A. *Priest*; at Chester, James Staffurth, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to St. Matthias, Liverpool), and Thomas William Thomas, B.A., *Priest*; at Chichester, Henry Moray Hilton, B.A., *Priest*; at Ely, Charles William Edmund Body, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Chesterton), and John Smith, B.A., *Priest*; at Gloucester, William Alexander Webber, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to St. James', Gloucester); at Lincoln, Robert Burges Bayly, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Grantham); at Manchester, James Pilkington Baynes, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Padiham), and James Henry Street, B.A., *Priest*; at Oxford, William Henry Gwillim, B.A., *Deacon* (Chaplain at Maidenhead School); at Peterborough, William Rawson, B.A., and William Reece, B.A., *Priests*; at Rochester, Arthur Frederick Bellman, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to St. Albans'), Richard Plowman Wing, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Hitchin), and Henry Ingate Kilner, B.A., *Priest*; at Salisbury, Edward Frederic Cavalier, B.A., *Priest*; at Winchester, William Henry Burville, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Mitcham), Edward Arthur Chichester, B.A., Robert Griffiths, B.A., LL.B., and Henry Rastrick Hanson, B.A., *Priests*; at Durham, George Thomas Winch, B.A., *Deacon*; James Albert Sharrock, B.A., *Priest*; at Worcester, Thomas Henry Nock, B.A., and Harry Burton Vale, B.A., *Priests*; at Exeter, William Henry Webster, *Deacon* (licensed to West Exe); at Lichfield, E. C. Peake, *Deacon* (licensed to St. John's, Wolverhampton), and J. M. Tate, *Priest*; at Norwich, Edward Alexander Stuart, *Deacon* (licensed to Thorpe, Norwich).

On September 24th there were ordained:

At Canterbury, George Venables Oddie and Walter Wyies, *Priests*; at Chester, Francis Ireland, *Deacon* (licensed to Babington), and William Edgar Newling, *Priest*; at Ripon, Arthur William Septimus Albert Row, *Deacon* (licensed to St. George's, Leeds), and Frederick Heppenstall, M.A., *Priest*; at St. Asaph, William Inchbold Phillips, *Deacon* (licensed to Morton); at Worcester, William Robert Wareing, *Deacon* (licensed to St. Mary's, Kidderminster).

University Honours gained by Members of the College:

The Senior Chancellor's Gold Medal for Proficiency in Classical Studies was awarded to H. Wace, Senior Classic, 1876.

The Lightfoot University Scholarship for History was awarded to J. D. Murray, B.A.

The Browne Medal for Greek Epigram was obtained by W. W. English.

The Carus Greek Testament Prize for Bachelors has been adjudged to C. W. E. Body.

Mr. Bonney has been elected a Member of the Council of the Senate.

On Thursday, October 19th, Mr. Sandys was elected Public Orator of the University by a majority of 113. Subjoined is a summary of the votes recorded:

	VOTES.	FOR.	AGAINST.
St. Peter's College	27	14	13
Clare College	39	17	22
Pembroke College	21	10	11
Gonville and Caius College	57	25	32
Trinity Hall	26	12	14
Corpus Christi College	125	1	124
King's College.....	28	15	13
Queens' College	28	16	12
St. Catharine's College	22	7	15
Jesus College	57	46	11
Christ's College	71	21	50
St. John's College	358	355	3
Magdalene College	14	5	9
Trinity College.....	281	91	190
Emmanuel College	59	29	30
Sidney Sussex College	19	7	12
Downing College.....	11	4	7
No College	46	26	20
Total	1289	701	588

The Rev. A. C. Jennings, M.A. (Jesus College) has been elected to Mrs. Fry's Hebrew Scholarship.

Among the Select Preachers before the University for the current year we notice the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely, D.D. (November 5th and 12th); the Hulsean Lecturer, the Rev. E. A. Abbot, M.A. (November 26th to December 24th); the Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D. (April 29th, May 6th, May 10th).

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, JUNE, 1876.

CLASSICS.

Third Year (First Class).—Dyson, Vaughan, Tillard; Northcott, Blackett, and Rooper *æq.*

Second Year (First Class).—English, G. C. Allen, Willan, Boyce Reynolds.

First Year (First Class).—Dougan, Coombes, Hill, Slack, W. J. Lee.

MATHEMATICS.

Third Year (First Class).—McAlister, Heath, Parsons, Pendlebury, Murton, Tait.

Second Year (First Class).—Morris, Lattimer, Pinsent, Bond, Mann, Brownbill, Marsh, Carlisle.

First Year (First Class).—Gunston, Lewis, Nightingale, T. Smith, Brook-Smith, Rodwell and Tonkin *æq.*, C. A. Swift, Allport and Hagger *æq.*

LAW.

Third Year (First Class).—Upward.

Second Year (First Class).—Nevill, Kemp, Hamilton, Williamson.

THEOLOGY.

First Year (First Class).—H. R. Bone.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

Third Year (First Class).—Lowe.

Second Year (First Class).—Houghton.

First Year (First Class).—Marr, C. Slater.

MORAL SCIENCES.

First Class.—Jacobs, F. Ryland.

PRIZEMEN.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—Ds Anderton.

ENGLISH ESSAY.—(*Third Year*) Jacobs and Warren *æq.* (*Second Year*) Hamilton. (*First Year*) Jenkins. *Proxime accessit*, A. W. Wiseman.

HEBREW.—Merivale, T. Williams.

GREEK TESTAMENT.—Brownbill.

READING.—1, Hannam. 2, Trotter.

FOUNDATION SCHOLARS.

Blackett, English, Jacobs, Lowe, Morris, Murton, Northcott, E. P. Rooper, F. Ryland, Tait, Vaughan.

PROPER SIZARS.

Houghton, Lattimer, Nightingale, Pinsent, T. Smith.

WRIGHT PRIZES WITH COLLEGE EMOLUMENTS OF £100 FOR THE YEAR—
Classics. Mathematics. Moral Science. Natural Science.

<i>Third Year.</i>	Dyson	Mc Alister	Jacobs	Lowe
<i>Second Year.</i>	English	Morris		
<i>First Year.</i>	Dougan	Gunston		

EXHIBITIONS.

Third Year.—£30, Heath. £20, Pendlebury, F. Ryland, Tillard, Upward, Vaughan. £10, Parsons, Warren.*Second Year.*—£40, G. C. Allen. £30, Lattimer, Pinsent. £20, Bond, Nevill, Willan. £10, Boyce, Brownbill, Carlisle, Hamilton, Houghton, Mann, Marsh, Reynolds.*First Year.*—£20, H. R. Bone, Coombes, F. C. Hill, Lewis, Marr, Nightingale, Thomas Smith. £10, Allport, Brook-Smith, Hagger, W. J. Lee, Rodwell, Slack, C. Slater, C. A. Swift, Tonkin.

The MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS for 1876 have been awarded as follows :

Minor Scholarships of £70 for Two Years to Joseph Larmor, of the Royal Collegiate Institution, Belfast; and Wrigley, private tuition (Clapham).

Minor Scholarships of £50 for Two Years to C. C. Harrison, of Uppingham School; and James Stuart Sandys, of Harrow School.

Exhibitions of £50 for Three Years (*Somerset*) to F. H. Colson, of Haileybury College; £40 for Four Years (*Somerset*) to J. H. White of Bedford, and H. G. Smith, of Owens' College, Manchester; £40 for Three Years (*Dowman*) to E. J. C. Morton, of Harrow School; and £40 for Three Years (*Newcome*) to T. W. Willis, of Burnley Grammar School; £30 for Four Years (*Baker*) to Edwardes, private tuition; and £30 for Four Years (*Munsteven*) to W. S. F. Long, of Exeter School; £50 for Two Years (*Hare*) to Charles Harris Kerr Harper, formerly of Marlborough College; and £33. 6s. 8d. for Three Years (*Lupton and Hebblethwaite*) to F. Tracy, of Beccles School.

The Natural Science Exhibition (£50) has been awarded to Charles Maddock Stuart, formerly of Harrow School.

The following have entered this Term :

H. J. Adams	C. Chapman	A. H. East
W. L. Agnew	F. W. Clarke	W. A. Forbes
C. Allen	J. Clay	T. E. Forster
R. P. Ashe	F. H. Colson	H. E. Foster
E. W. Atkin	J. P. Cort	J. R. C. Gale
H. G. Baldwin	H. Croft	J. H. Greaves
J. Beardall	J. P. Cowburn	J. H. George
F. C. Butler	T. Dale	T. R. Gill
H. R. Browne	H. E. Dandy	C. G. Griffinhoofe
A. Caldecott	R. E. Davidson	R. S. Gunnery
W. H. Carr	A. W. O. Davys	A. Haigh
R. H. Cazalet	H. E. Dunn	M. F. B. Haines

J. P. K. Hannay	A. L. Manby	W. Stopford
H. A. T. Hankin	F. de Q. Marsh	C. M. Stuart
C. C. Harrison	W. J. Michael	W. O. Sutcliffe
W. Harrison	C. P. Morris	H. Swiney
C. H. Harper	E. J. C. Morton	J. H. Taylor
G. D. Haviland	A. G. W. Neale	A. T. Toller
J. R. Henson	G. S. Ormerod	T. Tordiffe
R. M. Herdman	A. M. Peek	F. W. Tracy
H. Hill	W. H. Price	G. W. Turner
A. Howard	A. H. Prior	H. W. S. Vizard
C. H. L. Hoare	A. S. Reid	J. C. Waithman
J. B. Hurry	H. Sandford	J. Watson
F. R. Kennedy	J. Stuart Sandys	J. R. B. Webster
H. T. Kenny	P. C. Scott	F. W. Whaley
J. M. Keown-Boyd	W. Seed	J. H. White
J. O. Lane	A. W. Seward	C. G. Wilkinson
J. Larmor	H. N. Sharp	A. Williams
T. H. D. La Touche	B. W. Smith	T. W. Willis
J. Leighton	H. G. Smith	W. Winlaw
J. J. Lister,	H. A. Soames	W. A. G. Woods
F. C. Littler	A. H. Staffurth	P. T. Wrigley
W. Lloyd	J. M. Stone,	
W. S. F. Long	T. Stone	

MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS FOR THE YEAR 1877.—In April, 1877, there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum and two of £50 per annum, together with the five following Exhibitions, viz.: two of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships; one of £50 per annum, tenable for 3 years; two of £40 per annum, tenable for 4 years each. These nine Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions will be open to students who have not commenced residence. The Examination of Candidates for the above-named Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Wednesday, April 4th, at 9 a.m. The Examination will consist of three Mathematical Papers and four Classical Papers.

One of the above Exhibitions of £50 will be awarded to the best proficient in Hebrew, Sanskrit, Syriac or Arabic, if, after examination, it shall appear that a sufficiently qualified Candidate has presented himself. Candidates for this Exhibition must give notice of the subjects in which they desire to be examined not later than February 12th, 1877.

Besides the Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions above mentioned, there will be offered for competition an Exhibition of £50 per annum for proficiency in Natural Science, the Exhibition to be tenable for three years in case the Exhibitioner have passed within two years the Previous Examination as required for Candidates for Honours; otherwise the Exhibition to cease at the end of two years. The Candidates for the Natural Science Exhibition will have a special Examination, commencing on Saturday, April 7th, at 1 p.m.

Candidates must send their names to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination.

The Tutors are Rev. S. Parkinson, D.D., Rev. E. Hill, M.A., and J. E. Sandys, Esq., M.A.

The Examination for SIZARSHIPS and LIMITED EXHIBITIONS for the year 1877 will be held on October 5th, at 9 a.m. The subjects of Examination will be a paper in Arithmetic and Algebra, and *visd voce* Examination in Euclid, Books I., II., III., IV.; Book V., Props. 1—4, 7—15, 20, 22; Book VI., except Props. 27, 28, 29; Book XI., Props. 1—21; The Hippolytus of Euripides; Cicero's First and Second Speeches against Cataline. A paper will also be set containing a passage from some Greek author (not named beforehand) for translation into English. Candidates for the Sizarships and for the School Exhibitions must send their names to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination.

The following were elected Fellows of the College on November 6th:

William Mitchinson Hicks, bracketed Seventh Wrangler, 1873.

Joseph Timmis Ward, Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, 1876.

Henry Wace, Senior Classic and First Chancellor's Medalist, 1876; Porson Scholar, 1873; Craven Scholar, 1874; Porson Prizeman, 1873, 1874, 1875; Powis Medalist, 1873, 1874.

The Macmahon Law Studentship has been adjudged to Robert Forsyth Scott (Fourth Wrangler in 1865).

The Rev. A. F. Torry was again the College Preacher at Hatfield and Stamford.

The following Buttery Rules have been issued this Term:

Buttery Hours.—The Buttery is to be open, and some person competent to answer enquiries is to be in attendance, from 7.15 a.m. to 9.30 p.m., except in Vacation time.

From January 8 to January 22, from the last Tuesday of the Lent Term to the Tuesday in Easter Week, and from the last Monday in the Easter Term to October 4, is to be reckoned Vacation time. During these periods the Buttery is to be open as above from 7.15 to 8 a.m., from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., during the hours of Dinner in Hall and preparation for the same, and from 8.15 to 9.30 p.m.

On Sundays, Good Friday, and Christmas-day the attendance at the Buttery will be from 7.15 to 8 a.m., during Dinner hours as above, and from 9 to 9.30 p.m.

Despatch of Letters.—There will be a despatch of letters from the College a quarter-of-an-hour before every despatch from the General Post-Office, except when, in the judgment of the President, it may, from the fewness of the letters, be reasonably dispensed with. The last despatch to be at 9.30 p.m.

Sale of Stamps.—No letters posted unstamped will be stamped at the Buttery. Stamps will be kept at the Buttery for Members of the College and their Servants on payment being made, but no charge for them can be entered in the accounts.

Delivery of Letters.—A delivery of letters in the College will begin half-an-hour after each hour at which any delivery begins at the General Post-Office, except that letters arriving in the early part of the afternoon will be kept for persons calling at the Buttery.

Absit ab Aula.—An *Absit ab Aula* must be handed in at the Buttery before 10 a.m.

The postal arrangements of the College have been much improved by a pillar-box near the New Court Porter's lodge.

ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Sports took place on Friday and Saturday, November 17th and 18th., under the auspices of the President, J. V. T. Lander; the Hon. Sec., W. D. Challice; and the Committee, which consists of C. E. Cooper, C. W. M. Dale, T. Logan, M. G. Stuart, A. C. Davies, C. K. Cooke, J. H. Plant, F. C. Hill, G. White, H. Sandford. The weather on the first day was all that could be desired, while that on Saturday was wretched. As far as College meetings are concerned this was by far the best that has as yet been held this season. All the events were well filled, and some good racing and times resulted. The 100 Yards Race was won by C. E. Cooper, in 11 secs., by a foot only, the other competitors in the final heat being J. R. Henson, W. D. Challice (pen. 3 yards), J. G. Gartside, and W. J. Goulding. Putting the Weight was accomplished by A. H. East, with a "put" of 34ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., which was decidedly a good performance. Throwing the Hammer was done by B. Jones, who, penalised 8ft., threw a distance of 87ft. He also won the Long Jump with 18ft., F. C. Hill, the second man, jumping 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. shorter. The Quarter-mile, One Mile, and 350 Yards Handicaps were secured by J. V. T. Lander, whose times were 55 4-5 secs., 4 min. 52 1-5 secs., and 41 3-4 secs. In the Quarter he was penalised 8 yards, and in the Handicap he started from scratch, and on the whole he is to be congratulated on his success. F. C. Hill won the High Jump with 4ft. 9in., D. G. Walters being only one inch below him. J. G. Gartside won the Hurdles, Cooper (pen. 6 yards) being second. W. J. Goulding, with 10 yards start, carried off the 120 Yards Handicap, in 12 2-5 secs.; and also the 200 Yards Handicap, in 21 2-5 secs., with 12 yards start. In the final heat of this race a splendid contest ensued, Challice and Cooper, the two scratch men, running a dead heat for second place. J. R. Henson won a 200 Yards Freshmen's Race, and Lander a 100 Yards Race for Boating Men. Plant, from scratch, won a Half-mile Handicap, in 2 min. 8 2-5 secs., and was second for the Two Miles Race, although penalised 30 yards. This event was won by E. B. King, in 10 min. 55 secs. The Strangers' Race was a Handicap of 300 Yards, and a good entry was obtained. The final heat ended as follows: A. Colvill, Emmanuel,

24 yards start, 1; H. O. D. Davidson, Trinity, 16, 2; W. C. Whittam, Caius, 15, 0; E. P. Barnes, Trinity, 18, 0; J. Brockbank, L.A.C., 18, 0; L. E. Blake, Trinity, 24, 0; R. H. Dudgeon, L.A.C., 5, 0; H. H. Sturt, L.A.C., 4, 0.

FOOTBALL.

Rugby Union.—The following Matches have been played:

Monday, October 23rd.—We played Clare on our ground, and lost the Match by one try. Not only was this our First Match of the season, but, it is only right to say, we played little more than a Second Fifteen; we must hope, however, to be able to play a better team against them next Term.

Monday, October 30th.—Owing to bad arrangements and disappointments we were unable to have another Match for more than a week. On Monday, however, there was a Second Fifteen Match against a Second Fifteen of Trinity, which resulted in an exact draw, one touch-down being secured on either side.

Wednesday, November 1st.—St. John's v. Corpus. In this Match we were decidedly superior in forward play, and we might have said the same for the backs, had not Palmer been allowed to run through them and secure a goal for Corpus. We won by one goal, one try, and three touchdowns on one goal.

Friday, November 3rd.—St. John's v. Christ's. This was played on a heavy ground and during a steady downpour of rain. The Match was drawn in our favour by five touchdowns to nothing.

Tuesday, November 7th.—St. John's v. Old Sherburnians. A very close game played on our ground, and won by one try on the part of St. John's to nothing.

Wednesday, November 8th.—St. John's v. Pembroke. This Match was a very hollow affair. We were too strong for our opponents throughout, and won by two goals, five tries and four touchdowns to nothing.

Saturday, November 11th.—St. John's v. Bury St. Edmunds.. Again we had the pleasure of being hospitably received by the Bury men, and this year the game was much more even than it has been in any previous game. For the first half of the game we were unpleasantly near our goal, but after half time was called we were more lucky and secured two tries, thus winning the Match.

Friday, November 17th.—St. John's v. Caius. In justice to the Caius men we should mention that they had only eighteen men, while we had nineteen, being one short. The scrimmages were much better than in our games of fifteen a side. We won by one goal, three tries, and three touchdowns to nothing.

We have refrained from giving any particulars as to individual play, yet we can hardly help expressing the thanks of the Club for the valuable services of H. A. Williams and F. C. Hill at half-back. Our forward players have improved so much since the Club was started that one would hardly believe that they are, with a few exceptions, the same men. Our chief grievance is in the practice games. There are over sixty Members to the Club, and yet we cannot induce thirty to come to practice. We hope that next Term all Members who play at all will come regularly to practice, and save those who do go from being disappointed of a game.

Association Rules.—Matches played October Term, 1876:

October 24th.—St. John's v. Jesus. This was the opening Match and was lost by one goal to none. A very even Match throughout, H. Wace and E. P. Rooper were very useful.

October 26th.—St. John's v. Old Uppinghamians. Lost by two goals to none. D. P. Ware and Q. E. Roughton were absent, and the back-play was very weak with the exception of G. White s.

November 2nd.—St. John's v. Corpus. Won by two goals to one with only ten men. Keely in goal was irresistible.

November 6th.—St. John's v. Pembroke. Won by two goals to none. H. Wace and H. W. Simpkinson played together capitally; Brook-Smith kicked well back.

November 11th.—St. John's v. Old Uppinghâmians (return). Lost by two goals to none. The opposite side were very strong. Our back-play was very fair.

November 9th.—St. John's v. Old Brightonians. A Match was fixed for this date, but when our men arrived on the scene, there was no one to play against.

November 14th.—St. John's v. University Association. Lost by three goals to none. We had a very strong team against us, almost the best at the disposal of the University Captain. D. P. Ware was wanted back.

November 16th.—St. John's v. Trinity Hall. Won by three goals and a doubtful one to none. This match was highly gratifying to all parties concerned on our side. The spirit of alacrity displayed was delightful.

November 22nd.—St. John's v. Harrovians. Lost by one goal to none. A very fast and hotly-contested game throughout; our men did their best, but, as usual, the captain found it impossible to get the best team together. Though lost, the match was very even throughout.

November 30th.—St. John's v. Old Carthusians. Won by one goal to none. This match was played with ten a-side, and was, perhaps, in our favour almost throughout the game.

The following represented the College in one or other of the matches:

H. Wace, H. W. Simpkinson, D. P. Ware, M. G. Stuart, G. White, E. P. Rooper, A. Bluett, W. Harrison, R. H. Walker, A. Howard, R. H. Brown, C. J. C. Touzel, Brook-Smith, Tunstall-Smith, A. W. Keely, D. Chapman, T. Taylor, H. D. Mackay, H. T. Kemp, J. V. T. Lander, E. Carlisle, J. C. Hanson, J. H. Hallam, C. K. Cooke, and Q. E. Roughton (*Captain*).

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The Lent Races.—These Races commenced on March 15th, and continued the three following days.

On the first day our 3rd boat bumped Pembroke I. in the Gut; the 4th boat had to row over.

On the second day the 3rd boat rowed over, but the 4th bumped Downing at the Willows.

On the third day the 3rd bumped Christ's I. at Grassy, while the 4th boat rowed over.

On the fourth day the success of the boats was not quite so good. The 3rd failed to make their bump on Corpus I.; and in the Third Division the 4th boat had a very similar race with Corpus II., keeping close behind them for a long distance.

The boats were constituted as follows:

<i>3rd Boat.</i>		st. lbs.	<i>4th Boat.</i>		st. lbs.
<i>Bow.</i>	H. Reynolds	10 0	<i>Bow.</i>	R. H. Fowler	10 10
2.	W. Northcott	10 0	2.	H. T. Kemp	10 1
3.	R. P. Stedman	11 9	3.	H. H. Tooth	10 1
4.	J. P. Baynes	11 6	4.	R. A. Williams	11 4½
5.	R. F. Scott	11 12	5.	J. R. Davies	11 12½
6.	Hon. C. A. Parsons	11 4	6.	R. J. Rendle	10 6
7.	A. R. Wilson	11 7	7.	E. H. Bell	10 0
<i>Str.</i>	R. J. Woodhouse	11 3	<i>Str.</i>	J. S. Morris	11 3
<i>Cox.</i>	C. Pendlebury	8 8	<i>Cox.</i>	W. L. Kingsford	9 0

A race over the short course between two "Trial Eights" resulted in a victory for the following crew:

<i>Bow.</i> G. C. Allen 2. W. M. O. Wilson 3. H. J. Lewis 4. J. Dixon 5. W. A. Spencer	6. F. C. Thompson 7. J. A. G. Hamilton <i>Stroke.</i> J. H. Hallam <i>Cox.</i> W. J. Goulding.
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The "Scratch Fours" for this Term brought 7 boats to the start, and were won by

A. C. Odell E. J. Brook-Smith J. A. S. Hamilton	<i>Stroke.</i> H. V. Robinson <i>Cox.</i> E. P. Rooper
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The "Bateman Pair Oars" were rowed on March 24 and 25, and won by H. A. Williams and J. Phillips (*stroke*).

The Officers elected for the Easter Term were:

Rev. C. E. Graves (<i>President</i>) C. W. M. Dale (<i>1st Captain</i>) J. Phillips (<i>2nd Captain</i>) W. Gripper (<i>Secretary</i>)	J. Allen (<i>Treasurer</i>) H. F. Nixon (<i>3rd Captain</i>) H. A. Williams (<i>4th Captain</i>) P. D. Rowe (<i>5th Captain</i>)
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Easter Term.—The May Races took place on May 17 to 23. The Club, on the whole, did not shew to much advantage. The 1st boat on the third night in paddling down met with an accident, by being run into by a canoe, and were incapacitated from rowing on that night. On the second night they bumped 1st Trinity II., but on the remaining nights rowed over, thus ending fourth on the river.

Our 2nd boat on the first night bumped 2nd Trinity I., and on the following days pressed Trinity Hall I. very close, but had in the end to succumb to Caius I. The 3rd boat was so unfortunate as to go down each night. The crews were:

<i>1st Boat.</i>		st. lbs.	<i>2nd Boat.</i>		st. lbs.
<i>Bow.</i>	Hon. C. A. Parsons	11 3½	<i>Bow.</i>	H. Reynolds	10 0
2.	P. D. Rowe	10 12	2.	J. V. T. Lander	11 6
3.	J. Phillips	11 10	3.	H. L. Young	10 2
4.	J. Allen	11 12½	4.	H. F. Nixon	11 3
5.	C. W. M. Dale	12 9½	5.	D. P. Ware	12 8½
6.	E. M. J. Adamson	12 13	6.	R. I. Woodhouse	11 0
7.	H. A. Williams	10 7	7.	A. R. Wilson	11 4
<i>Str.</i>	F. Burford	9 3	<i>Str.</i>	W. Gripper	10 6
<i>Cox.</i>	C. Pendlebury	8 4½	<i>Cox.</i>	W. L. Kingsford	8 13

<i>3rd Boat.</i>		st. lbs.	<i>4th Boat.</i>		st. lbs.
<i>Bow.</i>	J. A. S. Hamilton	10 4	6.	W. A. Spencer	12 0
2.	H. St. J. Wilding	10 11	7.	R. Ll. Williams	11 5
3.	D. H. Scott	11 3	<i>Str.</i>	H. T. Kemp	10 0
4.	R. F. Scott	11 12	<i>Cox.</i>	G. C. Price	7 2
5.	J. R. Davis	11 10			

The "Maples and Andrews" Freshmen's Sculls were won easily by H. L. Young.

CRICKET, *May Term*, 1876.

The match between the Eleven and Sixteen Freshmen was played on April 25 and 26, and was won by the Eleven in one innings.

April 29.—Etceteras, 1st innings 76, 2nd innings 80 for 5 wickets. S. J. C., 1st innings, 77. St. John's won by 1 run. Thompson 31, Stuart 15.

May 9.—Crusaders, 300. S. J. C., 13 for no wickets.

May 13.—Corpus College, 1st innings 75, 2nd innings 64 for 4 wickets. S. J. C., 1st innings 167. St. John's won by 92 runs. A. C. Davies 64, Thompson 31.

May 15 and 16.—Jesus College, 1st innings 51, 2nd innings 120. S. J. C., 1st innings 179. St. John's won by an innings and 8 runs. Treadgold 56, Stedman 20, Boyce 18 (not out).

May 19.—Clare College, 74 for 4 wickets. S. J. C., 187. G. White 55, T. Smith 49, Cochrane 39.

June 8.—Trinity College, 229 for 5 wickets. S. J. C., 162. Trinity won by 67 runs with 5 wickets to fall. Norris 66, Stuart 37, Tofts 17.

Long Vacation, 1876.

July 10 and 11.—Mr. Hunting's Eleven, 1st innings 75, 2nd innings 67 for 8 wickets. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 248. Drawn. Dale 85, Boyce 45, Carlisle 44, Fawkes 30, Stuart 20.

July 24 and 25.—Caius, Trinity Hall, and Clare, 1st innings 59, 2nd innings 70. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 181. St. John's won in one innings. Tillard 52, Carlisle 31, Dale 30.

July 26 and 27.—Perse School, 1st innings 87, 2nd innings 68. S. J. L. V. C., 136, 2nd innings 23 for 1 wicket. Won by 9 wickets. Boyce 44, Tillard 30.

July 28.—Standard C. C., 93. S. J. L. V. C., 135. Won by 42 runs. Dale 33, Boote 32 (not out).

July 29 and 31.—Jesus College L. V., 1st innings 97, 2nd innings 26 for 3 wickets. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 116. Drawn owing to rain. Dale 23, Stuart 20.

August 2 and 3.—Trinity L. V. C., 1st innings 143, 2nd innings 49 for 1 wicket. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 68, 2nd innings 123. Lost by 9 wickets. Stuart 61.

August 10.—College Servants, 1st innings 102, 2nd innings 36 for 8 wickets. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 271. Won by 169 runs on 1st innings. Gwillim 85, Carlisle 54, Boote 50.

August 11 and 12.—Mr. Walters' Eleven, 138 for 3 wickets. S. J. L. V. C., 377. Drawn. Morris 97, Boote 90, Adam 54.

August 14 and 15.—Christ's College L. V. C., 130. S. J. L. V. C., 276. Drawn. Dale 130, Phillips 38, Gwillim 37.

August 16 and 17.—Victoria C. C., 1st innings 188. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 98, 2nd innings 63 for 6 wickets. Drawn.

August 21 and 22.—Mr. Arnold's Eleven, 1st innings 260. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 96, 2nd innings 75 for 6 wickets. Drawn. Tillard 35.

A match was also played between the Boating and Cricketing men, which resulted in an easy victory for the Cricketers by 103 runs.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Eagles Lawn Tennis Club was established at the end of the Lent Term. The Master and Seniors kindly allowed them a part of the field in the Backs to play in, which gives ample room for three nets. They have also one net in the cricket field.

The following matches were played during the Long:

The Eagles v. Downing College.—Played on August 8, in the Downing

Fellows' Garden, and resulting in an easy victory for The Eagles. The score was as follows: The Eagles, M. G. Stuart and J. H. Hallam, 15, 15, 15; Downing, G. H. Norman and J. W. Thompson, 8, 7, 6.

The Eagles v. King's College.—Played on our ground, August 9. The Eagles again secured the victory. The Eagles, M. G. Stuart and J. H. Hallam, 15, 13.5, 13.5; King's, W. D. Grant and C. Bryans, 8, 13.4, 13.0.

The Eagles v. Caius College.—Played on our ground, August 21. The result was a victory for The Eagles. The Eagles, J. H. Hallam and C. E. Cooper, 15, 15, 15; Caius, A. G. Sieveking and H. Drake, 8, 7, 13.

The Eagles v. The Fellows' Club.—Played in the Fellows' Garden, August 22, and, after some well-contested games, resulted in a victory for The Eagles. The Eagles, J. H. Hallam and F. C. Hill, 15, 13.5, 14.0, 15; The Fellows, Mr. Hoare and Mr. Marshall, 6, 13.0, 14.3, 11.

The Club is limited to 40 Members, and is at present quite full. The Officers for 1876 were

President—J. N. Lloyd. | Treasurer—J. C. Hanson.
Secretary—C. E. Cooper.

SWIMMING.

In the matches of the University Swimming Club, which took place on Friday and Saturday, June 2nd and 3rd, the 50 Yards Race was won by A. C. Odell, by one yard, in 33 4-5 secs., of 2 secs. less than last season; as also the 100 Yards Race, in 1 min. 20 4-5 secs., or 4 secs. under the time of 1875. In the Hurdle Race H. A. Williams came in second, and in the 200 Yards Race A. C. Odell was third.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

President—R. Pendlebury, M.A. | H. E. J. Bevan
Secretary—J. P. A. Bowers | H. E. White
Librarian—P. D. Rowe

Conductor—Dr. G. M. Garrett

The Annual Concert took place at the Guildhall, on Monday, May 22nd. The first part consisted of Selections from Gluck's 'Orpheus,' the professional vocalists being Miss Amy Aylward and Miss Annie Butterworth, both of the Royal Academy of Music. The Society stands greatly in need of *Tenors*.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

This Society meets every Saturday evening, at 8 p.m., in Lecture-room IV. The Officers for the present Term are:

President—J. H. Lloyd. | Treasurer—W. Wood.
Vice-President—G. H. Marwood. | Secretary—J. A. G. Hamilton.

The following are the Motions which have been brought forward this Term:

By Mr. Hannam—"That Her Majesty's Ministers deserve (at the present crisis) the cordial confidence of the country." Carried.

By the Secretary—"That the alterations in Terms, &c., lately proposed by a Syndicate for consideration by the Senate are very unsatisfactory." Carried.

By the Treasurer—"That a breach of a simple promise of marriage should not be actionable." Lost.

By Mr. Kikuchi—"That the conduct of Englishmen in Japan is unworthy of their nationality." Carried.

By Mr. Sellon—"That it is desirable that the Malt Taxes and Tobacco Duty should be removed."

The number of members usually present is about 20.



AT CAMBRIDGE STATION.

NO, Sir, I've never had a passenger killed when I've been driving. My engine has gone over six or seven men altogether in my time, porters and other company's servants, and some of them were killed; but I've never had an accident to a train behind me. I've had some narrow escapes, though. I don't mean only close shaves, such as any driver could tell you of, only it doesn't do to talk too much about them; but what you would have said must have been regular bad accidents.

One happened a few years ago when I was driving the 5 o'clock express from Bishopsgate to Cambridge. It was a cold, frosty time, with snow on the ground, and that sort of weather, you know, is the worst for axles breaking and tires flying. If there's a flaw in the metal anywhere the frost is sure to find it out. Well, we started punctually, and went all right till we had passed Audley End station. There's an incline there, as you remember, and we were running a mile a minute, or not far off. As we got into Chesterford tunnel I felt a jerk and heard something give in the tender behind me. I shut off, and whistled for the brakes, and we did all we could to pull up, but we were running down-hill and the rails were slippery. It was the last wheel of the tender on the near side which had come off, and was dragging along in the ballast, and throwing up showers of gravel and stones against the windows of the carriages.

If it came off altogether, I knew it must send us off the line. Presently it did go, but not till we had reduced our speed a good deal; and then there came a succession of tremendous jerks and bumps, till at last the train stopped. I looked round and saw all the coaches standing right, and none of them seemingly off the line. I made my engine all comfortable, and then got off to see what had happened. We had seven coaches on in all, and the wheel of the tender had stuck in the brake-gear and axle at the very end of the tail van. A large piece of the broken axle had gone with it, and this was digging into the ballast, in which it had made great pits and holes for the last hundred yards, and so pulled up the train. All this was plain enough, but how was it that the broken wheel had got under the axles of all the other carriages in the train? If it had stuck anywhere but at the end we must have come to grief. There was the wheel, rather more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet across, and sticking from its centre at right angles about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of broken axle; and yet the axles of all the carriages had gone safely over it, though they are only about 18 inches from the ground. At first I could not make it out at all, then I found how it was. The axle had broken near the middle, and the wheel had then dragged along just inside the rail on which it had been running. When it gave way altogether it must have fallen quite flat between the two rails, with the broken piece of axle sticking up straight. Then came the axle of the carriage behind, and hit against this broken piece, pressing it down, and at the same time raising up the wheel behind itself. As soon as it had passed over, the weight of the wheel made it fall down flat again, till the next axle caught the broken piece; and so it kept on rising and falling till every axle had gone safe over it, except the very last in the train. It's easy enough to see how it came about, but

the chances were a thousand to one against the wheel going just that way; and that is the only way it could have gone without a smash, and a bad smash too. If it had gone sooner, or stuck half way, there would have been no help for it. We were some way from a station, and we had to wait till a fresh engine could be sent for, and altogether we were delayed two or three hours. We had the Bishop of Oxford in the train, Bishop Wilberforce. It was Ash Wednesday, and he was to preach at the seven o'clock service at St. Mary's. When we did reach Cambridge, which was between nine and ten, there was a large number of University gentlemen at the station to meet him, and they cheered him heartily. Well they might, though few of them knew what a narrow escape he had really had.

Another escape, of a very different sort, but even more wonderful, was on the Hitchin branch, when it was worked by the Eastern Counties, before the Great Northern took it over. It was at a level crossing, where there was a field-road with a couple of gates. They are always dangerous places, and this was particularly so, for, as there was a curve in the line, you couldn't see it with a down train till you were within about three hundred yards. However, nothing went wrong there, till one day, when I was driving the down train, as we came round the corner there was a cart right across the line. I whistled hard and turned off steam at once, and we got the brakes down, but there was no room to come to a stop. I saw that a woman was in the cart, and she was whipping the horse; but the horse was frightened by the sound of the train, and backed instead of going on. There was no time to see any more, for the next moment we went slap into them. I thought the engine was off, but she stayed on the rails, and so did the train. And there was the woman on the front of the engine, hanging on

between the dome and the funnel. As soon as we stopped I went to her. She had been thrown out of the cart right on to the frame, and there she was quite insensible with the shock and the fright, but holding on to the hand-rail so tight with both hands that we could hardly loose them. When she came to they found that she was not hurt a bit, only shaken. The horse had been killed on the spot, and the cart was smashed to atoms. The Superintendent had a picture made of the engine just as it was, with the woman hanging on across the frame, and they have it now in the Company's offices.

No, Sir, I don't know of any new means that can be taken to guard against accidents, except to give all trains a good continuous brake. It should be well under the driver's control, and it ought to act of itself, too, in case the train breaks in half. There's nothing like it to give a driver confidence, and it would have saved many a life in the last few years. Some say we don't look out so well as we used to do, before the block system came in, and we had all these extra signals and precautions. But it isn't that, it's the traffic that's ten times what it was. You'd be surprised, if you were to travel on the engine of an express, to see the look-out kept both on the engine and at the stations, and wherever there's anyone working on the line. You'd feel, too, as you never do in a carriage, what a terrible thing a smash would be if it came, and how little there seems sometimes to keep it off. It's a thing you wouldn't forget, the first time you rode on an engine going at a good speed.

There, Sir, there's my signal. Good morning to you.

NOTE. Both these incidents occurred on the Great Eastern Railway precisely as related, though not with the same driver.

G.



IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THERE is a certain set of principles, maxims, or fables, whose sole purpose seems to be to reduce mankind to the dead level of Mark Tapley's philosophy. If there be in a man's existence an uncomfortable necessity, some task to be done or indignity to be suffered, straightway is found a crystallized old saw or myth which is to present this necessity in the light of a luxury, this task as a welcome relaxation, this indignity in the garb of a much-coveted honour. Can you not imagine the wan face of the hungry wit as he laid down his crooked knife and fork on a cracked plate, the said plate covering an ugly hole in an aged tablecloth, used still to adorn the three-legged tottering table on occasions when its owner ventured on his rare dinner of German sausage or fried bacon? Can you not, I say, see him as he leans back on his disjointed chair, saying, with a grim face, to the cracks across the venerable ceiling, "Enough is as good as a feast?" Or, again, a knock-kneed crossing-sweeper, who touches his forehead to the heavy swell just passing and sees a bright yellow coin glitter as it is tossed at his feet, with a "*negligé*" princely look of indifference; does he not pick up with trembling eager fingers the alluring coin, and find himself the possessor of a brand new farthing, and utter forthwith the cheery old truism "All is not gold that glitters?"

What miserable clerk was it who rose to his five o'clock breakfast in the fog of a snowy morning and boldly averred that "It is the early bird which picks up the worm?" What scheming vampire-speculator apologised for his swindling by hinting that "Necessity is the mother of invention?"

Of course, these mischievous proverbs (and almost all proverbs are mischievous) bear on the surface the marks of bitter irony or shallowest falsehood; but there are, besides these, certain opinions or beliefs which no one has dared to stereotype or condense into a maxim, which are, nevertheless, received with tacit or open assent quite as matter of course. It is one of these which has just provoked this writer to the foregoing tirade, which I fear my hasty readers are fancying has little to do with the heading of this paper. Now this belief, opinion, call it what you will, relates to one of the most humiliating operations which a man has to undergo; that it does not appear humiliating to women, but of all things most delightful, argues only a radical difference between the sexes, such as our strong-minded ladies should contemplate closely. I say, then, that to a man the moments spent in a barber's chair are the most obnoxious and degrading in his whole existence. And yet—here comes the point to which all this has been leading up—we are told that in former times the barber's shop was the centre of intellectual and witty conversation; we are taught to believe that great statesmen and renowned divines would congregate in the shop of the barber of Seville, or would shine as brilliant lights, while George Eliot's Nello shaved the chin of Niccolo Macchiavelli. My good reader, it is a monstrous fabrication; it was either the sly irony of a long-suffering man under the blade of some prattling hair-cutter, or the ingenious delusion of some enterprising barber, fearful that the trade would perish unless supported by some such fable,

which first originated and palmed off upon men of intelligence the glaring falsehood. It is all very well for you to quote your authorities, and condemn such horrible iconoclasm as impious, but it requires only a very small exercise of reason to prove to you that the stories of novelists and historians are, in this instance, mere rubbish. Is not human nature now what it ever was? Have the conditions of conversation or any other occupation much changed? Was the snipping of a man's hair or the scraping of his chin a different operation from what it is now? You remember that old gentleman who positively refused to let his tailor go about him poking with his tape and other paraphernalia round his ribs and shoulders, and who insisted on being chalked off in the looking-glass, and the measures taken from his reflection and not from his living human frame. And we all agree with the worthy man, that for a mere fraction of a man to be marking the fine proportions of a well-built cavalry officer by squeaking out the numbers $19\frac{1}{2}$, 14, $3\frac{3}{8}$, is not to be tolerated by any man who knows that he has the most formidable biceps in the regiment or the prettiest leg at ——'s ball.

But what is this if, compared with the position of a man in a barber's chair, the dignity of the human form divine is indeed slighted by the inquisitive curiousness of the tape measure? But the ruthless barber must first bind his victim, swathe him in sacrificial white, stuff the corner of the garb of submission down his bending neck, and then—cruellest wrong of all—twist his passive head this way and that, dragging it now backwards over the hard part of the chair, now down until the chin reposes on the vanquished bosom. Yes, as the head is nobler than the biceps, so is the insolence of the barber more galling than all the malice of all the tailors.

Moreover, your tailor while he takes your measure has the decency to abstain from glorying in the shame

of the tailee, but not so Mr. Scissors-driver. As his fingers run through your forelock, and a sprinkling of small hairs falls upon your cheek and on your lip, he will smilingly taunt you with a question about the weather; you are compelled to murmur to yourself that it was indeed "a scene in the 'ouse last night, Sir." You dare not silence your persecutor, for shall you not meet —— at ——'s to-night? and you must use the bribe of complaisance if you would not have your curling locks cut into triangles or straightened out into wisps of horsehair. You can, indeed, enjoy a bitter silence while the razor is passing over your chin, but it is a silence darkened by the dread of a clumsy gash or the stray idea of a lunatic barber trying experiments on an exposed jugular. Ah! those are terrible moments in the barber's chair; the man who could be lively or make a joke in such a place would, I verily believe, play odd man in a diving-bell or sing a comic song in the middle of a railway accident. When I see a man with long hair, ignorant of the barber's touch, I regard him not as an embryo or would-be poet, but as a man who has suffered long in silence, and at last has screwed his courage to the enviable sticking-place, and sworn to set fashion at defiance and hearken no more to the snip-snip of the sacrificial scissors. I know no more pitiable sight than to see a barber's shop in which are three men of spirit bowing beneath their tormentors, who glide about them with subsurrant garrulity and bland glances of conscious triumph, as one of them has just driven his victim into promising to take a bottle of that new Ozokome or Capilloregenerator, while other six humble spirits on six chairs sit with a gloomy frown ever deepening on their six brows, or mock themselves with the pretence of looking over *Punch* or *Fun* while they wait for the awful command, "Next gentleman, please."

Tell us if you will of the pasturage on an iceberg,

tell us of the fidelity of a Red Indian, tell us of an Ethiopian changing his skin, tell us of a ship-knacker who does not openly subscribe to benevolent charities, but do not, O novelists and others, do not tell us again of those brilliant conversation-saloons in which a barber was the *arbiter loquendi*, for if you persist in the nefarious fraud, we hereby pledge ourselves in the most incontrovertible fashion that each several example which you choose to allege in support of your error is either a solar myth, an allegory, or a _____.



“OUR CHOIR.”

PART II.

THE dying strains of “the dirge,” last described, may be said to have brought “the good old times” to a premature but appropriate close; for the rector had never loved a key-bugle, and its performance on that occasion sealed its doom. The revolution was hastened on, moreover, by two events, the death of Mr. Mullins, senior, and the restoration of W—— church.

I doubt which of the two was the more important; for the new clerk, son and heir of the deceased, was a weak-minded individual, and it was mainly through his pusillanimity that the management of our choir dropped into the rector’s hands. Now “the new parson,” as he was called, was a very different character to his predecessor, who had been a genuine specimen of the now antique fox-hunting type—a perfect Nimrod abroad and a very Bacchus at home. It used to be with him a time-honoured custom to cut short his sermon on Sunday morning at a given signal from his brother-in-law, the squire, who sat below, and that signal was *a wink!* He was also shamefully addicted to practical jokes, and is said to have persuaded his old gardener, when the latter met with an accident that deprived him of a limb, to follow his own leg to the grave in deep mourning, the bell being tolled meanwhile. Space would fail

me to recount his many other exploits; how, for instance, he once locked up the bishop, who had come to preach, in his study, and contrived to forget all about it until close on service time, when, expressing the greatest consternation at his lordship's non-appearance, the churchwarden and a few others were sent to make enquiries, and were just in time to behold a pair of silk stockings and gaiters cautiously projecting from the study window.

But, to proceed with the restoration, W—— church was then in a state of decay. The exterior was very picturesque and the interior very damp and frowsy. The chancel was the family vault of the Lord of the Manor, and his arms, as High Sheriff and Custos Rotulorum of the County, surmounted the decalogue over the communion-table.

Meanwhile, the old pews were pulled down; the great square cosy one, where the farmer's little boys had played many a furtive game of marbles under the very nose of their slumbering sire, and the hard grotesquely-sculptured seat, where the almshouse pauper nodded away the sermon in a state of pious discomfort. All these and many other little eccentricities of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, even including the "three-decker," were removed, and their places supplied by grossly-practical modern innovations, culminating in a barrel-organ presented by the rector. This instrument played twelve tunes with elaborate harmonies in an awful, unvarying succession. It never skipped one, so that if "Jerusalem New" were wanted out of its turn, the congregation had to wish they might get it, or wait until "Bedford" or the "Old Hundredth" had ground themselves out in due course. Our choir was then composed of the school-children, aided by a few *basses*, who sang the air an octave lower, some of them two.

But let us pass on, and jump

Adown the gulf of time

for a few years. We shall find W— church a very different place. Its three bells were no longer worked by the unaided sexton, who used to pull one rope with each hand, while the other was attached to his right foot. I can picture him vividly now as he struggled away under the tower on a summer afternoon, a perfect marvel of perspiring activity. The clerk was not even allowed to compose hymns for special occasions. There was a real organ and a real organist, a dapper little man, who spake condescendingly of the great masters, and called everything he played "a movement" (a very good name, by-the-bye, for his own compositions, which always produced motion towards the door). This change and several others were due to the energy of the present incumbent, an excellent person and an embodiment of that so-called High Church reaction, which was of such benefit to the religion of the country.

Nevertheless, he introduced two new features into the service which were decidedly *not* improvements, namely, monotoning the prayers and Gregorian chants.

It has always appeared to me that, where the clergyman has not a good ear and a fine voice, *monotoning* and *monotony* are nearly synonymous. Our rector, for instance, always succeeded in being monotonous, though he generally contrived to treat the congregation, before service was over, with the whold octave from *c* to *c*, including the sharps and flats.

The second innovation was the introduction of Gregorian chants. They sound very fine when played by Dr. Stainer on the organ at Magdalen College, Oxford, but so would any other chant under similar circumstances. No man was yet born with a taste for Gregorians, and a musical infant would cry if its mother were to sing one over it. If there ever was a mistaken idea, it is that which leads well-meaning

men to resuscitate the use to these chants in the Church of England, under the impression that they are champions of orthodoxy.

Professor Macfarren has pointed out this fact in the preface to his "Lectures on Harmony." He remarks that the Gregorian chant is of purely Pagan origin, and it certainly has a Pagan sound. Pope Gregory the Great adopted the diatonic system* from the Greeks, and perpetuated his principles and the name which illustrates them through the invention of a crude method of notation, and by a code of rules which he chained to St. Peter's altar, requiring that the clergy throughout Europe shall study and practise it.

The appropriation of Gregorians to Christian worship was entirely based upon artistic and popular grounds, not on account of their antiquity or sacredness; nor were they held as in the least essential to the service, throughout Western Europe, when the advance of music enabled the clergy of France to improve on the old system. It is true that English conservatism rose in arms against the Gallican chant, and the Normans vainly sought to enforce it on our forefathers by cord and steel; but the law of the Reformation that the service should be celebrated in the vulgar tongue, in order that it might be "understood of the people," applies no less forcibly to the exclusion of the Gregorian chant than of the Latin words that were originally sung to it. Macaulay says of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that he wrote a language which no one *thinks in*—stiff, forced, and unnatural—and so is the relation of Pope Gregory's music to that which we all love to hear and sing.

However, our choir knew nothing about this, and cared less, for they wore surplices and dropped their H's freely. Still all was for the best. A mixed choir

* The Greek diatonic scale admitted none but the *natural* notes of a key, with no inflexions by sharps and flats.

of young ladies and gentlemen too often degenerates into a mere practical illustration of the saying "matrimony made easy."

But this "sketch" is becoming too much like a drawing, so let us conclude without any further shading; and to anyone of my undergraduate readers who gets as far as this, I say, "Friend, join your College Musical Society and pay your subscription, or, as sure as we both live, there will be no concert next Term!"

H. B.



TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE following extracts from letters from H. B. Cotterill, Esq., late Scholar of the College, describe his journey from Quilimane, on the East coast of Africa, to Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa, where a Scotch Mission Station was founded two years ago. Mr. Cotterill's object in going out is to pave the way for the establishment of legitimate commerce, by outbidding the slave traders, by whom the country is being fast depopulated. We would refer our readers to p. 113 of the last number of *The Eagle* for a former communication on this subject.

On the River Kwakwa (80 miles inland from Quilimane),
September 3rd, 1876.*

We have been away from Quilimane ten days. The river is at its lowest, and after the first two days it has been continual grounding. The "Herga"† started with a full load and a crew of six rowers, but gradually she had to be lightened, and the rowers had to take to pole work, and were continually in the water dragging her along. One night all the crews of our heavy boats quietly disappeared, having been, as usual here, paid beforehand. You would

* The river Kwakwa. Quilimane is not on the Zambesi proper, but on a shallow river called the Kwakwa, which approaches within $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the Zambesi.

† "Herga," a boat built in compartments of steel, presented to Mr. Cotterill by friends at Harrow.

hardly recognise the "Herga" with her masts and sails all cleared out, a mere shell—but still lovely. I wish I had gone my own way up the Kongone; our course would have been much easier. In the Zambesi and Shiré it will be very different from this, I hope. I am now sitting at the door of my tent in the evening, and writing by the (rather obscure) light of a cocoa-nut oil lamp. At my feet in the river lie the "Herga" and the other boats and a few canoes. Between me and the boats is a large group of native cocoa-men, sitting round their fire, cooking their fish and msima (porridge), and talking vociferously, as usual. In the distance the sky is red with a huge grass fire that we lighted close to the camp this morning, to scare away the lions, which has already spread many miles across the uninhabited waste. There are no people within a long distance of this.

Karrokwe, 6th September.

About 12 to-day we reached this, having passed through a succession of small lakes with a very narrow stream joining them, with lovely scenery. We found most of the heavy goods already carried across the $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Mazaro [on the Zambesi]. I and others walked over this afternoon and saw the magnificent Zambesi for the first time. Many of the men are down with fever, none seriously. Mr. Henderson, from Nyassa, met us here. To-morrow we must get the "Herga" and the "Southern Cross"* up the steep bank, and then employ men to carry them across.

7th September.

We have got through a good deal to-day, since six in the morning, in hauling up the boats on this high bank; it is at least forty feet high. The

* "Southern Cross," a boat purchased by Mr. Cotterill at the Cape.

"Herga" was first up. I picked out twenty of the strongest of the hundreds of carriers who surround our camp, and who have to be kept out by a rope fence; and they lugged at a pulley fixed to a large piece of timber that we had planted in the ground for the purpose.

Mazaro, September 15th, 1876.

We are now on the Zambesi. It is a grand river, about two miles broad in parts here, but with a good many banks. We have been worried to death and delayed iniquitously by the Portuguese, but we shall soon be out of their hands. . . . To describe our camp life would take pages. The day is taken up by loading or unloading boats, cooking, firing at crocodiles, and taking siestas. My tent is very comfortable for one. . . . We are all fairly well, some have had fever; Collins had a severe touch, but is better. I have been very well all the time, and enjoy the heat. . . . I have just bought six chickens for a shilling's worth of calico (8*d.* in England). We live on rice, beans, and fowls, with an occasional tinned meat or goat.

*Near Chibisás, Shiré River,
October 5th, 1876.*

The news of the day is that Mr. Young* met us last night. He has been waiting a month at the Cataracts. This begins to smack of Nyassa, and very glad we shall all be to reach its blue waters, for we have had a very hard and tiresome pull up this river, whose current is in many places as strong as that of the Rhone at Geneva. . . . It will interest you, perhaps, to have a brief resumé of our story.

From Mazaro our first stage was to Shupanga, a place well known in connexion with Livingstone. There is an old stone-built Portuguese house there,

* Lieut. Young, R.N., conducted the Scotch party to Nyassa in 1874, and has just returned to England.

now deserted; for the Landeen Zulus have driven blacks and whites out of the place. We swept out the spacious rooms, with the walls blackened with smoke of Zulu fires, and passed the Sunday there. Mrs. Livingstone is buried there, close to the house, under a great baobab tree.

Here we got some hunting, at least I did. It shews how much game there must be in the country, when I tell you that in our hurried transit I have shot five or six antelopes (some as big as cows) and a zebra. Besides this I have been chased by a two-horned rhinoceros, whom I didn't care to tackle with only two cartridges and a small-bore rifle, and I shot, but failed to secure, a hippopotamus. I have seen several troops of elephants, and wounded one. Another of the party came across a lion, which he (being short-sighted) stalked, mistaking his majesty for an antelope, and, lastly, another was delayed all night on a mud bank by an infuriated mother hippo.

We start about sunrise, stop for an hour or so in the heat of the day, when nothing can be done but pant in the shade and look after the cooking. At night, mosquitoes prevent anything in the way of writing letters unless one sits close to leeward of a fire, which makes one rather warm in this climate.

In a couple of days we turned up the Shiré, and found a fierce current, against which we have been struggling for three weeks, sometimes going less than a mile an hour. No doubt, *for the river*, a shallow steam barge or boat would be the thing. There is lots of wood in many parts for fuel. In the lake the "Herga" is the boat, though we shall have to deck her in and put some reefs in the sails, for Mr. Young confirms Livingstone's report that the winds and waves there are terrific.

After entering the Shiré River we coasted along the base of Mt. Morumbala, which is very beautiful, reminding one much of the snowless Swiss mountains.

The colours and foliage were not what I expected here; they are, at a distance, quite European. The foliage is just coming out. Then came the dreadful Morumbala Marsh, in which we spent two nights that I shall never forget. The mosquitoes were simply indescribably fearful. One swept them off one's face and hands in handfuls, and they actually put out the lights. Sleep was out of the question.

In about five days we reached Bishop Mackenzie's grave at Malo. We put it in order, straightened the iron cross, and I planted some English seeds about it.

Then came the Elephant Marsh, not so bad as the other, but quite bad enough: full of black mud, crocodiles, hippos, and mosquitoes. Since then the country has been rapidly improving. The sun is terribly hot, and it is difficult to avoid exposure in the boat. Out of our party of twenty-four only three have as yet escaped fever, and, I am thankful to say, I am one of the three.

I mean to bring home, if I can, the small son of Maseyo, a great friend of mine. He is at my elbow watching me write. I wonder when any more letters will reach me! It is about three months now since I heard.

Livingstonia, Nyassa,
October 30th, 1876.

You see that we are here at last, and you can't think how thankful we are for it. You will, probably, have heard of our long tiresome journey up the Shiré to Matiti. There the "Herga" was taken to pieces, slung on poles, and, after a deal of trouble, 140 men were persuaded to carry the sections (far larger than those of the "Ilala,"* which was taken into plates, whereas I preferred not risking that). The land journey is close upon seventy miles. I did it by very easy stages, so as to keep pace with the boat.

* "Ilala," the steel-built steamer belonging to the Scotch party.

They had a hard task of it, for the path leads at times among huge crags and boulders, and at others through dense tangled bush, where they had to cut a way. But they worked like Britons, or better, and worked the very skin off their shoulders. I suppose the heaviest sections weighed at least 5 cwt.

The cascades and rapids are magnificent. While waiting for the "Herga," I took to shooting. There is a great deal of game, especially antelopes. The waterbuck is the commonest. He is a splendid fellow, standing quite five feet at the shoulder, and carries a fine pair of horns. Twice I stalked a herd of six buffaloes and got within fifty yards; but, though I put four bullets into one fellow, he got away. However, we got a great many bucks, and I shot a large beast called at the Cape "aard-vark." A leopard ran off with him in the night, though he was hanging close to the hut-door.

I fed the men bountifully on the meat and gave them extra "refa" (flour), and at last we arrived at Mpimbi, a marshy, malarious, mosquito-haunted spot at the head of the Cataracts, where the upper river begins.

After over-exerting myself after some buffaloes which refused to drop to the tune of four bullets, and big ones, I was knocked over for the first time with fever, and spent a very miserable four days. But, what with quinine and the arrival of the "Ilala," I got on my legs again, and now feel nearly as well as ever. My man Bressingham* is also recovering from a sharp attack of the fever, brought on by over-exposure to the heat by day and the dews by night.

The little steamer hoisted in all my goods and took the "Herga" in tow, which was a great blessing, for we should have taken a week to pull up against

* "Bressingham," of whom Mr. Cotterill speaks very highly, was in the Coastguard Service on the Mersey until he left this country with Mr. Cotterill's expedition.

the current. We reached Pamalombe on the second day. Here I first heard a lion roaring at night.

I went to pay a visit to King Mponda, whose territory extends from Cape Maclear to Pamalombe. He has a fine large square-built house, with verandahs. He received me courteously, and I have promised to come again and see what ivory he has for sale. He is (or was) a great slave-dealer, and has been much under Arab influence; but the Arabs are clearing out of this part of the Lake, for they don't like our presence.

On the third day after leaving the Cataracts, October 29th, we had a breeze, and the "Herga," with the dark blue flag with the cross arrows flying at her mast-head, sailed into Nyassa. We got ahead of the "Ilala," and found ourselves off Cape Maclear at sunset. Then the wind was contrary, the sea got up, and we had a hard time of it, keeping the boat's head against the waves, till the steamer came up and took us in tow, and we arrived here at eleven o'clock at night.

This is a lovely place; granite hills well wooded behind us, and in front the splendid dark blue expanse of waters. We face west, in a little bay, looking over the western arm of the lake, just round Cape Maclear, which divides the lake into two arms at its southern extremity. There are two islands in the foreground and a fine range of mountains in the distance. The climate is very temperate, the sun hot, but always a cool air.

A few reed and plaster houses have been built, one of two storeys. I have a new hut. I have partitioned off a snug little room, put my books on shelves, and hung up a few of those coloured prints of animals which I bought in Leeds, and now feel quite comfortable. We have just had a grand spread in honour of Young, who is going back. He wants to persuade Government to put him in command of

an armed vessel here to extirpate the slavers, and I think it will be a very wise move if they do it, for it will be tantamount to declaring Nyassa under British jurisdiction (a thing absolutely necessary, and what you all in England who wish well for the cause of Africa should work heart and soul to bring about). As regards the future, I intend visiting various chiefs up the lake, disposing of my calico for ivory (there is said to be any amount to be got), and coming back in the spring or summer; but I don't know how I shall get back, for I have no money at hand.



WORDSWORTH ON HELVELLYN.

THE following sonnet on Haydon's portrait of Wordsworth was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and, so far as we are aware, has never been published. The picture is the property of Cornelius Nicholson, Esq., author of "The Annals of Kendal," who has kindly permitted us to print the sonnet. The last two lines seem to refer to the poet's portrait by Pickersgill, which is still to be seen in the College Hall:—


Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed,
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,—
Takes here his rightful place as Poet-Priest
By the high Altar, singing praise and prayer
To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free
Our Haydon's hand has flung from out the mist!
No Portrait this, with Academic air,—
This is the Poet, and his Poetry!



LONDON.

BY A "STUFF GOWN."

"London, the needy ruffian's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, through folly or through fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state."

O wrote Samuel Johnson in the last century, and the saying holds good at the present day, but now, as then, even in its very truth, untrue. No city of the ancient world was ever more ready to open its gates to those who were driven from their own countries on account of their political or religious opinions. London has ever been the city which, above all others, has received, if not with open arms, at all events with willingness, those who, in their native states, were not permitted to exercise the dearest liberty and privilege of man—freedom of thought in political and religious matters; and though under such a policy there must necessarily flow in much that is bad, the "very dregs," in fact, of "corrupted states;" yet to this self-same policy do we owe some of the most valuable of our industries, and some of the most "*productive*" intellectual labourers.

Truly, too, is it "the needy ruffian's general home," yet is it also *ἀπάντων μουσομήτωρ ἐργάνης*, "*the effective nurse-mother of all arts*," literature and science, the centre and home of the commerce, enterprise, and wealth of the civilized world.

Madame de Stael called it in her day a "Province of Brick," but, since that time, it has spread in every direction and still is spreading until it already contains over ten thousand miles of streets and upwards of four millions of inhabitants within its bounds.

Could a Londoner of former days but take a walk through that assemblage of palatial buildings which now rises within a stone's throw of the old "Field Lane," and which actually stands on the very ground once covered by the vile and wretched huts that stood in clusters along the reeking banks of the old "Fleet Ditch," or take a walk along the Victoria Embankment, where, formerly, for half the day huge mud banks sent forth their noxious vapours to spread disease and sickness along their sides, or could he look from the dome of S. Paul's at the enormous city spreading on every side until its outskirts are lost in the dim of distance, and see the innumerable intersections of the various railways which lie around like some vast network, and watch the constant trains running now, as it were, on the tops of the houses, and now disappearing below their foundations, or could he pass along the great thoroughfares and watch the daily ebb and flow of the thousands and tens of thousands of its inhabitants, would he be able to recognise in this "Modern Babylon," in this "Province of Brick," the timber-built and quiet city with which he was acquainted, and would the marvellous changes said to have been effected by the power of the Genii of Eastern fable be half so marvellous as the changes which, without violent revolution or spasmodic effort, have been effected here?

On all sides are shops and offices and dwelling-houses, which in their external appearance are equal to, and in their internal economy far surpass, the palaces of former days. Charitable Institutions, too,

there are for the relief of every kind of accident and disease, that daily dispense a real and productive charity; compared with which the charity of the Monastic Institutions of the middle ages, not only dwindles into insignificance, but altogether vanishes from sight. Museums, general and special, collections of art, and libraries, open to all, where may be seen and studied the strange treasures and wonders of the natural world, and the curious, beautiful, and ingenious productions of the artistic and manufacturing world, and the accumulated result of the research and learning of all recorded time.

Yet, side by side with all that is thus beautiful, noble, and useful, where art, benevolence, ingenuity, and learning have combined to do their utmost, are to be found places and conditions of life that are not only a living disgrace to a civilized and a Christian country, but would not even be tolerated amongst the rude uncivilized tribes of savages that inhabit the central parts of the Continent of Africa.

How few among us, how few of our legislators are there to whom this other side of the picture is known, except by the vaguest report? and how far fewer are there to whom the back slums, labyrinths of dark courts and ramifications of alleys of London, are stern realities?

Here, far removed from the gaze of the casual observer, and from the notice of those who turn not aside from the great streets and principal thoroughfares, are to be found over-crowded hovels, where three generations, huddled together without distinction of age or sex, live and sleep in one small room; haunts of vice, dens of iniquity, and hot-beds of every species of immorality and crime, where robbery and outrage may be committed without fear of detection, and where the ordinary language of every-day life is thickly interspersed with obscene oaths and horrible blasphemies; where all that is

vile and hateful in human nature is fostered, reared up and poured forth to contaminate and corrupt, by its very existence, mankind at large.

Much has already been done, and is still being done, in pulling down, and rooting out these plague-spots from our midst. Compulsory education is also doing a work of inestimable value, but education alone cannot successfully battle with the early and most lasting impressions which are received by those who are reared up in these loathsome habitations. London has ever contained, and still contains, much that is good, much that is beautiful, much that is noble; but, at the same time, it contains much to be altered, much to be eradicated, much to be improved; and is it not surely a biting sarcasm, a cutting irony, that we should, year after year, go on spending thousands, and hundreds of thousands for the conversion of the Jew and of the Heathen whilst we suffer to exist, almost unobserved, in the midst of the metropolis of our highly civilized and Christian community, an evil, beside which the condition of the uncivilized heathen is a condition of virtue and morality.

π. β.



THE TUG OF THE LIGHT-SHIP-ADE:

A MERRY-TIME LAY FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF
"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

Sixty yards, sixty yards,
Sixty yards sundered.
All up the river Cam
Rowed the one hundred.
"Forward the light-ship-ade!"
"Three! Two! One! Gun!!!" he said:
Into the Grassy Gut
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

Forward the light-ship-ade!"
Was there a man delayed?
No, for the start they knew
Must not be blundered,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to dig or sky,
Theirs but to watch the ti-
me: On for the Railway Bridge
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

Ladies to right of them,
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies in front of them,
Fluttered and wondered,
Storm'd at with shout and yell
Boldly they rowed and well,
Some of them pale as death,
Into the mouth of "hell" (Charon's)
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

Flashed all the oar-blades bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
("Feathering under water there!")
Bumping each other, while
All the men wondered.
(Bang! when the battery spoke,
Right from the chain they broke;
"Coaches" all rushing
Rattled to "quicken stroke!"
"Well rowed!!!" they thundered.)

* * * * *
Then they rowed back:—but more
More than one hundred
(and twenty.)

Ladies to right of them
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies behind them,
Flirted and wondered:
Storm'd at with shout and yell,
While their proud banners swell,
They that had pulled so well
Rowed through the crowd of boats
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that had bumped of them,
Bumped of one hundred
(and twenty.)

When shall their blazers fade?
O the wild bumps they made!
All the bank wondered.
Honour the bumps they made!
Honour the light-ship-ade,
Sliding-seat hundred
(and twenty.)

ALFRED NINNYSON.



ANECDOTES FOR FIDDLERS AND OTHERS.

A GENTLEMAN, wealthy but ignorant, treated his friends on a certain occasion to a selection of instrumental music, and hired a band as executants. Whilst all the musicians were at work he appeared to be well satisfied with the performance, but when it happened that the principal violin was engaged for a short time on an incidental solo, livid with rage, he demanded the reason that the others were remaining idle. "Sir, it is a pizzicato for one instrument."

"Hang the pizzicato, Sir, I pay you to come here and play, and not to remain idle; let the trumpets pizzicato along with you."

When Viotti was in England—I owe this story to the unpublished work of a friend—he fell in love with, and wished to purchase, a magnificent Antonio Stradivari belonging to the Earl of Exmouth. Lord Exmouth would not sell the instrument but very kindly offered Viotti the use of it while he remained in the country, and was, doubtless, proud to hear of the magnificent solos Viotti used it for at the King's Theatre and Hanover Square Rooms, in town. Whilst still in possession, Viotti went to Betts, the celebrated maker, and asked him to make a copy as nearly as possible like the original. Betts proceeded to obey his directions, but he made not only one but two copies, and gave them both back to Viotti, who, in his turn, gave one back to Lord Exmouth, and kept what he thought was the original himself. But when he came to play at a concert in

Brussels soon after, he found that he, too, had been swindled in his turn. It was a case of diamond cut diamond. "Ah! Monsieur Betts," said he, when afterwards in London again, "I ask you to make me one copy and you do make me two copy."

This is the only imputation I have ever heard on the character of Viotti, but there are many doubtful stories about Betts. A gentleman, I once heard, wished to put his probity to the test. Accordingly, he sent him a valuable instrument to repair, but previously resorted to the ingenious dodge of counting the number of grains of wood in the belly in concert with a friend. Betts changed the violin, and copied nearly all the other marks, but this latter was too much for him. The case was proved, and he was obliged to return the instrument. His reputation did not improve by the transaction. Vuillaume once tried the same experiment with Paganini, but without any sinister designs, as the sequel showed. Once, on his return from England, Paganini's large model Guarnerius fell from the roof of the diligence and was seriously injured. On arriving at Paris the great artist entrusts his violin to M. Vuillaume, who, while it is in his possession, takes care to make an exact copy, one not easy to distinguish. On the day appointed for the restoration of the instrument he calls upon Paganini and places two instruments before him; "I have quite restored your violin, but so completely that I am unable to distinguish it from the other Guarnerius, which has also been entrusted to me. You, of course, will be able to tell your own violin at once." Whereupon Paganini seizes and scrutinizes the instruments, but is unable to distinguish them; taking his bow he dashes it over the strings of each alternately, still without being able to tell—he is wild with excitement. Vuillaume's triumph had reached its acme. "Compose yourself," said he, "here is your instrument, and there is the

copy of it I have made. Keep them both in remembrance of me."

Once on a summer evening in the country I heard the mellow tones of a fiddle through the half-open door of a cottage. Feeling curious, I entered and accosted the performer, a middle-aged man sitting in an arm-chair before the fire. "So you're playing the violin, Sir, a little?" "No, Sir, I'm only feedling." The old fellow had lived all his life without ever hearing of the word violin. My art enthusiasm of course pretended to be shocked at first, but, on the whole, I came to the conclusion that "feedling" was better than "fuddling," its probable antithesis in this case, and that art must have all kinds of votaries; and besides the event was the realisation of an old story I had once heard in another form. "Gentlemen," said an auctioneer addressing his customers, "Gentlemen, the next lot is a valuable old fine-toned violin." "Stop, Sir, said his clerk, interrupting him, the next lot's the fiddle."

I don't think I have ever laughed more than when I first heard the following little anecdote of poor old Lindley, the violoncellist. It was in the old coaching days. Lindley was going down to Oxford to perform at a University Concert. On the way a terrible accident happened—the coach was completely overturned, many people were thrown down and seriously injured, and one man had his leg broken. Lindley fortunately escaped any serious hurt himself, but the moment he could extricate himself from the general *débris*, which he managed to do almost before anyone else, he was observed to seize his violoncello case, which had fallen heavily from the roof, and commence a sort of trial performance upon the instrument, having previously made himself comfortable upon a neighbouring milestone. Evidently he did not mind an odd bruise or two, but he was afraid his favourite had sustained some damage, and he hastened to

satisfy himself accordingly. What his fellow-travellers thought of his philanthropic or rather philo-violinic sentiments I will not pretend to say. By the way, talking about Lindley, he was once very impolitely treated in our own town, Cambridge. Those who have heard much about him will remember the unfortunate impediment in his speech. The conversation was with a boy about the purchase of a magpie. "I say, my b-b-b-b-boy, can it t-t-t-alk."

"Yes, Sir, it can beautiful."

"But, I say, my b-b-b-boy, are you s-s-s-s-ure it can t-t-t-alk."

"It'll talk a —— sight better than you, Sir, or else I'm blowed if it 'ud talk at all." Perhaps it is hardly necessary to state that the sale was not effected.

There are many humorous little incidents in the career of Giovanni Giarnovich, the pupil of Lolly. Once at Lyons he advertised a concert, tickets six francs each, but failed to collect an audience. Being offended at the niggardliness of the Lyonese he advertised the same performance the next evening for half the money, but took his departure in the meantime, so that the large assembly which came together to hear him were obliged to have their money returned at the doors. What a jolly sell! Giarnovich was a desperate duellist, quarrelled with everybody he met. He once fell out with Shaw, the leader of the Drury Lane Orchestra, at an oratorio, and challenged him. "I strove all in my power," says Michael Kelly, "to make peace between them. Giarnovich knew not a word of English, and Shaw not a word of French, but I was to be mediator between them, and I translated everything they said to each other most faithfully. Unfortunately, Shaw, in reply to one of Giarnovich's accusations, said 'Pooh! Pooh!'—'Sacre,' said Giarnovich, 'what is de meaning of dat 'pooh, pooh!' I will not hear a

word unless you translate me pooh! pooh!' And as I found considerable difficulty in translating 'pooh, pooh' into French or Italian, it was some time before peace was restored. The whole scene was one of the most absurd I ever witnessed."

In conclusion, I must acknowledge my debt to Mr. Dubourg, from whose interesting history and biographies I have adapted several of the above little incidents.



THE MATTERHORN WITHOUT GUIDES.

THAT the beauty of the Matterhorn is with the public never dissociated from awe is due in great part to the untoward occurrence which accompanied the first ascent. Though eleven years have elapsed since then, and times are so changed that people flock to the summit, the feeling has not altogether passed away. A few words may be devoted to a catastrophe, often misunderstood, which has prejudiced men's minds not only against the mountain but against mountaineering itself, if only to show that in character it was exceptional.

The Matterhorn long defied attack, it was a byword for inaccessibility, that affected by its mere reputation the most skilful guides. Experienced mountaineers gazing at its gaunt precipices, and scanning its furrowed sides with telescopes shook their heads. It was to the boldest adventurers of the day what the Aiguille du Dru at Chamouni and la Meije in Dauphiné are now to their successors, who have had to turn back from their attempts almost in despair. It is, doubtless, familiarly known to many of my readers how Mr. Whymper and Professor Tyndall repeated their assaults. How every year saw an outwork of the enemy turned or stormed, till nothing seemed left on the Italian side but the crowning citadel. How when finally the Zermatt side, that had long deceived the eye by its inhospit-

able aspect, was tried simultaneously as it happened by Messrs. Hudson and Whymper, strange to say, victory followed the first attempt. Unfortunately the mistake was made of including in the party, a gentleman too young in mountaineering for an expedition which might call for the utmost hardihood and endurance. Under the circumstances two guides and a porter were a meagre professional addition to four travellers. The rocks above the 'shoulder,' where the chains are now placed, being pronounced by the leading guide impracticable, the party were forced to circumvent them by crossing part of the steep northern face of the mountain, and then, after a short ascent, doubling back to the arête. In descending, when they had reached the far angle of this loop, Mr. Hadow, who seems now to have been so faint as to be unable to stand steady, even when his feet were placed in position for him, suddenly fell from behind down upon the leading guide who had, as far as could be observed, just turned round to descend himself after planting the other's legs in position with his hands. Poor Croz was helplessly knocked over head downwards, and the combined momentum pulled down the two immediately behind. The last three members of the party were able to hold firm, and the rope broke below them. How was the fatal momentum acquired? The rope had not been held tight behind the unfortunate gentleman who slipped, although previously he was evidently in extreme difficulty. As it was, a fall of 10 or 12 feet took place before the jerk on the rope came. Here is the moral of the whole. Either an inexperienced traveller should not have been allowed to accompany the party, or another guide should have been taken to attend to him. Had the rope been tight in accordance with one of the most important rules of caution in such circumstances, he would probably have been arrested the moment he

fell prone. Everything depends on checking a slip before momentum has ensued. Again, Mr. Whympet positively asserts that the exact spot where the slip occurred was an easy place, affording opportunity for free movement as well as for handhold. The party being constituted as it was, a similar accident might have befallen it in any expedition of equal length where individual capacity was much tested.

Mountaineering is a noble form of recreation, and not to be indiscriminately condemned because accidents are heard of. I defy the most enthusiastic advocate to prove that any other combines the same amount of healthy muscular activity, of invigorating accompaniments, of contest with physical difficulties, with the same security. But there must be training, and there must be observance of due precautions and laws. The bulk of accidents, of which one hears, have either proceeded from the neglect of some rule or precaution which it is the province of mountaineering to prescribe, or from sheer ignorance and inexperience; in neither of which cases is the art of mountaineering in fault. If inexperienced people will be so foolish as to climb the Alps alone or with inefficient guides they must take the consequences. It is unfair to disparage mountaineering by confounding the vagaries of incompetent persons with the undertakings of properly organized parties. As the land-lubber may be upset by the first squall, so may the ignorant tourist be precipitated by the first incautious step into a crevasse. Glaciers near hotels tempt on the wanderer by apparent easiness, but they are full of real peril to those not accustomed to them.

It is a mistake to suppose that mountaineering skill can be picked up without a fair amount of apprenticeship. Let the necessity which everyone admits in the case of cricket and boating be conceded to mountaineering. No one can acquire climbing

powers which will render him, if occasion required, independent of assistance, or give him individual confidence in difficulties, without practice. It is true that novices can be taken up, and are taken up, the highest mountains by the guides; but the mere fact of their going up as little proves them to be mountaineers, as it confers on them mountaineering skill. Many a man who has climbed from his youth up among our English hills, would regard the efforts of these showy Alpine pedestrians, as child's-play; while he would in all probability on the occasion of his own first expedition in the high Alps feel some disappointment at the trifling nature of the actual difficulties encountered by the individual climber. On the other hand, it must be allowed that making the ascent of a first-rate mountain without undue fatigue bears witness to considerable endurance and walking powers. It is as easy to make light of such feats as it is to misapprehend their character. Perhaps mountaineers are shy of admitting the fatigue, or confessing to the really serious physical exertion involved in merely lifting the body up the required number of thousands of feet. Practice and training, with the assistance of health and the invigorating air, much lightens the load; but a weighty load it always remains, and severe hard labour, to an extent little realized perhaps in England, has inevitably to be faced. The only exercise taken for pleasure, which presents itself to my mind for comparison in this respect, is that of rowing. Seven or eight hours spent at the oar might convey a not inapt idea of the work required in climbing as many thousand feet. As to the training, the resemblance only holds in regard to the practice of the particular muscles respectively employed. The austere stoicism associated with my recollections of the May races finds no counterpart on the Alpine play-ground. The change of life, indeed, if any does

there take place, may be often on the side of luxury. The magnificent exercise and air induce a health and vigour of body, which laughs to scorn many a privation or precaution that may be considered necessary at home. The stomach does unwonted wonders; the muscles, if not overstrained, get accustomed to their work by gradual practice; and, as there is not the same test of the 'wind' as in racing, the satisfaction of good living, where opportunity allows, may be readily combined with vigorous health and activity. I find thoughts of the coming dinner hovering cheerily round the most weary close of an Alpine day; just as a dozen years ago and more, with a relish that perhaps nothing of the kind can ever surpass, I used to anticipate the more certain, if more restricted, delights of a boating supper as I trudged home from an evening row over the course.

A few words must be devoted to mountaineering without guides. If expeditions of this kind are not to be condemned indiscriminately, they certainly should not be undertaken without great caution and circumspection. The best guides are so very much superior to even first-rate amateurs that the more difficult expeditions will always have to be left in their hands, for amateurs in the attempt might find themselves involved in difficulties from which it might be beyond their powers to extricate themselves. Great pleasure, however, may be derived from humbler expeditions which, if certain conditions are observed, may be justifiably attempted without guides. There must be fine and settled weather, there must be considerable previous experience on the part of all the party if anything of importance is in contemplation, and the expeditions undertaken must be graduated in difficulty from simple beginnings in order to ensure the necessary training and confidence. As a rule, it may be safely laid down that a man should go with guides for a season

or two, at least, before attempting to dispense with them; and even then the greatest pleasure and advantage will probably be derived from the alternation of the two kinds of mountaineering. In our case, the attempt on the Matterhorn was the culmination of previous expeditions without guides of various degrees of difficulty. The reputation of the mountain was, as we knew, when in good condition considerably in excess of its reputation. Though entirely new to all of us it was mostly a rock climb, and my two friends, Mr. A. H. Cawood, of Rossall School, and Mr. J. B. Colgrove, Head Master of Loughboro' School, were, even for members of the Alpine Club, unusually good rock climbers. So we went out last summer resolved to make the attempt the crowning effort of the season, expressly agreeing before starting on the expedition to turn back at the first difficulty involving actual danger.

At 11.15 a.m. on the 21st of July my friends and myself set out from Zermatt with two porters to our sleeping quarters at the hut. My friends having explored this part of the way on the previous day, we had felt at liberty to take porters. The route, which is by no means easy to find, traverses most of the long and tedious Höruli ridge, skirts the upper slopes of the Furgen glacier, and then ascends the rocks obliquely to the right in the direction of the arête or edge joining the two sides of the mountain. The ascent so far presents little difficulty as far as the climbing goes except at the point where the rocks are gained from the glacier. The actual face is much less steep than might be expected from its distant aspect. A person ignorant of the route, however, and of the exact position of the hut may find (as was the case with my friends) very considerable difficulty in hitting off the way to the latter, as it is not discernible till a ridge is gained in close proximity to it. The hut is built of stone

on a small platform under one of the massive towers of the arête, about half-way up from the 'base' to the 'shoulder.' The immediate approach to the platform is by a few feet of rock of a somewhat awkward character.

The hut was reached at 6, and our porters now left us, returning to Zermatt the same evening. It was a striking position in which to find ourselves alone. The approach of night, the tiny lights beginning to flicker in the village nestling in the valley 7000 feet below, the clearly defined shadow of the mountain mysteriously thrown from behind on the snow-field at our feet, all aided the solemnity of the scene. The shadow crept up the slopes of the Breithorn till it lost itself in vacancy. The Monte Rosa range opposite shot back at us warm rays of fiery light. The illuminated sky above was fast drawing in its purple skirts to avoid contact with the murky gloom that was extending itself below. But an icy wind was sweeping round the sheer rocks which supported our tiny platform, and to remain outside was impossible. Yet it was but a cold hospitality that our cabin offered us. We only escaped the icy wind to sit on an ice-floor. Luckily we had not trusted only to the scanty supply of good-for-nothing wood with which our somewhat supercilious porters, as if with the view of starving us into our right mind, had provided us. Besides what my friends themselves carried up, we found some fuel in the hut; and, after various and ineffectual attempts to induce delicately cut chips to burn, our ears were at length consoled by the merry duet of hissing pine and snow sputtering in the pan. The heat-giving properties of our stove were soon testified by the steam that began to set towards the door from the solid bed of ice which composed our floor. The benign influence extended itself even to our half-frozen feet, and over our coffee and mulled wine we could afford to laugh at discomfort.

The far end of the hut was set apart for the bed-chamber, whose furniture consisted of hay, protected from the ice beneath by planks. Needless to say, both were saturated with damp, but a plentiful store of dry blankets was suspended above on a cord. By inverting the arrangement of the planks and hay, and making the best use we could of the blankets, we managed to obtain a fair amount of comfort. We all, however, asserted in the morning that we had not slept. We were rather later than we intended in getting under weigh in the morning, and by the time that we had finished our breakfast and distributed our provisions it was broad daylight. We each took what we wanted for ourselves from the abundant store of wine and food, leaving the rest at the hut.

About 3.45 we started, and the rocks now became of a much less easy nature than below the hut; hands as well as feet had to be constantly used, and we kept the rope thenceforward continually employed. With amateurs the rope does service in a double way; besides affording security, it effectually prevents straggling, a not unimportant point where, perhaps, everyone has his own opinion as to the route to be taken. A guide, of course, is meekly followed, but a resolute amateur leader also will often succeed in taking even a grumbling party his own way when roped together. Our progress was slow, in some measure owing to the continual necessity for hunting out the route with no local knowledge to guide us. Amid a wilderness of gullies and ridges we had to turn to right or left according to the occurrence of obstacles, while preserving at the same time a main general direction towards the shoulder. To assist us in our return we made little cairns at various points. The presence of guides makes an astonishing difference in these little matters. In ordinary places a man may almost mechanically follow his guide's lead and have his thoughts a thousand miles away, so that

the very existence of a puzzle or of a difficulty may be ignored. Here and there a few bands of ice had to be crossed, and in such places Mr. Colgrove's ice-axe—profanely called by a facetious friend, a collection of old files—was the terror of the mountain, as the ice shivered into steps under its resistless blows.

We reached the 'shoulder,' or level portion of the arête under the final peak, at 6.10, and made a halt. The ridge is narrow and rotten, and requires careful traversing. On our right now lay the fatal northern slope; above us in front rose the steep rocks which guard the summit. Chains have recently been firmly fixed to the most difficult portions of these cliffs, and they formed at once our security and our guide. Some hesitation preceded our discovery of the upper portion of the chains, but finally, led by them, we struck straight up the rocks in their steepest part close by the arête. We thus avoided altogether the scene of the accident, which lay a considerable distance to our right on the face of the mountain; Mr. Whymper's route in returning after the catastrophe being unmistakably marked by one of the ropes, now white with age, which he left fastened to rocks as an assistance to his progress.

An easy slope of frozen snow above the rocks landed us on the summit. "Well," I said, "we have got to the top, and we know we can get down safely." The question about turning back had never even arisen, for we had never been tried to the full extent of our combined powers. The summit is a narrow ridge of snow about 350 feet long, and running nearly due east and west. The snow evidently enjoys the spectacle of the Italian precipices, for it lovingly curls over them. For some 2000 feet the cliffs fall sheer down till they spread out in gigantic buttresses, forming a striking contrast with the rounded snow slope that shelves away with rapidly increasing steepness on the northern side, carrying the imagination down to

the cruel plain below. A description of the view is no easy matter. The mountaineer's eye gets accustomed to the effects of very lofty views, and early impressions are proverbially difficult to recall. Were I, then, to depict the actual feeling conveyed to me by the view, it would possibly only be unduly to disparage the latter. The solitary position and height of the mountain naturally impart a unique character to the prospect, but the effect of the latter on the mind is considerably impaired by the too present reality of a long level ridge, which both precludes grasping the whole view at once, no one point on it claiming a decided pre-eminence, and arrogates to itself with constant importunity the importance of a temporary world. The day was serene, the sun brilliant, and the whole range of the main Alps from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa without a cloud to disturb their outlines. Over the Italian Alps hung, as is often the case, an envious sea of clouds. Beauty of colouring must not be expected from the very lofty summits; far more pleasing panoramic effects are afforded by well-situated mountains of moderate elevation. I was much struck on the present occasion with the dark and heavy atmospheric veil that hung over the lower ranges and valleys, obscuring without beautifying them.

I took a hasty sketch on the summit, sitting on the snow, whose solidity I took care first to ascertain. But the north wind was not to be robbed of its bite, and, after a stay of more than an hour (9.35 to 10.45), we hastened to retrace our tracks, Mr. Colgrove during the descent admirably filling the honourable post of last man. The descent required care, but did not involve us in any difficulty sufficient to cause anxiety. We used great caution. At first we thought it prudent to unite an extra rope which we carried to our ordinary one, so as to allow greater individual freedom on the chains. Below the 'shoulder,' on the contrary, we huddled

together in order to minimize the damage we might inflict on each other from falling stones, the rottenness of the rocks causing them to be well primed with such missiles. The descent of the face was exceedingly wearisome and monotonous. We succeeded in retracing our way, found and set in order the hut, and were soon toiling down the rocks on the last stage of our expedition.

The victory was now won, but the contest had been a long one. We had resolved not to run any appreciable risk, and we ran none. We might, of course, have encountered falling stones, for which the Matterhorn has a bad name; but none fell on the two days on which we were on the mountain, except what we dislodged ourselves. We had to stumble down from the Hörnli as best we might in the dark, and it was 9.30 when we reached the hotel. A pleasant greeting awaited us, and a merry dinner was followed by one of the most refreshing night's rest that I ever had in my life.

ARTHUR, CUST.



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

The following is a literal translation of a report of this race which appeared a few years ago in the *Journal de Nice*. The translation was communicated to the *Cambridge Chronicle* by Mr. J. T. Hathornthwaite, a member of this College:—

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RACE.

The annual race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge took place on the 23rd of March. This race is quite an event in England, and the sportsman class are pre-occupied with it as much as with the Derby. The race takes place in yawls with 8 oarsmen, at Putney, a small village situated at the west extremity of London.

The champions go down the Thames as far as Kew, sometimes even to Richmond.

The race is always straight, without turning, and is accomplished with a rapidity positively extraordinary. The champions are in training about four months, and have daily exercises at Oxford and Cambridge.

Scarcely a single day passes without the newspapers speaking of their progress. This is in fact because the English stake considerable sums of money according as the vigour of their muscles is more or less.

Every year about 25 or 30 million bets are made at Putney.

The race always takes place at 10 o'clock precisely. The racers are followed by a ferry-boat carrying the jury, and nearly all the members of the two Houses of Parliament.

It is an old custom, for the House of Lords especially, to assist in full numbers at these jousts; even the Primate of England, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, as well as the Bishop of London, take their place on the ferry-boat. Two or three hundred small craft follow the ferry-boat, and the flotilla is kept at a regulated distance of 100 yards from the racers.

As well as the thousands of spectators who line the banks of the Thames, everybody wears the colours of the two Universities, sky blue or dark blue.

The very horses have ribands in their manes, and ribands are placed in the cockades of the drivers.

We have ascertained on this subject that the minimum price of a second-rate conveyance this day is from five to six pounds sterling.

The race having terminated in the midst of frenzied hurrahs which are heard as far off as a kilometre (3-5ths of a mile), conquerors and conquered forget their rivalries, shake hands and go to banquet at the inn called the Cock Pheasant, which is situated on the banks of the Thames.

The victorious and the vanquished are invariably under the table at dessert.

In the evening it is a perfect *fête* in London; the beer-houses and the bars overflow with customers. The Alhambra is crowded to suffocation by a throng who wear the colours of the winners. Dances are given at the Argyll Rooms, at Highbury Barn, and, in fact, everywhere.

Three editions of the newspapers are published; as many as a hundred and fifty thousand copies of

the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Sporting Life* are sold.

At the same time there are in London about fifty suicides; those who have lost in the morning blow out their brains. This is, moreover, so general a result that public opinion gives itself very little trouble about it."



THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race of 1877 will long be remembered as one of the most, if not the most, remarkable contests that has ever taken place—remarkable for the enthusiasm displayed by such masses of people in turning out so early on a cold March morning, remarkable for the keenness of the contest, and still more remarkable for the almost unparalleled finish. Dead heats on the running-path are somewhat common, but on the river they are almost unknown. We can call to mind a dead heat for the Colquhoun Sculls in 1862 between Hudson, of Lady Margaret, and Cowie, of Trinity, and also a dead heat for the University Fours in 1874 between Jesus and First Trinity; but it must be borne in mind that both these races were time races, and that it is much more likely for a dead heat to take place in a time race than in a breast race. In the former it is quite possible for a boat to creep up unawares in the last few strokes and make a dead heat of it, but such a thing is impossible in a breast race, for when one crew is in front it is apparent to the members of both crews, and thus the leaders are sure not to be caught “napping” in the same way. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that Shafto has had the pleasure (?) of rowing in two dead heats; the first occasion was when, in 1874, he stroked the Jesus Four, and the second was in the University race of this year. Last December two professionals rowed a dead heat in a mile match on the Tyne; possibly there have been one or two more, but, putting to one side the cases

of the time races, we may fairly say that the race of 1877 is almost unique, and certainly it is so in a race of such importance.

A report had spread abroad at the Inter-University sports on the preceding day that the race would start three-quarters of an hour earlier than was originally intended; this necessitated those who were lucky enough to have tickets for the steamers being at one or other of the piers about six o'clock; accordingly, about that time the piers were covered with men anxiously waiting for the arrival of the steamers, but, much to the disgust of those lucky individuals, they did not turn up till after seven o'clock. The early rising and the hour's wait on not one of the warmest mornings imaginable was, however, amply repaid by the splendid race which was shortly witnessed. Opinions are divided as to whether the crowd was as large as in previous years. Between Putney and Craven Cottage, possibly, the crowd was not so great as in 1876, but from there to the finish it would require a person accustomed to calculating crowds to be able to say that there was any material difference. There was scarcely standing-room on the ground open to the public, and every point of vantage on both sides of the river was occupied.

When one thinks that the majority of the people present must have risen at about five and some earlier, one must come to the conclusion that the interest taken in the race is for the race itself, and not, as some would have it, because it is "the thing."

Oxford won the toss and chose the Middlesex station, which, under the then existing circumstances, was a decided advantage. Unfortunately for Cambridge the wind, which for the whole week had been blowing from the east, veered right round to the west. We say unfortunately, because the boat to be used was very much "cambered," and therefore the cross wind would make it almost impossible to keep straight.

The Oxford men put off from the London boathouse shortly before eight o'clock and paddled down to the starting-post, but they were kept waiting about ten minutes by the Cambridge men (a proceeding which was freely commented on at the time), who were having a false keel put on their boat at the last moment to try and counteract the evil influence of the wind.

About a quarter-past eight the two boats were nicely in position for starting, but, unfortunately, the press steamer broke from her moorings, and it was not till twenty-seven minutes past eight, upon a bad tide, that Mr. Searle was able to start them.

The following are the names and weights of the two crews:

CAMBRIDGE.		OXFORD.	
	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
1 B. G. Hoskyns, Jesus.....	10 11	1 D. J. Cowles, St. John's..	11 3
2 T. W. Lewis, Caius.....	11 9	2 J. M. Boustead, University	12 8
3 J. C. Fenn, Frist Trinity..	11 7	3 H. Pelham, Magdalen...	12 7
4 W. B. Close, First Trinity	11 9½	4 W. H. Grenfell, Balliol ..	12 8
5 L. G. Pike, Caius.....	12 8	5 H. J. Stayner, St. John's	12 6½
6 C. Gurdon, Jesus.....	12 13	6 A. Mulholland, Balliol....	12 5½
7 T. E. Hockin, Jesus.....	12 11	7 T.C.Edwards Moss, B.N.C.	12 2
C. D. Shafto, Jesus (<i>str.</i>)	12 0	H. M. Marriott, B.N.C. (<i>str.</i>)	12 0
G. L. Davis, Clare (<i>cox.</i>)..	7 2	F. M. Beaumont, New (<i>cox.</i>)	7 0

Oxford got by far the best of the start and at once led out by several feet, but Cambridge, rowing about two strokes a minute less, gradually gained, till at Bishop's Creek the Light Blues were leading; Oxford were now very unsteady, which enabled Cambridge to increase its lead to a quarter-of-a-length. The cross wind was now very troublesome to the Cantabs, and the coxswain was obliged to use a great deal of rudder; this so palpably checked the pace of the boat that Oxford, a little above Craven Cottage, took a lead of a few feet, and steadily increasing it were leading by about one-third of a length a mile from the start, the wind still causing Cambridge a great deal of trouble. At the Soap Works Cambridge were comparatively sheltered, and immediately shot up, and, gradually gaining, passed under

Hammersmith Bridge about two feet in front. The partisans of Cambridge were now very jubilant, as the Cambridge crew were rowing splendidly together, whereas Oxford seemed all to pieces. The water now became very rough, but it seemed to affect the Oxford crew most, as Cambridge gained still more. Shortly after passing Biffen's boatyard a waterman's skiff, rowed by two men and with some people in the stern, shot out from a crowd of boats on the Middlesex side and made across the river right in front of the competing crews; it seemed utterly impossible that a collision could be prevented; in fact, it looked as if the Cambridge eight was going right into them, but by a sudden application of the rudder the coxswain saved a collision, for the stroke oars just missed the stern of the boat as they flew by. The crews were soon back in their proper course, Cambridge leading slightly. The high feather of Oxford now began to tell in their favour, so that opposite the Oil Mills Oxford drew ahead; a ding-dong race took place up Chiswick Eyot, but Cambridge then seemed to go to pieces in the rough-water, so that Oxford up Corney Reach led by a third of a length, which they gradually increased to two-thirds. The race now seemed over, but Cambridge, by a series of spurts, reduced the lead to half-a-length at the Bull's Head, Barnes; their efforts then seemed to die away, so that Oxford passed through the Railway Bridge with a lead of about a length. Signs of exhaustion were now being displayed by one or two men, more especially in the bow oar of the Oxford Boat, who was evidently in very great difficulties. Opposite the White Hart the Cambridge crew spurted vigorously, a spurt which was ably answered by Marriott. But Cowles' exertions had evidently been too much for him, as he caught a 'crab,' and for the remainder of the way he rowed with a shortened oar. This 'contretemps' naturally disturbed the evenness

of the Oxford boat, and before they had time to steady themselves Cambridge was upon them, and, rowing a fast stroke and much better together than they had been, came up hand over hand until they were only two or three feet behind opposite the Brewery. On gathering themselves together the finishing spurt of Cambridge at forty strokes a minute was a sight to see; they were now rowing together like one man, and inch by inch reducing the vanishing lead of Oxford, who, in difficulties and partially crippled, made a gallant counter effort to stall off their opponents. It was in vain, however, for Cambridge got up alongside as the gun fired, both passing the judge abreast on strictly even terms. It was some time before the decision of the judge was known, owing to his not being able to get on board the umpire's boat.

From the very commencement of the race both crews set themselves down with cool determination and veteran precision to row the race out steadily from beginning to end. There were no signs of excessive speed for a short distance, to be succeeded by complete collapse over a longer one; no scrambling for a temporary and evanescent lead; but a firm purpose in each crew to do their work thoroughly during the whole contest; and the finish was a fitting termination to a struggle which reflected equal honour on all engaged in it. The Oxford men were about the most powerful set of men that ever rowed in the 'Varsity boat race. They rowed remarkably clean and with a very high feather, which served them well in the rough water; but there seemed to be that jerk at the finish of the stroke which is so much condemned by Cambridge oarsmen. At first sight they appeared to row a longer stroke than Cambridge, but such was not the case; they certainly swung more, but then their slides were shorter and were not used in the scientific manner that Cambridge used them. Moreover, the Cambridge crew (a physically weaker crew, and rowing two strokes a minute slower) lead

the Oxford crew to Hammersmith Bridge, which seems to prove conclusively that they were rowing a longer stroke. The Cambridge crew rowed more according to the scientific principles of rowing, and we have no hesitation in saying that it was the science displayed by Cambridge that counterbalanced the superior physique of Oxford. Everything in regard to the elements and the course was in Oxford's favour, for the cross wind was much more troublesome to Cambridge than to Oxford, for the former were very much hampered by their boat, which no doubt carried them (on that day) very badly indeed. We are of opinion that the boat they rowed in lost them the race, for the wind blowing right across the bows forced Davis to be constantly applying the rudder in order to keep her straight; this, of course, materially affected the pace of the boat, besides causing it to roll, which so unsteadied them that it was possibly the means of their going to pieces. On the other hand, Oxford were unfortunate in bow catching a 'crab,' but then it was owing to his being so much exhausted; in fact, at the time Pelham and Stayner also were dead beaten, whereas the Cambridge men were comparatively fresh. Bow, as soon as he had righted himself after the 'crab,' shortened his oar, conceiving that it was broken; but a well-known Cambridge waterman who saw the oar afterwards is said to have declared 'that many a worse oar than that had been used in the May races,' so that, possibly, Oxford were not so unfortunate as one was at first led to suppose, but their sudden diminution in pace may have been owing to two or three members of the crew being 'baked.' We cannot say more than that stroke, seven, and four in the Oxford boat rowed hard and well, while the four stern oars in the Cambridge crew did the lion's share of the work, notably seven. A more plucky race was never rowed, and it reflects the highest credit on all concerned in it.

ONE ON THE STEAMER.



DETAIL IN ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE may be considered with reference to the following heads, æsthetic, scientific and utilitarian. We shall not dwell on the divisions of architecture which would lead us to consider it from any other point of view than the æsthetic, or in other words, the beautiful, although we must, owing to the nature of our subject, somewhat invade the ground occupied by architecture, considered from the scientific and utilitarian standpoint.

It is *impossible* for the mind to grasp instantaneously an adequate conception of an architectural whole, say, a cathedral. It represents to itself some detail of the structure, and provided that this detail harmonise with the ideas of details that have previously come under its consideration; *it makes an attempt*, more or less successful in proportion to the experience of the person concerned, to form a concept, and in virtue of the harmony of the details themselves is itself under the influence of æsthetic motion. To express more popularly the gist of what we have already said, we state that the general effect is not the aim of art, in one sense of the word, viz., fine art, but that it consists in the power of producing perfection of details out of which we conceive with varied success those much-talked of wholes.

The most æsthetic architecture the world has ever produced, that of the Greeks. In that land famous for the unrivalled purity and serenity of its climate; in that land, whose people, as the old poet Euripides says:

ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου
βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος,

the striving for the æsthetic had its full sway. Here do we see such magnificent examples of art as the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Propylæum, the Theseum, the temple of Olympian Jove, and that of Apollo at Delphi; and it is the exquisite details of these masterpieces which excite our envy and almost forbid us to hope to rival them. It must not be conceived that these embodied the maturity of a short growth. We have just said that the architectural germ is necessarily utilitarian. Mere bodily wants must be satisfied before we can get any development of the æsthetic in anything. The buildings above mentioned represent a perfection which took ages to accomplish. It is only after years of toil, when "one hand" has caught the spirit of its predecessors, that we can hope to attain anything like perfection from an æsthetic point of view. The Parthenon, which crowned the summit of the Acropolis, was one of the finest specimens of Doric architecture. It was built during the golden age of Pericles, that is, about the middle of the fifth century before Christ. We read in Plutarch, "Phidias directed all and was the overseer of all for Pericles, and yet the buildings had great architects and artists of the works." The Parthenon was the work of Callicratus and Ictinus, yet almost all things were in the hands of Phidias, and, as we have said, "he superintended all the artists."

It may seem wonderful that the consummation of æsthetic architecture was achieved in so short a time at the hands of a few men, but it fully bears out the point which lies here, that Greek art was wholly the product and expression of the individual workman. Phidias was the Shakespeare of his art; his indefatigable toil, his discrimination, his accurate perception, his power of expression, summed up in one short period the learning of previous centuries. Joined to these acquired faculties there might also have been an innate aptitude. Note this point also: "he worked

in marble, ivory, and gold," as witness the statue of Athene in the eastern *cellæ* of the Parthenon. His masterpieces were not produced in a secluded studio, but in the *ἐργαστήριον*. He united the theoretical and the practical. No mere maker of paper plans was he, but he bodied forth in the concrete forms which can have been the creation of only the loftiest imagination.

We find that for the most part the Greek architect restricted his attention to but one temple; at any rate, never do we find him designing more than one work of art at the same time. Thus, then, we see, taking one of the most renowned buildings of antiquity, that the wonderful minuteness and perfection of detail, achieved not only by mere passive instrument but by the hands of genius, were the characteristics which distinguished the noblest architecture the world has ever seen from that which preceded it, and that which was its subsequent. It must be granted that if our knowledge be primarily the knowledge of detail, just in proportion as those details are harmonious so shall we be æsthetically moved.

Next, how is this perfection of detail to be brought about? This is the second point we wish to bring before you. It is, as you may have anticipated, by means of the master-workman the *ἀρχιτέκτων*. "You can buy," says Plato, "a common builder for five or six minæ at most" (that is, a builder in the utilitarian and scientific point of view), "but a master-workman not even for ten thousand drachmæ, for there are few of them even among all the Greeks." The Greek architect, then, was the master-workman, the ruler of workmen. He and his *confrères* had not even the name of professionals. Pure design-makers and draftsmen in those times we find none. Such buildings as we have before mentioned might have been roughly dashed off by the architects of to-day, but they would have been as cold and lifeless as the erections of to-day are.

In conclusion, we wish to compare a building of modern times with the productions where the master-workman shews his craft; take, for example, St. Paul's Cathedral. In gazing on the modern structure, do we ever think of the hands that fashioned its details? No. We look upon it as the conception evolved in the depths of some solitude, and the emotion produced is merely that arising from harmony of composition. The hand of the master-workman is nowhere apparent. We look on the building in a purely geometrical aspect. Any detail is not valuable in itself, but, from its being contiguous with other details, we are led to a consideration of pure form, not of soul. It must not be thought that we here deny what was stated in the former part of this paper, namely, that knowledge of the whole is obtained by knowledge of the detail, for here the detail is considered purely geometrically, and from detail we get a geometrical whole.

The workman of to-day, then, must no longer be a passive instrument, but must be taught that there is something more in his art than a fixed money rate. He must learn, with the feeling of a poet, some few bars of "the frozen music," as Schlezell so beautifully calls architecture, queen of art. To recapitulate. We first shewed that in our opinion knowledge of wholes is attained (imperfectly) by knowledge of detail; that perfection of detail is the characteristic of fine art, therefore of architecture from an æsthetic point of view; that the Greeks paid especial attention to perfection of detail, and consequently produced the most æsthetic architecture the world has ever seen; that this perfection was attained by means of the *ἀρχιτέκτων*; that the *ἀρχιτέκτων* no longer exists.

When he again comes into being we may, by beginning with "the infant spirit of melody," attain to perfection of detail.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent and Easter Terms, 1877.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, CHRISTMAS, 1876.

First Year (First Class).—Atkin, Beardall, Cowburn, Dandy, Forbes, H. E. Foster, Greaves, J. H. George, Griffinhoofe, J. R. Henson, Hoare, Littler, Manby, Michael, Price, Seed, Soames, J. H. Taylor, Webster.

Second Year (First Class).—Gunston.

Third Year (First Class).—Morris, Pinsent, Lattimer, Carlisle, Brownbill, Marsh.

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers.—*Senior Wrangler*, Mc Alister; *11th*, Hon. C. A. Parsons; *12th*, Heath; *15th*, Murton; *16th*, *æq.* C. Pendlebury; *18th*, F. S. Tait; *19th*, Kikuchi; *33rd*, *æq.* J. S. Jones.

Senior Optimes.—Marwood, Bell, Bagshaw.

Junior Optimes.—Eustace, A. R. Wilson, Robinson, Hatfield, Doherty, Ridley.

The first *Smith's Prize* was awarded to Ds. Mc Alister.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.—*3rd*, Dyson; *11th*, Vaughan; *18th*, *æq.*, Tillard.

Second Class.—Northcott, Blackett, Rooper.

Third Class.—Warren, Carr.

THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

Third Class.—M. S. Brown, Merivale, Rammel.

MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

First Class.—*Senior*, Jacobs; *2nd*, *æq.* F. Ryland.

Second Class.—Parker, Horney.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

First Class.—Lowe.

Second Class.—Gripper, Phillips, M. G. Stuart, Ds. Talbot.

Third Class.—Caister, W. A. Foxwell, J. H. Lloyd, Tooth.

LAW TRIPOS.

Second Class.—Ds. M. Stewart, Hanson, Upward.

Third Class.—Adam.

Approved for LL.M. Degree.—Ds. Deakin, Ds. Lowe.

The Members' Prize for a Latin Essay was obtained by H. W. Simpkinson, B.A. The subject was "Venum confitubus latifundia Italiam perdidere nec non et provincias" (Pliny, N.H.).

The Sedgwick Prize was awarded to A. J. Jukes-Browne.

ORDINATIONS.

The following members of the College were ordained on St. Thomas' Day :

At York, C. R. Killick, B.A., and J. Wilson, B.A., *Priests*; at St. Paul's Cathedral, W. M. Banks, B.A., (to St. Stephen's, South Kensington); at Chester, J. L. Proctor, B.A., and H. W. Scaife, B.A., *Priests*; at Gloucester, W. S. Wood, M.A., Fellow; at Hereford, D. L. Boyes, M.A., *Priest*; at Lichfield, J. K. B. Nevinson, B.A., (to be Curate and Assistant-Master at Yarlet), J. Wall, B.A., W. E. Winter, (to Newport), J. S. Yardley, B.A., (to St. Chad's, Shrewsbury); at Norwich, W. A. Bams, B.A., (to Swaffham); at Oxford, E. Mitford, B.A., (to Christ Church, Chesham), H. Brooke, B.A., and E. O. Rawson, B.A., *Priests*; at Peterborough, H. G. Billingham, B.A., *Priest*; at Ripon, H. R. F. Canham, B.A., (to St. Mary's, Halifax), H. P. Waller, B.A., (to Sharrow); at Salisbury, A. J. W. Thorndike, (to Langford Magna); by the Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham, L. G. Peter, B.A., (to Alverstoke), H. J. Newton, B.A., H. E. Nixon, B.A., and C. W. Power, *Priests*; at Worcester, H. G. Willacy, B.A., *Priest*.

On St. Matthew's Day :

At Lichfield, John Jones, B.A., (to St. James' Wednesbury), and G. S. Raynor, B.A., *Priest*.

On the Second Sunday in Lent :

By the Archbishop of Canterbury, Edw. Hartley, B.A., *Priest*; at Chester, G. T. East, B.A., (to Davenham); at Manchester, Norris Dredge, B.A., and J. O. Pinck, B.A., *Priests*; at Ripon, G. W. A. Gathercole, B.A., (to Thornhill Lees); at Chelmsford, by the Bishop of Rochester, E. C. Chaytor, B.A., Th. Stevens, B.A., Fr. Wilcox, B.A., *Priests*.

Mr. T. T. Gurney, who has been elected to the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of Sydney, New South Wales, left England for his new home on Thursday, April 5th.

Mr. C. H. H. Cook, Professor of Mathematics at Christ Church, New Zealand, has vacated his Fellowship by marriage.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The following have held office during the current year :

<i>President</i> . . .	Rev. A. F. Torry.	Rev. A. F. Torry.	Rev. A. F. Torry.
<i>1st Capt.</i>	C. W. M. Dale.	C. W. M. Dale.	J. Allen.
<i>2nd Capt.</i> . . .	J. Phillips.	H. F. Nixon.	H. F. Nixon.
<i>Treasurer</i> . . .	J. Allen.	A. R. Wilson.	A. R. Wilsoh.
<i>Secretary</i> . . .	W. Gripper.	D. P. Ware.	D. P. Ware.
<i>3rd Capt.</i>	H. F. Nixon.	E. M. J. Adamson.	Hon. C. A. Parsons.
<i>4th Capt.</i>	H. A. Williams.	Hon. C. A. Parsons.	H. L. Young.
<i>5th Capt.</i>	E. M. J. Adamson.	H. L. Young.	H. Reynolds.
<i>Questionist</i>			
	<i>Capt.</i> . . . Hon. C. A. Parsons		
	<i>6th Capt.</i> . . . P. D. Rowe.	H. Reynolds.	

Fifty-five new Members have been elected during the year.

The University Four-oared Races took place on Nov. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The L. M. B. C. crew consisted of

<i>Bow.</i> H. A. Williams (<i>steerer</i>).	3. C. W. M. Dale.
2. E. M. J. Adamson.	<i>Stroke.</i> J. Allen.

They drew against Third Trinity in the second heat, and were beaten by two seconds.

The 'Pearson and Wright' Sculls were won easily by A. H. Prior, a Freshman.

The 'Colquhoun' Sculls were competed for on Nov. 9th, 10th, and 11th. Twelve competitors started, two of whom (J. Phillips and A. H. Prior) entered from the L. M. B. C. Phillips won his heat against Prior and Logan of the St. John's B. C., but in the second round was beaten by J. C. Fenn, of First Trinity, who eventually won the Sculls.

The University Trial Eights raced on Dec. 1st at Ely. The winning crew (Hockin stroke) had J. Allen at No. 6 and J. Phillips at No. 3. The losing crew (Hoskyns stroke) had C. W. M. Dale at No. 7 and E. M. J. Adamson at No. 5.

Two sets of Club Trial Eights competed on Dec. 2nd. The senior boats were coached by H. A. Williams and P. D. Rowe. Winning crew:

2. H. N. Sharp (<i>bow</i>) 3. F. L. Thompson 4. A. H. Highton 5. F. C. Davies 6. E. J. Brooksmith.	6. W. Gripper 7. J. A. G. Hamilton H. St. J. Wilding (<i>stroke</i>) E. C. Hopper (<i>cox.</i>)
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The losing boat was stroked by H. Reynolds. The junior boats were coached by H. F. Nixon and A. R. Wilson. Winning crew:

2. A. H. Prior (<i>bow</i>) 3. C. Allen 4. J. E. Forster 5. A. T. Toller 6. W. Stopford.	6. C. M. Stuart 7. J. H. Plant J. P. Reade (<i>stroke</i>) A. W. Davys (<i>cox.</i>)
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The following crew won the Scratch Fours on Dec. 4th:

2. A. H. Prior (<i>bow</i>) 3. A. T. Toller 4. R. P. Stedman	H. Sandford (<i>stroke</i>) J. Coombes (<i>cox.</i>)
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The following crews represented the L. M. B. C. in the Lent Races:

3rd Boat.	st lbs	4th Boat.	st lbs
1. A. H. Prior (<i>bow</i>)	9 0	1. J. E. Forster (<i>bow</i>)	10 2
2. A. H. Highton	10 4	2. E. J. F. Johnson	10 0
3. G. M. Light	11 4	3. W. Stopford	11 7
4. J. H. Hallam	10 12	4. W. J. Willan	10 12
5. B. Jones	12 1	5. A. I. Odell	11 0
6. A. C. Davies	11 0	6. E. J. Brooksmith	12 6
7. R. P. Stedman	11 4	7. J. A. G. Hamilton	10 4
H. Sandford (<i>stroke</i>)	11 6	H. St. J. Wilding (<i>stroke</i>)	11 0
F. R. Kennedy (<i>cox.</i>)	7 3	A. W. Davys (<i>cox.</i>)	8 11

The Third Boat rowed over on the first day, a bump being made before them; on the second day they caught Christ's in the Gut; on the third day a bump was again made by the boat in front of them; but on the fourth day they ran into Trinity Hall II. at Ditton corner, after a very sharp bit of

racing. The rowing of Stedman and the steering of Kennedy were especially good.

The Fourth Boat caught Corpus II. about 150 yards from the start on the first day; and on the second ran into Pembroke II. at Ditton Corner. The last two days were taken up with fruitless endeavours to overtake Trinity Hall III., who had a very narrow escape on the third day.

The Club Scratch Fours, on March 12th, were won by

G. D. Haviland (<i>bow</i>)	H. Sandford (<i>stroke</i>)
2. W. J. Lee	J. W. Watson (<i>cox.</i>)
3. W. Gripper	

The 'Bateman' Pair Oars were rowed on March 16th. H. L. Young and A. Parsons beat J. Phillips and J. Allen.

The University Scratch Fours were rowed on March 17th. The L. M. B. C. sent in three crews. In the winning crew were (3) H. Sandford, (*cox.*) F. R. Kennedy. In the second crew were (*bow*) A. H. Prior, (3) W. Stopford, (*stroke*) W. Gripper,

The following have been recommended for election to Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions:

Garland (Shrewsbury School) and Marris (Clifton College), Minor Scholarships at £70.

Harker (Giggleswick School) and Innes (Dedham School), Open Exhibitions of £40 per annum for 4 years.

Alston (Merchant Taylors' School), Open Exhibition of £50 per annum for 3 years.

Pelton (Croydon School) and Wilkinson (Rugby School), Minor Scholarships of £50.

Hill (Owen's College, formerly Shrewsbury School) and G. C. M. Smith, (Tonbridge School), Open Exhibitions equal to Minor Scholarships.

Fleming (Private Tuition), Natural Science Exhibition.

The following Members of the College have been admitted to the Degree of M.A.:

February 8th, H. Robinson. *February 22nd*, A. R. Perring, B.D.
March 8th, G. H. Hewison. *March 22nd*, N. G. Wilkins, LL.M.
April 19th, J. Barnard, H. L. Clarke, S. C. Logan, F. G. A. Lane,
 R. K. Preston, G. Thorpe, C. J. Stoddart, A. Simmonds, F. H. Stubbs,
 B. West, G. Young.

THE COLLEGE CHAPEL SERVICES.

With the consent of the Visitor, the Bishop of Ely, the following Regulations have been made for the Chapel Services, to apply to full Term time, with the exception of certain special occasions:

On Sunday, when there is an administration of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m., a Sermon is to be preached at the mid-day Service in place of the Ante-Communion office, which is not to be repeated as heretofore. Twice a Term, when the Holy Communion is administered at the mid-day Service, there will be no Sermon. The Preacher will usually be the Master or one of the Resident Fellows; others will, however, be invited from time to time.

On Wednesday and Friday Mornings the Litany is to be said alone unless the day be a Saint's day, in which case the rest of the Morning Service will be said and the Litany omitted.

On Tuesday and Thursday Evenings the Psalms, Canticles, and a Hymn are to be sung. To render these Services efficient and congregational the Voluntary Choir has been, and will, it is hoped, be still further increased. When there is Music on a week-day a slightly shortened form of Service is to be used.

Those who two years ago were active in advocating some of the foregoing improvements, or who attended the meetings at which they were discussed, will rejoice to find more accomplished than was then even suggested, and will with us anticipate that the Services in our Chapel will be both more acceptable and beneficial in the future.

Easter Term, 1877.—Sundays, April 15, 22; May 13, 27. 10 a.m., Morning Prayer, Litany, and Sermon. Sunday, April 15, Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Ely. Sunday, April 22, Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Hereford. Sunday, May 6, 10 a.m., Morning Prayer and Litany; 11.15, Commemoration of Benefactors, Sermon by the Rev. J. B. Mayor, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Lent Term, 1877.—Debates:

February 10th.—"That this House approves of the proposal to hand over the whole of the Retail Liquors' Trade to the Municipal Authorities." 4 voted for, 4 against; the President gave the casting vote in favour of the motion.

February 17th.—"That this House disapproves of the Establishment of Colleges for the Education of Women at Cambridge." Lost by 8.

February 24th.—"That this House disapproves of the opening of Museums, Libraries, and similar Institutions on Sundays." Lost by 9. Present 23.

March 3rd.—"That in the opinion of this House a limited Monarchy is the best form of Government." Carried by 7. Present 24.

March 10th.—"That in the opinion of this House the conduct of the Ex-Premier respecting the Eastern Question has been honourable and commendable." Lost by 5. Present 15.

March 19th.—"That this House disapproves of the System of Moral Supervision exercised at the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford." Lost by 9. Present 22.

Officers for Lent Term, 1877:

President—G. H. Marwood.

Vice-President—W. R. Hannam.

Treasurer—W. Wood.

Secretary—H. St. J. Wilding

(C. Pendlebury having resigned).

Six Members have joined this Term and twelve last Term.

THE FIREFLIES LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

This Club was formed on the 12th of March. The following were elected Officers:

President—D. P. Boote. | *Treasurer*—A. G. Sparrow.
Secretary—P. Saben.

The number of Members is limited to 25. The Members at the present time are:

Mr. Boote		Mr. Johnson		Mr. Murton
„ Coombes		„ Jones, J. S.		„ Saben
„ Cort		„ Hutchinson		„ Sparrow
„ Dyson		„ Kenny		„ Smith, B. W.
„ Firth		„ Litchfield		„ Wilson, W. M. O.
„ Granger		„ Marr		

ATHLETICS.

In the Inter-University Sports, held at Lillie Bridge, on March 23rd, this College was represented by A. H. East (Putting the Weight), J. H. Plant (One Mile Race), C. B. King (Three Miles Race). Of these East and King secured second places against Oxford.

RACKETS.

The Newbury Cup for Single-handed Rackets was won by J. H. Hallam last Term.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Eagles.—W. Gripper, B.A., *President*; J. S. Morris, *Treasurer*; J. H. Hallam, *Secretary*. Subscription 5s. per Term, Entrance fee 2s. 6d.

The single and double ties will be played early in the Term, in order that the two best representatives of the Club may be selected to play in foreign matches.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Committee:

President—R. Pendlebury, M.A. | *Librarian*—H. Thompson.
Treasurer—H. S. Foxwell, M.A. | J. H. Gwillim.
Secretary—H. E. J. Bevan. | H. T. Kemp.
Conductor—Dr. G. M. Garrett.

The subscription is 6s. per Term. The weekly practices are held on Friday, at 7.0 p.m., in Lecture-room II., First Court.

The Annual Concert will be given in the Guildhall on Monday, May 28th. Members of the Society who have subscribed (a) for two terms will be entitled to five tickets, (b) for one term will be entitled to two tickets, exclusive of free admission for themselves.

N.B. These tickets are not transferable to other Members of the College, but only to their friends.

Non-subscribers may procure tickets for themselves, and extra tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, at his Rooms (H, New Court).



COMMEMORATION SERMON, 1877.

[The Commemoration Sermon was preached on Sunday, May 6th, by the Reverend Joseph Bickersteth Mayor, formerly Fellow and Tutor of the College, and now Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London; who has kindly enabled us to meet the wishes of many of those who heard the Sermon by allowing us to print it in the College Magazine.—Ed.]

MATTHEW xiii. 52.

Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.

IT is with no ordinary feelings that, after an interval of more than thirteen years, I find myself again addressing the members of St. John's College in the College Chapel. But though I am preaching in St. John's Chapel, as in former years, I am not preaching in the building which was once so familiar to me, but in one far larger and more magnificent. It is full of memories of the old chapel; in the ante-chapel I see Bishop Fisher's arches, and near them the old monuments and the beautiful altar-piece on which I often gazed as an Undergraduate; here before me there is the lectern given by the sainted Whitehead; further on, by the side of the altar, there are relics of a yet older chapel, carrying our thoughts back beyond the Reformation, beyond Bishop Fisher and the Lady Margaret to the oldest foundation of all, the original Hospital

of St. John. As I look I am reminded of the words of our own loved and honoured poet:

Glad sight wherever new with old
Is bound through some dear home-born tie;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.

And the impression here produced on one who returns to Cambridge after long absence is strengthened and confirmed as he passes beyond the College gates and watches everywhere signs of a loving and reverent care in the restoration and extension of College and University buildings. Even if here and there something in the new may seem to be not yet quite in harmony with the old, if some slight discordant touches may be noticed, yet time, the healer and the soother, will soon have softened down the harshness of contrast, and in a few years, we know, all will be blended together into a richer and fuller whole, which is destined, as we hope, to impress itself ever more strongly and deeply upon each successive generation of the youth of England.

These things, brethren, are an allegory; that which is true in the material sphere is true no less in the spiritual; that which is true of the outward aspect is true also of the inner life of the College and University. Everywhere there is movement, growth, expansion. What the more ardent longed for, some twenty years ago, as an almost impossible ideal has now been in part accomplished, or is every day in process of accomplishment; while the evils which were anticipated by the more cautious have been shewn to be imaginary, or, at least, far less serious than it was feared they might be. A visitor from the outside world has, perhaps, certain advantages over a resident in forming an estimate of the character and magnitude of these changes. His recollection of the past, as it actually was at a given moment, is less likely to be

confused than that either of those who have been engaged for years in the continued struggle for improvement, and who in the heat of the strife are apt to 'count nothing done while aught remains to do,' or, on the other hand, of those whose sense of what they themselves owe to the old, of the real good which it was capable of producing and did as a fact frequently produce, makes them impatient of criticism and disposed to deprecate any attempt at change. I believe that I speak the sentiments of many who entertain the truest affection for their University, and have watched her course most carefully during the last quarter of a century, when I say that the improvement which they see on comparing the beginning and the end of that time appears to them almost incredible: improvement externally, in the widespread influence of the University, and the feeling generally entertained towards her by those outside; and improvement internally, in regard to the range of studies, the methods of teaching, the position of the teacher, and the encouragements offered to students. To those who, while admitting the necessity for freeing the University from restrictions and widening the range of her studies, still feared that the crowning study of theology might suffer from competition or collision with other studies, perhaps the most gratifying thought of all on looking back at the last few years of our history is this, that never has Cambridge stood higher as a theological school than at the present time, that this University of ours is now everywhere recognized as the chief bulwark of the faith in England, the chosen abode of sound exegesis and calm impartial inquiry, amid the confused shock of infidelity on the one hand and superstition on the other.

I have felt constrained to say thus much in reference to the occasion which calls us together to-day, and the thoughts which it naturally excites in those who have

come from a distance to take part in our College Commemoration. I turn now to the closer examination of the subject brought before us in my text, and to the consideration of the lessons which it may contain for institutions such as ours.

Looking generally at the text, it tells us that it is the characteristic of Christian teaching to combine the old and the new; that neither is he rightly instructed who contents himself with a repetition of what has been handed down from former generations, nor he who, disregarding the wisdom of the past, would determine everything by the standard of his own generation or his own individual liking. We know that in all times men have been apt to split into parties, conservative and liberal, reforming and orthodox, by whatever names they may have been known; one asserting the importance of order, of holding fast the good which has been already attained, the other asserting the importance of progress, the need of continually pressing onward to further good. We know what contempt these parties have constantly poured upon each other, what bitter enmities have arisen between them, till at last it has sometimes seemed as if the sole test of adherence to the one side or the other was the hatred entertained for the partisans of the opposite side. To be a good hater was all that was asked for; the essence of liberalism was to be intolerant of bigotry, the essence of orthodoxy to be intolerant of heresy. To be quick-sighted in spying out a neighbour's errors or a neighbour's faults was the best assurance to a man's self of his own rectitude of judgment and of life; to see the mote in a brother's eye the most conclusive proof that there could be nothing to dim the clearness of one's own.

Students of Thucydides are familiar with the features of this intolerant party-spirit as it shewed itself in heathen Greece of old; in our own day it is unhappily

in the so-called religious newspapers at home and abroad, that we have to seek for its worst manifestations. I do not doubt that we are able to see the malignancy of party-spirit when it takes such forms as these; but there are very few whose tempers are so calm, and whose minds are so evenly balanced, that they are never in danger of falling into it themselves. And the danger is often greater in proportion to the earnestness and enthusiasm of the individual character, particularly at that time of life which we expect to be the most full of enthusiasm, and which has not yet learnt from experience to recognize the variety of goodness, to suspect itself, and to make allowance for others. There is, probably, no one here who has not at some time or other been in the society of persons who, because they called themselves Liberals, seemed to fancy that they possessed a monopoly of intelligence and honesty and public spirit; or, on the other hand, of persons who, calling themselves Conservatives, were ready to suspect all others of a want of principle or religion. For political purposes it may be convenient that the mass of men should be thus under the dominion of a blind party-spirit; and, if the alternative lies between blind individual-selfishness and blind party-selfishness, we must certainly prefer the latter; but no man who is capable of thought, no man who is conscious of his own moral responsibility in the sight of God, no man who is picked out by superiority of station and education to be, either at present or in the future, a guide and adviser of his fellow countrymen,—none certainly of us here can without real moral detriment become what is called a party-man. Nor is it merely a loss to the individual: each man who gives way to party-spirit makes it more difficult for others to practise moderation; it is the insane violence of the partisans on either side which is mainly responsible for the extravagances of their opponents.

But the folly and absurdity of priding oneself on being reckoned with one party or the other is evident on a moment's reflection. Why do you call yourself a Conservative? Why do you call yourself a Liberal? In nine cases out of ten it is the mere result of bringing up, of chance association, of prosperous or adverse circumstances. In the tenth case it is true we do come to real grounds of difference in the individual character; but, if we analyse these, I am at a loss to see why one is to be preferred to the other. The tendencies in either direction are partly good and partly bad. Here is a youth full of generous sympathies, eager, hopeful, imaginative; here another with a keen critical eye, a hatred of disorder both in thought and practice; in the one the emotions, in the other the intellect, are naturally predisposed to the side of progress. On the other hand, what Wordsworth speaks of as 'natural piety,' the tender reverential affection which entwines itself around the customary and the old, and which is one of the surest marks of a beautiful and loveable spirit, this may combine with the quiet brooding thoughtfulness which penetrates to the good hidden under an unpromising exterior, and with the high wisdom which is careless of the form and of the letter, knowing that the spirit can make use alike of every form or of no form; and all together may tend to the side of order. Which of these am I to say is the better? I know not. Both in their way are admirable; both form a part of that divine salt which saves the world from the putrefying influences of selfishness and sensuality. But if there are good qualities which have a natural tendency to range men on one side or the other, so there are also bad ones. On the one side, vanity, fussiness, envy, shallowness, lawlessness; on the other, pride, laziness, dulness, indifference to surrounding misery and to the defects in the present constitution of society. Which am I to say is the

worst of these? Again, I know not. Both sets of qualities are alike mischievous to society and degrading to individuals; both are earthly, sensual, devilish.

It is plain, then, that to be an eager partisan of the old or the new is no title to honour with men of sense; the main thing is not *what* are you, but of *what kind* are you? Parties, probably, must always exist. Individuals differ, as we have seen; and this individual difference is a remedy provided by God for the imperfection of our nature. Each is to fill up what is lacking in his brother. "If they were all one member, where were the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole body were hearing, where were the smelling? But now are they many members, yet but one body." And this is not merely to satisfy present needs, but, as St. Paul tells us elsewhere, to bring about in the end the perfection of the race, "till we all come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." But in the meanwhile the fact of the difference in individuals—which distinguishes man from the lower animals, and is seen to prevail most in the highest type of man—this fact, joined with the need and the corresponding impulse to society and cooperation, necessarily gives rise to sects and schools and parties; and it is hardly possible that these should exist without producing jealousies and animosities. If the leaders of parties are actuated by the higher motives of which we spöke, then these evils may be reduced to a minimum; then both parties may contend together in a generous rivalry and with mutual respect and admiration, feeling sure that they are both alike aiming at one object, the promotion of the common good. If, on the other hand, parties are actuated by the lower motives, if they have ceased to trust and respect each other, and are aiming only at their own selfish aggrandizement and the destruction of their opponents, then we come to such a state

of things as we read of in the prophet-like pages of Thucydides, such as we may have witnessed with our own eyes in France. The history of France during the last hundred years is the most impressive of all sermons on the evils of party-spirit. Brought up under one extreme, the extreme of authority and of class-subordination, the men of the first revolution rushed headlong into the opposite extreme, proclaimed the absolute equality of all men, set up atheism as the national religion, changed the names of places and times and seasons; in every way seeking to cut off the connexion with the old France, and to notify to all that a new age had begun. None will deny that a change was sorely needed, and that great good has in the end resulted from the revolution; yet at what a terrible cost was this effected, the bloody scenes of the Terror and the Imperial despotism in France, the long misery of the Napoleonic wars in Europe, re-action following upon re-action, a new Imperial usurper, the canker of internal corruption, and the final crushing of France by her bitterest enemy! It is true that, in spite of all the efforts of parties to annihilate their opponents, and, if possible, to efface the traces of each other's handiwork, the philosophic observer can still point out the course of natural development, and shew that even here the past was parent of the present; but it is impossible to calculate the waste and the suffering which has been caused by this dislocation of feeling, by the uprooting of that natural piety which should knit together the centuries of the nation as well as the days of the man. We may thank God that in our own country we have been spared such violent disruption, that with us "freedom has broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent," that here the new has naturally developed itself from the old, and patriotism has on the whole been too strong for party-spirit. And thus it has come to pass that England is

universally allowed to have combined in the highest degree progress and order, personal liberty and loyal obedience to constituted authority.

This is the effect of the union of old and new in the political sphere. Let us now turn to see the working of the same principle in the spheres of art and science. As regards science, it needs only a glance at any history of inductive science to shew how it has grown upwards by slow steps, by the observations and experiments of a former generation repeated and confirmed by their successors, by hypotheses suggested, assumed, tested, accepted or rejected by a long course of thinkers, each building upon the work left by his predecessors, but not blindly resting upon their authority, disregarding names however great unless his own reason was convinced, and that not from arrogant self-confidence, as though his own opinion must necessarily be right however much others might be wrong, but because he believed that God had infused into him that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and because he knew that he would be disobedient to truth and to the God of truth, if he refused to listen to the voice of reason within him, or listened to any voice unsanctioned by that. Thus the truly scientific man will neither be contemptuous towards the old, for he believes that the spirit of truth, of which he is conscious in himself, has been working in thousands before he was born, as honest and as able as himself; nor, on the other hand, will he dare to accept their conclusions as certain and valid, unless he is satisfied of their truth by inductive and deductive reasoning such as carries conviction to his own mind. There is no real opposition between old and new in such a case as this. It is owing to the freshness of his own thought and feeling, to his fresh grasp of principles at first hand, to his readiness to welcome light from all quarters, to his eager curiosity in tracing out fresh

applications of old principles, his unwearied investigation of supposed facts and laws; it is owing to these qualities in the younger generations of thinkers and investigators, that the old truths retain their living force and power in human thought and life. Those who despise the old are for the most part sciolists, whose interest in science is confined to its nebulous fringe of still unverified hypotheses; the more startling these are to the ordinary intelligence, the more they seem likely to upset some established belief, the more ready is the pretender to science to erect them into fixed principles and absolute laws. But true science repudiates such followers as these.

Granting, however, that science rests upon this union of old and new, is it possible to say the same of art? The growth of art is constantly contrasted with that of science as something altogether irregular. The latest word of science supersedes all that has gone before, but the oldest poetry is still unsurpassed. The course of science may be compared to the river, which flows on uninterruptedly with an ever increasing volume of water till it reaches the sea; art is like the geyser, now springing up to heaven, its fiery column irradiated with all the splendours of the rainbow, now silent and slumbering in the ground. We must not, however, press the comparison too far. The course of science has not been always uninterrupted. In many respects the knowledge of Aristotle was more exact and more philosophic than that of anyone who lived during the thousand years which followed the fall of the western empire. And, again, there is an inspiration granted to genius in science as in art. The facts on which Newton grounded his hypothesis had been patent to the world for years; the idea which explained them was given to him alone. And so, conversely, in regard to art; though it is true that the artist is born, not made, yet the greatest and most original artists have trained and fostered their genius by the most

careful study of their predecessors. There must be the fire burning within, a spirit and a feeling un-borrowed from without, though it may wake up into consciousness in the presence of a kindred genius; but the vehicle and expression are sure to be more or less a development of what has existed before. If this is not always apparent, as in the case of Homer, it is only to be attributed to our own ignorance of the circumstances of the time. Even Greek art, which was once thought to be a spontaneous birth of the soil of Hellas, is proved by late discoveries to be closely connected with the older civilizations of the east. Thus in art, too, we find the union of new and old is the secret of success; the attempt to start absolutely *de novo* gives rise to mere monstrosities and absurdities, while a slavish imitation of the past can yield no better fruit than the dead decorative art of China or of Egypt. Again, if we believe in the growth and progress of humanity—and who that is a Christian can doubt this?—we shall hold that the feelings and sentiments of men, as well as their thought and knowledge, become deeper and wider in the course of ages; and art, the expression of this sentiment, must exhibit a corresponding growth and development.

In politics then, in science and in art we find the same law holding good. How is it in regard to religion? In those other departments of life we have seen that to ignore and neglect the past on the one hand and to accept it unconditionally on the other are equally mistaken and mischievous. Yet in religion we hear it loudly proclaimed that the only logical course is to choose one alternative or the other—submit to authority and defy reason, or submit to reason and defy authority; accept the infallibility of the Pope or of the Church, or the verbal inspiration of Scripture, or else own yourself an unbeliever.

I would pause here for one moment to remark

that nothing can be more fallacious than the profession, which is often made, of applying strict logic to practice. As it is the special boast of Frenchmen, we may distinguish it by the name of the Gallican fallacy. It consists in shutting the eyes to all considerations but one, and assuming that conclusions thus arrived at will be true for all the complications of life. As motives are scarcely ever simple, it is almost a certainty that such conclusions must be false. But to return. This cry of "all or nothing" is echoed from all sides, now in the shrill scream of the bigot, now in the mocking laughter of the worldling; and we see the effects of it in the restless agitation which pervades religious life, in the break-up of hereditary beliefs, in conversions and re-conversions; one brother seeking refuge in Rome; another giving up the belief in the divinity of Christ, as a doctrine, yet owning the divinity of His character; a third abandoning the hope of immortality, yet retaining his hold on a lofty and stoical morality; a fourth, perhaps, surrendering himself to an æstheticism which differs from the old Epicureanism only in being feebler and less masculine. While such are the issues at stake it is, indeed, of vital import to arrive at clear views, as to the right and wrong of the matter, and to guard against any of those lower motives which we saw prompting men in other departments to attach themselves blindly either to the old or the new.

Religion, as we vaguely use the term, embraces in itself the three domains of action, thought and feeling, which we have glanced at separately under the names of politics, science, and art. Like art, it involves fresh spontaneous feeling, but a feeling of a higher order, a sensitiveness to an unseen supersensual world underlying this visible world, a consciousness of a Person who is the natural object of our highest reverence and love. Like science, it

involves certain axiomatic ideas and principles, the ideas of causality, of right and wrong, of personal responsibility. No mere tradition, no authority could plant these ideas and feelings in our nature. They are born new in every human being; as new, as much his own, as his sight of the sun or his feeling of warmth; as new to the infant of this moment as to the first-created of the race. We Christians believe that in them God is revealing Himself to each of His children. Without this immediate consciousness of God, no book, no teacher, no church can give us the knowledge of God. It is only as the outer teaching corresponds with the inner revelation that we can put any faith in it or obtain any benefit from it. If there is any one who is not conscious of this inward revelation, it is of no use for us to tell him that the experience of mankind has settled the matter for him beforehand, except in so far as it may lead him to place himself in circumstances, or to perform actions, which may awaken in him the consciousness which is still slumbering. Just as if a man were to say that he finds no beauty in the rosy hues of sunset or in the song of the nightingale, nothing would be gained by forcing from him a verbal confession of their beauty as long as he remained insensible to it; but by changing the associations, a rude and clownish nature and dull sensibilities may be educated and refined to appreciate what was once unnoticed or unmeaning.

Religion then must be new or first-hand to the individual, however old it may be in the history of the race. On this we shall be all agreed. The difficulty arises when there is a divergence between religion as it was shaped by former generations and the beliefs of the present; and the difficulty is increased by the concealment which, both for good and bad reasons, is so commonly practised on this subject. For the sake of simplicity, I will assume

here that we have only to deal with real genuine belief on one side and on the other.

The extreme of divergence between past and present views of religion is where there is an attempt to get rid of religion altogether, either on the ground of science, as being contrary to fact, or on the ground of morality, as being prejudicial to human progress and happiness. There are, I believe, some who are honestly seeking to overthrow religion on these grounds. To such I would gladly address a caution if there were any hope that my words could be heard by them. It is a vast enterprize, I would say, that you are engaging in; are you sure that it is right, that it is wise, that it is feasible? And, first, is it right? Are you so certain of the correctness of your own view, that you can, without hesitation, attack the edifice which has been built up during thousands of years by the labours of men whom you must confess to have been among the best and wisest of our race, men disciplined and refined, many of them, by experiences of which our generation knows little or nothing? This religion, or its essence, the faith in a Divine Father, all-wise, all-good, in an incarnate Son, the mediator between God and man, in an indwelling Spirit, has been tested by innumerable souls under every possible variety of circumstance; they have declared that it has been to them a refuge in trouble, a light in darkness, the secret of virtue and of happiness, the one support in life, the one hope in death. If you are prepared to deprive men of this, there is at least one thing you are bound to have done. You are bound to have used your best endeavours to form a fair estimate of the old, before attempting to replace it by the new. You will not be satisfied, as some have been, to assume without inquiry that the caricature drawn by an enemy may be relied upon as a faithful portrait; nor will you charge upon the religion of Christ the crimes

or the follies of those who confess Him in name, but deny Him in deed. You will have gone to the fountain-head and tasted for yourself, not trusted to the report of others. All this you have done, and you have now no doubt that you are justified in seeking to abolish religion from the world. You have no scruple on the score of right. Be it so; but still a wise man will not waste his efforts for nothing: have you ever considered how far this enterprise is feasible? You are proposing to pit science against religion, *i. e.*, to speak broadly, to pit an exceptional, against a universal, fact of human nature; to pit science, which is confined to the intellect alone, in which, speaking generally, a few men take a more or less languid interest during a fraction of their leisure hours, against religion, which lays claim to the whole man, in which all are interested at all times and deeply interested at the critical moments of their lives.

‘Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.’

The experiment has been tried and has failed. If it is once believed that science is irreconcilable with religion, it is not religion which will disappear, but science will lose all its power to guide and control the religious instincts. The hostility of science can only lead to the triumph of superstition, of bigotry, and of fanaticism.

Let us suppose, however, that the overthrow of religion is possible, let us suppose that to attempt its overthrow is not in itself wrong; it remains still to ask, Is it wise to do so? Is it in accordance with the dictates of experience in other departments of life? We have seen that he is no wise politician who would make a *tabula rasa* of existing institutions in order that he might be less hampered in applying his theories to practice. We have seen that in science it is no part of wisdom to despise the work of previous

thinkers and observers ; even such fanciful speculations as those of the alchemist and astrologer have been necessary stages in the history of progress. So in art we have come now to see that whatever has excited a genuine human enthusiasm and delight must have had in it the elements of beauty and of good, that it is a poor and shallow criticism which can only point out faults, killing the faculty of admiration instead of guiding and exalting it. Everywhere the mission of the true reformer is the same, not to destroy but to fulfil, to see the full-grown plant in the seed, to draw out and carry to perfection the latent and imperfect ideal. But passing on from the analogical argument, and looking at the thing in itself, are the results which may be expected to follow from the overthrow of religion, such as we could look upon with satisfaction and pleasure? Can it really be thought by any lover of his kind that to get rid of the belief in what are known as the religious sanctions, the existence of a perfectly wise and just Judge who witnesses every thought, word, and act, and will determine our future condition in accordance with our present conduct; the belief in the existence of a superhuman world of perfect goodness, to share in which we are created, and to prepare for which is our main duty here; the belief finally in the ever-ready sympathy and help of One who is Almighty as well as All-good and All-wise; can anyone really suppose that to get rid of these beliefs will tend to make men better or happier? Nothing could justify a good man in striving to bring about such a result except an overwhelming sense of duty, and where is such a sense of duty to come from in the pure experimentalist? If it were possible for a man to be thus possessed with a certainty of the falsehood of religion, and of its being his duty to denounce falsehood at all hazards, still if he had any sort of power of entering into the

minds of others, and appreciating the moral forces of the world, what an agonizing conflict it must give rise to between his own personal sense of duty and his feeling of humanity, when he looks forward to all the misery and crime which must follow if his view is destined to prevail! With what a trembling hand will he deal the first blow to the sacred edifice! With what reverential tenderness would he remove from danger all that could possibly be spared and built up again into the yet grander edifice of truth, which we must suppose to fill his vision of the future!

We, my brethren, may thank God that we are not called to any such sacrifice as this. A church which claims infallibility may force upon its members the dread alternative between all or nothing, but the Church of England makes no such claim. She confesses that churches may err and have erred, and demands belief for nothing which cannot be proved by clear and certain warrant of Holy Scripture. She encourages each of her children to study the Scripture for himself, and to draw his own conclusion as to its meaning. No syllabus was ever issued by her, no Galileo has been condemned by her. Thought and science may grow freely within her borders, and many of the greatest names in the history of English philosophy have been and are amongst the most earnest and most loyal of her sons. If there is anything defective in her doctrine or in her formularies, these are no more stereotyped than the forms of our national constitution. Whoever will, may propose amendments; and if such amendments can be shown to be real improvements, there is no reason why they should not be introduced now, as other improvements were introduced at the Reformation. Within the last few years we have seen examples of such improvements, in the modification of the terms of clerical subscription, in the new lectionary,

in the revision of the authorized version; and no one who understands the signs of the times can doubt that others of greater importance are even now impending.

But it may be said, though we are not bound by later ecclesiastical tradition like the Romanists, still we are not free from the fetters of antiquity. We cannot stir beyond the exact letter of the Bible. It is true that we, in common with all Christians, hold that we have in the Bible the record of God's revelation of Himself to the Jewish nation, and through them to the world; above all, of His revelation of Himself in the person of His Son. We claim to be built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets. We believe and are sure that the God for whose inspiration we ourselves pray in the Collects is the same God who inspired Abraham, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul. We believe that, with them and with all who at any time or in any place have striven in God's strength to resist sin and selfishness in their own hearts, we are members incorporate of the mystical body of Christ our Lord. But though we believe that the Bible contains a revelation of God's nature and of His dealings with mankind, yet we are not bound down to any mechanical system of inspiration; on the contrary, the Bible itself teaches us that the letter killeth, and that it is the spirit that giveth life. And, far from confining us to the mere repetition of old truths, Christ Himself, in His last discourses to His disciples, told them that He had yet many things to say unto them which they were not yet able to bear, but that He would send His Spirit to guide them into all the truth, that He would be with them always unto the end of the world. And so in the text, the scribe who is well instructed is to bring out of his treasure things new as well as old.

The history of the Church and of the world shews

us how this growth in divine knowledge has been accomplished; partly, as Bishop Butler says, by the discoveries made by studious men in the interpretation of Scripture; partly by the advancement of science, as we call it, that is, by a better understanding of God's revelation of Himself in nature; partly by the improvement in practice and moral feeling, itself brought about by Christianity, and then re-acting upon our view of Christian doctrine. Our Lord tells us that it is the duty of the scribe not to look with suspicion upon the new ideas which are thus brought to light, but to welcome them gladly as fresh rays from the Father of lights, and to harmonize them with the old truths.

And if it be the duty of each scribe, *i.e.* of each Christian student, to do this both for himself and for those whom he is especially sent to teach, it is above all the duty of Colleges and Universities, which have to train the scribes, to advance the borders of truth, and hand down the torch of knowledge from age to age. The University, by its very name, is bound to encourage wideness of view, to scorn the falsehood of extremes, to see things as wholes, not confining the attention to this side or to that, to take the lead in the quest of new truth without losing its hold on truth already won. Those who have never known the influences of College and University life may be excused if they are prejudiced and one-sided. We, whose corporate existence stretches far back into the middle ages, who reckon among our honoured ancestry the Puritan as well as the Catholic, the Royalist as well as the Roundhead, who have passed safely through storms of reformation in the Church, of revolution in the State, and have seen how great has been the national gain from each in the end, however painful the struggle to individuals at the time;—we fall below our birthright, if we fail to appreciate either what is good and promising in our opponents, or

what is faulty and dangerous on our own side; if we allow ourselves to become the slaves of fashion, whether old or new; if we are either so puffed up by the idea of modern enlightenment as to despise all previous ages, or so frightened at the idea of change as almost to despair of the future of the Church or of the State. No doubt the times are such as to justify anxiety. Never was it harder for a young man to see his path clear; never were there noisier pretenders to infallibility on all sides. Listen to the voice of the Church, to the spirit of the age, to science, to positivism, to art; or confess with the agnostic that there is nothing to be known. So louder and louder swells the tumult. Everywhere there is blind striving, friend beating down friend, or failing to beat down foe in the confusion of the battle; while the intellectual and moral excitement is still further heightened by religious revivalism, by the incessant preaching of the duty of activity, by the ever fiercer struggle for wealth, for fame, for power, even for bare subsistence. To find a parallel to such prolonged and wide-spread agitation, to such a profound upheaval of thought, we should have to go back to the Reformation or to the period of the Sophists in Greece. But if our foreboding of the future must needs be tinged with anxiety, it is surely an inspiring and ennobling thought that it is the office of the University, as representing the union of reason and faith, of science and religion, to be the chief instrument in moulding the new age which is thus bursting the bands of the past and forcing its way into the light. In the midst of all the surrounding hubbub, what men are really longing for is wise direction; not the peremptory assertions of the traditionalist, offering a stone for bread, and silencing reason and conscience with the terrors of authority; not some clever theory of science, which denies or ignores the deepest instincts of our nature, and holds

out a scorpion when we ask for a fish; but sympathizing, serious, and thoroughly honest counsel from one who is seen to be himself fully conscious of the burdens of the time, who is perfectly disinterested and perfectly truthful, exact in thought and expression, and capable of seeing things in their true proportions; one who can do justice to all and see good in all, while himself fixed in principle, founded upon the rock of faith. It is for the University to act the part of such a counsellor. While the mass of men are carried away by phrases and claptrap, it is for the University to prove all things and hold fast that which is good; while other societies may content themselves with echoing the latest utterance of the fashionable oracle in art or literature, in science or philosophy, the University is bound to judge and to originate for itself. Others may be satisfied to swell the applause which greets notoriety; the University should seek to draw forth hidden merit, to incorporate among her members, and to confer her honours upon those who, whether trained by her or not, are conscientiously working in her spirit. It is for the University, in an age of luxury and materialism, to set an example of plain living and high thinking; to shew how, not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, shall man live. It is for the University to raise the ideal of education, not only by constant efforts to perfect her own system at home, offering to each of her students that training which will make him most helpful to others and to himself, but also by teaching the teachers and superintending and promoting education elsewhere. And so, for all professions and all occupations, it is the University, or that spirit of which the University is the most conspicuous embodiment, which must point each to its ideal, which must inspire in each high thought and generous feeling, and save it from falling into a mere money-getting drudgery.

Such being the work before the University, it will not be necessary for me to spend many words in pointing the application for ourselves. Ye see your calling, brethren. From oldest to youngest, from the most learned to the most ignorant, we are called upon to fight against those temptations which would make us unworthy representatives of the University, unworthy of those noble names and memories which this day brings before us. We are called upon to fight against idleness, luxury, and covetousness; against prejudice and cowardice and love of applause. We are called upon to seek, by prayer and diligent and conscientious cultivation of the talents entrusted to us, to become good stewards of the manifold grace of God, to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven.



OUR GALLERY.

THE shortest road between my lodgings and my place of business (a dingy back-room up three flights of steep stone steps, over-looking a melancholy collection of smoky house-tops and a Quakers' burial-ground) passes by one of those wooden hoardings so prized by enterprizing and artistic tradesmen, who cover them with choice paintings of their various wares and places of business, in boundless profusion for the amusement and instruction of all that pass by. As the whole thing is done gratuitously and for the benefit of the general public, these beneficent individuals can have no more tangible reward for their labours than the consciousness that they were done for the good of their species and that they are valued accordingly.

The hoarding in question has been for many years so coated and recoated by succeeding generations of artists that the path which skirts it has gained the name of "The Gallery." I know there are antiquaries professing much learning on these matters who declare that such is not the proper etymology of the name, that the path was so called long before a single "daub" (for so they choose to describe the pictures) had (I quote their words) "disfigured its walls;" that the name is most probably derived from a corruption of some such word as Gallows, Galley or Gallipot; and one grave gentleman considers the name to be compounded of "Gal awry," and says it owes its origin to the entrance being so narrow that in the

days of crinolines ladies' costumes were apt to get disarranged in passing through it.

I will not weary the reader with any detailed account of the arguments by which these various opinions have been supported, but will refer him to the history of the antiquities of the County in which they are all discussed at great length and with considerable ability and no little rancour by their respective upholders. Suffice it that where doctors disagree unprofessional people are at liberty to hold their own opinions. And if the path does not derive its name from the pictures which line its length, perhaps the name was an inducement to the original artists in selecting the spot for the display of their works.

There being no entrance fee demanded of the visitor to this Palace of Art, I generally like, when I have time to spare on my way to the office, to stroll about and admire the pictures. The Gallery has this great advantage over all similar institutions, that the paintings exhibited are constantly and almost daily changing; consequently I am nearly certain, however frequent my visits, to find something fresh each time I go there. I do not mean that there are not many fine specimens of the Old Masters which have stood the test of time, and since retain their hold upon the popular regard. Such for instance as that tasteful and roomy conveyance in which a certain Mr. Taylor proposes to remove whole families, together with their furniture, glass, pictures and plate, if they possess any, for it is pretty generally supposed that Mr. Taylor is often forestalled in the removal of this last-mentioned article of household property by more expeditious though less ostentatious carriers.

One of the most striking pictures in the collection is by Mr. Thorley, an artist who has been now for some time before the public, and who gives his

attention almost entirely to the study of animals. This, one of his latest productions, is a bold experiment in high colouring; the subject is very touching—an amiable looking cart-horse with a mare, and their tender foal; the group is so arranged that each of the gentle creatures is gazing lovingly over the back of another; the father is of a bright red colour, the mother blue, while their offspring, contrary to all known laws of nature, has turned out a spotless white; for in what possible proportions a mixture of blue and red could produce white I fail to understand: one almost begins to doubt the great canon laid down by Horace, *Fortes creantur fortibus*. But however upsetting to one's notions of the natural fitness of things, Mr. Thorley's colouring is certainly patriotic in the extreme, and renders his picture very striking and original; features it might, from the simplicity of his subject and the roughness of his treatment of it, otherwise have lacked.

Immediately below the horses and evidently by the same hand is another farm-yard scene, being an illustration of Pharaoh's dream. On the one side are depicted the well-favoured cattle, sleek and plump and contented-looking, and still adding to their bulk, wholly unmindful of the cruel fate awaiting them. On the other, we have the lean ill-favoured kine, with every bone in their bodies sticking out, and the skin hanging loose upon the skeleton—a painful sight—and one calculated to wring tears of pity from anybody so ignorant of Scripture as not to know the sequel of the story and how they are destined to devour their more promising predecessors. This is the first attempt Mr. Thorley has made in sacred subjects, and I can congratulate him on having found a theme so congenial to his tastes; the greedy look depicted in the countenances of the lean beasts contrasts well with the look of easy contentment that characterises the other herd. What a moral

might be drawn from this picture. The wealthy and prosperous landowner enjoying life and thinking (good easy man) "full surely my greatness is a ripening," but little heeding yonder sour-visaged attorney with his "lean and hungry look"—perhaps in his pride despising him—until the time comes, that with a single strip of parchment he is ousted from his high estate and is deprived of all his property, even to the mansion which his great-grandfather's great-grandfather inhabited before him. While sincerely praising his work, there is one point to which I would draw Mr. Thorley's attention—he must get up his facts more accurately; in the story, as related in Genesis, there are seven cattle of each class, while he has given us but three.

One of the most interesting in the collection is a sketch by Mr. Singer. The subject is extremely simple—a young lady, dressed in the height of fashion, industriously working at a hand-sewing machine. The elegance and taste of her attire is sufficient evidence that her labour is well repaid, and proves beyond a doubt that the song of a shirt has not been written in vain. What an encouragement is here given to young sempstresses and milliners; what an incentive to industry. The young lady does not appear to be more than five-and-twenty years of age, and yet already her earnings enable her to dress like a duchess. It is astonishing what the sewing machine has effected in behalf of women who live by needlework since the time of Hood.

I should like to be able to say something about the personal appearance of this praiseworthy young woman. Unfortunately juvenile amateurs have been at work upon her face. One has added a moustache in crayon; another has put a well-coloured clay pipe in her mouth; while a third, attempting to render her left eye a bright black with a piece of coal, has completely scratched it out. No doubt youthful talent

should be encouraged as much as possible; but it is a pity that great works of art should be sacrificed to the spontaneous experiments of untutored genius. It may seem ungracious when so much has been done to ask for more. Still I must remark that the Gallery might be rendered far more useful to the cause of Art, if blank papers were provided for the use of those who wish to make copies of, or to improve upon, the original pictures.

And while upon the subject of improvements I may add that it has often struck me with sadness to behold so many noble works of art torn and disfigured by the umbrellas and walking-sticks with which successive critics have been in the habit of picking out their points for the edification of their friends. To remedy this evil I would suggest that the custom of compelling visitors to leave their sticks and umbrellas at the entrance, so commonly adopted in our public Exhibitions, be introduced, with this reservation however in consideration of the circumstances of the case, that an exception be made in favour of open umbrellas on a rainy day.

But to return to Mr. Singer, while doing full justice to his choice of subject, and to the great skill he has shown in the execution, there is one fault in his picture that I cannot entirely pass over; I allude to the enormous red S with which he has thought fit to embellish it. Such a conspicuous way of calling attention to the Artist evinces very bad taste, and Mr. Singer would show more modesty by confining his initials to the corner, for the future, if he intends, as I hope he does, to give us any more of his charming sketches.

Next to Mr. Singer's is another portrait of a lady, by a lady. The lady represented does not seem to be engaged in any active duties, and her thoughts (if an opinion may be formed from the expression of her face) are employed on no deeper matter than the

consciousness that her hair (of which she certainly possesses an unusually large amount) is the admiration of all that pass by. Mrs. Allen is the artist, and I think it very probable that she is also the subject of her drawing. For it is certain she (the lady in the picture) is looking at somebody she admires, and what female model ever so far forgot her own charms as to admire an artist of the same sex. If my conjecture be correct, Mr. Allen is a man to be envied. To have such beauty, and so much of it, constantly at one's elbow is a happiness that can fall to the lot of but few.

There is another drawing to which I would call attention. It is a full-length portrait of a young gentleman gorgeously attired in a light tweed suit of the most remarkable and conspicuous pattern, happily, as the subscription informs us, "quite unique." The coat is cut in the very height of the last London fashion but three or four, and is the exact opposite, both in shape and dimensions, to that which has been facetiously described as the "Toulon and Toulouse." Both artist and subject are alike unknown. It is one of those pictures which in the Academy would be headed "Portrait of a Gentleman," though the figure before us could only by a great stretch of politeness be called by such a name. Indeed he does not deserve the name of man at all; perhaps gentle in a sense he may be. A gentle doll might be a good description. What he is doing it would be difficult to say; he certainly feels uncomfortable in his new clothes, and stands very stiff in them. In his case truly "the tailor made the man."

It would be hard to determine in what line this gentleman has rendered himself famous enough to occupy so conspicuous a place. That certainly is not the head-piece of a great poet or statesman; he is far too stiff for an actor, his dress forbids the idea

that he is a clergyman who has become notorious by steadily opposing himself to the Ridsdale judgment. It has been suggested that he is a purely fictitious personage, set up by some enterprising tailor to bring customers to his shop; and this supposition no doubt receives support from the number of a well-known establishment in High-street being written below, with the sum of 30s., which may well be taken as referring to the price of the clothes. But after careful consideration I think it more likely the picture is put there by an opposition clothier to warn intending purchasers that, although his rival's goods are cheaper than his own, they are neither so comfortable nor so elegant. I was at first rather shaken in this opinion by observing a considerable number of young men in coats exactly like the one portrayed. But it must be remembered that gentlemen of the highest taste cannot always dress as they would like, but are obliged to consult their bankers before purchasing a new suit; and the attractions of an entire "rig out" for 30s. might well prove too strong for many of us in spite of most frightful warnings.

Our Gallery is not only open to painters; connoisseurs in dress, which is itself an art, and an art not well understood by English-people, placard the walls with recommendations of the best shops for various articles of apparel for both sexes. This advice is always well meant, and must in many cases be of great use to people who have not sufficient taste to dress becomingly; but it must be remarked that advice would be far more palatable if couched in more coaxing terms. Some of the notices referred to read rather like the commands of a superior than the exhortations of a friend; for instance, BUY KING'S CHEAP CLOTHES, and BUY KNOX'S BOOTS. Again, the reasons given why the goods at one shop should be preferred to those at another do not always seem

very conclusive; as for instance, that the shop recommended is the largest in the world, or that the proprietor of it wishes to get rid of certain materials which have become unseasonable, in order to make room for others better suited to the time of year.

The Practical Member for our Town has taken advantage of the liberal way in which the walls of the Gallery are thrown open to all who have anything to exhibit, to publish in enormous type a telegraphic correspondence between himself and Mr. Gladstone *apropos* of a meeting about to be held for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Turks. It is only natural that an obscure M.P. should be proud of any intercourse he may have had with the ex-Premier. And had Mr. ——— been so fortunate as to have exchanged ideas with the great Commoner upon any of the few subjects on which the views of that prolific pamphleteer are not already generally known, no one would grudge him space to publish them. But to placard our walls with the fact that Mr. Gladstone considers the Turks undeserving of British sympathy is wholly unnecessary, and a reckless waste of valuable space which should be employed in publishing more novel information. Indeed, the reckless disregard for money evinced in throwing away shilling after shilling to get the opinion of a Statesman on a subject on which his views are well known to every reader of the newspapers, is extremely reprehensible in one who has been chosen to represent the votes of an influential constituency in the national council.

It would only weary the reader were I to attempt a detailed description of all the wonders of our Gallery. It remains only to add that the view presented in the foregoing, of those placards vulgarly called Advertisements and usually supposed to have no higher artistic object than the extravagant puffing of certain goods and chattels by mercenary vendors,

was suggested to me by a little book called "Out of Town," in which there is a chapter on the same, by that eminent humourist Mr. F. C. Burnand.

With this acknowledgment I make my bow, and, with folded hands, gaze listlessly once more upon the house-tops and quakers' burial-place until a more remunerative occupation shall come to hand.

C. M.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MARLBOROUGH.

GEOGRAPHY is a subject which scarcely meets at Cambridge with the study which it deserves, and it is highly probable that many to whom the name of Marlborough is familiar would, if asked, be unable to give an accurate account of its whereabouts. Forty years ago this would hardly have been the case. Marlborough was not then, as now, numbered among the great schools of England, but the mention of its name called up many memories to the travelling public; for was it not situate on the high road from London to the West? and was not the old Castle Inn celebrated far and wide as the house at which the best beds and the best steaks could be obtained in all the West country? There are many old travellers still living, who retain pleasant recollections of the quaint old town through which they used to drive, on their way to and fro between London and Bath and Bristol in the days when the lumbering stage coach or the speedier, but not over swift, post-chaise was the only means of conveyance, and long before the Flying Dutchman had reduced the distance between Bath and the Metropolis to little more than two hours.

Situate in the heart of Wiltshire, not far from the edge of the broad expanse of chalk downs, which form an irregular parallelogram, marked on the north by Swindon, on the west by Devizes, bounded on the south by the fertile Vale of Pewsey, which separates

them from the high plateau of Salisbury Plain, and sloping away gradually towards the east till they join the more famous Berkshire Downs above Wantage, the town of Marlborough is not now so accessible as in the days of our fathers. In those days the old High Street was not as at present silent, but was noisy from morning till night with the clatter of wheels, the crack of whips, and the clang of post-horns. Often must those well-known lines have occurred to the mind of the well-read Marlborough burgher, if any such there were :

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man that calleth be the caller,
And in his calling let him nothing call
But Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh for a coach, ye gods!

But now the glory has departed. The engineers of the main line of the Great Western Railway did not choose to follow the course of the old Bath road, and Marlborough is now approached only by a single line of railway, which leaves the Reading and Devizes branch of the G. W. R. at the little roadside station of Savernake, and after six miles of steep gradients ends at the Marlborough Station on a hill high above the town. While speaking of this railway it may not be out of place to mention an amusing event connected with it. One eventful day, some fifteen years ago, the inhabitants of Marlborough with all the 'rank and fashion of the neighbourhood,' assembled at the station to see the first train start for Savernake. The occasion was a great one, triumphal arches had been erected, and loud were the cheers as the engine, with the directors of the line in tow, steamed majestically out of the station. But the shouts of joy were destined soon to be hushed. There is a steep incline immediately outside the station, and before the train had accomplished more than half of the ascent, whether it was that the engine supplied by the G. W. R. for the occasion was physically

unequal to the task imposed upon it, or that the mayor and corporation and directors on board were possessed of somewhat more than the ordinary aldermanic portliness, certain it is that, after various puffings and gaspings and abortive whirlings round of wheels, the train came to a full stop, and then, worse still, began slowly to move back, and, gathering pace as it proceeded, rolled back under the triumphal arches, and back into the midst of the dismayed crowd far faster than it had gone forth. Notwithstanding this ill-omened beginning, the railway has on the whole prospered, and the trains are now usually successful in scaling the hill, but several times during the writer's own schooldays, when on the breaking up of the school there has been a heavy train to draw, it has been necessary for the boys to get out and assist the engine up the hill by placing gravel on the line. But let us now leave the station and descend into the town.

We cross the river Kennet, on the banks of which Marlborough is built, catching a glimpse perhaps of a trout basking in the sun beneath the bridge (for trout have been caught there ere now, though not often by college boys), and passing the grammar school, now a school no longer, soon after enter the upper end of the High Street. Very picturesque and quaint is the old Marlborough High Street, with its broad sloping roadway, its wavy line of irregular fantastic gables on either side, and its twin guardian towers at either end. Let us stop for a moment and look at the tower nearest us, that of St. Mary's Church, which is well worth a few moments' observation, for besides its richly-carved Norman doorway and the fine perpendicular church appended to it, that tower still bears on its grey sides the marks of the cannonballs which struck it when the town was bombarded by the Royalists in the civil war. Clarendon bears a strong testimony to the zealous sympathy with the cause

of the Parliament displayed at that time by the inhabitants of Marlborough. "The Parliament," he says, "resolved to fix a garrison at Marlborough, the town the most notoriously disaffected of all Wiltshire, otherwise, saving the obstinacy and malice of its inhabitants, in the situation of it very unfit for a garrison." The Marlborough townspeople are no longer now remarkable for their enthusiasm in politics. The town till the last Reform Bill returned two members to Parliament, though the population including the College is little over 5000, and it still retains one of its members; but the borough is a pocket one, in the possession of Lord Ailesbury, and the free and independent voters have to take the candidate with whom the noble Marquis supplies them, and who is of the mild aristocratic Liberal type. Once or twice some recalcitrant householders have kicked against their noble landlord's behest, and put forth placards announcing the speedy appearance of a "true Liberal candidate," but no such has ever actually come forward, and, though the leading Conservative spirits of the school have tried to stir up an agitation for a Tory candidate, the nominee of Tottenham House still retains his seat undisputed.

We pass down the street along the covered way formed by the overhanging houses, known here as the "pent house," and reminding one irresistibly of the more famous "Rows" at Chester, and every shop brings back some recollection of old school-days. Here, at his door, is Mr. Septimus Smith, that most polite of ironmongers, of whom we used to buy pocket-knives and other hardware, and whom we used to exasperate so terribly by imitating (innocently of course) his chronic condition of "washing" his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water." Then there is worthy Mr. Falconer, most sober and yet, strange fact, most red-nosed of hair-dressers, whom we used to delight to pose with searching

questions bearing however remotely upon his trade, as we sat in that most undignified of seats, the barber's chair. "Can you tell me, Mr. Falconer, is hair an animal or a vegetable product?" On hearing this weighty question the good man would stop in his operations, and, after pensive thought and rubbing his nasal feature till it glowed like fire, would put us off with the following satisfactory answer: "Why really, sir, *I've* no opinion on the subject. Some people says one thing and some another." Then there is that greatest of all school institutions, where we have all passed so many happy moments, the confectioner's, vulgarly called the "grub shop." Has anyone ever calculated how many tons of cake and jam tarts and hot veal pies, commonly called "dog," are consumed in a year at Foster's shop, "between twelve and one," by boys all unmindful of their shortly impending dinner and the football which awaits them in the afternoon. There is old Abel, with his spectacles on his nose, busy at work binding Marlburians* in his little shop, where he did so good a trade in small stationery and the cheap and most attractive volumes of Beadle's Sixpenny American Series; and as we pass the window of Queech, the not over sober little music-seller, we remember the queer instruments we bought at his shop in our youth, amongst which a Jew's harp, a brass trumpet, and a flageolet stand out pre-eminent; and the terrible vexation and annoyance our juvenile attempts to master them must have caused our friends both at school and home. But now we are beneath the tower of St. Peter's Church, with its four lofty pinnacles, three conical and the fourth humped and shaped like a sugar-loaf (what could the builder have been about when he built that pinnacle?), and its mighty peal of bells silent now, but noisy and

* *i.e.* the School Magazine.

importunate enough when we lay in the sick-room or sanatorium hard by and strove to get to sleep at evening after a day spent in bed; in vain, for the "Rattle and the clatter of the bells, bells, bells;" and at last before us rises the strange ugly pile of red-brick, known as the College.

The writer of an article on Marlborough has not the same materials, from which to choose, as the writer of an article on Winchester or Rugby or any of the old schools of England. He cannot tell of the strange habits and customs of schoolboys in long past ages, of the varying fortunes of the school under a long line of head-masters, and of the school days of men whose names are famous in history and literature and art. Marlborough has been in existence but little more than thirty years, and there has not yet been time for many of her sons to make themselves renowned, yet, young as she is, none will now deny her right to a place in the foremost rank of English Public Schools, and a hundred years hence there can be little doubt that her historian will find no lack of famous names to emblazon on the pages of his history. But though the school is in itself a growth of quite modern days, the site on which it stands is by no means unhistorical, and even preserves monuments of times before the dawn of history. We may then speak with some reason of the "Antiquities of Marlborough College," a title given by the late Bishop Cotton, once head-master of Marlborough, to an interesting lecture delivered before the school and afterwards published as a pamphlet, and the effect of which title on an Eton or Winchester boy he amusingly conjectures. Within the precincts of the College stands the ancient mound, which, if I may be pardoned the allusion by candidates for the Classical Tripos, who are probably only too familiar with the bold theories of Mommsen, bears the same relation to the more modern town of Marlborough as the old

Roma Quadrata on the Palatine bore to more modern Rome. Strange have been the fortunes of this mound and various the phases through which it has passed. Let us briefly pass them in review. That it was a Druid work, can scarcely be doubted by any one who has walked from Marlborough to the neighbouring Avebury, and seen all along the way smaller barrows of similar appearance and construction, till he reaches the one which overtops even the Marlborough one, the huge mass of Silbury Hill. It is very probable that between these two mounds, both situate on the banks of the Kennet, and about six miles distant from one another, there was originally some connexion, but what that connexion was, it is impossible to say. Silbury Hill is the more perfect specimen of the two, for the Marlborough mound has been much mutilated and doubtless greatly diminished in size by its successive owners "having successively supported the keep of a Norman castle, the grotto summer-house spiral walks and close cut hedges of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the water-works of Marlborough College."*

In the civil wars between Stephen and Matilda, Marlborough Castle played no unimportant part, being garrisoned by the friends of Matilda and entrusted to the charge of one John Fitz Gilbert. This John Fitz Gilbert, otherwise known as John of Marlborough, is thus described by a contemporary historian:—"He was a very fire-brand of hell and of all wickedness, who appeared to rule in that castle for no other purpose than to scourge the realm with ceaseless injuries, seizing on the lands and possessions not of civilians only, but of religious houses of what order soever, and though often excommunicated, this

* Bishop Cotton, "Antiquities of Marlborough College." I may here acknowledge my obligations to this interesting little pamphlet for much of the matter contained in this article.

only added to his fury, for, compelling the heads of the monasteries to assemble at his Castle on stated days, he practised the unparalleled effrontery of assuming into his hands the Episcopal functions." Frightful visions of the castellan's profanity rise before us on reading this, but our horror is somewhat lessened when we read on and find that this usurpation of the Episcopal functions did not consist, as might have been at first supposed, in the administering of the Sacraments but "in levying contributions of ready money and forced labour." The castle remained a royal residence during several succeeding reigns; and in the time of Henry III. occurred what is perhaps the most celebrated event in the history of Marlborough, for in 1267 Henry's last parliament was held there, and herein (as we learn from Camden), "by a general consent of the States of the Kingdom there assembled, a law was passed for the appeasing of all tumults, commonly called the Statute of Marlborow." Shortly after this, began the gradual transformation of the castle from a fortress to a dwelling-house or palace, and in the reign of Edward the VI. the Castle and Manor of Marlborough and the Forest of Savernake were granted to the Protector, Edward Duke of Somerset, and Marlborough remained in the possession of the Seymour family from that time till the middle of the eighteenth century.

All traces of the old Norman castle have long since disappeared, but not so the Manor-house, which in the eighteenth century rose in its place under the guiding hand of the great Inigo Jones. This building now forms one side of the College court, and if there is any merit, aesthetically speaking, in the box-like blue-slatted erections of red brick which we owe to Mr. Blore, (name notorious in Cambridge as that of the architect of the Pitt Press) it is that they serve to form a useful foil to the

elegant proportions and rich mellow colour of the old Manor-house. Some relics too are left to this day of the old garden of the Seymours, with its straight terrace walks, its close-clipped hedges and its yews cut into all kinds of fantastic shapes; but the cascades which once existed have disappeared, and so, happily, have the artificial ruins in which that age delighted; and nothing remains to shew the terrible indignities, which doubtless the landscape gardeners inflicted on the old mound, but the spiral walk by which it is to this day ascended, and the grotto, now the abode of dust and vermin, but once the favourite haunt of a noble patroness of literature, Frances, Countess of Hertford and Duchess of Somerset, and her more famous guests, Isaac Watts and the poet Thomson, a great part of whose "Spring-" would seem to have been composed here. Bishop Cotton, writing twenty years ago, in the lecture above referred to, comforts himself with the reflexion "that, if Marlborough in its collegiate character ever does produce a poet, who in this age is at all read and valued, his writings must be superior to the very common-place effusions which delighted the guests of Lady Hertford." May we not say that this hope has been fulfilled, and that in our own days the voice of Thomson sounds very feeble compared with the sweeter tones of another singer, who also takes the Seasons for his theme, the author of the *Earthly Paradise*, the Marlburian poet, William Morris?

About 1750 the regime of the Seymours came to an end. They had other residences which they preferred to Marlborough, and the old Manor-house was let and eventually turned into an inn. Truly, it is always darkest just before the dawn, and the sun, which had seemed to set for Marlborough, when the Seymours deserted it, rose again far brighter than before, when in August 1843 Marlborough Inn became Marlborough College.

Dr. Wilkinson, the first appointed head-master, though a good scholar, in many ways an able man, and beloved by all who knew him, was not equal to the task, a task one of the hardest that can be imposed on a man, of starting a great school. There is no denying the fact that his work was a failure. The school was full; but it could hardly help being so, considering the cheapness of the terms and the good education offered, and the fact that it afforded special advantages to a class who know the value of a good education and as a rule cannot afford to pay very highly for it, the clergy of the Church of England; but it was an abode of misrule and even anarchy, and finally matters came to a head in a general rebellion. It is hard to get a true account of the circumstances of this rebellion, for the event was hardly important enough to be noticed by a historian, and the stories at this day current in the school, such as that of the determination of the boys to hang the head-master, who was only spared at the intercession of his wife, are plainly more than legendary. Still it was a storm, on the weathering of which depended the future success of the school, and matters looked dark indeed. But a man was found equal to the occasion in Dr. Cotton. Resolute of purpose, firm of character, genial in manner, and supported by a band of devoted assistant-masters, he soon won his way, and brought the ship into smooth water. Great, indeed, is the debt which Marlborough owes to him, and well does he deserve the title of "the second founder of the school." In 1858, after seven years of the most undoubtedly successful labour, he was called away to an even wider sphere of usefulness, to preside over the great see of Calcutta, and there, a few years later, an untimely accident cut short his life. But his mantle at Marlborough fell on worthy shoulders. His old and valued friend, the Rev.

George Granville Bradley, then a master at Rugby, was unanimously selected by the council to fill his place, and under Mr. Bradley's rule two of the three parting requests of Dr. Cotton to the school were speedily fulfilled (of the third we will speak hereafter); the cricket-match with Rugby was for the first time won, and the Balliol scholarship was gained, and that not once only but four times in three years, for in one year both Balliols went to Marlborough boys, an honour never achieved by any other school before or since. There is no need to speak of Mr. Bradley's ability as a governor, and his marvellous powers of teaching. They are well known to the world. His enthusiasm for each subject which he taught communicated itself to his pupils, and even Latin prose under his magic touch acquired a poetic glow. He too, when he left the school, after twelve years' service, on his election to the Mastership of University College, Oxford, was more than fortunate in his successors. The almost unparalleled length of the Honour List during the last few years bears ample testimony to the patient and honest teaching of the eminent man, who for five years devoted himself to Marlborough, Dr. Farrar, now Canon of Westminster; and the great success which Mr. Bell, the present Head-master, achieved when at Christ's Hospital, forbids us to doubt that the future of the school will be as bright, if not brighter than its last twenty years.

Let us now say something of the College buildings and the general appearance which they present. Even the most enthusiastic of Marlburians, it must be owned, could hardly speak in terms of strong admiration of the external appearance of his school. We pass through the gates and by the Porter's Lodge, till lately occupied by one who might, without question, have been called an "Antiquity of Marlborough College," Richard Voss, better known to old

Rugbeians and to the countless readers of Tom Brown as "Bill," the under school-house porter at Rugby, and looked up to and revered by all small boys as a genuine historical character; and the first building which claims our attention is the chapel. Built just at the time when Gothic was once more beginning to come into fashion, but before its treatment was so well understood as now, its architecture is of a more or less questionable character, and its external effect not pleasing. The interior is better, but was till lately marred to the eyes of many by a somewhat bare and cheerless aspect. To provide a remedy for this was the third and last of Bishop Cotton's parting requests to the school, and it has now, owing mainly to the exertions of Dr. Farrar, been done, though whether with success or not is still a disputed question. The interior is now gorgeous with pictures by Stanhope and rich colouring and gilding, executed from designs by Bodley; but it may well be doubted whether the building was worth so much ornamentation, and whether its own intrinsic poverty is not the more fully brought out by the brilliant painting with which it is covered. There are still many who pine for the warmth of the old stained roof and the bare simplicity of the undecorated walls.

There is something striking in the first view of the College court, if from nothing else yet from its very size. Ranged along the side on which are the gates is a row of five courts and the racquet court. Right opposite, seen through a vista formed by an avenue of growing limes, which traverses the quadrangle, is the porch of the Old House, the Old Manor-house of the Seymours, which forms the opposite side of the court. To the right is the chapel, then the Lower School and the spacious Hall, spacious, but supremely ugly, and remarkable only for the fine picture which it contains of Bishop Cotton, painted by Eddis. To the left are the studies, the

Bradleian, a fine room, the work of Street, used for lectures and other purposes and built, as its name indicates, as a memorial to Mr. Bradley; the New House, so called in distinction to the Old, and the Modern School-room, behind which rises the ugly roof of the great school, usually known as the "Upper School." This room moved the wonder and admiration of certain French commissioners, who came over to England about ten years ago to learn something from personal observation of the boasted English Public School system. The head-master of the time being would seem to have had great fun with them, for in their printed report, which appeared some time after, it is stated that the *raison d'être* of the great school-room at Marlborough is that the head-master finds it a useful place *pour gronder les garçons*. Vivid are the recollections of every Marlburian of many a "jaw," as the head-master's speeches to the assembled school, whether objurgatory or not, are profanely called; but he has other associations with the Upper School as well, for there in the days of his fag-hood, when he was yet a fourth-form boy, did he "brew" himself on one of the two great fires coffee such as the gods might have loved to quaff, and there in one of the old oak desks, on the lids of which names have been cut one over another, as thickly as bodies are said to have been buried one above another in many churchyards, did he keep his cups and saucers and his other "brewing" materials, his books and—his cushion. "What was this cushion?" I think I hear some ignoramus ask, and to this enquiry I must frame reply. The cushion is the Marlborough boy's peculium, as necessary to him as his cap, his Virgil, yea, his very trowsers. *He* sit upon a school form with nought between that hard rough surface and his tender flesh but the all too thin substance of his trowsers' seat! Not he. So whenever he goes into form he takes with him his cushion, round or

square, of red baize or of green baize, or of baizes red and green united (for all these are orthodox shapes and hues), and seated upon this he bids defiance to hardness of benches and splinters, which else, perchance, might pierce and wound him, where he would rather not be wounded. The cushion, too, is useful in another way. It is a most excellent missile, which can be hurled with the greatest nicety and precision, and is therefore invaluable, where, as at Marlborough, college caps are not. But enough of this digression.

Marlborough at the beginning was a school arranged purely on the "Hostel" system. All the boys ate and slept and lived completely within the college walls. Boarding-houses were things unknown there. But though boarding-houses did not exist, yet "houses," as they were termed in school phraseology, did exist. These so-called houses were really merely arbitrarily determined divisions of dormitories, placed each under the care of a different master, yet the occupants of one of these divisions were as closely bound to one another, and felt as much rivalry towards the occupants of another division, as though they had lived within separate walls. House feeling ran high, and house matches at cricket and football were most stubbornly contested. But the greatest rivalry of all existed between the occupants of the New House and the Old, or, as they were and are more usually called, B and C; and woe to the wretched new boy who, not yet alive to his duties and responsibilities as a member of one of these two mighty houses, absented himself from the football field, when all the members of the Old House, clad in jerseys of red, fought in deadly fight with all the inmates of the New House, clad in blue. But the days of antagonism between B and C (names by the way derived, so goes the tale, from the letters with which the masons marked the different blocks of

building during the erection of the college) are now gone by, for outside the college walls has sprung up a colony of goodly boarding-houses, and the positions once occupied in school politics by the Old House and the New seem now to have been taken by "In" college and "Out." With the opening of these boarding-houses, some six years since, the first age of Marlborough passed away, and it can now no longer be regarded as a pure specimen of the Hostel system.

It yet remains to notice the school gymnasium, fitted up with all the appliances of modern gymnastic art, in an old building in a corner of the court, once known as the Covered Play-ground. A strange place was that Covered Play-ground, a limbo full of all things under the sun. The staple article of its contents was the "play box," that is to say a species of box possessed by every boy, and the *differentia* of which was that it did *not* contain clothes. What it did contain it is more difficult to state, but in the play box was to be found anything from a Liddell and Scott to a pot of jam, from a squirrel to a penny trumpet. All round the barn-like room, ranged on shelves and huddled together in confusion on the floor, were play boxes of every size, of every shape and colour, and screaming of jackdaws and squeaking of pet mice and other vermin made the place a very pandemonium. Here, too, on wet days, if any available space was to be found, was played the game known to Marlburians as "snob," and described in the official language of the school rules as "imitation cricket," a game whose varieties are legion, and the interest of which is only heightened by the employment of the rudest possible bat and ball imaginable. But now snob and play boxes have been put to flight, and order reigns instead, while under the sergeant's careful supervision squads of boys are initiated into the mysteries of the balance and the parallel bars.

The Library too must not be forgotten. Founded thirty years ago by the munificence of one of the truest friends of Marlborough, Mr. Alleyn M'Geachy, it now contains some 7000 volumes, and the right to use it, which is enjoyed by members of the sixth and fifth forms, is most highly valued. It is a pleasant room enough, on the ground floor of the Old House, looking out on the garden and the wilderness, a shady grove of fine old trees, which hides from the view of those who pace the old terrace-walk the piece of water formed by diverting the streams of the Kennet, and known as the bathing-place. Here, in summer time, at mid-day between the hours of twelve and one, and at stated periods on half-holiday afternoons, the water is troubled to its very depths, which, it must be confessed, are unfortunately not translucent, by what is called "school bathing." The prefects (*i.e.* the members of the Sixth Form), do not deign to bathe at these hours with the school. To them the bathing-place is accessible all day long, and not only the bathing-place but the wilderness and mound as well. May not then the prefect, when he treads the grass walks of the mound, forbidden to any but a prefectual tread, feel himself in fact the legitimate though remote successor of the wild Druid, who worshipped on that sacred ground in days long since gone by? With such a thought as this in our minds, can we look on Marlborough as a modern institution?

There is not space within the narrow limits of an article such as this, even were the narration likely to prove interesting to non-Marlburian readers of *The Eagle*, to tell of Marlborough institutions and customs; of the Debating society (oldest of School Debating Societies); of the Natural History Society (father of School Natural History Societies, and yet *proh infandum dedecus*, itself vulgarly known as the "Bug and Beetle"); of the *Marlburian* (most flourish-

ing of school magazines); of the delights of "browse in bed" on Sunday morning; or of a "sweat" on a rainy day; or of the inexhaustible topics of cricket and football, in both of which noble games the sons of Marlborough have won no inconsiderable triumphs. We must be bringing this article to an end, though much yet remains to say, but a word or two may still be devoted to the mention of the chief points of interest and beauty in the surrounding country.

School-boys are not generally more than half-awake to the beauties of scenery around them, but that Marlborough boy must be dull and feelingless indeed who has never been struck with genuine admiration for the glories of Savernake Forest. Beginning within half-a-mile of Marlborough, the forest, one of the few specimens now left of forest which has not been desecrated by the hand of the encloser, stretches away over a rolling tract of upland country to within a few miles of Hungerford, twelve miles or more distant. Nowhere in the world are finer beeches or more magnificent oaks to be beheld, and nowhere are the colours of the autumnal foliage more rich and gorgeous. The constant alternation of close-grown groves of mighty trees, and quiet dells with less thickly wooded slopes clothed with a luxuriant undergrowth of tall fern, and here and there open glades of luxuriant pasture, from which splendid views are obtained of the rolling woods around, leave nothing to be desired but the presence of water, which, alas, on that dry chalky soil is not to be found. But in spite of this single drawback it is a region well worth visiting, and one well worthy to become the haunt of English artists, to whom at present it seems unknown. On the other side of Marlborough, immediately above the town, begins the expanse of downs which form the centre of Wiltshire. These, too, with their springy turf, their fresh breezes, and their sense of boundless freedom,

are most thoroughly delightful, and there is many a beautiful spot, where at their edge they break down into the lower country round. None of these is more beautiful than Martinsell, with its steep slope of little less than a thousand feet into the vale of Pewsey, from whose pine-crowned summit may be seen the hills of Inkpen and High Clere, on the borders of Hampshire, which mark the site of the battle-field of Newbury, and right opposite the round hills of the desolate Salisbury plain (why called a plain I never could imagine), and, it is said, the tapering pinnacle of Salisbury Cathedral itself, more than twenty miles away. Down the valley of the Kennet, too, is pleasant country, especially in the luxuriant meadows and hanging woods which surround Ramsbury manor-house, sister structure to the old manor-house at Marlborough.

In richness in antiquities, few districts can surpass this part of Wiltshire. There is the great Wansdyke, losing itself continually, but still to be traced for many miles of its course. What this Wansdyke was and by whom it was constructed is still a disputed point among archaeologists. Some say it is Saxon, and if so its name would seem to mean Woden's or Odin's Dyke, the great barrier which marked the line of division between the kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex. But some writers attribute to it a still higher antiquity, considering it to be a British barrier, erected either by the Belgic tribes as a protection against the Celts, or by the inhabitants of the South West of Britain against the Romans, who attacked them from the side of Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire. Then there is the mighty earthwork on the downs towards Swindon, known as Barbury Castle, and the interesting cromlech called the Devil's Den, and the huge mass of Silbury Hill surpassing in bulk even the mound of Marlborough, and raised entirely by human hands; and last of all, but most

important, is the world-renowned circle of Avebury with its stupendous *vallum*, its vast ground-plan, its far extending avenues of approach, and its upright stones larger even than the more famous ones of Stonehenge itself. Of the history of Avebury it would be out of place to speak here. What was its meaning and who its authors has not yet been satisfactorily determined. Let us conclude this article by expressing a hope that those who have seen neither Stonehenge nor Avebury will take the first opportunity of seeing both, and that those who know Stonehenge will lose no time in seeing Avebury.

H. W. S.

[The above is the first of a series of descriptive articles on the Public Schools of England, which, with the kind assistance of our contributors, we propose to print in the successive numbers of the College Magazine. Any member of the College who is willing to prepare an article of general interest on his own School is requested to communicate with Mr. Sandys, or any other member of the Editorial Committee.—ED.]



OUR CHRONICLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1877.

WE regret to record the death of one of our Senior Fellows, the Rev. E. Bushby, B.D., the oldest resident member of the College. Mr. Bushby took his B.A. degree as a Senior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos of 1816, he was elected to a Platt Fellowship in 1818, and in accordance with the statute relating to Mr. Platt's foundation, sanctioned by the Queen in Council, was transferred in 1859 to the list of the ordinary Foundation Fellows, and ultimately, a few months before his death, became one of the Senior Fellows of the College. He was the writer of a short treatise 'On the Human Mind,' and of an 'Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures,' the former of which was in use as a text-book in the College till Whately's Logic was substituted for it, while the latter continued to be one of the subjects of the College Examination down to the May Term of 1864. He also brought out an edition of 'Butler's Analogy,' and was the writer of a privately printed pamphlet containing an account of the Rev. Fearon Fallows, Fellow of the College and Astronomer Royal at the Cape; the Rev. Thos. Catton, Senior Fellow and formerly Tutor; and the Rev. James Wood, Dean of Ely and Master of the College, who died in 1839, leaving Mr. Bushby one of his executors and legatees. In 1874 he re-printed from the *United Service Journal* some articles, entitled 'Remarks on Four Celebrated Men'—Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, and Thiers. His early interest in the political affairs of Europe was retained in his latest years, and in extreme old age he undertook a visit to the Continent expressly for the purpose of viewing the battle-field of Sedan. His retentive memory and accurate grasp of facts, even in his declining years, cannot be better attested than by the following passage in the preface to Mr. Todhunter's bibliographical account of the late Master of Trinity: 'To Mr. Bushby, of St. John's College, a contemporary of Dr. Whewell, I am deeply indebted; the treasures of information amassed during a long and observant career, and preserved in a singularly tenacious memory, have always been accessible to me, and have immediately solved many questions which it would have required much time and labour, perhaps after all spent in vain, in order to investigate.'

It is with deep regret that we also record the death of one of the most promising members of our Undergraduate body—John Snelling Morris, foundation scholar of the College. He was educated at the City of London School, and after obtaining a Minor Scholarship was entered as a pupil of Mr. Sandys in October, 1874. Throughout his course he kept the first place in his College Examinations as the best Mathematician of his year; at the close of his third year of residence he was awarded one of the two prizes recently founded by Mr. Hughes, and given to the two Undergraduates of the College who have most distinguished themselves in their Examinations; and, on the strength of his great reputation as one of the very best of the private pupils of Mr. Routh, there was every hope of his attaining one of the very highest places in the List of Honours in the approaching Mathematical Tripos. Unhappily, however, soon after his coming into residence for the present Term, symptoms of pulmonary disease presented themselves, and in spite of all that could be effected by the best medical skill, and all the alleviations afforded by the devoted attentions of his relatives and friends, he died in his rooms on Saturday morning, Dec. 1st, leaving to his many acquaintances the memory of high intellectual ability, wide attainments, and varied accomplishments, united with an unaffected modesty and a blameless life. It is proposed to put up a brass tablet to his memory in the College Chapel, and those who wish to contribute to this object may either send their subscriptions to Mr. Torry, Mr. Sandys, or H. E. J. Bevan, or leave them at the Scholars' Buttery. It is thought desirable to limit the amount of each subscription to half-a-crown. More than eighty contributions have already been received.

The Rev. H. Russell has resigned the office of Junior Dean, and has been succeeded by the Rev. A. F. Torry. Mr. Russell has been appointed Junior Bursar in place of Mr. Webb, who has been made a Mathematical Lecturer, instead of Dr. Parkinson, who, however, continues to discharge his duties as one of the Tutors of the College.

Mr. Sandys has resigned the principal Classical Lectureship of Jesus College, and Mr. Graves has been appointed one of lecturers of that College.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, Senior Fellow and Lecturer in Natural Sciences, has been elected Professor of Geology in University College, London. His new duties do not involve more than an occasional absence from Cambridge in Term time.

Mr. Alfred Marshall, Lecturer in Moral Sciences, has been elected Principal and Professor of Political Economy at the University College, Bristol.

Mr. Garnett has succeeded Mr. Marshall as Steward; the

Rev. Fred. Watson has been appointed 'Father of the College' in place of the Rev. A. J. Stevens.

The Rev. G. H. Whitaker, one of the Theological Lecturers, has accepted the honorary office of Chancellor of the Cathedral Church of Truro. The lectures hitherto undertaken by Mr. Whitaker have been assigned to the Rev. C. E. Graves.

Mr. W. F. Smith has been appointed one of the two Pro-Rectors for the present Academical year.

J. D. M. Murray, B.A., Scholar of the College and Lightfoot University Scholar, was ordained in October, and has left England as one of the first two members of the Cambridge Mission to Delhi.

The following have been elected Fellows of the College :

(1) Arthur Milnes Marshall, Senior in Natural Sciences Tripos, 1874; (2) Robert Forsyth Scott, 4th Wrangler, 1875; (3) Rev. Charles William Edmund Body, bracketed 6th Wrangler, 1875; (4) William James Furneaux Vashon Baker, 4th in 1st Class of Classical Tripos, and highly distinguished in the Examination for the Chancellor's Medals, 1876; (5) Henry Walrond Simpkinson, bracketed 4th in the 1st Class of Classical Tripos, 1876, and Members' Prizeman for Latin Essay, 1877; (6) Donald McAlister, Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, 1877.

The Naden Divinity Studentship has been awarded to H. F. Blackett, B.A., Scholar of the College; the McMahan Law Studentship, vacated by the election of Mr. Scott to a Fellowship, has been assigned for three years to H. H. S. Cunynghame, B.A., 1874, Scholar of the College; J. Trustram, B.A., 1876, has been elected to a Mc Mahon Studentship for four years.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, JUNE, 1877.

MATHEMATICS.

Third Year (First Class).—Morris, Pinsent, Lattimer, Brownbill, Carlisle, Marsh, Mann, Mackie. *Second Year (First Class).*—Gunston, Lewis, Nightingale, T. Smith. *First Year (First Class).*—Larmor, White, Long, Willis, Gunnery, Adams and Wrigley *equal*, Dale, Morton, J. M. Stone, T. Stone.

CLASSICS.

Third Year (First Class).—English, G. C. Allen, Willan, Reynolds, Boyce, Kingsford, Gaussen. *Second Year (First Class).*—F. C. Hill, Dougan, Coombes, Lee. *First Year (First Class).*—H. G. Smith, Colson, Sutcliffe, C. C. Harrison and J. S. Sandys *equal*, J. H. Taylor.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

[Alphabetical order.]

Third Year (First Class).—Houghton. *Second Year (First Class).*—F. J. Allen, Marr, Slater. *First Year (First Class).*—C. M. Stuart, Wrigley.

MORAL SCIENCES.

First Class.—Mummery, Holder.

THEOLOGY.

Third Year (First Class).—T. Williams. *Second Year (First Class).*—Sparrow.

LAW.

Third Year (First Class).—Nevill, Hamilton, Kemp. *First Year (First Class).*—Woods.

PRIZEMEN.

Moral Philosophy.—Ds F. Ryland. *Greek Testament*.—1 T. Williams; 2 Fisher. *English Essay*.—3rd Year, Dixon; 2nd Year, Jenkins; Proxime accessit, A. W. Wiseman; 1st Year, Colson; Proxime accessit, Haigh. *Reading*.—Coombes, Firth and A. W. Wiseman equal. *Hebrew*.—None awarded. *Sir John Herschel's Prize for Astronomy*.—Pinsent.

SCHOLARS.

G. C. Allen, Boyce, Brownbill, Carlisle, Houghton, Lattimer, R. H. Marsh, Mummery, Pinsent, Reynolds, Willan, Dougan, Gunston, F. C. Hill.

PROPER SIZARS.

Nightingale, T. Smith, Holder, Rigby, Widgery, Larmor, H. G. Smith, J. H. White, Woods.

WRIGHT'S PRIZEMEN, WITH £100 FOR THE YEAR.

Classics—3rd Year, English; 2nd Year, F. C. Hill; 1st Year, H. G. Smith. *Mathematics*.—3rd Year, Morris; 2nd Year, Gunston; 1st Year, Larmor. *Moral Sciences*.—3rd Year, Mummery. *Natural Sciences*.—3rd Year, Houghton.

MR. HUGHES' PRIZES.—English, Morris.

EXHIBITIONERS.

£30.—Gausson, Kingsford, Lewis, Mackie, Mann, Marr, Nevill, T. Williams. £20.—Coombes, Gunnery, Hamilton, Lee, Long, Nightingale, T. Smith, Sparrow, J. H. White, Willis, Woods. £10.—Adams, F. J. Allen, G. C. Allen, H. R. Bone, Colson, Dougan, Holder, Lattimer, Pinsent, Slater, C. M. Stuart, Sutcliffe, J. H. Taylor, Willan, Wrigley.

MINOR SCHOLARSHIP ELECTION.

Minor Scholarships of £75.—Garland, C. H. (Shrewsbury School), Marris, N. C. (Clifton College). *Exhibitions of £40 per annum for four years*.—Harker, G. I. F. (Giggleswick School), Innes, A. L. (Dedham School). *Exhibition of £50 for three years*.—Alston, G. R. (Merchant Taylors' School). *Minor Scholarships of £50*.—Nicholls, H. (Surrey County School), Wilkinson, G. G. (Rugby School). *Exhibitions of £50 a year, equal to Minor Scholarships*.—Hill, J. S. (Owens College, formerly Shrewsbury School), Smith, G. C. M. (Tonbridge School). *Natural Science Exhibition of £50 for three years*.—Fleming, J. A. (Private Tuition).

COLLEGE ORDERS, NOVEMBER 29, 1877.

It has been resolved by the Governing Body that there shall be periodically a revision of the List of Sizars, and a removal of names from the List, in case a Sizar,

1st. At the end of the 1st year, have not passed the 1st and 2nd parts of the Previous Examination;

2nd. At the Christmas of his 2nd year, if he have not then passed in the Additional Subjects of the Previous Examination;

3rd. At the end of his 2nd year, if he be not then in one of the first two classes of the College Examination in his special subject, or in the first class of the General Examination for the Ordinary Degree.

4th. The List of Sizars shall also be revised at the end of the first and second years with reference to their economy of habits and their regularity of attendance at Lectures; and a Student's name shall no longer be retained on the List of Sizars if he shall fail to give satisfaction in these particulars.

This revision shall be conducted by the Master and Tutors.

List of First Year, Michaelmas Term, Matriculated 9 Nov., 1877.

[91 in all, 73 Pensioners and 18 Sizar.]

Abraham, W.	Fea, W. H.	Nicholls, H.
Allen, W.	Fleming, J. A.	Noott, W. Ll. O.
Alston, G. R.	§Gardner, E. M.	O'Reilly, A. I.
Apperly, J. M.	Garland, C. H.	§Payne, J. H.
§Armstrong, J. B.	Goodwin, G. H.	Peacock, E. A. W.
Askwith, H.	Gray, W. E.	§Penny, S. T.
Aspinall, A. R.	Green, A. F.	Pollock, A. H. T.
Atkins, W.	Haines, M. F. B.	§Potbury, J. A.
Bansall, W. H.	Hall, E. M.	Price, H. J.
Barnett, A. T.	§Harker, G. I. F.	§Punch, E. G.
Barrett, W.	Hart, S. L.	Rainsford, M.
Barrow, C. H. M.	Hawkins, A.	§Robson, W. G.
Barton, W.	Hibbs, R. R.	Smith, G. C. M.
Bayard, R. V. C.	Hickman, H.	§Smith, H.
Bevan, J. A.	§Hill, J. S.	Stewart, W. E.
Beverley, A.	Holcroft, E.	Terry, F.
Boulton, H. P.	Hutton, C. F.	Townsend, R. G.
Brewer, G. S.	Innes, A. L.	Tute, J. S.
Brown, A. M.	Jalland, A. E.	Vicars, G. R.
§Burghope, R. H.	King, R. R.	Watson, G. W.
Calvert, W.	Kingston, G. M.	Waud, B. E.
Cassels, W. W.	§Knowles, A.	§Wetherell, M.
Clarke, B. S.	Leigh, J. F.	Whitehead, J. B.
§Coggin, F. E.	Leslie, C. A.	§Whitehead, J. H.
Coppock, T.	§Livett, G. M.	Wild, E. J.
Coulthard, E. N.	Loveday, G. A.	Wilkes, T. W.
Craig, S. G.	Marsden, J. K.	Wilkinson, G. G.
Crossley, G.	Marris, N. C.	Winkley, S. T.
Cullingford, A. H.	Mayor, G. F.	§Young, A.
Davy, F. C.	Middleton, C.	§Youngman, G. R.
Egerton, F. E.		

All elected to Sizarships are indicated in the above list by the letter *s* being prefixed to their names.

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION IN MATHEMATICS, 1877.

Third Year (First Class).—Gunston, Lewis, T. Smith, Widgery, Nightingale; entitled to a Prize if in the First Class at Midsummer—Brook-Smith.

Second Year (First Class).—Larmor, J. H. White, Willis, Long; entitled to a Prize if in the First Class at Midsummer—Wrigley, Morton, Gunner, J. M. Stone.

First Year.—(College Examination of all who are not Candidates for the Previous Examination)—[Alphabetical order]—Askwith, Atkins, Barnett, A. M. Brown, Cassels, Clarke, Crossley, Egerton, Fea, Goodwin, Gray, Hall, Hawkins, King, Kingston, Mayor, Middleton, O'Reilly, Penny, Townsend, Wilkes, Watson; entitled to a Prize if in the First Class at Midsummer—Beverley, Hickman, Pollock, Rainsford, Tute, Winkley.

Essay Prize Subjects, 1877-8.—A Prize of Books of the value of Three Guineas for each of the three years, being given annually by the Master of the College to the author of the best Essay on a given subject, the following are the subjects for the present year:—For candidates of the third year: Equality as a Political Ideal, its history and value. For candidates of the second year: Does Civilisation tend to check Individuality of Character? For candidates of the first year: The Opium

Trade of British India. The Exercises are to be delivered to the Master before 3 P.M. on Monday, February 11th, 1878, after which hour no Exercise will be received.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

Easter Term.—The following were elected on March 19th to hold office for the Term :

<i>President</i> :—Rev. A. F. Torry.	<i>Secretary</i> :—D. P. Ware.
<i>1st Captain</i> :—J. Allen.	<i>3rd Captain</i> :—Hon. C. A. Parsons.
<i>2nd Captain</i> :—K. F. Nixon.	<i>4th Captain</i> :—H. L. Young.
<i>Treasurer</i> :—A. F. Wilson.	<i>5th Captain</i> :—H. Reynolds.

Four new Members were elected during the Term.

The *May Races* were rowed on May 16th to 22nd. The 1st Boat was a decided success. On the second and fourth nights it bumped 1st Trinity I. and 3rd Trinity I., but on the last night, through the carelessness of the Coxswain, who lost one of his rudder-lines in rounding Grassy and thereby took them almost aground on the wrong side of the river, they fell a victim to Caius I., which, though undoubtedly fast for a short distance, were looked upon as not being able to last over the whole course.

The 2nd and 3rd Boats, on the other hand, did not shew to much advantage. The former was almost a scratch Crew, as Gripper and Rowe were quite untrained and were not put into the boat until the first day of the races. They went down a place each of the first three nights and rowed over on the last three.

The 3rd Boat went down three places.

The crews were :

<i>1st Boat.</i>		st.	lbs.
	A. H. Prior (<i>bow</i>)	9	6
2	H. Reynolds	10	0
3	Hon. C. A. Parsons	11	4
4	E. M. J. Adamson	13	4
5	D. P. Ware	12	11
6	J. Allen	11	11
7	R. P. Stedman	11	3
	J. Phillips (<i>stroke</i>)	12	3
	F. R. Kennedy (<i>cox</i>)	7	2
<i>2nd Boat.</i>		st.	lbs.
	R. Ll. Williams (<i>bow</i>)	11	2
2	{ P. D. Rowe	10	10
	{ H. Sandford	11	4
3	G. M. Light	11	4
4	F. C. Davies	11	4
5	B. Jones	12	3
6	H. St. J. Wilding	11	6
7	J. A. G. Hamilton	10	9
	H. Sandford } (<i>strokes</i>)	10	6
	W. Gripper }	11	4
	W. L. Kingsford (<i>cox.</i>)	9	0

3rd Boat.		st.	lbs.
	W. J. Lee (<i>bow</i>).....	10	5
2	J. F. Johnson	10	0
3	W. Lloyd.....	10	4
4	W. J. Willan	10	12
5	A. C. Odell.....	11	2
6	W. Stopford	11	7
7	G. W. Haviland.....	9	8
	J. J. Lister (<i>stroke</i>).....	10	6
	A. W. O. Davys (<i>cox</i>)	8	11

The *Maples and Andrews (Freshmen's Sculls)* were rowed for on Saturday, May 26th. There were three entries, H. Sandford, H. E. Swabey, and A. H. Prior. Sandford, with first station, went away and won by twenty yards from Prior, whose failure was mainly owing to bad steering; Swabey gave up at Ditton.

At a General Meeting held on Wednesday, May 30th, the following Officers were elected for the October Term:

<i>President</i> :—Rev. A. F. Torry.	<i>Secretary</i> :—G. M. Light.
<i>1st Captain</i> :—H. L. Young.	<i>3rd Captain</i> :—A. H. Prior.
<i>2nd Captain</i> :—H. Reynolds.	<i>4th Captain</i> :—R. Ll. Williams.
<i>Treasurer</i> :—J. A. G. Hamilton.	<i>5th Captain</i> :—H. Sandford.

The *Long Vacation Scratch Fours* were rowed in the Long Reach on August 15th. Four boats came to the post, and after some very spirited racing the following were hailed as winners:

F. C. Hill (<i>bow</i>).	E. M. J. Hamilton (<i>stroke</i>).
2 J. S. Morris.	W. Marr (<i>cox</i>).
3 J. A. G. Hamilton.	

October Term. On October 18th, H. Sandford was elected 4th Captain *vice* R. Ll. Williams, who was not in residence, and W. L. Kingsford 5th Captain *vice* H. Sandford.

Forty-six new Members have been elected during the Term.

At a C. U. B. C. Meeting H. L. Young, 1st Captain L. M. B. C., was elected, without opposition, a Member of the C. U. B. C. Committee

The *University Fours* were rowed on Nov. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Seven crews entered. First Heat—Jesus beat 1st Trinity. Second Heat—L. M. beat Caius. Third heat—3rd Trinity beat Pembroke. Trinity Hall drew a bye.

In the second round we drew Jesus for the First Heat and were easily beaten, in spite of the most plucky rowing of our four. Second Heat—3rd Trinity beat Trinity Hall.

In the Final Heat Jesus had it all their own way, winning as they liked by twenty-four strokes.

The L. M. crew consisted of

H. Reynolds (<i>bow</i>).	3 H. A. Williams (<i>steerer</i>).
2 A. F. Green.	E. M. J. Adamson (<i>stroke</i>).

The '*Pearson and Wright*' Sculls were won by H. Sandford from F. C. Davies and B. Jones by about thirty yards. Jones capsized at Ditton.

The *Colquhoun Sculls* were competed for on Nov. 8th, 9th, and 10th. Fourteen competitors started, two of whom entered from the L. M. B. C. (A. H. Prior and H. Sandford). Prior won his heat, and Sandford won by about $1\frac{1}{4}$ secs. from J. G. Pinder (Caius), which was given on appeal as a dead-head. In the second round Prior won a hard-contested race by 2 secs. from Pinder and Sandford, Sandford being about the same distance behind Pinder.

T. W. Barker (1st Trinity) and Prior were left in for the final heat. The weather never left the issue of the race for a moment in doubt. Barker's advantage in weight, he being twelve stone to Prior's eight, told the same tale that it always does in a high wind. Barker seemed to gain twenty yards at the start, before Prior could get any pace on his boat, and gaining steadily throughout he finished about ten yards behind Prior in 9 min. 27 secs.

The *Lady Margaret Trial Eights* were rowed on Saturday, Dec. 1st. Four boats had been got together and were divided into two sets, Senior and Junior. On the whole the boats were much above the average, the Seniors especially, and as they had been together much longer than usual the swing and time was very fair.

Senior Trials:

<i>Station I. Winning Crew.</i>		st	lbs	<i>Station II.</i>		st	lbs
	H. N. Sharpe (<i>bow</i>)	10	5		G. D. Haviland (<i>bow</i>)	9	9
2	F. E. Swabey	9	10	2	S. T. Penny	9	6
3	F. C. Hill	10	6	3	J. Watson	10	2
4	W. H. H. Steer	11	10	4	C. M. Stuart	11	1
5	J. A. G. Hamilton	10	8	5	J. P. Cort	12	4
6	A. H. Highton	10	4	6	A. F. Green	12	11
7	W. J. Lee	10	5	7	B. Jones	12	3
	T. E. Foster (<i>stroke</i>)	10	8		J. J. Lister (<i>stroke</i>)	10	11
	G. A. Loveday (<i>cox</i>)	8	8		B. W. Clarke (<i>cox</i>)	6	0

Lister's boat, starting at forty strokes per minute, gained nearly fifty yards in the First-post Reach but were unable to keep their advantage at such a furious stroke. At Grassey they were quite rowed out, and from that point Foster's boat went away and evidently won by about 4 secs. The winning boat was coached by H. Reynolds and the losing by A. H. Prior.

Junior Trials:

<i>Station I.</i>		st	lbs	<i>Station II. Winning Crew.</i>		st	lbs
	J. E. Marr (<i>bow</i>)	9	4		A. W. O. Davys (<i>bow</i>)	9	7
2	M. Rainsford	10	3	2	G. M. Kingston	10	8
3	T. A. Gurney	9	10	3	H. T. Kenny	10	5
4	J. S. Sandys	10	4	4	G. G. Wilkinson	11	9
5	A. Young	10	9	5	G. W. Turner	10	7
6	G. M. Burnett	10	9	6	W. A. Bond	10	2
7	H. J. Lewis	9	11	7	A. Hawkins	9	12
	F. C. Butler (<i>stroke</i>)	9	2		J. B. Wells (<i>stroke</i>)	11	0
	R. V. C. Bayard (<i>cox</i>)	8	6		F. Terry (<i>cox</i>)	8	6

Wells's boat gained steadily all the way and finished within three lengths of Butler's. The winning boat was coached by G. M. Light, the losing by W. L. Kingsford.

The *Scratch Fours* were rowed on Monday, Dec. 3rd. With great trouble four boats were got together, and after some fair racing the following won :

A. Hawkins.	H. Sandford (<i>stroke</i>).
2 W. A. Bond.	J. E. Marr (<i>cox</i> .)
3 A. F. Green.	

It is a scandal to a large Club like ours that we can only get four boats to enter for the *Scratch Fours*, while on the same day we see *Pembroke*, a Club with half our numbers, with twelve entries. It is hoped that in future the Members will shew more zeal in supporting the Club.

At a General Meeting held on Dec. 3rd, the following were elected to hold office during the Lent Term :

<i>President</i> :—Rev. A. F. Torry.	<i>3rd Captain</i> :—A. H. Prior.
<i>1st Captain</i> :—A. F. Young.	<i>4th Captain</i> :—H. Sandford.
<i>2nd Captain</i> :—H. Reynolds.	<i>5th Captain</i> :—W. L. Kingsford.
<i>Treasurer</i> :—J. A. G. Hamilton.	<i>6th Captain</i> :—R. Ll. Williams.
<i>Secretary</i> :—G. M. Light.	

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY.

List of Officers for Michaelmas Term, 1877 :

<i>President</i> :—W. R. Hannam (resigned Oct. 27)	<i>Vice-President</i> :—H. J. Lewis
„ C. N. Murton, B.A. (elected Oct. 27)	<i>Hon. Treasurer</i> :—F. H. Colson.
	<i>Hon. Secretary</i> :—W. W. D. Firth.

Elected for Lent Term, 1878 :

<i>President</i> :—W. W. D. Firth	<i>Hon. Treasurer</i> :—C. H. Harper
<i>Vice-President</i> :—F. H. Colson	<i>Hon. Secretary</i> :—M. J. Michael

List of Members who have joined the Society this Term :

Questionist :—R. H. Marsh. *3rd Year* :—C. E. Brunton. *2nd Year* : J. P. Cort, J. H. George, J. J. Lister, F. De Q. Marsh, A. S. Ried, F. W. Whaley. *1st Year* :—A. R. Aspinall, R. H. Burghope, J. Spencer-Hill, M. Wetherell, J. B. Whitehead.

Debates. The following motions were discussed, with the following results :

October 20th, 1877.—“That this House views with satisfaction the reverses sustained by Russia during the present war.” For 5; against 2; present 27.

October 27th.—No motion was brought forward.

November 3rd.—“That in the opinion of this House, art-education and art-thought, in comparison with the other studies pursued at our Schools and Universities, are grossly neglected.” For 10; against 0; present 21.

November 10th.—“That this House, whilst recognizing the great public services of the Earl of Beaconsfield, regrets that his career has been marked by self-interest.” For 3; against 10; present 17.

November 17th.—“That Latin Christianity, whether politically, socially, or intellectually considered, was, from the fourth century to the sixteenth, the curse of Europe.” For 3; against 10; present 17.

November 24th.—There was a meeting for impromptu speaking, in accordance with a new rule passed November 3, 1877. Present 14.

December 1st.—“That it is undesirable that women should be admitted to professions, or to political rights.” For 3; against 11; present 15.

The Secretary would commend the Society to the notice of all Members of the College. It is now of long standing. Its

aims are to discuss any subjects except theological ones, and to accustom Members to public speaking. Its expenses are slight, consequently the Subscription is small, being Three Shillings for Life-Membership. W. W. D. Frith, *Hon. Sec.*

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY UNION. The following matches have been played by the Rugby Union Club:

St. John's v. Christ's.—Drawn in favour of Christ's by 1 try to nothing. Our team was a very weak one, though Bevan and Wrigley did good service for us.

St. John's v. Clare.—This game resulted in a draw, both sides touching down. Bevan, Agnew, Odell, and Allen played well for their College.

St. John's v. Caius.—Won by us by 1 goal and a try against nothing. Bevan and Wrigley played remarkably well behind, as also did Scott and Allen forward.

St. John's v. Bury St. Edmunds.—Played at Bury and resulted in a victory for the visitors by 2 goals and 1 try to 1 goal. Bevan and Odell played well behind.

St. John's v. Trinity Hall.—Won by us by 2 goals and 1 try to nothing. Bevan and Wrigley played well behind, while Agnew, Scott, Allen, and Slater did good service forward.

St. John's v. Jesus.—Played on Jesus Close. This game resulted in a draw, the ball not passing the goal line the whole time. The following represented St. John's: Gunnery, Wrigley (backs), Payne ($\frac{3}{4}$ back), Goulding, Bevan ($\frac{1}{2}$ backs), G. C. Allen, Carr, Gwillin, Odell (captain), Brooks-Smith, Slater, Vaughan, Agnew, Scott, Willan (forwards).

St. John's v. Pembroke.—Won by Pembroke by 1 goal (kicked by Finch who played remarkably well) to nothing. We were deprived of the services of Bevan, Agnew, Allen, and Scott.

ASSOCIATION MATCHES:

Oct. 25th, St. John's v. Old Salopians.—Played on our ground and won by 3 goals to 1.

Oct. 27th, St. John's v. Old Uppinghamians.—Won by 5 goals to nothing.

Oct. 30th, St. John's v. Jesus.—Played on Jesus Close. A very even game throughout, resulting in a draw.

Nov. 1st, St. John's v. Pembroke.—On our ground. The weather was fine and the game a very good one. St. John's had the best of it all through and won by 2 goals to nothing.

Nov. 6th, St. John's v. Old Salopians (return).—Won by 2 goals to nothing.

Nov. 8th, St. John's v. Old Brightonians.—We were much too strong for them and won by 6 goals to nothing.

Nov. 10th, St. John's v. Old Wykhamists.—Played on our ground and won by 5 goals to 1.

Nov. 12th, *St. John's v. King's and Clare.*—Played on King's Ground. The game ended without any advantage being got by either side although we had slightly the best of it throughout.

Nov. 13th, *St. John's v. Old Reptonians.*—Played on our ground and resulted in a draw.

Nov. 15th, *St. John's v. Jesus (return).*—Played on our ground and drawn as the first match was.

Nov. 17th, *St. John's v. Trinity Hall.*—Won by 2 goals to 1.

Nov. 20th, *St. John's v. Trinity.*—Played on our ground and lost by 1 goal to nothing.

Nov. 22nd, *St. John's v. Old Harrovians.*—The Old Harrovians were a much stronger team than we were, and won by 4 goals to nothing.

Nov. 24th, *St. John's v. Old Uppinghamians (return).*—In this match Old Uppinghamians brought a much stronger team than before, while our team was very weak, and consequently we were not surprised to find them turn the tables on us and win by 4 goals to 1.

Nov. 27, *St. John's v. Old Carthusians.*—Resulted in a draw after a very even game.

The play all round has been very fair, but special mention must be made of Hallam and Wild, who were most energetic in all the matches in which they played.

The following have played in one or more matches for St. John's:—Rev. A. F. Torry, H. R. Browne, E. L. Browne, Aspinall, Bowers, Chapman, Carlisle, Carr, Cassells, A. C. Davies, Garland, Hallam (captain), Howard, Livett, Nicholls, Brook-Smith, Roughton, Sandford, Walker, White, and Wild.

Our account of the St. John's College Athletic Sports is in type and will appear in our next number.

G. M. Light has been elected a member of the Editorial Committee of *The Eagle*; the other Editors are Mr. Sandys, Mr. Foxwell, H. E. J. Bevan, and J. A. G. Hamilton. Mr. Whitaker, who, we regret to say, has gone out of residence, has resigned the office of *Secretary*.

The Editors embrace this opportunity to appeal to the members of the College to lend a more vigorous support to the College Magazine. In the present number not a single article is contributed by an Undergraduate, and unless this state of things is soon rectified, the Magazine cannot be said to represent the College in the fullest sense of the term, much less can it be considered to be in a flourishing condition. We trust that all members of the College, and the Undergraduates in particular, will use their best endeavours to aid the College Magazine, not only by subscribing for it but also by contributing to it.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

MUSICAL SERVICES.

Lent Term, 1878.

			HYMN	TUNE
<i>Jan.</i>	26.	Travers F.	348	124
"	27.	Monk A. Jub. Hopkins. Stainer E flat. Oh, where shall wisdom be found. <i>Boyce</i> (p. 108).	540	(M.S.)
"	29.	Gregorian.	423	363
"	31.	Gregorian.	342	321
<i>Feb.</i>	1.	Calkin B flat.	339	182
"	2.	Colborne D. I will wash my hands (p. 276). <i>Hopkins.</i>		
"	3.	Smart F. Smart F. It is a good thing to give thanks. (p. 285). <i>Bridge.</i>	331	531
"	5.	Trimnell D.	501	183
"	7.	Trimnell D.	359	172
"	9.	Garrett F. (II.)	410	230
"	10.	Garrett F. (II.) Barnby E. God is our hope and strength. (p. 67). <i>Greene.</i>	509	(A.M.)
"	12.	Wesley (Rec.) (II.)	407	5
"	14.	Wesley (Rec.) (II.)	439	459
"	16.	Jackson G.		
"	17.	Benedicite, Best. Cooke G.	543	96
<i>(Septua.)</i>		Gounod D. And God said. <i>Haydn.</i> (p. 216).		

			HYMN	TUNE
<i>Feb.</i>	19.	Best E.	373	178
	„	21. Best E.	440	299
	„	23. Hatton E.	197	255
	„	24. Steggall G.	212	441
		<i>(S. Matt.)</i> Garrett E flat. (Mag.)		
		Then shall the righteous		
		(p. 275). <i>Mendelssohn.</i>		
	„	26. Hopkins (Rec.)	334	69
	„	29. Hopkins (Rec.)	446	24
<i>Mar.</i>	2.	Goss E.	441	97
	„	3. Sullivan D.	465	136
		Turle D.		
		O praise the Lord of heaven.		
		<i>Goss.</i>		
	„	5. Bridge (Rec.)	490	586
	„	7. Bridge (Rec.)	444	631
	„	9. Walmisley C.	553	327
	„	10. Goss A.	103	15
		Hoyte B flat.		
		Lord, how long will Thou forget		
		me? <i>Mendelssohn.</i> (p. 268).		
	„	12. Stainer (chant).	108	39
	„	14. Stainer (chant).	429	223
	„	16. Best D.	466	12
	„	17. Best D.	109	139
		Garrett E Flat (Cantate).		
		In Thee, O Lord (p. 58).		
		<i>Weldon.</i>		
	„	19. Hopkins (Unison).	105	74
	„	21. Hopkins (Unison).	547	160
	„	23. Parry D.	107	51
	„	24. Hatton C.	213	357
		Hatton C.		
		Judge me, O God (p. 267).		
		<i>Mendelssohn.</i>		
	„	25. Chipp A.		
		<i>(Annunc.)</i> And the Angel Gabriel		
		(p. 276). <i>Monk.</i>		

		HMYN	TUNE
<i>Mar.</i>	26. Wesley (Rec.) (I.)	419	222
"	28. Wesley (Rec.) (I.)	545	119
"	30. Ouseley E flat.	552	102
"	31. Ouseley E flat.	422	(M.)
	Hopkins B flat (Cantate).		
	Call to remembrance (p. 226).		
	<i>Battishill.</i>		
<i>April</i>	2. Best B flat.	470	191
"	4. Best B flat.	432	569
"	6. Porter D.	482	216
"	7. Wesley F. Hopkins C.	534	117
	Wesley F.		
	Withdraw not thou Thy mercy		
	(p. 256). <i>Attwood.</i>		
"	13. Hopkins C.	396	278
"	14. Boyce C. Oakeley.	115	110
	Walmisley B flat.		
	He is blessed that cometh (p. 271).		
	<i>Mozart.</i>		

The Hymn Tunes are generally from the "Hymnary."



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

II.

HARROW.

*Io! Triumphe! Stet domus Io!
Fortuna nostrae! Floreat Io!
Absentium praesentium
Invicta laus Hergensium!
Io! Io! Io!*

ABOUT ten miles to the north-west of London, rising conspicuously above the surrounding country, stands Harrow-on-the-Hill, known in olden days as Harewe atte Hulle, and in Domesday Book as Herges. As to the derivation of this name Herges, doctors differ, but few will doubt that the meaning of "Church," which many assign to it, is correct, when they look at the grand old Church with its lofty spire, towering upwards from the summit of the hill. The little village that caps the hill-top was not without its share of local celebrity long before John Lyon founded his now famous school, for the ancient manor-house (it has vanished ages ago), was for a long time a favourite residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Thomas à Becket resided in it just a few days before his death, keeping great hospitality and receiving many civilities from the Abbot of St. Albans; not so, however, from Robert de Broc, the vicar, and Rigellus de Sackville, "the usurping Rector of Harrow." These two worthies deeming such conviviality unseemly and impious, treated him with great

disrespect, and with their own hands maimed a horse which carried the Archbishop's provisions, by cutting off its tail, a sacrilege for which they were promptly excommunicated.

At a later period Cardinal Wolsey, who was Rector of Harrow, lived there, and it is probably owing to him that the sign of the old King's Head Inn, which attracts the eye at the commencement of the town, exhibits the burly form of Henry VIII; and about the same time, one William Bolton, prior of St. Bartholemew the Great in Smithfield, being alarmed by some astronomical prophecies of a second flood, fled with all his brethren of the Priory, with provisions, boats, &c., to a house of refuge which he had built on the top of the hill and victualled for eight weeks, believing in the rapid subsidence of the waters, and many of all ranks followed his example. The following quaint extract from an old writer of 1573 gives an account of Harrow at the time of the above story, and is also interesting as having been written just about the time when John Lyon was getting from Queen Elizabeth his charter for a new school.

"It may be noted how nature hath exalted that high Harrow-on-the-Hill as it were in the way of ostentation to shewe it selfe to all passengers to and from London, who beholding the same may saye it is the center (as it were) of the pure vale; for Harrow standeth invironed with a great contrye of moste pure grounds, from which hill, towardes the time of harveste a man maye beholde the feyldes rounde about so sweetly to address themselves to the sicke and syth, with such comfortable haboundance of all kinde of grayne, that it maketh the inhabitants to clappe theyr handes for joye to see theyr valleys so to laugh and singe. Yet this fruiteful and pleasante country yeldeth little comforte unto the wayfaringe man in the winter season, by reason of the clayish nature of the soyle, which after it hath tasted the

autombe showers it beginneth to mix deep and dirtye, yelding unsavery passage to horse and man. Yet the countye swayne holdeth it a sweet and pleasant garden, and with his whippe and whysell can make himself melodye, and dance knee deepe in dirte, the whole daye, not holdinge it any disgrace unto his person. Such is the force of hope of future profit—

The deepe and dirtiest lothsome soyle,
Yeldes golden grayne to carefull toyle,

and that is the cause that the industrious and painful husbandmen will refuse a pittance, to droyle in theys golden puddles.”—(*Norden*, 1573).

Thanks, however, to good old John Lyon, “the wayfaring man” will now find “savory passage” without any “disgrace unto his person,” on an excellent road that stretches from Harrow right away to the heart of London. This road, which like everything else near London, is beginning to get prosaic and business-like, has had a rather romantic history, and many are the local legends that still linger round it of the times when Dick Turpin and Claude Duval were the terror of all travellers; and there is still to be seen at the little village of Willesden the cage where Jack Sheppard was once held in durance vile. The road shortly after it begins the ascent of the Hill, passes “Julian Hill,” from which was taken the scene of Trollope’s *Orley Farm*, and a few hundred yards further on, the “King’s Head Inn.” The sign-board of this inn (already alluded to as, indirectly, the work of Cardinal Wolsey) is an excellent portrait of Henry VIII, which oddly enough also bore a very striking resemblance to Mr. Clark the late proprietor. It was probably at this inn that Thomas à Becket, when a young aspirant to holy orders in the household of Archbishop Theobald, put up for the night. The hostess, it is said, was struck with young Becket’s personal appearance, and dreamed a dream of him

'covering the church with his vestments,' which her husband interpreted to foretell that he should be lord of that church, and so indeed it came to pass.

Of far greater interest than this Inn is the old Church, from the top of whose spire there is a magnificent view, stretching into thirteen counties, while some have been bold enough to declare that they have seen the sea from it. It once served to point a royal joke and end a theological controversy, for Charles II silenced certain divines who were hotly disputing in his presence, by declaring that Harrow Church was the only "Church visible" of which he could form any practical realization.

The original building was erected by Archbishop Lanfranc in the time of William the Conqueror, but the only remains are a curious ancient arch, and some circular columns. The Church as it now stands was built in the 14th century, and on one occasion narrowly escaped destruction, for the spire was struck by lightning and nearly 20 feet of it consumed, the preservation of the Church itself being mainly due to the gallant exertions of a Mr. Timberlake, one of whose descendants has been for many years familiar to Harrow as a "practical tailor." The coat and hat of that hero were long preserved by his family as memorials of his courage, for they were nearly covered with the molten lead which fell on him from the spire.

Inside the Church there is a brass taken from the tomb of John Lyon with the inscription, *Heare lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston, yeoman,... who hath founded a free grammar schoole in the parish to have continuance for ever, &c.... Prayse be to the Author of all goodness who makes us myndful to follow his good example.* There are also many other interesting brasses and relics, which we will leave to those "whose minds are capacious of such things," and pass on. Outside, in the churchyard, lies the tombstone popularly

known as "Lord Byron's tomb." The poet's real connexion with the spot is described by himself in a letter to a friend, "There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey) where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot." Many visitors, however, seem to cherish the delusion that it was the poet's last resting-place, for the real name is almost obliterated. It is almost needless to add that it has long ago been found necessary to surround the stone with iron bars to protect it against the vandalism of the modern tourist. The reader, it is to be hoped, will not conclude too hastily that Harrow boys are in the habit now-a-days of spending their half-holidays in ruminating, at full length, on a cold gravestone; for Byron was a somewhat eccentric individual. Indeed, a few yards off, we have a further proof of his predilection for "graves and worms and epitaphs," for the following lines on a rail at the east end were written by him at school, though they are no longer legible:

Beneath these green trees, rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies;
A time shall come when the green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

In the good old days of fagging, it was the custom to send new boys to make the tour of the churchyard at the uncanny ghost-hour of 12 o'clock at night. The north porch long had (and some still call it so) the name of "Bloody Porch," from some ghastly legend which seems to have been forgotten.

Hard by the church stand the Old School buildings, a substantial edifice of red brick, which even the most enthusiastic Harrovian will scarcely venture to call handsome, though it can be compared favorably even in this respect with the buildings of some other Public

Schools. The western half of this block is the original building and contains in accordance with the Founder's will, the "large and convenient school-house, with a chimney in it;" below which is a cellar, originally "divided into three several rooms—the one for the Master, the second for the Usher, and the third for the Scholars," while above are five rooms which long ago used to be the private apartments of the Masters, but are now used as schoolrooms.

This venerable room is now called the "Fourth Form Room," and is of all spots the most beloved by all Harrovians, for apart from its old age, it has a peculiar interest for every Harrow boy; for there on the dark oak panelling which surrounds the room were cut by their own hands in boyhood the names of many of the most illustrious of the sons of Harrow. There, close together, are the schoolfellows BYRON and R. PEEL, the latter in bold, deep, capitals, characteristic of the earnestness and vigour that marked his after career; and not far off, his successor in the Premiership, H. TEMPLE, 1800, better known as Lord Palmerston, whose coat of arms is emblazoned in the statesmen's window near the Lady Margaret table in our College Hall. There, too, is another Prime Minister, SPENCER PERCEVAL, while the initials R. B. S. tell us that Richard Brinsley Sheridan carried on his wild uproarious pranks within these walls. These and many other names of men distinguished in history can be read on our boards; and who can tell how many that once were there have been slashed away by the ruthless knives of boys who have tried to rescue their own names from oblivion by cutting them about the names of those who will never be forgotten?

The more modern half of this block of buildings was added at the beginning of this century. It was built to harmonise with the old school, and the room corresponding to the Fourth Form Room, is, or rather

was, the "Speech Room," so called from its being the place where the annual speeches were, till two years ago, delivered by the monitors. In a speech list of the year 1803, we find Peel and Byron acting together as Turnus and Latinus respectively in a passage taken from the *Æneid*. Byron at first wished to take the part of Drances, but got another boy to take it, being afraid that the latter half of the line *Ventosa in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus istis* would contain a too pointed allusion to his own lame foot, a subject on which he was singularly sensitive.

These buildings however, large as they are, proved altogether insufficient for the rapidly increasing numbers, and instead of the "large and convenient school-house with a chimney in it," the hill top is now crowned with many an imposing edifice that bears witness to the growing prosperity of the school.

First, there is the Chapel, a beautiful Gothic structure by Gilbert Scott. What a strange contrast between past and present! In the Founder's will we find it laid down that "The scholars shall attend the Parish Church and hear the Scripture read and interpreted with attention and reverence; he that shall do otherwise shall receive correction for his fault." John Lyon also ordained that the governors should "procure XXX good sermons to be preached therein, yearely for ever—and pay to the Preacher or Preachers thereof tenn pounds yearely of like lawfull mony, (that is to say) for every sermon *six shillings and eightpence.*" When, however, the school increased so largely, it was found necessary to build a separate School Chapel. This again, in the prosperous reign of Dr. Vaughan, proving too small, was succeeded by the present handsome building, the chancel of which was the gift of Dr. Vaughan himself, while the south aisle (called "the Crimean aisle") was built by old Harrovians, and dedicated to the memory of their schoolfellows who fell in the Crimean War.

Next to the Chapel stands another handsome building, the "Vaughan Library." This splendid room was erected by subscription as a lasting testimonial to the work of the Head-Master, whose name it bears. A more delightful room for reading can scarcely be imagined. There is already an excellent and extensive selection of books, and as every boy who leaves the school above the fourth form is expected to present some volumes to it, the supply is rapidly increasing. The beauty of the room is still further enhanced by some portraits of celebrated men, the commencement of a gallery of Harrow worthies, and by several busts—the only non-Harroviaan admitted being Shakespere, a fine bust of whom, lately presented to the School by Sir J. Montefiore, presides over the part of the library dedicated to Shakesperian literature.

It may be doubted, however, if the books, pictures, or busts are objects half so interesting to the young Harrovian as yonder case on the wall (now, alas! covered by a green cloth to conceal its emptiness), where the "Ashburton Shield" *usually* hangs. This, as many of our readers are aware, is a silver challenge shield given by Lord Ashburton, to be competed for by the eleven best shots in any English School. The victorious team keep the shield for a year, and have the name of their school engraved on the rim. In the first year, 1861, there were only three competitors—Rugby, Harrow, and Eton; now, however, ten or eleven schools send up their elevens to shoot for the coveted prize, and out of the 17 matches Harrow has won 8 times.

Just below the shield lies a silver arrow, a relic of the good old days of yewbows and clothyard shafts. John Lyon no doubt would have been an enthusiastic supporter of the Volunteer movement, for one of the conditions imposed upon every parent was to furnish his son *at all times with bowshafts, bowstring, and a bracer, to exercise shooting.*

From time immemorial a silver arrow was shot for by the twelve best archers in the school, who shot "in fancy dresses of satin, usually green or pink and white, embroidered with gold, with green silk sashes and caps." The victor was carried home in triumphal procession, with fanfares of French horns and bugles, and gave a ball in the schoolroom, to which the neighbouring gentry were invited. The arrow won in 1766 by Charles Wager Allix is the one at which we have been looking, and below it is a suit of the gorgeous archery dress which was once worn by one of these competitors, while in another part of the room is a painting of one of these young archers dressed in his rainbow-tinted dress of silks and satin.

Close to these relics of archery may be seen an old print of one of these contests, in one corner of which is a man running away with an arrow in his eye, who tradition says was a barber Goding by name, who was shot, probably by his own carelessness, at one of these annual matches.

The boys would certainly have been a match for any of the modern "Toxophilite" clubs, if we may rely on the statement of a Red Indian Chief who declared them to be very good shots, though he thought that he himself could have beaten them. This ancient custom, however, was abolished a hundred years ago, owing to the large and disorderly crowds which came from London to see this exhibition, to the detriment of the morals and discipline of the School.

To return to the Vaughan Library. One whole end of the building is taken up with a very valuable collection of antiquities given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to his old school, at which the British Museum it is said has cast longing eyes, in vain; and Mr. Ruskin has also enriched the room by a valuable geological collection. Not the least interesting of the relics in this room is a large case containing manuscripts, among which may be seen an arithmetic notebook

of Sir Robert Peel, beautifully written, and a copy of Lord Byron's Euripides, which proves that whatever his Lordship's accomplishments may have been, he attempted Euripides when he was really only fit for Greek Delectus, such words as *καλὸς* and *χρυσὸς* having their English equivalents written above them.

These two buildings, the Chapel and "the Vaughan," are really very handsome, but what could have induced any architect to erect such a building as "The New Speech Room," we are at a loss to understand. This huge, ugly mass of red brick is quite new, having only been opened last year, and supersedes the old Speech-room which could scarcely contain 600 people, and was therefore far too small for the purposes for which it was used. The new room, built in the form of an amphitheatre, can contain a large audience, and will henceforward be used for the annual speeches and also for the various lectures and concerts which have hitherto had to be content with the old Speech-room. The interior is certainly well suited to its purpose, and makes a fine room; but why could not the outside have been made an ornament and not an eyesore to the town? However, there are other buildings in Harrow which were perhaps as ugly when first built, but now look very handsome, owing to the ivy and lovely creepers with which they are covered, and which are well set off by the dark red brick.

Next to the Chapel and opposite to the New Speech-room are the "New Schools," not very interesting in themselves to the stranger, except perhaps as an example of the remark just made, that time and ivy have a wonderfully beautifying effect on a red brick building. Next to these, and lower down the side of the hill, come the "Science Schools," containing lecture-rooms and laboratories, for Natural Science is now an important item in our curriculum, and is compulsory in the Upper School and most of the

Lower. A circular building standing behind at a few yards distance is our Observatory, containing a great telescope, through which our Harrow astronomers are wont to spy at the Moon with "optick glass,

And descry,
Rivers and mountains in her spotty globe."

Still lower down the hill we come to the last of our Scholastic buildings. It is the "Music Hall," a most ingeniously constructed edifice. It consists, in fact, of a number of very small chambers, built in such a manner that the sounds made in one room cannot be heard in the next. In these strange dungeons the young pianist may murder time and tune, unheard by mortal ear; here, too, that enemy of mankind, the beginner on the violin may, without offence, extract from his poor instrument those excruciating shrieks, only heard when some youth is, as we have seen it described, "scraping the tail of a horse on the bowel of a cat." The advantage of this arrangement will at once commend itself to any one of our readers who has a bugle playing above him, a French horn below, two pianos alongside, and a flute at one corner.

Nor is it only to Classics, Sciences, and the Arts that new temples have been raised on this our Acropolis; for within the last five years has arisen a large covered Gymnasium, and no boy can now escape from Harrow without a good physical as well as mental training, for gymnastics is compulsory during a part of every boy's career, unless a medical exemption be obtained. It is possible that this compulsion (such is the perverse nature of small boys) might make the exercise to be looked on as a school-drudgery, but this is more than neutralized by the rivalry roused by the competition for the Championship of the Gymnasium. Beneath the Gymnasium is a large workshop for carpentry and practical Mechanics—a useful and interesting occupation—which ought to meet with

far more favour among boys than it generally does. The older building adjoining the Gymnasium is the covered court for Racquets, a game that is played with more success at Harrow than almost any other, a proof of which may be seen in the Vaughan Library, where there stands a silver challenge cup, once played for by the Schools of England, but now in the possession of Harrow for ever, by right of having won it *three* years in succession.

While on the subject of games, it is worth remarking that foot-ball as played at Harrow in former generations, must have been a very curious game. It was played on the gravel court which surrounded the old school-house on three sides; so that the goals, instead of facing each other, were on a parallel line, with the building between, *round* which the ball had to be kicked.

Of course the great game at Harrow, as at all public schools, is cricket. This also, as we are shewn by an old picture of 1802, used to be played in the school yard with *two* stumps and a great bludgeon-like bat. Now, however, there is no cricket match in England which attracts so vast and so aristocratic a gathering as the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's cricket ground. We do not of course mean to say that better cricket is to be seen then, than for instance, in the "Gentlemen *v.* Players," but certain it is that this meeting of 22 boys from the two greatest Public Schools of England has come to be regarded by the world of fashion as the great event of the cricket season. What then will the fashionable world say when it hears that this great Picnic day will probably ere long be abolished. The first recorded match between the schools was in 1805 (in which we find Lord Byron scoring 7 and 4), so that the matches have continued for upwards of 70 years.

Such then is the outward Harrow of bricks and mortar. What a strange contrast to the "convenient

school-house with a chimney to it," of which our Founder's will makes mention. The germ of this wonderful expansion and growth may be traced to our noble Founder himself, of whom it is now time to say a few words.

Upwards of three centuries have passed away since John Lyon, yeoman, of Preston, sat beside a mineral well, hard by Harewe-atte-hille. Every day, year after year, had he patiently sat there, receiving in his large leathern purse the thank-offering of many a pilgrim, who came from London to be cured at the healing well. With the money thus gathered, and with the profits of his farm, he purchased land, and soon was looked up to by his neighbours as a man of wealth and importance. John Lyon, however, was not one of those sordid souls who win money for its own sake, for amid all his labours he had steadily kept before him a noble purpose, though it was not till the year 1571 that the plans for his scheme were completed. In that year (on the 6th of February, the birthday of Harrow) a charter was obtained from Queen Elizabeth, giving him authority to found a "Free Grammar School," and to frame its statutes. These statutes, contained in the will of John Lyon, are exceedingly interesting, both as shewing the noble character of Lyon and as laying the foundations for the future greatness of Harrow, but are far too long to be quoted here. However, some of the "Observations for the ordering the School" admit of being extracted and are well worth reading.

If the Schoolmaster within one-half year be not thought by the greater part of the Governors to be an honest, learned, discreet, diligent, sober man, let him be removed; so likewise be it of the Usher.

The Master shall take order that all his Scholars repair unto the school in the morning by six of the clock throughout the year (7.30 now), or as soon as they conveniently may, having respect unto the distance of the

place from which they come and the season of the year . . . and the first thing which shall be done in the morning, after they have assembled, and the last in the evening before their departure, shall be upon their knees with reverence to say Prayers to be conceived by the Master . . . unto whom all the residue shall answer, Amen.

He shall have regard to the manners of his scholars, and see they come not uncombed, unwashed, ragged, or sloven like, but before all things he shall punish severely swearing, lying, picking, stealing, fighting, filthiness of speech, or such like.

The Scholars shall not be permitted to play except on Thursdays only, sometimes when the weather is fair, and on Saturdays or half-holidays after Evening Prayer, and their play shall be to drive a top, to run, to shoot, and no other.

The Master shall use no other kind of correction save the rod, moderately, except it be a very thin Ferula on the hand for a light negligence, so likewise of the Usher; if they do, they shall be deposed.

None above the First Form shall speak English in the school or when they go to play together; and for that, and other faults, there shall be 2 Monitors, who shall give up their rolls every Friday, and the Master shall appoint privately one other Monitor, who shall present the faults of the other two, and their faults which they either negligently omit or willingly let slip.

The Schoolmaster shall see the school very clean kept. He shall not receive any girls into the said school.

Besides these ordinances, there were the following "Six Articles to be observed by parents whose children are admitted into the free school:"

1. You shall submit your child to be ordered in all things, according to the discretion of the said Schoolmaster and Usher.

2. You shall find your child sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter, and all other things necessary for the maintenance of his study.

3. You shall allow your child at all times *a bow, three shafts, bowstrings, and a bracer to exercise shooting.*

4. You shall see diligently, from time to time, that your child keep duly the times of coming to the school, and in diligent continuing of his study and learning.

5. You shall be content to receive your child, and put him to some profitable occupation, if after one year's experience, he shall be found unapt to the learning of the grammar.

6. If your child shall use at sundry times to be absent the school, unless it be by reason of sickness, he shall be utterly banished the school.

It will be readily perceived that Lyon really meant to found a school for his own village, though he gave permission to the Master to receive as many "foreigners" (*i.e.* boarders) as he conveniently could. It is fortunate, however, for the welfare, we may say the existence of Harrow, that the Founder added a clause at the end of his will, empowering the Governors to make any alterations they found necessary in his statutes; but for that one clause, the long eventful career of Harrow would have been far other than has been. Of the earliest Head-Masters down to the time of Dr. Sumner, in 1770, we will say no more, than that they were very able men, and also most of them from Eton. On the death of Dr. Sumner, one of the Under-Masters, the great Samuel Parr, himself an old Harrovian, became a candidate for the Head-Mastership, his rival being Dr. Heath, an old Etonian; when the day of election came on, and it was understood that Heath was chosen, the School broke out into open rebellion, indignant that the Head-Masters were brought from the rival school, "as though Harrow were a mere appendix to Eton." The house where the governors met was attacked and broken into, and the carriage of one of them was dragged out of the yard and broken to pieces. One of the Under-Masters, trusting to his popularity with the boys, interfered to

rescue it, and succeeded, no doubt to the great satisfaction of the owner, in saving "one entire side of the vehicle." The ringleader in this riot was the Marquis of Wellesley, who being summoned to the study of his guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, rushed in, waving one of the tassels of the demolished carriage and shouting "Victory." Before another day had passed the young scamp was entered at Eton, and Harrow thus lost one of the most elegant of modern scholars, and a great statesman. It was also owing to this untoward incident, that his younger brother Arthur, afterwards the great Duke of Wellington, first learned to rough life on the playing fields of Eton and not on those of Harrow. Parr, the cause of all these misfortunes, defeated in his election, coolly walked off to Stanmore about 4 miles away, together with about one-third of the boys, and there set up a rival school, which, however, did not continue for many years, for Parr was before long appointed Head-master of Colchester.

Parr was a really great scholar, and a very remarkable man; but it is after all well for Harrow that he was never her Head-master, if we may believe the stories that are told of his life at Stanmore and other schools. Two things he specially enjoyed, viz. using a birch and looking on at a "mill"; indeed, he issued an edict that all pugilistic encounters should take place on a plot of ground opposite his window, where, with blind half drawn, the great Doctor could enjoy the sight without being seen.

Parr's three friends at Harrow were Sir William Jones, the linguist of twenty-eight languages; and Bennet, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne; and Richard Warburton. It is said that Parr, Jones, and Bennet (Bill, Will, and Sam, as they were called) were intensely fond of "disputing together in Latin logic." They also parcelled out the country into three separate dominions (Arcadia, Argos, and Sestos), of which they

were kings, and there acted a tragedy which they had written. It is a sign of the degeneracy of the modern schoolboy that the writer can recollect no instance of little boys "disputing in Latin logic," and writing and acting tragedies. A few years later there entered the School a young Irish boy, Sheridan by name, destined "to be the plague and delight of his masters at Harrow, as he afterwards was of the political world." Although in after life the wittiest of English dramatists, and perhaps the greatest orator the House of Commons has ever heard, he entered and left the School with the character of an impenetrable dunce. We may be sure, however, that he was ringleader in all mischief, for we know, among other things, that he had somewhere or other a regular apple loft, and a trained band of his schoolfellows, who robbed all the orchards far and near.

At the death of Dr. Heath's successor, Dr. Drury, another riot took place about the election, this time under the leadership of the turbulent Lord Byron. The Governors had appointed Dr. Butler, and the boys wanted Mr. Mark Drury to be the Head-master. The rebellion lasted for three days, and the very existence of the School was in danger, for an attempt was made to blow up Dr. Butler with a train of gunpowder; the train was fired, but, being mistimed, did not kill the Doctor as intended. It was at first proposed to blow the whole School-house into the air, but this was fortunately prevented by Byron himself, their ringleader, who, as he himself tells us, "saved the School-room from being burnt, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls." The military were at length summoned and the outbreak effectually quelled.

Byron's notices of his School life are so well known to the general reader that we will only give one or two characteristic passages. "At School," he says, "I was remarked for the extent and readiness of

my general information, but in all other respects idle; capable of great sudden exertions, such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters (of course with such prosody as it pleased God), but of few continuous drudgeries. . . . Peel, the orator and statesman, was my form-fellow; as a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal. Out of School, I was always in scrapes, he never; in School, he always knew his lesson, I rarely. But the prodigy of our days was Sinclair, who made exercises for half the School (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it. He was a friend of mine, and at times begged me to let him do my exercise, a request readily accorded when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. . . . At Harrow I fought my way very fairly; I think I lost but one battle out of seven."

An anecdote is related that Peel was one day being thrashed by a big tyrant, and Byron feeling for his friend's misery, but knowing that he was not strong enough to fight with any hope of success, nevertheless rushed forward and, in a voice trembling with terror and indignation, asked the bully to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict. "Why, you little rascal, what's that to you?" "Because if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half."

Under Dr. George Butler (father of the present Head-Master) and under his successor, Dr. Longley, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the numbers of the school suffered little change. But Dr. Wordsworth, who came next, found 165 boys at the School, and left it after 8 years of office, with only 78, the lowest point which the numbers have reached since any record has been kept. Fortunately for the School he was succeeded by a man who was as eminent as Dr. Wordsworth was deficient in those qualities which are required to conduct a large public school.

This was Dr. Vaughan, one of the most distinguished pupils of the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He found the School in confusion, its numbers at the lowest ebb; but in three years it rose again in numbers and repute far more rapidly than it had fallen. After twelve more years of glorious and uninterrupted prosperity this "the greatest of her Head-masters" left Harrow and was succeeded by the present Head-master, Dr. Butler, who only nine years before had been head boy of the School.

Dr. Butler has carried on the work of Dr. Vaughan with, if possible, still greater success. Indeed, when one reflects that the School has for many years been quite full, numbering on an average about 550, and when we remember that most of the material Harrow that now crowns the top of our time-honoured hill was built during the reign of the present Head-master, we feel confident that as long as Dr. Butler, or anyone of his stamp, is at the helm, the School will increase still more in reputation as it has done in numbers and material prosperity.

Nor are the internal changes less great than the outward. Harrow had for many years been almost exclusively a Classical School, now, however, mathematics, modern languages, and natural science meet with full encouragement, while music, singing, and drawing are as thoroughly taught as they are enthusiastically learned. Nor is it mental training only that is encouraged by the Masters; to say nothing of the gymnasium of which we have spoken above, no boy is allowed to pass a year at Harrow without learning to swim, of which he must give practical proof by swimming a certain distance in "Ducker," the School bathing-place.

With regard to the singing, Harrow has been singularly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Farmer, a master who always succeeds in inspiring his pupils with some of the intense en-

thusiasm with which he himself regards music and singing. The School songs are for the most part composed by masters, and set to music by Mr. Farmer. Dr. Farrar, Dr. Bradby, and Dr. Westcott, when Under-masters at Harrow, contributed many, but the more popular are by Mr. Bowen and Mr. Robertson. Some of them are in Latin, as the Triumphal Song, the first stanza of which is placed at the head of this article; but the greater number of course are English, either original or translated. It is probable, too, that the name of Harrow will ere long come before the musical world in a novel and unexpected way, for a few years ago Mr. Farmer and one of his pupils (we do not know to which of them the greater credit is due) made an extraordinary discovery by which the sound of a stringed instrument can be so increased that a violin can be made almost to drown the notes of an organ. The writer has seen the rough model of the instrument, and though the invention is not nearly perfected, the results were certainly very brilliant and astonishing.

Such is Harrow, the starting-point in the career of not a few of the greatest men of English history. Some of these we have already mentioned, but the list is far too long and varied for us to do more than give a few of the more brilliant. Of statesmen and orators we can point to Spencer Perceval and Palmerston, Sheridan and Peel; to the two greatest of the Governor Generals of India, the Marquis of Hastings and Earl Dalhousie; to Lord Rodney, the hero of the 12th of April, 1782, and to a host more. In literature and scholarship perhaps the most brilliant are Byron and Sir William Jones, "the most accomplished of the sons of men," Barry Cornwall, and—but enough, the list is endless, and lists are apt to become tedious. In the present generation, Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India; the Duke of Abercorn Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Archbishop Trench,

Cardinal Manning, Charles Merivale, the historian of Rome, Dean of Ely, and one of our Honorary Fellows, and scores more of the leading men in every path of life are a sufficient proof, if proof were wanted, that Harrow can still send forth men of ability and power; and those who cry out that the physique and pluck of English schoolboys is deteriorating, must admit that that deterioration has not begun in Harrow, when they are reminded of the astounding feats of Lieutenant Parr in the late Arctic Expedition, of the Victoria Cross presented to Lord Gifford at the storming of Coomassie, and of the vigorous dash of the "Ride to Khiva."

Indeed, we may say that adventure and travel have never failed to be courted by old Harrovians from the time when James Bruce, an old Harrovian, called by Livingstone "the greatest of all African travellers," and by a distinguished French writer "the new Herodotus," made his perilous and ever memorable journeys, about the middle of the last century, into that great continent, the mysteries of whose geography have only been solved in the last year, down to the present day, when Harrow has sent out a small steam vessel, under the command of one who was not indeed a Harrow boy, but a Harrow master, to help in the great work of African civilization. Readers of *The Eagle* will remember some of the interesting letters that Mr. H. B. Cotterill (once a Scholar of this College) has sent home. It is some time since we heard of the fate of the *Herga*, but we trust that it is still doing the work for which it was sent out, and that the flag of Harrow will long continue to float over the inland waters of Africa.

Such is our sketch of Harrow—a meagre sketch, doubtless, but that is the fault of the writer, not of his subject; for, indeed, one who undertakes to write about Harrow has no need to puzzle his brains to think of what to say; rather is he embarrassed by

the difficulty of choosing from the immense number of interesting objects and traditions that are gathered round our honoured hill. But we trust that enough has been said to make all our readers understand why it is that every Harrow boy is proud of the past history of Harrow and confident of its future, and to echo, even if they are not Harrovians themselves, the wish for the prosperity of our School, which is summed up in our motto, STET FORTUNA DOMUS.

J. S. S.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN A RECTORY.

THE night of Christmas Eve of the year 187— was passing merrily in the Rectory of Clayton le Field.

The Rector, a stately man of fifty-five, was enlivening the company with his frank, genial smile; he had a joke for every-one, and was, in short, the soul of good humour. You could hardly look at the Rev. George Dormer, M.A., without feeling sure that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, especially when you saw him accompanied by Mrs. Dormer, whose merry countenance and hearty laugh were almost of themselves sufficient to banish care.

And indeed the Rector had but little cause to repine at his lot. He was well connected, and had inherited a fair income, which he had not impaired by his marriage. His parish also, a family Rectory, was good, being amply endowed, without requiring more energy than is usually met with in the holder of a rich family living.

Nor were their six blooming children a source of much anxiety. Albert, the eldest, had returned from keeping his term at Christ Church, Oxford, and Edith, a bright and not bad-looking girl of barely seventeen, had just come out. Thomas, Mary, and James, were still in the Schoolroom; and little Ella, at the age of six, was the baby of the household. Dinner, which had

been attended by all the leading gentry of the neighbourhood, was now over; and the young friends of the children were flocking in to the ball which was to follow. The juveniles were all suiting themselves with partners; even little Ella, staying up by special permission, was piloting a boy about her own age through all the intricacies of the lancers.

A proud mother was Mrs. Dormer, when she saw her Edith engaged, for the third time, to Mr. Percy Tremaine, the only child of the wealthy Sir William. "The nicest couple in the room," remarked the sarcastic and inquisitive Dr. Bayman, "and so well matched."

"Pooh!" replies the overjoyed lady, unconsciously betraying her hopes, "Edith is quite a child, and Mr. Tremaine is nearly four and twenty."

An imperceptible shrug of the shoulders was Dr. Bayman's only response, as he mixed with the gay crowd, to pursue his observations. "Oh! Mr. Percy," says she, the next moment, "We have such fine chrysanthemums (Christmas anthems, our gardener calls them) in the Conservatory. I am afraid I cannot leave the room at present, or I should so like to shew them to you myself. You know we were talking about the new varieties a few weeks ago. By the way, Edith, my dear, could not you shew them to Mr. Tremaine? Besides, you look a little heated, you had better sit out a dance or two, and Mr Tremaine is so fond of flowers—almost as fond as you are, dear. It is such a sweet interesting taste: I never believe any person who is fond of flowers can be really bad. Do you, Mr. Percy?"

And she, too, left that part of the room, though I am afraid she cast more than one furtive glance back to observe the young couple. "George, love," says she to her husband. "I do not think they could be merrier. I shall be almost sorry when we adjourn to the other room for supper and snapdragon. And

Edith, too, dances so gracefully when she has a suitable partner. I am quite proud of her."

"Well, Ethel, darling," says he, "perhaps I may be spared for five minutes. I wish to add a few lines to to-morrow's sermon, cautioning people against luxury and extravagance. I am afraid there is a good deal too much of it in the parish at present; you know, it sets such a bad example."

"Yes, love, do caution them against it. They say that Tim Pritchard has been drinking again lately; and that good-for-nothing Stevens has been poaching in the Squire-field Coppice at Tremaine Park, all to get money to spend on drink. Perhaps, also, some of our class need a word. I hear Mrs. Johnson has been putting down a new carpet in the drawing-room quite as expensive as ours. You know ours is more than five years old, and a little faded; and hers will be quite fresh. I am certain the Johnsons cannot afford it; they are not at all well off, and must, I am sure, run into debt for it. Do mention this point, love."

Upon this the Rector retires to his study, to seat himself in his cosy arm-chair, where he soon begins to compose his sermon—and himself. So he takes up, and opens, his half finished manuscript.

"Let's see. Where did I leave off? Oh! here it is." (*Reading*) "But while we are bound to devote our most serious attention to the future, I must warn you not to neglect due consideration either of the present or of the past."

"Not badly turned, that! Of course we should not neglect the present. Half the enjoyments of life would vanish if we neglected the present. I don't feel quite so certain about the future. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. As for the past, would it not be droll to look back on old times again? But hulloa! what is this? Oh! its some of those lads' mischief; Albert's, I'll warrant." These last words

were directed to a huge turkey, which had entered the room during his reverie. "Upon my word, a bonny bird. He should have come in time to be dressed for to-day's dinner. Well, old fellow, who are you?"

To the Rector's astonishment, the bird returns a reply. "I am the ghost of a past Christmas; you said you would like to look back upon the past."

R. Ha! ha! ha! Ghost are you; That will never do. Won't do for Joseph, no; you are far too fat for a ghost. Fancy, your being my ghostly enemy! But you should have said you were a goblin; a turkey is always a gobbling. But, my old boy, take some advice. You are no goose. Dont eat too much. You turkies shorten your own lives by it. If you did not grow so fat, you would not suit our Christmas dinners; you would live all the longer."

T. "Good! this from you! Do you men never shorten your lives by eating too much? If you could only listen to me, I could give you some sage advice."

R. "Sage! from you? If you were a duck, I could expect sage—and onions. But from a turkey there is nothing but flavourless stuffing."

T. "Well, but hear my words."

R. "I don't care a fig either for the words of a Turkey or its bonds; both are rotten. Besides, you look so ridiculous with those enormous flaps; wattles you call them. I'd bet anything they proceed from intemperance."

T. "Take care, Mr. Rector. They that live in glass houses, you know. Before long these wattles will stick to your nose."

R. "Ha! ha! like the black pudding in the old story. But then, again, you do waddle so comically, with that great paunch and those thin legs."

J. "Have a care again, Mr. Rector; or, some day, I may return the compliment."

R. "After all, perhaps, that good living of yours improves your liver. I cannot see what a Turk

could want with any good living. Good livings suit us Christians very well. The better your living is, the better your liver will be, but the shorter your life. Well! but, what do you come here for?"

T. "I am the Christmas Eve of 1820. Look at this picture."

R. "Why, its only a great sucking-bottle, just what Ella used to have. Dear me! and there's the baby to match it. Why! was not I a baby in 1820? And, was I really like that? And is there pap in the bottle? Ha! ha! papa! pap, papa! pap for papa! ha! ha!"

At this moment another bird steps forward.

T. "And I am the Christmas Eve of 1830."

R. "All right. But why have you brought little James here?" enquired the Rector as he saw a slim lad of ten, dressed in jacket and square cap. "Why! that's just the school where I was educated. And the boy, too, is playing, like me, during lessons. See how the half-eaten apple and bunch of raisins drop from his pocket! Can that really be meant for me? You are not so far short of the mark, this time, old boy."

But now the Christmas Eve of 1840 steps in, and the young man of about Albert's age is seen in full academics, lounging about the streets of Oxford, and smiling to the pretty girls in the shops. The ever-ready cigar and pleasant companionship are indications of wasted time; but not perhaps more so than is usual in young men studying for the Church.

The Christmas Eve of 1850 has changed the scene. By that time we observe the richly-furnished Rectory, whose abundant table and well-stocked cellar are suggestive of good income.

The Turkey of 1860 has added another element. The young man is growing stout, and beside him stands a fair girl, who strikingly resembles Edith, save that her fuller figure, and her attendant boy of four years

old, with a little girl trotting behind in charge of a nurse, testify to the joys of matronhood.

Still the next bird presses on. In 1870, the scene very much resembles that of the present date, with, of course, a perceptible difference in the ages of the family.

The next apparition is greeted by the Rector with a loud laugh. "Christmas Eve of 1880 indeed! Why, you are too early." Still, the inexorable messenger will be attended to. The Rector looks, and hardly recognises himself. The increasing form and decreasing shanks betoken an indolent life, while the bloated nose and darkening hue of his face recall to remembrance the threatened wattles.

"That will do," says he, "a short life and a merry one."

"Once more, and we have done."

The Turkey of 1890 enters, laden with an open coffin, while the darkened room shews signs of mourning. But, close by, stand a young couple, who evidently do not share the grief. The husband, in the unmistakable garb of a clergyman, appears to scrutinise the apartment with an interested gaze.

"What a nice house," says the wife, "and how kind it was of Uncle James to give us this good living! I am sure you needn't overwork yourself, to do as well as is required; that is, as well as the last Rector did. They say he would have lived longer if he had been more careful in his diet; but, perhaps, on the whole it is all ordained for the best. That last fit of gout carried him off. Now let them bury the old gentleman."

At this moment a well-known voice breaks on the Rector's ear, and scares away the Turkeys.

"George, love, they are waiting for you for the snapdragon."

The Rector rubs his eyes: "So I am not fastened into my coffin?"

"What! you did not think you were screwed, did you?" said his wife. "You must have been dreaming."

“Well, perhaps I was a little tight,” says he, “but I will be with you directly. One of my old sermons will do very well for to-morrow.” So the Rector joins once more in the mirth, and no one but himself knows the history of his Turkeys.

“George love,” said Mrs Dormer, as she noticed Mr. Tremaine pressing Edith’s hand for the third time in taking leave, “I hope every one has enjoyed his Christmas Eve as well as you and I have done.”

D. G. H.



OUR ASCENT OF MOUNT HERMON.

ON the 7th of June, 1876 (leaving G., who was unwell, with the dragoman), W. H., his brother R. H., and myself, with our waiter Said, a fine strong young fellow, a muleteer, to look after our horses, and two guides, one of them a chasseur, started from Hasbeiya at 5 a.m. to ascend Mount Hermon (*Jebel Esh Sheikh*). Hasbeiya itself is a town of somewhat notorious interest in connexion with the Turkish massacres, and a warning to Turcophiles, for a large tract of empty houses now falling to ruins, and a palace still said to retain marks of blood, recall the massacre in 1860 of one thousand Christians within the walls of that palace by the the Druses through the traitorous complicity of the Turks. Our starting point being only two thousand feet above the sea with Hermon rising above it to a height of nine-thousand four-hundred feet, the day promised to be a fatiguing one, with the heat of a Syrian summer to endure, a climb of over seven-thousand feet and a walk of at least twenty-five miles before we could descend to Rasheiya, our destination for the night, and itself of similarly blood-stained memory with Hasbeiya. Still we had not had a climb for some time, the weather was fine, and our horses were to accompany us, (though they were of little use, as it happened), and so we started with eager anticipations of pleasure.

We had first to cross a high shoulder which forms a sort of outwork of the main range, from which it

is separated by a deep valley. This shoulder is dotted over with shrubs and fantastic rocks, and shews many remains of a remote antiquity. Besides rock-hewn wine-presses (still used by the villagers, who at vintage-time tread out the grapes in them, in little relief-companies of six at a time), there are wells, troughs, remains of a temple in which a hoard of silver coins was lately discovered, a stair-case now leading nowhere, a large round cistern, a mill-stone which is related to have served a fabulous lady as her spindle, and several sarcophagi, all cut out of the rock, and doubtless the relics of some ancient Phœnician city. A spot of more modern interest is pointed out where an Arab shot down his enemy. After passing these the path runs through thick shrubs, skirting a mountain-hollow full of yellow corn, then steeply mounts among boulders to the top of the shoulder. Then follows a descent into the grassy valley between the shoulder and the main ridge, which affords pasturage to large flocks of sheep; and here, to our delight, we found a sparkling spring of water to quench our fast-growing thirst.

We walkers (*i.e.* W. H., Said, the two guides and myself,) had now left the horses some distance behind, a source of infinite calamity as it turned out. For from our arrival at the spring to our arrival at Rasheiyā, we saw no more that day of horses or muleteer, or of R. H., who had unfortunately preferred riding, or, worst of all, of our luxurious lunch, which was in possession of the muleteer. The reason was that from the valley two or more paths apparently led up Hermon; and so they did, but only one that horses could follow. So, as we afterwards heard, when, having taken the wrong path, they could go no farther, R. H. quitted them, climbed the ridge by himself, was then misdirected by a shepherd, and made for a high peak which led precisely away from the real summit. Too tired to

retrace his steps he descended again, wandered about on the slopes till past four in the afternoon, and then happily came upon the horses, arriving finally in camp two hours after ourselves, ill compensated by a good lunch for his unlucky failure.

What were the guides doing all this while? Well they were Syrian (not Swiss) guides, and what I mean by this I shall best explain by saying that we led them, not they us, all the way, that they tried to mislead us to the wrong summit, and that they reached Rasheya with every sign of weariness in look and gait. Having *both* most mistakenly accompanied us to the spring, they were quite unable afterwards to discover what had become of the rest of the party, and gave up the search in despair. Meanwhile, after waiting for a space, as time was passing and much to be done, we resolved to push on.

Upon leaving the valley our way led gradually up an open ravine on the opposite side; the shrubs had completely disappeared, to be succeeded by a stunted lightning-struck tree here and there, but flowers were numerous, and a green mountain-dell broke in more than once on the long monotonous ascent. After mounting, mounting, mounting (would it ever end?), and taking in our belts to keep the wolf out, the ravine at last expanded into a wide basin, the steep side of which once surmounted, we were on the ridge and within the region of snow, though hot summer-suns had now left only patches in the more shaded clefts and hollows. It was delightful to moisten our parched throat with it as we went along, and as an additional subject of rejoicing, we found a lark's nest with eggs in, which we at once devoured, together with some leathery native bread our guides gave us from their share.

But our task was by no means accomplished yet. Ridge over ridge ran the long backbone of the range to the summit, which, seen from afar, seemed in that

brilliant atmosphere nearer than it was. So we toiled on in a state of great exhaustion from heat and fatigue, until we came upon some goatherds and their flocks; too tired to go to them, we sat ourselves down and waited while they brought us brimming bowls of hot frothing goats' milk, which we emptied more than once. Fortified with this and some bread, we now made our final effort, gained the base of the lowest of the three principal peaks—a jagged cliff which our guides would have persuaded us was the real summit—crossed a hollow full of snow at its foot, and laboured up a long snow-cleft to the irregular grassy plateau whence rise the two highest points. The loftier of these has a hollow excavated in its apex, beneath which is the base of a massive ring-wall, having an oblong chamber on the south side in front of a cavity in the rock; several huge squared stones are *in situ* or strewn upon the slopes below. After surveying these remnants of a former Temple of Baal, in spite of a strong and cold wind, we lay down and gave ourselves up to *keef*, the Arab equivalent to *dolce far niente*. The view from the top, however extensive, was not striking nor by any means clear; still it embraced several ranges of Lebanon, the Lake of Tiberias, Damascus, and the Mediterranean, with a waste sea of hills and plains between.

But we could not stay very long. The ascent which presents no difficulty anywhere, and is only fatiguing from its length, had taken us nine hours, the descent did not occupy more than three. Having passed over the second summit *en route*, we were just commencing to descend, when a brown she-bear and her two cubs rushed across the slope in front; their similarity of colour to their surroundings and the fact of my eyes being directed elsewhere prevented my seeing them, but the rest were more fortunate; we immediately gave chase to try and

catch another glimpse, but they were too swift for us, and I had to be content with noting their tracks across the snow. The following day we came upon some dancing-bears probably procured in the same region. W. H. and I got a capital glissade down a snow-slope, which our Syrian friends did not venture to imitate; and then we had a rapid scramble down a steep and very stony gully. Said had by this period of our travels worn out all his boots and had been obliged to come up in shoes; he therefore, with reason, objected to the stones, and I did my best to console him by pointing to the fame he would win *et in patria et inter alienos* by having surmounted Hermon in slippers; strangely enough he did not seem greatly comforted by the idea. A zigzag path finally took us into the enclosed plain at the foot of the mountain, which is covered first with plantations and afterwards with vines, and ends in a large circular reservoir, by which we sat down and surveyed the magnificent mass we had left, its summit shot and streaked with snow. From here a road led through a rich and fertile valley to Rasheiya, where about six o'clock in the evening we arrived, found our camp pitched in a green field outside the town, and after long waiting for the rest of the party, hungrily sat down to eat our well-earned dinner.

W. S. W.



THOMAS WHYTEHEAD.

“**WE** remember (what Fuller truly saith) ‘The glory of Athens lieth not in her walls, but in the worth of her citizens. Buildings may give lustre to a College, but learning giveth life.’ To make this ancient house more glorious than of old, there must be a nobler band of men trained within these walls.

“We must have better heralds of the Gospel than Henry Martyn, who felt in this Chapel and yonder Hall the kindling of that flame which sent him forth to preach Christ to the Mahommedans and the Hindoos; and the less-known, but noble, self-denying Haslam; and Thomas Whytehead, who spent his last strength in teaching the New Zealanders, and on his dying bed heard them singing the hymn he had translated into their own tongue, who gave us that Eagle from which the Word of God will sound forth as long as our College shall last.”

Such were the words of Professor Selwyn in the Commemoration Sermon seventeen years ago. Possibly few of those who have read from the lectern have ever read the inscription, or know anything of the donor. It is with the object of drawing fresh attention to one whom even St. John’s Collège is proud to number among her noblest sons that we propose to give some extracts from a recently-published memoir of Thomas Whytehead.

He was born at Thormanby Parsonage, Yorkshire,

November 30, 1815. His father was Curate of Thor-
manby and Rector of Goxhill. In 1818, when he
died, the family moved to York, where the early life
of Thomas Whytehead was spent.

“Living, as he did, under the very shadow of the
grand old Cathedral Church of York during some of
his most impressionable years, he early acquired much
of that love of the beautiful and the picturesque, both
in nature and art, which subsequently distinguished
his writings and gave poetic form to his thoughts.”
Before his ninth year he was sent to school at Beverley.
Here, among schoolfellows who afterwards be-
came known in the literary world, his talents soon
attracted notice, and were judiciously encouraged by
the head-master. “Even at this period of his life
he began to suffer from delicate health, a drawback
from which thenceforth he was never free. This,
accompanied by weak eyesight, was keenly felt by
him, and to it constant allusion is made in his letters.”
His poetic talent was displayed at this early age
in the following lines:—

The sun on Salem's towers is set,
By Carmel's mount he lingers yet,
And here and there a parting ray
Steals o'er the languid cheek of day;
A heavenly radiance mantles there,
As dyes the cheek of lady fair,
When modesty forbids to speak,
But paints the language on her cheek.
The moon is up—she glances still
On Kedron's brook and Zion's hill:
The sparkling ripple on the wave
Returned the silent glance she gave;
On Salem's heights her splendours shine,
The moonbeams kiss the sacred shrine,
But all is love and silent here,
No voice, no whisper, meets the ear;
Stern desolation's withering hand
Broods like a demon o'er the land.

When fifteen years of age he left school, and began to read with his brother Robert, then an Undergraduate of this College. To his kind and judicious help Thomas owed much of his subsequent success. His life at Cambridge was pleasantly spent, varied with visits to Swineshead and Inverary; he describes these visits in his letters. "He finds interest in everything, the pursuits and manners of the inhabitants, the 'braw sonesie Highland wench,' who waits on them barefooted, the conchology and entomology of the neighbourhood, fishing and bathing. . . . On his brother Robert taking curacy at Swineshead in Lincolnshire. . . . Thomas Whytehead went to reside with him in that village, and there continued his course of reading. It was here that he gained some experience in parish work, as much of his leisure time was occupied in visiting amongst the poor, and affording all the lay assistance in his power to the cause of his heavenly Master. This work he found very congenial. . . . Still he loses none of his high natural spirits and sense of humour, and, save that he finds some occasional difficulty in restraining them within due bounds, it is manifest that his Christianity is of a kind that adds to rather than detracts from his perfect enjoyment of the gifts of God." Indeed he says in a letter that "levity" was one of his failings; others, however, saw in his character a manly, earnest religion. He frequently amused himself with writing pieces of poetry and rhyming letters, partly, perhaps, because the old complaint of inflammation of the eyes periodically compelled him to give up reading.

Thomas Whytehead entered St. John's as a pensioner in October, 1833, and fell at once into College ways. "I am very fond," he writes, "of College life as regards my disposition and pursuits; for a quiet room, a select library, plenty of employment, and a few choice friends, who may be had whenever I need them, and not otherwise, are to me very engaging

qualifications of the uninterrupted routine of a student's life." Nor did he confine himself to reading only. "In spite of the long hours which he devoted to study, Thomas Whytehead made leisure to attend to other claims upon his time, which he regarded in the light of imperative duties. He was a regular teacher in the Jesus Lane Sunday Schools, in which he took, during the whole of his University career, a lively interest."

The Bell Scholarship absorbed his immediate attention, and his competing for it elicited a comic valentine from an anonymous writer :

University Chest, St. Valentine's Day, February 14th.

While Parsons' sons of one year's standing,
 Their hearts with hope of fame expanding,
 Night after night, with ceaseless toil,
 For me consume the midnight oil,
 I state, dear Whytehead ('tis your due)
 The preference I feel for you.
 Like other maidens 'tis my lot
 That all my charms should be forgot,
 While all my numerous friends hold dear
 Is fame and fifty pounds a year.
 But should this fortune fall to you,
 A different method you'll pursue ;
 Not for her cash, I know full well,
 But for herself, you'll love your *Bell*.

The popular expectation was not disappointed; the first Scholarship was awarded to Whytehead.

This was followed in time by a good place in the College Examination in May, notwithstanding his bad health. "However," he writes to his uncle, "as you will have probably heard, I was fourth in the first class, and got the prize for Latin Verse: I had not anticipated so good a place, both from my health, but mainly because the examination consists chiefly in mathematics, to which I have hitherto paid very

little attention, having only had a half tutor (*i.e.* one for every alternate day) in my first term alone in this branch of study. I was advised to this course by the College Tutors, and now am going, if my health be spared, to give this long vacation mainly to them, having engaged Pratt, of Caius College, who was third wrangler, as my tutor at Barmouth in North Wales." This plan was adopted, and in October, 1834, he returned to Cambridge in better health. In the spring of 1835 he composed a poem on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which won the Chancellor's gold medal for the English Prize Poem, and was recited publicly:—

Calm was the Sabbath's close; the evening bell
 From tower to tower had flung its last farewell,
 And thought of sadness, claiming sweet control,
 Crept with the hues of sunset o'er the soul;
 Hark! 'Twas the death-bell's voice whose iron tongue
 Broke the soft spell that o'er my spirit hung:
 'Twas GLOUCESTER'S knell! how spreads the mournful tale,
 Peals from each tower, and floats on every gale!
 The veteran soldier, starting at the sound,
 Shall catch the tidings as they circle round,
 And when the tear of honest grief is dried
 Shall tell of battles fought by GLOUCESTER'S side,
 While e'en the children hush their noisy game,
 And learn to weep at good PRINCE WILLIAM'S name.

The proceedings are thus described in a letter to his uncle. "On the Tuesday I certainly felt somewhat nervous at the prospect of reciting. . . . before so formidable and dazzling an audience; but it very soon left me after having once begun, and a kind peal of thundering cheers every now and then gave me breathing time. The Marquis made me a very long speech on his being highly gratified, with many other compliments, &c., which I was too excited to remember, but which the reporter of the *Times*, I believe, or some other London paper, gave at full length the next day." His

brother thus describes the scene: "Tom gave out his beautiful poem in exquisite style. No action at all except in naming the two names of Wellington and Camden, and he was repeatedly stopped by deafening applause, especially in alluding to Wellington:—

Past is the cloud, and dried the holy tear
 That England shed around her Prince's bier;
 Favoured of heaven, that like a halcyon's nest
 Securely slumberest on the Ocean's breast,
 Where Freedom breathes her incense all around
 Like a sweet wild-flower in its native ground,
 Thine are the sons thy treasured hearths inspire,
 In peace all softness, but in fight all fire,
 That met bare-bosomed on thy heights, La Haye,
 The cuirassed might of Gallia's proud array,
 Sprang to the charge, as waved their Leader's hand,
 And worthy proved of WELLINGTON'S command.
 And if the sympathies of earth can move
 The sacred ardour of a spirit's love,
 If the pure censer of celestial bliss
 Hold aught of fondness for a world like this,
 Is there an orb of all the clusters bright
 That pour their splendour o'er the vault of night,
 Whose lovelier gem upon the spangled sky
 Outshines his native star in GLOUCESTER'S eye,
 Or charms away one tributary smile
 From the loved precincts of his own bright Isle?

All seemed struck with his modesty and simplicity, as well as his talent in speaking. He was afterwards, amid roars of clapping and cheering, led up to the throne, and the Chancellor made a long complimentary and kind address to him on delivering the medal. I never saw a multitude so riveted in attention in my life."

With this success his second year came to an end. His thoughts had long been turned to missionary work, and in his third year he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society. This plan, however, did

not interfere with his studies, for soon after he gained the Hulsean Prize, the subject being "The Resemblance of Moses and Christ." He was at the same time engaged on another poem, "The Empire of the Sea," which was also successful. All these honours, so far from diverting his mind from its deeply religious tendencies, served rather to quicken and strengthen them. In June, 1836, he won the gold medal for Epigrams; and this closed a remarkable series of Undergraduate honours. In January, 1837, he writes to his brother: "The Tripos Examination is done, and my mathematical books all sleeping soundly at the bottom of a closet, ready, as soon as I have spare time, to be exchanged at the bookseller's for a Plato or an Aristotle. . . . I am just starting again at the glorious classics, and feel so brisk at the thoughts of three good weeks at them that I shall need no other recreation." To his uncle he writes three days after: "Many thanks for your kind and most amusing letters, which came while I was head and ears under a slough of mathematics; yet, as withal my heat was by no means heavy, they by no means come like vinegar upon nitre, as Solomon says, but rather like dew on the dry grass. I am happy to tell you that I am about the middle of the Senior Opts, which was the highest point I had aimed at, but my stock of mathematics was so scanty, I had fearful forebodings it would not carry me so far." He was placed second Classic and won the first medal. In a few days he was elected Fellow of St. John's, and at once left for home at York "to recruit this tired jade of a body, which that unmerciful rider, the mind, has of late sadly overridden."

After a good rest, partially interrupted by taking a reading party at the Lakes, Whytehead returned to Cambridge in October, and accepted the tutorship of a son of Lord Clive (eldest son of Earl Powis), who was then fresh from Eton, and just entering upon his University course. His time was further occupied

with a lectureship at Clare and preparing for holy orders.

“The summer of 1839 comprised an eventful era of Thomas Whytehead’s life, for he then made a tour of some months’ duration on the Continent. It was a time of the greatest enjoyment, to which he had looked forward for long with the utmost delight, and to which he often looked back with no less pleasure. Some of the best of his poetical efforts were written under the inspiration of visits to scenes replete with historic associations. “Of Venice he writes:—

The city sleeps like an enchanted queen
Whose heart a hundred years a trance hath bound.
Still bright and lovely as her youth hath been,
The while her palace-walls are crumbling round;
And like a green-coiled dragon at her feet
For her good guardian set, the faithful sea
Looks up into her eyes as if to greet
The first ray of awakening life: but she,
Unconscious, on her marble chair sleeps on,
A pale majestic maiden, all alone;
For warriors, princes, senators are gone,
All save the watcher coiled around her throne:
Her mouldering halls are silent evermore,
And yet she is an empress as before.”

His plan, which was carried out in the company of a college friend, was a tour through the Netherlands ‘in an architectural point of view,’ thence up the Rhine into Switzerland, where about two months were spent in reading.....and a return made to England by way of Paris, arriving in London at the end of September. After a brief visit to his mother at York he returned to Cambridge, and devoted himself to a special course of devotional reading, in view of the solemn vows which he was soon to take upon himself.” The following letter, written at this time to a young friend, contains advice worth remembering: “When a man finds himself

lagging somewhat behind his fellows, he is apt to give up, perhaps 'put his lungs in a sling' to make his case interesting, and salve his conscience with the resolution to take to 'general reading,' or, still more speciously, 'theology,' and you may depend on it, that when a man on slight grounds has given up reading for honours here, one of his greatest safeguards for his religious as well as intellectual character is gone. The stern necessity which lies on a 'reading man' of husbanding time, keeping regular hours, eschewing gossip, and, in fact, disciplining himself, is one of the greatest blessings that can befall him."

Whytehead was ordained to the curacy of Freshwater under Mr. Isaacson, his former tutor; but before commencing his duties there he visited many of his relatives. He took a final leave of Cambridge, "not certainly without many deep regrets, for, although he felt that the voice of duty called him to labour in other scenes, to work of a far different kind, still we have already seen from his letters how dearly he loved the quiet, peaceful repose of body, with the calm mental activity, which those venerable classic shades afforded him." He entered upon his work, and was soon after left for five weeks in sole charge: "Yet there could not be a parish more to my mind. I read and work till noon, with the exception of a visit to the day-school every morning. From noon till about five I am in the parish and with the sick, of whom there are a good many, and at present ten or twelve cases of small-pox. Between five and six I dine, and in the evening dispatch business, in and out, and read and work till an early bed-time generally." "A village curacy has its own peculiar sorrows and heavinesses, as well as the dusty high road of life. Here you know all your people, and whatever is done among them for good or evil you see it." "As the year of his curacy at Freshwater drew to a close, Thomas Whytehead's mind was much exercised as to his future work

in the Church of God, and many allusions to this subject occur in his correspondence. . . . About this time Archdeacon Thorp, of Gloucester, made a pressing offer to Thomas Whytehead of a chaplaincy at the Cape of Good Hope, which was connected with the head-mastership of a school for the sons of the principal settlers of the colony. The work, however, did not commend itself to his mind, as not having in it sufficient of the missionary element. . . . It was during this period that he employed some of his leisure hours in writing a short series of papers, which were published shortly after his death, and went through two editions, under the title of 'College Life.' He composed also the 'Installation Ode' for the installation of the Duke of Northumberland as Chancellor of the University, in which he thus alludes to the founders of Colleges:—

But who be ye,
 Whose shadowy consistory, laurel-crowned,
 Spectators of this goodly pomp I see?
 Lo! where in solemn rank around,
 Circling yonder chair of state:
 Do Granta's ancient guardians wait
 To welcome to his seat their newly-throned mate.

Names of old renown are there,
 Majestic forms and unforgotten faces;
 Villiers and gallant Devereux, princely pair,
 In that august assembly take their places,
 And gaze conspicuous on the pageant fair;
 While wisdom beams in Cecil's tranquil air;
 Prelates whose counsels swayed the realm,
 On their golden crosiers lean;
 Foremost of all undaunted Fisher stands,
 With look benign and stately bending mien.
 Glad to behold beside the helm
 The son his own loved cloister bred,
 And lifting high his aged hands
 Thus speaks the benediction of the dead...

Yet mid those splendour-circled names
One pitying look ill-fated Monmouth claims,
 Where in the illustrious throng he stands concealed.
Nor shalt thou fail to mark the while
How there sits a radiant smile
On the curled lip of haughty Somerset,
 To see his generous race can yield
To learning's halls a Patron yet.

“The income arising from his fellowship during the year of his Freshwater curacy was devoted by him to the purchase of a beautiful lectern, which he presented to his College Chapel; and he was making preparations for a return to College residence, when overtures were made to him to join the staff of the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem. . . . Almost immediately afterwards came an offer from the newly-consecrated Bishop of New Zealand of a chaplaincy, and, after long and careful consideration, he decided to join Dr. Selwyn's party.” There was little time to lose; preparations were hastily made, friends and relatives visited. “The mission party, consisting of the Bishop of New Zealand and Mrs. Selwyn. . . . with the Rev. Thomas Whytehead. . . . sailed from Plymouth on the morning after Christmas-day.” The voyage, long and tedious in those days, was prosperously finished; but on arriving at Sydney, Whytehead was taken ill, and it became evident that he had not much longer to live; he was, however, able to move about after three weeks. “The Bishop's plan was to proceed in advance of his party to New Zealand, in order to make some preparations for their reception at the Bay; and, accordingly, Thomas Whytehead was left in charge of the rest of the party at Sydney, with full instructions as to the resumption of the voyage in due course.” He spent his time there in visiting friends until he sailed “for the Bay of Islands, in the month of October, 1842, taking with him a pulpit and reading-desk of cedar-wood, which he had

designed and had made in Sydney for presentation to the Mission Station at the Waimate." He arrived there in due time, though suffering much from his cough. After waiting at the coast he started inland. "I was carried," he writes, "in a strange kind of litter, made of two bent poles and a shallow network of dried flax-leaf between. This, with me in it, was hoisted on the shoulders of two natives, who were relieved by the others every ten minutes or so, sometimes without stopping the vehicle." So he reached Waimate. His health, however, grew worse. He had hoped that the voyage to England would restore him, but soon he realised what others had already seen, that his life was fast failing. This news had the effect of quieting his mind, and he waited patiently for the end. "In spite of the exceedingly low ebb of bodily vigour at which he had arrived, Whytehead still devoted the whole of the attention of which he was capable to the duties to which he had been appointed, and for which in health he would have been so eminently suited. Besides the theological readings with the candidates for orders, he made some progress with a revision of the Maori translations of the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, and within a few days of his death was engaged on a partially successful attempt at furnishing for the native Church an adaptation of the English Hymnology." He writes, "I took up the translation of the Evening Hymn (four verses for service) into Maori rhyming verse, the first of the kind, of the same metre and rhythm as the English. Two hundred and fifty copies have been printed, and sung in church and school by the natives, and several of them came and sang it under my window. They call it 'The new hymn of the sick minister.'"

He wrote a final letter home with messages to all. Then his strength gradually declined, until on Sunday, March 19, 1843, he passed away peacefully. "Most

completely were all his wishes as to the manner of his death fulfilled. The last prayers in which he joined were those of the Visitation Service, and, as he hoped, he had friends praying around when he could not pray for himself." "There is little more to add. Thomas Whytehead's voyage and labours in New Zealand were all undertaken at his own cost. By his will he left a sum of £681 Consols to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for the purposes of the diocese of New Zealand, and his library he bequeathed, with the exception of a few special books, to the library of St. John's College, Cambridge."

H. F. B.



THE LADY MARGARET IN THE
DAYS OF OLD.

Oh! merry were the days of old,
Beside Cam's lazy stream;
And oft-times in life's busy track,
The memories of those days rush back,
Like a forgotten dream.

The river's alive with moving boats—
The shore with a shouting crew;
And the men of St. John
Dart foremost on,
For their oars are stout and true.

And we proudly deem that of all the craft
That e'er on the river met,
The bravest boat that was ever afloat
Is our "Ladye Margarete."

Where are they now, our fearless band,
Who toiled in the mimic strife?
Who best have sped with sail and oar?
And who lies stranded on the shore
Of this rough stream of life?

Aye, merry were those days of old,
The sunniest days on earth!
Yet no thought of glee
Brought now to me
The memory of their mirth.

'Twas a vision of a lonely barque
On the broad Pacific wave—
A barque of little pride or state,
But one that bears a princely freight
In two true hearts and brave.

I seem to watch them on their way—
The gentle and the just—
Gone nobly forth to brave and bear

THE lines on "The Lady Margaret in the Days of Old" were suggested by an account of a missionary voyage made by Selwyn and Tyrrell, Bishops of New Zealand and Newcastle, who had rowed together in the Lady Margaret boat when it was head of the river. They were written by the late Mrs. Herbert, wife of John Maurice Herbert, Esq., F.G.S., one of the Judges of the County Courts in the circuit of Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. Mr. Herbert was coxswain of the boat in 1830.

Of our joyous crew
In the "Ladye Margarett"?



LAKE NYASSA.

THE following extract from the *Times* will doubtless be read with interest, referring as it does to a former Scholar of the College:

“Mr. H. B. Cotterill, who organized an expedition about a year and a half ago for the purpose of introducing legitimate trading into the great lake region of Central Africa and so superseding the slave trade, has sent home an account of his voyage to the north-west of Lake Nyassa in his sailing boat, the ‘Herga.’ He started from Livingstonia on June 1, accompanied by a boatman from the Mission at Blantyre and six natives, and two days afterwards reached the entrance to Lake Chia. On the north bank he found two large villages, and a dense crowd of natives lined the shore to see the first European vessel enter their lake, which is deeply fringed with papyrus. After passing Kota-kota, Loangwa, and Bua, Mr. Cotterill stopped at Makuoi, the point of the great bay flanked by Mount Kuwirwe, which is about 6,000ft. above the lake. Here he bought a large quantity of ivory, paying half-a-crown or 3s. a pound for the large tusks and 1s. 6d. for small ones. He remarks that the Nyassa women have often well-shaped features, but their mouths are all deformed by the “pelete” (lip ring), which is worn very large, white or yellow stone being commonly used. Mr. Cotterill then sailed north until June 14, when he

anchored in a lagoon and spent three days in examining the country. He says:—There seems to be much more produce here than at the southern end of the lake; there are very fine bananas, yams, cassavas, and sugar-canes. According to the statements of several natives, who profess to have gone to the north end of the lake, the river Rouma is eight or ten days distant by canoe. It is said most emphatically to run into the lake, and no river is known to run out of it. By the way, I find that all the information gathered by Young as to the name and position of this river was got from natives at points further south than Mankambira. For three days the coast is said to be precipitous, then reeds. Mpoto (marked in Kirk's map) is said by some to be a river, by others a country to the north-east. It is also the name of the north-east wind. South-east is Mwela; east, Avuma; west, Gambwe; north-west, Mpunga. The rivers north are said to be (1) Rivua, one day distant—surely not Young's Ravuma? (2) Kawango, five days further; (3) Chiputa, one day more." The Nyassa people live in huts, the eaves of which touch the ground, leaving a dark, narrow space between them and the wall of the hut. The doors are so low that it is necessary to crawl on all fours to enter the house. Mr. Cotterill found the fishing-nets made on Nyassa very strong and good; the natives use the same knot as is often used in English nets, and their "buaze" (twine made from the fibres of a shrub) is quite as strong as our cord. Having lost his medicine chest, sextant, books, and a journal containing all his geographical notes in a storm which nearly wrecked the 'Herga,' Mr. Cotterill, on the 17th of June, determined to return to Livingstonia, which he reached on the 12th of July, having been absent six weeks. As they were returning they passed near the mouth of the Loangwa, which Mr. Cotterill's observations made

to lie in latitude 12 deg. 30 min. The mouth of the river was barred with sand banks. Mr. Cotterill says:—"After reaching Chia, on the 29th of June, my men wished to pull on, and we rode 21 hours on end with one 'easy all' of an hour at Kota-kota." Mr. Cotterill found rice and the sugar-cane extensively cultivated, and did not notice many signs of the slave trade. He intends starting shortly from Blantyre on a land expedition.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term, 1878.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, Professor of Geology at University College, London, has been appointed one of the Secretaries of the Geological Society.

The Rectory of Starston in Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Hopper, late Fellow of this College (B.A., 1839), has been accepted by the Rev. Frederic Watson, Fellow of the College and Lecturer in Theology. The living is in private patronage, but the patron is required to present a Fellow of St. John's College.

G. C. Allen, B.A., Scholar, has been appointed to a Mastership at Wellington College; and H. Reynolds, B.A., Scholar, to a Mastership at Crewkerne, Somerset.

The Rev. Thomas Ratcliffe, B.D. (B.A., 1863), has been appointed Vicar of Stapleford, Nottingham.

Mr. John H. Mackie, B.A. (1878), has been appointed to the Mathematical and Natural Science Mastership at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Mansfield, Notts. Mr. Mackie was twenty-eighth Wrangler in the last Tripos.

The Rev. William Ferguson Steel, B.A. (1870), has been appointed Vicar of Norton.

The Rev. John Henry Lester, M.A. (B.A., 1868), has been appointed Rector of Normanton by Derby.

The Rev. Francis Thomas Madge, M.A. (B.A. 1872), Curate of Brownsover, near Rugby, has been appointed Minor Canon in Winchester Cathedral.

The Rev. Jeremiah Pledger Seabrook, LL.M. (B.A. and LL.B., 1866), has been appointed Vicar of Stonesby, Leicestershire.

The Rev. Robert Alexander McKee, M.A. (B.A., 1870), has been appointed Vicar of Lumbin-Rossindale, Lancashire.

The Rev. Ralph Raisbeck Tatham, M.A. (B.A., 1844), Rector and Vicar of Darlington, Sussex, has been appointed Rural Dean of Darlington, and a Surrogate in the Arch-deaconry of Lewes.

The Rev. Charles William Cahusac, M.A. (B.A. 1840), Curate of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, has been appointed Vicar of Astwood.

The Rev. Edward Baynes Badcock, M.A. (B.A., 1852), has been appointed Honorary Canon in Ripon Cathedral.

The Rev. Henry Bailey, D.D. (B.A., 1839), has been appointed Vicar of West Tarring.

The Rev. J. Dudley Cargill, B.D. (1860), has been appointed Rector of Metherne.

The Rev. H. Greene, M.A. (B.A., 1870), has been appointed Vicar of St. Stevens-in the-Banks.

The Rev. H. Ingate Kilner, B.A. (1873), has been appointed Rector of Chedburgh.

The Rev. R. Bower, M.A. (B.A., 1868), has been appointed Vicar of Cross Canonby, Maryport.

The following letter from *The Undergraduates' Journal* may prove interesting to some of our readers :—

DEAR SIRS,—One of your Cambridge correspondents in the last number of your journal says that it is found difficult to hear the service in the fine new chapel of St. John's College, one of the master-pieces of Sir Gilbert Scott. It is a long, narrow, and lofty building, so that this is not much to be wondered at, but it is much to be regretted.

Allow me to suggest to the proper authorities a remedy which I believe will certainly remove the evil. This is to hang window curtains loose on each side of the windows, and to put flags between the windows rather high up near the roof, and hanging loose also. The principle is that any woollen material hanging loose intercepts the sound, and prevents the echo or reverberation from the walls. Allow me to relate an anecdote which shows how I first obtained this information, and which at the same time shows that the remedy is almost sure to be effectual.

Some years since, I was staying at the Deanery at Windsor in the summer, engaged in preparing for Her Majesty the History of the Fabric of the Castle, by comparing the existing remains with the builder's weekly accounts, which are preserved in the *Public Record* office, and of which transcripts had been made for my use by the kindness of the Master of the Rolls as being for the service of Her Majesty. To do this was rather a troublesome and long business, and the Dean told me always to make his house my home when I was at work upon it. During this time St. George's Chapel had to be thoroughly cleaned, but the Dean insisted on the service being continued, which was done, but nobody could hear a word of the lessons or the sermon, and even the chanting was very imperfectly heard, owing to the great echo, the flags having all been taken down to be cleaned. As soon as this was done, and the flags were replaced, the whole service could be heard as well as ever, just as well as in any ordinary parish church, and better than in many. There has frequently been a talk of having the service performed in the nave instead of the choir, because there was much more room, and the choir is always crowded, and many are turned away for want of room every Sunday.

If this is done it will be necessary to have new flags hung in the nave, and probably window curtains to the windows, both of the clerestory and of the aisles, as the arcades between the nave and the aisles will be open, not closed by a wooden partition as in the choir.—Your obedient servant,

JOHN HENRY PARKER, C.B.

Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, Feb. 25, 1878.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE *v.* S. HALL.—This case came before Vice-Chancellor Sir Charles Hall in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice on Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, and was concluded on Jan. 28th. The case made by the plaintiffs was shortly as follows:—About the year 1863 they pulled down the New Red Lion Inn, in Bridge-street, Cambridge, which they had shortly before acquired, for the purpose of making a new lodge for the Master of the College, with ornamental grounds. When the time came for pulling down one of the outer walls of the inn, a representation was made to the College that the adjoining house had no outer wall of its own; and accordingly, at the earnest request of the owner, who was trustee for a maiden lady whose only income was derived from this property, the College allowed the lower part of the wall to remain standing for the time, to avoid exposing the house. To prevent the portion of the wall so left standing from being an eyesore, the College had it smoothed and pointed, covering in against it the lower part of the chimney-stack of the inn. In 1875 the defendant, who occupied and then owned the house adjoining the wall, broke an opening through it for a closet window, and the plaintiffs, having afterwards bricked up this opening, the defendant re-opened it forcibly without their license. The plaintiffs prayed a declaration of their title to the wall and an injunction to restrain defendant from further trespass, and claimed damages. The defendant pleaded that the wall in question was his own, and that it had been at his remonstrances and instance that the plaintiffs had refrained from pulling it down in 1863, and had repaired the damage caused to it by their operations. He alleged that there had been a space between the inn and his house. He likewise claimed a declaration of his title and an injunction.—Mr. Dickinson, Q.C., and Mr. Rigby (instructed by Messrs. Francis, Riches, and Francis,) appeared for the plaintiffs; Mr. Robinson, Q.C., and Mr. H. Cozens Hardy (instructed by Messrs. Fosters and Lawrence), for the defendant.—Vice-Chancellor Hall, without calling on plaintiffs' counsel to reply, delivered judgment for the plaintiffs with costs. Whether the case was considered in reference to the deeds, or with reference to the deeds taken in connection with the oral evidence, or with reference to the oral evidence alone, he must hold and find as a matter of fact that the wall in question was part of the property properly conveyed to St John's College on the occasion of their purchase of the inn. He disbelieved the defendant's story as to the alleged existence of two walls and a space between, and was clear that there was

only one wall, and that constituted part of the old inn. The conveyance to St. John's College was quite consistent with plaintiffs' case, and would pass the wall. Although he thought the evidence in respect to measurements was more in favour of the plaintiffs than defendant, he would rather decide the case upon the broad ground that this was part of the property of the New Red Lion, and that the New Red Lion was intended to be conveyed, and was in fact conveyed, and, being so conveyed, included the wall in question. His lordship granted an injunction, restraining defendant from breaking or in any way interfering with the plaintiffs closing the aperture which had been made in the wall, and said the plaintiffs could employ their own bricklayers to do it, at their own time and in their own manner.

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers.—Bracketed 4th, Pinsent; 13th, Lattimer; 19th, Brownbill and Carlisle (*Æq.*); 24th, Mann; 28th, Mackie.

Senior Optimes.—Marsh, Elsey, Gwillim, Wilkins, Adamson, Boote.

Junior Optimes.—Penkivil, Cooke. *Ægrotat*.—Brown.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.—3rd, English; 7th, G. C. Allen.

Second Class.—Gausson, Willan, Kingsford, Reynolds, Sells.

Third Class.—R. H. Ryland, Boyce, Gepp, Browne.

The Second of the two Chancellor's Medals for proficiency in Classical learning has been awarded to Ds English, Scholar of St. John's College.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

Second Class.—Parker. *Third Class*.—Hastings.

LAW TRIPOS.

First Class.—Nevill (Senior), Kemp (3rd). *Second Class*.—Hamilton, Matthew. *Third Class*.—Whetstone, Williamson, Dale.

MORAL SCIENCE TRIPOS.

First Class.—Mummery (Senior), Warren (2nd). *Second Class*.—Wilson.

THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.—Williams (equal for the Evans' Prize). *Second Class*.—Fisher, A. R. Wiseman. *Third Class*.—J. A. B. Bone. *Ægrotat*.—Hannam.

MATRICULATION, 27 FEBRUARY, 1878.

C. E. Dumbleton, T. D. Gibson-Carmichael, F. C. Hibburd, F. Marsden, W. C. France, A. D. Price, E. Romney, T. D'Oyly Snow, R. O. Wever.

The Abbott Scholarship has been awarded to C. H. Garland, one of the Minor Scholars of the College.

SUBJECTS OF CLASSICAL EXAMINATION, EASTER TERM.

Third Year.—(1) Thucydides VI.; (2) Cicero, *pro Sulla*; (3) Plato, *Phaedo* and *Philebus*; (4) Comparative Philology.

Second Year.—(1) Thucydides VI.; (2) Aristotle's *Rhetoric* I. and II.; (3) Plato, *Phaedo* and *Philebus*; (4) Comparative Philology.

First Year.—(1) Thucydides VI.; (2) Cicero, *pro Sulla*; (3) Horace, *Ep.* II. and *Ars Poetica*, and *Lucan* II. and III.

For all Years.—Translation and Composition, Greek and Latin Syntax.

The Composition will be distributed over *four* papers, and the scale of marks for Translation and Composition will be as follows:—Two papers in “Unseen” Translation at 200 each; Greek and Latin Verse Composition, 90 each; Greek and Latin Prose Composition, 110 each; In other respects the marks hitherto assigned will be retained for the present; thus, the *maximum* for the philological paper will be 150; and the prepared subject, 600 in all.

SUBJECTS OF THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION, EASTER TERM.

Third Year.—(1) Greek Testament, General Paper; (2) Greek Testament, Acts xii—xxviii, Epistle to the Galatians; (3) Hebrew, Hosea, Psalms xlii—lxxii and Isaiah; (4) Hebrew, Grammar, Pointing, Composition; (5) The Creed, Socrates III., IV.; (6) Archbishop Laud, Confessions, Hooker, Eccl. Pol. II., III., IV.

Second and First Years.—(1) Greek Testament, General Paper; (2) Greek Testament, St. Luke’s Gospel; (3) Hebrew, Genesis; (4) Hebrew, Grammar, Pointing, Composition; (5) Early Church History.

Greek Testament Prizes.—The subjects are: (1) St. Luke’s Gospel; (2) Acts xiii—xxviii and Epistle to the Galatians; (3) General Paper.

Hebrew Prizes.—Prizes will be given to such Students (of any year) as, in the judgment of the Hebrew Lecturer, shall shew proficiency in the Hebrew Language.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The *University Trial Eights* were rowed at Ely, on Dec. 8th. L.M.B.C. supplied one man, H. A. Williams, who rowed bow of the winning boat, stroked by Bird (1st Trin.). The losing boat was stroked by E. H. Prest (Jesus). Won by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

The *Lent Races* were rowed on March 13th to 16th. The performances of ‘Lady Margaret’ were certainly not brilliant, although allowance must be made for the changes which it was found necessary to make in the boats so soon before the races, owing to which neither boat, as finally made up, had been together more than a week. The 3rd boat did not prove so fast as expected, but managed to keep their place. On the first night they got within half-a-length of Trinity Hall 2, at the Railway Bridge, but were unable to make their bump, and on the other nights failed to get nearer than their distance. The 4th boat, which was a very good one for its position, would have gone up several places with 8 oars but found it impossible to do so with less than that number. On the 1st night 3 caught a crab and lost his oar, and 7 broke his oar immediately after starting, and although they did all in their power to save their place by jumping overboard, they fell, as was natural, easy victims to Caius 3. On the 2nd night they escaped though hotly

pursued by Pembroke 2. On the 3rd night 6 lost his oar but did not follow the example of 3 and 7 on the first night, and again they were bumped. On the fourth night they fell to Sidney 2 at the end of the Long Reach.

The crews were :

<i>3rd Boat.</i>			<i>4th Boat.</i>	
	G. D. Haviland.			A. Hawkins (<i>bow</i>).
2	A. H. Highton.		2	G. M. Kingston.
3	H. N. Sharp.		3	H. T. Kenny.
4	J. B. Wells.		4	W. H. H. Steer.
5	A. C. Odell.		5	D. H. Cox.
6	J. J. Lister.		6	J. P. Cort.
7	W. J. Lee.		7	F. C. Hill.
	T. E. Forster (<i>stroke</i>).			F. E. Swabey (<i>stroke</i>).
	B. S. Clarke (<i>cox</i>).			G. A. Loveday (<i>cox</i>).

The third boat was coached by H. Reynolds and H. L. Young; the fourth by A. H. Prior and J. A. G. Hamilton.

The *Bateman Pair Oars* came off on Friday, March 22nd, and, in spite of rumours of a large entry, it resulted in a row over for A. H. Prior and H. Standford (*stroke*), who did the course in the excellent time of 8 min. 39 secs.

The *Scratch Fours* were rowed on Thursday, March 21st. They were but poorly patronized, as usual. Four boats were got together, after considerable trouble, and the following won somewhat easily :

	G. D. Haviland (<i>bow</i>).		T. E. Forster (<i>stroke</i>).
2	T. W. Dougan.		B. S. Clarke (<i>cox</i>).
3	J. J. Lister.		

The following have been elected new Members during the Term :—J. K. Marsden, E. Marsden, R. O. Wever, C. H. Wood, W. C. Prance, T. D'O. Snow, T. D. Gibson-Carmichael.

ATHLETICS.—In the University Sports A. H. East won "The Weight" with 36 ft. 1 in., and was second in Throwing the Hammer 100 ft. 8 in. He will, in all probability, represent Cambridge in the Inter-University Sports in each event.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

These Sports were held on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14th and 15th, under the Presidency of W. J. Goulding. On the first day the weather was all that could be desired, but on the second day it was rather too cold and wet to make it enjoyable either for the spectators or competitors.

On the first day the First Round of Heats for the 100, 120, and 200 Yards Handicaps were run. The Final Heats resulted as follows :—

Quarter-Mile.—Won by W. D. Challice with ridiculous ease in the very fair time of 55 secs. B. W. Smith being second, about 15 yards behind.

Putting the Weight.—Of course this was a moral certainty for A. H. East in spite of his being penalised 1 foot for winning

it last year. His only opponent was B. Jones. Brook-Smith, who put it over 32 feet last year, was detained and unable to get up to the ground in time, or no doubt he would easily have been second.

High Jump.—For this event there were six competitors; the winner turned up in H. Smith, a very promising Freshman, who jumped 5 ft. 1 in. W. J. Goulding was second with 5 ft.; most of the other competitors managed to clear 4 ft. 11 in.

Mile Race.—This was the great event of the day, for which no less than eight men started. On coming round for the first time C. B. King was leading by about 3 yards, but when he got opposite the Pavilion, much to everybody's disappointment, he gave up. At the end of the second round B. Jones just led J. V. T. Lander by about half-a-yard; after this Lander came away from his men and, running in beautiful form, won by about 30 yards from B. Jones, in the very good time of 4 min. 55 1-5th secs., although penalised 30 yards. His time for the Mile after the necessary deduction would be about 4 min. 45 secs., almost good enough with a little extra care and training to get him his 'Blue.'

100 Yards (Rifle Corps only).—For this race only two competitors came forward, B. Jones and W. H. Steer; the former won easily. This race is run yearly for a Challenge Vase, which the winner holds for a year.

Strangers' Race.—This was a 300 Yards Handicap, and seemed to be a very popular race, for it brought forth no less than thirty-six competitors. Only the First Round of Heats could be got over on this day; some of the races were very closely contested, reflecting great credit on the Handicappers.

Second day:

100 Yards, Final Heat.—W. J. Goulding just beat W. D. Challice, who was penalised 3 yards. H. T. Kemp was unable to run at all on this day or he might have had a very good chance of winning this race and one or two of the Handicaps. Time 11 secs.

Throwing the Hammer.—There were only 3 entries for this event. B. Jones threw it 98 ft. 2 in., and A. H. East 90 ft. 2 in.; the former was penalised 12 ft. and thus East won.

120 Yards Hurdle Race.—Four men started for this event. W. J. Goulding won easily; E. J. Wild, who was second, fell at the second hurdle or it might have been a good race. Time 20 secs.

120 Yards Handicap, Final Heat.—W. D. Challice, scratch, won easily by 2 yards; a very good race for second place, H. Smith, 4 yards, just getting it on the post.

Long Jump.—E. J. Wild won with the good jump of 19 ft. 2 in. J. A. Bevan, another Freshman, was second with 17 ft. 1½ in.

200 Yards Handicap (Freshmen only).—This brought forward eleven men. J. A. Bevan won pretty easily, H. Smith second. Time 22 secs.

200 Yards Handicap.—W. D. Challice, scratch; A. S. Reid, 5 yards; and J. V. T. Lander, 1 yard; came to the post, and came in in the order named: the last mentioned took it easily, preferring to reserve himself for the Two Miles.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—There were no very good throws, eventually H. N. Sharp won with 87 yds. 2 ft. 3 in., E. Carlisle second.

350 Yards Handicap.—W. D. Challice, scratch, won this Handicap also; his powers were altogether under rated by the Handicappers. W. J. Goulding, 10 yds., second.

Two Miles.—From the first start it was apparent that the race lay between C. B. King (pen. 80 yds.), J. V. T. Lander, and B. Jones. Jones led all the way and won. Although Lander made a splendid try to catch him at the finish he could not get within 20 yards. King seemed out of form, he never gained the least bit but lost a little ground each lap, and at about the fifth round gave up.

100 Yards (For bond fide Boating Men). Three men started; won by H. Sandford.

Half-Mile Handicap.—There was a very large entry for this race. A. C. Davies got the lead at the Pavilion, and won very easily. G. F. Coombes second. Time 2 min. 3 secs.

Consolation Race.—Won easily by D. G. Walters.

Strangers' Race.—W. L. Evans (Trin.), 1; J. Churchill (Jesus), 2; W. Lonsdale (Trin.), 3. A good race, won by two yards, a few feet separating second and third.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Eagles.—The Officers for the May Term are:

President:—J. H. Hallam. *Secretary*:—H. Sandford.

Treasurer:—A. C. Odell.

The following have been elected Members:—A. H. Prior, E. J. Wild, J. A. Bevan, T. B. Wells, W. H. Carr, T. E. Forster, G. M. Burnett, G. D. Haviland, A. E. Jalland, H. J. Price, A. Hawkins.

The Fireflies.—The Officers for the May Term are:

President:—F. C. Coombes. *Secretary*:—V. Litchfield.

Treasurer:—A. S. Reid.

The following gentlemen have been elected Members:—Hubbard, Morton, J. S. Sandys, Harker, F. C. Allen, H. G. Smith, Clay, Rainsford.

The Crescents.—The Officers for the May Term are:

President:—R. Hargreaves. *Secretary*:—F. H. Colson.

Treasurer:—R. H. Marsh.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY.

List of Officers for Lent Term, 1878:

President:—W. W. D. Firth. *Hon. Treasurer*:—C. H. Harper

Vice-President:—F. H. Colson. (resigned, March 16th).

Hon. Secretary:—M. J. Michael.

List of Members elected during the Lent Term:

H. Nicholls, W. Robson, G. A. Loveday, H. Barnett, G. M. Livett, F. Coppock, W. W. Cassels, S. G. Craig, W. Barrett.

Debates. The following motions were discussed, with the following results:

February 16th.—Mr. Michael proposed, "That in the opinion of this House, Russia has forfeited all claim to confidence by her duplicity in recent dealings with Europe." Mr. Harper proposed as an amendment to insert after the word confidence, "of the liberal party in England." The motion in its amended form was carried by 9 to 5; present 16.

February 23rd.—Mr. Colson proposed, "That in the opinion of this House the conduct of certain Undergraduates in presenting an Address to Lord Derby is highly reprehensible." The motion was lost by 4 to 3; present 17.

March 2nd.—Mr. Spafford proposed, "That in the opinion of this House the Botanic Gardens should be open to members of the University on Sundays." The motion was carried by 10 to 5; present 27.

March 9th.—Mr. Lister proposed, "That the study of Natural Sciences should form a greater part of the education given in English Schools than it does at present." The motion was carried by 9 to 8; present 21.

March 16th.—The evening was devoted to impromptu debates.

March 23rd.—Mr. Jones proposed, "That public school education is not the best method of training the mind." The motion was lost by 7 to 2; present 18.

March 30th.—Mr. Lewis proposed, "That in the opinion of this House the Income Tax ought to be abolished." The motion was lost by 4 to 2; present 10.

The Officers wish to take this opportunity of again saying that any Member of the College can become a Life Member of the Society by paying the sum of 3s. and signing his name in the Treasurer's book.

Although there has been a marked improvement in the interest taken in the Society, yet the Officers cannot but feel that the standing taken by the Society in the College is not all that could be wished; they therefore take this opportunity to re-call former Members to their allegiance and to put the Society before other Members of the College.

DINNER COMMITTEE.

The following gentlemen compose the Dinner Committee:—W. L. Agnew, W. W. English, J. H. Hallam, H. T. Kenny, H. T. Kemp, A. C. Odell, H. L. Young, F. L. Thompson, W. H. Carr (*Secretary*).

All complaints about the 'Hall' to be made in writing to the Secretary.

W. J. Lee has been elected an editor of *The Eagle* in place of H. E. J. Bevan. The other Members of the Editorial Committee are: Mr. Sandys, Mr. Foxwell, J. A. G. Hamilton (*Secretary*), and G. M. Light.

Copies of the Autotype Photograph of the Medallion of Lady Margaret (Carte de Visite size) may be obtained from the Secretary (or at the College Buttery), price 6d. each. Engravings of the original design for the College Chapel (with *fleche* instead of tower) may also be had, price 3d. each.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL SERVICES.

Easter Term, 1878.

		HYMN	TUNE
April	21. <i>Easter Day.</i>		
	Tuckerman F.	136	292
	Calkin B flat. <i>Since by man</i> (p. 272) Handel.		
„	22. <i>Monday in Easter Week.</i>		
	Arnold A. <i>Christ our passover</i> (p. 272) Goss.		
„	23. <i>Tuesday in Easter Week.</i>		
	Rogers D. <i>I have set God</i> (p. 85) Goldwin.		
„	24. Smart D.	173	17
„	25. <i>St. Mark.</i>		
	Nares F. <i>See what love</i> (p. 266) Mendelssohn.		
„	27. Jackson G.	403	293
	„ 28. <i>First Sunday after Easter.</i>		
	Jackson G.	330	146
	Oakeley E flat. <i>Behold I shew</i> (p. 181) Handel.		
„	30. Stewart G.	526	204
May	1. <i>St. Philip and St. James.</i>		
	Smart G. <i>What are these</i> (p. 277) Pierson.		
„	2. Hopkins (Unison).	407	277
„	4. Goss E. <i>vv. 1, 2, 4, 7.</i>	354	535
„	5. <i>Second Sunday after Easter.</i>		
	Nares D. Bartholemew.	205	90
	Hopkins F. <i>Blessed be the God</i> (p. 264) Wesley.		

		HYMN	TUNE
May	6.	<i>S. Joh. Ev. ante Port. Lat.</i> <i>Commemoration of Benefactors, at</i> <i>11 a.m. Sermon by Mr. J. E.</i> <i>Cooper, Rector of Forncett, St.</i> <i>Mary.</i> Garrett. Mendelssohn. <i>Hallelujah</i> (p. 236) Beethoven.	
"	7.	362	96
"	9.	443	119
"	11.	410	529
"	12.	<i>Third Sunday after Easter.</i> <i>Sermon by Professor Mayor.</i> Dykes F. 561 542 Dykes F. <i>Praise the Lord</i> (p. 223) Garrett.	
"	14.	441	183
"	16.	529	593
"	18.	486	114
"	19.	<i>Fourth Sunday after Easter.</i> <i>Sermon by Mr. C. W. E. Body.</i> Cooke G. 379 287 Walmisley D minor. <i>In that day</i> (p. 256) Elvey.	
"	21.	464	321
"	23.	465	96
"	25.	466	209
"	26.	<i>Fifth Sunday after Easter.</i> Tours F. 203 50 Tours F. <i>Rejoice in the Lord</i> (p. 286) Hopkins.	
"	28.	432	569
"	29.	488	363

			HYMN	TUNE
May	30.	<i>Ascension Day.</i> Services as on Sunday, at 8 a.m., 10 a.m., and 6 p.m.		
		Garrett D.	148	116
		Gregorian.		
		<i>God is gone up</i> (p. 47) Croft.		
June	1.	Parry D.	146	15
	2.	<i>Sunday after Ascension Day.</i> Smart F.	448	172
		Garrett F.		
		<i>He was cut off</i> (p. 178) Handel.		
	8.	Gibbons G.	481	(A.M.)
	9.	<i>Whitsunday.</i> Leslie D. Hervey D.	151	277
		Elvey A.		
		<i>Arise, O Lord God</i> (p. 273) Bennett.		
	10.	<i>Monday in Whitsun Week.</i> Hopkins C.	176	107
	11.	<i>Tuesday in Whitsun Week.</i> <i>St. Barnabas.</i> Porter D.		
		<i>O love the Lord</i> (p. 287) Sullivan.		
	15.	Lawrance D.	359	432
	16.	<i>Trinity Sunday.</i> Lawrance D.		
		Holland F.	7	(A.M.)
		<i>Holy, Holy, Holy</i> (p. 184) Handel.		

The Hymn Tunes are generally from the "Hymnary."

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

With A. F. Torry's Compliments.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Easter, 1878.

THE accommodation of the Undergraduate Members of the University is every year becoming a matter of greater difficulty and concern. Our entries multiply, and there is no corresponding enlargement of the Colleges or increase in the number of suitable lodgings. A stricter supervision of the latter has been recently introduced by the appointment of an Inspector, who has been compelled to disallow some, whilst in their place others are licensed in localities more and more remote from the Colleges. It is, moreover, strongly felt that men in lodgings are exposed to greater temptations than those in college, and, unfortunately, the men most exposed to the danger are the Freshmen, the very men least fitted to encounter it. The pressure is greatest in the October Term. According to the statistics issued by the University Marshall, there were last October 1398 Members of the University in College and 1362 others residing in the town. Of these St. John's had 202 within the College and 210 without. It is true these numbers include M.A.'s resident in Cambridge, and also some Undergraduates residing with their friends; the majority, nevertheless, of those out of College must consist of men for whom no room can be found within the walls. Thus at St. John's in the October Term there were in lodgings 57 Freshmen, 35 of the Second Year, and 95 of the Third and higher years, not counting Masters of Arts, in all therefore 187. In the Lent Term (1878) the corresponding numbers were 54, 32, and 58, in all 144.

From the foregoing considerations and for other reasons to be adduced, I am proposing that a

HALL OR HOSTEL

should be built near the College, but detached from it.

It should, in my opinion, be placed under the charge of a Resident Tutor, and have domestic arrangements in many respects similar to those of Keble College, Oxford. Its Members should retain their connexion with the College, attending the Chapel, Hall, and Lectures precisely as they would do were they in lodgings, whilst they should take breakfast and lunch together at the Hostel, and have the use of the Common Room, Library, &c.

The following would be the main purposes of the Hostel:

1. To supply healthy accommodation, morally and physically, to 50 Students now obliged to be in lodgings. From what has been said it is obvious that the Hostel could be filled at once. I am convinced that admission to it would be eagerly sought for.

2. Economy.

At Keble College, Oxford, £27 a Term is paid for furnished rooms, board, and tuition. With us a percentage must be paid on the cost of building the Hostel, and in consequence the ordinary charges would exceed those at Keble College, but a Sizar's payments might be considerably lower. And all the Students would have the advantage, more important in Cambridge than at Oxford, of being able to compete for the Scholarships and numerous other emoluments attached to our ancient foundation.

It has always appeared to me to be a reproach to the Colleges that they, possessing all possible appliances, should confess themselves unable to compete with the Unattached system on the score of economy. The proposed Hostel scheme would be an attempt to meet the difficulty without involving the loss of the social advantages of life in College.

3. Social intercourse would be increased.

Without impairing that at present enjoyed in the Hall, Lecture Room, and Recreation Clubs, the Hostel Students would meet one another, their Tutor and friends daily at breakfast, luncheon, and in the Common Room. At present it is not unusual in so large a College as ours for men to form very small sets, and in some cases to have scarcely a companion beyond.

4. The closer intercourse between the Resident Tutor and the men, the supervision and influence he would be able to exercise, could not fail to be of great service. Originally, all Fellows of the College seem to have had a position somewhat of the kind suggested, and, although that is now impracticable, some approach to it seems highly desirable.

The advantages of such a Hostel would clearly be most important to men just entering the University. After a while some men might prefer the greater freedom of life in lodgings or in the ordinary College rooms. There need be no practical difficulty in arranging that men might, if they so desired, leave the Hostel for other rooms, just as they now change from lodgings to College, and *vice versa*. Possibly this might not often be done, but to whatever extent it was done, to that extent would it help in obviating the necessity of sending Freshmen into lodgings.

It is not my intention in this paper to enter into any calculations as to the probable cost of the Building or the expense of its management. The statistics of both kinds which I have been able to collect from such sources as promised to afford a trustworthy basis for comparison, are all at the service of the Fellows of the College, and will be submitted to the Governing Body as opportunity offers or occasion may require. My own conclusions are that to erect and furnish the building will cost £15,000 or £16,000; also that it will be able to pay a return of from £750 to £1000 annually

to the College, and that its Students (not being Sizars) must expect their College bills to amount to £100 a year for three Terms, exclusive of such personal expenses as Books, Clothes, Washing, Travelling, or Private Tuition.

If it be said that we may be content to defer the consideration of this matter until after the work of the University Commission is ended, and until we know what funds we shall be required to contribute, I answer that the Commissioners have already given information sufficient for us to ground our calculations upon; and that whatever they do they will not deprive us of our Undergraduates, and therefore will not in any wise lessen our present urgent need of accommodation for them.

There are good reasons, moreover, why it is desirable to undertake a work of this kind as soon as possible.

1. The next few years will probably bring a large accession to our numbers.

The country is looking to the Commission to increase the efficiency of the University, not only by extending its instruction over a wider range of subjects, but also by bringing within its influence new classes of students. An expectation of this kind necessarily brings its own fulfilment. Considering, too, that the large accessions to our numbers of late have taken place during a time of great depression, it is but reasonable to expect that still more rapid increase will ensue when trade and prosperity revive.

2. The country expects us to study economy. One of the purposes of this, as apparently of all recent Commissions, is to devise plans whereby the cost of an University Education may be lessened (see Clause 16, section 11, of the Universities' Act); and although other means are specified yet the end will be regarded by the country rather than the means. There is undoubtedly a great longing to obtain for a wider circle of men the advantages of University life and training,

and if the expense be one great obstacle to the accomplishment of this laudable desire, then it must follow that the College which first comes forward to supply the need will gain, and that deservedly, both credit and success.

3. We stand almost alone among the Colleges in having special opportunities for carrying out such a project. When, for example, the Master's Hostel at Trinity College was built, it was necessary to pull down houses and places of business, whose rental was considerable. We, on the other hand, have in our own possession sites at present unoccupied in the most convenient positions we could desire.

4. We wish St. John's to be foremost in everything that makes for the welfare of its Undergraduates.

There has of late years been a great equalization of educational advantages amongst the colleges, both in the teaching provided and through the emulation caused by competition among the students themselves. By the Minor Scholarships the clever men are, in the first instance, more equally distributed over the University, the share of any College depending mainly on the length of its purse; and, subsequently, by means of inter-collegiate lectures in the smaller Colleges, and the general opening of the lectures of one College to the members of all, a much more uniform standard of teaching is attained than formerly.

All the more necessary is it, therefore, to cultivate any other distinction or pre-eminence which we possess if we would maintain such a popularity as will influence parents and guardians in their choice of a college.

Let it not be forgotten how large a number of our Students are the sons of the Clergy, who are, as a rule, less affluent than others.

Clerical incomes have remained comparatively stationary, whilst the wealth of the country, and with it the cost of living, has largely increased, so that the

holders of what were formerly accounted rich benefices have frequently now to exercise strict economy. The Clergy, however, know better than others the value of an University career in its social, no less than its educational aspect, and their sons are, *tam moribus quam doctrina*, as desirable a class of Students as any in the community.

The distinction of providing for such men, and thus of acquiring and training a diligent and successful race of scholars, is one which St. John's has always been accredited with, and which it will, I trust, long continue to merit.

I have thus endeavoured to explain why I think that not only are our present needs urgent, and likely to be still more so, but also that the time is otherwise opportune for attempting to make provision for them; and, further, that the plan I have delineated is one which in its character and aims is appropriate to the special requirements and circumstances of the College, whilst we are singularly fortunate in possessing facilities for carrying it into execution.

The practicability of any particular scheme will be a matter to be decided by a careful consideration of more detailed plans, and of the results of experience in similar cases.

But I trust that the adoption of the above or some cognate scheme will not long be hindered by the apparent magnitude or cost of the effort.

I am convinced that if we forego the present opportunity, we shall either witness the evils of the existing system becoming yearly intensified or the honour of remedying them pass from ourselves to reward the enterprise of others.

A. F. TORRY,

Fellow of St. John's College and Junior Dean.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

III.

HAILEYBURY.

NYONE who has travelled within the last year from Cambridge to London by the Great Eastern, may have observed, just before he gets to Broxbourne, a dome towering amongst the trees on the hill-top, and looking much as if St. Paul's had come out for a trip with the numerous Cockneys, who are attracted to these parts by the pleasures of the Rye-house, and had lost itself in the woods. That is the dome of the new Chapel of Haileybury, of which—well, we will only say in words familiar to the students of the old Latin Grammar—*laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*.*

Hertfordshire is essentially an insignificant county; its towns are small, its hills are small, its rivers are small, its area is small, its population is small, its attractions are small. But just at Broxbourne and Haileybury, at the confluence of the Lea and Stort, you are in the choicest strip of Hertfordshire, a very 'garden of the Lord', in comparison to the flatness and dullness of North Herts.

On this valley of the Lea and Stort, Haileybury looks down from an eminence by no means contemptible, for a place within 25 miles of Cambridge. In fact, there was a tradition in the school, though I think it must have been a fiction, that it was the highest hill between London and York. Certainly

* After this article was in type, the dome was accidentally destroyed by fire in October, 1878.

from a rural point of view, a better place for a school could hardly have been devised. Perhaps after a year at Cambridge, one would find it inconvenient to have to walk three miles to a town, and find only Hertford at the end. But such inconveniences (though by no means of an Arcadian disposition, I speak without affectation) are not to be compared with the delight of having Hertford Heath within two minutes walk.

Not that anyone is to think that Hertford Heath is wild or grand or anything of the kind. It is not so much as a mile at its greatest length, and is interspersed with swamps and puddles; in fact, it does not differ materially from other heaths. But to the schoolboy it is liberty; it is a great thing to a good many boys to be able to "escape from the world" within a hundred yards of the College walls. It was quite big enough to make a solitary ramble, possible at any hour of the day; there you could catch butterflies if you were naturalistically inclined, and pigs and geese if you wished for nobler sport. In the summer-time, boys used to construct "arbours" amongst the trees and bushes, inaccessible to all, except those who were admitted to the secret, whither they would carry their humble feasts, the flavour of which was of course greatly intensified by the sylvan retirement. The discovery of the arbour by the outer world at once destroyed its charms, and it was immediately demolished. Leading out of the Heath were two lovely green lanes, one of them a Roman road, which, but for their exceeding sloppiness, made as perfect walks as could be wished for by boys used to ordinary English scenery.

It will be seen, that the natural attractions of Haileybury were of a very mild character. Still we have a few curiosities and antiquities in the neighbourhood. Just by us, indeed there is not much to be seen. There is the Rye-house, signalised by the famous plot, and now the paradise of Cockneys; it is of course

forbidden to the school, and we always regarded it as the abode of ineffable vice, though I don't suppose it could really be charged with anything worse than vulgarity. Then there is Ware, familiar to readers of *John Gilpin*, as the abode of his friend the Calendar, also famous for its great bed, wherein fifty citizens of London and their wives once slept together. This interesting piece of furniture, is now, I believe, in the possession of the family of Charles Dickens. Ware is supposed to be the most important town for malting in England; it may also, not improbably, be the dirtiest, otherwise it has no claims to celebrity. Then there is Hertford, the town of the School, whither on the first day of the term a vast caravan of boys used to wend their way, to get supplies for their studies. Of Hertford there is absolutely nothing to be said; it is a dead-alive place, as indeed are most towns in the Eastern Counties.

If, however, you take the Great Northern from Hertford, you soon come to a place by no means devoid of interest, Hatfield, where Queen Elizabeth spent many of the years of her girlhood. Its principal attraction is still the Hall, which is now the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. And after a few miles more you reach the glory of Hertfordshire, the great Abbey, now Cathedral of St. Alban's.

Or, again, if you go southwards from Broxbourne, you come to the two Walthams, Waltham Cross and Waltham Abbey; for the two towns have taken their names from their respective relics of antiquity, Queen Eleanor's Cross, and the famous foundation of "Harold Infelix." His grave is still to be seen there, if indeed he was buried there, and did not live, as some say, to old age at Chester, expiating in solitude his sins whatever they may have been. And a little further on is Epping Forest, to which our Natural Science Society makes, or used to make, excursions with much singing and joyfulness, in many cases, I fear,

attracted more by the picnic than by a genuine love of science.

However, I am not going to describe Waltham, or St. Albans, or Epping Forest, and will return to Haileybury. The college, as everyone knows, was founded originally to train Students for the Civil Service of the East India Company. At the same time, I think Addiscombe was founded for the Military Service of that same Company. The structure itself bears some resemblance to Downing, a description, which I fear will not create a very favourable impression in the minds of my readers. It consists of one huge quadrangle, which has given Haileybury at least one remarkable feature; for it is the biggest quadrangle in England, not excepting the great Court of Trinity, which is second biggest. It cannot, however, claim equality with this last in point of beauty, as it is not only composed of buildings of varying height but is altogether of a scraggy and disorderly appearance.

How the College fared in those "Old East Indian days," we ourselves at least knew little. There was too little connexion between the old and the new for any traditions to be handed down. The College was however adorned by some distinguished professors, and some equally distinguished pupils. Amongst the former were Malthus and Lebas. Amongst the latter were Lord Lawrence, the elder Trevelyan, Sir Bartle Frere, Colvin, Edmonstone and Thomason. These six names are familiar to every Haileyburian, as they gave their names to the six houses; I am afraid, however, that we did not cherish these memories of the past as much as we might have done. Certainly I am sure that none of my own house, Colvin, knew anything about the private history of their patron. And with the exception of these six names, no trace of the ancient inhabitants remains behind. They have not left even a ghost to haunt the almost Egyptian darkness of the study-passages in which they used to dwell.

If, however, Haileyburians are too little mindful of the glory of their predecessors, the public amply makes up for it by ignoring the present inhabitants. You tell some elderly person that you are at Haileybury. He probably says, "O, then you are going to India." You explain that Haileybury has been turned into a school. "Oh, indeed! quite a private school, I suppose." "Is it really a good school? Does it send boys to College, or ever get Scholarships?" are questions that have been put to me, by no means unnatural, considering the circumstances, though apt to cause some resentment in the breasts of enthusiastic members of the School.

In 1856 the East India Civil appointments were thrown open to competition and Haileybury was no longer needed. For three years the College remained deserted. Only a few servants were retained to look after the place and keep it in partial repair. In 1860 it was again occupied, being formed into a barrack for some of the Company's troops. After six months, however, the scheme for amalgamating the Company's forces with those of the Queen was brought in, and the College was again deserted. Meanwhile a number of gentlemen in the neighbourhood had formed a plan of utilising the building by turning it into a public school, and in 1861 accordingly, the College was put up to auction, bought by the aforesaid gentlemen, and the present school established.

When the School, numbering about fifty boys, met for the first time, says tradition, it was well stocked with bats, balls, and every kind of apparatus for athletic amusement. When however the masters bethought themselves of lessons, they found that they had quite forgotten to provide any books; and so the School had to devote itself to mathematics for two days or so. It was not a good omen for the future intellectual success of the new School. But the omen was not fulfilled, at least in the infancy of the School,

for its first successes were very brilliant. The first head-master was the Rev. A. G. Butler, brother of the master of Harrow, and now Dean of Oriel. He was eminently successful and popular, and to him may be attributed in a great measure our early successes. In 1871 he resigned from ill-health and the present master, the Rev. E. H. Bradby was elected from a large body of competitors, amongst whom was the Rev. F. W. Farrar.

History, the school can be said to have none, nor indeed could it be expected of an institution of only sixteen years standing. None of its members have as yet attained to any dignity higher than fellowships. One great change has been made in the School-buildings. The old chapel, however much respect we might feel for its associations, was decidedly plain and not over roomy. I knew a father who intended to bring his son to Haileybury, but at the sight of the chapel, at once departed in disgust. For many years the erection of a new one was talked about, but nothing was begun till 1875. Last summer it was consecrated by the Bishop of St. Alban's as his first episcopal act, amidst great jubilation, and with a large assemblage of old boys; so that at last we have something worthier of the Haileyburian motto, *sursum corda*.

The school, like Marlborough, Wellington, Rossal and others goes on the hostel-system, *i.e.* the boys live all together and are not distributed in private houses, though they are divided into dormitories, which are ordinarily known as houses. The four lowest forms are relegated to a building called Hailey-house and are looked upon with considerable contempt by the "College" fellows *i.e.* the rest, though a large proportion of them have passed through the Hailey-house stage themselves; "you walk about with a Hailey-house pauper," I have known to be said as a most scathing *opprobrium*. "Pauper,"

by the bye, was a curious word in vogue at Haileybury, though not elsewhere, so far as I know; just as the word "gentleman" expresses sometimes a member of the upper classes, sometimes a person possessed of the virtues supposed to belong to these classes, so "pauper" sometimes stood for a lower-class boy, sometimes for a person whose behaviour is like that of the ideal lower-class boy, *i.e.* who indulges in *very* small jokes, practical or verbal, and—but the word, like most expressive words, is absolutely undefinable. So far however as my experience went, pauperism was by no means characteristic of paupers proper, or lower-school boys. On the contrary, it was said with considerable truth, that the Sixth was the most pauperish form in the School. The virtue or vice, whichever it may be, finds its crowning embodiment in the proceedings of undergraduates in the Senate-house.

The "College" fellows who were not in Hailey-house lived in our big quad, inhabiting the studies and form-rooms by day, and the six dormitories, each divided into forty-six compartments, by night. The studies have for the most part four inmates a-piece, and were often got up with considerable taste. On Saturday nights, and often on others too, they are the scene of unctuous "Grub," the remains of which in old times, I grieve to say, used to be precipitated into the passage, quite regardless of sweetness and cleanliness. Indeed, you could not walk up the passage without coming on a jam-pot or a lobster-pot, and sometimes on a pot of sour milk, and various other accumulations of garbage. Now, however, this is happily mended.

One of the great results of the Hostel system for us, whether for good or for evil, was the strength which it gave to public opinion. Living as we did, the great mass of us in one building, and with no artificial restrictions to intercourse, the opinions of the mag-nates of the School penetrated rapidly through the

mass, and there was little or no resistance to them. The common idea that the fashions of their mistresses, when adopted by servants are at once vulgarized, finds its counterpart at School. School slang was generally introduced at the top of the School, and then gradually made its way down to the "pauper." It then became vulgarized or pauperized, and had to be immediately taboed by the more aristocratic portions of the School.

In spite of our hostel system, like Marlborough we were by no means wanting in house-feeling. House-matches were almost as exciting as foreign-matches. One of the masters bequeathed us a silver ball, to be the prize of the "Cock" house, that is the house which was first in Cricket in the Summer Term, Football in the Christmas Term, and Racquets, Fives, and Athletics in the Easter Term. At the end of the Term the Cock-house musters its forces, and solemnly receives the ball from the Cock-house of the preceding term, and escorts it with processions and jubilant chants to its new abode. There is a clock, too, which is held by the house which gets most prizes. But this, as might be expected, is never so much an object of enthusiasm as the ball.

The dormitories themselves, with their forty-six compartments looking like a succession of stalls, must be a curious sight to anyone who sees them for the first time. And still more curious would be the effect if he could listen to the sounds that proceeded therefrom in the still hours of the night; a mixed noise of snores and gibberish, with perhaps a casual sleep-walker (for such occasionally appeared to the great terror of the others) stumbling over the boots in the middle of the room. To these dormitories many of us can look back as the scenes of our first battles. For there the young prefect had to keep order between the hours of ten and eleven, and would probably have many sharp moral conflicts with rebellious spirits,

who would come a very little way out of their compartments and pretend they were in them, or dance about at the opposite end to where the prefect was, and until he descended upon them, when if hunted to their compartments, they would sometimes elude him in a very questionable manner.

It must not be thought, however, that our prefects were an inefficient or despised body. On the contrary I think they were rather more powerful than elsewhere. A Marlburian, at any rate, the other day seemed surprised to hear that the persons of our prefects were sacred. I never remember a prefect being treated with violence except on one occasion, and that was by a boy who was leaving and knew that in half-an-hour he would be beyond the reach of vengeance. The majesty of the prefects is chiefly displayed when they hold prefects' meetings upon occasions of bullying and the like. On such occasions the windows of the opposite side of the quad would be thronged with earnest spectators, armed with opera-glasses, when obtainable, who would count the strokes of the cane with as much excitement as was ever displayed at an execution.

Whilst the actual administration is in the hands of the prefects, the social influence falls to an aristocracy, or government of "jolly" fellows. For Haileybury is not 'like many schools' an "athletocracy." What, indeed, exactly constitutes a "jolly," or a "good sort of," or "decent" fellow, it would be rather difficult to define. To be an *ἀριστος*, athletics would certainly help you, but besides that you had to possess certain virtues, and probably also a few vices too, and cleverness was a decided help. Most of the aristocrats were in the Sixth Form.

Our institutions are principally taken from Harrow and Rugby, not unnaturally, for our present Headmaster was a Rugby boy and a Harrow master. Perhaps the most cherished of them is our football.

We believe firmly in compulsory football, though indeed we have had many things lately to shake our faith, collar-bones broken, legs smashed, thighs put out of joint, and last year a boy all but killed by the exposure during and after the game. Our football used to be pretty good, though I fear it has rather fallen off lately. And certainly it ought to have been good in the scrimmage part, for every morning through the year brought us a new game of football. For the entrance to our old chapel being narrow, and everybody who was not inside when the clock struck being counted late, about half-a-minute before time the door was beset with a huge crowd, shoving with might and main. The spectacle must have caused great scandal to many a pious visitor, and sometimes the Head-master would actually supply the place of the opposite side of the scrimmage and drive them out. In other games our prowess is not remarkable, especially cricket, in which we are annually thrashed by Uppingham, though we hold our own tolerably against Wellington. One of the chief delights especially among the younger boys is the bath, which is seventy yards by twenty broad, and would be delightful if the water were not quite so green. It frequently teems with newts, which it is the delight of the bathers to catch. I remember one hopeful youth, actuated we will hope by a scientific spirit, applying a burning-glass to one of these poor creatures. But the newt, I'm glad to say, did not perish unavenged.

Our mental education out of School was assisted by three Societies, Literary or Debating, Natural Science, and Antiquarian, and by a paper or magazine called *The Haileyburian*. The first of these Societies was intended for the reading of original compositions and for debates. It is hardly necessary to say that the former were very rare, and soon the practice was introduced of reading somebody else's composition, a

practice which developed so much, that a year or two ago the reading meetings consisted almost entirely of selections from Sam Slick and Mark Twain. The debates can hardly be said to have been powerful. It was generally extremely difficult to get a motion, for our Sixth Form being not perhaps over much addicted to general culture, was not very ready with a subject. The opener, however, was obliged to get up his speech, and generally got on tolerably, but the other speeches were anything but brilliant. There were two stereotyped forms of beginning a speech; "Gentlemen, I am afraid I know nothing about the subject," or "Gentlemen, my arguments have been forestalled by previous speakers." Our other two Societies were headed by masters who understood the subjects, and also they went on the principle of admitting members, who wished to join, and not like the Literary Society, merely members of the school aristocracy.

The Haileyburian is a paper which once possessed considerable merit and even now is quite up to the average of school magazines. But all school, perhaps we might add college magazines too, though well-supported at first, are soon left almost entirely to the hands of the editors. Poetry was supplied by the school in considerable quantities, a confirmation of the fact that the human race writes poetry before it writes prose. But the school-poetry, with some brilliant exceptions, was decidedly trashy, and was generally either about some horrors or other, or love. One composition on war, I remember, which contained the following elegant stanza:

I see the maiden's eye ne'er free
From tears in secret by her shed,
When in the papers she doth see
Her lover's name amongst the dead.

The love poems were much in the style of the

following, which forms the climax to some erotic dirge:

Alas! what means this agonizing moan?
 Well know I what,
 Henceforth I tread the path of life alone,
 She loves me not.

Sometimes the School has a joke of sending up passages from English poets in order to entrap the editors. Once one of Shelley's poems was rejected as "not up to the mark," on another occasion his "Love's Philosophy" was inserted. As a rule, editors had to write things themselves or screw them out of old boys and masters.

Such are some of our manners and customs, or rather our customs. Anything distinctive about our manners it would be difficult to give. Though the School was founded principally for sons of Clergy, and does, in a large measure, consist of them, I don't think we were in any way clerical, nor was there on the other hand any reaction from clericalism.

Haileybury at present is in its infancy and feels no need as yet of antiquity. It knows that it has to make its way, and that gives it a strength, which is quite as great as any which is imparted by the memories of a long past, like that of Eton and Harrow. Its time of trial will probably come soon, when it has lost its first vigour, and has not yet attained the ripeness of age; when it is no longer attractive by its youth, and yet is in the perilous position of a parvenu.

F. H. C.



WATER-LILIES.

Fairies in their palaces
Use no daintier chalices;
Cups of silver bossed with gold,
Fresh from Nature's coffer brought;
Were the mines of Ophir wrought,
Into fairer forms of old?

Sunshine loves to burnish them,
Trembling shadows furnish them
To a softened grace divine;
Fairies, ye do haunt the spot,
Guarding that enchanted plot
Where your treasures float and shine.



LUMINOUS TREES.

Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Ostendat nemore in tanto!—VIRGIL, *Aen.* VI. 187.

THE pleasure of a journey is considerably enhanced if it be made in the pursuit of some object. Plan and purpose are sauces to travel almost as piquant as hunger is to a meal. The reproach that no recollections are so vivid as those of morning coffee or evening *table-d'hôte* is more often made than deserved. When deserved, it is usually by those who cross the water because it is the fashion or journey to kill time.

The artist remembers that crimson glow which fired the Jungfrau hanging cloud like over the lake of Thun. The botanist recalls the frowning cliffs which guarded the valley where the edelweiss grew. The geologist has had moments as ecstatic as that of Hutton, whose guides imagined he had surely discovered a vein of gold when he detected an intruded vein of granite. The mountaineer thinks of the moment when he reached the Col and saw before him that the pass was accomplished. Even a sportsman remembers the successful stalk or the pool where he landed the salmon.

Few are botanists, sportsmen, or mountaineers. But the pleasure of a tour is much increased if our eyes are open to all that surrounds us, on the watch to observe and interpret. He that seeks will ever

find much more than he looked for. There is a pretty and rather mysterious appearance, easy to see, yet seldom seen, and seldom looked for, which has added me a charm to many a walk, and which I would fain make a little better known. Professor Tyndall describes, in his *Glaciers of the Alps*, how, when he was plodding up a valley with the huge mountains standing lifeless against the brightening sky, he became conscious that on the brow of a hill in front some bushes were gleaming like a fringe of frosted silver above the dead shadow of the slopes. "The twigs and weeds on the summit shone as if they were self-luminous, while bits of thistle-down floating in the air appeared like fragments of the sun himself." He proceeds to quote a letter from M. Necker to Sir David Brewster, giving an admirable description of the phenomenon. "Conceive the observer at the foot of a hill interposed between him and the place where the sun is about to rise. The upper margin of the mountain is covered with woods or detached trees or shrubs, which are projected as dark objects on a very bright and clear sky, except at the very place where the sun is just going to rise, for there all the trees and shrubs bordering the margin are entirely—branches, leaves, stem, and all—of a pure and brilliant white, appearing extremely bright and luminous, although projected on a most brilliant and luminous sky, as that part of it which surrounds the sun always is. All the minutest details, leaves, twigs, &c., are most delicately preserved, and you would fancy that you saw these trees and forests made of the purest silver with all the skill of the most expert workman. The swallows and other birds flying in those particular spots appear like sparks of the most brilliant white" (*Glaciers of the Alps*, p. 179).

This appearance has not often been noticed, probably, as Professor Tyndall suggests, from the natural unwillingness of guides and travellers to turn their

eyes towards the painful radiance of that part of the sky. After reading these descriptions, some years ago just before starting for Switzerland my attention was directed to the matter by a friend returning. He had himself been examining it and seeking an explanation. Accordingly, during that and several subsequent tours I was constantly on the watch for the phenomenon, trying to observe it in every possible position and on every available opportunity. I have seen it repeatedly in many places and various situations. The pursuit has added a lively charm to many a mountain walk, and affixed a pleasant memory to many a lovely place. There was not merely the delight of witnessing but the occupation of seeking its source. Various explanations had been propounded. One was that the leaves and stems might be wet with early dew, and hence the brilliancy of the reflection. But while grasses and leaves might be dewy, scarcely could twigs, and certainly not thick pine stems. Besides, in the valley between Bruneck and Taufers I saw the appearance about midday. There is not much dew left by that hour on a scorching day. It can also be seen, though less often, at sunset. Two other suggestions are even less happy, that the tree trunks might be hung with silvery lichens, or varnished with turpentine or with gums. Persons have been up into the forests to examine, and found on the tree trunks none of the gums, lichens, or turpentine required. Diffraction has also been proffered as an explanation; but diffraction produces colour, as may be seen by looking through eyelashes at the sun, and it does not produce white light.

Plainly the cause is illumination by the sun. The difficulties to be explained are, how can the whole of the tree be white when only one part is lit up, and how can even the sun light up rough pine-bark with so intense a glow. The latter may be explained by the extreme obliquity of the reflexion. Even a

mirror reflects more clearly when you look sideways along its face. White paper will shew the difference still more strongly. Even a dress of black velvet has a sheen on the folds; and a surface of lamp-black, the least reflective of all substances, will gleam if the light skim over it close enough. These grass stems and pine leaves are but just out of the sun's line. His rays as they fall are bent but a trifle from their course, and reach the eye with scarce the least diminution of their brilliancy. Careful watching, too, will shew that the appearance extends only a short way from the sun's disc, and ceases while the angle of reflexion is still large.

It is less easy to explain why the whole of the tree should seem bathed in light when but a part can be really touched by the sun. For the grass and leaves we might imagine that their bright side only was seen; but then the tree trunks are round, and they also seem bright, and bright all over. The cause of this appears to be Irradiation. When a drop of water is let fall on blotting paper it soaks into the paper all round the edges of the blot. Fine ink lines cannot be drawn on soft paper for the same reason. Now, bright light seems to produce a like effect on the retina of the eye; it affects a space larger than that on which it falls, and it spreads beyond the limits of the proper picture. Thus astronomers know to their cost that the sun's disc seems larger than it ought to do. A planet crossing the face is almost quenched in the radiance, and takes less time to cross than should be wanted for the apparent breadth. At new moon the dark part can often be seen within, embraced by the horns, and then the bright crescent seems to belong to an orb far broader than the darker disc. We paint the figures on our cricket telegraph board white on a black plate, and make our diagrams in the lecture-room with chalk on a slate, rather than with black on white. In each case

the reason is the same; the white encroaches on the dark, like good in the midst of evil, and becomes larger and more plainly visible.

One scorching day, when mounting the Oetz Thal, in heat which seemed reaching sunstroke point, we sheltered under the welcome refuge of a great rock. A spider had drawn a long thread of web from a point of the rock to some neighbouring bush or weed. The part which ran through shadow could just be seen, an airy filmy line. Where it entered the sunlight it shone a brilliant cord, seemingly broad, and thick, and coarse. In shade it was studded with tiny knots, but in sunlight strung with pearls. The broad part shifted with the shifting view, and the thickness was plainly the mere impression of the light.

Hence, if a dark and a bright line were side by side the bright would spread itself over the dark; brightness would alone be seen. When the boughs are illumined by the rising sun there is a bright and a dark side, but the bright overlaps the dark and there is no place left for the latter—the tree is shaped out of light. Even the thick stems and trunks, if far enough off to seem narrow, yield to the same influence and are luminous, but a trunk too thick or near will resist conversion, and shew an obstinate core of darkness still. This effect probably assists in diverting notice from the phenomenon, though, when comprehended, it leads immediately to the cause.

I have seen these luminous trees in all parts of Switzerland and Tyrol, and am in the constant habit of watching for them everywhere. If you chance to see the shadow of a tree-clad brow cast on a meadow or open hill-side, there is the place to see them. Go in the shadow near to its edge, as near as you can without bringing your eye into the sunlight. Look in the direction of the sun's disc, make it just on the point of rising, but do not let it quite rise. You will see the trees, or bushes, or grass stems, which

fringe the distant brow, shining as if they were soaked with brightness. The breadth illuminated is never great, usually about twice that of the sun itself. The sun must not be allowed to come quite into sight, for he drowns dark and white alike. Often no shrubs or grass occur suitably, and you must shift your place. Probably also at first you will fail to see it, from ignorance of what to look for. But if you once can attain to the sight, your trouble will not have been in vain.

This year I could not catch the effect in the Bertrich Valley, but saw it beautifully on grass while walking up to the Falkenlei. I have seen it well in Wales below Beth Gelert on distant trees, still better on grass and bushes in the Pass of Cwm Buchan. I have never succeeded in seeing the effect in the plain countries, probably because the sun there must be low in order to be hidden, and then his rays are enfeebled by the length they have travelled through the air. A building, one would think, might shew it were the roof-ridge clothed with weeds; and, indeed, here in Cambridge I have noticed birds thus luminous when flying above a house which hid the sun. The parapet-tracery of King's Chapel is too coarse and thick, but when the swallows assemble on the roof for their autumn migration it might be possible to see them lit up in this way. Yet in our damp vapour-holding atmosphere the sun's beams may well be always too feeble. Even in the clear air of the mountains the sunset light often fails to have sufficient intensity.

E. H.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

OR,

THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY.

An Old Song to a New Tune.

WHEN we were all little and good,—
A long time ago, I'm afraid, Miss,—
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Miss;
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight;
In Norfolk I think his estate lay—
That is, if I recollect right,
For I've not read the history lately.*
Rum ti, &c.

Their Pa and their Ma being teased
With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,
People are apt to be seized
With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,
Their medical man shook his head
As he could not get well to the root of it;
And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

* See Bloomfield's "History of the County of Norfolk," in which all the particulars of this lamentable history are (or ought to be) fully detailed, together with the names of the parties, and an elaborate pedigree of the family.—T. I.



*Tenuem
Poematis illustrissimi adumbrationem
Multos abhinc annos
Inter ambulandum confectam
Nugarum patientibus
D. D.
Carolus Stanwell.*

QUAE NEMORA AUT QUI VOS SALTUS—?

QUM nos innocuos infantia prima videbat,
(Sæcla sed ex illo longa abiisse queror)
De pueris, morti quos teter avunculus olim
Prodidit in silva, fabula crebra fuit.
His pater Armigeri titulos Equitise ferebat;
Villa apud Icenos, aut ego fallor, erat:
Rectius historiam vellem meminisse, sed est quæ
Excidit infido, ni modo lecta, sinu.
Illis fama refert matremque patremque molesti
Insidiis morbi succubuisse simul,
Qui solet infando stomachum vexare tumultu,
Prunorum incauto si quis amore furit.
Stat medicus, motatque caput sapienter, at altam
Tangere radicem non valet arte mali;
Jamque, tori calcem dum claudit avunculus, infans
Ad latus ægrotis illud et illud adest.

“Oh, Brother!” their Ma whisper’d, faint
 And low, for breath seeming to labour, “Who’d
 Think that this horrid complaint,
 That’s been going about in the neighbourhood,
 Thus should attack me,—nay more,
 My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him!
 Bringing us so near Death’s door
 That we can’t avoid making a call on him!

“Now think, ’tis your Sister invokes
 Your aid, and the last word she says is,
 Be kind to those dear little folks
 When our toes are turn’d up to the daisies!—
 By the servants don’t let them be snubb’d,—
 —Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,—
 And mind Johnny’s chilblains are rubb’d
 Well with Whitehead’s best essence of mustard!

“You know they’ll be pretty well off in
 Respect to what’s call’d ‘worldly gear,’
 For John, when his Pa’s in his coffin,
 Comes in to three hundred a-year;
 And Jane’s to have five hundred pound
 On her marriage paid down, ev’ry penny,
 So you’ll own a worse match might be found,
 Any day in the week, than our Jenny!”—

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
 And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
 Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
 And devoted himself to Old Bogey
 If he did not make matters all right,
 And said, should he covet their riches,
 He “wish’d the old Gentleman might
 Fly away with him, body and breeches!”

'Frater,' ait genetrix, vix exaudita, (laborans
Halitus haud faciles expedit ore sonos.)
'Quis prævidit enim, qua nunc vicinia pallet,
Hanc nobis pestem tam fore triste malum?
Quam mihi, quamque viro gravis est! stat janua mortis:
Ire salutatum vis inamœna jubet.
Te soror in partes ergo vocat; accipe flentis,
Accipe quæ fas est ultima verba loqui.
Bellis ubi in cælum versa nos calce videbit
Officium miseris auxiliantis agas.
Præcipue, lautis innata superbia vernis
Ne juvenes dura conditione præmat,
Suppeditet pueri plantis fomenta sinapi,
Lactea cum pomis sitque polenta Chloæ.
Ut nosti his modicus legabitur æris acervus,
(Res aut ornatum dicere vulgus amat.)
Nam nato, genitor tumulo quum absconditur, annus
Ter centum argenti millia quisque dabit.
Huic etiam, sponso si quando nubet, ad assem
Aureis quingenti dos numerandus erit;
Ergo non donis adeo locupletibus aucta
Assurget nostræ plurima nupta Chloæ.
Dixerat; ille simul lacrimas simulavit amaras,
Fraudis et ut tortam suetus obire viam,
E loculis prompto mantili exsiccatur utrumque
Lumen, et inferno devovet ossa Jovi:
Testatusque Deos, 'Si non æqualiter acta,
Et sine avaritia, res, ait, omnis erit,
Me braccas, me membra adsit rapturus ad Orcum,
Horridulus, sontes quem tremuerè, senex.'

No sooner, however, were they
 Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
 Than he carried the darlings away
 Out of that parish into the next one,
 Giving out he should take them to town,
 And select the best school in the nation,
 That John might not grow up a clown,
 But receive a genteel education.

“Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!”
 Says he, “While his mind’s ductile and plastic,
 I’ll place him at Dotheboys Hall,
 Where he’ll learn all that’s new and gymnastic.
 While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,
 Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap ’em rise,
 Shall go to those worthy old frumps,
 The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise!”

Having thought on the How and the When
 To get rid of his nephew and niece,
 He sent for two ill-looking men,
 And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—
 Says he, “Each of you take up a child
 On the crupper, and when you have trotted
 Some miles through that wood lone and wild,
 Take your knife out, and cut its carotid!”—

“Done” and “done” is pronounced on each side,
 While the poor little dears are delighted
 To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,
 And are not in the least degree frightened;
 They say their “Ta! Ta!” as they start,
 And they prattle so nice on their journey,
 That the rogues themselves wish to their heart
 They could finish their job by attorney.

Vix tamen extulerat cui vertere cura ligonem
Corpora, gramineo condideratque toro,
Quum in pagum pagi qui fines illius urget
Dulce tenellorum gessit utrumque caput.
Res ita vulgatur: 'qua discere præstet, in urbem,
Sedibus hunc lectis depositurus, eo,
Ne fera rusticitas mores, ubi fortior ætas,
Curvet, at agnoscat Musa polita suum.
Sordet enim Græcus sermo, sordetque Latinus;
Ergo, dum fingi cor juvenile potest,
Auferat in ludum gaudentis verbere Flavi
Mentem et membra novis erudienda modis.
Et, quoniam oculis ditata puellula plenis
Mox poterit centum dinumerare procos,
Illa suburbanis ibit qua torva misellis
Fert Saganæ ferulam Canidiæque manus.'
Volvit atrox animo quo tempore, quisque nefandis
Tradatur morti par puerile modis;
Inde ciet geminos immanes ora bubulcos,
Inque manus nummos quinque utriusque dedit:
Tunc ait, 'Hoc, illo, pullum suspendite dorso,
Pergite succussu quadrupedante frui;
Cumque feros saltus soli calcabitis, ense
Promite, et in jugulum cuique secetur iter.'
Siccine pangendum? Sic pangitur. Icit utrinque
Foedera vox: geminos ocium ire iuvat;
Fingere enim gallos equitantum more sedentes
Gaudent, nec minimo contremuere metu.
Ergo iter ingressi balbutivere Valetō.
Fallitur innocua garrulitate via:
Jamque alias esset cordi nebulonibus ipsis
Si modo per dextras conficeretur opus.

Nay one was so taken aback
 By seeing such spirit and life in them,
 That he fairly exclaim'd "I say, Jack,
 I'm blow'd if I *can* put a knife in them!"
 "Pooh!" says his pal, "you great dunce!
 You've pouch'd the good gentleman's money,
 So out with your whinger at once,
 And scrag Jane, while I spificate Johnny!"

He refused, and harsh language ensued,
 Which ended at length in a duel,
 When he that was mildest in mood
 Gave the truculent rascal his gruel;
 The Babes quake with hunger and fear,
 While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries;
 Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here
 With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries !

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes ;
 So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking :
 I'm going to get you some cakes,
 And a nice butter'd roll that's a-baking!"
 He rode off with a tear in his eye,
 Which ran down his rough cheek, and wet it,
 As he said to himself with a sigh,
 "Pretty souls!—don't they wish they may get it!!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight
 Of the wretch who thus sought their undoing,
 But pass'd all that day and that night
 In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.
 The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,
 So that worn out with sighings and sobbings,
 Next morn they were found stiff and stark,
 And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

Alter enim, (tanta sensim dulcedine lusus
Moverat, atque hilaris mens, animique vigor,)
'Figere sub teneris' inquit 'cervicibus ensem,
Turbine corripiar ni mea corda vetent.'
At comes, 'heus, animum, crassum caput, abjice mollem:
Nonne sinu abscondis quod probus ille dedit?
Prome manu cultrum; fodiet mea sica Johannem,
Restabitque tibi conficienda Chloe.'
Jamque, recusat enim, verbosa in jurgia currunt;
Mox dubias pugna conseruere manus.
Mitior ingenii superat; truculentior alter
Illius extremam sorbet ab ense luem.
Esurie victi trepidant ægroque timore,
Dum socius socii membra reponit humo;
Tunc ait, 'Hic lusu pueri indulgebitis: ecce!
Quot spinus baccas, quotque oleaster habet!
Vix crepitum appposito duplicaverit indice pollex,
Et redeo: trepidos exuitote metus.
Liba reportabo manibus; jam mollia furnus
Farra coquit, calido contumulanda sero.'
Urget equum, plenique tumet dum luminis humor,
Excidit, et guttis aspera barba madet;
Dum secum, 'insontes animæ,' suspirat et inquit,
'Nonne istas olim vultis habere dapes?'
Vanuit ex oculis, nec ab illo tempore mortem
Queis strueret nebulo conspiciendus erat.
Flent noctem totam crebris erroribus actam,
(Iverat assiduis fletibus acta dies;)
Frigidior tandem nigrioribus ingruit umbris,
Quassat anhelantes ægra querela sinus:
Postera lux oritur, geminosque rubecula duplex
Invenit in gelido diriguisse solo.

These two little birds it sore grieves
To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—
They cover the bodies with leaves,
An interment quite ornithological :
It might more expensive have been,
But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,
If amongst those in all Kensal Green
You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
And Justice, though blind, has a nose,
That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.
The wicked old Uncle, they say,
In spite of his riot and revel,
Was hippish and qualmish all day,
And dreamt all night long of the d——l.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
The neighbours thought all was not right,
Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
And Captain Swing came in the night,
And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox
Ran away with his geese and his ganders ;
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
Took the rot, and his horses the glanders ;
His daughters drank rum in their tea,
His son, who had gone for a sailor,
Went down in a steamer at sea,
And his wife ran away with a tailor !

Par volucrum doluit sceleris formidine tanti,
 (Ausim inter sævos enumerare dolos :)
Congestis igitur velarunt frondibus artus ;
 Talia pennatis nempe sepulchra placent.
Forsitan exstructus surgat pretiosior agger
 Multus, at, Esquilios si peragrare libet,
Crede mihi quæ fert animus non visa loquenti,
 Mausolea illic non magis apta parant.
At, quæcunque sibi scelerati fingere possint,
 Stragula complebit conscia culpa rubis.
Scilicet emunctæ, si desunt lumina, nares
 Justitiæ tacitum prodere crimen amant.
Improbis, ut perhibent, calices male sobrius altos
 Glutiit incassum, perpetuasque dapes ;
Angit enim miserum per totos nausea soles,
 Totaque nox Orco somnia missa refert.
Illa mox torquet bilis, plantasque podagra,
 Mutato frontem marmore ruga secat.
Seria concrescunt magis, et scalpuntur in horas,
 Partem acidi quidquid gutture volvit habet.
Vicini dubitant, neque enim jam creditur insons,
 Rarius alloquium qui petat ullus adest ;
Et nocte infames prædonis nomine flammæ
 Hordea combustis arripuere fabis. -
Vix erat una dies qua non aut ansere nuptas,
 Aut ipsum vulpes abstulit ore marem ;
Tabueruntque greges scabie, robigine messes,
 Et panus lassos exanimavit equos.
Nata Cathaiaca miscebat fronde Jamaicae
 Poela, vagabundus dum mare natus obit,
Qua vehitur sidit calido ratis acta vapore,
 Et raptam uxorem sartor adulter habet.

It was clear he lay under a curse,
 None would hold with him any communion;
 Every day matters grew worse and worse,
 Till they ended at length in the Union;
 While his man being caught in some fact
 (The particular crime I've forgotten),
 When he came to be hang'd for the act,
 Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.*

Understanding the matter was blown,
 His employer became apprehensive
 Of what, when 'twas more fully known,
 Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive;
 He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
 Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,
 Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
 And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
 That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages
 In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
 As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages!
 Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
 And reflect it's a fact beyond question
 That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,
 Promote anything else but digestion.—

—When you set about making your will,
 Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
 Mind, and word it with caution and skill,
 And avoid, if you can, any codicil!
 When once you've appointed an heir
 To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere
 You leave a reversion, beware
 Whom you place in contingent remainder!

* Sometime ordinary of Newgate. It was a common joke among the more lively of the convicts that they went to the gallows with their ears stuffed with "Cotton."

Scilicet haud dubiis urgebant numina Diris,
Nullius alloquium quo frueretur erat.
Inque dies pejora premunt, et paupere mensa
Cogitur exiguum sollicitare cibum.
Interea famulus culpa deprensus iniqua,
(Quale foret crimen non revocare queo,)
Dum, sceleris pœnas, nodum cervicibus aptat,
Carnificis totum pandit in aure nefas.
Ast, ubi cognovit fraudem fecludier atram,
Anxietas trepidi pectora quassat heri:
Suspensumque metu jam flagra ultricia, late
Si res per vulgus serperet ista, tenent.
Empta refert aconita domum, commixtaque trito
Farre superjectam diluit inter aquam,
Quæ simul absorpsit, lecto defixus, egentum
Nordovicensi sub lare, pauper obit.
Volvite nunc animis quot scripsi verba parentes,
Et, quoties medio Sirius igne furit,
Parcite vesanum prunis impendere amorem,
Sufflatuque aveat mens potiore frui.
Discite granatis oculos avertere pomis;
Scilicet haud dubia res manet hæcce fide,
Uvæ, si crudam capitis, sonus exit in *hei væ*,
Syllabaque hæc stomacho pertinet, illa gulæ.
Ultima sub mortem quum testamenta parandi
Cura tibi, ægroto quæ solet esse, venit,
Addita sit toti prudentia cauta libello:
Præcipue finem clausula nulla secet.
Et simul atque opibus congestis scribitur heres,
Quas dederint sortes, contuleritve labor,
Cui spem successus facias spectare memento,
Et ne quis noceat proximitate sua.

Executors, Guardians and all

Who have children to mind don't ill-treat them,
Nor think that, because they are small

And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them!
Remember that "ill-gotten goods

Never thrive!" their possession's but cursory;
So never turn out in the woods

Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things

Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour;
His "riches will make themselves wings,"

And his property come to the hammer!
Then He,—and not those he bereaves,—

Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,
When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves
(Of fat catalogues) heap'd up by Robins*!

T. INGOLDSBY.

* An allusion is made here to the recent dispersion of the collection at Strawberry Hill, whose glories came to an end in 1842 (the date of the poem), when all the pictures, curiosities, &c., which it contained, described in an enormous illustrated catalogue, were disposed of in a twenty-four days' sale, through the agency of the renowned auctioneer, Mr. George Robins. An amusing parody of the catalogue appeared under the title of "*Great Sale at Gooseberry Hall,*" &c.

Vos quibus obtigerit vel custodire juventam,
Vel servare aliis rem, propriamque domum,
Ne quia sunt teneri, pupillos fraude prematis,
Discat et immerita verber abesse manu.
Proderit et meminisse mala quæsitâ rapina
Sublabi: injustum dissipat hora lucrum.
Incertis dubitate ergo committere silvis
Quas potius nutrix servet, et alma domus.
Scilicet haud poterit vocem pressisse sub imo
Pectore cui maculant turpia facta manus;
Aufugiet celeres induta pecunia pennas,
Hastaque vendendas significabit opes.
Atque ita, queis orbet miseris, suspiria et angor
Non quanta orbanti causa doloris erunt;
Totus ubi obruitur, silvæ ceu fronde, libellis
Venditor ad plebem quos Rubicilla* parat.

* Locus obscurus. Videtur alludere poeta ad notum quendam auctionum præsidem. Libelli igitur isti bonorum catalogos repræsentant, quibus nefarius ille avunculus, vel aliquis ad eundem modum nefarius, *obruï* dicatur a Rubicilla, perinde ac infantes a Rubeculis. Neque vero nos fallit *Rubicillam* Anglice *Red-start* esse, *Rubeculam* vero *Red-breast* vel *Robin*. Metro ita incommodo lectoris indulgentia quæritur.



A VOYAGE TO LUSITANIA.

Was ich besitze, seh ich wie im Weiten
Und was verschwand, wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.—GOETHE.

“**I** HAVE actually felt a positive pleasure in breathing there; and even here the recollections of the Tagus and the Serra de Ossa, of Coimbra, its cypress and orange-groves and olives, its hills and mountains, its venerable buildings and its dear rivers, of the Vale of Algarve, the little islands of beauty in the desert of Alemtejo, and, above all, of Cintra—the most blessed spot in the habitable globe—will almost bring tears into my eyes.” So wrote the poet Southey of that country to whose history he had devoted so much time, labour and thought, and with which he was so familiar, and whose letters on Spain and Portugal are so deeply interesting as exhibiting a picture of the country just before it was swept by the tornado of its French devastators.

It was to this enchanting land that I directed my steps early in the year 1870. The best time for visiting Portugal is the season which the lovely lady Christabel chose for her midnight excursion in the wood:

“The month before the month of May,
When the Spring comes slowly up this way.”

Her showers are not then ended, the cloud-shadows are still left in the valleys and the cloud-draperies still beautify the hills. Then, as the author of *Childe Harold* truly says: “it is, indeed, a goodly sight to see what Heaven hath done for this delicious land.”

It was two months earlier, however, that I started for my wanderings in the Peninsular, when, leaving Gloucestershire, I found myself on the evening of February 8 at Southampton. The next morning the "Oneida," a fine vessel belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, on the Brazil Service, was to start for Rio Janeiro, touching at Lisbon, *en route*. We left the shores of Southampton about 3 P.M., and with a stiff breeze "right aft" were soon out in the English Channel. Books of Voyages and Travels had ever been my delight, and as I have often stood gazing at the ships bound to distant climes, it has been with longing eyes that I have watched their lessening sails as I followed them in spirit towards "the distant far-away, round which a vision'd form of sweetness seemed to play."

I longed to visit the scenes of renowned achievement; to tread, as it were, in the footprints of antiquity, and to wander through countries rich in the accumulated treasures of ages. Those who are familiar with Washington Irving's delightful sketches will remember how, in his happiest style, he describes the advantage of a voyage, and what an excellent preparative it is to a traveller who is about to visit a country for the first time; how the vast expanse of waters is like a blank in existence, for all is "vacancy" from the moment you lose sight of land you have left until you are launched on the opposite shore, amid the bustle and novelties of another world. The temporary absence of all those things we are accustomed to see day by day produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. In travelling by land, on the contrary, there is a continued succession of persons, incidents and scenes, which carries on life's story and lessens the effect of absence and separation; but wherever we go on the deep and dark-blue ocean, however long, however unwavering our course, yet we see no trace

of the tracks oft trod before, no memento there of
 "Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar."

"Unchangeable save to Thy wild waves play,
 Time writes no wrinkles on Thine azure brow,
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, Thou rollest now."

Thus it is that a wide sea voyage makes our separation complete, seeming at once to sever us, and as I saw the last blue line of England fade from my view I felt that I had closed one volume of the world and its contents and had time for meditation before opening another.

"The steam was up, and light the fair winds blew,
 On, on, the vessel flies, the land is gone."

Leaning over the ship's side I had been looking dreamily into the far-distance, where lately I had seen the shores of my native land, and then into the waters beneath me, and as I bent over the vessel's side it was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that I should soon be traversing "Biscay's sleepless bay," which the mournful loss of the "London" had so freshly imprinted on our memories, and that having crossed that Bay we should soon be ploughing the waters of the mighty Atlantic. I aroused myself, or rather I was awakened from my reverie by the noise and bustle incident upon the arrangement of a ship for a long voyage, which soon distracted my sight and attention. It was getting dark, however, and the wind was cold so I was soon tired of observing what was immediately around me, and I sought my berth with that fabled music ringing in my ears which foretells, they say, when we are about to approach an epoch in our life. I soon found, however, that universal space is not filled with universal harmony, for the continual noise of the engines and the eternal movement of the screw did not accord with my feelings, but at last

"To sleep I gave my powers away,
 My will was bonds-man to the dark;"

and the soul sitting in her own "helmless bark" was flying, unconscious, thro' the land of oblivion. Sometimes it visited the land of dreams, and, like the Ancient Mariner, I saw the sea in all its moods of endless change; sometimes we seemed to lie

"Nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Then we seemed to leave that silent sea, and I struggled in vain to divert myself of the idea that we were tumbling about in the Nubian Geographers' "Mare Tenebrarium," with the waves piled up around us right and left like huge ramparts, against which the surf reared its white and ghastly crest; and when at last I awoke it was amid the conflicting senses of the mental and physical existences, and I quite expected to find my impressions of the former eloquent in their description of the latter; but we were neither in a calm nor was any gale blowing.

I felt, however, a secret presentiment, and accepted my dream as a sort of sortilège. We may all sneer at this sortilège, but there are yet believers in it, and many still trust their secret auguries as implicitly as did the Pagans of old, and who is there that has not often found dreams to be but the reflex of his waking hours?

Though I rose early I found several of the passengers had already found their way on deck, where some of them had been indulging in a sea-bath, but to me it seemed too cold for the "Hose." I soon found many pleasant and interesting companions, especially a young Spaniard, who was going out to the Falkland Isles with Colonel D——, the newly-appointed Governor, also a young Brazilian, who was returning to his home, Rio Janeiro, having passed three years in Europe for his education. This opportunity of initiating yourself into the sympathies

and friendship of your fellow-passengers is another of the peculiar charms of a sea voyage.

The weather was exquisite, and the wind favorable, "Earth lent her waters, air her breezes," and we went merrily along at 14 knots an hour. I would, with Irving, correct the expression that at sea all is "vacancy," for to one given to day-dreaming ample opportunity is afforded for meditation and reverie, on subjects relating both to the deep and to air; and looking down into the quiet restful waters imagination would conjure up all that has been read or heard of the watery world beneath. How wonderful the reflection that this vast accumulation of water, constituting as it does three-fourths of the area of our planet, can have its principal components expressed in the simple words oxygen and hydrogen; and that if to these we add the other two elements of carbon and nitrogen, we include all that wonderful animal and vegetable life with which it is so prolific. Thus the universal language of science shows us that economy is the wonderful feature of the constitution of creation, the accomplishment of astonishing variety out of the fewest materials. Dr. Hooker tells us that the waters of the Antarctic Ocean are often entirely coloured by its profuse and peculiar vegetation, and if we turn to the Arctic Seas it is found that there a similar effect is produced by minute animated creatures, which turn the ultramarine blue of the water to a turbid green.

These animalcules discolor patches many miles square and of great depth, and to afford some conception of their numbers, it is stated that in the space of 2 square miles, 1,500 feet deep, there would be congregated a mass of individual being, which 80,000 persons, incessantly counting from the Creation to the present moment, would not have been able to enumerate. Dr. Darwin also, when passing the coast of Chili in the "Beagle," describes the sea as having

the appearance of "great bands of muddy water." When he examined the water under a microscope, he says "minute animalcules were seen darting about and exploding, quite invisible to the naked eye. Their infinite numbers made the water, seen at a distance, look like that of a river which has flowed through a red clay district." The doctor's description also of Keeling Island, that submarine coral mountain whose summit is nearly 10 miles across, is most interesting, and when he says that *every atom* bears the stamp of having been subjected to organic arrangement, and adds "surely such formations rank among the wonderful objects of this world," what are we to say to Mr. Lyell's statement that some groups of Coral Islands in the Pacific ocean are 11,000 miles in length and 300 in breadth, and represent the sole labours of those minute coral architects. Every particle is procured from the sea-water, and yet the ingredients exist in such extremely small proportions that in order to add 1 lb. of carbonate of lime to these structures, a quantity of sea-water not less than 124,000 lbs. must undergo the process of vital chemistry.

How intensely interesting also is that which Professor E. Forbes tells us, that within 300 fathoms of the surface there are 8 regions or zones, each clearly defined, and each characterized by its own peculiar inhabitants. Few creatures, he tells us, are found in more than one or two of these zones, while only two species are common to all. A remarkable discovery in connection with these zones has turned the sea into a sort of map, representing types of the occupants of the seas of other climates, for by examining its depths it has been found that the marine animals occupying the deeper zones assume more and more the character of those found in northern climates, while the occupants of the first zone, represent the peculiarities of form and

colour which characterise the inhabitants of southern latitudes. For instance, the more deeply the shell fish is found, the more to the north will lie the place where its allies are dwellers on the coast. It is stated that in the Mediterranean, animal life ceases to exist at the depth of 300 fathoms, *i.e.* past the confines of the lower zone, but Sir James Ross has shown that as deep down as 6,000 feet animated beings exist. Few marine creatures can endure the vast pressure of so thick a bed of water, and this pressure exercises an important influence on the distribution of life. If a gold-fish is subjected to a pressure of 4 atmospheres, or about 60lbs. to the square inch, the fish becomes paralysed, and the animals occupying the lower regions have experimentally exhibited a greater tolerance of pressure than those of the more superficial zones. But oceanic temperature also influences the distribution of marine life.

It is a singular fact that it is no easy matter to read much on board ship. Leisure hours on land need not be lazy hours; but at sea they seem inevitably to be genuine hours of idleness. A lassitude seems to pervade you, and if a book is taken up it is generally with eyes which strive but *will* not read, and as you lie basking in the sun you yield yourself up to a "loving languor," which is not repose. The greatest excitement is that which is induced by one's own thoughts and reveries. Sometimes other fragments of the world, like ourselves, would glide along the ocean, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence, and would form for the moment a theme for speculation, but for the most part you allow the hours to pass by in lazy delight, and even the most nervous temperament yields to the lymphatic influence of the sea.

Passing by the sorrows as well as the joys that sailors find, for the caprice of the waves often mars

the rapture of the scene, we had fine weather until the night of the 10th; we were in the Bay of Biscay, the weather which had been threatening was now rough. During the 11th the wind increased, and at night it blew a gale. I had retired to my berth after watching the clouds, which the gushing wind was bearing onwards at a terrific pace; in vain I tried to sleep. The vibration of the screw, which was never pleasant, had now become intolerable as it laboured, strained and groaned in the ungovernable fury of the waters, with a sort of phrensiéd convulsion.

The deck is preferable to being down below, listening only to the fearful sound of rushing waters; at least, so I thought, as I lay debating the point whether I could dress in the darkness and get on deck. At this moment, however, my mind was made up for me by a huge wave, which, breaking over the ship, somehow or other found its way down the hatchways, and rushing along the passage forced its way into several berths. Amid the pitching and tossing, and in water knee deep, I placed my baggage as best I could on the truckle and stand, and partially dressing I managed to transport myself (by the assistance of the stewards who were baling the water out of the berths) to the saloon. Thence clambering up the ladder I reached the deck, where, enveloped in my rug and clinging to every fixture, I saw the wondrous sight so faintly foreshadowed in my dream. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion, beyond description, as it was beyond sleep's imagination, and as I saw the huge ship staggering and plunging among these roaring watery caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or retained her buoyancy. Amid the huge band of raging waves which surrounded us, ever and anon, there would appear one wilder and higher than the rest, on whose foaming top we were tossed with sublime ease, only to be swept, the next instant,

down into a deep and almost Tartarian darkness. It was an inspiring yet terrific sight, and it was with no small comfort that we found on the morning of the 12th that the storm was subsiding. It seemed to go down as quickly as it arose, and the boundless, dark-heaving ocean yielded itself in silence and submission.

On Sunday morning we began to take soundings, and found that during the storm we had been driven past Lisbon, so had to retrace our steps. Our star-board boats had been washed away, the bulwarks were broken and in some places completely gone. On the evening of the 13th we anchored in sight of the rock of Lisbon, being unable to pass its dangerous bar during the darkness.

I shall never forget sitting on deck that night, it was calm and lovely. I had watched the moon slowly rise over the sea; I had watched the sea slowly silver under the moon; and "now night had descended, violet and soft." The breeze was calm as the night itself, and as it listlessly lifted my hair I stayed in a sort of waking vision;

"Watching the moonlight begin,
Quivering to die like a dream,
Over the far sea line,
To the unknown regions beyond."

How wondrously calm it was, remembering how awfully deep had been calling to deep.

"All heaven and earth were still, tho' not in sleep
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most."

There I sat like a moonlight reveller, intoxicated with a joy which was not sober, for it amounted at times to an ecstasy. The spirit of peace seemed resting on the world, and nothing frowned save the huge rock with its revolving light.

Methought, that night, the beauteous Queen of Tides, darted from her heavenly home brighter glances than she had ever done before until she seemed to

infuse the very spirit of her hues into the sea's fair breast, and as each transient breeze swept past she brightened with a fairer light each sparkling wave. .

Insensibly I glided with nature into her deeper musings. She has a voice of gladness for man's gayer hours; she has also a voice of sweet sadness, which fills the heart with that "kindly mood of melancholy which wings the soul." She seemed that night to come forth in a most wondrous robe of silver splendour and lily purity, and as I rejoiced in a dream of wonder the oppression of unconscious happiness seemed lifted off my heart.

The morning of the 14th rose as it only can rise in Southern climates. It was a joy-creating sight, and as we approached nearer to Lisbon and saw the huge edifice of Belem, that monument to Vasco do Gama's heroism, the white buildings of the city rising on the would-be seven hills, and on the right the liliputian breakers, where many a good ship has gone to grief, their rippling waters glittering in a lovely summer's sun; I thought I had never beheld a more glorious sight.

We were now fairly in the Tagus, which dashed onward to the deep bent to pay his "fabled golden tribute," and having acknowledged the greeting of Cintra's mountain, we found ourselves in the beautiful lake which the river forms; the city on the north and western banks, to the east the breadth of the Peninsular, and to the south, Barriero, immediately across the lake.

We were soon greeted by the importunate boatmen, who, anxious to be the first to convey passengers ashore, were keeping up between themselves a guerrilla war of words. Then the government officials came on board, accompanied by two soldiers, who examined the passports, &c., and while they were doing so we were greeted by five boat crews of my own countrymen, who had come from the

Squadron which was lying here. The lake was covered by numerous vessels of every description; it was a strange yet inspiring scene. These men and ships had come from every land and sea to bring hither the offerings of their toil, and over all the bustle created by the busy spirit of enterprise and commerce, a splendour and gaiety were thrown by numerous trirennes and boats of pleasure, which, glistening under the light of a summer's sun, were setting out on some excursion of business or pleasure, with streamers floating from their slender masts, and the whole scene enlivened by the shouts of the rough children of Neptune who manned them.

To many passengers who were impatient to be landed the passport examination was a tedious one, but to me it afforded a pleasant opportunity for contemplating this lovely city, which for beauty of situation rivals Naples, and acknowledges Constantinople alone as its superior.

This then was the city of the Goths until their empire was destroyed under Roderic at the beginning of the 8th century, after which it fell into the hands of the Moors, who encircled it with lofty walls and a castle, of which the remains were still visible from our vessel. About the middle of the 12th century it was taken by Alphonso Henriques, the first king of Portugal, who was assisted by some of the Crusaders who were wintering here. After the capitulation the mosques were turned into churches, and an Englishman named Gilbert was made first bishop of the see. Coimbra was originally the capital, but after the election of Dom Joao (who after the extinction of the Burgundian dynasty was the founder of the new one), the Cortes persuaded that prince to transfer the seat of government to Lisbon for the sake of the advantages afforded by the Tagus. During the "sixty years captivity, 1580-1640," some of Philip's wisest counsellors would have had him exchange the

unhealthy winds of Madrid for this beautiful sea capital, and had he done so the Peninsular might possibly have remained under one head, but the Revolution of the 17th century reversed the Castilian usurpation, and Lisbon, which had declined as the Empire declined, recovered its former dignity, and became adorned and embellished with splendid buildings.

But in a short quarter of an hour a most fearful catastrophe overwhelmed this city in all the height of its splendour. On the 1st of November, 1755, at 9.45 a.m., the earth trembled slightly like that caused by a passing waggon. The agitation lasted about two minutes. After two minutes interval, a violent shock split and cracked the houses and lasted for 10 minutes, filling the air with dust and obscuring the sun. Then, after a short interval more of three minutes, the third and most dreadful shock succeeded, which laid the greater part of the city in ruins. A vast number of people took refuge from the falling ruins on the large Quay on the river bank. Suddenly the whole Quay with its huge living freight was swallowed up, and even the neighbouring ships and vessels were completely engulfed, and no vestige seen of them again. On this spot the Praca do Commercio now stands, and on it I was eventually landed, amid the thoughts and memories of what had been. Directly opposite me was the new part of the city, which was the scene of the greatest destruction; and to the right, behind the castle, was the old part, which was but little damaged, and where you still see the same old tortuous, steep and dirty streets.

It was evening before I landed. The light was slanting rosy and beautiful over the City. It was day, but day that "falls like melody," high above soft pink clouds were floating, while others with a deeper flush stretched towards the south. As the light still changed a solemn brilliancy came over the sky and a more intense meaning in the air, like

"the inspiration of the dying day."

J. M. A.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1878.

The Master of the College has been once more elected a Member of the Council of the Senate.

Mr. Bonney has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

During the Long Vacation the Eclipse of the Sun was observed in North America by one of the Members of our College, Dr. Schuster, who has lately contributed to the Cambridge Philosophical Society a paper "On some results of the two last total solar Eclipses."

The following have been elected to the Fellowships vacated by Mr. Verdon and Mr. Fred. Watson :—Richard Hargreaves, B.A., bracketed 5th Wrangler, 1876; William Wallis English, B.A., 3rd in 1st Class Classical Tripos and Second Chancellor's Medallist, 1878.

The Naden Divinity Studentship has been awarded to W. Warren, B.A. (First Class in Moral Sciences and Third Class in Classical Tripos, 1877); and the McMahon Law Studentship has been awarded to R. Nevill, B.A. (Senior in Law Tripos, 1877).

Sir William Browne's Medal for the Latin Epigram has been awarded to T. W. Dougan, and the Carus Greek Testament Prize (for Undergraduates) has been awarded to F. H. Colson.

The College Kitchen is now under the management of the College, and the Steward, Mr. Garnett, has, at the request of the Master and Seniors, undertaken its general superintendence in addition to the ordinary duties of his Office. "It has been ordered by the Master and Seniors that the Kitchen accounts of persons *in statu pupillari* shall not exceed £5, and, when this amount has been reached, no more orders shall be executed until the account has been paid in full. Accounts will be made

up as often as is requested, and notice sent when the amount due exceeds £4. The account must be paid by the Student himself, and cannot be settled through the Tutor."

The Master and Seniors have ordered "that after Midsummer next the practice of taking in Tradesmen's bills by the Tutors on account of their pupils be discontinued." Accordingly, after Midsummer, 1879, it will be necessary that the Tradesmen's bills of Students should be paid by themselves or their Guardians.

COLLEGE EXAMINATION, *June*, 1878.

Mathematics.

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Gunston	Larmor	Harker
Bond	White, J. H.	Alston
{ Lewis	Wrigley	Watson, G. W.
Smith, T.	Long	Wetherell
Widgery		Coppock
Brook-Smith		Robson
Nightingale		Youngman
		Potbury
		Leslie

Classics.

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Dougan	Colson	Garland
Hill, F. C.	Smith, H. G.	Hill, J. S.
Coombes	Sutcliffe	Wilkinson, G. G.
Lee	Harrison, C. C.	Smith, G. C. M.
	Sandys	

Moral Sciences.

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Holder		

Natural Sciences.

(The names in each class are in alphabetical order).

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Allen, F. J.	Forbes	Fleming
Brunton	Lister	Hart
Marr	Stuart, C. M.	
Slater		

Theology.

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Sparrow	Greaves	Coulthard
		Hutton

Law.

THIRD YEAR.
First Class.

SECOND YEAR.
First Class.

FIRST YEAR.
First Class.

Clarke, C. P.
Gurney
Woods

Barton
Terry

*Prizemen.**English Essay.*

THIRD YEAR.

SECOND YEAR.

FIRST YEAR.

*First Class.**First Class.**First Class.*

Holder

{ Caldecott
Morton

Hill, J. S.

Sir John Herschell's Prize for Astronomy.
Nightingale

Reading.

{ Carr
Littler

Greek Testament.

1. Colson
2. Sparrow

Hebrew.

{ Greaves } 2nd Year.
{ Neale }
Hutton, 1st Year.

Mr. Hughes' Prizes.

Gunston

Dougan

*Wright's Prizemen, with £100 for the Year.**Mathematics.**Classics.*

3rd Year
2nd Year
1st Year

Gunston
Larmor
Harker

Dougan
Colson
Garland

Scholars.

THIRD YEAR.

Allen, F. J.
Bond
Brook-Smith
Coombes
Holder

Lee, W. J.
Lewis
Marr
Nightingale

Slater
Smith, T.
Sparrow
Widgery

SECOND YEAR.

Colson
Larmor

Smith, H. G.
Stuart, C. M.

White, J. H.
Wrigley

Proper Sizars.

Neale
Stone, T.
Taylor, J. H.

Harker
Hill, J. S.
Robson

Wetherell
Youngman

Exhibitioners.

I. Long, Brunton, Forbes, Greaves, C. C. Harrison, Sandys, Sutcliffe, Hutton, G. W. Watson.

II. F. C. Hill, C. P. Clarke, Gurney, Woods, Alston, Barton, Coppock, Coulthard, Fleming, Hart, J. S. Hill, Leslie, Potbury, Robson, G. C. M. Smith, Terry, Wetherell, G. G. Wilkinson, Youngman.

III. Rodwell, C. A. Swift, H. G. Smith, J. H. White.

Minor Scholarship Election.

Gimson, W. W. (Sedbergh School) }
 Yeo, J. S. (Blundell's School, Tiverton) } Minor Scholarships of £70.
 Moss, J. C. (Shrewsbury School) } Exhibitions of £50 per annum for three
 Parker, T. (Giggleswick School) } years.
 Tucker, T. G. (Lancaster School) }
 Pagan, A. (Harrow School) } Minor Scholarships of £50.
 Ward, A. W. (Liverpool Institute) }
 Gaskin, A. T. (New Kingswood, Bath), Exhibition of £50 per annum,
 tenable on the same terms as a Minor Scholarship.
 Curtis, J. H. O. (Royal School of Mines), Natural Science Exhibition of
 £50 for three years.

The *College Examination in Classics* in June, 1879, will consist of the following papers :

First, Second and Third Years—Four papers in Composition (Greek and Latin, Prose and Verse); two in Unseen Translation. *First Year* only—(1) Greek and Latin Grammar and Criticism; (2) Elementary Logic; (3) Two papers on prepared subjects (Authors). *Second and Third Years* only—(1) Classical Philosophy, Grammar and Criticism; (2) Historical paper; (3) two papers on prepared subjects (Authors).

LIST OF FIRST YEAR [92], October, 1878.

Ainger, F. E.	Gimson, W.	Pagan, A.
Atmore, W. A.	Goodall, J. W.	Parker, J.
Bailey, J. H. E.	Gray, C. F.	Peiris, J.
Bancks, F. F.	Gray, J. F.	Ragg, A. R.
Beard, A. W.	Habershon, E. N. W.	Richardson, J.
Bennell, W. H.	Hannam, H. R.	Rigby, O.
Bennett, W. H.	Harker, A.	Robbs, A.
Berkeley, L. F. W.	Harvey, W. J.	Rosher, E.
Bissett, W.	Hawkins, F. H.	Russell, J.
Brill, J.	Heber-Percy, H. V.	Samways, D. W.
Callender, E. G.	Hodgkinson, E. H.	Scudamore, H. T.
Cash, N.	Hodgson, R.	Sibly, F. A.
Chadwick, R.	Holyoak, E. J.	Square, C.
Chapman, E. S.	Horne, L. T.	Stamford, H. M.
Clementson, J. S.	Hutton, C. W. N.	Storrs, R. A.
Colman, J.	Landor, R. H.	Tatham, C. R.
Cory, C. P.	Leresche, G. S.	Thomas, H. A.
Cott, A. M.	Lerigo, H. J.	Thompson, E. W.
Curtis, C. H. O.	Lloyd, Ll.	Thompson, N. N.
Dawson, H. L.	Lyon, J. S.	Thorman, R.
de Vos, F. H.	Mackie, E. C.	Tucker, T. G.
Edwards, J. H.	Matthews, J. H.	Walker, T.
Ellison, E. H.	Mayor, W. P.	Walton, H. A.
Ellison, H. W.	Merrifield, W. V.	Ward, A. W.
Exham, P. G.	Middlemiss, C. S.	Ward, G. W. C.
Falcke, D. C. E.	Molesworth, E. H.	Weldon, W. F. R.
Flynn, T. A. W.	Moore, H.	Williams, O.
Fowler, J. C.	Moss, J. C.	Williamson, F. J.
Gaddum, P. D.	Muckalt, T.	Winter, J. H.
Gascoigne, W. J.	Nash, J. R.	Yeo, J. S.
Gaskin, A. J.	Owen, T. A.	

All the above-mentioned Students matriculated on Nov. 9, except F. H. de Vos and J. Richardson, who had already matri-

culated in the Easter Term; and E. G. Callender, who has not yet matriculated.

The number of Undergraduates of St. John's College who have matriculated during the three Terms of the last two years is as follows:

Lent Term.....	5	9
Easter Term	1	2
Michaelmas Term....	91	89
		<hr style="width: 50px; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>

(in 1877) 97; (in 1878) 100.

Elected to Sizarships, 5th October, 1878.—Atmore, Bennell, Bennett, Bissett, Brill, Cory, Gaskin, Hannam, Harker, Horne, Lerigo, Mackie, Parker, Samways, Thomas, N. N. Thompson, Tucker, Walker, A. W. Ward, Winter.

Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions for the Year 1879.—In March, 1879, there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, together with three Exhibitions of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships; Four Exhibitions of £50 per annum for three years, and one Exhibition of £40 per annum for four years. These twelve Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions will be open to students who have not commenced residence. The Examination of Candidates for the above-named Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Wednesday, March 26, at 9 a.m.

The Candidates for the Natural Science Exhibition of £50 per annum will have a special Examination, commencing on Saturday, March 22, at 9 a.m. Candidates for the Exhibition of Oriental Languages, will be examined on Tuesday, March 25.

All who are elected will be required to come into residence in October, 1879. The names of Candidates should be sent to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination. The Tutors are Rev. S. Parkinson, D.D., J. E. Sandys, Esq., M.A., and Rev. E. Hill, M.A.

Sizarships.—By order of the Master and Seniors, Elections to Sizarships will in future be governed by a consideration (1) Of performances at the Examination for Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions, but no person elected to a Minor Scholarship or Open Exhibition will be elected to a Sizarship in addition unless it be made to appear to Master and Seniors that he is specially in need of pecuniary assistance. (2) Of performances in the Classical and Mathematical portions of the Sizarship Examination taken separately or collectively. (3) Of special testimony to the applicant's proficiency in some branch of study other than Classics or Mathematics, provided there be reason to believe that the applicant will be able to pass the Previous Examination in due course.

The Elections will in all cases be made by the Master and Seniors, and will be governed, as nearly as circumstances may admit, by such a standard of attainment and ability as may be consistent with a fair probability of an University Honour being reached at the end of the Course.

FIREFLIES' LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The Officers are

President—G. F. Coombes. | *Hon. Treasurer*—A. S. Reid.
Hon. Secretary—E. J. C. Morton.

In the May Term ties were played off to determine who should represent the Club in foreign matches.

1st Raquet—A. S. Reid. | *2nd Raquet*—J. S. Sandys.

On June 3, a double match was played against Trinity L.T. C., won by Trinity.

On June 4, a single match was played against Trinity L. T. C., stopped by rain.

Score—Trinity 2 sets, 5 games all in the third set.

In the Long Vacation the annual handicaps were played off:

1st Prize—J. S. Sandys (scratch). | *2nd Prize*—A. S. Reid (scratch).

The following have been elected Members :

J. B. Armstrong. | J. Coppock. | C. M. Stuart. | C. H. Wood.

CRESCENT LAWN-TENNIS CLUB.

Officers for the May Term :

President—R. Hargreaves. | *Secretary*—F. H. Colson.
Treasurer—R. H. Marsh.

New Members elected :

G. R. Alston | F. C. Hibburd | W. C. Prance

Ties (double) were played off during the Term. The victorious pair were

C. H. Wood | W. C. Prance

The Officers for the Long Vacation are

President—Rev. C. W. E. Body. | *Secretary*—F. C. Hibburd.
Treasurer—R. H. Marsh.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The *May Races* commenced on Wednesday, May 15th, and ended on Tuesday, May 21st. The weather was cold and showery, but as there was not much wind, the racing was of a very fair class. Our boats, and particularly the second, did much better than was expected from their previous form. The

1st Boat maintained its position of third on the River. On the first night they rowed over, well out of their distance, but with no chance of making their bump. On the three following nights, they again rowed over, on the third night pressing Caius very close at Ditton corner, so that hopes were entertained of catching them. On the fifth night, in consequence of a mistake of the time-keeper, they made such a bad start that when they settled down to row, the 1st Trinity were almost overlapping them, but rowing with a tremendous spurt, which was pluckily kept, they drew away and maintained their advantage to the finish. On the first night, they got a better start, but owing to their exertions of the previous night were unable to press Caius. The 2nd Boat started thirteenth in the division and ended eleventh. On the sixth night, they rowed over, Caius bumping Emmanuel in front of them. On the second night, starting with a splendid dash, they rapidly overhauled Emmanuel, who succumbed before the end of the First Reach. On the third night they rowed over, Caius making a bump ahead. On the fourth night they again made a dashing start, and bumped Sidney at the corner of the First Reach. On the fifth and sixth nights they rowed over, failing to catch Caius. It is worthy of remark, that on the last night of the races, there was no bump made in the division, an unprecedented event, we believe, in the annals of racing at Cambridge. The 3rd Boat was not so successful. They started twenty-third and ended twenty-sixth on the river. On the first night they were caught, after a good race, in the middle of the Long Reach by Non-Coll., and on the second by 1st Trinity V., who got them before Grassy. On the third night they were more fortunate, and escaped with a row over, but the fourth night they were again bumped, almost at once, by Downing.

The crews were:—

<i>1st Boat.</i>		st.	lb.
	H. L. Young (<i>bow</i>)	10	7
2	G. M. Kingston	10	6
3	G. M. Light	11	12
4	T. B. Wells	11	0
5	A. F. Green	12	7
6	H. Sandford	11	2
7	A. H. Prior	9	7
	J. J. Lister (<i>stroke</i>)	10	5
	B. S. Clarke (<i>cox</i>)	6	8
<i>2nd Boat.</i>		st.	lb.
	G. D. Haviland (<i>bow</i>)	9	9
2	A. H. Highton	10	3
3	W. J. Lee	10	7
4	F. C. Davis	11	2
5	D. H. Cox	12	2
6	T. E. Forster	10	5
7	H. N. Sharp	10	9
	F. E. Swabey (<i>stroke</i>)	9	6
	G. A. Loveday (<i>cox</i>)	8	8

		st.	lb.
<i>3rd Boat.</i>			
	A. Hawkins (<i>bow</i>)	10	2
2	M. Rainsford	10	4
3	G. G. Wilkinson	11	3
4	H. T. Kenny	10	4
5	W. France	11	9
6	J. P. Cort	12	3
7	A. C. Odell	11	5
	W. H. H. Steer (<i>stroke</i>)	11	4
	F. Terry (<i>cox</i>)	9	0

The 1st Boat was coached by various Members of the Club, and by Ll. R. Jones and Baillie, of Jesus, and Williams, of Clare; the 2nd Boat by H. L. Young and A. H. Prior; and the 3rd by B. Jones. The 1st Boat rowed in a boat built by Logan in 1876, and used by the 2nd Boat in 1877; the 2nd in the old Varsity ship of 1876.

The *Maples and Andrews (Freshmen's Sculls)* were rowed for on Saturday, May 25th. There were two entries, viz.: A. F. Green and S. T. Penny. Green won with considerable ease.

The *Magdalene Pairs* were rowed on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, beginning on May 29th. A. H. Prior and H. Sandford entered as representatives of the L. M. B. C.

On the first day, Prior and Sandford rowed over; Wheeler and Pilkinton, of 3rd Trinity, and Prest and Jones, of Jesus, being the winners of the other two heats.

On the second day, Prior and Sandford beat the Jesus pairs by about 80 yards.

On the third day they were again victorious. They drew 2nd station, and rowing up to their opponents—Wheeler and Pilkington, of 3rd Trinity—had to ease a little to prevent a foul, in spite of which they accomplished the course in 8 min. 2 secs., which we believe to be the fastest recorded time.

Henley Regatta. Our pair having determined to go to Henley, it was proposed that two other members of the 1st boat should accompany them and represent the Club for the Visitors' Cup. A subscription list was opened, and about £60 collected from the Fellows and other Members of the College.

The crew consisted of:

		st.	lb.
	A. H. Prior (<i>bow</i>)	9	7
2	H. Sandford	10	6
3	A. F. Green	12	4
	J. J. Lister (<i>stroke</i>)	10	4

The crew, accompanied by H. L. Young, arrived at Henley on June 22nd, and there met a new boat built by Logan. Two good courses inspired them with hopes of success, but the fearful heat of the weather began to tell, and knocked them up one after another.

The Visitors' Cup. In the 1st heat we met a four from Hertford College, Oxford. We led by two lengths at Fawley Court, but here one of the men failed, and off the point Hertford were a quarter of a length to the good. Our Bucks. station was, however, beginning to tell in our favour, when Hertford crossed to take our water, and a foul occurred. The Umpire ordered us to row on, but before three strokes another foul took place, which was given in favour of Hertford.

The Silver Goblets. Three hours after this race, our pair (Prior and Sandford) rowed over for the 2nd heat of the "Silver Goblets," their veteran opponents not having come down to the start. In the 1st heat, Ellison and Edwardes-Moss had, contrary to all expectations, defeated the favourites, Eyre and Hartie, of the Thames Rowing Club, by several lengths. On the second day, the Final Heat was rowed, with a strong wind blowing off the Bucks. shore. Our pair started at a great pace, and led at "The Farren" by a length. Here the Oxonians, under the bushes and in calm water, forged up and went gradually ahead, winning easily by several lengths.

The University Fours were rowed on October 31st and November 1st and 2nd. There were six entries, Jesus, Caius, L. M. B. C., 1st Trinity, 3rd Trinity, and Pembroke. On the first day Lady Margaret drew first heat, and rowed against Pembroke. We gained from the start, and, paddling up the Long Reach, won easily by more than 100 yards. Time, 11 min. 2 sec. In the other heats, 3rd Trinity beat Caius with considerable ease, and Jesus had little more difficulty with 1st Trinity. On the 2nd day, Lady Margaret was drawn against 3rd Trinity, and again drew away to the end of the Long Reach. Here the boat fell a good deal to pieces, but, nevertheless, won by about 20 yards. Time, 10 min. 57 secs. Jesus drew a bye. On the third day we rowed Jesus, the winners of the Fours for the last five years (including their dead heat with 1st Trinity in 1873). We had much the better start, and rowing a quicker stroke than on previous days managed to maintain an advantage. We again gained at Grassy, round which, as over the whole course, we were admirably steered, while Jesus took the corner rather wide. At the end of the Long Reach both boats quickened, but with little alteration in their relative positions, and we eventually came in some 40 yards to the good, Jesus running into the bank just as we passed our post. The time, 10 min. 49½ sec., is the fastest on record. This is the first time for fourteen years that our L. M. B. C. boat has won the Fours. The crew was the same as that which rowed at Henley in July, and their practice there, no doubt, helped considerably to get them together.

The '*Pearson and Wright*' Sculls were won by Forster. The other entries were J. E. Marr and F. E. Swabey. Swabey led

till Grassy, where Forster went ahead and won by 30 or 40 yards, with Marr a fair second.

The *Colquhoun Sculls* were rowed on November 8th, 9th, and 11th. We had two entries, Sandford and Forster. On the first day our men were drawn together. Sandford had it all his own way, and won easily. The other heats were won by Knaggs, of Caius; Jones, of Jesus; and Watson-Taylor, of Magdalene. On the second day, Knaggs beat Jones, and Sandford beat Watson-Taylor after a fair race. On the third day, Sandford and Knaggs rowed for the final. Sandford gained in the first part of the race, but fell off when he got into rough water at the beginning of the Long Reach, while Knaggs was making good way behind. A close race was won by Sandford by $1\frac{1}{2}$ secs. The time, 10 min. 10 secs., was slow on account of the rough water. The first day's time, 8 min. 28 secs., speaks more for the character of the sculling. On the first two days Sandford was knocked up with a severe cold, which makes his victory all the more creditable.

This is the third and last of the time races open to the University, which has this year been won by representatives of the Club, the Pairs and the Fours having been done in the fastest time on record. 1878 should be a red letter year in the annals of the L. M. B. C.

COLLEGE CALENDAR FOR 1879.

Residence for the Lent Term begins—Monday, Jan. 27.

Lectures begin—Wednesday, Jan. 27.

Minor Scholarship Examination:

Natural Science—March 22—25.

Oriental Languages—March 25.

Mathematics and Classics—March 26—29.

Rehearsal for Previous & General Examinations—Mar. 24, 25.

Residence for Easter Term begins—April 21.

Lectures begin—April 23.

College Examinations begin—May 26.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL SERVICES.

October Term, 1878.

		HYMN	TUNE
Oct.	5. Gibbons G.	60	467
„	6. <i>Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Clarke E. Creighton.	1	66
	Clarke E. <i>O God Thou art my God</i> (p. 29) Purcell.		
„	12. Stewart G.	562	155
„	13. <i>Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by the Master.		
	Stewart G.	334	69
	Hoyte B flat <i>Wherewithal</i> (p. 256) Elvey		
„	15. Trimnell D.	504	182
„	17. Trimnell D.	188	24
„	18. <i>St. Luke.</i> Hatton E. <i>O praise the Lord</i> (p. 276) Barnby.		
„	19. Steggall G	475	11
„	20. <i>Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Canon Morse, Vicar of Nottingham. (<i>Benedicite</i>) Best. Hopkins A.	44	102
	Parry D. <i>Ascribe unto the Lord</i> (p. 253) Wesley.		
„	22. Wesley Rec. I.	465	96
„	24. Wesley Rec. I.	417	119
„	26. Ouseley E flat.	348	120

Chapel Services.

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	HYMN	TUNE
Oct. 27. <i>Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Commemoration of Benefactors at the University Church. Sermon by the Lady Margaret's Preacher. No Sermon in Chapel.		
Smart F.	366	136
Smart F.		
<i>We have heard with our ears</i> (p. 288) Sullivan.		
„ 28. <i>St. Simon and St. Jude.</i> Chipp A. <i>These are they</i> (p. 275) Goss.		
„ 29. Best E.	371	160
„ 31. Best E.	191	465
Nov. 1. <i>All Saints' Day.</i> Nares F. <i>Then shall the righteous</i> (p. 275) Mendelssohn.		
„ 2. Garrett F. (P. C.)	515	631
„ 3. <i>Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion after Morning</i> <i>Prayer.</i> Garrett F. (P. C.)	212	441
Gounod D. <i>I beheld, and lo a great multitude</i> (p. 20) Blow.		
„ 5. Stainer Recit.	447	432
„ 7. Stainer Recit.	513	531
„ 9. Dykes F.	21	76
„ 10. <i>Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Mr. Whitaker. Dykes F.	444	631
Goss C. (Cantate). <i>His salvation is nigh</i> (p. 284) Bennett.		

	HYMN	TUNE
Nov. 12. Hopkins Recit.	387	24
„ 14. Hopkins Recit.	424	121
„ 16. Gregorian.	470	124
„ 17. <i>Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Professor Mayor. Tours F.	50	172
Tours F. <i>God that madest Earth and Heaven</i> (p. 232) Hummell.		
„ 19. Hopkins Unison.	359	277
„ 21. Hopkins Unison.	412	84
„ 23. Cooke G.	399	563
„ 24. <i>Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Mr. Torry. Sullivan D. Hudson.	530	9
Stainer E flat. <i>O sing unto the Lord</i> (p. 75) Greene.		
„ 26. Bridge Recit.	17	264
„ 28. Bridge Recit.	330	146
„ 29. Smart G.	404	400
„ 30. <i>St. Andrew.</i> Gregorian II. <i>O rest in the Lord</i> (p. 251) Mendelssohn.		
Dec. 1. <i>First Sunday in Advent.</i> <i>Holy Communion after Morning</i> <i>Prayer.</i> Garrett E.	67	27
Turle D. <i>Comfort ye my people</i> (p. 173) Handel.		
„ 3. Wesley Recit. II.	65	15
„ 5. Wesley Recit. II.	68	69
„ 7. Goss E.	383	537

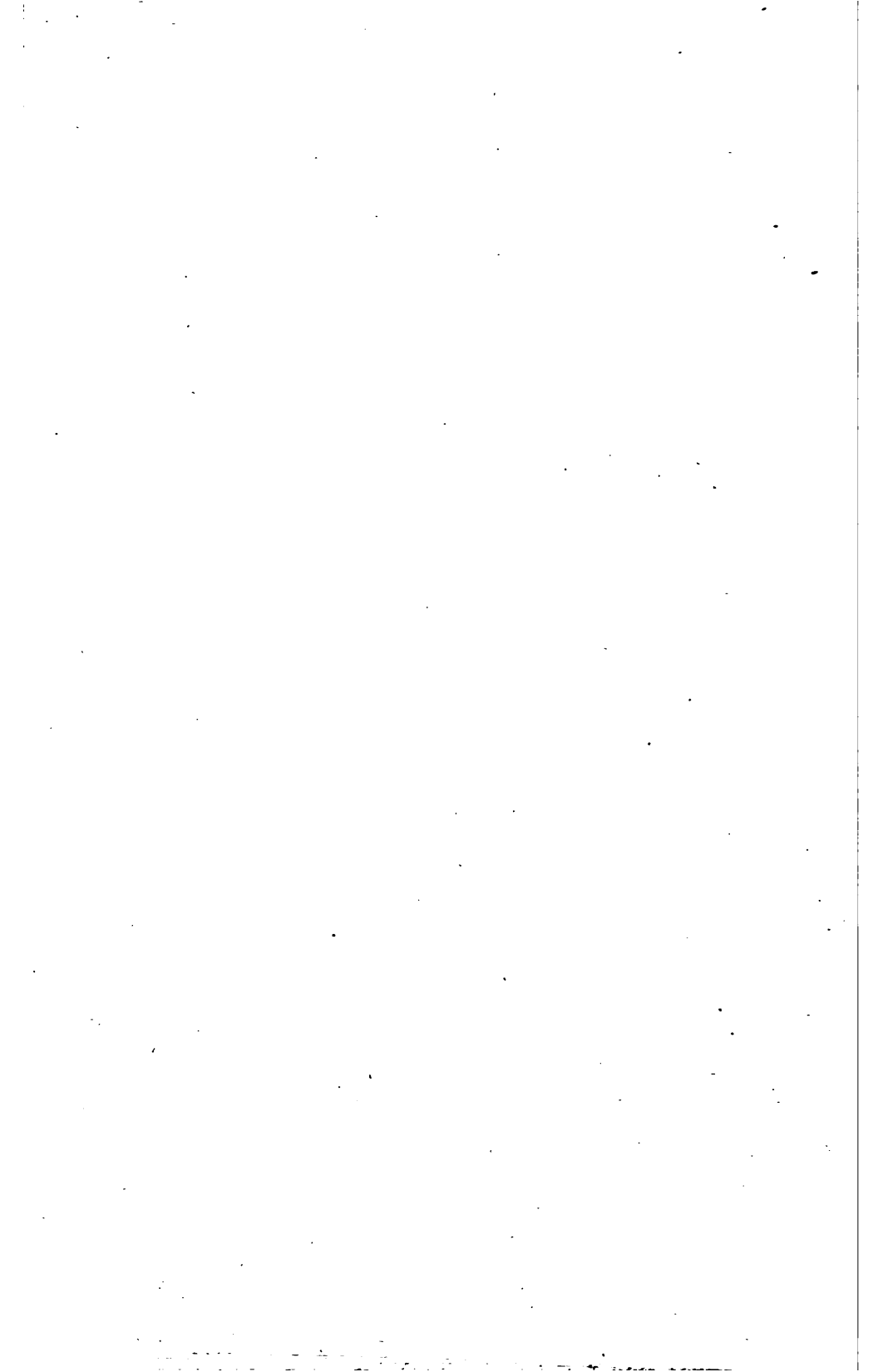
Chapel Services.

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	HYMN	TUNE
<i>Dec. 8. Second Sunday in Advent.</i>		
<i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i>		
Young C.	422	M.S.
Walmisley D minor.		
<i>The wilderness</i> (p. 164) Goss.		
„ 14. Gregorian III.	72	183
„ 15. <i>Third Sunday in Advent.</i>		
<i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i>		
Stephens G. Croft A.	73	321
Porter D.		
<i>Prepare ye the way</i> (p. 25) Garrett.		
„ 20. Arnold A.	160	380
„ 21. St. Thomas		
Lawrence D.		
<i>O that I knew</i> (p. 274) Bennett.		
„ 22. <i>Fourth Sunday in Advent.</i>		
Lawrence D.	379	287
Walmisley B flat.		
<i>Rejoice in the Lord</i> (p. 247) Purcell.		

The Hymn Tunes are generally from the "Hymnary."

END OF VOL X.



THE EAGLE.

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