HOW TO DEAL WITH THE BUCOLIC MIND.

No. I. *Village Schools.*

IN several numbers of *The Eagle* Non-resident Members of the College have been requested to send contributions on subjects with which they happen to be practically acquainted. The Country Curate even has more than once been invited to relate some of his experiences, for the benefit, I presume, of those now in residence at St. John's, who are intending to take Holy Orders, or to settle down as "County Squires" upon their hereditary estates.

As a Country Curate of seven years' standing, and a grateful subscriber to *The Eagle* from its commencement, I have accepted the invitation, and will, if agreeable to the Editors, forward a few sketches in illustration of the workings, and the proper treatment of *the Bucolic Mind.* First, in reference to *Education.*

My readers will be prepared to hear that the Bucolic mind is *not* favourably disposed towards education. A friend of mine in Nottinghamshire, some little time ago, asked a farmer in his parish if he would do something for the education of the lads employed on his farm, by sending them to school, at any rate, on alternate days. Would he not like to improve their minds and educate them a little? "No," said the farmer, "I'll have no education for 'em—I like my boys to be *strong and silly.*" My friend had heard this kind of sentiment ascribed to South Carolina Planters, but he did not expect to find it openly avowed by an Englishman in the 19th Century. The number of those who would utter such an atrocious sentiment is certainly diminishing, but I fear for some years to come that the greatest obstacle to education in country villages will be the indifference, or the opposition of the small farmers. Heaven defend us from an Education-rate, pared down and doled out by a board of these parochial worthies.

The indifference of parents is another most serious obstacle, and their reluctance, not so much to pay the weekly 2*d.* or 3*d.*, as to lose the wages which their boys can get. At nine years old a boy is often taken away from school and hired to a farmer, at "a shilling a-week and his victuals;" and it requires great self-denial on the part of a mother to forego this addition to the weekly earnings of the family.

The wishes of the children themselves put little or no difficulties in the way. On the contrary, as far as my experience goes, they come gladly to school, and at eight or nine years old begin really to take a pleasure in "getting on with their learning." I sometimes think with shame how precious little lessons I should have done at nine years old, if I had been as free, as most of them are, to go to school or to stay away, to work or to be idle.

A fourth set of persons to be considered, in reference to the education and improvement of the Bucolic mind, are the rapidly increasing and influential class known, in government reports, as "School Promoters and Managers;" and I venture to hope that some who may soon enrol themselves in this honourable class, will find in my paper a few practical suggestions.

I will first take the case of the *parents*, or rather the mothers of families, for in the labourer class the *mother* is almost invariably the arbitrator on points connected with the education, the food, and the clothing of the children. To "his missus" does the model labourer bring home his weekly wages, and the "missus" decides, without appeal, on their application.

In many villages the mother decides on sending the children to school "to keep them out of mischief," and to prevent their clothes being torn or spoilt. And consequently, as the true way to influence people is to follow up arguments originated in their own minds, the school Promoter will, in such cases, reserve his eloquence about mental improvement, &c., for an address to a Mechanics' Institute, and dwell on the care taken to keep the children out of mischief or danger. The great thing is to get the children sent regularly, si possis recte—if you *can*, on high moral grounds—si non, quocunque modo—if you *can't*, for the reason that comes most home to the Bucolic mind. I have no hesitation in adding that the requiring a small school-fee promotes regular attendance. When the weekly or quarterly payment is once made (of course it is paid in advance), the parent naturally desires "to have his money's worth," whereas, if the school

be entirely free, one little excuse or another is often allowed to keep the child at home. I know some wealthy landowners have an objection to take "children's pence" in their little village school, but I am sure they promote regular attendance by taking them, and I would suggest that the difficulty might be met by giving rewards, equal to the whole sum received, at the end of the year to each child who had been constant in attendance. In the majority of schools, however, the weekly payments form a considerable part of the income required to support them. The school-fees (2*d.* a-week) in the village of one thousand people where I live, amount to £40 a-year, and the total amount of expenditure is about £125, exclusive of government grants to the teachers and apprentices. But though disadvantages attach to schools "free" by the liberality of the land-owner, who keeps them up, they are trivial compared with the evils that belong to those parochial schools that are "free," by the existence of some little endowment just sufficient to support a master. In many schools of this kind, the Master, having a fixed salary and no inducement to increase his numbers, is anxious to save himself trouble by keeping the number of free boys as small as possible. I have heard of an instance where the master was bound to admit on the free list all boys of the parish who could read the Bible in the presence of the church-wardens. His course of proceeding was as follows: each poor little candidate was called up, and an *old "black letter" Bible* was put into his trembling hands; of course he broke down utterly, and was rejected for another twelve months. I know another free school, a Church of England foundation, but now governed by three Wesleyan trustees, where the master *threatens* any Baptist children whom he wishes to keep out, with the Church Catechism, if they persist in coming, though he never teaches it to the others.

The endowed school here, of which I am a trustee, was formerly free. The master had the whole income of the charity, £42 a-year, but, as of course, he could not live on this, he used to charge all sorts of extras for books, ink, &c., to take in boarders, copy law documents, and in short, do anything to make a little money, while the interests of the free-boys were neglected. On his death, about five years ago, the trustees, with the assistance of the Charity Commissioners, carried a scheme for imposing a weekly payment on each scholar, and putting the school in connexion with the Committee of Council on Education. Of course the

parishioners, headed by their local orator, contested every step, but now the most prejudiced of them admit the benefits of the reform. The school fees, with the endowment, enable us to have a good certificated master, and to keep the school well supplied with books and all necessaries, and we receive Government grants in one shape or another, amounting to nearly £50 a-year. One method I adopted to gain our improved system a fair start, was to call a public meeting on the Friday evening before the school was re-opened, and give a plain account of the several advantages to be gained from Government, with various educational anecdotes and small jokes, concluding with a caution that, as the then school-room was very small, we should only take a limited number, and that those who knew the old proverb "first come, first served," would, I was sure, be in good time on the Monday following. Our mal-contents had said we should not enter twenty, but we did enter *fifty-two the first morning*, and refused three as being under age. Having thus secured a fair trial for our new system and excellent master, we went on prosperously. H. M. Inspector came a few weeks after to see the alteration, and told me that a man said his boy had been to school before, for more than a year, and had only got to m-u-d—mud, *and there he stuck*, but you, he said, were "out of the mud" already.

Before the end of the first year, with assistance from government and liberal contributions from the wealthier parishioners, an excellent school-room was built, and the only thing required now is a little systematic attention to those small details which promote the efficiency of the school, and the regular attendance of the boys. Among the most successful means are Prizes at the annual examination, an Excursion party in the summer, confined to those who have attended regularly, and a system of Home lessons so arranged that the most interesting one, and the one most calculated to promote emulation, is given out on the Friday, to be brought up on the Monday. I may instance two that were very popular, a Description of the village they live in, and a little History of each boy's own life.

I will conclude my paper with a few remarks on the manner of keeping up a school in connexion with Government. The first thing is to engage certificated teachers. If they come direct from a training college they are called probationers, and receive, for the first two years spent in the *same* school, from £20 to £25 a-year from Government in augmentation of their salaries. After that time the rate

of their augmentation is fixed by the inspector according to their examination before leaving the training college, and their performance in their school. The teacher also receives from the Council office a gratuity of £5 for instructing the pupil-teacher apprentice. The *Pupil-teacher* is apprenticed at the age of thirteen to the head-teacher for five years, and receives payment from Government, increasing from £10 up to £20, if he passes the annual examination. The *Capitation grant* is a sum of money paid to the managers in aid of the school, at the rate of 6*s*. a-head for each boy, and 5*s*. for each girl who has attended one hundred and seventy-six days in the past year. H. M. Inspector for the district visits the school once a-year, and reports to the Committee of council on education as to its efficiency and progress. With regard to correspondence with the Council office, from which many excellent clergymen and school-managers shrink with horror, I will simply give three rules which I have laid down for my own guidance, and which have made my dealings with the Office absolutely agreeable. 1stly. *Be concise.* 2ndly. *Anticipate objections, when they are certain to be made.* For instance, when applying for aid to build our school, I voluntarily stated that it would adjoin the church-yard, but I shewed that the site proposed was *above* and not below it, and that it was in fact almost the highest and most airy situation in the whole parish. 3rdly and chiefly. *Treat them like gentlemen*, and don't worry them by asking things which *their* code of honour, the "Educational Minutes" forbid them to grant.

J. F. BATEMAN.

*** Since writing the above paper I have received the report of the Royal Education Commission. Nearly all its suggestions seem to me most excellent and valuable, and though I have neither time nor space to give a summary of them, I cordially commend the Report to all my readers who are interested in the educational question.

SPENSER DESCRIBETH A GRASS-CUTTING MACHINE.

I.

THEN on he pass'd a sturdie Porter bye,
Nathlesse it was no Castle that did frown,
But manie clerkes liv'd here in companie,
And Wranglers were yclad in cap and gowne,
—The College of Saint John of high renown;
And learned deep in Mathematick lore,
The Students hight throughouten all the town:
Within, a spacious court with paved floor,
And squares of verdent sheen uprose his eyen before.

II.

There on the grasse within this goodlie court,
A hideous monster fed with horrid tongue,
Ne knight with such a dragon-whelp had fought,
Ne poet such prodigious birth had sung;
And up and down it pass'd the grasse among;
And still with fearfull sownd its teeth did grind,
That all the bodies nerves and fibres wrung:
Its bellie low upon the earth did wind,
Four human legs before, and eke a pair behind.

III.

And but that it on simple grasse did feed,
And low its bodie trail upon the grownd,
It seem'd that salvage race which bookmen reed,
The Anthropophagi, whose shoulders rownd
To grow above their ugly heads are fownd.
But well I ween that nothing mote compare
With all that mightie Beastes infernal sound,
Save manie feends concerting some fowle ayr
On verie rustie fyles which no man's eares may bear.

IV.

And much in sooth this sownd the clerkes opprest,
And did confound them in their studie quight,
Albeit no fear their bodies e'er possest,
The creature would ne scratch, ne tear, ne bite,
(Certes its sownd would almost kill outright)
And manie a charm they try'd within their ken,
To ease them from its power by day and night;
For well 'twas thought it was three proper men,
Bound by some evil bond which might be broke agen,

V.

Which quickly Geomet perceived trew,
And hasten'd to dissolve the cruell spell,
For gentle pitie mov'd him, when he knew
The creature did no harm, but worken well;
Nathlesse that awefull noyse no tongue may tell;
Then loud he shouted out the magick word,
Beere! Beere! the yron from the bodie fell,
The curse was broke, the monster's corps was stirr'd,
Uprose three goodlie men—the sownd no more was heard.

F. H. D.

A DAY'S RAMBLE IN SOUTH YORKSHIRE.

WE are at home after the Theological. It is a delicious spring morning, loud with larks, and gay with cloudless sunshine. Everything invites a long ramble; but whither shall it be? "The choice perplexes." Westward are the wild moorlands of Derbyshire, beyond whose blue ridges, now shining so clear in the morning sun, are the rich green valleys and the savage mountains of the Peak; the palatial pile of Chatsworth, embosomed in that wooded valley through which the silver Derwent wanders on to be shadowed ere long by the gray crags of Matlock; and Baronial Haddon, with all its romantic associations. We look eastward, and Bolsover Castle frowns from its lofty range of hills, behind which lies the fair domain of Sherwood:—the woods and waters of Welbeck and Clumber, and farther south, the haunted groves of Newstead. But none of these shall tempt us to day: we will hasten over the fields to the nearest station; travel a few miles down the valley of the Rother, and start from Masboro' for a ramble among the quiet hills and dales of Southern Yorkshire.

Inferior doubtless as this neighbourhood is in many respects to several other parts of the county to which it belongs, there are perhaps few districts in England which combine in a tract equally small, objects of interest so many and so varied. Beginning from the mountainous region about Huddersfield, and the wild moorlands familiar to the traveller on the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, and gradually subsiding through a district of limestone—always so productive of the picturesque—until its irregularities all disappear in the levels of Hatfield Chase and the alluvial flats of Marshland, it has every variety of surface. But its history and its associations form its chief attraction. There where

> Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
> Flung from black mountains, mingle and are one,
> Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand,

lies Sheffield, murky centre of toil and traffic, resounding with the din of the forge, the hissing of steam, and the rushing of innumerable wheels, but yet with so many bright spots of rural beauty, "like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm;" and with its long list of historic lords, the Furnivals, the Talbots, and the Howards:—there are the noble halls of Wentworth, Wharncliffe, and Sandbeck, with many another fair seat of ancient gentry: there are the feudal castles of Tickhill and Conisboro', the gray abbey ruins of Roche, and many an old church full of interest to the antiquary, all included within a district twenty miles in length and never more than half that in breadth; nor must we forget to mention that there too the sportsman finds the combined attractions of the heather and the turf, in the wild moors of upper Hallam, and the classic stadium of Doncaster; and occasionally such a run with Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds as will form quite an epoch in his history. So much for South Yorkshire generally; it is but over a small part of this district that our ramble to-day is to extend, beginning from Masboro', taking a circuit of perhaps six-and-twenty miles, and ending at the Woodhouse Mill Station of the North Midland Railway.

Leaving the train at Masboro', we pass through the grimy village so called, the birth-place of Ebenezer Elliott, the stern "Corn Law Rhymer," and the Poet who has described in glowing colours the beauties of the neighbouring country. We cross the Don, after it has received its tributary the Rother, and wend up through the narrow streets to the fine old Church of Rotherham, built in the richly decorated style of the time of Edward IV., but owing to the character of its stone, (that unfortunate salmon-coloured grit found in the neighbourhood, particularly in the celebrated quarries of Anston, about ten miles off), much deteriorated by the action of the atmosphere.

This church would repay a lengthened visit, but we cannot stay now; we leave the smoky little town behind us, and wander for three miles through a country of quiet rural beauty, till we climb the hill on which stands, with its hall and spire-church, the little village of Thrybergh; a place with that air of substantial comfort about it so characteristic of the rural villages of Yorkshire, and the neatness and cleanliness which are the surest signs of a well-fed and contented peasantry. Thrybergh is an interesting village; its fine hall is modern, but it has two old crosses, and around one of them is entwined the evergreen wreath

of a beautiful tradition. It tells us how in very old times the lord of the manor had an only daughter, heiress of all his lands; how, when a youth of gentle birth had won her love, they made this cross their trysting-place; and how, when the young squire went to win renown in the holy fields of Palestine, by this cross they took their sad farewell. Time passed by, and at last a report reached Thrybergh that the young knight was dead in Holy Land. And so with many another fair maiden doubtless of those wild old times, the heiress of Thrybergh long wept for her lover slain by the hands of infidels in that far off land. But as the months rolled by, her father, doubtless longing to see, ere his death, his daughter united to one who would worthily uphold the dignity of his ancient house, encouraged a new suitor. And in those days a father's word was law; the poor maiden bowed to her fate, and the day was fixed for the marriage. And then the tradition tells us how she went the evening before to that cross, the old place of trysting, where she had so often prayed with clasped hands for her dear knight fighting in those distant lands; how, while kneeling there and weeping bitter tears, praying for strength to bow to her father's will, the stalwart warrior whom she had so long mourned, burst into her presence and clapsed her in his arms! And that night there was joy in Thrybergh.

A walk of four short miles from Thrybergh brings us to still more haunted ground: soon we have before us that grand old keep, familiar alike to the antiquary and the reader of "Ivanhoe," the Norman castle of the great Earls de Warrenne,—the stronghold of Athelstan the Saxon. How calmly defiant it stands there above its belt of trees, a little grayer and hoarier may be, and long ago dismantled, but strong on its firm foundations as when first it frowned over the sylvan valley of the Don! The origin of the place, Konig's burgh, the King's burgh, is lost in the mists of antiquity. A tradition, as old as the days of Camden, points out a mound hard by as the grave of Hengist, and probably several successive strongholds had passed away before the present Norman keep arose within that spacious enclosure, fit abode for that mighty race, of the true old Norman metal, who dwelt in it;—for him who when Edward the First's quo warranto commissioners demanded his right to his broad lands, brought out a rusty sword with the proud declaration that by that sword he had won them and kept them hitherto, and by that sword, with God's grace, he

would keep them still. Not perhaps the most displeasing answer to be received from one of his barons by the greatest of the Plantagenets. Verily a sweet spot is the neighbourhood of this old castle to muse and dream away a long summer's day in; but more especially pleasant with a merry pic-nic party to scale that old tower and view the prospect which the great Wizard of the North has painted in such glowing colours, as it was in the far olden time; to go down into that dark suggestive dungeon, and return from its horrors to the sunny day, and the quiet shade of those ash trees, and spread a banquet on the chequered sward. Pleasant to talk over that matchless story, and to wander off in groups or pairs by the pathway which leads up those green slopes, and scramble through the hazel copses beyond; staying ever to catch some new glimpse of the grand old castle, or suddenly, from the edge of a high precipitous rock to see the long sparkling reaches of the sylvan Don;—your companion, may be, no imaginary heroine of romance, but a warm breathing maiden, peerless in her dark beauty as the Jewess, or blue-eyed and fair as the daughter of Cedric the Saxon!

But no such luck is ours to day; so, after a visit to the village inn, we turn away almost at right angles to our old road; we climb the hill, often looking back to take yet another view of the old castle, and from the high ground which we soon reach have an extensive view over a rich though rather flat country, amid which, five miles away, rises the fine tower of the new church of Doncaster. We pass the pleasant seat of Crookhill; turn aside to see the pretty church of Edlington with its fine Norman mouldings fresh as if but yesterday new from the carver's hand, and a short stage brings us to Braithwell, with its neat church, and old ruined cross, bearing an Anglo-norman inscription which an infatuated village mason some time ago attempted to "restore", in accordance with the village tradition. But if the rambler be as lucky as we once were, and his antiquarian studies have not entirely petrified him, surely his will forget those quaint dim letters, in that "phantom of delight" which greeted our vision from the farm hard by:—

> A dancing shape, an image gay,
> To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

From Braithwell, two miles' walk brings us to Maltby, a pretty village lying in a valley, with a little stream flowing

quietly through green meadows, an old market-cross (we are in the country of crosses), and a neat church lately restored. We follow the course of this stream about a mile further, and then, turning down through a rocky grove, we find a delicious little valley rich in gray rock and hanging wood, in soft green pastures and spreading waters, and come first upon an old gateway, through which we pass, and a slight curve of the valley opens before us the ruins of the Abbey of Roche. There are monastic ruins finer, and standing amid grander scenery, but surely there are none where that sweet peacefulness, that calm religious beauty, so in harmony with the feelings and associations which such ruins awake, are found in such perfection as here. However, a fine and picturesque fragment of the choir and transepts still remains, and will amply repay both the architectural student and the lover of the beautiful for a long and attentive examination.

Reluctantly do we leave this sweet valley of repose, and follow a path which leads through the copse on the other side of the stream, and soon brings us out in the level grounds above the valley, and we have the distant spire of Laughton-en-le-Morthen in full prospect before us. Towards this landmark, far seen over a vast extent of country, we bend our course, winding along through lanes profusely rich in autumn with the blackberries which the soil of this district produces in full perfection, till at last we come to a small hamlet called Slade Hooton, where is one of those ancient halls, now probably occupied as a farm-house, of which the parlour is used only on rare occasions of village or domestic festivity, but where dwelt in olden times one of what the historian of the district would call "a family of lesser gentry." No very "genteel" place, some people of modern notions would say, but look over the door there at the shield, duly emblazoned with "two lions passant," and put there in an age when it was not so easy to "send name and county," and obtain by return of post a fictitious symbol of gentility from certain persons who reap a rare harvest on the ignorance of their self-complacent victims. Why, as late as 1666, when the last Heraldic visitation was made, that grand old Dugdale, "Norroy," had power, which he used too, "to proclaim and render infamous" all unlawful and proofless assumption of the title or insignia of a "gentleman"!

Whither have all these old families gone, who lived generation after generation in these village halls? The

world has been turned almost upside down since then: some few names have preserved their ancient dignity, but how few! And many a sturdy yeoman among these secluded villages, nay, many a humble day labourer is entitled, as the quaint parchment registers of the parish church could testify, to bear arms before whose antiquity the shields of not a few proud peers of the realm would be utterly thrown into the shade. What an unmeaning mockery is a modern coat of arms! Heraldry is no longer a living reality—all its interest depends upon association, and what Longfellow says of houses is no less true of it:

> We may build more splendid habitations,
> Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
> But we cannot
> Buy with gold the old associations!

How empty is the mere device! But what a thrill it can awaken in us to know that the shield, charged with that self-same device, was one among the many whose brave bearers dimmed the lustre of the French lilies at Creci or Agincourt; or that, still further back, shone victorious beneath the walls of Acre, or on the plains of Ascalon, though gashed with Paynim falchions, and dinted by Paynim spears!

But during all this digression we are supposed to have left Slade Hooton far behind; to have dropt into its pleasant valley, and to have climbed the steep hill opposite and entered the village of Laughton. An old-fashioned place is this Laughton-en-le-Morthen, or "Leetin-i'-th'-morning," as the rustics in far off districts call it, who see its tall spire bright, day after day, with the beams of the early sun; a place which has seen better days, but is far from the noisy thoroughfares of the modern world, and gets on in the old jog-trot way as well as it can. How finely the old church stands at the head of the village street! The ale-house, no doubt, looks attractive just now, but if you have a spark of noble curiosity in you, you will certainly go and look at the church first, and then, when you have come and had your crust and ale in the sanded parlour, you will willingly return to it again. How gracefully those flying buttresses soar from the pinnacles and melt into the spire! How finely tower and spire blend together in those receding battlements, every particle of masonry in battlement and pinnacle leading you gradually up the tapering spire

till your eye rests upon its summit, near two hundred feet from the grassy graves below!

On the north side of the church there is a round arch rudely formed of rough stones of unequal size, evidently worked in from a former building; perchance the very doorway under which the great Thane Edwin, the brother-in-law of the Harold who fell at Hastings, has often passed; for that mound west of the church marks the site of his dwelling, albeit that very useful and generally correct institution, the Ordnance Map, informs us, in peculiarly Roman characters, that it is the site of a Roman encampment. A Roman camp forsooth consisting of a huge mound surrounded by a circular vallum! Let us cross the low churchyard wall, and see the place more closely, for this is of all spots the one to rest in. Here may we lie on the soft turf, with that glorious spire soaring above us, golden with the sunshine from the west, and standing clear against the blue sky. Fair green valleys and woods and sloping hills stretch far away beneath us, bounded to the west by those wild blue mountains of the Peak; we are, as it were, "ring'd with the azure world," and dreaming ourselves back into the distant part we seem to be in the hospitable hall of the great Saxon chieftain, while the gleeman sings his tale to the golden-haired daughter of Godwin, and the mead-cup flows, and the revel waxes louder and louder, in the days on the hateful curfew had been taught to ring out its tyrannizing notes from the rude old Saxon tower.

But the day is fast declining: we must betake ourselves with energy to the remainder of our journey. Away then down the hill that slopes from the south side of Laughton. That small spire peering from its valley side about a league to the south-east in Anston, where are the celebrated grit-stone quarries; and those woods more to the south grace the domain of Kiveton Park, the estate which came to the ancestor of its present owner, the Duke of Leeds, in so romantic a manner. It was part of the dowry of that rich merchant's only child whose infancy the brave young city apprentice, afterwards Sir Edward Osborne, rescued from the waters of the Thames, and whose hand the grateful father promised should be granted to none before it had been offered to her gallant deliverer. And the old man kept his promise, and Kiveton, though now no hall stands there, still belongs to Sir Edward's descendants, who have since blended with their own the illustrious blood of D'Arcy and Conyers.

We turn away from the village of Todwick, and the next place we enter is Aston, perhaps four miles from Laughton, in some respects an interesting village, for there for many years was rector, a man of considerable note in his day and generation, William Mason, of St. John's College, Cambridge, afterwards elected to a fellowship at Pembroke, the author of Elfrida and Caractacus, and the friend and biographer of Gray. Here he carried into practice, as far as his limited extent of surface would permit, the principles of the picturesque laid down in his long didactic poem "The English Garden," and what is more, gained the affection of his parishioners by a kind and diligent discharge of his pastoral duties. His remains lie in the chancel, where a marble tablet, with a medallion portrait, has been erected to his memory. Stiff and formal though Mason's poetry may appear now, there is much to admire in it, and few readers could fail to derive pleasure from the perusal of an account both of the man and his poetry in Hartley Coleridge's interesting work, the "Northern Worthies."

From Aston a down hill walk of two miles, (our hostess told us it was reckoned two miles down, and two and a-half up again) brings us to Woodhouse Mill, a small station on the North Midland Railway, whence the train soon brings us back to the spot where we availed ourselves of its services in the morning, and our day's ramble is ended.

Thus have we endeavoured to lead our readers on an imaginary ramble in a district where we have more than once spent what Wordsworth beautifully calls—

One of those heavenly days which cannot die—

and, if we have given pleasure to one of our readers; if we have afforded agreeable reminiscences of Old England to our future Governor General, administering British justice to the dusky tribes of India, or to Our Emigrant on his broad sheep-walks far amid Australasian seas; or, if for one half-hour we have transported one victim to the nervous anticipations of approaching June, from the sleepy flats of Granta to the cool valleys and breezy ridges of South Yorkshire; we shall not have walked or written in vain.

"H."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Yours is the world! said Jove enthroned on high,
Take it, mankind, and share it as you will;
'Tis yours for time and for eternity,
But oh! remember you are brothers still.

With busy hands, and cunning's varied wiles,
Men old and young, each sought his share to claim.
The Farmer stored the fruits of Ceres' smiles,
And through the woods the Lordling chased his game.

The Merchant grasped whate'er his gains required,
The Abbot quaffed the generous mountain wine.
To bridge and building Royalty aspired
And loudly swore:—The tithe of all is mine.

And now the world with all its wealth is shared,
When lo! the Poet comes o'er distant plains.
Alas! the greedy race have nothing spared
And naught of worth without a lord remains.

Alas! he cried, shall I of all the world,
Thine own true son, forgotten be, alone?
Thus at great Jove his dire complaint he hurled,
Which soon was wafted to the Thunderer's throne.

If in thine own sweet dream-land thou hast stayed,
The God replied—Then quarrel not with me;
When worldly men the world's division made
Where was my son? The Poet said,—With thee.

Mine eyes did seek from thine a clearer sight,
Mine ear drank music from the Heavenly Host,
Pardon the soul, that with thy wondrous light
Intoxicated, earthly wealth has lost.

Too late, said Jove, too late, the world is given;
The mart, chase, harvest, are no longer mine;
But would my Bard entwine his bower in Heaven,
Come when thou wilt, a welcome shall be thine.

"BIS."

DISSENTERS AND FELLOWSHIPS.

THE question of the admission of Dissenters to Fellowships has been of late brought with unusual prominence before the notice of the University. The largest and most influential of the seventeen Colleges of Cambridge, after fourteen years of comparative obscurity in the mathematical honour-lists, has at last emerged into splendour only to find brilliant disappointment. Her bright and shining lights turn out to be mere will-o'-the-wisps whose lustre is just sufficient to reveal the future difficulties of her path without giving her guidance. In other words the two consecutive Senior Wranglers of Trinity College will merely bestow on her the reputation of their success, while there seems little prospect of their being able, either as fellows or even as lecturers, to confer on her any other benefit. Both these gentlemen are Dissenters, and as such are unable permanently to hold a College Fellowship.

It may be that hidden deep beneath the surface of the Academic world there lurked a layer of liberality or innovation which has now, in the natural course of things, cropped out for the first time into distinct vision: or it may be that the present crisis has like an earthquake heaved this unseen stratum into its present prominent position: or lastly it may be that, without supposing the existence of such feelings in any greater degree than we were wont, it is merely the magnitude of this present inconvenience which has been working powerfully on the minds of those who have been brought into close contact with it. Be the cause what it may, the effect is plain. Agitation on University matters mostly begins from without: but now, perhaps for the first time, we have a specimen of Academical agitation. The Agitators have not wanted their Advocate or their Champion. The reasonings of the former and the name and influence of the latter have been doing their work in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Mr. Fawcett's arguments are not strikingly original. They are such as must have occurred to any man of common sense and must have been duly considered by any one who would venture to express an opinion on the subject in question. "That policy is intelligible," we are told, "which during so many centuries succeeded in preserving an intimate connection between the Universities and the state-church .... but the key of this position .... has now been surrendered, for Dissenters are now encouraged to study at the Universities." Further, "the one solitary pretext for the exclusion of Dissenters from Fellowships," the fact that to the hands of the Fellows of each College is trusted a large amount of Church-Patronage, we find to be practically "a purely imaginary objection," owing to the "universal custom of appointing to a College living by seniority." As to the various schools and other charitable institutions dependent on Colleges for support, "we have no right whatever to assume beforehand, that a Dissenting majority would be backward in assisting the spiritual and educational wants of those districts in which College property is situated."

So easily is our guard beaten in, so triumphantly does our opponent hit home at each attack, that perhaps it was scarcely worth while to shew the needlessness of all these tricks of fence, by telling us that after all "it is extremely improbable that those who dissent from the Established Church would ever become a majority in any College." This must needs cause one a little hesitation. Not the slightest, not the very slightest inconvenience can be anticipated from a majority of Dissenting Fellows, and lastly—there is no chance of there being such a majority. Can it be that Ulysses is at heart afraid that there may be something wrong about his fence, and that he may as well use his shield to make all safe? A prudent course certainly: but even this prudence is too imprudent for the man of many wiles. He is triumphant, his foes are prostrate, but for fear he may be in some danger that he does not see, for fear the foes he has just killed may not be quite dead, he will brandish over their humiliated heads the shield of Ajax the terrible, and from that safe refuge kill them over again—he will call in the Public Orator to the rescue.

It is here that we meet Mr. Fawcett's strongest argument: an argument the more difficult to meet because it is not contained in the form of a proposition, but consists of three

words at the extreme end of the letter, in which no distinctions of object, subject, or predicate can possibly be made. In fact the signature of the Public Orator is in itself no contemptible argument for the truth, or at least the plausibility, of the statements to which it is appended. If only Mr. Clark had adopted that convenient custom of "giving no reasons," while he merely expressed his agreement with the Petitioners, the argument would have been irresistible. But since he does condescend to give reasons, we are bound to examine them.

It would be too much perhaps to expect that both the defenders of the Petition should agree in their mode of defence. As if to shew us the folly of such expectations, our Ajax resumes a piece of armour which Ulysses has just flung away as useless. We were told a moment ago that the connection between Church and University has been "virtually surrendered." Now on the other hand we hear that it "will not be endangered." Further "an immense majority of the students will be, as heretofore, Churchmen, and .... in the governing body of the several Colleges .... Dissenters will form a minority inappreciably small."

Clearly the Public Orator has a sincere contempt for the cautious maxim "It is possible." Yet surely he must be a bold man who, at a time like this, would say that anything is impossible. Thirty-two years ago few perhaps would have thought to see Dissenters studying, even as Undergraduates, at the Universities. While a great nation and a great church loosening themselves, under the glowing heat of public opinion, from the old rivets which once clamped them together, are still fermenting in the crucible of reform and progress, it is hard to foretel the shape in which they will issue. Mr. Clark is a hardy prophet: it is sincerely to be hoped he is a true one.

One must make some allowance perhaps for sponsorial fondness, which may well deceive sometimes the wisdom of the very wisest. This petition, this little bantling of his, seems so innocent, so pretty in its infancy, that a god-fatherly confidence

It is scarcely however justifiable. "Please, Mum, it was only a very little one," was perhaps a legitimate excuse for Mr. Midshipman Easy's wet-nurse. At least it had the merit of being both humble and true. But how dares the Public Orator, or any mortal man, with unhumbled exultant mien forcing a living baby on the recognition of Alma

Mater, who betwixt shocked delight and half-pleased anger hardly knows whether to accept or reject the offering, venture to assure her that it will always be "a very little one?" Are we not forced to confess that the more humble wet-nurse must yield the well-won palm of audacity to her less scrupulous rival? True it is that at present the god-child is harmless: there are undoubtedly some neat points about her. But she comes of a bad stock. It was not Principle and Expedience that combined to give her birth: Principle stood aloof and she sprang, a one-parented child, leaping at the sound of the Public Orator's delivering hatchet, from out the brain of spited Expedience. Of such an offspring it is not easy to calculate the horoscope. Her sponsors have told us what the child's destiny will certainly not be: let us more humbly, after careful examination of her phrenological peculiarities, venture to conjecture what it possibly may be.

The remedy proposed by Mr. Fawcett for the present evils (evils which undoubtedly have a real existence) is a petition to parliament for permission to each College to admit or not to admit Dissenters to the number of its Fellows It may appear at first sight that the effect of this petition will be to allow Colleges to make such elections in certain cases, while in others they might use their prerogative of rejecting a Dissenting candidate, although as qualified in learning and academical standing as other successful competitors, simply because he is a Dissenter. A moment's consideration will shew the fallacy of this supposition. Either Dissenters must, in the event of this petition being granted, be admitted to Fellowships on exactly the same footing as Churchmen, or else All Souls' herself will soon rejoice in her comparative quiet as she hears of the uproar of personal bickering and unseemly contention, which will soon disturb the cloistered quiet of every College in Cambridge. Again, if while one Dissenter is admitted, another of equal learning but more heterodox tenets is to be rejected, it will soon be necessary to establish a new Sexvirate that shall sound the different depths and shallows of Dissent, test the objectionableness and formidableness of respective sects, arrange on their several platforms the Methodist, the Independent, the Baptist, particular or otherwise, the Romanist, moderate or ultramontane, while a still keener acuteness of discrimination will be required in order to assign his rightful place to any learned competitor who may happen to have no particular creed at all.

Such a discrimination is clearly out of the question. It is clear that Dissenters, if admitted, must be admitted on the same footing as Churchmen. But before considering the possible consequences of their admission, it may not be amiss to glance at another supposition.

One who has signed this petition has said that it is his confident belief that, if the petition is granted, in no case will any use be made of it by the important College for whose particular interests it would almost seem to have been originally set on foot. It is hardly necessary to point out that, if this should be the case, the odium which at present attaches to the Act of Parliament will be immediately transferred to the heads of the electors. At present, to use Mr. Fawcett's own words, "even a Senior Wrangler cannot feel that he is personally aggrieved because excluded. He is not excluded by the desire or owing to the prejudices of his College." But it is not pleasant to foresee what may hereafter be felt toward those who conscientiously vote against the election of Dissenting Fellows by candidates whose competition may have been sanctioned, and whose election almost recommended, by the special abrogation of an Act of Parliament.

It is possible however that the petition may not only be granted but also acted upon. It will be well to consider the consequences of such action. At present there appear to be none that can be productive of anything but unmixed good. Those gentlemen who would be immediately benefited by it are not likely to make the University regret her concession. Nor is it probable that in any large College great change would ensue. With repect to the smaller Colleges however the case is different. In these the governing body is small. Six or seven resident Fellows, in some cases even less, are sufficient to bear all the burdens of the administration of a small College without flinching. These gentlemen are between them, Master, Bursar, Tutors, Prælectors, Chaplain, Librarian, Steward, and Lecturers. To such a convenient and quiet place of study it is not impossible that two or three well-read Dissenting Undergraduates should repair. In all probability they would in time become Fellows. They might possibly reside as Lecturers or Tutors. Gradually, without any definite attempt on their part, they would attract around them, not unnaturally, men of the same way of thinking and feeling as themselves. As the old Fellows died or married, they would elect, again without the slightest attempt on their part, Dissenting Fellows.

Thus, there is nothing very improbable in the existence of five or six resident Dissenting Fellows in a small College. But such a phenomenon would assuredly present many curious points worth noting.

Even now it is not always an easy matter to obtain a sufficient number of resident fellows to conduct the administration of a small College. If out of the twelve resident and non-resident fellows of Corpus, the nine of St. Catherine's, the eight of Magdalene, the fourteen of Jesus, the nine of Clare, and the nine of Sidney, six or seven were resident Dissenters, the difficulties of their administration would not be diminished. It is not impossible that there might come a time when no resident Fellows in orders could be obtained. The daily service in chapel might then be perhaps dispensed with. Or if the fellows felt it their duty to enforce on the Undergraduates a worship in which they did not themselves join, and for which some of them might feel a conscientious repugnance, a chaplain might be procured from a neighbouring College. Or, because a College chapel which can count none of its officers in the number of its worshippers is an unseemly sight, the service might be transferred to some other chapel, till better times should come, and a fresh race of fellows that knew not dissent. The divinity lectures, if delivered by the authorities of such a College, would at least have the merit of deviating from the common ruts of such lectures, but they too, together with the chapel-service, would probably be transferred to a more orthodox atmosphere.

These changes were not perhaps contemplated by our forefathers, when in the fore-court of each College they built the College chapel. But they are not all. There have been heard lately rumours, true or false, of the omission of a sacred name in the College grace, out of respect to the feelings of a single person dining in the Hall. The mention would be more blasphemous than the omission of such a name in the presence of a governing body to whom that name meant nothing. One need surely not have lived very long up here to learn, that every public act of University life is either attended by some living act of worship or haunted by its spectre. To pass over the daily life in chapel and hall, a man is admitted as a scholar of his College in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: in the same holy name he is admitted to his bachelor's degree: it is in the chapel that the elections alike of Fellow and Scholars are conducted. An open recognition of certain religious truths pervades all our academical life. In each act of that life is recognised the principle of the connection between the Church and the Universities, which, as we are told by one of the Petitioners, has been virtually surrendered, and by the other will not be endangered.

If these recognitions are indeed mere dead forms: if, despite the efforts of such men as our Professor of Modern History, they are dead without hope of resurrection, if no one any longer believes that as a scholar of his College, or as a graduate of his University, he has certain new duties to do: if there is no man to whom the admission in the name of the Holy Trinity is anything but a joke, or at best, a mysterious eccentricity of our fathers which he cannot understand, then it were well that they too should be swept away down with the current of public opinion, whereon are floating the wrecks of all that makes life liveable. But if there are still up here those who do believe in the connection between worshipping and doing, praying and working, People and Church; it ill beseems them to do anything that may appear to betoken disbelief therein; to surrender a great principle here because it has been surrendered elsewhere.

The consequences of the success of this petition, would probably be not unfrequently those above described. The necessity of taking orders after a certain number of years, which is attached to some Fellowships would render a Dissenter's tenure more brief than usual, and, if not abrogated, which in all probability it soon would be, might somewhat diminish the resulting inconvenience. But it is not the results that should cause us most fear. It is that, be the results what they may, the petition in itself ignores that very connection between the Universities and Church which it professes not to endanger. For if men who openly dissent from the National Church are to be recognised as legitimate governors of the Universities, then indeed it will be hard to say what is the link between the two.

It is not true that this connection has been surrendered, for it is not true that the Universities have been thrown open to Dissenters. For those Dissenters who differ so slightly from the Church, that they are not unwilling to attend her daily service,* for those and for no others is the University thrown open. No instance can be pointed out in which the University has recognised dissent. Still, however much

* In one or two Colleges non-attendance at chapel has been connived at, but not recognised.

it may be denied in practice, the fact that the University is not a mere learning-shop, is at least recognised in theory. Still, if nothing else, at least the weekly bidding-prayer in St. Mary's church, reminds the men of the University that they are not to consider themselves individual students connected together by the bonds of present interest and convenience, but that, as members of a College, a University, and a Church, they are bound to one another by the stronger ties of religion and brotherhood. But if among the very governors of the University were men who dissented from her church, this solemn prayer would become a most jarring mockery.

Yet, though the University is not responsible for them, the present anomalous system is certainly not without its evils. It is hard that a man who has taken the very highest honour here, should be unable to devote himself to those studies for which he feels himself adapted, studies which might tend to the good alike of himself and of his college. There are, and every right-minded man will be glad to know this, many Dissenters who, so far from feeling repugnance toward the National Church, attend her services with sincere pleasure and respect: there are some who so nearly approach her pale, that they would soon cease to be Dissenters, were they not deterred by the prospect of gaining something from the change. It is a pity surely, that such men should be forced to quit the University at once for the School or the Bar, while their less learned but more orthodox competitors fill the lectureships which they could fill more ably; that any man, above all such a man, should have to leave Cambridge without having had opportunity for study. No one is ignorant, that during the three years of preparation for the Mathematical or Classical Tripos, little can be done that deserves that name. A man during those three years must read to shew what he can do. Afterwards he may read in order to do. Such reading requires much leisure and some little money. A poor Dissenter cannot read thus unaided, and the Fellowships, one object of which is to encourage study, are closed against him.

This is no slight hardship. It is easy to say that the exclusion must have been foreseen by him at the time of his entering the University. Three years of Academic study makes some men unfit for any thing but the prosecution of those studies, and force on them new prospects and new pursuits. The exclusion which appeared a trifle to a freshman presents itself in a different light to one who has

acquired a taste for study. Foreseen or unforeseen, when realised and at hand, it is not unlike a hardship, and well deserves such remedy as can be given without abandonment of a right consistency. Now a Fellowship may be viewed in two ways: firstly, as a prize for past, and encouragement to future efforts, and secondly, as a salary for certain duties which the Fellow either performs or may be called upon to perform. By giving Dissenters all the emoluments, privileges and duties of Fellowships, so far as they trench not on the government, strictly so called, of the colleges, their desires would be fully satisfied, and the interests of learning advanced, while no principle would be sacrificed. A certain proportion of the Fellowships of each College might be set apart, to which, under these conditions, Dissenters should be eligible on the same footing in other respects as Churchmen. By properly regulating this proportion, the inconveniences above-mentioned would be avoided. It certainly would be somewhat more difficult for a Dissenter to obtain a Fellowship than for a Churchman, but there would be no longer any necessity for excluding a man thoroughly adapted for Academic life and studies. There might be certain difficulties about arranging the technicalities of such a system, but the Platt Fellowships which till very lately existed in St. John's College, bear witness to its practicability. These Fellowships were prizes and nothing more, conferring on their owners no share whatever in the government of the college. This kind of Fellowship might be revived and extended for a new purpose, and, if it were thought advisable, might receive a different name corresponding to the difference of purpose.

This measure is suggested in the full belief that the reasons for which Dissenters are at present excluded, are not pounds, shillings, and pence, but far more important reasons. It would not be easy to devise a more effectual method of shewing the real nature of the so-called narrow-mindedness and exclusiveness of the University. None could then fail to see that it was not money or even power, but right for which the University was striving; and the nineteenth century would not perhaps be the worse for beholding the extraordinary spectacle of a body of men contending for that from which they cannot expect to derive any pecuniary advantage.

Again, this measure is not suggested as a final measure. But till the present relation of Church and State, anomalous

as it is, and transitory as it must be, undergoes its impending change: till either the English people so change as to become members of the present National Church, or the Church so changes as to become once more the Church of the English people, or lastly the National Church sinks into a mere sect, leaving England, which God forbid, without a Church at all, this measure is suggested as one likely to further learning and goodwill without sacrificing that great principle of the connection between Church and State, to illustrate which our two Universities exist.

THE NEW ZEALAND FAIRIES.

Not only in these haunted dells of ours,
Among the green fields where our fathers dwelt,
And in the forests of this older world,
Have lived the fairy people: other lands
Their feet have lightly trod: the Southern Cross
Has seen them gambol in the forest glades
Of isles about whose green delightful heights
The blue Pacific twinkles; and the moon
Has lit their dances on the shining sands
Of coral creeks in Australasian seas.
And there they are a finer race than ours,
Human in height and feature, fairer-hair'd
And fairer-skinn'd than any Maori,
A people always merry, whose bright lips
Are ever gay with laughter or with song.
For many an one has seen them; with the rest
Kanawa saw them, saw them to his cost,
For they had nearly scared him from his wits.
Kanawa was a chieftain of his tribe,
And once was out with certain of his men
And dogs to hunt the kiwi—wingless bird,
Whose feet are swifter than a stormy wind—
And being thus benighted, on a hill
Amid the forest glooms, they found a tree
That spread enormous shadow overhead,
And under, rising high above the earth,
Its huge roots ran in twinings serpentine,
Twisted, and coil'd, and knotted, and deform,
With many a snug recess wherein to lie
Warm and close-shelter'd for a night's repose.
So out some distance from the tree they piled
Great store of gather'd boughs and bushes dry,

And lit it, and the fire shone broad and bright,
And made a wondrous scene beneath the tree
Of rosy lights, and shadows: then they found
Each his own cell among the twisted roots
For slumber; but ere long from far there rose
Voices amid the darkness, nearer still
And nearer, many voices as of men
Women and children singing thro' the wood.
Heavens! how the men were frighten'd! but the night
Was all about them, and the tracks unknown
Amid the darkness of the haunted woods.
And so they hid their faces and were still
Amongst the deep recesses of the roots,
As is the woodland thing that if you touch,
It gathers up and stiffens and is dead.
Kanawa only, tho' he shook for fear,
Dared let his eyes go wandering in the dark;
And then he saw the fitful firelight flash
On fair white faces of the fairy crowd,
Who singing thro' the darkness came, and peer'd
Into the shadows. By and by they crept,
Now one and now another, lightly climb'd
The huge arms of the roots that circled him,
While he lay still and held his breath for fear.
But merrily they circled round and sang;
And when the fire flash'd brighter, off they flew,
And peer'd about from distant crevices,
Returning ever when it flagg'd again.
And at the last he thought a happy thought—
He took the little image that he wore
Carved of green jasper, from about his neck;
And took the jasper ear-drop from one ear,
And from the other one of ivory,
Made of the white tooth of the tiger-shark,
And thought 'perchance if he should offer them
As gifts, that they would go;' and on a twig
He hung them, frightened at their very touch.
And lo, the fairies, singing merrily,
Pick'd up the shadows of the jewellery,
And pass'd them each to each admiringly;
And there the trinkets hung all shadowless
Between the lighted tree-bark and the fire.
So did they: and when now their merry song
Was ended, pass'd away into the wood,
Nor touch'd the chieftain's jewels, well content
To have the shadows.—O amongst us men,
Amid the noisy bustle of the world,
Are there not many of us, all content

To leave the fair reality untoucht,
So we but have the shadow? So they went.
But soon as morning glimmer'd thro' the wood,
And the gray parrot scream'd his earliest scream,
Kanawa left the mountain with his men,
Nor stay'd to hunt for kiwis; glad enough
To see the thatcht roofs of the village huts,
And dusky faces of his tribe once more.

MUNICIPAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

How spake of old the Royal Seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on.)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotes Mataioteton.

TRULY our age is an age of iron: the broad expanse of country with its happy villages and their heavenward pointing spires, the ancient city with its stout old burghers or Society of Merchant Venturers, are not the England of to-day; still indeed, from ten thousand steeples as of old float up into the summer air the praises of a happy peasantry, and many an old town or cathedral city still lives its sluggish life with no more outward evidence of the lapse of time, than is shewn by the hands of its old church clock as they come back day by day at noon to the same old place, to start once more upon the same old journey. But be it for better or worse, the smart young England of our time is something different from these things. The great cities of the country with their smoke, their noise, their bustle, and their stinks, their kings of iron or of cotton and their myriad workmen, joined to one another, and to their great metropolis, the largest and best representative of them all, by hard lines of railway where the song of the birds is lost in the scream of the locomotive, as it dashes through the tunnelled hill; these certainly now constitute the most prominent feature of the nation. We do our best to justify the Pacha's description in *Eothen*. "Whirr, whirr, all by wheels!—whiz, whiz, all by steam!" Most of the old towns have changed with the changing times, and accepting the new conditions of prosperity have retained their position as vigorous constituents of the national life. Some, indeed, which scorned to suffer themselves to be trampled down under the encroaching wheel of the locomotive, have passed out of the notice of their more enterprizing sisters, and live their hermit life at

a distance from the haunts of men, happy in the calm contentment which reigns throughout their grass-grown streets. The majority, however, have opened wide their gates to the advancing civilization of the day, emancipated themselves as they fondly hope, from the last superstitious trammels of a semi-barbarous feudalism, and grasped with alacrity the iron hand of progress.

So it is with Slowbeach:—dear old Slowbeach, how well do I remember the time when I wandered along your shady streets, or amid the grey ruins of your mouldering castle, reading, with boyish zest, some wondrous tale—the woes of the "Fayre Una," or

the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid,

whilst the rooks were cawing peacefully o'er the crumbling walls, and the shadowed elms were dancing 'neath the breath of summer on the sunny lawn; when I fished for trout, which I seldom caught, in the limpid water of your little river, or floated idly across your clear blue bay; or, glorious privilege, sat in awful silence in the parlour of the Slowbeach Arms whilst the burly Aldermen enjoyed, in dignified repose, the fragrance of the soothing weed, and mingled with the curls of smoke which eddied from their senatorial lips sage opinions on the rights of farmers, and the state of politics. Ah, well! this was a long time ago. I had never met Matilda then—poor Matilda—she used to say she should like to be a student's wife, to cheer him in his lonely hours of thought, and soar with him in spirit through the realms of fancy. She's Mrs. Jones now, and a very rising man Jones is too; a trifle hard in money matters perhaps, but a rising man. I met them in their carriage the other day with two fine children on the front seats—God bless me, how old it made me feel—she is really getting quite fat and matronly, who'd think that she had once the smallest waist in the county? It's a fact though, for I remember one day,—but what has a working architect to do with such things as these? It was just before Mrs. Jones's marriage that I left Slowbeach, and after a dozen years of constant and not unsuccessful exertion am a great deal happier, I dare say, than if I were the proprietor of those two red-cheeked young Joneses—happier!—of course I am; I'm sure I can't tell what people can find to like in the children, two more vulgar boys *I* never saw; and as for Mrs. Jones, why every one knows poor Jones's weakness, and they do say that—but

whatever they say, no one shall call *me* uncharitable.—I had always a longing though after the old place; there was something about the rooks, and the elms, and the bright bay, which I have not quite found in any thing else since: I used to fancy it was boyish imagination, and all that sort of thing; but I almost think now there may have been something real in it after all. I have changed my opinion about some of these things since my unfortunate connection with the Orkney and Norwegian Submarine Telegraph Company—I lost a good deal of money by that scheme. Slowbeach, however, has long ceased to be what it was: a great change came over it soon after I left; large coal-fields were discovered in the neighbourhood, iron-works erected, docks excavated, and a vast export trade established. Curious to see the changes which had taken place I was much pleased one morning at receiving a letter from an old friend at Slowbeach, who told me that having had his fair share in the prosperity of his rising young town, he wished to acquire increased facilities for trade by adding some additional buildings to his already extensive workshops. A most favourable opportunity now offered itself for erecting them, but there would be great difficulty in getting the plans ready in time to have them approved at the next meeting of the local Board of Health: would I, knowing the premises, see what I could do for him, and so save him from waiting another month, which he assured me was a matter of considerable importance in a town of such commercial activity and business-like habits as Slowbeach now was; he added also that I should find the town much changed and improved from the dull old place which I formerly knew. I readily accepted the commission, and in the few days which intervened before the meeting of the Board managed by dint of considerable personal exertion, and the aid of some suitable drawings which I luckily had ready, to work up my plans into a satisfactory condition. This done I forwarded them for the preliminary inspection of the local surveyor, and on the day before the Board meeting placed myself in the train with an express ticket for Slowbeach. On approaching the town I found every thing much altered; a forest of masts extended over what had formerly been a moor: my little trout stream had been applied to the perhaps more useful purpose of supplying water to the numerous docks; and instead of the coach-office with which my latest recollections were connected, a handsome station in the most approved style of railway architecture had planted itself in

the centre of the main street. O my honest friend, director of the West Grimington Extension, well is it for you that a great authority has laid down that railway travelling is a process so intrinsically obnoxious as to make any well meant attempts to soothe the harassed minds of your poor passengers by architectural display a mere mockery of their sufferings: were it not for this, how agonizing would be your remorse as you lay tossing on your sleepless bed, and the undigested remnants of the last directorial feast evoked before your eyes a long and ghastly train of weird uncouth stations, which you had forced upon the public gaze, poor long straggling stations with impossible platforms and rows upon rows of weak minded looking iron pillars, fat bulky stations which had tried to be respectable and failed miserably in the attempt, gloomy looking stations which appeared to swallow up incontinently every train which fell in their way, Barbaro-Gothic stations, Greco-Manchester stations; O what an awful procession it would be!

From such reflections as these I was soon roused to a vigorous struggle for my carpet-bag by the harsh voice of the guard shouting "Slo'beach, Slo'beach junction, change here for Struggleforth, Grimington, and Smashwell," and having at length successfully asserted my claims to my property, and ignominiously defeated two old ladies, who had lost their own luggage, and with painful moral obliquity were about to carry off my bag as a compensation for their misfortune, I drove through the somewhat noisy and not particularly well pitched streets to the Slowbeach Arms, which still retained its leading position among the Inns of the town. The first face which I saw here carried me back at once into the early times; just inside the door of the Hotel was the old waiter whom I remembered from my boyhood:—there he was, not a whit older than when I left him: just the same amount of baldness about his shining head, and the seams of his well-worn coat; and under his arm as it seemed to me was the same identical napkin which he had held there when he viewed with pitying interest my departure from the same spot a dozen years before. I glanced down for a moment at my own expanding form (I am getting just a trifle corpulent I own) and thought of the slim young man whom he saw drive away from the gate—what right had *he* to be the same as ever? Hang the fellow, he ought to have died long ago; does he mean to insult me with his youth? I went up to speak to the old man, and giving utterance to the thought

which his unchanged appearance naturally provoked, I asked him his opinion of the docks and all the new improvements: "Think Sir," said he, "'taint much I think about 'em: I arn't been down to see 'em yet." And such they told me afterwards was the fact: indeed it was notorious that he had not possessed a hat these twenty years.

Refreshed by a night's sleep I took a walk the next morning round the docks with my friend, and then proceeded to the new Town Hall where the sittings of the Board were held. I here found that the plans would not be approved until after the rest of the business had been transacted, and was therefore, as the rain was falling, forced to wait in the lobby in company with an intelligent but thirsty policeman who protected the sacred precincts. By enabling this stalwart guardian of the municipal dignity to drink my health after the termination of the meeting, I at once acquired his good will, and he proceeded to give me many interesting particulars about the various members of the Board of whom we had a good view through the half opened door of the council-chamber. Their faces were for the most part unknown to me; the portly and complacent burghers whom I remembered had given way to a wiry looking lot of men with a generic resemblance to the Scotch terrier; and who were evidently better fitted for worrying out municipal abuses than their easy-going predecessors. Just opposite to me however sat a jolly looking publican of the old school, whose jovial face and goodly circumference contrasted favourably with the diminutive form and spare visage of a gentleman of watery appearance who sat on his right hand, and who was, my friend the policeman informed me, a very successful dealer in marine stores, and one of the leading teatotallers of the town. They were confronted by an energetic man with straw-coloured hair which looked as if it had fallen accidentally upon his head and stuck there: it appeared that this gentleman whose name was Swiper, was one of the most rising men in Slowbeach, a professed friend of the people, and a demagogue of the first water. Just as I arrived, the rosy son of Bacchus before alluded to, was engaged in delivering a fierce invective directed against Councillor Jolter for some futile proceedings which he had taken to repress the prevailing vice of the town, and which had put the Board to considerable expense. The Councillor attacked, either from a natural timidity or a consciousness of his mistake, did not attempt any answer; but the worthy representative of

the pump, thinking the opportunity too good a one to be lost, at once took up the cudgels in his defence, and turning upon his assailant told him that the prevalence of the vice complained of was chiefly owing to "those houses where poison was licensed to be drunk. So long as those houses were allowed to sell liquid fire and double-distilled damnation, so long would the demoralizing system complained of be kept up: he hoped the time would come when those houses would be shut up, if not by moral suasion, by the strong arm of the law."* The gallant publican, undismayed by the attack at once retorted, that "he was not surprised at the remarks of his friend, coming as they did from him; he had spoken to Mr. Jolter, but it would appear that his friend was champion of the light weights, and was ready to cut him up into old junk; indeed he was reminded by the way he was met of Balaam and his ass, when Balaam could not speak his ass spoke for him."

Mr. Swiper here burst energetically into the dispute, and being joined by several other members of the Board, the confusion became too great to allow of anything being heard distinctly. At length the contest began to resolve itself into a duel between Mr. Swiper and a gentleman named Crump who sat near him, between whom a special enmity appeared to subsist. The first voice which rose distinctly above the tumult was that of Alderman Crump, who said: As a member of this Board, I ask whether the time is to be wasted in this way?

Mr. Swiper: I want to show the town what you are, sir,——

Mr. Smith: I rise to order. I beg to move that these two gentlemen retire into the other room, and not go into family matters here.

Alderman Crump: I shall be glad to vote an encomium upon you, Mr. Swiper, if you will behave yourself better in future.

Mr. Swiper: I don't want your encomium.

Several members suggested that Mr. Swiper should allow the business of the meeting to proceed.

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* The speeches are quoted from the Slowbeach paper. Surprised at such a pitiful display of feeling in the council, of what is represented by the author as an important town, the Editors took the trouble to ascertain its magnitude as given by the last Census, and find to their astonishment that it contains upwards of 30,000 inhabitants.—Ed. *Eagle.*

Mr. Swiper: I don't think it is right that Mr. Crump should have such latitude, and I to be put down.

Alderman Crump (with great warmth): I wont have my name mentioned in this matter.

Mr. Swiper: He has put his speech before you all (great uproar and confusion, and several members rose to leave the room).

The Chairman: Now, gentlemen, I hope you wont leave. Here are moneys that must be paid, and I want your consent.

Mr. Swiper: You are all one-sided, like the Bridgnorth election. If I stop here all night I will be heard, and will repeat it at every meeting till the 9th of November.

Mr. Smith: I propose that Messrs. Crump and Swiper retire.

Mr. Swiper: I will make a proposition that Mr. Crump meet me before a public meeting of the burgesses to decide this point.

Alderman Crump: I will give you this promise—a vote of thanks if you'll behave yourself.

Mr. Swiper: I don't want your thanks—my poor father worked hard to maintain you when you were a pauper on the parish.

Alderman Crump: I deny it. I have maintained myself from childhood up till now.

Mr. Swiper: My father helped to support you and gave you an education.

Alderman Crump: You are too contemptible to notice (going up to Mr. Swiper with his hand lifted up). I wont strike you.

Mr. Swiper: You are *afeer'd* of me.

Alderman Crump: (in a tone of contempt): *Afeer'd* of you, indeed—you are too contemptible to notice.

Mr. Swiper: You are the Tom Sayers of Slowbeach. (Laughter.)

Alderman Crump: I wouldn't touch you with my hand, but I might with my foot. (Exit Alderman Crump, leaving the members quite dumbfoundered).

The meeting then broke up in the greatest confusion, leaving the business of the day undone.

And what of the poor plans?—well, accidents will happen in the best regulated and most prosperous towns, and my friend must be content to wait another month. Nothing was left for me but to return to London as soon as possible: but before doing so I hurried off to see the old castle once more. How glad I was to find that the spirit of progress had not burst in upon its peaceful seclusion. I mounted to the ruined keep, and looked around; the sun had burst forth in splendour after the late rain, and every tree and flower and blade of grass was raising its head to meet his genial rays; the birds were singing joyously above, and the lambs were bleating amidst the fragments of the shattered walls; all was peace and beauty, harmony and order:—the whole of nature with ten thousand tongues was singing praises for the mercies of the All Father; and, remembering the mean and petty jealousies I had just left, I bowed my head for very shame lest my presence there should be a discordant note amidst that glorious harmony.

"ENOD."

OWEN'S NEW CLASSIFICATION OF MAMMALS.*

IF Galileo could be dropped quietly amongst us, now in this nineteenth century, he would find public feeling very much altered with respect to scientific matters. No outcry would now greet him from indignant conservative savans; no grim inquisitors would be kindly arranging rack and thumbscrew for his benefit. He would no longer be denounced as a fool by one party, and anathematised as a heretic by another. No longer would he be requested to go down on his venerable old knees and to solemnly swear astronomical lies. But Philosophical Societies, and Scientific Associations would be delighted to hear him; Mathematical Journals would be rejoiced to print his papers; and a discerning public would gladly receive and honour him, if the sages to whom they looked up and their own common sense approved his doctrines. There is an honest candour pervading society now-a-days which is peculiarly favourable to the development of science, and which has already produced fruit in the shape of numerous improvements and discoveries. Among the latest of these is a new Classification of Mammals introduced by Professor Owen.

For some years past there has been a decided tendency on the part of Naturalists to forsake the old school of Artificial Classification for something more natural and comprehensive. This has been pre-eminently the case in Botany, where the old Linnean system has now quite succumbed to the labours of De-Candolle and others; the result being the almost universal adoption of the "Natural System." In Zoology too we can trace the same change,

* *Classification of Mammals.* Reade Lecture in the University of Cambridge, by Professor Owen. J. Parker and Son. 1859.

though we find perhaps fewer Naturalists of original genius in this department of science. From the time of Aristotle to that of Cuvier (above two thousand years) very little had been done by naturalists towards obtaining a satisfactory system of Mammal Classification. Aristotle included in this sub-kingdom all viviparous animals, calling them Zootoka; and with his wonted acumen selected the formation of the extremities and the dental structure as the chief marks for arrangement. After him Ray and Linnæus endeavoured with doubtful success to improve upon his plan. The principal advance made was the substitution by the latter of Mammals for Zootoka; and this is an important change, as the act of suckling is always a mark of a warm-blooded animal, whereas Aristotle's term would erroneously include some species of genuine fish which bring forth their young alive. It was reserved for the famous Cuvier to propound that Classification which has for many years been generally adopted throughout the whole scientific world. This great Naturalist selected as characteristic features the jaws, the teeth, and the extremities. Starting with three sub-classes of Mammals, viz., those with nails, those with hoofs, and those whose hinder extremities are imperfectly developed, as the whale; he proceeds to sub-divide. The Unguiculate (with nails) he separates into orders according to their dental organization; the Ungulate (with hoofs) according to the peculiarity of a thick hide or that of chewing the cud; the Mutilate (maimed) he makes into one order, the whale-tribe. The outline at least of this system is pretty generally known, and its defects have latterly been a common subject of complaint. Its faults are various, the chief being, perhaps, that in this scale of mammal life, our old notions of superiority and inferiority among the brute creation are quite upturned. Few of us would, for instance, be likely to place a mole in a post of honour above the dog, or a kangaroo above the elephant or horse. Yet such is their relative position according to Cuvier. We at once see something forced and unnatural in this; we condemn the arrangement as not according to the general character, and particularly not according to the individual sagacity of these creatures.

Now to us who recognise an Author of Nature, and see design and final cause in the works of Nature around us, the reflection is not at all out of place, that there is an accurate balance between the organised structure of the bodies of animals, and the sagacity or intellect which is

destined to control those bodies. The human hand for example, beautiful machine as it is, would be useless to a hedge-hog or a seal; and again, the tusks of an elephant or the fangs of a tiger would be superfluous to man whose ingenuity and skill enable him to procure his food without those engines of violence. Now, from such thoughts we should conclude that a Classification, like an Examination list, according to the intellectual powers (if I may use the expression) of the members of the Mammal kingdom, would probably be at once systematic and natural. Assuming therefore the brain as the seat of mental power or sagacity in man and beast, it would follow, if we acted upon our theory, that the brain would be the starting point for a good sound classification.

And this is precisely Professor Owen's starting point. He proceeds however not on theory but on fact. He finds by actual dissection in the course of his Anatomical labours at the Zoological Gardens, that there is a close connection between the cerebral and the general bodily developments of the creature, and that dividing the Mammals into four great classes, taking the brain for his guide, he has also marked out four distinct degrees of advancement in bodily structure.

The characteristics of a highly developed brain are, two large lobes, complicated and numerous convolutions, a complete covering of the cerebellum, and a conspicuous presence of that fibrous link of union between the two lobes called by anatomists the Corpus Callosum. These are all present in the brain of man, and in his alone. Man therefore forms a sub-class to himself named Archencephala.

Going downwards, we next find brains with convolutions more or less complicated and partially extending over the cerebellum and olfactory lobes. Of such are the Carnivora and Pachydermata of Cuvier—the dog, monkey, elephant, whale, &c. These are named Gyrencephala.

Still descending we meet a marked decrease in the size of the brain, so much so that it no longer covers the cerebellum or olfactory lobes. We see here no convolutions, all is smooth, with the corpus callosum in a very rudimentary state. This marks the third sub-class, Lissencephala; of which the Edentata and Rodentia of Cuvier, the bat-tribe, &c. are members.

Lastly, we arrive at the lowest type of brain; lobes very small, no corpus callosum, olfactory lobes, optic ganglions, and cerebellum totally uncovered, and altogether

the whole apparatus in a very incompact state. This marks the sub-class, Lyencephala, containing marsupials (animals with pouches) such as the kangaroo, opossum, &c.; and the monotremata, such as the duck-mole, so called from their peculiar abdominal structure.

These are the four great sub-classes. A further division into orders follows according to the extremities, teeth, food or other characteristics; the whole forming an almost perfect scale of Mammal nature from man down to the implacental beasts who scarce deserve to be called viviparous. What is here given is of course merely a sketch of a system at once natural and precise. It agrees with our well established notions of the relative superiority of the various animals, and proceeds from a principle which, at the very outset, acknowledges the unity of design in the works of Nature.

"λαβυρίνθειός τις."

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

Pr'ythee unclasp the casement: let me hear
Once more the ruffled waters of the lake
Surge on the castle's base: their wild unrest
Vexes me not as heretofore;—I feel
Fresh pulses stir within me, and new life
Dulls in mine aching ear the too keen sense
That knew a torture in all sound, and stills
The feverous impatience, born of pain,
That dwelt about me. Surely there is joy
Even in weakness and in weariness,
As after a fought field, or else this hour,
So passing sweet, by its own witchery
Hath poured a seeming sweetness into pain.

The cloud hath left my mind. I am again
E'en as I was before the blinding blow
Of that fell battle-axe crushed through my casque;
And, as I reeled and sought with aimless hand
The unsupporting air, the mingled noise
Of conflict and fierce clang of struggling hoofs
Grew hollow, and before my sick'ning eye
Spread a broad blackness, and I knew no more.

E'en as I was?—'Tis but an idle boast.
This trembling hand but ill, methinks, could rein
A war-horse pawing at the trumpet-call:—
This arm,—whose sheer and unresisted force
Clove through steel harness and drave back good knights,
As I have sometimes seen from yon hill-side
Start a huge mass, and crush the plume-like fern
And snap the saplings, driving ruin down

Into the seething lake,—might scarcely brook
The burden of the sword it used to wield.

'Tis strange,—this calm of new-returning life:—
Hast thou not seen me, if some paltry hurt
Hath let me from the field, chafe fretfully,
As chafes an anchored skiff, and strains and tugs
Its anchor, if a wind hath stirred the bay
And o'er the bar and on the jutting ridges
Dashed the white foaming billows;—so have I,
If any note of battle touched mine ear,
Fought with a wound that held my sluggard arm,
Struggling in impotent impatience.
And yet from this more deadly-seeming wound
I rouse me, and find pleasure but in rest,
And joy to be delivered from the thrall
Of the wild dreams and shapes fantastical
That thronged the wayward paths of sense distraught:
For now I seemed to lie on desert sands
And fain would rest me ere the morning strife;
But ever, through the canvass, troubled me
The pale malignant moon, and the hot dust
Filtered through every joining of my mail:
Or else fierce treacherous faces of the foe
Glared on me, and a leaden weight weighed down
My arm, and death seemed terrible if slain
By coward hands I perished, from my peers
Dissevered. Then, anon, I was at sea,—
A shoreless sea and death in every wave;—
For, in the mad confusion of my soul,
The ocean-floor became a battle-field,
And every angry surge a crested knight
Hissing a shout of onset in mine ears.
And tossed, and overborne, and stricken down,
I sank before them, and the blood-red west
Flashed on my fading eye and blinded me,
As one who falling feels the flag he bore
Droop, muffling him in darkness ere he die.

But now 'tis o'er.—The weary laggard hours
Slide by on quiet pinions, and I feel
Thy gracious touch and ministering hand,
And hear remembered accents of sweet tone
That are to me as angel utterances.

O lay thy gentle hand in mine, and while
Day softly melts in evening, sing once more
The melody that broke my deadly trance,

That I may feel and hear thee nigh, and know
A blessed calm, as of some ransomed soul
Shadowed by wings of guardian spirits, that hears
Sounds of unearthly sweetness, and forgets
The pain and grief and turmoil of the world.

SONG.

High o'er yonder rugged fell
  Stars in holy light are steeping,
Lake and cave and silent dell,
  And the dews of night are weeping
  Over petals drooping, sleeping.

And I weep at this still hour,—
  Weep for thee. O may'st thou borrow,
E'en from sympathy's sweet power,
  Strength to battle with the sorrow
  That may find thee on the morrow.

Yet sweet dews the flowers repairing
  Vanish when the mid-day burneth;
But my love, thy sorrow sharing,
  Toward thee still in sorrow yearneth,—
  To thee evermore returneth.

"C. S."

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF BELONGING TO THE LOWER ORDERS OF SOCIETY.

A Fragment.

Plures nimia congesta pecunia cura strangulat.

I LIKE to stroll about Portland Place or Belgravia when the sun shines and my clothes are new and my person got up for the occasion. It makes me feel rich to be in the neighbourhood of so much material wealth! The flunkeys in gorgeous apparel pass me by with a quiet respect. Flunkeys know but two frames of mind, courage and scorn; between these poles they acknowledge no possible mesothesis. The policeman does not watch me—the old ladies with their poodles seem to regard me as one of themselves, and being idle for the nonce and on the stroll, I am open to be considered even a rich old lady. But the flags of Belgravia pall on a man after a time—and playing at being rich is an expensive game—even though it be confined to walking about in dandiacal fashion, and impressing errant flunkeys. Moreover, there is no spot where the sun always shines, and even the west has its rain and mud and concomitant sorrows—and then comes the rub—when a man has to cast about for an object and finds himself ofttimes puzzled to know where he shall turn or what he shall do.

I have more than once been in this frame of mind myself, with just enough in my purse to make me "careful," and no more. I am not a theatre-going man—our English actors shock me—the second characters seriously jar against

my nervous system—the cant of the best stars afflicts my soul—in music I am fastidious, and I have no box at the opera—or put the case (a not unfrequent one) that I should find it inconvenient to buy a stall ticket—meanwhile it rains!—or it snows—and parliament is prorogued—and I am at my hotel, &c. &c. &c. In the name of all that's dreary what *am* I to do?

The cause of all this desperation of perplexity is, that I am a miserably respectable outcast. Ten years hence, perchance, I may be an honoured member of the University Club, or a don at the Athenæum: who knows? ten years hence Salathiel may have chambers in the temple, into which I may drop when I choose; or Sallustius may have a bachelor's room for me in his palace in Westbourne; or Hippocrates may be in vogue and welcome me to physiological splendour in Saville Row; all that *may* come, but it has not come yet, and now?—

In such a grim frame of mind I have more than once looked abroad and cursed my stars which ordained that I should belong to the "gentilatres" of this world. Brethren of the upper middle ranks—there's no use denying it—we are a pitiable lot. We comfort ourselves with our bath in the morning—with our daily shave, with our coffee and chops—with our best of tailors and our dilletantism—but we're a pack of finnikin jackanapes after all, and if you would not call me one—if you only wouldn't call me one—I should like to be an out-and-out-cad!

Compare the gent's resources to our's, and how jovial a life is open to him. He has a soul above (or below—which is it?) tailordom; he roams the streets with easy jaunt; in the careless glee of a spirit at ease he whistles aloud at his own sweet will, and is unconscious of the gaze of the multitude; if his hat be a bad one he careth nought, he is not bound to wear a hat at all; if his boots be other than clean he maketh his bargain with the next urchin at the corner, and chaffeth the operator or tosseth up with him for the fee. He is at home in every billiard-room, even supposing he hath never been there till the present hour: who would strive to 'trap' him of the seedy paletot?

Doth he long for Cremorne or Rosherville? there goeth he, and is 'hail-fellow' with the nearest, and at his ease with the fairest; he hath no difficulties at finding his element, his element is to be found everywhere, and if any presume to observe him he asketh thee—"What are ye a staring at?" You and I would be strange in a skittle

alley. He is joyous even there, and standeth a pot with yon sharper a-straddle of the railings.

Just look at a gent outside a 'bus' and see him in his glory; you and I hate a 'bus' I suppose, I know I do; outside is dreadful, inside is overwhelming. I am myself subject to a nightmare after a heavy supper, and the vision of that nightmare, as I call it up to my mind, brings the big drops of horror on my brow; my vision is a vision of a ride inside a 'bus' with a woman in black on my right hand, and a woman in red on my left, and two women in yellow in front of me, with each a baby in her enormous arms, and two children, warranted under three, particularly requested to keep quiet, standing by my unhappy legs, and all the women and all the children with colds, and all strongly and decidedly objecting to the windows being opened, and I there—and I got in at the Eastern Counties Railway, and have to be carried to the Great Western Terminus, and I mayn't get out, and no body else has any intention of doing so either: that is my nightmare, and no wonder that when I awake I am exhausted! And yet I like children; I am partial to the fair sex; I had rather ride than walk any day; I hate being in a draught! How is it that such a vision as this should be so unspeakably abhorent to me?

Why, only because I, and such as I, have educated ourselves to a morbid sensitiveness! The lower orders of society would find such a ride from Shoreditch to Paddington in the highest degree exciting, and your gent would have been invited to tea by all your females before they had got as far as the Bank. What lots of hard cake those precious three-year-olds would have been promised before Holborn Hill was reached! *We* ride in cabs, we do! We get mercilessly imposed upon; we get ruthlessly slanged by cabby if we pay him less than twice his legal fare; we smoke ourselves into convulsions of coughing; if a Hansom do not chance to be on the stand we run all sorts of hideous risks of cholera and scarlet-fever and small-pox and heaven knows what else. While there, high above us, kicking his happy heels, paring his nails in the sunshine, humming a Negro melody, smoking his short clay, and surveying the world from his eminence, sits the enviable cad, whom you and I would be horribly ashamed of associating with, and who cares as little for us as we do for the Emperor of Japan!

I used formerly to hold it as an axiom that soap and

water cost nothing. I have lived to see the outrageous fallacy of the diction. I begin to see that cleanliness, dependent on soap, is a terrifically expensive luxury. In the first place it is almost impossible to say how far you may carry your love of soap!

In our youth we seldom advanced beyond the wrist in our soapy ablutions, save few of us favoured our feet once a week with a visitation: as years went on the domain of soap was ever advancing: and think of a man soaping his very head every morning of his life. It is terrible to think of the next step being internal administration. But think of the laundress and her bills; think of the future of soap when we are householders, and the steps have their daily scrub, and the stairs and the floors and the chairs and the tables. Why the thought is enough to make my next nightmare turn into a procession of soap-boilers bent on reforming the world with old brown Windsor. All this is quite unnecessary. Our forefathers were happy men, and wise ones, learned men too, and holy; they lived long and they laboured stoutly; yet if they lived among us now we should certainly call them a dirty lot. James I. very rarely washed his hands; Queen Elizabeth eat her beef with a chop-stick; Henry VIII. wore particularly greasy breeches, wiped his fingers, reeking from the venison-pastry, on the dogs that crouched at his feet, and if they were out of the way, on the lappets of his jerkin. With all the talk of our age, I often think there's a great deal of stuff in it all. I think it was in Mr. Petherick's delightful book that I was reading the other day, how certain little Africans dress in Nile mud: they blush at complete nudity, so they roll themselves in the sluice of the Nile and bask in the sun, and lo! they are clothed! By and bye they become out at elbows, and their anxious parents are distressed at their shabbiness, whereupon the urchins are sent with shame to the river bank and commanded to mend their attire; they obey—roll themselves again in their native mud, and return bright as new pins! Are they clean or dirty? Miss Nightingale could say, 'disgustingly': I am sorry to differ from that lady, but I think there is much to envy in that easy supply of garments.

So to return to our cad; he is not embarrassed by the craving for an exaggerated purity; happy in his independence, he may be as dirty as he pleases; he can do very well without that luxury. He has never known the joy, and he does not pine in the absence of it; his gain

is a real and solid one. Is it nothing to be able to repose in a third class carriage with two man-of-wars men, one singing "The Bay of Biscay O!" and drinking rum incessantly? Nothing to find pleasure in a cheap train to Margate, or an Isle of Man excursion boat?

I own I have tried low life at times, but found myself unfit for it. *I* didn't like it, and I attribute it to a moral or intellectual defect in my constitution; but I stand up for the freedom of the lower orders on principle, and I despise myself for my inability to throw myself into it. It is with a melancholy sense of weakness and shame that I confess myself deficient in that greatness of soul which allows of my throwing myself into hearty sympathy with vulgar enjoyments: I contemplate them reverentially at a distance. Intellectually I admire the cad; practically I fear I loathe him! It is the loathing of a deep rooted envy perhaps, but it is there! It is not the entire admiration which I accord to the heroes of Arctic discovery; rather is it the sort of contemptuous envy I award to the eccentrics who climb high mountains for no other purpose than to stand in uncomfortable positions.

But I have once or twice tasted the real sweetness of the life of the lower orders.

Not when I've wandered through Belgium in a 'welveteen' jacket, trying to pass for a snob, and failing, by persisting in weakly washing myself, and consequently being treated with most irritating homage: not when I've paid a visit to a small tradesman in Wales, and insisted on being considered one of the family, and found myself unearthed on Sunday by the parson sending his compliments and requesting me to read the lessons. Not when I've attended a sixpenny ball in Liverpool, and danced with the fair daughters, whose Argus-eyed mothers looked on, and as I gallantly led the damsels to their seats, persisted in addressing me as my lord. Not here, not here! but in that paradise of the lower orders of society, those innocent—cozy—private—cool—and very vulgar tea-gardens on the Avon, which any one who knows Clifton ought to know, and if he's wise, ought to resort to; there surrounded by exceedingly frowsy parties of four or six, waited on by very shabby maidens; drinking execrable tea; but bringing your own tobacco; sung to by the nightingales over head, and below the Avon rolling its waters to the sea; you may for ninepence have an insight into the really bright and purer side of our small tradesmen's life, and learn to see that

they have resources you and I can only very rarely catch a glimmer of. Such a place as those Clifton tea-gardens we respectable people have not. Nay, we have no real places of amusement at all; we have no billiard tables, no cafés, no bowling greens, no skittle alleys, no innocent casinos, no nothing! In all these matters we are at an immense disadvantage as compared with the lower orders of society.

OUR SEVENTH JUBILEE.

WE cannot allow the Commemoration Services of the three hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of our College's existence, as a corporate body, to be passed over with a merely casual mention among the subjects of our Chronicle. The event in itself deserves separate notice, but more especially so with reference to other circumstances.

It may be as well to mention for the information of those of our graduate readers who associate the sixth of May with feasting only, and the Commemoration Service with the receipt of shillings in chapel on the day after the end of each term, that the three Services are now thrown into one, which is held on the sixth of May, the day set apart in memory of St. John's miraculous deliverance before the Latin gate. The length of the Service is relieved by the help of the choir, who chant those portions of the Service which are appointed to be said or *sung*. The Sermon on this occasion, being a special one, was preached by the Rev. the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity: than whom no worthier representative of the good old College could possibly have been found. The learned Professor based his discourse on the words found in Haggai ii. 4—9. He alluded to the hindrances experienced by the Jews in building the house of God, "then ceased the work of the House of the Lord which is at Jerusalem"; (Ezra iv. 24.) and to the effect of the prophesying of Haggai and Zechariah: "then the prophets Haggai, and Zechariah, the son of Iddo, prophesied unto the Jews, in the name of the Lord,.... and then rose up Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, and Jeshua the son of Josedech, and began to build the house of God which is at Jerusalem, and they prospered through the prophesying of Haggai the prophet, and Zechariah, the son of Iddo, and they builded and finished it." He then went on to remark on the principle of the Prophetic

Scriptures, how nearer events are made the symbols and pledges of Messiah's coming and kingdom, instancing Isaiah's prophecy of deliverance to Hezekiah, which had its perfect fulfilment in Christ the Virgin-born, (Isaiah vii. and ix.) and the visions of Zechariah, (iii. and vi.) which clearly pointed to Christ the Prince of Peace. After referring to erroneous views of Prophecy lately put forth, and to the unfairness of the Edinburgh Reviewer in citing Bishop Pearson as a voucher for Rowland Williams, the preacher proceeded to remark on the foundation of our own College as somewhat similar in its attendant circumstances to that of the later Temple. We were now celebrating our seventh Jubilee—for the Charter of Incorporation was first sealed in 1511. Many difficulties and hindrances were thrown in the way, the plan being cut short of its original dimensions by the death of the foundress, the Lady Margaret, before the completion of her designs. But Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and then Chancellor of the University, aided by Ashton, fought his way through all, and the College was opened with solemn religious ceremony in 1516, with a number of Fellows and Scholars diminished from the original intention,—viz. thirty-two Fellows instead of fifty, and twenty-four Scholars instead of fifty. The College prospered in its work, so that its members in a Petition presented Nov. 21, 1547, to the Lord Protector Somerset, could say:—"Primum alimus optima ingenia optimis disciplinis et moribus, deinde ex nostro cœtu proficiscuntur qui reliqua fere singula Collegia explent et ornant. Deinde in Vineam Domini mittimus plurimos operarios, in Rempublicam aptos et idoneos viros." And Roger Ascham, in his "Scholemaster" says, "He," (Dr. Medcalfe) "at his departing thence left such a companie of Fellows and Scholers in S. Johnes College, as can scarcely be found now in some whole Universitie: which, either for Divinitie, or for Civil Service to their Prince and Countrie, have been and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to this whole Realm: yea S. Johnes did then so florish, as Trinitie College, that princely House now, at the first Erection was but *Colonia deducta* out of S. Johnes, not onely for their Master, Fellowes, and Scholers, but also, which is more, for their whole, both order of learning, and discipline of maners: yet to this day, it never tooke Master, but such as was bred up before in S. Johnes: doing the dewtie of a good *Colonia* to her *metropolis*, as the auncient cities of Greice and some yet in Italie at this day, are accustomed to do." (p. 55).

But are we not now, as it were, witnessing the beginning of a new House? We have just received a body of Statutes by which the benefactions, which have been liberally bestowed upon us since the foundation of our first House, during a period of three hundred and fifty years, are consolidated. We are beginning under a new system inaugurating a new period of our history. May we not apply to ourselves the prophet's exhortation to be strong, remembering that the LORD of Hosts is with us? May we not hope and pray that the "glory of the latter house may be greater than that of the former;" that it may extend its front to the street, and spread forth its branches to the River, by enlarged buildings? But first of all, and above all, we must think, like David, of a "house for the LORD." Is not the time come for a new chapel? Many said of old, "The time is not come, the time that the Lord's House should be built;" but can it be said now? The ancient Labyrinth, once a chapel of St. John Baptist, is longing again to be devoted to its original uses, and joined to God's house—the place is too strait for us. When Dr. Powell, near a century ago, gave £500 for the stone front of the south side of the first court, many felt, "that a new Chapel would have been a real ornament to a flourishing Society that were crowded to death in their too contracted one," (Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes.*)

Surely we have not lost the public spirit which animated our College of old:

> Privatus illis census erat brevis,
> Commune magnum —:

when Dr. Wood gave £2000 for the new Court beyond the Cam, and every Fellow the fourth part of his dividend, each receiving for several years £120 only, instead of £160. Let us take to ourselves the words of the text and say—"'The silver and the gold are thine, O Lord;' we will not rest until we have raised a Chapel more worthy of the College, more answerable to the bounty of our benefactors, and to Thy manifold blessings."

But, as Fuller says (History of Cambridge) "The glory of Athens lyeth not in her walls, but in the worth of her citizens: buildings may give lustre to a college, but learning giveth life."

We must cherish hopes of still larger numbers to be trained here to serve God in all the offices of Church and

State, in all walks of learning and science, in study of the word and works of God. Much rests upon us, and our successors, if the glory of the latter house is to surpass that of the former—we have a high standard of achievements to attain to. We must have forty Senior Wranglers in the next hundred and fifteen years. We must have in the next three hundred and fifty years better Divines than Becon, Whitaker, Sibbs, Beveridge, Cave, Wilson, the unanswered and unanswerable opponent of Socinianism, and the last two occupants of the Lady Margaret's chair, Marsh and Blunt; better Preachers than Pilkington, Ashton, honest Lever, (who procured the endowment of Sedbergh School,) Powell, Balguy and Ogden; better Bishops than those four of the famous seven, who went to the Tower in triumph rather than in mourning, Lloyd of Norwich, Lake of Chichester, White of Peterborough, and Francis Turner of Ely, sometime Master of the College. We must have better scholars than Sir John Cheke and Roger Ascham his pupil, the famous tutor to Queen Elizabeth, than Pember, Gataker, Bentley, "prince of Critics," and Butler, with his numerous pupils; better Hebraists than Chappelow and Edmund Cartell; nobler benefactors of mankind than William Wilberforce, the champion of the slave, and John Hulse the endower of the Hulsean Lecture and Essay, and the Christian Advocacy; defenders of ancient foundations more sturdy than Earl Powis; wiser statesmen than William Cecil Lord Burleigh, and Strafford, and Falkland; braver warriors than Fairfax and Cornwallis. We must have physicians more talented than Linacre, Denny, Gilbert, Browne, Gisborne, and Heberden; better naturalists and botanists than Nicholson, Glen, Jenyns, and him who now lies peacefully resigning his soul to God, and even as life wanes, telling with brightening face what flowers are peeping from the ground, what trees are putting forth their buds;* better poets than Sackville, and Herrick, and Churchill, and Akenside, and Matthew Prior, than Kirke White, so soon snatched away from us, and the poet of nature, whose proudest boast was that he had "never written a line which dying he could wish to blot;" better astronomers than Fallows, and the younger Herschel, who was content to spend years in voluntary exile that

* Professor Henslow, who we regret to say, has since passed away to his rest.

he might complete the Catalogue of the Stars, and Adams, who cast the line of his analysis into the depths of space and brought to view another member of our system. And last, not least, we must have nobler missionaries than Henry Martyn, who gave up his splendid prospects of advancement here, that he might do his Master's work elsewhere, and Haslam, and Whytehead, than our pair of Bishops in Africa, Cotterill and Colenso, or that other pair who, first fellow-oarsmen in the Lady Margaret boat, have since traversed the southern Pacific in the same Missionary ship, the bishops of Newcastle and New Zealand, Tyrrell and Selwyn. Better men than these must we have, or if not better, more like them, and in more continuous supply, every year adding to their number. We must have more University scholars, more University Prizemen.

And have we not hope of more peace, that we may be more united, and work together, heartily and earnestly endeavouring to maintain the former reputation of our College? "Wherefore be strong, O Master! be strong, O President! be strong, O ye Fellows and Tutors! and be strong all ye Scholars and Students! and *work!* cultivate all manly exercises; let the Lady Margaret be, as of old, head of the River, but let her sons, by their own diligence in study, be also at the head of the Tripos lists."

We regret that this imperfect sketch is all that those of our readers, who did not hear the sermon, will have of it. The Professor will only consent to its publication in one way; by a lithographing process, to be done not by Messrs. Day and Son, but in solid stone and mortar. And there seems to be some hope of this being accomplished, for the interest of our resident members is already excited. We shall be amply satisfied if these reminiscences of the ἔπεα πτεροέντα of the Preacher induce any to give a helping hand to that object, should it be found to be feasible.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term, 1861.

THERE are, I should think, but few men who have spent their three years at Cambridge, who do not look back upon their May Terms as the pleasantest part of their time here.

An interesting essay might be written on the elements which make up this pleasure. Of course first and foremost is the great charm of female society of which so many of us are temporarily deprived, and the pleasure to those who do not enjoy that, of meeting among the usual haunts of familiar faces of town and gown, faces before unknown, but all lit up with enjoyment: but there are other constituents too of the pleasure in question. There is the idea of being at the head of an establishment, so to speak, and doing the honours of it to your visitors: there is the pride which a man will naturally feel in introducing parents or sisters to his friends in College. It is well for us to have once in a way these gentle reminders that there are slight rules of polite society, that there are ladies to whom we owe our devoir of respect and attention. Those of our readers who are at present in residence, have had a fair amount of this during the past week, and I doubt not there are some hearts feeling somewhat novel sensations at the sudden termination of the few moments of bliss they have enjoyed, especially if it be succeeded, as in some cases it is, by the pains and perils of the Senate-House. And doubtless some Mary Porter returned to some country vicarage, feels some little pang at the separation from that dear Tom Brown.

The transfer of the congregation for the conferring of

Honorary Degrees and the reciting of Prize Exercises, which has always been associated with the somewhat late Commencement, to the middle of the May Term, has formed a nucleus for a week of festivities, in which Oxford, by its Commemoration Week, has always heretofore had the advantage of us. The gaieties were ushered in as usual by the Boat-Races, an account of which will be found later in this Article. On Tuesday, May 14th, Cambridge was honoured with a visit from its Chancellor, on the occasion of the Rede Lecture, delivered this year by Professor Willis. The subject of the lecture was very interesting, "The History of Trinity College, Social and Architectural, from the Foundation of King's Hall and Michael House to the present time." The Professor, however, confined himself almost entirely to the latter, which rendered his lecture less interesting to the mass of those who heard it, to say nothing of those who could not hear, and who formed a large proportion of those present. The Chancellor's visit only lasted for a few hours.

On Saturday, May 18th, the town was the scene of a great martial display. The Volunteers of the Inns of Court in conjunction with our own Corps, were reviewed on Parker's Piece by General M'Murdo, in the presence of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and a numerous body of spectators. The details of the review our readers will have seen elsewhere—suffice it to say that the whole was quite a success. The members of the Inns of Court were entertained at dinner by the different Colleges, and seemed highly gratified with the hospitality they received. Nearly seventy of them dined in the hall of St. John's, with the Fellows of the College, and those Volunteers of No. 2 Company, who had joined in the Review, all the Riflemen being in uniform. In the evening the Procession of the Boats took place, and was better attended than we have seen it for some time: the band of the C. U. V. R. C. playing during the time in the grounds of King's College.

The hundredth Concert of the University Musical Society took place in the hall of Caius College on the evening of Monday, the 20th. The first part of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Music to the Antigone of Sophocles, Professor W. Sterndale Bennett conducting, and Professor Kingsley reading the dialogue: the second part was of a miscellaneous classical kind. The room was very much crowded; indeed the applications for tickets considerably exceeded the available space.

Tuesday was the day fixed for the conferring of Honorary Degrees. Seldom has our Senate-House witnessed such a crowd as were assembled then within its walls. The admission to the body of the building for persons not members of the University, was by tickets. The Undergraduates' gallery was crowded to suffocation within a few minutes of the opening of the doors; many having been attracted by a rumour that the Chancellor was to be present in person. The following degrees were conferred: that of Doctor of Divinity, honoris causa, on the Rev. Frederic Gell, B.D. of Christ's College, Bishop Designate of Madras; that of Doctor in Civil Law, honoris causa, on the Earl of Elgin; Vicount Stratford de Redcliffe; Sir W. R. Hamilton; Sir Roderick I. Murchison; Major-General Sabine; Dr. Robinson of Trinity College, Dublin; Mr. John Lothrop Motley, author of the History of the Dutch Republic; and Mr. George Grote, the Historian of Greece. At the conclusion of this ceremony, the following gentlemen recited their exercises:—

Henry Lee Warner of St. John's College, his Exercise for the Camden medal; subject: "Alpinæ vives."

Arthur Sidgwick, Trinity College, his Greek Ode; subject: "Tantalus."

Augustus Austen Leigh, King's College, his Latin Ode; subject: "Padus Flavius."

Henry Yates Thompson, Trinity College, his Greek and Latin Epigrams.

Charles Edward Graves, and Henry Whitehead Moss, of St. John's College, their Exercises for the Porson Prize.

Frederick William Henry Myers, Trinity College, his English Poem for the Chancellor's Medal.

On Wednesday afternoon the Horticultural Society held their annual show in the grounds of King's College. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was present, and the concourse of people was, if anything, larger and gayer than usual. This was the close of the festivities.

But we must come to our chronicle of Johnian events. On Monday, March 18th, the following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society:—

Joseph Hirst Lupton, B.A., bracketed 5th Classic and Junior Optime, in 1858.

James Webster Longmire, B.A., 3rd Classic, Senior Optime, and 2nd Chancellor's Medallist, in 1859.

Walter Baily, B.A., 2nd Wrangler, 1860.

George Richardson, B.A., 3rd Wrangler, 1860.

John Vavasor Durell, B.A., 4th Wrangler, 1860.

Joseph Merriman, B.A., 5th Wrangler, 1860.

Robert West Taylor, B.A., bracketed 17th Wrangler, and 5th Classic, 1860.

On the Thursday following, the list of the Classical Tripos showed E. A. Abbott, B.A. of this College, Senior Classic: the Senior Chancellor's Medal was also adjudged to the same gentleman.

Our readers will have seen that out of seven names of those who recited exercises on Tuesday the 22nd of May, three were those of Johnians.

Subjoined is the list of the Voluntary Classical Examination:—

April, 1861.

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.
Evans, J. D.	Bateman.	Green-Armytage.
Falkner.	Evans, A.	Carey.
Graves.	Hickman.	Davis, J. W.
Gwatkin.	Pooley.	Valentine.
Ingram.	Rees.	Willan.
Spencer.	Rudd.	
	Snowden.	
	Taylor, C.	
	Thompson, J. C.	

The Boat-Races, which began on Wednesday, May 8, have been this year subject of greater excitement than usual. We subjoin a list of the Bumps in the First Division:—

May 8.

1 1st Trinity I.	11 Magdalene }
2 Lady Margaret I.	12 Corpus I. }
3 3rd Trinity I.	13 Peterhouse
4 Caius I. }	14 Lady Somerset I. }
5 Trinity Hall I. }	15 Sidney I. }
6 Emmanuel I. }	16 1st Trinity III.
7 2nd Trinity I. }	17 Jesus I. }
8 Christ's I. }	18 Clare I. }
9 1st Trinity II. }	19 Lady Margaret II.
10 Trinity Hall II.	20 Caius II.

May 9.

1 1st Trinity I.
2 Lady Margaret I.
3 3rd Trinity I.
4 Trinity Hall I.
5 Caius I.
6 2nd Trinity I.
7 Emmanuel I.
8 1st Trinity II.
9 Christ's I.
10 Trinity Hall II.
11 Corpus I.
12 Magdalene
13 Peterhouse
14 Sidney I.
15 Lady Somerset I.
16 1st Trinity III.
17 Clare I.
18 Jesus I.
19 Lady Margaret II.
20 Caius II.

May 10.

1 1st Trinity I.
2 3rd Trinity I.
3 Lady Margaret I.
4 Trinity Hall I.
5 Caius I.
6 2nd Trinity I.
7 1st Trinity II.
8 Emmanuel I.
9 Trinity Hall II.
10 Christ's I.
11 Corpus I.
12 Peterhouse
13 Magdalene
14 Sidney I.
15 1st Trinity III.
16 Lady Somerset I.
17 Clare I.
18 Lady Margaret II.
19 Jesus I.
20 Caius II.

May 11.

1 1st Trinity I.
2 3rd Trinity I.
3 Lady Margaret I.
4 Trinity Hall I.
5 Caius I.
6 1st Trinity II.
7 2nd Trinity I.
8 Trinity Hall II.
9 Emmanuel I.
10 Corpus I.
11 Christ's I.
12 Peterhouse
13 Sidney I.
14 Magdalene
15 1st Trinity III.
16 Clare I.
17 Lady Somerset I.
18 Lady Margaret II.
19 Caius II.
20 Jesus

May 13.

1 1st Trinity I.
2 3rd Trinity I.
3 Lady Margaret I.
4 Trinity Hall I.
5 1st Trinity II.
6 Caius I.
7 Trinity Hall II.
8 2nd Trinity I.
9 Corpus I.
10 Emmanuel I.
11 Christ's I.
12 Sidney I.
13 Peterhouse
14 1st Trinity III.
15 Magdalene
16 Clare I.
17 Lady Margaret II.
18 Lady Somerset I.
19 Caius II.
20 Pembroke

May 14.

1 1st Trinity I.
2 3rd Trinity I.
3 Lady Margaret
4 Trinity Hall
5 1st Trinity II.
6 Caius I.
7 Trinity Hall II.
8 2nd Trinity I.
9 Corpus I.
10 Emmanuel I.
11 Sidney I.
12 Christ's I.
13 1st Trinity III.
14 Peterhouse
15 Clare I.
16 Magdalene
17 Lady Margaret II.
18 Lady Somerset I.
19 Caius II.
20 Pembroke

May 15.

1 3rd Trinity I.
2 1st Trinity I.
3 Trinity Hall I.
4 Lady Margaret I.
5 1st Trinity II.
6 Caius I.
7 Trinity Hall II.
8 2nd Trinity I.
9 Emmanuel I.
10 Corpus I.
11 Sidney I.
12 Christ's I.
13 1st Trinity III.
14 Clare I.
15 Peterhouse
16 Lady Margaret II.
17 Magdalene
18 Lady Somerset I.
19 Caius II.
20 Pembroke

May 16.

1 3rd Trinity I.	11 Christ's I.
2 1st Trinity I.	12 Sidney I.
3 Trinity Hall I.	13 Clare I.
4 Lady Margaret I.	14 1st Trinity III.
5 1st Trinity II.	15 Lady Margaret II.
6 Trinity Hall II.	16 Peterhouse
7 Caius I.	17 Lady Somerset I.
8 Emmanuel I.	18 Magdalene
9 2nd Trinity I.	19 Caius II.
10 Corpus I.	20 Pembroke

We have received the following report of the Matches played by our Club during this term:

1. St. John's First Eleven *v.* Emmanuel.
   St. John's 189. Emmanuel 185.

2. St. John's *v.* Ashley.
   Ashley 232. St. John's 57.

3. St. John's *v.* Christ's College.
   St. John's 130. Christ's 113.

4. St. John's Second Eleven *v.* Caius Second Eleven.
   St. John's 193. Caius 120.

5. St. John's Second Eleven *v.* Christ's Second Eleven.
   Christ's 171. St. John's 108.

END OF VOL II.

W. Metcalfe, Printer, Green Street, Cambridge.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

UNIVERSITY EIGHT-OAR RACES.

THURSDAY, *May* 10, (*Second Division*).

20 Caius 2	33 Trinity Hall 3
21 Lady Somerset 1	34 Catherine
22 1st Trinity 4	35 Jesus 2
23 Clare 1	36 Lady Somerset 2
24 3rd Trinity 2	37 Caius 3
25 Emmanuel 3	38 Christ's 3
26 Corpus 2	39 1st Trinity 5
27 Pembroke	40 1st Trinity 6
28 Queens' 1	41 Caius 4
29 Christ's 2	42 Corpus 3
30 Lady Margaret 3	43 Lady Somerset 3
31 2nd Trinity 3	44 Clare 2
32 King's	45 Queens' 2

FRIDAY, *May* 11, (*Second Division*).

20 Lady Somerset 1	34 Trinity Hall 3
21 Caius 2	35 Lady Somerset 2
22 Clare 1	36 Jesus 2
23 1st Trinity 4	37 Christ's 3
24 3rd Trinity 2	38 Caius 3
25 Corpus 2	39 1st Trin. 5
26 Emmanuel 3	40 Caius 4
27 Queens' 1	41 1st Trin. 5
28 Pembroke	42 Corpus 3
29 Christ's 2	43 Lady Somerset 3
30 Lady Margaret 3	44 Queen's 2
31 King's	45 Clare 2
32 2nd Trinity 3	
33 Catherine	

SATURDAY, *May* 12, (*Second Division*).

20 Emmanuel 2	33 2nd Trin. 3
21 Clare 1	34 Lady Somerset 2
22 Caius 2	35 Trinity Hall 3
23 1st Trinity 4	36 Jesus 2
24 3rd Trinity 2	37 Caius 3
25 Corpus 2	38 Christ's 3
26 Queens' 1	39 Caius 4
27 Emm. 3	40 1st Trin. 5
28 Pembroke	41 Corpus 3
29 Christ's 2	42 Queens' 2
30 King's	43 Lady Somerset 3
31 Lady Margaret	44 Clare 2
32 Catherine's	

WEDNESDAY, *May* 16, (*Second Division*).

20 Clare 1	32 Lady Margaret 3
21 Emmanuel 2	33 Lady Somerset 2
22 Caius 2	34 2nd Trinity 3
23 1st Trinity 4	35 Jesus 2
24 3rd Trinity 2	36 Trinity Hall 3
25 Queens' 1	37 Christ's 3
26 Corpus 2	38 Caius 3
27 Pembroke	39 Caius 4
28 Emmanuel 3	40 Corpus 3
29 King's	41 Queens' 2
30 Christ's 2	42 Clare 2
31 Catherine	43 Lady Somerset 3

THURSDAY, *May* 17, (*Second Division*)

20 2nd Trinity 2	32 Lady Somerset 2
21 Caius 2	33 Lady Margaret 3
22 Emmanuel 2	34 2nd Trinity 3
23 1st Trinity 4	35 Caius 3
24 Queens' 1	36 Christ's 3
25 3rd Trinity 2	37 Trinity Hall 3
26 Pembroke	38 Jesus 2
27 Corpus 2	39 Corpus 3
28 King's	40 Caius 4
29 Emmanuel 3	41 Clare 2
30 Christ's 2	42 Queens' 2
31 Catherine	43 Lady Somerset 3

THURSDAY, *May* 10, (*First Division*).

1 3rd Trinity 1	11 Jesus 1
2 1st Trinity 1	12 Lady Margaret 2
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Trinity Hall 2
4 Trinity Hall 1	14 Peterhouse
5 2nd Trinity 1	15 2nd Trinity 2
6 Magdalene	16 Emmanuel 2
7 Caius 1	17 Sidney
8 Emmanuel 1	18 Corpus 1
9 Christ's 1	19 1st Trinity 3
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Lady Somerset 1

FRIDAY, *May* 11, (*First Division*).

1 1st Trinity 1	11 Peterhouse
2 3rd Trinity 1	12 Trinity Hall 2
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Lady Margaret 2
4 Trinity Hall 1	14 Jesus 1
5 2nd Trinity 1	15 Corpus 1
6 Caius 1	16 Sidney
7 Magdalene	17 Emmanuel 2
8 Emmanuel 1	18 2nd Trinity 2
9 Christ's 1	19 1st Trinity 3
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Lady Somerset 1

SATURDAY, *May* 12, (*First Division*).

1 1st Trinity 1	11 Trinity Hall 2
2 3rd Trinity 1	12 Peterhouse
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Lady Margaret 2
4 Trinity Hall 1	14 Corpus 1
5 Caius 1	15 Jesus 1
6 2nd Trinity 1	16 Sidney
7 Emmanuel 1	17 Lady Somerset 1
8 Magdalene	18 1st Trinity 3
9 Christ's 1	19 2nd Trinity 2
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Clare 1

WEDNESDAY, *May* 16, (*First Division*).

1 1st Trinity 1	11 Trinity Hall 2
2 3rd Trinity 1	12 Peterhouse
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Sidney
4 Caius 1	14 Jesus 1
5 Trinity Hall 1	15 Corpus 1
6 Emmanuel 1	16 Lady Margaret 2
7 2nd Trinity 1	17 Lady Somerset 1
8 Christ's 1	18 1st Trinity 3
9 Magdalene	19 2nd Trinity 2
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Clare 1

THURSDAY, *May* 17, (*First Division.*)

1 1st Trinity 1	11 Trinity Hall 2
2 Lady Margaret 1	12 Peterhouse
3 3rd Trinity 1	13 Sidney
4 Caius 1	14 Corpus 2
5 Trinity Hall 1	15 Jesus 1
6 Emmanuel 1	16 Lady Somerset 1
7 2nd Trinity 1	17 Lady Margaret 2
8 Christ's 1	18 1st Trinity 3
9 Magdalene	19 Clare 1
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Caius 2

FRIDAY, *May* 18, (*First Division*).

1 1st Trinity 1	12 Peterhouse
2 Lady Margaret 1	13 Corpus
3 3rd Trinity 1	14 Sidney
4 Caius 1	15 Lady Somerset 1
5 Trinity Hall 1	16 Jesus 1
6 Emmanuel 1	17 1st Trinity 3
7 2nd Trinity 1	18 Lady Margaret 2
8 Christ's	19 Clare 1
9 1st Trinity 2	20 Caius 2
10 Magdalene	
11 Trinity Hall 2	

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

UNIVERSITY SECOND DIVISION.

THESE Races commenced on Monday, the 25th ult. Owing to the recent heavy rains, the river was high and the stream strong, which latter fact must account for the unusually large number of bumps. We subjoin a list of the boats and the bumps made during the three days' racing:—

MONDAY.

20 Caius II.
21 2nd Trinity II.
22 1st Trinity IV.
23 Emmanuel II.
24 Queens' I.
25 3rd Trinity II.
26 Pembroke I.
27 King's
28 Corpus I.
29 Christ's II.
30 Emmanuel III.
31 Catherine
32 Lady Somerset II.
33 Lady Margaret III.
34 Caius III.
35 3nd Trinity III.
36 Trinity Hall III.
37 Christ's III.
38 Corpus III.
39 Jesus II.
40 Clare II.
41 Caius IV.
42 Queens' II.
43 Lady Somerset III.
44 Lady Margaret IV.
45 1st Trinity V.
46 Sidney II.
47 Pembroke II.
48 Christ's IV.
49 1st Trinity VI.

TUESDAY.

20 Caius II.
21 1st Trinity IV.
22 2nd Trinity II.
23 Pembroke I.
24 3rd Trinity II.
25 Queens' I.
26 Emmanuel II.
27 King's
28 Christ's II.
29 Corpus
30 Catharine
31 Emmanuel III.
32 Lady Margaret III.
33 Lady Somerset II.
34 Caius III.
35 Trinity Hall III.
36 2nd Trinity III.
37 Christ's III.
38 Corpus III.
39 Clare II.
40 Jesus II.
41 Queens' II.
42 Caius IV.
43 Lady Somerset III.
44 1st Trinity V.
45 Lady Margaret IV.
46 1st Trinity VI.
47 Christ's IV.
48 Pembroke II.
49 Sidney II.

WEDNESDAY.

20 Caius II.
21 2nd Trinity II.
22 1st Trinity IV.
23 3rd Trinity II.
24 Pembroke I.
25 Christ's II.
26 King's.
27 Emmanuel II.
28 Queens' I.
29 Catharine
30 Corpus II.
31 Lady Margaret III.
32 Emmanuel III.
33 Lady Somerset II.
34 Trinity Hall III.
35 Caius III.
36 2nd Trinity III.
37 Christ's III.
38 Clare II.
39 Corpus III.
40 Queens' II.
41 Jesus II.
42 Lady Somerset III.
43 Caius IV.
44 Lady Margaret IV.
45 1st Trinity V.
46 1st Trinity VI.
47 Christ's IV.
48 Sidney II.
49 Pembroke II.

It is intended that the account of the First Division Boat Races shall, hereafter, form a part of "Our Chronicle."

FIVES AT ST. JOHN'S COURTS.

A long contest between 32 gentlemen, handicapped by H. Gray in his usual satisfactory manner, was brought to a conclusion by a match between A. Bateman and H. Y. Thompson and H. Jenner and F. N. Langham which spirited contest ended in the success of Messrs. Bateman and Thompson; each side having won two games, and the score in the last being 15 to 12.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

UNIVERSITY SECOND DIVISION.

May 8th.

20 Caius 2
21 1st Trinity 4
22 2nd Trinity 2
23 3rd Trinity 2
24 Pembroke
25 Christ's 2
26 King's
27 Emmanuel 2
28 Catharine
29 Queens' 1
30 Lady Margaret 3
31 Corpus 2
32 Lady Somerset 2
33 Emmanuel 3
34 Trinity Hall 3
35 2nd Trinity 3
36 Caius 3
37 Clare 2
38 Christ's 3
39 Queens' 2
40 Corpus 3
41 Lady Margaret 4
42 Caius 4
43 1st Trinity 5
44 1st Trinity 6
45 Christ's 4
46 Sidney
47 2nd Trinity 4

May 9th.

20 Caius 2
21 2nd Trinity 2
22 1st Trinity 4
23 3rd Trinity 2
24 Pembroke
25 King's
26 Christ's 2
27 Catharine
28 Emmanuel 2
29 Lady Margaret 3
30 Queens' 1
31 Corpus 2
32 Lady Somerset 2
33 Emmanuel 3
34 2nd Trinity 3
35 Trinity Hall 3
36 Clare 2
37 Caius 3
38 Christ's 3
39 Corpus 3
40 Queens' 2
41 Lady Margaret 4
42 1st Trinity 6
43 1st Trinity 5
44 Sidney 2
45 2nd Trinity 4

May 10th.

20 Caius 2
21 2nd Trinity 2
22 1st Trinity 4
23 Pembroke
24 3rd Trinity 2
25 King's
26 Catharine
27 Christ's 2
28 Lady Margaret 3
29 Emmanuel 2
30 Corpus 2
31 Queens' 1
32 Lady Somerset 2
33 2nd Trinity 3
34 Emmanuel 3
35 Clare 2
36 Trinity Hall 3
37 Caius 3
38 Corpus 3
39 Christ's 3
40 Lady Margaret 4
41 Queens' 2
42 1st Trinity 5
43 1st Trinity 6
44 Sidney 2
45 2nd Trinity 4

May 11th.

20 Jesus 1
21 2nd Trinity 2
22 Pembroke
23 1st Trinity 4
24 3rd Trinity 2
25 Catharine
26 King's
27 Lady Margaret 3
28 Christ's 2
29 Emmanuel 2
30 Corpus 2
31 Queens' 1
32 2nd Trinity 3
33 Lady Somerset 2
34 Clare 2
35 Emmanuel 3
36 Trinity Hall 2
37 Corpus 3
38 Caius 3
39 Lady Margaret 4
40 Christ's 3
41 1st Trinity 5
42 Sidney 2
43 1st Trinity 6
44 2nd Trinity 4

May 13th.

20 Jesus
21 Pembroke
22 2nd Trinity 2
23 1st Trinity 4
24 3rd Trinity 2
25 King's
26 Catharine
27 Lady Margaret 3
28 Emmanuel 2
29 Christ's 2
30 Corpus 2
31 Queens' 1
32 2nd Trinity 3
33 Clare 2
34 Lady Somerset 2
35 Emmanuel 3
36 Corpus 3
37 Trinity Hall 3
38 Lady Margaret 4
39 Caius 3
40 1st Trinity 5
41 Christ's 3
42 Sidney 2
43 2nd Trinity 4
44 1st Trinity 6