LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

II. Monghyr.

Lower Bengal, *Oct. 3rd*, 1862.

WE are now celebrating the Doorga Poojah festival, a season when the British Government proclaims a general ten-days' respite from the fatigues of office, that its pagan subjects may be at leisure to worship, burn, and drown their idols. A very satisfactory arrangement, so far as the holiday is concerned; though I can't quite see why a Christian Government should consider itself bound to conform to heathen fancies, and grant holidays at the unhealthiest season of the year. A month or two later we should be able to enjoy the livelong day with our guns in the jungle—now we are compelled to pass melting moments under the punkah, with the thermometer at 92° in the shade, listening to the inharmonious beat of the tom-tom, as it is wafted on the breeze from the thronged Ghaut, where our truant servants are holding their "tamasha." However as there's no Cutcherry to-day, we have an opportunity of looking back on the friends and associations of former days—and not least among them the venerable Courts of our beloved College. Often and often do we yearn towards her, as we revisit the scenes, where her great Apostle Martyn lived and laboured. Would she sent forth a noble army to follow in his footsteps, hush these tom-toms, and abolish the degrading worship of Doorga. But my intention is not to write a sermon, any more than another long-winded dissertation on the capabilities of India for supplying cotton. That subject has been handled enough, and it is but of little importance to Cambridge. Just at this moment however, when the people of England for several reasons are taking more interest than usual in their one hundred and eighty millions of fellow subjects out here, it may not be altogether amiss to say a few words about one of the favourite stations of Bengal.

Monghyr is a place of great antiquity, though comparatively little is known of its history. Buchanan states that

the ancient name was Magdalpoor, and that the fort was erected by Husain, the greatest of the kings of Bengal. We know that it was strengthened and fortified about A.D. 1660, by Shujá, second son of Shahjehán, in the struggle for empire with his younger brother Aurungzebe. Shahjehán is now-a-days chiefly memorable as connected with the peacock-throne and the Taj Mahal at Agra, of which you have a magnificent model in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Shujá was entrusted with the government of Bengal, and appears to have resided at Monghyr, where, besides several mosques, he built a splendid palace on the site of the present gaol.

In later times Monghyr was made the arsenal of Mir Cossim Ali, when preparing to free himself from his connection with the English. It was probably from this circumstance that the town became noted for the fabrication of hardware and fire-arms.

But these scenes of war and bloodshed have long since passed away. The fort lies dismantled and in ruins. The only sentries are the Police which guard the Treasury and Gaol. The very hardware made now-a-days is of an execrable quality. It has always been a favourite civil station. The picturesque beauty of the Fort, with its crumbling battlements; the loveliness and fertility of the surrounding scenery; the neighbourhood of the Jumalpore hills, and the salubrity of the climate, have always had special charms for the European. Yet even in this respect its palmy days are over: the extension of our Empire and the increased facilities of transit have brought new scenes to view which have eclipsed the fair fame of Monghyr. Dismantled as a military station, the scarlet coats of our brave no longer dazzle the eyes of our fellow-countrymen, the strains of martial music no longer enchant their ears. Abandoned as an invalid depôt, society droops and, covering her face with her wings, mourns the loss of the fair daughters of her ancient families. Add to this, that Government is seriously meditating the removal of the Civil Station to the opposite side of the river, and then say—doth not its history deserve to be recorded, ere its ruin is complete? Monghyr is situate on the western side of a promontory of land, from six to eight miles in length and three or four in width, intercepting the course of the Ganges. On three sides therefore it is surrounded by a vast expanse of water at greater or less distance, and this may account in some measure for its salubrity. The river, as may be supposed from its erratic propensity above described, abounds in "churs" in this neighbourhood. An

English reader will have difficulty in comprehending my meaning in its full extent, his ordinary experience being confined to rivers, which present pretty much the same aspect all the year round—and in comparatively few instances ever rising more than two or three feet. The law of alluvion, I should imagine, very rarely enters into the practice of an English lawyer—in this country it is a subject of every-day cognizance. The reader consequently will hardly understand what "chur" lands are; there are several descriptions; as land separated from the main land by the river; or alluvial deposit added thereto; islands thrown up in the middle of the channel; or swamps dry at certain times. This class of land, though generally inundated during the rainy season, is culturable in the cold weather, and frequently produces very rich crops. An Englishman too, unaccustomed to see such large rivers as are met with here, is no little astonished at first at the changes a river will suddenly make in its course. This is always the case in a country where the rivers present a different appearance at different seasons of the year. A large body of water rushing suddenly down into the plains is not necessarily confined to the old channel, and as the body of water varies each year, so may we expect to find the course of the stream vary more or less accordingly. For example, the Ganges used to flow towards Monghyr from the south; this is evident, not only from the construction of the moat, but from the fact that a higher water-mark is found on that side than the present one. Of late years it has been cutting a new course in a more easterly direction, encroaching annually on the farther bank. The other day I had the case of an estate there, which had been diminished by diluvion from one thousand biggahs to about three hundred and fifty, and again in the last twenty years to half that area. The former channel however is still unfordable, and it is generally believed now that the Naiad of this sacred stream is about to return to it, and in a few years will kiss and encircle her old love as she did in the days of yore.

But the suits thus arising from the sudden changes in a river are not confined to the Civil or Revenue Courts; and I may mention this as exhibiting a trait in the character of this people very much akin to the Irish spirit of combativeness we see displayed at times nearer home. Suppose a parcel of land to become a subject of dispute, either being newly formed by the dereliction of the river, or cut off from the original estate by a sudden inroad of the main course of the

stream. Two or three parties advance claims, and, acting on the principle that "possession is nine-tenths of the law," each party makes an effort to obtain possession, before a reference to the Civil Court is ever thought of. One party will go in large force, armed with sticks and staves, to sow the land—perhaps he may be encountered in the same way, whereupon an affray ensues; heads are broken and often life is at stake—perhaps the opposing party may prefer to work by guile, and restraining his impatience until the crops are ready, will suddenly pounce upon them, cut, loot, and carry them off. Both parties complain to the magistrate, and his endeavour should be to punish the offenders for a breach of the peace, in such a manner and to such an extent, as may drive the parties to the Civil Court to adjust their differences and establish their rights.

The Fort has been a work of immense labour, and indeed most probably was dismantled on account of its extravagant size. A garrison of twenty thousand men would hardly suffice. In length it is about four thousand feet, in breadth three thousand five hundred feet, being nearly square in shape. The western side is washed by the Ganges and defended by a wall with strong towers at intervals; the three other sides are protected by a high rampart and a moat of no insignificance—probably in the pristine glory of Monghyr always full of water, but now-a-days, except just at the height of the rains, dry all the year round. A gateway is in the middle of each side, but the north gate alone is entire; on the west, it takes the form of a strongly fortified Ghaut, approached by the present entrance to the Gaol, though the intermediate space is now occupied by a cabbage garden. Each of the other gateways is provided with a stone bridge across the moat, which judging from an interstice of five or six feet in width, now bricked up, was furnished probably with a drawbridge. The palace occupied a considerable area, and appears to have been strongly fortified. The magazine is still standing with walls twelve feet in thickness, "*pukka*" or brickwork throughout.

Close by are the vestiges of an immense wall of solid masonry, thirty feet in diameter, filled up only a few years ago. There is another nearly as large existing still, near the rampart outside the gaol, but having a connection with it, so that the water may be drawn from inside.

At the present day the Fort contains, besides numerous European residences, the Cutcherries and offices of the Civil Station, the Church, the public gardens, and reading-room. There are three large tanks, evidently excavated at the time the fort was built. Thornton speaks also of a black marble mosque, but I have not myself been able to find it. The Government School and Charitable Hospital are outside the walls on the east of the fort. The native town is further south—it is of considerable size, the "bazars" being most numerous.

Now come with me down to the "Point", and I will shew you one of the fairest views in India. The "Point" is a prominent rock jutting out into the river at the north-west corner of the fort. Its natural strength you see has not been overlooked, witness those ruinous towers, where the dusky sentinels have given place to screeching water-fowl. Nor has the spot been furnished less with sacred memories than the munitions of war. The Hindoo deems the ground we tread on holy. Tradition tells thrilling legends of the temples whose ruins lie scattered about us; that Ghaut before you is still held in the highest veneration, and pilgrims drag their weary steps from far to perform ablution in these waters of peculiar virtue. Sit down and enjoy the view. Before us lies the broad expanse of the noble river, dotted with its fleet of boats; their black hulls cast long shadows on the rippling rosy-tinted waters, which mirror the golden glory of the setting sun. Over there is a "chur," where the waving sheen of the ripe white grass resembles some placid lake, ruffled by the action of the transient breeze. Beyond is the dark line of the opposite shore, bushy with palm and tamarind. To our left the sombre palace-gaol of Shujá rises towering over the bulwarks, agreeably relieved by the temples and ghauts and the white English bungalows beyond; while in the distance the blue hills of Jumalpore stretch far away to the west, shutting out as it were our little station from the rest of the world. Fit landscape for an artist's talents! Scene best adapted to reconcile the weary discontented spirit to the disagreeables of a life in India!

There are other waters and another temple in this neighbourhood, which contest the palm with those now existing at the Point. These are to be found at the hot springs or Seetacoond. Both places are frequented by thousands on all the great festivals and more especially at the Churruch Poojah. The scenery about Seetacoond presents a decidedly volcanic aspect, curious rocks and hills thrown about in the most fantastic taste, interspersed with jheels abounding with snipe and water-fowl. The temperature of the springs is generally 137°, and probably it is for this reason held in such

high repute, "the very dirty people" as I was told, coming hither to bathe. Odd that warm water should be supposed to have an effect on spiritual as well as bodily impurity. The Brahmins pointed out another spring close to—cold however, and certainly not inviting. "That is very dirty water," they said, "Mussulmans wash there." The enclosure here contains, besides these several springs, a temple and sacred banyan-tree. The temple used to contain a famous idol, stuffed with rupees, but some godless idolater carried it off. Suspicion plainly points to the Brahmins, the custodians of the temple; but they grin, as they tell the tale, with an air of innocence, and appear to despise the god for not being able to take care of itself. The groves about afford refuge and shelter for the most beautiful birds of the country, the sacred paroquet, the gaudy woodpecker, the Indian jay, the golden mangoe-bird, these and a thousand others delight the eye with their bright varied colours.

But the chief temple, the waters of rarest virtue, are to be found at Sultangung, about twenty miles from here. The temple is perched like an eagle's nest at the very summit of a pile of gigantic boulder stones, thrown up by volcanic agency in this extraordinary way to the height of one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet. This pile of crags stands in the river, at a little distance from the shore, though probably at one time on the mainland; for far below the water-mark one can descry the figures, which are everywhere carved on the stones. There are however no inscriptions, and the history of the far-famed Jungeerah temple yet remains to be learnt. Something however has been done towards it during the last year. In excavating for the railway, they came upon the traces of a large Buddhist temple, and following up the clue, they were enabled to discover the complete site of the building. Buried among the ruins, though in a wonderful state of preservation, was found a copper image of Buddha, the only copper idol ever yet discovered. Its history probably dates from before the commencement of our era; for this reason: several smaller images of this same idol sculptured in stone, basalt, &c. and undoubtedly copies of this, were dug out of the same ruins. Only one of these has an inscription, but the characters used in it have not, I believe, been found in any inscription later than the third century. The original image measures upwards of seven feet in height.

It is the figure of Buddha in the act of preaching to the people. With his right hand raised he exhibits the palm

with a seal in the centre, the left holding the "chudder" or mantle with which he is girded. The image is entire, with the exception of portions of the "chudder," and half of one foot. It has been constructed in a curious and original manner. A framework of iron bars constitutes the skeleton of this ponderous god, it is filled up with a cement, said to be composed of human ashes, charcoal, and rice, the husks of which are visible. Over such a mould the copper has been laid in small patches, not continuously, and one may easily discern two coatings, each perhaps a quarter of an inch in thickness.

What connection may have existed between this Buddhist temple and the Brahmins of Jungeerah some half mile distant, is not at present very clear, though possibly future discoveries may throw more light on the subject. Certain it is, the Brahmins came down from their nest in the crag, and offered a thousand rupees for the image; while the common people flocked in by hundreds to do obeisance to the god, so miraculously restored to the light. We are promised however a fuller account of this curious idol, from the able pen of Baboo Rajendra Lal Mitra, a name well known to those of my readers who may take any interest in the proceedings of the Asiatic Society. For this reason I shall offer no suggestions of my own, however incontrovertible they may appear to myself. But my paper is growing to an unaccountable length, without I fear creating a corresponding interest in my subject. I have said nothing whatever of the people themselves, their habits or the state of their religion; nothing of that mighty engine of civilization and enlightenment, the East Indian Railway. I must reserve my remarks on these points, till by more mature experience and more thorough knowledge of the nations I can speak with greater certainty and authority. At present I am but a griff, and it requires almost a lifetime spent amongst them thoroughly to understand the Hindoos and their several springs of action.

H. B.

ΠΟΤΝΙΑ ΝΥΞ.

I.

'Tis night: in silence sleeps the silvery river:
The Stars, bright jewels on the robe of Night,
With each breath of the sable goddess quiver,
As she comes forth in radiance bedight.
How mellow from yon fleecy cloud the light
Is shed o'er mountain, meadow, stream and tree,
While in the west still lingers to the sight
The last faint streak of day: and now the sea
Is lulled to rest—all nature slumbers peacefully.

II.

How clear is heard the distant sea-bird's cry,
Like that of some lone spirit, which in vain
Hovers for ever 'twixt the earth and sky,
Seeking for rest o'er ocean, hill and plain,
And finding none! ah me that thought of pain
Should mar the enjoyment of a night like this!
Yet, such in sooth is sin and sorrow's bane,
There lurk within us bitter thoughts, I wis,
Tho' all around suggest peace, beauty, joy and bliss.

III.

Yon peaceful sea is full of hidden storms:
Yon silv'ry river flows, and soon 'tis gone:
Earth's fairest scenes, her most celestial forms,
Ere long appear lone, desolate, and wan.
How soon man's little course of joy is run!
How soon his mocking dreams of bliss are o'er!
We wake, when scarce our triumph is begun,
We wake to toil and tears and sorrow sore,
We wake sweet dreams, vain hopes, fond fancies to deplore.

VI.

'Tis this that makes me banish thoughts of rest,
Tho' nature seems so lovely, so serene:
High aspirations rise within my breast,
High thoughts of all who on this earth have been
Good, great and glorious: and the glittering sheen
Of Heaven attracts my soul to realms on high:
For gazing on so soft and fair a scene,
My soul doth long for angels' wings to fly,
And mingle with the radiance of the glowing sky.

V.

I know that labour is our lot below;
And rather would I be yon ocean-wave,
Which restless night and day must onward flow,
Now lashed by all the winds which fiercely rave,
Now moaning in some rocky ocean cave:
Than yon fair stream, which slowly gliding down
Unheard it's flowery banks doth idly lave,
Till the vast sea it's little waves doth drown,
Which straightway lose all name, existence, and renown.

VI.

But now the night is calm, the moon's mild light
Softens the outline of each rugged hill:
No sounds are heard save such as give delight;
The whisp'ring woods, the sea, the falling rill—
What need at such an hour to think of ill,
When all seems happy, beautiful, and calm?
Come then soft Night, thro' all my being thrill!
My soul shall feel nor sorrow or alarm,
Tho' storms may mar ere morn the night's sweet soothing charm.

VII.

On such a night as this Endymion woke,
To hear the pale moon tell her tale of love:
On such a night as this Anchises spoke,
Nor could the Queen of Love his suit reprove:
For such a night towards Earth kind Heaven doth move,
Which weeps for us with all it's "starry eyes,"
And lends it's light in pity from above,
To brighten this dark earth, this earth of sighs,
Where sin and sorrow reign, whence misery never flies.

VIII.

O lovely night! soother of mortal woe,
What tho' thou art the time of empty dreams,
Of hopes and joys which soon we must forego,
Yet thro' thy misty veil upon us gleams
Heaven's light, or all that to us heavenly seems.
Let me dream on while Heaven doth seem so nigh;
Far from the wild world's fears, cares, hopes and schemes.
I'll picture mansions in yon glowing sky,
Wherein Pain cannot live, and Joy can never die.

IX.

Familiar faces hover in the air:
Familiar voices whisper in my ear,
Now rising dusky from the mountain bare,
Now shining on me from the moonbeams clear,
They whisper words man's lonely lot to cheer:
That life hath something else than woe and pain:
That all below is not dull dark and drear,
But that the light of Heaven doth ofttimes deign
On the dark spots of earth its radiant floods to rain.

MY FAVOURITE SCOTCH VILLAGE.

"Labour, Art, Worship, Love, these make man's life:
How sweet to spend it here! Beautiful dale,
What time the virgin favour of the Spring
Bursts in young lilies, they are first in thee;
Thine lavish Summer lush of luminous green,
And Autumn glad upon thy golden crofts.
Let Winter come: on January morn,
Down your long reach, how soul-inspiriting,
Far in the frosty yellow of the East,
To see the flaming horses of the Sun
Come galloping up on the uptrodden year!
If storm-flaws more prevail, hail, crusted snows,
And blue-white thaws upon the spotty hills,
With dun swollen floods, they pass and hurt thee not;
They but enlarge, with sympathetic change,
The thoughtful issues of thy dwellers' hearts.
Here, happy thus, far from the scarlet sins,
From bribes, from violent ways, the anxious mart
Of money-changers, and the strife of tongues,
Fearing no harm of plague, no evil star
Bearded with wrath, his spirit finely touched
To life's true harmonies, old Sylvan dwells,
Deep in the bosom of his native vale."

The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird. 4th Edition.

I. *Why we Write about it.*

YEAR by year, ever since the early time when I was carried thither in long clothes, without my consent being asked or cared for, I have found myself returning to Scotland. On these occasions my head quarters have generally been the "gray metropolis of the North," but Perthshire and Dumfries have often yielded a temporary home. All honour to the dear old country. In her wild hills and simple worship, her gravity of manners and sturdy nationality, her sons feel little need of the seductive graces of more sunny lands; and we may find as reverent devotion in many a moorland 'kirk' as in our own beautiful minsters or the gorgeous Cathedrals of Italy, with frescoed walls,

marble pillars, and stained glass windows. Suum cuique: for my own part I love th m all.

The memory of innumerable boyish rambles comes back to me, and I watch the rapid changes in familiar scenes with unabated interest. The last fifteen years have opened railway communications into many a quiet little nook, and hurried more than a few villages, now bustling and thriving, into a state bordering on township. Other places, again, have been left behind in the race, and seem lazily slipping into oblivion, as the new lines of traffic refuse to have anything to do with them. Getting a branch-line of their own is the sole remaining card for them to win a trick with, evidently. Often have I walked from Stirling to Blackford, as a boy, by the drove road, over the Sherriemuir, where was fought the great battle, of which Argyle said that,

> "If it wasna weel bobbit,* weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
> If it wasna weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

But that old drove-road from Stirling is, like other ancient ways, fallen into disuse. Deserted is the "wee public," where we used to refresh on ginger-beer and whisky mixed—a pleasant substitute for nectar, which the Olympians would have preferred, if Hebe had known her business and been a Scotch lassie. At times would be encountered long droves of Highland cattle, where Tugalt and Tonalt were exchanging "cracks" about their beasties, or a pinch of elegant extracts from each other's snuff-mulls and spleuchans. Then what glee was on the lower road, the old coach road to Greenloaning, alongside of the driver, Peter, who knew the history of every mansion, farm, turnpike, and pedestrian that we passed, and would delight with it his fortunate companion on the box-seat—if the stars and temper were propitious! But now we go by railways, attended by civil guards who never lose their temper, or communicate information about anything except time-tables. Instead of the inn-door, with a smart hostess and a pretty chambermaid smiling at the bar-windows, a red-faced landlord with capacious waistcoat, some sprawling children, and jaunty chanticleer insanely mocking the coach-horn from sheer spite, whilst the hostler removes the steaming cattle,—we now have cleanly platforms, square-built station-houses, and flat palings with large

* 'Bobbit,' *Anglice*, 'fought.'

notices of local dues, which never fall at eve, and of "Passengers going to Whatsitsname keep on this side;" where the only incidents are a ringing of bells, slamming of doors, collecting of tickets, losing of luggage, and taking in of water: whereof a little goes a great way, with some of us. Oftentimes we have a collision, but sometimes we have not: just as it happens. Very quickly, tolerably safely, and comfortably, we journey, it is true, wrapped in railway-rugs and reading this morning's Times; but we have lost much of the old romance of travel which accompanied us to some favourite Scotch Village.

We must not grumble at these changes, but pay the price when receiving certain advantages. Whilst these fifteen years have ripened the boy into the man, and turned the stalwart grandsires into frail "auld bodies," leading in new occupants of pulpits and cradles, many have been the inroads of culture on sterility. Of the extensive moorlands, much has been wire-fenced, ploughed, and sown, and scores of well-managed farms that we could name, attest what can be done by intelligence and perseverance. The drain-tile, the schoolmaster, and the clergyman have severally done their duty; and nowhere better than in Scotland, (to give the country its due,) is seen the triumph of manly natures over obstacles. It has rapidly arisen from what may truly be called barbarism, into a position of intellectual and political equality with other nations, seemingly more favoured by external circumstances, and deserves respectful admiration. The land of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns has become endeared to us. And this not only because they wrote cheerfully, doing their best to extend more brotherly feelings, but because it is a land especially distinguished by the qualities of honesty, manly vigour, determined perseverance and patriotic affection: qualities that made these Scottish writers recognised in their usefulness throughout the world.

§ II. *How we heard about it.*

There is yet another Scottish writer whose works are gradually becoming known on both sides of the Tweed, and who is still living in the Green Vale of Dumfries. We refer to Thomas Aird, author of "Religious Characteristics," a "Memoir of Delta," a large volume of truly noble "Poems," now in a fourth edition (Blackwood, 1863), and the delightful "Old Bachelor of the Old Scottish Village,"

a book which for quiet humour, tenderness, and thoughtfulness, can scarcely be surpassed. The volume is not altogether of late birth. It has grown larger in successive editions: but, in its germ, it first saw the light eighteen years ago.

"The Old Bachelor" made his way slowly, but surely. How many publications have attained a blaze of popularity, sputtering and flashing like rockets and penny squibs, whilst this genial little book has risen gradually above the horizon. Not many telescopes discerned it glimmering in its first edition of 1845. People were busy making their own money or losing other persons' in the railway mania; "stags," "bulls," and "bears" were noisily bellowing and growling around Capel Court, so that the rural melodies of a Scottish Village remained unheeded. Then came the *panic*—a British epidemic whose return is periodical; and two years later, that interrupted dinner-party in Paris, which caused Guizot to look out for lodgings in a retired neighbourhood, and Louis Philippe to part with his whiskers and his crown, (he had lost his head before, though not *en règle*) making his second appearance in England in the character of a private gentleman; whilst the Bourbon Princes disappeared too hurriedly to think about their own wives,—the girls they left behind them. At such an exciting time,—when continental monarchs speculated "Where shall we dine?" and the question "Who's your friend?" was being asked by the enlightened patriots who were cutting each other's throats,—it was not to be expected that the general public could have much opportunity for enjoying the quaint delineations of character and faithful rural descriptions in the Old Bachelor's "Scottish Village." Was it not a day of Chartist agitation, moreover, when Louis Napoleon bore the truncheon of a special constable, and Kennington Common was looked on as—almost but not quite—an interrupted Waterloo, that had been deprived of its proper triumph? Yet, whilst the Austrians were meeting Charles Albert at Novara, and Garibaldi, with his heroic wife, proved that the spirit of ancient days had not decayed in the *Transtaverini* of Rome, "The Old Bachelor" continued his own innocent campaign, and won bloodless victories at many a hearth in the North Countrie. How things imperceptibly fell into order everywhere, we most of us know: how in some lands a compromise, in most an intrigue, in a few the combination of despotic forces, and in all the reaction from excessive enthusiasm,

brought a lull in Europe. Soon came the Exhibition of 1851, somewhat ostentatiously hailed as an assurance of perpetual and Universal Peace!—two years after a general approach to anarchy, and other two years preceding the Russian Campaign which threatened to set the Continent in a blaze. Amid that Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, however, the little Old Scottish Village was not unrepresented, and an increasing number of admirers returned to it after their excursion to the metropolis. The *Coup d'etât* did not disturb its serenity; the fall of Sebastopol did not affect its stocks; and—*mirabile dictu*—even the patched-up Treaty of Peace could not disgust it utterly. It was a genial, loveable, little village at the beginning, and such it has remained, although (Anno Dom. 1858) a few new houses have since been built by the amiable laird, and the minister's walks are greatly extended; the Library also is enlarged to almost double the early dimensions. All who visited the place, and made acquaintance with its "Neighbours," its "Innocents," and its "Children" in their "Summer Saunterings," were glad to return there. Delightful friends were always to be met in the Village. What happy nooks in which to nestle! what holy thoughts to be awakened! what a loving knowledge of nature to be shewn to us by that mild "Old Bachelor!" He has studied every flower of the field and laid it to his heart even more fondly than Wordsworth of Our College. He loves to *daunder* by the stream, and listen to the milkmaiden's song, as Isaac Walton used to do before him. Bewick, or Alexander Wilson, the Ornithologist, had not a keener eye for plumage, and nests of our British Birds,—White of Selborne no more patient observance of their domestic history or truant wanderings, than Thomas Aird. We can scarcely manage at times to separate him from his imaginary Old Bachelor—the creature of his fancy. Brave old Frank Sylvan! long may you move from door to door, welcomed in every home where your bright eye and cheering voice are known; or rest easily in your arm-chair, whilst birds are building in security at your window, or the kettle sings an evening song, taking occasionally a three bars' rest, above the red heart of the fire. May no screaming Chanticleer, noisy and unclean fowl, disturb your morning slumbers before the wished-for hour! May no incendiarising innovations come to disturb the sacred quiet of your Scottish Village.

§ III. *Where it has been sought and not found.*

Where is that happy Village? Alas! its latitude and longitude are not given. Arrowsmith's maps have not set it forth; the Ordnance Surveyors declare "We have never seen it, or we would have thrown up our erratic situations, and have taken one of those apartments for single gentlemen which have been the unrealised τὸ καλὸν of our life-long dreams." Senior Warden of our Lodge (No. 36, on roll of G.L. Scot.), we forbade intrigue with Post Office Officials, coaxing them during adjournments, to tell whether any letters or money-orders passed through their hands, directed to the Old Scottish Village. But even the M.W.G.M. could ascertain nothing. What is to be done? We used to learn a few things worth knowing among the clairvoyants, in the West Riding, dreadfully in earnest, but not a *rap* can be got from any spirit to tell where is the Old Scottish Village. Yet we know for certain that the description is genuine, its truthfulness is convincing. The *vrai* may not always be the *vraisemblable*, but *vraisemblance* often directs to the *vrai*. Our friends here urge us to discover all we know, which is painfully little. Did Gulliver or Prince Legion find the Village in their Travels? did Bacon mark it out in his New Atlantis? Was Sir Thomas More cognizant of its existence when he described Utopia, or was it connected with Irving's Island of St. Brandon and the Adelantado of the Seven Cities? Is it in Ayrshire, or the Isle of Sky, or any of the Scilly Islands? and, if so, are they the "happy isles" where Tennyson's Ulysses expected to "meet the great Achilles whom we know," and do not consider an eligible person for the next vacancy in the Editorship of *The Eagle*? Is Tom Tiddler's ground at all like it, where gold and silver are to be had for the picking up. Everybody who has read or heard about it, wishes to visit the old Scottish Village.

Well, I think I must have been there myself in one of the many wanderings of my early days, when the whole of the Border land was familiar to me. I seemed to recognise, as I read, many of the inhabitants of Mr. Aird's "Old Scottish Village." Of all the quiet little country nooks to which fancy could guide us in the realm of literature, where people pay no rent or taxes, and are not compelled to register their names in the columns of a Census, few, if any, offer a more tempting refuge from the worry of this over-hasty time. It always remains the same, while other places lose their

individuality with frightful rapidity. Who can much longer expect to see the old Innkeeper, or the old Coachmen and Guards, or the old Waiter, and the old "Bagmen," such as we used to know at the Cross Keys of Kelso, and at the Jedburgh of our boyhood? The railways have demolished them: they have broken them down altogether. A new tribe of "Commercial Gents" have arisen, like fiery exhalations of the Train, and they bear no token of their progenitors. Yet before the Iron ways were established, how magnificent appeared the Bagmen! For them the hostler grinned, for them the barmaid bloomed, the chambermaid was bland, and landlords all were kind. How full of anecdote! how jovial and how sly! sometimes they sung their chorused song, and quaintly winked their eye. And when they met together, in Winter and rough weather, how well they knew the best of means to make the time pass by. What tricks of trade they told, how men and goods were sold; and how they saved their gold by clubbing for "a fly." They were the kings confessed, each came as favoured guest, and of all rooms the best they shared in company. They knew all roads and towns, had seen all Ups and Downs, and very keen for "browns" were they, none could deny. But brave and tough and gay, as man could ask, were they; and when they passed away, many had cause to sigh. The Country Inns all sank, the landlord moped and drank, and in the Poor-house tank the ostler's corpse did lie. No call for horse or mare, no chambermaiden fair, no "Bar" beyond compare, we as of old can spy. For the Bagmen have decayed, since the railways have been made, and have almost ruined trade on the roads that are called "high." Soon the last Inns they close! no more we chant their woes, but again subside to prose, from the Bagmen's Threnody.

§ IV. *In which we think we have arrived there.*

The Village will be looking lovely in the Long Vacation, '63, and in the glow of the Indian Summer. But even earlier it is charming, as soon as the long Winter months are ended; when lambs are frisking on the hill side, and the ewes are plaintively bleating to them if they stray far. Pleasant meadow land and wood-walks are near, a noisy stream expands occasionally into breadth and peacefulness, delightful to saunter beside, especially if we be followers of Isaac Walton's so-called "gentle art," and are skilful in all

varieties of flies, preferring the elaborate deception of a feathered wire to the insinuating a hook through the internals of a worm—"tenderly as if you loved him." Of course, we do not need to display an excess of sensibility concerning the sufferings of the trout, beautiful though he be when his spotted sides are glittering in the limpid water. We remember that he is also beautiful when done up with bread crumbs, and lying peacefully in a breakfast-dish, flanked with newly-baked scones and innocent fresh butter. "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." In his youthful pride he had gone on his way, mercilessly snapping at the midges, day-flies, and such small deer; and if he at last has caught a tartar, and the iron has entered into his very soul—or what some people call his in'ards—he merits no pity. Like an unskilful reviewer, he attempted murder and it turned out to be suicide. How well he loved the sequestered nooks of deep brown water, underneath stones that never had been lifted by the village boys, who "guddled" most successfully. To how many persons has he been the chief inducement for a visit to the locality! Those who came to fish remained to dine (as Widow Jenny, who keeps the Crown Inn, at the Bridge-end, well knows); romantic scenery and pleasant companionship tempting them to stay or to return. More than a few ballads have made the district celebrated, and there might have been annoyance from a greater visitation of idle tourists, had they not been lured away to the Medicinal Well, thirty miles distant, and thus left the village to repose.

Not that repose here is stagnation. Certainly not. The sons of old Peter Stirling, the weaver, will tell you how prosperous is trade; the three battles of Bull's Run not having done much to disturb the peace of this Village. Jenny herself can say how many marriages have taken place in her time, and point to a score of farmers with wives and bairns, whose steadings were not built or thought of when she was a bit lassie hersel'. Beggars are few, and only sufficient to keep alive a community of feeling between rich and poor. Gipsies well know these fields and hen-roosts, and that the rural police is lenient. But at wakes and fairs, or in odd moments when kettles require to be tinkered, the sight of these ruddy vagrants is cheering; and they have taught many clever arts of basket-weaving and wire-working to the youth of the old Scottish village, whose knowledge of dressing hooks has owed much to the visitors from Yetholm.

No lack of industry is in the village, however. Go to the saw-pit and see the movements of the carpenters, with their strong bare-arms and monotonous swayings at work. Their "weans" having tilted a plank across one of the tree-stumps, are enjoying a noisy see-saw; now quivering high in air and gripping the wood with their hands and knees, anon being dunted down on the ground at the risk of a capsize, but always in an ecstacy of merriment. Our Blacksmith, honest "Burn-the-win'," is a model for Phidias, when he wheels his ponderous hammer above his head, and makes the sparks of heated iron fly around him, till he appears to be a gigantic Catharine Wheel of a new and improved pattern. As for exertion, if you watched the bell-ringer on Sabbath, hauling the rope of the cracked piece of metal which summons all good folks to Church, you would own that the man earned his stipend. How lustily he pulls, the perspiration running down his thin grey locks, and being mopped up from his temples by a coloured handkerchief, large enough for a hearth-rug. Neither are the ploughmen and herd-laddies the sort of boys to eat the bread of idleness. When holiday is made on Auld Handsel Monday, you will find them doing hard work at the Houlaken, with grave face and moist brow, covering the buckle with their hobnailed shoon, and giving a short quick skreigh of intense delight, as they link arms and whirl their neighbour round, while the lasses look on and await their turn demurely. Blithely will the fiddle sound, played by some Orpheus of the soil, who has charmed listeners many a long Winter evening, when the snow-drift enmantled every dale, and prevented all save in-door labour.

As the evening twilight fades into starry night, you may be fortunate enough to encounter Frank Sylvan himself,—"brave old buck!"—with his rod in his hand, returning homeward from such a day of line-casting as will be long remembered in the annals of Troutland. Perhaps you find him lingering near the Post-Office, where he has called for his newspaper and letters, talking with the English schoolmaster, who also has been busy with the rod in his own way, but who has lately adapted himself to the palmy days of the north country in which he finds employment, learning to do at Rome as the Romans do; some believe that there is nothing like leather. He knew well that as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined, and in his own land he used to bend the birch twig to good purpose. If you are so lucky as to secure the company of the Old Bachelor himself, Frank Sylvan, you will do well to set him talking about the days that have gone by,—the men whom he has known, both the

"serene creators of immortal things" whose names are lustrous on the scrolls of literature, and the simple, honest, and laborious dwellers in such an old Scottish Village as that wherein he was born. Best of all it is to stand with him at his own garden door, and watch the sunset glory of the sky, with the clear outline of the purple hills, and to listen to the musical tinkling and gurgling of the spring of water, unseen but garrulous, that fills up every pause of conversation. He is not of despondent mood, yet you may find him not unfrequently in the church-yard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and where every humble mound is associated with a remembered life of patient labour, suffering, or simple happiness. At such times the seriousness which especially distinguishes the Scottish character, reveals itself by a tone of elevated piety, totally removed from gloom, and we know that the good old man is thinking of the home that is awaiting those who toiled and mourned, who sowed in tears but who will reap in joy, when the fashion of this world has passed away, and the Rest that is promised to the people of God shall be theirs eternally.

"O soft place of the earth! down-pillowed couch,
Made ready for the weary. Everywhere,
O Earth, thou hast one gift for thy poor children,
Room to lie down, leave to cease standing up,
And to return to thee; and in thy bosom
To lie in perfect luxury of peace,
Fearless of morn and day."

J. W. E.

THE STROKE'S DREAM.

I.

THE last night's racing had come and gone,
The shades of night had descended,
(I mean by that figure t'was half-past one)
When a "stroke" to his rooms ascended.
He seemed in that happy frame of mind
Which by some's styled "elevated,"
But as I don't wish to say aught unkind,
I shall merely call him "elated."

II.

He sought his couch, and announced by snores
(It *could* snore could that stroke's *proboscis*)
That he slept the sleep peculiar to oars,
And overworked omnibus "osses."
As into slumber he, toplike sank,
The spirit of Dreams drew nigh him,
And he dreamt that he stood upon Grassy's bank,
And the eights went sweeping by him.

III.

But strange, strange faces did seem to float
O'er that river of Dreams careering,
For Gladstone rowed stroke to the foremost boat,
And Palmerston was steering.
He heard a chattering, rattling row,
A species of wordy tussle;
He looked at the man who was rowing bow,
And found it was Johnny Russell.

IV.

And struck by a faded 'Varsity Blue
He asked "who number two is?"
A shadow in flannels replied, "what, two?
Lord bless you it's Cornewall Lewis."
He looked them over from stern to stem,
Examined their time and feather;
Quoth he "there's plenty of *putt* in them
If only they swing together."

V.

While pondering over their future fate
He caught the oars double knocks on
The rowlock, and by him there passed an eight,
To which Lord Darby was coxswain,
While Dizzy ever on the alert
Was playing the leading fiddle,
And Whiteside game for the quickest spurt
Was swinging fierce in the middle.

VI.

At length *they* too disappeared from view
And life from the scene departed,
And our stroke began to look rather blue
And feel somewhat anxious hearted,
When a gun's report o'er the meadows flew
And he heard a roar of "well started"!
They come round the corner and up the gut
With every muscle straining,
All doing their darn'dest in pace and putt,
But the boat behind seems gaining.

VII.

And Gladstone still kept putting it on,
But yet could'nt keep her going,
And hard upon Grassy "the late Lord John,"
Seemed more for "row"ing than rowing:
And Dizzy was creeping up fast behind,
With Whiteside the strong and strapping,
Resolved that the coxswain in front should find
That *he* was not giv'n to napping:
A lift—a shoot as swift as the wind—
See Benjamin's overlapping!

VIII.

But somehow (perhaps the claret-cup
Did his natural powers diminish)
The Dreamer forgets if Pam's hand went up,
Or what was the struggle's finish;
He only remembers waking dry
And looking uncommonly yellow,
And how his friends said, as they passed him by,
"You *must* have been cut old fellow."

ATTICUS MOUNTGARRET.

A GHOST STORY.

(*Continued from page* 204.)

I FEEL that some apology is due to my readers for the somewhat abrupt termination of the first part of my story, in the last Number of *The Eagle*. The only excuse I can make for myself, is that the recollection of the horrors which I was describing so upset my nerves that I was unable at the time to go on with my narrative. After this brief explanation let me now resume my story.

Suddenly there stood between me and the moon's light a tall dark figure. Its face was turned from me, and toward the window; and at times the right arm was raised in an excited and threatening manner, and its fist was shaken angrily at some invisible object: again the same arm was tossed wildly on high; the feet stamped on the floor so as to shake the room, and as I lay cowering and trembling in my bed, I thought I could hear the creature gnashing its teeth, and muttered imprecations coming from its lips. All this must have gone on for several minutes, though each minute seemed to be as long as an hour, when at length summoning all my resolution I half raised myself in bed, intending to slip quietly out by the door before my nocturnal visitor should detect my presence. In an instant the wild, agitated movements of the apparition seemed to cease. Slowly it turned round till it stood facing me at the foot of the bed, its face staring into mine with only a few feet between us. No words that I can find will ever describe the effect produced upon me by the sight which my eyes encountered. The process of petrifaction is, I believe, a process to which few or none of my readers have ever been subjected, still they may be able to understand my state at the time, when I inform them that the sight which met my eyes actually petrified me, and had I continued to look at it for a few minutes

more I should have become as fine a fossil as ever gladdened the heart and the hammer of a Professor of Geology. Fortunately, ere fear had entirely fossilized me, I fainted, and remained unconscious of everything till I awoke and found the sun shining brightly into my room at five o'clock in the morning. The birds were singing blithely, and nowhere was the slightest trace of the unearthly disturber of my night's rest visible. But on trying to rise I found my limbs refused to support me, and sinking back in an exhausted state I soon fell into a deep sleep. I must have been asleep some time, when I became aware of the presence of some one in the room. I lay in a dreamy half-conscious state, but still I felt almost certain some one was leaning over me, and all doubt on the subject was removed, when I heard some one say in a tremulous whisper, "Good heavens! she is dead, and I have killed her." I opened my eyes, and my visitor quickly retreated, not however, before I recognized, or thought I recognized, the neat quakerish dress and the elegant figure of Agatha Snow. My surprise was therefore great, when within a few minutes, that young lady re-appeared, having previously knocked at the door, and wished me "good morning" in the most natural manner possible. Never did the pearly teeth smile more beautifully than they did then, as she hurried about the room, telling me what a shame it was for me to have over-slept myself on so lovely a morning, and that I must dress myself quickly as they had begun breakfast without me. A horrid suspicion that she was directly or indirectly the cause of the fearful night which I had passed, was rising in my mind, and I found it impossible to make any answer to all her civil speeches. Suddenly she gave a half-scream, and looking me in the face cried, "Mademoiselle you are ill! I must fetch madame, I must fetch the doctor!" and she rushed out of the room much to my relief, for I must confess that her presence had anything but a soothing effect upon my nerves, weakened as they were by the events of the past night. But I must not delay too long the conclusion of my story. Know then, O reader, that though I suffered from trembling nerves for a day or two, yet thanks to a good constitution, neither did my hair turn white, nor did I lose the use of my limbs, nor feel any other of the sufferings which all orthodox ghost-seers experience. I had been afraid that my aunt's opinion of my courage and firmness would have fallen very low after the sorry figure which I had made. To my surprise however the

account of the night I had passed seemed to make a deep impression on her; the only part of my story to which she gave no attention, was the part which related to Agatha Snow, which she dismissed at once as absurd. In fact she almost laughed me out of my suspicions, and made me believe that the apparition of Agatha by my bed-side was the result of the excited state of my nerves, and had only existed in my imagination. The conduct of Agatha herself towards me almost made me ashamed of having suspected her, she insisted on sitting up with me for several nights, and proved so kind and gentle a nurse, that in spite of myself, I began almost to love her, and to wish, for her sake, that all the mystery might be cleared up.

Before the arrival of our guests I had several conferences with my aunt, in which we deliberated how we were to proceed in order to find out who the ghost was. My aunt had ordered me not to communicate what I had seen to any one but herself. During one of our conferences, after I had described to her as well as I was able the exact appearance of the object of our consultation, she suddenly rose, went to a picture which was on the wall, and removing a curtain which covered it, asked me to look at it carefully. At first it seemed to me that I saw nothing but the portrait of a dark, handsome, though somewhat melancholy young man, whose face I had never seen before. But on holding a light close to the picture I could scarcely suppress a scream. In the peculiar fashion of the dress, in the beard and moustache, the empty sleeve of the coat shewing that the young man had lost an arm, in all these details I recognized the figure which had stood by my bed-side but two nights before.

"Hester," said my aunt, "this is the portrait of my late husband. I cannot now relate to you the dreadful story which ere long I will communicate to you. It will be enough for me to say that I believe some one has been acting the part of his ghost, and that some one must have an object, of which we are ignorant, in making us all believe the room to be haunted."

We agreed to keep a sharp look-out, and to observe every one in the house, I for my part determining that Agatha Snow should be kept under strict "surveillance." My aunt also told me that she intended to put one of our guests into the haunted room, hoping that we might in this way arrive at a solution of the mystery. The important day arrived and brought with it all our guests with one exception. A brother of my aunt's, General Mackenzie, wrote to tell us he was obliged to postpone his visit till the next day. This was unfortunate, as we had fixed upon him as the hero who was to deliver us from our ghostly foe. The General had served in India for many years; and if the newspapers and despatches spoke the truth, his nerve, courage, and coolness in battle were only equalled by his abilities as a commander, and his bodily strength which was reported to be almost superhuman. On one occasion, when leading a storming party, he had been the first man to mount the wall of a fortress, when owing to an accident to the ladder, he found himself alone facing a desperate enemy. For several minutes he held his own, till the scaling-ladder was replaced, and his men came to his relief. He had on this occasion received a severe wound, the only wound which he was ever known to have received, and his wonderful escape from death, added to his previous achievements, caused his soldiers to regard their chief as a man of more than mortal mould. Here then was just the man we wanted to annihilate our Ghost! Unfortunately, as I have stated, he was unable to come till the next day, and as we were too impatient to wait, we resolved that another gentleman should be honoured with the post of danger.

This gentleman was a staid, sober, snuff-coated and buttonless Quaker. A man about whom you felt certain at once that he wore a night-cap at night, and had a fine bass snore of his own: in fact he looked the last man in the world with whom a ghost would meddle. The night passed quietly enough, but at breakfast no Mr. Broadbrim appeared. The servant who had gone to call him, said that upon entering his room he found the window wide open, the bed empty, and no Mr. Broadbrim visible. The same day came a letter from that most estimable of old gentlemen, apologizing for his abrupt departure from the house, but declaring that after the night he had passed, no inducement could prevail upon him to sleep another night beneath our roof. Mr. Broadbrim went on to say that no words of his could describe the horrors which he had witnessed, and which had so affected him that at break of day he had unceremoniously found his way into the garden from the window, and made his escape from the premises as quickly as he was able.

This letter as might be expected created no slight sensation among us all, and General Mackenzie, who arrived about the same time as the letter, was at once taken into our confidence.

He at once proposed that the terrible room should be assigned to him, declaring that he had smelt gunpowder too often to be alarmed by a ghost who had allowed a poor Quaker chiel to escape from him unhurt; adding at the same time that he had a very fine brace of pistols which he should take the liberty of loading, and with which he hoped to give any nocturnal intruder a warm reception. My uncle had a very fine Newfoundland dog, which rejoiced in the name of "Tartar": this dog always slept in the same room with his master, and was at the present moment asleep at his master's feet. It occurred to me that the ghost who dared to face either the dog or the master would find his match in either of them, and I felt confident that the coming night would solve the mystery, which was causing us so much excitement. My uncle rose, saying that he would go at once and load his pistols, and at the same time Agatha Snow opened the door to tell us that it was time to dress for dinner.

I thought dinner would never come to an end: my excitement increased every moment as the evening went on, and when I was called upon to play an accompaniment to the singing of one of our guests, my thoughts were so devoted to the ghostly terrors of our haunted room, that my performance was execrable. Poor Signor Carlotti, who had intended to electrify us all by his superb Tenor and his exquisite rendering of "Il mio tesoro," all but broke down, and at the conclusion of his song honoured me with a very low bow and a most sarcastic "merci, mademoiselle." The poor man had fallen in love with me with that ardour, which none but an Italian who after ten minutes acquaintance with a lady comes to the conclusion that she is an angel can ever hope to experience. However my performance on the piano qualified his belief in my angelic qualities considerably, for who ever heard of an angel murdering Mozart, and a tenor voice which Rome, Florence and Milan had declared to be superb, magnificent, and all but divine?

But to return to our muttons, the longest day has an end, and at length we all went off to bed. My uncle went off to his room, having wished myself and my aunt "good-night" with his usual calm smile, and assured us that he and Tartar were a match for any ghost our establishment could produce.

It was a long time before my excitement allowed me to go to sleep, and scarcely had I fallen into a doze when I was roused from sleep by two loud reports. I sprung out of bed, and hastily dressed myself, and the minute after my aunt came into my room as pale as a ghost, and told me to follow

her at once. We found the whole establishment up in alarm. They had all heard the noise, but did not know from whence it came.

My aunt at once led the way to my uncle's room; we entered the room, and a scene was before us which I shall remember to the last day of my life.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN OF THE TWILIGHT.

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen in Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.
(*Goethe's Lieder.*)

THOU hast returned, season of holy rest,
And fairest visions: crowned by Day with smiles,
By Night with stars and sadness, ere the West
Receives thee, calmly fading on her breast.

Pale is the bloom slow stealing o'er the sky;
In deepest purple haze the fields below
Are wrapt and silent,—save when Evening's sigh
Like an Æolian harp soothes murmuringly:

A hymn of wordless music, timed by sails
Of distant wind-mills on the sea-cliff's verge,
Now quivering, touched by lightest fanning gales:
To thee its yearning love the heart unveils.

Severed no more by time or space, the soul
Thrills with its kindred soul: thy languid glow,
Freeing us from the aching world's controul,
All grief, all joy doth blend in one mysterious whole.

Dreams and pure hopes, by thee of old inspired,
Thy melancholy glory wakes again,
When, like a Childhood's fairy, thou'dst attired
The winds with words that told all we desired.

Solemnly glidest thou across the sea,
So silent, mournful, tender, that the tears
Which olden grief could never wring from me,
Obey thy spell, in lonely reverie.

The shell-strewn beach throbs to th' encroaching tide,
And murmurs, now it cannot see thee more:
While the swart fisher who doth o'er it glide
Hushes the song to which these cliffs replied.

The cool gray shades droop low and hide the vale,
Where yon Church spire peers heavenward from the trees;
The moon, half-veiled in light, her path doth scale,
Gazing from her lone height—a vestal pale.

And as we watch thy gold empurpled dyes
The star-lit Night enfolds thee in her smile;
The last reflected sunbeam wanes and flies,
Like one stray tress of sinking Paradise.

Sink we as calm! From earth there fades no bloom,
But heaven receives with holier loveliness;
And starry angel-lamps the soul illume
When fadeth all Life's sunshine in the tomb.

J. W. E.

NAPLES AND LAKE AVERNUS.

(*By the Author of "Our College Friends."*)

. . . . . "Unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon."—*Tennyson.*

I.—Naples.

NAPLES is not the pleasantest place in the world in bad weather. Down its steep thoroughfares the rain pours in rivers that sweep small boys off their feet, and land them half-a-mile lower, amongst the fishing-boats. There are gutters, at rare intervals, but as they are more for ornament than for use, and few things work in Naples, the inhabitants prefer availing themselves of any other chance which may remove the pestilential litter without employing human labour. Woe betide the stranger who attempts to walk down to the Market-place—say from Toledo street—in a heavy rain! One almost requires a life-buoy.

The after-experience is as bad, since the Neapolitans have an ingenious method of drying boots after such inundation; they half-fill them with burning charcoal, which soon dispels the moisture—and usually burns a hole or two. This, however, encourages trade, both of shoemakers and cab-drivers: and "poor folks must live, Signori!"

Naples rises in estimation, after rambling through its streets in fine weather, study in the museum, and an evening at Lenni's Cafe and the Opera of San Carlo.

Let us take a sketch of the scenery as we come down the steep path from Castel di San Ermo, which crowns the city; a pathway paved, as all the streets are here, with hard blocks of dark gray lava from Vesuvius. We look forth on the broad sweep of the bay, now calmed from the storms of yesterday, lying there so pale and blue, with

the gay city crescent-like encircling it. From our height we peer down on the flat roofs of the houses—terraced and promenaded,—into the gardens, whose presence we had scarcely perceived or suspected hitherto, and losing all the noisome adjuncts which a nearer inspection had revealed, we begin to understand the witchery of Naples. The hills of the coast-line stretch onward to our left, with bold graceful outline; Castel-a-mare glittering in distance, and nearer villages continuously dotting the declivities of Vesuvius. To the other side, now hidden from us, but lately seen, lie the little towns of Baiæ and Posilipo. We descend to the majestic palace of King Bomballino,* its lunette piazza fronting it, and the San Carlo theatre closely adjacent; we see the officers in sumptuous rooms knocking the billiard-balls about; and then, the moon illuminating the bay, we stroll down from the Mole, watching the rack of clouds, or the chafing surge that breaks, retreats, and breaks again, with its monotony of change.

II.—The Neapolitans at Mid-day.

Truly in the sunny weather the whole extent of shore is beautiful. Many are the bays and headlands, houses and small towns. Light fishing boats are on the water; gay Neapolitans in their spring-cars are whirling along the road. We traverse Naples swiftly, as we desire to walk to Cumæ and Baiæ. Yonder massive towers are near the Castel-a-mare Railway station, guarded by sentinels. By the Capuan gate we enter one of the Market-places; very dirty it is, swarming with red-capped men and frowsy women, selling and eating tripe, pig's-feet, and other dainties, not savoury to smell. We turn quickly under that archway to the left, and behold the sea once more lying so glassily, with the blue isles and mountains in the distance, and the projecting piers or moles before us. To these moles we proceed, passing on our way countless groups of seamen from every land, of all classes, cleanly and dirty, men-of-war sailors and officers; red-garbed felons linked in gangs, with chains round their legs; stall-keepers, vending eels and those pretty pink fish so common here, others with melons and luscious ficarines from Palermo; others, again, with

* Like Otho's of Greece, since then his Oak is sported, and he has left no word with his bedmaker as to when he may return.

pine-tops steaming over charcoal braziers, the heat opening the cones and making them yield their seeds, which, thus prepared, are in continual demand and taste like Brazil-nuts. Passing by these groups, with more jokes than purchases, we reach the Custom-house. Next the Arsenal, on one side, on the other the Post-Office, dear to expatriated tourists. We are at the Mole, a broad, well-paved promenade, extending from the light-houses to the end of the main thoroughfare—Strada Toledo, where it enjoys the title of Largo di Castello. The place is almost impassable with loungers, shoe-blacks, cafés, lottery-offices and minor theatres. Outside these booths, are paintings, changed daily, with exhibitions of monkeys and of Punchinello. Polichinello, be it remembered is an important character in Naples, possessing much political influence in his popularity. A government may do almost whatever it likes with the imprisoned patriots, so long as Polichinello is left free: the Lazzaroni care not for the rest. Vesuvius may have a volcano every week, and frizzle all the sea coast, and bake the vineyards; but, whilst Polichinello escapes the lava, people will rather enjoy the excitement. King Bomba dies when his time comes, and his successor, like his ancestors, may go to the bow-wows; but Azraël has no power over Polichinello. No matter what joys or sorrows chequer the days, *he* is ever the same; always hungry and gluttonous, cowardly and in dangerous blunders, tossed from each mischance into other mis-adventures; a false friend and selfish lover, certain to be preserved when better creatures perish, but never winning peace, happiness or respect:—He is the Neapolitan *beau ideal*, and the popular idol of any land is generally the index to national character.*

III.—The Tomb of Virgil.

Let us escape from the confusion of these sheds, and pass the immense Opera-house, the "San Carlo," with the Palace, its colonnade, and the castle of St. Elmo on its commanding rock. Two good bronze statues of Sicilian kings,

* Polichinello—a Pierrot, or clown in loose white garments and a black half-mask—is always full of trickery, blunders, and comically stupid sayings. He comments freely upon all social questions (so far as may be permitted by the Police), and in this is not unlike our *Punch*, whilst we have resemblances of him in the circus-clown and the Scaramouch of Don Juan, though the half-mask is only retained by our Harlequin.

equestrian, are in the Piazza. We pass now to what is termed Chiaja, where are the finest hotels, facing the sea; a noble drive, with public gardens on the shore, decked with statues, for a mile or two. Where the land juts to the sea we turn inland to an immense portal in the rock, the celebrated "Grotto of Posilipo," before entering which we salute the tomb of VIRGIL.

This tomb, with its lengthy modern inscription, has a heavy, but impressive appearance. We are compelled to linger here, remembering the poet and his anxiety for the glory of his country. That little handful of ashes, those laurel-leaves whose parent tree has withered ages ago, surely it is a not unfitting temple for such mouldered relics; neither in total solitude and desertness, nor yet amid all the noisy revelry and traffic of the sinful city. Here branches wave above his tomb, the long festoons of grass drop dews upon the stone, the starlight and the sunshine come alternately to brighten where he sleeps, and in the quiet midnight the roll and clash of the sea-waves sound lullingly from below, and all around is peace.

"Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say, that when the Poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

Nearly a mile in length is Posilipo Grotto, which commences with a height of more than a hundred feet, but is less lofty at the other end. It is a tunnel through the solid rock, which could only thus be passed, unless surmounted; leading us out to a flat meadow-land. Soon the sea-shore is regained. The numerous islands and jutting points are finely relieved against the blue unruffled waters of the bay. Yonder bold mound, a promontory crowned with buildings, is Pozzuoli; behind it is an irregular line of coast, with one sudden group of towers and dwellings; that is Baiæ. Stretching out therefrom is Cape Misenum, and behind appear the needle peaks of Ischia. We wind round the crags where men are quarrying, amid the groups of fishermen and car-drivers, and

enter Pozzuoli: see its fragments of ancient temples—as that of Serapis, which only retains three columns, precious to geologists; its Cæsarean bridge at the harbour; and, after awhile, depart, still by the shore, for Baiæ. Soon we turn aside into the Cuma road, over the hills, conducting to the upper crest of a volcanic lake:—and that lake is called AVERNUS.

IV.—Lake Avernus.

Yes, actually Lake Avernus. We are treading the confines of the Virgilian Hades. Yonder brook is the Acherusia, that ruin at the edge of the lake is still called, by passing villagers, The Grotto of the Cumæan Sybil—although the antiquaries place it farther off, and assert this ruin to be a Temple of Apollo: but such archæological gentry are always quarrelling in Italy—and, perhaps, elsewhere. Yet they agree on one point, that this is certainly the country of the Cimmerians, where they dwelt in their caves and gloomy thickets. The rocks are soft, and incline naturally to the cellular formation, which favours the assertion; but the ancient forests are only scantily represented by a few twiggy trees; probably, in the words of some rusticated Collegian ("not to speak it profanely!") the former population had "cut their sticks."

With such sorry jests and quibbles, with buffoonery and lassitude, the modern tourists chatter and sketch upon the ground where heroes of old were accustomed to "believe and tremble." Like Epicharmus with the Greek mythology, like G. A. a'Becket and the other witlings of the Cockney school, travestying the History of Rome and of England, are we desirous of spurting low ridicule on whatsoever had won veneration? We hope not! there has been too much of that degradation. It is not a conclusive proof of our being enlightened Christians, that we sneer and misinterpret bygone creeds, as though in the old Greek and Roman poetry were shewn nothing worthier than Fetish idols, rotten mummies, Australasian Ram-Jams and Æthiopian Mumbo-Jumbos. Have we no better moral to extract from all we read, than shrugging shoulders at the darkened heathens and rejoicing "that we are not even as this publican"? As we now glance over the meadows called Elysian Fields, and yonder slimy Acheron, gloomy under the gathering shadows of evening, we feel that some of the ancient attributes remain. Here, on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, where this volcanic range of hillocks still support a few ruined shrines, were

fabled to have moved the restless spirits of the dead. Can we not, like Æneas and Ulysses, summon them to view, or has our own more lovely Christian faith destroyed the charm of the old creed, and revealed nobler destinies to the freed soul of man?

Creatures of an age of poetry, they linger still, though dimly visible, and we see them for a moment, as the pious Fenelon had seen them—with the stains of earth remaining, even in the Elysian Fields; Achilles limping with his wounded heel, Theseus and Agamemnon with melancholy on their kingly brows; Ajax ever stern and revengeful for his wrong, and Deiphobus bearing ghastly tokens of the wrath of Menelaus. Can we conduct the shades of *our* great men to such assemblage? Is Milton sitting blind amid his daughters; Spenser wailing for his slaughtered son who died in fires of Kilcolman? Is Bacon meditating with frost-bitten hands; Wolfe with the sword-hilt in his wounded breast, and Nelson mutilated as when he lay on his own Victory? At once we feel the inherent difference of creed: we, who hold that all the weaknesses and individual blemishes must fade before that wonderful awakening; we, who remembering the pale and care-worn Tasso on his death-pallet in the Roman monastery—the shouts which hail his laurel-crown now insufficient to efface remembrance of Ferrara's mad-house cell,—contrast him with the unseen spirit of Tasso, thereafter gazing on the earth where he had erred and suffered,—with the intelligence, which in its fitful partial revelations had been alternately regarded as genius and insanity, now fuller-blossomed, nearer to its consummated bliss and power. It was not strange that Socrates and others of noble mind cherished the hope of immortality: though only dimly seen and all-unproved, the possibility of future life allured them.

A riper faith is ours: not the cold immortality of heathen poets, to whom the life beyond the grave was but a saddening dream: at best a weary flitting across sunny meadows, or a resting upon beds of Asphodel, listening to the sounds of Orpheus' harmony, and musing on the world which they had parted from for evermore;—unless, indeed, the gift were given that they might drink of Lethe, and return as other beings to the earth. With their olden passions and desires remaining, ever unfulfilled and yet renewed, they lingered in the Land of Shadows, unconsoled and anxious for their kindred, knowing merely the far future, but not the movements of the passing hour in their

distant homes; only at rarest intervals would some mortal come, like Odysseus or Æneas, and question them, and hearken to their prophecies, or speak of those they loved. There, across the trench filled with the black blood of sacrifice, which they best liked to quaff, the bold enquirer would stand with guardian sword, compelling truthful answer from those whom he had bribed to speech by means of that ghastly nectar. Around him, from their several haunts of wretchedness or sad-hued joy, the shades would gather, eager, insatiable, and isolated though in crowds. Not the secluded groves, the flowery meadows where in sport they wrestled or drove their visionary chariots, could content them wholly; not the balmy air and rivulets ever freshly flowing, whilst the hymns to Apollo sounded. Even Achilles mourned—even he, so honoured whilst alive, and ruling still with power among the Shades,—and longed that he might be a rustic, serving for hire under some other needy man, rather than thus rule as chief over all the unquiet Shades in the Elysian Fields.*

But joy for us, who know we have a more assured Eternity awaiting; we rest on no vague hope but on a certain promise. We look across the years of sorrow with confidence, though with an humble eye. We pray with certainty that we are heard. And it is not the grim boatman Charon, but an Angel with ever-lustrous brow, who waits to guide us—'Into the Silent Land.'

V.—After Nightfall.

When returning to Naples from Baiæ, as night approaches, I accept the invitation of a charioteer who is going my way, and, for the fun of the thing, stand upon the backsprings of his clattering car, which already is carrying nine peasants—but there is here no Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It gives a fair notion of the jolts and recklessness in an ancient Biga, during a chariot race. At what a pace we go! and what a noisy crew! There's a wheel off: no it isn't! Now we're spilt against that cairn, and come to grief? Missed it by Romulus! Crash we go against another car; half-a-dozen bones broken, of course? Corpo di Bacco, not a fibula! Off again we go—a pack of mad scoundrels, with shouts, yells, screams, oaths (no Proctors near to take their names or colleges!) clatter, jingle,

* Od. xi. 488.

dash and discord through the darkness, till we "stop to liquor," as Jonathan would say, before the Posilippo Grotto, where I hand my *buono-mano* to the driver, and depart on foot; not ill pleased to avoid the Saturnalia, and yet have had the experience, without bodily maiming—of Neapolitan car-driving by the Bay of Naples.

VI.—Between Midnight and Morn.

Well, we have got home and may go to bed, whilst the moon is shining. It is time. The streets of Naples, like the streets of London, shew you enough of uproarious mirth, of reckless folly and wretchedness side by side. But where, indeed, do we ever find the one without the other close at hand? When we are told, on beholding our public amusements and festivities, that this is the way in which people enjoy themselves, the remark would not be unnatural, that if in their pleasure they act such miserable parts, how inconceivably terrible must be their tragedy!

Not that from festive meetings, any more than from familiar intercourse, should mirth or cheerfulness be banished. Some folly may be tolerated, whether in Naples or even in a University. There is so much of sadness in life that we have need of laughter to smooth out the wrinkles from our brows, and whilst it is kindly humour who shall dare deny his neighbour's pleasantries? We are all the better for a smile at times, so long as it does not degenerate into a sneer. Little use is there in dwelling on painful topics, recapitulating how many ounces, pounds, or cwts. we are trying to upheave: chronicling the advent or departure of an aching tooth, or laying bare a sorrow that may be darkening all Nature. If we cannot lay the phantom in the Red Sea of self-forgetfulness, let us be content that it stay in its own corner, making mouths at us, with its grisly finger pointing as in mockery or warning; it is scarcely fair to bid our friends come hither and share the unquiet company. Certainly not! says the World. "If no other way is easy, plait your garlands in its face, newly string with bells your cap of Folly, and if you cannot wear it with a jaunty air, at least your very trembling may thus yield some music. If you cannot be Philosopher, the part of mountebank is always open to you." Sometimes the wages tempt adventurers, but generally the labours are gratuitous. And the more of folly that we have to-day, so much the heavier is the reckoning claimed by melancholy to-morrow.

Most of us have felt in hours of bitter retrospection, that of all the melancholy things in this world, which takes its colour from our own glasses, the most intensely melancholy is that which we mistakenly regard as Fun.

It was well enough for the young Dane to draw comparison between the grinning skull of Yorick and the olden jokes which "set the table in a roar." Some of ourselves, at the "A. D. C." and elsewhere, have seen the muscles twitch beneath the whitening on the face of Scaramouch, with other spasms than the audience noticed. Billy Barlow may pretend to stagger in drunken hilarity, while little Joe, his first-born, lies coffined on the bed at home; and Lord Lovel in the wildest antics of his mock-heroics, describing the funeral of Ladye Nancie Bell, may have a dismal recollection foreign to the foot-lights and the howls within his tattered handkerchief. Very grim in his buffoonery is Thackeray; and Swift, inditing Tales of Tubs, Yahoos, and Houyhnhnms, or the keen-edged Voltaire with Candide and with Cunegunde, is but a sorry sight. Punch, in our British streets, perhaps is relished chiefly for the eccentric lawlessness of his mirth, travestying that freedom from control which the spectators long for, but possess not; and the jaded tumblers, and the girls on stilts, the "Ethiopian Serenaders," and even the musicians who are hired to attend our out-college supper-parties, give us no sunny laughter when reflective. For my own part, I feel inclined to put in sober earnest that enquiry which Dickens mentions scornfully of Nickleby's Mr. Curdle, as to whether the husband of Juliet's Nurse were really or not "a merry man." Not very merry to our thinking. In his few recorded words, told by his widow, there is a vein of melancholy knowledge of the hypocrisies and failings that he had found in human nature, and dictating his fore-shadowings of futurity. The Fool in King Lear, moreover, is wild and mournful in his snatches,—the Melancholy of Fun everywhere to be seen. Ænobarbus, the jester, dies of a broken heart for his own ingratitude to Antony; and Falstaff, the butt, who is ever so ready to ridicule himself and assume the guise of braggart for amusement of others—(for, observe! he does not boast in solitude, but shews a painful observance of his companions' weaknesses, and a consciousness of his own)—he even pines away and dies remorsefully, with his sincere though whimsical affection for Prince Hal rebuked and made the scourge for his own punishment. Whether is the fantastic brave Mercutio or the boastful "Fiery Tybalt," the man of deepest feelings? And

may we not read in their author's Sonnets some confessions of one who "made himself a motley to the view"? And is it not true that in life, as in our College groves, when the trees wear party-coloured foliage, like Touchstone's vestments, they are nighest the cold sterility of winter? Was it altogether Fun, and of a lively character that dictated the epitaphs of Gay and of Churchill; or made Mephistopheles more worldly wise and dangerous than Milton's Lucifer? And is not the sight of what is termed "Fast life" merriment a little fraught with sadness? The Chinese mourn in white, and some of us in Harlequin-like patchery, as though believing motley to be the only wear. What would you have? It is the tribute which hypocrisy must pay to Gesler's cap, conventionality being thereby satisfied. Let us go to our sleep then, not with the loud shout of ribald laughter in our ears, but with tender memories and humble trustful thoughts in our hearts. Is it Naples or St. John's that shall be seen at awakening? Or does it matter much what the outside is, so long as inside there is peacefulness and faith? So Farewell!

THE ALPINE CLUB MAN.

"Up the high Alps, perspiring madman, steam,
To please the school-boys, and become a theme."
Cf. Juv. Sat. x. *v.* 166.

Ye who know not the charms of a glass before Zero,
Come list to the lay of an Alpine Club Hero;
For no mortal below, contradict it who can,
Lives a life half so blest as the Alpine Club man.

When men of low tastes snore serenely in bed,
He is up and abroad with a nose blue and red;
While the lark, who would peacefully sleep in her nest,
Wakes and blesses the stranger who murders her rest.

Now blowing their fingers, with frost-bitten toes,
The joyous procession exultingly goes;
Above them the glaciers spectral are shining,
But onward they march undismay'd, unrepining.

Now the glacier blue they approach with blue noses,
When a deep yawning 'Schrund' further progress opposes;
Already their troubles begin: here's the rub!
So they halt, and *nem. con.* call aloud for their grub.

From the fountain of pleasure will bitterness spring,
Yet why should the Muse aught but happiness sing?
No! let me the terrible anguish conceal
Of the Hero whose guide had forgotten the veal!*

* Cf. Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers, 1st. Series. p. 296.

Now "all full inside" on the ice they embark:
The moon has gone down, and the morning is dark,
Dreary drizzles the rain, O, deny it who can,
There's no one so blest as the Alpine Club man!

But why should I dwell on their labours at length?
Why sing of their eyelids' astonishing strength?
How they ride up "arêtes" with slow, steady advance,
One leg over Italy, one over France.

Now the summit is gained, the reward of their toil:
So they sit down contentedly water to boil:
Eat and drink, stamp their feet, and keep warm if they can,
O who is so blest as the Alpine Club man?

Now their lips and their hands are of wonderful hue,
And skinless their noses, that 'erst were so blue:
And they find to their cost that high regions agree
With that patient explorer and climber—the flea.

Then they slide down again in a manner not cozy,
(Descensus haud facilis est Montis Rosæ)
Now spread on all fours, on their backs now descending,
Till broad-cloth and bellows call loudly for mending.

Now harnessed together like so many—horses,
By bridges of snow they cross awful crevasses;
So frail are these bridges that they who go o'er 'em
Indulge in a perilous "Pons Asinorum."

Lastly weary and jaded, with hunger opprest,
In a hut they chew goat's flesh, and court gentle rest:
But Entomological hosts have conspired
To drive sleep from their eyelids, with clambering tired.

O thou who with banner of strangest device
Hast never yet stood on a summit of ice,
Where "lifeless but beautiful" nature doth show
An unvaried expanse of rock, rain, ice, and snow.

Perchance thou may'st ask what avails all their toil?
What avails it on mountain-tops water to boil?
What avails it to leave their snug beds in the dark?
Do they go for a view? do they go for a lark?

Know, presumptuous wretch, 'tis not science they prize,
The lark, and the view ('tis all mist) they despise;
Like the wise king of France with his ten thousand men,
They go up their mountain, and come down again.

TURGIDUS ALPINUS.

A LONG VACATION TRIP.

IT may seem presumptuous, after the thrilling accounts of hair-breadth escapes and accidents by ice-flood and snow-field which Aquila has recently given to the world, for an ordinary mortal pedestrian to intrude his insignificant experiences on its pages. He can tell of no dangers surmounted, no difficulties overcome; he never in his life stood where to his certain knowledge no one had been before him,—he has discovered no new Col, climbed no as yet virgin peak,—why should he think anyone will be interested in his story? I console myself, however, with the thought that of those who travel, a vast majority will take the same course with myself, especially on their first visit to an unknown land, and that the Alpine Club, like the Epoptæ of the Egyptian mysteries, is likely ever to be an esoteric and privileged class. My story, such as it is, may be of use to some fellow Collegian, who wishes to refresh himself after the fatigues of a summer's work, and to widen his knowledge of men and things.

It was on a London day of September, the 4th, that B. and myself met on the deck of the Antwerp Steamer. The sun

> "was struggling with the gloom
> Which filled the Eastern sky,"

but he did not triumph, and the clouds continuing to have it all their own way, we were disappointed of the pleasure which we had anticipated of a moonlit night at sea. We found ourselves amongst a motley company, mainly of Germans and Dutchmen returning from the Exhibition. Some of them might certainly have gone there "spectarentur ut ipsi;" one man in particular, who was the beau ideal of a Dutch burgomaster. With the usual consideration of English companies for the comfort of foreigners,

though this route is one of the most direct for Germany, none of the steward's men knew a word of German. It was quite pitiable and at the same time ludicrous to witness the sorrows of a stolid looking Deutschmann who sat next me at dinner, and in vain tried to get his wants supplied. Being utterly innocent of the language of Vaterland I could not help him, and other people seemed too busy in supplying their own wants to attend to his.

When I turned out of my berth in the morning I found we were steaming somewhat slowly up the "lazy Scheldt." The country through which it flows is of course very flat, but possesses, I should think, a quiet beauty of its own. There was an appearance of homely comfort about the villages which are dotted here and there along the banks, each with its quaint looking church peeping out from among the trees, or lifting its red-tiled tower above their tops, which made me think I could sympathise with the sturdy patriotism with which the Batavian race have so often defended hearth and home. The scene on deck was far from homely; a more general picture of misery I never saw. The passage had been too smooth for serious effects, but traces of slight uneasiness were visible on more faces than one, and the raw damp morning with a quiet drizzling rain was not exactly the thing to improve the general appearance.

Our first object of interest was of course the Cathedral spire, which is visible from a great distance, and which as a whole appears to better advantage at a distance than from a nearer position, the Church being closed in by buildings on all sides but one. We were soon alongside the pier, and having satisfied the *douaniers,* stepped lightly out into the streets of Antwerp. And, notwithstanding the comparative dreariness of the voyage, I would strongly recommend those same streets of Antwerp as a first introit to the Continent. I have not visited many towns, but of all that I have seen this is the most quaint and peculiar, in fact, as B. remarked with great originality, "thoroughly continental." The somewhat picturesque dress of the women, with their full-lappeted caps, somewhat short petticoats and sabots, (a bonnet is a sure sign of position); the houses irregular in height covered with tiles of different colours, and with strange enseignes before them; the priests and novices in shovel hats and cassocks, a race in which Antwerp seems to be prolific; the hearing now French, now low Dutch, and occasionally a word of English;—all conspire to make the place most striking to an Englishman.

The Museum at Antwerp is a valuable school for the

study of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting, and the admirable catalogue which gives a sketch of the life of each painter with a description and history of each separate painting, is a ready help to the study. The chef-d'œuvres of Quentin Matsys, Rubens, and Vandyck are preserved here.* The curiosity of the place, however, is an artist, and teacher of painting who generally works there, and who has lost both his arms; not only does he paint with his foot, but he will take up a piece of thin paper with it, write his address upon it, and foot it to you with a most polite and gracious air.

Having spent a pleasant day in Antwerp, we went on in the afternoon to Brussels. And here I must give vent to a grievance in the matter of foreign railways. In England we always consider that while we wait for a train, we may relieve the tedium by a walk about the station. Imagine then the disgust of a liberty-loving Englishman at being politely shewn into a salle d' attente, marked off according to his class, and told that he must wait there till "le bureau est ouvert"—then, when the bureau is open and he has taken his ticket being ushered back into his pen, to be released thence by another officer ere long, the train probably waiting all the time ready before his very eyes. And all this is done to prevent scrambling and disorder! I must do them the justice of saying, that their carriages when you do get into them are good, but the pace is not killing.

Of Brussels I will not betray my ignorance, having only taken a two hours' walk therein by gas-light. We quitted it by the night express for Cologne, which place we reached at 6.30 in the morning, fairly tired and sleepy. A good wash however at the comfortable lavatory, with additional help from the refreshment-room, set us up again, and we sallied forth to see the Cathedral and the large suspension bridge, which is a splendid erection. The Cathedral we found behind an advanced trench of squared stones and other signs of masons' work. Unfortunately we could only walk once round it, for the early service was going on, and we were warned that visitors were not allowed to walk about till a later hour. I confess to having felt some qualms of conscience on more occasions than one at walking about in Churches, and evidently

* I was most struck with a Pietà of Vandyck, No. 346 in the Catalogue; the expression of anguish in the Virgin's face as she holds the dead body of the Saviour in her lap is poignant in the extreme. The Rubenses here are not so good as those in the Churches.

disturbing persons who were at their devotion; but the way in which the worshippers generally took a long stare at the strangers, at the same time continuing mechanically to count their beads or mutter their paternosters, convinced me that they came there to pray, not because the sanctity of the place increased their devotional feeling, but because they attached a special merit to the place itself. We did not find any attraction either in the bones of St. Ursula and her ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven companions,* or in the 'boutiques' of the six original Johann Marie Farinas, but I can endorse the general testimony of travellers as to the need Cologne has of its own waters.

From Cologne to Bonn is a journey by rail of some seventy minutes. It is best to go by rail, for there is nothing of interest by river. The Museum at Bonn contains some good collections, I should imagine, though I am no —ologist. There is however besides these a capital model of the Rhine valley, and the valleys that branch out from it, which is invaluable to any one who wishes to spend a pleasant fortnight in exploring their recesses.

Albert Smith has made the Rhine steamers known to every one. As we were late in the season, however, we did not find them over-crowded. The day was not fine enough for us to land at Königswinter, and climb the "castled crag of Drachenfels," so we contented ourselves with the charming view from below the island of Nonnenswerth. This is, I think, after all, the most beautiful view on the Rhine. The island with its old cloister forms a fine fore-ground, leading up to the peaks of the Seven Hills, which are very picturesquely grouped together. It is superior I think to the neighbourhood of St. Goar and the Lurlei. But each to his own taste. The whole of the valley is very pretty, but when the first charm of novelty is over, one is rather struck by a feeling of sameness and uniformity about it. This is owing to the fact, that the natural outline of the hills that skirt the river is trimmed down to an uniform slope or series of terraces, for the cultivation of the vines, with whose produce Mr. Gladstone has made us better acquainted. This did not seem to be the case nearly so much in the side valleys. That evening we reached Coblenz, and, after two nights of unrest, heartily enjoyed our slumbers and our Sunday's rest. Ehrenbreitstein gave us occupation for the afternoon. The evening I shall not soon forget. The moon was at full, and was shining now in perfectly unclouded brilliance, and gleaming with reflected light on the rushing waters of the Rhine, as we paced up and down the bridge of boats, talking of what we had seen and indulging in pleasurable anticipation of what was yet to come.

* As the Lady Ursula was returning from Rome, three of her 11,000 companions remained at Basel, one of whom, Crischona, founded a chapel on a hill near Basel, that bears her name.

It is at Coblenz that the wood which has floated down in small rafts from the forests of the upper Rhine is made into the large floating islands, which are so familiar to the visitor of Cologne and the lower Rhine; one which we saw had some 80 or 100 men upon it. From Coblenz we went by early steamer to Bingen and thence to Mainz by rail, so saving time and avoiding a somewhat uninteresting part of the river. The main object of interest at Mainz is the Cathedral, which was undergoing a thorough restoration internally, and presented to us a very forest of scaffolding. The apse of the Church, however, and one or two side chapels were completed, and form the best specimen of decorative colouring that I have seen. There are also some very pleasant public grounds outside the town which on a clear day command a very good view of the Rhine valley and are worth visiting. The young *gamins* of Mainz had an addition to their enjoyment on the 8th of September, 1862, to which they can scarcely have looked forward previously, and it must be confessed that a light cap with a soft brim, when it has been folded in your pocket into all possible shapes, does give to a man a somewhat comical appearance.

Being desirous of seeing something of a German gaming spa, we decided to turn out of our way to spend an hour or two at Wiesbaden, and see the inside of the Kursaal. The grounds attached to it are beautifully laid out more in the style of an English gentleman's park than the dull formality of the grounds at Buxton. Add the charm of excellent music twice a day, and the possibility of getting refreshments at any moment, (for body and soul must be fed together,) and I think you would find the place a very pleasant one for a convalescent. The play-tables (roulette and rouge et noir) did not put on for us any of the tragic interest with which they have been so often invested. Certainly we had not time for much study of physiognomy—and the only sight that awakened in us any strong feeling of pity was that of a pretty girl of some twenty summers who had evidently caught the gambling fever, and was being tutored in her play by a hard-faced prompter at her elbow. Frankfort was our resting

place for the night. We regretted that we could not see more of this charming town. The Zeil may vie with Regent street, and the grounds for promenades which form a semi-circle round half the town are an "institution" which deserves imitation.

I must not dwell on our passing peep of Heidelberg which was in a very gay state of flags &c., in honour of the Grand Duke's birthday—nor on the tempting glimpses of the Black Forest which our course along the Duke of Baden's railway gave us, but ask my readers to suppose us safely housed at the Hotel Bellevue au Lac at Zurich.

The morning of the 10th was hazy and dim, so that we saw little of the lake. Taking the early steamer we crossed to Horgen. Our attention was at once attracted by an officious American who had got hold of two unfortunate unprotected females and was laying down the law to them in a marked Yankee drawl as to what they ought to see. At Horgen we shouldered our knapsacks and made our way over the spur of the Albis which separates the basin of Zurich from that of Zug. The mist gradually lifted, or rather melted, so that we got a delicious peep of the lake at our feet, but we soon lost sight of it, and passing through a most lovely amphitheatre of rock, wood, and water at Sihlbrücke, we reached Zug about 11½. After a comfortable dinner we took steamer for Arth, a village from which the ascent of the Rigi is commenced. The early haze had cleared away, the sky was of the deepest blue, with not a cloud to cast its silvery reflexion in the blue-green waters of the lake. Before us were the slopes of the Rigi and the crest of Pilatus bathed in all the warmth of a mid-day sun, the many folds and furrows in their sides creating most beautiful effects of light and shade. Gradually as we neared our destination the snow-clad tops of the mountains of the Rheinthal and the aiguille-shapes of the Mythen came into view, the latter reflecting back the sun's rays from their steep and rocky sides. After a visit to Goldau and the fallen Rossberg we climbed the Rigi. What need to repeat the story so often told. The ascent and descent for us were most interesting, for we were new to snow scenery, and the gradual unfolding of summit after summit had for us all the charms of novelty, but the sunrise and sunset were the usual failure. If a man wants to feel alone in a multitude let him go to the Rigi Kulm. Much is said of the unsociability of Englishmen at home and abroad, but I have never been at a table-d'hote when Englishmen were present, at which I could not at once get into conversation, but here I could not get a word out of anybody. A Frenchman on my right resisted all overtures, and as my left-hand neighbour was a German I could not make any to him.

Descending on the morrow to Weggis we took a row-boat to Alpnach. As we came down to the lake of Lucerne, the light haze rose in flocks around us and gradually unveiled its beauties. The Bungenstock on one side goes sheer down into the water, which has all the beautiful transparency of a depth of some 800 feet. The road from Alpnach to Sarnen skirts the spurs of Pilatus on the one side—while on the other is the singularly-formed rocky bed of the Aa, backed by loftier hills. The whole of the district is richly cultivated. Fruit is so plentiful that quantities are left to rot by the wayside. From Sarnen our road led over the Brunnig pass to Meyringen. The road over this pass is a masterpiece of Swiss engineering; by frequent zigzags it is carried along the face of a steep rocky slope, and crests the hill at a height of 3668 feet above the level of the sea. Much to our chagrin, when we reached the summit, the clouds which had been gathering since noon began to discharge their freight, and we could see nothing, but reached Meyringen thoroughly drenched.

The following day, (September 12th), was given up to the gods of the waters, so as the only thing to be done on such a day, we visited the upper fall of Reichenbach, which delighted us much. The stream immediately before taking its final leap comes round a sharpish corner, and so falls in most gracefully varied curves, while the water disintegrated, if I may so speak, looks like a shower of crystal stalactites, lengthening by some magic power of elasticity as they fall. In sunshine the effect must be wondrous. On Saturday we crossed the greater Scheideck to Grindelwald. The gloom and later still the rain of the preceding day still prevailed, so my notes of the way are very scanty. My recollections are of stony roads, pine forests and wood-cutter's châlets. At one of these latter we had a good instance of the evil of lowering oneself to the standard of inferiors instead of raising them to yours. I was a little in advance, and passing a châlet where a man was at work, addressed to him an Englishman's usual salutation, in what I believe to be correct German, "schlechtes Wetter ist" and received a most courteous reply; but B. who was in my rear, wishing to condescend to what he had observed to be a popular weakness of dialect, made the same original

remark in the form "schlachtes Watter ist," and received by way of response an ignominious stare.

The wonders of this route are the glacier and remarkable rocky chasm of Rosenlaui, and the echoes of the Wetterhorn. The latter are the most heavenly music human ear can listen to. Each reflexion of sound comes to you purged of some of its dross, till the last strikes upon the ear perfectly etherialised, and freed from all that could mar a perfect music. The village of Grindelwald is most charmingly situated, with the precipitous Wetterhorn, the bastion of the Bernese Oberland, at its one extremity, and the Eigher, looking like a huge primeval axe of the stone period reversed, at the other. We spent the Sunday here very pleasantly in the company of a very agreeable party who had followed us from Meyringen.

On Monday we crossed the little Scheideck and skirted the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen. I should be provoking too "odorous comparisons" were I to attempt to describe the beauties of the maid of mountains, the Nun, if I may say it, with her attendant Monk. Have they not been recorded in every book of Swiss travel yet published? We were gladdened at the little inn by the sight of several Cambridge faces, from which we parted with regret.

There are two spots in Canton Berne which combine, I should think, as much variety of scenery as any place can do: the valley of Lauterbrunnen and the breast of the lake of Thun. In the former you have for foreground a gorge with steep sides of curiously marked and stratified rock, narrowing and widening, with the Staubbach fall on your right, hanging like a silver thread from the sky, and a wall of precipitous rock on your left, further on gradually receding to a field of glacier and nevée surmounted by the giants of the Oberland. From the latter you see these same giants in regular panorama, distance increasing your perception of their grandeur, while the foreground consists of tree-clad slopes and the clear waters of the lake.

Thun is, I think, the beau ideal of a Swiss town. We reached it on Tuesday the 16th, having spent the preceding night at Interlaken. The next evening found us at Kandersteg, en route for the Gemmi pass into the valley of the Rhone. No one should visit this place without devoting three hours or so to the little Œschinen lake. Under a clear sky it must be of surpassing beauty. In situation like one of our mountain tarns, it shares with all the glacier-fed streams and lakes a bright bluish green hue. To the South lie the snows of the Blumlis Alp, on the west

the land opens towards the Kander Thal, while on the east and north a vertical wall of cliff rises from the water to a considerable height. What there was above was hidden by a curtain of cloud which hung uniformly over the whole, and yet could not sully the bright clearness of the waters. Warned by the gathering clouds, I beat an unwilling retreat, and soon found myself performing a scanty ablution in one of the pie-dishes of the Hotel Victoria. In the salle à manger we found some old acquaintances, and were shortly after surprised by the appearance of our old companions of Grindelwald, who were my companions for the rest of my tour.

The morning of the 18th was more auspicious, and we were under way in good time. The head of the Kander Thal is very grand and majestic, rocky cliffs rising on every hand, and forming to all appearance a regular cul de sac. The track of the Gemmi winds up the hill and then passes along a level terrace for some distance, commanding a fine view of the sublime solitude of the Gasteren Thal, some thousand or two of feet below you, with the Doldenhorn on the one side, and the buttresses of the Altels on the other. It then passes over a bleak plain and by the side of a dismal suicidal lake between the Altels and the Wildstrübel till you suddenly reach apparently the edge of a precipice with the mountains of the Monte Rosa district spread out as a panorama before you, and the village Leukerbad three thousand feet beneath you, seeming as it were within a stone's throw of you. Down the face of these precipices, inaccessible as they seem, a path has been cut by human ingenuity, winding in and out, and at last landing us at the Hotel des Alpes in Leukerbad. The bathing season was over, so we had not the pleasure of seeing the different pleasures of life in a tub, but an inspection of the place satisfied me that Diogenes' could not have been much dirtier.

The valley of the Rhone to which we were now approaching, forms a great contrast in everything to the Canton Berne which we had left. Subject to malaria from the stagnant waters of the valley, subject to yearly inundations which sweep away the results of their labour, its inhabitants seem quietly to have acquiesced in a destiny of misery, and not to make any effort to struggle against it. The people frightfully ugly and filthy, the houses without one trace of neatness or housewifely pride or even self-esteem, one general scene of misery and decay, all seem to tell the same story. Mr. Ruskin has drawn the picture of Sion, lower in the valley,* and it is true from Leuk to Visp.

* Modern Painters, IV. 346, Sqq.

I pass over the journey up the Visp Thal and the valley of St. Niklaus, and hasten to Zermatt the home of the Alpine Club, and the basis of operations in the Monte Rosa district. We reached this on the Saturday, just in time to avoid a decent wetting. Our first view of the Matterhorn, the inaccessible, whose sides had during the season tried the limbs of Mr. Whymper and Mr. Tyndall, was not a very successful one. The best time to see him from Zermatt is at sunrise, when his face is gradually lit up by the morning rays. I think I may safely say, that I never saw so many sunrises in a given number of days, as during my sojourn there. The chief excursions round Zermatt are now so well known, that I may refer my readers to Professor Tyndall's Glaciers of the Alps, or Mr. Hinchliffe's Summer Months among the Alps for an account of them. In the few excursions that we made, we were accompanied by a very droll little guide, named Ignace Biner, whose brother was an old acquaintance of Mr. H. He was only conversant with German and French, so imagine my surprise, as I was quietly walking up a hill behind him, to hear a friendly but not familiar voice call out "How's your poor feet, my dear?" and then soon after to see him showing bacon, and adding "Don't you wish you may get it?" I am afraid that the stock of slang expressions which he had probably picked up from some University men like ourselves, was rather increased than otherwise before we had done with him.

After three days spent in the neighbourhood of Zermatt, we started for Italy by the S. Theodule Pass. B. returned to Stalden, and crossed by the Monte Moro so as to get to the Italian Lakes, while I accepted the kind invitation of the H.'s to join their party for the St. Bernard and Geneva, *viâ* Chamounix. What with guides and muleteers, and the men attached to the sledge which was to carry the ladies over, we made a formidable party. The day was a very fine one, such as to give beautiful cloud effects, without having a curtain of clouds low enough to impede the view. And the sensation of a first day upon the ice, slight as the work done might be, is one not easily forgotten, especially when the place is so remarkable as is the Theodule glacier. Our way lay across a wide plateau of snow, really snow-covered ice, extending in most directions far as the eye could reach, from the pinnacles of the Mischabel, by the broad backs of Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm, the Twins snowy white as their mother in the fable, by the hump of the Breithorn and the rocky ridge of the Theodulhorn round to the stately "obelisk" of the Matterhorn, and the peaks of the Dent Blanche and the Weisshorn. Behind us lay the valley of St. Niklaus, and beyond its extremity, in ever-varying hues, now of deep purple, now of pale olive green, the long ridge of the Blumlis Alp, the Jungfrau and others of the Oberland chain. Each time we turned, some fresh beauty dawned upon us, till a turn in our road cut out the view, and brought us to the hut on the top of the pass some eleven thousand feet above the sea-level. Our ascent had been very easy. The track being well-defined by some predecessors in the way, we were able to get on in advance of the rest of the party, who had, as we afterwards found, much difficulty with the sledge owing to the softness of the snow. The descent was tiring, the snow being by this time thoroughly softened, so that we went up to our knees in it. But soon we had got over it, and Biner was busily engaged in treating madame's feet, which were fairly wet and stiff, to the luxuries of a warm footbath, which I believe he administered with the greatest deftness.

The Val Tournanche, at the head of which lies the mountain inn of Breuil close at the foot of the Matterhorn, has just the amount of variety that is necessary to make a walk along a valley tolerable. Beginning with the wild scenery of the mountains, you come to a fine rugged defile, from which you emerge into a wider plain, with tokens of the generosity of nature in its fertile fields, while by regular gradations the eye passes from green corn fields to the everlasting snows; the valley then again contracts, and is hemmed in by leafy slopes such as I have seen on the Rhine, or even in some parts of Derbyshire; till on nearing Chatillon the character again changes, and the heavily laden chesnut and walnut trees tell you that you are in one of the richest parts of Italy. The looks of the people, as well as the aspects of nature remind you that you are in another land. Bright speaking eyes and intelligent faces, take the place of the haggard misery of the Swiss side; the children are happy laughing children, and not prematurely aged men. Another thing too appeals to one's old classical memories. A little before reaching Chatillon, some remains of a Roman aqueduct are to be seen on the face of the cliff on the west of the valley, in a place apparently accessible only to the Roman eagles. Many Roman remains are to be found at Aosta which we reached the same night, for which see Murray and the dissertations of the learned.

On the night of the 26th (Friday as we found to our cost, by the "maigre" diet) we were the guests of the hospitable Fathers of St. Bernard. Every one who saw Albert Smith's

Diorama, knows the long plain building by the side of that dreary lake. I will only stop therefore, to recommend any one who may follow in my steps to rise early, take a guide, who may generally be got over-night, and go to the top of the hill that fronts the Hospice (called Point de Drouas in Leuthold, Chenellettaz in Murray) to see the sun rise on Mont Blanc. He will be amply repaid for his trouble, for this is one of the finest views of the monarch of mountains. The rest of the view too is very fine. A cloud of morning mist was hanging over the Val d' Aosta, and the valleys of the Graian Alps, but their summits were marshalled above the mist in grand array. A few hours later we were on our way to Martigny, where we spent most of the Sunday. If you have a day at Martigny, it is worth while to walk to St. Maurice, seeing the gorge of the Trient and the Pissevache on your way—cross the bridge into the Canton Vaud and go a few yards in the direction of Martigny: the view of the Dent du Midi is worth the walk, especially if you see it as I did, with all the richness of autumn's colouring.

On Monday we crossed the Forclaz to the Tête Noire, where Mr. H. and myself left the rest of the party in the charge of the faithful Biner, and taking a guide from the hotel started across the hills for the Col de Balme, hoping thus to combine the beauties of the two approaches to Chamounix. Our guide talked most glibly of the difficulties of the way, and the danger of traversing it without some one who knew the country, in case of mist: but when shortly a regular Scotch mist came on he was utterly at fault, and lost his way and his head at the same time. After some time however we got into the right track, and reached Chamounix at nightfall. Here again I am on old ground, so I will not enter into the splendours of our day at Chamounix, but simply add that Wednesday saw us at Geneva. I left Geneva at four o'clock on Thursday, and at twelve on Friday walked into my rooms, only to hear the music of a learned savant's nose making melody to the god Somnus in my sanctum sanctorum, and to console myself with the thought that a sofa at home in good old England, was a little better than a sleepless night in a French railway carriage, and had its charms after thirty hours of almost uninterrupted travelling.

I fear my story may be more interesting to myself than to my readers. I can only advise them to follow my example, and so create for themselves an interest in the scenes I have attempted somewhat hastily at the shortest notice to describe, and wish them as happy a time as I enjoyed in my Long Vacation Tour.

OUR CHRONICLE.

WE regret that the appearance of *The Eagle* has been unavoidably postponed this Term, owing in a great measure to the small number of contributions received from members of the College who are not on the Editorial Committee. We must remind our readers that *The Eagle* was established as a *College* Magazine, with the avowed intention of discussing subjects of general interest, and of ascertaining the general public opinion of the College; and we most earnestly call upon them not to allow it to become a periodical conducted by a few writers to amuse the leisure moments of the subscribers. At present, though our list of subscribers is larger than it has been at any previous time, the number of contributors has we believe never been so small.

This is not a healthy symptom; we feel sure that we need only appeal to the spirit of the College for a speedy remedy.

With this number of *The Eagle* we give an engraving of the new Chapel to be erected from the designs of G. G. Scott, Esq. R.A. The following extract from a letter lately issued by the Master, will put our readers in possession of the present prospects of the proposed additions to the College:—

"It has for many years past been the anxious wish of the Members of St. John's College to see a Chapel of more suitable character and dimensions than the present one erected for the use of the College. With this view the College has gradually, by successive purchases, acquired possession of the greater portion of the ground lying between the three older courts and Bridge Street; and an agreement has been recently entered into with the Town Council of the Borough of Cambridge, whereby the College is to obtain the right of closing St. John's Lane and appropriating the ground which it occupies, on giving up to the public sufficient ground to widen St. John's Street. The necessary

steps have been taken to obtain an Act of Parliament during the approaching Session for the confirmation of this agreement.

"The College has also obtained the assistance of Mr. George Gilbert Scott, the Architect, who has prepared Drawings for a new Chapel with a transeptal Ante-Chapel on the north side of the present Chapel. This plan involves the erection of a new Master's Lodge, and enables the College to enlarge the Hall by including within it the present Combination Room and the rooms which are above it.

"Mr. Scott has estimated the Cost of the New Chapel alone at £36,000, without taking into account any charge for Stained Glass Windows.

"The Master and Seniors are prepared to expend on the proposed works the sum of Forty thousand pounds from the Corporate Funds of the College; but as this sum will be manifestly inadequate to accomplish all that will be necessary for the completion of Mr. Scott's designs, it has been deemed expedient that a Subscription should be opened, and that the Members and Friends of the College should be invited to promote the work by their contributions. It will probably be thought to be a sufficient reason for this appeal that the character and beauty of the New Chapel must depend, to a great extent, upon the amount which can be made available by voluntary offerings."

The valuable College living of Frating cum Thorington, in the county of Essex, has lately been rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Richard Duffield, B.D., formerly fellow of this College, who has held it since 1832.

The number of Johnian candidates for this year's Mathematical Tripos was not so large as usual. Of these however six were placed among the Wranglers and six among the Senior Optimes.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. J. B. Haslam has been elected First Bell's Scholar, and Mr. W. F. Smith Second Bell's Scholar, (equal).

The following are the names of those gentlemen who obtained a First Class in the College Christmas Examination:

Third Year

Ewbank	Smallpeice	Archbold
Stuckey	Baron	Creeser

Second Year

Marshall	Levett	Kempthorne
Wood	Isherwood	Huntly
Beebee	Coutts	Smith, R. P.
Blanch	Griffiths	Sutton
Russell, C. D.	Wiseman	Masefield
Roach	Wilson	

First Year

(Arranged in order of the boards)

George	Cotterill, C. C.	Earnshaw, W. J.
Rowband	Edmonds	Thompson
Barker	Covington	Bloxam
Pryke	Dewick	Hayne
Pulliblank	Bell	Brayshaw
Stevens, A. J.	Constable	Carleton
Warren	Trousdale	Charlton
Davis, A.	Agabeg	Doig
Haslam, J. B.	Haslam, C. E.	Jamblin
Hart	Ribton, T.	Marrack
Smith, W. F.	Johns	Burrow
Genge	Allen	Payton
Taylor, J. W. W.	De Wet	Pearson, C. H. S.
Massie	Hewitt	Bray
Rowsell	Hathornthwaite	
Hill, E.	Miller	

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are:

President, E. W. Bowling
Treasurer, E. K. Clay
Secretary, R. C. Farmer
First Captain, W. W. Hawkins
Second Captain, S. W. Cope
Third Captain, A. Langdon
Fourth Captain, G. W. Hill
Fifth Captain, S. B. Barlow
Sixth Captain, M. H. Quayle

We have pleasure in chronicling the success of the College boats in the late races, the account of which will be found on another page. The third boat made its bump on the first day, and afterwards easily maintained its place at the head of the division: while the fourth boat succeeded in making its bump each day.

The crews of the boats which sustained the honour of the College were as follows:

Third Boat.	*Fourth Boat.*
1 R. C. Farmer	1 F. Young
2 H. D. Jones	2 S. Burgess
3 H. Watney	3 A. J. Edmonds
4 F. C. Wace	4 H. Newton
5 T. Knowles	5 C. Warren
6 K. Wilson	6 A. D. Clarke
7 C. Yeld	7 W. F. Meres
A. Langdon, *Stroke*	G. W. Hill, *Stroke*
R. H. Dockray, *Cox.*	M. H. Quayle, *Cox.*

Fifth Boat.	*Sixth Boat.*
1 S. B. Barlow	1 R. Levett
2 B. Le Mesurier	2 H. G. Hart
3 W. Boycott	3 A. M. Beamish
4 R. Trousdale	4 A. Marshall
5 C. Bamford	5 E. W. Bowling
6 J. W. W. Taylor	6 H. H. Allott
7 W. Pharazyn	7 J. Alexander
W. P. Hiern, *Stroke*	C. Taylor, *Stroke*
W. J. Stobart, *Cox.*	E. K. Clay, *Cox.*

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, March 7. Eight boats entered. After four exciting bumping races, the following crew won the time race:

1 E. K. Clay
2 W. Pharazyn
3 H. Watney
F. Young, *Stroke*
R. C. Farmer, *Cox.*

The Bateman Silver Pair Oars were rowed for on Saturday last, and were won by Messrs. E. K. Clay, and C. C. Scholefield.

The College is represented this year in the University Boat by Mr. C. H. La Mothe.

The Johnian Athletic Sports, which had not been previously held for two years, came off at Fenner's ground, on Monday, Feb. 23. The following is the list of sports with the names of the winners:

WALKING RACE, two miles

1. H. Watney | 2. K. Wilson

Time 13 min. 10 sec.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL

1. J. A. Whitaker | 2. M. H. Marsden

Distance 102 yds. 2 ft. 2 in.

FLAT RACE, 1 mile

1. A. Langdon | 2. H. D. Jones

Time 5 min. 19 sec.

HIGH JUMP, RUNNING

1. J. Fitzherbert | 2. G. R. Crotch

Height 5 ft. 1 in.

LONG JUMP, STANDING

1. G. R. Crotch | 2. T. Knowles

Distance 9 ft. 6½ in.

FLAT RACE, quarter mile

1. J. A. Whitaker | 2. J. Alexander

Time 1 min. 2 sec.

HIGH JUMP, STANDING

1. G. R. Crotch, J. B. Boyle } equal | 2. T. Knowles

Height 4 ft. 2 in.

LONG JUMP, RUNNING

1. J. Payton | 2. J. B. Boyle

Distance 16ft. 10 in.

FLAT RACE, 100 yards

1. J. A. Whitaker | 2. W. H. H. Hudson

Time 11½ sec.

POLE JUMP, HIGH

1. G. R. Crotch | 2. A. Smallpeice

Height 8 ft. 4 in.

HURDLE RACE, 200 yds., 10 hurdles

1. A. D. Clarke | 2. T. H. Baynes

Time 31 sec.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT

T. Knowles, T. H. Baynes } equal. Distance 27 ft. 4 in.

SACK RACE

1. M. H. Marsden | 2. T. Knowles

FLAT RACE, half mile (*Consolation Stakes*)

1. C. Yeld | 2. A. Cust

Time 2 min. 32 sec.

The Officers of No. 2 (St. John's) Company of the Cambridge University Volunteers are the same as last term.

The Johnian Challenge Cup was shot for on Tuesday, March 17th. The successful competitor was Lance-Corporal Guinness, who scored 48 marks (hits and points). The same gentleman also won the Officers' Pewter.

It was determined at the beginning of the present term that the University Corps should take part in a Field Day at Oxford on March 10th. This was however found impracticable. The University Corps will probably be reviewed at Oxford early in June. It is expected that this arrangement will allow the Inns of Court to join the two University Corps on that day.

The Newberry Challenge Racquet Cup was won on Saturday, March 21st, by Mr. E. W. Bowling, who again played the concluding match with Mr. A. Smallpeice.

The contributions collected in the University for the relief of the Lancashire distress amount to £3,329. 18*s.* 10*d.*, exclusive of considerable sums not sent through the University fund. Our own College contributed £414. 17*s.* 6*d.* The Managing Committee have announced that the Subscription list is for the present closed.

One pleasing duty is left—briefly to wish every happiness to our young Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, and to join in the country's hope, that the union between the descendants of the Sea-Kings of the North may promote the well being of both nations, and conduce to the peace and prosperity of Europe.

We need not say how on the day of the Royal marriage Cambridge, determined not to be outdone in demonstrations of loyal affection and tokens of rejoicing, decorated with banners and triumphal arches by day and illuminated at night, wore a look of gaiety of which few among us have seen the

like. The lamps which we lit, and the fire-works which we threw, the planks which we burnt, and the bonfire which we made on the Market Hill—are they not written in the Paper of the Chronicle of the King of Israel.* Of one thing we are all sure, that the 10th of March 1863 is a day long to be had in remembrance among us: one thing we all hope, that the fair promise of that day may never be clouded by sorrow and disappointment.

UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.—LENT RACES.

Monday, March 2nd.

THIRD DIVISION.

40	Queens' 2	48	Lady Margaret 6
41	Emmanuel 3	49	Caius 4
42	Jesus 2	50	Magdalen 2
43	Christ's 3	51	Jesus 3
44	Pembroke 2	52	Second Trinity 4
45	Peterhouse 2		
46	Trinity Hall 4		
47	Third Trinity 3		

SECOND DIVISION.

20	Pembroke 1	32	Christ's 2
21	Lady Margaret 3	33	Corpus 2
22	Caius 2	34	First Trinity 5
23	S. Catharine's	35	Trinity Hall 3
24	First Trinity 4	36	Lady Margaret 5
25	Emmanuel 2	37	Caius 3
26	Queens' 1	38	First Trinity 6
27	Second Trinity 2	39	Corpus 3
28	Lady Margaret 4	40	Emmanuel 3
29	King's		
30	Second Trinity 3		
31	Clare 2		

Tuesday, March 3rd.

THIRD DIVISION.

40	Corpus 3	47	Trinity Hall 4
41	Queens' 2	48	Lady Margaret 6
42	Jesus 2	49	Magdalen 2
43	Christ's 3	50	Caius 4
44	Peterhouse 3	51	Jesus 3
45	Pembroke 2	52	Second Trinity 4
46	Third Trinity 3		

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* We allude to *Solomon.*

SECOND DIVISION.

20 Lady Margaret 3
21 Pembroke 1
22 Caius 2
23 First Trinity 4
24 S. Catharine's
25 Emmanuel 2
26 Queens' 1
27 Lady Margaret 4
28 SecondTrinity 2
29 King's
30 Clare 2

31 Second Trinity 3
32 Christ's 2
33 Corpus 2
34 First Trinity 5
35 Trinity Hall 3
36 Lady Margaret 5
37 First Trinity 6
38 Caius 3
39 Emmanuel 3
40 Corpus 3

Wednesday, March 4th.

THIRD DIVISION.

40 Corpus 3
41 Jesus 2
42 Queens' 2
43 Peterhouse 2
44 Christ's 3
45 Third Trinity 3
46 Pembroke 2
47 Trinity Hall 4

48 Magdalen 2
40 Lady Margaret 6
50 Caius 4
51 Jesus 3
52 Second Trinity 4

SECOND DIVISION.

20 Lady Margaret 3
21 Pembroke 1
22 First Trinity 4
23 Caius 2
24 Emmanuel 2
25 S. Catharine's
26 Lady Margaret 4
27 Queens' 1
28 King's
29 Second Trinity 2
30 Clare
31 Christ's 2

32 Second Trinity 3
33 Corpus 2
34 First Trinity 5
35 Trinity Hall 3
36 First Trinity 6
37 Lady Margaret 5
38 Emmanuel 3
39 Caius 3
40 Jesus 2