A VOYAGE TO THE AUSTRALIAN STATION.

I HAVE endeavoured in this account of my first voyage to give a short sketch of each place visited, and to record anything, no matter how trivial, that happened on the voyage, provided that I had not seen it mentioned elsewhere.

We passed the Needles in the twilight; the lights of three different light-houses were visible at this time. Next morning the ship was just opposite the Start point; about 1.30 we got up the screw and proceeded under sail; hitherto sea sickness had not troubled me, but, as the sails were one after another reefed or taken in, I felt that my time was come and retired to my cabin in very dismal humour—the absolute disregard for everything and everybody is the one single counterbalancing advantage of sea sickness—though usually a severe sufferer I was only kept one day from the dinner table, and for five more was obliged to be careful in my diet. One thing rather surprised me: all my messmates in the wardroom were, with one exception, regular old sailors, and yet half of them suffered more or less.

Down to the latitude of Cape Finisterre several ships were always in sight; but they became less frequent as we sailed on, and had quite disappeared by the time we reached Madeira.

On the morning of the twelfth day (June 29th) we were in sight of Madeira, and being anxious to see a really foreign place I hastened on deck. We were coasting along a wide, shallow bay, surrounded by high hills, cultivated to their very summits, the crops consisting of Indian corn and sugar cane. In the corner of the bay the white houses of Funchal glistened in the sun; the town is made up of the usual collection of small, two-storied, flat-roofed buildings, built close down to the beach, and broken by an old

church tower or two and one tall chimney—it exactly put me in mind of Dawlish—there was really nothing foreign about the town. On the left were some much finer houses half-hidden in bright green vegetation, so luxuriant that at once you knew it could not be matched in England.

We anchored and saluted the Portuguese flag about eight. By this time a great many boats had put off, some manned by loafers, several belonging to washerwomen (these last, with many compliments on my improved personal appearance, recognized and claimed me as a regular customer during former visits to the island), and others laden with oranges, bananas, and small peaches.

Soon after breakfast the English consul came on board to know if he could be of any use; and in the course of the day an officer from an American war ship in the harbour came to know if he could render any assistance. The same day our Captain, as the new arrival, calls to thank for the attention, and this call is returned by the Captain of the foreigner in person.

Should there be any directions to be given as to anchorage, the harbour-master comes on board before coming to an anchor.

At breakfast I made my first acquaintance with bananas; the natives are very proud of them and say they were the forbidden fruit of Eden. If so English garden fruits have been much improved by cultivation, as a good pear is very superior.

My diary tells me that the streets of Madeira are very narrow and steep, but well paved; there are no wheeled vehicles to be seen, but the carriages go on large timbers like the runners of a sledge.

All the houses are plastered, and rings, &c. laid on in bright paint; the windows are very frequently unglazed. The outside of all theatres seen by day seem to have a family likeness to an unoccupied house, and Funchal strongly reminded me of this. It is the more surprising as the place is kept up by English visitors; the very blackguards speak a kind of English; a confectioner paints that word as well as the Portugese equivalent on the outside of his shop; the publican announces in both Portugese and English that his is a "grog shop"; and yet I do not remember seeing one English word mis-spelt.

There are three places to see in Funchal: the cathedral and Protestant and Roman Catholic burial grounds.

The cathedral is built of a coarse black stone, and would be venerable had not the authorities seen fit to give the tower a thick coat of whitewash, and to top its heavy square form with an absurd pagoda kind of steeple covered with a chequer work of blue and white tiles. They have however left the west door intact, which has some fine carving upon it, and there was one wheel window in the transept with good tracery.

Smaller than any English cathedral I have seen, it is more lofty. There is a plain oak roof blackened with age; the windows are four in number (one at each cardinal point) glazed with unstained glass. Their places on each side of the nave are occupied by three niches each filled with a tawdry gilt image the size of life.

As it was a festival the chancel was laid with a turkey carpet, and the altar decorated with flowers and tinsel. We landed at the base of a steep hill; on the opposite side lies the Roman Catholic cemetery, below lies the town. The cemetery is of considerable size: near many of the graves we saw fresh bouquets or wreaths of flowers or else flowers loosely scattered on the stone. On one grave the wreath was made of expensive artificial flowers: injured indeed by exposure to the weather, but untouched out of respect to the purpose they were applied to. On the better class of tombs were placed small glazed cases containing artificial flowers, small candlesticks, &c., and in one a photograph, apparently of the deceased: but it is the luxuriant growth of flowers, planted round nearly every grave, that makes the place worth a visit. The heliotrope is almost a weed in its luxuriance and frequency; but roses, jasmine, and myrtle flourish with an abundance that can hardly be surpassed. There are but few ugly, heavy tombstones, nevertheless the place reminded me painfully of our overcrowded, neglected cemeteries. The very unrestrained luxuriance of the flowers added to the effect, contrasting with the care and order that ought to reign: but with all this luxuriance the earth is bare and parched, as there is nothing to take the place of the smooth carpet of English turf which will not grow.

Most people visit the Protestant burial ground in remembrance of the many English people laid there; it is so crowded with tombs and tablets as to prevent the growth of flowers. There is a beautiful entrance through a piece of ground, half garden, half shrubbery, with beds crowded to excess with flowers and flowering shrubs.

Among the many new flowers I was particularly struck by a variety of the myrtle; the pair of leaves enclosing each blossom are of the usual size but more delicate and of a pale mauve colour.

Enjoying a splendid climate of most splendid summer weather, the poorer classes struck me as much the laziest people I had ever seen; our English idlers at the street corners always profess to be on the look out for a "job," and deplore their enforced idleness; but here not a soul makes even this shallow pretence.

A mob of a dozen followed us about all day; if we entered a shop so did they, mixing in the conversation with the proprietor and giving free counsel and advice; if we paid them no attention they lit cigarettes and smoked, if we wanted them they put the cigarette in their caps, cleared their throats, and were at our service in a moment.

But they bully and extort where they have a chance and are shameless cheats: almost the last incident I remember at Madeira is running down in a great hurry lest I should miss the boat, my flight impeded by a ragged native who followed hard after and besought me earnestly to purchase a spectacle-case, paper-cutter, and card-case for the same sum that I had offered for the card-case alone only the day before, when my offer had been refused with every appearance of disdain.

We made several explorations into the country and found the vegetation wonderfully luxuriant; the peaches hanging over the road so that we could pluck them as we walked along. I invested sixpence in the purchase of a pint of the best island wine, but found it undrinkably sour; it is hardly necessary to say that in consequence of the wine disease most of the vineyards were turne
however that the cultivation of the vine is being resumed.

The nuns make the most enchanting wreaths of white flowers from feathers, as well as lace and crochet work; from the woods of the island a rough imitation of Tunbridge ware is made.

We left Madeira after three days, and crossed the line July 26th. I am happy to say the day passed off without any of the riot that so often takes place.

My first sight of a foreign port was my first disappointment; my second was the heat on the line. I had anticipated something much more powerful, but experienced no difficulty in carrying on my usual duties, nor did I suffer from headache, &c. after exposure to the sun. We were,

it is true, always bathed in perspiration, and it was difficult for any considerable time to remain awake if you sat reading or writing. I could find no one to explain why perspiration exuded much more copiously when sleeping than waking, though this was undoubtedly the case.

The temperature, which reached 89° on the lower deck, altered very slightly as long as we were within the tropics, no matter how near we might come to the line.

We were driven so far to the west that on August 3rd the Captain determined to bear up for Rio: we were then in 18° South and 37° West; few fish had been seen, but now porpoises and flying fish appeared in abundance; the same day several sharks were seen and one was caught. Shark's flesh is very coarse, nevertheless as it was fresh meat the sailors were wonderfully eager after it. As soon as the fish was laid upon the quarter deck, the men closed in on all sides and worked away with their long knives like mad fellows; though close to the fish I could not get a glimpse of it for about a minute, and when at the end of that time the mob opened, nothing remained of a ten foot shark but a heap of entrails; the whole of the body had been hacked to pieces and carried away by the different messes. His stomach contained nothing but a cuttle fish and sea hedgehog. One of the suckers usually attached to a shark was still clinging to him when brought on deck.

August 8th. The light on Cape Frio in sight: it is one of the most elevated in the world and can be seen thirty miles off. Next morning we were within four miles of the coast; the hills were many and irregular—green, but bare of trees. We were so fortunate as to see on one side of us a thrasher and whale fighting; every now and again we could see the thrasher spring out of the water to the attack, and the whale lash the water into foam as he struck at the enemy. The whale seemed to be faring badly, but we lost sight of the combatants before the battle was finished.

About half-past eleven we steamed into the harbour between the two forts at the entrance (fort Santa Cruz on the east, and a fort on the sugar loaf rock on the west), and anchored at midday just opposite the town.

Rio is built on the west side of one of the finest harbours in the world (seventeen miles in length, eleven in extreme width) and about two or three miles from the entrance; on the opposite side of the harbour stands the suburb of Braganza. As you enter, the sugar loaf hill is on your left,

and a very high mountain called the Corcovada or hollow back (from the shape of its summit) nearly faces you. The harbour is surrounded by hills: the town is built on a level space between two of them with a comparatively narrow front towards the harbour. The town is at present undrained: the principal streets are well lit by gas, and a magnificent aqueduct supplies the city with water.

As an English squadron has its head quarters here an Englishman can make himself understood in most respectable shops. There is plenty of life and bustle in the main streets, but in them only. The fronts of the inferior houses are plastered with a salmon coloured wash, the blank spaces between the windows, &c. are relieved by lines of blue, green, or any staring colour. The paint once put on seems never to be renewed: in process of time the colours fade, the plaster begins to crack and a few patches fall off; the open door reveals an interior, bare, dirty, faded, and slovenly to correspond, and the whole has an appearance of age, ruin, and decay, that makes it simply a misnomer to call this a new world—at any rate it is a new world rapidly sinking into the decrepitude of old age.

Rio possesses good public gardens running down to the water's edge, along which a terrace is built; the flowers and trees are on a grander and more luxuriant scale than our English favourites, and yet, in spite of their luxuriance and wonderfully bright colours, bearing a resemblance to some of our modest favourites in England.

Part of this garden was laid out as a lawn, though the grass was rather coarse. The town is indebted to the Emperor for these gardens: he hoped that his subjects might be induced to mix more freely together. The project was such an innovation upon Brazilian prejudices, that when the visitors first saw the counter for sale of refreshments, and the tables, seats, &c. set out in the open air, they were amused at the absurdity of supposing that respectable people would ever be persuaded to eat in public.

The churches fell much below my expectations: they are all built on the same model: at the end facing the street are two towers capped with cupolas, the windows are close to the roof and filled with unstained glass so that the 'dim religious light' is entirely absent, the ceiling flat and the white walls relieved by gold mouldings. There was nothing venerable or ecclesiastical about them. Excellent as concert rooms they failed as churches. We were rather

shocked by seeing them used as polling booths for an election even on Sunday.

Along the opposite shores of the harbour the modern suburb of Braganza is built: here you see the influence of new ideas, the streets are broad and macadamized; whilst the houses are no more painted, but rows of glazed tiles or some more enduring decoration is used to ornament the blank spaces of the fronts. Here is a botanical garden and a sanatorium to which convalescents are sent from the Rio hospital.

There are not many ways of spending money at Rio in purchasing curiosities, presents, &c.; humming-birds prepared for stuffing, feather flowers dyed not pure white as in Madeira, and the body of a dark green beetle used for studs, pins, &c. make up the list, unless you add cigars and guava jelly. The shop windows are full of brooches and other jewellery, but they are all imported from France.

The tropical fruit is rather disappointing; it has externally a coarse, uninviting appearance, and internally a large stone or cluster of bitter seeds or some such hinderance to enjoyment; the edible matter lies around the stone in the form of a pulp, and it must be confessed that this atones for many defects.

We arrived there in the coldest part of the year; the temperature during midday never changes, the evenings however are sensibly chilly.

There were representatives of five navies in Rio harbour, viz. English, French, Portugese, Brazilian, and Dutch.

We left Rio August 15th, and made the run to Simon's Bay in a little over twenty days—an unusually short time for an armed vessel. Sea fowl now began to keep us company, the most numerous being a small bird larger than a pigeon but with the same plumage, called in consequence the Cape pigeon; there was also a dark brown bird the size of a hawk, and generally a pair of albatrosses. The plumage of these birds does not become white until they begin to grow old, and I may remark in passing that the word albatross has nothing to do with white, but is derived from the Spanish word for a sea fowl.

It was to me a never ending subject of speculation where these birds rested, and for what purpose they existed; they joined us about twenty minutes from land, and yet when we had weeks without sighting land nearly the same number surrounded us. Never making long flights, nor those with great rapidity, it seems almost impossible that they could

frequently resort to the shore, and yet never did they offer to come on board except when the waves were so violent and broken that they cannot sleep as they float.

We passed to the south of the Cape, September 6th, it is here a long rocky promontory coming down to a point: at seven we anchored in Simon's Bay. A lottery had been got up, the prize to be given to the man who should draw the hour on which we should anchor. A midshipman drew the lucky number, but with true naval recklessness he had sold his ticket for a fifth of its value. Simon's Bay is a tolerably sheltered inlet in False Bay, and affords the safest anchorage to be found near the Cape: yet when the wind blew from the sea the waves were washed into the windows of the cabins. Here is the government dockyard establishment: there was a church once, but recent economists have retrenched the chaplain and converted the church into a store. We stayed here six unpleasant days.

Simon's Town lies at the base of a ridge of rocky hills that end in the Cape of Good Hope. I made some excursions among them and would have been richly rewarded had I been a botanist. The soil is thin and meagre, yet this unpromising field seems to produce abundantly; geraniums were almost the common wild flowers; arums (colonially known as "pig lilies") grew by the side of the watercourses; but the sandy soil seemed to suit heaths exactly, and many pretty varieties flourished luxuriantly.

Cape Town is about thirty miles distant, it has a fine site and a very exposed anchorage. The dust is a perpetual plague. The town has a fine library building and a good collection of books. The booksellers were full of the Colenso controversy; judging by the display, orthodoxy seemed in great demand.

We proceeded on our course under steam on the 12th until we reached 36° south. This is not so far south as merchant vessels usually go, but it secures more moderate weather.

Coal was getting rather low before we reached Sydney, so our course was shaped for Melbourne, and we anchored off Sandridge (the Queenstown of Melbourne) at twelve on October 15th. At daylight we passed the heads and had since been steaming across Port Philip. We landed as soon as we could: passing on our way a number of splendid clipper ships ranged along the two piers. The railway carried us to Melbourne in about ten minutes.

A glance at Melbourne shows that the town was built

by people who had determined to have a regularly built city come what may. Having plenty of time to make preparations for the coming population they had laid out the streets, &c. with great regularity; the city is built on a gentle slope, with streets intersecting at right angles. A stream of water running down each side of the street gives abundance of water for cleaning pavements, laying dust, &c. The two principal streets, George and Burke Street, have a macadamized road nearly as broad as Regent Street, but the pavement is narrower and sometimes raised several feet above the street. The greatest attention has been paid to regularity, so that the streets are from end to end as straight as possible—not even a bulging shop breaking the line. The houses are not quite worthy of the streets, few are more than two stories high and several are built of wood. Many of the shopkeepers have thrown a light verandah of wood over the street in their front: although the houses look mean the shops are very good—there is, it is true, a rawness as I might say about them; for instance, you may see the bare rafters and slates that cover the back part of the shop and sometimes the naked plaster of the side walls, but the essential parts are always good; the shop windows are light and large, though plate glass is more the exception than the rule; they never seem inclined to hide the light of their goods under a bushel of dust, but everything is spic and span in good style and well arranged. We were struck by the numerous butchers' shops all full of meat. I have said that the shops are good though the houses are mean: this is explained by a visit to the suburbs, where, after leaving the town proper, you drive for miles past allotments of ground, some with a frontage of no more than thirty or fifty feet, but each containing its little one-storied or two-storied house with a balcony round it, almost hid in a perfect forest of flowers and creepers: each with a well-to-do appearance about it, even when no larger than an English labourer's cottage. The fact is, that land can be acquired so easily that the country-house becomes a necessary rather than a luxury. All that is considered in a place of business is that the *shop* is a good one. To us fresh from Rio and the Cape the town seemed intensely English—the women particularly so. The men are bearded as the rule and whiskered as the exception. Even the better class of people put up with very bad hats or mambrinos of all shapes and sizes. But with first impressions corrected by Sydney and Auckland, I see Melbourne has a strong infusion of

Yankeeism, as witness the beards and strange head gear and the state of things generally. This is not to be wondered at, as Melbourne is largely indebted for its present prosperity to the go-a-headism of a few enterprizing Yankees. Thus, in the hotel we dined at, a room on the first floor, well decorated, papered, and lighted, fitted with lounges, sofas, &c., and used as a general lounge, was substituted for the stuff
hotels as a "commodious and well ventilated smoking-room." Again, the American institution of the drinking bar is thoroughly rooted in Melbourne; thus in our hotel was (1) the bar proper with clerk, &c.; (2) bar in smoking-room with dashing damsel as bar-maid; (3) bar in dining-room with ministering waiter.

We visited the Treasury buildings almost finished, the Houses of Parliament unfinished, the Post Office unfinished, the Roman Catholic Cathedral unfinished.

Melbourne is a city of unfinished public buildings. When gold was first found Melbourne found itself a Crœsus among cities; as a consequence they were all in a hurry to make the town worthy of its destiny. Before they had half done this, competition (for the competition is now almost as great in Melbourne as in London), or a fit of economy had made money less plentiful, and the city was obliged to put a stop to the buildings in progress.

The Roman Catholic cathedral is a fine gothic building; the aisles divided from the nave by two rows of seven pillars, apparently Purbeck marble; each pillar had an inscription stating by whose contributions it had been erected: the Sunday School children and the Roman Catholic members of the constabulary had each contributed a column. I am sorry to say they have for the present rested from their labours, and contented themselves with using a shingle lean-to built against the wall of the cathedral as a church.

My account of Melbourne would be incomplete if closed without some mention of the universal kindness shown us by clubs, newspaper editors, railway directors, and everybody.

We entered Port Jackson at daylight on the 21st, and were anchored by half-past eight. Port Jackson is as pleasant as Port Philip is dreary, indented in every direction by bays of every size; round the shores of one of these Sydney was first built; but it has expanded in every direction, and presents no marked contrast to an English town of the same size, if I except the presence of a sprinkling of Chinese.

The great aim of the colonists is to be English, to read English books, wear English goods and English dress, and to marry English husbands or wives.

I was much struck with this in the course of a conversation with some labourers employed on the harbour. One confessed that he loved grog too much, &c., but laid all the blame upon the loss of the wife he had brought from England; we suggested that the loss could be easily replaced, but he told us with tremendous bitterness that he had no fancy for an Australian wife.

To keep up their connexion with, but independence of, England is their ambition; the colonial substitute for the English "Here's your good health" suggests this—it is "Friendship and Freedom."

I had some conversation with a sensible bookseller, but the only account he could give me of the kind of reading relished by his customers was that they got all the English books; though he rather perplexed me by excepting Carlyle and De Quincey as "heavy." He set an example to English booksellers in being really ashamed of selling the trash in yellow and green covers that usually crowds the stalls at English railway stations.

The tastes of Sydney correspond to those of England even in the matter of sermons: the popular preachers of Sydney being a quiet, sensible gentleman who preaches at Christ's Church, and a dissenter, a vulgar exaggerator of Spurgeon's wilder and earlier efforts.

Sydney is usually the head quarters of the Australian Station, so that, with this short description of Sydney, this Account of a Voyage to the Australian Station concludes.

ON THE PROSPECT OF ADMITTING WOMEN TO THE UNIVERSITY.

NOT far removed from Granta's ancient towers,
Within the sound of all her chiming hours,
Old Father Cam upraised him from his bed,
(The while he held his nose) and thus he said:

How now, my children, what is this my eye
Beholds scarce hidden in futurity?
A crowd of women break upon my ease
With talk of Arts and babble of Degrees,
And, crying out upon unequal fate,
Demand a portion with the celibate.
What folly this, what worse than idle cry,
What offspring wild of maiden fantasy!
Equal with us the sex has ever stood,
Endued with cap and gown and woman-hood.
What else is sought?—though doubtless there might be
Something appropriate in a Poll degree,
And, to be candid, precedent might show
A Grace t' have passed the Senate long ago.
But, by my faith, such privilege as this
No more will satisfy our modern Miss,
Who, spite of grammar, will no more surrender
The masculine to be the worthier gender,
Scoffs at *sex viri* as the ancient rule,
And claims an equal place in Hall and School.

A well-loved son who, ere while, culled my reeds,
Before my heart was choked with sluggish weeds,
Has sung in tuneful strain, surpassing rare,
Of sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
If these should seek the Academic grove,
What direful change each cloistered Hall would prove!
Methinks the evil Planets would combine,
When February's days are twenty-nine,

Banns, everywhere, instead of bands, prevail,
While Fellow-ships went foundering in the gale.
But, different far the race my eyes behold,
Who brave our ancient courts with presence bold:
Angelic those, but angular are these,
Acute, obtuse, in various degrees;
Plain, superficial, and skew-surface, all,
Not homogeneous and symmetrical.
See, where they pass with pedant gesture by,
Spinsters of Arts, by far more blue than I!
Mighty at Social Science, great at Laws
That govern Woman's Rights and Woman's Cause.

The vision stirs my mud, as when I feel
The grinding of some hated barge's keel;
Or as if, haply, there should meet my view
A screw propeller in the 'Varsity crew.
The prospect makes my flood to fret its bank,
My reeds to flag, my sedge grow limp and dank.
I see the evil spreading wider still,
Till every maid becomes a Somerville;
And female grace, concealed
Has fall'n a victim to Minerva's owl.
And he, vain man, who should presume t' address
Some spinster clad in rarer comeliness,
Would find in such equality, at best,
A "couple" that can never keep at rest.

See then, my children, that with steady face
Ye guard our precincts from such evil case.
Conservative am I, though, as you see,
The Conservators claim small praise from me,
Who, all uncared for, in my place abide,
And watch with gloomy eyes a thickening tide.

He said; and straightway sank beneath the stream;
And nought remained save Luna's broken gleam.
And—but an odour came across the lea,
And still the dead dogs floated to the sea.

F. H. D.

ITALY.

I WONDER how far people in England are aware of the advantages of their own happy climate, as compared to that of the favoured land of Italy: if they don't know the difference, let them try, and they will soon appreciate the circumstances of their natural position. In Rome, as late even as the beginning of November, the heat of the sun will be found so intense that nothing but stone walls can resist its fury. It rages over St. Peter's, till the whole surface of the Piazza stands out whitened in the blaze. It scorches on the Pincian hill; it smites down the Corso, and searches every nook of the ruins, till there is not a spot of shelter left, except under the shadow of the immense Colosseum. Add to this, that the paved streets reflect an universal glare scarcely less blinding than the sun itself, and it will readily be understood that to walk any distance in the middle of the day would be wholly out of the question. If you attempt to do it, soon you feel your knees shake and totter as though you were going to sink down crushed into the ground under the oppression of the heat. A low fever frequently follows, not a severe one, but enough to keep a person at home for several days.

When December begins, there is a sudden jump from summer to winter. The mornings and evenings are now become extremely cold, the change of temperature on the same day being very great. At noon, perhaps, you are able to sit with the windows open, and in a few hours you are obliged to wrap in furs and great coat; for, by a pleasing fiction, fires, even in winter, are supposed to be unnecessary: and certainly, in many chambers the significant absence of a grate seems to speak to the general prevalence of such a theory. The windows, moreover, being large and loose, and the floors being constructed of stone or marble, augment considerably the bitterness of the cold. The consequence

is that many of the poorer sort among the natives are found to be suffering severely from rheumatic attacks, and occasionally even to be lamed for life. In short, if an Englishman wishes to gain an idea of the temperature to which those patients have been subjected, let him get himself shut up in a cellar or a vault for one winter's evening, and when he falls back fainting with cold, and praying to be taken, if only to Siberia, for a change, let him know that he has reached the Italian climax.

However, spring and warmth return in February, though even then the north and east winds, which are often present with a hot sun, are likely to be injurious. The rains also, as the days lengthen, are frequent and abundant. Wet weather, at this period, has been known to continue for one, two, and even three months at a time, without the intermission of a single fine day. We have cold rain and warm rain, drenching rain and drizzling rain, but always rain.

Now the comparative advantages of the English climate are manifest at once. We suffer an extreme neither of heat nor cold, but enjoy a nice breezy weather which admits of exercise in the open air at any hour of the day, and all the year round. The skies may be changeable, but the rains are neither heavy nor are they cruelly prolonged from week to week. It is true that the air of Rome is so sweet and pure that a morning walk feels not less exhilarating than a plunge in the sea. Yet, on the whole, I should think that as far as climate is concerned, both for the healthy person and the invalid, it would be pleasanter to remain in England. For every other reason, I should recommend an early visit and a prolonged residence in the Eternal City.

There are three routes from France into Italy, one through Savoy, by diligence over Mount Cenis, and thence to Turin and Genoa; another along the coast under the Maritime Alps, by way of Nice, to Genoa. These roads offer great advantages to those who wish to avoid a rough sea passage, but are somewhat complicated for the unpractised traveller. There is a third and a simpler route, the one which I chose, direct by sea from Marseilles. Here I embarked on board the steamer "Vatican," which was bound for the Papal States. The decks were thronged by people all going to Rome, but who represented in their appearance the manners and costume of many and various nations. On one side you might recognise the Doctor in Divinity, and the young scholar fresh from Oxford, on the other, the theological student or the Priest of the Catholic

Church: here a troop of French soldiers, there a knot of monks and friars, whose only dress appeared to be the long serge gown, the belt of rope, and wooden sandals: close by, a group of young converts going out to be educated in a Roman College: poor young fellows, they did not seem to speak a word of "the language," and were probably separated for ever from their own homes: I pitied them when I saw their fresh English faces under the broad shovel hat, and wished them another fate; but, to the best of their belief, they had devoted all their soul and strength to the service of their God, and who can promise to do better?

My travelling companion, with whom I had made acquaintance at the hotel, was a dignitary of the Catholic Church, fresh from an interview with Cardinal Wiseman, and about to offer himself in a still more august presence. Among other things he told me that the Cardinal could preach with eloquence in five languages, but that, for depth of classical erudition, Dr. Newman was probably the best scholar in the Church of Rome, which I thought no slight compliment to an English University.

We were bound for Civita Vecchia, the chief seaport in the Papal territory, and the voyage was expected to occupy something less than thirty-six hours. We were soon in the Gulf of Lyons, the passage of which is generally rather rough, as it certainly proved on the present occasion. The waves seemed to be rolling every way at once, and made the vessel writhe and wriggle in such a manner that you must have feared she would break to pieces, if indeed your attention was not already fully occupied by your own physical suffering. The sickness was general and severe, especially among the party of French soldiers: I watched them sitting on the deck, rocking to and fro in agony. As the outward signs of the torment increased, and as the "vin d'ordinaire" came streaming from their martial lips, it struck me that if any country at any time dreaded their invasion, an insular position would be in more ways than one a most effectual guarantee for its security.

However during the latter part of the voyage the waters grew calm, and for a whole day there was not a speck of a cloud in the sky. Though it was now November the weather was warm as an English June, and when the night closed in, the cabin was so hot that I was glad to be able to return on deck. The sky was beautiful and the stars were shining: I found the soldiers fast asleep, their tortures at an end, and not a sound or a stir among them. They

lay in groups under their great coats, each with a handkerchief tied over his face, and his arm thrown round his neighbour's neck. There was something awful in the sight: yon was Corsica, and there was Elba—and here they were, poor young fellows, looking as if they were lying dead on the field of battle. And many a time in the dreadful Russian campaign and the terrible Crimean winter, their compatriots must have rested thus, dead in each other's arms like brothers.

Certainly we were approaching a land of heroes, for yonder, if you could only faintly see it, was the coast of Italy. I sat down all alone on the fore-castle and looked about. Nothing was there but one immense blue sky, one rolling, glimmering sea, and for me there was not an earthly object in all space besides, except a plank to lie on. The scene was my own to make what I pleased of it; so I recalled many legends, and felt at last like Europa floating away on the shoulders of the metamorphosed Zeus.

> Nocte sublustri nihil astra præter
> Vidit et undas.

And there was no sound of human life to break the illusion.

When the day dawned we had reached our destination: the classical land actually and indeed was there—no shadowy outline, no fleeting dream, but broad and clear, the fields of Italy, sloping up against a sky of perfect light.

On arriving within the harbour of Civita Vecchia we were received by a crowd of small boats which flew out to meet us, in order to convey the passengers ashore, for in none of the Italian ports do the steamers come close along side the pier. Then followed the hubbub of many voices—all along the sea, from ship to shore, a scream of French and Italian, broken occasionally by shouts of English. We were quickly boarded by officers of the army, officers of the Custom-house, officers of the mail, officers of health, and officers of the police, by whom the names of the passengers, translated into Italian, were called over on the poop, and to each separately a "permission" was assigned, which, examined by one functionary and approved by another, gave its owner a right to leave the steamer. Then the luggage was seized and swung over the side, and load by load, transported to the beach. Here you are met by a person calling himself "the commissioner," who intercepts the baggage, and without allowing a question as to the how or the why, hurries you about among a variety of offices,

where a variety of fees are paid, and your passport, which has been withdrawn at Marseilles, by some mysterious agency is now restored. You are conveyed in a fly from the wharf to the railway, followed by "the commissioner," who will subsequently claim an ample remuneration for his service. At the station your luggage is opened, and your select library inspected, though such examination appeared very superficial in its character; probably because the volumes were few in number. It is said that a large box of books has many and grave obstacles to surmount in its passage through the Custom House, no other object being viewed by the authorities with so jealous an eye. The reason probably is that the first step to knowledge is also the first step to the destruction of the sacerdotal dominion. And that we were within the range of that dominion many signs declared. I had already seen the cross fixed high on the wayside hillock, and noticed the same token often hanging from the peasant's neck. I had heard the cry of the beggars who appealed for alms in the Virgin's name, and now I was listening to the solitary murmurs of the monks and friars, who, telling their beads and pattering their prayers, sat in the waiting-room till the train should be ready. The carriages after a long delay received their various passengers, and at last were started, being dismissed by the sound of a trumpet.

The journey of forty-five miles, which took nearly three hours to perform, lay through an open desolate country with little sign of human habitation: the train stopped once or twice, and then not again till we reached a river which at length must be the Tiber, rolled over a bridge and caught the first glimpse of Imperial Rome.

There is another tedious delay at the central station, as it is called, while the officials are organising the passengers and dispensing the luggage. But at last we did get free and found a long line of vehicles waiting to receive us: 'Ecco Signor! Ecco Signor!' was the cry of the drivers. Sometimes one more cosmopolitan than his brethren addressed the stranger confidentially as 'Monsieur.' I went into an omnibus where a number of people had assembled; we started with a crack of the whip as loud as a pistol shot, rattled down the Quirinal, and soon found ourselves in the heart of the modern town.

Rome, it is said, possesses a power of fascination which it would be difficult to describe, and which is the more remarkable because at first you view with disappointment

those narrow crooked streets, those lines of dingy shops, and those heaps of lanes and alleys which make up what is called the modern town. You don't like it, you leave it, but you quickly return again, drawn by an irresistible attraction which grows on the heart and captivates the imagination, till at last the very stones in the street are regarded with personal affection. I knew of a lady, eminent as a sculptor, who said that if she were to be made to leave her favourite city, heaven itself would be no adequate compensation for the loss. What this fascination consists in, a longer acquaintance may enable us to discover.

PSYCHE.

Part II.

So when the news was spread throughout the town
Great lamentation made the citizens:
As partly for their king, (beloved of all,)
So mostly wept they for the maid herself:—
For for her own sweet sake they loved her all,
And her great beauty marvellously wrought
Upon them; each and all were prest for her
To battle to the death; reward forsooth
Enough and more they deemed it if she smiled
Her own sweet smile of thanks and gratitude.
Yet none durst lift a hand to rescue her,
Lest haply 'gainst the god himself to war
They might be found. And none might die for her.
But while all others sorrowed for the maid,
She only tearless heard her fate unmoved;
And when her sire and mother came, she said,—
"Weep not for me, I weep not for myself;
For it is better thus to die, than live
Unwedded, childless, all alone in life.
For when, sweet parents, you are laid in death,
Within the chambers of the silent tomb,
Who is there left to care for me your child?
Yet O my mother for thee, for thee my father,
For you I could weep.
Let me weep farewell
Upon thy bosom, mother, there where oft
My weary aching head hath found repose,
And look up in thy face, and meet the smile
Which oftentimes when I in weakness lay
A little babe upon thy breast, hath soothed
My little troubles, and with lullabies
Thou calledst down upon my infant soul
The restful feeling of security;
Of all the heavenly forms of god-born love
No fairer can be found in mortal mind
Than that of mother to the child she bare."

So when the fated day was come at last
They decked her in a robe of blackest samite;
And as they wound in solemn pomp around
The mountain, to the beetling crag above,
And chanted nuptial hymns, sore sad at heart,
She only tearless walked of that vast crowd.
And when they reached the highest point, from whence
She might behold, when rosy morning came,
(If so she passed the dreadful night unharmed)
The first and faintest glory of the sun
Rising where heaven and furthest ocean met,
They left her: and her sire and sisters came
And cast their arms about her, saying to her
"Farewell, sweet sister," and "sweet child, farewell."

And darkest night wrapt all things, nought was heard
Save the dull moaning of the restless sea;
And on her weary eyelids sweet sleep fell.
And lo! the gentle Zephyr raised her form
And bare her where no foot of man hath trod.

As when one from th' unconscious swoon-blank wakes,
And in amazement, half affrighted, asks
Where is he? seeing strangers round his couch:
Then slowly all the past comes back to him,
Rememb'ring nothing since the sudden sweep
Of that fell arm flashed o'er his head, next seen
With downward sweep; then all is 'wilderment:
And with an undefined and grateful sense
Of comfort, safety, and a kindly care,
Turns smiling silent thanks, too weak to speak,
And loses care in slumber, infant-like:—
So Psyche starting from her sleep awoke,
And scarce believed herself to be herself,
The same which stood upon the mountain crag
On that dread night, now past—O grateful thought!—
But thought she saw a vision of the night;
And with a little scream of strange delight,
Not all unmixed with fear, arose; and first
She thought that death had taken her that night,
And, while her body lay upon the rock,
Her spirit had awoke into that life,
Which lies mysterious beyond the tomb:
And then between full waking and deep sleep,
In sweet enjoyment of she knew not what,
She lay, not over-careful to disturb the dream,
If such it were, yet longed to find it true.
And lo! strange voices with due reverence
Desired acquaintance of her sovereign will;

And hands, wrist-plunged in ether, bodiless,
Brought broidered raiment and ambrosial foods.
Uprose she then, and left her dainty couch
And passed beyond throughout far-stretching halls,
Long sweep of corridors and galleries,
And rich-wrought cloisters, where huge-shafted pillars
Stretched over-arching arms towards the roof
Which dazzled with its subtle interlacings
Of colours, fretted carvings, and bright gems,
Where bright cerulean, like the fathomless deep
Of heaven's own blue, glittered with starlight studs.
And all the curious work of the mystic floor
Of chrysolith and sapphire interwrought,
Shone with the ceaseless twinkling of the gems;
As when the smooth spread surface of the sea,
When in mid heaven the glowing sun doth shine,
Sparkles with shifting glister of the waves;
And every upward-climbing pillar seemed
To shoot deep-rooted stems beneath the pavement,
And under-arch it with inverted roof.
And never-ceasing interchange of sounds
Melodious, floated through the golden halls
And echoing réfrains eddied round and round,
And burst against the roof, and ere they died,
A richer, sweeter melody o'ertook them—
(As wave upon the ocean follows wave)—
And every last pleased more than that before.
Nor did the ceaseless plash of tumbling fountains
Discordant break upon th' enchanted ear:
And all seemed working to delight the maid,
And every wish her thoughts framed unexpressed
Of novelty, that novelty succeeding
Surpassed th' extravagancy of her wish.
And then beyond the portals passed she free,
And wandered wheresoe'er her fancy listed,
Thro' verdant lawns where tangled rivulets
Threading the silver mazes of their course
With murmuring interception crossed and left,
And golden fishes flashed beneath the wave.

* * *

There in those blessed regions night and day
No interchange and no succession know;
But all day long the sun shines unsubdued,
And in the hours when sleep wraps earthly men
In grateful slumber, still the celestial day
Shines on and knows no intermission.
Yet Psyche (for her nature was unchanged)
When came the hour, when Phœbus bathes his steeds

Beneath the glowing waters of the ocean,
Which men call even, and desist from toil,
Full weary with the never-ceasing change
And grateful variableness of heavenly wonders
Re-sought the chamber where she lay before.
And alien darkness wrapt its mantle round,
And while she slumbered in a fitful sleep,
Suddenly, but with all tenderness, she felt
The gentle girding of the arms of love,
And knew her spouse was with her; softest words,
Which far surpassed the melody of the lyre
And tuneful dulcimer and tabret shrill,
Harmonious breathed around; the sweet impress
Of kisses calmed her fears; no fear, I ween,
Knew she whilst in His arms she lay secure.

* * *

Alas! how all unwise are we: how little we
Do know our fortunes, when to rest content,
When to keep down the wilfulness of pride,
And dare to walk blindfold, by faith, not sight,
And with unquestioning obedience leave
In full content, the rest to highest God.

* * *

At last, it chanced that in a luckless hour,
When they two lay within each other's arms,
And he slept (smiling in sweet dreams of love)
She gently put aside his circling arm,
And rising stealthily, in fear to wake him,
Drew back the cover of the couch, and slipt,
With held breath, often stopping lest he rouse,
Quietly from his side; he in his sleep
Turning, threw back the coverlet from him.
His head lay resting on one arm, round which
His sunny locks in gay disorder curled,
And creeping low adown kissed tremblingly
The soft voluptuous ivory of his neck;
The dark long lashes of his violet eyes
Scarce touched the blossom of his dimpled cheek:
The kiss-crease seemed to ruffle still his lips,
The which between his pearly teeth half-gleamed,—
(As in a maiden's garland lilies white
Lie half-hid by the ruby of the rose,)—
The limpid length of his outstretchèd limbs,
Streaked with the purple courses of his veins,
Which lost themselves in snowy white engulphed,
Lay gently heaving with each long-drawn breath,
O'er-covered by his stole of gossamer,
Which floated lightly round him as he lay.

A golden quiver, and the slackened bend
Of an unstringed bow lay by his side.
She drew
Stealthily closer still; one hand upheld
The flick'ring lamp, the other grasped the sword,
And half kept off the full flare of the light.
She in amazement, breathless, all in awe,
Stood open mouthed, with breath held, voiceless, still,
For fifty quickened pulses of her blood.
For where she thought to find a monstrous beast
There in its stead lay Eros, god of Love.
Then bending over him, she stood entranced,
And gently stooping, drew with dainty touch
A feathered arrow from the golden quiver.
As when a warrior's wife, takes up his sword,
And tugging, scarcely pulls it from the sheath,
And hardly brandishing it above her head,
Makes mimic cuts and frowns with martial air;
Then laughing at her lack of strength, she smiles
At him who wields it easily, her spouse,
Rejoicing in his prowess and his strength:
So Psyche scarce could draw the bow-string tight
Half to her elbow; then with finger-tip
She tried the sharpness of a pointed dart,
Which slightly pricking, broke her tender skin,
And a rosy bead of her sweet blood leapt forth;
When straightway through the courses of her viens,
She felt a thrill of ecstacy and love,
As then the genial venom of the dart
Ebbed round her heart. She stood, with lamp in hand,
Drinking delightful draughts of wondrous love:
And all her heart went out in passion deep
To him who lay there beautiful and grand.
Then stooping longing to drink in his love
In one full passion-kiss from his sweet lips,
She, heedless of all else but this, let fall
A heated drop of oil from out the lamp,
Which touching his bare foot stung sharp with heat.
Forthwith with one shrill scream of pain he started,
And spread his tinted wings, in act to fly;
But hovering half-way ere he left her straight,
Said with a voice remorseful, while she stretched
Her arms in supplication, all in tears,
"For all my care, my love, dost doubt me still?
Go then, ungrateful girl!
Yet how shall I
Say farewell to thee, take last leave of thee,
Whom more than all I loved, ay, love thee still.

How could I else. Perchance and so thou love me
When I have gone, and learn to trust me more,
We two may meet again, and own our love,
Before the face of gods and mortal men.
Farewell! think not I can forgetful be
So thou prove loving, unforgetful, true."
He spake, and spreading wide his pinions light
Left her, in gloom and sadness, all alone.

* * *

And as she meekly walked with head bowed low,
Her arms across her gentle bosom folded,
A blaze of glory burst athwart her path,
And wrapt her in a dazzling mist of light.
The Hours, obedient to the will of Zeus,
Drew back the pearly gates of heaven wide,
And heaven's actual glory met her view,
And all th' immortal host came forth to greet her,
And foremost her dear lord; she stretching out
Her arms, sprang forth, and felt him hers again,
And placed beneath her heart her hand in his:
And they were one again.
And last, before I woke,
Methought I saw them standing locked together,
Each in the other's arms, in close embrace,
Drinking sweet love in one eternal kiss.

Here ceased the bard; and looked around on all;
And while the warriors pshawed, and said, that's nought,—
The girls and matrons blushed and smiled well pleased.

Σ.

"QUID FEMINA POSSIT."

THERE are few perhaps of the readers of *The Eagle* who have not already observed a notice of a memorial to the Senate, praying that the Cambridge Middle Class Examinations may be thrown open to all without distinction as to sex.* This may furnish a fair occasion for a few remarks, not so much upon the present petition, in favour of which much may undoubtedly be said, as upon the history and character of the movement, of which it presents one phase. The supporters of this agitation, though continually varying the direction of their exertions, frankly confess that their ultimate object is to break down completely and for ever every legal and social distinction between the sexes. Of course there have seldom been wanting isolated instances of women like Mary Woolstonecroft, to protest vigorously and even passionately against the injustice with which their sex was treated, but such have been generally looked upon as visionary enthusiasts, and their notions scouted as wild vagaries. Ridicule was long deemed the only method of dealing with ideas so opposed to the feeling of centuries. But the question has recently assumed a very different aspect. It is no longer in the hands of wild declaimers. Ladies of keen and cultivated intellect, urge the claims of their sex in forcible and eloquent, yet moderate language; and one of the acknowledged leaders of the higher thought of the age, a thinker whose influence with one important school is all but omnipotent, has lent the cause the support of his vast and varied powers. However much we may disapprove of the measures proposed, we cannot now refuse to give them a fair and careful consideration. We may deem Mr. John Stuart Mill to be utterly in error, but we cannot meet his arguments with a laugh, or his opinions with

* Now so far approved that a Syndicate has been appointed (November 24th) to consider the question.

a sneer as new-fangled and visionary. And yet the magnitude and importance of the questions raised prevent them from being fairly discussed in the little space at my disposal. I must therefore be content if I can briefly state the present position of the questions, and offer a few suggestions with regard to it.

More than fifteen years ago, schemes for the intellectual elevation of women were already afloat; and our laureate with that deep sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of the time which has made him as completely the poetical representative of our own days, as Byron of the earlier part of the century, Pope of the beginning of the 18th, and Milton of the noble days of the commonwealth, gave them at once a form, and (from his point of view) a refutation in his exquisite medley of the Princess. The year after the appearance of this poem, the first public demonstration of the movement (as far as I have been able to learn) took place. A convention of women was held in Ohio, and among the foremost of its demands was one for the admission of women "to every university, medical, legal, or theological institution." This would have passed without much notice, as a product of that perverse Yankee ingenuity which has originated spirit-rapping, Mormonism, wooden hams and baby shows. But shortly afterwards there appeared an article in the *Westminster Review*,* strongly approving its object and supporting it by a number of forcible and well chosen arguments. This article Mr. Mill republished among his own in 1859, prefixing a panegyric on the author, which from a less sober-minded writer would have passed for the wildest exaggeration. The seed thus sown took root; able and devoted disciples were found in Miss Cobbe, Miss Parkes and Miss Shirreff, who were continually bringing the question before the public; at the Social Science Congress of 1862, among the mass of essays good bad and indifferent there produced, appeared one from the first of these ladies on the subject of University degrees for women, which boldly claimed for them admission to those in every faculty, and supported the claim in a manner, which though earnest, was moderate and temperate. The discussion which followed took on the whole a favourable tone, and at the beginning of last year the leaders of the party judged that the time had arrived to make a trial of their strength; a petition was sent in to the Senate of the University of London, praying that

* July, 1851.

the degrees of that body might be thrown open to both sexes alike, and at the same time a motion was brought before Convocation to the same effect. The latter was rejected by a cosiderable majority, but on the former, after a long and animated debate, the Senate was equally divided; the Chancellor, Earl Granville, gave his casting vote against the proposed admission, but solely on the ground that he would not take upon himself the responsibility of introducing a change of such magnitude. The importance of this discussion will be the better seen when it is remembered that the Senate numbers among its members, men like our own Chancellor, the Bishop of St. David's, Sir E. Ryan, Lord Stanley, Mr. Grote and Mr. Lowe. At the same time the advocates of the admission cannot expect a speedy fulfilment of their wishes in any quarter, after this repulse from a University whieh has never by its bitterest enemies been suspected of too conservative notions, and which for the ordinary degree attaches as much importance to Animal Physiology as to Latin. On another side however, where their claims are yet more opposed to all preconceived ideas, they have met with somewhat more success. After several repulses, one persevering lady has obtained at least partial admission to the medical profession. The claims of the fairer sex to have the bar and the church thrown open to them, are suffered, for the present at least, to remain in abeyance, though there are not wanting enthusiasts who declare that the triumph of liberty and justice will not be achieved, till perfect equality in these respects also has been established. But on this it will hardly be necessary for me to say anything. I presume that there are few who would really wish that in the present crowded state of every profession, there should be more competitors admitted to jostle and scramble in the race for bread; that tender women should be plunged into that strife which strains to its utmost tension every fibre of the muscles and the brain, and carries off daily our bravest and best to an early grave; or that they be brought into a keen competition and rivalry, which would destroy every spark of that chivalrous devotion on which all civilized nations pride themselves. Assuredly one who knows the scenes through which a medical student must necessarily pass would never wish a sister to enter them, or be willing to take to himself as a wife, one who had been their witness. But in their appeal for admission to degrees in arts, there is a much greater show of reason. "We do not ask," they say, "anything which would harm others. We simply plead

"for a recognition of our acquirements, of the same nature "as that by which those of men are formally attested. To "all qualified to obtain it such a recognition would be "desirable; to that large proportion engaged in tuition, "simply invaluable." It certainly seems hard to refuse so moderate a request, and to decide that because of their sex they must be deprived of the power of obtaining a certificate of their attainments. Yet we must keep in mind the functions of a University; one of its objects is undoubtedly to test the knowledge of its students, and to grant diplomas to those who satisfy its requirements; but another hardly less important is to fix the standard of education for the schools of the country to aim at, and so practically to direct the studies of the nation. For instance, were Cambridge and Oxford to give up requiring any verse composition, throughout the country it would be immediately neglected. Similarly by admitting ladies to the ordinary degrees in arts a university would thereby declare its opinion that Latin and Greek, Logic and Mathematics, were the fittest subjects for girls to be trained in. Now if we are not prepared to admit this, but believe that their general introduction into girls' schools would do much harm, we must be content to refuse a possible advantage to the few, on account of the certain mischief it would do to the many. The advocates of admission see this, and try to defend themselves in two ways, starting from opposite premises and succeeding in arriving at the same fallacious conclusions. The authoress of the article mentioned above holds that the mental constitution of woman is originally precisely the same as that of man, the differences in after life arising entirely from early training, and therefore that the highest education given to the one is that best fitted for the other also.* I know not where to find wiser or more beautiful words to answer in than these:

> Let her make herself her own
> To give or keep, to live and learn and be
> All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
> For woman is not undevelopt man.
> But diverse; could we make her as the man
> Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like in difference.†

And so on through that glorious passage which every one

* Mill, *Dissertations and Disenssions*, Vol. II. p. 424 and note.
† Tennyson, *Princess*, p. 172.

has read, and no one who has read, can ever forget. But Miss Cobbe takes the opposite and more plausible ground, which at least does not contradict universal experience. "It is true;" she says: "woman is diverse, and all the training "upon earth cannot make her man. Then encourage her to "cultivate her powers to the highest, offer her every induce-"ment to push her studies to the furthermost bound of "human knowledge, and do not be afraid that her essential "womanliness will suffer any loss. That is her unchangeable "glory and crown." If this be true, it settles the question at once in her favour. But is it according to analogy? Do we say;—"The racer's foal and the cart-horse colt are widely "different; we need not fear that by any training their "distinctive characters will be changed; therefore let us "bring them up in the same manner?" If we do, the racer will have lost his speed, the cart-horse his strength; neither will be fit for his own work, or for any other. As I have already said, the question is far too extensive to exhaust in a single brief essay; with one more consideration I must close, only trusting that I have succeeded in exciting some interest in this subject in those who either have or hope soon to have the right of deciding on it, should it be brought before this university. The Westminster Reviewer frankly recognizes the fact that the proposed changes will have a very strong tendency towards preventing marriage. A woman who has spent much time and money in fitting herself for the exercise of some profession (to which, be it remembered, all this agitation confessedly is tending) will be very loth to leave its excitement and emoluments for the quiet monotonous duties of a mother and a wife.

In this prospect as a thorough Malthusian she greatly rejoices,* and those who share her views will do so likewise. But to those who agree with Mr. Kingsley's noble words upon this theory,† and hold that the highest honours and the truest joys are those that come with the name of mother, this will seem no slight objection. In conclusion let me ask those who are considering this subject to remember that though there is a comic side to it, (which has been referred to in another part of the present number), there is also a very serious one, and that it would have an altogether incalculable effect for good or evil, on the whole of the middle classes of our country.

L. N.

* Mill, l. c., p. 427. † *Miscellanies*, II., p. 310.

BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA.

Our far-off kinsmen o'er the windy sea
Know many tales to tell of horrid war:
Hear one of many, and, it may be, this
Yieldeth to many: hear, and hearing learn
The foulness of the flood of civil war.
A simple story of a simple maid—
Would God it were not true. Thy ways, O Lord,
We know not, and it may be this is best.
A southern youth, and he of gentle blood,
Was wounded, it was feared to death, and straight,
If but to die a peaceful death, removed
To where the sisters tended all the sick.
Let ye, ye maids who sit at home in peace
Learn how your sisters toil across the sea.
Hands whilome guiltless of all sterner toil
Than tracing broidered hues of fantasy
Now tend the haggard warrior, nor refuse
To work each menial work, the sick man's due.
To such a ministrant was he consigned;
And partly from her close observances,
And partly thro' his youth and youthful blood,
And partly that his leech was skilful too,
And He the great Physician scanning all,
Slowly, against all hope, he mastered death.
And she meanwhile, his ministrant, had worked
Such ministrations with her angel-hands,
And when the strong man chafed to keep his bed
So charmed his idlesse with her angel-words,
That, tho' erstwhile he deemed it half a sin,
(So wedded was he to his country's weal)
Drawn from himself he loved, and told his love—
Nor told in vain. His patience in his pains,
His thankful heart for tendance to his wounds,
His chivalry as in the mouths of all,
His fair without, and fairer soul within
Had lit Love's torch and ever fanned the flame.

And so their bridal morn arose. The church
A room in her own father's house. The priest
Had preluded the service of our church,
Nor yet had they the twain become one flesh,
When lo! the iron hand of Death—a shell
Brake thro' the roof and fell among them all.
Sure never yet was bow at venture drawn
So cruelly. It chose the bride alone.
Its ragged iron pierced her breast of snow:
Fast flowed the life-blood stream. Nor think we now
To search her lover's soul. Torn from his side,
Her, deemed his bride but now, Death claimed as his.
Yet is there hope, could she but bear awhile
Until God's messenger had sealed the words
"Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder:"
So would he claim her then when passed beyond.
With scarce-drawn breath she told her willingness.
Laid in her bridal white, her lover's hand
Pressed to her side to stay the deathful flow,
Fairer she seemed than in her fairest day.
Big with their fearful hopes the race began.
But He who stilled the lake Gennesareth,
Who pitied little children, nor forbade
Their soft approach, pitied these children then,
And saved their little bark of hope else lost.
For scarce responsively the sweet "I will"
Brake from her lips, and, Lord, thy will was done,
And thy chief angel bore her soul to thee.
Imparadised in one long long embrace
Lingered her husband, and sent up a prayer
That God would haste their meeting past the grave.

Ω.

OF PUNS.

"That punning is an idle sport,
And of all wit the *lowest* sort,
I grant; for by its station,
'Tis evidently wit's foundation."

"*Punica* se quantis attollet gloria *rebus*."—*Aen.* 4, 49.

SIX years have now passed since *The Eagle* first soared into existence. During all that time, the noble bird has been "sailing with supreme dominion" through the cloudy regions of philosophy, has alighted now and then on the frozen heights of criticism, has hovered round its own Alpine haunts, has basked in the sunshine of poetry, and then launched out into a deep of air peopled by memories of ruined temples and romantic castles, by dreams of Questionists, by hollow ghosts of Holland, and by the Fairies of New Zealand: but in all these wanderings it has not deigned to stoop to those "Quips and Cranks" and Witticisms, which have given a notoriety, if not a reputation, to St. John's. Perhaps it is ashamed of them: I hope not. The origin of this part of our fame, I cannot tell: into its justice I care not to enquire; but however guiltless we may be of the sin (?) of punning, we have certainly provoked it in others; the bridge, which sometimes rejoices in the name of the "Bridge of Sighs," has before now been termed the Isthmus of *Sues;* and when Coleridge was passing over it in company with a friend, he observed that were a Johnian to hang himself upon it, the jury might well bring in a verdict, "Sus per col."

That a passion for punning *does* exist in some of us, is only too palpable to be denied: indeed, how could it be otherwise when our Johnian Premier sanctioned it a few months ago, by answering a well-timed question as to the remuneration of the Explorers of the Nile, with a statement that he

could neither speak for Captain Speke, nor hold out prospects of a grant for Captain Grant.

Whether puns could exist during the infancy of a language may well be doubted. It is a question scarcely worth discussing, but is, I think, decided in the negative by the following considerations. Without entering into misty speculations on the Primary Language, it may be safely asserted, that the ordinary method of formation of an independent language is attended by an agreement that certain conventional sounds should correspond, for all purposes of conversation, with certain material objects. Subsequently sounds would be invented to represent states of being or action, and later still, words would be introduced to express qualities inherent in material objects, and to qualify the meaning of the words used to denote active or passive existence. At this early stage of the language, the material for witticisms would be limited; each noun would be appropriated to a single object, each verb would have but one meaning. In process of time words, in some cases resembling those already in use, would have to be borrowed from other languages; and the meaning of native words would have to be extended to include a great variety of new ideas. It must further be remembered that while a language is in its infancy, men are disposed to regard words as merely convenient substitutes for the objects and actions they wish to express; and that it is left for a more advanced age to abstract itself from the earnest sense of words and to quibble with their empty sounds.

What ages would have to pass before a language could ascribe twenty meanings to a single word. The Saxon monosyllable Box stands unrivalled in this department. Who could utter the word before a professed punster without waking a host of wicked spirits as fatal to peace as the opening of the box of Pandora? Charles Matthews,* in one of his Entertainments, represented the sufferings of a Frenchman, Monsieur Ventriloque, in his attempt to comprehend the idioms of the English language. He orders dinner, it is served in a *box* in the coffee-room. He wishes, after having proved to the custom-house officer that he carries no *smuggles*, to pack all his little trifles in a *sac*, and he is recommended to buy a *box*. Then he goes to the theatre, and is asked if he choose to go to de *box*. He always answers "Oh! yes," that he may not appear to

* *Memoirs of Charles Matthews*, Vol. IV., p. 172.

be ignorant; after a variety of adventures, he arrives in London on *boxing*-day; and determines, in the height of his misery, to leave a country, in which the language is so unintelligible, on the very next morning.

Few puns can rival in antiquity those two which, twenty-eight centuries ago, were perpetrated by Homer* in his description of the twin gates of dream-land, the portals of horn and of ivory. Those who are familiar with the passage will not need its quotation; those who have not seen it will probably consider the very reference to it a piece of pedantry. They are jewels which certainly owe most of their value to the casket that enshrines them: so we may as well pass on to a later instance. Not long before the battle of Marathon the Athenians appealed to Sparta in consequence of the sympathy displayed by Aegina in the interests of Persia; Cleomenes accordingly went to that island to seize the leaders of the movement. One of these thwarted his attempt. Cleomenes asked him his name. He replied, Crius (Mr. Ram). "Aha! Mr. Ram," said the king of Sparta, "it is high time that you got your horns tipped with bronze, for you will have to match yourself against a great danger." Not much of a joke; was it? However Herodotus tells it with his usual gush of good-humoured talkativeness: so perhaps we have no need to grumble over it.

The Greek Tragedians made sad work with the names of their principal characters. By dint of judicious conjuring in etymology, it was possible to extract some meaning from any of these names. Thus Æschylus quibbles with the names of Polynices and Prometheus: and Apollo himself is not spared. But in the hands of Euripides no name was safe: Pentheus comes to sad grief more than once. "Beware," says the blind seer to Cadmus, "lest Pentheus makes your mansion a pent-house of grief."† The names of Atreus, Aphrodite, Dolon, Capaneus, Ion, Helen, and five or six others are all laid under contribution. Helen seems to have been remarkably unfortunate. Æschylus had already denounced her as a "Hell to ships, a Hell to men, and a Hell to cities:"—a breach of gallantry far more unpardonable than the lines in G. Peele's *Edward I.*,

> "Farewell the flower, the gem of beauty's blaze,
> Sweet Ellen, miracle of nature's hand,
> Hell in thy name, but Heaven in thy looks."

* *Od.*, 17, 595.

† Donaldson, *Theatre of the Greeks*, 7th edition, p. 136.

I need not disturb the ghosts of Pindar, Sophocles, or Theocritus, by placing their freaks upon record: their offences are few, and may as well be forgiven and forgotten.

Aristotle, it is well known, treats very seriously of puns, and recommends their use by orators, interspersing his remarks with instances which he evidently thinks are worthy of imitation. Cicero was an arrant punster. No wonder that when he was absent from Rome, all the jokes of the city were fathered upon him, a misfortune which led him to write to his friend Volumnius,* (surnamed the witty), to beg him to defend his reputation. "For my part," he writes, "I fancied that the style of my witticisms was so marked that they could be recognised of themselves. But now that the city contains such an offscouring of creation, that nothing is so coarse but *some one* thinks it refined: make every effort, as you love me,—unless the *double entendre* is sharp, the hyperbole elegant, the pun witty, the bathos humorous, ...make every effort, I say, to maintain and go bail for it that they are not mine." His enemies called him "the consular buffoon,"† a name of which he was probably as little proud as Sidney Smith was of being scorned as "a mere joker of jokes."

Quintilian has some very sensible remarks on puns; indeed he and Longinus appear to have been the only ancient writers who shewed any judgment in discriminating between true and false forms of wit.

The golden age of modern puns must be placed in the reign of James I. The Royal Pedant (and George Buchanan declared that was the best he could make of him) was himself no mean adept in the art; and it is whispered, nay more than whispered, that he made few bishops who had not signalised themselves in that department. The following may serve as specimens of the quaint conceits of the period:

"This dial shows that we must die all; yet notwithstanding, all houses are turned into ale houses, our cares into cates, our paradise into a pair o' dice, matrimony into a matter of money, and marriage into a merry age; our divines have become dry vines: it was not so in the days of Noah,—Ah No!"

"I, King of Kings (*i.e.* fellow of King's) come to King James the I. and VI., nothing wavering."

* Ep. ad Diversos, 7, 32.

† Macrobius, II. 1. 13.

These triumphs of wit were much applauded in those times; the preacher would stop from time to time to receive the grateful recognition of his talents—expressed by loud and repeated hums on the part of the congregation.

Bishop Andrews has often been accused of quibbling, and with some justice too: one of his principal works was entitled "Tortura Torti,"* and the following passage, from a sermon on the Gowrie Conspiracy, further justifies the charge:

"Their anointing may dry up or be wiped off; and so kings be unchristed, —cease to be Christi Domini."

A similar vein of wit displayed itself in the choice of the text taken by the Dean of St. Stephen's when Vienna was relieved by John Sobieski (John i. 6); and the witty Dr. South preached about the same time, before the Company of Merchant Taylors, on Rom. ix. 27. Other instances might be given; but these will suffice if they lead us to prize more highly the eloquence of our heartier age, which deems it

> "Pitiful
> To court a grin when you would woo a soul;
> To break a jest, when pity would inspire
> Pathetic exhortation."

Shakspeare's puns are innumerable. Many doubtless were passed between him and Ben Jonson in the sallies of wit at the Mermaid Tavern. His plays on names are frequent; the most memorable (not to dwell on the instances of Leonatus, *Cymbeline*, v. 5, ad fin., Banquo in *Macbeth*, I. 4, ad fin., and Brutus in *Hamlet*, III. 2) is no doubt in *Richard II.*, Act II., Sc. 1,

> Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.
> .....
> Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that many of the recorded plays on names are attributed to persons in the very depth of sorrow. It was immediately after the "exceeding bitter cry" that Esau exclaimed "Is not he rightly named Jacob:" it was in the agony of self-reproach that Ajax

* Bellarmin had assumed the name of Matthew Tortus in his reply to the "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," written by James I.: the duty of defending the royal author devolved on Lancelot Andrews.

quibbled with his name: and sad indeed was Constance when she caught up the last word of King Philip and answered

> A wicked day and not a *holy day.*
>
> *King John*, Act III., Sc. 1.

Perhaps this is quite natural: the mind when shaken with grief, may fail to grasp the sense of words; but the ear may still be keen enough, perhaps keener than ever, to catch the sound, and the lips more apt, than in joy, to harp upon the memories which that sound awakens.

Even Milton is not faultless; witness the following lines:

> At one slight bound high over-leaped all bound.
>
> *Paradise Lost*, 4, 181.

> Beseeching or besieging.—*Paradise Lost*, 5, 869.

> That brought into this world a world of woe.
>
> *Paradise Lost*, 9, 11.

Such blemishes are usually put down to the spirit of the age; indeed this is the standing excuse for all blemishes. Aristophanes, Martial, Cromwell, Swift have all cast their burdens on the "age" that bore them; so we shall probably be more just if we ascribe these faults of Milton to the influence of Italian Literature, and, still more, of his favourite Euripides.

Passing over the laudable efforts of Addison and Steele to repress the vice of punning, we come to the times of its foremost antagonist Dr. Johnson. If we may judge of the wit of the age by the specimen Boswell gives of his own puns,* we cannot be surprized at the worthy Doctor's feelings. He never relented further than to admit that Burke's *humorous* pun on Wilkes being carried on the shoulders of the mob,

> *H*umerisque fertur Lege solutis,

was admirable. He also condescended to laugh at Burke's description of a desirable manor, given in the line:

> Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,

(*i.e.* a modus as to the tithings and certain fines); but it would require a large amount of evidence to prove that he ever gave vent to the well-known sentence, in which he is

* *Life of Dr. Johnson*, Vol. VIII. 319, ed. 1835.

said to have repelled the charge of inability to pun, by answering: "Madam, if I were punished for every pun I shed, there would not be a puny shed upon my punnish head."

However distasteful puns may be to persons of refined taste, they have uses which should not be despised. Many a proverb owes its life and popularity to a pun: those of native origin will occur to every one; as instances of those of foreign birth may be mentioned the time-honoured *παθήματα μαθήματα*; Die Hausfrau soll nicht sein ein Ausfrau; Traduttori traditori (Translators traitors)—so do they, says Trench, surrender rather than render the meaning of the original, not turning but only overturning it from one language to another.

Many an oracle has owed its correct fulfilment to a verbal quibble. The feelings of Cleomenes towards the Pythian priestess were doubtless not very amicable, when he found that by burning the fane of Argus he had unwittingly verified the prediction, which, as he interpreted it, pointed to the conquest of Argos. Thus too, Cambyses saved the credit of an oracle when he died at an obscure town in Syria, which happened to bear the same name as his royal city Ecbatana. And thus also Henry IV., in his illness, asks

> Doth any name particular belong
> Unto the lodging where I first did swoon.
> *War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
> *Hen.* Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
> It hath been prophesied to me many years,
> I should not die but in Jerusalem;
> Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
> But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
> In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.
>
> 2nd part of *Henry IV.*, Act IV., Sc. 2.
> See also 2nd part of *Henry VI.*, Act IV., Sc. 1.

Heraldry is indebted to puns for some of the best and the worst mottoes emblazoned on its scrolls. Such wit seldom excites a smile, never awakens indignation: it is necessarily premeditated, and consequently fails to have that startling effect which is essential to the success of a pun. As specimens of one class of heraldic witticisms may be mentioned Earl Dalhousie's Ora et labora, Dum spiro spero, Patior potior, Sero sed serio Periissem ni per-iisem, Post prœlia prœmia; and lastly, the celebrated motto of Lord Brougham "Pro rege, lege, grege." The higher order of

heraldic wit may be represented by Lord James' j'ayme à jamais; the Duke of Devonshire's Cavendo tutus; Lord Every's Suum cuiqne; Lord de Vere's Vero nihil verius; and Lord Vernon's Ver non semper viret. Similarly from the name of Neville is conjured up Ne vile velis; from Weldon, Bene factum; from Belasyse, Bonne et belle assez; from Coleridge, Time deum, cole regem; and from Cole,* the familiar words Deum cole. But none of these surpass the motto of the Dymoke family—Pro rege Dimico, the point of which is explained by the fact that the successive representatives of the house of Dymoke, by virtue of being lords of the manor of Scrivelsby, have been hereditary champions of the king, since the days of Richard II.

Instances might be multiplied *ad nauseam;* I hope I shall be forgiven if I add one more: I must premise that during the latter part of the eighteenth century their lived in London a wealthy tobacconist—James Brandon. At last growing old and gouty, he bethought himself of ordering a carriage; the maker suggested that a coat of arms would give an air of respectability to the concern. A sample of tobacco (rampant) sufficed for the crest, but the worthy old man was sorely puzzled for a motto; he accordingly applied to one of the wits at Lloyd's, and was furnished with "Quid rides," a motto which had the advantage of being intelligible in more languages than one.

The heraldic pun frequently assumes the form of a *rebus.* The arms of Arundel, for instance, have six swallows (hirondelles) *argent,* on a field *sable.* These devices are sometimes called by the expressive name of *armes parlantes* —they are seldom of later date than the reign of James I., about which time they began to fall into disrepute under the name of canting or punning arms. For other examples of a kindred nature we need not go further than our own Chapel. On the window at the south-east may be seen the key and tun representing the name of Dr. Keyton;† while close beneath the window, quaint carvings of fishes and ears of corn, embodying the honoured name of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, are said to have once adorned the woodwork, now disfigured by grim visages which have doubtless provoked many a frown and many a smile in each succeeding generation of freshmen.

* The surname of the Earl of Enniskillen.

† The ironwork in front of Dr. Ashton's tomb, in the antechapel, is surmounted by three specimens of a similar rebus.

I had intended, when I commenced, to put down a few instances of the best species of modern puns. The poems of Hood, particularly that on "Nelly Gray," sparkle with many of the first water. But I must content myself with the following, which may be less familiar than others:

Nota bene. An essay just writing,—to show
That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the fund-holders ages ago,
When he said "Quodcunque in fundis acescit" (in fund is, assess it).
Tom Moore. *Twopenny Post-bag.*

If any are aspiring to win their laurels by a reputation for wit, they may be gratified to know, on the authority of Dugald Stewart, that a man who has an ambition to become a punster seldom or never fails in the attainment of his object. Here then is a noble field for exertion: I can only wish that those who enter upon it, may not have to submit to the doubly painful process of explaining the mysteries of their own jokes. Let them remember that

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

When their wit has become brilliant enough to be understood, then let them aspire to provoke the impatience and win the admiration of their hearers; and they will find a few at least ready to coincide with the dictum of Boswell, delivered with his usual self-complacency, "For my own part, I think no innocent species of wit or pleasantry should be suppressed, and that a good pun may be admitted among the smaller excellencies of lively conversation."

S.

"UP" IN THE "LONG;" OR, A SOLILOQUY BY A SENIOR SOPH.

IT is my lot this Long, in common with some sixty other Undergraduates of my College, all of us actuated, I am sure, by the best intentions Tripos-ward, to be, during the months of July and August, again a denizen within the precincts of Alma Mater. Dull and deserted though it appear to most, I rather like Cambridge during this season. I like the quiet that reigns in our big College, the cool courts and cloisters, the shaded walks, green banks and placid river; the chapel, no longer over-crowded, where the sunset gleams through the crimsoned pane as the evening anthem dies away into silence; and as I stroll through the still streets and alleys a number of associations crowd upon me from the past, and each quaint gateway and ivied casement is eloquent of days gone by. I am naturally somewhat a lounger, and during these sultry, dusty afternoons, it requires more stoicism than I possess to persevere in the usual four or five miles, out and back, of Term time, for exercise. I must also humbly confess that I am (though it is no fault of my own) 'parcus cultor et infrequens' before the shrine of our great goddess Gymnastiké, at whose fuming altars and numerous votaries Mathesis herself, I take it, often casts a not unjealous eye; and so a stroll through the grounds and along the shady side of Trumpington Street is often my apology for more severe exertion.

It occurs to me, more than once or twice, while thus sedulously idle, that my time here is fast slipping away, and the day is drawing near when College, Hall, and Chapel and the impending Tripos will all be things of the past,—that I shall probably rarely revisit these familiar scenes, and that it would be well, while the opportunity still exists, to see something more of the treasures of Art and Learning which this ancient University contains. Perhaps I feel a slight

qualm of conscience as I contrast the enthusiasm, with which I surveyed many an exterior during the first week of my freshman's term, with the real extent of my researches since, but I recall to mind the complacent declaration of that third-year man, who knew not the precise locality of his College Library, and am comforted. Well, here is the Fitzwilliam gleaming full upon me and the gate stands invitingly open, and though it is a 'dies non' to the general public, the Cerberus at the gate will invest me with an imaginary cap and gown and let me pass. The shade and coolness are pleasant after the glare without, and the censure (immortalized by *Punch*) pronounced by that estimable woman, Mrs. Brown, upon the Royal Academy Exhibition, of being "that stuffy," cannot justly be alleged here, for the rooms are lofty and the visitors, to-day, scarce indeed. I confess to being somewhat of an Ishmaelite in my artistic predilections, and have often scandalized my companions, when rambling through Continental picture galleries, by deserting unquestionable Rubens' and Murillos for some queer little picture in a corner by a third-rate Dutch artist. Perhaps, like Mary in the nursery ditty, I am somewhat "contrairy" in my nature, and it being an understood thing that I am to fall into ecstasies over this or that chef-d'œuvre, I decline to do so. The only celebrity that ever really moved me was *the* Murillo in the Louvre—that is sublime. But still I am conscious of being leagues behind such susceptibility as that of Karl Otfried Müller, to whom the head of an infant Christ by Raphael, which he saw at Dresden, appeared to be "teeming with redemption." And so to-day I go coldly by this Vandyke and those Claudes, to look for some time at a picture which I always visit with renewed zest whenever I come here. It is a small dark picture, and the Catalogue, which, by the bye, is a worthy pendant to the hanging of the pictures (I am incapable of a pun), only tells me that it is "Monks Singing," by Hemskerk. So whether by that Hemskerk whom old Schoorel of Utrecht turned out of doors for being too clever by half, or whether by that Hemskerk who painted boosing boors so well, I cannot say, but incline to the latter. The critics tell me that the Hemskerks were all "eccentric" and their colouring "cold and heavy." A fig for the critics! They shall not mar my enjoyment of this racy work of art. You see four monks seated or standing round a table in a small and dimly-lit room. They are singing. Sanctus or Kyrie, Benedictus or Requiem, what it is I know not. But one

thing you see at a glance, they are singing with a vengeance, and three of them at least with evident relish for the task. Poor fellows! perhaps for them it is the last gleam of social intercourse in the day, and, their melody concluded, each will betake himself to his own cell to tell his beads and meditate till midnight, not without thinking ever and anon of that busy changing world which he has left behind. However this may be they are at it now, and I have an idea that a conscientious metronome would record a swinging pace. Note especially this jolly-looking fellow with hand upraised to mark the time; I suspect he is rather putting on the steam than otherwise, and that the music must really be getting beyond a devotional rate of procedure. And just as, in modern sanctuaries, the pious devotee will innocently blend his voice in certain melodies or hear them, unalarmed, gently moving as voluntaries upon the soft stops of the organ, when a more practised ear might detect simply a retarded edition of "We're a nodding," or even of that air which the profane more commonly associate with the sorrows of the young lady who dwelt on the "other" side of the Thames—so, it strikes me, these singing monks are indulging in the converse of that device, and are getting through their performance at a pace unusual in devotional strains, or such as none but a Mormon elder would consider appropriate when raising a "busting hymn." It is, I daresay, their only expedient by which, without grave scandal and offence, to bring about a substitute for a genial catch or madrigal, for if they were once to begin to sing about "trolling the brown bowl," or "the lass with bonnie e'e," the Abbot, of course, would be down upon them in a twinkling. One of the party, however, is far from being equally enthusiastic and looks even pained at the pace. It is this young fellow sitting to the left, whom, from his different coloured dress and lacrymose expression, I conjecture to be some recently initiated novice who has been going in for penance, flagellation, and fasting, with an ardour only calculated to excite the compassion of his more experienced confreres. His looks tell more of *jours maigres* than of fat capons and Burgundy or Flemish ale, and I would give odds that even now he is conscious of an occasional rheumatic twinge. I am puzzled by the figure in the back-ground—another monk telling his beads before a crucifix, and who is looking round upon the vocal group with an evidently interested air—for I cannot sufficiently determine through the gloom the expression of his face, nor

say whether it denotes disturbed devotions and a sanctimonious condemnation of their sinful indulgence, or whether he is himself longing to join in the chorus but deterred by Paters and Aves yet unsaid. Let us hope the latter, and that he will come down before his fellow monks disperse and try his lungs in unison with their's; he will feel all the better for the exercise.

I have little doubt but that I shall be charged, by some reader plenteously endowed with good common sense, with having seen much more in this picture than it contains or was ever meant to contain. In reply to my prosaic friend I submit that I have a right to see all I possibly can in the picture, and if he cannot see as much, that is his concern not mine. John Ruskin is not a critic to be contemptuously set aside; but, if tradition be not an impudent lying minx, he sees much more in Turner's pictures than Turner could see himself. I am well aware, however, that your transcendental critic does, now and then, meet with a rather awkward tumble. Some years ago an old picture was brought to light in London; no one knew whence it came, but the connoisseurs went crazy over it with wonderful unanimity, and pronounced it to be a masterpiece of some great artist, Titian or Paul Veronese—I forget now—but, upon whomever the picture was affiliated, it was fairly accepted as genuine with scarcely a dissentient growl. There was however one feature in it which no one at first could satisfactorily explain and which puzzled the big wigs considerably. Right athwart the picture, emerging from one corner, was a mysterious streak of light, and no one could say what this meant. At last a solution was suggested by a connoisseur of some mark. The scene represented savage life,—they were, he said, without doubt, early Britons, and this streak of light was a beautiful though fanciful mode of typifying the light of Christianity about to dawn upon their land. Well, the solution was thought remarkably happy, and for three or four days its originator was a rising man, and his fellow critics nodded approvingly at him. But then unfortunately there came another man—a man, I should suppose, with "no mind"—and he took out his pocket handkerchief and rubbed out the mysterious streak of light, which was only dust and damp after all. But I defy you, by fair means, to rub out the twinkle of this fat monk's eye and the unctuous smile round his mouth.

On the left, as I enter the Museum, are some specimens of

the decorative work in the great Alhambra palace at Granada. It is but a few days ago that a friend, recently returned from Spain, was detailing to me his visit to this wondrous ruin, so I turn aside to examine with some interest what are not, at first sight, particularly attractive objects. If time and weather had been the sole agents in the work of its destruction, the Alhambra would surely be the most splendid of all the structures that past generations have reared for the admiration of posterity. So dry and pure is the climate of Granada, that in those parts of the palace which have escaped the barbarous hands of the "Christian" occupants, all is bright and fresh as if but of yesterday, or you might suppose that some few years back, the builder, the carpenter, and the decorator had, one fine morning, struck for wages and cleared out, leaving their work unfinished. But the vandalism of Goth or Visigoth, under Adolphus or Theodoric, which had swept over this beauteous peninsula some thousand years before, was nothing in comparison with the merciless depredations, the savage and wanton destruction, with which the enlightened sons of Christendom disported themselves in the former seats of the unbelieving infidel. With that 2nd of January, 1492, when the banner of Castile first floated from the towers of the Alhambra, the work of devastation began. First the monks swarmed in, and, with a view to what they termed "purification," tore down the Moslem symbols and whitewashed the walls. Then came the eldest son of the Church, Carlo Quinto of blessed memory, for whom Theodoric, albeit a thorough-going Goth, was no match whatever. A bull in a china shop conveys but a faint idea of the amenities that marked the occupancy of Sebastiani. The French did what little was left for them to do. Those who wish to know how quickly Granada declined under Spanish rule, should read the graphic account of Andrea Navagiero, "Il Viaggio Fatto in Spagna," printed in 1563. Those who would see that degradation depicted with an eloquence more touching than that of words, should visit the deserted halls, the grass grown courts, the ravished chambers of the Alhambra. These relics are interesting then as illustrating the former magnificence of this world-famed structure. This tile, with a shield in colour, is part of the encaustic pavement of the courts. There is an inscription in the centre of the shield, which, being "no scholar" in an Oriental acceptation of the word, I cannot read, but I bring one day a friend learned in Eastern tongues, and he deciphers for me "the writing

on the wall." It was the custom, it appears, of the Moors, borrowed probably from the Jewish use of phylacteries, to inscribe about the interiors of their dwellings short sentences from the Koran and other sources. These inscriptions are divided by Gayangos into three kinds: *Ayát*, that is, verses from the Koran; *Asja*, or pious sentences not taken from the Koran; and *Ash'ár*, that is, poems in praise of the builders or owners of the palace. The latter are generally found in Cufic, *i.e.* the character in vogue in the city El Koofeh; this was superseded by the Arabic of the present day about the commencement of the 16th century. The inscription on the shield is of the latter order. It simply means "there is no conqueror but God." The story goes that when the founder, Ibnu-l-ahmar, was returning from the conquest of Seville, his subjects going forth to meet him saluted him as *galib*, "the conqueror," to which he modestly replied, "There is no conqueror but God." He afterwards adopted the sentiment as his motto, and, like our own Edward III. at Windsor, introduced it everywhere in his royal dwelling. It is worth while also to look closely at these casts from the ornamental tablets, for many an inscription lurks where the casual observer would think he saw nothing but rich scroll-work or filigree. This seeming berry, for instance, is an important vowel point; that vine-tendril an adjective pregnant with meaning. In many cases the inscriptions are much longer, and form a kind of running commentary on the splendour and decoration of the palace. Here, for example, is a specimen: "These recesses, my fellows, may be compared to the signs of the zodiac in the heaven of that dome, but I can boast that of which they are wanting, the honour of a sun, since my lord, the victorious Yusúf, has decorated me with robes of glory, and excellence without disguise, and has made me the Throne of his Empire, &c., &c." The real reason of these frequent and somewhat fulsome eulogies may be found in the fact that it was forbidden by the Koran to attempt delineations from life, and these inscriptions, interwoven with geometrical ornaments and flowers, accordingly filled the place that oil paintings and steel engravings would occupy in a modern European palace. It will not be altogether useless to examine these dull-looking objects with some care, for if you should chance, when at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, to stroll into the gorgeous Alhambra court there, you will see this tile and these slabs, in every direction, carefully reproduced in all their pristine beauty.

I pass on to another room and my eye is caught by a cast from the celebrated head of Moses, by Michael Angelo. It is placed behind the shield of Achilles, by Flaxman. The general public, I have noticed, are not usually given to paying much attention to casts. They seem, indeed, rather to resent being invited to put up with substitutes for the "real thing," like diners out who find that *the* dinner came off the day before, and that they are but regaling on the remnants rechauffeé and grilled. This is often a mistake; for, to all but connoisseurs of a high order, a really well executed cast will give nine-tenths at least of the impressions which the original would produce. Independently, too, of this head of Moses being perhaps the finest production of modern sculpture, I am attracted to it by a Tennysonian reminiscence which it serves admirably to elucidate.

Many a careful reader has, I should suppose, found some difficulty in the last two lines of those stanzas in "In Memoriam," wherein the poet represents himself as revisiting Cambridge, and enumerates the different phases of student-life which recall to him the time when he and his lost friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, were fellow students at Trinity. He beholds again the scenes of their early intercourse and feels

> "the same but not the same."

He hears

> "once more in college fanes
> The storm their high-built organs make,
> And thunder-music, rolling, shake
> The prophets blazon'd on the panes;"

and again,

> "once more the distant shout,
> The measured pulse of racing oars
> Among the willows;"

and last of all he passes

> "Up that long walk of limes"—
> "To see the rooms in which *he* dwelt."
>
> "Another name was on the door,
> I linger'd; all within was noise
> Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
> That crash'd the glass and beat the floor."

He contrasts his own recollections of the time when he and Hallam and "a band of youthful friends," often met

in those same rooms "to hold debate." He recalls their varied discussions, ranging over many topics,

> "mind and art,
> And labour, and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land;"

when, after each had given utterance to his thoughts with more or less success, Hallam, "the master-bowman," was wont "to cleave the mark," leading, "in rapt oration,"

> "To those conclusions when we saw
> The God within him light his face,
>
> And seem to lift the form, and glow
> In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
> *And over those celestial eyes*
> *The bar of Michael Angelo.*"

Great bard! forgive me that I have thus dared to intersperse with my humble chirpings, the notes of thy beauteous lyre! Our foremost modern English poet, we are all proud of him. Not before his time, but of it, and yet much of the seer withal, Tennyson is emphatically the poet of the nineteenth century. No bad interpreter was Pope of the complacent, somewhat shallow, but brilliant thinkers of his day. Nor Byron, Shelley, and Keats, of the passion, the scorn, the hate, the intensity of the thought, which, Titan-like, rose up against dogma, authority, and tradition, with the commencement of our century. Nor Wordsworth of that calmer and somewhat re-actionary school which supervened. But for the latter half of this most wondrous century, its wider tolerance, its growing mistrust of creeds, its sad consciousness of its own mistrust, its fears for the future, tempered, however, by strong hope and something of pride, as it looks back—as an interpreter to these, give me Alfred Tennyson. Unlike most of his predecessors, Tennyson declines to annotate upon himself. Just as some great singer looks down upon her audience, little caring what the critics may think of this or that ornament, of the "conception" of this passage, or the "rendering" of that, but, knowing perfectly well that she has won the heart of the great public, and that they will follow her, however wayward and little considerate she may seem; so our poet explains himself not. If the public comprehend him, so much the better. If not—your minstrel bows—the fault—is not his. But this reserve, especially in an author somewhat prone to recondite allusions, will often leave even a patient and well-meaning reader in

the lurch, and I confess to having conjectured widely at our poet's meaning, until I accidentally lit upon the solution. It appears then, that Michael Angelo, himself possessing an ample and impending brow, loved to invest the heroes whom he immortalized, by pencil or by chisel, with a vast frontal developement. In men of considerable mental force and energy you may often notice that the forehead rises into a kind of ridge over the eyebrows, a peculiarity resulting from an unusual prominence in what I believe are termed, in scientific phraseology, the superciliary muscles, and which gives the appearance of a kind of bar across the forehead. Such is the trait discernible in many of the creations of the great sculptor, and in this head of Moses it is especially noticeable; hence it has come to be called the bar of Michael Angelo; and in poor Hallam, I suppose, it was prominently developed.

Well, tedious though I fear I may have been, I must detain you, reader, before the cast, yet a few moments more. The cast suggests a solution to Tennyson, but itself bears a fresh difficulty upon its face or rather. its head, and, as in duty bound, for Horace himself declares,

"Nil agit exemplum quod litem lite resolvit,"

I must endeavour to find some solution for this difficulty too. I find myself literally on the horns of a dilemma, for from the head of the prophet rise two mysterious short horns! Now this struck me at first as startling in the extreme; for horns, to say nothing of hoofs, I had always previously associated with far from saintly characters. I speculated much on the phenomenon, nor was it until after some research that I found the explanation that I sought. Assuming then, without the slightest disrespect, an ignorance on thy part, courteous reader, as profound as was my own originally, I will, after the fashion of our lively neighbours across the channel, begin with the first elements of necessary information, "commençons au deluge." It will hardly have escaped the notice of either of us, that painters, when depicting sacred characters, whether on canvass or on glass, are wont to encircle the heads of such personages with celestial beams of light. This ornament, I believe, is correctly denominated a nimbus. Indifferently informed writers sometimes speak of it as the aureola, but between the nimbus and the aureola there is a grave and important distinction, for the nimbus encircles only the head, the aureola the whole body. It will be a

fatal error, again, to assume that a nimbus is a nimbus all the world over. St. Peter would no more think of wearing the same nimbus as an ordinary saint, than a doctor of divinity would condescend to wear a bachelor's hood. Didron, in his *Iconographie Chrétienne*, has carefully warned us against such rash conclusions. It appears that saints graduated in nimbi much as Cantabs in honours at the present day. The golden nimbus was worn only by first-class saints, apostles, martyrs, and confessors to wit; the prophets and patriarchs could only claim a *silver* nimbus; the saints who strove with temptation a *red* nimbus; those who had married (this looks like waggery) one of *green;* while "beatified penitents" had theirs of *yellowish white.* And thus, taught that one star differeth from another in glory, these ancient cultivators of art sought to discriminate between degrees of human virtue with a precision which, to our better enlightened view, seems almost to verge on the profane. But I find I am digressing, a besetting sin of mine I confess, and indeed I believe my success at examinations has been seriously impaired by a want of due consideration on the part of examiners for this slight failing, nor am I without a certain kindly fellow-feeling for that simple soul who, when a candidate for mathematical honours, on being desired to describe the common pump, gave, with admirable precision and fullness, a proof of the Binomial Theorem. What did it matter, pump or theorem, he shewed information all the same? But I will digress no more. I could say something about the different shapes of the nimbus, square, oval, and elliptic, but I forbear. Let it suffice then to say that the weight of authority is in favour of these horns on the head of Moses being intended to symbolize the silver nimbus. One fact is sufficiently established, that it was the custom of antiquity thus to represent the great leader of Israel. On the origin of this quaint notion the learned are somewhat divided. Spanheim, Spencer, Grotius, Jeremy Taylor, and Rosenmüller have each their own idea on the subject. Two of the solutions appear about equally plausible. The first is that the horns are intended to typify the shining light which was seen on the face of Moses when he descended from Sinai; the second, that they are simply emblematical of power and excellence. That such a feature was a familiar mode of ascribing such qualities, both among sacred and pagan writers, is well-known. "Thou shalt exalt my horn," says the Psalmist. "Addis cornua panperi," says Horace of the ivied god.

I could say more, but it is four o'clock and the attendant politely intimates that the doors are on the point of being closed, so my visit to the Fitzwilliam must be over for to-day. I have looked certainly at very little, but that little has sufficed to shape my thoughts to something definite, and I do not think my afternoon has been altogether wasted. I am fully sensible how culpably loose and rambling my musings will appear to some eminently practical minds. Had I commenced with the date of the building, the girth of the columns of the portico, and so worked my way up the staircase with a series of tangible statistics, all might have been well, but such hazy speculations over an old picture, a Moorish tile, and a cast, will find little favour with this school. And here I must distinctly, once for all, remove myself by an emphatic disclaimer beyond the pale of the jurisdiction of this order of thinkers. I am not professing by the aid of rigid laws of analysis and proof to evolve anything for the comfortable repose of certain minds, in the shape of ω to the n^{th} power of π. I never, to be candid, felt "a call" in this direction. To quote my Horace for the fourth, and I pledge myself the last time, in this paper,

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum,"

it is not every man's good luck to get as far as Corinth, either because he may not have a sufficient surplusage of pocket-money for the excursion, or may founder in sight of the city on some treacherous shoal, (whichever difficulty was uppermost in Horace's mind does not much matter here) and so I own that I am little adapted by nature for a votary before the shrine of Mathesis. I am well aware that I am almost open to a charge of sacrilege, in that I am penning these very words within the precincts of what has always been esteemed one of the most favourite haunts of this πότνια θεῶν, which she is said,

"Posthabita coluisse Samo—"

(that is not Horace) and in truth, to my imagination, she generally holds her seat somewhere near our lofty clock tower, shrouded in the clouds. I know, indeed, that with the commencement of the last two y
to look with averted eyes upon her worshippers here, but I am credibly informed that, jealous of the favours with which her rival Gymnastiké has recently responded to our prayers, she intends to vouchsafe us some signal marks of her regard before the new year is a month old. In the mean time,

awful Goddess, I behold thee reverentially at a most respectful distance. A pigeon in May and December is now the only burnt offering I bring to thy altars. I entreat thee, if not propitious, harbour, at least, no wrath against one so unworthy of thy notice.

As I come out into the broad sunshine and stroll leisurely to "hall," now past the ample front of Corpus and the shaded gloom of Peterhouse and "Kat's," and then by Pembroke, an old friend with a new face, to where the many pinnacles of King's taper into the blue sky, and so on to my own college, I find myself wondering to what purpose are all these collections of Art, these ransackings of antiquity, these memorials of past phases of civilization which were long ago and which can never return. I do not say "Cui bono?" though I do ask myself the question which a great many people intend to ask when they say "Cui bono?" but among other weightier matters which Alma Mater has taught me, she has taught me not to misapply the much abused dictum of that sagacious old tribune Lucius Cassius Longinus. Nor do I find the question echoing unanswered in my mind. When I consider what material for thought and fancy I have found, and carry away with me as the result of this brief visit, the storehouse, like the widow's cruise, remaining full as before, I begin to conclude that, even upon a strictly utilitarian view, we ought to assign to such institutions a more than ordinary value. But again the apparition, which I have twice laid, of that eminently practical mind rises before me and suggests that benefits of this order are of a sadly fanciful kind, wanting alike in directness and definite utility. To which, after a little reflection, I find myself making reply that the greatest agencies are perhaps those which influence us indirectly. The labourer in the field, the workman at his tools, the merchant in his office, are plain and simple workings to an end, intelligible to all; but besides these there is a higher order of labourers, workers in a different region, and narrow minds, missing the aim of these, undervalue their toil. It is a grand first law of man's existence that by the sweat of his brow he should earn his bread, but it includes not the final aim of action, and if taken as such it dwarfs and cripples him. The ordinary employments of the Many tend essentially to localize the man. His petty difficulties, successes or mishaps, in his narrow sphere of active life, assume vast and unreal proportions, they shut out the past and limit his view of the future; until, like the peasant child in his native valley encircled by the mountains, he has scarce a

thought for the world which lies beyond the little circle wherein his days are spent. Talk to such an one of Marathon or Plato, and he smiles compassionately on you; to him you are but a visionary, feeding on unsubstantials, while he builds and stores his barns. To this intense localization the true poet, painter, and musician, the philosopher, historian, and man of letters, are ever antagonistic; antagonistic, not to destroy, but to produce a healthy equilibrium. They come to man, ever too ready to make the present everything, present time, present place, present circumstance, his all in all, and teach him to unlocalize himself, to know the past, to feel with it, and, retracing long tracts of time, to survey the future from a loftier station. And it is only when thus living, as it seems to me, that man can be said to live a life of more meaning than the bee or the ant, also given to much labour and storing the fruits thereof. Ascending the monument in London and looking down upon the crowded ways beneath, I am struck by the resemblance of the scene to some busy ant-hill, and when I think of the frivolity, the selfishness, the littleness, that actuates these pigmies which hasten to and fro, I start, and wonder where the difference lies;—but, glancing further, I mark the edifice where science labours to lengthen life; the museum, which treasures the trophies of the past; the tower from which some wakeful eye will, to-night,

——— "out-watch the Bear,"

and the dignity of human life comes back to me, and I breathe again.

Methinks indeed that this power of living under other influences than the merely gross and tangible influences of the hour, is the great advantage which the cultivated intellect possesses over the untutored mind; and the effort made during the last few years to throw open our picture galleries and art treasures to the multitude, has had, I infer, mainly for its aim, the assisting, by vivid and immediate impressions, the less educated classes habitually to seek to exercise this faculty. Often, on a wet and gloomy afternoon,

"When the woodland landscape dript,
And the leaf was stamped in clay,"

I have sought and found in Shakespeare, Milton, or Shelley, another and a kindlier clime. There are some passages which I never read but I fancy myself in some distant isle of the Ægean, I see the blue wave crisping, the azure sky

above, the grove upon the bright shore,—I almost hear the wind among the trees, and feel the sea-breeze fan my face. Young Vaughan, in a graceful passage in his "Hours with the Mystics," owns to a like transmigration under the influence of Music. "There is one passage," says he, "in the Fra Diavolo, during which I always emerge, through ocean caves, in some silken palace of the East, where the music rises and rains in the fountains and etherially palpitates in their wavering rainbows." Mathew Arnold, again, has prettily expanded the same idea in those stanzas entitled "Consolation." And thus, this afternoon, I have felt grateful to this great master who, speaking across three centuries, beguiles for me, with pleasant thought, another hour in a somewhat listless day. And, as I near the gate of my own college, I find myself coming to the conclusion that these noble collections of Art, happily becoming every year more numerous and more accessible to the many, have as high a claim to real utility as the workhouse or the gaol; and that it is no visionary hope which teaches us to labour for, and look forward to, the time, when the temples of the Muses shall rise proudly and frequent in every city, but the structures which bear witness to poverty and to crime shall be needed and be seen no more.

Δ

QUIS DESIDERIO.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"

Ho! Bugler blow a solemn blast, in music soft and low,
A blast of lamentation, of mourning and of woe:
Ho! Ensign drop thy colours, or if colours thou hast none,
Let tears of manly sorrow down thy war-like visage run:
Ho! Riflemen march sadly forth with slow and solemn tread:
For Modius, tho' living, to the Volunteers is dead.
No more like silver clarion his well-known voice shall sound
Mid the din of raging battle, and the Rifles' deadly round:
No more, around him gathering his faithful followers few,
Shall he lead to death or glory the Cambridge Number Two.
It was not in the battle; no bullet laid him low;
No ruffian Frenchman sabre'd him; no Cossack dealt the blow;
No front-rank bayonet pierced him on the wilds of Parker's Piece;
No ram-rod from the rear-rank came to give him his release;
But mid all his blushing honours, sound in body, sound in mind,
Gulielmas Factus Modius his commission hath resign'd.

* * *

O who shall e'er forget the day, when our Captain bade adieu
To the bronzed and hardy veterans who serve in Number Two!
A tear stood in that bright-blue eye, so fearful to his foes,
As to hide his agitation, he coughed and blew his nose.
Thrice did he ope his lips to speak, and thrice in vain essayed,
When he saw the files he knew so well in battle and parade.
And Besantius beside him tried in vain his grief to quell,
Besantius Rixator whom the Johnians love full well;
And Dickides the stalwart drew his hand across his eye;
And Lignifragus the lengthy heaved a sad and heavy sigh;
And Vornius, and Mango, that lion-hearted man,
And Pater Corporalis, pride of the Varian clan;
And Huddides, and Locus, and Busta the Pretender,
And Βεβαῖος who upon Parade is alas! a rare attender;

And Philomath the bearded, and Cylindon the sedate,
And Manius Philippus, who at drill is never late:
And Telescopus Acutus—all these and many more
Looked mournfully around them and their beards in sorrow tore;
For they knew that they were gazing on a leader stout and brave,
Who ne'er again should lead them to glory or the grave.

Who has not wept in pity for the mighty conqueror's woe
When he pressed the colours to his heart in the court of Fontainbleau;
When, embracing all his veterans, he bid a long farewell,
To men who for their Leader had hoped their lives to sell?
O Napoleon was a touching sight amid his Grenadiers,
But a sadder sight was Modius among his Volunteers.
He had hoped to be their Chieftain, to lead them on to fame,
And if he fell to leave behind a never-dying name.
He had hoped in front of Number Two to shout the loud "advance,"
To turn the tide of battle, and to quell the might of France:
So that when in future ages Volunteers should dare and do,
Like a Household word should be the name of the Cambridge "Number Two."
But the dream was o'er! Dark Nemesis had from his thirsty lip
Dashed down the Cup of Glory, ere its treasures he might sip.
No wonder then that one and all we to earth our arms did fling,
That we drew our pocket-handkerchieves and wept like anything.
For he was gone, our Captain, ere his race was fully run;
The best in the Battalion, and the pluckiest—bar none.
But his spirit still is with us, and the lesson he has taught,
Will live within the Company at the head of which he fought:
He has taught us that our duty is the only rule of life;
Taught us to despise dissensions and jealousies and strife;
Taught us that self-reliance and self-discipline combin'd,
Are as useful for the civil as the military mind.
That a man may be laborious, and nor toil nor trouble shirk,
Yet be lively and good-temper'd in the middle of his work.
This and more has Modius taught us; and to sum his praise in few,
May we always have as good a man in command of Number Two!

ETHELONTES.

OUR CHRONICLE.

WE imagine that to those of our readers who are not in residence, the most interesting subject which comes within the scope of "Our Chronicle," will be our new Chapel, and we therefore commence with an account of what has been done with regard to it since our last. It will be remembered that, in the original design, the Chapel was to have been surmounted by a Flèche or wooden spire, somewhat similar to, though, we must confess, not so handsome as those on Notre Dame and the Saint Chapel in Paris. Many members of the College, who took a great interest in the new Chapel, were dissatisfied with the Flèche, and, soon after the work was commenced, it was suggested to Mr. Scott, the architect, that a massive stone tower would be a great improvement in the design of the building. Mr. Scott warmly espoused the idea, and prepared a design for a tower, upwards of 160 feet high, and open within the building to the height of the second set of windows. The Master and Seniors of the College, however, finding, on a consideration of this proposed change, that it would involve an additional outlay of between five and six thousand pounds, decided that they could not in prudence adopt it; and on the 7th of June, last, directions were given for the work to be proceeded with according to the original plan.

Shortly after this, Henry Hoare, Esq. proposed to the College, subject to the contingency of his life, to set apart £1000 a year for the work of the tower, and to complete it at his own expense, if his life should be sufficiently prolonged. This noble offer was thankfully accepted by the Master and Seniors, and authority was given to Mr. Scott, on the 9th of August, to make the requisite changes in the plan of the building. It is still a vexed question, whether, in the abstract, a tower is an improvement on a Flèche, but we imagine there are few who would defend the particular Flèche that was designed for the Chapel.

The proposed tower is more like the one at Merton College, Oxford, than any other with which we are acquainted, though much higher. We hope that it may become the chief ornament of Cambridge, and thus be worthy the munificence of the donor.

The work of building the Chapel is progressing favourably. The body of the building is now about 35 feet high, and the canopies for the statues, which are on each of the buttresses, are nearly completed. On account of the alterations which it was necessary to make for the tower, the foundations of the ante-chapel are not yet finished.

The other works which are in operation are being carried on even more rapidly; the masonry of the oriel window, in the extension of the Hall, is completed, and the roof is in progress. The shell of the new Lodge is entirely finished, and also a considerable portion of the internal fittings.

We are glad to see that the younger members of the College are following the example of their seniors, in raising a subscription for the purpose of filling the windows in the apse of the Chapel. The following is a copy of a circular which has been sent to every Bachelor and Undergraduate of the College:

DEAR SIR,

At a Meeting of the Resident Bachelors and Undergraduates, held in the College Hall, by permission of the President, on Friday, October 28th, 1864, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—

(1) That it is desirable that a Subscription be commenced among the Members of the College for providing Stained Glass Windows for the New Chapel.

(2) That a Committee be appointed with full power to carry out this object in such a way as they shall think fit, consisting of the following Gentlemen:—

G. W. Bloxam	A. Marshall
A. D. Clarke	E. Miller
S. W. Cope	H.W.Moss,B.A.(*President*)
C. C. Cotterill	G. J. Peachell
P. F. Hammond	J. B. Pearson, B.A.
H. G. Hart (*Secretary*)	C. D. Russell
C. Hoare (*Treasurer*)	J. E. Sandys
F. G. Maples	F. A. Souper
M. H. Marsden	C. Taylor, B.A.

If you feel disposed to subscribe towards the above

object, will you kindly fill up the enclosed form and return it to one of the officers?

H. G. HART, *Hon. Sec.*

Then follows a list of Donations and Subscriptions, amounting to nearly £300.

The College has just received another noble benefaction, which it will be proper to mention here. The late Mr. James M'Mahon of the Inner Temple, bequeathed the whole of his estate, after the payment of certain legacies and annuities, for the establishment of Scholarships, in such a manner and form as his executors might deem most advantageous. The sole acting executor of Mr. M'Mahon's will is J. Bros, Esq, of the Oxford Circuit, and Recorder of Abington, an old member of the College, who, in the exercise of the discretion reposed in him, has settled the fund, amounting to upwards of £20,000, in the College, under regulations carefully framed, with a view to the encouragement of the most meritorious graduates of the College, who may be destined for the pursuit of the law in either branch of the profession. The value of each Studentship is £150 a year, and each is tenable for four years, or until election to a Fellowship. Two Studentships are already established, to one of which an election will take place in Michaelmas Term next, and to the second in the same Term of the following year. Other Studentships will be established on the falling in of annuities, and it is expected that eventually there will be one vacant every year.

The following gentlemen have vacated their Fellowships since last term: Isaac Todhunter, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.; Rev. Arthur Calvert, M.A.; Rev. Joseph Hirst Lupton, M.A.; Rev. Charles James Eliseo Smith, M.A.

Nine Fellowships were thus vacant on the day of election, and the following gentlemen were elected:

Rev. John Mee Fuller, M.A., late Fry's Hebrew scholar; Junior Optime, 1858; Crosse scholar, 1858; first class Theological Examination, 1859; second class Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholar, 1860; Kaye Prizeman, 1863.

William Grylls Adams, M.A., late scholar; twelfth Wrangler, 1859.

Francis Drake Thomson, M.A., late scholar; tenth Wrangler, 1861.

Thomas John Nicholas, M.A., late scholar; eighth in the first class of the Classical Tripos, 1861.

Charles Taylor, B.A., Naden's Divinity student, and Fry's Hebrew scholar, late scholar; ninth Wrangler, and seventeenth in the second class of the Classical Tripos, 1862; first class in the Theological Examination, 1863; first class Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholar, and Carus Greek Testament prizeman, 1864.

Alfred Robert Catton, B.A., scholar; tenth Wrangler, and third in the second class of the Natural Science Tripos, 1862.

Thomas Gwatkin, B.A., scholar; tenth in the first class of the Classical Tripos, 1862.

Charles Hockin, B.A., scholar; third Wrangler, 1863.

Henry Whitehead Moss, B.A., scholar; Craven scholar, 1862; Porson prizeman, 1861, 1862, 1863; Browne's Medallist for Greek Ode, 1863; Senior Classic, 1864.

The Rev. P. H. Mason, B.D., Hebrew lecturer, has been appointed Senior Dean.

Mr. Todhunter resigned along with his Fellowship the post of Head Mathematical Lecturer, and becomes an ordinary Lecturer. No successor has been appointed to him, but Mr. F. C. Wace, M.A., has been added to the staff of Mathematical Lecturers.

In the Examination for the Fry's Hebrew scholarship, the Rev. G. N. Hedges, M.A. and C. Taylor, B.A. were bracketed. The emoluments of the scholarship were given to the former gentleman in accordance with a provision in the statutes.

The Naden Divinity studentship, vacated by Mr. Taylor, has been awarded to J. Snowdon, B.A., scholar.

Mr. C. Taylor has been declared equal with Mr. J. N. Dalton, B.A. of Clare College, for the Crosse scholarship.

The following are the names of those gentlemen who obtained a first class in the College May Examination:

THIRD YEAR.

Wood, A.	Beebee	Cope
Marshall	Isherwood, R.	Griffiths
Blanch	Sutton	Coutts
Levett	Roach	

Greek Testament Prizes.

Watson, J. T.	Waterfield	Cust

SECOND YEAR.

Hill	Marrack, Pulliblank	Rowsell
Stevens		Haslam, J. B.
Genge	Dewick	Hewitt, Warren
Pryke	Jamblin	

Reading Prizes.

1 Jamblin | 2 Mullinger

FIRST YEAR.

Charnley	Hope	Scaife
Fiddian, Humphreys	Forbes	Brogden, Fisher
	Poole, T. G. B.	
Gwatkin	Tunnicliffe	Watson, A. W.
Sandys	Chabot	Taylor
Groome	Bray	Andrews
Blunn	Robson	Radcliffe
Chaplin	Thorpe, C. E.	Sharrock
Cox	Mr. Armitage	Alford
Beaumont	Barret	Hart, W.
Green	Laycock	Hamond
Landon, Thornley	Carpmael	Walker
	Souper	Poole, F. S.

English Essay—Yeld. Mullinger. Sandys.

There are seventy-nine names of Freshmen who have entered the College this year: sixty-eight gentlemen were matriculated this term.

In the year 1865 there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, besides the six following Exhibitions:

Three of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships.

Two of £40 per annum, tenable for four years.

One of £50 per annum, tenable for three years.

The Examination of Candidates for the above-mentioned Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Tuesday, the 25th of April, 1865, at 9 A.M.

The Examination for Sizarships and limited Exhibitions for the year 1865 will be held on Tuesday, October 10th, at 9 A.M.

The College Company of the University Rifle Corps has received a severe loss in the retirement of its two senior officers Captain Bushell and Lieutenant Besant. The service which these two gentlemen have rendered the Company, during the last four years, cannot be over-estimated, and any one who has been a member of the Company at any time during that period, will bear ready testimony to the admirable manner in which they have discharged the duties devolving upon them. We print, in another part, some verses, which, although written somewhat in jest, do not at all over-estimate the universal feeling throughout the College. We are glad to hear that it is intended to present both Captain Bushell and Lieutenant Besant with testimonials, but we are not in a position to say of what nature they will be.

The following gentlemen have been elected the officers of the Company:

Captain—Corporal G. Richardson.
Lieutenant—Ensign G. F. L. Dashwood.
Ensign—Private W. P. H. Vaughan.

We are glad to hear that the number of recruits, although not so great as last year, is still such as to supply the deficiencies which have been caused by resignation.

The Company Challenge Cup has again been won by Corporal Richardson. Private Roe has won the Officer's pewter for the present term.

The Company has been well represented in University matches by Mr. Richardson. He was chosen as one of the eight to shoot against Oxford, and was third for the Queen's prize at Wimbledon. Besides, he has won the Challenge Cup prize in the Corps, and the Chaplain's Cup, and was also in the six that had to contend for the Prince of Wales' Cup.

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

President, E.W. Bowling, M.A.	*2nd Captain*, W. Mills
Treasurer, S. B. Barlow	*3rd Captain*, H. G. Hart
Secretary, A. Cust	*4th Captain*, E. Carpmael
1st Captain, M. H. Marsden	*5th Captain*, F. G. Maples

The College was represented by three of its members in the competition for the Colquhoun Sculls; Mr. R. G. Marsden, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. H. Watney, the latter of whom succeeded in placing himself second in the time race, the winner being Mr. G. D. Redpath of 1st Trinity.

We have again to make the gratifying announcement that our College has succeeded in winning the University Four Oars. The races took place on Monday and Tuesday the 14th and 15th of November, and were conducted entirely by time races. Six boats were entered, and were drawn for

two time races on the first day, the winners in which were to row in the final heat on the second day. After these well-contested races the Lady Margaret crew was declared victorious. It consisted of

1 H. Watney
2 M. H. L. Beebee
3 M. H. Marsden
4 R. G. Marsden (*stroke*)
A. Forbes (*cox.*)

The Lady Margaret Scratch Four's were rowed on Saturday the 19th of November. Eleven boats started, and the following crew won a hard time race:

1 W. Covington
2 G. C. Whiteley
3 W. Mills
4 R. G. Marsden (*stroke*)
F. Marshall (*cox.*)

The University trial eights were rowed on Saturday, November 26th. Mr. H. Watney of St. John's was in the winning crew.

The officers of the St. John's College Cricket Club for the past season have been:

President, W.D. Bushell, M.A. | *1st Captain*, H. J. Wiseman
Treasurer, R. B. Masefield | *2nd Captain*, W. I. E. Percy
Secretary, C. Warren

The Club have had to regret the loss of Mr. T. Knowles' services this year. Mr. Knowles had been elected First Captain in December, 1863.

We are happy to say that the Ground at the back of the College has been put at last into playing order. It was formally opened on April 9th by a match between the first eleven and the next eighteen.

We are sorry that want of space prevents us from giving details of the Cricket Matches of the past season.

The Master and Mrs. Bateson have very kindly presented the Club with a flag and flag-staff.

The Newberry Challenge Racquet Cup was won on Monday, December 12th, by Mr. E. W. M. Lloyd, who played the concluding match with Mr. W. D. Bushell.