No. XXXIV. MARCH, 1869. VOL. VI.

THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

Printed for Subscribers only.

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1869.

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It is particularly requested that articles intended for insertion in the next Number be forwarded to the Secretary on or before *April 20th*, 1869.

Articles intended for insertion must be written *legibly* and on *one* side only of each half sheet.

As a guarantee of good faith, it is *essential* that the name of every contributor should be made known either to the Secretary, or to one of the Committee.

Each contributor will be made responsible for correcting the proofs of his own article.

Rejected communications will be returned by the Secretary on application.

There will be an election of Editors at the beginning of next Term.

St. John's College, March, 1869.

THE GHOSTS WE RAISED.
A REMINISCENCE.

IT is many years ago, I will not undertake to say whether the exact number is fourteen or fifteen, but at all events it was in the early days of *The Eagle*—at a time, indeed, when it is not generally known that *The Eagle* existed; but exist it did, or how could this article have been written?—that three of the editors, of whom I was one, happened to be assembled in the Permanent Editor's rooms on the night of the 27th of December. I was staying up, if I remember rightly, to read for some Scholarship, which, by some infatuation on the part of the examiners, I did not succeed in getting; indeed, I was told afterwards that I was not even in the first twenty for it. But, however that may be, certain it is that I had denied myself the pleasures of a Christmas at home for no other reason than in order that I might read for that Scholarship; and I appeal to the reader whether it is likely I should have done that, if I had not been good enough to get it? I imagine not, indeed! However, as I was saying, we three—O'Connor the Permanent Editor, Macdonald the Secretary, and myself—were assembled in the Permanent Editor's rooms. Macdonald was in for his degree on the 2nd of January: that was his reason for being up. As for the permanent editor, he was generally in residence at most times; but I believe he was more particularly so at the present time, because of the approaching Feasts. Well, we were sitting round the fire after tea, and I had just been animadverting with some warmth of expression upon the inconsistency of

people, who were perpetually complaining that *The Eagle* ought to be published earlier in the term, while it seemed never to occur to them that they might assist that desirable consummation by occasionally contributing an article themselves, when I thought I observed that neither O'Connor nor Macdonald was paying that attention to the subject which I thought it merited. O'Connor was leaning back in his chair and gazing with an expression of serene enjoyment at the ceiling, while Macdonald was looking hard into the fire, as though he wished to stare it out of countenance. I broke off abruptly, therefore, in the midst of my philippic, and asked O'Connor what he was thinking of? "Who! What! Do you mean me?" he replied absently. "Oh! I was only thinking of the sherry beak—— I mean I was wondering whether we were going to get the Senior this year." "And what do you see in the fire to fascinate you so pleasantly, Macdonald?" "I was trying to see whether I could make out from it my place in the list," he said. "Did you never try to read the future in the fire?" Before I could answer, O'Connor said hastily, *faces* in the fire. "I could tell you a tale about——." He stopped and shuddered perceptibly. "A tale?" said Macdonald. "I wish you would tell it; I want something to put that horrid Tripos out of my head for an hour; have you any objection to relate the story, O'Connor?" "No," said O'Connor, "I don't know that I have; but, as it involves a ghost, I hope you are both believers; for there is nothing I dislike more than telling this particular story to a man who listens with a superior smile, and at the end asks with a sneer, "And you are really persuaded this happened? Very good indeed!" We both assured him that we were firm believers, and he then proceeded to tell

The Permanent Editor's Story.

A good many years ago I was pressed by a friend

of mine to come and stay awhile with him in a strange old house which he possessed in a wild part of Ireland. A strange house, I say; for it was a sort of tower standing alone in a desolate district, with a few cottages scattered around over a circle of about ten miles diameter, of which this tower was the centre. My friend having taken a fancy to live alone there, had bought it some while back; but at the time of my visit I heard, before starting, that the Roman Catholic priest who attended to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants of the scattered cottages aforesaid, had been invited by Mr. Elliott (that was the name of my friend) to take up his abode with him, and now occupied a room in the tower. Here I also arrived rather late one evening, but how I found my way to it I had not much idea then, and have still less now. After wandering up and down, and receiving most contradictory answers to my oft-repeated question, "Which is the way to Mr. Elliott's tower?" I came to the conclusion that the rustic of those parts must have been convinced at least as strongly as Mr. Tennyson, that "the merry world was round, and we might sail for evermore," or walk either for that matter. However, as I stopped at a cottage and was despairingly about to ask my way once more, the door half opened, and with his hand still on the latch and his face half turned away while he talked earnestly to a woman inside, I beheld a tall man in the dress of a Roman Catholic priest. Finding he was not aware of my presence, I touched him lightly on the arm, and inquired if he could tell me "where Mr. Elliott's tower was?" He started slightly, and turned on me a face on which the earnestness of the words he had just been uttering was plainly visible, together with another expression which I could not analyze at the time; for he recovered himself quickly, and replied in a quiet voice, entirely free from the Irish "brogue," "You will find it about two

miles farther on, sir, over that rising ground—." He hesitated as if about to say something more, and half made a step forward, then looked back at the woman who now appeared in the doorway of the wretched cabin, with traces of tears on her countenance; then, raising his hat slightly, wished me good evening and turned to speak to her again.

Following his directions I pursued my journey and was soon welcomed by my friend, who, when I told him of my wanderings, and how they were fortunately brought to an end, said—"Ah! that was Father Connolly; didn't he come along with you?" "No," I replied, "I left him talking to the woman I told you of; I suppose he is the priest you mentioned in your letter as living with you."

"Yes," was the answer; "but if he has got talking to widow Corrigan down there he will not appear at dinner:" and pushing both hands into the side pockets of his shooting-coat, Mr. Elliott took a turn up and down the room, with his head bent and a slight frown on his forehead, while he kicked the footstool in front of him in a thoughtful manner. "Can't we do without his reverence?" said I, for I knew that this was a way of John Elliott when he was puzzled. "Ye-s," said he slowly, "not but what he is a right good fellow, though rather queer; however, I will tell you about him afterwards."

Dinner was now announced by the solitary female domestic who "did for" the two occupants of the tower, and I was glad enough of it, for my walk had given a decidedly sharp setting to the edge of my appetite. This important event being over, John Elliott proposed that we should retire into the kitchen, and smoke over the fire; for though it was summer-time, yet the day had been damp and raw, and the wind was howling round the tower and finding its way through the chinks, of which there were many, in a manner that made a little blaze rather comfortable. We took up our re-

spective positions, in low chairs dragged out of what Elliott facetiously termed his study, and watched the smoke curling up, for a time, in silence. At last—"I'm bothered about that man Connolly," said he. "Humph," said I, "what's the matter with him." "Why, the fact of the matter is just this:—The other day he was wanted to go down and confess old Dan Corrigan, who lived in the cottage where you saw the woman talking to him, (Father Connolly that is;) and he went down right enough, but somehow or other he had had the message given him wrong, or else he had mistaken the time at which he was to go; nobody knows exactly how it was; but he got there a little while after Dan (who had been dangerously ill for some time) had given up the ghost. The widow was in a fine way about it, as might be expected, for naturally she didn't want her husband's soul to go burning like an old sod in purgatory for ever: but what makes it worse is that old Dan, it was pretty well known, had something on his conscience, for which he was very doubtful whether he could get absolution from anybody except his triple-crowned Holiness down at Rome: and when he found that Father Connolly didn't come—and he was fast dying poor fellow, he raved and swore, and then cowered away under the bedclothes, and hid his face, and said he could see nothing but flames and faces about him. Then he raved again and said that if Father Connolly wouldn't come to him now, he would come to Father Connolly afterwards. Well, I didn't think much about it, though of course I felt for the man; and was not surprised to find him rather silent and unhappy for some days." Here the narrator stopped and knocked the ashes out of his pipe upon the fender; then, having lit another, he resumed—"Well, as I said I was not surprised to find him unhappy; but one evening as he and I were sitting before this fire, much as you and I are now, I said to him after a long silence, 'Father Connolly, when you were a boy used you ever

to watch the fire until you saw the faces of those you wanted to see in it.' He just started a little, and said, 'Faces in the fire?—I never thought of that,' and then gazed hard into the red embers, without saying a word, until we went to bed. Well, a day or two afterwards he said to me, 'Mr. Elliott, would you object to my having a fire in my room in the evening.' 'Certainly not, Mr. Connolly,' said I, 'but I should hardly think it was cold at this time of year.' Well, ever since then he has had a fire with a vengeance —not exactly in his room, but in what was the old chapel adjoining it. It is all built of stone, so I am not afraid of his setting the place on fire; and there he stands and gazes hard and long into the embers— at least he was doing so the first night; when I went in, because Molly told me 'she couldn't tell what his riverence was doing ava.' He took no notice of me, and I went away; but I'm not comfortable about him, and I'm glad you're come, Fred, my boy."

Before I had time to make any reply to this long statement, the door quietly opened, and there appeared the same man that had directed me to the tower. "Good evening," said he; and drawing up a common kitchen chair between us, he leant forward with his hands on his knees, and gazed into the fire. And again there came over his face that strange look; but I could analyze it now; it was the look of a proud spirit forced to fear: yet there was a fixity about the lines of the mouth, which shewed that the spirit would conquer, let the cost be what it might.

John Elliott gazed at him for a few seconds, with a sort of helpless look on his face. The two men were so different—and John knew it, and felt that he could get no hold of the other, though he would give anything to be able to convince him of his mistake in imagining himself guilty of the eternal punishment of a soul. For such was the idea that had laid fast hold of the priest's mind; and no arguments, not

even the plainest demonstration that it was not his fault, and that anybody else would have done just the same, availed in the least to rouse him to any effort to exculpate himself to himself. My friend then remembering that he had not been in to dinner, pressed him to take something in the way of supper; but he declined, saying he did not feel as though he wanted anything, and then rising wearily, wished us good-night and retired.

We sat a little longer, and then remarked—"Well, I think we can't do better than follow his Reverence's example, and go to bed."

"All right," said Elliott, "I am just going round to see everything safe, and then I shall do likewise."

"Let me come and help you," said I, "it's a dreary business to do by one's self, and I shall learn the geography of the place, if I may be allowed the expression."

We went round therefore, and saw that shutters were up and bolted, dogs chained up in their proper places &c., and then came to the back of the tower; "Look there!" said Elliott, pointing to a bright light that shone from a long narrow window, that's Father Connolly's fire. I looked and saw that there were five of these windows and that the part of the house to which they belonged was a long and rather low building, that had evidently been added to the rest, after the original structure had been completed. It was in fact what had been the chapel; but the light I noticed only came from one window. "Let us go and see what the man is doing, said I, suddenly," Elliott agreed and we were soon stealing round to the door at the outward end of the chapel. Here was a difficulty; how to open it without disturbing the priest, for I particularly wished to see him without being seen. There was nothing for it however but to feel for the handle, turn it steadily and enter, which we did without making much noise and at any rate without disturbing the occupant; for

the first thing we saw when we set foot inside, was a bright light, shining from a recess in the side of the chapel, and in the broad wedge-like glare, the figure of the priest gazing steadily, almost fiercely, into the recess. I had opened the door and kept hold of the handle, letting Elliott pass me, and after looking at the figure in the midst of the light for a few seconds, I half turned round to shut the door, lest the rush of air caused by its standing open (for the wind was still blowing hard) should attract the notice of Father Connolly; I had just closed it quietly, when I heard a half stifled exclamation from Elliott, and the next instant his hand was laid on my arm with a grasp—painful in its intensity, as he said in a husky voice "My God, look there."—I did look towards the light, and saw there a sight which I shall never forget as long as I live. The priest had fallen on his face upon the ground, his arms stretched forward and his head between them, while above him towered an enormous figure, with huge arms extended and pressing downwards as if to annihilate the prostrate man and crush him into the ground on which he lay. There it stood motionless awhile, the upper part of its gigantic form plainly outlined, and white against the gloom, while below where it stood, full in the glare of light, there seemed a tremulous motion like the waving of a vast shadowy robe. Then as I gazed it lifted its huge hands three times in a denunciatory manner and spread them out again over the prostrate figure as though it would crush it beneath their weight. Then bending over him it spoke some words in his ear, and rose again with one hand pointing upward. Still I gazed without moving a muscle, the light seemed to petrify me and my feet felt like leaden weights, when suddenly Elliott's grasp of my arm relaxed, and with a strange sort of moan he fell heavily forward in the dark upon the stone floor. That broke the spell, the next instant I had felt for him, seized him, and half dragged half carried him to the door; wrenched it open and

getting him out into the fresh air, sat down on the step outside propping him up against my shoulder. It was wonderful how for the time the recent sight of the ghost failed to influence me in the least: what I thought was simply, that this was a pretty state of things, for I daren't leave Elliott by himself while I roused the servant, and I could not wake her without leaving him and going into the house; so, on the whole, it seemed probable that I should sit there until he came to himself without being able to do anything for him, for though I had got him so far, I had not strength to get him any farther. But I had forgotten Farther Connolly, for I had hardly arrived at this conclusion before the door of the chapel which had swung to after I had passed out, opened again and he appeared with a lantern in his hand. Stepping quickly down to where I sat supporting Elliott, as though he had known all that had happened, he set down the lantern, and together we lifted the still senseless form and carried it into the house, to my bedroom which was on the ground-floor. Striking a light with trembling hands, I hastened to examine the body as it lay stretched on the bed, but Father Connolly had already loosed the collar and necktie, and soon blood began to flow freely from a ghastly cut, which traversed the bridge of his nose and extended nearly to the corner of the mouth, for he had struck the basement of a stone pillar in his fall. This seemed to revive him, and in a little while he could speak, but whenever Father Connolly came near him he shuddered perceptibly and shrank from him. This the latter perceiving soon left the room on some excuse and did not return. We had got Elliott's clothes off, bandaged his wounds and put him in the bed that had been intended for me, where he soon slept soundly: while I sat and watched him. It was a weary watch, for the sight I had just seen now came back upon my mind with irresistible force—the cowering priest—the dim tremendous figure, with its

solemn gesture of condemnation; and then, too, the thought, what did it all mean? and why was the priest there at all? Could that strong will that I had read in the set lips have so far conquered the natural fear that all men have of the spiritual world, as to make him seek by fanciful means suggested by the chance word of my friend, an interview with that soul which he, God's priest though he was, had been the means of losing, as he thought? Could he have taken the dying man's words in earnest, nay clung to them as a last hope, rather than a threat, and forced himself, as it were, to meet half-way the wronged and restless spirit, with some wild hope of making amends for the wrong? And if so, had he succeeded? I could not help thinking that he had; and the thought comforted me, as I turned it over and over in my mind, till, wearied with my journey and the excitement of the whole thing, I fell asleep in the arm-chair where I sat.

Next morning I awoke with a start at the sound of a voice, and perceived Elliott sitting up in bed, his eyes wide open, his hand pointing at some fancied appearance while he talked quickly and incoherently; I tried to quiet him, but he was very feverish, and so I sent off Molly to find a messenger to go for the nearest doctor. This gentleman arrived about one o'clock, and pronounced his patient to be in a high fever, but free from danger at present. He got better in the afternoon, and in the evening I was able to go to dinner, leaving Molly to take care of him. I found Father Connolly waiting in the dining-room and his whole behaviour justified the conclusion I had arrived at the night before. He expressed himself glad to hear that Elliott was better; but of course I said no word to him about the cause of the illness. He talked pleasantly on various topics, and there was an extreme gentleness that was almost caressing about his manner. After dinner we stood at the open window watching the twilight deepening and the stars come out, until the moon rose over a wooded

hill, and then he said "It is very beautiful this earth." I looked up at his face and saw for a moment the set lips parted, and I fancied, trembling, while the great blue eyes gazed with a piteous beseeching look away into vacancy. Then the lips set close again, and shutting the window firmly, he walked with head erect to the door, leaving me without a word.

I soon went to my patient whom I found quietly sleeping, and as I had had a bed made up in the room, I was soon following his example.

The next morning, after I had done dressing, he called me to his bedside, and after looking at me steadily a little, said with a sickly sort of smile; "Fred, what a fool I have been." "Well you're all right now," said I, and after a short silence, "Where's Father Connolly;" said he, "let me see him, I don't mind him now." "I'll tell him to look in as I pass his door," said I, and went out. I knocked at the priest's door as I had promised and called him, but there was no answer, so I opened the door and put my head in, when a sickening odour of burning reached me and made me start back: "What was it?" It was no ordinary smoke of wood or coal that caused it. A horrible idea flashed across my mind which made me push open the door again and rush into the room—It was empty—the door into the chapel adjoining was open. Passing quickly through it I made for the recess where we had seen the fire-light issuing on that eventful night, and there upon a pile of still glowing embers lay the charred form of Father Connolly, face downwards, with arms extended in the form of a cross. My first impulse was to rush forward and pull away the prostrate form; but the sickening sight made me shrink back, and I stood rooted to the ground and scanned the charred figure with eyes that refused to believe what they saw. In one of the hands which the fire had not reached was a paper. Summoning up courage, I drew near and gently disengaged it from the dead fingers; upon it were written these few

words: "I am an unprofitable servant; I have done that which it was my duty to do."

* * * * *

My friend has never entirely got over the shock which the suicide, or rather sacrifice of the priest, gave to his system, already reduced by fever; and I have never received his permission to tell this story, simply because I dare not introduce the subject of ghosts to him in any shape whatever.

As O'Connor finished, the solitary surviving candle which had for some time exhibited symptoms of approaching extinction, suddenly flared up with an expiring effort, and then instantaneously sputtered its last. The fire had by this time settled down into a mass of embers, which now glowed redly through the gloom, and the wind whistled drearily in the keyhole, and moaned along the staircase outside. The very atmosphere seemed heavy with a supernatural awe, and I felt myself beginning to shudder whenever I thought of the catastrophe of O'Connor's story. It was some time before the silence was broken. At length Macdonald said in a subdued voice, "There is a story they tell in our part" (he was a native of the Shetland Islands) "which is almost as terrible as yours, O'Connor: I should like to tell it to you, if you care to hear it." We signified our assent, and he began

The Secretary's Story.

Almost the only spot at which it is possible to land on Fair Isle is Heswall Bay. The entrance is narrow, with stupendous cliffs of black rock rising on either side perpendicularly from the sea; at the further extremity of the bay there is a strip of white sand, near which are the cottages of the fishermen, who are the only inhabitants of the island. Even at the present time it is but rarely visited by strangers, and a hundred and fifty years ago when the events hereafter to be related took place, months often elapsed without any communication between the inhabitants and the main-land.

At that time the proprietor was always an absentee, and the only person who had any authority in the island, was the schoolmaster appointed by him. His house was easily to be distinguished from the rest, by its possessing a chimney, an appendage which the fishermen considered a useless luxury. David Forbes who filled the post of schoolmaster at this time, was a thoroughly conscientious man, and a staunch Presbyterian; but his temper had been soured by the death of his wife and the loss of his little property; he looked down upon the islanders as little better than heathens, and was always wishing himself back in the "gude toun o' Dundee." His only daughter Effie was the admiration of all the young men in the island, most of whom regarded her as a superior kind of being, raised far too high for them to aspire to; one of them however, Robert Ollason, had contrived to win her affection. Robert's father was a great man in his way; he was the fortunate possessor of a coble of his own, and also had a couple of dozen sheep grazing on the hills. In his younger days he had been famous as the boldest and most successful fisherman on the coast, and in this respect Robert seemed likely to succeed to his father's place. Unhappily, however, like the majority of the other fishermen, old Ollason was a smuggler, and would sometimes return with a cargo of Danish brandy purchased from some vessel trading to the Faroes, instead of the more legitimate herrings and codfish.

When David Forbes first discovered Robert's love for his daughter, he was highly indignant; all his Scotch pride revolted at the idea of a union between one of his blood and a young savage, for such he considered Robert Ollason to be. To Effie herself he said nothing directly, but only warned her in a general way against yielding to the temptations of the Devil, and

inveighed even more than usual against the barbarism and wickedness of the islanders. After Effie had gone to bed, he sat up a long time thinking how he could get Robert out of the island; he did not exactly wish to injure the young man, but it was plain that either he or Effie must leave; how could it be endured that his daughter should marry the son of a man who was well known to be a smuggler? Never had smuggling appeared to him so great a crime before; was it not his plain duty to give information against a smuggler, as he would do against any other thief? Then he suddenly remembered that he had accidentally heard old Ollason talking about a ship from the Faroes which he expected that day week: possibly Robert also might get into trouble; not that that would make any difference to him; he would inform, because it was his duty to do so, and not from any personal motive.

The next morning, to Effie's astonishment, he informed her that he should be obliged to go for a few days to Kirkwall, and as the wind was now fair, he would go that day. On the following Saturday he returned with an anxious face, and when Effie tried t draw from him the object of his journey, he told her that it was nothing she could understand, only some business connected with the management of the island.

On the Monday morning as Robert was leaving his house to prepare the boat for their evening expedition, a rabbit crossed his path, and then running on a little in front, sat still and looked at him, till he had almost walked up to it. Robert himself made light of this, but his father and mother declared that it was the most certain sign of ill luck, and that therefore he must stay at home, or something bad would happen to the whole party. To this Robert, much against his will, was obliged to consent.

In the evening Ollason and his younger son sailed out under cover of the darkness, to the spot where the vessel had been appointed to meet them. While

they were engaged in lading their boat, they suddenly heard the sound of muffled oars, and before they had time even to loose from the ship's side, they were mastered by overpowering odds and carried on board the revenue cutter. All that night did Robert and his friends watch for his father's return, but when morning dawned, they saw with horror the revenue cutter standing into the bay, with their boat fastened behind her. There could be no difficulty in identifying the prisoners, and, notwithstanding all Robert's efforts to procure their pardon, they were condemned at the next Kirkwall assizes to transportation for life.

When Robert took his last leave of his father, the latter made him swear "by the Dwarfie stone in Hoy," that should he ever find out who was the person who had given information to the revenue officers, were he never so near or dear to him, he would show no mercy to him, but think upon his father, and avenge him to the uttermost of his power. For several months after his father's departure, Robert bore up against his grief, sustained by Effie's love, and the hope that some day he might discover the name of the informer.

At last one day when David Forbes had seen his daughter with Robert, he said to her as they were sitting at tea in the evening, "Effie, you must break off all connection with that young reprobate, Robert Ollason; his father was a smuggler and he is not much better himself, and besides if he only knew that it was I who had informed against his father, you may be sure he would have nothing more to say to you." Unhappily a cousin of Robert's who happened to be coming in at the moment, heard what he said, and in a few hours the news spread through the village that it was the schoolmaster who had informed against Ollason. When Robert at last heard it, he was distracted between his love for Effie and his fear of his father's curse, if he were not to abide by the oath which he had sworn. Finally the latter sentiment proved the

stronger, and calling together a number of his friends and relations he consulted with them on the course he ought to pursue. There was but one opinion among them, the schoolmaster must go over the cliff. Accordingly, having sworn themselves to strict secrecy, they proceeded in a body to Forbes' house. It was a wild November night, and they could hear the waves dashing against the cliffs, outside the bay; but in the lulls of the wind they could distinguish, when they reached the house, David's grave and somewhat stern voice interrupted occasionally by Effie's sobs. This was too much for Robert; he said that come what might he could never take the life of Effie's father. The others answered that it was now too late to draw back, and Robert waited in despairing silence, while one of the number knocked at the door, and said that he wanted to speak to the schoolmaster. As soon as David showed himself, he was seized upon, and carried off to the summit of a high cliff on the northern side of the bay. Robert himself did not dare lay a finger on him, but followed moodily behind the rest. No sooner had they reached the edge of the cliff, than, without giving the unhappy man so much as a moment for prayer, they bound his hands and feet together and threw him over. They listened for a short time but could hear nothing, except the roaring of the waves, and the wild screams of some seagulls, which had been disturbed by the fall of the body. Robert stood gazing out seaward, as if he expected to see David returning over the cliff, but at last allowed himself to be led away by his companions.

As for Effie, it was some time before she realized what her father had been called away for, but as hour after hour passed away and still he did not return, the truth at last dawned upon her. She neither wept nor fainted, but sat still in a kind of lethargy, from which she was only roused at last by the news of another terrible loss.

On the following day, Robert, not having dared to

enquire after Effie, and caring little whether he lived or died, persuaded one of his friends to go with him fishing, notwithstanding the stormy state of the weather. However, when they had got outside the bay, the sea calmed down wonderfully; and after shooting their nets, they sat still watching the sun set over the sea. When the moon rose they began to haul in their nets; and for some time it seemed that they had been unsuccessful. At last Robert felt that there was something heavy in the net; and, as he looked over the side, he could see a dark mass entangled in the meshes, and coming slowly upward through the water. Robert felt an unaccountable shudder run through him as it approached; but thinking that it was a bunch of sea-weed, he leaned over the side and grasped it with his hand, and lifted it out of the water. To his horror the moonlight fell full on a human face, which he instantly recognized as that of David Forbes. His fingers were entangled in the hair; and as, with a shriek, he tried to throw the body from him, one of the arms fell across his neck as though endeavouring to seize him and drag him with it, in its cold and clammy embrace, to the bottom. On hearing his shriek, his companion turned round, and they both saw the corpse, now disentangled from the net, drifting with an undulatory motion towards the harbour, as though bent on returning to its home, while the phosphorescent light of the sea playing round it made it appear more ghastly still.

While they were watching it, it raised itself upright on the surface of the sea, and pointing with its outstretched arm first to Robert, and then to the cliff, over which the schoolmaster had been thrown on the preceding evening, slowly approached the boat. Suddenly it stopped; and, with another wave of its arm, turned round and made towards the bay. Robert and his companion seized their oars and rowed as fast as they could in the hope of reaching the bay before the corpse. But whenever they seemed to be gaining

on it, it turned round, and warned them to approach no nearer with a threatening gesture, and with such a stony expression, or rather want of expression, in its eyes, that they were scarcely able to hold their oars for fear. When they reached the mouth of the harbour it stood still, and, stretching out both arms, barred their passage.

This was more than Robert, frightened as he was, could endure. Even a coward will fight when brought to bay, and Robert was no coward. He stood up at his full height in the bows, grasping a heavy scull; then, muttering a deep imprecation between his teeth, he aimed a violent blow at the ghastly figure. At this moment the moon was hidden by a black cloud, which prevented his companion from seeing the effect of the blow. He heard, however, the whirl of the oar through the air, immediately followed by a loud splash, and then one long despairing cry from Robert. He rushed to the bows, and found that Robert had disappeared over the side of the boat. He immediately sprang overboard in the hope of saving him, but was unable to find him, and lost sight of the boat in the darkness.

The next morning he was found lying on the sand, and was restored sufficiently to be able to give an account of what had happened, but did not survive many days. Robert's body was also washed up, and on his neck were plainly to be distinguished the marks of four fingers and a thumb.

The sight of the body being carried through the village, roused Effie from her lethargy, and she threw herself on it weeping, and could be with difficulty removed. She seemed to have entirely lost her reason. In the evening she escaped from her friends, and was found in the morning lying on the top of the cliff from which her father had been thrown. When she returned to consciousness, she was perfectly calm, declaring that she could now die in peace, as she was assured that she would meet both her father and

Robert hereafter. "I saw them," said she, "last night, and they told me that they had forgiven each other; my father no longer opposes our marriage, and I am now going to join my bridegroom."

Her tomb may still be seen by the visitor to the island, bearing this singular inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
EUPHEMIA FORBES,
THE WIFE OF ROBERT OLLASON,
DIED NOV. 25, 1716.

As Macdonald concluded his story, he suddenly changed his tone to one of assumed gaiety, and said with a sigh of relief, "There! I feel much better for that: half the mathematical cobwebs are swept away from my brain already; and one more story, which you, Franklin, are doubtless preparing to contribute, will complete the process. Pass the rosy, as Mr. Swiveller would call O'Connor's claret, and begin at once." If the truth must be told, I had by this time arrived at that stage of nervous apprehension, at which a certain disinclination to seek the solitude of one's bedroom is not uncommonly developed; and yet, on the other hand, I felt that another ghost-story, even though I were myself the narrator, would not tend to allay my panic. I half suspected, from the eagerness with which O'Connor seconded Macdonald's request, that he, too, was not unwilling to defer the evil hour when he would be alone with darkness and his own thoughts; and this idea was presently confirmed. After a moment's hesitation I decided on the easier, though perhaps the more cowardly, course of procrastination; and intimated my willingness to relate an experience which had been detailed to me by my cousin. "But before I begin, would it not be well for the fire to be mended? I don't see any coals here, O'Connor." "Oh! there are some logs in my gyp-room," replied O'Connor, "I'll get one." The alacrity

of his answer, however, was not altogether borne out by his actions. He went with reluctant steps to the door, peered out into the passage, then remarked that it was very dark, and a candle would be useful. When the candle was lighted, it suddenly struck him that he could not hold the candle and carry the log at the same time; so I had to accompany him. The operation was at length accomplished, but not without two false alarms; the first resulting from our own shadows, the second caused by the mysterious creaking of an open door: and I proceeded to repeat my cousin's adventure, as nearly as I could remember, in his own words.

The Editor's Story.

Yes, they were certainly lodgings after my own heart, were those rooms of mine at Leabank. It was not a new house—I hate those staring edifices of bright red brick, which bear the brand of the nineteenth century upon their bold unblushing brows. They always seem to me to be proclaiming to the world in general, "Here we are, replete with all the improvements of this wonderful age: temples of the goddess Utility; not a square foot of room, not the thickness of a brick wasted in *us;* gas laid on from attic to cellar; offices heated by patent hot water apparatus; within one minute's walk of the railway station. A slight improvement, we take it, upon our rambling, draughty, ill-contrived, and inconvenient predecessors!" However, as I said before, my lodgings did not offend me in this way. I do not know that they boasted any great antiquity; neither had they any particular architectural merits, as far as I am aware: but they wore an air of homely comfort which was more alluring to me than all the latest improvements could have been.

My domain consisted of a sitting-room and a bedroom, both on the first floor; the former looking out over the garden, with a distant view of the river Lea

winding in chequered light and shade through rich meadows and pleasant pastures, till it was lost to view in the mazes of encroaching woods; the latter on the opposite side of the house and facing the street. This street-view of my bedroom was the one flaw in the perfection of my lodgings. For, although I had been assured by Mrs. Marks, my landlady, that she had no bedroom at liberty which commanded a view of the country, I had my own reasons for believing the contrary; seeing that there was a door next to my sitting-room, which could not but open into a room facing the same way. This I had suspected from the first: but my suspicions were one day accidentally changed into certainty. I had started early one morning to walk to a village some ten miles away, where I had promised to spend the day with an old College friend; and I had accordingly told Mrs. Marks not to expect me home until late in the evening. However, l'homme propose. Scarcely had I reached the top of the first hill out of Leabank, when I met my friend driving in at full speed. When he saw me he pulled up, and told me, with many apologies, that he had just received a telegram announcing the illness of his father, and that he was then on the way to the station to catch the 9 o'clock down express to Staffordshire. Under these circumstances I had nothing to do but to offer my condolences and turn back, meditating on the instability of human affairs. On my way to my sitting-room I had to pass the mysterious door; but what was my surprise to see that it was open, and not only so, but to find my suspicion realized to the utmost! It was a bedroom, and it overlooked that rural paradise which I was so anxious to view from my bedroom window. It was evident from the disarrangement of the rather scanty furniture in the room, that Mrs. Marks had taken advantage of my absence to effect her periodical "cleaning" of the room, and that I was indebted to my sudden return for my discovery of the falsehood

she had practised upon me. I was sorry to come to this conclusion; for I had found Mr. and Mrs. Marks in other respects not only obliging, but also, as I thought, honest and truthful to a degree; which, accustomed as I was to London lodgings, I had keenly appreciated. However, I determined at once to take advantage of my discovery to secure the much-desired bedroom. Acting on this resolution I rang the bell, and asked for Mrs. Marks. On that lady's appearance I explained that my visit had been postponed, and proceeded to say—

"Mrs. Marks, I think I must have misunderstood you; I thought you said there was no bed-room you could let me have on this side of the house. I see that the next room is unoccupied, and it commands even a better prospect than this does. I should much prefer it to the room I now have."

"If you remember, sir," replied Mrs. Marks, not without a look of trouble upon her face, "we told you that we had no other bed-room we could let you have. It is quite true, sir, what we said; we could not recommend that room to you. I cannot tell you why, sir; but you may be sure we would do anything we could to oblige you. We should be doing wrong to put you into that room; we should indeed."

While Mrs. Marks had been speaking, I had been closely watching her; and so convinced was I that truth and honesty were written on her face, that I altered my opinion of her falsehood, and felt that I could press my request no further. At the same time I was obliged to confess to myself that her conduct was inexplicable on any other hypothesis than that of falsehood. However, there was nothing for it but to say—

"Well, Mrs. Marks, if it must be so, it must. I cannot afford to quarrel with you just for the sake of a mere fancy. But can you not give me any hope that I may have the room at some future time, if I cannot now?"

"I am afraid not, sir," she said. "Anything else you like to mention, sir, I am sure——"

"There is nothing but this," I interrupted, "and I must make up my mind to forego my whim. Good morning."

When Mrs. Marks had gone, I began to ruminate upon what had passed, but I could form no satisfactory theory to account for her conduct, and I was compelled to admit that the whole thing was a mystery. A mystery? Why had I not once said that lodgings, to be quite perfect, should have a mystery about them. Well, I had got my mystery; but, now that I had got it, I reluctantly owned that it was not so pleasant as I had anticipated. I never passed the room without an uneasy feeling of curiosity, which at times amounted to an absolute craving for some solution of the inexplicable enigma. However, though I had failed in gaining my point, the room was now much less jealousy closed to my intrusion than before; and not unfrequently when I came in late on a summer evening I found the door temptingly open, and, sauntering in, was free to watch the last glow of the sunset die out upon the river, and the white sails of the pleasure-boats glancing through the screen of trees which sheltered the most distant reach of the Lea—the latter an effect which was obtained to less advantage from my sitting-room. I had turned in one evening in rather a thoughtful mood, intending to remain a few minutes and then retire to bed, when my attention was arrested by the position occupied by a large star close to the dark edge of the moon, and as I saw that the obscuration of the former must take place in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, I decided to stay and watch its disappearance. Meanwhile I threw myself into an old-fashioned arm-chair that stood in the room, and almost immediately forgot my curiosity in a sound slumber. When I awoke, it was with the sensation rather of recovering from a swoon

than of awaking from sleep. The first thing I was conscious of, was that I was in perfect darkness except for the glimmer of the summer night through the window; the next was that I was stiff and cold, and yet was covered with a chill moisture, congealed, as it were, in large drops all over my body. I had, too, a strange pain in my head, and on putting up my hand to it found that it was apparently laid open with a broad and deep cut behind. I also discovered, on attempting to move, that I was stretched on the floor with my head close to the arm-chair in which I had fallen asleep. I lay some minutes before I could collect my strength sufficiently to assume a standing posture; and when I had done so, I was seized with a sudden horror; my blood ran cold, my knees shook, and I nearly fell heavily upon the floor. With slow and uncertain steps I at length made my way to the door, which was fortunately open, and tottering into the passage propped myself against the wall until the acute pain in my head in some measure aroused me to a sense of my position, and I made my way into my bed-room just opposite and struck a light. As I did so, my eyes fell involuntarily upon the looking-glass, and there I saw a sight which absolutely struck me with terror. A cadaverous face streaming with a ghastly dew exuding from every pore; eyes deeply sunk in the head, and with a scared look in their distended pupils; and, finally, a mass of dishevelled hair clotted in thick blood-stained masses above the temples and dripping with gore which had left its traces upon my disordered dress,—could this be the work of some four hours' sleep in an empty room? Had I not in truth been battling with the powers of darkness present in bodily form, but armed with the strength of supernatural malignity? I was still shaking from head to foot, and with difficulty contrived to wash the blood from my head, and bind up the wound with my handkerchief. This done, I mechanically wound up my watch, which stood at

twenty-five minutes past two, and crept into bed, leaving the light burning. I soon fell asleep, for there was an exhaustion pervading my whole frame, such as I had never felt in all my life before. When I got up next morning the sun was high in the heavens, but my long slumbers had partially restored me to myself, though my first glance at the looking-glass still gave me somewhat of a shock, and when Mrs. Marks saw me, she started back in amazement, exclaiming, "Dear, dear, sir, how ill you look, to be sure!" On one point, however, I had made up my mind, namely, that I would say nothing about my sleeping in the Mysterious Room, as I had now learnt to call it. My reason was, principally, an innate secretiveness of disposition, which always prompts me to conceal any matter of personal interest which may provoke the remarks even of indifferent curiosity. But I was also influenced by a wish to form an unbiassed opinion of the last night's incident. For I now began to suspect for the first time that there was a supernatural element in the mystery of the unoccupied room; but I was unwilling to accept a theory which involved the adoption of what I had always hitherto considered a most irrational belief, to account for an incident which, after all, was capable of a very simple and natural explanation. Now, to take Mrs. Marks into my confidence would probably be to hear some time-worn story of a murder or a suicide entailing a spiritual visitation upon the mysterious room as the scene of its occurrence. I therefore told her merely that I had had a bad fall the night before and had cut my head, and that I thought it must have shaken me a good deal and affected my nerves. When I had encountered her expressions of concern, and had had some stereotyped remedy applied to my wound, I saw the good soul depart with a feeling of satisfaction that she did not press me more for particulars of my fall.

When she was gone, I sat down to think over what had happened. Was it not possible, nay probable,

I argued with myself, that my fall was due to some unsuspected tendency to somnambulism? Might I not have started up from the chair, and then, from a sudden collapse of the unnatural energy that had placed me upon my feet, might I not have fallen backwards with my head against the woodwork of the chair? A thought struck me. If I had so fallen, would there not be some trace of blood left upon the chair itself? I jumped up and in a moment stood in the room beside the old arm-chair. A moment more, and I had found upon the sharp edge of the seat the evidence of which I was in search. It was clear then that the agent of my wound was no visitant from the invisible world, but neither more nor less than a very solid and substantial piece of carved mahogany. But was my fall of itself sufficient to account for the symptoms of utter exhaustion which I felt when I came to myself in the first instance, and which were still only too apparent in the sensitiveness of my shattered nerves and the prostration which succeeded the slightest exertion I attempted? The face of terror, too, which the looking-glass had presented to my gaze just before I crept cowering into bed, was that accounted for by a common fall, such as I should have laughed at any day in the hunting-field? I could only argue that the effect of such a fall upon the unprepared frame of sleep must have been intensified in proportion to the profound repose of the senses from which they had been so rudely startled. Though this was not altogether a satisfactory solution, I was forced to content myself with it; and as I almost immediately afterwards went away to spend a long holiday upon the west coast of Scotland, I should speedily have dismissed the incident from my mind, but for the effects it had left behind it—effects which did not entirely disappear, until two months of healthy out-door life had sent me back with renewed constitutional vigour to my law-books at Leabank.

I had not long returned before I was again, in one of

my late visits to the Mysterious Room, overtaken by sleep in the old arm-chair; but on this occasion, although, when I awoke and remembered where I was, I did for a moment feel an uncomfortable sensation closely akin to fear, yet I was agreeably surprised to find myself unharmed by the occurrence, nor could I recall to mind any relic even of an unpleasant dream that had haunted my slumbers.

Time flew by, and I could scarcely believe the evidence of my diary, that nearly a year had elapsed since the memorable night of the 29th of June, which had for a time proved so fatal to my peace of mind, when one morning I received a letter from home announcing that my youngest brother Arthur, a boy of about five years of age, would have to pass through Leabank the next day on his way to visit an uncle a few miles beyond. He would be put under the charge of the guard, the letter went on, as far as Leabank, and would I let him stay the night with me, and spare a couple of hours the next day to see him to his journey's end? "Of course I will," I said to myself, as I folded up the letter, "and very glad I shall be to have the little fellow with me for a few hours." But where was he to sleep? that was the next question. I rang the bell and Mrs. Marks appeared. I stated the case to her. She looked perplexed. She was afraid there was no furniture in the little room upstairs, or else he might have had that. "Why should he not sleep in the next room here?" I suggested, pointing in the direction of the mysterious room. "I would rather he did not, sir, indeed," was the reply; "but did you say it was only for one night, sir?" "That is all," I said, "surely, whatever is the matter with the room, it could hardly hurt any one to sleep there one night. In fact," I went on, "I have slept there myself the greater part of a night in that old arm-chair which you have there, and very comfortably I slept too." "What day of the month will to-morrow be, sir, if you please?"

asked Mrs. Marks with an apparent irrelevancy which was rather unlike her usual business-like habits. "Day of the month? Oh the 28th," I replied thoughtlessly. "The 28th," she repeated meditatively. "Well, sir, I don't know that it could do any harm for one night; I'll air the room to-day and make it as comfortable as I can for him." "I know you will, Mrs. Marks," I said as she went out. A minute or two later the servant brought my *Times* up, and as I opened the paper my eye fell upon the date "Wednesday, June 28th." "Why, I told Mrs. Marks the wrong date!" I mentally ejaculated. "To-morrow will be the 29th. However, I dare say it does not matter much." Nor did I ever remember to correct my statement. Little did I guess the significance of my landlady's apparently trivial question.

The next day I met my little brother at the station and brought him to my lodgings. In great spirits he was with the prospect of his visit, and he chattered away to me at a great rate after tea, and would not hear of going to bed, although I saw that his eyes were growing heavy with sleep. At length, quite overcome with weariness, he was fair to submit, and I took him to his room, which looked quite homely and cheerful with the blazing fire which Mrs. Marks had thoughtfully lighted. I saw him into bed, where he fell asleep almost before his head rested on the pillow, and then retired to bed myself, resolving to be up betimes in the morning, and do some work before we started on our journey. I had scarcely been asleep an instant, as it seemed to me, though I afterwards found that the time was three hours, when I awoke suddenly and with an impression that I heard some one speaking. (I must premise that I am one of those otherwise sound sleepers who yet wake instantly at the sound of voices). A moment proved that my impression was no dream but a reality. Through the stillness of the night I distinctly heard the sound of a voice, and the sound proceeded

from the Mysterious Room. I sprang out of bed, and in a moment had crossed the passage and turned the handle of the opposite door. Another moment, and I saw a sight which I shall never forget to my dying day.

To be continued.

DESPAIR.

O night, thou starlit night, thou art not night.
For what is this without or moon or star
That broodeth o'er my soul? This, this is night.
O night, that art not night, quench thy keen stars,
Shake out on high the pall of black eclipse,
Draw the thick clouds, thy garment's dusky hem,
From every mountain-top to shroud thy face,
Still art thou but as twilight to this night,
This dim foreshadowing of Fate, in which
Vainly I grope for some support, how frail
Soever and how fleeting, for my hope
To build an airy fabric thereupon.
O night, that art not night, thou hast thy hour,
Thou hast thy ending. Soon above the hills
The red dawn growing into whiter light
Shall slay thee. But this night within my soul,
This is Despair, the deathless night of Hope,
That sun now quenched in ocean of my woe!

T. M.

NEW POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART II.

MR. ARNOLD'S minor poems are distinguished by the same characteristic excellences as his larger ones. They display beauties of rhythm, of imagery, of form and colour; but after reading them we feel that something is still wanting. They fill us with no inspiration. We are neither nobler nor greater for having read them. We feel that Mr. Arnold considers life a necessary evil, which can only be mitigated by a little culture. Man in his opinion is only an accident of nature: his thirst after knowledge and happiness is but vanity of vanities. The mighty hopes which make us men are idle dreams. The apostle of culture gives us a little poem of exquisite workmanship —a man's last wish. He asks that he may see before his dying eyes.

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide aërial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give;
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself and made us live.

Then let me gaze till I become,
In soul with what I gaze on wed;
To feel the universe my home,
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath——
The pure eternal course of life;
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing let me grow,
Compos'd refresh'd ennobled clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wail elsewhere or here.

That is all. There is no ray of faith to pierce the darkness of the coming night. This is what we learn from Philosophic culture. The death-bed of the Northern Farmer teaches us more. To be a Philistine with a little faith is preferable.

The Grande Chartreuse is one of Mr. Arnold's most beautiful poems. There we have laid bare, with no small skill, the thoughts of a man who would fain escape from the bustle and activity of modern life to the cloister of meditation and of prayer, but that stern duty prevents him; and who would, but that reason forbids him, yield to dogma to be rid of the burden of doubt.

Not as their friend or child I speak!
But as on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths and both are gone.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride;
I come to shed them at their side.

There may, perhaps, yet dawn an age
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.
Sons of the world, oh, haste those years;
But, till they rise, allow our tears!

The two minor poems that we like best are the Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon, and the lines on Heine's Grave. Every time we read them we find some fresh beauty, and our admiration for them is increased. To analyse them, however, would be like seizing a butterfly to examine the beauty of its wings. In the Epilogue the poet and his friend walking through

Hyde Park fell into discourse on Lessing's famed "Laocoon," and attempted to define accurately painting and poetry. And as they tread the green grass in the month of May, and gaze upon the majestic elms gay with their summer foliage, and the kine resting in the shade, the poet exclaims—

"Behold," I said, "the painters sphere!
The limits of his art appear!
The passing group, the summer morn,
The grass, the elms, that blossom'd thorn;
Those cattle crouch'd, or, as they rise,
Their shining flanks, their liquid eyes;
These, or much greater things, but caught
Like these, and in one aspect brought.
In outward semblance he must give
A moment's life of things that live;
Then let him choose his moment well,
With power divine its story tell!"

Still we walk'd on, in thoughtful mood,
And now upon the Bridge we stood.
Full of sweet breathings was the air,
Of sudden stirs and pauses fair;
Down o'er the stately Bridge the breeze
Came rustling from the garden trees
And on the sparkling waters play'd.
Light-plashing waves an answer made,
And mimic boats their haven near'd.
Beyond the Abbey towers appear'd,
By mist and chimneys unconfined,
Free to the sweep of light and wind;
While through the earth-moor'd nave below,
Another breath of wind doth blow,
Sound as of wandering breeze—but sound
In laws by human artists bound.
"The world of music I exclaim'd!"
"This breeze that rustles by, that famed
Abbey recalls it! what a sphere,
Large and profound, hath genius here!
Th' inspired musician what a range,
What power of passion, wealth of change!
Some pulse of feeling he must choose
And its lock'd fount of beauty use,
And through the stream of music
Its else unutterable spell;
To choose it rightly in his part,
And press into its inmost heart.

Onward they move until they reach the Ride where the human tide flows, and where they see the young and old, the sad and happy, and there they behold the poet's sphere. He must be painter and musician too. There are some who catch a momentary glimpse of the mighty stream of life and paint it, and some who can strike a few melodious chords, but

Only a few the life-stream's shore
With safe unwandering feet explore,
Untired its movement bright attend,
Follow its windings to the end.
Then from its brimming waves their eye
Drinks up delighted ecstacy,
And its deep-toned, melodious voice,
For ever makes their ear rejoice.
They speak! the happiness divine
They feel, runs o'er in every line.
Its spell is round them like a shower;
It gives them pathos, gives them power.
No painter yet hath such a way
Nor no musician made, as they;
And gather'd on immortal knolls
Such lovely flowers for cheering souls!
Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakspeare, teach.
To these, to these, their thankful race
Gives, then, the first, the fairest place!
And brightest is their glory's sheen
For greatest has their labour been.

The lines on Heine's grave are stamped with the Author's own peculiar genius, and are perfect in their kind. They are to be admired for the imagination which they display.

I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assail'd
England, my country; for we,
Fearful and sad, for her sons,
Long since deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, sigh that she flags;
We, too, say that she now,
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
Of a former age any more,

Stupidly travels her round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life
Glory, and genius, and joy.

So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
So we arraign her, her sons.

Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlanteän, the load,
Wellnigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

In the poem called "Oberman once more" we have Roman civilization contrasted with the civilization of our own day. Two thousand years ago, the poet tells us, there lived and wrought a world like ours of to-day, but its heart was stone, and

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell.
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

"In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian way;

"He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours."

The Roman world, with its external forces, conquered the East; but the East, with its mighty internal forces of thought and enthusiasm, re-conquered it.

"The East bow'd low before the blast,
In patient, deep disdain.
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

"So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit grey.
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And fill'd her life with day."

A mighty wave of love burst over the world from Christ's open grave, and the wan-nailed form upon the tree stirred up the souls of men to its lowest depths. The old world felt the force of the child born in the manger, and

"Lust of the eye and pride of life
She left it all behind,
And hurried, torn with inward strife,
The wilderness to find.

"Tears wash'd the trouble from her face!
She changed into a child.
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood—a place
Of ruin—but she smiled!"

Eighteen centuries have run their course, and the great apostle of culture tells us that men no longer believe

"Now he is dead. Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down."

and he adds—

"Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order too.
Where tarries he, the power who said:
See, I make all things new?"

That Christianity has lost its power we do not believe. The Star that shone in the East still illuminates the world, and the precepts from the Mount still influence the lives of men. In the march of progress dogmas and narrow superstitions which hid the living truths from men have alone perished. The age we live in is one of inquiry and examination, but inquiry and examination cannot affect truth. A modern writer has well said, the spirit of inquiry and examination is in itself a good spirit. It is an angel which God has sent to us, though in the darkness we take it for an enemy. If, instead of fleeing from it in cowardice, we wrestle manfully with it with zeal, with purity of heart, with a determination to live according to the truth which we discover, then the angel will bless us when the day breaketh.

T.

SIR GARETH.

KING Arthur, when his Table Round
Had filled the world with waves of sound,
Which still were broadening more and more,
Nor yet had broken on the shore
That limits scope of human praise,—
King Arthur in those golden days,
As Pentecost was coming on,
Betook him to Kinkenadon,
Within his sea-beat castle wall
To hold high state and festival.
  Now yearly on that holy day
The King was usèd to delay
From hour to hour the tempting feast,
Till from the North, South, West, or East,
Appeared some marvel to behold;—
For full of marvels manifold
The pregnant mouths were numbered then,
Nor much at marvels wondered men;
But, when a day without them passed,
That day seemed dull and overcast.
  So at that time, like one amazed,
King Arthur through the casement gazed:
He watched the breaking lights of dawn,
The growing of the purple morn;
He felt the warmth about him play
That only burns in noontide's ray;
He saw the sun sink low in heaven,
And still no sign to him was given,
Till fleeing from the shadows black
That sun athwart the waves a track

Had gilded for the raptured eye
To trace in dreamful ecstasy,
With some vague thought of blissful isles
Basking in joy's perennial smiles.
Then, as he turned him from the glare
Of sunset, Arthur was aware
Of a strange company of four
That hied them to the castle door.
One as a poplar tall and straight
Weakly declined his helpless weight
Upon a serf on either hand,
That scarce with labour made him stand;
A dwarf his faltering steps behind,
The puniest of his puny kind,
Upheld; a stunted pollard he
To stay that stately poplar tree.
  Then, smiling on his famished lords,
The King spake brief but welcome words:
"To dinner! Lo, a sight indeed!
The saints have helped us at our need."
  Then swelled the sound of revelry,
And flowed the wine right royally,
And light reflected from the bowl
Shone like a sun in every soul
Save Arthur's: in his heart there burned
A curious longing: oft he turned
An absent glance upon the door,
And marvelled ever more and more
What the strange thing that he had seen
Before his castle-gate might mean.
  At last, the tedious banquet o'er,
About his dais came the four,
And he their goodly leader spake:
"I come, O King, my prayer to make
That I thy bounty may partake.
Three are the boons I crave to name—
The first I fain to-day would claim;

The two shall be disclosed anon,
If only thou wilt grant the one."
So saying with an effort slight
He drew him to his princely height;
The King, admiring, inly sware
That comelier person none was there,
And musing thus mild answer made:
"In whatsoever I can aid
Thy just desire, that aid is thine;
For, if thy lineage I divine,
A scion thou of noble line;
Or arms or knighthood thou wilt crave,
And arms and knighthood thou shalt have."
"Nor arms, nor knighthood at thy hand,
O bounteous King, is my demand
As at this time, but food and cheer
Of thy provision for a year."
Then Arthur with o'erclouded brow
That did his thoughts but half avow:
"That is a thing, as all may know,
I never stinted friend or foe.
Sir Kay shall feed thee of the best
That lines my larder. For the rest
I pray thee of thy courtesy
That thou reveal thy name." But he—
"My name, O King, I may not tell."
Then blurted out Sir Kay: "Tis well!
Thy hands, if not thy tongue, a name
Shall furnish; they shall give thee fame,
Not by their handling of the spear,
But by their useless beauty dear
To women. Beaumains be thou hight.
No touch, I trow, of lord or knight
Quickens thy boorish blood derived
From yokels still with yokels wived.
Come, I see hunger in thy face;
The kitchen be thy dwelling-place:

I warrant thee, within the year,
Plump as a hog with fattening cheer
Of brewis! Come, thy paradise
Awaits thee: shall I bid thee twice?"
He spake, and scornful led the way:
The other meekly did obey
His bidding, neither gibe nor taunt
Provoking him to answering vaunt.
But, ere he went, a look he cast
Upon his retinue, who passed
In silence through the open door
Into the night, and came no more.
Meanwhile, Sir Kay had Beaumains set
Among the scullions, and had met
Great-hearted Lancelot and Gawaine,
Who chid him for that he did stain
His knighthood with discourtesy:
And Lancelot to the scullery
Went softly, and to Beaumains there
Made proffer of less sordid fare
And lodging meet for such as be
Of knightly birth and high degree.
But he, though from his kindling face
His grateful thought did half erase
His sorrow, answered, where Sir Kay
Had placed him, there would he assay
To bear whatever might befall.
So for a year before them all
He bore him with humility,
And suffered jeers and raillery
With patience: nay, there were who said
That passion in his soul was dead:
But they who watched his flushing cheek,
His lips that trembled fain to speak,
His downcast eye and hands that sought
Each other—they had other thought.
So in the lap of flowery May
Was born again the holy day

Of Pentecost, and with it brought
Another marvel to the court.
A damsel unattended rode
To Carlion, the King's abode:
A clear dark eye was hers, a smile
That flickered with insidious wile
About her mouth; but, none the less
Imperious for her winsomeness,
She sued the King with fearless air
For succour to a lady fair,
Her sister, whom a foeman's host
In leaguer held since Pentecost
The third preceding. "Will no knight
Adventure in her cause to fight,
And rescue her from this despite?"
"Damsel, a hundred," said the King,
"Will come, nor make long tarrying,
When they have heard thy name and hers
Who in this cruel fashion fares."
"Lack of my name shall no man let
From this adventure: 'tis Linet.
My sister doth a worthier own,
But will not that it now be known."
"Then," answered Arthur, "by my leave
No knight shall gird him to achieve
This peril. Though thy words be fair,
Thy face still fairer, yet the snare
Of words and beauty fair as thine
Hath ruined many a knight of mine."
She, half despair and half disdain
Thrilling her gesture, spake again:
"Then further search a champion must
Discover, who my tale can trust."
Scarce had the trouble of her tone
Died on her trembling lips, when one
Stood forward, light upon his face,
And on his dauntless brow no trace

Of humble Beaumains, though 'twas he
Who to King Arthur bent the knee,
And spake in accents joy-inspired:
"This damsel's tale, my lord, hath fired
My heart the other boons to claim,
Which I deferred when first I came.
A year thy bounty hath me fed,
And full am I of lustihead:
Therefore I first my knighthood crave
That from Sir Lancelot I may have;
Next this adventure to assay,
And win such glory as I may."
"Brave words," said Arthur, "and thy mien
Betrays a heart as brave, I ween.
Sir Lancelot, if I judge aright,
Will do thy wish to dub thee knight;
Nor will this damsel, as I deem,
Reject thee." Cried Sir Kay, "I dream!
Or can it be the grosser steam
Of kitchen dainties rich and sweet
My turnspit's reason doth unseat?"
"Fie, on thee, base-born kitchen page!"
The damsel said with face of rage;
"Wilt thou my peril undertake?
I know a sight or two will slake
Thy thirst for glory!" As she spake
The dwarf, that Beaumains with him brought
When first he entered Arthur's court,
Came bending low beneath the weight
Of armour, rich with many a plate
Of gold and silver; this he laid
Before his master's feet, and said:
"My lord, thy charger waits thy will,
And I attend thee." Then with skill
His lord he hastened to array
In panoply of armour gay.
Meanwhile the damsel went her way

Sped by a wrathful-seeming haste,
Nor lingering long did Beaumain waste
The fleeting time, but gat to horse.
Then spake Sir Kay: "Upon his course
My kitchen-boy will I pursue
And try his metal, whether true
Or false it rings at peril's touch."
But Lancelot: "Surely overmuch
Thou lovest thy unknightly jest;
See that thou follow not this quest
To thy dishonour. As for me
I needs must after, till I see
In doughty deed of arms his right
To win and wear the spurs of knight."
But nought of Lancelot recked Sir Kay,
But at a gallop rode away.
Half-circled on the horizon's rim
The moon through clouds was looming dim,
And chased the straggling beams of day
That lingered on their western way,
When Beaumains turned and saw Sir Kay.
His brow as thunderclouds was dark,
But in his eye the lightning spark
Of fury glittered, as, with spear
In rest, he rode in full career
With fell intent to bear him down
And strike him dead when overthrown:
But Beaumains, though nor spear nor shield
Was in his hand, yet scorned to yield,
And lifting high his trusty sword
Smote down the spear upon the sward;
Then on his helm another blow,
Nor vaguely aimed nor falling slow,
He weighted with the memory
Of the long year's discourtesy
Suffered in silence: in that stroke
His silence found a voice, and spoke

In such a thunder to Sir Kay
That from his horse he slipt, and lay
Among the flowers a senseless mass,
And with his blood befouled the grass.
Then Beaumains took the shield and spear
That strewed the earth Sir Kay anear,
And while a little space he bode
Sir Lancelot lightly to him rode,
And kindly-mannered praise bestowed;
And from his charger did alight
To dub him, as of merit, knight.
But not the more the livelong night,
As Beaumains with the damsel went,
Did she from bitter taunts relent,
But swore 'twas shame a kitchen-knave
Should bear a knight both good and brave
By misadventure from his horse.
But he, though listening perforce,
His heart to hot resentment barred,
And mused upon the myriad-starred
O'er-arched heaven, or lent an ear
To leaves that shuddered as in fear
Of that sweet wind whose balmy breath
Anon would blow a blast of death,
And rend them from their place on high
In dust and in contempt to lie.
But when the darkness fled away,
And morn, that rose in garb of grey,
Had donned her summer-tinted blue,
A gleaming river met their view,
And, at the passage where alone
The sun on rippled shallows shone,
Two knights defending it forbade
The shore thus guarded to invade.
Then spake Linet: "Away with thee,
Base scullion, while the strength to flee
Is in thee! Lo! a crescent fear,
Like moonlight rising on a mere,

Is blanching all thy bloodless cheek."
But he, nought caring then to speak,
Into the water dashed amain,
And one, the stronger of the twain,
Midmost the shining river met,
And brake his spear and overset
With reeling rider reeling horse;
A moment, and a gory corse
Enmeshed in slimy weeds and dank
Into the troubled torrent sank.
Nor long his comrade on the bank
Was left to muse upon the scene,
Ere, sunlight and his eyes between,
A sword-stroke for a moment flashed,
And through his shattered buckler crashed
Ringing a discord on his mail;
And honour balanced in the scale.
With life seemed but a featherweight,
And fear was as a giant fate
That over-shadowed all the field
And cloaked the shame of that "I yield,"
Which took the terror from his life,
And ended, not with death, the strife.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM LONDON TO SADOWA.

LETTER I.

DEAR MATHEMATICUS,

While you have been paying your devoirs at the shrine of the cross-grained muses of the Cube and Square, I have been on the Continent. I breathed a sigh of relief as I put my foot on board the Baron Osy bound for Antwerp. I felt I was going to a land where I would not be bored with the Irish Church or University Extension.

Steaming down the familiar Thames and up the sluggish Scheldt was pleasant, but the sea—alas! I am a mortal whose soul does sicken over the heading wave. It seemed to me that the Baron Osy was a boat which had a preternatural capacity for rolling. At 5 A.M. our sufferings were over. We landed at Antwerp. For population and description of Antwerp see an invaluable work published by Murray.

To me the day at Antwerp was a day of great pleasure, for it was spent in seeing Reubens' greatest masterpieces. I can neither analyse nor express the feelings which filled me when I saw Reubens' representation of that awful scene in the world's history when the sun grew dark and the graves gave up their dead. It was a true inspiration of a poet that made Reubens introduce into that terrible picture a woman's lovely head. The bitterest anguish is expressed in Magdalene's face as she kisses the feet of her dead lord. In the cathedral which contains his greatest and noblest

work, Peter Paul Reubens lies buried. Truly kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

I was sorry that morning to have to leave Antwerp for Dresden. I broke the journey by staying a few hours at Cologne, famous for its scents. I devoted the time to seeing the churches which adorn the city, and the magnificent cathedral. As I sat in the train which took me away from one of the noblest temples ever erected by man in honour of his Creator, my mind was naturally occupied with thoughts on that architecture in which we find the faith of Christianity embodied and its practices illustrated. Then I thought of the few splendid structures that are erected in this age for such purposes. Though I regret this from an artistic point of view, I do not consider it any proof of want of religion. I would rather spend money in erecting schools to raise man out of the degradation of ignorance and in constructing good dwellings for the poor, than in rearing the costliest temples for Him who made all things and possesses all.

After a long and wearisome journey of sixteen hours I reached Dresden, which is a capitol after Matthew Arnold's own heart: it is all "sweetness and light." I have not lived in vain—I have seen the Madonna of Sisto. I have gazed upon the highest beauty which earth has known, conceived as it is here by the purest mind. I have also seen the Madonna by Holbein. When I first saw it, I admired it as a wonderful piece of painting—the red scarf upon a green dress shews great skill; but now I admire it as a wonderful work of art. The serene intellectual face of the Madonna grows upon one each time one looks at it. The truth is, we must not expect a great work of art to come down to our level, but we must try to raise ourselves in order to appreciate it. I have also been much struck with La Notte by Correggio. The Madonna is looking over the cradle, and the stream of light from the child's face illuminates the mother's. The hours

spent in the picture are truly hours of pleasure. One enjoys the intermixture of colour and the pleasure of drawing in inspiration through the eye. They would be hours of unalloyed pleasure but for one's countrymen and their comments. Why does every Cockney, the moment he leaves London Bridge, think that he is in duty bound to be an art critic and a lover of art? Gushing young ladies, aged seventeen, will ask one at the table-d'hôte if one does not consider Raphael divine. My answer is, I am a great admirer of the Gadarel family and the Vision of S. Catharine. Gushing young person inquires in what room it is. I sternly reply, British Gallery, London. Young and gushing person subsides.

Dresden is the city of colour and sound. In the evening in the most picturesque of gardens one may hear one of Beethoven's divine symphonies, and have a cup of coffee for the small sum of sixpence. Then there is the National Theatre, appropriated to German pieces and the opera. The singing is good, and there are few better orchestras in Europe. Since I have been here I have heard a good deal of the music of the future. Wagner's grand marches are often performed in the public gardens; and two of his operas, *Lohengrein* and *The Flying Dutchman*, have lately been on at the Hof Theatre. The music of the two operas is very different. In the former it is soft and sweet; in the latter wild and weird. Lohengrein is a knight who appears in the charming, though not fashionable conveyance of a boat drawn by a swan, just in time to save from death a beautiful damsel, who has been falsely accused of murdering her brother. The two, as in private duty bound, fall in love with one another and are about to be married, when she, being a woman, is anxious to know all about him, and asks him the fatal question, Who he is? The spell is broken, and the punctual swan comes and takes him back to Fairyland. The Flying Dutchman is a gentleman who has

been condemned for some crime to wander on the seas until some girl marries him, and, by so doing, sacrifices her life. He lands in a great storm on the coast of Norway, and proposes (by means of a speaking trumpet) to a Norwegian for his daughter. The old gentleman without any reluctance barters his child for a chest of pearls, which the Flying Dutchman has with him. In the meanwhile the young lady has fallen in love with a portrait of the Flying Dutchman. In the last act they are about to be married, when the Dutchman relents that the girl whom he has got to love should sacrifice her life for his guilty soul. He jumps into the sea; the young lady, not to be baffled, follows. Then they appear in a cloudy oasis, saved and apparently much the better for the wash.

I have seen Hamlet in German, and I consider Lectmyr's representation of the Prince of Denmark a finer study than Fechter's or any I have seen on the English stage. When I saw him in his customary suits of solemn black, I felt Ophelia was right—

> The courtiers, scholars, soldiers, eye, tongue, sword,
> The expectancy and use of the fair state;
> The glare of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers.

Poor Ophelia, broken-hearted and dying in madness, was well rendered by Fraulien Ulrich. I have seen the same actress play Margueritte in Faust, and then I saw, what one seldom sees in England now, a really fine piece of tragic acting. During the last awful scene, loud sobs were heard throughout the house. All night the face of Margueritte as she lay on the strand singing wild snatches of ancient ballads, her reason gone, her end approaching, haunts me.

Though I have enjoyed art here, I have not neglected the boundless share that nature to her votary yields. I have stormed the Virgin fortress of Konigatein, and scaled the lofty Lelenstein. Alpine travellers may sneer, but they must remember that an Elector

of Saxony and King of Poland thought the feat so great that he has erected a monument to commemorate it. I have had many a pleasant pedestrian tour over the hills covered with fruit trees and vine-yards, and through the dark gorges of the mountains of Saxon Switzerland. The other day we took the steamer to Pilinitz, the summer residence of the Saxon King. The river flows through rocks and wooded banks, and thoroughly did I enjoy the picturesque scenes on the banks of the Elbe. A German pointed out to me the house which Schiller occupied, and in which he wrote Don Carlos.

In an hour we arrived at the village of Pilinitz, which is situated at the foot of a most lovely vine-covered hill. The palace, built in the detestable Chinese fashion, is interesting on account of its historical associations.

It was within its walls that Napoleon enjoyed some of the proudest moments in his eventful career. Waited upon by the Emperor of Austria and the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, he dictated to them the plan of his Russian campaign.

From Pilinitz we determined to walk to Shandau, and in order to enjoy it thoroughly, we made up our minds that we should dispense with a guide. On leaving Pilinitz, the pathway was through a deep and narrow dell. The sides of the hill were lined with solemn pines; for two hours did we walk through it, and then we had a stiff climb up a steepish hill. On the brow we sat down and enjoyed the varying landscape. We watched the distant mountains that unfold the landscape round, whose dark summits were coloured by the setting sun. And—

> Let in through the trees
> Come the strange rays; the finest depths are bright,
> Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,
> Twinkles like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

The sun had set when we descended the hill and walked down the valley, following the path of the torrent, thus hoping to reach the Elbe and then Shandau. The mountain gorge was grand beyond description. Rocks of the most singular and fantastic shapes rose up in lofty grandeur on each side of the dark ravine. Their grey uneven sides spoke to us of the storms and deluge that have swept over the world. Not a living thing was to be seen, and the babbling of the brook was the only sound that broke the stillness of the air. Dusk deepened into dark. On we wandered, at length we began to fear that we were lost in the mountains, and the legends of the ghosts and goblins that haunted these mountains crowded in our mind. Our fears were allayed by seeing a light glimmering in the woods; and with lightened hearts we made for it. It turned out to be a small cottage, and, after much difficulty, we made out from the cottager that Shandau was distant twelve miles. He pointed us out the right path, and weary and hungry we trudged on. "It is a long lane that has no turning"; about 12 p.m. Shandau was reached. After much ringing we roused the inmates of the inn, and a snug room, warm fire and supper soon made us forget our miseries. Then occurred to me in their full force the poet's words—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his various course has been;
Must sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Ever yours,

T.

(To be continued).

"——Finita potestas denique cuique
Quavam sit vatione atque alte terminus hærens."

WHEN the light leaves are lifted away
Over and far from the moaning trees,
Do they remember the bygone day
When they clustered and pressed i' the breeze?

Do they remember the deepening shade
There by their gathering foliage made,
Do they remember the children that played,
Do they remember the young ones that strayed,
Do they remember the old ones that stayed
Lingering long i' the leafy glade?
Do they remember the acorns that fell
Deep thro' the leaves to some tiny cell
I' the springing green grass?—I never could tell.
Whether in shade or whether in sun
It mattereth not, so the work be done;
We may remember, and sigh for the sun;
They may forget—for their work is done.

So the bells' clear tones are done,
So when *their* sweet sounds cease,
Sweet when departing, sweetest they run
On in some silent peace.

While the harp-o'-the-heart, when *her* tunes are o'er,
Makes answer with murmurings sweet,
Let echo ring on in shade or in sun,
For who need care when the work is done,—
So the work be found complete?

OUR CHRONICLE.

THERE is but little to record of the past Term. The New Chapel is rapidly approaching completion, and we hope in our next number to give an account of its opening, an event which is fixed for the 12th of May, and will, it is hoped, be marked by a large gathering of old Johnians.

The College has had its full share of success in the Senate-House during the Term. In the Mathematical Tripos no less than fourteen of the Wranglers, and among them Mr. Elliott, who was bracketed second, and Mr. Carpmael, who was sixth, were Johnians. Mr. Elliott subsequently gained the first Smith's Prize; the Senior Wrangler, Mr. Hartog, of Trinity, carrying off the second.

The College has also, for the third time in the last four years, gained the great Classical distinction of the Craven University Scholarship, Mr. W. E. Heitland being the successful candidate of the present year.

Examination, Christmas, 1868:

THIRD YEAR.—FIRST CLASS.

Pendhenry	Granhill	Griffith, C. H.
Levitt	Hilary	Bagner
Noon	Hathornwate	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a Prize if in the First Class at Midsummer.

Dixon	Martin, G. M.	Hogg
Bridges	Whitaker }	Graves, L. H.
Wheatcroft	Pate }	

FIRST YEAR.—FIRST CLASS.

(*Arranged in order of the Boards.*)

Harper	Johnson, J. M.	Farrell
Wood	Rushbrooke	Gooch
Pierson	Benson	Hamilton
Reynolds	Wadle	Andrew, G.
Webb	Ransom	Shuker
Southam	Shears	Bradberry
Evans	Ede	Harries
Cowie	Andrew, H. M.	Clayton
Teasdale	Cook	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a Prize if in the First Class at Midsummer.

Tabir	Margrison	Herrey, J. P.
Kay-Shuttleworth	Fisher	Wilton
Torry, W. G.	Johnson, J. E.	Trundle
Neville	Stokes	Lake
Hockin	Phillips	Case
Mershead	Jackson	Mason
Walkin	Chichester	Moore
Sebley	Goldie	Whitmell
Reid, F. A. S.	Briddon	Oliver
Baglis	Brewer	

The following were the officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the Lent Term:

President: Rev. E. W. Bowling, M.A.
Treasurer: J. Noon.
Secretary: W. A. Jones.
1st Captain: J. Watkins.
2nd Captain: J. W. Bakewell.
3rd Captain: F. Baynes.

The crew of the second boat in the 2nd Division races were—

1 C. H. James
2 T. B. Spencer
3 J. Collins
4 S. Smelt
5 A. J. C. Gwatkin
6 A. A. Bourne
7 F. S. Bishop
H. Latham (*stroke*)
H. B. Adams (*cox.*)

In the first two days they kept their place of head of the Division, but were bumped the next two days. The third boat started 14th of this division and lost three places. The crew consisted of

1 T. G. Carver
2 M. Ede
3 P. Laing
4 P. C. Smith
5 J. A. Macmeikan
6 E. Carpmael
7 W. Hoare
J. M. Johnson (*stroke*)
Murphy (*cox.*)

The L. M. B. C. scratch fours were rowed on Thursday, 11th March. The winning crew were—

1 T. G. Carver
2 W. Duncan
3 J. A. Macmeikan
W. A. Jones (*stroke*)
C. G. Haskins (*cox*).

The Bateman pair-oar races came off on Saturday, 13th March, over the Long Course. The winners were—

F. S. Bishop (*bow*)
H. Latham (*stroke*).

Two members of the L. M. B. C. rowed in the boat which represented Cambridge at Putney, J. Goldie being stroke, and J. W. Dale, No. 3 of the University crew, which gallantly, though unsuccessfully, contended with Oxford on the 17th of March.

The Second Division Races were rowed on Monday, the 1st of March, and the three following days. The result of the several days' rowing was as follows:—

MONDAY, MARCH 1.

Lady Margaret, 2nd	Queens'	Downing
Corpus, 2nd	Caius, 2nd	Pembroke, 2nd
Emmanuel, 2nd	2nd Trinity, 2nd	Emmanuel, 3rd
3rd Trinity, 2nd	Jesus, 2nd	Clare, 2nd
1st Trinity, 4th	Trinity Hall, 3rd	1st Trinity, 5th
Christ's, 2nd	St. Catharine's	1st Trinity, 6th
Sidney, 2nd	Lady Margaret, 3rd	Jesus, 3rd

TUESDAY, MARCH 2.

Lady Margaret, 2nd	Caius, 2nd	Pembroke, 2nd
Corpus, 2nd	Queens'	Downing
3rd Trinity, 2nd	Jesus, 2nd	Clare, 2nd
Emmanuel, 2nd	2nd Trinity, 2nd	Emmanuel, 3rd
1st Trinity, 4th	Trinity Hall, 3rd	1st Trinity, 5th
Christ's, 2nd	St. Catharine's	1st Trinity, 6th
Sidney, 2nd	Lady Margaret, 3rd	Jesus, 3rd

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3.

Lady Margaret, 2nd	Caius, 2nd	Lady Margaret, 3rd
3rd Trinity, 2nd	Jesus, 2nd	Clare, 2nd
Corpus, 2nd	Queens'	Downing
1st Trinity, 4th	Trinity Hall, 3rd	Emmanuel, 3rd
Emmanuel, 2nd	2nd Trinity, 2nd	1st Trinity, 6th
Christ's, 2nd	St. Catharine's	1st Trinity, 5th
Sidney, 2nd	Pembroke, 2nd	Jesus, 3rd

THURSDAY, MARCH 4.

3rd Trinity, 2nd	Caius, 2nd	Clare, 2nd
Lady Margaret, 2nd	Jesus, 2nd	Lady Margaret, 3rd
Corpus, 2nd	Trinity Hall, 3rd	Emmanuel, 3rd
1st Trinity, 4th	Queens'	Downing
Christ's, 2nd	St. Catharine's	1st Trinity, 6th
Emmanuel, 2nd	2nd Trinity, 2nd	1st Trinity, 5th
Sidney, 2nd	Pembroke, 2nd	Jesus, 3rd

The College Athletics took place on Fenner's Ground, on Thursday and Friday, February 26th and 27th, with the following results:

Two Mile Walking Race.—Gardom, first; Hathornthwaite, second.
100 Yards Race.—Gwatkins, first; Farler, second. Time, 10¾ sec.
Throwing the Hammer.—Gwatkin, first. Distance, 74 ft.
Long Jump.—Savage, first; Wood, second. Distance, 17 ft. 8½ in.
Hurdle Race.—Stokes, first; Savage, second. Time, 20 sec.
Putting the Weight.—Wheatcroft, first; Gaches, second. Distance, 30 ft. 6 in.
Half Mile Handicap.—Gardom (25 yds.), first; Wilks (45 yds.), second. Time, 2 min. 7 sec.
Mile Race.—Frewen, first; Atkinson, second. Time, 4 min. 59 sec.
Volunteers' Quarter Mile Race.—Bainbridge, first; Gardom, second. Time, 56 sec.
High Jump.—Wood, first; Savage, second. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.
Quarter Mile Race.—Gardom, first; Gwatkin, second. Time, 55 sec.
Two Mile Race.—Atkinson, first; Frewen, second. Time, 10 min. 52 sec.
Strangers' Mile Race.—Kinloch, 1st Trinity, first; Hewitt, Trinity Hall, second. Time, 4 min. 46½ sec.

The University Sports took place on the 5th, 6th, and 8th of March, with the following results:—

100 Yards Race.—Corfe, Jesus, first; Strachan, Trinity Hall, second. Time, 10⅔ sec.
Pole Jump.—Gurney, 1st Trinity, first, (9 ft.); Scott, 1st Trinity, second, (8 ft. 9 in.).
Putting the Weight.—Waltham, Peterhouse (38 ft. 1 in.), first; Phelps, Sidney (33 ft. 4 in.), second.
Hurdle Race.—Cooper, St. John's, first; Toller, 2nd Trinity, second. Time, 17 sec.
Mile Race.—Royds, Trinity Hall, first; Gurney, Clare, second. Time, 4 min. 43⅛ sec.
Seven Mile Walking Race.—Gardom, St. John's, first; Wanstall, St. Catharine's, second. Time, 63 min. 44 sec.
Long Jump.—Waltham, Peterhouse (19 ft. 7½ in.), first; Phelps, Sidney (19 ft. 6½ in.), second.
Throwing the Hammer.—Leeke, 1st Trinity (98 ft. 6 in.), first; Shelton, Pembroke (91 ft. 11 in.), second.
Half Mile Race.—Gurney, Clare, first; Mitchell, Magdalene, second. Time, 2 min. 5 sec.
High Jump.—Hoare, 1st Trinity (5 ft. 2 in.), first; Phelps, Sidney (5 ft.), second.
Three Mile Race.—Paine, 1st Trinity, first; Whigham, 1st Trinity, second. Time, 15 min. 58 sec.
Quarter Mile.—Corfe, Jesus, first; Upcher, 1st Trinity, second. Time, 51 sec.

Third of a Mile Handicap.—Brocklebank, 1st Trinity (25 yds.), first; Gardom, St. John's (26 yds.), second. Time, 1 min. 15½ sec.

Consolation Race, 200 yds.—Lock, 1st Trinity, first; Gossett, King's, second. Time, 22 sec.

C. U. R. V. B. Company.—Lieutenant Cochrane having resigned his commission, the following promotions were made at a Company meeting held for that purpose:—

Ensign A. C. D. Ryder to be Lieutenant, vice Cochrane resigned.

Lance-Corporal F. P. Roberts to be Ensign, vice Ryder promoted.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Tuesday, March 16th, and was won by Lieutenant J. Noon.

The Officers' Pewter for the present Term was won by Private R. A. Carter.

A handicap over 3rd class ranges, open to all members of the Company, was won by Private T. Bainbridge; and a handicap over 2nd class ranges, confined to efficients of 1868, was won by Private R. A. Carter. Private Bainbridge also won the 2nd prize in a handicap, open to all members of the University Corps.