AD EUNDEM.

"TO night," said Charley Procter, "I intend to try and reduce my theory to practice."

Charley Procter, the most intimate friend I had in my old college set, had languished on a fellowship and lectureship at Cambridge ever since he took his degree, ten years ago; not because the life especially suited him, but simply because it afforded him a decent way of living without compelling him to strike into something new, and, as he said, "begin his grind all over again." At the end of these ten years, the usual old uncle died, and left Charley Procter, very much to his surprise, a comfortable little estate in Norfolk, with an equally comfortable income of some three or four thousand a year, upon which Charley gracefully resigned his fellowship, and turned his attention seriously, being a man of domestic tastes, to the important subject of connubial bliss. In this state of mind he went to spend Christmas in Surrey with another uncle, who had always conducted himself towards his nephew in as praiseworthy a manner as the first, and had so constantly, ever since Charley's boyhood, thrown his house open to him in his vacations, that Charley Procter, if he had called any place his home besides his college rooms, would certainly have so designated that hospitable roof; under which, at the time mentioned, was gathered a tolerably large collection of specimens of human nature, including Charley's multitudinous cousins, and myself, to whom, as sole auditor and confidant, he addressed the above remark.

"Do you remember, Smith," said Procter in answer to the sympathetic and slightly inquisitive expression I felt it my duty to assume, knowing that the speaker was about to unburden his bosom of her load, and pour it into my appreciative ears, "do you remember reading in some magazine or other of the Senior Wrangler who applied the result of his college experience to the process of choosing a wife?"

"I remember something of the sort," I replied; "just run over the particulars, will you?"

"Well," he returned, "he merely adapted the plan of the Tripos to his necessities, by giving each candidate so many marks for good looks, so many for money, so many for family, so many for disposition, etcetera, etcetera, and adding up the totals. There was a Problem Paper, too, if I remember right, for which he gave fifty marks; and this simply depended upon how much he liked the girl in question, and how much she seemed to like him."

"A good deal was left to the examiner," I remarked.

"Yes," said Procter, "there were certainly several flaws in the system; but I am convinced the idea was a good one. If you make up your mind that the girl who combines all these advantages in the highest degree will make you the best wife, you can certainly discover which girl does so by a rigid analysis like this, better than by merely trusting to your general discernment, which may easily err from prejudice, excited feelings, opportunity, and the like."

"I remember all about the case you mention now," I interrupted him by saying, "and surely, unless I am mistaken, the experimenter bracketed two young ladies at the top of the First Class, and ended by eloping with one of the 'apostles'!"

"Yes, yes," said Procter fretfully, "but that was merely a trick of fiction, to satisfy the popular taste, which delights in a surprise, and can never bear that

anything should run to its natural and proper conclusion."

"Very true," said I, "for example, I have heard that in the days when executions were commoner at Newgate than they are now, the admiring mob were most thoroughly delighted with the spectacle, when (as sometimes happened) the rope broke before the man was quite hung."

"If you are going to turn the whole matter into ridicule, Smith," said Procter, rather sulkily, "it is no good explaining to you what my ideas are."

"My dear fellow," I answered eagerly, "I apologize at once, and have no doubt that you have some way of removing every element of absurdity from the system. Pray go on."

"Well," returned he, somewhat appeased, "with regard to what he called his Problem Paper, I think that this point is entitled to have more weight in the decision; and this, I fancy, can best be done by allowing a certain time (say a year) for development, so as to enable the candidates more nearly to approach the maximum. In fact, under my management, this part of the examination would bear a closer analogy to the 'Set Subjects,' now being introduced into the Classical Tripos."

"Philogyny," I said half aloud, "substituted for Philology."

"The part of my theory which I wish to test to-night," proceeded Procter without noticing the interruption, "is the introduction of a previous examination at the commencement of the year I have mentioned, answering in many respects to the Cambridge Little-Go. At the ball to-night I shall be able to form a rough estimation of the merits and specialities of several candidates, and shall 'pluck' those who fall below the standard altogether."

"May I ask,' said I, "if all the young ladies present are to be considered as candidates for honour?"

"All will, of course," answered Procter, "have a chance of getting through the 'Previous,' but those few who will be in the race at the end will alone take up 'Extras;' by which I mean to express that I intend to dance chiefly, if not entirely, with those few candidates from whom I anticipate greater things. I shall thus be able to test, more closely than I can in other cases, their conversation, their modesty, their appetite, their 'wind,' and so on.

"Do you object," I asked, "to letting me know the names of a few of those who are to be thus distinguished?"

"Not at all," he answered, "you shall have them all. To begin with, there is one you know very well, Alice Ryde. She will have a little money, quite enough; is certainly pretty and 'taking'—I rather like that extreme facility for blushing, myself; but she is an awful little flirt, and I've serious doubts about the result of the Problem paper, or, as I prefer to call it, the paper on set subjects."

Alice Ryde was my pet and especial weakness, and I cordially hoped Charley Procter's doubts might be fully realized.

"Then," he continued, "there's my cousin Lucy. She's intellectual enough, I believe, but doesn't show to advantage; she's so awfully quiet and reserved. She's pretty, too, in her way; but I doubt whether that style lasts; and I'm really not sure that she cares much for me yet, though she might pull up a great deal there in a year."

"You're sufficiently fond of her already," I hinted inquiringly.

"I'm not sure," said Procter; "anyhow, a year might alter that either way; it's easier to forget set subjects than to read them up, particularly when acquired in a matter of course way (as in the present instance), something like lectures at College."

I came to the conclusion that Charley Procter's cousinly weakness was not ineradicable.

"Thirdly," said he, "there's Mrs. Cary. She's been married before, certainly; but I've not made up my mind whether that experience will tell for or against; she's quite young, and very pretty and fascinating, isn't she? and I really think has some knowledge of her set subjects already."

I could not deny that Mrs. Cary was young, pretty, and fascinating, and though I might have reminded Procter that several others were equally so (or, at any rate, one), I refrained from interfering with his estimate, and saw some chance of my pet weakness, Alice, being left to me a little longer.

"Well," he continued, "besides these, and Carry Holmes—she talks very well, and has got a splendid figure and good hair; but I can't say I like such a big nose—and Ellen Moore (she'd have been perfect if Providence had made her ten years younger, and not quite so thin), I don't think there's anybody else very particular. But you must clearly understand that this is only the Previous Examination, and that the final classing cannot come off for a year at least. I don't think I should be justified in adopting a theory like this, and then allowing myself to give way to a mere momentary and fallible fancy, probably due as much to the state of my digestion as anything else."

"So that I can take it for granted your conversation will not contain anything very special to-night," I said; "and if I can catch anything of it at supper or 'en passant,' I may do so without compunction."

"Quite so," said Charley Procter, with a little hesitation, but boldly sacrificing his delicacy and self-distrust to his principles; "and I'll let you know the result, as far as I can, to-morrow. And now I I think it's time for us both to 'clean' for dinner.

* * * * * *

The ball was going off splendidly, and I had been introduced to three beautiful young strangers, who one and all agreed that the music was delightful, the claret cup a little too sweet, and the ball-room a great deal too warm, when the last consideration, aided by a little sulky disappointment at having only been able hitherto to secure two round dances with my "pet weakness," induced me to retire for purposes of refrigeration and reflection to the shades of the conservatory into which the larger room most conveniently opened. I was standing in a dark corner near the entrance, leaning against the sill of an open window, when a couple passed by me without noticing my presence, so engrossed were they with their own conversation; and I easily recognized Charley Procter with one of his candidates, to wit, pretty Mrs. Cary, in whose society I had a very strong idea that Procter would allow "prejudice, excitement, opportunity, and the like," to drive his theorectical principles to the winds. Remembering the permission I had enticed Procter into giving me, I did not at once endeavour to escape, when the two dropped into seats very near me, though from the darkness and my proximity to the door I could have done so if I had wished. Mrs. Cary opened fire with a harmless remark at once; so harmless did it sound, that all my scruples about eaves-dropping vanished into air.

"What a very pleasant evening this has been, Mr. Procter!"

"Very," said Charley, "but I always have a feeling when I am enjoying myself as I am now that I shall undergo something disagreeable soon to make up for it."

"What a fatalist you must be!" was the answer; "I should not have thought your experiences of life had been so unpleasant."

"Well," said Procter," "I don't know that they have, really; but I feel as if they had, at the present moment; so much depends upon the state of mind in which one looks at these things."

Charley Procter was evidently going to examine his candidate *vivâ voce* in metaphysics, and I felt more and more sure that I had a right to listen. I was soon undeceived by the turn the conversation took.

"And you really fancy, Mr. Procter, that you are going to meet with unhappiness of some sort, because—because you are enjoying yourself to-night?"

"The fact is," Procter began, "that I don't feel as if I ever should meet with much more happiness, unless—unless—in fact—"and here he came to a stand-still.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cary in an encouraging tone, that betokened sweet sympathy, awakened interest, and anxiety to prevent the speaker from feeling the pause too awkward, and giving it up in despair.

My conscience would not let me stay and listen any longer, now that matters had reached this crisis, and I stole away without disturbing the *tête-à-tête*, quite sure that Mrs. Cary's complicated and sympathetic "Yes!" would soon resolve itself into its simple affirmative form.

I do not know that it is necessary, for the due comprehension of this story, to describe very fully the rest of the evening, or to say very much about my own proceedings after the shameful act of eaves-dropping into which I had been led. Suffice it to say, that half-an-hour afterwards I again visited the cooling shades from which I had so hastily retreated, "not unaccompanied;" by which classical idiom I mean to express the fact that my companion was all I could wish, and that I took the opportunity of telling her so. But before I had completed any confession—indeed, on our very entrance to the conservatory—a meeting took place which enabled me to form a still sounder judgement on the unsystematic and inconsistent way in which Charley Procter was

conducting his examination. For the candidate and examiner were still earnestly engaged in *vivâ voce*, and looked up with some slight degree of confusion as we entered. The gentler sex, however, show far more presence of mind on such occasions than we do, and my partner (with a guilty presentiment of the real object with which we had retired from public life) thought it necessary to congratulate Charley's candidate on their mutual escape from the hot room and blazing lights where the less favoured and profane crowd were still keeping up their noisy orgies. If, however, the temperature of the conservatory was in reality much lower than that of the ball-room, it had evidently not had yet very much effect upon one at least of the couple before us, for Mrs. Cary's cheeks, as she raised her face to answer the common-place my partner had ventured upon to relieve the awkward silence, were burning in the most suspicious and suggestive manner, nor did she show any indication of being sufficiently refreshed to face the world again. And thinking that it would not be a bad way of introducing the subject I wished, I ventured to remark to my partner, as we passed on, that we could none of us tell what an evening, much less a day, might bring forth. I found I was right in my conjecture next morning. Procter rather avoided me, as if he had an awkward report to make of the result of his experiment. But I felt I had a right to ask him how matters had progressed, and fastened upon him just before lunch.

"Is the Little-go List to be out to-day, Procter?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, reluctantly, "I think you ought to know something that's happened: everybody in the house will hear it to night;—Emily Cary is so evidently superior to all the rest, that I thought I might as well lose no time, so I asked her at once, without going through the form of classing the others."

"You don't say so," said I; "how? when? where?"

"O," said he, "just before supper." We had been waltzing together. . . . . "'And when the dance was o'er, and arm-in-arm, the full heart beating 'gainst the elbow warm,' as Ben Gaultier has it," I remarked, "prejudice, excitement, opportunity, and all that, ran away with your good resolutions. I congratulate you, my friend, with all my heart; but don't you think there's something slightly inconsistent in your conduct, after insisting (as you did yesterday) upon the necessity of letting a year at least elapse between the Previous, as you called it, and finally conferring the degree?"

"Not at all," he replied warmly, "not at all. You know Emily was married before, though only for a short time; and I think I am quite justified in taking that into consideration, instead of any further bother about waiting and classing. In fact, in marrying her, I shall only be following the example of the University, which does not hesitate, in certain cases, if the candidate has already graduated elsewere, to admit such a person at once, without requiring any further examination, 'Ad Eundem.'"

"LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL."

Even so—'tis with thee as with other Springs,
That come to love, to wither, and to die;
Thyself the last of all thy gracious things,
Thou mayst not strive nor cry.

Mutely thou diedst, yet not without reprieve
In sudden sunshine, or when this year's bird
Sang, hoping against hope, fain to believe
His winter note unheard.

Fondly we hoped upon thy first fair day
Thou wert the Spring immortal that should be—
The still stone eagles on the old gateway
Were wiser far than we.

Methinks we are conquered, thou and I to-day,
Not yesterday, I heard thy hard-drawn breath;
Nor when thy death-blow fell can any say
I woke and knew thy death.

One day I think for thee all nature grieves,
One day like this in each of all the years,
When trees are still, and now and then the leaves
Fall from them like great tears!

MY APPARITION.—A TALE OF HORROR.

EVERY young lady of my acquaintance has just written to me and demanded of me a categorical answer to the question, "Do you believe in Apparitions?" Well, as I am so strictly interrogated, I must admit, though I know that in this sceptical and materialistic age the admission will cause me to be the object of much laughter, that I do believe in apparitions, nay, what's more, that I have even seen an apparition. Why an apparition should have shewn itself to me, I cannot conceive; I have nothing very heavy on my conscience—nothing heavier than most young men about Town have—and I never heard as yet that any ancestor of mine ever did anyone any unrequited wrong, to be visited on the heads of his innocent descendants; nor am I a likely subject to imagine an apparition. My digestion is still, thank heaven, pretty good; and I can devour, without feeling any the worse, the toasted cheese with which I am in the habit of supplementing my modest dinner of "small steak and mashed" at the Cock Alehouse, at Temple Bar, and I can drink with tolerable safety my modicum of the fine strong port which the Benchers of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn supply to their Members in hall. I do not know that I have ever slept in a haunted room, and I have never been belated in the Black Forest, or in any worse place than a Scotch moor. Spite of all this, I have

seen an apparition, an apparition too that no one else has ever seen, so that I have been most singularly favoured.

Years ago, when I was young and in my second year at Cambridge, a time so long ago that then we actually did know a little about rowing at that University, and took winning the "Varsity boat race" as nothing out of the common; well, the Christmas in that year I received an invitation to break my home journey North by staying all night at the house of an old school-fellow, who was then at the neighbouring College of St. Henry's. I was an undergrad. at the great mathematical College of St. Margaret, and my preparation for Christmas consisted in cramming various mathematical subjects into my mind as hard as I could, and then being turned into the College hall and driven out of my senses by an examination paper in hydrostatics, and then turned into the Great Combination Room and badgered with a paper in Newton, and finally reduced to imbecility by a *viva voce* torture in the Little Combination Room, where I was utterly unable to convince the Examiners that they had taken a wrong view of what would be visible through a Galileo's telescope when shut up. Having got done with these detestable amusements, and spent a sleepless night, during which Newton sat on my stomach and propounded questions about oblate planets and their satellites, and Galileo surveyed me through a most fearful looking telescope of great unachromatic powers, or else blew on me with Smeaton's air pump, I joined my friend at breakfast, and of course indulged in that dish so peculiar to Cambridge and so unknown elsewhere, a fried sole smothered in the contents of a pot of the hottest pickles known to Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell. At last we got started northwards, had the usual difficulty at Ely and Peterborough about changing carriages and shifting luggage, and finally leaving the main line, travelled upon a little line belonging chiefly to Quakers,

who prohibit the sale of anything stronger than ginger beer at its refreshment rooms, much to my friend's disgust, who was a man who looked well after his creature comforts. Our journey terminated at a very quiet little country village, where we left our train and were met by my friend's sister, who embraced him affectionately, an operation he submitted to tolerably patiently, and then addressing her for the first time he said, "Fan, have you got a good cheese at home now; the one you had when I last left was beastly; and what's for dinner?" Being satisfied on these points, he presented me to the young lady, and we all walked up to the Rectory, our destination; an old-fashioned building with gardens running down to the river, and its ground plan so curiously arranged that, as I was informed, during the time of the late Rector, the only road from the kitchen to the dining-room was through the open air. The season was very severe, frost and snow were predominant everywhere, and the animals in a wandering menagerie weatherbound on the village green uttered dismal howls under the unwonted cold, from which they were suffering severely. A very old and ivy-covered church stood close to the Rectory, but, owing to the darkness, I could not make out much of the scene.

We had a dinner that satisfied and pleased even my critical friend, and the new cheese received his highest commendation; the Rector's wine was good, though he was that *rara avis in terris* a radical Rector, and the old gentleman told us anecdotes of the days when he was a Fellow of St. Henry's, high in University office, and the only Radical almost in Cambridge. The evening passed very pleasantly; we had a little music, and my friend and I were then left, after the retiring of the rest of the family, to enjoy our vesperinal pipes, not without a modest modicum of "hot with." We discussed politics—my friend was a

Radical and I was a Tory; we discussed religion—my friend was half a Scotchman; and we discussed mathematics—we both were mathematical men. At last we parted, my friend shewing me to my room—a large and gloomy room, panelled in old oak, and with a very enormous four-post bed with scarlet hangings in the middle of it, a bed that quite appalled me by its size. I felt afraid I should get lost therein, and never find myself again. A bright fire burned cheerfully in the grate, and after preparing myself for bed, and putting out the candle, I sat down in front of the fire, and toasted my legs thereat. There I sat for long and meditated, now on this thing, now on that, at one time whether I should beat in the College Examination just over my particular abhorrence the hard reading man next door to me at Cambridge, who used to ask me to tea and jam and discussion of mathematics, and then whether I should again meet that bright being who was staying near my home last year. (P.S.—The bright being is now the mother of no one knows how many children, and I am a bachelor and briefless in Lincoln's Inn, stomachy and bald).

The Church clock struck one. I jumped up and walked towards my bed, when, oh horror unutterable, a figure clad all in white attire walked, as true as I am a luckless and a briefless sinner, out of the opposite corner of the room right straight for where I was. I was horrified *obstupui steteruntque comæ;* my knees trembled, *vox faucibus hæsit;* and I was, I am not ashamed to say, in the most abject fright. Involuntarily my eyes fell downwards. The apparition had legs; legs that were bare; legs that were substantial; legs that were red and mottled. I recognized my own dear supporters, my pride when I wear knickerbockers, and bounded wildly into bed: *solvuntur risu tabulæ;* at least, I nearly shook the bed down by laughing.

The apparition was my own reflection as I passed between the bright fire and an unnoticed cheval looking-glass.

R. S. F.

THE DEATH OF SAPPHO.

ALL around her and beneath her lay the sadness of the deep,
Leaden-hued with long-drawn billows rocking in unquiet sleep,
Very far it lay below her—scarce the sea-birds seemed to stir,
As like smallest specks they circled midway in the viewless air.
Very earnest was her blue eye, when the dying sunlight rolled
Sickly gleams that played and flickered o'er her locks of shadowy gold;
Then her voice rose weird and solemn, and her fingers swept the lyre,
Waking, to her touch responsive, strains of old poetic fire.
Master mine, O Phœbus, hear me! hear me, earth and sea and sky,
Listen to the words I utter, latest utterance ere I die;
Swiftest Echo, bear them onward e'en to cruel Phaon's ears,
He who scorned my burning passion, mocked my sighs and prayers and tears;
Tell him, it may hap the message e'en his steely heart may move,
That for his dear sake I perish, and the sake of virgin love.

Should remorse change scorn to pity, let him stand where now I stand,
Perish as I soon shall perish, join me in the spirit-land.
But a mist is creeping landwards, settling like a funeral pall,
Mystic voices throng the darkness, spectral phantoms, hark, they call!
Dearest father, I am coming. How the billows roar and swell!
Farewell all my sweet companions; O my island-home, farewell!
Still the music seemed to linger; she was gone—one long wild leap,
One swift rush adown the cliff-face, one low plashing in the deep,
And the waves closed o'er the maiden who had thrilled the isles of Greece;
Sappho's voice was hushed in silence. Pray we, may her end be peace!

HYLAS.

A VISIT TO AMERICA.

AMERICA is in sight, says the steward, and there true enough it is, a long low strip of sandy shore, extending for many miles along the horizon. Such is the first spot on American land that an Old World traveller from Liverpool to New York sees on approaching the New, and such it appeared to me at daybreak on the sixth of September, as the "City of London" steamed along with a fresh breeze and all canvas set. The pilot had been taken on board the night before, and all knew they would be on land once more by noon. What excitement! What news shall we have of the war each passenger asked as he came on deck? Germans returning to America after a visit to their own country, anxiously speculating on where their armies would be; bishops returning from the Council laden with "blessings" for their flocks; an opera troupe from Berlin going to revive the love of the Fatherland among their brothers in the New World, all looking anxiously for the first papers from shore. And when off Sandy Hook the longed-for sheets arrive, and each German hears the news of the surrender at Sedan, their exultation knows no bounds, and with one common impulse they join in singing their National Anthem.

Onward we go. Now the shore gradually rises into wooded slopes, while here and there clusters of villas nestle among the trees, and shew we are approaching

the greatest of American cities. Before us lies the slopes of Staten Island, whose sides are terraced to the water's edge. Quickly leaving this behind, the steamer passes through the narrows, and then for the first time the stranger sees New York. The harbour there disclosed vies with that of the far-famed Rio; to the right lies Long Island, while on its shores in the distance you see the many spires of Brooklyn; to the left you are reminded of an English lake, gently rising banks, terraced gardens with handsome residences, while along the shore the numerous piers shew signs of ample communication with the city. And there itself the city lies, directly in front, with its forests of masts extending up both sides, while the marble domes of some of the buildings sparkle in the rising sun. Now you catch a glimpse of the orchards of New Jersey, while far behind you see a noble range of mountains forming a splendid background to a lovely scene.

But what are these curious things coming? Can they be the boats? Two and three storeys high, with verandahs round each floor, while an engine works in the open air above. They have not screws, nor paddles; how do they go? you ask an American, whose acquaintance you have made on board. The paddles are underneath, he says, attached to a small boat, while this wonderful verandahed building stands on a wide platform far exceeding its support in size. All American river steamers are built on this plan, getting as high in some cases as four storeys, and providing accommodation for as many as five thousand passengers on one boat.

The steamer quickly casts anchor, and then comes the bustle of landing and passing the customs. At last you are in the New World, the land of liberty and equality. The words of their greatest poet, written in the days of America's sorest trial, recur to your mind:—

Oh, strange new land, that yet wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by griping need was wrung,
Brown foundling of the woods, whose baby-bed
Was prowled round by the Indian's crackling tread;
And who grew'st strong through shifts, and wants, and pains,
Nursed by stern men with empires in their brains;
Who saw in vision their young Ishmael slain,
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane.
Thou skilled by Freedom and by great events
To pitch new States as Old-World men pitch tents;
Thou, taught by fate to know Jehovah's plan,
That man's devices can't unmake a man.
And whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin—
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corpse away.

The City of New York is built on an island about fourteen miles long by three broad, formed by the Hudson or North River, as it is there called, and the East River. One of the great attractions of all American cities, Boston excepted, is the extreme width of the streets, and their being planted with rows of trees, giving a most agreeable shade and air of coolness in that hot climate. The streets are also planned at right angles to one another, those in one direction being called avenues, and the other direction streets, thus much assisting passengers in finding any locality. Any traveller who goes there with the expectation of having certain fixed sights to see, such as picture-galleries, churches, &c., and with the intention of "doing" an American city, as so many do the Continental ones, will find himself grievously mistaken. The sights are the country, the people, and what a people with indomitable perseverance and pushing energy have been able to accomplish in a century.

The interest of New York centres in Broadway, which intersects the city from end to end. This noble street extends for two miles and a-half in a straight line, and then turning to the left follows the Hudson River till it ends in the Central Park. A stranger on first going down Broadway, or any of the other leading streets, is struck by the marvellous lightness of all the stone buildings, by the immense amount of window-room they are able to have, far exceeding what would be considered safe for European buildings. On closer examination he finds that, what at first sight he took to be brown or grey stone, is, in fact, entirely iron cast so as to represent cut-stone. The cost of these is found to be less than that of stone buildings, and their advantages for the purposes of commerce infinitely superior, on account of the far greater amount of light. The effect of these light stores when intermixed with the white marble and red-stone of which the other buildings are constructed, and relieved by the double line of trees, is most pleasing, especially when contrasted with the narrow and irregular streets of most European towns. Those who are acquainted with Munich no doubt remember the pleasing effect the Maximilian Strasse, bordered by its stately buildings, has after the irregular streets of most other German towns. Such another street is Broadway, only magnified in every direction, and teeming with a population as dense as that of the most crowded London thoroughfares.

At the termination of Broadway, or, rather at the point beyond which New York has not yet extended—for the whole island is planned for the city—is situated the Central Park. It is the dream of enthusiastic New Yorkers that in a very few years the whole island will be one city, and then the park will be where its name implies. Covering an area double that of the London parks put together, the natural inequalities of the ground have been so well utilized as to form a park incomparably superior to that of any other city, except Baltimore, can show. Trees and shrubs have been brought from all parts of the world,

and instead of a flat meadow with a few old stumps and a drive round it, the drives pass along shady avenues and by the sides of artificial lakes, and here New York turns out in the afternoon.

The most convenient way to the park is down the 5th Avenue, the only one whose sanctity has not been invaded by the street cars. This avenue and the streets opening out of it form the West End of the city, and consequently it has been saved from the rails which are so disagreeable to those driving in other parts. A novel method of paving has been adopted throughout this part of the city; instead of stone or macadam, blocks of wood are used, cut across the grain. It has been found to answer exceedingly well in those streets, which are free from heavy traffic, deadening the sound, and being very smooth and clean. A little way up the 5th Avenue is the 5th Avenue Hotel, one of those on a truly American scale, accommodating over twelve hundred guests, and in which hundreds of families permanently live. The whole groundfloor is devoted to the general public, who in the evening turn it into a second exchange. You are saved the trouble of the stairs, which in such a house would be prodigious, by elevators, which are ascending and descending all day long. In the Hotel is a Theatre, a not uncommon accompaniment of an American Hotel, while the outside of the basement is let for shops. Not much farther up the avenue is the marble palace of A. T. Stewart, the Merchant Prince of the States, a palace, all the carving for which was brought from Rome, and which would be an ornament to any capital. It is a curious thing that throughout the States—a dirty or soot-begrimed building is never seen; notwithstanding the amount of coal burnt the marble remains as white as the day it was cut.

About two miles farther up lies the Park, one boundary of which this avenue forms. The popular taste for driving has there run to extravagance. So

general is this mania for driving among New Yorkers, that with a large and increasing class social condition bases itself upon horseflesh. Riding, however, throughout the Northern States, is totally ignored. Six and eight-in-hands with flaming harness fill the roads and monopolize their devotion, while spurs and saddles are curiosities in shop-windows. Even in the rural districts it is little more in vogue than in the cities. An American farmer never walks out to traverse a distance of only a mile, but it is the buggy that is hitched up, and not the horse saddled. This it was that gave the Southern cavalry so decided a superiority in the late war. It is a striking proof of their abject worship of utility, that they have so long cherished the trotter to the detriment of his nobler brother.

The means of locomotion in New York are perfect. Down every avenue, except the 5th, a double line of rails, and in many instances as many as four lines are laid, and upon these the cars are constantly running. These cars—not close boxes like those that disgrace our metropolis—drawn by two horses, go about twelve miles an hour, and similar cars run in connection with these down all the principal streets. On account of the excellency and convenience of these cars, cabs are unknown in the city, and all luggage is conveyed by express companies, who succeed in delivering it at its destination as quickly as the owner can reach it himself. All waggons and other vehicles that have to convey heavy loads have their wheels so made as to run on the tracks also, thus causing a great saving of labour to the horses.

Just out of Wall-street (the Lombard-street of New York) there is the Gold-room, where daily the small amount of specie in the country is sold for greenbacks. Perhaps it may be unknown to many of my readers that since the American war there has neither been gold or silver in general circulation. The place of this coinage is supplied by notes, not representing

so much gold in the Bank or Treasury, but simply promises on the part of the United States Government to pay so much in gold to the holder of that note after the lapse of a fixed number of years. The general value at present of a dollar in gold being about 1.15 in greenbacks, though this is constantly changing, and the change is so rapid, that it necessitates telegraphic communication between the Gold-room and all the principal warehouses and banks, and is a cause of constant difficulties.

In America, as in England, one section of female society is dissatisfied with the political status, and "a large and influential meeting" of the irrepressible female being advertised, I shall venture to take my reader to hear the stars of female oratory. Long arrays of empty benches greet us as we enter; the hour has been badly selected; few there are at present to meet the gaze of the fair and furious maidens. This was hard on the woman's suffrage, for it was the second decade, the twentieth anniversary of the first blast from the female trumpet, the initial wail of the disenfranchised woman. The hall, however, soon began to fill with ardent supporters of the strong-minded females. Mrs. Pauline Davis, a worthy and eminent petticoat pioneer in the cause of woman's right to snub and worry the life out of weak-minded man, took the chair. She was supported in her trying position by a bevy of females of decorous mien and determined aspect, ladies to whom it was hopeless for an impressioned admirer to whisper a word of endearment; awful in their assertion of rights to do all that men declined to perform. To the members of the other sex the ladies' ruffles and aspiring chignons raised their dreadful forms in anger; every rustle of a silk dress sent a thrill through panting breasts, while the shrill cry of "Hear, hear," and the subdued expressions of "Bully for you," which at times during the meeting shot out from the several set lips of the

fair reformers, sank into their souls. Never since the clarion tones of Mrs. Pauline Wright Davis' matchless voice affrighted the male denizens of Syracuse N.Y. twenty years ago was mortal man in such a predicament. He could not smile, for that facial movement would be considered as unseemly irreverence; he dared not frown, lest he should be placed on the black books of the watchful sisters; he could not laugh without incurring the risk of an immediate and decisive interviewing by a host of insinuating advocates of the rights of woman. To his great relief, at last, Mrs. Pauline Wright Davis, in the midst of a great flutter of silks and flourish of hair and ribbons, announced that the attack on the position of the enemy was about to commence.

Mrs. Davis threw a hurried glance at the ceiling, looked steadily forward for half-a-minute, sweetly smiled at the blooming maidens by her side, tucked up her dress, put her right foot forward, used her handkerchief twice, and then delivered herself of a short sketch of the various plans for securing woman's rights, which had been in operation during the last twenty years. After numerous other advocates had urged their various pleas, the meeting closed by pronouncing "unanimously" in favour of the rights of woman.

Intimately connected with New York, though in different States, are the two cities of Brooklyn and New Jersey, the former in Long Island and the latter in the State of the same name. Neither of these are, at present, united by bridges to New York, though a suspension bridge has been commenced, which, when complete, will join Brooklyn with the former.

In Brooklyn is situated the beautiful Greenwood Cemetery, which might well form a model for those of our own land. Here the Americans almost vie with the ancients in their attempts to perpetuate their names by the magnificence of their mausoleums.

J. E. JOHNSON.

THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE WILDERNESS.

IT is now just a year ago since I found myself bound a second time for the East.

If Suez society had gazed with amazement at the unusually extensive caravan with which the Sinai Expedition left that place the previous year, they were absolutely aghast at the equipment with which I and my companion committed ourselves to the mercy of the Wilderness, and there were not wanting those who, as they saw our little boat-load of boxes and Bedawin push off for the Asiatic side of the canal, regarded us in the light of harmless lunatics, and considered our expedition as little better than suicide.

But there were unknown deserts to explore, strange and possibly hostile tribes to encounter, and we judged it best to dispense with all unnecessary baggage; and as we could work much better on foot, riding camels would have been a mere useless expense.

Instead of the twenty or thirty camels which travellers generally require for a trip to Sinai, we took four, which carried all our stores and camp furniture.

A Dragoman, of course, we did not require, as we were both familiar with Arabic, and since we numbered the arts of frying bacon and wiping plates amongst our numerous accomplishments, a servant was at once voted unnecessary and a bore.

In fact, we started quite unattended except by the camel drivers, and performed our journey alone and on foot.

Our dress consisted of a Syrian suit of brown Holland similar to that worn by the Turkish soldiery; a thick felt cap and striped handkerchief worn over a shaven head, a dagger and revolver stuck in a red shawl round our waist, and a gun completed the costume, and I am willing to believe the verdict pronounced by a high authority, when three months later we entered Jerusalem somewhat the worse for wear, that two more disreputable figures have seldom been seen in that holy city.

But before asking the reader to accompany us upon our journey, I will say a few preliminary words about the Great and Terrible Wilderness which was to form the scene of our explorations.

Tradition and history alike prove that the scenes of the Exodus took place in that desert region, called by the very appropriate name of Arabia Petræa, or the Stony. This includes the Sinaitic Peninsula and the Bádiet et Tîh (literally signifying the desert of the wanderings), as well as some portion of Idumæa and Moab.

Sinai is a triangular peninsula, situated between the two arms of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez, and the Gulf of Akabah. A strip of flat Desert fringes the country round, and the centre is occupied by a great mountain mass, consisting of two formations—granite and sandstone. These granite mountains are divided into three great clusters, of which the western group has Serbal for its highest point, the south-eastern culminates in the magnificent peak of Umm Shomer, and the centre one contains Jebel Caterina, the highest point in the Peninsula, and Jebel Musa, the most important, inasmuch as it is, in all human probability, the mountain from which the Law was proclaimed.

The ordinary road from the convent to Akabah crosses a sandy plain in the north-east corner of the Peninsula, and in the centre of this is a large rock, where travellers are wont to halt for the sake of the shade

which it affords, and where they look upon one of the dreariest prospects in the whole desert.

The neighbourhood is, however, really one of the most interesting, for a few hours short of this lie the remains of an Israelitish camp, and a short distance further on is Hazeroth, the second permanent encampment of the children of Israel after their departure from Sinai.

When making a previous excursion to Hazeroth we came across some curious stone remains, and, on asking the Arabs what they might be, were told that they were the remains of the camp of a large Hajj caravan, which had lost its way at this point and wandered off into the Tîh.

Now, the word Hajj is applied by the Mohammedans to the great caravan of pilgrims, which yearly crosses the desert to Mecca, and it may seem an anachronism to suppose that there exists any connection between this and the story of the Exodus of the Israelites. There are, however, several reasons for arriving at such a conclusion.

Firstly, the Mohammedan caravan would not, under any circumstances, have passed by this road, and the story must, therefore, apply to quite another set of Pilgrims.

Secondly, the word used by the Arabs in the legend, signifying "they lost their way," is identical with that used in the Bible to express the wanderings of the Israelites.

Thirdly, the word Hajj points conclusively to the children of Israel, for it is borrowed by the Mohammedans from the Bible, and the earliest use of it is in the passage of Exodus where Moses begs of Pharoah to let the people go to "sacrifice in the wilderness;" the original Hebrew having the word *Hagg*, which is absolutely identical with the *Hajj* of the Arabic.

Again, the remains are evidently of the highest

antiquity, and differ essentially from those of any camp which I have seen in any other part of the desert.

It is a curious fact, that if you ask twenty different Arabs to relate one of their national legends, they will all do so in precisely the same words, showing with what wonderful precision oral tradition is handed down from generation to generation among them.

All these circumstances, taken in conjunction with the strange and significant story attaching to the spot, leave very little doubt upon my mind that the remains which we discovered were really and truly those of an Israelitish camp.

They are situated exactly half way between Sinai and Hazeroth, and here we know was Kibroth Hattaavah, where Israel was fed with the miraculous flight of quails, and where "while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague."

As if to place the identity beyond question, there existed outside the camp an immense number of tombs—the very Kibroth Hattaavah, or "Graves of gluttony," of which the Bible speaks.

Truly God hath not left himself without a witness, for "the very stones cry out," and bear testimony to the truth of His Holy Word.

Ain Hudherah (Hazeroth), though lying very near to the ordinary travellers' route, was never seen by Europeans until the Members of the Expedition and myself visited the spot. But if the pilgrim knew that the uninviting cleft in the white rocks before him looked down on Hazeroth he would turn aside and gaze upon what is, without exception, the most beautiful and romantic landscape in the desert.

Advancing towards the cleft, as we did at the close of the day, all was bare, barren, and desolate; and a violent sandstorm obscuring all the mountains to the south-west made it drearier still. Great and pleasant

then was our surprise when, on reaching the cliff, we gazed for the first time on Hazeroth. Through a steep and rugged gorge with almost perpendicular sides we looked down on a wady bed that winds along between fantastic sandstone rocks, now rising in the semblance of mighty walls or terraced palaces, now jutting out in pointed ridges—rocky promontories in a sandy sea. Beyond lay a perfect forest of mountain peaks and chains. But the greatest charm of the landscape was its rich and varied colouring; the sandstone, save where some huge block has fallen away and displayed the dazzling whiteness of the stone beneath, is weathered to a dull red or violet hue, through which run streaks of the brightest scarlet and yellow mixed with the darkest violet tints; here and there a hill or huge dyke of green stone, or a rock of rosy granite, contrasts or blends harmoniously with the rest; and in the midst, beneath a lofty cliff nestles the palm grove of Hazeroth. This picture framed, in the jagged cleft and lit up by the evening sun, with the varied tints and shades upon its mountain background, and the awful stillness that might be seen as Egypt's darkness could be felt, was such a landscape as none but the Great Artist's hand could have designed.

For a little more than a day's journey past Ain Hudherah we kept a northerly course, and crossing the water-shed of a fine broad wády struck the main valley, Wady el Ain, at the foot of a lofty picturesque mountain, the name of which, Jebel 'Arádeh, is etymologically the same as Haradeh, one of the unidentified stations of the Israelites. Here we met with the Haiwatt Arabs for the first time. They are, if anything, poorer than the Sinai Bedawín, and wanting in the intelligence and cheerful contentment which distinguishes the latter race. Indeed, with some rare exceptions, the various tribes which we encountered after this point were in a descending scale of ignorance and superstition, and their one prevailing idea was that

we had come for no other purpose than to stop their rain supply. One old woman roundly abused us for the late drought, and, pointing to her half-starved goats, asked if we weren't ashamed of ourselves? They believe that the weather office is entirely under the control of the Christians. Another instance of their mental degradation was their refusal to sell us a lamb for eighteenpence, which munificent sum we offered them; they demanded two shillings, and, after a long discussion, we were obliged to part without coming to terms.

We entered the Tîh by a pass previously unknown, over Jebel el 'Ejmeh; it is called "The Pass of the Water-drawer" (Nagb el Mirád), from some wells which lie nearly at the foot of the mountain, and from which we drew our supply. In addition to the ammonia, with which the goats of centuries had impregnated the water, it contained naturally a strong solution of Epsom salts; but there was no other watering-place between that and Nakhl, and we were compelled to live on the nasty mixture for nearly a week. The want of water is one of the most serious drawbacks to desert exploration—we ourselves suffered considerably from it at times—and I have on several occasions been compelled to go three weeks without so much as washing my hands.

The desert of Et Tîh is a limestone plateau of irregular surface, the southern portion of which projects wedge-wise into the Sinaitic Peninsula. It is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean Sea and the Mountains of Judah; on the west by the Isthmus of Suez; and on the east by the Arabah, that large valley or depression which runs between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea.

The north-eastern portion is occupied by a second mountain plateau, terminating in precipitous escapements towards the south, and which, though intersected by numerous broad wadies, runs northwards without any break to a point within a few miles of Beersheba.

The rest of the district consists of an arid rolling plain, relieved, however, by a few isolated groups of mountains and low plateaux.

This, though crossed by the Hajj, or Pilgrim route to Mecca, and frequently traversed by travellers who prefer to approach Palestine by the "Long Desert," has been but very imperfectly described and never systematically explored, while the whole of the mountain district was absolutely unknown. And yet this country is of the highest interest to Biblical students, for across that white unpromising waste lay the road down into Egypt on which Jacob travelled to visit his long-lost son, and along the same way the Virgin Mother fled with her wondrous Child; here, as the name still reminds us, the children of Israel wandered; and that hilly plateau on the north-east was the home and pasture ground of the Patriarchs, the Negeb of Scripture, a word which in the English version is translated "South Country."

The first glimpse of the scene of our future wanderings was anything but cheerful or prepossessing; as far as the dead level of the country would allow the eye to reach, there was nothing to be seen but round featureless hills, each exactly like its neighbour and divided by small winding valleys. For a whole day's journey we proceeded amidst the same monotonous scenery, when presently the valley began to widen out and ultimately disappeared in the large open plain, low limestone ridges taking the place of the rounded hills through which we had been passing. The prospect was a most melancholy one, and to make it more inspiriting we found that none of our Arabs knew the way, and one of the Terabín Bedawín whom we had brought with us as a guide confessed himself utterly at at fault. We seemed in a fair way to emulate the Israelites and wander in that great and Terrible Wilderness for an indefinite period, and in addition to these drawbacks, our Arabs who had been on the

shortest of commons for some time were getting exhausted for want of food, and the camels could scarcely carry their loads from day to day.

At this juncture we fortunately fell in with our first specimen of the Tiyáhah Arabs, who showed us where we might find water the next day and himself conducted us to Nakhl.

This is a wretched square fort in the middle of a glaring white desert, where a few miserable soldiers are maintained by the Egyptian Government for the protection of the Caravan of Pilgrims which annually passes by that road on the way to Mecca. We soon found that so long as we stayed at Nakhl we could not hope for any peace or quietness. The denizens of the fort and little mud village attached to it have absolutely nothing to do but to quarrel with one another, and the advent of a stranger is hailed with joy as a relief to the monotony of this pursuit. There was not a living creature amongst them from the military governor to the mangiest Arab cur, who did not spend the greater part of his day before our tent, hoping by perseverance, to beg, borrow, or steal something from us.

Presently after our arrival Mislih Sheikh of all the Tiyáhah came down with his brother, and the two honoured us with their company until long past midnight.

The conversation was not inspiriting, and it seemed as if our explorations were likely to come to an untimely end; every part of the country which we expressed a wish to visit was in the hands of some hostile tribe, and whichever way we went we must be infallibly robbed and murdered.

However, the difficulties at last vanished one by one, and the sheikhs went so far as to promise that as a special favour they would take us somewhere, a concession for which (they declared) no pecuniary expression of gratitude on our part could possibly repay them; and, having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, we

undressed and went to bed, as a delicate hint to our guests to retire. The next day terms were agreed upon, the contract signed, and after a little delay we were fairly started with our Tiyáhah guides.

The Tiyáhah are a large and powerful tribe of Arabs inhabiting the whole central portion of the desert of the Tîh; their country produces scarcely any grain, and they are accordingly compelled to purchase all the necessaries of life from Gaza or some of the border villages of Palestine. Their camels furnish them with their only means of subsistence, as they are employed in conveying the Hajj Pilgrims across the desert to Akabah on their way from Egypt to Mecca, and they have also the right of conducting those travellers who select the long desert route to Palestine. Such of them as are not fortunate enough to participate in this traffic, live almost entirely on the milk of their camels and goats, occasionally selling one of the former, if this resource fail from drought or other causes.

In many other parts of the Desert milk forms the sole article of diet obtainable by the Arabs, and I have heard a well authenticated case of a Bedawí who had not tasted solid food or water for three years.

So long, therefore, as he can find pasturage for his herds the Arab cares little for the proximity of a water spring to his camp, but he watches with the greatest anxiety for the few and scanty showers of rain, without which he is in actual danger of starvation, and we may pardon him if he even conceive a jealous suspicion of such proceedings as geographical or astronomical observations. A compass, sextant, or theodolite he naturally regards as an uncanny and magical instrument, and neither his soil nor his sky are sufficiently tractable as it is to warrant him in allowing them to be tampered with.

The ancient Arabs prided themselves on three things: eloquence, hospitality, and robbery. From the Tiyáhah tribe the two first have entirely disappeared;

but, in the last they are unrivalled still, and once at least in every year they make a raid upon some of their neighbours and carry off their cattle.

In these expeditions they often travel as far as the Syrian desert around Palmyra, a distance of more than twenty days' journey.

Things have but little changed in the Wilderness since the messenger came into the tent of Job and said: "The Chaldæans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels and have carried them away: yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword."

Before leaving England a Syrian friend had put into my hands a poetical version of the Book of Job, which he had himself recently composed in the Arabic language. I one day read a portion of this to our Sheikh Suleimán, and having once had a taste of it he would implore me night after night to read it aloud to him, for the vivid pictures of the trials of that grand old Sheikh of Uz enlisted all his Bedawí sympathies, and the easy rhythm and choice language in which they were clothed captivated his ear. Might not some of our missionary societies learn a lesson from this, for many a Muslim who would shudder at the sin of reading the book of the Nazarenes would yield to the soft influence of song.

Suleimán constantly besought me to teach him to read; now I am a strong advocate for education, and it was hard to refuse him, but one reflection made me obdurate—*I knew he would ask me for the book.*

One day as we were striking camp, and the Arabs were engaged in adjusting the camel loads, I came up to the fire for the purpose of lighting my pipe. What was my amazement, when on turning over the ashes I found a potato—our potato—quietly roasting there. Watching unobserved I presently saw Selim quietly abstract the delicacy and wrap it in his mantle for future surreptitious consumption, and immediately taxed him with the theft. Now the Bedawin, although

professional robbers, have a wholesome aversion from pilfering, and Selim being thus caught in the act, there was the greatest consternation in the camp.

Suleimán's pious horror was a sight to see, and in spite of our intercession, Selim was formally beaten before going to bed, and ever after when a difficulty arose, we ungenerously brought up the subject, and the stolen potato gained us the victory.

Rough and rude our guides certainly were, but when once we had started they proved as cheery and trusty companions as we could have wished.

If I were to give a detailed description of our walk across the desert, the narrative would, I am afraid, appear to the reader as monotonous as the reality did to us. Day by day we toiled over flat white gravel plains, and although the sight of a few scanty shrubs, or the slightest indication of life were to us incidents worthy of noting down, I could hardly hope that such an entry as the following which I find in my journal would appear strikingly sensational: "Monday.—Walked six hours, saw two beetles and a crow."

I will therefore mention briefly some of the most interesting places which we saw or discovered. The first of these was 'Ain Gadís, which, being literally interpreted, signifies the "Fountain of the Holy One."

The name of Gadís is in meaning and etymology exactly equivalent to the Kadesh of the Bible, and the identification of this site is, perhaps, more important than that of any other in the region, as it forms the key to the movements of the Children of Israel after leaving Hazeroth for the scene of their forty years' wanderings.

The spring which bears the suggestive name of Gadís is situated at that particular part of the mountain plateau where this falls to a lower level, and, as we found on subsequently passing through it, is more open, less hilly, and more easily approached from the direction of Akabah. It is thus situated at what I

should call one of the natural boundary lines of the country.

I will explain what I mean by this statement:

From Northern Syria to Sinai southwards the country seems to have certain natural divisions marked by the comparative fertility of the soil of each. In Syria at the present day we have a well-watered and productive soil; in Palestine after the Hermon district the soil is much more barren, but shows traces of greater fertility in former times; south of the mountains of Judah, to the point immediately below which our Kadesh is situated, the country, though now little more than a barren waste, presents signs of a most extensive cultivation, reaching down to even a comparatively modern period.

This is, undoubtedly, the Negeb, or South Country of Scripture, and Ain Gadís may be considered as situated almost at the frontier of this district.

At the time of the Exodus it must have borne the same relation to the then fertile region of the Negeb which that now barren tract at the present day bears to Palestine.

Now, the spies went up from Kadesh and returned bringing with them grapes from Eshkol, and this latter site is generally assumed to be identical with Wády el Khalíl, or the valley of Hebron.

But Hebron is at least four days' journey from 'Ain Gadís, and grapes and figs could not have been brought so far in that hot climate without spoiling —to say nothing of the cautious manner in which, in their character of spies, Caleb and his companions must have passed through the country. If, then, Kadesh is at 'Ain Gadís, as we suppose, the grape bearing Eshkol must be near the same place; and it is a curious fact, that among the most striking characteristics of the Negeb are miles of country—hill sides and valleys—covered with small stone heaps, swept in regular swathes, and called by the Arabs to this day *teleilát el 'anab*, or "grape mounds."

Most Biblical Geographers have placed Kadesh much closer to the southern border of Palestine, near the passes of Sufáh and Figreh, and immediately below the mountains of Judæa; but, in that case, the Israelites would have been confined in a *cul-de-sac*, with the Canaanites, Amorites, Edomites, and Moabites completely hemming them in—whereas, in the neighbourhood of 'Ain Gadís they would have had nothing but the wilderness around them, and certainly no very hostile peoples in their rear. Now, I believe, that a good general like Moses would not have chosen a bad position for so important a camp; and I am, therefore confirmed in my belief that the Ain Gadís which we saw is actually the Kadesh of the Bible.

In a large plain at the foot of the mountain plateau, to which I have already alluded, we found another ancient site, before unknown; this was a large town containing three churches and a tower, but now utterly deserted. It is called Sebaita, a name that at once suggests the *Zephath* of the Bible. Zephath signifies a Watch-tower; and it is a noteworthy fact, that about three and a half miles distant from the town we discovered a fortress built on very ancient foundations, and situated on the brow of a steep hill that overlooks the entire plain. Its name is El Meshrifeh, and the meaning of the word, as well as the position of the fort, exactly corresponds to that of *Zephath*, "a Watch-tower." In Judges i. 17 we find it thus spoken of: "And Judah went with Simeon his brother, and they slew the Canaanites that inhabited Zephath, and utterly destroyed it, and the name of the city was called Hormah." From this passage Zephath and Hormah are generally thought to be one and the same, but I should rather consider that the city, to which the Israelites gave the name of Hormah after they had conquered it, was called the city of the Zephath, from its proximity to the watch-tower, and that in the town

of Sebaita and the fort of El Meshrifeh we have the two places mentioned in the book of Judges.

A circumstance which gives a great additional interest to this spot is, that the Israelites, we are told, when they attempted to force a passage into the hill country of the Amorites were driven back and defeated at a pass in the mountains near Hormah.

Now, the fort of El Meshrifeh commands the only pass by which the plain where Sebaita, or Hormah stands can be approached, and we may thus trace the movements of the wandering Hosts of Israel after their encampment at Kadesh, the position of which I have already identified.

Reheibeh and Shutneh, the Rehoboth and Sitneh where Isaac dug his wells: (Gen. xxvi. 21, 22.) Khalasah, once a flourishing town, where Venus was worshipped with all the licentious pomp of the Pagan ritual: Saadí, an extensive ruin whose history has perished and whose very existence was unknown till we lit by chance upon the site: these, and many others I must dismiss without more than this passing word, and come at once to a spot which witnessed some of the earliest scenes of Bible history—I mean the well of Beersheba, dug by Abraham the Father of the Faithful himself. The name which he gave it still clings to the spot; the Bedawin, to whom the Scriptures are unknown, still point with pride to the great work which their father Ibrahim achieved, and as they draw water from it for their flocks, the ropes that let the buckets down still glide along the same deep furrows in the masonry which mayhap the ropes of the Patriarch's servants first began.

Strange and solemn are the thoughts which a journey like this inspires. The word of God had declared long ages ago that the land of the Canaanites, and the Amalekites, and the Amorites should become a desolate waste; that "The cities of the Negeb should be shut up, and there should be none to open them." And

here around us we saw the literal fulfilment of the dreadful curse. Wells of solid masonry, fields and gardens compassed round about with goodly walls, every sign of human industry was there, but now, only the empty names and stony skeleton of civilization remained to tell of what it once had been.

There stood the ancient towns, still called too by their ancient names, but not a living thing was to be seen save when the lizard glided o'er the crumbling wall, or startled screech owls flitted through the lonely street.

From Beersheba we went up to Jerusalem to refit, and after a short delay returned once more to the Negeb, or South country, but this time taking the route through the heart of the unexplored mountain country to the Arabah, and so on to Petra.

This journey was by no means an easy one; the country was most dreary and desolate; our only supply of water was taken from holes in the rock where the last season's rains had collected, and the Arabs were, to say the least of it, troublesome.

We had determined to visit the ruins of 'Abdeh the ancient Eboda, a Roman station on the road from Ghaza to Arabia Felix, and after much difficulty in obtaining information as to its position, had encamped in a valley at the foot of the mountains where the ruins were said to stand.

While we were preparing to make the excursion, the chief men of the Azázimeh tribe of Arabs came down much incensed at our intrusion, and declared that we should not see the ruins, peremptorily bidding us to go back the way we came while our lives were yet safe. However, we were determined not to have our journey for nothing, and on the following morning set out up the valley, attended by our two Jehalin camel drivers, and taking with us the sketch books, photographic and measuring instruments necessary for the exploration of the deserted city. As we got near the foot

of the pass we heard the loud report of guns firing above us, and in clear determined tones the Arab war-song rang in our ears. Still we plodded steadily on, but as we commenced the ascent, about a dozen armed Arabs suddenly appeared and nimbly scaling the mountain side, took possession of the pass, and while some began throwing stones over the edge, others presented their guns at us, and the Sheikh, with his bare arm raised in a tragic attitude, treated us to a grandiloquent address, and threatened us with summary annihilation.

Now, we knew that Arabs are never anxious to commence a fight, and bring upon themselves the dread consequence of the blood feud, so we sat down and, holding our guns in readiness, smoked our pipes quietly, and answered all their threats with quiet chaff.

At last there came a lull, and we sent up one of our Arabs to treat for peace, but he was met with drawn swords and literally thrust down the pass closely followed by a large stone.

Matters were now getting serious; the Arabs lit a beacon fire on the top of the pass, screamed out in frantic tones, *Hallat el gom*, "war is proclaimed"—as a signal for their neighbours and friends to rush up to the attack. It was time to interfere, so I made them a pretty speech, telling them that our intentions were quite peaceful, and expressing my surprise at being treated in such a manner by people whose guests we had become. A long altercation ensued, and peace was ultimately concluded on condition of our paying the sum of eight shillings, they on their part undertaking to conduct us over the ruins, carry our instruments, and lend us all the assistance we might require.

When we were nearing Petra we heard the unwelcome news that the surrounding Arab tribes were at war, and that the place was entirely closed to travellers, one party who had come down to Akabah

to make the attempt having been compelled to return without success.

Trusting, however, to the small and unpretending nature of our cortege, and to our experience of Arab character and manners, we kept to our proposed route, and reached the pass leading into Petra without attracting observation.

Arrived here, we took the opportunity of ascending Mount Hor and visiting the tomb of Aaron upon the summit, which we reached without discovery. Once there, however, we were seen by a shepherd lad, who was feeding his flocks upon the mountain, and who immediately shouted out to give the alarm. His cry was answered by a gun in the wady below, and in a few minutes the rocks around re-echoed with the firing of alarm guns, and an ominous din was heard coming from the direction of Petra itself. We judged it time to descend, as our being surprised on the mountain would inevitably have led to serious consequences; and, having stayed long enough to boil the thermometer and allow my companion to finish a sketch of the tomb and the magnificent view of mountain scenery which surrounds it, we came down the steep sides of Mount Hor rather quicker than I ever descended a mountain either before or since.

On reaching the valley we were met by a party of about thirty Fellahin, all armed to the teeth, and shouting their war cry furiously. We had no easy work to pacify them, but once inside Petra we determined to see all that was to be seen, and accordingly stayed more than a week. A set of more thorough ruffians than the inhabitants of Petra it has never been my misfortune to meet; they are a branch of the Khaibarí tribe, Jews who long ago settled at Mecca, where they now occupy their leisure in robbing pilgrims. They are believed, on good authority, to be the descendants of those Rechabites who are mentioned in the book of Jeremiah xxxv. 2:

"They said, we will drink no wine for Jonadab the son of Rechab, our father commanded us, saying, ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever. Neither shall ye build houses, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, but all your days ye shall dwell in tents; that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers."

This precept, which is in effect that they should assimilate their mode of life to that of the Arabs amongst whom they dwell, they have obeyed to the present day, for they drink no wine and dwell in tents. We encamped in the very midst of them, and, although we were allowed to visit the ruins as much as we pleased, they gave us so much trouble that it has always been a marvel to me how we escaped being stripped of everything we had and murdered.

For two days we were snowed up with these delightful companions and could not leave our tent; to add to our discomfort there was no fuel to be had, and we could make no fire. However, we put on all our clothes —three shirts and several coats and waistcoats apiece, and passed the time in bed, making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Our only consolation was that our Rechabite neighbours suffered more than we did, for they had only one shirt apiece, and not, indeed, always that. I am afraid we were very uncharitable, for, as a chorus of groans and chattering of teeth went on around us, we felt an intense satisfaction in the thought that they were too much engrossed with their own misery to worry us, and we posted up our journals and smoked our pipes quite merrily.

We left Petra under the escort of some 'Ammarin Arabs, who endeavoured to extort money from us by leaving us without camels, food, or water, in a part of the country which we did not know, and on one occasion brought down a party of their friends to waylay and rob us at a mountain pass. The Governor-General of Syria, Ráshid Pasha, has sent

down troops to call these gentry to account, and most obligingly promised us that he would hang our Sheikh and his brother—a mark of attention which *we* promised them on leaving.

The journey from Petra to Moab was a very exciting one; the Arab tribes around us were at war; murders were of daily occurrence, and often when camping for the night we could not even light our fire after sunset, lest the blaze should reveal our resting-place, and bring down upon us a band of marauders. One day while we were staying with the Sheikh of the Beni Hamídeh Arabs at Shihán, the Ancient Sihon in Moab, two strange Bedawin came to the encampment, and we had the pleasure of listening to a council of war. A neighbouring chief had a little before treacherously murdered forty men, and had, moreover, stolen our host's donkey; the latter was in itself almost enough to form a *casus belli*, and hostilities had in effect been carried on for some time between the two tribes. The messengers we saw had come to make proposals of peace; our host, with all an Arab's frankness, forgave the murders on the spot—the murdered men were not of his tribe—and the three embraced with every mark of affection and esteem. But presently the question of the donkey was brought forward, Sheikh Ahmed demanded restitution and compensation, and the negotiations were ultimately broken off.

Moab is a large flat plateau descending in abrupt cliffs on its western side into the Dead Sea and Jordan Valley. A more than usual interest has been awakened in that country by the finding of the celebrated Moabite stone. It is, a large slab of black basalt inscribed with a long record of the prowess of a certain Mesha King of Moab, in which he boasts of his successes against Israel, and there is no doubt but that this is the same Mesha, the story of whose rebellion is told at length in II Kings III. 4-27.

We visited the spot, Dhibán (the ancient Dibon), where the monument was found, and where it was unfortunately broken by the Arabs, owing to the mismanagement of its first discoverers who did not know how to treat with the Bedawin. The passage I have referred to, speaks of the author of the Dhibán stone thus: "And Mesha, King of Moab, was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the King of Israel an hundred thousand lambs and an hundred thousand rams with the wool." This is another instance of the wonderful accuracy of the Bible in its descriptive details, for Moab, with its extensive grass covered uplands is even now an essentially sheep breeding country, although the "fenced cities and folds for sheep," of which mention is made in the book of Numbers (XXXII. 36) are all in ruins. But in its palmier days when those rich pastures were covered with flocks, we can well understand how the most appropriate title that could be given to the King of such a country was that he "was a sheep-master."

When in Moab we heard strange accounts of an extraordinary statue by the shores of the Dead Sea, called "Lot's Wife," and determined to visit it. After a fatiguing walk, and having to sleep in the open air without any covering, and no other food than a small piece of bread, we reached the spot, and found the "statue" to consist of a tall natural rock, which did, however, bear a striking resemblance to an Arab woman carrying her child on her shoulder. It is of stone, not of salt, and cannot, of course, be the real Lot's Wife mentioned in the Bible, but it was curious and instructive to find the story still lingering upon the spot where Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed.

A few days more, and our wanderings in the Wilderness were at an end. We stood upon the heights of Mount Nebo, where Moses, the aged law-giver of Israel, gazed for the first time on the promised land, and looked

his last upon the world. The hills of Palestine rose up before us, at our feet the Jordan meandered along its noble valley to the calm blue waters of the Dead Sea, and as we meditated on the scene, the solemn words of Deuteronomy (xxxiv. 4) came to our mind with a reality they had never before assumed: "This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed; I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes."

HAJJI.

A TRAGEDY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

"Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere Delta."—PERSIUS.

IT was a young Examiner, scarce thirty were his years,
His name our University loves, honours, and reveres:
He pondered o'er some papers, and a tear stood in his eye;
He split his quill upon the desk, and raised a bitter cry—
"O why has Fortune struck me down with this unearthly blow?
"Why doom'd me to examine in my lov'd one's Little-go?
"O Love and Duty, sisters twain, in diverse ways ye pull;
"I dare not 'pass,' I scarce can 'pluck:' my cup of woe is full.
"O that I ever should have lived this dismal day to see!"
He knit his brow, and nerved his hand, and wrote the fatal D.

* * * * *

It was a lovely maiden down in Hertford's lovely shire;
Before her, on a reading-desk, lay many a well-filled quire:

The lamp of genius lit her eyes; her years were twenty-two;
Her brow was high, her cheek was pale, her bearing somewhat blue:
She pondered o'er a folio, and laboured to divine
The mysteries of "*x*" and "*y*," and many a magic sign:
Yet now and then she raised her eye, and ceased awhile to ponder,
And seem'd as though inclined to allow her thoughts elsewhere to wander.
A step was heard, she closed her book; her heart beat high and fast,
As through the court and up the stairs a manly figure passed.
One moment more the opening door disclosed unto her view
Her own beloved Examiner, her friend and lover true.
"Tell me, my own Rixator, is it First or Second Class?"
His firm frame shook, he scarce could speak, he only sigh'd "Alas!"
She gazed upon him with an air serenely calm and proud—
"Nay, tell me all, I fear it not"—he murmured sadly "Ploughed."
She clasped her hands, she closed her eyes as fell the word of doom,
Full five times round in silence did she pace her little room;
Then calmly sat before her books, and sigh'd "Rixator dear,
"Give me the list of subjects to be studied for next year."
"My own brave Mathematica, my pupil and my pride,
"My persevering Student whom I destine for my bride;

"Love struggled hard with Duty, while the Lover marked you B;
"In the end the stern Examiner prevailed and gave you D.
"Mine was the hand that dealt the blow! Alas, against my will
"I plucked you in Arithmetic—and can'st thou love me still?
She gazed upon him and her eye was full of love and pride—
"Nay these are but the trials, Love, by which true love is tried.
"I never knew your value true, until you marked me D:
"D stands for dear, and dear to me you evermore shall be."

* * * * *

A year had passed, and she had passed, for morning, noon, and night,
Her Euclid and her Barnard Smith had been her sole delight.
Soon "Baccalaurea Artium" was added to her name,
And Hitchin's groves, and Granta's courts resounded with her fame;
And when Rixator hurried down one day by the express,
And asked if she would have him, I believe she answered "Yes."
For now they live together, and a wiser, happier pair,
More learned and more loving, can scarce be found elsewhere:
And they teach their children Euclid, and their babies all can speak
French and German in their cradles, and at five can write good Greek;
And he is a Professor and she Professoress,
And they never cease the Little-go in gratitude to bless.

When love could not the Lover from the path of duty sway,
And no amount of plucking could his Student fair dismay.

MORAL:

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, if in love you would have luck,
In wooing, as in warfare, trust in nothing else than pluck.

ARCULUS.

A VOICE FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY.

I AM a patriotic man, otherwise would my ink remain unshed. I am a modest man, else would patriotism have exhausted it long ago. I have a right to be modest; if I had not, my name would not have been among the alphabeticals years ago. That modesty to which I now lay claim must even then have been apparent. I never sought to know whether, if priority in merit instead of in the alphabet had been the rule, my name would not have headed the list. The virtuous always have their detractors; mine would say that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and that it was a happier case for a man to dream on of being first than to know he was last. In spite of their insinuations, however, I again say I am a modest man. How is it then that I presume to sit down to write for *The Eagle?* Do not its subscribers number among them 307 Fellows of the College and Masters of Arts? Are there not among them men of might to wield the pen? Is there not a shrinking at the thought of exciting disdain among editors of high degree? All this is true, and more. But, though your modest correspondent would not write for glory, or in presumption, yet patriotism would not suffer him to have it said in Gath that *The Eagle* was coming to grief, if his efforts could assist in keeping her on the wing, be the flight ever so little above ground. Whatever I write, it may at any rate stir up some more able and more lazy subscriber to

exert himself to contribute an article now and then, if only to save us all from trash. What shall I write? is the perplexing question. My imagination does not soar with eagle flight; it creeps on the ground. I am not up in the-ologies—I am not a poet by birth; and the result of my placing two hundred lines of rhyme in the letter-box of the Vice-chancellor seemed to confirm the truth of the adage respecting the possibility of becoming a poet in any other way. I never saw a Ghost. I was never at the top of Mont Blanc, or at the bottom of a coal-pit. I will not tell the readers of *The Eagle* how I once got lost on the Wiltshire Downs at night, returning from a day's shooting in company with a Londoner—how it was his fault entirely—how we wandered over the snow in a thick fog for hours—how cold we were, and how hungry—how we drank mushroom catsup, which the keeper's wife had sent by me for my aunt—how nasty it was—how we fired signals of distress—and at last viewing the light in the cottage window, as benighted travellers are wont to do, went to ask our way home, and found ourselves just outside the gate we sought. I will not tell how once, when I was in the communion rails of a Sunday night, the beadle came up to say that there was a young woman at the church door with the news that there were thieves inside my house—how I, walking deliberately thither after service was over, found the house filled with a hundred or more honest men looking for dishonesty up the chimneys, down in the cellar, and in the beds; while others, bearing flaming torches of newspaper, sought for it under the garden wall, expecting, no doubt, to come upon a group of burglars cooly dividing the booty there. They shall not hear these things, nor many others of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and they return inexperienced to their graves. But, being a parson, and afflicted with improvement of the occasion on the brain, I will venture a few remarks on the manners and customs of the

natives of this quarter of the globe where I am now a fixture, and which is, not without sufficient (not to say, good) reason, called the "Black Country." Few fledglings from the nest of Alma Mater take their flight in this direction, except they belong to the cleric species. And, to a great extent, for the information of such of this kind as are not yet ready for the wing, I proffer my remarks. Some may thus happily be prevented from choosing this as a sphere of labour; others may discover that it would be the right place for them, the right men. Imprimis, let everyone banish from his mind for ever the idea of coming here, in whose creed the doctrine of cleanliness holds a very high place; unless you can afford to wear a clean collar and tie every day of your life, you can't be clean here. Summer or winter, if you open your window for a breath of refreshing air, the zephyrs will bear on their wings flakes of soot, which will spoil a clean man's temper for the day. If you pull a twig off a tree (there are curiosities which we call trees here), or rest your hand on a wall or a gate, it will be as black (more or less) as if you had polished it on the bottom of a kettle. A friend from a short distance walking up and down my garden one day plucked ever and anon, as we conversed, the leaves of a black currant tree, and crushed and rubbed them in his hand; he refused afterwards to believe that his palm had contracted its colour in this manner, till convinced by a new trial. If you can't laugh at such things, stay away, or unhappiness will be your lot. Next let it be noted, that this particular district is most rigidly to be eschewed by all who are not willing to work, and work hard. There are as many different varieties of the species parson hereabouts as elsewhere; but whether they be high, low, broad, or narrow, they achieve success or not, according to their willingness to work. Your modest correspondent was an idle man at college, and he does not regret the idleness of that time (innocent

idleness it was, if such a thing there be) because of an alphabetical result, or of an impecuniary result, or a result affecting prestige, half so much as he does on account of the difficulty of unlearning the practice of idleness. His motto is, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." My undergraduate friends, if ever you intend to work hard in your lives, form the habit while you are where you are; and if you don't work hard, which is a maxim not perhaps incumbent on all, work methodically. If you only read an hour a day (many are they who wish they had done as much) make a habit of sitting down and doing that reading at a fixed hour, and let nothing turn you from it; you will then form a habit of having a time for everything and everything in its time, which will hereafter prevent many heart-aches. Again, let me beseech you not to come here if you can't dispense with a touching of the hat, or a curtsey from the working classes. A familiar nod, on the part of the masculine of this species, and a recognition graduated therefrom to the graceful and condescending bend on the part of the feminine, and, perhaps, the grasp of a hand, black from the forge or white from the kneading-trough—these are the greetings you will get, if you get any at all, and these you will have to make the best of. Some few retain the old, rural fashion; but when I meet with them, I am inclined to suspect the users of intending to pay me a visit which will lighten my pockets. You must be ready to respond to them as heartily as they greet you, or you won't do for a Black Country parson. You mustn't come here expecting to be looked up to because you wear a black coat, for many of the working men wear as good an one as you; nor because you have £100 or £120 a year, for many of them get as much or more than you, and they know it. I know of nothing that will draw forth the respect of those among the working classes, whose respect is worth having, except good hard work. Don't set foot here if you

believe in church-rates, nor if you have any doubts, which you don't keep within your teeth, as to the right of any man to be a dissenter if he likes. You may be one of those who claim a monopoly of spiritual dispensation for themselves, as the successors of the apostles; if you are, then by working hard, and persevering, you will get a "following," but you will never attach the people as a body to the church. Keep away from this quarter if you haven't a manly bearing, a clear voice (the louder the better), and the will never to spare it either in reading or preaching. The voice is one of the first requisites to be thought of. If you can't match the primitive methodist in loudness of voice, you must equal, if not excel, him in downrightness of expression. You must call things—even things disagreeable to ears polite—by their real names, or you won't have a collier, or a boatman, or a forgeman, in your church; they will go elsewhere—to some place where no attention is paid to the injunction "Oh! breathe not his name," and where the destination of misguided travellers is not considered, "a place which shall be nameless." If you mean to come here, you must make up your mind to be fond of tea-parties. Tea-parties are indispensable; and you must be ready to make a speech thereat—a speech of wit and wisdom combined. You must not be horrified if the odour of rum is discernible during tea. Rum is the cream of the Black Country; and somebody or other among the guests is sure to bring a bottle of cream in his or her pocket, and slily dispense it among the nearest of the company, to the discomfiture of Cowper. Don't come here unless you can endure without offence things that would make the country parson-squire's hair stand on end, and rile up lilac-kidded and frock-coated dignities into inexpressible paroxysms of self-important wrath. Your correspondent was uniting a happy couple in the bonds of matrimony. The bridegroom steadily refused to repeat after him the prescribed form of

espousals. When requested to do so, he merely nodded his head; and even the expressed desire of the bride herself failed to extract more from him. At last he was told that the ceremony could not proceed unless he complied with the injunction. Another attempt—"Now, say this after me," "I, John, take thee, Mary" No response such as required; but, with a grave wink of the right eye, and a nod of the head to the right side, he said, in the most confidential and conciliating manner, "It's all right, gaffer." This was taken as fulfilling the spirit of the law. Don't come here if you object to having tea or supper with your grocer, and can't make yourself quite at home by the fireside of your linendraper, or listen with a meek and quiet spirit to his daughter performing or singing at the piano. But if you want to get well acquainted with all the details of parish work; if you want good hearty people to deal with; if you want to come to a place where life and vigour responding to effort will encourage you in your work, then you have only to apply to me, and if I happen to want a curate at the time, and your views and mine agree, I shall be happy to engage with you; and, if not, I am pretty sure to be able to introduce you to someone else who would be glad to do so.

LA VITA NUOVA.

O MY love, my love she is fair,
And her beauty rare
Is a fragrant rose
Cast on the crystals of drifted snows.

O my love, my love she is fair,
And her golden hair
It falleth, it falleth, in glittering showers;
And her breath is the breath of sweet spring-flowers.

And her soft blue eyes are of tender hue,
But the flame of her eyes it pierceth through,
As the flame of a bolt in the cloudless blue.

As faint sweet music fall her words,
But their echo it pierceth as bitter swords;
And her laughter it chimes as a silver bell,
But the undertone is a distant knell.
O my love she is fair.

The soft dim twilight of a beechen grove;
No sound was there the utter calm to move,
Save the sad moaning of a grey-wing'd dove.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And all the trees in goodly rows were set,
And over-head the long grey branches met
To weave against the sky their leafy net.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And under-foot the grass was soft and green,
And here and there the beechen trunks between
Bright plots of flowers and fragrant shrubs were seen.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

As in some mystic grove of faërie
A thin blue mist was drawn from tree to tree,
And through the leaves a wind breath'd languidly.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

Or as a dream of some fair paradise
Too beautiful for ought but dreaming eyes,
A land that none beholdeth ere he dies.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And through the trees I wander'd wondering
How unto every sight and sound would cling
The memory of some forgotten thing.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

For every winding glade and pleasance green
And every tree and flower and stone had been
Before, as in some scarce remember'd scene.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

Nay, e'en that utter silence, and the dove
That nestled in the beechen leaves above,
The scent of daffodils and wild fox-glove.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

That twisted bough with lichens plaster'd o'er;
Ay, even so that beechnut fell before
And scatter'd on the ground its polished core.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And ere I passed each leafy avenue
That opened into distant glades, I knew
The loveliness of all the coming view.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And ever more a dread fell over me
Of something that should happen presently,
Nor could I clearly tell what it might be.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

For all my mind was filled with memories,
As thronging visions of the past will rise
Before a man that instant ere he dies.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And through the silence of the grove there came
The echo as it were of some dear name,
That grasped my fluttering heart with utter shame.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

Nor could I lift my eyes from off the ground,
But stood as if some dreamy trance had wound
Its spell about me at that soft sweet sound.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

A deeper silence fell on all that place,
And tremblingly I strove to veil my face,
And the great wave of sorrow rose apace.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

For well I knew that one drew nigh to me,
And shame fell o'er my eyes, nor dare I see
The radiance of her stainless purity.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And as the noise of falling rain her feet
Came softly through the flowers and grasses sweet,
And all my soul rose up her steps to greet.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

Yet that sore load of bitter shame did lie
Too grievous, and I prayed that I might die
As through the bending flowers her feet drew nigh.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

But on my burning heart came falling light
Her sweet calm words, as when the snowflakes white
Come softly falling through the silent night.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

"O love—for even yet I am thine own,
Nor dost thou truly love but me alone,
Nor as thou prayedst is thy heart as stone.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

"And I—my love it changeth not to thee;
I am thy Beatricè, even she
To whom thy soul was vowed so utterly."
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

Then fell deep silence; and my lips were fain
To utter a loud bitter cry of pain:
But near me breath'd that sweet sad voice again.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

"Wilt thou not speak, O love? Doth misery
For what hath been so sorely lie on thee,
That it must slay all hope of what shall be?"
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

As o'er hot glittering sands a noontide swell
Comes sweeping, and the bright cool ripples well
Round weed and stone, and fill each thirsty shell.
[O my love, my love she is fair.]

So swept across my burning heart the tide
Of long forgotten love; and by my side
She stood for whom all other love had died.
[O my love, my love she was fair.]

H. B. C.

OUR CHRONICLE.

A GLANCE at the past term does not discover many points of interest to the members of our College. Among subjects of congratulation are an unusually large entry in October, and the fact that we claim the two gentlemen who head the list of the Moral Sciences Tripos. It will also be seen that the Colquhoun Sculls have, after a long interval, been once more won by a representative of the Club to which they were originally presented.

The Editors regret that they have again to apologize for the tardy appearance of this number, and beg to call attention to the fact that there is a vacancy in the editorial committee, owing to the resignation of Mr. A. A. Bourne.

Mr. Pendlebury has been appointed Mathematical Lecturer in the place of Mr. B. W. Horne.

The following were elected Fellows on November 7th:

Charles Carpmael, B.A., 6th Wrangler, 1869.

Richard Pendlebury, B.A., Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman (bracketed), 1870.

George Alfred Greenhill, B.A., 2nd Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman (bracketed), 1870; Whitworth Scholar.

Ernest Lawrence Levett, B.A., 3rd Wrangler, 1870.

George Herbert Whitaker, B.A., Senior Classic (bracketed), 1870.

The Rev. E. K. Green, M.A., has been presented to the living of Lawford.

A Fellowship has become vacant by the decease of the Rev. Simeon Hiley, B.D.

The Crosse Hebrew Scholarship and the Carus Greek Testament Prize have both been obtained by Mr. Frederick Watson, B.A.

In the Moral Sciences Tripos Mr. H. S. Foxwell, was senior, and Mr Burder, second.

The MacMahon Law Studentship has been adjudged to Mr. H. T. Norton, B.A.

We omitted to state in our last number that the following University Prizes had been adjudged to members of the College:

Hulsean Essay.—Frederick Watson, B.A.
Sir William Browne's Medal for Latin Ode.—T. E. Page.
Porson Prize (bracketed).—T. E. Page.
Sir William Browne's Medal for Latin Epigram.—W. S. Wood.
Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar.—H. M. Gwatkin, M.A.

The following obtained First Classes in the Christmas Examination:

THIRD YEAR.

Webb | Cook

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the First Class at Midsummer:

Case | Andrew, G.
Benson | Stokes, A. S.

FRESHMEN.

Arranged in order of the Boards.

Elliot	Barnard	Waud
Sharrock	Stubbs	Waller
Percival	Cunynghame	Jones
Cochrane	Browne	Marsh
Coope, C. J.	Middlewood	Phillips
Peter	Procter	Cheeseman
Nevinson	Baines	Gwyther
Moser	Grasett	Clarke, H. L.
Price	Agnew	Beckett
Banks, A. R.	Reynolds	Marsden
Cope	Swinglehurst	Willcox
Freese	Prowde	Preston
Sollas	Logan	Parsons
Longworth	Davies	Canham
Lloyd		

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the First Class at Midsummer:

Colenso, F. E.	Boyd	Suart
Bonsey	Brodie	Atkins
Jaffray	Holcroft	Gardner
Newton	Carless	Wyles
Cobbold	Tibbitts	Higgs
Scholfield	Perks	Bott
Lowe	Dowling	Oldham
Merivale	Barton	Sawyer, H.
Simmonds	Pollock	Fewtrell
Hamer	Burn	White
Williams	Kennedy	Clarke, W. S.

BOATING.

The Colquhoun Sculls were won in 8 min. 56 sec., by J. H. D. Goldie, beating Close easily by 12 sec., on November 14th.

P. H. Laing and A. J. C. Gwatkin rowed respectively bow and 5 of the winning trial eight on December 3rd.

The L. M. B. C. Scratch Fours were won by

1. W. Koch — *Stroke.* P. J. Hibbert
2. A. Lloyd — *Cox.* F. Lane
3. H. M. Pugh

Ten boats started.

The races for the Pearson and Wright Sculls were as follows:

1. Gwatkin
2. Ede } TIME RACE.
3. Laing } 1. Laing. Won easily.
4. Kirby 2. Gwatkin
3. Kirby

At the meeting of the L. M. B. C. the following officers were elected for the ensuing Lent Term:

President.—Mr. Bowling
Secretary.—A. J. C. Gwatkin
Treasurer.—H. T. Wood
1st Captain.—J. H. D. Goldie
2nd Captain.—C. H. James
3rd ,, P. H. Laing
4th ,, P. .J Hibbert

FOOTBALL.

On October 19th a meeting was held in F. A. Foote's rooms, when he resigned the captaincy and H. Phillips was elected.

The first match was played on October 28th, on Parker's Piece, against the U. F. C. 12 a side. Won.

Adams	Deakin	Kirby	Phillips
Bishop	Garrett	Metcalf	Shuker
Butler	Hibbert	Micklem	Stedman

We had the wind at first, and, after a good many shots, Bishop succeeded in kicking a goal just before half time. After changing we kept it in their goal till just at the end; they managed to get a touch-down, but did not kick a goal.

On November 17th we played Christ's, on our ground. 11 a side. Won.

Adams	Deakin	Haines	Phillips
Bishop	Fitz-Herbert	Metcalf	Shuker
Butler	Garrett	Micklem	

We were stronger than our opponents, but did not succeed in doing anything till after half time, when, by the good dribbling of Adams, it was brought in front, and Phillips kicked a goal.

November 19th. St. John's *v* Corpus. 12 a side. Won.

Adams	Haines	Phillips	Coote
Bishop	Hoare	Shuker	
Garrett	Micklem	Stedman	

We were two men short all the time, so we did not do so much as we might have done, as our opponents were very weak; but Haines succeeded in getting a touch-down, thus winning the game.

November 28th. St. John's *v.* King's College. 11 a side.

Adams	Garrett	Lees	Phillips
Bishop	Haines	Micklem	Shuker
Deakin	Hoare	Kirby	

We penned all the time, and Phillips soon got a touch-down and kicked a goal. After changing, Bishop kicked another, thus winning easily.

November 29th. St. John's *v.* Jesus College. 12 a side.

Adams	Deakin	Haines	Micklem
Bishop	Foote	Hibbert	Phillips
Butler	Griffith	Kirby	Shuker

We were again too strong for our opponents, and Micklem soon got a touch-down by good charging; soon after, Kirby kicked a goal.

December 3rd. St. John's *v.* Eton Club. 11 a side. Drawn.

Adams	Edmunds	Hoare, A.	Phillips
Bishop	Haines	Micklem	Shuker
Butler	Hoare, W.	Percival	

This was our hardest match, as we were for some time a man short. They had the wind at first and got a touch-down, but after changing we penned them, and W. Hoare got a touch-down.

Shuker in every match has been an invaluable back.

C. U. R. V. B. Company. The Company Challenge Cup was won in the October Term by Sergeant Noon, and the Officers' Pewter by Lance-Corporal Haworth.

Lieutenant F. P. Roberts having resigned his commission, Ensign Greenhill was elected Lieutenant, and Lance-Corporal H. M. Andrew, Ensign.