CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

UPON looking back upon the past history of Christianity, we find that in instances without number it has been the forerunner or companion of civilization. Through many ages Faith and Culture were firm allies: shoulder to shoulder they waged long unceasing war against the various agencies that were antagonistic to the progress of the human race. The grandest movements for the raising of the fallen, and the recovery to a higher life of that which seemed to be hopelessly lost, have been begun, continued, and ended in the name of Christ. "Christianity," says one who has studied well its social bearings, "has carried civilization along with it wherever it has gone."

Those who are acquainted with the tone adopted in certain prominent organs of what claims to be a highly civilized public opinion may perhaps regard a few suggestions upon the present attitude of these two powers as not altogether out of place. There are those among our popular teachers and leaders who would have us look upon the Church—the living organ of Christian influence—as a piece of antique furniture, which it is time to replace by inventions of modern device. Every reader, clerical or lay, must admit that it is important for us to have a clear understanding as to our own reply to this suggestion. Are our efforts for the improvement of our country and our race to be limited to an increase

of co-operation in pursuit of material comfort, or are they to reach forth to a higher end, inspired by a loftier hope of a closer union of men? If the writer can help anyone to a satisfactory answer to this question, this short paper will not have been written in vain.

It will help to clear the way for us if we can ascertain the nature of the past connexion between Christianity and Civilization. Was it merely a casual alliance, or was there a real bond of union between them as cause and effect? If it was only a casual alliance, then of course it is quite possible that the two social forces may cease to co-operate for the benefit of mankind; they may take divergent paths; there may even be antagonism between the two. International treaties, we know, do not last for ever. Is the relation between Christianity and true Civilization such that their ancient friendship can ever give place to a new-born enmity? Civilization is, I suppose, the name that we give to that whole process which converts a people from the life and manners of the savage state to the condition in which due value is assigned to the arts, to learning, and to those various appliances which render life in a highly organized community wherein each is in a manner dependent upon all, both possible and pleasant.

Now, are there any elements in Christianity which *naturally* facilitate such a process as this? Historians, who have d
instance, Dean Milman and Mr. Lecky, have united in giving an affirmative answer to this question. Perhaps, under their guidance, I may be allowed to indicate how, in one or two special points, Christianity has proved itself efficient as an agent of genuine social reforms, for it is only by the like influences that we can hope to see a Christian regeneration of society.

In early times Christianity had immense power as an associating principle. It blended rival races by uniting

them in a common faith and a common worship; it put them on the same spiritual level. They could meet together in the faith that God was the Maker, Christ the Redeemer, of them both. Thus it served as a bond to make Europe almost one commonwealth. It diffused itself through all classes—it was the little leaven that leavened the whole lump of law and custom.

Now if I were asked the great political want of England just now, I think that I should answer—a sense of the unity of our national life—we want an associating principle. There is an element of disruption at work in society which threatens most serious consequences. The immense growth of the manufacturing and mining interests, the almost incredible rise of large towns, the great demand for labour and increased facilities of transit, have effected a striking change in the character of English civilization. I am myself very sceptical even as to the past existence of the model parish of the story book where squire, parson, and people all perform the duties of their respective spheres with cheerfulness and precision. Certainly parishes of that type are now-a-days few and far to seek. The changed relation of capital to labour, and the antagonism of class-interests, which this change apparently involves, have put the clergy into a new world. It is tolerably certain that if our ideal can only find its realisation in the parochial utopia just sketched, we shall never see even an approximation to it. If, however, our Christianity has sufficient vitality to meet the exigencies of iffered much on modern life; if it means to us a something which has the elasticity of a spirit, and not the rigidity of a machine; if the Church of England is not too timid discreetly to adapt the old methods of work to new necessities; if her clergy and laity set themselves face to face with the great social questions of the day, such as those concerning education, pauperism, and the relation between employers and employed, in the faith that

no human interests are alien from Christ, the Head and King of humanity—I venture to think that we shall soon hear less of the antagonism between the two old allies; Christianity will once more be recognised as the true civilizer—the organizing power of society.

Now let us suppose a working man trying to estimate the influence of religion upon society. He will, if he be candid, acknowledge that it has prompted many kind words and kind works which have helped to make the earth brighter and better. He will recognise in the labours of the parish priest and his fellow-workers well-meant efforts for their neighbours' good. But when he proceeds to inquire what seems to be their judgment as to the relative importance of the great public questions of the day, he will probably—and perhaps not unfairly—pronounce them wanting in width. If he should chance to take up what is known as a religious newspaper, he would find an immense proportion of it occupied with the discussion of questions which he cannot regard as touching him at all—an immense apparatus of learning employed over the attempted settlement of points which are of as little practical importance to him and of less intellectual interest than those discussed in the nearest antiquarian society. For my part, I candidly acknowledge my thorough sympathy with such a man in his alienation from the Christian ministry of all denominations, if he should find that details of Church order form the chief topic of public interest in the eyes of the Churchman, while the Nonconformist is intent upon discriminating the precise shade of doctrinal colour which is perpetuated in the trust deed of his chapel, the most diligent students of such social phenomena as strikes and trades' unions being meanwhile, perhaps, not even professing Christians. For practical purposes we do not want just now a Christian Archæology, but a Christianized Political Economy—that is, an application of Christian principles to the questions that really stir society. It is idle to suppose that the needs of the day will be met by cottage lectures on contentment. If that is all we have to give them, men will cheerfully resign their seats to their wives and betake themselves to other counsellors. The truly ecclesiastical interests are all those which concern the men and women for whom Christ died. "Christianity," Mr. Lecky tells us, "once moved over a chaotic society, and not merely alleviated the evils that convulsed it, but also reorganised it on a new basis by abolishing slavery, by creating charity, by inculcating self-sacrifice." That which has done this kind of work once can surely do it again, if those in whom its spirit dwells will but work in faith and hope. Otherwise, it may be, the Church of the future and the social order of the future will scarcely even be antagonistic—they may not cross each other's path. It will remain true that Christianity and Civilization can never be opposed; only those who think that the former has failed will be ready to try some other scheme for bringing the unruly elements into harmony.

Of all the problems that modern Civilization offers for a Christian Political Economy to solve, that of pauperism is one of the most difficult. It is both interesting and hopeful for the Christian politician to learn that hospitals and refuges for strangers, supported by private charity, were among the first-fruits of the faith of Christ on earth, and that the legal protection of children was one of the first changes made in the law when Christianity had become dominant. These are scraps from the true history of the Church of Christ—the history of a Christlike charity. We may fearlessly say that neither the Paganism of the past nor the Positivism of the present can urge any motive to active self-denying love at all to be compared with devout gratitude for God's great gift to the world. The widest and deepest

friendship towards man has found its home in the hearts of those who have striven to be the friends of God. Here indeed a serious difficulty occurs—how best to shew love to our neighbour. There is a well-meaning benevolence which only does him harm. We have yet much to learn as to the best manner of using both public and private money so as at once to alleviate and prevent distress. Let us not regard this as, in any narrow sense of the word, a *political* question. Who is so fit to grapple with it as one who believes that God's order is meant to triumph over man's disorder, and that the anomalies of earth are to be rectified according to the laws of a kingdom which is not of this world in origin, though in this world in the blessed influences of its renewing power?

A morality professedly purer than the Christian is proposed in the present day for the regulation of our lives. It is the morality of complete unselfishness—'to live for others' is its motto. It is unlike the morality of the Gospel in its omitting all reference to that love of God which is the very essence of vital Christianity. The advocates of this creedless code are prepared to re-constitute the outworn frame of society without any faith in Him, or reference to a future life. It is not by hard names that we shall meet these men best, but by showing the superiority of our position by the superiority of its practical results—by exhibiting to the world a fervent love of our brethren, inasmuch as they, with us, are members of a Divine family, and thus proving that the Christian Faith is a living, moving, absorbing energy—the mightiest agent in that true civilization which drives out all selfish interests and self-seeking aims, to make way for a pure, hearty, human sympathy, such as the Great Teacher called the loving our neighbour as ourselves.

A FEN PARSON.

A CHAIN.

Two primroses at Spring's young dawn
  Upon the riverside,
All on the early, early morn
  Their soft eyes opened wide.

Two children passed that early day,
  Each with his gentle mother;
One pluck'd a flower he flung away,
  One left it, for some other.

Two men beneath the self-same sky
  Had each their choice to give;
They chose—the one to live to die,
  The one to die to live.

FROM BRUSSELS TO SEDAN.

THE following consists of a few recollections of a trip made in September, 1870, a short reminiscence of what was to be seen on the field of Sedan three weeks after the fighting.

On the 23rd of September we arrived at Brussels—a party of four having landed on the morning of the same day at Antwerp from the London steamer. Our object was to push forward as soon as possible to the battle-fields around Sedan.

The same evening at our hotel we had some interesting conversation with some Englishmen who had just returned from Sedan and brought with them some Chassepôts and other relics. We learnt from them that our best way of getting there was to go by railway from Brussels to Libramont, a station in Belgian territory, and about twenty-two miles from Bouillion, a town close to the frontier. The distance between Libramont and Sedan was about thirty-two miles, which we should have to get over as best we could.

There was an ambulance in Brussels, and although we did not enter it, the sad sight of the poor fellows who were well enough to stand about its doors, and the convalescents hobbling about the streets, brought home to our minds the realities of the war forcibly enough. Indeed, everywhere we went we met with signs of the war. At Antwerp, the day before, we had seen several of the famed Turcos parading the streets with other French prisoners, a great many of

whom had been sent there after their capture at the frontier by the Belgian troops. These Turcos looked capable of any atrocities, and strutted about with a reckless, jaunty air, quite enjoying the curiosity they excited. The excitement of the war seemed to thrill everyone, and formed the only topic of conversation in the cafés and everywhere else.

Our train for Libramont left Brussels about 11.30 a.m. on the morning of the 24th. As there was a possibility of having 'to rough it' somewhat, we took no baggage with us except a comb and tooth-brush apiece.

At the Railway Station the sight of two blood-stained stretchers forewarned us of what scenes we were likely soon to witness. The distance to Libramont is about eighty miles, and as our train took four or five hours to do the journey, it was a tedious opportunity of viewing the country which was pretty in some places. About Namur we saw a good deal of the Belgian Armèe de l' observation camped out. We reached Libramont a little after four o'clock, and found the Station quite a small one, but as the line was cut at the frontier, this became the nearest available Station to Sedan, and was therefore used as the depôt for the stores which were sent from England to the Ambulances at Sedan. It was an interesting sight to see standing here a railway truck full of charpis which had been prepared in such liberal supply by so many English homes.

The road was perfectly strange to us; we accordingly adjourned to a small estaminet, near the Station, to consider our position. We learnt from the master of the house we were in that it was about twenty-two miles to Bouillion, and that again was about twelve miles from Sedan, and, moreover, that Bouillion was the only town between Libramont and Sedan. We made out from him, however, that there was a village called Bertrix on our road about twelve or thirteen

miles off, where we should be able to put up. We accordingly settled to make for this place now, and push on to Sedan the next morning. We found the road from Libramont a very monotonous one, straight as far as the eye could reach, and lined all the way with the usual fir trees; it passed through undulating country; in the hollows it was raised on a causeway above the land on either side. It was kept in excellent order, however, no doubt for military purposes, being so near the frontier. Every now and then we passed a military waggon or two, or a few soldiers belonging to the army of observation on the frontier. It began to get dark soon after we started, and then the road became more dreary than ever, so that we were glad when we met a peasant, who told us of the turn in the road, not far distant, to Bertrix, which lay about a mile off the main road.

It was about 9 p.m. when we got there, and being tired and hungry, we were glad enough to find out the Auberge of the village, which was more like a small farm-house than an inn. From the entrance door we stepped straight into what seemed to be the kitchen. On the opposite side of it were the doors of the only two 'parlours' the house boasted of, and between them was the staircase leading to the upper story. Filling up nearly all one side of this room was the fire-place with a huge wood fire blazing on the flat brick hearth. We were shown into one of the rooms leading out of the kitchen, and found three men sitting in it. Two of these were Prussian commissariat officers, the third a Belgian artillery officer. They were also waiting for dinner (or rather supper according to the time). The meal, even in this remote corner, consisted of five or six courses. One of the Prussians could speak English very well, and as we did a little French with the Belgian Officer, we had plenty of conversation during our repast. The Prussians had come to Bertrix to buy up cattle for the Army

quartered in Sedan. We turned out for a short time at about ten o'clock to have a look at the place we were in. Our hostelry stood at one corner of an irregularly-shaped kind of 'Place,' on one side of which was the Church. In the middle of this open space were the guns and ammunition waggons of a battery of artillery quartered in the village. A sentinel was pacing up and down in front of these, who desired us not to imperil his life by smoking within less than ten yards of the ammunition waggons. Whilst we were strolling about here we saw the Aurora Borealis, which was seen in England and elsewhere the same night, September 24th.

When we came into the house again we found the only accommodation for the night we could have was a very big bare room, in which were two small beds, one or two chairs, one small washhand-stand, and down the middle of the room a long narrow table. At one end of the room was a ladder-like staircase leading up through an open trap-door into the roof, through which, by the way, the wind sighed melodiously, and several bright stars were peeping.

At the other end of this spacious apartment was a door, on opening which we spied two men in bed, who were snoring lustily. Of course we could not grumble at our quarters, when we had been told that seven officers had slept in the same room, with the same accommodation, the week before; and there was no other inn in the village. As there were four of us, two had to sleep on the table in full uniform, and as we were tired the only inconvenience was feeling somewhat cold in the early morning.

The next morning, which was the 25th, we turned out pretty early, awakened by the *reveille*, which was sounded for the artillerymen billeted in the village; and after breakfast started off again soon after eight o'clock. We had now to make our way back again to the main road to Bouillion, and endeavoured to do so

by taking a road which, according to the opinion of some peasants, and from its direction, promised to save us ground, instead of returning by the way we had left the main road the night before. However, after some time, our new road seemed to deteriorate into a cart track across hills and through woods, so that we were glad, after about a couple of hours' wandering, to come upon a village named Auby, where we could get put right again as to our route. As we were entering the place, we fell in with a man with a horse and cart standing empty, and managed to strike a bargain with him for carting us right into Sedan. This was a piece of capital luck, so having engaged our man, we adjourned to the neighbouring 'estaminet' to await the arrival of our waggon. We here found the three officers of a company of Foot Chasseurs quartered in the village. We soon fraternised with them, and, of course, there was a general 'hob-nobbing' all round. They had a man in to shew us the action of the Albini rifle—the arm adopted by the Belgian Government; showed us relics from Sedan, and spoke very politely about the visit of the English Volunteers to Belgium in 1866. When we were finally packed away in our cart, two seated on a board across the stern, and two reclining on straw at the bottom, we bade an affectionate farewell to our friends, and as we drove off saluted them with 'Vivent les braves Belges,' to which one of them replied 'Hurrah for de English gentlemans.'

From Auby, till we regained the main road from Libramont to Bouillion, we passed through some very pretty scenery, especially at a spot called Belle Vue, where the Meuse winds in and out amongst some well-wooded hills. Here we had to send our cart some way round by a ford, whilst we made a short cut up a remarkably steep ascent, and met it again the other side of the hill.

The Meuse also flows through Bouillion, which

is a very pretty town beautifully, situated in the bottom of a valley. The Castle of Godfrey de Bouillion, whom Scott has made famous in Quentin Durward, overlooks the town from the brow of the hill just above the river. Although it is now used as barracks, and some modern building has been added, the old place looks very picturesque. On our way through the town we passed a train of ambulance waggons, standing in the streets, filled with wounded men from Sedan. We heard that the town was full of them, and that more were still continually passing through on their way to other places. Typhus fever was making fearful ravages amongst them, and the Church bell was tolling nearly all day.

About five miles beyond Bouillion we came to the frontier. All we found here was a picket of Prussian soldiers, who, having piled their arms in France, were smoking their pipes in Belgium, trying in vain to exchange sentiments with some countrymen. As the Prussian Government had done away with the necessity of passports in all French territory occupied by them, the soldiers took no notice of us as we passed. The actual frontier line was marked out by a row of posts about a hundred yards apart; the one by the road side was carefully labelled *La France, La Belgique,* on opposite sides.

We were now all eagerness to catch the first glimpse of any signs of fighting. We were on the road along which so many French had made such a stampede from the battle-field into Belgian territory. But in this direction Chapelle is the extreme verge of the actual battle-field, and this village is two or three miles from the frontier. We soon got there. The place itself did not seem knocked about; but it was now full of wounded, who seemed in every stage of recovery. There were some hobling about, whilst others, who were too ill to walk,

were lying down on beds spread out for them in the front gardens of the houses or on the paths, enjoying the sunshine and fresh air and their cigars, and from the look of many of them they did not seem to have life enough left in them for enjoying anything else. All these men were French, the German wounded having been sent to their own homes as soon as they were well enough to be moved. In this village the mark of the Red Cross was on almost every house. The Church had been converted into a temporary hospital. When we came up to it we got down from our cart and stood at the door to look in. The Church was quite a small one, but we counted thirty-eight beds, each with an occupant, arranged in a double row. These filled up all the available space. Some of the sufferers' wounds were being dressed, and others were lying, to all appearances, quite dead. This sad sight helped one to realise the effects of the fearful fighting which had been raging so recently in this part of the country.

We now remounted our cart, an
towards Givonne, our road leading us along a valley with the Meuse flowing along the bottom of it on our left, and hills rising up on our right. The country about here was thickly wooded in many places and very hilly, so that it must have been admirable for defensive purposes. We passed through Givonne without seeing much trace of damage, but just as we had passed through the village we saw the first grave in the cabbage garden of a small cottage. It was marked by the usual wooden cross. Afterwards we accidentally heard that the body of a Prussian officer lay here awaiting removal to Germany by the poor fellow's friends. A little further on lay the trunk of a tree cut clean through by a cannon shot. Now, as we began to ascend the heights of Givonne, we came upon ground where there had

evidently been fearful struggling. The Crown Prince, after he had crossed the Meuse at Deuberg, had worked round and attacked the French in flank upon these hills, and the fighting had been desperate. Remains of dead horses, knapsacks, &c.—*débris* of all kinds were strewn along the road and up the slope of the hill on our right. The land which had evidently been cultivated was trampled down till it was as hard as the road, and was scored with shot and shell marks. Trees and hedges were cut all to pieces. As we wished to push on to Sedan at once, and secure our quarters, we did not leave our cart now to explore the fields, but preferred to leave that till afterwards. Of course all the rest of the way along the road to Sedan the country bore innumerable signs of the recent fighting. There had been a great deal of rain soon after the battle, which had made the ground very soft, so that, in some places, there were plain marks to point out where large bodies of troops had been drawn up prior to being marched away from Sedan to other parts of the country. The ground was now quite dry again, but the marks remained. It was particularly easy to trace the course of the artillery from the deep ruts made by their wheels.

It was just about two p.m. when our Belgian carter pulled up before the guard house at one of the gates of Sedan, and told us he had fulfilled his engagement. So we dismissed him, and having had a good look at the Prussian Landwehr Guard at the gate, went into the town.

The fortifications of the place were quite past date; and as the town was completely commanded by the hills all round within easy gun range, it was utterly useless as a modern fortress. The town appeared to be a dirty one at the best of times; it certainly was so now; but, of course, there was every cause for this at the present time. There were very few marks

inside the town of shell or shot. The ambulances were still quite full of sick and wounded, and outside them, in some streets, the smell was sickening.

By far the most interesting sight in the town was the captured French guns and mitrailleuses. They were all parked together—more than five hundred of them—in long rows in a large open space near the Porte de Paris. The road which led out by this gate was raised on a causeway, and the meadows on either side of it had been flooded by the French, and now that the waters had subsided, great numbers of swords, rifles, busbies, knapsacks, cuirasses, &c., were disclosed. The soldiers had flung them away in desperation at the capitulation. The Prussians were fishing up a lot more out of the moat with drags.

When we had found an hotel and secured quarters, we set off to see Balan and Bazeilles, which lie on the same road out of Sedan, the first about half-a-mile, the latter rather more than a mile. We found Balan in a truly deplorable state; numbers of houses completely knocked to pieces, not one entirely untouched by shells or rifle bullets. In the middle of the village the street widens out considerably, leaving the houses on either side a good distance apart. One could see from the rubbish and *débris* strewn about this open space that there had been some very hot fighting at close quarters here. The houses on either side were pitted all over with bullet marks. At one end of this street was a Church, inside which the French had had a mitrailleuse in position with which they had raked the street, firing it through a great hole they had made for an embrasure in the west door. The marks of the fighting here certainly justified the report that six hundred dead lay in this one street after the battle.

Although the state of Balan led one to expect to see sad ruin in Bazeilles, still one was unprepared for the terrible condition it had been reduced to. Its

population had been about 2,900, so that it had been a small town. Many houses were built of stone, and were of good description. Now the whole place was a perfect wreck. We only saw one house with a roof on it. In several places, where people had been buried in the ruins of falling houses, the smell was almost unbearable. The houses were in every conceivable stage of ruin. Along one side of a street for a short distance they were entirely levelled. Others appeared quite honey-combed with shot holes. It was a wonder to see some still standing, considering the fearful way they were shattered. On the window-sill of a ruined house we passed, a poor cat was sitting apparently loth to leave its old home, though now it was the only member of the family remaining there. There were hardly any people in the place, except a few peasants searching about for anything worth picking up. On the way back to Sedan we passed again through Balan, this time keeping to the left, nearer the Meuse, at the back of the street we went through before. Here there were a great many graves, and some of the wooden crosses above them recorded the number of bodies they contained. Just in this one spot there were several in which from forty to fifty men had been covered in. What the fighting had been like here was shewn by the numbers of helmets, knapsacks, &c., scattered about, as well as by the bullets in the trunks of the trees. In one tree, a trifle bigger than a man's arm, were eight rifle bullets within a height of seven feet from the ground.

As the gates of Sedan were shut at 7 p.m. we had to cut short our explorations for the day, and hurry back, only just getting in, in time. Our hotel afforded a very decent table d'hote, and, moreover, we had the privilege of dining in the same room with about twenty Prussian officers; like true Germans these gentlemen were totally unencumbered with any re-

finement of manner, in the matter of eating they would have shocked any City Alderman.

The next day we got under weigh in good time, as there was a long day's work before us. Just as we were going out of the town some ambulance waggons arrived bringing in freshly-wounded men. We were told they came from Steney, where there had been a sortie. As we passed the poor fellows were being lifted out on to stretchers. It was a sad sight, but the people of the town seemed too well used to it to take a great deal of notice. Along the road we passed more wounded men being brought in, these were in common country waggons; each cart had an ordinary white flag besides the usual red cross one, clearly shewing they had been under fire. The fields all about here were covered with graves. In one place we came upon a German bivouac ground. One could tell how they had managed for themselves. As they carried no tents with them shelter had been extemporised for the night by cutting down small trees and boughs from a pretty thick wood close by, and forming a make-shift kind of covering with them, whilst underneath dry ferns, leaves, or any available forage had been collected.

Long lines of these, with the remains of the bivouac fires, bottles, and other rubbish of all sorts, were strewn about just as they had been left. A little further on was what remained of a horse knocked to pieces by a shell. We now climbed up to the brow of a very steep hill just above the Meuse, where the Bavarian guns had been posted, which had played on Balan and Bazeilles. Nearly thirty guns had been in position here, the spot each had occupied being marked by scores of the cardboard heads of shell cases scattered around a little patch of bare earth where the ground had been slightly dug away to give a flat platform for the gun. From this hill one could see how completely Sedan lay at the mercy of the Germans

after the fighting of the 1st. The hills all round were just as commanding as the one we were on, and from them it would not have taken more than a few hours to have levelled everything in the shape of a building in the town. The railway bridge just below us was much marked with shot; it had been used by the Germans for crossing the river, but in doing so they had been fearfully malled by the fire of some mitrailleuses the French had placed a few hundred yards down the line. This railway line was now being used as a simple roadway. About 2 p.m. we returned to Sedan, and as we were entering the town met some empty ambulance waggons tearing out with five or six Prussian army surgeons galloping after them; a priest was seated in one of the waggons. They had, no doubt, received intelligence of their presence being needed somewhere in the neighbouring country.

Our plans were now to walk from Sedan to Bouillion by the same road we had come the day before, and on our way explore the ground at Givonne, over which we had passed in our cart. We found this part of the country more thickly strewn with marks of battle than any other we had seen, especially on the crest of the hill where there was a mitrailleuse battery of six embrasures, from which the French had fired down the slope to a wood, out of which the Germans emerged. Along the edge of this wood, and inside it, there were hundreds of knapsacks lying with cartouche-boxes, caps, helmets, epaulettes, gaiters, &c., enough to fill waggons. Indeed, all over this Givonne height the *débris* and signs of fighting were most abundant. Of course, graves were very plentiful. Arms were the only things not to be found, they had all been cleared off by the Germans some time before. The peasants, too, had hidden a great many, for in the village of Givonne we had no difficulty in buying them from the villagers for next to nothing, after first assuring them that we were not Germans, and promising

secrecy. The difficulty was to get the arms away, for the Prussians took them away from anyone who was found in possession of them, and the rule was just as strict the other side of the frontier. For some time a Chassepôt or needle gun could be conveyed away in a long wooden box, but the Belgian authorities soon got to know what a box of that shape meant, and forthwith stopped it. After this device failed the only way was to pay a peasant to bring them over the frontier in a country cart covered up with a good pile of innocent-looking hay or straw or some other 'staple commodity of the country.'

It is somewhat odd that every cartouche box or helmet we saw about the field had been stripped of its brass ornaments. The country people must have made a most diligent search for everything in the shape of metal, as there was not a scrap to be found on any accoutrements we came across. Of course all the knapsacks were empty. It is probable that the peasants made a pretty good harvest by what they picked up.

After leaving Givonne we tramped the same road through Chapelle we had rumbled along in our cart the day before, and ended the day by arriving at Bouillion in time for a late supper at the same hotel in which the Emperor Napoleon had slept on his way through Belgium to Wilhelmshöhe.

H. R. H.

AN EPISODE.

(Founded upon the French of Jules Verne).

(Continued).

MY first impulse, on finding myself alone, was to go at once to Graüben and give her an account of all that had happened, but, on second thoughts, several contingencies presented themselves to my mind which made it seem wiser to remain. The professor might return at any moment; he might summon me to assist him in playing the Œdipus to this more than sphinx-like riddle; and if I were not to be found, I shrank from contemplating what would ensue. Decidedly it was better to stay at home. It so happened that a mineralogist had just sent us a collection of greenstone specimens which he found some difficulty in classing. I set to work, arranged, labelled, and pigeon-holed the lot. But this occupation did not completely absorb me: my thoughts kept running incessantly on the mysterious parchment. My head seemed to swim, and I was oppressed by a vague feeling of alarm. I had a presentiment that some catastrophe was at hand. When my work was finished I lighted my long pipe, the bowl of which represented a Naiad in strictly classic garb, and throwing myself into the great arm chair, amused myself by watching the gradual transformation of my water nymph into a negress of the deepest dye. Where was my uncle? I pictured him to myself striding along the high road, muttering, gesticulating, prodding at the trees with his cane, furiously decapitating the thistles, and

disturbing the repose of many a musing stork. In what frame of mind would he return? in triumph or in despair? What could be that key upon the discovery of which, as I knew too well, rested all hope of peace for him or for his household? While occupied with these reflections I mechanically took into my hands the paper which was lying near me on the table, and endeavoured to piece together the letters which my uncle had dictated to me, so as to find, if possible, some gleam of information in such a chaos. But in vain! However arranged, whether in groups of two, three, four, five, or six, they presented no intelligible combination. In the first and third lines, it was true, appeared the English words 'ice' and 'sir;' the Latin words 'rota,' 'mutabile,' 'ira,' 'nec,' 'atra,' could also be distinguished; and here, thought I, is a confirmation of my uncle's theory as to the language of the old document; but on the other hand the word 'tabiled,' in the third line, had a decidedly Hebrew appearance about it; while the knowledge of philology, slight as it was, which I had gained from occasional glances into sundry massive paper-bound tomes belonging to my encyclopædic uncle, forbade me to doubt that the most casual collocation of the letters would produce some word for which a place might be found among the Gothic, Slavonic, Keltic, Old-Indian, Old-Umbrian, Old-Bactrian, Old-Bulgarian, and a variety of linguistic monstrosities of the tertiary (or some other) epoch. Bewildered by the variety of suppositions and overwhelmed by the immensity of speculations opened to my view, my brain seemed in a fume, the hundred and thirty-two letters danced before my eyes, and appeared as it were an infinite series of Indo-European roots strung together like onions on a string. I was the prey of a sort of hallucination; I felt suffocated; the very atmosphere seemed heavy with foreboding. I started up, seized the poker, and stirred the

smouldering embers on the grate into a vivid blaze; then grasping the paper, and turning the written side from me as if the hateful letters contained some deadly spell of mesmerism, I held it over the flames. In another moment it would have been ashes, but for one instant my glance rested on the back of the paper, attracted by a fascination that I was powerless to resist; and in that instant I saw something that sent a shock through my whole body, and rooted me to the spot. I closed my eyes and drew an inspiration like the first gasp of returning consciousness. Was it possible that I had seen several perfectly legible Latin words, which one after another, with the rapidity of thought, revealed themselves like a flash before my startled gaze — 'craterem' — 'Julii' — 'intra' — 'terrestre'? After a few seconds I opened my eyes: one more glance at the paper I still held with rigid hand, and not a doubt remained. I had discovered the key of the cryptograph. The Professor had been right in his theory of the language, right in his ingenious system of combining the letters: one step only had escaped him, and that step accident had disclosed to me. Now I breathed freely; I was myself once more; and, overpowered by curiosity, I laid the document before me on the table and proceeded eagerly to spell out its meaning, placing my finger on each letter successively, and pronouncing the whole sentence aloud. But what words were those? If I had been bewildered before, I was now horror-struck: "Is it possible?" I muttered." "Has this been done? Has mortal had the audacity to penetrate . . . . . ? And then, as I considered the effect of such a communication on my uncle, a devotee, an enthusiast in the cause of geology, I started from my seat in sheer terror. "Never," I exclaimed; "never; he shall not rush madly into such an awful enterprise, and drag me a victim in his train." I resolved at once that he should never learn the secret from my lips; and

in order to prevent the possibility of some accident revealing to him the key in the same way as I had discovered it, the paper and the old parchment to boot should be committed to the flames. I seized them both with feverish hand; already I seemed to see the calf-skin crackling and writhing on the hearth; perishing in agony, its secret perishing with it for ever—when the study door opened, and in walked my uncle.

I had only just time to replace the documents on the table. Professor Lidenbrock appeared deep in thought: he had evidently scrutinized, analysed the matter, put in operation all the resources of his imagination during his walk, and returned to try some new combination. Taking his seat at his desk, he began, pen in hand to write down formulæ resembling an algebraical calculation. I followed his hurrying hand, and, indeed, all his movements, with nervous anxiety; the possession of the secret made me feel like a guilty criminal upon whom at any moment may burst the thundercloud of detection. For three long hours my uncle worked without uttering a word; without raising his head, erasing, correcting, reproducing, recommencing a thousand times. I knew well that if he succeeded in arranging the letters in all their possible combinations he must hit upon the right one; but I also knew that twenty letters alone can produce two quintillions four hundred and thirty-two quatrillions nine hundred and two trillions eight billions a hundred and sixty-six millions six hundred and forty thousand combinations. And as there were a hundred and thirty-two letters in the passage before him, it was pretty clear that even my uncle, with all his skill, energy, and perseverance would be unequal to such a task. Daylight faded, night came on, still the Professor was undaunted; regardless even of a pathetic appeal by Martha on behalf of supper, he remained at his post; he was there when I retired to my bedroom overpowered by slumber; he was still calculating and

scribbling when late next morning I entered the study. 'No rest, no pause;' his reddened eyelids, his pale and sunken cheeks, and dishevelled hair gave an unmistakeable sign of the exhausting struggle in which the indefatigable Professor had spent his night. I really felt quite sorry for him: such was the absorption of all his faculties in the one engrossing occupation that he even forgot to fly into a passion. It was in my power to restore him to a sound mind by one word. But I thrust aside the growing pity and reasoned with myself in these terms: "I am acting in the way which is most truly calculated to benefit my uncle. Were the secret once made known to him nothing would be able to stop him. In his ambition to surpass all other geologists he would risk anything and everything. The knowledge would cost him his life. Am I not right in withholding that knowledge?" Strong in this determination I folded my arms and waited. But an unforeseen circumstance considerably modified my resolution. In the course of the morning Martha would fain go forth to buy provisions, but on essaying to do so she found the door locked and the key gone. What was to be done? (Perhaps I should have mentioned that our house possessed no such luxury as a back door). Where was the key? Doubtless it was in my uncle's pocket. I had a lively recollection of an occasion not many years before, when he was engaged upon his great mineralogical classification and remained forty-eight hours without food, while all his household likewise had to conform to this scientific diet. For my own part I gained an experience of 'angina stomachi' more accurate than agreeable for a boy of sixteen, and no whit lacking in the healthy appetite with which that age is usually blessed. A similar prospect was now before me, and it will be easily understood that that was not my only reason for distress at finding all exit from the house debarred. Nevertheless I held out gallantly until two in the after-

noon; but as my frame was gradually etherealized by fasting and my soul became purged of the grosser and corporeal humours, true reason began to resume her sway over my intellect, and I considered, firstly, that I had greatly overrated the importance of the document, and that my uncle would put no confidence in it but regard it as a mere mystification; secondly, that if the worst came to the worst, and he should be bent on making the attempt, he might be forcibly detained as a lunatic; and thirdly, that in spite of my silence he might discover the key for himself, and what the better should I be then for my vows of abstinence? These arguments which I had spurned the previous night now appeared mightily convincing, and I was casting about for an opportunity of broaching the subject, not too abruptly, when the Professor suddenly rose, seized his hat, and prepared to go out. What! quit the house and leave us prisoners! That would never do. So, like Hamlet in the play, I exclaimed in a voice full of emotion, "My uncle!" He heard me not. "My uncle!" I repeated in a still louder tone. "Hein!" he ejaculated with a start. "Well you know, the key ....," I said, hesitatingly. "What key? the key of the door?" "No; the key of the document." The Professor stared at me over his spectacles, and seemed to see something unusual in my expression, for he seized me by the arms, and without speaking looked inquiringly in my face. No method of interrogation could have been more simple. I nodded my head up and down. He shook his own from side to side with a sort of pitying look, as if he were dealing with an idiot. I made a second and stronger gesture in the affirmative; his eyes flashed, his fist clenched threateningly. This dumb show would have interested the most indifferent spectator. I was divided between fear of being stifled in his joyful embraces if I spoke, and fear of being felled to the earth if I remained silent. The latter seemed the worse alternative. "Why, the fact

is, you know, well, by accident, I discovered——" "What?" he exclaimed in a terrible voice. "There then," I said, presenting to him the paper on which I had written from his dictation. "It's nonsense," he replied, crushing the paper in his hand. "Begin at the end and read backwards." The words were hardly out of my mouth when he uttered a cry, or I should rather say a roar, of delight. "Ah, clever Saknussemm," he cried, "so you wrote it backwards!" And as it were throwing himself upon the paper, with moist eyes and trembling voice he read the sentences that had so long baffled him. For the benefit of those of our readers who may not be acquainted with mediæval Latin we had perhaps better translate it, even at the risk of offending those who are.

"Descend into the crater of that Yokul of Sneffels which the shadow of Scartaris rests upon about the 1st of July, bold traveller, and thou shalt reach the centre of the earth. I have done it. Arne Saknussemm."

On reading this my uncle started up as if he had accidentally come into contact with a Leyden jar. He was transported with delight, and filled with the spirit of enterprise. He strode to and fro; he snapped his bony fingers; he sent the chairs flying hither and thither; he tossed (most wonderful of all) his precious greenstones in the air, and caught them as they fell like a very mountebank; he struck and kicked in all directions. At length he sank tranquillised into his arm chair, and after a few moments of silence, 'Axel," said he, "What time is it?" "Three o'clock," I replied. "Bless me! I must have eaten a very small dinner. I am strangely hungry. Let us eat; and then——" "Then?" I repeated. "You shall pack my portmanteau." "What?" I cried. "And your own," added the pitiless Professor as he entered the dining-room.

A CURATE'S COMPLAINT.

WHERE are they all departed,
The loved ones of my youth,
Those emblems white of purity,
Sweet innocence and truth?
When day-light drives the darkness,
When evening melts to night,
When noon-day suns burn brightest,
They come not to my sight.

I miss their pure embraces
Around my neck and throat,
The thousand winning graces
Whereon I used to dote.
I know I may find markets
Where love is bought and sold,
But no such love can equal
The tender ties of old.

My gentle washerwoman,
I know that you are true;
The least shade of suspicion
Can never fall on you.
Then fear me not, as fiercely
I fix on thee stern eyes,
And ask in terms emphatic,
'Where are my lost white ties'?

Each year I buy a dozen,
Yet scarce a year is gone,
Ere, looking in my wardrobe,
I find that I have none.
I don't believe in magic,
I know that you are true,
Yet say, my washerwoman,
What can those white ties do?

Does each with her own collar
To regions far elope,
Regions by starch untainted,
And innocent of soap?
I know not; but in future
I'll buy no more white ties,
But wear the stiff 'all-rounder'
Of Ritualistic guise.

ARCULUS.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

MANY members of the College who have resided within its courts will be able to recall from memory an impression of a sombre and perhaps unsightly wooden building which used to crown the tower between the second and third courts. This was the ancient Observatory of St. John's College, in Cambridge. It was built in the year 1767, at the expense of Mr. Dunthorne, who also furnished it with a clock, transit instrument, and two quadrants. After an existence of but eight years short of a century, its condition of decay required it to be cleared away as lumber, at the same time with the old grey tiles of the roofs of the courts before named.

The influence of its existence may possibly be traced in the careers of eminent men of science formerly students of St. John's, such as the late Sir J. F. W. Herschel and the Rev. Fearon Fallows, each in his turn Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, and amongst living men Professors Pritchard and Adams.

Before this Observatory ceased to be, at least two volumes of observations taken in it were published; the first in 1769, by the Rev. J. Ludlam, entitled, "*Astronomical Observations made in St. John's College, Cambridge, in the years* 1767 *and* 1768, *with an Account of several Astronomical Instruments.*" Ludlam's work explains the mode adopted to secure a steady floor for the support of the instruments. This was effected by means of a brick arch spanning the tower from north to south, and prevented from bulging out the

walls by stout oak tie-beams carrying cross-beams, against which the ends of the arch rested. The book contains also a very complete theory and description of the instruments and clocks* in use at that period. Of these the transit and clock were used throughout the whole existence of the Observatory with complete satisfaction to all the observers. At pages 139, 140, is a record of the transit of Venus as observed in this College and at Trinity College in the year 1761.

The second published set of observations contains those made between the years 1791—1826, by the Rev. Thomas Catton, tutor of the College. These observations were reduced under the direction of the present Astronomer Royal, and published at the expense of the Treasury Fund under control of the Royal Society, in Vol. XXII., *Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society*, 1854. Therein will be found numerous important extra-meridianal observations, such as eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, occultations of stars and planets, transits of Mercury 1799 and 1802, and five eclipses of the Sun.

At the sale of Mr. Catton's effects in February, 1838, the College became the purchaser of Mr. Catton's large equatorial made by Dollond, having an object-glass of $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches clear aperture with a focal length of 46 inches. Another valuable instrument bought at the same time was a very completely fitted altazimuth by Cary, with a graduated altitude circle of 18 inches diameter, which can be read to every second of arc. Mr. Catton left by will to the College a smaller equatorial made by Dollond, and an 18-inch repeating circle made by Troughton.

A manuscript catalogue drawn up by Professor W. H. Miller, in April, 1838, shews the College to have been possessed of twelve instruments, inclusive of the clock. One of these, a well made quadrant, having

* *e.g.* The public clock at Trinity College, p. 135.

a radius of about ten inches and used for adjusting the large equatorial, has, to the regret of the present writer, been lost sight of some time since 1860, when he remembers to have seen it in the Library. He would be very glad to be informed of its present locality through the Editors of *The Eagle*, by the person who happens to have it in his possession.

See Vol 8, p. 304

Readers of *The Eagle* will remember the use which was recently made of the larger College equatorial for the polariscope observations of the corona seen on the occasion of the solar eclipse visible in Spain last December. Some interest may attach itself to the following unpublished observation, of which the MS. record still exists. It is a transit of Mercury, and on the evidence of handwriting may, with great probability, be attributed to Dr. Isaac Pennington.

"Nov. 12, 1782.

Regulator Clock Slow	6 m.: 4 s. 5	
Equation of Time	15 m.: 32 s.	
Apparent Noon	xi h. 38 m. 22 s. 5	per clock.
Ingress.....	II: 51:	appt. time.
Ingress.....	II: 29:	per clock.
Egress	IV: 15:	appt. time.
Egress	III: 53:	per clock."

This observation is the more valuable, since clouds prevented Dr. Nevil Maskelyne from completing the observation at Greenwich. He remarks: "On the going off of a cloud I first saw Mercury with the 46-inch achromatic, magnifying 200 times, to make a considerable notch in the Sun's limb at 2 h. 49 m. 53 s. apparent time, and at 2 h. 54 m. 55 s. apparent time I first was certain of light appearing between the limbs of the Sun and Mercury."

The mean of Maskelyne's observations would give a time 2 h. 52 m. 24 s. somewhat later than the ingress of Mercury's centre. Allowing 24 s. East longitude of Cambridge, this differs from the Johnian record by 1 m. only.

The *Connaissance des Temps pour l' an* 1782 contains at p. 7 a prediction of this transit, which, allowing for 8 m. 58 s. difference of longitude, predicts the ingress 1 m. 36 s. earlier, and the egress 1 m. 50 s. later than the Johnian observation. This may be due in part to errors in the tables of Mercury, or in part may be an effect of parallax. The French almanac gives the equation of time for the day as 15 m. 33 s., as is plainly required by the Johnian clock time of noon.

On a recent visit to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich the writer noticed within the enclosure a number of small circular buildings of wood, with conical zinc roofs. Inspection proved them to contain each a very compact and perfect transit-circle or altazimuth set up on a single brick column. These instruments are intended for the five British Stations situated in different parts of the world, and chosen for observation of the two next transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882. It is expected that those who are to take part in these important expeditions will make themselves familiar with the working of the instruments before leaving England.

It is evident that buildings of the character just referred to need be neither very solid nor expensive. If then, in the future, it should appear desirable to cherish the interest which is frequently excited by astronomical studies, with the object of rendering the persons in whom it is displayed capable of doing intelligent service, means might readily be devised for rendering the best class of instruments belonging to the old College Observatory again available on a more suitable site.

MR. WHYMPER'S ALPINE SCRAMBLES.

THE Alpine Club during the last few years has met with the usual fate of most institutions. By no means the barometer of popular favour has stood at 'set fair,' but rather has recorded 'changeable' for its general reading, as the breeze veered from the sunny south of approbation to the cold east of censure. At one time the Club has been patted on the back as fostering the spirit of adventure and pluck in contending against difficulties, supposed to be peculiarly characteristic of Englishmen; at another it has been scolded as encouraging fool-hardy exploits, productive often of fatal, rarely of profitable results. Pursy, middle-aged gentlemen, somewhat tight in the epigastric region, and much delighting, like the imaginative ploughboy, to be a' riding in their chariots,' wonder how 'fellows can find any pleasure in scrambling up break-neck cliffs.' The numberless and nameless herd, whom either the *cacoëthes scribendi*, or the desire of turning an honest penny, condemns to catch at every opportunity for throwing off a newspaper letter or article, have broken out into a loud-voiced chorus upon the theme of every mishap; nay, even a high authority, himself a sincere lover of the Alps and held in respect by every mountaineer, has rebuked the members of the Club for treating the Alps as greased poles, and for being over fond of flourishing their ice axes in the faces of quieter folk.

Though many of these accusations are simply absurd, there has been perhaps occasionally a

foundation of truth in them. Pluck has sometimes pushed an expedition beyond the boundary of prudence, and the echoes among the 'silent pinnacles of aged snow' have been too rudely awakened by the triumphant yells of exuberant vitality. The Club, therefore, owes a debt of gratitude to those of its members who have proved that mountain climbing has not produced an atrophy of brain and hypertrophy of calf, and that the be-all and end-all of Alpine climbing is not attaining to the top of some particularly impracticable aiguille; spending a brief period there in trying to rival an amorous cat on a chimney-pot; and scrambling down again to tell other people that one has been up the Pointe de Casse-cou or the Dummheit-horn. It may point with some justifiable pride to more than one of the rather numerous volumes which bear on their title pages the names of its members, and contain either real contributions to science or valuable notes for future travellers. Not the least, as it is the latest among these, is a book from one who unites to undaunted courage and unusual skill in mountain work a rare gift of delineating by both pen and pencil the scenes which he loves. In a sumptuous volume, but under the unpretending title of 'Scrambles amongst the Alps in the years 1860-69,' Mr. Edward Whymper records a number of the most remarkable exploits in mountain climbing which have ever been performed, together with many very valuable remarks upon the most interesting phenomena of the Alpine regions. The work, as those who know the author are well aware, has been a labour of love for the last four or five years; no pains have been spared to make every part of it as complete as possible; and the wood-cuts, large and small, with which it is illustrated, are among the most successful examples in this art that we have ever seen; indeed, as applications of wood engraving to the delineation of Alpine scenery, they are unequalled; for they possess not only artistic

merit of the highest order, but also that far rarer one of being true to nature in all their essential details.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of photography, it is hardly too much to say that the majority of the efforts, which year by year adorn the walls of the Metropolitan exhibitions, are disgracefully faulty in some most important particulars. Not a few artists, even among those of high repute, seem to think it a matter of no importance whether the outlines delineated are correct, provided only the 'effect' be good. Though there is truth in mountain just as much as in animal form; though each kind of rock has its own texture, its own shape, structure, and outline; though in the mineral and the vegetable kingdom as in the animal, there is a right and a wrong in drawing; yet this most elementary fact is calmly set aside by R.A's. in *esse* and in *posse*, who come back summer after summer with a painted lie in their righthand to win the applause of ignorant critics and a gullible public. These are strong terms, but we venture to think not too strong. Did an artist make a blunder in the anatomy of a horse or a man, censure would be severe and gall would not fail in the critic's inkpot; should blame be less prompt because the fault is one which not everyone can detect, because to see peaks and mountains one must journey some hundreds of miles from Suffolk Street or Burlington House? The fact is, that to draw a thing you must *know* it, whether it be an ass or a lion, a hyssop or a cedar, a mole-hill or a mountain. It is because the herd of artists do not bear in mind this obvious truth, that they so dismally fail; it is because Mr. Whymper, and one yet more successful, Mr. Elijah Walton, do know the Alps, that they are able to draw them. Such defects as may be noticed in the former's work are due in the main to the material employed; the wooden block and the graver cannot reproduce in black and white all the truth of texture and the delicacy of effect

which can be rendered by the palette and the brush; and we suppose that a slight mannerism of execution and hardness of contrast are inevitable in all engraving. Were we disposed to blame, we might add that in one or two, but only one or two cases, the author appears rather too much affected by the not very wholesome influence of Gustave Doré and to incline somewhat to the sensational.

But we must pass on to the text. This follows in the main the course of Mr. Whymper's tours, with occasional digressions upon topics of special interest, such as the Fell railway and the great Alpine tunnel, the theories of Glacier ice and of Glacier erosion. The style is simple and clear, evidencing often much descriptive power and considerable humour, not without a certain grimness on occasions. Of the last, a brief extract from the first chapter will serve as an excellent example. "Half-an-hour "later I stood on the great west front (of Notre "Dame, Paris) by the side of the leering fiend which "for centuries has looked down upon the great city. "It looked over the Hotel Dieu to a small and "common-place building, around which there was "always a moving crowd. To that building I de-"scended. It was filled with chattering women and "eager children, who were struggling to get a good "sight of three corpses which were exposed to view. "It was the Morgue. I quitted the place disgusted, "and overheard two women discussing the spectacle. "One of them concluded with 'But that it is droll;' "the other answered approvingly, 'But that it is "droll;' and the devil of Notre Dame looking down "upon them seemed to say, 'Yes, your climax—the "can-can, your end—not uncommonly that building; "it is droll, but that it is droll.'"

The main interest of the story will naturally centre about the Matterhorn; that towering pyramid of frowning crags whose apparently inaccessibility so long

fascinated the passing tourist, and lured the Alpine climber to the attack; which, through the awful tragedy that converted a day of triumph into mourning, is now the grandest monument to its victims. The Matterhorn drama,—for as the tale is told from the first uncertain efforts to the sudden castrophe in the hour of apparent success, it runs almost the course of a Greek tragedy—occupies a considerable portion of the work; and it may interest our readers if we very briefly sketch the progress of the story. The mountain may be described as a rocky pyramid some 6000 feet high upon a polygonal base, which in general outline is roughly triangular. The two most prominent faces look eastward and southward, and are those which are respectively most conspicuous from Zermatt in Canton Vallais and Breil in Val Tournanche. The arête which is on the western side of the southern face is apparently less steep than the others and runs down to a lofty ridge which links the Matterhorn to the Dent d'Hérens, another great peak on the Italian side of the watershed. From this rocky curtain the actual peak of the Matterhorn rises like a bastion tower for more than 4000 feet, terminating in a huge block, some six hundred feet in height, which bears a rude resemblance to an ordinary ridge-roof cottage. The first attempts, naturally, were made from the S.W. ridge, for the precipitous western face was obviously hopeless; the southern was scarcely better, while the apparent steepness of the eastern face was far from encouraging. Two attacks had been made by this ridge, and two reconnaissances of the eastern face, before Mr. Whymper determined to try the mountain. In the former case a height of about 13000 feet had been attained by Professor Tyndall, in the latter, by Messrs. Parker, a point about a thousand feet lower.

Besides the natural difficulties of the peak Mr. Whymper found the not unusual one of guides. On

the first occasion, objecting to admit the principle that local guides must be regarded as Siamese twins and only go out in couples, he started for the attack with a man whom he had picked up on his journey. He slept out on the Col du Lion, the gap in the curtain wall at the base of the peak, but on the next morning was soon compelled to abandon the expedition, on account of the incompetence of his guide. In 1862 he was twice defeated, once owing to bad weather, a second time through the illness of a guide; on these occasions he was accompanied by Mr. Macdonald. Nothing daunted, about a fortnight later, he scrambled alone to his tent which had been left on the Col du Lion, to see how it had stood the test of some recent gales, and tempted by the fineness of the afternoon, spent the night in it. Next morning he climbed on in search of a higher eerie for his tent, and after finding one, scrambled onwards until he attained a height of nearly 13500 feet above the sea. Here, seeing that further progress would be practically impossible for a single man, he turned, after having reached alone a point considerably beyond where any one had previously been.

He regained the Col du Lion in safety, but unfortunately decided to leave his axe—which was a separate one—here in the tent, as it had incommoded him in climbing. On reaching an angle of rock at the top of a steep snow slope, he found that the heat of the morning had destroyed the steps which he had cut on the previous day; and while turning the corner slipped and fell. Below the rock was a great gulley of snow, narrowing like a funnel towards an outlet some 200 feet below, where it terminated above a precipice. "The knapsack brought "my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks "about a dozen feet below; they caught something, "and tumbled me off the edge, head over heels, into "the gully; the bâton was dashed from my hands

"and I whirled downwards in a series of bounds, "each longer than the last; now over ice, now into "rocks; striking my head four or five times each "time with increased force. The last bound sent "me spinning through the air, in a leap of fifty or "sixty feet, from one side of the gully to the other, "and I struck the rocks, luckily, with the whole of "my left side; they caught my clothes for a moment, "and I fell back on to the snow with motion arrested; "my head fortunately came the right side up and a "few frantic catches brought me to a halt in the neck "of the gully and on the verge of the precipice. "Bâton, hat, and veil skimmed by and disappeared, "and the crash of the rocks—which I had started— "as they fell on to the glacier, told how narrow "had been the escape from utter destruction. As "it was, I fell nearly 200 feet in seven or eight "bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me in one "gigantic leap of 800 feet on to the glacier below."

As it was, blood was pouring profusely from many cuts on the head. A lump of snow applied as a plaister, checked the flow somewhat, and enabled him to scramble up to a place of safety. The strain upon the nerves once relaxed, he fainted away and lay unconscious for considerably more than an hour. Then he went on, and after a dangerous descent in the dark, reached Breil. His wounds were rubbed with "hot wine (syn. vinegar) mixed with salt" and then left to nature; and in a few days he was able to move on again. The only permanent effect of the accident has been "the reduction of a naturally retentive memory to a very common-place one."

Even this narrow escape did not daunt Mr. Whymper, and six days later he returned to the attack with the two leading guides of the valley. On this occasion they were driven back from a height of about 13000 feet by a sudden change for the worse in the weather. Two days later, his guides having

deserted him, he returned with a porter only and gained a point somewhat in advance of that which he had previously reached, but had to turn back for want of a ladder. Circumstances, however, prevented him from again attacking the peak that year. Mr. Whymper tried to climb the Matterhorn from the same side in 1863, but was again defeated by the weather, after passing the night in a tent high up on the mountain, exposed to a thunderstorm and a violent gale. In the following year, after remarkable successes in Dauphiné, an unexpected recall to England prevented his attempting the mountain; but in 1865 after a brilliant campaign near Chamouni, during which he had scaled the Aiguille Verte and the Grandes Jorasses, he once more directed his steps towards the Matterhorn. A careful examination of the mountain had indicated that the apparently precipitous eastern face was much less steep than it appeared, and that the inward dip of the outcropping strata offered a better support for hand and foot than the contrary structure on the south-western ridge. This time he was accompanied by two of the best guides in the Alps, Almer and Michel Croz, and so was free from the Carrels of Val Tournanche, men who to undoubted mountaineering powers, united a considerable degree of arrogance and no small share of duplicity. His guides, however, were not quite persuaded that the route which he had proposed up the eastern face was the best possible, and an attempt was accordingly made to mount by some snow on the eastern part of the southern face, and then, by crossing diagonally over the eastern face, to follow its right-hand edge to the summit. But a furious cannonade of falling stones drove them out of the gully up which their route lay, and this attempt also failed.

Three weeks later Mr. Whymper returned with Lord Francis Douglas, and found at Zermatt, the Rev. Charles Hudson, a member of our own College, and

one of the most skilful members of the Alpine Club, together with a pupil, Mr. Hadow, preparing for an attack on the mountain by the road which he had already proposed. They joined forces, and the four travellers, led by Michel Croz and two Zermatt guides, by name Taugwalder, father and son, started on the morning of July the 14th from a camping place, about 11000 feet above the sea, on the north-eastern side of the mountain. The work, though stiff, was not very difficult, and after about six hours climbing, during which they kept always very near to the right-hand ridge, they halted at the foot of the steepest part of the mountain, and a few hundred feet below the summit. Here the eastern face becomes an almost vertical precipice, and the party were obliged to pass over on to the northern side. On this part, though the slope was not very great—about 40°—great caution was needed, as it consisted of patches of hard snow upon smooth rocks which hardly rose above it, and were glazed with ice; exactly the place where a slip would be most dangerous. After about an hour and a-half of this work they regained the south-eastern ridge, and saw that their task was done. An easy snow slope led up to the summit, which was reached at 1.40 p.m.

They were aware that the Carrels (who had behaved with their usual duplicity) had started in force a day or two before to ascend the mountain from the Italian side. It was therefore, not without some misgivings, that they glanced along the rough ridge (about a hundred and twenty yards in extent) which forms the summit. The snow was untrodden, the victory was their own. Peering over the cliffs at the southern end, Mr. Whymper descried his rivals labouring onwards, more than 1200 feet below. By shouting loudly and hurling rocks down the crags he attracted their attention, and the Italians, seeing that the prize was snatched from them, beat a retreat. Mr. Whymper

expresses a wish that their leader J. A. Carrel could even then have enjoyed the pleasure of standing by his side, one of the first party upon the summit. For our own part we are not so charitable; as Carrel appears to us to have thoroughly merited the disappointment. From Mr. Whymper's account, he is shewn to be a thoroughly good climber and brave man, but unfortunately with a considerable cross of the knave.

As an hour passed all too quickly on the summit, and the descent was commenced. As they approached the most difficult part, the party were tied together in one long string, and by some strange and unaccountable fatality, the weakest rope in their possession formed the middle link of the chain. Michael Croz led, followed by Mr. Hadow, who, notwithstanding his pluck and determination, evidently did not possess the skill which was needed in a critical place like this. Hudson, better than many a guide, came next, then Lord Francis Douglas, the elder Taugwalder followed; Mr. Whymper and the younger guide brought up the rear. Suddenly Mr. Hadow slipped, knocking down Croz, who had been helping him, and was stooping at the moment to pick up his axe; their united weight successively jerked over Hudson and Douglas. The others stood firm, receiving the shock like one man, but as the rope ran taut it parted in front of old Taugwalder, and the four men sped rapidly down the slope towards the precipice.

"A few minutes later, a sharp-eyed lad ran into "the Monte Rosa Hotel to Seiler (the landlord), say- "ing that he had seen an avalanche fall from the "summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorn- "gletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle "stories; he was right, nevertheless." It *was* an avalanche, not however of snow or rock, but of what a few moments before had been living men!

Here our notice must end; space will not allow of

our dwelling upon the perils that beset the return of the survivors, and those engaged in the recovery of three of the bodies—that of Lord Francis Douglas has never been found, or upon the investigation into the cause of the accident. With regard to this, one thing at any rate is evident. It was a grave error in judgement (for which Mr. Whymper is in no way responsible) to allow a comparatively inexperienced man to take part in so difficult an excursion. Mountaineering, like every other manly sport, requires practice; courage and strength alone are of little avail on a place of real difficulty. Nor can we dwell upon what, in a scientific sense, is the most valuable part of Mr. Whymper's book—his investigations into the structure and the erosive power of glaciers. Without accepting all the conclusions that he draws from his investigations on the first of these, we consider the result of great interest. The facts, derived from a very wide experience, which he brings to bear upon the second are worthy of most careful study, and, we think, will be formidable foes to those geologists who appear to look upon glaciers as the especial carving tools of nature. We recommend then the book most heartily to our readers. The lovers of art, of science, and of adventure, will all find much to interest them. They cannot fail, as they turn over its pages, to catch something of the fascination, which these giant peaks and glaciers can exert over the minds of those who have once known what it is to wander among their silent amphiteatres of crag and ice, or gaze from some commanding smmmit over a broken sea of mountain ranges, and glance from wide wastes of snow to slopes which are green with pasture and purple with forest, or to outspread plains all rich with the promise of the cornfield and the vineyard.

β.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NEARS the time of New Year's acclamation,
Trembling wait the ringers in the towers;
Catch the sound! O bend in meditation,
List the chiming of these earliest hours.

Boom the hour-strokes of the Old Year's falling,
'Tis the moment of the New Year's birth,
Few now heed the solemn midnight calling,
Rules her countless subjects, glorious mirth.

Tumultuous storms the clang of merry making,
Blending with the choir of chiming bells,
Drowning cries from many a heart that's aching,
Floating o'er the snow-clad hills and fells.

Heav'nward flies up faint a prayerful hymning,
Heart of man in commune with his God;
Stealing through the blue vault, onward winging,
Threading paths by angels only trod.

Closed this cycle of the tired year's wand'ring,
Closed this roll of human joy and pain,
Opes anew the sad unflinching reck'ning,
For the prize men sorely strive to gain.

J. S. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

University Etiquette.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was asked the other day by a friend of mine who is a freshman some questions, which I must confess I didn't see my way to answer satisfactorily. He, new to the customs of the place, had naturally made several blunders. The first custom which he described himself as coming to grief in was our custom of not shaking hands. "I went the other day," he said, "to wine with Mr. Scruples, and coming away I wished to bid him adieu, and proceeded to do so in what to me was the usual manner—I held out my hand. But it was not taken. "Good night, Sir," I said. "*Good* night," said he, and proceeded to talk to Jones, who was still there. This was repeated. I went away thinking I had offended him. Now, wouldn't it have been better if he had shaken hands, and told me it wasn't generally the custom, instead of leaving me in the state of doubt which he did? Of course I said I thought so, and unless I had known a similar case in my first term, I should have thought that this would generally have been done.

Now, sir, I don't wish for a moment to dispute the convenience of our present custom of not shaking hands, except at the first and last time of meeting in the term. The line must be drawn somewhere, and, perhaps, it is now drawn in the best place. The nuisance of having to shake hands with every friend you met everytime you met him would be simply

intolerable. But I must say, sir, that I think one is sometimes led to doubt whether this nuisance would not be more tolerable than the sufferance as a form of salutation of the ghastly grin which is so often substituted for it. Some men too (without any uncivil intentions, as experience has led me to believe) simply abstain from any recognition whatever, and "gorgonise you from head to foot with a stony British stare."

My friend's next question, however, was one to which, I confess, I was unable to give a direct answer. "I am told," he said, "that I am to cap the Master, my Tutor, my Dean, my Lecturers (though this last seems doubtful). But is it understood that I cap these and no others? Now, I met Mr. Careworn at Mr. Scruples's the other day. Next day he nodded to me. Ought I to have capped him? He seemed rather annoyed because I didn't, and the next day cut me. I, however, had only stuck to what I had been told, and as I hadn't connection with Mr. Careworn officially I didn't cap him. Then am I to cap my private tutor? Where is the line to be drawn?

I confess, Mr. Editor, that I felt inclined to say "Oh cap anyone you like; it doesn't matter; you had better cap than not if you have a doubt;" but I felt that this was rather shirking the difficulty than answering it. And I remember experiencing similar difficulties myself; in fact, I may say I do sometimes come across a similar difficulty now. Ought you to cease capping a don when you have ceased to have official connection with him? (even supposing the above to be an exhaustive enumeration of those you ever ought to cap). Now, there is Mr. Jolly, who was once a lecturer of mine. Well, during the last year or so, I have known him in another way, through a College society of which we are both members. It seems strange to cap him, especially as he doesn't seem to like it, and yet it seems too familiar to nod

to him. There is no doubt that one ought to avoid even the appearance of servility or of familiarity, yet how is one to decide the relative positions of capping and nodding to these two qualities?

This leads me, sir, to some other Cambridge customs of which I must say I can't understand the rationale. Why is it quite correct for a don to wear gloves and carry an umbrella, and quite out of the natural fitness of things for an undergraduate to do so? I don't ask this question, sir, because I think any undergraduate particularly wants to appear in such a costume, but because I should like to see any other ground than that of custom on which the phenomenon can be explained. And further, sir—and this is a point at which I must confess myself at a still greater loss—why on earth should undergraduates bolt their "hall" in twenty minutes or less, when I suppose no one of them when at home takes his dinner in less than an hour? The system adopted in our own hall of waiting till everyone at the table has done, only makes the race keener, as most men are anxious to avoid the unenviable distinction of being the last. I have seen two men watching each other's plates with anxious eyes, and lively betting going on amongst the spectators as to which would have finished last. Is this, sir, a wholesome or comfortable way for a gentleman to dine?

In conclusion, sir, I must barely allude to the difficulties which are connected with the etiquette of making calls. Every one knows the story of the undergraduate who, seeing a member of his college drowning on the Grantchester river, was heard to exclaim: "Alas! alas! Had I but have been introduced to him I could have saved his life!" A perhaps better authenticated story may be told of the undergraduate who when asked by another in hall to pass the mustard, replied, "People shouldn't speak to people if people have not been introduced to people." Without, however, attempting to advocate the universal use of formal introduction, which would be at least as inconvenient as the custom of shaking hands, and would lead to far more unpleasant results, I think it might be better if the etiquette of making calls were better and more generally understood. How often is it supposed that you should meet your contemporary or junior before you are supposed to be at liberty to nod to him? And what are the limits to the custom of calling on men? It was, I thought, generally understood that you called on the men who came to your staircase. But this does not rid you of difficulty. I know a man who left a card on a new-comer to his staircase, and the new-comer left a card on him in return, so things were left *in statu quo*. Another case happened to me. I left a card on a freshman whom I had not seen when he came to my staircase. I then met him in the court, and as I didn't know him, I passed him. He thought I had cut him and consequently didn't return my call.

I do not mention these cases, sir, because I think that they urgently demand any answer, or because I think that if they remain unanswered (as I have no doubt most of them will) any man of even ordinary education and culture of feeling will be led into any very serious errors by them. I believe that similar difficulties to those to which I have alluded will arise in any artificially organised society, and even if a man has not been brought into contact with such ambiguities of behaviour previously, and so learnt to meet them, or rather to disregard them, he is not likely to compromise himself in any serious manner. But I think that it may not be undesirable to call attention to the fact that such ambiguities do exist, and such difficulties as I have indicated may arise.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

SCEPTICUS.

To the Editor of "The Eagle."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EAGLE.

SIR,

GREAT dissatisfaction seems to prevail with the dinner in Hall. Complaints have been made to the Secretary of the Dinner-Committee, and the only sensible result is that we pay a penny more. Perhaps few men really know where the fault lies. Some will tell you that it is easy to supply a dinner to a large number at 1*s.* 10*d.* a head, better than is supplied to us, and will quote instances of places in London where good plain dinners are supplied at even smaller cost; this is a point on which we cannot justly form an opinion, for we know not the circumstances connected with the supply of food either in our College or in these establishments.

Others complain of the hustle, and generally unrefined character of the proceedings in Hall, as well as of the food and by far the greatest part grumble at everything put on the table—good, bad, or indifferent. These impetuous youths need not be listened to, for they often choose a real good round of beef for their anathemas; in fact I have heard men abusing the bitter beer this term to such an extent, one would fancy they had once tasted something better. This will shew that all complaints are not to be listened to, for the bitter beer this term is really not at all bad.

The question is this—Is the dissatisfaction universal, and, if well founded, where does the fault lie, and how can it be remedied?

If the whole College in a body send up a petition to the effect that they desire better dinners for their money, the only way is, to ascertain whether any cook will undertake to supply such. Throw the whole concern open to competition, if it is not so already, and we shall have what we want. If it is at present open to competition, then the desired contract must be impracticable, in which case our only alternative is

to pay more; which is also our only alternative if no cook will contract as we wish.

If, however, the College be divided, some being content, some non-content, and a few indifferent, let the non-contents send a petition to the effect that, if they cannot have better dinners for their money, they may have separate tables where a really good dinner be supplied to them at a price and of a kind suited to the wishes of a majority of such non-contents. This plan, I think, seems practicable.

While all these complaints are being made, I think you will feel inclined to say to us, "How much it would add to the improvement of the proceedings in Hall if you would stand up respectfully while Grace is being read, instead of chattering and squeaking the forms," and I think you would be quite right. For it does seem disgraceful that men should make such a row about the hustle at dinner, and yet add to it by, at all events, not respecting the feelings of the more religious part of the community.

I hope this letter will have the effect of starting a subject which seems to require attention.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

H.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

MUCH interest has been lately aroused regarding the proper interpretation of the new University Tests Act with respect to the question of Compulsory Chapels; and it has been stated that Scholars and Exhibitioners are by it legally exempt from any penalties consequent on their refusing to attend them. As I believe that counsel's opinion has been applied for on the point, it would be rash to speak confidently on the subject, but it may not be useless to give our grounds for differing from the

above reading of the Act; since, if I should merely succeed in shewing reasonable grounds for a difference of opinion, I may possibly prevent rash and hasty ideas on the subject being adopted.

After defining the word "office" so as to include College Scholarships and Exhibitioners, Section 3 of the Act enacts that "No person shall be required.... upon taking or holding, or to enable him to take or hold, any office in any of the said Universities [Oxford, Cambridge, &c.]....to subscribe any article or formulary of faith, or to make any declaration, or take any oath respecting his religious belief or profession, or to conform to any religious observance, *or to attend or abstain from attending any form of public worship*, or to belong to any specified church, sect, or denomination...."

The parts I have omitted have no bearing whatever on our present question, viz. whether Scholars and Exhibitioners are exempted by the Act from compulsory attendance at the ordinary College services. The Act clearly directs that no such attendance is to be required from any man as a condition of his receiving or continuing to hold such office, and that he cannot be deprived of such office on the ground of non-attendance. This amounts to saying that, if this attendance had not been previously enforced upon him, it could not be enforced as a condition of his becoming, or continuing to be, a Scholar or Exhibitioner; *i.e.* his compulsory attendance, *qua* Scholar, is illegal. So much is clear, but this is not enough to establish his outward freedom. The question is, does the Act interfere with the attendance which may have been, and actually was, previously enforced upon him? Does it free him from his obligation, *qua* Undergraduate, to attend, and from the ordinary penalties, such as reprimands, gates, &c., in case of his non-attendance; which penalties do not at all interfere with his tenure of office?

I contend that there is nothing in the letter of the Section to make such an interpretation necessary, and that its possibility, however plausible *a priori*, is negatived by the canon of interpretation laid down in Section 4. This section enacts that "Nothing in this Act shall interfere with or affect, any further or otherwise than is hereby expressly enacted, the system of religious instruction, worship, and discipline, which now is or may hereafter be lawfully established in the said Universities respectively," &c.

The system, then, of Compulsory Chapels and its usual sanctions must concern Scholars and Exhibitioners equally with their brother Undergraduates, except so far as it and its penalties interfere with their holding such College office. But the usual penalties (including fines, even though these fines should exceed the amount of the Scholarship, provided they be levied equally on Scholars and non-Scholars) do not affect the man's position as a Scholar. We must conclude, then, that Scholars and Exhibitioners stand in precisely the same relation to Compulsory Chapels that they did before the passing of this Act; except that in no case could the extreme penalty of deprivation of their office be inflicted on them on the grounds of non-attendance; nor could they, nor any one else, be sent down on these grounds for such a time as would interfere with the taking of their degrees in the usual course.

I need hardly mention that there is nothing in the Act which could possibly be interpreted as an interference with the usual College discipline with regard to Chapels in respect of any man who is not a Scholar, if he be, as we have supposed throughout, a member of the Church of England.

I remain,
Dear Mr. Editor,
Yours truly,
J.

ARITHMETICAL COMPOSITION.

THE College Lecture Rooms, which at first were devoted one to Classics and one to Mathematics, exclusively, are now used indiscriminately for both. A Classical man coming early to composition found himself the other day in the midst of Arithmetic.

This is the result:

En! tres gallonas quintus vicesimus implet
(Mensuras Britonum reputo) sextarius; aufert
Ter quoque sedeciens repletus, et amphora vini
Tantundem; duodenoplices eadem æquiparabunt,
Judice mox Baccho, cyathi; dic Œdipe, quot sint,
Amphora, sex cyathi, sextarius additus illis
Sedeciens, quando mensura Britannica pollet.

It may be inferred from the above that a question to the following effect must have been given. 'XXV Sextarii are III gallons, XLVIII Sextarii or IↃLXXVI. Cyathi make I Amphora; what British measure is equivalent to I Amphora XVI Sextarii VI Cyathi?'

OUR CHRONICLE.

THE Chronicler in announcing the completion of the Seventh Volume of *The Eagle*, thanks the Contributors who have enabled him to do so: he wishes the supporters of *The Eagle* and all good Johnians a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; and with the suggestion that, amid the pleasures of the vacation, there may be found an opportunity to provide food for *The Eagle*, he proceeds on his task of narrating the varied items of College news which have occurred since the last number of *The Eagle* was issued.

The College mourns the loss of Sir J. F. W. Herschell, M.A., F.R.S., Honorary Fellow, who died at the age of 79, and also laments the early death of the Rev. W. Groome, M.A., LL.M., F.G.S., F.C.P., formerly Scholar, Head-Master of the Bedfordshire Middle Class Public School,

The undermentioned were elected Fellows on Nov. 6, and admitted on Nov 7 :—

Mr. Frederic Watson, M.A., 12th Wrangler (1868), First Class Theologian, Hulsean Prizeman, Crosse Scholar, Tyrwhitt Scholar, vice Rev. C. F. Eastburn, preferred.

Mr. Reuben Saward, B.A., bracketted 4th Classic (1870), vice Rev. S. Hiley, deceased.

Mr. William Emerton Heitland, B.A., Senior Classic (1871), Craven Scholar, vice Dr. Parkinson, married.

The Naden Divinity Studentship has been adjudged to the Rev. C. B. Drake, B.A., and W. S. Wood, B.A., equal.

The Rev. J. S. Wood, D.D., has been elected President in the room of the Rev. S. Parkinson, D.D.

Mr. F. C. Wace, M.A., has been appointed Assistant Tutor.

The Master has been appointed one of the new governing body of Rugby School; and Professor Kennedy, of Shrewsbury School.

Mr. E. H. Palmer, M.A. (Fellow of the College, and ex-Editor of *The Eagle*), has been appointed Lord Almoner's Professor and Reader of Arabic. This appointment enables Prof. Palmer to retain his fellowship free from restrictions; of this advantage he has immediately availed himself.

The Burney Prize has been adjudged to A. S. Wilkins, B.A.

The Carus Greek Testament Prize for Undergraduates has been adjudged to A. S. Stokes, Exhibitioner.

A grant of £200 from the Wort's Fund has been made to Mr. G. R. Crotch, M.A., who is about to visit Tropical Australia and the adjacent islands for the purpose of collecting specimens in Natural History, and investigating the fauna of those regions.

Mr. A. H. Garrod, one of our Natural Science Scholars, has been appointed Prosector to the Zoological Society of London.

Mr. Besant has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Mr. Todhunter and Professor Clifton have been elected to the Council of the same.

Professors C. C. Babington and Adams have been elected Vice-Presidents; Mr. Bonney, Secretary; and Professor Miller, and Mr. Godfray Members of the Council of the Cambridge Philosophical Society.

Mr. Hudson has been appointed Moderator on the nomination of Corpus Christi College. Mr. Holmes has been appointed Examiner for the Classical Tripos; Mr. Pearson for the Moral Sciences; Mr. Taylor for Theology.

Among the University Preachers for the year are Dr. Reyner (August 20 and 27); Rev. J. B. Pearson (Oct, 1, 8, 15); Rev. J. M. Fuller (Jan. 7, 14, 21); Rev. A. Holmes (March 29, 31); Rev. E. A. Abbott (April 7, 14); Dr. Selwyn (April 21, 28); Dr. Kennedy (May 26).

Lord Effingham having failed to present a Fellow of St. John's to the Rectory of Alburgh, Norfolk, the Bishop has filled up the appointment. In consequence of this lapse, it is understood, the right of presentation for the future becomes the sole property of the College.

The Vicarage of North Stoke with Ipsden, and Newnham Murren, in the County of Oxford, is vacant by the death of the Rev. R. Twopeny, B.D. The Rev. C. Stanwell, M.A., Fellow and Junior Bursar, and sometime Vicar of Horningsea, will be presented to this living.

Lectures begin next term on the 29th. Jan. 1872. The minor Scholarship Examination begins on the 9th. April.

The following obtained First Class in the College Examination at Midsummer:

THIRD YEAR.

Webb	Case	Benson
Cook	Morshead	Clark, W. J.
Andrew, H. M.	Johnson, J. E.	

SECOND YEAR.

Hicks	Adams, T.	Bell
Johnson, J. M.	Hoare	Machell
Gurney	Ruston	Lake
Whitfield	Roughton	Lloyd
Garnett	Pinder	Sutton
Reeves	Alston	

FIRST YEAR.

Reynolds	Freese	Colenso, F. E.
Barnard	Baines	Gwyther
Clarke, H. L.	Lloyd, H.	Oldham
Logan	Waller	Grassett
Elliot	Peter	Williams
Stubbs	Jones, S. S.	Browne, A. J.
Moser	Marsden	Bayard
Middlewood	Cunynghame	Percival
Canham	Gardner	Parsons
Burn	Sharrock	Hamer

English Essay Prizes. *3rd Year:* W. M. Ede. *2nd Year:* G. A. K. Simpson. *1st Year:* C. J. Cooper.

Moral Philosophy Prize. Ds. Foxwell.

Greek Testament Prizes. A. S. Stokes; F. H. Adams; G. Andrew.

Reading Prizes. Pinder; Corbet.

On the 12th of June the following elections were made:

SCHOLARS.

Foote	J. E. Johnson	A. B. Haslam	F. H. Adams
W. J. Clark	Case	Page	Whitfield
Benson	J. M. Johnson	Gurney	Newbold
Ede (*Moral Sc.*)	Hicks	Garnett	

PROPER SIZARS.

Ruston. Alston. B. Reynolds. H. L. Clarke. Logan.

EXHIBITIONERS.

Hare.	*Wood (continued).*	*Hare.*	*Hare (continued).*
B. Reynolds	Finch	Barnacle	Woolley
R. R. Webb	Hicks	Stubbs	Morshead
	J. M. Johnson	Middlewood	Haines
Wood.	Page	Canham	Rushbrooke
H. L. Clarke	Lees	Burn	Southam
Logan	Wills	Sollas (*Moral Sc.*)	G. Andrew
Elliott	Fowell	S. S. Jones	Stokes (*Mor. Sc.*)
Moser	C. H. H. Cook	Gurney	H. W. Read
Reeves	H. M. Andrew	Yule (*Moral Sci.*)	(*Nat. Sci.*)
T. Adams	Cowie	Allnutt	

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The 'Andrews and Maples' Freshmen's Sculls took place on June 6th. There being four entries, the following started for a bumping race:

1 Koch
2 Brodie
3 Redgrave
4 Carless

(The brackets denote the bumps.)

After which Carless and Redgrave rowed a time race. The latter winning easily.

During the 'Long' a new Boat-house has been built for the Club at Logan's. It contains a large room for the general use of the Members, a small room for the First Crew, and a convenient bath; there is also accommodation for housing the boats, &c. of the Club.

The following are the Officers of the Club for the present term:

President: Rev. E. Bowling.
1st Captain: J. H. D. Goldie.
Treasurer: H. T. Wood.
Secretary: C. H. James.
2nd Captain: P. Laing.
3rd Captain: F. Harris.
4th Captain: J. H. R. Kirby.
Questionist Captain: D. L. Boyes.

The races for the University Fours began on November 7th, Lady Margaret defeated Jesus in the second heat, and being inconvenienced by 3rd Trinity in the third heat claimed to row in the final heat, when 1st Trinity won after a splendid race by ½ sec. The four consisted of

P. H. Laing (*bow*).
2 P. J. Hibbert.
3 W. M. Ede.
J. H. D. Goldie (*stroke*).
F. C. Bayard (*cox*).

P. H. Laing represented the Club in the Colquhoun Sculls.

The Scratch Fours were rowed on Nov. 15th, and won by

W. S. Clarke (*bow*).
2 J. Platt.
3 W. L. Baker.
P. J. Hibbert (*stroke*).
F. Ellen (*cox*).

Three members of the L. M. B. C. were in the Trial Eights, two rowing and one steering, all, unfortunately, in the losing boat. E. E. Sawyer at 4, C. H. James (*stroke*), and F. C. Bayard (*cox*).

The Pearson and Wright Sculls were rowed on Dec. 4th.

BUMPING RACE.

1 Sawyer	5 Carless }
2 Ede	6 Kirby }
3 Hibbert	7 Batchelor
4 Redgrave	

TIME RACES.

1st Heat.		*2nd Heat.*	*Final Heat.*
1 Batchelor		1 Ede	1 Sawyer 1st
2 Hibbert }	dead heat for 1st	2 Kirby 2nd	2 Redgrave
3 Redgrave }		3 Sawyer 1st	3 Hibbert 2nd

COLLEGE BOAT CLUB.

A new Boat Club has been formed in the College, in order to meet the want, which has been long felt, for greater facilities for rowing. It is open to all members of the College, and arrangements have been made by which each Member of the Club is offered the opportunity of rowing. On this account it claims to be known as the 'College' Boat Club. The Officers are:

President: W. H. H. Hudson.	*Secretary:* F. W. Henstock.
Treasurer: J. E. Sandys.	*Committee:* W. M. Hicks.
First Captain: S. C. Logan.	G. E. Beresford.
Second Captain: R. W. Metcalfe.	W. R. Wareing.

The Trial Eights were rowed on November 30th.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Company Challenge Cup has been won in the present term by Sergt. Neville. The Officers' Pewter has been won by Private Cooper. In the annual returns the number of efficients in the Company is 66, of whom 61 are extra-efficient: The Officers of the Company and the five Sergts. all hold certificates of proficiency.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

President: E. M. Hawtrey | *Secretary:* J. D. Cochrane

Committee:

J. H. D. Goldie, (Captain L. M. B. C.)	S. H. Hall.
J. C. Dunn.	F. H. Adams.
J. H. R. Kirby.	T. Latham.
	H. L. Pattinson.

The annual meeting of this Club was held this year in the October term, instead of in the Lent term as previously, so that men rowing in the Lent Races might be able to compete. It came off at Fenner's on the 21st and 22nd Nov. E.M. Hawtrey, President, requested that the prize for the Two Mile Race, which had been won by him in 1869 and 1870, might be given for an extra Handicap, which was accordingly done. The prizes were 1st prize value £2, 2nd prize value £1, the amount being credited to the winners at Munsey's.

The following events were contested during the two days:

100 *Yards Race.* 1st Heat: Langley, 1; Cochrane, 2; Koch, 0.
2nd Heat: Wilton, 1; Mare, 2; Batten, 0; Hodges, 0.
3rd Heat: Fuller, w. o.
Final Heat: Mare, 1; Wilton, 2; Langley, 0; Cochrane, 0. Time, 10⅔ sec. Won by one yard.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (open to Members of the Cricket Club only. Seven entries). Brodie (owed six yards), 102 yds. 0 ft. 8 in., 1; Platt, 94 yds. 2 ft. 9 in., 2; Webb, 94 yds. 2 ft., 3: H. T. Wood, 0; Dunn, 0. The competitors threw with the wind.

200 *Yards Handicap.* (Thirty-five entries. Eighteen starters). 1st Heat: Brodie, 4 yds., w. o.; Hall, 14 yds., w. o.
2nd Heat: Batten, 7 yds., 1; Burnside, 10 yds., 2; Wilton, 4 yds., 0.
3rd Heat: Koch, 2 yds., 1; Wood, 6½ yds, 2; Platt, 9 yds.; Street, 12 yds., 0.
4th Heat: Kirby, 5 yds., 1; Cochrane, 2 yds., 2; F. H. Adams, 8 yds., 0; Billinghurst, 13 yds., 0.
5th Heat: Pattinson, 8 yds., 1; Jaffray, 10 yds., 2; Laing, 10 yds., 0; Grasset, 2 yds., 0; Fuller, 7 yds., 0.
2nd Round of Heats. 1st Heat: Batten, 7 yds., 1; Jaffray, 10 yds., 2; Koch, 2 yds., 0; Kirby, 5 yds., 0.
2nd Heat: Pattinson, 8 yds., 1; Burnside, 10 yds., 2: Cochrane, 2 yds., 0; Wood, 6½ yds., 0.
Final Heat: Pattinson, 8 yds., 1; Batten, 7 yds., 2†; Burnside, 10 yds., 2†. Final heat was won by a yard in 21 sec.

High Jump (five entries). Cochrane, 5 ft. 3 in., 1†; Dunn, 5 ft. 3 in., 1†; Wood, 0; Hibbert, 0. Cochrane, Wood, and Dunn being the winners of the three previous years were handicapped each one inch.

120 *Yards Handicap* (Twenty entries; twenty started). 1st Heat: Pattinson, 4½ yds., 1; Laing, 7 yds., 2; Batten, 4½ yds., 0; Callis, 5 yds., 0.
2nd Heat. Street, 8 yds., w. o.
3rd Heat. Hall, 9 yds., 1; E. J. Webb, 5½ yds., 2; Oddie, 5 yds., 0; Johnson, 7 yds., 0; Platt, 3½ yds., 0.
4th Heat: Langley, 4½ yds., w. o.; Percival, 8 yds., w. o.
5th Heat: Wilton, 3 yds., 1; Wood, 5½ yds., 2; Adams, 4½ yds., 0; Hutton, 8 yds., 0.
6th Heat: Mare, scratch, 1; Koch, 3½ yds., 2; Bateson, 6½ yds., 0; Dunn, 7 yds., 0.

2nd Round of Heats. 1st Heat, Langley, 4½ yds.; 1, Wilton, 3 yds., 2; Webb, 5½ yds., 0; Pattinson, 4½ yds., 0.

2nd Heat: Mare, scratch, 1; Hall, 9 yds., 2; Koch, 3½ yds., 0: Percival, 8 yds., 0.

Final Heat: Langley, 4½ yds., 1; Mare, scratch, 2; Wilton, 3 yds., 0; Hall, 9 yds., 0. This handicap produced very fine racing throughout, and was won by a short yard, the same distance separating 2nd and 3rd. Time, 12⅓ sec.

Quarter Mile Race (Thirteen entries). Mare, 1; Brodie and Hawtrey, 2; Billinghurst, 0; Grassett, 0. Brodie ran right away at starting, but came back to the others after passing the old Pavilion, where Hawtrey passed Mare, when in the straight Mare spurted magnificently and passed both Hawtrey and Brodie by the Pavilion, winning by two yards. Brodie eased off after being caught, which allowed Hawtrey to rush up and make a dead heat for second place. Time, 53¼ sec.

Walking Race (Two miles). Hawtrey, 1; Ede (owed 40 yds.), 2: Street, 0; Percival, 0. Last year's winner had no chance with Hawtrey, who walked in excellent style. Street made a very good race for 2nd place.

Throwing the Hammer (16 lbs.) E. J. Webb, 73 ft. 11 in., 1; J. D. Cochrane, 2.

120 *Yards Hurdle Race* (Seven entries). Koch, 1; Hibbert, 2; Wilton, 0. The ground was slippery, and Koch's victory an easy one. Time, 20 sec.

350 *Yards Handicap* (Eighteen entries; nine starters). Brodie, 8 yds., 1; Hawtrey, 5 yds., 2; H. T. Wood, 9 yds., 0; Hibbert, 9 yds., 0; Willacy, 11 yds., 0; Haviland, 12 yds., 0; Oddie, 13 yds., 0; Hall, 15 yds., 0; Street, 15 yds., 0. The running in the quarter on the previous day rendered this race a foregone conclusion for Brodie, who won easily. The rest finished all together. Time, 41 sec.

Long Jump (Ten entries). Mare, 18 ft. 4 in., 1; Koch (owed 4 inches), 18 ft. 7 in., 2; Dunn, 0; E. J. Webb, 0; Waldo, 0. The penalty on last year's winner just gave 1st prize to Mare by 1 inch.

Mile Race (Nine entries). Kirby (owed 30 yds.), 1; Willacy, 2; Burges, 3; Street, 0; Hall, 0; Waldo, 0. Won by 30 yds. Time, 4 min. 59⅕ sec.

Consolation Race (300 Yards). Oddie, 1; Wood, 2. Six started.

The Hart Challenge Vase, presented to the Volunteer Corps, for a Quarter Mile Race. Willacy, 1; Percival, 0. Only two started.

Putting the Weight (16 lbs.; eight entries). Littleton, 33 ft. 2½ in, 1; Pattinson, 32 ft. 3 in., 2. This was a good performance. We think that if Mr. Littleton practised he might "put" for the 'Varsity.

Half Mile Handicap. (Twenty-three entries; nine starters). Willacy, 35 yds., 1; Hall, 45 yds., 2; Kirby, scratch, 0; Koch, 25 yards, 0; Waldo, 25 yds., 0; H. T. Wood, 35 yds., 0; Burges, 40 yds., 0; Street, 40 yds., 0; Jaffray, 50 yds., 0. Hall having improved since last year, and taking advantage of his long start, made a hot pace all the way, but Willacy stuck close to him and won by 4 yds. in 2 min. 3⅘ sec. Burges and the scratch man were not far behind.

Strangers' Race, value £8 (300 Yards; sixty-one entries; twenty-seven starters). The Final Heat contained 16 starters, and resulted in a dead heat between R. Philpot, 1st Trin. (President C.U.A.C.), running from scratch, and T. R. Hewitt, of Trin. Hall (21 yds. start), W. Bedford, of Clare (14 yds. start), was within six inches of these, and the rest were all within five yards. The men who ran the dead heat agreed to divide the prize.

In the Freshmen's Sports the Johnian contingent obtained two first prizes and five 2nd prizes, as under:—

Putting the Weight. N. Littleton, 33 ft. 8 in., 1; H. L. Pattinson, 31 ft. 4 in., 2.

Hurdle Race. F. J. Waldo was 2nd to S. Roberts, Trin.

Throwing the Hammer. E. J. Webb was 2nd to A. W. Soames, Trin.

Quarter Mile Race. C. J. Mare was 2nd to Lord, Trin.

Wide Jump. C. J. Mare, 18 ft., 1; G. S. Raynor, 17 ft. 10½ in., 2.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

Football this Term, on the whole, has been satisfactory. About fifty members have joined the Club, and the ordinary games have, as a rule, been well attended. Seven matches have been played by the 1st twelve; an eighth had to be postponed owing to bad weather. Besides these, two 2nd twelve matches have been played successfully against the University. Of the seven 1st twelve matches, one (the first) was lost, two were drawn, and four were won. Considering the gaps made in the team, both by accidents and by the loss of old members (no more than five of last year's being left), the Club has reason to congratulate itself on its successes.

The twelve have been chosen from the undermentioned players:—

Adams, F. H.	Haines, F. W.	Manisty, G. E.
Benson, R.	Hibbert, P. J.	Micklem, T.
Coates, A. L.	Hawtrey, E. M.	Murphy, H. H.
Ellen, F. S.	Hodgkinson, G. L.	Phillips, H.
Fitzherbert, R. H.	Hudson, W. H. H.	Pinder, H. F.
Garrett, E. W.	Longworth, R.	Shuker, A.
Gurney, T. T.		

The following is a list of the matches with their results:—

October 23rd, v. Corpus, 11 a side.—This, the first match of the season, was lost, as Corpus obtained one goal to our touchdown. Considering that six out of the eleven had never played for St. John's before, and that the Club had had no practice, the result of this match need not cause surprise.

November 2nd, v. University, 12 a side.—This match was drawn, Adams obtaining a touchdown against one obtained by the University.

On the same day a 2nd twelve of St. John's played a 2nd twelve of the University. This also resulted in a draw. Woolley obtained a goal against one obtained by the University.

November 6, v. Harrow Club, 12 a side.—This was drawn. Owing to the University Fours, the Freshmen's Sports and other interruptions, there was no match till the 24th; that against Christ's having to be postponed.

November 24th, v. Harrow Club, 11 a side.—This was won. A goal obtained by Adams. Harrow scored nothing. Our rules were played, but touchdowns were given up at the request of our opponents.

November 27th, v. University, 12 a side.—Won. Micklem obtained a goal and Manisty a touchdown. The University gained one goal only.

On the same day a match was played by the 2nd twelve. Owing, however, to some mistake on the part of the University who brought fourteen men into the field, the match could not be counted as decisive; since at their suggestion two bystanders were asked to play on our side. As these happened

to be the Captain and Ex-Captain of Corpus, the victory which we won could hardly be called our own. An attempt to play it another day was foiled by bad weather. Goals were obtained by Benson and Tinkler (of Corpus), and a touchdown by Mr. Hudson. The University did not succeed in scoring anything.

November 29th, v. Jesus, 12 a side.—Won. Jesus scored nothing. Longworth gained a goal and a touchdown, Adams a goal.

December 1st, v. Christ's, 11 a side. Won. Christ's gained nothing. Ellen got a touchdown, and Longworth a goal.

The match against King's, fixed for Monday the 4th, had to be postponed on account of the weather.

CRICKET CLUB.

The following are the Batting averages of those who represented the College in the Cricket Field in 1871 (May Term),

	Runs.	Innings.	Times not out.	Average per wicket.
F. Tobin (*Captain*)	241	9	0	$26\frac{7}{9}$
C. E. Cummings	75	6	0	$12\frac{1}{2}$
A. P. Stedman	222	7	0	$31\frac{5}{7}$
A. Shuker	167	9	1	$20\frac{7}{8}$
F. C. Cursham	198	8	1	$28\frac{2}{7}$
T. Latham	182	5	2	$60\frac{2}{3}$
H. Strahan	102	6	1	$20\frac{2}{5}$
J. A. Platt	58	5	0	$11\frac{3}{5}$
G. Young (*Bowler*)	25	7	1	$4\frac{1}{6}$
J. S. ff. Chamberlain	44	4	1	$14\frac{2}{3}$
R. W. Wickham	77	6	2	$19\frac{1}{4}$
T. Maile	41	5	1	$10\frac{1}{4}$

F. Price got 13 v. Trin. Hall, and 3 not out v. King's.
Mr. W. F. Smith 18 v. King's.
R. E. Coates 20 v. Trin. Hall.
E. H. Kennedy 17 v. Trin. Hall.
W. H. Gwillim 18 v. Jesus.
W. Carless $\left.\begin{matrix}4\\11\end{matrix}\right\}$ v. Caius.

The Treasurer's statement of the Cricket Club accounts for the May Term, 1870, is as follows:

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Sixty-four members	67	3	0
Football Club	3	12	6
Balance from 1869	3	15	0
	£74	10	6

Expenses.	£	s.	d.
University Poll-tax for 1869	3	15	0
Hayward (debt on 1869) ..	6	13	0
Debt to Welldon	5	0	0
Debt to Bourne	2	4	0
Poll-tax for 1870	3	15	0
Ruddy, 6 weeks at 10s. ...	3	0	0
Hayward's bill	45	9	6
Dean, on account	4	14	0
	£74	10	6

A. HOARE, *Treasurer.*

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Fourth Concert of the S. J. C. M. S. Society was given in the Guildhall on May 16th.

The Hall which contains about a thousand was crowded.

Handel's "Theodora" was performed.

Miss S. Ferrari took the part of Theodora.

Miss R. Jewell ..... Dydimus.
Mrs. Dunn ..... Irene.
Mr. Madge ..... Septimus.
Rev. G. Cotterill ..... Valens.

Dr. G. M. Garrett conducted.

The Officers for the present Term are:

President:—R. Pendlebury.
Treasurer:—A. G. Greenhill.
Secretary:—J, Bonnett.
H. S. Thomas.
A. H. Roughton.
B. Reynolds.
F. E. Colenso.

The first Chamber Concert was held on Wednesday Dec. 6th, in the Small Room of the Guildhall.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The officers for this term have been

President:—C. P. Layard. | *Treasurer*:—F. J. Lowe.
Vice-President:—H. Cunynghame | *Secretary*:—G. L. Hodgkinson.

The officers for next term will be

President:—T. Adams. | *Treasurer*:—F. J. Lowe.
Vice-President:—G. L. Hodgkinson | *Secretary*:—N. J. Littleton.

There has been seven Meetings for Debate held this term. The Subjects discussed have been:

"That the International Society is a source of danger to the Community and ought to be put down by every possible means." (Carried).

"That for the European powers to allow Turkey to be absorbed by Russia, would be to commit at once a crime and a blunder." (Carried).

"That the so-called Conservative reaction is a fiction." (Lost).

"That the Educational results produced by the Universities are not such as might reasonably be expected from the revenues." (Carried).

"That the measures of repression adopted by the University authorities, both at Oxford and Cambridge, are false in theory and totally inadequate to the preservation of order." (Carried).

"That this House would approve of the abolition of Compulsory Chapels." (Carried).

"That this House approves of the principle of a Constitutional Monarchy." (Carried).

RACQUET COURTS.

The Newbery cup was won in the May term by A. Hoare, the holder, J. T. Pollock, being unable to defend owing to illness. None but Johnians are now permitted to subscribe.

DAILY ROUTINE.

The following table will be found useful to Freshmen, perhaps not altogether useless to older Members of the College:

6.0 a.m.—Gates open.
6.45—6.52½ a.m.—Morning Chapel Bell rings.
7.0 a.m.—Morning Chapel.
7.0 a.m.—Garden Gate opens.
8.0 a.m.—First Lecture.
1.0 p.m.—Last Lecture.
7.0.—8.0 a.m.
11.0 a.m.—1.0 p.m.
3.30.—6.0 p.m.
8.0.—9.30 p.m.
} The Butteries are open.
8.0 a.m.—10 p.m.—The Kitchens are open.
9.15 a.m.
12.15 p.m.
5.30 p.m.
9.15 p.m.
} The College Post closes.
12.0 a.m.—3.0 p.m.—Library is open.
12.0 a.m.—1.0 p.m.
2.0 p.m.—3.0 p.m.
} Chapel open to the Public.
4.15 p.m.—First Bell for Hall.
4.30 p.m.—Hall.
5.15 p.m.—Sizars' Hall.
5.30 p.m.—Second Hall.
6.15—6.22½ p.m.—Evening Chapel Bell rings.
6.30 p.m.—Chapel.
10.0 p.m.—Gates close.
12.0 p.m.—Gas put out.

END OF VOL. VII.

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