

THE EAGLE.

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

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Contributions for the next number should be sent in during the Vacation to the Secretary, or to one of the Editors.

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

A few copies of the engraving from the Portrait of Lady Margaret, which is in the Hall, remain still on hand and may be obtained from the Secretary, price 1s. each. The engraving may be seen in the Combination Room.



HURRICANE IN MAURITIUS, 1868.

IN 1868, the island of Mauritius, which had been most severely visited by a plague of fever the preceding year, was very badly treated by hurricanes or cyclones.

Much property was lost; one planter was £7,000 poorer in the afternoon of the 12th March than he had been in the morning; so many of his buildings had been levelled, his mules killed, his sugar canes broken and laid. The whole crop that year realised scarcely a fourth of what had been anticipated; great depression ensued, and almost all useful movements, religious and secular, were arrested.

A year or so afterwards, I read in the newspapers an account given by a clergyman of the way in which he had been handled by the wind, on the Mendip hills; and people were disposed to be incredulous about it. It was as follows: "I halted a moment "to draw my plaid more tightly round my shoulders, "and then went forwards, after casting a glance "towards Shut Shelf and its clumps of pines. Flying "across them in my direction came a ribbony cloud, "seemingly about 200 feet long, and the same height "above the trees. It was coming, javelin-fashion, "full at my back, yet gyrating like a misty corkscrew. "I took no particular notice of it, as the flying mists "play strange pranks in these hills, and plodded on "towards Axbridge, thinking over my sermon. Sud- "denly, a rush and roar of wind arose from behind

“me. I was struck in the back with a sensation
 “as if two or three stout cudgels had been simul-
 “taneously laid across me; was shot forward at the
 “top of my speed like a stone from a catapult; ran,
 “or rather flew, in this fashion, for about 100 yards,
 “during the last twenty of which my feet scarcely
 “touched ground; and was finally hurled to the
 “earth with great violence, and rolled over half-a
 “dozen times by the same overmastering typhoon. In
 “a second or two more it had passed; and I sat
 “up in terrified bewilderment. I found myself on
 “some newly-laid stones, stunned, bleeding, bruised,
 “my coat sleeves torn to shreds, and myself be-
 “plastered from top to toe with mud. * * * I
 “staggered on to my legs, dazed, giddy, deadily sick.”

I capped this experience at the time with a similar
 one of my own; here it is. “On January 3rd of last
 “year I was treated much in the same way as the
 “Rev. * * ; but came off rather worse. I had left
 “my carriage, which was not safe in the storm, as
 “we were passing a deep ravine along a chaussée;
 “when suddenly myself and several others were struck
 “by a column of air, which levelled the surrounding
 “huts, and hurled us up a very steep hill for a con-
 “siderable distance. An empty cart accompanied us
 “in disagreeable proximity during our forced ascent.
 “A large carriage in front was overturned; and my
 “own, a double pony carriage, drawn by strong Pegus,
 “was sent flying full pace up the hill. The driving
 “box, which, it is true, was a movable one, was
 “lifted out of its bearings, despite screw-nuts; the
 “coachman being on it all the while. It was landed
 “in a clump of trees; and recovered, bent about, the
 “next day but one. The driver was jerked out and
 “badly hurt. Some foot-passengers clung to the scrub
 “on the bank; but others, like myself, were knocked
 “down and more or less injured; one side of my coat
 “and trowsers was torn off; and I was so lacerated by

“the macadam and other things with which I came
 “in contact as I was driven along upon my face,
 “that I was lame and laid up for a month, and
 “shall always bear the scars. The blast was repeated
 “three or four times; and we only saved ourselves
 “from further mischief by lying flat in the mud on
 “our faces to let it pass. The air was full of flying
 “stones, sharp rain, and bits of wood. But within
 “a few yards of the column everything was com-
 “paratively quiet.”

This hurricane, therefore, was but partial in its
 effects, and did not cause any serious damage.

* * * * *

Before I was well recovered from this accident,
 duty required me to be about again; and one day
 as I was driving down a bad hill in a high gig,
 my horse took fright; I was pitched out on my
 shoulder, and broke a collar-bone. Thus it happened
 that when the great hurricane of the 12th March
 came, which needed strength and nerve to encounter
 it, I was doubly a cripple; and I was otherwise shaken
 too by personal anxieties and domestic calamities.
 That morning all had warning from Port Louis ob-
 servatory to look out for bad weather; and, after a
 boisterous night, the storm began.

The first thing on such occasions is to shut up
 the house, literally. Every window is fitted with a
 strong inch-board shutter; and these and the doors
 receive, in iron cramps or shoulders, iron bars of a
 square inch section. Some such bars I afterwards
 saw, bent up into elbows by the wind playing upon
 the shutters. All crevices also about the house, and
 weak places round the roof, basement, or cellars,
 should be nailed up with planks. If the wind once
 finds its way into an enclosure, it will, under the
 enormous pressure, burst everything before it to get
 out. Before we were quite confined to the main

house, at about 10 o'clock A.M., the wind was so strong that the straw-thatched stables, servants' huts, and school were unroofed; and soon after they came bodily down: only the stone kitchen stood, and its rafters and tin roof had been lifted and twisted out of shape. All fences and palings had been levelled some time before.

We could not tell how our neighbours were faring; nor could they render assistance to us. Soon we were totally shut in from the little light of day there was, our candles flickering in the draught; and the impetuosity of the sudden blasts was such that it was most dangerous to uncloset a door or window-shutter even for a moment. To the best of my belief, the extra atmospheric pressure during 'a blow' was half a hundred weight to the square foot. Now the momentum with which, at a high velocity, the column of air producing this pressure would make its first impact, would test any fabric short of an armoured ship. If one did venture a rush outside to reconnoitre in the rear of a blast, not a yard in front could be seen for the blinding drift, and scudding leaves and twigs and stones and dirt, the whirling branches, tiles, and pieces of roof. Water, too, from the continuous and tremendous rain, was swashing and pouring in a big lake, and dashing in perilous and impassable torrents round about the house, and down into the neighbouring river and ravines.

When the 'dependances' came down, we had to take in for refuge our whole compound—about 25 Indians and Creoles (catechist, schoolmaster, servants and their families). The cow and goats we tethered up in the verandah to leeward. The carriage was half crushed beneath the débris of the coach-house; fortunately the ponies had just been sent away. These inconveniences lasted for about a fortnight, before we could find other lodgment for our household. During the storm the apartments were all more or

less flooded; and we sat up on chairs, without shoes or stockings.

About noon, the gale was at its height. With a rage and fury inconceivable, a steady, awful blast came on, roaring and crashing through the *filhao* forest, snapping the trees like grass stems before it. We heard it making for us up the ravine, a mile or two away. On it came. We *felt* the increasing pressure of the air as it neared us. Down sank the candles mysteriously, down, and down, and almost out. Dark and deadly still for a fraction of a second! A roar like thunder the garden's length away! An instant: and it was on us. The house was struck. Broadside fell the blow upon it like an avalanche. It yielded and reeled, shook to the foundation, quivered, and groaned, and shrieked, like a living thing. The beams worked and ground fearfully. The roof lifted. The ceiling parted several inches, and showed a pitchy sky. Down came the water, in a heap, through the aperture; and then it righted again. One might almost as well have been in an earthquake. Another and another blast succeeded at short intervals, and we feared the building *must* fall and bury us alive. Yet all *we* could do was to go round with hammer and nails, planks and ropes, patching up and caulking out the wind. As to leaving the house, it could not be thought of—for many of us were women and children—and there was no refuge within reach. The nearest houses were half-a-mile off, through flooded fields or swollen torrents. To go out under such circumstances would have been certain destruction.

God be praised, no lives were lost in our quarter.

This (noon) was the time when most harm was done; and that by the *same* deadly swoop of Typhon, the confounder, the destroyer, the blinding storm, whom Zeus himself found it so hard to quell. But the hurricane continued all that day and night, and

most. For three nights we could not retire to rest, but steal only snatches of wearied stupor rather than of repose. We could not get at our provisions, and so made but poor fare.

The terror and chaos of confusion outside it would be impossible to describe. Many thought the end of the world was come at last. No old inhabitant remembered such a storm. Certainly, there had been none comparable to it for 40 years; about which time ago it was said a hurricane had turned the Royal College round several inches on its base. I have seen houses of smaller dimensions so served. The entire roof, high pitched, of a very large house near us, blew right off, and fell upon the stables, 30 or 40 yards away, killing four horses and breaking a carriage. The family occupying this house were rescued by some neighbours and the police, who dragged them to a place of comparative security, along an avenue of stumps of trees, crouching and holding on as they went. Réduit, the Governor's country residence, built of stone, had one wing half destroyed. The Governor and his wife narrowly escaped death, having just in time left a room the roof of which fell in, bringing with it a stone chimney upon the table where they had been writing. Magnificent trees were strangely mangled and distorted, where left standing at all. The wreck of one of the largest in front of Réduit was quite a spectacle. Whole avenues fell; and the roads were in many places quite blocked up. Two very good stone churches were blown down; an iron one was crumpled up like an empty paper bag from a pastry-cook's; the roof blew off another stone church, and it had its windows stoven in, and its furniture, including pulpit, harmonium, and pews, all smashed. The greatest example, perhaps, of the power of the wind was afforded by a very fine iron railway viaduct, spanning Grand River Cascade. This was lifted

bodily off its columns and hurled into the bed of the river. of the next.

The cane fields were literally devastated. All the lands afterwards shewed one uniform leaden, muddy hue. Not a particle of vegetation remained where the wind had passed, and the trunks of trees were barked; the road-side banks also were scratched and scraped in long parallel lines by the grit and stones scudding through the air. In the harbour great damage was done to shipping; and a considerable island was cast up by the waves, a good distance from the shore. Every street and open space in town were filled with mud and débris, as were also the lower stories of the houses in many places. Great care was taken by the authorities speedily to remove all these accumulations; and, on the whole, the effect of the hurricane may be considered decidedly beneficial from a sanitary point of view. But, what with the fever which doubly decimated the island in 1867, and the severity of this disaster, the colony received such injuries in its commerce and finance, that it will be years before it can resume its former prosperous position.

ADAM.



THE DESTRUCTION OF CHICAGO BY FIRE.

οὐκ οἴκοι ἀλλ' ἄνδρες πόλις.

PROUD sweeps St. Lawrence to the Atlantic main,
Or where beneath Quebec's high citadel
He undivided rolls a broadening flood,
Or where meandering mid a thousand isles
He quits Ontario's blue expanse, and proud
Rides o'er his bosom many a white-winged bark,
That to the over-peopled older world
Bears store of golden grain, far-harvested
Mid ancient forests dark with oak and pine,
Where eager men with ceaseless industry
And toilsome axe laboriously ringing
Had cleared the virgin acres, thence conveyed
Adown some stream o'er-arched with wreathing boughs,
Or over prairie plains, that undulate
Boundless as Ocean, to the distant town,
Chicago's central mart. There, by the shore
Of Michigan, from midst the encircling plain
Had risen, as by sudden magic reared,
A thronging hive with busy murmurings,
That told of fruitful toil and hoarded wealth,
By potent Commerce sudden raised, than whom,
When hand in hand she walks with Industry,
No goddess with more sure enchantment wields
The power that wills great works and works its will.
She with her clarion voice had loudly called
Her eager vassals, where the weary waves
But lately washed a solitary shore

Save when some Indian shot his fragile skiff
Swift o'er the waters, as in summer heat
A darting swallow skims the level lake.
She called; and at her voice the silent mere
Quickened with life, and straight a thousand keels
Furrowed its bosom, and the shore till then
Desolate and drear echoed with hurrying crowd
Who traced the long-drawn street, or eager formed
Vast granary, harbour, house, pier, wharf, or dock,
Till, scarce a generation passed, arose
Growing with ceaseless growth the wondrous walls
By thrice ten myriads peopled. With such speed
Neath pine-clad Ida rose the Dardan towers
Reared for a faithless king by fabled gods;
Or with such power of old the Tyrian queen
Mid Libyan deserts planned her capital,
Imperial Carthage, long the chosen seat
Of Commerce, whence her laden argosies
Tempted the perilous sea, or to the East,
Or through the Western Gates to unknown lands
That border Ocean, and returning brought
The treasured wealth of distant emperies.
So grew she fostered by the arts of peace,
Till lust of conquest armed victorious Rome
Against her ramparts and self-kindled fire
Consumed alike her glory and her shame.
But not for her from forth the funeral pyre
Sprang with fresh force a newer nobler life,
Those queenly halls, those merchant palaces
No lasting fortune reared afresh, but now
The voyager skirting Afric's coast may view
A wind-swept* cape, where wandering Bedouins
By mouldering aqueduct or ruined arch
Encamp and reck not of the storied Past.

* Lamartine, *Voyage en Orient*. "L'œil ne voit rien qu'un promontoire nu, s'élevant sur une mer déserte. . . quelques aqueducs en ruines. . . une ville barbare auprès, où ces noms mêmes (Scipon, Annibal, Canton d'Utique) sont inconnus." 19 juillet 1832.

But thee, Chicago, brighter destinies
 Snatch from such dark oblivion, for thy walls
 Swift reared, swift ruined, and as swift restored
 Shall throb once more with pulsing energy,
 Once more through every coursing artery
 The eager life-stream freely circulate
 Till new-born vigour glow with healthier life.
 What tho' Calamity with sudden stroke
 Hath smitten to thy centre? Tho' her rage
 Arming its utmost force and leagued with fire
 Hath half consumed thee? Still remains unscathed
 The noble half, the unconquerable will,
 That shining brightest in the darkest hour
 Wrests tenfold splendour from adversity.
 For neither hostile hand, nor dark despair
 Kindled thy flames to mock a foeman's toil
 And balk a hated victor of his prey;
 Nor didst thou fall amid the maddening strife
 Of civil discord red with kindred blood,
 As when, but late, by Seine's empurpled stream
 A furious mob more furious from despair,
 Fired with unpitying hands the imperial halls,
 Where ancient pomp and pride of peerless power
 Had held their state, and to their splendid court
 Amassed the choicest ornaments of art.
 Not such thy ruin; not mid war and woe,
 When men against their fellows league with Death,
 Came thy destruction: but the twilight grey
 Was slowly waning into silent night;
 Hushed was the busy hum of toilsome men,
 Hushed was the city's roar, and all was peace,
 Such peace as well befits a Sabbath eve,
 When men should think on Him, whose sacrifice
 Left peace to be with all, rich legacy
 O'erlooked too often mid life's fitful storms,
 Yet often valued on the day of rest,
 And most of all, when darkness gathering slow
 His shadowy mantle o'er the landscape draws,

And solemn silence with its wondrous charm
 Steals o'er the senses, till the spirit feels
 That, somewhere, after turmoil there is peace,
 So lay the city in the lap of eve,
 But overhead the brightening stars appeared
 And glassed their sparkles in the crystal lake,
 While silence reigned supreme: as, when a storm
 Impends, the winds are hushed, the murmuring woods
 Forget their whispers, and the tuneful choir
 Astonished cease to shrill the wonted song.
 Then sudden peals the thunder, marshalling
 The clouds to battle, then the levin-bolt
 Fires all the empyrean, dealing death
 To man and beast, the rain in deluge vast
 Down-rushing floods the foaming torrent's bank.
 And with such contrast on that slumbering scene
 Burst hideous ruin's wild uproar, for, hark,
 On sudden clangs the loud alarum bell
 Startling the night; on sudden tongues of fire
 Spring from the dusky roofs and lick the sky,
 Then forward darting leap from house to house
 Still by destruction stronger to destroy:
 While from his prison with tempestuous rage
 The South wind bursts, and howling wings his way
 To fan the unpitying flames to fiercer wrath;
 They at his chiding thrice exasperate
 Uprear their blazing crests, and onward sweep
 With irresistible overwhelming force
 Right to the city's core, a fiery sea
 That roars and rages as it swirls along,
 Engulphing with insatiable waves
 Whole streets, whole districts: 'gainst the advancing
 tide
 Of flame, that billows neath the maddening wind,
 Can naught avail, but still with unchecked rage
 Spreads far and wide the desolating flood
 Through the long watches of that woeful night.
 Meanwhile Confusion reigns, and banished Sleep

Resigns her empire mid the tumult wild
 Of hurrying multitudes who choke the streets,
 And haste they scarce no whither, well content
 So but with life they 'scape the deadly foe
 That leaves them homeless; some more venturous
 Essay to curb the fire's impetuous course;
 Some, missing from their side a well-known form,
 With desperate courage face the flames, to save
 By daring death the life more loved than life:
 Here flees a mother clasping to her breast
 The babe that in such cradle knows no fear,
 There stalwart youth upstays the tottering limbs
 Of feeble age, and with kind care repays
 The care that reared it; some in mad alarm
 Confusion worse confound and tumult spread,
 While still the woeful night wears towards day.
 Day comes, and wears to noon, and noon to night,
 Yet coming brings no change: night, noon, and day
 Are all alike: paled by that hideous glare
 Day's torch owns conquest, lighted by those flames
 Darkness is brighter than the brightest noon.
 And still the fire rolls onward unrestrained,
 Still with fierce uproar cataracts of flame
 Spout from the molten furnace: overhead
 The smoke cloud piled in mass voluminous
 Hangs like a pall; beneath, the lake's broad breast
 Reflects unwonted splendour, lurid lights
 That dart and quiver on the dancing waves.
 Such is the sight when after stormy day
 Low o'er the Western waters sinks the sun;
 Then from the gathered night of clouds at length
 In tenfold majesty the fiery orb
 Kindles the sky with flame's unnumbered hues,
 That into hues unnumbered melt and change,
 Crimson to scarlet, scarlet into gold,
 Swifter than sight: then blazes all the West,
 Then all is light, save where some denser cloud
 Looms doubly dark from out his fringe of fire;

Beneath, the ocean from his glassy bed
 Mirrors the sky, his waves in restless rest
 And ceaseless change that ever seems the same
 Gleam glorious crested each with phantom fire.

Yet as the second night drew towards dawn
 And hope had all but perished, came at length
 From the moist South the much desired rain
 And stayed the flames: but when the morning broke,
 Lo, all the populous heart of that great town
 Was smouldering ashes, blackness everywhere
 And universal ruin met the eye,
 Where life had been and busy energy
 And happy homes. Now reft of home and hope
 Thousands can find no shelter but the sky,
 No refuge but despair. Yet hope still lives;
 For Charity, that binds all men in one,
 From furthest shores outstretching bounteous hands,
 Gives generous aid. And how shall they despair
 Who still have life? Still living still they wield
 The power again to do what they have done.
 For men not houses are a city's strength,
 And men tho' all be lost have manhood still,
 The deathless dauntless indestructible power
 By which Chicago with fresh life shall rise
 To nobler destinies than from no fall.

T. E. P.



A RECIPROCAL MISTAKE.

AS I was being driven the other day to the Station on my way home after paying a visit at the Elms, I beguiled the tediousness of the road by talking to my companion, the coachman, an old and highly respectable servant, who had been in my cousin's family for many years. Our conversation turning upon the great number of robberies that had lately been committed in London, I remarked, "I suppose you scarcely know what a robbery means down in the country."

"Oh yes, we do, Sir," rejoined he; "there have been several here in my time; but I can't rightly say I ever saw a robber myself, though I once thought I did. Perhaps," added he, with a quiet chuckle, "You would like to hear how it was."

I signified my assent, and the result was the following story, which I have endeavoured to repeat as nearly as possible in his own words.

"Well, Sir, what I'm going to tell you, happened a great many years ago, in your uncle's time, when the family was living at Ingmire Hall; it was one summer, Master and Missis had gone with the young ladies and Master Tom to the sea-side for the holidays, so there was no one left in the house but cook, she that's married to blacksmith Wilson, and Betsey, the housemaid, that's with us still. They were only silly, feckless things ever, indeed it would be hard to say which was the worse, frightened at their own shadows,

and fit to die with fear if they met a body unexpectedly round the corner; however, I oughtn't to be hard upon them, for I didn't show so very much pluck myself upon this occasion. My father was coachman then, it was before he got too deaf to hear if a carriage was coming behind, and I was stable-helper under him. He and my mother and I were living in a cottage joining on to the stable; so, as I said before, there was no one in the house at night but the maids. Several houses had been broken into in the neighbourhood about that time, as perhaps you may have heard Sir, but none of the thieves had been caught; so the women were dreadfully afraid that they'd be trying ours next, though for the matter of that there was not much for them to get, as Master had sent all the plate to the banker's, I'm told; but when folks are frightened, they can't be expected to think of such things.

A week or more passed, and though the girls were always fancying they heard something or other, and were so timid in the dark that they daren't but keep their candle burning all night, yet nothing came of it, and they began to get more accustomed to being alone. However, one night, and a fearful night it was I well remember, as black as the mare's back yonder, the wind howling and the rain coming down cats and dogs as they say; well that night father had gone upstairs to bed, and mother and I were just putting things a bit straight before following him, when we were startled by a sound of footsteps running hard along the path outside our house. We both stopped and looked at each other, but before we'd time to speak, there came a noise as if some one was fumbling at the door and couldn't open it. I ran and lifted up the latch, when in rushed cook and Betsey. Never shall I forget the appearance they presented; they were dripping wet with rain, their faces were as white as sheets, and their hair all tumbled

about with the speed at which they had come; their eyes seemed starting out of their heads with terror, and they kept looking round now and again as if they expected to see some one behind them.

Down comes father at the noise of the door opening, but though we all asked them what was to do, they were so scared and cried so much that it was ever so long before either of them could tell us. At last cook gets a bit more quiet and out it all comes. "We was going upstairs together," says she, "for Betsey is that timid, poor girl, that she can't abide to go by herself" (well thinks I there's not so much to choose between you, six of one and half a dozen of the other, but no matter); "when all of a sudden rapping noise like a hammer at one of the bedroom windows. We stopped, for Betsey trembled so, she could scarcely stand; then there came a great crash like glass falling. Betsey gave a scream, and down we ran into the kitchen, and it wasn't until we'd bolted the door between us and the rest of the house that we stopped to think. 'Oh Jane!' says she, 'it's the robbers; they've broken a pane of glass to get in by, like they did at Mr. Hargreave's, and we shall all be murdered.' 'Betsey,' says I, 'I'm afeerd it is', for I was mortally frightened and I won't deny it; 'but what's to be done now? one of us must go and call Robert, and the other stay here.' But when it came to which of us was to do it, Betsey daren't go by herself nor stay by herself either; so we've both come, you see."

"Well cook," sobs Betsey, "you needn't to be so bold now, for you were just as bad as me before, and will be again, I make no doubt, when we go back."

"Never mind, girls," says my mother in her cheery way, "there's not so much boldness between the two of you that you need quarrel about it. But now who's to go back with them?"

"Why Samuel must go," replied my father, "and I'll stay and take care of you."

"Nay, father," says I, for I didn't half like the job, "you're the older and stronger, so you should go by rights, and I'll stay with mother."

"Samuel, my boy," says he, "you're afraid to go, that's what it is." This made me pretty mad, I can tell you, for father was only looking palish himself; so we should have come to words if mother hadn't stopped us by saying, "You'd better both of you go, and I'll take care of myself; why nobody would trouble themselves to hurt an old woman like me; and mind," says she, rather scornfully, "that *you* take good care of *yourselves*, you're both so bold, that I'm quite afraid you'll be coming to some harm." Now this was rather hard of mother, for father and I were bold enough at most times; but no man likes to run into danger when he can keep clear of it.

However, the upshot of the matter was that we took mother at her word and both set out. On we trudged, the women clinging tight to us and screaming with terror if so much as a wet bough or leaf touched them; nay cook had well nigh fainted right away, when a rose bush caught the back of her shawl, she making sure, that one of the robbers had got hold of her. So we arrived at the house all very wet and no one particularly eager for what was to come next.

"Well, cook," says I, "if there are robbers about, they needn't trouble to break any more glass, for you've left the door standing wide open for them." And so she had; but then she was so frightened, that I shouldn't have wondered at her doing anything.

Now, sir, to make you understand rightly what's coming, I should tell you that the Hall was a funny, rambling old spot, dark and lonesome, with long low rooms and odd nooks and corners here and there. It hadn't a regular back staircase nor a front one either, for the matter of that; both were used pretty

much alike, so that, as I've heard, when you were showing visitors into the drawing-room you would, may-be, meet the housemaid coming down with her pail and such-like. However, between these two sets of stairs on each floor there were passage-rooms, and this was what led to the circumstances I'm about to relate.

When we were all in the kitchen, we held what they call in the papers a council of war, and after some disputing it was determined that father and Betsey should go up one set of stairs to look for the robbers, while cook and I went up the other. So off we set, each with a good stout stick in his hand.

Aye, sir, it was a terrible job; I felt so nervous, that but for very shame I was ready to turn tail and run off home; things looked so queer and ghostly, for the moon had broken through the clouds and was throwing funny lights and shadows all over the walls and floors; the wind, too, howled so loud in the empty rooms, that my heart leaped into my mouth at the noise every time we opened a door. Still we saw no robbers; and as we were now nearly at the top of the house I began to take heart again and hope that it was a false alarm and merely the women's folly; when all of a sudden, cook, who was behind, starts forward and clutches me by the arm so tight that I could have screamed for pain. "Oh! Samuel," she whispers in a trembling voice, pointing at the same time to one of the bedrooms, "they're in there, I can hear their footsteps." So could I, and terribly frightened I was; my knees shook and a cold sweat broke out all over me; but fear had made me in a sort of way desperate, you see, sir, and I was determined to have a look what was really going on; so I lifted the latch and peeped cautiously in. The moment the door was open there came a great burst of wind, which nearly knocked me backwards and completely took away my breath; out went my candle,

and in the dim light I saw at the other end of the room a figure advancing towards me, with a lantern or candle in one hand and something in the other, which I took for a gun. For a moment my heart stopped beating, I stood staring like a man in a dream; then, I'm bound to confess, sir, my terror completely master'd me; I gave one yell, jumped round so quick as nearly to upset cook, and down we both rushed, or rather rolled, helter-skelter one over the other, she screeching all the while, and never stopped to look behind us until we reached the kitchen. The whole house seemed in an uproar; there was a confused tramping, tumbling noise on the other staircase, and before I could fasten the door, in ran father and Betsey looking so scared that I hardly knew them again. He draws the bolt and sinks into a chair, while she falls in a heap upon the floor.

"Samuel!" says he in a hoarse whisper, "we've seen them."

"So have we, father," I managed to gasp out, for what between fright and running I had very little breath left in me; "that is, I saw one; he had a light with him and a gun or something of the sort in his hand; he was coming into the spare bed-room at the top of the house by one door; as I opened the other."

"Then we must both have seen the same one," replies my father, "for I saw my man in that room."

On this we all sat staring into the fire without uttering a word; an awful silence reigned through the house; not a sound was to be heard but the ticking of the clock and the crickets chirping among the cinders. How long this might have gone on I can't say; when, as I was considering what we must do next, a sudden thought struck me and I burst into a roar of laughter.

"What are you grinning about, you fool," says my father, "when we may all be murdered any minute?"

"I can't help it, father," I replied, "it is so funny; I don't believe that there are any robbers in the house at all."

"What do you mean," says he, quite savage, "when you said yourself you saw them?"

"Were you coming in at the door of the spare-room, father, when you saw your robber?"

"I was," he replied.

"And did his light go out all of a sudden?" continued I.

"Well, now you mention it, I remember that it did."

"Then I see it all," I joyfully cried; "'twas me that you saw coming in at the door with cook. The wind blew our candle out; and what I took for a robber was you coming in by the other door; so I was your robber and you mine." For a minute my father sat struck all of a heap, as it were; then he brings his hand down with a slap upon his thigh as though he'd got it at last, and exclaims, "Well! what a precious set of fools we have been, not to see this before; I never heard tell of such a thing in all my life, I really never did;" with that, from sheer delight, we set to laughing until our sides ached again.

"Samuel, my boy!" says my father solemnly, when he'd come round a bit, "never tell your mother about this, or we shan't hear the end of it for many a long day." And I never did.

Here my companion stopped, as though there was nothing more to tell. "But my good friend," I said, "you forget you have not yet informed me what the original noise was that frightened the maids; for I presume you don't still think it was robbers."

"It was never quite satisfactorily explained, sir. Certainly, when Betsey went upstairs the next morning, she found that one of the bedroom-windows had been left open, and the blind flapping about in the wind had knocked over the looking-glass, which was lying

on the floor smashed to bits. Some folk think it was this that they heard; but Betsey swears to this day that there *were* robbers in the house, but that they ran off when they heard us coming upstairs; however, as it was her carelessness in leaving the window open, which caused the whole disturbance, it's only natural that she should prefer that explanation."

SERMO.

SONNET.

DEAR friend, 'tis pleasant in our dreaming hours
 To live our past joys o'er again; 'tis sweet
 To feel, tho' in the flesh we may not meet,
 That many a bygone summer still is ours.
 Again we laugh thro' sunshine and thro' showers,
 Again the heather springs beneath our feet,
 We track the stream, or in the noontide heat
 Rest in the shadow of manorial towers.
 Happy the man whose idlesse, fairly won,
 Is cheer'd by recollections such as these;
 Happier, if still thro' all the smile of one
 Whose form is part of all those memories
 Be near him as he dreams in easy chair;
 Who needs but look, and his life's life is there!

C



PICTURES IN THE EAST LONDON MUSEUM.

ALL who live near London, or who pay occasional visits to their friends there—for who has no London friends?—should, if possible, find time to visit this recently-opened Museum, which at present contains a most interesting loan collection of various articles of *vertu*, such as vases and cabinet work, and a gallery of over 700 pictures, by eminent masters; in addition to an economic department, explanatory of manufactures, and of the preparation and adulteration of natural products.

It is of the pictures that I now propose to speak, thinking that any account of comparatively unknown works by the great masters should be of interest to lovers of the art. I am afraid that many of my criticisms will be unorthodox, and themselves likely to provoke criticism, but I must say what I really think—not what the world says I ought to think. Hardly knowing what would be the fittest order, I have resolved to review the productions of the different schools in succession.

Among the representatives of the Spanish School are eleven fine specimens by Murillo, all upon sacred subjects. No less than nine of these contain a portrait of the Virgin Mary, and the uniformity of expression in her countenance in all of them is remarkable. She has a round face, and an apathetic, moony, sleepy look, as if she were beginning to find her sanctity rather wearisome. Probably the artist employed the same model

for all—his wife perhaps—deeming her of all women the nearest his ideal. (The same practice is adopted at the present day, I fancy, by D. M., the clever *Punch* artist, who further introduces two youthful scions of his house.)

Passing over some, to me, uninteresting portraits by Velasquez, I will notice the Italian and Venetian Schools. Among these we find specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, a formal picture of the “Virgin and Child;” Titian, “a Danae” and an “Europa;” Giulio Romano; Guido; and Canaletto, seventeen of the usual cold leaden-coloured views of Venice. I cannot avoid deprecating the narrow range of subjects chosen by this last-named artist. Nearly all the above are views of the Grand Canal, St. Mark’s Piazza, and the Doge’s Palace. It makes one think the poor man had never been outside his own town, if indeed his own house, and mistook that for the world, as Galatea mistakes the studio of Pygmalion, in the play.

Passing now to the Dutch and Flemish painters, we find eleven specimens of Rembrandt, comprising two portraits of himself and a fine large work representing the “Parable of the Unmerciful Servant.” Another bears the title “A Youthful Negro,” and it is interesting to see what a fine effect is produced, by the painter who, of all others, one might at first think should avoid painting negroes, considering his way of bringing forward the chief objects of interest by investing all others with an almost impenetrable gloom. (In this picture the negro’s head is darker than the background near it; in the portrait of a negress, by Horace Vernet, the reverse is the case.)

Rubens is likewise represented by eleven pictures, some of them mere sketches, and many, as it seems to me, open to objection; there is a coarse pastiness about them, and a blare of red and white. The “Rainbow Landscape” especially, though it attracts the notice of the passing artisans, is, to my mind, a

complete failure. The blue edge of the bow is dark, dirty, and opaque, and the bow is suddenly and completely hidden in parts by light clouds and trees, as if it were many miles off up in the sky; whereas, anyone who will notice a bright rainbow may see it is almost as plainly visible in front of trees as elsewhere.

Other representatives of this school are Berghem, Cuyp, Metz, Mieris, the two Ostades, Paul Potter, Teniers, G. Terburg, Vandyck, Wouvermans, &c., all of whom here shew well their respective styles and peculiarities. A nice little picture of Dutch soldiers gambling, by Teniers, is turned into an absurdity by the introduction of St. Peter's release from prison by the angel, in a back-room.

Similarly Mieris, that introducer of sculptured window panels and unnaturally-sharp-edged vegetables, has spoilt a picture of "Potiphar's Wife," by the grossest anachronisms. Among these are a polished walnut carved seat, with a crimson velvet cushion; damask curtains and tassel; a handsome chased metal cup and flagon on the table; and a King Charles's spaniel on the polished oak floor.

The number of French painters in this collection is very large, as might be expected from its being lent by one who has been styled the Mæcenas of Paris (Sir Richard Wallace).

A landscape and a coast-piece, by Claude, are in his usual manner (black trees, light distances, and solid waves). That fine painter, Paul Delaroche, has contributed fifteen works to this collection. Among these are two grand pictures, of the same size, and placed in symmetrical positions on one screen, with titles "Cardinal Richelieu on the Rhone" and "Cardinal Mazarin's Last Sickness." The latter introduces us to the Cardinal's bedchamber, where are assembled a number of gay lords and ladies, variously occupied with card-playing and scandal-whispering. A sup-

pliant courtier has just entered, and is making a profound bow, which, however, is lost upon the great man, he being engaged at the moment in looking at the whist hand of a beautiful young lady seated near him, who smilingly leans back in her chair to shew it him.

Another by the same artist, called "Idle Scholar," is a fanciful little study. A pouting, meagrely-dressed boy, of some four years old, is resisting his mother's endeavours to turn his attention to a large book, held open before him by another little meagrely-dressed boy of some three years old, whose good general demeanour should have a more potent effect on his recalcitrant senior.

There are six pictures by Ary Scheffer; among them a large one of "Francesca di Rimini," which is very similar in size and conception to the later work on the same subject by Gustave Doré; in each case Virgil and Dante are looking up from the right-hand lower corner, but the figures of Paolo and Francesca are floating along in opposite directions in the two pictures.

"Margaret at the Fountain," by the same artist, arrests the attention at once. Margaret, with her saintly face and blonde hair, gazes right through the spectator into vacancy; she is dressed in rather bright habiliments of scarlet, blue, and buff, and has one hand on her pitcher, which, in her reverie, she fails to notice is already brimming full; two other fair water-carriers are whispering together about her in the back-ground.

There are no fewer than 41 examples of Horace Vernet, all more or less worthy of notice, among which is a wonderfully brilliant picture in black and white, "Review by Bonaparte," though it is unfortunately suggestive of the *Illustrated London News*. The somewhat voluptuous female heads by Greuze recall those pictures in the International Exhibition by B. Amiconi; the faces attain their maximum breadth across the eyes, the eyes themselves being liquid and languishing, if not positively wicked. The most

beautiful face is one with the very inappropriate title of "Sorrow." A higher flight is attempted in "Broken Eggs," which enlists our sympathies at once. A pretty-looking girl sits on the floor beside the basket of eggs which has "had a great fall," spoiling her beauty by the look of cross resignation with which she awaits the storm even now bursting from the lips of a vixenish beldame. This old lady has just rushed in, but is coaxingly held back by a young man, who may have had more to do with the accident than he would care to confess. A youngster in the corner, in rudimentary trowsers, is making off with one of the broken eggs, evidently bent upon turning the misfortunes of others to his own advantage.

The three works by Rosa Bonheur are "The Waggon," a capital group of six horses, three abreast; "Roedeer," an example of what can be done without the use of gaudy colours, the deer here being not very different in tone from the dead brushwood behind them, and everything of a sober colour; and "Highland Sheep," which makes one almost wish that the artist would employ someone else to paint her landscapes, as the grass here seems to have the same woolly texture which is so skilfully represented on the sheep's backs. Here I cannot refrain from remarking that I think our own Cooper should study Rosa Bonheur's style, with a view to getting out of his marbly-like manner, which makes his animals appear to be cut out and pasted against the background, or as though they were viewed through an ideal lens, which brought every object to an exact mathematical focus, destroying all the charm of nature's beautiful blendings.

Passing over some dozen pictures by Watteau, in his proverbial style, we come to the gems of Meissonier, that prince of delicate painters. He seems to know exactly the right point to go to in working out these small pictures. His favourite subjects are cavaliers,

musqueteers, and horses; men stopping to drink at road-side inns, and soldiers carousing or dice-playing. These are wonderfully brilliant, yet true to nature; every touch is correct, yet they have not that offensive introduction of minutiae, that painful cleanness of surface and sharpness of outline, which is so observable in many modern pictures, spoiling even, in my opinion, some of those by Frith and Millais. These pictures are generally appreciated, and, considering mere area of canvas, fetch more money, I believe, than the works of almost any other living painter.

Lastly, we come to the English School. Here we have thirteen pictures by Reynolds, among which may be mentioned "The Strawberry Girl" and "Love me, love my dog," which would make a good pair.

Of the "Strawberry Girl" it is said that the painter himself spoke of it as "one of the half-dozen of original things" he had produced. This young damsel is of quaint appearance, though common-place enough; she is clothed in a sticky-looking pinafore, has a large pottle of strawberries on her arm, and looks capable of herself consuming some "forty dozen on 'em," if they would let her. As for the fruit itself, my inexperienced eye would have taken it either for geraniums or red flannel. Miss Bowles, with her dog, in the other picture mentioned, shews, to my fancy, what the strawberry girl might have been if she had been properly brought up in a genteel family.

There are several pictures by Gainsborough and Wilkie; a good group of three cows under a tree, by Cooper; a "View in Rouen" (water-colour), by Samuel Prout; and an elegant picture by Frith, "A lady bearing wine on a salver."

Next there are four water-colours by Turner. "Grouse-shooting" and "Woodcock-shooting" are well-finished and effective pieces, but scarcely remind one of this painter's style so much as a "Landscape

near Richmond, Yorkshire," where a beautiful effect of sun-light shining over tree-tops and hazy distance is gained. All these are carefully finished; two of them being dated 1809 and 1813.

Finally, for three pictures in this collection we are indebted to Sir Edwin Landseer. One of these is a crayon drawing, "Portrait of a Lady;" another a "Highland Group," consisting of a Scotch shepherd and his "wee wifie," resting on a knoll by the side of a lake (or frith), with a white pony cropping the grass beside them—the open jaws making its head look unusually big about the mouth.

The third picture, "Humble Friend," can hardly ever have been surpassed even by the artist himself. This is a sort of companion to the well-known incarnation on canvas of "Dignity and Impudence." An immense lion-coloured dog, of bloodhound or mastiff breed, lies with head and front paws protruding from his kennel. The giant is dozing after the discussion of a good meal, of which scarcely more than a clean-picked bone is left lying on the ground before him. On the right, a scrubby little black and tan terrier, with damning patches of white about him, stands with uplifted paw, wondering why his *great* friend does not finish off the bone, and hesitating as to whether he dare whisk it away and finish it for him. Over the picture is written "Fed from the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table." One or two scratches about the big dog's nose shew that he hasn't been brought up in a parlour, and the little bit of flesh-colour over his nostrils, as well as the general texture of the hair of both dogs, are marvellously well done. Any enthusiast for art would feel himself richer for having seen this picture alone.

Among the Dutch collection I find I have omitted mentioning two good pictures by Gerard Dow, "Saint Anthony in Prayer" and a "Monk Reading by Candle-light;" also some by Jan Steen, among which is a

"Harpichord Lesson." In this a young Dutch lady is seen, manfully endeavouring to conquer some difficult passage in the rudiments of music; her mouth is open and her whole soul seems strained into an effort to control her stiff unruly fingers, while the shabby old master, rude enough to keep his hat on, half gets up from his chair to point out what is faulty.

In this notice I may very likely have passed over some that are considered the finest works, and attached undue importance to others; yet I trust that what has been said may be not without interest, even to those of our members who are unable to visit the Bethnal Green Museum.

B. R.



LEAVING LUNE.

ADIEU sweet stream, my thirsty soul
Can drink thy cooling waters yet,
Too holy for a vain regret,
Too strong to yield to *my* control.

To dam the current of these tears,
And say that weakness is a sin,
Is but to keep them pent within,
And flood the banks of future years.

Hills! that like mighty monarchs rise,
But bend before the King of kings,
Ye bade me soar from baser things,
And by your reverence made me wise.

With all your breezy joy that fills
The drooping sails of hope to-day,
Oh! bear my spirit far away
To anchor on th' eternal hills.

The thoughtless and the common-place
Delight along thy glades to roam;
But learn no lesson nearer home,
Nor use such loving means of grace.

I blame them not. To count the cost
They seem to have the greater gain;
Calm life, sweet pleasure, and slight pain,
And yet to feel there's something lost!

Now sinks the sun in seas of gold,
In heaven an ev'ning hymn is sung;
Nestles the lark the grass among,
And wind the cattle from the wold.

O! God, Thy works excel our praise,
In wisdom hast Thou made the earth!
And filled with all Thy priceless worth
The measure of our little days!

Once more adieu to Flodden glades,
To Quernmore and to Clougha's Crest;
If life-retirement could be blest
I fain would seek thy sacred shades.

But since within the battle's strife
Our duty lies as soldiers true,
Receding hills, once more adieu!
All hail, the struggles of a life!

J. P. D.



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CONTINGENT
AT THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

WERE I to attempt to write a full, true, and precise account of why and how we went to Wiltshire, what we did there, and what we thought of it and ourselves when we got back, I should probably exhaust the space of this magazine and the patience of its Editor, without the smallest chance of satisfying any or all of my comrades who might perhaps see this article; I must, therefore, premise that I only hope to jot down concisely what I myself saw and took part in, without pledging anyone else in the slightest degree to a share in my opinions or corroboration of my statements.

The best starting point for the narrative, at all events, will be the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, where we assembled at about 3 p.m., on the last Friday in August, for the purpose of receiving our arms and packing our kits. The latter, limited to 9 lbs., consisted in my own case of a spare pair of boots, two flannel shirts, pair of undress trousers, towel, extra stockings and handkerchiefs (the latter not included among military necessities), toothbrush, soap, comb, &c. These, with a knife, fork, and spoon in a patent cloth wrapper, were stowed in a canvas bag with the name of the Corps and the individual number printed on it, which was then left in the Hall to be conveyed among the regimental baggage to the scene of mimic war, while we ourselves were formed up and marched down to the Armoury for our weapons. I had forgotten to mention

the War Office great coats lent by a *Liberal* Government, which we were instructed to roll up and strap into the form of a horse collar and wear Prussian-wise over our left shoulders. After receiving our arms we dismissed for the night, with orders to parade at Somerset House next morning at, if I mistake not, 7 a.m.

Accordingly, at that or some other early hour, might be seen hurrying from all parts volunteers in heavy marching order, and in the uniform of the Inns of Court and Cambridge University to the Court-yard at Somerset House. After half-an-hour spent in properly dressing (not used in military sense) and sizing (so used) the men, we were formed into a half battalion, consisting of two Inns of Court Companies and the Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers, each of about the strength of 22 files, and marched to Waterloo Station, where we found waiting for us single companies of the London Scottish and the Artists. Drawn up on the platform and stowed away in our special, we quickly divested ourselves of our belts, coats, and other encumbrances, and made ourselves comfortable for our railway journey to Blandford *viâ* Southampton. This, with stoppages, took us five hours, and it was nearly 2 p.m. before we found ourselves in line outside Blandford Station. The sun had come out strong after a short shower, and it was warm work, with our great coats round us, to march the four miles uphill to our camp. At the top of the hill we were met by a band, very kindly sent out to meet us by the 50th, which played us in with high honour, but as the wind was from the rear, was unable to aid us in the matter of time of step.

Our arrival seemed to create some interest, and no small number of the regulars turned out to see us pass and criticise our appearance. The Oxford University Corps, who had joined us on our route, were leading; ourselves, No. 2; Inns of Court, 3 and 4; Artists, 15;

Hampshire, 6; Oxford City, 7; and London Scottish formed the rear of the battalion, about 400 strong. Our tents had been pitched for us, and after the duties had been told off, we were dismissed to them and to our dinners, which gave us a favourable impression of our chef, a well-known shot belonging to the Inns of Court, who worked one of Captain Tomkyn's stoves, so well-known in the "Vic's" camp at Wimbledon. That night Oxford furnished the quarter-guard, and the London Scottish the rear-guard; and I, for one, did not sleep so sound as not to hear their challenges ringing out at all hours of the night. I may here state that last post sounded every night at 9.15; lights out, 9.20; and that *reveille* ranged between 4.30 and 6.30 a.m. The picket was composed of three men per company, with two sergeants and two corporals furnished in turn. To-night was my turn, but we were dismissed at lights out, and only told to hold ourselves in readiness in case we were wanted.

Next morning, Sunday, we turned out early and set to work at making ourselves at home to our duties. Boot-blackening and washing in one pail of water per tent (for water here was comparatively *plentiful*) are not quite in concert with our every-day life; but the novelty was upon us in all its freshness, and time passed merrily till the breakfast bugle sounded. After this the new guards—quarter-guard from Oxford city and rear-guard from ourselves—were marched off to relieve the old guards, and at 10 a.m. we assembled for Church parade. This was held about two miles from our tents, and gave us the first insight into the manner large masses of troops are handled. Of the service I can say but little, for the size of the square precluded much hearing, but the sermon was short, and, as far as I could tell, plain and practical. At the end rain began to fall, and compelled us to retire to and keep our tents for the rest of the day, thus preventing a little tent-

pitching and striking practice, which was on our programme. Towards evening it held up, and we were allowed (!!) to dig trenches round our tents (the damage to a cropped clover-field rendering it advisable that the troops should not dig trenches unless heavy rain fell), thus shutting the stable-door after the steed was stolen.

Next morning was fixed for a field day, and, after a little manœuvring into line, we marched off and took up a position as if about to attack our own camp. We were placed in the second line, and heard firing, but could not make much out; we were afterwards told we had engaged an imaginary enemy. At the end of the day we were extended to relieve some skirmishers, and were then told to form up to march past before the Prince of Wales and Sir John Michell, our commander, on Blandford race-down. This we did, our battalion giving general satisfaction apparently, and the double company formed by the two Universities, in spite the difference of uniform, keeping up their credit. Not till the close of this ceremony were our men relieved, having then been on guard upwards of thirty-five hours, a stiffish time for new soldiers.

Next day the Southern army held two field-days, our corps being extended; but, on the approach of the enemy, 'cease firing' was sounded, and all went back, so no chance was given, as promised, of showing our aptitude, if any, for skirmishing. In the afternoon I was on the picket, and consequently only looked on while the tents were being struck and re-pitched, baggage packed and unpacked for instruction and exercise.

Wednesday saw us break up the camp at Blandford and advance against the enemy, whose march, we heard, had been rendered difficult by the rain and mud. We struck our tents and packed our baggage (in somewhat slovenly style, I fear; but the canvas

was wet and the tents new, and we ourselves fresh hands), and fell in, in heavy marching order. Our route, when we were fairly off, led us down a deep winding Dorsetshire ravine, and then through a thick wood, till we again joined the main column. We had marched quick, and had to wait a little time before we could regain our old position; having done which we marched along a good road to a village called Fontmell, about nine miles from Blandford; outside which, in a beautiful field of stubble, we marked out our camp and waited for our baggage. On the other side of the hedge ran a fine stream, cold from the chalk, where we replenished our water-bottles, and refreshed ourselves with a wash. Our baggage had gone by a longer route, but shortly after made its appearance, and the tents were run up and everything put in order smartly. and about 4 p.m. dinner was ready. This consisted (for the first time) of some very tough, half-cooked beef, impenetrable to either knife or tooth, and evoked some not undeserved complaints to the orderly officer of the day.

Over night we were directed to be ready to march at 7 a.m. on the morrow, and an early stir was necessary; again, a smart shower wetted everything as we were turning out, and rendered the stowage of our tents a work of labour (not to mention the pain of chafing the fingers between the wet canvas and the tent bags). When ready to march an order came that we were not to move off for another hour, so, as preparation for a long day, we were kept without shelter from the rain, in heavy marching order, standing about; during this hour several of us formed acquaintance with some of the privates and non-coms. of the 50th (the dirty half-hundred), raised abroad and never till this year stationed in England. The men were very sociable and friendly, but could scarcely comprehend that we were there from no compulsion; they admitted, however, that we were smarter at work

than they had expected, and we told them that they had not yet seen all we should show them, a prophecy fulfilled later on, as I hope to show. The march this day was sixteen or seventeen miles, and lay through Shaftesbury to Fonthill down, on arriving at which our company furnished the quarterguard (of which I was put in charge), strengthened on account of some woods, behind which lay the enemy's camp. Next morning I was arrested by mistake for the sergeant of rearguard on a charge of allowing water to be taken for other than cooking purposes; he was, however, subsequently acquitted. At about 8 a.m. the army paraded without packs, and marched out to give battle, leaving us poor guards in charge of the camp, I am therefore unable to give any but a hearsay account of this Battle of the Wiley. The wind prevented our hearing any firing, as it blew hard directly from us; but towards the afternoon reports got about that we had driven back the enemy, and the guards were to strike the camp and bring up the baggage, as the army would encamp on the field. This last was incorrect, and about 5 p.m. the forces returned in high spirits, our company having forded a stream before Sir John Michell's eyes, and been sent out with great success to skirmish in spite of an obnoxious general order to the contrary. We were relieved from our guard about 7 p.m., having been on about twenty-nine hours, another long guard for the same companies as it had fallen on before; however, we were commended for our vigilance and quickness in turning out to rounds by the *divisional* officer. Our camp at this place was on beautifully soft velvety grass, but was very deficient in water (no washing allowed).

Next day, Saturday, we were told we should camp on the field won the day before, about four miles off, and no ammunition was served out, so we commenced our march, expecting an easy day. To our

surprise we were marched off by a side-way route towards Salisbury, and when four or five miles out told we were to camp near Stonehenge, distant about eighteen miles. Further on we came upon a battery of Horse Artillery captured by the enemy, but not carried off, and an alarm of cavalry on our flanks caused a hasty order for our ammunition to be at once served out. Taking one file I was sent back to the rear for the company ammunition, and so quickly was it managed, that in less than ten minutes the battalion was supplied with 4,000 rounds from the cart, ten per man, afterwards increased to fifteen.

We were at Wilton turned off our line of march and brought by a side-road into the village of South Newton, just before reaching which we were greeted with a rattle of musketry, to which our artillery, skilfully posted on three spurs of a hill behind us, and the 16th Regiment sent out to skirmish, successfully replied. About the village the Wilts Volunteers were formed, and then our battalion was sent out. Oxford were in a valley, so the main attack fell on us, the Inns of Court and the Artists; the Scotchmen and others acting as supports. Up a hill, taking cover in deep turnips, we skirmished, and to everyone's satisfaction the red coats opposed to us fell back; on we pressed, pushing them before us, but on reaching the top of the hill we found some Dorsetshire men, I believe, waiting for us; we fell back as our ammunition was exhausted, to refill our pouches, the Inns of Court Companies, the 50th, and, later on, the Guards taking our place. Our artillery then came up, and we again went to the front, when the 'cease-fire' was sounded, and the umpires retired to consult. It was a beautiful battle, as the extent of country visible lay like a military map, and the lines of red showed well the dispositions of each army. After the decision had been given for us, in spite of an angry protest that Wilton was garrisoned, and that we

ought not to have come through it to turn Walpole's left, we were marched back seven more long miles to the scene of the old fight on the Wiley, where we encamped at quite dusk, thoroughly tired with twenty-three miles of route marching besides the battle. To the credit of the battalion scarce a man had fallen out during this trying day, a strong contrast to the regiments of Militia, Wilts. Volunteers, and Guards, for whom, however, their heavy bearskins and old-pattern knapsacks plead an excuse. The meat had turned with the thunder, and sufficient salt pork not being at hand, no dinner was issued on this day, and nothing but biscuits and cheese eaten in our battalion from 7 p.m. on Friday, till 8 a.m. on Sunday. N.B.—“Playing at soldiers.”

Sunday was a day of rest, broken only by Church parade, after which General Michell addressed the army, complimenting them on having won all the honours, if not always complete victory, and thanking our brigade (Gen. Hardinge's, 50th, Wilts. Vol., 1st Prov. Bat., and 16th) for having, when expected not to finish our set march till 3 p.m., accomplished it and beaten the enemy by 2.30. There had been an idea among our regulars that we should retire on the Saturday, as the Wilts. and Dorset men were allowed to do, so our turning up as fresh as them on the Sunday opened their eyes. Camped on a very rough stubble field I was again in charge of the picket, and our company furnished the rearguard.

On Monday we were roused early, and retired behind our camping ground to a position where the Engineers had been digging some rifle-pits; into these we were turned, and we held them against battalion after battalion of regulars hurled at us, but ordered back. At last we advanced skirmishing to a bank, where we lay down and peppered into them till an umpire was called, who gave us the victory. On this day, and also, though less conspicuously, on Saturday,

our greater readiness in taking cover gave us an immense superiority in the umpire's decisions against regular troops, who advanced firing, standing and kneeling; while we doubled forward and lay down among turnips, and against banks, &c. On the other hand, however, our commanders of sections found it almost impossible to keep the men in hand owing to their eagerness. This battle was fought in heavy though intermittent rain, which cleared up when we commenced a five mile march to Treffont Magna, where we encamped on a close cropped clover field, very stony.

Next morning our battalion was marched off early, with the rest of the brigade, along a narrow valley, lined on one side by the Rifle Brigade extended, and within hearing of a sullen artillery fire. At the end of this lay a village, covering which our left half battalion were extended. Into this village we were marched, and through it rushed a regular stampede of Horse Artillery, Lancers, Hussars, &c. Directly we could file along we retired through it at the double, and were posted behind some hedges and banks, to guard the bridge over the Avon, and road. Along this our troops made their retreat, followed by line after line of the Northern Army, who, the military reporters say, were raked and enfiladed by our artillery on their flank. In front our fire and that of the Rifle Brigade checked their advance, and would probably in actual warfare have done so completely, for nothing but the bayonet could have turned us out of the orchards and osier beds in which we were posted. However, after a little time we retired, firing, up a hill, where our main army had meanwhile taken up an impregnable position between the enemy and London, and detached strong bodies to turn his left. When firing ceased we formed up in presence of the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge, who asked after our well-being, and were told by Sir John Michell that we were

completely successful, and had done very good service in holding the village, for which he thanked us, and said he should look for us on Thursday at the march past. We then marched eight or nine miles through Arnesbury, and encamped at Durrington, with both armies on stubble.

Wednesday was devoted to cleaning ourselves and our equipments. In the morning we had some practice at marching past, which was not very well done; but drill ordered for all volunteers and militia in the afternoon was excused at General Hardinge's request, on account of the reported efficiency of the battalion. In the afternoon I went over to Stonehenge, about two miles off.

Beacon-hill, the scene of the march past, was a long range breaking the dead level of Salisbury Plain, on the edge of which we now were, and an old digging for chalk furnished a natural background for the saluting point; in fact a more perfect arena could hardly be found in the world, and the thick close grass was smooth and velvety, yet afforded a good footing for both man and horse. To reach this point, however, we were taken a round of six miles of very dusty road, thus rendering completely valueless our labours of the preceding day. It was a long and tiring performance, but the sight of the cavalry of both armies in line was exceedingly grand and striking, and the view of the united forces must from the hill have been magnificent. In order to increase the strength of the company I was put in the ranks, so could not see how we marched, but thought hardly as well as at Blandford, but the papers found little or no fault. On returning to camp I had command of the rearguard; and the battalion received complimentary orders from our Brigadier, General Hardinge, and Colonel West.

On Friday morning the two Oxford companies left by an early train, and the guard turned out to present as they marched off. After being relieved we packed

our baggage for the last time, and marched at midday nine miles to Grateley station, the bands of the 50th and 16th playing us out for at least three miles. Some delay occurred in getting us into the train, but we ultimately reached London at 8 p.m. At Waterloo most of our men fell away like snow in spring, only a few marching down to the Temple, where we returned our arms, and exchanged the eleventh part of a tent, with a blanket and proportion of seven waterproof sheets for the luxuries of a hot bath and separate bedroom.

H. P.



CLIO FATIDICA.

“TELL me, Muse, what colour floateth round the
River’s ancient head :
Is it white and black, or white and blue, is it scarlet,
blue, or red ?”
Thus I prayed, and Clio answered, “Why, I thought
the whole world knew
That the red of Margareta had deposed the flag of
blue !
Babes unborn shall sing in rapture how, desiring
Close affinity,
Goldie, rowing nearly fifty, overlapped, and bumped
First Trinity.
I myself was at the Willows, and beheld the victory
won ;
Saw the victor’s final effort, and the deed of daring
done.
I myself took off my bonnet, and, forgetful of my
years,
Patting Goldie on the shoulder, gave him three times
thrice three cheers.
Ne’er, oh ! ne’er, shall be forgotten, the excitement of
that night ;
Aged Dons, deem’d stony-hearted, wept with rapture
at the sight :
E’en the Master of a College, as he saw them
overlap,
Shouted ‘Well rowed, Lady Margaret,’ and took off
his College cap ;

And a Doctor of Divinity, in his Academic garb,
 Sang a solemn song of triumph, as he lashed his
 gallant barb ;
 Strong men swooned, and small boys whistled, sym-
 pathetic hounds did yell,
 Lovely maidens smiled their sweetest on the men
 who'd rowed so well :
 Goldie, Hibbert, Lang, and Bonsey, Sawyer, Burnside,
 Harris, Brooke ;
 And the pride of knighthood, Bayard, who the right
 course ne'er forsook.
 But the sight which most rejoiced me was the well-
 known form aquatic
 Of a scholar famed for boating and for witticisms
 Attic.
 Proud, I ween, was Lady Margaret her Professor
 there to view,
 As with words of wit and wisdom he regaled the
 conquering crew.
 Proud, I ween, were Cam and Granta, as they saw
 once more afloat
 Their veteran *ψυχρολούτης*, in his "Funny" little boat.
 Much, I ween, their watery spirits did within their
 heart's rejoice,
 As they listened to the music of that deep and mellow
 voice.
 Ah! 'tis well, to sing of boating, when before my
 swimming eyes
 Baleful visions of the future, woes unutterable rise.
 All our palmy days are over; for the fairer, feebler sex
 Has determined every College in succession to annex ;
 And before another decade has elapsed, our eyes
 shall see
 College Tutors wearing thimbles o'er convivial cups
 of tea.
 For 'golden-haired girl-graduates', with 'Dowagers
 for Dons,'
 Shall luxuriate in Trinity, and domineer in 'John's.'

Then instead of May Term races in the science grand
 of rowing,
 There'll be constant competition in the subtle art
 of sewing.
 Soon the modern undergraduate, with a feather in
 her hat,
 Shall parade the streets of Cambridge, followed by
 her faithful cat.
 From Parker's Piece and Fenner's shall be banished
 bat and wicket,
 For crotchet work and knitting shall supplant the
 game of cricket,
 Save when'er a match at croquet once a Term is
 played at Girton
 By the Members of "the College" and the Moralists
 of Merton.
 Then no tandems shall be driven, and no more
 athletic sports,
 Save fancy balls and dances, shall appear in "Field"
 reports,
 And instead of 'pots' and 'pewters' to promote the
 art of walking,
 We shall have a silver medal for proficiency in
 talking.
 Lady scholars, to whom Latin is all Greek, shall
 wield the pen ;
 Wranglers fair shall daily wrangle, who no Mathe-
 matics ken.
 O ye gallant, gallant heroes who the River's head
 have won,
 Little know ye what an era of confusion hath begun.
 I myself shall flee from Cambridge sick at heart and
 sorely vexed,
 Ere I see my University disestablished and unsexed."
 Thus she spake, and I endeavoured to console the
 weeping muse,
 "Dry your tears, beloved Clio, drive away this fit of
 blues.

Cease your soul with gloomy fancies and forebodings
to perplex ;
You are doing gross injustice to the merits of your sex.
Know you not that things are changing, that the Earth
regains her youth,
Since Philosophers have brought to light the one
primeval truth ?
Long have all things been misgoverned by the foolish
race of men,
Who 've monopolized sword, sceptre, mitre, ermine,
spade, and pen,
All the failures, all the follies that the weary world
bewails,
Have arisen, trust me, simply from the government
of males.
But a brighter age is dawning, in the circling of the
years
Lordly woman sees before her new 'ambitions,' new
careers ;
For the world's regeneration instantaneously began,
When Philosophers discovered the inferior claims of
man.
With new honours Alma Mater shall eternally be
crowned,
When the Ladies march in triumph, and her learned
seat surround ;
Then a nobler race of students, and of athletes shall
arise,
Students fair who thirst for knowledge, athletes true
who 'pots' despise.
It is well for thee, sweet Clio, at their harmless tastes
to sneer,
At their love of cats and croquet, their antipathy to
beer ;
But so soon as every College has surrendered to the
fair,
Life up here will be perfection, we shall breathe
ambrosial air ;

For the problem of past ages will be solved, and we
shall find
The superior powers of woman both in body and in
mind.
She shall teach us how to study, how to ride, and run,
and row,
How to box and play at cricket, how the heavy weight
to throw,
How to shoot the trembling pigeon, how the wily rat
to slay,
How at football and at racquets, how at whist and
chess to play,
How to drive the rapid tandem, how to jump, and how
to walk,
(For young women, trust me, Clio, can do something
more than talk)
How to climb the Alps in summer, how in winter time
to skate,
How to hold the deadly rifle, how a yacht to
navigate ;
How to make the winning hazard with an effort sure
and strong,
How to play the maddening cornet, and to sing a
comic song ;
How to 'utilize' Professors, how to purify the Cam,
How to brew a sherry cobbler, and to make red-
currant jam.
All the arts which now we practise in a desultory way
Shall be taught us to perfection, when we own the
Ladies' sway.'
Thus I spake, and strove by speaking to assuage sweet
Clio's fears ;
But she shook her head in sorrow, and departed
drowned in tears.

ARCULUS.



GERMAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

IT is a strange thing that members of the English Universities as a rule know little or nothing concerning their great rivals abroad; that many—I may say the majority of Englishmen, especially public school men—are ignorant of the German language, may perhaps account for this; but I fear insular pride has far more to do with it, coupled with the doctrine, “that unless ye come from Oxford or Cambridge ye cannot be ‘Varsity men.’” The Universities in Germany are teaching and degree-granting bodies, in some cases examining centres as well, though, as a rule, the examinations for the degree are a mere form; in some there is an optional one by which higher testimonials may be obtained. There are no wearisome matriculations, little-goes, generals, or place-hunting triposes, through which the English student wades to his degree, to say nothing of compulsory College examinations and other burdens; but, free to follow his own chosen career, the German applies himself to one subject, and here lies the secret of his success in special branches of learning. The English Universities are a mixture of school and University; the mass of men require a higher school education, only a small number really are fit for Professors’ lectures, and this fault lies with our great and leading schools, which are very inferior to the Gymnasiums of Germany both in their range of subjects and method of teaching. I think one

sentence will explain all: “No German is considered educated, or even goes to school, without learning *thoroughly* French and English;” and this opens out to him an immense store-house of learning completely closed to the so-called well-educated Englishman. Having passed through his school, the German enters on his student’s life, that is, he takes lodgings in some University town, pays a nominal fee, has the rules read out to him, shakes hands solemnly with the Director, and so becomes inscribed. The terms are long, generally from October to August, with a week at Christmas, and perhaps three at Easter. His lectures, too, generally employ half his day; for two hours is the usual time allotted for a discourse, and though this seems a very wearisome proceeding, I can only say that in all the lectures I have ever attended, the time seemed to have gone without my knowing it. And here I may remark *en passant* that lecturers and professors in Germany are chosen for their powers of teaching and a thorough knowledge of their subject—not for having been a place higher in a stiff examination than someone else, and that an empty lecture-room leads to a new professor. Then to help him in his studies he has a fine library open to *every student all day*, and whence he can obtain books. Should he be a scientific man, fine collections and useful apparatus are at his disposal; cases are opened, and specimens may be freely handled; no flattening of noses against glass—that is purely a British custom. At Freiberg there are minerals which have been handled and examined by students ever since the days of the illustrious Werner, and they are quite as good as those in that national monument of red tape—the British Museum. The lectures generally begin at seven or eight in the morning, and go on to six or seven in the evening—an hour being free in the middle of the day for dinner.

The typical German student, I mean the creature with a long pipe, long hair, spectacles, small cap, strips of plaster all over the face, and a red nose, is a rare animal except in English books and pictures. The University men of Germany are of all sorts, just as here; the majority are lazy, or of mediocre abilities, only a few men in each University really work hard; but then there are so many seats of learning in Germany—I think nearly thirty, containing between twenty and thirty thousand students—that the minority would equal either of our Universities in size, and this is exclusive of the Polytechnics, a class of school almost entirely wanting in this country, and whence many a famous name has sprung.

The amusements of the student abroad are few; he has his gymnastic exercises, billiards, and fencing. In all German Universities there exist "Corps," *i.e.* small knots of men bound together in brotherhood to defend and help one another, and to maintain the honour of their body. There is great rivalry between these "Corps," and frequent "mensurs" or matches with the "schläger" or straight German sword. The body is protected, only the face and head being the objects of attack; much skill and practice is required, very slight injuries come from it, and altogether it is a harmless amusement. This is the "terrible duelling" we hear so much of in England. These clubs have their sets of rooms where they fence and meet to drink beer with their friends about once a week; this is called a "kneipe." The President sits at the head of the table and enforces the rules, which are very ancient and numerous. The proceedings are enlivened with songs; not of the "Champagne Charlie," and music hall type, but with the words by Schiller, Goethe, Arndt, and the music of Fincke, Beethoven, Himmel, and other first-rate authors. Sometimes the singing is very beautiful, especially when the formal "kneipe" is over, and each student sings in turn or

part-songs are given. I have never in my whole experience of German students heard a coarse or low-class song; on the contrary, some of the finest part-singing in the world, and most beautiful solos may be heard after the words "kneipe ex" are pronounced. The beer rules are very strict, and oblige a man to drink at least ten glasses during the evening. The students are divided into two ranks, the "Füchse" and the "Bürschen;" the former answering to our term "Freshman," the latter term comprises the men of more than one year's standing; the Bursch can make the Fuchs drink as much beer as he likes, and do many other things for him, but the Fuchs can always obtain redress from a council of Bürschen. As a rule they are far more polite in speaking to one another than we are in England, for the least expression of disparagement leads to a challenge; to call a man "a stupid fellow" is a serious matter; but this is dying out very much now. University men have many privileges: they may wear a sword; commissions are given them very easily; and, above all, when they get into a "row" and are condemned to imprisonment, they serve their term in their own private "Carcer," as it is called. This is generally a room somewhere in the University buildings, and is usually beautifully frescoed; here, with a barrel of beer and tobacco unlimited, the condemned enjoys himself and treats his friends, though often this is not allowed; but bribery and corruption will soon be as good in Germany as in England, thanks to American and British travellers, who spoil everybody and everything wherever they go, and are doing their best to make a trip abroad impossible to men of small means. Every person who is not inscribed on the books is called a "Philister," and they are very much looked down upon by the students, as being far below them in education and position; and this is *pretty true*, for most men go either to the Universities or the Polytechnics. The cost of

living is very low, and the fees merely nominal, for the Prussian government encourage education in every way, and scientific men head the list of honours in all professions. Under our system men like Humboldt are impossible to create; whoever in England heard of a scientific man becoming a cabinet minister? and yet in Germany this is not such a very rare thing. The every-day life of a student is very monotonous; he rises early and breakfasts off rolls and coffee; then, except dinner, he works all day, and in the evening sups with a lot of others in the students' "restaurant," for there is generally one particular house frequented by them; here, cards, beer, and tobacco pass some of the evening, and he either sits up and works or goes to bed early, and this goes on for nearly ten months in the year; this simple life, varied by an occasional visit to theatre or concert—for most of them are capital musicians—fills in his time completely, and enables him to get through work that would stagger men in this country. Under our system I wonder we ever turn out good men; under theirs, much as they do, I think more might yet be done. The English student is quicker than his German confrère, but he seems to lack the plodding, untiring work which marks the German. By this, of course, I mean the working bee, for there are just as many drones abroad as there are at home; these the workers call the "bummellers" or bummers (American), or the men who flaunt about and do nothing. The Americans have adopted their expressive term from the German students, and I have often noticed that a great many of their slang expressions are borrowed from the same source.

I hope in this slight sketch to have shown how utterly different are the ideas of a German and an Englishman as to what a University should be; here it far more resembles school life, for in Germany a man is entirely free; he has only to keep his terms—

a very little does that—and to learn as much as he can, and here he indeed possesses enormous advantages over us, for many reasons.

First and foremost stands the fact that no professor is appointed until he has distinguished himself in that particular branch which it will be his duty to work and lecture on; a man cannot take his degree and walk into a lectureship because he passes an examination or has a close fellowship, but he must go and begin as master in a school or as an assistant until his reputation as a teacher is made, then some University will call for him, even should he be a non-university man. In learning there is true free trade in Germany, the Universities will have the best men, and the highest bidder in honours wins; for a German scientific man cares little for money and lives in a most simple and quiet way. Then when he has got his lectureship he must keep it by work. If men do not attend his discourses and say, "I cannot learn from him—he is useless to me," he gets placed *en retraite*, as has just happened to a very celebrated man, who became lazy, and would only lecture occasionally; by these means the high standard of teaching is preserved. Next comes the fact that the subjects are so split up, that no man has one too large for him. For example, here in Cambridge we have one Professor of Geology, in Berlin they have a separate chair for each of the four divisions of that science; so for Law, one lecturer for each sub-division, down even to Mining Law. Next, the terms are longer, the lectures frequent, and of two hours' duration. Now, take for example a man here going in for any subject, he gets, say four hours' lectures per week, for at most six months in the year; in Germany he would get at least three per week of two hours each, from October till August, and these special and not general courses; the man who wants general courses must go back to the

Gymnasium or public school for them. Then he has a free library, and magnificent collections some of them are, with reading-rooms attached; where almost every nation is represented by its chief and latest works, filled with maps and plans; from this assemblage he can obtain books, etc., on loan without any trouble. The same munificence applies to scientific collections and apparatus. I have even seen men allowed to take rare and valuable things home with them for the purposes of study—not just back to his College, for there are none, but perhaps some way off by rail.

Perhaps those who read this will think I am dreaming; but what has been done already is a trifle to what will be later on. An immense revival of learning is spreading over Germany; the grant for education is doubled this year, and next to the army is the highest charge in the budget of the new Empire. New schools, especially for scientific purposes, are springing up in all directions; the new Polytechnic (applied science school) at Aix-la-Chapelle is a most splendid building, and others like it are in course of erection. Under the fostering care of Prince von Bismarck, who marked well what science has done for Germany, a sound scientific education is becoming the basis of knowledge, as tending to make men accurate and thoughtful. The mathematics (which after all are only a branch of science) taught in the "prima" of a Gymnasium, and the papers set in examination, would astonish a good many people here, and this year the standard is to be raised; as the Director of one of the Universities said to me, "We mean to raise the standard and cheapen or abolish fees altogether;" and on the first of October this year this was doubtless carried out in part. Then, too, examinations are to be instituted to confer high degrees, and to raise the "Ph. D." out of the mud. I saw the proposed schedule for one of them, and can only describe it as three

tripoes rolled into one; but then a man was expected to pass in only one subject with its branches, and that was bad enough. They always do all they can to prevent the acquirement of a superficial knowledge, and to drive a man deep into one special subject. The ages of men there is very much the same as here, though they appear to be older from the habits of letting their hair grow and of wearing spectacles. In conclusion, let me beg some of our wanderers to visit some of the leading Universities of the greatest nation of the day, and see how immeasurably superior they are to us in teaching and sound learning. There, too, they will see what are the antiquated fetters which hold us enthralled, and prevent our equalling, nay, surpassing them, even in this their great revival. But take my advice: under any circumstances, learn German thoroughly; for now, more than ever, the man who knows it not is blind to half the literature of the world.

VON HAHN.



OUR CHRONICLE.

ISSUING the 44th Number of The Eagle, the Editors desire to express their satisfaction at the increased supply of articles sent in during the present Term. They hope that they are justified in inferring from this that greater interest is felt by Members of the College in the welfare of The Eagle, and that next Term they may be able to chronicle a recurrence of this advance on the apathy occasionally evinced in former years. In a circular issued in the present Term, they called attention to the small proportion which the number of Undergraduate Subscribers bears to the total. It is hoped that in future there may not again be need for a similar appeal.

The following were elected to Fellowships on November 4 :

Frank Watson, B.A., 4th Classic, 1870.

Charles Edmunds Haskins, B.A., 3rd Classic, 1871.

W. Spicer Wood, B.A., 30th Wrangler and 17th Classic, 1871, 2nd class Moral Science Tripos, 1871, 1st class Theological Tripos, 1872, and Carus Prizeman.

Robert Rumsey Webb, B.A., Senior Wrangler, and 1st Smith's Prizeman, 1872.

The College Living of Brinkley, Cambs., vacant by the death of the Rev. G. F. Holcombe, M.A., has been accepted by the Rev. F. D. Thomson, M.A., Fellow.

Prof. W. G. Adams has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, M.A., has been elected Professor of Latin.

The Rev. B. M. Cowie, B.D., formerly Fellow, has been appointed to the Deanery of Manchester.

The Rev. W. E. Pryke, M.A., has been appointed to the Head-Mastership of the Royal Grammar School, Lancaster.

L. H. Courtney, M.A., Senior Fellow, has been appointed Professor of Political Economy in University College, London.

R. W. Genese, B.A., has been appointed Vice-principal of the South Wales Training College.

The sad news of the death of Mr. Thomas Moss, M.A., late Fellow, has caused the deepest grief among all who knew him. A short memoir will appear in the next number.

Two Fellows of the College, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Pendlebury, made an ascent of Monte Rosa by a new route in the Long Vacation, thus achieving the chief mountaineering exploit of the year.

The Examination for Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions will be held on December 17 and following days.

Mr. Wace having resigned his post of Permanent Editor, Mr. Hudson has succeeded to it; the vacancy thus caused has been filled by the election of E. Kelly.

The following University distinctions have been awarded to Members of the College :

Browne Medal for Latin Ode—T. E. Page.

Chancellor's Medal for English Poem—T. E. Page.

Browne Medal for Greek Epigram—E. B. Moser.

Carus Greek Testament Prize—W. S. Wood, B.A.

First Whewell Scholarship for International Law—H. S. Foxwell, B.A.

May Examination. Third Year—First Class.

Gurney.	Garnet.	Adams.
Hicks.	Ruston.	Bell.
Johnson, J. M. }	Hoare.	Roughton.
Reeves. }	Alston.	

Second Year—First Class.

Barnard.	Stubbs.	Dibdin.
Clarke, H. L. }	Beckett. }	Burn.
Elliott. }	Middlewood. }	Peter.
Reynolds.	Logan.	

First Year—First Class.

Body.	Easther.	Wise.
Lamplugh.	Baker.	Haviland. }
Burnside.	Punshon.	Moss.
Tillyard.	Mosley.	Dorey. }
McLaren.	Carr.	Winch. }
Wellacott.	Batten.	Kelley.
Clough.	Hildyard. }	Cox. }
Brooke.	Middlemist. }	Wing. }
Milne.	Platt, H. E. }	Hutton. }
Knightly.	Langley.	Noch. }
Henderson.	Brooking. }	Adams, A.
Marshall. }	Ohm.	
Slack. }		

The following have been elected to Scholarships :

Third Year—Hoare, Reeves, Roughton, Ruston, Wills, Yule.

Second Year—Barnard, Clarke, H. L., Elliott, Freese, Moser, Reynolds, B., Sollas, Stubbs.

Proper Stipends—Beckett, Burn, Canham, Waller, McLaren, Wellacott, Milne, Knightly.

Exhibitioners.—Alston, Body, T. Adams, Bell, Williams, Logan, Gurney, Hicks, Page, Lees, Allnutt, Lamplugh, J. M. Johnson, Reeves, Garnet, Ruston, Whitfield, Newbold, F. H. Adams, Haslam, Finch, Oddie, Woolley, Freese, Moser, Barnard, H. L. Clarke, Elliott, B. Reynolds, Beckett, Middlewood, Gardner, Burnside, Tillyard, Scott, Clough, Brooke, Henderson, Marshall, Peter, McLaren, Wellacott, Dibdin, Cunyngame.

Greek Testament Prizes—1, F. H. Adams; 2, T. Gardner.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The Fifth Concert was given in the Guildhall on May 20. The Hall was full, and the Concert was successful in every way. The pieces performed were Dr. Garrett's 43rd Psalm, Macfarren's May Day, and Choruses from Saul, besides minor pieces. Unfortunately Mrs. Dunn

was suffering from a severe cold, but Miss Ferrari was kind enough to sing a solo in her stead. The Officers of the present Term elected are:

President:—R. Pendlebury.
Treasurer:—H. S. Foxwell.
Secretary:—F. J. Lowe.
Librarian:—F. E. Colenso.

Committee:
B. Reynolds.
J. Bonnett.
A. H. Roughton.

The Society now meets for practice every Friday, at 7 p.m., in Lecture Room B, 1st Court.

BOAT CLUBS.—*Lady Margaret*.—The Long Vacation Scratch Fours were rowed on August 9. They were started abreast up the Long Reach. Seven boats started. The winning crew were:

C. H. Halliday (<i>bow</i>)	3 M. H. Pugh	G. Cooper (<i>cox</i>)
2 M. Middlewood	W. Burnside (<i>stroke</i>)	

A General Meeting of the L. M. B. C. was held on Friday, October 18. The Officers elected for the Term were as follows:

President:—Rev. E. W. Bowling.	Secretary:—E. E. Sawyer.
1st Captain:—P. J. Hibbert.	3rd Captain:—W. E. Koch.*
2nd Captain:—H. D. Bonsey.	4th Captain:—W. Carless.
Treasurer:—R. Merivale.	Questionist Captain:—H. G. Willacy.

* This gentleman afterwards resigned and W. Burnside was elected as 3rd Captain.

The University Fours commenced on Thursday, Nov. 7. The boats entered were 1st Trinity, 3rd Trinity, Lady Margaret, Sidney, St. Catharine's, and Jesus. The L. M. B. C. were drawn the first day with St. Catharine's, and won. On the second day they drew a bye. On the third they rowed in the final heat with 1st Trinity, and were beaten. The L. M. B. C. crew were as follows:

	st.	lbs.
F. Harris (<i>bow</i>)	10	6
2 E. E. Sawyer	12	5
3 H. D. Bonsey	12	12
P. J. Hibbert (<i>stroke</i>)	11	0

These races caused additional interest from the fact that they were the first rowed on the Cam with sliding seats and no coxswains. E. E. Sawyer steered the L. M. B. C. Four admirably from 2.

The race for the Colquhoun Sculls commenced Thursday, November 14. There were 12 entries. Four heats of three were rowed on Thursday. The winners were: Close, 1st Trinity; Hoskyns, Jesus; Dicker, L. M. B. C.; and Saunders, 2nd Trinity. On Friday, Close was drawn against Dicker, and Hoskyns against Saunders. The first race, as was expected, was very exciting, Close finally winning by about 2 seconds. Hoskyns beat Saunders. On Saturday the two remaining men rowed, Close coming in first by a hundred yards.

The L. M. B. C. October Term Scratch Fours came off on Wednesday, November 20. The winning crew were;

F. E. Colenso (<i>bow</i>)	3 H. D. Bonsey	H. Rooper (<i>cox</i>)
2 J. Livesey	P. J. Hibbert (<i>stroke</i>)	

THE MAY RACES.—Fine weather ushered in and continued throughout this most auspicious week, and in consequence the banks were unusually well lined with a throng of enthusiastic spectators. The first night our second boat began by rowing over, a bump being made in front of them. The first boat followed by doing the same, in spite of the prophets who foretold her downward career.—On the Tuesday the lower boat effected its bump. At starting, the position of our boat in the first division literally hung on a thread, as bow caught his oar in a rope which the First Trinity coxswain had just let go, and before we could manage to get clear Third Trinity were within half-a-length of us. As soon as we started, however, we gradually shook them off, and by Grassy were well away.—The third night both boats rowed over, our first boat getting within shot of 'First' above the bridge. The crew not being aware of this at the time, a signal was agreed upon for the future. A policeman's rattle was to be used, instead of the whistle, which was found insufficient for the occasion.—The fourth night our second boat made another bump, but our first boat did not succeed in approaching 'First' as close as on the former night.—On the fifth night, a day to be remembered in St. John's, it was determined to use all endeavours to obtain the post of honour, and for this purpose our Captain procured the services of an omnibus to take his crew to the starting-post. A good start was effected by both boats, but it was soon apparent that the efforts of the previous nights had told on our gallant rivals. Up the Plough Reach our boat gained at every stroke, and just before Ditton-corner the whistle was heard, and shortly after rounding it the rattle was sprung, and infused such an amount of new life into the crew, that in four strokes the desired end was achieved, amid the most frantic shouts and cheers.—The last night resulted in a quiet row over. The rejoicings in St. John's baffled description. The following is a list of the order of the boats, the brackets indicating the bumps:

SECOND DIVISION.			
May 20th.	May 21st.	May 22nd.	May 23rd.
15 St. Catharine	St. Catharine	St. Catharine	St. Catharine
16 Clare	Clare	Clare	Clare
17 Trinity Hall 2	Trinity Hall 2	Trinity Hall 2	Trinity Hall 2
18 Corpus 2	Corpus 2	Corpus 2	Corpus 2
19 III Trinity 2	III Trinity 2	III Trinity 2	III Trinity 2
20 Magdalene	Pembroke	Pembroke	Queens' }
21 Pembroke }	Magdalene	Queens' }	Pembroke
22 Queens' }	Queens' }	Magdalene	Caius 2
23 Peterhouse }	Caius 2	Caius 2	Magdalene }
24 Caius 2 }	Peterhouse }	L. Margaret 2	L. Margaret 2 }
25 L. Margaret 2	L. Margaret 2 }	Peterhouse }	I Trinity 4 }
26 Jesus 2	I Trinity 4	I Trinity 4 }	Peterhouse }
27 I Trinity 4 }	Jesus 2	Jesus 2	Jesus 2
28 Sidney 2	Sidney 2 }	Downing	Downing
29 Trinity Hall 3 }	Downing }	Sidney 2 }	Trinity Hall 3 }
30 Downing }	Trinity Hall 3 }	Trinity Hall 3 }	Sidney 2

FIRST DIVISION.

<p>May 20th.</p> <p>1 I Trinity 1 2 Lady Margaret 1 3 III Trinity 1 4 Trinity Hall 1 5 Corpus 1 6 I Trinity 2 7 Jesus 1 8 Emmanuel 1 9 Sidney 1 10 King's 11 Caius 1 12 I Trinity 3 13 II Trinity 1 14 Christ's 15 St. Catharine</p>	<p>May 21st.</p> <p>I Trinity 1 Lady Margaret 1 III Trinity 1 Trinity Hall 1 Corpus 1 I Trinity 2 Jesus 1 Emmanuel 1 Sidney 1 King's I Trinity 3 Caius 1 II Trinity 1 Christ's St. Catharine</p>	<p>May 22nd.</p> <p>I Trinity 1 Lady Margaret 1 III Trinity 1 Trinity Hall 1 Corpus 1 Jesus 1 I Trinity 2 Emmanuel 1 Sidney 1 King's I Trinity 3 II Trinity 1 Caius 1 Christ's St. Catharine</p>
<p>May 23rd.</p> <p>I Trinity 1 Lady Margaret III Trinity 1 Trinity Hall 1 Jesus 1 Corpus 1 I Trinity 2 Sidney 1 Emmanuel 1 King's II Trinity 1 I Trinity 3 Caius 1 Christ's St. Catharine</p>	<p>May 24th.</p> <p>I Trinity 1 Lady Margaret 1 III Trinity 1 Jesus 1 Trinity Hall 1 I Trinity 2 Corpus 1 Sidney 1 Emmanuel 1 King's II Trinity 1 I Trinity 3 Caius 1 Christ's St. Catharine</p>	<p>May 25th.</p> <p>LADY MARGARET 1 I Trinity 1 Jesus 1 III Trinity 1 I Trinity 2 Trinity Hall 1 Corpus 1 Sidney 1 Emmanuel 1 King's II Trinity 1 I Trinity 3 Caius 1 Christ's St. Catharine</p>

THE CRICKET CLUB.—The Club had a very successful season under F. C. Cursham, nine matches having been played, of which we won five, and four were drawn, losing none. The list of officers and principal scores of the first three matches appeared in our last Number; the following were afterwards played:

St. John's v. Jesus.—St. John's 157; Jesus 114. Won by 43 runs. J. M. Batten scored 47, R. W. Wickham 31. These two pulled the match out of the fire, being the only large scorers. G. Young took 5 wickets; T. Maile 3 wickets.

St. John's v. κ. τ. λ.'s.—St. John's 226; κ. τ. λ.'s score lost. This match was won. H. Strahan scored 22, T. Micklem 34, J. M. Batten 35, J. A. Platt 24, R. W. Wickham 32. Our bowling analysis was lost with their score.

St. John's v. Perambulators.—St. John's 119 and 209; the Perambulators 144 and 42 for 3 wickets. Match drawn. T. Latham scored 25 and 20, H. Strahan 36 and 15, F. C. Cursham 14 and 47, J. M. Batten 6 and 70, J. A. Platt 0 and 22. F. Tobin played against us and made 48 out of their 144. T. Maile took 4 wickets; J. M. Batten 5 wickets.

St. John's v. Incogniti.—Incogniti 61 and 108; St. John's 182. Won in one innings and 13 runs. F. Tobin scored 24, F. C. Cursham 51, A. Batchelor 31. In the two innings of the Incogs G. S. Raynor took 7 wickets; G. Young 6 wickets; and J. M. Batten (2nd innings) 4 wickets.

St. John's v. Etceteras.—St. John's 173 and 179 for 4 wickets; Etceteras 187. H. T. Wood (his only match) 63 and 67 not out, F. Tobin 8 and 62, G. S. Raynor 36. Raynor got 5 wickets; T. Maile 3 wickets. The match was drawn.

An Eleven of Trinity v. An Eleven of St. John's.—(Several of the best of each College being absent). St. John's 130 and 240; Trinity 110 and 107 for 8 wickets. Match drawn. A. Simmonds (his only match) scored 51 and 21, T. Micklem 18 and 21, J. M. Batten 0 and 80, H. Strahan 29 and 11, A. Batchelor 6 and 46. In the 2 innings of Trinity Maile took 8 wickets; Batten 5 wickets; Young (in 1st innings) 4 wickets.

The Long Vacation Club played about eight matches, in which G. Young was nearly always the principal scorer, with such scores as 60, 42, 40, and 28.

The bowling analysis was so often imperfectly kept during the May Term that we cannot make it up. If we could, it would show of how great service were G. Young, G. S. Raynor, T. Maile, and J. M. Batten in winning our matches. Raynor played in the University Eleven against Oxford at Lords.

Result of Matches.—Matches played 9, won 5, lost 0, drawn 4; all played at Cambridge in April and May, 1872.

OPONENTS.	S. J. C.		OPONENTS.		Won by
	1st inn.	2nd inn.	1st inn.	2nd inn.	
<i>Matches won.</i>					
v. Corpus College	238		35	57	1 innings and 146 runs.
v. Clare College	102				120 runs.
v. Jesus College	157		114		43 runs.
v. κ. τ. λ.'s	225		score	lost	
v. Incogniti	182		61	108	1 innings and 13 runs.
<i>Matches drawn.</i>					<i>Remarks.</i>
v. Caius College	205	222*	144		* for 3 wickets.
v. Perambulators	119	209	144	42*	* for 3 wickets.
v. Etceteras	173	179*	187		* for 4 wickets.
v. Trinity	130	240	110	107*	* for 8 wickets.

The following generally played in the Eleven:

	Number of Innings.	Times Not out.	Total Runs.	Average.
F. C. Cursham	10	0	258	25 $\frac{8}{10}$
F. Tobin	6	0	229	38 $\frac{1}{6}$
T. Latham	12	0	244	20 $\frac{3}{4}$
H. Strahan	12	0	178	14 $\frac{7}{12}$
J. A. Platt	7	1	110	18 $\frac{1}{7}$
R. W. Wickham	7	0	80	11 $\frac{3}{7}$
J. M. Batten	11	1	271	27 $\frac{1}{11}$
A. Batchelor	5	0	121	24 $\frac{2}{5}$
T. Micklem	13	4	299	33 $\frac{1}{13}$
T. Maile	9	2	70	10
G. Young	11	4	64	9 $\frac{1}{11}$
G. S. Raynor	5	0	60	12

(Univ. Eleven)

A. Simmonds played against Trinity, making 51 and 21. H. T. Wood played against The Etceteras, making 63 and (not out) 67. W. H. Fawkes, J. D. Cochrane, E. Morse, and J. T. Carter, played occasionally.

The following are the Officers and Committee for next season :

<i>President</i> :—Rev. E. W. Bowling.		<i>On the Committee and to act</i>
<i>Captain</i> :—T. Latham.		<i>as Sub-treasurers :</i>
<i>Secretary</i> :—J. M. Batten.		W. H. Fawkes.
<i>Treasurer</i> :—G. S. Raynor.		J. A. Platt.

VOLUNTEERS—B Company. The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on November 20th, and was won by Sergt. H. Percival.

The Roe Challenge Cup for Recruits was shot for on November 26th, and won by Private Lowe.

Lieut. Roughton and Ensign Willacy being about to resign their commissions, the following have been elected to supply the vacancies thus caused: Sergt. H. Percival to be Lieut., Corp. F. H. Stubbs to be Ensign. The former was elected to represent the Company on the Shooting Committee in place of Lieut. Roughton.

PAVILION FUND.—The fund for building a Pavilion and Lodge in the Cricket Ground, for the use of all members of the College, was started in February, and now amounts to £200 in addition to the £500 given by the Racquet Court Company.

The building would have been commenced in the Long Vacation but for the strike in the building trade, which will also increase the expense to at least £800.

The plans are now in the builder's hands and the contract will shortly be made; a circular will then be issued stating the exact amount required.

Subscriptions received up to 6th inst., to the amount of £195. 4s., have been acknowledged by a printed list; another will be issued next Term.

The Committee wish especially to thank the College Servants, who have subscribed among themselves £10. 14s.

The Committee of the Cricket Club will be assisted by the Committee of the Racquet Court Company in the application of the money.

FOOTBALL CLUB.—A meeting was held on October 15, when F. H. Adams resigned the Captaincy, and H. F. Pinder was elected. The matches played have been:

November 1st—*v.* Harrow Club; won. Mitford kicked a goal, and Pinder obtained two touchdowns; Harrow nothing.

November 4th—*v.* University; drawn. University penned us, but obtained nothing. On the same day our second XII. was defeated by one goal by the University, in spite of the efforts of Hawtrey, Oliver, and Price.

November 6th—*v.* Christ's; won. Busk obtained a goal, Oliver two touchdowns, Hawtrey and Lees each a touchdown; Christ's nothing.

November 11th—*v.* Corpus; lost. Corpus got a goal and a touchdown to one goal kicked by Longworth for us. Corpus were one man short the whole time.

November 21st—*v.* Jesus; won. Adams kicked a goal, Adams and Micklem scored a touchdown each to nothing.

November 26th—*v.* University; drawn, neither sides obtaining anything; some good tries at goal, however, were made for us.

A second XII. were victorious against the U. F. C. on the same day, by a touchdown (Gurney) to nothing, although we played one man short.

The first XII. have been chosen from :

Adams, F. H.	Hibbert	Micklem
Busk	Lees	Mitford
Ellen	Lloyd	Pinder
Gurney	Longworth	Oliver
Jerdwine	Maclaren	Wace
Hawtrey	Manisty	Woosnam

ATHLETICS.—*Freshmen's Sports.*—The following members of the College distinguished themselves: T. M. Hicks, from Harrow, won the 100 Yards in 10½ sec., and the 120 Yards Hurdle Race in 19½ sec. W. H. Fawkes won the Mile in 4 min. 50½ sec., for which race C. Jackson was second. These gentlemen are both first-class long distance runners, and we hope to see them in the Inter-University Sports, especially as the residence of our late President (E. Hawtrey) is drawing to a close, whose gallant struggle for the 3 Miles against Benson, of Oxford, will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see it. We can now congratulate him on a sprint triumph, he having won the 200 Yards University Handicap at the Freshmen's Sports.

The College Athletic Club held their meeting on the 18th and 19th Nov. The prizes were arranged as last year, namely 1st prize £2, 2nd prize £1. The prizes and expenses were exactly covered by the amount received for subscriptions and entries. The Club gave a £5 5s. Cup for a Handicap Strangers' Race of 300 Yards, for which the large number of 40 entered, and after four trial heats the race was finally won by A. Webber, of St. Catharine's, who received 20 yards start, by two feet only, the following being all very close together: A. A. Barker, Trinity, 20 yards; R. Philpot, Trinity, scratch; A. W. Brodie, Sidney, 3 yards; and E. J. Davies, Pembroke, 9 yards. Time 31½ sec.

The Officers and Committee were as under:

<i>President</i> :	A. J. C. Gwatkin.
J. D. Cochrane.	P. J. Hibbert.
<i>Secretary & Treasurer</i> :	W. E. Koch.
H. L. Pattinson.	F. W. Henstock.
<i>Committee</i> :	F. H. Adams.
E. Hawtrey.	E. J. Burges.
T. Latham.	E. A. Stuart.

An abridged account is given below. The Committee regret that the number of entries was not larger, for which they cannot account, the events being mostly very open, and the prizes better than they have ever been till last year. The penalties on former winners will be increased next year and made cumulative.

Hundred Yards Race. Six started, 7 entries. 1st Heat: Hicks, 1; Grasett, 2. 2nd Heat: Cochrane and Pattinson, w. o. Final Heat: Hicks, 1; Cochrane, 2. Won by 2 yds.; time $10\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Throwing the Hammer. Six entries, 3 threw. Littleton, 92 ft. 2 in., 1; Mitford, 72 ft. 5 in., 2; Webb, 0.

Two Hundred Yards Handicap. Sixteen entries, 9 started. 1st Heat: Koch, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yds., and Lloyd, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yds., w. o. 2nd Heat: Barlow, 10 yds., 1; Pattinson, 5 yds., 2. 3rd Heat: Cochrane, 2 yds., 1; Agnew, 6 yds., 2. Final Heat: Pattinson, 5 yds., 1; Barlow, 10 yds., 2. Won by a yard; time $21\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

High Jump. Five entries, 3 jumped. Cochrane, owed 1 in., 5 ft. 3 in., 1; Armstrong, 5 ft., 2; Hardy, 0.

Quarter-Mile Race (Open to the Rifle Corps only, for a Challenge Cup). Fuller, 1; Purdon, 2. Won by 3 yds.; time 65 sec.

Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle Race. Seven entries, 3 started. Latham, 1; Waldo, 2; Koch, owed 3 yards, 0. Koch only lost second place by falling at the last hurdle: $19\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Putting the Weight. Littleton, owed 6 in., 37 ft. 7 in., 1; Pattinson, 30 ft. 4 in., 2. The University representative had naturally no difficulty.

Three Hundred and Fifty Yards Handicap. Eighteen entries, 10 started. Latham, 4 yds., Jaffray, 16 yds., ran a dead heat; Gwatkin, scratch, 3. A splendid race. Gwatkin, Brodie, Hawtrey, and Grasett finished very close to the winners; time $40\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Mile Race. Ten entries, 7 started. Jackson, 1; Jeudwine, 2; Fawkes, 0; Yardley, 0; Brodie, 0; Burford, 0. A great race was expected between Fawkes and Jackson, who were respectively 1st and 2nd in the Freshmen's Mile, but Fawkes proved not to be in form, as he was unable to get past Jackson 200 yards from home, and the latter came away and won as he liked. Fawkes disdaining second place stopped and let in Jeudwine, Yardley was third; time 4 min. 55 sec.

Walking Race, Two Miles. Three entries, 2 started. Wilcox, 1; Latham, 0; Wilcox walked well, seeing which Latham retired at $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Wilcox completed the first mile in 9 min. 58 sec.; the second mile was not timed. Dicker unfortunately arrived too late to start.

Hundred and Twenty Yards Handicap. Eighteen entries, 9 started. The final heat was won by Gwatkin from scratch; Hicks, 1 yd., and Harris, 11 yds, making a dead heat for second; time $12\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Throwing the Cricket Ball. Four entries, 3 threw. Raynor, 86 yds. 2 ft., 1; Webb, 2; Platt, 0.

Quarter-Mile Race. Seven entries, 6 started. Latham and Pattinson ran a dead heat; Hawtrey, 3; Brodie, 0; Grasett, 0. This was a very fine race, Hawtrey being only a foot behind the dead-beaters, and the others close up; time $53\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Long Jump. Eight entries. Koch, owed 4 in., 18 ft. 9 in., 1; Raynor, 17 ft. 8 in., 2.

Half-Mile Handicap. Nineteen entries, 10 started. Lloyd, 46 yds., 1; Armstrong, 55 yds., 2. An excellent race between these two (both Freshmen), the rest nowhere; time 2 min. 3 sec.

Two Mile Race. Five entries. Jackson, 1; Yardley, 2; Burford, 3. Won easily by 50 yards; time 10 min. $49\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Consolation Race, 300 Yards. Won by Brodie.