

THE EAGLE.

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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.



NOOR JEHAN.

EVERY reader of English poetry knows the name of Noor-Mahel (The Light of the Seraglio), on account of the incident in her life immortalised by the poet Moore. Every reader of Oriental literature knows her by her title of Noor Jehan, (The Light of the World). Poets have sung the praises of her voluptuous charms, painters have tried to reproduce them, and historians have filled volumes with the life of that Eastern Queen, whose beauty, courage, and rare talents, made her the chief power in a mighty Empire.

From the cradle to the grave there is around her life the halo of romance. A few hours after birth she was covered over with leaves and left by her parents on the roadside to perish—famine having overcome parental affection. A merchant, belonging to the caravan to which they were attached, saw the child as he passed by the road, and taking compassion on it resolved to adopt it as

The child's mother became its nurse, and by this means the merchant became acquainted with the history of the family, and when they reached India, the father, through his influence, received an appointment at the Court of the great Akbar.

The infant picked up by the road-side grows up, and, on account of her beauty, receives the title of

Mher-ul-Nissa, the Sun of Women. One day Selim, the Prince Royal, the magnificent son of Akbar, visits the father, and when the wine cup was passing round, the ladies, according to custom, were introduced in their veils. Mher-ul-Nissa is fired with the ambition to conquer the son of the Great Mogul. Her singing, and the poetry of her motion as she danced before him, enraptured the prince. As he gazed, lost in admiration, at that supple form and majestic gait, he tried to imagine what charms were hid beneath the veil. Then, as if by accident, it dropped, and Mher-ul-Nissa shone upon him in the full splendour of her beauty. Her delicate cheeks glowed with well figured confusion, her soft black eyes stole his heart away, and her ready wit secured the prize.

The Prince demanded her in marriage, but she is already betrothed to a Turkoman nobleman of great renown, and Akbar insisted that his son's passion should be no bar to the union. Mher-ul-Nissa is married to Shere Afkun, who wisely takes her away from the court into the province of Bengal. The husband, who stood between her and a throne, was one of the paladins of Eastern chivalry, and the deeds imputed to him are only to be paralleled in the pages of romance.

On the death of his father, Selim mounted the throne and assumed the modest titles Abulmozuffur Noureddeen; Mohammed Jehangir, or the Father of Victory; the Light of Religion; Mohammed the Conqueror of the World. He tells us in his memoirs he changed his name because it was liable to be confounded with that of the Cæsars of Rome. By Cæsars of Rome, the King no doubt meant Emperors of Turkey.

Jehangir, now that he was the Emperor, determined to gratify his guilty passion. He recalled Shere Afkun to the court, but his rival was too high-minded to yield his spouse to the King, and too powerful and

popular to be openly got rid of. Native historians relate the different stratagems he resorted to, to effect his object. Accounts differ as to how Shere Afkun met his death. The most creditable one is, that on his return to Bengal, on the occasion of a visit to the Viceroy of that province, the Turkoman noble, in a paroxysm of rage, at an insulting proposal to give up his wife, stabbed the governor to the heart, and was immediately dispatched by the attendants.

Noor Jehan was removed to Delhi, but disappointment awaited her there. Jehangir refused to see her, whether it was remorse—a quality he was not much acquainted with—or a new favourite that led him to this decision we know not. He ordered the worst apartments in the Seraglio to be set apart for her, and a small miserable pittance to be allotted for the maintenance of herself and her attendants. The woman's natural talents came to her rescue. She was endowed by nature with exquisite taste, and had acquired great skill in the art of painting. She now devoted her time in painting silks, in making pieces of embroidery and tapestry, and in the invention of ornaments to adorn her sex.

The handiwork of Noor Jehan became the rage and fashion among the ladies of the Court. The produce of the sale she devoted to adorning her apartments and her slaves. She herself dressed simply, but her attendants were clothed in the richest tissues and brocades. How well the widow in disgrace could write epigrammatic verses, how she could excel in painting, and how skilful she was in designing, became the great topic of conversation at Court, and her fame reached the ears of the monarch. His curiosity was aroused, and one day he entered her apartments unexpected and unattended. He had ordered her the worst apartments and he was astonished to find that she had made them the most

elegant and refined. Noor Jehan lay on an embroidered sofa, in a plain muslin dress.

O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork Nature.

Around her sat her slaves at work, robed in the costliest brocades. Slowly she rose and received the Emperor with the usual ceremony of touching first the ground and then the forehead with her hand. She spoke not a word, but with eyes fixed on the ground she stood before him. Jehangir gazed at the picture before him, lost in admiration at that superb shape and voluptuousness of mien, so impossible for fallen man to resist. There was power and majesty in her beauty and grace. For some minutes Jehangir did not recover from his confusion; then he sat down on the sofa, and asked Mher-ul-Nissa to sit down by his side. The first question he asked, "Why this difference between her appearance and her slaves?" She replied, "Those born to servitude must dress as it shall please those whom they serve. These are my servants, and I alleviate the bondage by every indulgence in my power; but I that am your slave, oh Emperor of the Moguls, must dress according to your pleasure and not my own." The clever sarcasm pleased Jehangir. He folded her in his arms, and his old love for her returned with greater force, and he ordered next day a magnificent festival to be prepared for the celebration of his nuptials with Mher-ul-Nissa. Her name was also changed by an edict into Noor Mahel, or the Light of the Seraglio. It was afterwards changed from Noor Mahel into that of Noor Jehan, or Light of the World. A new coinage was struck in her name, and the following poetical royal mandate was issued: "By order of the Emperor Jehangir gold acquires a hundred times its value by the name of the Empress Noor Jehan."

Over the Great Mogul Court and the Emperor the new

Empress held supreme sway. In the following terms does her Royal spouse write of her: "Of my unreserved confidence the Princess is in entire possession, and the whole fortune of my Empire has been consigned to this highly-esteemed family, the father being comptroller of my treasury, the son my generalissimo, and the daughter the inseparable companion of all my cares." By her taste, which she exercised to such advantage in the days of adversity, she improved the displays of that sumptuous Court. Sir Thomas Roe, who arrived four years after her marriage, and stayed two years, gives a quaint but interesting account of the Court life of Jehangir and the barbaric splendour.

The Emperor wished to know whether the presents sent to him from England would consist of jewels and precious stones. The Ambassador shrewdly replied that his master did not think of sending jewels to a Monarch so well supplied with them, but rather to send him what would be considered rarities in India, such as excellent artifices in painting, carving, &c. The Great Mogul was afterwards presented with two knives, two forks and six tumblers, and a portrait of Mr. Smith, Director of the East India Company. The Emperor wished to have a horse sent to him from England. The Ambassador hinted the great difficulty of bringing one so vast a distance; but Jehangir, with great common sense, suggested that if six were put on board one might survive.

We are sorry to find the Emperor opening Sir Thomas's packages, and saying that some embroidered cushions and a barber's case had taken his fancy, Sir Thomas would not be so cruel as to deprive him of them. Then there was a glass case, so mean and ordinary, Sir Thomas would not be so mean as to ask for it. The procession of this same Monarch is thus described: He was arrayed in cloth of gold; his sash was wreathed about with a chain of large pearls, rubies, and diamonds; his sword and buckler were

studded with great diamonds and rubies; about his neck he wore a triple chain of pearls, so great, says Roe, as I never saw; at his elbows, armlets set with diamonds; and on his wrist, three rows of diamonds of several sorts. A ring was on almost every finger; and buskins adorned with pearls on his feet. His head was covered with a Turban, adorned by a ruby as big as a walnut on one side, a diamond as large on the other, and in the centre an emerald, shaped like a heart, larger still. He drove in a coach, received from England, drawn by four horses, and driven by an English coachman, "as rich as any player, but more gaudy." Behind the royal carriage came three palanquins, plated with gold and bordered with rubies and emeralds and a fringe of large pearls a foot deep; Next followed a footman, bearing a footstool of gold; then an English coach, with Noor Jehan inside; after a country carriage, containing the Emperor's younger sons; and then about twenty spare elephants, with trappings "so rich that they braved the sun." Fifty more elephants bore the ladies of the harem, who were carried in cages like parakitoes; a train of noblemen on foot complete the procession. The way to the camp lay through a lane formed by two rows of elephants, everyone with a tower on his back, or clothed with velvet or cloth of gold.

Sir Thomas describes a drinking bout of the Emperor's, at which he was present. The Monarch, clad in diamonds, pearls, and rubies, sat before a table of gold, on which were placed the flagons of wine. Roe was presented with a cup of gold, with a stand and cover, set over with turquoises and rubies, which he was desired to drink off three times to the Emperor's health, and keep the cup as a present. The Ambassador supped the liquor, but found it the most potent stuff he had ever tasted, so that it made him sneeze; whereupon, the Monarch laughed, and said he might drink as much as he liked and no more. Jehangir then

threw a quantity of rubies and gold and silver almonds amongst the company, and a very edifying scramble then took place among the grandees. The drinking and romping continued, till at last his Majesty could no longer hold up his head, but lay down to sleep, and then the party broke up. Next morning, if any of his companions were incautious enough to allude to the night's debauch, the Monarch would insist on knowing where it took place and who were engaged in it. No one dare remind him of his own share in it, and he would proceed to pass sentence on the convicted culprits, some to be fined heavily, others to be whipped so severely that sometimes they died from the effects of the punishment. Roe speaks of him as a good-natured easy man, but we cannot endorse this opinion. One of his favourite pastimes was to witness the execution of criminals condemned to be trampled to death by elephants. Soon after his accession to the throne, on quelling an insurrection headed by one of his own sons, he caused seven hundred of the rebels to be impaled in a row, and then he made his son be led along the line of writhing victims to receive, as he grimly said, the homage of his servants.

In the year 1618, after a long and successful Premiership, Noor Jehan's father died, and his daughter proposed, as a proof of her affection, to perpetuate his memory in a monument of solid silver. The Imperial architect hinted that the material might not prove the most durable. "All ages," said he, "are full of avarice, and even the Empire of the house of Timur, like all sublunary things, is subject to revolution and change." She was convinced, and to the memory of her father erected a magnificent fabric of marble and stone, which to the present day bears the name of *Aclamad-ul-Dowlas*.

The Vizier was succeeded by his son Asaph Jah, and for many years brother and sister governed the country in consort, until diverse ambitions and domestic

complications separated them. Noor Jehan bore the Emperor no children; but she had one daughter, the offspring of her former marriage, who became the wife of Sharear, the fourth son of Jehangir. To secure the succession to her daughter's husband became the great object of the mother's life; but the Emperor's eldest son, Prince Khurran, had received the title of Shah Jehan, or King of the World, and had been nominated successor to the Emperor. Shah Jehan had espoused her brother's (Asaph Jah) daughter, Montaza Zemanu, the most exalted of her age. It was over her was erected that tomb unparalleled for beauty and purity—the Taj; the most gorgeous romance of wedded love.

Shah Jehan, knowing that the Empress was using all her skill and influence in plotting against his succession, raised a formidable rebellion, which, however, was crushed by the valour and generalship of Mohabut Khan. The successful commander suffered the fate of most successful commanders under a despotic government: instead of receiving reward for his services, he became an object of jealousy to the Empress. He was ordered to appear at Court to answer to a charge of malpractices in Bengal. He obeyed, but he proceeded to Court escorted by five hundred faithful Rajpoots. On reaching there he found the Emperor was in camp. When he drew near the camp he heard that his disgrace was determined upon; so he made up his mind to execute a bold scheme, no less a one than to gain possession of the Emperor's person. The Imperial army lay encamped on the banks of the river at the end of the bridge on the high road to Cabul. At dawn the advance guard began to move over the bridge, and was gradually followed by the remainder of the troops. The Emperor stayed in the old camp. When the greater portion of the army had crossed, Mohabut suddenly advanced with his Rajpoots, burnt the bridge, and dashing into camp took the Emperor prisoner. The Sultana managed to make her escape to the army

on the other side of the river. Next morning she led the Royal forces to the rescue of her husband. Long and bloody was the battle. But in all that mighty host there beat no stouter heart than hers. Placing herself at the head of her army she orders the elephant on which she was mounted to be driven into the stream. Fierce was the conflict that ranged around the animal. Her little grand-daughter seated in her lap was wounded, the driver slain, and at last the beast, maddened by its wounds, turns round and brings her safely back to the other side. She was safe, but the battle was lost; and Noor Jehan finding there was no hope of rescuing the Emperor, voluntarily joined him. Mohabut ordered her to be placed under close surveillance, and not to have access to her husband. He also persuaded the Jehangir to sign her death warrant. She was told her doom, and heard it without emotion. "Imperial Sovereigns," said she, "lose their right to life with their freedom; but permit me for once to see the Emperor, and to bathe with my tears the hand that has fixed the seal to the warrant of my death." He granted her request, and she was brought before her husband in his presence. Time had not destroyed her beauty, and it shone with additional lustre through her sorrow. She spoke not a word. Jehangir burst into tears. "Will you not spare this woman, Mohabut?" said the Emperor, "you see how she weeps." The conqueror made a chivalric reply, "The Emperor of the Moguls should never ask in vain." At a wave of his hand the guards retired, and she was restored to her former attendants.

She made use of her freedom to gain her husband's release, and by a cunning stratagem effected her object. She summoned all feudal contingents for muster, and so increased her own. She held a review of her troops, and so manœuvred them as to separate the Emperor from the Rajpoot guard by which he was attended, and to close around him. From that

moment he was free. This was the last great act in that chequered career.

Jehangir expired in 1627, in the sixtieth year of his age and the twenty-second of his reign, and was interred in the mausoleum he had prepared for himself at Lahore. After her widowhood Noor Jehan fixed her residence at Lahore, wore no colour but white, and withdrew from public life, finding some employment for her wealthy leisure in designing and building a magnificent tomb for herself adjoining her husband's.

G. W. F.



EXETASIS.

"ὁ ἀνεξέταστος βίος οὐ βιωτὸς ἀνθρώπῳ."—*Plat. Apolog. Socr.*

All hail to the perfect idea
By Plato and Socrates taught!
All hail to the one Panacea
For making man's miseries naught!
For pestilence, murder, and famine,
Our nostrum's a remedy sure:
Examine! Examine! Examine!
'Tis a perfect infallible cure.

While in juvenile minds, fresh and plastic,
Ideas are beginning to shoot,
Let a love of the art "Exetastic"
Be sown in their hearts, and take root.
Give them papers on "bricks," and require 'em
To know all about Noah's Ark:
"Who was Noah?" and "Who was King Hiram?"
Be *sure* every answer to mark.

When the boy has already his pony,
And rides across country to hounds,
Or shoots the wild partridge and cony,
The parent wise questions propounds:
"Come, tell me the history natural
Of the horse, and the rabbit and hare;"
And many more questions collateral
Are asked, and all marked with due care.

If you've girls, let 'em tell you what regions
 Silk, muslin, and cotton produce;
 And pose them with papers in legions
 On dolls—their invention and use.
 Or, if you distrust your own knowledge,
 Despatch them as students to Merton,
 Or else to the feminine college,
 Which frowns on the summit of Girton.

A new age is dawning serenely,
 An era of sweetness and light,
 For "Exetasis," graceful and queenly,
 Is routing the darkness of night.
 Fat Crambe, and fair Competition,
 The steps of the goddess attend,
 Proclaiming her glorious mission
 To examine mankind without end.

Prime Ministers bow down before her,
 Right glad that their school days are o'er;
 Professors in silence adore her,
 And lay at her feet all their lore:
 Examiners scattering papers,
 Beseech her their questions to bless;
 While, bearing funereal tapers,
 Pale candidates hurrying press.

Universities, Physic, and Science,
 The Law, and the Church, and the State,
 In the Goddess declare their affiance,
 Proclaim her "the Good and the Great."
 But at times, amid vows of devotion,
 From the hungry competitive crowd,
 Comes a voice, like a dirge from the ocean,
 The wail of the plucked and the ploughed.

But Exetasis, Juggernaut-fashion,
 Drives o'er the pale victims her coach;
 She utters no word of compassion,
 She breathes not a word of reproach.

Ah! happy are they whom she "passes!"
 Unhappy are they whom she ploughs!
 Thrice happy to whom in three classes
 She marks of high honour allows!

While thus the grim goddess advances,
 There gleams through the darkness a light,
 As when a swift ship gaily glances
 Through waves phosphorescent by night.
 Crass Ignorance flees from her splendour,
 With Indolence, Folly, and Sport;
 Pale Learning and Wisdom attend her,
 With Intellect, Culture, and Thought.

All hail to the glorious era,
 Which now on our darkness has beamed!
 No longer is now a chimera
 The dream which old Socrates dreamed:
 For Questions and Answers we cram in,
 Disgorged ere the cram we forget;
 Examine! Examine! Examine!
 And Earth will be purified yet.

ARCULUS.



EREWHON.

AMONG the most notable books of the past year were two works which excited a considerable amount of interest by the novelty of their speculations in ethics and politics, and by the slight esteem they bestowed on some of the most widely spread principles of modern civilization. They were "The Coming Race" and "Erewhon." It is on the latter we propose to offer a few remarks to the readers of the Eagle. As the Author is understood to be a member of our College, the book is surely an appropriate subject for notice in the College Magazine.

"Erewhon" is distinguished from the "Coming Race" by the greater prominence it gives to moral and religious questions as compared with political theories: and many of the established beliefs and accepted traditions of the present time. It is destructive rather than constructive: for the Erewhonian order of things is evidently not an ideal Utopia, but rather a caricature of the existing social fabric of modern Europe, and especially of England.

The most original and striking idea in the book is the inversion of the ordinary conceptions of disease and crime among the inhabitants of Erewhon. In Erewhon, it seems, men regard disease as we do crime, and *vice versâ*; consistently health takes the place of moral virtue, and people are esteemed rather for possessing a good physique and freedom from bodily ailments than for being endowed with every moral excellence.

The people of Erewhon hold that a man's moral character is beyond his control, depending partly on the qualities he has inherited from his parents, and partly on the training he has received in childhood. Rather arbitrarily they refuse to extend this theory to physical qualities: regarding not only ailments which a man contracts by his own neglect or vicious indulgence, but also a bad constitution and sickly frame, as criminal, and deserving of punishment. This is brought out in one of the most amusing chapters of the book, in which an Erewhonian trial is described at length. The prisoner is charged with the heinous crime of pulmonary consumption—an offence till lately punishable with death. The judge, in pronouncing sentence, tells the prisoner that it is not his first offence, and that he had led a career of crime. "You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis last year: and I find that though now only twenty-three years old, you have been imprisoned no less than fourteen times for illnesses of a more or less hateful character. There is no question of how you came to be wicked: but only this, are you wicked or not? This has been decided in the affirmative, neither can I hesitate for a single moment to say that it has been decided justly. If you tell me that you had no hand in your parentage or education, and that it is therefore unjust to lay these things to your charge, I answer that whether your being in a consumption is your fault or no, it is a fault in you; and it is my duty to see that against such faults as this the Commonwealth shall be protected. You may say that is your misfortune to have been criminal; I answer that it is your crime to have been unfortunate." The consumptive criminal is sentenced to hard labour for life, with the merciful alleviation of two table-spoonfuls of castor oil daily.

An equally undisguised satire on the nominal belief and actual practice of society is contained in the chapter on the musical banks and the Ydgrunites; the

former representing the churches, and the latter the worshippers of Ydgrun (Mrs. Grundy.)

Under the name of "Colleges of Unreason," the author makes an onslaught on Classical and Mathematical education; but though some of his remarks on this head are acute and forcible, the satire is on the whole somewhat heavy and trite: there is, too, a good deal of unfairness and exaggeration. The latter part of the book is mainly occupied with professed extracts from "The Book of the Machines," a work which caused the destruction of nearly all machinery in Erewhon some 500 years ago. The reasoning is subtle and ingenious, but protracted to a tedious length. What the import of the whole may be seems rather obscure. It appears to us that it is a perfectly serious application of the Darwinian theory of evolution to what we call inanimate things. The author ingeniously shows that a steam-engine possesses nearly all the signs of life that a man does; it takes food and consumes it by heat, it requires air and water, &c. This book produced such an impression in Erewhon, that in fear of the ultimate defeat and extermination of man in the struggle for existence by the fully developed "machine," it was resolved to nip the menaced evil in the bud, and by a universal destruction of machinery prevent the occurrence of such a lamentable result. But we speak with diffidence as to the author's meaning; for he says in a note to a later edition "none of my critics have understood the meaning of the chapter on the machines."



THE BOOK OF SUNDIALS.

"THE Book of Sundials collected by Mrs. Gatty" is an exhaustive compilation of this peculiar and interesting branch of literature, for it is to their mottoes that the attention of the authoress has been chiefly directed. Sundial mottoes have much solid morality in them, and in such small space that they have always attracted attention; pithy, terse, suggestive ejaculations about time, light, and eternity, they are all worth having and knowing; short and sensible, concentrated and pointed relics of the practical moralizing of our forefathers. What more beautiful notion can be found in any line than

"Horas non numero nisi serenas,"

which occurs on a dial at Cawder, near Glasgow? This motto is by no means rare, nor is it confined to one language, being found in Latin also at Sackville College, East Grinstead; at Aldeburgh, Leam, Frome, Farnworth, Arley, at Campo Dolcino, and near Venice; in English

"I only mark bright hours."

at Kiplin Hall; and again in the language understood of the people at Genoa

"Segno solo le ore serene."

There is a distinction to be noticed between the inscriptions on Sundials and those on bells: Church bell mottoes are frequently *long* and *rhyming*, those

on dials very seldom so, and unless it happens to be a very good one, a sundial motto never occurs more than once in a locality.

The scarcity of dials is singular, very few village churches or market-places have them now-a-days, and where they do occur many an opportunity is lost of cramming the moral pill down the people's throats for ages. It is amusing to see how the pill is frequently made a little more palatable by mild punning, or alliteration, or some such figure which catches both eye and ear, for instance :

"Fugit hora, ora :"
The hours flies, pray.

At Catterick and Gilling :

"Fugio, fuge :"
I fly, fly.

At Elleslie :

"Lex Dei, Lux Diei :
Lux umbra Dei :"
The law of God is the light of day ;
Light is the shadow of God.

At Rugby and Great Smeaton :

"Dies Deum Docet, Disce :"
The day teaches a God, learn.

At Barmston :

"Sine Sole Sileo :"
I am silent without the sun.

At Nice, Pino, and Alghers :

"Tempora Tempore Tempora :"
Moderate the times in time.

At Vian :

"Mox Nox"
Soon night.

At Elsworth, and near Dennington, in Suffolk, and others, "Mox nox" is nearly that which Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott adopted in Greek, the former

upon the face of his watch, the latter on a pedestal dial near the house at Abbotsford.

"ἔρχεται γὰρ νύξ,"

In Mrs. Gatty's book it is not easy to say what she has missed, the collection is so very complete :

"Vide, audi, tace :"

See, hear, and say nothing ;

is not likely, however, to be a sundial motto, it is Masonic, and therefore it is not surprising that the position of it is not identified.

"Memento Mori :"

Remember to die,

occurs at Eaglescliff, as well as at Croft and Monthey.

"Sic transit gloria mundi :"

So passes the glory of the world,

is on a pillar dial at Burlington Quay, as well as at Fountains, Louth, Elleslie, S. Just, and Pomier.

"Hora Pars Vitæ :"

An hour a part of life,

is on Skirbeck old Church, as well as at Brading.

"Watch, for ye know not the hour,"

occurs at Harvey, and at Ormesby (St. Margaret) Norfolk, as well as at Ecclesfield ; it is also inscribed upon the Clock of Burgh le Marsh Church.

"Pereunt et Imputantur"

is found at Thornhill, as well as at Gloucester, the Temple, All Souls, Oxford, Lincoln, Bamborough, Kilderick, Exeter (on the clock), Elleslie, and Rotherham.

"Semitam, per quam non revertar, ambulo,"

is not merely a reference to Job xvi. 22, but a quotation from the Vulgate (v. 23). It occurs at Lavagna.

"Learn to value the time"

is on a dial at Brighouse, with the date 1816, or something very much like it.

ΚΑΙΡΟΝ ΓΝΩΘΙ:

Know the time,

is on the *South* transept, not North, at Ely. And

“Ut hora sic vita,”

at Old Ormesby in Yorkshire, is not on the Church, but upon the middle house of a row upon the main road-side.

The book is written rather as if it contained all that can be said upon the poetry, morals, and humanity of dials, but the alphabetical arrangement of mottoes and the disjointed notice of each makes it rather a burdensome task to wade through.

There are notices of 85 remarkable dials which have no inscription, some of them (as that of Ahaz) are historical, some in common use (as the pocket dials of the peasants of the Pyrenees, which are cylinders of wood, upon which a gnomon is fixed, according to the season), and some are erected upon the shortened mortuary cross in a churchyard here and there.

It is a peculiar thing that the motto, which is supposed to be the most hackneyed of all expressions of thought about time, viz., “Tempus fugit,” is seldom used; it occurs on Burlington Abbey Church, at Handsworth, Kirk Braddan, and Ossington, but the same thing is expressed in other words many times, *e.g.*

“Tempus volat.”

“Eheu, Fugaces!”

at Sedbury and Welwyn.

“Fugit hora,”

near great Ouseburn.

“Fugit, si stas,”

“Sic vita fugit,”

“Concito gradu,”

“Cito præterit ætas,” &c.

But one set of mottoes conveys a hint which shall incline to rest this poor rambling account of an ex-

cellent book upon a difficult subject, upon the happy completion of which all true lovers of patient work should congratulate Mrs. Gatty heartily; the set is:

“Allez vous,”

brought by a Dutch vessel to Dartmouth.

“Go about your business,”

at Kilnwick-on-the-Wolds.

“Begone about your business,”

at High Lane, near Disley, in Cheshire.

It seems exceedingly curious that sundials should have gone out of fashion, when they are so cheap, and work without attention, and when they offer such scope for ingenuity, and are so interesting as monuments of the skill and knowledge of their contrivers. That sand glasses and water clocks should die out is not surprising, but that sundials should follow them is a singular instance of the whimsical changes men make as they advance in civilization.

W. L. W.



A MOORLAND MORNING.

O SWEET it is upon the moors
This merry spring-tide morning
When Nature opens all her stores,
And in the sun's adorning
The hazy meadow-lands, ray-kiss'd,
Show colours soft and tender,
And dappled cloud and rolling mist
Are clad in royal splendour.

And hark! high up the spreading blue
A hundred larks are singing,
While woodlands flashing all in dew
With joyous song are ringing.
The deep-voiced blackbird calls; the thrush
Makes answer from the dingle,
And far and wide in general gush
Ten thousand voices mingle.

The crested lapwing walleth shrill
Amid the sunlit ether,
And from his mountain source the rill
Runs purling thro' the heather.
Sweet is the music that he makes
Far down the steep descending,
Loud-singing to the leafy brakes
A song that has no ending!

Here, where in hollows dark and deep
His utmost strength he musters
Some rocky bar to over-leap,
The primrose blooms in clusters;

Here too with fronds all green and fresh
The long ferns form a border,
And mosses hang in tangled mesh
Like tresses in disorder.

There, like a band of sunny gold
Stretch'd far away beyond us,
The furze-tufts, blooming bright, unfold
Their blossoms, and surround us
With waxen-scented odours sweet
That tempt the bees to plunder;
While, springing light beneath our feet
The heath buds freshly under.

There's something freer in the sight
Of this wild mountain Flora,
That earliest wins the dawning light
Of rosy-lipped Aurora,
Than in her richer sister's gleams
And hair of rainbow glories
Imprison'd 'mid the reeking steams
Of close conservatories.

O! one may roam with Nature here
And listen to the voices
Wherewith thro' all the varied year
She evermore rejoices,
Until each daily earth-born care
Seems lost in endless distance,
And all our senses breathe an air
Of glorified existence.

And if woe come, as come it must,
With tears and pain and sorrow,
Intruding on our daily trust
With bodings of to-morrow,
Where 'mid the petty thoughts of men
Shall present help be found us,
Like that which Nature's genial pen
Writes everywhere around us?

Happy who on her aid rely:
 Thro' labour and endurance
 She heavenward trains the steadfast eye
 To hope and calm assurance.
 The world may offer sweets that cloy,
 Deceived and still deceiving,
 Be ours the never-failing joy,
 Of loving, and believing!

C.



INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE subject of female education is rapidly rising into importance among the questions of the day. Whatever odium the Woman's Rights party may excite by laying unwelcome claim to the political suffrage, few will now be found to deny that, whether a right or not, education is a boon which it is wise to grant to the weaker as well as to the stronger sex.

It is natural that in a University, which is a place of education, the spreading movement for the improvement of women's education should be warmly supported. Let me enumerate the useful organisations which are growing up around us, so quietly as to be almost unobserved, but which are all doing good work, steadily devoted to this object.

The University in its corporate capacity has now for some years undertaken to examine girls at the Local Examinations, in exactly the same way as boys; and in addition, whole girls' schools are now submitted to the ordeal of an examination, conducted officially by members of the University. The chief good that has been effected by this has been to expose the shallowness of the instruction previously prevalent.

Nor does the University stop here; a large scheme of examination for grown women is fairly afloat. The number of candidates is at present about 200 a year. Imitating its provision for its sons, the University

requires these its daughters to pass a preliminary examination before proceeding to higher studies. The subjects of this Ladies' Little-Go are English and Arithmetic. It is scarcely necessary to say that harder questions are asked, and a higher standard maintained, in group A than in the Previous Examination. The other groups comprise Ancient and Modern Languages (B), Mathematics (C), Moral (D) and Natural (E) Sciences, and Art (F).

Besides these official acts of the University, the Women's Lectures in Cambridge are carried on by a staff of teachers acting under a numerous committee, largely composed of members of the University, some of whom occupy the most eminent positions, and several of whom belong to our own College. They are so sympathetically supported by residents as to have a sanction almost equal to that of the official approval of the Senate. These lectures are attended by about 100 ladies resident in Cambridge or the immediate vicinity, several of whom have come into residence especially for this object. Thus we have, practically, a female University growing up side by side with the male.

Nor is this University without a College: a portion of the old building, called the School of Pythagoras, with an adjunct which bears the appropriate name of Merton Hall, is used by the lady students as a residence. They already rival in numbers their sister College at Hitchin, which is itself soon to be moved into a grander building in our neighbourhood. At present, however, we may scarcely include Girton College among the list of Cambridge organisations.

Merton Hall is intended for ladies who reside here as students, like undergraduates, only for a few years; the ladies whose homes are in Cambridge, but who wish to have a quiet place for reading—everybody knows how work at home is interrupted by hundreds of little things—have a study and reading-room in a

central part of the town, where a library is kept for their use.

In addition to all that have been mentioned is the system of Correspondence Classes; this is of such a novel character that I propose to give a more detailed description of it. It is an organization which has arisen within the last two years to supply the wants of candidates for the women's examination. Many of these ladies live in small places where there are no suitable teachers, many are governesses who have not sufficient controul over their time to permit of their attending classes or receiving oral instruction. To such as these it offers an opportunity of assistance and guidance in their studies.

Although these classes have arisen out of the Women's Examination, the members of them are by no means exclusively candidates. In fact, some of the classes are distinctly not for the examination. To restrict teaching to preparation for an examination has long been a mistake among men. There is great fear lest the ladies may be led to imitate it by the force of example. It would be an unfortunate outcome of the activity of some of our educational reformers if the laudable effort to show that intellectual culture is not unfeminine were to lead to the maiming and weakening of that culture itself in the race for place in an examination. Hitherto however, happily, the Cambridge teaching both by lectures and correspondence has not been depressed to this level; and also at present the baneful influence of competition is but weakly felt, both because the classes are not arranged in order of merit, and because there is no published list of names.

What is novel in this plan of teaching is the fact that classes are conducted by correspondence. Often before has one individual helped and taught another by letters. But these are real classes: the students are all doing the same thing, they have the same

papers at the same time, and are reading the same books, just as any other class, the only difference is that they do not meet together in one and the same room.

The correspondence is supposed to go on at fortnightly intervals. What that practically means is this: the class has a paper of questions once a fortnight, but a paper often forms the subject of several communications. This paper is sent out by the teacher on a certain day, say a Thursday; by the following Thursday the most distant member of the class has sent back her solutions or answers; thus one week of the fortnight is gone. Sometime during the next week the teacher looks over the papers all together and returns them with comments; in the meanwhile the pupils are reading their books and preparing for the next paper.

The special difficulty of this mode of teaching is the want of opportunity of cross-examination—this is mitigated, to some extent, by the free use of post cards. There is also a special advantage which partly counterbalances it in the necessity of something originating from the student. In oral teaching a pupil is too often silent, and merely listens and answers, or does not answer, questions; by correspondence the pupil must answer and ask questions, and must ask definite ones. It is an exercise of no slight value in itself to ascertain so exactly what a difficulty is as to be able to put it into precise language.

These classes have grown rapidly, and the fear is now that they may become unwieldy on account of their great size. One class, which at the commencement in October, 1871, started with one pupil, increased before the end of the year to ten; in October, 1872, it began again with eighteen, and increased to thirty. This affords evidence that the plan is supplying a real want; but, like all other teaching, its success depends upon the way it is met by the taught.

The labour of the correspondence falls very heavily on the teacher; still it does not increase in the same ratio in which the number of the class increases. Printed papers, and even printed letters, are used for the larger classes. It is in the annotation of the written papers of the pupils that the most of the teacher's time is consumed, but even in this greater facility is acquired by greater experience. These comments must, however, in any case be very brief; the students must be capable of taking hints; detailed explanation is, of course, impossible. On this account ladies are urged not to join a class unless they cannot possibly get efficient oral teaching. The circular that is sent to them is purposely repulsive in tone. They are warned that they must be accustomed to and prepared for serious work; they must have an acquaintance with the rudiments of the subject; they must have sufficient intelligence to grapple with difficulties and application to carry out the directions of their teachers. Yet, in spite of this, they have joined in great numbers, and it must be confessed they satisfy all these requirements: they are thoroughly in earnest, they do large quantities of work, they are grappling with, and, what is more, overthrowing, difficulties.

One most potent deterring influence is the fee; it is the secret of the success of all these Cambridge movements that they are self-supporting. The fee for the correspondence is made high enough to keep off people who are not seriously at work, and to ensure that those who join shall be anxious to get an adequate return for their money. I have no doubt that the cause of the supposed inefficiency of College Lectures—if they are inefficient—will be found to be this, that an Undergraduate does not realise that he or his father has to pay for them. Coaches are not cut, and lecturers are, and a great deal of the reason consists in the different form in which the payment is made.

The ladies who do not attend lectures on anything they do not want to learn, and who pay for every course, never cut lectures.

The object of this paper is descriptive and not controversial; therefore, it is not proposed to enter into a discussion of any debated female questions. No one will venture to assert that to train the fingers to sew, however neatly, the toes to dance, however gracefully, the hair to fall over a chignon, however bewitchingly, and the tongue to gossip, however innocently, is a suitable and efficient feminine education. The teaching of English and Arithmetic is conceded to be useful by the most inveterate opponent of Woman's Rights. If it be the "Woman's Sphere," to make puddings and sew on buttons, to be a wife and a mother, no one will deny that she can manage her house, help her husband, and train her children better if her mind is cultivated than if not; and if there be women to whom this domestic sphere of usefulness is denied, who have to fight their own battles and earn their own living, filling social positions as important if not so popular as that of a wife and a mother, few will refuse sympathy with the efforts to call forth their faculties and strengthen their minds by substituting the solid for the frivolous in their education.

W. H.



AT THE SHOP DOOR.

IT is to me an amusing, and, in some degree, an interesting occupation of a lazy half-hour to watch the crowd of customers passing to and fro through the doors of a large shop. What those whom I see going in and out want to purchase, is of course no business of mine, yet the speculation will sometimes occur. Do these ladies want silks, flowers or laces? Are bonnets or dresses the object of to-day's quest? Are the contents of those dainty parcels which they carry destined to supply ornament or use? And then, every minute a waggon starts to carry off heavier purchases to their new owners. How widely in a day or two will the stock which now rest on the Shopkeeper's shelves have been dispersed! The sight sets me moralizing, perhaps on eccentricities of fashion and so forth, and I walk away to my work again.

In my present residence I have frequent opportunities of pursuing this dilatory kind of study on a more extended scale. For, if the English be indeed "a nation of shopkeepers," if England be really a huge shop, Liverpool certainly may claim the name and the fame, if fame it be, of being one of the principal doors. I have not the slightest ambition in the guidebook-compiling direction, and consequently do not intend to attempt a description of the miles of docks which stretch along both banks of the Mersey, and are filled with ships bearing the flags of

every country of the civilised world. Nor are blue-books more in my line. The columns of declared value of exports and imports, of the number and the registered tonnage of the ships which enter and leave the ports of the United Kingdom, and the like, are to most of us columns of figures in a newspaper, and nothing more. I am afraid to quote statistics from memory, for thousands are so easily changed into hundreds, or *vice versa*, that their truth, without page and line attached, is always problematical. In describing, therefore, for the benefit of some readers of the *Eagle*, an afternoon's stroll along only one quay, I shall suppose myself to be merely a chance visitor, with no previous knowledge of the extent and variety of the commerce of the port, shall simply put a name to what I saw that afternoon, and scrupulously abstain from giving any statistics whatever. Let me however, at the outset, make one exception to the second part of my rule. The importance of the questions lately raised by Mr. Plimsoll, with regard to the condition of our Merchant Seamen, and the ships they man, must be my excuse. I knew something about ships and sailors before I came to Liverpool, and can safely say that no part of which I have any knowledge, would come so creditably out of an investigation, such as Mr. Plimsoll's laudable pertinacity has secured, as the port of Liverpool. There are exceptions, of course there are; but they are *marked* exceptions. The overwhelming majority of Liverpool ships are well-built, well-found, well-manned, and abundantly provisioned.

But to our stroll. The part of the docks to which we are bound is the Branch, No. 1, of the Huskisson Dock, lying at what was a few year's ago the Northern, or seaward, limit of the chain. There are two ways of reaching it, omnibusses and railway. To avoid the distraction of passing two or three miles of masts and funnels, we choose the latter. The Station at

which we leave the train is only about 200 yards from our destination, but, as we pass quickly by, we cannot refuse to look for a moment at some of the Cunard and Inman Atlantic Steamships lying in their berths. As we pause to mark the red funnels of the one, and the white-banded blacks of the other, an odour, which is certainly not from "Araby the blest" assails our sense of smell. "Araby the blest" indeed—yet the contents of those dirty sacks go well with one of Arabia's productions, for that, my friend, is sugar. Crossing the road with care, to avoid being crushed by wheels like Juggernaut's, which are carrying huge logs of timber, we almost lose ourselves in a wilderness of cotton bales from America. Picking our way cunningly past these, and past huge piles of boxes, marked "Long cut Hams, New York City," "Lard, Cincinnati," "Bacon, &c.," and blue barrels which we know are a proof that some adventurous Yankee has "struck ile;" we reach a place of comparative quiet, and have time to look about us. Between two rows of substantially built sheds runs a wide road about 400 yards long, on which are laid lines of rail connected with the London and North Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways. The quays, beyond the sheds, on the right-hand are appropriated to American Steamers; those on the left to the steamers of a Company trading with Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz, and with Mediterranean ports, from Gibraltar, and Valencia to Alexandria Smyrna, and Constantinople. We turn leftwards, and examine first the imports, which are stacked in certain of the sheds or lying on the open roadway just clear of the rails. Here, if we had come at 4 a.m. on a Monday morning, instead of 3 p.m. on a Tuesday afternoon, we might have seen a sight well worth watching—the landing of Spanish cattle from Oporto. But we saw them pass our windows yesterday morning, beautiful, patient, widehorned creatures, with eyes which make

one understand the meaning of Homer's epithet, the "oxeyed" Hêrê. Now they are gone, and some of them it is probable in a fair way to share the fate of the many whom Homer's heroes slew and roasted. The first thing here to be seen is a big parallelepiped of boxes of oranges and lemons, to which, as sundry small holes testify, some loafers have already been helping themselves. Near at hand is another pile of boxes of onions, the genuine Spanish. But from such small dear we soon turn away, for before us is an exhibition strange enough anywhere in February, but doubly strange on a hard granite paved road, about a score of men with forks and rakes, actually, to all appearance, making hay! As we come nearer, we find that the hay is *esparto*, imported, as we discover on enquiry (for we have English tongues in our heads, and there is scarcely a man here who will not give, if civilly asked, a civil answer) for use in the making of paper. Immediately beyond the *esparto* carts are rows of barrels, with weird-looking Arabic inscriptions on their ends. Deciphering, with difficulty, only a letter or two, we are about to give up the interpretation thereof as hopeless, when the sight of English characters, "Smyrna," and the smell of some oozing fluid convinces us that we are in the presence of olive oil. A little further on are other casks, which, we are assured, are filled with Levant wine. Without doubting the good faith of our informant, we mentally question the correctness of his information, and turn aside to look in at the open door of one of the import sheds. Bales of Egyptian cotton and of Leghorn hemp, and amorphous bundles of goat's hair from Constantinople; these, with heaps of maize, sufficient, as it seems to us, for all the pigs in Britain, we can understand, though the quantity puzzles us. For these sheds, it must be noted, are not warehouses; goods are retained in them only a few days, whether for shipment or for importation. What we cannot understand so clearly

if at all, is the fact that one shed, with a floor as large as our Library Court, and walls rather higher than an ordinary two-storied house, is crammed with— with what? acorn cups, surely, but what a size they have grown too! The stem and the small scales on the outside are plain to be seen, and on the inside is the unmistakable mark which the departed acorn has left. This we are told is *Valonia*, and is used by the best leather preparers for tanning. For tanning also is used that yellowish brown dust, which is trying to escape from the bags in which it is packed. That is *Sumach*. Then, after passing two or three sheds which we do not now inspect, we come to a first attempt (as it evidently is in our eyes) at fortification. Sacks, filled hard with some easily moved matter, are piled more than breast high round an irregular quadrangle, and are doubled and even trebled at the angles into a rude resemblance to hornworks or gabions, or whatever the technical name may be. Shades of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim! Is it here then that your pious mimicry of the arts of war is continued? No. This is of peace, and plenty let me add. The sacks are full of wheat, and surround a heap of the precious grain, great enough to prove to us that there is now, as ages since there was, "corn in Egypt." At the end of the road, a steamer, just arrived from Catania, is discharging what seems an endless cargo of sulphur.

Turning away from the dust of the sulphur and the unfortunately suggestive smell, we pass through the nearest shed, and wend our way back, as best we can, under, over, and between, planks, stages, ropes, barrows, bales, boxes, *ad inf.*, to the point from which we started. We walk on a narrow quay between the sheds I have mentioned, and the ships which are loading alongside, two of which are to sail next tide, one to Alexandria, another to Trieste. We have thus an opportunity of seeing the exports. We stand therefore,

cautiously out of the way of the *stevedore's* (or loader's) *gang*, and keep our eyes open, wishing at the same time that we could close our ears, for any noise more confounding than that of four steam winches going at one time in one ship, it falls to the lot of few mortals to endure. Neatly squared bales, bound under a Bramah's press, like that which illustrates our Cambridge Hydro-statical treatises, with hoop iron, signify to us that Manchester is returning to the East, in the form of cotton goods, the raw material imported by Liverpool for her from India and Egypt. Bales of all sorts and sizes, containing; to enumerate a few only of the things we can be pretty sure about, hardware from Birmingham and Wolverhampton, lace from Nottingham, cloth from Leeds and Huddersfield, cutlery from Sheffield, linen from Belfast, follow each other in rapid succession along the stage, are slung, hoisted, and lowered, in almost less time than it takes to write the words, as if they were featherweights; though none probably weighs less than four or five cwt. Into another hold are being packed bars of railway iron, for a railway in course of construction in Italy, hundreds of boxes of tin plates to be made into sardine boxes, and, why or wherefore we don't know, untanned, but dry and odourless buffalo hides. About these same hides, by the way, we overhear a question and answer, which warn us not to put too implicit faith in all whom we may address, but rather to confine our enquiries to persons in authority. "Tim, what skins are these?" "Elephants," says the unsmiling Tim, and Dan, or whoever he was, shouldered two more with a grunt, and walked off satisfied. From one of the officers of the ship we learn that the hides are scarcely to be called exports, for they had been discharged not more than 24 hours before by a steamer from Genoa. "Why they send hides from Genoa here to be taken to Alexandria we don't know," he said, "and we certainly don't care; they

pay double freight, and we are only carriers, you know."

Watching our opportunities, we made a dive into one of the sheds, where, amid a chaos (to us, a cosmos to the workmen) of bales such as we had seen already, a new sight was presented. Very neatly piled into cubical heaps were thousands of pieces of oak, of uniform size and shape, about 4 feet 6 inches long, and as wide and thick as one's hand. These were waiting for shipment to Cadiz: they were staves, to be made there into wine casks, and filled at the bodegas in the sherry country. Close by these, the necessary fastenings lay in a rudimentary condition, in the form of goodly bundles of hoop-iron. Out again on the quay, and in front of another hatchway, we realize at last the size of the ship we see being loaded. On the floor of the hold are four or five of Clayton and Shuttleworth's thrashing machines, with an engine to drive them; above these are what look very much like a set of shelves ranged round the hold, but what are in reality the edges of the hatchway in the lower deck. On the shelf, as if put up there out of harm's way, we see, to our intense amazement, a whole train of six or eight railway carriages, full size. These steam winches have lifted them bodily from the quay, and swing them in as neatly and easily as if they were toy carriages packed on the shelves of a toy shop, and yet they call the engines that work them *donkey* engines. Oh, some people's ingratitude! Walking on, chewing the cud of many reflections, wondering among other things at the change which has passed on men's minds since the famous "Robur et æs triplex" ode was written, I (for I don't want any longer to be accompanied) did not take sufficient care of what was doing close to me, so, for my sins, a gust of wind brought to me a white cloud (would that *it* had exported rather!) of chloride of lime from a rather imperfectly closed barrel: mouth, eyes, and nose

were filled with a pungent unpleasantness. My idle saunter was exchanged for a brisk trot back to the station; weeping, coughing, and sneezing brought my explorations for that afternoon to an objectionable, but not untimely end.

J. P.

NOTE ON "MY VISIT TO THE LAKES OF
N. ZEALAND."

THE formation of the terraces, described at page 237 of the last number as "having their sides cut truly and their edges as clean as if they were artificial courses of masonry," has exercised the minds of some readers, and certainly seems to require explanation; perhaps the following suggestion may be satisfactory:

The hill side, on which these terraces stand, is apparently of narrow bands of hard rock, alternating with broad ones of a softer substance. As the boiling water poured from the fountain into the lake the soft stone would be worn away, until all that was unprotected by the hard rock above would be carried into the lake below. The face of the hill would thus be worked into a flight of steps, which, when covered with silica, would present the remarkable aspect I have described.



THE REDBREAST.

Th' ethereal lark let others praise,
That floats, a speck of music in the sky;
Or nightingale, whose liquid plaints
Soften grim night, when night alone is nigh.

Or loud extol the 'wandering voice'
And dissyllabic herald of the spring;
But thee, thou ruby set in snow,
With winter's darling, be it mine to sing.

When the dark days rove o'er the land
And scare away the rest, thou bloom'st alone,
The snowdrop's rival, like a rose,
With wings for leaves, out of the coldness blown.

But gem nor flower the voice can claim
That cheery chirps when summer-song is past,
Quickening the dead and frozen grove,
Or merry mid the moaning of the blast.

For when autumnal strains are o'er,
And the spring songsters hid in silence lie,
'Twixt those and these the link art thou
In the long chain of Nature's melody.



PRACTICAL MOUNTAINEERING.

THE difficulties and dangers of this amusement are now fairly understood by most people, so many and so interesting have been the books lately published on the subject, some chiefly scientific and others simply accounts of dangers undergone and surmounted, beauties appreciated and curiosities discovered.

But I believe that little or nothing has been written (except somewhat feebly in guide-books) to enable a couple of tyros, intending to do some hard work, to set off with a clear idea of what it will cost them, what they ought to take with them, and many other little matters which will, I trust, be found in this sketch.

I will take my subjects in the following order; (1) luggage, (2) dress, (3) guides, (4) expenses, (5) remarks.

First, then, as to luggage. Under this head I will consider only those things necessary for a mountaineer who must pass through a few large towns on his way to the field of operations. If a man is going to spend any considerable time in the centres of civilisation, he must take things accordingly, for he will not care to walk about, or go to an evening party in Paris, Berlin, Hombourg, or Vienna, in the costume in which I am going to send him on to the mountains.

But I will allow him to take a small portmanteau as well as his knapsack (of which more presently). The former will contain a change of raiment, including

a black coat, linen, and ordinary boots, to enable him to appear to advantage at table d'hôte, in picture galleries, &c. Extra knickerbockers, stockings, and an extra flannel shirt or two will be all that is absolutely required.

Now as to the knapsack, I cannot do better than refer you to the *Field* newspaper of 3rd May, in which several experienced men have given their opinions in answer to a correspondent. I will give shortly the gist of them. Of knapsacks to be bought, that patented by Mr. White, procurable at Price's, 33, Great Marylebone Street, is the most highly spoken of—the price is 30s.; while a gentleman signing himself "Swiss Alpine Club," (who might be personally consulted within less than 100 miles of this College) has some admirable drawings and suggestions for a knapsack, which one could get made without difficulty. If my reader has need of a knapsack for this summer or autumn, I advise him to have one made on those principles, and he can give us his experiences in our next number.

The knapsack must not be overloaded, and you will be surprised to find how little you can get on with. I will put the contents in the form of a list:

Extra flannel shirt and knickerbocker stockings.

Alpaca thin coat (black) for dining.

Small sponge bag, containing sponge, toilet brushes, and soap (in box).

*Slippers (strong).

A warm comforter, 3 handkerchiefs, 3 collars.

*Spectacles with wire sides.

*A linen mask for the face.

Zinc ointment and cotton wool for the feet.

Needles and thread.

Medicines, arnica. and chlorodyne.

Bootlaces.

To be strapped outside:

*Gaiters which cover the laces of your boots.

In your pocket you should have a small flask of cognac, a large knife with a corkscrew and a *compass.

The articles marked thus (*) can very conveniently be obtained at Carter's, 245, Oxford Street, "The Tourist's Emporium."

Dress is the next thing to be considered. The neatest and most workmanlike is as follows: a "Norfolk shooting coat" with handy pockets, having flaps; a waistcoat, and flannel shirt underneath it; cloth knickerbockers; thick, ribbed, slightly elastic stockings; and boots of the best quality, of which more anon. The waistcoat will be in the knapsack when you are not intending to get to any great elevation.

Your hat should be a soft, grey one, which can be tied down over your ears with a handkerchief in a cold wind.

One important article, which can be called neither dress nor luggage, is the ice axe or Alpenstock. My little experience has taught me to carry an ice axe, for I don't like coming down a nude ice slope without one. If you take an ice axe, which I recommend, get it in London, at Carter's; if an Alpenstock, which is sufficient and less pretentious if you are not going to do much glacier work, buy a strong rough-looking one from a guide in Switzerland; do not be persuaded to buy one of those they sell at Geneva and Lucerne, which are no real use.

As to the boots, you cannot be too careful; a strong waterproof leather is necessary, the soles must be thick and broad to protect the feet from sharp stones, and the whole thing must fit easily and well over your thick stockings. Nails are necessary; these are best inserted abroad by the village shoemaker at your first starting point, he will put in exactly what you want within an hour.

From the above list of articles to be carried, you will see that the expense of the outfit (omitting the tailor's bill as an evil unhappily incidental to everyday life) is small.

If you carry more than I have mentioned you make your knapsacks heavy, which often entails the expense of an extra porter when you are doing a snow pass,

and this is no slight matter, as will appear later on. I was so impressed with this, that on setting out to do a "high level route," as it is often called, of snow passes, my brother and I got on for a fortnight with one knapsack between us, by dint of having things washed whenever we stopped a night at an hotel. This plan certainly entailed considerable discomfort at times, such as having to go to bed directly we arrived wet through at an hotel, as we had no change of outer garments; but, after all, such incidents have the spice of novelty, and add to the amusement and spirit of adventure of self-help and self-reliance, which are among the attractions and direct benefits of mountaineering.

To give an idea of the expenses of the actual excursions, I must quote a little from the tariff in force among the company of guides at Chamonix. There the prices are absurdly high, and many mountaineers keep as clear as possible of that district, leaving it to the American and English crowd of tourists, who have often to be carried part of the way in order to "do" their excursion or attain the summit, which is to stand as a monument of their strength and endurance, forsooth!

If one enquires at the Bureau du Guide-en-chef, at Chamonix, how many guides are necessary for your party on a certain excursion, he will tell you the utmost number he thinks he can induce you to take; thus, for Mont Blanc for two persons he will probably answer at once four guides and three porters, but when the weather is fit for the ascent two guides and two porters would be amply sufficient; and in the fine settled weather, early in September last year, I could have got a guide and porter to go alone with us, but this was at a time when there was a regular beaten track up the mountain, and the men had experience of our capabilities. The tariff charges are 100 fr. for a guide and 75 fr. for a porter, so that

with two of each you would pay 350 fr. or £14; add to this the expense for provisions and wine for two days, viz.: twelve bottles of wine, at 3 fr. each, and provisions for six, at 6 fr. each = 72 fr. or nearly £3. Thus, with a small gratuity to the guides and extras, your ascent will cost you about £9 each, which is about double what it ought to be in fair weather. Therefore, keep clear of Mont Blanc. Among the extras, by-the-bye, one item is amusing. When you return to Chamonix you hear guns fired *ad lib.*, and you think yourself no end of an hero, and are flattered by the kindly interest these promiscuous expenders of gunpowder must have in your safe return. Wait a little: you go to your room and have a delightful bath, and come down, feeling good friends with all the world and yourself in particular; to you comes a rusty-looking peasant to demand his recognised gratuity for firing in your honour. This makes you think of your other expenses, and your guides just then come up to be paid and also request a gratuity. Thus the gilding disappears gradually from your gingerbread, and you find that for the sake of doing this one mountain you have paid a sum which would have kept you in most places in Switzerland for ten days, if not so ambitious.

The "Col du Geant" is a magnificent pass from Chamonix to Courmayeur, on the east side of Mont Blanc. It presents no unusual difficulty, and is generally accomplished in ordinary weather in ten to twelve hours, but the tariff is 50 fr. for a guide and 30 fr. for a porter. The guide-en-chef said that we must have two of each; we stuck out for one of each, but were compelled to compromise by taking two guides and one porter. There was one knapsack and provision for one day to carry, which two could easily have done, but they brought up the cost of the excursion to £3. 10s. each.

Happily, things are different at Zermatt. For the

snow passes, of which there are plenty presenting all the usual difficulties, the average tariff is 25 fr. or 30 fr. The surrounding mountains vary much in difficulty and danger, and have each their separate figure. A man is not overpaid when he receives 100 fr. for conducting you safely to and bringing you down from the summit of the Matterhorn or Weisshorn, for they are very difficult and dangerous; but the Breithorn, noble as it looks on the Zermatt side, and perfect as is the view from its summit, presents no difficulty at all when attacked from the top of the Théodule Pass on the other side, so you can get a guide for 15 fr., and can go with one only if you have no knapsack to carry besides your provisions. By-the-bye, when on that line, do not let your guide persuade you to trust to the pavilion on the top of the Col Théodule for your provisions. This hut is among perpetual snow, and is the highest inhabited building in the world, and its prices emulate its position.

Before I end this, I must give you a few opinions from the works of our great Cambridge mountaineer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, which are the best I have read on the subject, but I must condense them. As to the danger of mountaineering, he puts before one that the danger lies, not so much in places, as in weather; the easiest place becomes dangerous when the cracks to which you may anchor yourself are obscured by powdery snow or filled with ice, when the wind is lowering your vital powers and every limb is numbed and feeble. I may add to this the danger of "time," for one ought to reach the summit of a mountain and to begin descending again by 9 a.m. at the latest, otherwise one may not get out of the avalanche and falling serac region before the sun has made them dangerous. One of my most beautiful, but most dangerous, experiences was among the "seracs" of the "Glacier du Géant," among which our guides lost their way, and we could

not get out from among them till noon, when they were falling all round us. I ought, perhaps, to explain what the "seracs" are: they are the tall peaks, pinnacles, points, and towers of broken ice, caused by the glacier in its ever-rolling current over a cliff, for glaciers roll on like rivers, some faster than others, and varying with the heat of the summer season. Some move onward at the rate of only half an inch a day, some as much as four inches.

Mr. Leslie Stephen also admonishes us as to the necessity of good guides and good rope. The latter must be kept taut to check a slip at the instant; it gives a feeling of security such as a railing would give us.

He considers it of very great importance also as extending the danger of the weakest to the strongest member of the party; there should exist a perfect 'solidarité.'

If a guide refuses to be roped to a gentleman because the gentleman is likely to pull him over a precipice, it is plain that neither can be justified in proceeding.

If anybody who is going abroad to Switzerland or the Tyrol wants a good route suggested to him, and does not know much about it, I shall be happy to oblige him through the Editors of *The Eagle*.

IPSE TYRO.



OUR CHRONICLE.

THERE is a well-known saying that connects the happiness of a country with the dulness of its annals. Let this be the comfort of the Chronicler. If he is dull the College is happy: but his news, though dull, is various, he will linger no longer on this threshold, but proceeds at once to announce that

The Rev. E. W. Bowling has been appointed Rector of Houghton-Conquest cum Houghton-Gildaple, in Bedfordshire, in succession to the late Archdeacon Rose.

Mr. Freeman has succeeded Mr. Bowling as Junior Bursar, and Mr. Taylor has been appointed Steward in the room of Mr. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman has been appointed Junior Moderator.

Mr. Sandys and Mr. Graves have been appointed Examiners for the Classical Tripos; Mr. Pearson for the Moral Sciences Tripos; Mr. Gwatkin for the Theological Tripos.

Mr. Pearson has been appointed to preach the Ramsden Sermon on *Church Extension over the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Empire*, on Whit-sun Day, June 1st.

Professor Kennedy has been appointed Lady Margaret's Preacher.

Dr. Garrett has been appointed University Organist.

A. H. Garrod, B.A., has been appointed Lecturer on Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Charing Cross Hospital.

C. Yule, B.A., is assisting Dr. Michael Foster, the Trinity Prælector of Physiology.

The usual Commemoration Service was held in the Chapel, on the 6th of May. The preacher was the Rev. W. Hey, M.A., Canon of York.

At the great meeting to raise a Memorial to the late Professor Sedgwick, speeches were made by The Earl of Powis, The Master, Professor Selwyn, and Professor Kennedy.

Mr. Marshall has delivered a course of Lectures during the May Term, on Fridays, at 3 P.M., on "*Some Economic Questions directly connected with the welfare of Labor.*"

Professor Palmer read a paper on April 28th, 1873, before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, "*On some so called Horite caves at Beit Jibrin (Eleutheropolis).*"

It is likely that the Equatorial Telescope belonging to this College (which it will be remembered has seen service in Spain on the occasion of the total eclipse of 1870) will be borrowed for the observation of the Transit of Venus in 1874.

By means of this instrument a watch was kept upon the Sun throughout the 24th of March by some undergraduate members of the College, acting under the supervision of one of the lecturers, in order, to detect, if possible, the transit across the Sun of the supposed intra-mercurial planet. Mr. Hind had calculated, from M. Lescarbault's and other observations, that a transit should occur on that day. No planet was seen. The Sun was obscured during part of the morning by fog, and of the afternoon by cloud, but was clear for the greater part of the day.

The quadrant, mentioned in Vol. VII., p. 335, as missing, has been discovered in a turret in the occupation of Professor Mayor, adjacent to the site of the old College Observatory, together with some other instruments belonging to the College; they formed part of the equipment of the Observatory. These instruments are now in a rusty and almost useless state.

The Flower Show of the Cambridge Horticultural Society was held in the College Grounds on Wednesday, 21st May, 1873. The day was very wet, and the attendance not so brilliant as usual.

Mrs. Ann Fry's Hebrew Scholarship has been thrown open to all B.A. Members of the University. The examination took place on 27th, 28th, and 29th May, 1873.

The following University distinctions have been gained by Members of the College:

Chancellor's Classical Medal.—T. E. Page, B.A.

Powis Medal (Latin Hexameters).—H. Wace.

Povson Prize (Greek Iambics).—H. Wace.

Norrisian Prize.—C. B. Drake, M.A.

The following were in the First Class of the Voluntary Classical Examination:

Baker, Batten, Freese, Logan, Moser, Moss, Raynor, G. S., Tillyard, Williams, W. G.

Moral Science Examination.—First Class: Cunynghame.

Degrees conferred in the Lent Term, 1873:

M.A.—*February 13th*, Bray, E.; *March 6th*, Burgess, S.; *March 20th*, Banham, H. F.

Degrees conferred in the Easter Term, 1873:

M.A.—*May 1st*, Davies, R. P.; Fallow, T. Mc. A.; Greenhill, A. G., (Fellow); Kiddle, F. G.; Levett, E. L., (Fellow); Noon, J.; Norris, L. C. C. R.; Park, R.; Pate, H. W.; Pendlebury, R., (Fellow); Ryder, A. C. D.; Seward, R., (Fellow); Spencer, T. B.; Thompson, G.; Watson, Frank, (Fellow); Whitaker, G. H., (Fellow); Wilson, D. H. *May 15th.*—Clark, J.; Dixon, R. F.; Drew, C. E.; Evans, L. H.; Fagan, C. C. T., (proxy); Hathornthwaite, J. T., (proxy); Peake, J. D.; Smith, R. K.; Wilkins, A. S. *May 29th.*—Badcock, E. B.; Cassels, J. W.; Crooke, C. H.; Jefferson, J.; Reece, A. D.

L.L.M. (prius M.A.)—*May 1st*, Earnshaw, S. W.; *May 29th*, Sanders, S. J.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.—A Concert was held on the 19th May, in the Large Room, at the Guildhall, when the following selection was performed:

PART I.

PSALM CXXX. *Ch. Gounod.*
THE CREATION (Part third) *Haydn.*

PART II.

Romanza and Rondo from the 'CORONATION' Concerto (in D minor). *Mozart.*
CANTATA *Macfarren.*

- No. 1. The Choosing of the Queen.
No. 2. The 'Hunt's Up.'
No. 3. The Queen's Greeting.
No. 4. The Revels.

The Officers of the Club are:

President:—R. Pendlebury, M.A.
Secretary:—R. Northall Laurie.
Treasurer:—H. S. Foxwell, B.A.
Conductor:—G. M. Garrett, Mus.D.

Committee:
F. J. Lowe.
H. H. Cunynghame.
B. Reynolds.
H. C. M. Barton.

THE CRICKET CLUB.—The Officers for the season 1873 have been as follows:

President—Rev. E. W. Bowling. | *Captain*—T. Latham.
Secretary—J. M. Batten. | *Treasurer*—G. S. Raynor.
Extra Officers to act on Committee—W. H. Fawkes and J. A. Platt.

The first match of the season was the *College Eleven v. Fifteen Freshmen*, with J. M. Batten, Capt., on Friday and Saturday, April 25th and 26th. The Freshmen made 268, the chief scores being J. B. Lloyd, 51; W. J. Ford, 26; E. H. Stuart, 24; J. Luxton, 30; R. C. S. Carew, 30; J. M. Batten, 24. The Eleven scored 224, T. Latham making 109, not out.

St. John's v. Trinity Hall, May 3rd. *St. John's*, 1st innings, 114; 2nd, 45 for one wicket. *Trinity Hall*, 1st innings, 133. Ford and Latham were the chief contributors in our Eleven with 28 and 27; whilst C. H. Beresford and G. H. Goldney for *Trinity Hall* scored respectively 47 and 43. It being a one day match *Trinity Hall* won by 19.

St. John's v. Etceteras, May 8th and 9th. *Etceteras*, 1st innings, 110; chief scores: D. R. Hunter, 30; R. P. Luscombe, 34; 2nd innings, 71, J. C. Patteson, not out, 28. *St. John's*, 1st innings, 126, Latham scoring 41;

2nd innings, 56 for 4 wickets. Thus we won by 6 wickets. The bowling of F. Price in 2nd innings of Etceteras was very good; he took 8 wickets, 4 being clean bowled.

St. John's v. Jesus, Jesus Close, May 17th. A very exciting match, our Eleven eventually winning by 2 runs. During the Jesus innings Latham made a very fine one-handed catch in the long field. *St. John's*, 172: Simmonds, retired, 40; Price, 34; Batten, 29. *Jesus*: 170, F. L. Clements, 35; K. H. Kemp, 27; W. H. Turner, 28.

St. John's v. Corpus, May 19th and 20th. This was a very hollow affair; but it should be mentioned that our opponents had lost several of their first Eleven. *Corpus*, 1st innings, 27; 2nd innings, 169. *Holland*, 40; H. P. Hayman, 49; S. C. Newton, 49. *St. John's*, 289: Batchelor, 123; Batten, 66; Sturt, 26. In the 1st innings of *Corpus*, Batten got 3 wickets in 3 successive balls.

THE NEW PAVILION.—The fund for building a Pavilion and Lodge in the Cricket Field has been augmented by a further gift of £200 by the Racquet Courts Company. In addition to this, £235 has been collected in the College.

The tender of Mr. Thoday has been accepted for the building, the amount of which is £1085, which was the lowest of four tenders. The building will be commenced at once, several gentlemen having undertaken to lend money to complete the building in case the subscriptions are not sufficient. It will be finished in time for the Football Season. Energetic efforts will be made to raise the required amount before Christmas, when the payments will have to be completed.

BOATING.—The Lent Term L. M. B. C. Scratch Fours came off on Saturday, March 22nd; six boats started. The winning crew were:

Barlow (<i>bow</i>)	J. Livesy (<i>stroke</i>)
2 Atthill	C. Bayard (<i>cox</i>)
3 W. Carless	

Officers for the May Term:

<i>President</i> :—Rev. E. Bowling	<i>Treasurer</i> :—R. Merivale
<i>1st Captain</i> :—H. D. Bonsey	<i>3rd Captain</i> :—W. Carless
<i>2nd Captain</i> :—E. E. Sawyer	<i>4th Captain</i> :—W. Rainsford
<i>Secretary</i> :—H. Brooke	<i>5th Captain</i> :—E. B. Moser

The Bateman Pair Oars were rowed for on March 27th; the winners were:

W. Carless (*bow*), E. E. Sawyer (*stroke*).

The May Races commenced on Monday, May 19th. The following was the order of starting:

FIRST DIVISION.	
1 Lady Margaret	9 King's
2 Jesus	10 Sidney Sussex
3 First Trinity	11 Second Trinity
4 Third Trinity	12 First Trinity 3
5 First Trinity 2	13 Caius
6 Corpus Christi	14 St. Catharine's
7 Trinity Hall	15 Christ's
8 Emmanuel	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 Queens'	9 First Trinity 4
2 Clare	10 Pembroke
3 Trinity Hall 2	11 Jesus 2
4 Caius 2	12 Lady Margaret 3
5 Corpus Christi 2	13 Magdalene
6 Third Trinity 2	14 Downing
7 Lady Margaret 2	15 Trinity Hall 3
8 St. Peter's	

The first night the 1st boat rowed over head of the river. The 2nd boat bumped 3rd Trinity 2nd boat. The 3rd boat rowed over.

The second night the 1st boat rowed over. The 2nd boat bumped Corpus 2nd boat. The 3rd boat was bumped by Downing 1st boat.

The third night the 1st boat was bumped by 1st Trinity 1st boat, to which Jesus 1st boat had succumbed on the previous night. The 2nd boat bumped Trinity Hall 2nd boat. The 3rd boat was bumped by Trinity Hall 3rd boat.

The fourth night the 1st boat rowed over, hard pressed by Jesus 1st boat. The 2nd boat, in consequence of their bump of the previous not having been claimed, rowed past the Trinity Hall 2nd boat, which remained at its post. The 3rd boat rowed over. This was the last night of the races for the 2nd division.

The fifth night the 1st boat rowed over.

The sixth night the 1st boat rowed over, thus remaining, at the conclusion of the races, second on the river.

The following is the final order:

FIRST DIVISION.

1 First Trinity	9 King's
2 Lady Margaret	10 Caius
3 Jesus	11 Emmanuel
4 First Trinity 2	12 Sidney
5 Third Trinity	13 First Trinity 3
6 Corpus	14 St. Catherine's
7 Second Trinity	15 Christ's
8 Trinity Hall	

SECOND DIVISION.

1 Christ's	9 Jesus 2
2 Queens'	10 Third Trinity 2
3 Clare	11 St. Peter's
4 Caius 2	12 Downing
5 Lady Margaret 2	13 Trinity Hall 3
6 Trinity Hall 2	14 Lady Margaret 3
7 First Trinity 4	15 Magdalene
8 Pembroke	

The L. M. B. C. 1st crew were:

R. C. Haviland (<i>bow</i>)	6 W. H. Gwillim
2 W. Carless	7 P. J. Hibbert
3 H. Sawyer	8 E. E. Sawyer
4 C. Halliday	F. C. Bayard (<i>cox</i> .)
5 H. Holcroft	

The L. M. B. C. 2nd crew were:

— Cobbold (<i>bow</i>)	6 H. C. M. Barton
2 G. A. Bishop	7 W. T. Newbold
3 A. J. W. Thorndike	8 G. G. Hodges
4 R. Merivale	H. N. Rooper (<i>cox.</i>)
5 F. E. Colenso	

The L. M. B. C. 3rd crew were:

T. B. Nevinson (<i>bow</i>)	6 G. R. Grasett
2 E. C. Peake	7 J. W. Jeurwine
3 J. J. Penny	8 W. J. F. Vashon-Baker
*4 W. E. Koch	M. F. Hilton (<i>cox.</i>)
5 G. B. Darby	

* T. Baynes rowed four on the first night, but was unable, through indisposition, to row during the remainder of the races.

The Maple and Andrew (Freshmen's) Sculls were rowed for on May 28th. The winner was A. J. W. Thorndike.

At a General Meeting of the L. M. B. C. held on May 29th, the following Officers were elected for the October Term:

President:—Rev. C. E. Graves. | *1st*
2nd Captain:—R. C. Haviland.

A vote of thanks was passed to Rev. E. W. Bowling, the late President.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—Officers for the Lent Term:

President:—H. Cunynghame. | *Secretary*:—J. P. Baynes, retired;
Vice-President:—N. J. Lytton. | H. Torr, elected.
Treasurer:—W. R. Wareing.

Officers for the Easter Term:

President:—F. J. Lowe. | *Treasurer*:—J. P. Davies.
Vice-President:—C. G. Hildyard. | *Secretary*:—J. F. Skipper.

Officers for the ensuing Michaelmas Term:

President:—N. J. Littleton. | *Treasurer*:—H. N. Read.
Vice-President:—H. Brooke. | *Secretary*:—J. P. Baynes.

The subjects of debate for the Lent Term (continued from last number of *The Eagle*) were:

March 13th. Proposed by Mr. Hildyard: "That this house disapproves of the classics forming the basis of the higher education." Speakers: Ayes, Messrs. Hildyard, Read, Torr, Sollas; Noes, Messrs. G. Raynor, Garrett, Davies, Latham, Middlemiss, Cunynghame, Percival, Ratcliffe; out of 29 votes, 11 were for the motion.

March 20th. Proposed by Mr. Skipper: "That this house is in favour of the parliamentary suffrage being extended to women." Speakers: Aye, Mr. Skipper; Noes, Messrs. Hargreaves, Brooke, Trustram; out of 22 votes, 6 were for the motion.

May 3rd. Proposed by Mr. Hildyard: "That this house disapproves of the game laws." Speakers: Aye, Mr. Hildyard; Noes, Messrs. N. J. Littleton, Perkes, Brown, Davies, Percival; out of 20 votes, 3 were for the motion.

May 12th. Proposed by Mr. Hargreaves: "That this house disapproves of capital punishment." Speakers: Aye, Mr. Hargreaves; No, Mr. Trustram; out of 15 votes, 6 were for the motion.

The Society, at present, is in a very flourishing state, as it has over 240 members, of which 130 are in residence at present, and is well off in funds. Members are requested to send in notices of subjects they intend to bring forward for debate to the Secretary.