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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 1*s.* each. The engraving may be seen in the Combination Room.

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR College has to mourn the loss of one of the most brilliant of its younger Fellows, Mr. Thomas Moss, who died on the 13th of August, at Christ Church, Canterbury, New Zealand. His health had been failing for some time, and on the 23rd of October, 1871, by medical advice he sailed for Australia to try the effect of a long sea voyage. He parted from his friends cheerfully

which reached them from Melbourne, and afterwards from Tasmania, were most reassuring. He had been the life of his fellow-passengers during the

writing several short plays, and being joint editor of a ship's newspaper, work for which his long experience as an editor of *The Eagle* had well qualified him. His own letters at this time were full of returning vigour and good spirits. His friends thought they might look forward to seeing him again among them in perfect health. In April he left Tasmania for New Zealand, and here the short-lived hope was blighted. Almost on his arrival he was attacked by low fever; congestion of the lungs followed; and although it is a consolation to know that he met with the greatest kindness and sympathy in his illness, no attention or skill could avail, and he passed away by a death as calm and gentle as had been his life.

He was born on the 18th of June, 1845, in Lincoln, at the Grammar School of which city he received his early education. In 1862, following in the steps of his eldest brother, the Rev. H. W. Moss, the present head-

master of Shrewsbury School, he became a pupil of Dr. Kennedy at Shrewsbury. His genius now seemed to spring at once into maturity. His verses, especially, from the very first, had a ring of true poetry in them, a charm and a spirit of their own, which others felt and admired, but could not catch or imitate. In the October Term of 1864, he came into residence at St. John's, having previously gained the 1st Classical Minor Scholarship, a prelude to a University career of unusual distinction. In his second year he gained the Craven Scholarship, beating all the men of his own standing. In the same year he won the Latin Ode and Greek Epigram: in his 3rd year the Porson Prize and the English verse. But already the fatal weakness had begun to show itself, and to the disappointment of his friends he was only 4th in the First Class of the Classical Tripos. In November of the same year, 1868, he was elected Fellow of the College; and after a short absence from Cambridge he returned to take private pupils. Throwing himself vigorously into the work he rose almost at once to the foremost rank in his profession, and not a few of the highest University distinctions were gained by his pupils.

He leaves behind him many friends, old companions of School and College days. Indeed no Johnian or Salopian ever failed to win from him the quiet welcome and ready hospitality which were characteristic of one who delighted in nothing more than in making others happy. To such many a kind act, many a touch of gentle humour, will be recalled by the sad news of his death.

The College loses in him a zealous and devoted servant, a scholar of exquisite taste and rare insight, whose great gifts she may well be proud of having fostered. His friends will miss the inspiring presence of one who moved among them with a high and noble ideal manifestly before him; his memory will remain to them, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a pattern of stainless purity and childlike faith too rarely found united, as in him, with the activity of a subtle and highly-cultivated intellect.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE MAHOMEDAN DOMINION.

AKBAR.

GIBBON, in his history, makes the remark "that the appellation Great has been often bestowed and sometimes deserved. Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title has been indissolubly blended with the name." The same might be said, with equal or greater justice, of Akbar—the Greatest—a title which he received at his birth. Judged by the criterion of success as a conqueror, he ranks with Alexander, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great. He succeeded to an Empire which comprised the Punjaub and a few provinces, and he extended it from the Vale of Kashmere to the sea. In the government of those vast dominions of different races holding different creeds he displayed the most liberal and statesmanlike policy. To alleviate the condition of the masses was his great object, and he, an Eastern despot, extracted from his subjects no more than was necessary for the purposes of government. Reared in a faith whose chief tenet is to slay the unbeliever, he was the most tolerant of rulers. At a time when Queen Elizabeth represented the manifest danger of disturbing the national peace by a toleration of different religions, and the Acts of Supremacy and of Uniformity were passed and enforced by fines and imprisonments—at a time when

the streets of Paris flowed with blood shed by men on account of a religion whose chief tenet was "Peace on earth and good-will towards men"—Akbar determined to place all his subjects on a level without reference to race or religion.

Not only as a king, but as a man, Akbar deserves to be studied. We have many records of individual acts of heroism, and he displayed tenderness and gentleness—the best tests of a chivalrous nature—in the treatment of fallen foes. He must be placed in the ranks with Lucius Seneca and Marcus Aurelius as one of the earnest seekers after God. There is pathos in the Moslem King's eager earnest striving after the solution of the deepest problem that can engross the mind of mortal man, "What is Truth." There is a remark of Akbar's worthy to be remembered, and which gives us the key-note to his character. He could find, he once said, but one road to the attainment of his purpose, and that was the straight one—after all the easiest and the best.

The romance in the life of Akbar begins early. His father, Humayoon, the second sovereign of the Mogul line, fell in love with his mother while she was dancing before him at an entertainment given in the Seraglio. There was no coy wooing or long courtship, but, thanks to the simplicity of the Mahomedan ceremony, the wedding was performed that night. The dancing-girl had become an Empress; but she only enjoyed the title, for she had wedded one of those Sovereigns much to be pitied, Sovereigns without territory. Not in ruling over a splendid court were the first years of wedded life spent, but in enduring hardship in trying to recover the lost kingdom. In exile and in want in a small fort situated in the midst of a sandy desert, the Empress gave birth to the son who was destined to be the greatest of Asiatic Monarchs, and to be enrolled among the great ones of the world.

Akbar experienced in his youth the fickle caprices of fortune. Many a time did he fall into the hands of his father's enemies; and it is related by his biographer that once he was in a town which his father was besieging, and he was ordered to be exposed to the fire of the cannon, and his life was saved by the interposition of Providence exerted on his behalf. At the age of fourteen Akbar ascended the throne, and his first act was to appoint his tutor, General Beiram Khan, a man of great bravery and iron will, his Prime Minister. The new Minister proceeded without delay to march against the army of the chief of the rebels, routed it, and took the General prisoner. The illustrious captive was a Hindoo and an idolater, and the Prime Minister urged his young master to slay the infidel captive with his own hands, and so gain the proud title of Ghazy or Champion of the Faith. The boy burst into tears, and drawing his sword, touched the captive's head with it. Beiram Khan, seeing his reluctance to do the cruel act, at one blow with his sabre severed the captive's head from his body.

Beiram Khan was a gallant soldier, and by force of character he disciplined the rough masses which he commanded. But, being head of a military aristocracy, his ambitious nature caused him to discard the rôle of minister, and to play that of master. But Akbar determined to rule alone, and we find the boy of eighteen sending the following remarkable letter to the Minister:

"Till now," he wrote, "our mind has been taken up with our education and the amusements of youth, and it was our Royal will that you should regulate the affairs of our Empire; but it being our intention to govern our own people by our own judgment, let our well-wisher withdraw from all worldly concerns, and, retiring to Mecca, far removed from the toil of public life, spend the rest of his days in prayers."

The royal master's commands were at first obeyed, and Beiram Khan set out on his forced pilgrimage; but, unfortunately for himself, he suddenly changed his mind, and unfurled the standard of rebellion. His army was defeated, and the Minister had to seek safety in flight to the mountains. Weary of an exile's life, he entered the Emperor's camp, and throwing himself at his Sovereign's feet, implored forgiveness. This was readily granted by Akbar, who was as prompt in forgiving as he was in crushing a rebellion.

In this instance, he not only forgave but offered hi

should he prefer to remain at the Court his favour and protection, or an honourable escort to Mecca.

"The royal confidence once broken," the Minister said, "how can I wish to remain in thy presence. The clemency of the king is enough, and his forgiveness is more than a reward for my services." A pension of £5000 a year was settled on him, and Beiram Khan proceeded to Mecca. On his way there he was stabbed to the heart by a man whose father he had slain in battle. His widow and child returned to Court, where they were well provided for by the Emperor.

We will not detain the reader with any account of Akbar's wars and conquests. Wrapt in the pale winding-sheets of general terms the greatest tragedies of history evoke no broad images in our mind; and it is only by a great effort of genius that a historian can galvanize them into life. We love rather to remember those biographical incidents of heroism that have floated down the stream of history. We will give the reader one worthy of the best days of chivalry.

Akbar was once exposed to great danger by having on no armour during a fierce battle. The Emperor was equipping himself for battle when he saw a

young Rajpoot chieftain labouring under a suit of mail evidently too heavy for the stripling's limbs. He immediately gave him a lighter suit of his own in exchange, and then seeing another Rajpoot chieftain unprovided for, bade him put on the youth's armour. Between the clans of the two chieftains there was an old feud, so the proud boy, taking offence, threw off the Emperor's gift, and remarked he would rather go into battle unarmed. Akbar replied that he could not permit any of his followers to go to battle more unprotected than himself, and he also therefore proceeded to unarm.

When Akbar had reduced his rebellious vassels to submission, and had firmly established his authority, he turned his thoughts to the government of that Empire which he had created. One of his first measures was to repeal the poll-tax on everyone not a believer; and he abolished the tax on pilgrims, not, as he said, to encourage a vain superstition, but in order not to prevent anyone from worshipping his Maker in the mode most agreeable to his conscience.

He also did what we, who have ruled India for upwards of a century, have never done—he threw open to all his subjects every department of public employment. His vast kingdom he divided into fifteen Vice-royalties, and established regulations for every department of state.*

* In the fortieth year of the reign of Sultan Akbar (1596), his dominions consisted of 105 sircars (or provinces), subdivided into 2,737 khisbahs (or townships), the revenue of which he settled for ten years at the annual rate of 3 arribs, 62 cures, 98 lakhs, 55,246 dams (equal to 90,746,381 rupees, or about 11 millions sterling). The kingdom was then parcelled into twelve grand divisions, and each was committed to the government of a Soubahdar or Viceroy, upon which occasion the Sovereign of the world distributed 12 lakhs of betel. The names of the Subahs or Vice-royalties were Allahabad, Agra, Oude, Ajmere, Ahmedabad, Bahar, Bengal, Delhi, Kabul, Lahire, Moultan, and Maliva. When Akbar conquered Bezar, Candhesh, and Ahmednagur, they were formed into three Subahs, increasing the number to fifteen.—*Ayeen Akburi.*

The most important reform, and the one by which Akbar is best remembered, was that of the Revenue System.

In the old Hindoo village communities the produce of the soil was divided between the actual cultivator and the Zemindar or Petty Rajah. The conquering Moslem, on the other hand, claimed the soil as his own, and he only allowed the cultivator a part of the produce as a favour and not a right. Akbar commanded (1) all the land to be accurately measured; (2) the land to be divided into classes according to their fertility, and the amount which each begah (half-acre) of every class produced to be ascertained; (3) the average of the classes was taken as the amount of each begah in every village, and the proportion of that amount which the Government was to take was fixed at one-third; (4) the equivalent in money for the raw produce, which was fixed at the average value of the nineteen years preceding. A cultivator might pay in kind if he preferred. All minor taxes were abolished; extra fees and consideration to officers of Government were removed, and the system of farming out districts to individuals and contractors for revenue was entirely discontinued. This is the bare outline of the Revenue System framed by Akbar centuries before the world had been enlightened by Professors of Political Economy. Its chief value was that it tended to improve the condition and prosperity of the people. English administrators in India have failed to learn one great lesson from it. Under Akbar's settlement no *Land Tenures* were altered or interfered with in any way. They were accepted as they were found to exist among the people; and so long as an hereditary occupant paid the Government assessment he could not be outbid or removed from his possession.

Akbar devoted his attention to the internal administration of the kingdom. He established schools throughout the land, in which the Hindoo youths

might study the ancient Vedas, and the Moslem lads the Koran. To review thoroughly the various reforms—of the army, of justice, of police, and of general policy—would occupy too much space. We recommend everyone desirous of becoming acquainted with Indian subjects to study Mr. Gladwin's Translation of *The Ayeen Akburi*.

With all the barbaric splendour which has rendered the Court of the Moguls famous, Akbar was surrounded. We read of the king seated on his throne in a marble palace, surrounded by nobles, wearing high heron plumes and sparkling with diamonds like the firmament; of many hundred elephants, each richly caparisoned with cloth of gold, passing before him in companies, the leading elephant of each company with gold plates on its head and breast set with rubies and emeralds. The galaxy of the learned and brave which surrounded that throne gave it greater lustre than all the sparkling diamonds of Golconda.

The tastes of the Monarch were simple. Twice a day did he exhibit himself in public for the purpose of receiving petitions and administering justice; in the evening, when not occupied with the cares of State, he was entertained by philosophers and historians with wise discourses on past events. He was a generous patron of learning and science. Sanskrit lore received his attention.

Akbar's whole life was one eternal longing for more light. His graceful and refined mind must have revolted against the cruel sensual creed in which he was reared. He sent for Roman Catholic priests from the Portuguese Settlements to instruct him in Christianity, and he gazed with awe on the crucifix. That sacred symbol of self-sacrifice must have struck a chord in the heart of the Eastern despot, who had devoted his life to rectifying wrong and suffering. Akbar commands that his son should be instructed

in those memorials of love and sorrow—the Gospels; and that those lessons should not be begun in the usual form, in the name of God, but in the name of Jesus Christ. Akbar used, surrounded by the learned men of the Court, to listen with attention to controversies, in which Mussulman and Jew, Jesuit and Hindoo, all took part. An account of one of these debates is handed down to us. The Moslem doctors seem to have been worsted in the debate by the missionaries, for they lost their tempers, and had to be reproved for their violence by the Emperor, who expressed in his own opinion that God could only be adequately worshipped by following reason, and not yielding implicit faith to any alleged revelation.

Master Thomas Coryat, known as the leg-stretcher, from having used those appendages to carry him over the greater part of Europe and Asia, a friend of Ben Jonson's, and a corresponding member of that worshipful fraternity of Sireniacall gentlemen that meet the first Friday of every month at the sign of the Mermaid, in Bread Street, relates an anecdote characteristic of the Emperor. He never denied his mother anything till she demanded of him that our Bible might be hanged about an ass's neck and beaten about the town of Agra, "for that the Portugals having taken a ship of theirs at sea, in which was found the Alcoran, tyed it about the neck of a dogge and beat the same dogge about the town of Ormuz." But he denied her request, saying that, "though it were ill in the Portugals to do so to the Alcoran, it became not a king to requite ill with ill, for that contempt of any religion was contempt of God, and he would not be revenged of an innocent book."

The rebellion of his son Selim, afterwards Jehangir, and the death of his third son from intemperance, cast dark shades on the path of Akbar's life as it drew to its close. When the hour drew nigh that he, whose life was devoted to seeking the truth, should go to

the world of solved problems, he sent for his son Selim, whom he affectionately received and declared heir to the throne. Selim tells us that he desired that the chief nobles should be brought into his apartment, "for," said he, "I cannot bear that any ill-feeling should exist between you and those who for so many years have shared in my toils and been the associates of my glory." The rebellious son burst into tears and threw himself at his feet; but Akbar pointed to his favourite scimitar, and made signs to his son to bind it on in his presence. On October 13, 1605, death ended an illustrious reign of fifty-one years and some months, over an Empire which he had won, containing 150,000,000 human beings. A splendid mausoleum was erected to his memory in the neighbourhood of Agra, and there, to use the language of his son, all that was mortal of the renowned Akbar was consigned to heaven's treasury. The Jesuits record that he was white like a European, but his son Selim describes him as tall of stature, of a ruddy brown complexion, his eyes full and dark, and his eyebrows meeting, while his great breadth of chest and long sinewy arms gave him the strength of a lion.

As the traveller wanders through Agra he sees palaces and mosques of pure white marble, poems in stone, and the battlemented walls of red stone of the citadel. They remain fit monuments of the pure and great mind which erected them. The greatest of the Mogul kings, of whom it was said that he was affable and majestic, merciful and severe, loved and feared of his own, terrible to his enemies.

G. W. F.

ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

O Robin, by my garden gate,
  Thy voice is loud and strong;
And hast thou found so soon a mate
  To listen to thy song?

The snows are scarcely melted yet,
  The frost is hard and keen;
The daisy's silver coronet
  Still sleeps beneath the green.

Dear is thy voice that tells the grove
  Of buds and blooms to be,
That fills the air with life and love,
  And carols hope to me.

A sweet prophetic voice that oft
  Hath cheer'd my heart of yore,
But never seem'd so dewy soft,
  So full of bliss before.

For I have won to grace my nest
  A help-meet of my own,
Whose dear warm heart by mine shall rest
  Before thy brood be flown.

C.

A FEW DAYS IN NORTH ITALY.

I LEFT London last August with my friend K., of Trinity College, with the intention of going up the Rhine, and then sojourning in Switzerland. We travelled by the usual route to Cologne, through Brussels and Liége, at the latter of which I would recommend any tourist, not pressed for time, to stay a few days. It is a delightful combination of the past and the present, venerable churches from whose towers carillons of exquisite sweetness are ever sounding, pleasant boulevards and handsome streets; surrounded by lofty wooded hills, and with the broad sluggish Meuse flowing through it. Of Cologne (the metropolis of stenches) and its famous Dom we need say nothing; nor is there any occasion to describe the voyage up the Rhine to Bingen, nor Heidelburg, nor Strasburg, at which we stayed a few hours in order to visit the Minster. The Suisse who shewed us the building was exceedingly bitter against the Germans and pointing out a remarkably unprepossessing negro in a painted window slily whispered 'Voilà le Prince Bismark'!

When we arrived at Lucerne we found the place inundated with English, German, and American visitors, so we went on as soon as possible to Engelberg (the Angel's Hill), a delightful valley on the south side of the lake containing a small village with two or three large hotels, and a monastery of great antiquity and interest, once the home of St. Anselm. We had intended to stay here some time, and occupy ourselves with climbing

the various peaks in the neighbourhood.
a change of weather came on, and after being confined to the hotel for three days by incessant rain, an enforced inaction somewhat mitigated by the many pleasant acquaintances we made at the table d'hote and in the salle à fumer, we resolved to go over the Surenen pass at once into the St. Gotthard, and by the latter to reach Italy. Ten hours of stiff laborious walking, each of us carrying a 20 lbs. knapsack, brought us to Amstaeg on the St. Gotthard. Two days after we arrived at Stresa on the Lago Maggiore. Here we stayed several days at a thoroughly Italian inn at which we were most royally entertained, though our very limited stock of Italian and our landlady's equally feeble proficiency in French made conversation rather difficult. We visited Isola Bella which we pronounced a miserable failure, despite the growing account of its beauties contained in the pages of Baedeker, whose raptures seem singularly misplaced; it is a tawdry and worthless show-place, and is decidedly not worth going to see.

On September 1 we started from Stresa with a Piedmontese guide, an old soldier, who had served in the Crimean war and under Garibaldi; he was a cheerful chatty fellow and talked French fluently. From Monte Motterone we had a glorious panorama of the Alps, extending from Monte Rosa to the Ortler Spitz 80 miles to the east. The plains of Lombardy were enveloped in mist, though earlier in the day the Appennines and even Monte Viso and the Cottian Alps are said to be visible. A rough descent of three hours took us to Orta, a charming town situate on a peninsula in a little lake of the same name. Though immortalized in the tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, it is now rather neglected by tourists; though we both agreed that the lake was far superior in beauty to the somewhat monotonous Maggiore. We then walked on, *via* Varallo,

to Alagna, a little German colony lying among the southern spurs of Monte Rosa. We had intended from here to go over the passes to Zermatt: but unfortunately I fell dead lame, and had to leave K. to go on by himself. I determined to go by Milan, Turin, and the Mont Cenis, to Geneva, where we arranged to meet again.

On arriving at Varallo about 1 p.m. I found that the diligence for Novara the nearest railway station did not leave till nine; so I spent the afternoon in visiting the Sacro Monte, which is the chief lion of the place. It is a steep rocky hill about 800 or 1000 feet high; on its broad summit are nearly 50 chapels filled with frescoes and painted groups of statuary representing scenes in the life of our Lord. Some of these are by Gaudenzio Ferrari and are very striking, but the majority of them are grotesque and even repulsive. Some of the painted statues are adorned with real clothes and even real *hair*, which produces an exceedingly life-like but rather bizarre effect. A number of peasants, clad in their picturesque national dress, were going the round of the chapels and repeating at each aves and paters. They went up to the Scala Santa, an imitation of the supposed original at Rome, on their knees, repeating at each step some prayers in a monotonous tone with much appearance of devotion. Being unhappily devoid of the religious fervour which seemed to make them indifferent to the likelihood of catching rheumatism through the repeated contact of their knees with the cold stone steps, I waited to seize an opportunity of ascending the staircase unobserved in the ordinary manner of two-legged beings. One seemed to be in a dream; all was so old-world, so unlike the present age of steam, march of intellect, and the Daily Telegraph. The cloudless blue sky overhead, the quaint and richly coloured chapels around, the green valley of the Riviera 1000 feet below, the monotonous hum

of voices,
moving slowly from shrine to shrine, all seemed to me like the vision of a world that is past; for a few short minutes I felt transported back into the 'Ages of Faith.'

That night, however, a 'change came o'er the spirit of my dream.' From nine in the evening till six next morning I was sitting in the impèrial of a diligence, with two Italians redolent of garlic on each side of me. Every now and then I fell into a short uneasy slumber. From one of these naps I was rudely awakened by a violent jolt, followed by a profusion of oaths both loud and deep from my fellow-travellers. The diligence had run off the road in the darkness into a ditch by the side; however, the leisurely pace at which we were proceeding saved us from upset, and after sundry *Corpo di Bacco's* and other expletives, the driver succeeded in inducing the horses to drag the coach on to the road again. At Novara I took the first train to Milan. By the way I may remark that in some proper names, as Novara, Varese, Varallo, the natives give the *v* the sound of our English *w*, Nowara, &c. I have not seen this phonetic peculiarity noticed before; whether it has any bearing on the much-vexed question of the pronunciation of the Latin *v* I leave to philologists to determine.

Milan I found very full; the Art Exhibition was open, and the recent Autumn manœuvres of the Italian Army in the vicinity had brought an immense influx of visitors of every nationality to the city. Here I spent Sunday, the 8th of September, which being the Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. M., was marked by magnificent ceremonies in the glorious Duomo, that mountain of marble, to my mind, *pace* architectural purists, far surpassing in grandeur and imposing effect the Cathedral of Cologne. I was surprised, after all I had heard of the alienation of the stronger sex in

Italy from the church, to find that at least half of the vast congregation consisted of men, most of them too apparently very devout; though their habit of freely expectorating on the rich marble pavement is very disgusting to an Englishman. From Milan a long hot railway journey of six hours through the steaming plains of Lombardy, the intense flatness of which makes Cambridgeshire seem hilly by comparison, brought me to Turin, a city of the most uninteresting kind, with broad streets and boulevards in the latest French style—a style quite unsuitable to the Italian climate, as any one can see by comparing the shady coolness of the old quarters of Milan with the glare and heat of modernised Turin.

From hence I travelled by the international mail through the Mont Cenis: the atmosphere of the tunnel was quite free from any unpleasant odour, and indeed was refreshingly cool after the heat and dust of the journey in the open air. There are several smaller tunnels besides the great one, which is eight miles long and occupied 20 minutes in the transit. The railway is in every respect a marvel of engineering skill: immense labour has been expended on innumerable cuttings, embankments, and steep gradients. At Culoz in Savoy I changed into the Geneva train. On the frontier an irate official demanded my passport, and on my declaring that I had none, in a paroxysm of fury ordered me to get out of the train; but the utterance of the simple talisman "*Anglais*" produced an instantaneous change of demeanour, and with many bows and smiles I was told I might proceed on my way. The present French passport regulations are absurdly futile; any one who declares himself an Englishman may dispense with a passport, but persons of any other nationality are required to shew one properly viséd: so that there is really no check on any one who may not scruple to commit a slight violation of truth.

H. M. C.

THE STAINED GLASS IN THE CHAPEL OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

III.

The Two Windows next the Apse.

By Messrs. Clayton and Bell.

THE one on the South side was put in by Hare Exhibitioners in memory of Sir Ralph Hare. It is inscribed as follows:

"In Piam Memoriam Radulphi Hare, Eq. Aur. P. C. Exhib. Sui. A. S. MDCCCLXIX."

That on the North by the friends of the Rev. A. V. Hadley, the late lamented Tutor. It bears a simple inscription:

"In Memoriam Augusti Vaughton Hadley, Socii et Tutoris."

These two windows have a special position and a special character of their own. They occupy a middle place between the Passion and the Life of our Lord on one side and the Passion and the Life of the Church on the other. The artist treats them in a way which corresponds with their position; he tones and prepares the transition from canopy and spire to a group in the head of each light by introducing twelve portraits in each window, on grounds framed in white.

In the Hare window the portraits are:

1.	S. Augustinus.	7.	S. Matthæus.
2.	,, Ambrosius.	8.	,, Marcus.
3.	,, Gregorius.	9.	,, Lucas.
4.	,, Hieronymus.	10.	,, Johannes.
5.	,, Paulus.	11.	,, Timotheus.
6.	,, Barnabas	12.	,, Stephanus.

In the Hadley window the following:

1.	S. Isaias.	7.	S. Amos.
2.	,, Jeremias.	8.	,, Obadias.
3.	,, Ezekiel.	9.	,, Jonas.
4.	,, Daniel.	10.	,, Michæas.
5.	,, Osee.	11.	,, Habacuc.
6.	,, Joel.	12.	,, Nahum.

A legend tells the subject of the picture as in the Apse windows, and the events are closely connected with the events illustrated by that quintett, viz. in the South one:

The Commission to the Apostles, and the breathing upon them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, "Insufflavit et dixit eis accipite Spiritum Sanctum." In this scene 16 Disciples are shewn with Christ; probably they are the 11, S. S. Matthias and Justus, and the 3 Maries. Three Angels are shewn in the head, carrying branches and crying "Pax! Pax!" and underneath, as an Old Testament parallel to the chief scene (the investing of the 12 with authority by Christ Himself), comes the investiture of Aaron with the priestly robe, and consecration of him by Moses to his high office and authority. Sheep and a bullock appear in the background for the sacrifice, and a basket of loaves and a cruse of oil are at hand to be used in the solemn ceremony. The stars are already out, the mount is seen in the distance, and Moses and Aaron are both nimbed.

The corresponding pictures on the North side are;
The Last Supper.
Israel Gathering the Manna.
With 5 crowns and other emblems in the circles in the window head.

The legend is "Nisi manducaveritis carnem filii hominis, et biberitis ejus sanguinem non habebitis vitam in vobis." Thus the mind is prepared to leave miracle scenes for the closer history of the awful and terrible day, and again to leave that in order to dwell with more ease and freedom upon the scattered scenes from the Apostolic history, which supply the subjects for the remaining windows along the South side of the Chapel; and the eye, too, is prepared for the change from small figures and crowded panels to more open work, larger scale, and greater breadth of treatment, which distinguish the side windows from those of the Apse.

There is a pleasing harmony and quietness about these two windows, and especially about the Northern one, which is very delightful; but it is well they cannot be seen from a distance, the effect would be utterly spoilt. These windows fail in several points through the timidity of the artist and the antagonism there must have been between him and the architect; the stonework cramps up his Angels into very small and uncomfortable compass; the wings stand up to fit the piercing, as if the designer had been angry at the architect for making such a shape in the head of a window. This occurs not once only, but several times.

There is a certain beauty, an undoubted beauty, in the West window, which here seems to be a fault, it is this: as a whole the Choir windows glow too much, they are fiercely warm; the splendid ruby, of which the makers are justly proud, is lavished mechanically on every window, robes, legs, cloudlands, grounds, horses, jars, books, flowerpots, all burn a

fierce red, until we get a great deal too much of it. The fire and glow of the West window is for sunset effect; but the setting sun does not shine much through the other windows, and in them the warmth of the glow might have been considerably lessened with great advantage.

In "The Supper" scene the amount of food provided appears to be very inadequate; a scanty supply of bread, very tiny tumblers of wine of a yellow colour, one bunch of purple grapes, and one chalice constitute the whole provision.

The Manna is shewn as absurdly the other way; instead of *being* upon the ground, small, like hoar frost, a tiny round thing like coriander seed, the poetic expression "He rained down Manna also upon them for to eat" is illustrated literally, and the Manna is snowing down upon the Israelites in great flakes.

Now, there is a remark in a guide book upon "Manna" scene in the windows of King's College Chapel which always tickles me, it is: "Many have expressed no small satisfaction at beholding the Manna," and the Manna there is like eggs raining down. The whiteness and sparkle of the glass is very beautiful, doubtless; but the idea is so ridiculous that lips instinctively curl at it, and the "no small satisfaction" is evaporated.

The figure of S. John in the principal scene is singularly stiff and uncomfortable, he is leaning his head upon the Lord's breast in a very wooden and unnatural way; and the room is decorated with some flowers in pots, which, instead of being brighter in colour than even flowers naturally are, are more worthy of tapestry than glass, as far as brightness is concerned. The men's dresses are much more brilliant, they look like woollen flowers of Europe, not natural ones of the East.

It is, I think, allowable to ridicule and criticize matters of this kind, when there is no sign of that

genius which has strength enough in itself to overpower all else in the production. In the East window in King's, although many things occur which are very ridiculous, yet excellencies *innumerable* completely outweigh all the German peculiarities. And what I say is not uttered maliciously, or with any feeling of discontent or desire to carp at the glass-painter; for with the whole of the glass I am well contented. It is a beautiful gallery, as a whole and as a series a success, full of teaching, symbol, and care, and with a great deal in it of amplification and suggestion. My remarks are intended to provoke examination, and my descriptions of these two windows to prepare for those of the glass pictures on the North and South sides of the Chapel.

W. L. W.

November 9, 1872.

SNOW.

WHEN the heavens lay under a leaden spell,
And the gloom in silver glory fell,
On a winter's eve I strayed alone
  Where the branch to the breeze made moan;

My ear with hundredfold hearing fraught,
Touched by the wand of fancy, caught
The crystally-tinkling whisperings low
  Of the fast-falling flakes of snow:

"Pure and chaste, pale and chill,
Over the valley and over the hill,
Soft and loving over the lea,
  We descend; but the sullen sea

With a moody and frowning face as we light,
And the darkling lakes and the floods' muddy might
The purity hate that we shed from on high,
  Yet we kiss them, and kissing die.

O'er tilth and fallow a robe we throw
To shield them till tenderer breezes blow,
And with a wealth of sudden flowers
  Bid glister the budless bowers.

White mid the blackness of the year,
Of hope that the world-worn heart may cheer
We silent sing; and the keener the blast
  The longer, faith-like, we last.

So we live o'er the land till the genial rays
Of a new sun glance over happier days;
To the warmth we yield and willing die
  'Neath the charm of charity."

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

AMONG the hills of New Hampshire, before they rise into the loftier summits of Mounts Washington and Willard, whose wooded heights yield in gentle slopes to grassy and fertile valleys, there is a remarkable peak overhanging the surrounding country by several thousand feet, and closely resembling in its general outline the well-known Matterhorn. Ragged and barren to its base, it prepares the traveller for the legend whence it derives its name. Chicorua was a mighty chief, whose ambitious projects would fain have made him lord of all his kin. He had attained his power mainly by a superstition which attached to him. His birth had been attended by prodigies, and the medicine men decided he was a prophet of the Great Manitou. His career at first was one long triumph; but finally a coalition of several tribes was formed against him, and at their first success his own party abandoned him. He fled alone to this mountain, then as lofty as now, but well wooded and fertile. His enemies surrounded him and proceeded to set fire to the base of the mountain in order to ensure his death. Thrice an awful voice was heard as if to hold them, thrice they fell back dismayed; but their hate and fear of Chicorua was too great for them to suffer him to escape, now that he was in their power. Disregarding the portent they set the mountain in a blaze. Silently they waited, fearing some great calamity; nor were they allowed to wait long; the figure of Chicorua was seen to assume gigantic proportions on the summit.

His shadow darkened all the heavens, and in the fitful glare of the flaming forest his awful form was seen to bend over the valley with outstretched arms, and a portentous voice was heard "The curse of Chicorua be on this land."

As one stands looking on this desolate peak and listens to its magic history, it is a relief to gaze once more on the valley which is trying to push its way up the precipitous mountain sides. A long time ago, more than a hundred years, a Puritan family had built a log-house at the extremity of a tongue which the valley had protruded up a gorge in the mountain side. They earned a scanty livelihood by cutting timber and cultivating the morsel of land which their neighbours down in the village of Conway had neglected. Nobody knew why they had gone there and nobody cared to know, nor shall we be more curious than their neighbours. It is true they were perhaps more reserved than the rest, certainly more refined, but they wore as coarse spun linen and lived on as frugal fare; no one, too, was more loved and esteemed than old Dame Wallis, who, although the greatest gossip, was also the best nurse in Conway. But what chiefly assured them the good-will of all the village was the regularity with which they attended the Meeting-house and the good Old Testament names they all bore. "Not like that widow and her son down by the mill," the Elder's wife would say; "who, the Lord knows where they go to, are never to be seen on a Sabbath nor yet most other days." A grievous sin was this in the eyes of the good people of Conway; that any one should keep to themselves was bad enough, but that they should never come to chapel! And so the widow and her son were unanimously voted wicked people, people that must be shunned, people that must be looked down upon. Dame Wallis was very emphatic on this point, but she nevertheless thought that she could afford to patronize them; and

she must indeed have been of a very charitable disposition, for one day she declared her intention of going to see this widow. "Perhaps she may be ill," she said, "and perhaps I may be of use to her. She can do me no harm I am sure, and I may do her some good." And so the old lady trudged down to the cottage by the mill, full of good intentions and perhaps of curiosity as well.

She never told them at home of exactly what had happened, but she did work herself into a high religious indignation, and certainly became more excited than circumstances—as she narrated them—seemed to admit in her description of them when the family were assembled at supper-time; that they were sinners she had believed and had been prepared to forgive, but that they were Papists—no *that* she could never forgive; the widow had had the audacity to cross herself at something she a good Christian woman had said, and her son—she had never liked the look of him—had dared to tell her that she was paining his mother and making her ill, she who was the best nurse in the village. Oh! that young man had a bad face; at any rate she hoped that was the last time she or any member of her family had anything to do with them; and as to that young man.

"I always thought him a very good-looking young fellow, I'm sure," said her youngest son.

"Good looking, Rebecca! your brother thinks he's good looking," said Dame Wallis, appealingly to her daughter, putting down her knife and fork.

"Well, mother," answered Rebecca, "I think he looks very clever."

"I am sorry to see it," said Dame Wallis reproachfully, "very sorry to see it;" and her children then knew it were best to drop the subject.

Now Rebecca was the prettiest damsel in the village, and there was many a youth who would have gladly heard even such mild approval as this from

so fair lips; but all had failed as yet in winning the young girl's heart, though her good mother was for ever urging her to accept the last offer or encourage the renewal of an advantageous suit she had already rejected. The day after this last conversation, Rebecca was trudging down to the village, when whom should she see in front of her but this young Papist, sauntering slowly in the same direction; he heard her steps behind him and looked back—he caught her eye and saw she blushed; she evidently had slackened her pace in order not to pass him; it brought back to him the scene of the day before and he hurried on to his own home. Poor Harold! He had lost his Protestant father in England at an early age and had fallen into the hands of his mother's confessor—an excellent man but so engrossed in his religion that he deemed no one happy out of it. He persuaded Harold that he had a vocation, and the lad went over to France and began his period of probation under the Jesuit Fathers at St. Omer. When the first fervour of his religion had passed away, he looked with horror on the step he was about to take, tortured as much by the consciousness that he was claiming a privilege that he had no right to as by the conviction that his character was entirely unfitted for the reticence and quiet of a priest's life. Unmoved by his mother's protests and thoroughly ashamed of what he deemed to be his failure, he begged her to go with him into the far West that he might escape from the world which would calumniate him and pursue his father's occupation—farming—securing to himself peace at least, if not happiness. But peace was not so easily won; he had already become keenly alive to the social ostracism to which his religion had subjected both of them, and on this day that he was nearly overtaken by Rebecca, that little pause, that seeming dread to come too close to him, that tell-tale blush seemed to bring his isolation before

him with intolerable vividness. He walked rapidly home, and as he walked hot tears rolled down his cheeks, tears of sorrow for his invalid and lonely mother and tears of rage at this poor girl—rage, did I say? Yes, that kind of rage that is felt against one who has been gazed at, admired, almost loved, and who is discovered to share a general disapprobation and join in a general avoidance. And poor Rebecca, what had she done? She had been caught looking with an undue interest at a young man in a mountain path, had blushed as she ought to do, and had refused to overtake him as also she most certainly ought to have done. But we are not always the most reasonable when we are the most moved, and although Harold had often looked at her and thought how sweet and how good she must be, he now rashly decided that she was as bad as her mother, and this was saying a great deal for him.

One of Rebecca's daily duties was the picking of berries for the evening meal; she was one day occupied in this way and singing lightly among the bushes when she became suddenly aware that young Harold was lying on the ground just by her with a book open before him; she gave a little start and began stammering an apology—she hardly knew for what—but left her sentence unfinished, for he looked at her so sadly, so unpromisingly, that she could do little else than turn away and try to get off as soon as possible. After she had gone a few yards away she became conscious that he had risen and was approaching her, but she continued picking her berries more assiduously than ever. At last he said, "Are you so very much afraid of me?" But she only picked berries all the faster. Surely Dame Wallis herself could not have behaved more correctly. "Are you very much afraid of me?" he said again; this time she could not pretend not to have heard him, so she looked round at him for a moment and said, "Oh,

you are the son of the widow who lives down by the mill, aren't you?"

"Is that the name I go by? Well, what have you heard about me that is so dreadful?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca; then why are you in such terror lest somebody should pass this way, and find you alone with him, Miss Innocence. You might be alone with any other lad in the village at this time of day without being ashamed of it, but with this Papist!—

"But they do say all kinds of things about us," returned Harold, "Your mother not only told us so, but told us what they were and that she believed them; do you think as badly of us as she does?"

But Rebecca could only look down and blush; it must be remembered though that this was only the first time they had ever spoken together, she had stopped picking blackberries now and had almost forgotten to dread lest any one should pass that way. And so Harold continued and Rebecca soon found her tongue; she said but little this first time that they met, but as weeks passed on they met oftener and oftener, and Rebecca became less diffident, less fearful of her mother, more willing to be with Harold—at any cost. At last he persuaded her one day to visit his mother. The old lady's face lit up with joy when Rebecca entered, but after they had been together for a little, the old lady looked serious, and said, "You must not come here without your parent's consent," and Rebecca was obliged to confess that her family knew nothing of her visit; much less did they know of her meetings with Harold, but this Rebecca did not mention. She was persuaded, however, to tell her parents of her visit, cost what it might. When she left, Harold followed her to the door, and said, "And if they will not let you come to see my mother——?" But she only shook her head, laughed, and ran away, and Harold made up his mind that he would go and read in the same

place as usual the next day. But days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and not a sign of Rebecca did he see. He had heard them talking about the Wallis' family in the town, and gathered that they were in some danger from a threatened landslip above them, and that they were building another house out of the way of the separating mass; that Miss Rebecca was ill and Dame Wallis more cross with the workmen than was her wont; a thousand other little things, too, they gossiped about, but Harold's interest was confined to those words that Miss Rebecca was ill; his heart had bled enough to find himself separated from her, he had taxed her with at least want of courage, if not want of affection; and now he learned that she was on a bed of sickness, and himself perhaps the cause.

For more than a week he remained in suspense, hearing only occasionally now that Miss Rebecca was mending, now that the new house was nearly built. One night as he lay feverishly tossing on his bed, the harvest moon shining full into his room, he suddenly heard a low rumbling sound, which would have made him fear an earthquake had it not appeared to come from one particular spot, and that, the head of the valley above the Wallis' house. He put on what garments were near him and rushed out just in time to see indistinctly, but surely, an immense piece of the crag break into a thousand fragments and fall down the valley with crushing force directly over the spot where he knew Rebecca was sleeping. In an agony of mind he watched the torrent of rocks and débris rush down the gorge, and hardly had the great mass settled down before he began scrambling up towards the house he never yet had dared to approach. As he climbed slowly up, heedless of the huge rocks that every now and again came bounding down the hill, his hopes slowly sank; not a tree was left standing. What had been five minutes ago a fertile country was now a hideous waste. Slowly,

however, still he climbed on till suddenly straight up before him stood the house with a little patch of garden, in the midst of all the desolation. He first thought it was a dream, and rubbed his eyes to convince himself of the astounding fact—Yes, there it stood with the moon shining broadly on its window panes. With a breast full of gratitude he stood there gazing on it, decided now to go no further; but as he stood, he became oppressed by the uncanny silence which hung about the house—There was no figure stirring, no voice heard, no light seen, save that which now bathed as softly the scene of desolation as it had before the peaceful home and fertile acres. The ruin and death which were written in tossed and broken letters on the valley, seemed to have set their stamp upon that silent house. More despairing now than ever he advanced and perceived to what accident the preservation of the house was due; a large mass of the crag had stopped just behind the house and had divided the rest of the torrent into two parts, one flowing on either side of the building.* Wondering and dreading, fearing to shout, lest he should receive no answer, or lest on receiving one it should be to bid him begone, still he advanced until he reached the scrap of lawn which had been protected by the house. He stole softly over it and looked into the verandah; there he saw, stretched on the boards, in loose white attire, her long fair hair flowing off her face, a woman, just as she must have fallen had she been overcome by a swoon on rushing out of the door of the cottage. The ghostly light of the same placid moon revealed with horrible distinctness the features of Rebecca. Then Harold shouted out loud, shouted he knew not what, but the echo came back to him hollow and dead. He raised Rebecca in his

* Such a miraculous escape actually happened in the 'Notch' among the White Mountains of New England. The cottage of the Willy family is still one of the objects of interest to the tourist. The whole family were destroyed, whereas, had they remained in the house, no injury would have happened to them. Their bodies were found buried beneath the débris, some three hundred yards down the hill.

arms and laid her on a bench that stood on the verandah. He stood over her, not knowing what to do—and as he gazed she opened her eyes, saw him and cried out, 'Harold!' then looking around she asked, 'what are you doing here? where are the rest? where have you taken me to?' Harold tried to recall to her memory what had taken place by reminding her of the sound which had preceded the landslip. Then the whole truth came upon her. There had been a rush from the house at the first signs of the landslip, she had seen them all as they fled, heard the thunder of the avalanche of the rocks pouring down upon them, had been overcome in her endeavours to escape from it, and she alone had been saved of them all. The rocks which had swept away their orchards and their farm, had buried the bodies of her family also. She looked in Harold's face for a moment and then burst into a flood of tears. And what could he do to stop them? what right had he there at all, he asked himself. Still he could not leave her there alone, so he waited till the first outburst of her grief should be over; waited, but still she wept. Then he thought that his presence might only make her grief the keener, for had not he been the cause of difference between mother and daughter? So he decided to leave her and send up the elder's wife to the cottage; as he saw her sobbing convulsively, every sob more heartrending than the last, he felt that he could not hope to make up to her for what she had lost, and he slowly turned to go away. But at his first movement Rebecca looked up, her sobs almost ceased in the presence of the horror she felt at the prospect of being left alone in her desolation—and left alone—forsaken by him for whom she had suffered so much. 'Harold,' she said 'you will not leave me. You will never leave me again.' She had half risen now, and, as he advanced towards her with open arms, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and so he led her, still sobbing, to his own home.

E. K.

MY VISIT TO THE LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

IN September, 1866, I was invited to join some friends in a trip they were going to take from Auckland into the interior of N. Zealand. The inducements were (1) that we should visit the Hot Lake, supposed to be one of the great natural wonders of the country, and, (2) that on our way we should pass through some of the most beautiful parts of the Lake District.

We started, a party of four, from the Waitemata, or harbour of Auckland, about 6 p.m. on a fine *spring* day in *September*, and after steaming for about 100 miles down the coast, found ourselves anchored off Te Papa.

When I first landed here, early in 1864, the only inhabitants were the Missionary (Archdeacon Browne) and a couple of traders. Now the population could not have fallen short of 1000 (many of these, it is true, were military settlers placed here by Government); many stores were dotted about, evidencing trade and progress; one of the Colonial Banks had purchased a site for a branch, and, at a recent sale of town lots, the price of land had averaged considerably more than £200 per acre. It was generally said that this land was purchased from the natives for one heifer and some moral pockethandkerchiefs some ten or fifteen years before.

After purchasing some tobacco and other articles for trade with the natives, and some groceries for

presentation to the friends we might meet on the journey, we crossed the harbour, and, by help of the native magistrate, managed to hire horses from the Maoris for our excursion. We were assured by their proprietors that each of our horses possessed some good quality—mine I soon found excelled in modesty—was so modest that he insisted, on all occasions, in letting the rest of the party take precedence. Words and blows were alike wasted.

We had ten miles to ride through flax swamps, and afterwards along the sea beach to Maketu, where we halted for the night.

I came in rather after the others and found tea over and the party quenching their thirst out of a bucket of beer; "beer in buckets" sounds rather like excess; but it was paucity of vessels and not abundance of beer that led to this.

Here we began to rough it; we were lodged in the trader's warehouse, which contained but one bed-place, usually occupied by his servant, who kindly resigned it in our favour. We gave this to the married man of the party, thinking that he was not so accustomed to a rough life as we were: after a friendly pipe we others composed ourselves to slumber on the floor as best we might.

I must say we felt rather ashamed of ourselves for turning the poor serving man out of his bed; but his master treated him so badly that I fear he had to put up with much worse usage than this. What increased our regret was the traces of refinement and politeness that were evident in his behaviour. He seemed to have known better days, and to feel his present position keenly.

I tried to show my interest in him and win his confidence; but he did not respond, and preferred to keep his secret to himself.

Poor fellow! I have no doubt he was one of the colonial failures who seem to drift into such out-of-the-

way places—men who have exhausted their resources and their friends' good nature, and then feel the difficulty of answering the question, "What shall I do? I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed." Such men gradually fall from one employment to another; until, for the sake of a morsel of bread, they are willing to take such a post as that in which we found this poor fellow. Hard toil and constant exposure soon complete the work that hope deferred has commenced, and they sink, by an untimely death, into an early, nameless grave.

We awoke next morning to find that a strong gale from the east had got up during the night and was now driving before it masses of fleecy clouds, ominous of rain.

This did not promise well; but, as we had a long march before us, there was no alternative and we were in the saddle betimes.

Maketu is a little harbour much used by the natives, from the thickly populated native districts around Lake Taupo. I ought not to leave Maketu without remarking that whitebait are here caught in abundance, and most delicious eating we found them.

We were now to journey along the road by which the natives in the interior reached Maketu—if road it could be called, which is not wide enough for two to walk abreast. When starting, our guide showed us in the distance a line of low round-topped hills called "The Ranges," which was the first difficulty we had to surmount. In our ignorance we considered these no difficulty; it seemed so easy to climb a steep ridge some few hundred feet high; but we soon changed our tone; we surmounted the first ascent only to find ourselves on the verge of a corresponding descent. Much rain had fallen, and the clay soil was so slippery that our horses could hardly keep their footing: we were compelled to dismount, and lead them to the bottom. Then followed a short ride round the base of some

more hills; then a large swamp compelled us to seek higher ground, and, as we ascended, we were better able to form some idea of our task. Before us a very land of hills; nothing but hills on all sides, not collecting into groups or ridges, but each standing alone like a pyramid. Hardly a tree visible; the whole country covered with the greenish grey of the bracken, relieved here and there by clumps of ti-ti bush, its pretty white flowers just coming into bloom. Down in the valleys wound green ribbons of verdure, marking where some hidden watercourse ran. The only striking feature of the landscape was large chasms or fissures (Americans call them guelches), where in bygone years a great subsidence of the surface, extending over many acres, seemed to have taken place. The rains of years had already smoothed the rugged marks of fracture, and carved the hills into steep and regular lines that reminded us of the bank and parapet of an artificial fortification. In these sheltered nooks flourished tree ferns, neku palms, and a variety of plants, whose brighter foliage formed a welcome contrast to the monotonous growth around.

For nearly ten miles our road must have passed through this district and very hard work we found it. At every steep descent our horses stopped instinctively, as a hint for us to dismount; and, as we carried haversacks or blankets slung round our bodies, the exertion of mounting and dismounting every twenty minutes was very tiresome.

This was, I have said, the high road from a thickly populated native district to the sea, and yet, strange to say, there was not a sign of habitation or cultivation, or any human presence whatever. For several centuries, according to their own traditions, the Maories have inhabited this island after eating off the original possessors; yet here, close to a seaport, and by the side of their most frequented roads, stretched vast tracts of fertile land which they never could and never

would have the least notion of using. Surely we should say, "let the great beehive England send to this empty country some of its surplus swarms to take the place of these idle drones." Yet at one time there was a strong party who discouraged anything like general immigration, and would have liked to keep all colonists away who did not come up to their standard. They would have liked to make the island a modern Utopia where the natives might have all the benefits of civilisation and none of its drawbacks, the printing press without bad books, bonnets without bobs, cakes without ale, in fact virtue without vice.

This kind of talk is pretty well silenced now; but it should not be forgotten that a society did exist, who as thoroughly believed in the cry "New Zealand for the Maories" as an Irishman does in "Ireland for the Irish."

It was past noon before we cleared the ranges: so, crossing a mountain stream, we halted in a beautiful turfy opening on the edge of a wide belt of forest. Magnificent trees shaded us from the sun, whilst close by trickled a little rill whose gentle murmurs were the only substitute for the song birds that would populate such a solitude in distant England. We now left the open country and plunged into the forest. Rain had been falling during the whole day and the ground was thoroughly soaked and slippery; the path, naturally rough and broken by the roots of the trees that crossed and interlaced in every direction, was now little more than a succession of puddles. Several times we came to a huge tree, fallen right across the track, and were compelled to cut a path through the underwood for ourselves; but in spite of these trials this was far away the pleasantest part of our day's journey. The path was bordered on each side by a beautiful margin of grass, varied by rich ferns, thick clumps of moss, and variegated lichen; behind these clumps of trees, bound together by supple

jack and other climbing plants, alternated with huge tree ferns and tall grasses; whilst the gloom of the deep recesses of the forest formed a fitting background to the whole.

At last, after some hours, the scene began to change, the trees became thinner, the view widened out, the ground fell rapidly, and we hoped we had got over this troublesome part of our journey.

We now began to hear frequent sounds of distant explosions like cannon firing, and caught glimpses of white clouds of steam rising over the hills; these marked the spots where hot springs burst from the ground, and we felt that we were really entering the volcanic district of N. Zealand. Suddenly our road wound round the shoulder of a hill, and there, extending some way up the sides of the valley that lay before us, we saw the clear calm waters of a beautiful lake.

As we had got considerably scattered in coming through the forest our guide called a halt, that we might all cross the lake together, and to rest our horses after their hard work.

It was some time before the married man turned up, and the rest were getting alarmed and thinking of turning back in search of him; however, he appeared at last, but appeared alone, "sans horse, sans pack, sans cloak, sans everything." In answer to urgent enquiries he replied, "Oh! my dear friends, my poor horse is quite exhausted, it really is no good going after him, and I have left him behind; I must get up behind one of you, and we shall get on very well, I daresay." This proposal was politely but firmly declined, and we returned for the missing animal, who had scrambled to the top of a knoll whence our companion had been unable to dislodge him. There he was, surveying the steep slippery sides of his retreat with a very "I don't like it" sort of expression. However, by dint of stones and strong language,

he was induced to take a few cautious steps; the cautious steps became rapid slides as he felt the steepness of the ground, and he soon found himself safe but breathless at the bottom. After this we placed the married man at the head of our party, and no further mishap occurred.

The next business was to cross the Lake with only a canoe for ferry-boat. Crossing a lake in this way is one of the incidents of N. Zealand travelling, and, though rather alarming at first, is in reality safe enough.

The saddles, packs, &c., are taken off and placed in the canoe; each traveller then gets in, holding his horse by a long halter. When everything is ready the canoe is pushed off gently; as it slides off into deep water the horses, reluctantly following, lose their footing one after another and have to swim in the wake of the canoe. It was now quite dark, and as our five horses groaned and snorted in the water alongside, each of us directing or encouraging them with shouts, and whilst the cranky canoe rolled from side to side, the scene was rather exciting. The leading horse proved but a slow swimmer, and at one time it seemed as though the others would overtake him and force him under water; this danger was happily averted, and we were soon on dry land again.

The colonial government had placed a native in charge of the ferry, who had apparently taken a cruise in a collier, and whenever he was the least excited swore freely, but without the least idea of the meaning of his words; like a parrot who has been taught English by a sailor.

One of the party suggested that the ferryman should take "Idem semper" as his motto, spelling idem with *a* instead of *e*.

We now found ourselves on a neck of land between two of the principal lakes, Rotorua and Rotuiti (the

greater and the less); it was too dark to see anything but the distant gleam of the water in the moonlight, and we were too tired to think of anything but our journey's end. At last we saw the welcome light in the settler's house, and soon after rode into the paddock and pulled up.

Nothing, beyond a couple of colts scudding about, was visible; nothing, beyond the furious barking of the house-dog, was audible. We had never seen the master of the house before, and were beginning to feel the awkwardness of knocking at the door of a perfect stranger at 9 p.m. and demanding food and shelter for the night.

The noise of the dogs, however, soon brought out our host, whose warm friendly greeting, when we mentioned the names of some common friends, soon dispelled all uncomfortable feeling.

Our host was an officer of the 18th Regt. (Royal Irish), who had settled down in this retired spot. Poor fellow! I little thought that I should live to see his name among the list of killed in one of the actions of the unfortunate war that broke out two years later.

Mr. Spencer, the Missionary of the district, was spending the day with our entertainer; so that he was only able to give one of us quarters in his house; the rest were lodged in a native wharè close at hand. I passed an uncomfortable night, as the place was full of smoke and fleas, and we were disturbed by a native dog sniffing about us. However, a dip in the lake next morning put everything to rights, and after a hearty breakfast we were soon ready for a fresh start.

For the first few miles we skirted Rotorua, on whose shores our entertainer had built his house. The flat meadows through which we rode would have been uninteresting had it not been for the fresh verdure and clear sky of early spring.

We soon left the lake (which I judged to be some 10 miles long, by 4 or 5 at the widest part), and turned into a ravine between two smooth steep hills; then passed through a belt of forest land, and came out on a steep rocky slope, which formed one side of a cup shaped lake, 2 or 3 miles in circumference. It is said to have no outlet or inlet for its waters, and certainly none could be seen. The driest or wettest seasons have no effect in depressing or raising its margin. The natives say that the surface is violently agitated before sudden changes from fine to stormy weather.

I think this was the most beautiful spot we passed in our journey; the steel-blue water, the steep hills covered with trees, the clear blue sky dotted with clouds, and, above all, the fresh brightness of the early spring-time, made up a scene of whose beauty I feel these words give a weak idea.

After passing this lake and sighting another in the distance, we rode for several miles along a very fair road by the side of a mountain stream, when suddenly our horses, who had begun to flag, pricked up their ears and broke into a hard trot. The cause of this spurt was apparent when about half-a-mile in advance, we caught sight of a comfortable looking house, in front of which our horses stopped as a matter of course. This was the Mission House built by the Missionary of the district. We were not now quite so much at a non-plus as on the previous evening, for the hospitable Missionary had pressed us to call at his house, and sent on a messenger.

Mr. Spencer had been stationed here for twenty-four years, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that the little settlement, with its neat parsonage and pretty church, reminded us of an English village.

This was the end of our ride; as the country became wild and impassable, we thought it best to make the rest of the journey by water. To hire a canoe and men

to work it was the next business; this took up time; indeed, if we had not had the influence of the Missionary to support us, we must have turned back and left our journey incomplete.

We were now in full view of the Tarawera Lake, on whose waters we were about to embark. This is considered the finest of the N. Zealand Lakes, though smaller than Lake Taupo. Lofty mountains surround it on all sides; those on the E. and W. meet in the deep bay formed by the Lake beneath the windows of the Mission House, but open out in the distance towards the south; in this direction the lake was bounded by a long line of bare grey cliffs sloping off into a mountain ridge of considerable height, the naked sides of the distant cliffs contrasting well with the waving forest close at hand.

I feel, even at this distance of time, a burst of undisguised satisfaction when I remember that I have seen this lake in its native grandeur. Few are the years that it shall so continue. As I thought of the tide of colonists that are creeping, or rather rushing up from the coast on all sides, no effort of the imagination was required to forsee the day when the beautiful shores of this silent lake shall be cut up into promising farms and eligible building sites, whilst, crowds of noisy settlers shall "molest the ancient solitary reign" that Nature has here so long maintained.

We now descended a steep path to the landing-place. In the shallow water round the margin, I noticed a great quantity of fern roots floating about; these we were told were traps for a kind of cray fish abounding in these lakes; they are rather larger than a good sized prawn, and we found them very excellent eating.

After paddling for four or five hours, the natives ran the canoe ashore in a sandy little nook at the foot of some tall cliffs. This is a much-frequented

spot, as a hot spring, supposed to possess medicinal virtues, flows into the Lake. The moment we landed, the Maoris rushed pell-mell into the hot bath, and we were not slow to follow their example when they had withdrawn and the water been sufficiently changed.

A cistern has been formed here, and the arrangements, though primitive, showed that the natives well understood how to enjoy a warm bath. Rough channels had been cut for turning the water into the cistern or away from it, and these could be opened or closed at pleasure by a few sods of turf: thus the temperature could be raised or lowered, and the depth of the bath regulated as completely as if it were fitted up with taps for hot and cold water, and with discharge and supply pipes.

After bathing we lighted a fire, and having served out a good ration of potatoes and pork to the natives began supper on our own account. However, we had hardly begun before it was clear something was wrong; the natives began to jabber to one another, and then to the guide, and at last they came to our end of the hut and made their humble petition. It appeared that the married man had taken the first bit of board that came handy as a substitute for a plate, and was cutting up his supper on it at that very moment. Now this bit of board was nothing less than a part of the hut of the grandfather of one of the Maories, and was tabooed or tabued, *i.e.* consecrated; and I don't know what dreadful mischief the troubled soul of this grandfather would bring upon any one rash enough to make use of the aforesaid board. The most imminent consequence was that no native would venture to paddle us any further. We were much surprised at this exhibition from Christian natives; but we made them bring us a more convenient board and quieted their prejudices by using it.

"Early" was our watchword next day, and, as Butler puts it,

> "When like a lobster boiled, the sun
> from black to red began to run,"

we were embarked on the last stage of our journey. The natives paddled quickly to the mouth of a small river, and Rotomihana, which we had come all this distance to see, was now only a short half-a-mile away. It was easy to note that some outlet of volcanic power of far greater force than any we had yet visited was close at hand. Along both sides of the river bank, steam rose in clouds, whilst down by the mouth of the stream numbers of boiling springs burst out of the ground; indeed, such a body of water flowed into the Tarawera from these springs (which are all impregnated with sulphur), that the water from the Lake itself was, at this spot, quite undrinkable. In one of these springs we dipped the basket containing our breakfast, and left it to take care of itself, and meanwhile busied ourselves in lightening the canoe.

After breakfast we re-embarked, and after a hard paddle of about half a mile, found ourselves on the waters of Rotomihana. This is a lake, three quarters of a mile in length, by a quarter of a mile in its widest part, and receives its name from the high temperature of its waters, the thermometer indicating a heat from 30° to 40° in the centre of the Lake, and of 26° at the sides.* It is formed chiefly by the hot springs that rise from beneath its waters, or burst forth from its banks; the numbers of these springs quite beat our calculating powers.

We rowed first of all to the Te Tarata or Pink Terrace, on the east side of the Lake. A strong fountain here rises from a basin 80 feet by 60, which lies about 80 feet above the Lake. It is filled to

* It has been pointed out to me that Hochstetter (whose figures I use) probably took the temperature with a Reamur or centigrade thermometer.

the brim with water, rising in the centre to the height of several feet. The spring is strongly impregnated with silica, and the overflow has in the lapse of time scooped out the side of the hill into a system of terraces white as marble. Each of these terraces has a small elevated rim, from which hang delicate stalactites; here and there, on the wider and broader steps, the rim has been raised by successive deposits, until the steps become water basins forming natural baths, whose temperatures vary with their distance from the spring.

The canoe next carried us to the Purple Terrace, a similar but more striking formation, on the other side, where another spring, called "Cloudy Atmosphere," runs into the Lake. There are 14 steps or terraces, each about 6 feet high, and from 60 to 80 yards in length, which rise from the Lake like a natural flight of steps; their sides cut truly and the edges clean as if they were artificial courses of masonry. Each step, thickly coated with silica (here slightly tinged with pink), seems formed of the most delicately tinted marble.

Climbing the terraces to the summit we found ourselves on a wide white platform sloping gradually inwards to the verge of a deep crater filled with steaming water of the deepest clearest blue.

In the midst of the clouds of steam that were constantly rising from the numerous springs, two distinct species of fern are found, which grow nowhere else in N. Zealand. We gathered specimens and found the fronds glistening with dew-drops, formed from the steam condensed against the fresh green leaves.

We landed for a few minutes on a low mud island in the middle of the Lake called (I think) the Kitchen. The place seems completely soaked and saturated with steam, so that the visitor is in constant danger of sinking over his ankles, or even deeper, in the boiling mass. The surface is furrowed in all directions with rifts and jets, from which issue volumes of steam.

The natives use this island as a cooking stove, and we found several of them stretched at full length on slabs of stone, enjoying the heat, and waiting until their provisions (which were buried in the hot mud of the island) should be fit for consumption.

Close to the Pink Terrace on the east side are many objects worthy of attention, if we had been able to spare the time. A path leads to the great Ngahapu Spring, which rises in a basin 30 by 40 feet. Out of another spring bursts a geyser, which rises to the height of 20 or 30 feet. Not far from this spring the traveller arrives at a hollow, called the Variable Water. The cavity resembles a crater, at the bottom of which is a coating of fine mud, thickly strewn with every variety of silicious stalactites. In one part is a deep pool of bubbling mud, which forms miniature mud volcanoes. There are twenty-five large hot springs about the Lake, in addition to innumerable smaller ones.

Hochstetter (Geology of N. Zealand), from whom I have condensed the preceding paragraph, considers Rotomihana to be only one point in a long rent in the earth's surface, 150 miles long by 17 miles wide, extending from Tongariro, a quiescent volcano in the interior, to "White's" Island in the Bay of Plenty.

We now made the best of our way to the Tarawera Lake on our homeward voyage. In a few hours we reached Mr. Spencer's house, where they showed us some beautiful petrifactions obtained by dipping branches and leaves into the water on the terraces. After thanking them heartily for their kindness, we mounted our horses and travelled back to Ohenimotu, a large native village on Lake Rotorua.

It was abundantly evident that we were still within the area exposed to the action of subterranean heat: over large patches of land the fumes of sulphur had destroyed all vegetation; in other places we passed shallow well-like pools of turbid steaming water, stinking of sulphur.

The natives at Ohemmotu (which is almost the only Roman Catholic village in the North island) received us hospitably, for the excellent reason that we were the first visitors to the only native hostelry (hotel it cannot be called) that, as far as I know, exists in N. Zealand. So many tourists and others come this way, that the magistrate of the district thought such a place would pay, and suggested that the villagers should start this establishment on temperance principles. It was hardly ready for our reception, but was clean, and provisions were good and plentiful. On the wall hung a regular tariff of prices, and in the morning we were presented with a moderate bill, couched in very fair English. I was charged six shillings for bed and board during the day that I stopped there.

Events march quickly in the colonies. For instance, in 1858 this very village was singled out as one of the retired spots where the Maori might be seen in all the simplicity of the primitive savage unstained by contact with civilisation.

We spent some hours in wandering about the village, built on a remarkable and dangerous site, for the sake of the mineral springs that abound. I counted, within the limits of the settlement and in the immediate neighbourhood of the houses, no less than forty-three large holes (each some 20 feet round), which had been worn away by the action of boiling springs or clouds of steam, which in some of these spots rose into the air; in others, the imprisoned steam seems unable to force a passage, and the whole floor of the pit rises and falls, and breaks into waves as it alternately yields to and overcomes the pressure of the steam beneath. At times, a beautiful geyser bursts from the largest pit, and rises to the height of 20 feet: but this was inactive during my visit.

As the sides of these pits are steep, and the floors composed of soft boiling mud of great depth, it would

be impossible to save any one who slipped in; thus, even the Maoris (who would think nothing of smoking a pipe over a powder barrel) are compelled to be cautious, and take a fire-stick with them whenever they leave their homes after dark. As the people are of a sociable disposition, and fond of looking one another up, a constant succession of torchlight processions are seen flitting about in all parts of the village: sometimes meeting in groups of three or four; then again dispersing; and finally disappearing altogether, as the torchbearer's love of gossip was overpowered by his love of sleep.

Long after I had followed their example and turned in, the strange sounds that arose from the pits and fissures around kept me awake, whilst it was easy to fancy that the steam could be heard bubbling and working in the very earth beneath my bed.

Next morning we held quite a levée outside our lodging, and all sorts of native curiosities were brought for sale. They consisted of flax mats (which the natives weave very neatly), clubs of wood and bone, and ornaments of a peculiar kind of green jasper, which is the only precious stone known to the natives. This they grind into the shape of a young cucumber, which the proud possessor wears as an ear-ring. We soon became convinced that a man must "get up very early in the morning" to get the better of a Maori in trade, more especially as they insisted on being paid in hard cash; but we went on bargaining nevertheless, as we had nothing better to do. At last, about 3 p.m., we mounted and rode for a few miles along the Lake, to the home where we had already been so hospitably entertained.

During the remainder of the journey we simply retraced our steps, and as nothing occurred worthy of mention, it will be only necessary to say that next day we made a long march to Maketu, and three days later the whole party reached Auckland in safety.

CONSANGUINEUS LETHI SOPOR.

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."—*The Tempest.*

"WELL! if this confounded moor goes on much longer, I shall have to give in, and make up my mind to passing the night among the heather; for it's my firm belief, that no such spot as the 'Hieland Laddie,' at Glenfalloch, exists on the face of this earth."

Such were the muttered ejaculations which escaped from the lips of your humble servant, as he plodded along a desolate road one evening toward the end of last summer; bearing ample testimony to the weary state of his limbs, and that hope of supper and bed deferred, which does in very truth make the heart sick.

I had that morning been deprived of the companionship of my cousin Launcelot, (with whom I was taking a pedestrian trip through the Highlands), owing to news received on the previous evening, which necessitated my immediate return to town; as the said news did not concern him, we had, after much argument and many vain regrets, determined to part company, he continuing his tour, while I made the best of my way Southwards to the nearest point, where I could catch a train for London. During the morning my route had lain through some of the most lovely scenery that the country affords; winding down narrow valleys, and by the margins of silent lochs, whose waters,

unruffled by the breezes, reflected in still magnificence the dark mountains, rugged crags, and leafy woods, which encircle them. The picturesqueness of the scene, enhanced as it was by the deep blue of the sky overhead, and the invigorating freshness of the morning air, tended in some measure to dispel the chagrin I felt at my interrupted pleasure, and the envy with which I could not help regarding my more fortunate comrade.

But after halting at midday for lunch at a miserable alehouse, the road I was travelling gradually became wild and open, growing more and more dreary every mile I advanced. Vast continuous tracts of moorland stretched before and on either side of me in hopeless sterility, the only objects of interest in this dismal landscape being the mountain peaks I had just quitted, which, lying to my rear, were of course invisible as I walked. Nay, even they lost, little by little, their characteristic features the farther I left them behind, and degenerated into mere indistinct masses, tame and lumpy. The actual path was for the most part flat, except where it rose here and there into long gradual slopes, which, though not to be dignified by the title of hills, were, from their monotony, infinitely more wearisome to the wayfarer, than a steep ascent would have been. The character of the surrounding country varied between green levels of treacherous morass and black peat-bogs, covered by that coarse and stunted species of heather, which is always to be found in such localities. The profoundest stillness reigned on all sides, save when broken occasionally by the curlew's shrill whoop or the bleating of the little black sheep, which somehow contrive, even amid such universal desolation as this, to pick up a scanty sustenance. To add to the misery of my position, the clouds, which had been gathering on the horizon early in the afternoon, now overspread the whole face of the sky in dark and ominous piles, and, from the drops of rain

which had already begun to fall, gave indisputable tokens of a thoroughly wet night.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered that I became each moment more and more anxious to reach Glenfalloch, the place where I had, by the aid of my tourist's map, determined to pass the night. Every traveller or shepherd (and they were not many) whom I chanced to see, I questioned on the distance from my proposed head-quarters; but their answers, when understood, were so irreconcilable, as to prove clearly to me, that the inaccuracy of the Scotch on such points had undergone no alteration for the better since the day, when Guy Mannering travelled the road to Kippletringan.*

My delight, therefore, may be imagined when, on surmounting one of the slopes before mentioned, I made out in a dip of the road about half a mile off a collection of houses, which I rightly conjectured to be Glenfalloch. Putting my best foot forward, I was not long in reaching the village, if village that can be called, which consisted of some dozen straggling hovels, built of loose stones, turf-thatched, and cemented with clay instead of mortar.

Among these I was at no loss to discover Mr. Saunders McDougal's hostelry; for though a poor-looking place enough, it was by far the best and most finished building in the hamlet. Over the door swung a weather-beaten sign-board, representing the "Highland Laddie," as he appeared when enjoying the strong waters of his native land, and bearing underneath the legend, "Good entertainment for man and beast;" while in the doorway stood his repre-

* "Kippletringan was distant at first a "gey bit;" then the "gey bit" was more accurately described as "aiblins three miles;" then the "three miles" diminished into "like a mile a bittock;" then extended themselves into "four mile or thereawa;" and lastly a female voice, having hushed a wailing infant, which the spokeswoman carried in her arms, assured Guy Mannering "It was a weary lang gate yet to Kippletringan, and unco heavy road for foot passengers."—*Guy Mannering*, p. 2.

sentative for the time being, the landlord, Saunders McDougal, watching with anxious eye the progress of the storm, which was on the point of breaking overhead.

He was a man of about fifty, as far as I could guess; a Scot of the recognized type; sandie-haired, lantern-jawed, and hard-featured, but with a twinkle in his ordinarily cold grey eye, which seemed to tell that he could make and appreciate a joke, when occasion offered. He was clad in the rough woollen material manufactured in those parts, wore a plaid over his shoulder, and a flat bonnet on his head. I afterwards learnt, that he combined the calling of shepherd with that of innkeeper, and I shrewdly suspect, did a little in the illicit distillery way, if the truth were known.

It must not be supposed, that all these observations were made at once, for at the moment I was more intent on securing the food and shelter, of which I stood so much in need, than on anything else.

"Can I have supper and a bed here to-night, my friend?" said I, opening the conversation.

"Nae, ye canna," was the surly rejoinder.

"Why, surely in so well-known an hotel as this you must have some place where I can sleep?" I replied, thinking to come over him with winning words.

"Nae, I hae na" was the answer, in a still more uncompromising tone; "my house is taen up wi' strangers a'ready, wha winna bide to be disturbed."

"But my good man," I cried in desperation, "what am I to do? its positively six hours since I've touched food: I've walked nearly thirty miles to day, and am quite tired out."

"Then I'm thinking ye maun just jog on again for a few mair: ye'll find gude accommodation eneugh at Davie Micklejohn's at Invershalloch; a douce honest man is Davie, and ane that winna see his guests wrang served."

"And how far may it be to Invershalloch?" I enquired.

"Ou, it's no that dooms far frae here; aiblins three mile Scots or thereawa, but it's no sic an easy road to find: ye maun gang straight forrard 'til ye come at four road-ends, mair be token ye'll see an auld finger-post, if it's not ower dark; tak the turn to the right, then ane to the left, and anither to the right; then haud on ower the moss 'til ye pass by a bit bourrock."

"Which I never shall do, my good man," I exclaimed, cutting short his long-winded directions; "why, what with your rights and lefts, and your bourrocks and finger posts, it would be midnight by the time I reached Invershalloch, always supposing I was lucky enough to hit such a road at all in the dark; besides, I should be wet to the skin before I got half way there. No, the long and short of the matter is, you must put me up yourself, as best you can: anything you have in the house to eat, and a shake-down by the fire side will do for me; heaven knows, I'm in no position to be fastidious."

"Aweel aweel," rejoined mine host with an ominous shake of the head, "a wilfu' man will hae his way, and if ye maun come in, ye maun: but remember it's yer ain doing, sae if ye dinna like it, it's neither beef nor brose o' mine." With this oracular response he led the way into a dark smoky kitchen, calling out at the same time to a bare-legged wench, who was scouring pans, "to pit a spunk o' fire i' the sma' parlour, and get a bit supper ready for the English gentleman."

The parlour alluded to, proved to be a den of the most limited dimensions, fully justifying the unpromising description of the premises given by their owner: the chimney, which appeared never to have known a fire for months back, persistently refused to draw, and soon filled the whole room with a thick and

smothering atmosphere, which would speedily have become unbearable, but for the draughts, which blew through the chinks in the door and windows; these however, while beneficial in so far as they served to dissipate the smoke, struck on my wet clothes with a chill, that was the reverse of pleasant, and made the solitary dip, which illuminated the apartment, gutter to such a degree as to fill me with serious apprehensions of being left in total darkness. But supper, which shortly made its appearance, far exceeded my expectations, a savoury mess of broiled salmon with cheese and crisp oat-cake, when washed down by a glass of excellent brandy, forming a repast at which many a man, less hungry than myself, would not have turned up his nose.

On the conclusion of my meal, as my fire, after several vain efforts to burn up, had abandoned the struggle and died out, I determined to go downstairs to the kitchen, dry my damp clothes, and, if possible, come to some better understanding with my entertainer touching my resting-place for the night. To the kitchen accordingly I repaired, and there found him seated on a rude settle in the chimney corner, engaged in discussing a pipe and huge beaker of steaming whiskey and water. Having ordered a similar compound on my own account, I lighted my pipe, and drawing up a stool in front of the fire, which crackled cheerily on the hearth, endeavoured to lead up to the subject nearest my heart. But no; my companion's mind seemed distraught and pre-occupied; and his answers to all my observations being confined to such cautious expressions of opinion as "ou aye," "is it een sae?" or "I winna say but ye may be right:" did not tend to promote conversation.

So I fell to mourning in silence over the cruel fate, which after a hard day's walking provided me with no better sleeping accommodation than an oak bench, a very nice thing I daresay in romance, but one which

in point of comfort has always seemed to me to lack the attractions of an ordinary mattress, and had been meditating for ten minutes or more on the apparent hopelessness of my position, when I was roused from my reverie by the voice of my companion addressing me as follows.

"Troth, I was e'en thinking I could find your honour a bed after a'."

"Then why, in the name of heaven," I exclaimed, "did you persist in telling me you had not got one?" for though relieved at any prospect of escape from the dreaded bench, I was provoked at what I considered the intolerable stupidity of the man; which, but for my firmness in remaining, would have condemned me to a five miles' walk in the pelting rain with no certainty of a bed at the end of it. "What on earth is it that you're driving at? if it's my money you want, speak out, for I'm ready to pay anything in reason for the comfort of a good nights' rest."

"Bide a wee, mon, bide a wee," said he solemnly waving me off with the stem of his pipe, "how hetbluided the callant is; it's no yer siller, that I'm speering after, but there's a wheen condeetions attached, whilk I misdoubt your honour wadna like sae weel when ye ken'd them."

"That's to be seen," I replied; "let's hear your conditions, for whatever they are they can't be harder than the boards I shall have to sleep on, in the event of my not accepting them."

On this with many tedious circumlocutions, which I would willingly spare my readers, he proceeded to make me the following proposal. "His house was taen up, as he tel't me afore, wi' an auld leddy and her muckle following, wha filled ilka bed in it but ane." This bed, on investigation, proved to be in the room of the old lady, which was a double-bedded one; and, "as she wudna occupy abune ane o'em hersell, and was fast asleep in that lang syne, forbye that

she was something hard o'hearing at a' times, what suld hinder me frae doffing my claes by the chimney-neuk, and slipping up i' my smock into t' ither bed, whar I might bide still 'til she was gaen i' the morning, and naebody be onything the wiser."

This proposition, I must confess, startled me considerably at first, the "conditions" being so totally at variance with my preconceived notions of them: I thought of Mr. Pickwick and the middle-aged lady; I pictured to myself my horrible position, if discovered and dragged from my lurking-place by the justly indignant "following" of the "auld leddy" so outraged. But the idea of comfortable quarters, the pleasanter for being unexpected, speedily put my scruples to the rout, being assisted therein by the accompanying element of adventure, an argument which generally finds favour in the eyes of an Englishman.

So I closed with the offer, and began to "doff my claes" accordingly by the kitchen fire; during which process my host employed himself in pouring out and drinking "a sma' tass o' clow-gilliflower water, whilk," he informed me, "he took just to keep the cauld aff the stomach," at the same time recommending me to try a similar precautionary draught. On my politely refusing his proferred dram, we adjourned upstairs, he leading the way with a candle, I following in my night-shirt; and having previously deposited my outer garments in the room, where I had supped, proceeded softly to open the door of the old lady's bed-chamber. My conductor pointed to a large four-post bed, which was just discernible by the dim light from the window in the far corner of the room, as the one I was to occupy, and after wishing me a "gude night," to which he added an assurance that "I need na be afeerd o' waking the leddy, for she was unco deaf and wudna hear me," closed the door softly behind him and departed.

To the bed thus indicated I made my way as

swiftly and silently as I could, not however without a narrow escape of breaking my shins against the handle of a litter or stretcher of some sort, which stood at the foot of the other couch, for what purpose designed I did not discover until the following morning. But the noise I made in the collision, though considerable, did not seem to have the effect of wakening my companion; for though I listened for some seconds in anxious trepidation, not a sound was to be heard from her bed; so determining that my landlord must be right, and the old lady very deaf indeed, I crept into my own, drew the curtains closely round me, and endeavoured to compose myself to slumber. But the more I courted the fickle goddess, the more did she deny me her favours; the novelty of the adventure, combined with the suffocating atmosphere within the curtains of my prison, served to excite my brain to such a pitch of wakefulness, that it was not until I had tossed and tumbled for nearly two hours, and was reduced to a state of frenzy bordering on desperation, that nature at last asserted her claims and I fell into a profound sleep.

How long I remained in this happy state of oblivion, I cannot say, but I was eventually roused from it by the sound of heavy footsteps in the room, and men's voices conversing in suppressed whispers; for several minutes I was so confused as to be unable to realize my position, and by the time I had sufficiently recalled my scattered senses to know where I was and what it was all about, the sounds had ceased, and I was again left in silence. Putting my head cautiously between the curtains I peered all round, but it must have been still very early, for the dim light did not enable me to make any important discovery. "Never mind," thought I, "she's gone at any rate, and with her all fear of my being discovered;" with which comforting reflection I enveloped myself in the bed clothes, and slumbered peacefully.

I was awakened for the second time by the sun streaming through the window so powerfully, as to warn me, that the morning was far advanced. On opening my eyes I beheld Mr. Mc. Dougal himself standing by my bedside with a can of hot water in his hand, and a most comical expression on his face.

"I hope your honour sleepit weel and was na muckle disturbed wi' noises i' the night."

"Thank you," I replied, "I slept excellently; and as for noises, all I heard was your men removing the lady's luggage or something of the sort; and I assure you it didn't trouble me at all. I suppose she's started on her journey by this time."

"Ou aye, she's started, sure eneugh; but it's not mony mair journeys she'll be taking, puir body."

"Why, is the lady ill?"

"Nae, nae, she's no that ill, but the journey she's taen is ane whilk we maun a' travel ane day or ither," said he turning up the whites of his eyes.

"What do you mean, man?" I asked becoming more and more perplexed at his remarks and the mysterious tone in which they were uttered.

"Then I may as weel tell your honour that, whilk if ye'd ken'd yestereen, wad hae gar'd ye sleep less soundly; Od! but I'm thinking ye wad may be hae gien ilka bawbee i' your pouch to hae been as far awa frae that auld leddy, as ye are e'en now; it was hersell, mon, hersell that they were removing; she was mistress Mc. Cluskie, wha died sax days syne; they were fetching her frae Singleside to the auld kirk-yard at Invershalloch and she's twal feet or mair below ground i' the family vault by now; that's a'."

SERMO.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

KNOWING you to be a man of patriotic feeling in general, and at the present moment particularly anxious for the success of Cambridge on the 29th, I do not doubt that you eagerly devour all accounts given in the daily papers of the doings of our gallant crew at Putney; and that, barometer-like, your spirits rise and fall according as those accounts are favourable or the reverse. But only consider the names of our men by the light, which I will afford you, and you will at once accept the omen contained therein, and cast your unmanly doubts to the winds.

First for our bow: a close-fisted gentleman he is, when he gets the grip of an oar; and one who will be so close to the winning-post at the termination of the race, as to leave no room for anyone being closer.

Mr. Hoskyns' patronymic is not, I confess, suggestive of much, but that is the fault of his parents, not mine.

The next two names on our list, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Browne, are most reassuring; and had we only been fortunate enough to secure the services of the third member of that famous triumvirate, (I need hardly state that I refer to Mr. Jones), we might have looked forward with certainty to their again achieving the success, which has always hitherto attended their adventures. As it is, we are confident, that the two we possess will be one too many for Oxford.

Number 5 is Mr. Turnbull; and should he do what his name pledges him to, he will, doubtless, prove as genuine an article, and look as much at home at the

end of the course, as our old friend the "Bull in the Boat," well known to all frequenters of English Railway Stations.

To Mr. Read may be applied the words of the immortal bard of Avon,

"The reed is as the oak,"

for heart of oak he has already shewn himself to be, and, doubtless, will again. At any rate, we can safely affirm, that the Read, on which we lean, is no broken one

Should Mr. Benson, as we have every reason to expect, go as well and keep as correct time as one of his namesake's chronometers, that chronometer will probably have to record a turn of speed rarely equalled.

Of our stroke we can only predict, that our Rhodes will be the path to victory, at the same time prophesying, that he will turn out a very Colossus.

When we have promised Mr. Candy that, should he "to glory steer" next Saturday, so sweet a performance shall earn for him the prefix of "sugar" from the lips of every Cantab, we have done.

Good-bye, Mr. Editor, keep up your spirits, and lay all your spare cash on the Light Blue.

Yours ever,

SERMO PYTHICUS.

OUR CHRONICLE.

TO our contributors we—the Editors—offer our thanks: we thank those who have filled our number; we thank all who have done their best, and we ask for more. We ask also for more subscribers: there are a considerable number of Members of the College—even of Resident Members—whose names do not yet appear on our cover. This ought not to be. Will each subscriber ask his friends to join in supporting this College Magazine?

The Chronicler now proceeds on his task of jotting down such items of intelligence as have become known to him.

The Master and the President have been appointed two of the Sex Viri.

Mr. Frost and Mr. Besant have been appointed Examiners for the Adams Prize.

Among the select Preachers before the University for the year 1872—3, are Rev. W. A. Whitworth (July 7, 14), Rev. E. Hill (August 4, 11), Rev. J. Moorhouse (March 2, 9, 16), Rev. J. B. Pearson, Hulsean Lecturer (March 23, 30; April 6, 11, 13), Rev. W. E. Pryke (April 20).

The Rev. G. Currey, D.D., late Fellow and Tutor, Master of the Charterhouse, has been appointed Prebendary of Brownswood in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Professor Mayor's Introductory Lectures were three: "on the choice of books useful to the student of Juvenal and Tacitus."

The living of Houghton Conquest, in Bedfordshire, is vacant by the death of Archdeacon Rose, B.D., late Fellow.

The Rev. A. D. Mathews, M.A., has been appointed Chaplain to the Bishop of Mauritius.

The Rev. J. H. Stork, M.A., formerly Scholar, has been appointed Head-Master of Hipperholme Free Grammar School, Yorkshire.

The Rev. B. Christopherson, M.A., Head-Master of Moulton School, has been appointed Master of Newcastle Royal Free Grammar School.

Inter-collegiate Lectures on Classics. St. John's with Clare, Gonville and Caius, King's, Jesus, Christ's, Trinity, Emmanuel, and Sidney Sussex Colleges. Mr. Holmes has been lecturing on Aristotle *Rhetoric I*, Mr. Sandys on Aristotle *Rhetoric III*, and Mr. Heitland on Tacitus' *Agricola*.

Inter-collegiate Lectures on Natural Sciences, St. John's with Trinity and Sidney Sussex Colleges. Mr. Main has been lecturing on Chemistry, Mr. Bonney on Palæontology and on Geology.

Inter-collegiate Lectures on Moral Sciences. St. John's with St. Peter's, Clare, Pembroke, Gonville and Caius, Trinity Hall, Corpus Christi, Queens', St. Catherine's, Trinity and Downing Colleges. H. S. Foxwell has been lecturing on Mental Philosophy, and Mr. Marshall on Political Economy.

Cambridge Philosophical Society. Mr. Freeman was elected a Fellow on 3rd Feb., 1873, and on March 3rd W. J. Sollas read a paper on the Foraminifera and Sponges of the Cambridge Upper Green Sand; and Mr. Bonney read a paper on a Boulder in a Coal Seam, South Staffordshire.

At the Election of the Woodwardian Professor of Geology, on Feb. 20th Mr. Bonney received 105 votes; the successful candidate was T. M'K. Hughes, M.A., Trinity College, who received 112 votes.

Degrees conferred in the Easter Term, 1872:

D.D.—*June 15th*—F. E. Williams.
M.A.—*May 23rd*—By special grace of the Senate, J. J. Sylvester.
M.A.—*April 11th*—J. S. ff. Chamberlain, C. B. Drake, G. E. Gardner, J. E. Hewison, H. C. Hodges, H. Howlett, W. Routh, and (by proxy), J. Elliott (Fellow), W. Lee-Warner, R. Taylor. *April 25th*—J. R. Bennett, A. J. Finch, J. W. Horne, J. S. Salman. *May 10th*—W. Almack, W. H. Bray, F. Burnside, A. D. Capel, E. W. M. Lloyd, H. Mc N. Mansfield, W. Reed. *May 23rd*—G. L. Bennett, H. H. Cochrane, A. Cust, T. D. Griffiths, G. H. Hallam (Fellow), R. Hey, H. T. Norton, J. A. Percival, R. Prowde, J. Watkins. *June 6th*—W. S. Barnes, H. T. Bousfield, C. Carpmael (Fellow), J. M. Eustace, W. Lawrance, C. L. Reynolds, G. Robinson, R. K. Vinter. *June 15th*—G. Smith, J. M. Tattersall, J. Musgrave.
LL.M.—*June 6th*—W. Hart, M.A.
M.B.—*June 20th*—W. E. Buck.
MUS. B.—*May 10th*—E. J. Crow.

Degrees conferred in the Michaelmas Term, 1872:

LL.D.—*December 4th*—J. Hartley, A. Salts.
M.A.—*Oct. 10th*—J. H. Scott. *Oct. 24th*—J. Lewis. *Dec. 14th*—F. Armitage.
LL.M.—*Nov. 6th*—J. H. Blunn.

The following Honours have been gained by Members of the College:

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers—Gurney, 3rd; Garnett, 5th; Hicks, 7th; Johnson, 11th; Reeves, 13th; Hoare, 14th; Whitfield, 16th; Ruston, 18th; Adams, 19th; Roughton, 36th.
Senior Optimes—Alston, Bell, Lloyd, Pinder, Machell, Ellen.
Junior Optimes—Lake, Hobson, Metcalfe, Quirk, Pugh, M. H., Willacy, Barnacle, Hodgkinson, Burville, Hanson, Mytton, Cooper.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class—Page, 2nd; Newbold, 5th; Wills, 10th; Haslam, 14th.
Second Class—Adams, F. H., Allnutt, Lees, Woolley.
Third Class—Hoare, Oddie, Strahan, Finch.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

First Class—Teall, Yule, æq., 2nd. *Third Class*—Smith, J.

MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

Third Class—Simpson, Charles.

LAW AND HISTORY TRIPOS.

Second Class—Garrett, Bonnett. *Third Class*—Micklem.

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

Chancellor's Medal for Legal Studies—J. A. Foote, B.A.
Porson Scholarship—H. Wace.

The following obtained First Classes in the Christmas Examination:

3rd Year—Barnard, Clarke, H. L., Reynolds, Elliott.
2nd Year—Ambridge, Colenso, F. E., Burn, Canham, Peter, Gardner, Hamer, Cunynghame, Cheeseman, Freese, Logan.
1st Year—Bishop, Burnett, Carter, C. A., Coggin, Easton, Ford, Hargreaves, Hartley, Hopkin, Horner, Hunt, Jaques, London, Luxton, Maxwell, McFarland, Morgan, Murray, Nall, Osborne, Peter, Phillips, W. J., Raynor, G. H., Sampson, Savielle, Simpkinson, Stewart, M., Stuart, E. A., Talbot, Treadgold, Tristram, Wace, Ward, J. T., Winch, Winter, Wright.

On the 23rd Dec., 1872, the following Elections were made:

Minor Scholars—J. L. Heath, from Caistor Grammar School; F. Dyson, from the Perse School; M. Vaughan, from Felsted School; C. N. Murton, from Christ's Hospital.
Exhibitioners—D. McAliston, Liverpool Institute; C. Pendlebury, Liverpool College; E. S. Fox, St. Peter's School, York; W. Northcott, Sheffield Collegiate School; J. Tillard, Brighton College; T. S. Tait, Owens College, Manchester.
Natural Science Exhibitioners—Lowe and Taylor, equal.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—The Officers for this Term have been:

President—H. Cunynghame. | *Treasurer*—W. Wareing.
Vice-President—N. J. Littleton. | *Secretary*—H. Torr.

The subjects discussed during this Term have been:

"That this house generally admires the character of Napoleon III."—*Lost*, majority 8 to 7.
"That this house is prepared to accept the evolutional hypothesis of life commonly known as Darwinism."—*Carried*, 14 to 7.
"That this house would disapprove of the opening of the British Museum and other places of public amusement upon Sunday."—*Lost*, 10 to 9.
"That this house disapproves of the general application of the principle of total abstinence."—*Carried*, 17 to 3.

S. J. C. M. S.—Practices of the above Society are held in Lecture Room B every Friday Evening after Chapel. A Concert will be given during the May Term.

R. N. Laurie, *Secretary.*
R. Pendlebury, *President.*
H. S. Foxwell, *Treasurer.*
F. J. Lowe, *Librarian.*
H. Cunynghame.
H. Barton.
Bion Reynolds.

FOOTBALL CLUB.—Matches continued from last Term:

November 28th—*v.* Harrow Club (return); lost, by one goal to nothing. We played Harrow rules, but touchdowns were allowed.

December

King's got a touchdown.

A meeting was held on December 9th, when H. F. Pinder resigned the Captaincy, and E. Mitford was elected.

A match was played on February 11th against Jesus. Jesus had the best of it throughout, and won by two goals to nothing.

L. M. B. C.—The Trial Eights were rowed on Saturday, November 30th. Three boats started. The races were time races. The winning crew were:

H. A. W. Thorndike (*bow*).
2 J. S. Yardley.
3 F. A. Cobbold.
4 J. P. Baynes.
5 C. Halliday.
6 W. S. Kelley.
7 W. Baker.
G. Hodges (*stroke*).
H. N. Rooper (*cox.*).

The race for the Pearson and Wright Sculls was rowed on Monday, December 2nd. There were three entries—Batchelor, A. Dicker, P. J. Hibbert. The race was won by A. Dicker.

A general meeting of the Club was held on Thursday, December 5th. The officers elected for the Lent Term were:

President—Rev. E. W. Bowling.
1st Captain—H. D. Bonsey.
2nd Captain—E. E. Sawyer.
Secretary—H. Brooke.
Treasurer—R. Merivale.
3rd Captain—W. Carless.
4th Captain—R. Haviland.

The races for the last place in the 3rd Division were held on March 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th. Five boats entered—L. M. B. C. 4th boat, Jesus 3rd, St. Catharine's 2nd, Peterhouse 2nd, and Caius 3rd. The races were rowed in heats. On the first day L. M. B. C. 4th beat Peterhouse 2nd, and Jesus 3rd beat Caius 3rd; St. Catharine's 2nd drew a bye. On the second day L. M. B. C. 4th beat St. Catharine's 2nd, Jesus drawing a bye. On the third day L. M. B. C. 4th beat Jesus 3rd. On the fourth day L. M. B. C. rowed Pembroke 2nd, the last boat on the river, and were beaten. The L. M. B. C. crew were:

F. Burford (*bow*).
2 E. C. Peake.
3 F. A. Cobbold.
4 W. W. Barlow.
5 G. B. Darby.
6 C. J. D. Goldie.
7 G. A. Bishop.
H. M. Barton (*stroke*).
— Hunt (*cox.*).