

# THE EAGLE.

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

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

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

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



## MONTE ROSA FROM MACUGNAGA.

**I**T was on July 22, 1872, that a party, consisting of William Martin Pendlebury, Richard Pendlebury, and myself, with Gabriel Spechtenhauser of Fend, commonly called *Gaber*\*, and the local guides, Ferdinand Imseng and Giovanni Oberto, started to attempt the Italian side of Monte Rosa from a point on the left bank of the Macugnaga glacier, called by Imseng, *Rücke Jägi*.†

We had been travelling for some weeks in the Eastern Alps, and had reached Chiavenna by way of the Disgrazia. Then, the party having disbanded, W. M. Pendlebury and myself, with Gaber, set off for Macugnaga, while R. Pendlebury agreed to rejoin us at Zermatt after a flying visit to Milan; but it so happened that he came up the Val d'Anzasca, and that on his way he fell in with one Ferdinand Imseng, a guide unknown to fame, whose ambition it was to ascend Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, and thus to accomplish a feat which mountaineers of greater experience had been unwilling to attempt. It was soon agreed, though with no votes to spare, that Imseng should have a trial, and, the weather being at length good, we arranged to start for 'Rücke Jägi' on the following day.

From the Monte Moro hotel, now kept by the brothers Oberto, Imseng pointed out the route by

\* He was introduced to us, with Alois Ennemoser, by the Herr Curat Senn, and has travelled with one or more of us in the years 1870-72.

† This name was written down at Imseng's dictation.

which he proposed to ascend. The precipitous face of the mountain, running at first approximately from north to south, and then curling round to the east, was from this point full in view; the Nord End being to the extreme right, the Höchste Spitze next to the left, and the Zumstein Spitze further to the left and in the bend. The Höchste Spitze is described by Mr. Ball as a double tooth of rock, of which the eastern pinnacle is 24 feet lower than the western. The former pinnacle may be called the *Ost Spitze*; the latter is known as the *Allerhöchste Spitze*. The ridge which leads up to the Ost Spitze runs about east and west, and is seen endways from Macugnaga; but a good broadside view should be obtainable from the neighbourhood of the Cuna di Jazzi. Between the ridge in question and the Zumstein Spitze, is a snow Sattel, which overlooks the Grenz Gletscher, and may be called the *Grenz Sattel*. Imseng's plan was to mount the Grenz Sattel\* and to attack the ridge of the Höchste Spitze from its southern side.

The necessary set off with Caspar Burgener as porter, and reached the place of bivouac in an afternoon stroll of four-and-a-half hours; the route being at first through Belvedere, then to the left up the broad and almost level moraine, and lastly to the right, along a ridge of the moraine and up some rocks at the base of the eastern slope, which we proposed to climb. It was not, however, without some controversy that we agreed to take up our station with no other shelter than a wall at our backs. Gaber in particular hankered after the chalets of Pedriolo, and disliked the prospect of passing the night 'under an icfall,' with an empty kettle and no fire; but Imseng, knowing the place, dismissed the last fear as groundless, and, urging the necessity of an early start in the morning, promptly led the way

\* We did not, however, complete the ascent of the Sattel, but inclined a little to the right of it, and took to the rocks at their lowest point.

up the rocks on the right, which, though from below apparently bare, were found to be plentifully interspersed with shrivelled twigs of the Alpenrose. Of these, axes and fingers soon chopped or tore up an abundant supply. Then, after a reconnaissance, we set off again, Imseng with a small waggon-load of fuel scudding lightly along, and at length halting, some few minutes before 7 P.M., at a bleak but well-chosen spot on the mountain side.

No long time elapsed before we had set light to our roses and boiled some snow from a couloir which ran beneath. Then, *inter alia*, we had time to reflect on our prospects for the night and the following day. The ascent which we proposed to attempt had been declined a few days previously by Ulrich and Christian Lauener, and in 1867 by Christian Almer.\* The veteran Lochmatter had also pronounced against it, and it was not surprising that Gaber, more or less backed by one of his Herren, should have felt qualms about following an unknown local guide into a region which some of the highest authorities on mountaineering had condemned as dangerous. But Imseng, nothing daunted, steadily maintained that his route was comparatively little swept by avalanches, and would be reasonably safe at an early hour in the morning. It has been thought, notwithstanding, that we showed a want of caution in undertaking the expedition; but it was natural that the positive statement of a man who knew the mountain, and had examined the proposed route† repeatedly from different points, should have been allowed to outweigh a very considerable amount of less definite testimony on the other side. At all events we might go to the end of the lower rocks, and then turn back if circumstances proved unfavourable.

\* See '*Alpine Journal*,' Vol. I.

† In company, I think, with Alexander Burgener. I was told, in 1870, by Franz Burgener, that some guides proposed to make the ascent, and to ensure the popularity of the excursion by building a hut.

Soon, however, the fading of the light changed the current of our thoughts, and warned us that whatever might be in s

to find our present quarters of the coolest. We had had experience of châteaux in descending order of comfort, from the luxurious hay barn of Wexegg to the open cheese shed of Porcellizza, but a lower depth seemed now to be reserved for us under the séracs of Monte Rosa. The night, however, was passed more comfortably than we had any right to anticipate, the temperature being remarkably moderate for the situation. Lying with our backs to a low wall of rock, and our feet sloping towards the moraine of the Macugnaga Glacier, we settled down as best we could; a scientific member of the party speculating what would become of us if the laws of friction should be repealed during the night. Each Herr coiled himself up in a blanket, while the three guides and the porter, having only one between them, lay closely packed in the neighbourhood of the fire. Imseng, with no extra covering but a woollen nightcap, was quickly at his ease, and proved to our dissatisfaction that he was fast asleep: the rest appeared to sleep less soundly; but those who watched late had the consolation of seeing a bright moon shining upon a panorama of ice and snow which no visitor of Macugnaga will need to have described. About midnight Imseng woke with a slight shiver in time to save the last spark from extinction. This led to a general stir. Then, the fire having been made up, we once more composed ourselves till the guides aroused us by their preparations for breakfast, which was, after all, but a very scanty meal, owing to the difficulty of descending the rocks in the dark to procure snow.

At length, some time after 2 A.M., the breakfast was over, and everything seemed ready. We were on the point of putting on the rope and making our start while it was yet dark, when a deep roll from the

Zumstein announced that the avalanches were waking early. Gaber thereupon put in a final protest against proceeding, though he is not a man to turn back when an expedition is once fairly launched. 'Guide,' said he, 'what think you? I think it is very dangerous;' but Imseng, though with a shade less of confidence than overnight, still maintained that his route was safe. In the discussion which followed it was urged reasonably enough that the warmth of the night must have loosened the foundations of the séracs and increased the danger to be apprehended from avalanches. Even Imseng, as I learned long afterwards, shook his head and said that he did not *quite* know, when asked in an undertone by R. Pendlebury what he really thought of it. But in spite of all whispered doubts the party of progress remained steadily in the ascendant, and we determined, without too closely defining the meaning of our sage resolve, that we would go just as far as we could with safety go. Accordingly the rope was put on, and the start made some minutes before half-past two, in the following order: Imseng, R. Pendlebury, Oberto, W. M. Pendlebury, Gaber, and myself.

The first few steps were not encouraging. We groped slowly over the rocks to the couloir, where the leaders floundered into a mass of soft snow, which augured ill for the condition of the slopes above when they should have been exposed for a few hours to the action of the sun. Things, however, were not so bad as they seemed; the main part of the couloir was hard enough, and it was merely an accidental accumulation at a point near the edge which gave ground for apprehension. Passing the couloir we came upon rocks again, and then before long to a second couloir considerably broader than the first. Imseng now turned abruptly to the right, a straight up, while Gaber emphatically dissented, and urged the necessity of crossing. Being some distance

behind the leader, and not at once appreciating the situation, I assumed at first that the dispute was about an unimportant detail, and was afterwards led to conjecture that Imseng was bent upon trying a more direct ascent, of which he had held out hopes the evening before. But he was in reality actuated by overmuch caution rather than by rashness, for as the party advanced in accordance with Gaber's more prudent, though bolder, recommendation,\* it became evident that we were flanked on the right by a strong battery of séracs. One by one we partially disappeared in a deep furrow, the trail of some huge ice-block which had plunged down the slope to the glacier beneath. Then advancing, unmolested as yet by the enemies we had most to fear, we found ourselves at the beginning of a long stretch of good and fairly interesting rocks.

Our course having hitherto lain almost horizontally along the side of the mountain and in the direction of the Zumstein, we now turned a few degrees to the right and commenced ascending the rocks, rather rapidly than otherwise; considering\* the size of the party. Our way was for a time safe and plain before us; and, as we struggled up the massive boulders, we shook off the stagnation of the night, growing more and more convinced at every step that Imseng was a true prophet. At length the rocks came to an end for a time, and we emerged upon a precipitous broken snow-slope, which was blocked along its further side, except at the upper corner, where there was a narrow gap looking toward the Zumstein, and surmounted by a small but rather threatening sérac. As we made for this point, going horizontally along the upper part

\* The other course must have led us into difficulties. We have always found Gaber a bold and judicious guide, who can be trusted in trying circumstances. When we had been lost in a storm and partly frozen near the *arête* of the Ortler, it was mainly through his sagacity that we were enabled to complete the descent.

of the slope, an avalanche was observed to break away at some little distance below us. But our route was well chosen; and as we passed through the gap, cautiously though without difficulty, we could not help remarking the skill and judgment with which we had been led.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred between this and the first halt near the end of the lower rocks, a little before 5 A.M. At the start, and for some time afterwards, the slopes on our left, as they fell away in the darkness, had of necessity seemed more formidable than they really were; and almost the first thing that the dawn revealed was a thick cloud which threatened storm as it rolled over us from the valley. But soon the clear light showed us the true nature of the work before us; and long before the halt it had become evident that we had nothing to fear from the weather, except, perhaps, some excess of heat that we would gladly have dispensed with. At the halting-place, which we thought safe and well chosen, we passed a very pleasant five-and-twenty minutes. But the eyes of lookers-on are sometimes sharper, and their imaginations generally more lively, than those of persons actively employed; to one or other of which causes may perhaps be attributed a report afterwards current at Macugnaga, that we halted for breakfast under a dangerous cornice, which to the spectators who watched us from below seemed likely to make short work with us, and which actually fell on the third day after. It could, perhaps, be decided by a comparison of watches whether the reference in this rumour is to the first halt, or to a shorter one made from two to three hours after, or to a still later occasion when we halted to drink some wine under the shelter of one of the last séracs; but if, as I incline to suppose, the allusion is to the first and longest of these halts, I must confess that I doubt the accuracy of the report, although, on the other hand, it should not be too hastily denied

that a spectator below may have had the advantage of us in more than one particular.

The halt being over, we proceeded in the general direction of the Sattel, with such deviations as the nature of the ground necessitated; but this part of the route for some hours has left so little impression upon me that I cannot describe it at all in detail. I remember only that we found enough of séracs and crevasses to keep us continually on the alert, and make us unconscious of the lapse of time. The snow, which at the commencement of the day had been hard enough to bring the axe into requisition, was now rapidly softening, and kept the leader fully employed at treading steps, which he did very effectually, perhaps even causing delay by making them better than they need have been. That we made slow progress is evident from the time which passed before the final rocks were reached, but that we were not idle may be gathered from the rate at which the hours flew by; and indeed there was more work in the expedition than had been apparent from below to practised eyes, or could have been inferred from an estimate of the verticle height to be climbed.

At length, when Imseng had done what might have passed muster for a good day's work, it was suggested that Gaber should change places with him. The change having been effected, we soon came to one of the most interesting portions of the route. Swerving a little to the right, we found ourselves at the edge of a monster crevasse which could be made out from Macugnaga; then, turning to the left, we walked for some distance along it in the direction of a promising bridge by which we hoped to cross. Before the bridge was an irregular mound, along the front of which we passed without much difficulty. Then, burrowing through the froth of snow on its further side, we crept slowly downward, leaving between us and the crevasse a frail barrier, on the outside of which our

right arms were at one point placed so as to overhang the brink. The next moment Gaber was at the bridge, promptly hacking at the cornice which covered its lower end. Imseng, for some reason, seemed to think this bridge impracticable, and proposed to go in quest of another; but the sound of the axe in front was the sole reply, for Gaber, though by nature a man of the rocks, is fast developing an acquired taste for crevasses, and it was no ordinary pleasure for him to lead us over the most voracious-looking Schrund that it has ever been his happiness to cross.

In the few minutes which had elapsed before the preparations for crossing were complete, I took the opportunity of observing the situation from my position in the rear, which enabled me to see underneath the bridge. The crevasse may have been nine or ten yards across. Its solid walls ran straight down till they were lost in the depths, except that at one point they inclined inwards, clamping between them a large block of ice, over which the bridge itself was formed, and which had doubtless fallen in the same avalanche that had piled up the mound behind us. The bridge proved trustworthy, and the abrupt slope immediately above was ascended without apparent risk; then we turned back some few degrees to the right, being driven by the nature of the ground to deviate a little from the direction of the Sattel which it was proposed to ascend. Before long, Gaber, still unreconciled to the expedition, was glad to resign the lead into the hands of Imseng, who once more went to the front, and continued there till the rope was taken off in the evening. The slope of the mountain was now considerable, and the snow, as Gaber afterwards described it, 'bad and hollow,' but there was nothing to suggest extraordinary risk so long as we went with caution, and looked well to every step. After a time, still going a little to the right of the Sattel, we came to a colossal sérac heavily fringed with icicles, under



which we proceeded to pass, turning considerably more to the right so as to face almost north. As Imseng laboured at the steps, we had leisure to examine the massive structure on our left; but I regret that I am unable to communicate any results of scientific importance, for a crack and a rattle put an untimely end to our observations. Imseng with a shout sprang forward, while the hindmost darted back, and R. Pendlebury, *in medio* but not *tutissimus*, with the rope taut on either side, received a smart rap on the head from a fragment of an icicle; W. M. Pendlebury was struck on the chest by a larger block, and although in the excitement of the moment the circumstance was almost unheeded, yet some days later an expanse of black and blue testified to the severity of the blow: Gaber escaped with a slight contusion above the ankle; I cannot answer for Oberto, but only the first man and the last were wholly out of the line of fire. Nevertheless, the alarm was a false one, for after this slight ebullition the sérac cooled down and suffered us to pursue our way in peace, though not altogether without a lurking suspicion that the mountain had perhaps not done its worst.

After this we plodded on for I cannot say how long, without seeming to encounter any difficulty. We looked upwards to the Sattel, and saw nothing to hinder us from reaching it. Whether the mountain was growing commonplace, or whether we were becoming hardened to anything short of the sensational, must remain an open question; but suffice it to say that everything was going well, and the idea of failure had vanished from our minds, at a moment when we were on the verge of the most alarming situation of the day. A sudden sliding of the surface through which we trod brought the whole party to an instantaneous halt. Each man planted himself in his steps, and looked on in silence, no sound being heard but the hiss of the snow as it skimmed down the steep

slopes on every side. Perhaps an avalanche was coming, perhaps not; we had no means of judging for the moment which of these contingencies was the more probable. And yet our feeling was one almost of indifference, for the reason doubtless that, although we may have been in some danger, we were absolutely free from perplexity, since nothing could now be more self-evident than that we must abandon the Sattel, and make with all care for the very lowest point of the rocks on its right. Accordingly, it was not long before we were again in motion. We had waited for a time to see what was coming, but the sliding went on without diminution, and at the same time, as I thought, without material increase. Gaber, however, remarking that it grew worse every instant, was anxious to be at once on the move, and recommended very judiciously that we should go some distance to the right, and then mount straight up in a line of still snow under cover of a sérac. He had singled out perhaps the only spot in the neighbourhood where the slope was undisturbed. The snow was in motion right and left, and some distance in front, but the current immediately above was turned by the sérac itself, and poured off in strong stream to the north. At the sérac we made a halt and drank some wine, feeling ourselves for the moment in a position of comparative security, and having, perhaps, an irrational confidence that somehow we must succeed now that we were almost within a stone's throw of the solid rocks. But, confidence or no confidence, the right course was to go on; for had not retreat likewise its risks, which we were in no mood to under-estimate? Earlier in the ascent we might well have been turned back by similar appearances; but with the rocks now close in front, and hours of softening snow behind, it was clear as the day that we must go forward, since it was no longer consistent with prudence to go back. Whether the situation was really

dangerous, we were unable to judge. But it was idle to speculate: the practical issue had to be tried: one stage more, and then the rock—perhaps. Accordingly we passed under the sérac to the south, and scrambled up its side; a piece of work which, under more favourable circumstances, might have been thought difficult. We then made for the last sérac, which lay midway between us and the lowest point of the final ridge, and from which a small crevasse ran down obliquely to the right, so as to separate us from the slope by which we were to reach the rocks. The snow here seemed better than below, but, the incline being greater, it was deemed right to use every precaution before we fully committed ourselves. Imseng was sent to the front for the first trial, and went to the full extent of his own rope, now uncoiled for the first time, while the main body of the party remained well placed below; Gaber next followed, changing places with R. Pendlebury;\* then one by one, we stepped over the crevasse, till the last man had left his firm footing under the sérac, and the whole party was launched irrevocably upon the slope.

It was felt that the decisive moment was now at hand, and that in a brief space the fate of the expedition must be determined; but we gave our minds to the work before us, and wasted very little thought on possible consequences. The snow was not to be trifled with, but it bore the pressure put upon it, and showed no symptoms calculated to cause uneasiness; and, indeed, but for the recollection of what we had experienced below, it would scarcely have occurred to us at this point that there was any danger at all to be feared; but, as it was, we went with the utmost caution, fully resolved that up to the last step

\* The order from this point to the summit was: Imseng, Gaber, Oberto, W. M. Pendlebury, R. Pendlebury, myself. After reaching the ridge, we used only our own rope, which was 100 feet in length.

no chance should be thrown away. I have a sufficiently lively recollection of the scene, but there is little that I could say by way of description which would not be better left to the imagination of the reader. The simple fact was that six men, joined by some fifty yards of cord, were nearing the end of a short steep snow-slope. A few steps, and the head of the column was hopefully near the goal. A few more, with growing confidence but undiminished care, and the last film of doubt was scattered by a subdued *Fodel* from Imseng, which announced that the rocks of the 'Worspitze'\* were reached, and the day was won.

Up to this point, as we learned on the following day, our porter had been anxiously watching us in company with Lochmatter. Once they had lost sight of us, but we soon reappeared, and thenceforward remained in view until the rocks were reached.† The time must have passed slowly down below; but our own feeling was one of sheer amazement, when we found that five good hours had elapsed from the first halt, and eight hours, including one spent in halts, from the start, for our watches positively assured us that it was not far short of half-past ten.‡

After a few words of consultation among the guides we set off again, going at first to the north of the ridge, the opposite side to that which Imseng had intended to try. While we were still on the snow some one had foreboded that the rocks themselves might present insuperable difficulties, but Imseng pledged his word that success was certain if they

\* Imseng's expression for the Ost Spitze.

† Burgener then returned to Macugnaga, and, starting at midnight, brought our knapsacks over the Weissthor to the Riffel.

‡ We had expected to clear the snow much earlier, otherwise the expedition might have been abandoned. We lost time, doubtless, by letting one guide lead almost without intermission. The eastern slope of Monte Rosa, being fully exposed to the morning sun, became less safe towards midday; and for this reason the *descent* from Monte Rosa to Macugnaga is not, as a rule, to be recommended.

could once be reached. I had myself put the question both over night and in the morning, and had extracted from him the further assurance that, if the worst came to the worst, we might cross the Sattel and find an escape by the route of the Sesia Joch; but as for the rocks, he had seen them from above, and had no doubt whatever that they might be climbed. It so happened, however, that we did not approach them in the way that he had planned, nor do I think it likely that he had surveyed our actual route in detail; but we were more than nine hours of daylight to the good, which gave time enough, though none to spare.

For the first few steps the rocks were not steep, but they were interspersed with some patches of snow and ice. Afterwards they became steeper, and we ascended by a sort of gully, inclining a little to the north; the climbing being perhaps intermediate in difficulty to that in the Zermatt and Breuil ascents of the Matterhorn. Once only, as we were passing up, and along the face of a wall on the left, we came upon a weak point in the ledge, which, however, was easily detected. After a while we crossed over to a wall on the right, and there spent much time in quenching our thirst from a rock of more than average dampness. In this halt and another of like nature, some hour and a quarter or more may have been consumed; for we concluded a little prematurely that we could now afford to loiter. At one point, which I cannot precisely fix, we encountered an obstacle in the shape of a smooth inclined slab, which no one man alone would have found it an easy matter to surmount; accordingly Imseng was first pushed up, and the rope was then for once brought actually into use instead of being worn merely by way of precaution. The next thing that I remember is our arrival at a point on the backbone of the ridge, from which we looked down to the Grenz Sattel, on the left;

the Silber Sattel and the Nord End being to our right front.

Although we had now been for a long time on the rocks, some good work remained to be done before the ascent even of the eastern peak was accomplished—a peak which is of sufficient importance in the history of mountaineering to be called by a distinctive name, whether Ost Spitze or any other, since it was ascended from the Silber Sattel before the Allerhöchste Spitze had been reached, and is cut off from the true summit by a gap which was described as quite impassable. But we felt that the gap must now be passed, and passed it was, though with what degree of difficulty I can scarcely say, for the inclination to discriminate was fast evaporating. The complete ascent of the ridge was to occupy us for what remains of five hours when the duration of the long halts already mentioned is subtracted; and, whether because the time was long, or because we had expected it to be shorter, our freshness showed signs of wearing off before the summit-cross was seen over the left shoulder of the Ost Spitze; so that, without meaning any disrespect to the rocks, we began to whisper that we had had enough, considering that the sun had all day poured an unwelcome blaze upon us, after perversely refusing to show us a view from some half-score of peaks that we had climbed before. No vestige of doubt survived to make our toil interesting; there was nothing for it but to work on and long for the end. Upwards again over walls and towers and pinnacles—to which may some future chronicler do fuller justice—and down and outside projecting rocks, and round them to the right, and once more up, till at length the last impossibility way fairly vanquished, and the labour of thirteen hours was brought to a successful close.\*

\* The following new route up Monte Rosa may be suggested as worth trying:—Mount the Grenz Sattel from the Riffel, and complete the ascent from this point, according to Imseng's original plan.

The usual banquet followed, and does not need to be particularly described; but the champagne of victory had been left behind, for it was voted tempting fate to speak even with an 'If' of reaching the summit. The general view was good, excepting the extreme distance, and we could see down under a cloud to Macugnaga. By one half of the party the Matterhorn was now for the first time seen close at hand. As Imseng inspected it, he augured that there was still too much snow upon it; for it was the desire to ascend this peak that had brought us into the neighbourhood, although Monte Rosa had been taken by the way.

A little

hour, we started for the descent in the fresh tracks of a party from the Riffel. Below the Sattel the snow was extremely deep, and we were frequently reminded that there were crevasses under foot; but at length, after all delays, we came to the rocks of Auf der Platte, and our troubles were at an end. We reached the Riffel at about 8.30 P.M., or upwards of eighteen hours from the time of start. Imseng was giving me his autobiography—how that he was a Saas man, and related to the well-known mountaineering *curé* of that place, who was drowned three years before in the Mattmark Sea; had been settled for some time in Macugnaga; was twenty-seven years of age, though, by the way, he looked younger; was a *Jäger* by profession, but also worked in the mines—when our attention was arrested by an electric flash from the left, a signal from the Zermatt *cabane* to the lower world. Almost at the same instant we reached the hotel, already full to overflowing, and ordered dinner with a quiet mind, reflecting that a blanket and a doorstep would reproduce all the accommodation of 'Rücke Jägi;' but in due time it was announced that there was prepared for us 'das schönste Zimmer im ganzen Hause,' to wit the drawing-room, where we slept in dreamless state, till roused at six by the

general stir to see the first party of the season on their way to the summit of the Matterhorn.\*

\* Young Peter Taugwalder, having crossed the Matterhorn with us from Zermatt to Breuil (July 24 and 25) is now in a position to say whether the scene of the accident of 1865 is still traversed. Under his lead things went as well as could be desired. He showed a little anxiety before beginning the descent, but was soon reassured when he found that the last man, Gaber, was to be trusted.

C. T.

before 4 o'clock

### ANTICIPATION,

Dim, dark, and dreary dawns the day,  
 Chill cloudy vapours climb the cliff,  
 Nor shows a single sail or skiff  
 About the billow-broken bay.  
 Yet wherefore does the muffled roar  
 The surging sea-surf makes aloof,  
 And winds that whistle round the roof  
 Serve but to make my spirit gay?  
 Thy coming casts a light before  
 That drives all thought of care away.

C.



## HOW TO GET INFLUENCE.

### PART I.—THE WRONG WAY.

**H**AD been some six years in orders, when the increasing population of the parish, and the increasing age of the rector, induced him to give a title to another curate.

Wauters, my new colleague, was a very good fellow: but, like most young deacons, largely gifted with zeal, untempered by discretion, and, with the very best intentions, always getting into hot water. It was his fixed idea that a curate was a man of great importance: Estimating the value of his sermons by the difficulty he found in composing them, he fully expected to evangelise the nation before he had done. As for his present parish, it was a mere first-fruits of success that he expected to garner in a few years. Social influence, however, was his great hobby; and with the view of obtaining this influence he was always getting mixed up in the queerest company in his endeavour "to get hold of the laity"—that was his favourite phrase; "only get hold of them, mix with them, talk to them, let them feel the power of your mind, and it's astonishing the influence the church could obtain.

One day when he was holding forth upon the accustomed theme of "getting a hold upon the laity" I told him the story about "catching a Tartar:" he

remarked that it was a very clever story, without the least idea of making a personal application. A little common sense would have shewn him that hard headed, shrewd artisans, who used their votes and read newspapers, were not likely to be influenced by the ideas of a young man just entering upon life.

In his search after influence, and in imitation of a well-known clergyman, now gone to his rest, Wauters had been persuaded to have his name proposed at the next meeting of the Free Masons' Lodge that met in the town. I was trying to make him see that where Dr. K—, a man of great tact and talent, had succeeded, he might egregiously fail. I might as well have talked to the wind.

"Whatever possessed you to do it?" I said. "You get influence; why you could not influence a child." I was put out and perhaps spoke strongly.

"Oh! I assure you I am getting a great deal of influence. There's Mrs. Timson (the wife of the greatest sot in the place) told me the other day that her husband had been quite an altered character ever since I spoke seriously on the evil of drink: if he only could get decent clothes he would come to church regular." Wauters spoke as if Timson had previously considered drinking a virtue, and would leave it off when he knew that it was vicious; or as if my friend's sound but slightly commonplace arguments would reform a drunkard to whom ruined health and ragged children and desolate home appealed in vain. In the end the man got the clothes, and of course sold them and got drunk on the proceeds, in preference to reforming and coming to church.

But to return to Freemasonry. As a last chance I tried to take another view of the matter. "How will you bear the branding," I said, trying to look serious; "you are aware that one of the ceremonies of initiation is branding the naked flesh with a hot iron."

"Oh! well, you know, that did frighten me at

first; but Smith, who is going to propose my name, assured me that that ceremony is dispensed with in the case of the clergy." My efforts were vain, and Wauters was duly proposed, seconded, and elected as a Free and Accepted Mason.

Most of us believe that the great duty of a Freemason is to look solemn whenever the secrets of the Society are mentioned, and be as social as possible at the meetings; that the great secret is that there is no secret. But the new member was not a man to hide his light under a bushel, and was determined to make the most of his new position. To hear you might think that the importance of Masonic business was at least equal to a State secret. I have known him produce quite a sensation at a dinner-party by getting up suddenly and holding a whispered conversation with his host, of which we could only catch such expressions as "very sorry to leave—must excuse me—lodge night—matters of deepest importance—must attend:" the whole delivered with great gravity, as if the fate of the Royal Family were in consideration, and Wauters himself was the only upholder of the principle of hereditary government.

Such constant care as this could not go unrewarded, and W. shortly became chaplain to the lodge. This was a great opportunity; for the lodge cordially recognising the principle that every one should pay his own expenses, gave him *carte blanche* in the matter of uniform.

Messrs. Cope and Alb, the great vestment makers, were applied to on the subject; they gave the rein to their imagination, and produced effects of the most novel and gorgeous description. There was an apron of the whitest and softest leather, gauntlets, the trowel-cleaner, the hod-rest, the scarf, and a number of other gimcracks; white satin lace, and silver brocade were freely used, and the effect can be more easily imagined than described. It was said that Messrs. A. and C.

exhibited the uniform of the new chaplain in their establishment, and it was generally supposed by visitors to form part of the vestments worn by prelates in the Greek church; but this may have been fiction; one of those legends that crystallize round the great events of history.

However, if Freemasonry had its privileges, such as wearing vestments, presiding at suppers, and obtaining influence, it also had duties of which Wauters was soon to feel the weight. The Freemasons in R. were mostly of that respectable class who can afford a good supper once a month, but there were others at a distance not so blessed by fortune.

One day, as W. was passing a tramp's lodging-house in his district, a seedy, dirty stranger advanced, gave the Masonic grip and asked an alms. Now it is well known that if a Freemason hears of a brother in distress he is bound to relieve him, "unless he can refer him to the treasurer of the lodge."

It is an unpleasant thing to have a public understanding with seedy and needy strangers by means of signs unintelligible to the police, and therefore suspicious, and likely to lead into trouble should robbery be committed in the neighbourhood; but Wauters was not a man to flinch from his duties: moreover he did not know the saving clause of the rule quoted above. He took the Mason home, and supplied him with clothes and money.

W.'s liberality was quickly noised abroad, and the number of Masonic visitors to R. increased to such an extent that hardly a week elapsed without black mail of this description being levied upon my poor friend.

At last a Freemason became an object of terror to W., for he knew what was impending; as soon as the stranger began to make his wants known, W. would quicken his pace: the stranger would walk fast, but W. would walk faster, and generally succeeded in

walking his companion either out of sight or out of breath. Thus he managed never to hear the whole of the sad tale of woe, and could declare on lodge-nights that he had never seen a brother Mason in distress without giving him relief.

These tactics were diligently pursued for a few months, until one day, one ever memorable day, a begging Freemason again appeared upon the horizon; W. started off at a quick walk, but the stranger followed him with the greatest determination, and at last fairly walked him down at a peculiarly dark and lonely part of the road, thickly planted with trees. The Freemason's chaplain, however, was determined not to be done—pretended to be deaf; pretended to have lost his way; nay, pretended that he was not a Freemason at all. But this weak prevarication only seemed to provoke the unwelcome stranger, who, finding W. at his mercy, rushed at him and shouted (adding mispronunciation to his other vices), "Yer won't give me anythink, yer mean screw; calls yerself a brother Mason. I rejeks ye; casts ye off. Call yerself a Mason, I'll guv ye the Mason's grip;" and with that he rushed at his companion, and compressing his windpipe with the right arm, gave him such a hug as only a garotter could achieve.

Poor W. fell senseless to the ground, and the brother, after rifling his pockets of everything valuable, made off across the fields and was never heard of again.

A serious illness was the result of this adventure, but still more serious was the ridicule that attached to the affair, and another curacy shortly received my friend. On parting, the rector expressed his sorrow at losing so promising a subordinate, hoped that his after-life would fulfil the promise of his early days, but, he added, "if I may be allowed to suggest, don't try Masonic influence again."

## PART II.—THE RIGHT WAY.

It is well known to all students of mathematics that the attractive power of friendship varies inversely as the distance of friends. A friendship that is all absorbing in the matter of tea and breakfast when the friends keep on the same staircase, dwindles when they remove to different courts, and altogether vanishes when one of them migrates to a distant college. In obedience to this law, the intimacy that subsisted between Wauters and myself whilst we were in the same parish vanished altogether when he removed to his new curacy. Several letters, however, passed between us, from which it appeared that his views were undergoing a change: in one he remarked, "I feel I am more likely to gain influence over the exalted powers and delicate sensibilities of the female mind than over untutored radicals." Again he writes, "Personal and private intercourse with one companion or with several seated round the domestic tea-table is the sphere in which I am calculated to shine." Mixed with these were many complaints of the loneliness of lodgings, and remarks on the increased influence that a suitable marriage brought to a zealous curate; following up this clue, the sagacious reader will not be surprised to hear that in a few months a paragraph in the *Times*, and a parcel containing wedding-cake, informed me that the common lot of marriage had fallen to Wauters. Soon after, I saw his name in the list of Ecclesiastical appointments as Vicar of C.

Fifteen long years rolled away without giving me a sight of my friend; at the end of that time I agreed to take his duty during his holiday, being chiefly prompted by a desire to see how Wauters fared in his search after influence.

The time passed away pleasantly enough, and I was delighted to find out how popular my old friend was. The churchwarden told me that it was hard to recognise

the village, so numerous had been the vicar's changes. A well-considered restoration, that retained all traces of the good old times whilst removing the barbarisms of the Georgian era, had, before the astonished eyes of the villagers, changed their tumble-down barn of a church into a place where God might be fitly worshipped; the old choir, containing some of the greatest reprobates in the parish, had been routed out, and a well-taught train of white-robed choristers installed in their places; no longer did the "hanthem," a complicated kind of discord sung in parts, vex the ears of the worshippers, but the singing was of that simple yet devotional character in which all the congregation could and did join. Nor were the vicar's changes confined to the church alone: Wauters lived among his people and for them; education was promoted by efficient schools; coal clubs and clothing clubs helped the poor by teaching them to help themselves.

As I visited the people in their home, the good done by Wauters shone out more conspicuously. In one cottage people living in open sin had been persuaded into marriage; children had been brought to school, and they in their turn persuaded their parents to come to church. The people looked to the vicar for advice: he it was who settled their differences; he stood as a mediator between the rich and the poor, preaching forbearance to the one, respect and deference to the other. "What would the vicar say?" was the thought uppermost in the cottagers' minds, not that the vicar said much, for he never attempted to dictate, and only gave advice when it was asked for and when it would be useful.

I was, however, not sorry when my term of office was over. The vicar was evidently a very important man, and really they seemed to like him better than me; they were glad to see my face, but it was because they expected to have some news of the vicar. I actually saw the squire asleep when I was preaching

my celebrated sermon on the Apostolical Succession, and he took an opportunity of saying "Ah! we had such a beautiful sermon on that text three months back." This was embarrassing; when I preach I don't like to be reminded of beautiful sermons on the same text; I was, therefore, glad to welcome my old friend on his return. He seemed much the same as usual, but fatter, and looking as if a walking match with a vagrant Freemason would do him good.

"Well, old friend," I said, on parting, "you seem to have gained all the influence you used to desire."


"My dear fellow," he replied, "I was wrong in those days; I am wiser now. I never aim at obtaining influence, and simply content myself with doing my duty."

Those who seek for influence are seldom successful in their search; the best influence is that which we can all obtain by doing our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us.



about in waste places? in other respects the fraternity of the bag seems singularly alive to its own comforts; why then, I repeat, is it that the rooms they frequent are invariably comfortless? for if any of my readers has ever come across a commercial-room, which *could* boast of any convenience or beauty, I should be glad to know its locality, so remarkable an exception to the rule would deserve special notice.

The apartment into which I was ushered was an average specimen of the genus; it was square, with a recess on the left-hand as you entered, occupied by a side-board, which tried to look like mahogany and failed most signally in the attempt. The top of this structure was garnished with long rows of attenuated wine-glasses and dropsical tumblers standing on gouty feet; amid the shades beneath lurked a brass-bound sarcophagus originally intended to hold decanters, but now degraded to the menial office of coal-scuttle. On the opposite side were two windows shrouded by curtains, the original colour of which it was difficult to determine, lapse of years and the action of the sun without and tobacco-smoke within having reduced them to a neutral brown; the floor was covered by a species of cloth, known, I believe, in the trade as Kamptulicon; a table occupied the centre of the room, stained with cycles of bygone beer-pots, its only other ornaments being an ink-bottle, now dry, a few pens that wouldn't write, last month's Bradshaw, and some blotting-paper, which had long forfeited all right to the first half of its name; a few wooden chairs, a cracked looking-glass, sundry spittoons, and a sofa so hard that no man in his senses would ever have thought of lying on it, completed the category of furniture. The walls were graced with rows of pegs, now empty; from the ceiling depended a gaselier, one globe of which it is needless to say was broken, and the whole apartment had a dingy fly-blown appearance, and was impregnated with a strong odour of stale tobacco. By the



LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

“BOOTS! waiter! chambermaid!” I shouted, after applying myself in vain to the bells, which bore their respective names. A pretty girl in a smart gown and pink cap-ribbons at last answered my impatient summons.

“As it's getting late and I have to be off by the early train to-morrow, I'll not take any supper to-night, Mary, my dear; but if you'll show me the way to the smoking-room, I'll just have a pipe, and then turn in.”

“We havn't got no reg'lar smoking-room, sir.”

“Then the coffee-room, it will do quite as well.”

“Very sorry, sir but there's no fire, and I'm afraid you'll find it cold without one; you see we never has no company whatever scarcely this time of year, least-ways, not enough to make it worth our while to keep a fire there. However, there's a capital one in the commercial-room, and only one gent a-staying in the house to-night; he said he found it so precious slow by hisself, that he sent me to ask master to step up and drink his grog with him: so I'm sure they'll be happy, if you'll join them, sir.”

The offer was a good one, so I closed with it, and followed my smiling conductress upstairs.

Why is it, I should like to know, that the commercial-room at an inn is always the most cheerless apartment in the whole house? Is there some curse which dogs that useful portion of the British public, and compels them, like the demons of old, to wander

fire were seated two individuals, in one of whom I easily recognized the landlord: he was a red-faced, vulgar little fellow, and was smoking a yard of clay, which, in conjunction with his own, he ever and anon moistened with copious draughts from a pewter pot that stood at his elbow. His companion, who was puffing away at the stump of an ill-conditioned cigar, clearly belonged to that body yclept by our forefathers "bagmen," but at the present day designated by the more pretentious title of "travellers par excellence."

The genus "bagman" may be divided into several classes; first there is the smart young man, who represents tailoring and draping establishments, wears clothes of the latest and loudest cut, cultivates moustaches, and aspires to the rank of swell; there is the quiet, unobtrusive party, who does the business of cloth or carpet manufacturers, has a wife and family of embryo travellers at home, saves money, hopes for a partnership, and is usually a Scotchman; again there is the jewellers' and goldsmiths' traveller, pompous, aristocratic and clean shaven, dressed in black, with a gold watch-chain, and great idea of keeping up the dignity of the order; lastly we have the gent, who takes orders in the grocery and chandlery line, generally a middle-aged man, once a swell, now run to seed, fat, heavy, wearing sham jewelry and dirty linen, and displaying a large quantity of both. To the last class belonged our traveller, a black-haired, shabbily-dressed individual, with straggling whiskers, and a complexion like tallow; his face, when in repose, wore a look of good-natured stupidity, but at the moment of my entrance it was lighted up by the eagerness with which he was discussing some point of interest with the landlord.

"Well!" I heard him exclaim, "you may say what you like, Saunders, but you'll never persuade me that the old times weren't the best. I hate your trains and railways and bother: I only wish they'd do away

with them and let us have our mail-coaches back again."

"Mail-coaches, Mister 'Obson! a pretty state of things it is you're advocating; why you'll be wanting Noah's hark back next, which I think it was the fust conveyance on record. Good hevening, Sir, I 'ope I see you well." (This last aside to me.) "Mail-coaches, indeed; you talk about the 'urry and bustle of trains, Mr. 'Obson, but I should like to know what it was to them 'orrid coaches, where you 'ad to sit four in a little bit of a place no bigger nor a dutch oven, or helse be froze to death on the houtside: then the working hof 'em too, nasty things! there was my poor father, that's dead and gone, used to 'orse one, and would 'ave ruined hisself, but for the railways a-coming in; and then where should we hall 'ave been? why in the wurkus to be shure."

"And the best place for you too, Saunders, if you couldn't manage your business better than that; however I'll give up the coaches to you, they were never much in my line; but think of the time, when a gent like me took orders up and down the country in a neat trap, brown body with red wheels, or yellow may be, picked out with black, and a nice spicey little tit between the shafts: had your glass at every house you passed, and stopped for the night at any particularly nice one you might come across: none of your Railway Taverns or Commercial Hotels, but a quiet, decent Inn like this was, before you were fool enough to enlarge it; neat wines, neat bars, and neat landladies behind them, who were ready enough to toss up a nice little bit of dinner with their own hands for a particular friend. Oh, those were times!"

"Now, Mister 'Obson, now really, Sir, 'ow can you talk like that, and you a commercial gent too? what would this 'ere establishment 'ave been but for railways? why nothink at all; we 'adn't no visitors whatever to speak on, before the railway come. I'm very fond of

vegetation, but that's no reason why I should heat cabbage hall my life, I suppose? its progress we want nowadays, and railways is progress; what's to become of the march of hintellect and hadvance of civilization without em?"

"Bother your march of intellect, Saunders; you sit by your fireside, and as long as you've plenty of customers and get your bills paid—precious long ones they are too!—what matter to you how many risks folks run. But it's a very different story for a poor beggar like me that has to be running up and down the country for more than half the year; look at the accidents that are happening every day! look at the notices in the newspapers, 'another fearful railway catastrophe, frightful loss of life!' it's awful, Sir; you can't go into a station either without being reminded of it, great insurance placards staring you in the face, 'loss of life so much, broken limbs so much more,' enough to make a man foreswear travelling altogether. It's positively awful, I say."

"Good hevins, Mister 'Obson, what nonsense this is you're a-talking! I never see'd sich a reg'lar hold hantedelugium in hall my born days. I suppose you never 'eard tell of no 'orses running away nor no coaches hupsetting? but you're a-joking, Sir, I see you are."

"Joking! I'll be hanged if I am," returned the hantedelugium (by which word, we presume, Mr. Saunders intended to express the antiquated predilections of his adversary); "of course coaches did upset, but what then? why you picked yourself up or were picked up by some one else, rubbed the dirt off your back and gave Sally chambermaid at the next house half-a-crown and a kiss to stitch up the rents in your what-ye-may-call-ems. There was an end of it. Who ever heard of thirteen killed and thirty seriously wounded by a mail-coach upsetting? answer me that if you please. Then, let alone the actual danger, look

at the frights you get on the line, the hurry and bustle you go through only to find that you've ever-so-long to wait at some wretched little road-side station. I had a journey in Ireland some years ago, that for positive misery would be hard to beat, hard, I say, to beat, Sir. Have you ever been in Ireland, may I ask?"

I admitted that I had not.

"Nor you, Saunders, I think."

"No, Mister 'Obson, I can't say I 'ave."

"Then if you'll take my advice you'll not go. To say nothing of the discomforts of the sea voyage, it's a poor country, a very poor country indeed, and doesn't to my mind repay the trouble of a visit. I travel for Figgins and Grigg, the great Bond Street Provision Dealers, as our friend Saunders knows,—may I ask you to accept one of their cards? ah! thank you Sir:—they do a great business in the west of Ireland, so I'm often across the water for orders. But I see you're tired and want to be off to bed."

"On the contrary," I rejoined, "I should like to hear your experiences very much."

"Well, Sir, as you're so kind as to say so, I'll relate them, if Saunders is agreeable."

The gentleman alluded to moved his head in token of assent and Mr. Hobson began.

"It was a dirty afternoon in November; I'd just finished my rounds in Donegal and was starting from Stranorlar, a little bit of a town in that county, on my way to Belfast, to catch the night-boat for England. On arriving at the station I found the whole platform crowded so thick with peasantry, that I could scarcely make my way along; strapping young fellows in grey frieze, with bundles over their shoulder, and their wives on their arm; old men leaning on their sticks; and country women, both old and young, their heads covered with shawls and their legs with—just nothing at all. What's all this stir about, Pat!" said I to the

Jarvie, whose car had brought me and my luggage from the inn. 'Bedad, yer honour,' says he 'its just the boys laving us for Australy, and sorra be to me, but its croying oi am *meeself* enthoirely to part widg em,' and the honest fellow's eyes overflowed, as he spoke, in proof of his sincerity. It was indeed a pitiful sight; mothers hanging round their children's necks, weeping and beseeching heaven to bless their darlings; on one side two manly young fellows, brothers probably, would be standing, wringing each other's hands, while the tears they could not repress trickled down their weather-beaten cheeks; on another some old man, too old to hope ever to see again the grandson who was leaving him, would cling to the boy with silent despair in his face, and caress him again and again, while the brave lad strove to check the rising sobs and say a cheery word, lest the sight of his grief should add to his grandsire's misery. You're a married man yourself, Saunders?"

"I ham," was the emphatic rejoinder.

"And the father of a family?"

Mine host admitted the soft impeachment.

"Then you will sympathize with my feelings on witnessing this heartrending scene. But worse was to follow: the train came up, the last embrace was over, the last kiss given, and the weeping emigrants tore themselves away from their heart-broken relations; poor souls, poor poor souls. The whistle sounded and we began to move. Then from every mouth at once arose one prolonged wail, the like of which I have never heard before nor since. I have witnessed in my time, gentlemen, many painful sights; I have been present at great factory-fires, where crowds of wretched operatives stood by and watched their bread, their very life, consuming before their eyes; I have listened during the cotton-famine to the piteous entreaties of the sufferers for relief from the starvation and death which stared them in the face; I once saw, heaven

help them, a crowd of mourning women and children round the mouth of a Lancashire coalpit, where fathers, brothers, husbands, lay dead or dying, and their lamentations, God knows, were sad enough; but never, no never, have I heard anything, which expressed such bitter despair, such utter desolation of soul, as that Irish wail on the platform at Stranorlar."

As he uttered these words, the narrator's voice faltered and he had to pause and take a drink from his glass of whisky-and-water before he could proceed. My heart warmed to this dirty stranger, who, with all his vulgarity, possessed so kindly a heart, while, as for the landlord, he sat looking the picture of woe and solemn sympathy.

"The carriage, in which I had taken my place," resumed the traveller, "was filled with these poor folk, crying, sobbing, and kissing each other; then one of them would pull out a bottle of whisky and pass it round, and by degrees they'd get quieter and begin to talk cheerily, until some well-known object or other passed by the windows, at the sight of which their tears and cries would break out afresh. Oh, they're an honest kind-hearted race these Irish peasants, and if any one says they're not, you may tell him, with Joseph Hobson's compliments, that he's a liar; their love for friends and country is just touching, sir.

"Well, this continued until we reached Armagh, where I changed trains, and it made me feel so miserable, that I actually hadn't the heart to smoke a pipe. All along of your railways, Saunders, for in the good old times these poor folk would have remained at home; at any rate if they hadn't, I should have been travelling in the mail-coach or my own trap, and so missed seeing them.

"At Armagh, as I said, we parted, I joining the Belfast train, the emigrants going on to Cork, where their vessel lay. 'You've got two hours to wait here, your train's late,' were the first words which greeted my ear

on alighting. 'The dickens I have,' said I, 'and how's that, guard?' 'Why, a goods-train has broken down in front of yours, sir, and it will be quite two hours before the line's cleared.' Here again you see, Saunders, if it had been a coach, we'd have had another up in a crack, but your plaguey railways only allow room for one train at a time.

"Now waiting at railway-stations, gentlemen, is an unpleasant occupation, whatever the time and place; but it's more especially so, when the particular place in question happens to be a dirty, draughty, ill-lighted shed in the heart of Ireland, and the time, five o'clock on a cold foggy afternoon in November; nor is the thought, that by waiting here you are probably missing your boat at the far end, calculated to raise your drooping spirits or make you feel more resigned. After searching for a refreshment-room but in vain (and no wonder for the station did not possess one), I trudged down the street, a badly-lighted, worse-paved lane, to the inn and called for tea; tea came, but what stuff it was; if China had never recovered the effects of the deluge it would have made no difference whatever to *that* tea. 'Waiter! have you got a billiard-table?' I asked after discussing this cheerful beverage. 'We haven't a *single one* in the house, sorr,' he replied with great emphasis, as though they were just out of stock, but expected a fresh consignment at an early date. 'Then bring me your latest paper.' It was a week old of course, and therefore not sufficiently interesting to keep my thoughts engaged, for I'm a nervous subject, gentlemen, though you mightn't think it, and I couldn't help fancying the train might be in, though only an hour had gone. So back I went to the station and found everything much as I had left it; two cattle-drovers and a porter snoring before a wretched fire, the rain drip-dripping from the eaves and the oil-lamps flickering just as before, but not a sign of the train. For two weary hours did I

tramp that platform, dismally speculating on where the boat was by this time, and breathing anathemas on line, weather, and everything generally, myself included. Just as I had determined to give it up as a bad job, and stay the night at the inn, up came the train with a great shriek fit to frighten one to death, just three hours late.

"Here ye are, sir," shouts the porter, shoving me into an empty first-class, 'I'll see to yer luggage and ye'll not stop 'til—' (here followed some unpronounceable word, which I can't remember). This was better than I expected; no one to disturb me; I should be able to sleep all the way to Belfast. 'Tickets,' roars a fellow with a voice like a bull-calf, thrusting a lantern into my face just as I was comfortably settled. How abominable these railway regulations are! why can't they put one down in a way-bill and have done with it?

"However, we were off at last, so after closing my eyes for a minute or two I determined to have one last look round and then really go to sleep. Imagine then my horror on lifting my head to see a figure, enveloped in a great cape, slowly rise from the floor and proceed to lay hands on my traps; so astounded was I at this apparition, that I had to gaze hard for some seconds and rub my eyes, before I could convince myself that the person standing with his back to me was not the creation of a dream. Now I am no coward, gentlemen, though you may be disposed to think so, when you've heard me out; but when a man opens his eyes and sees some one in a railway carriage, which was empty when he closed them two minutes before, I think you'll allow that man has some cause for alarm. What an awful moment it was to be sure! Ghosts first flashed across my mind, then robbers; could it be some Fenian cut-throat? going to murder me perhaps for the sake of my watch and samples; and there was I boxed up with the blood-thirsty ruffian in a space some 8 ft.

by 5 ft. for goodness knew how long. I cast a desperate glance towards the door, it was locked on my side; the cord of communication, I shuddered to perceive, was at the far window; to reach it I must pass along the whole length of the carriage. At this moment the figure turned; down went my head like a shot; I shut my eyes and shivering with fear pretended to be asleep. I could hear his footsteps moving towards me; I could tell by the darkness that he was bending over me; I felt his warm breath upon my cheek; my agony was so intense that I distinctly heard the beatings of my own heart; he seized me by the shoulder, and in another moment I expected to have a knife drawn across my throat. It was too much, I sprang to my feet; 'spare me,' I cried clasping him round the knees, 'take my purse, my watch, everything, but spare my life.' The robber burst into a shriek of laughter, 'what Joe Hobson,' he cried, 'do you actually not know me, not know Tom Short of Whelpton and Snape's! oh what a game this is! but man alive dont look so scared; I'd lost my ticket on my way from Limerick and have had to hide under the seat at every blessed station, or that fool of a guard would have made me stump up again, that's all.'

"And Tom it was, sure enough, with a beard like a cow's tail, which he'd managed to grow since last I saw him. That and—well I suppose I must confess it—sheer fright prevented my recognizing him at first. Now Saunders," turning sharp round on the startled landlord, "did you ever in your life hear of anyone hiding under the seat of a mail-coach and frightening honest folk out of their wits?"

"I can't say as 'ow I 'ave, Mister 'Obson."

"Nor you neither, sir?"

"No," I answered.

"I thought not," said the triumphant bagman.

SERMO.



### THE PARROT OF BAGDAD.

*From the Masnavi of Maulana Rumi.*

IN far-famed Bagdad in a druggist's shop  
 There lived a parrot, such a clever bird  
 That passengers in the bazaar would stop  
 To hear him; he could utter every word  
 Of the "First Chapter;"\* I have even heard  
 That the Imám was seriously vexed  
 Because the parrot's reading was preferred  
 To his own services, on this pretext  
 That polly threw so much more feeling in the text.

One day a cat, intent upon a mouse,  
 Caused the poor parrot a tremendous fright  
 By dashing unawares into the house;  
 Extremely disconcerted at the sight  
 Our parrot spreads his wings, and taking flight  
 Upwards toward the ceiling straight proposes,  
 Aloft and out of danger, to alight  
 Upon a shelf, where stood some oil of roses,  
 Destined for Bey's and Pasha's plutocratic noses.

\* The first or "Opening Chapter" of the Korán, which all orthodox Mussulmáns are supposed to know by heart.

He gained the shelf, but in his haste, alas!  
 Upset the bottles with a dreadful crash;  
 His master turned and saw the gilded glass  
 With all its precious contents gone to smash,  
 And being a man by nature rather rash,  
 And apt to be by quick impulses led,  
 He seized his pipe-stem, made a sudden dash  
 At the offender, struck him on the head  
 And stretched him on the ground to all appearance  
 dead.

He was not killed, but from that very day  
 A change came o'er the unlucky brute,  
 His crest and topmost feathers fell away,  
 Leaving him bald as the proverbial coot.  
 But worse than that, he had become quite mute,  
 That pious language for which heretofore  
 The folks had held him in such high repute—  
 His quips and jokes were silenced, and no more  
 Attracted crowds of buyers round the druggist's  
 door.

Alike in vain the wretched druggist tries  
 To make him speak by foul means and by fair;  
 Even a mirror held before his eyes\*  
 Elicits nothing but a vacant stare.  
 When all else failed the druggist took to prayer  
 And then to cursing; but it did no good,  
 For Heaven refused to meddle in the affair.  
 'Tis strange that men should act as though they  
 could  
 • Cajole or frighten Heaven into a yielding mood.

\* In India and Persia parrots are trained by being placed before a mirror.

At length when he had given the matter up,  
 There came on old man in a dervish cloak,  
 With head as bare as any china cup.  
 Whereon the bird, who always liked a joke,  
 Chuckled aloud, his sulky silence broke,  
 For the first time since the untoward event,  
 And thus in sympathising accents spoke,  
 Though with an air of ill-disguised content:—  
 "Holloa, old boy, have you upset your master's  
 scent?"

He carried his analogy too far,  
 And so do more than half the world beside;  
 They say that such things are not or they are,  
 And on experience alone decide.  
 Thus the immortal Abdáls\* who preside  
 Over the Spheres can be perceived of few,  
 Yet their existence cannot be denied.  
 And of two things submitted to their view  
 Men still receive the false one and reject the  
 true.

Two insects on the selfsame blossom thrive,  
 Equal in form and hue and strength of wing,  
 Yet this one brings home honey to the hive,  
 While that one carries nothing but a sting.  
 So from one bank two beds of rushes spring,  
 Drawing their moisture from the selfsame rill;  
 Yet as the months the alternate seasons bring,  
 The stalks of one kind will with sugar fill,  
 The other kind will be but hollow rushes still.

\* Invisible intelligent beings, who are supposed to preside over the spheres and to be the instruments for perpetuating the phenomena of existence.

Soil, whether rich or poor, is one to see,  
 Two men may be alike in outward show;  
 Yet one an angel and a friend may be,  
 And one a devil and a mortal foe.  
 Two streams may in the selfsame valley flow,  
 With equal clearness may their waters run,  
 But he who tastes of them alone may know  
 Which is the sweet and which the bitter one;  
 For "nought is what it seems of all things 'neath  
 the sun."

A prophet's miracles when brought to test  
 Will conquer the magician's vain pretence,  
 And yet, alike, the claims of either rest  
 On contravening our experience  
 And foiling our imperfect human sense.  
 Behold when Israel's freedom is at stake,  
 Moses throws down his rod in their defence.  
 Their rods, too, Pharoah's skilled magicians take,  
 Nor is the difference seen till his becomes a snake.

See how the tricky ape will imitate  
 Each human being he may chance to see,  
 And fancy in his self-conceited pate  
 "I do this action quite as well as he."  
 Thus does the sinner oftimes bend the knee,  
 And in the mosque prefer his sad complaint,  
 Till in his own eyes he appears to be  
 No whit less pious than the humble saint—  
 Aye! and the world believes his sanctimonious feint.

You call him saint and he is well content  
 To be a hardened sinner all the same;  
 But call him sinner he will straight resent  
 The insult and repudiate the name  
 As though 'twere in the *word* that lay the shame  
 And not in him to whom the name applies.  
 The senseless pitcher should not bear the blame  
 When in the well itself the foulness lies—  
 But man still seeks to cheat his own and others' eyes.

I saw a man who laid him down to sleep  
 Beside a fire one cold and wintry night;  
 When lo! a burning cinder chanced to leap  
 Out of the hearth and on his lips alight;  
 Whereat he started up in sudden fright  
 And spat it out and roared aloud with pain.  
 Without perceiving them that luckless wight  
 Had swallowed cinders o'er and o'er again,  
 But the first one that burnt him made its presence  
 plain.

To save the body from what harms or kills,  
 Wise Providence this sense of pain employs;  
 So too the spirit's various griefs and ills  
 May prove at last a stepping-stone to joys.  
 In earthly pain this hope the sufferer buoys,  
 That skilful leeches make the body whole;  
 But when some overpow'ring grief destroys  
 Our peace we fly to Him who heals the soul—  
 Who holds both life and death in His supreme  
 control.



Physicians mend whate'er has gone amiss,  
 To give sick men relief from present woe;  
 He overturns the crumbling edifice  
 That he may build it up again:—as though  
 A man his dwelling place might overthrow  
 And find a treasure where the cottage stood  
 With which to build a palace; even so  
 To cleanse the river bed you dam the flood,—  
 To heal the wound you pare the flesh that taints  
 the blood.

But how shall we define the Infinite?  
 How shall we fix each fresh and varying phrase  
 That flits for aye across our baffled sight  
 And makes us faint and giddy as we gaze?  
 Yet with his call the fowler oft essays  
 To bring the errant hawk within his reach.  
 So when men wander in life's devious ways,  
 The Dervish, too, may utter human speech,  
 And in mere mortal words immortal truths may  
 teach.

Ye who would search into the truth beware  
 Of false instructors who assume the name  
 Of Dervish, and the woollen garment\* wear  
 Only to hide their inward sin and shame.  
 Like false Museilimah† who dared to claim  
 The honours due to Ahmed's‡ self alone,  
 Till in God's time the retribution came.  
 Good wine and bad are by their perfume known,  
 And only in results are truth and falsehood shown.

\* The garment of wool (*súf*) from which, it is said, the Eastern Mystics derive their name of *Súfi*.

† Museilimah, surnamed *el Kezúb* "The Liar" was a rival of Mohammed's in pretension to prophecy.

‡ Mohammed.



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

IV.

THE WINDOWS IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

ALL the new glass in the building except this is by Messrs Clayton and Bell, and therefore this demands a chapter to itself; all the rest is in a series, and therefore again this requires separate treatment in any detailed account of the whole. There are three windows in the North Transept, one by Hardman, of Birmingham, and two by Wailes.

The window by Hardman is in the east face of the transept, it was in the old chapel, and was inserted to the memory of Professor John James Blunt, by his widow and family; it bears the following inscription: "In memoriam Johannis Jacobi Blunt. Coll: Soc:"

This is the only window we have by this maker, it is full of white glass, and has some carefully executed pictures in it, the drawing of which is particularly good.

The subjects are from the Apocalypse.

In the middle light: Christ in the Apocalyptic Vision with a sword issuing from His mouth, seven candlesticks round about him, and seven stars in His hand. S. John seeing the vision.

At the left-hand side: S. John writing.

At the right-hand side: S. John blessing little children. The children are simply small figures of men

of full stature and true proportions, reaching up to the kness of S. John. The figures of the Evangelist are beautifully drawn, the heads well finished and shaded, and the colours exceedingly rich and deep.

There is a profusion of border and ornament about the whole window which is, perhaps, not very happy, but this is not one of a series of windows, or a less thin and weak general effect would doubtless have been aimed at; compared with the tracery in which it is inserted, and the other glass which accompanies it, this looks trivial and lacking in dignity, from the excessive quantity of white glass which it contains. In the figure of S. John writing, there is a dove represented as inspiring his words; it is of unusual size, if magnified in due proportion it would be fully as large as a swan; it has one red wing and one blue. And in the otherwise beautifully-done figure in the middle, of the Lord as He appeared to the Beloved Disciple when he was in the spirit on the Lord's Day, the sword is shewn hanging from the mouth as if it were a conjuring trick, and the arms were extended to show the wonder of it.

In the head of the window is a cup with a dragon issuing, the symbol of the poisoned cup; and the Eagle of S. John.

The border is very wide, blue and white, with a bird ornament, but whether the bird is a dove or an eagle I cannot say. The University arms and emblems occur at the top and bottom.

The two Windows in the north face are by Wailes, of Newcastle, they cost only £200 each, and are much larger than those along the north and south sides of the chapel, which cost £276 each. These two replace the painted glass which was put into a window in the old chapel, to the memory of the late Master of the College, Dr. Tatham, by his brother and sister.

They shew best when the light is subdued, in the morning or evening, then they are very beautiful, light

in colour, fully transparent (and from that very fact fulfilling their mission as windows completely), and lively to an extraordinary degree. The light passes through them in large masses, it is interrupted nowhere, so that when the sun shines upon them, and blazes forth in his strength, the heat and light seem intensified by the lovely colours they gather on their way. The designs are in larger pieces than in Clayton and Bell's windows, and this accounts for the lower price, because less time is occupied in the work; the colours are much less intense, and for that reason frequently appears to better advantage than the thicker and more sombre glass of the other windows. However dull the sky may be the glass here lets through the light, and exhibits its own beauties, but in some of the other glass a very bright glare is necessary in order to throw a ray distinctly through it. And therefore in the very first requisite of a good window, transparency, that is to say usefulness, these are superior, and commendable.

Of the design I cannot say the same; the workmanship is good, but the design inferior; if the artist and the workman had both been as able as the mechanic, and had worked in concert, and with one aim, the result would have been more worthy of the epithet artistic. The faces and figures have no design, the execution of the work is good, they are beautifully cut and painted and burnt, but there is no strength in the drawing. There is nothing of the sternness of the warrior about S. Michael and his four angels, who represent the angel host doing battle against the dragon and his angels, when "there was war in heaven." The eagle which stands by the side of S. John is malformed and illgrown, almost as unlike an eagle as an expensive lectern of modern carved work; it is gorgeous in beautiful light blue and green feathers; this is a conventionality which might have been endured if the whole work adhered strictly to principles of conven-

tionality; but notice the divine Evangelist's shoes, which appear to be of white satin, with blue rosettes on the front, such as ladies wear at evening parties, and look at other incongruities which are not difficult to find. The colours perfectly dance before the eye, too much light green, and red, and blue is mixed up together until all quietness and sobriety are destroyed. The beards of the men, on the other hand, are very heavy and rigid, leaded in with thick leads, which have an unnatural effect, particularly in glass of such transparency. The subjects are from the Apocalypse, and legends accompanying them, taken from Apoc. x. 1, xii. 1, xiv. 6, xiv. 4, and xxi. 2.

Beginning at the left-hand side they are:

(I) S. Michael and his angels casting out that old Serpent, when there arose war in heaven, and Michael and his angels went forth to fight with the Dragon, many-headed and fiery.

(II) The Angel of the seven thunders, the mighty angel having the little roll opened; with a cloud for a garment, and the rainbow on his head; with sparkling, crackling flames about his feet.

“Vidi Angelum Amictum Nube.”

(III) A woman (The Faithful Church) in blue, surrounded with rays, clothed with the sun, and the moon and cloud under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

“Apparuit mulier amicta sole.”

(IV) The Lord and His Virgin Followers, the Lamb and his hundred and forty-four thousand.

“Hi sequuntur quocumque ierit.”

(V) An angel with a scroll, “Evangelium Æternum,” the Angel who had the Everlasting Gospel to preach unto every nation.

“Vidi alterum Angelum Volantem.”

(VI) S. John writing his glorious vision of the New Jerusalem.

“Vidi Jerusalem Novam Descendentem.”

He is accompanied by the symbolic Eagle.

These three windows will always serve to make some more and some less satisfied with the grand series of stained glass pictures, which are framed in the beautiful tracery of the other windows in the chapel: a regular and uniform series, beginning at the first act of power at Cana of Galilee, and ending at the last act of power on the awful Judgment Throne. They will bear comparison with other modern stained glass work, sometimes pronounced too showy and bright, they will frequently be called beautiful, and are, to us at least, interesting and valuable mementos of men who have gone from amongst us.

W. L. W.



## THE BAH OF BLEFUSCO.

## CHAPTER I.

**T**HE Bah of Blefusco was seated upon the throne of his fathers. Not that this was an unusual position for his Highness to occupy; on this point, the traditional etiquette of the Court of Blefusco was rather peculiar. Of the throne in question the same might be said. By a perfectly candid observer the same might be said of the Bah himself. Let the candid observer be heard.

An accidental flaw in one of the facets of a rather large Blefusco diamond had offered an opening of which the perseverance and ingenuity of the primæval Blefusicians had not been slow to take advantage. The diamond, when this discovery was made, was placed at once in the chief courtyard of the Royal Blefuscian Palace; or rather, to speak accurately, a Royal Blefuscian Palace, with a courtyard in the centre, was constructed around the fortunate gem which had captivated the fancy of the enterprising aborigines of Blefusco. An ingenious application of diamond dust, cold water, and friction, resulted in the enlargement of the providential flaw in question, until it was large enough to form a sufficiently uncomfortable recess, in which the most energetic and spare limbed of the enthusiastic Blefusicians placed himself, and announced himself to be sitting. A universal howl of admiration greeted this development of genius, and it was decreed,

by a plebiscite taken then and there among the assembled multitude, that the ambitious occupier of the illustrious seat should receive the title of Bah of Blefusco, Sovereign of the United Universe, and Sacred Father of all the Blefuscian children. A tradition afterwards grew up that the Sovereign of Blefusco was *ex officio* uncle to the Moon, and it was by this title, after the lapse of some time, that the monarch became generally known.

This august and enviable position was not without its drawbacks. It was at first proposed by the violent Conservative party in Blefusco that the Bah and the Bah's seat should be inseparable, and that not even for the purpose of recruiting exhausted nature by well-earned slumber should his Highness be permitted to leave his glittering but uneasy throne. Fortunately for the Bah, however, Radical feeling at that time ran high in the country. A bill had just been brought in by a new ministry to enable members of the second caste to take off their shoes before their stockings (it is almost needless to observe that those who composed the *first* caste were at that time never allowed to take off either, while members of the third estate had neither to take off), and its effect upon the patriotism and intelligence of the country had already proved so great that a narrow majority was found to reject the foregoing proposition. A coalition, however, between the aristocratical party and the representatives of the third or barefooted estate resulted in a compromise. The Bah was to occupy his priceless seat for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, and he was to be allowed a glass footstool at meal times. All further arrangements for softening the hardships of his position were deferred for subsequent consideration. He was to have the power of life and death, of course, over all his subjects, and over all the world, when the Blefuscian empire extended so far. The office of Bah (and uncle to the Moon) was to be hereditary, if possible; if not, a new Bah was to be

found, somehow. Should the heir to the sceptre of Blefusco happen to be an infant, a nurse was to occupy the sacred seat without any intermission, and without the glass footstool, until she was worn out, or the heir attained his majority. A unanimous vote of the whole nation was necessary to effect any change in these bulwarks of the State.

The Constitution of Blefusco having been thus framed with much deliberation and after long discussion, the Bah objected. There having been no Bah before him the objection was of course entirely without precedent, and caused much perturbation in the Council of State, and the opinion of the country was taken again. The answer returned was, that the nation require a Bah, and a Bah they would have. By a Bah, the nation intimated, was meant a man who should occupy the diamond seat and the glass footstool for the prescribed time and in the prescribed manner, who should of course be uncle to the Moon, and who should have the absolute power of disposing of the lives of all his subjects (to say nothing of the world). If the present Bah did not feel able to fulfil these varied requirements he must cease to be Bah, and a new one must be obtained. But, it was added, the dignity of the Sovereign people would not permit their choice to be disregarded with impunity. There was only one way of ceasing to be a Bah, and that was by ceasing to be a Blefuscian. In plain words, the Bah would be strangled, as a matter of course, the first day he presumed to leave his facet.

Urged by these powerful arguments, the wretched Bah withdrew his ill-judged objection, and murmuring a neat adaptation of "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," submitted to his fate. From his elevated and secure position he wielded the sceptre of Blefusco with great success and unexampled prestige for a considerable number of years, and had it not been for a momentary outbreak of passion might have been wield-

ing it now. But one unfortunate morning, a trifling difference with his seventh wife remained unadjusted when the hour arrived for resuming his seat. With a feminine anxiety for the last word the unhappy woman pursued her lord to the steps of his throne, and even as he took his seat placed her most convincing and irritating argument before him in the strongest possible light. Almost within reach of the august arm lay the sacred footstool awaiting the arrival of breakfast. Had the Bah been able to restrain his passion, and craftily delay his wife in the sacred presence, for a short five minutes, it would have been beneath his feet, and he might have hurled it with impunity. But goaded to madness he leaned farther and farther forward, bent lower and lower, and all but grasped the glittering missile. Smitten with sudden fear the wretched woman fled, and as she passed the clanging doors the uncle of the Moon overbalanced himself, and rolled from off his slippery throne. He was promptly placed under arrest, and before nightfall scientifically strangled with the first string of a violin, which had been kept for the purpose in the State repository. There is a melancholy satisfaction in reading that the remaining and coarser strings of the same instrument were employed in despatching, in the course of the next day, all the odd numbers (counting in order of priority) of his temporarily exultant harem.

Warned by the untimely end of their predecessor, subsequent Bahs conducted themselves with more caution. Difficulties, it is true, occasionally arose, but from these no nation with a constitutional history has ever been entirely free, and the genius of the Blefuscian statesmen was generally sufficient to overcome a temporary obstacle. Some little confusion was caused by the prolonged minority of the eleventh hereditary monarch, which involved a good deal of unpleasantness for a series of nurses. One was at last found, however, who possessed sufficient tenacity of life and

toughness of cuticle to discharge the high duties of her office until the infant attained his majority, upon which auspicious event she was mercifully hauled off the throne, and out of the palace, with another violin string, and honoured with a funeral of unusual ceremonial and display. A vain effort was made, by the extreme Radical party, to furnish subsequent Bahs with a small cushion in memory of this illustrious female; but for several successive sessions this measure was defeated in the Blefuscian House of Representatives by the Party of Order; and it was not until a Bah of more than usually irritable temper ascended the polished but adamantine throne, that the country gave way so far as to allow the monarch to make sundry adaptations in the royal robes, which had the effect of compromising this delicate question. It became necessary also, on the decease of the fifteenth Bah, who died, worn out in the service of his country, without issue, to provide a successor. Fortunately, the country was at war at the time with a neighbouring potentate, popularly known as the Brother to the North Pole, and therefore a blood relation *ex officio* of the lamented monarch. This august personage having been taken prisoner by the valour of the Blefuscian troops, was unanimously selected as the most eligible occupier of the royal and vacant facet, and was enshrined therein, notwithstanding his loud protestations, by a guard of honour. Favoured by a corpulent and phlegmatic frame he kept secure possession of his slippery throne to extreme old age, and became the lineal ancestor of the monarch whose enterprise and ambition have at the present day carried the name and fame of Blefusco over the civilised world. It is of this potentate, Hedraustes the Second, Bah and Father of the Blefusicians, and with the astronomical *ex officio* relations above alluded to, that this imperfect memoir is written; and so magnanimous a prince will doubtless, should these lines ever meet his eye, know how to pardon any

trifling inaccuracies of detail into which the ignorance and nationality of the writer may inadvertently lead him. The diamond seat may have been filled by more patient Bahs, by fatter Bahs, by Bahs with legs long enough to count the footstool (wrung by the spirit of reform and the arm of liberty from a self-seeking and prejudiced aristocracy) as a needless and effeminate luxury, by Bahs with fewer wives and a more domestic spirit, but never before by a prince who learnt so well to combine, in the reformed constitution of his country, order with progress, prescription with revolution, the vigour of youth (in the words of the British historian) with the majesty of immemorial antiquity.

## CHAPTER II.

To justify the warmth of the foregoing encomium, it will be sufficient to give a sketch of the manner in which this celebrated monarch emancipated himself from the shackles of the constitution—withdrew, in fact, the main pillar of the State, and left the hallowed edifice erect and secure as before. The history of the Blefuscian revolution will form the subject of the present chapter.

For the last hundred years or so, a growing uneasiness and tendency to irritation had been observed in the policy and internal administration of successive Bahs. An hereditary development of species, almost Darwinian in its origin and effect, had resulted in producing in the twenty-seventh Bah (of whom we write) a strongly marked disinclination to assume the sedentary posture deemed so essential to the welfare of the State. The introduction of nicotine, through the medium of a long hookah, into the country (and the Palace) at first promised to ameliorate the condition of affairs, especially as the monarch took to the soothing but noxious weed with great avidity, and

for short spaces of time, especially after meals, displayed an affability of temper which recalled the bygone glories of the earlier dynasty. It was discovered, however, that the sacred and perpetual throne displayed a certain susceptibility to the effects of tobacco smoke which those who presided at the council could not affect to disregard. To say nothing of a habit of expectoration which the Bah had acquired, and which, it was considered, might be suppressed by stringent measures, or even borne with, as a minor evil, the chief facets of the State diamond required constant cleaning, owing to the amount of carbon in a less attractive form which was deposited in every cranny by the Bah's inordinate indulgence in the degrading practice. Strong remonstrances were accordingly made, and a deputation from the House of Representatives waited on the uncle to the Moon with a humble petition that his Highness would be pleased to devise such measures as in his wisdom he should deem most likely to remedy the grievances complained of.

The first measure which his Majesty devised was the promulgation of an order for the immediate execution of all those his loyal subjects whose names appeared at the foot of the petition, and for the decimation of his harem, as he strongly suspected some of his wives, whose aversion to tobacco smoke had come under his notice, of being at the bottom of the agitation. He then summoned a Council of State.

Those of his ministers who had fortunately refrained from affixing their names to the obnoxious petition promptly obeyed the call. In deference to the expressed and well-known taste of his Majesty, all appeared smoking, by which means the more virulent opponent of the practice were reduced to a helpless state of nausea, and indifference to sublunary changes.

The Bah opened the proceedings by remarking with a sardonic grin that the atmosphere might be cut with

a knife, and that his faithful ministers could have no idea how grateful such a state of things was to a man of his sedentary pursuits.

His faithful ministers, or at least those who were not incapacitated for conversation, answered that they could quite enter into his Majesty's feelings. 'The Constitution of Blefusco,' said the Bah solemnly, 'appears to me to be in danger. I have therefore called you together to assist me with your counsels in carrying our precautionary measures into effect.'

The august assembly bowed their heads in respectful silence. None of them had the faintest idea what his Majesty was driving at, and the Foreign Secretary afterwards confessed that he fancied the uncle of the Moon was about to suggest a brown holland cover for the throne he so worthily occupied.

'Our chief object must be,' continued the Bah, 'to preserve intact that glorious legacy which we have inherited from our fathers, the Constitution of our country, which has made the men of Blefusco what they are, and the Bah of Blefusco—what you see before you' (complimentary murmurs pervaded the council chamber at this stage of his Majesty's address). Acting, as I have always done, in a strictly constitutional spirit, I must protest against the spirit of anarchy, clothed in the garb of parliamentary opposition, and backed by a licentious press, which has recently uplifted its hydra head, and which the timely energy of my executive has crushed.' (At this delicate allusion to the harem decimation, and the fate of the anti-tobacco league, the surviving ministers of Blefusco applied themselves with great diligence to their pipes, and the royal hookah bubbled furiously).

'It has occurred to me, however, that an essential part of the constitution of our fathers has of late years been allowed to drop into decay. I do *not* allude'—said the Bah, elevating his voice, and fixing his eyes sternly upon an unfortunate under-Secretary who had

been compelled to choose between letting his pipe out and undergoing a convulsion of nature—‘I do *not* allude to certain organic changes which certain disaffected traitors have asserted to be taking place in the imperishable substance of my royal and luxurious throne. Being brought into daily contact with the substance alluded to, I can conscientiously affirm that it is as smooth, as hard, and as slippery, as on the day I first ascended into this illustrious facet. During the temporary vacancy of the royal throne which occurs this evening, an opportunity will be afforded you of verifying my statement. And I can assure you,’ said the Bah with an outburst of real feeling, ‘that so far from any decay taking place in the sacred diamond, the longer I sit in it, the harder, the smoother, and the more slippery it appears to grow. (Loud and sustained applause here interrupted his Majesty’s harangue. The Foreign Secretary, who had anticipated a brown holland cover, now altered his mind, and felt positively certain that the old and time-hallowed question of a royal cushion was to be re-opened. The Under Secretary before alluded to ostentatiously changed seats with his neighbour, at which the Bah was so incensed that he immediately called in the guard, and ordered both the culprits to be led off to instant execution. Order being restored, his Majesty resumed:

‘Such being the general prosperity of the kingdom, and the integrity of my ministers and my seat being equally secure, some of you may feel some surprise that I have thought it necessary to request your counsels. I may add, that I do not think it necessary to explain any meaning, further than by calling your attention to the fact that the situation of the royal building which surrounds us offers certain impediments to motion. I speak of motion,’ said the Bah with an uneasy wriggle, ‘with reference to the seat of the dynasty. It is my intention to transfer it, and I regret that the time during which my permanent connection

with it is interrupted is never of sufficient duration to admit of my selecting a new site within (or without) my dominions for the Seat of Empire. I confidently recommend this matter to the consideration of my faithful servants.’

The Bah ceased, and astonished silence held his hearers mute. The framers of the Blefuscian Constitution had deemed that, by rending the monarch an appendage of the throne, the throne an appendage or fixture within the palace, and the palace within the country, they had made the sceptre immoveable and the country secure. For seven centuries the palladium of immobility had retained its virtue; for seven centuries the uncle to the Moon had watched the gyrations of his niece inemulous of her wanderings, at once the centre of her orbit and the contrast to its eccentricity. It had been reserved for the genius of the twenty-seventh Bah to conceive the idea of a revolution more decisive than she had ever known, and which should diffuse the light of Blefusco over as extensive a sphere. The perpetual proximity of the Bah to the celebrated though inconvenient facet was a fundamental principle in the constitution of Blefusco; change of scene had become a fundamental necessity for the constitution of Blefusco’s Sovereign. Consequently the royal seat must learn to move, and carry the royal sitter with it.

The problem was a crucial one, and the minds of the ministry were much exercised in attempting its solution; their wits being considerably quickened by the consciousness that, should they fail, there were other ministers to be had. Indeed, the Liberal party had gained some advantages in the recent elections, and were confidently awaiting a call to office. Resigning was not to be thought of, for reasons obvious to all who are acquainted with another fundamental principle of the Blefuscian Constitution. It was contrary to court etiquette that those who had once filled the high offices of State, and had been dismissed by the Bah, should



degrade their late dignity by appearing before the world in a private capacity. Accordingly, ministers who laid down their portfolios were assisted to do so by the State executioner, provided with a supply of catgut. This plan was obviously well adapted to secure the desired object, and had other incidental advantages; statesmen were thereby rendered extremely careful how they accepted office, and even more careful how they discharged their responsibilities when accepted. Premature hankering after political loaves and fishes on the part of the opposition was also, in the same way, discouraged. I am not aware that any other country has yet adopted this simple and inexpensive method of supporting the charlatanism of ambition.

The Bah's faithful servants accordingly adjourned for further consideration, and left His Majesty smoking like a furnace on the throne which was destined to undergo such vicissitudes. At sunset the Court was accustomed to rise, and the Bah was wont to stretch his limbs in all the luxury of freedom. No sooner was the seat relieved of its royal burden, than the privy council assembled in solemn conclave round it.

The Minister of Marine commenced the discussion by remarking that they had got into the devil of a mess, and wondered whether a teak backing applied to the facet on which His Majesty sat would be of any practical use.

The Home Secretary thought it advisable to look at the matter in the right light. The real secret of his Majesty's irritability was doubtless to be found in the royal harem. It was popularly reported that the Bah's youngest wife led his Majesty the very deuce of a life; and if she were properly suppressed, the Bah would perhaps be content to stay where he was.

The Foreign Secretary thought that, in the case supposed, a courteous letter of remonstrance should be addressed to the lady in question. Should that fail

to produce any effect the arbitration of some foreign potentate, whose experiences and prejudices were sufficiently diverse from their own (especially on the question of polygamy), might be invited with advantage.

The Minister of Justice remarked that they were all wrong. Let His Majesty be placed for a week or two upon the woollen sack, and he would find the duties of that nominally-luxurious position so much more arduous than his own that the facets of his ancestral diamond would appear soft in comparison.

The Lord Chancellor, looking very unhappy, bowed sadly to the last speaker, and offered to bring in a bill to amalgamate the two positions; not to take effect until after his own decease.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view to His Majesty's intended tour, proposed a tax upon all luggage labels that did not bear a photograph of the owner. Packages lost by neglect of this ordinary precaution to be forfeited to the public revenue.

The Premier, who was still smoking, rose disdainfully, and sauntering towards the cause of so much discussion, proceeded to knock the ashes out of his pipe against the back of the sacred throne. As he did so, a strange expression of intelligence passed over his thoughtful features, and eagerly applying his right ear to the chilly surface he repeated the operation. "Εύρηκα" he shouted joyfully, and seizing the sympathetic minister of finance by the waist, the two executed a break-down, emblematic of satisfied and successful intelligence, on the spot. "As hollow as a bandbox" remarked the Premier, in an explanatory tone, to the astonished spectators of his efforts. "I always said so," he added triumphantly to himself; and so no doubt he had, but the recipient of his confidences was not at that moment within hearing.—The excited assembly fell together upon the glittering mockery of empire.

Next morning the Bah took his seat upon the ruins of the time-hallowed jewel. This position was, however, but temporary, and only lasted until the Ministry had determined to call in the skill of a prominent member of the assembly, renowned for his skill in repairing fiascos, who soon made up the fragments of the once mighty throne into a neat bundle, tied together with red tape. This was bound upon the Sovereign's back, giving His Majesty the appearance of an itinerant but legally-minded glazier; and having stuck the smaller pieces in his hatband, and filled his pockets with the dust resulting from the operation, the Uncle of the Moon was escorted by a strong guard to the frontier of his dominion, and there dismissed with a year's leave of absence to gratify his peregrinatory taste. At the expiration of this period his attendants, who were selected from the most prominent members of the Conservative party in the Assembly, were ordered to bring His Majesty back, and place him in his ancestral position upon a fac-simile (in paste) of the original throne, which was to be executed with all possible despatch. It is thought probable, however, by those most competent to judge, that this energetic prince may succeed in eluding the vigilance of his suite. Should this be the case we may venture to hazard a conjecture that a new occupant will be required for the Throne of Blefusco.

J. A. F.



## OUR CHRONICLE.

*Michaelmas Term, 1873.*

**T**HE Editors, in recording the completion of the Eighth Volume of *The Eagle*, and of the sixteenth year of its existence, desire to thank those by whose contributions it still continues to flourish; and they beg to remind its supporters that, without punctual payment of subscriptions and a liberal supply of articles, it cannot maintain such a position, either in a financial or in a literary point of view, as all loyal members of St. John's must desire for the College Magazine. They request intending contributors, in order to insure the punctual appearance of *The Eagle*, to send in their articles for the next number during the present Term or in the Vacation; and they wish to impress on all their supporters the truth of the maxim 'Bis dat qui cito dat.'

The Master has been appointed one of the Governing Body of the Perse School.

Mr. C. Taylor has been appointed College Lecturer in Theology.

F. S. Bishop, B.A., Scholar, 21st Wrangler, 1871, has been elected a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

C. F. Yule, B.A., Scholar, 1st Class in Natural Sciences Tripos, 1872, has been elected a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

On Nov. 3rd the following were elected to the three vacant Fellowships:

Herbert Cowie, B.A. Bracketed Third in First Class of Classical Tripos and 'highly distinguished' in the Examination for Chancellor's Medals, 1872.

Alfred Henry Garrod, B.A. Senior in Natural Sciences Tripos, 1871.

Thomas Ethelbert Page, B.A. Porson Prizeman, 1870; Sir Wm. Browne's Medallist for Latin Ode, 1870, '71, '72; Porson University Scholar, 1871; Davies' University Scholar 1872; Chancellor's Medallist (*Æq.*) and bracketed Second in First Class of Classical Tripos, 1873.

Professor Sylvester has been elected Foreign Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Mr. Todhunter is preparing a work on the Literary and Scientific career of the late Dr. Whewell.

A Life of Lady Margaret, left in manuscript by the late Mr. C. H. Cooper, Town Clerk of Cambridge, is in course of publication, under the Editorship of Prof. Mayor, and at the joint expense of the sister Foundations of Christ's College and St. John's.

The following books, by members of the College, have been published during the present year:

The Conflict of Studies; and other Essays on Subjects connected with Education, by I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S., 8vo., *Macmillan and Co.*

A History of the Mathematical Theories of Attraction and the Figure of the Earth, from the time of Newton to that of Laplace, by I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S., 2 vols., 8vo. (pp. 476 + 508), *Macmillan and Co.*

The University of Cambridge from the Earliest Times to the Royal Injunctions of 1535, by J. B. Mullinger, M.A., 8vo. (pp. 686), at the University Press. [Cambridge: *Deighton, Bell, and Co.*; London: *Cambridge Warehouse*, 17, Paternoster row.]

The Narrative of Odysseus (Homer's *Odyssey*, IX—XII), with a Commentary, by John E. B. Mayor, M.A., part I., pp. 1—144, *Macmillan and Co.*

Geometrical Conic Sections, by Geo. Richardson, M.A., *Rivingtons*.

Poems, by H. B. Cotterill, B.A.; Edinburgh: *Blackwood*.

Echoes of the Night, and other Poems, by F. H. Wood, B.A. (pp. 160), London: *Moxon and Co.*

S. S. Allnutt, B.A., has been appointed Tutor to the New County College, which opened on July 5th. It is situated temporarily at Norwich House, Panton Street.

Hymns have been introduced into the Chapel Services on Sunday Mornings and in lieu of Anthems on the Eves of Sundays and Saints' Days. The change began on July 5th. The Collection used is that published under the direction of the Tract Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, known as Church Hymns.

The Rev. J. R. Lunn, Vicar of Marton-cum-Grafton, Yorkshire, appeals to Members of the College for subscriptions towards a new Church for his parish.

A portrait of the Rev. Edward Frewen, D.D., Fellow of this College from 1769 to 1789, has been presented to the College by C. H. Frewen, Esq. It stands in the Combination Room.

M. Desirè Bruvet has been appointed College Cook in the room of O. J. Jones.

Among the University Officers we find:

*Council*.—Prof. Kennedy, Prof. Adams, Dr. Parkinson, Mr. Holmes.

*Sex Viri*.—The Master, Dr. Wood.

*Senior Proctor*.—Mr. Wace.

Mr. Hill has been appointed Deputy Proctor.

Among the select preachers for the year (1873-4) are Rev. C. Taylor (Aug. 24, 31); Bishop of Hereford (Nov. 30, Dec. 7); Rev. C. Pritchard (May 10, 14, 17).

On Nov. 2nd, the Rev. Dr. Kennedy delivered the University Commemoration Sermon as Lady Margaret's Preacher.

Dr. Bradbury, the Linacre Lecturer of Physic, has announced a course of Lectures on Pathology, in the Old Anatomical Schools [on Tuesdays, at 10 A.M.] during the Michaelmas, Lent, and Easter Terms of the current Academical year, 1873-4.

An Association for the Promotion of the Higher Education of Women in Cambridge has been formed. Among the Officers are Professor Adams, *President*; Mrs. Bateson, *Secretary*; and Mr. Hudson, *Treasurer*.

Among the Lecturers to Women in Cambridge are Mr. Bonney, on *Geology*; Mr. Hudson, on *Arithmetic*; Mr. Main, on *Chemistry*; Mr. Marshall, on *Political Economy*; Dr. Garrett, on *Harmony*; H. S. Foxwell, on *Logic*.

Communications were made to the Cambridge Philosophical Society on Oct. 20th, by Mr. Marshall, on *Graphic representation by aid of a series of Hyperbolas of some Economic Problems having reference to Monopolies*; by H. H. S. Cunyngame, on *A Machine for constructing a series of Rectangular Hyperbolas with the same Asymptotes*; and on Oct. 27th, by Ds. Yule, on *The Mechanism of opening and shutting the Eustachian Tubes*.

The subject of Mr. Drake's Norrisian Prize Essay is "The teaching of the Church during the first three centuries on the doctrines of the Christian priesthood and sacrifice."

Mrs. Ann Fry's Hebrew Scholarship, which was thrown open to all B.A. Members of the University, was awarded to A. C. Jennings, B.A., Jesus College.

On Monday, Nov. 3rd, H. Brooke was elected an Editor of *The Eagle*. The other Editors are Mr. Sandys, Mr. Cowie, E. B. Moser, and E. Kelly.

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

*Have Prize*.—A. S. Wilkins, M.A. The subject was "The practice and theories of National Education in Greece during the Fourth Century before the Christian Era."

*First Whewell Scholarship for International Law*, 1873.—J. A. Foote, B.A.

#### MIDSUMMER EXAMINATION, 1873.

THIRD YEAR.—*First Class*: Barnard, H. L. Clarke, Elliott, B. Reynolds.  
SECOND YEAR.—*First Class*: Body, Lamplugh, Scott, McLaren, Milne, Slack, Wellacott, Henderson, Staffurth, A. Adams, Punshon.

FIRST YEAR.—*First Class*: J. T. Ward, Hargreaves, Morgan, McFarland, Talbot, Easton, Horner, Coggin, Penny, E. A. Stuart. London, Simpkinson, Treadgold, Maxwell, Ambridge, L. G. Peter, Sturt, Murray, Bishop, Wace, R. F. Winch, Samson, Luxton, Savielle, Hartley, A. C. Woodhouse, M. Stewart, Trustram, Anderton, Osborne, Nall, Guttridge, Hunt.

#### NATURAL SCIENCES EXAMINATION.

*First Class* (alphabetical order): Clough, Jukes-Brown, Koch, Marshall, Solla.

#### LAW EXAMINATION.

*First Class*: 3rd Year, Bayard and Percival (*Æg.*), C. J. Cooper; 2nd Year, Hildyard.

#### MORAL SCIENCE EXAMINATION.

*First Class*: Cunyngame.

#### PRIZEMEN.

ENGLISH ESSAY.—3rd Year: C. J. Cooper. 2nd Year: No award. 1st Year: Trustram.

HEBREW.—1 Ds. Jackson; 2 Longworth.

GREEK TESTAMENT.—1 Gardner; 2 No award.

READING IN CHAPEL.—1 E. O. Rawson; 2 Mosley and Staffurth (*Æg.*)

## FOUNDATION SCHOLARS, JUNE, 1873.

3rd Year: Burn, Cunynghame, Logan, W. G. Williams.

2nd Year: Baker, Batten, Body, Lamplugh, Mc Laren, A. M. Marshall, Moss, Scott, Tillyard.

## PROPER SIZARS, JUNE, 1873.

2nd Year: Henderson, Langley, Ohm.

1st Year: Easton, Hargreaves, McFarland.

## EXHIBITIONERS.

Barnard, H. L. Clarke, C. J. Cooper, Freese, Jukes-Brown, Moser, Sollas, Hargreaves, McFarland, Morgan, Wace, J. T. Ward, Waller, Crawley, Langley.—Bayard, Beckett, Dibdin, Elliot, Gardner, Koch, Percival, B. Reynolds.—A. Adams, Body, Clough, Hildyard, Knightly, Lamplugh, Milne, Scott, Slack, Staffurth, Wellacott, Winch.—J. G. Ambridge, Coggin, Easton, London, Maxwell, Penny, E. A. Stuart, Talbot, Treadgold.

## SIZARS ELECTED OCTOBER 7th, 1873.

H. F. Blackett, W. Caister, H. B. Carr, E. J. Doherty, A. Eustace, C. H. Hatfield, R. Jeffrey, J. S. Jones, E. Luce, G. H. Marwood, F. H. Paramore, F. T. Ridley, H. V. Robinson, F. B. Walters.

## LIMITED EXHIBITIONS.

Somerset (Hereford School)—F. H. Paramore, F. T. Ridley.

Somerset (Marlborough Grammar School)—T. W. Thomas.

Somerset (Manchester School)—R. Jeffrey.

Dowman (Pocklington School)—G. I. Marwood.

The following is the List of Freshmen (106):

Adam, C. W. M.	Gripper, W.	Rammell, W. H.
Allen, E.	Hall, J. M.	Raymond, W. T.
Allin, W. J.	Hanson, J. C.	Rendle, A. J.
Bagshaw, T. W.	Hatfield, C. H.	Richards, L.
Bell, E. H.	Heath, J. L.	Ridley, F. T.
Bere, R.	Hemstock, H.	Riley, C. C.
Bevan, H. E. J.	Hornby, F. W.	Robinson, H. V.
Blackett, H. F.	Ireland, A.	Rooper, E. P.
Bowers, J. P. A.	Jacobs, J.	Row, A. W. S. A.
Brown, C. F.	Jeffrey, R.	Rowe, P. D.
Brown, M. S.	Jones, J. S.	Ryland, F.
Bryan, W. A.	Kikuchi, D. Y.	Sandwith, J. R.
Buckingham, A. W.	Lloyd, G. B.	Scudamore, G. E.
Caister, W.	Lloyd, J. H.	Simpson, C. H.
Carr, A. C.	Lloyd, P.	Skeffington, H. C.
Carr, H. B.	Long, F. W.	Spicer, W.
Coates, W. C.	Lord, E.	Spokes, J. H.
Cooper, C. E.	Lowe, W. B.	Stephens, J. R. W.
Cope, A. N.	Luce, E.	Stuart, M. G.
Crick, A. H.	Marten, E. D.	Swann, H. A.
Crossfield, T. T.	Marten, H.	Tait, T. S.
Cruse, F. G.	Marwood, G. H.	Thomas, S. H.
Curry, E. L.	McAlister, D.	Tillard, J.
Davies, E. T.	Merivale, C.	Tooth, H. H.
Doherty, E. J.	Murton, C. N.	Upward, E. F.
Du Bosc, J. F.	Newman, A.	Vaughan, M.
Dyson, F.	Northcott, W.	Walters, F. B.
East, G. T.	Paramore, F. H.	Ward, W. H.
Eustace, A.	Parker, G.	White, H. E.
Fawkes, A. W.	Parsons, C. A.	Williams, I.
Fox, E. S.	Peek, R.	Wilson, A. R.
Gantillon, F. E.	Pendlebury, C.	Winkley, C. R. T.
Gartside, J. G.	Phillips, J.	Winn, S. F. J.
Goodridge, H. A. H.	Piper, A. D.	Woodhouse, R. I.
Goodridge, W. L. T.	Platt, J. H.	Workman, A. W.
Griffin, R. H.		

Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions for the year 1874.—In December, 1873, there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, together with

Two Exhibitions of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships;

Also one Exhibition of £50 per annum, tenable for three years; one of £40 per annum, tenable for four years; one of £40 per annum, tenable for three years; two of £33. 6s. 8d. per annum, tenable for three years; and one of £30 per annum, tenable for three years.

The examination of Candidates for the above-named Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Tuesday, December 16th, at 9 A.M.

Besides the twelve Minor Scholarships or Exhibitions above mentioned, there will be offered for competition an Exhibition of £50 per annum for proficiency in Natural Science.

The Candidates for the Natural Science Exhibition will have a special Examination, commencing on Friday, December 12th, at 9 A.M.

Candidates must send their names to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination.

The Examination for *Sizarships and limited Exhibitions* for the year 1874 will be held on Wednesday, October 7th, at 9 A.M.

The Subjects of Examination will be a paper in Arithmetic and Algebra,

and  
*Viva voce*  
Examination  
in

Euclid, Books I. II. III. IV.  
Book V. Props. 1—4, 7—15, 20, 22.  
Book VI. except Props. 27, 28, 29.  
Book XI. props. 1—21.  
Sixth Book of Herodotus.  
Fifth and Sixth Books of Ovid's *Fasti*.

A paper will also be set containing a passage of English Prose for translation into Latin Prose, and a passage from some Greek author (not named beforehand) for translation into English.

Candidates for *Sizarships* and for the School Exhibitions must send their names to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination.

A *Sizarship*, together with £20 per annum for two years, will be given to the best Senior Candidate in each of the years 1873, 1874, 1875, at the University Local Examinations, who shall have obtained the mark of distinction in both Pure and

Applied Mathematics; and a like Prize for the best Candidate at the same Examination who shall have obtained the mark of distinction both in Latin and Greek.

## BOATING.

*Lady Margaret Boat Club.*—The Magdalene Silver Pair Oars, rowed for at the end of the Easter Term, resulted in a victory for the representatives of the L. M. B. C.: P. J. Hibbert (*bow*) and E. E. Sawyer (*stroke*), who defeated the 1st Trinity men: J. B. Close (*bow*) and C. S. Read (*stroke*), by one second.

The Long Vacation Scratch Fours, for which seven boats entered, were won by the following crew:

<i>Bow.</i> H. H. Greenhill.		<i>Stroke.</i> G. R. Grasset.
2. F. C. Wace, M.A.		<i>Cox.</i> A. L. Hunt.
3. F. E. Colenso.		

At a General Meeting, held Friday, Oct. 17th, the following were elected Officers for the Michaelmas Term:

<i>President.</i> Rev. C. Graves.		<i>Treasurer.</i> R. Merivale.
<i>1st Capt.</i> W. H. Gwillim.		<i>3rd Capt.</i> H. Sawyer.
<i>2nd Capt.</i> R. C. Haviland.		<i>4th Capt.</i> C. Halliday.
<i>Secretary.</i> H. Brooke.		<i>Questionist Capt.</i> E. B. Moser.

*St. John's College Boat Club.*—The Officers for the October Term are:

<i>1st Capt.</i> T. Henderson.		<i>Committee.</i> { S. C. Logan. J. A. Sharrock. R. L. Colenso.
<i>2nd Capt.</i> W. M. Hicks.		
<i>Secretary.</i> J. J. Jones.		
<i>Treasurer.</i> F. W. Henstock.		

During the Long Vacation the St. John's College Boat Club sent a Four to the Bedford Regatta, and succeeded in winning the Junior Fours. There were eight entries, but the race was virtually a contest between St. John's and Trinity. These boats came together in the fifth heat, and in spite of a mishap which occurred to the former at the start, Trinity was unable to keep the lead thus given to them, and St. John's won easily by two lengths. The crew were:

<i>Bow.</i> H. W. Scaife.		<i>Stroke.</i> S. C. Logan.
2. J. A. Sharrock.		<i>Cox.</i> R. Headdy.
3. R. L. Colenso.		

A. C. Dicker won the Diamond Sculls at Henley. E. E. Sawyer and P. J. Hibbert entered for the pairs which were won by the Members of the Kingston Rowing Club.

The Wingfield Challenge Sculls (The Amateur Championship of the Thames) were won on Wednesday, July 6th, by A. C.

Dicker. The course was Putney to Mortlake, and the time 24 min. 40 sec., the fastest on record. The other competitors were W. H. Eyre, Thames Rowing Club; F. G. Gulston, London Rowing Club; and the previous holder, C. C. Knollys, Magdalen College, Oxford.

## RACQUETS.

The May Term Handicap was won by J. T. Pollock. There were 16 competitors.

END OF VOL. VIII.