

THE EAGLE.

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

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The Secretaries or other Members of College Societies, are requested to send in their notices for the Chronicle before the end of the current Term.

Contributions for the next number should be sent in during the Vacation to the Secretary (Mr. Cowie), or to one of the Editors (Mr. Sandys, E. B. Moser, H. Brooke, H. W. Simpkinson).

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.



A FORTNIGHT'S TRIP TO TRINIDAD.

IN a day or two the Intercolonial steamer will start from Carlisle Bay, Barbados, which is to take me to Trinidad, the Paradise of the Indians and of Nature. In the interval some parting calls are made on some of those many kind friends with whom every Englishman meets in the West Indies. As Mr. B. took me once more over his house and garden, I saw his "hurricane house." It was a small cellar-like building 10 ft. by 6 ft. with vaulted roof and massive walls five or six feet thick. They are built to obtain safe shelter for person and valuables in the hurricanes which at intervals devastate the island and burst open and scatter to the winds the ordinary houses.

Monday morning, June 30, 1873, from the hill near Highgate Signal Station which overlooks Bridgetown and the Garrison, we saw the mail-boat steam out of the Bay on her 4,000 miles of landless voyage to England. She carried friends and letters direct home. In the evening I take a boat at the wharf for the "Tyne," an old ocean boat now running among the islands, to start on my homeward tour. Arrived on board, the black boatmen take advantage of the hour, 10 p.m., vociferously and persistently to demand pay beyond the liberal amount at which they had offered to take me off. Silence was found the best weapon, and at length they retired discomfited over the vessel's side.

The outward-bound English mail arrives outside the bay and lies off all night. In the morning the noise awakes us at 6 a.m. as she casts anchor. Mails, goods, and passengers for Trinidad, &c., are transhipped, my last batch of European letters secured at the Post Office, and at 12.30 p.m. we bid adieu to Barbados. £500 in bronze English coinage for Trinidad lie in heavy boxes on the deck with "Bank of England," to tell their origin, painted on them.

The "Tyne" called at Castries, the port of St. Lucia, in the night. As morning breaks about 5 a.m. the Pitons, those grand sugar-cones rising out of the very sea, are seen out of the port-hole between us and the grey dawn in the east. The sulphur vapours from the boiling springs on the Souffrière volcano behind them are wafted into my state-room by the gentle trade winds.

The rugged outlines of St. Lucia, and many memories of a pleasant ten days spent on its shores in January, fade in the distance as we run southward, encircled by gulls and porpoises, with a skirmisher's fan of flying-fish thrown out in advance of our bows. The quiescent Souffrière of St. Vincent looms through the morning mist as quiet as it was before its eruption on April 30, 1812. The sunlight which shoots so quickly above the horizon lights up the eastern slopes, and drives away the mist. Gradually precipice and plain, rock and islet, and now field and cottage, tree and human beings, *grow* into distinctness and actuality. Now we are alongside of it, and can see even on the western side far up the rich valleys, here broad and there narrow, and flanked by precipitous rocks. On the scanty foothold which these afford, flourish trumpet-trees and pendulous ropelike creepers, old-man's-beard moss, and the innumerable variety of minor plants which a still closer view displays. At the head of the valley the mountains with their heavy canopy of dark mist give a forbidding look to any rash

attempt to explore the trackless forests which clothe them. Below, on the lowest shoulders of the ridges, acres of arrowroot and sugar-canes wave in the sun.

Among the half-score of privates with their sergeant going to fill up vacancies at Trinidad is one who hails from Brighton, who was one of those who saw there that wonderful throw of 127 yards with cricket ball by E. B. Fawcett. A passenger from Jamaica holds forth forcibly on Governor Eyre's decided action there by which the island was saved. Almost in the same breath he condemns wholesale all education of the negro, for the very good reason that it rendered him unwilling to be treated as a slave.

Several of us anxiously try to discover from Captain Bruce (long may he walk the bridge) how many hours he will stay in Kingston Bay, as we hear he has much goods to unload and must also replace a buoy which had dragged its moorings. All we get is an indefinite answer to discourage our leaving the ship at all, but we jump into the long-shore boats on various hurried errands.

As I push off and hasten towards the pier, I discover, pulling off to the ship, the Rev. H. W. Laborde (Caius Coll., Camb.), with whom I had spent the New Year. After waiting at the pier-head till he has put his fellow passenger on board and returned, we walk up together through the familiar street to the rectory and have a few minutes' chat with my New Year's host and hostess. Embarrassed by our captain's incommunicativeness we hasten back to the bay, but find that the boat has not yet gone off with the letters. Accordingly, we take another turn in the town, and after a hurried call at Government House return to find the mail-boat well away, and the "Tyne" with anchor up and already steaming very slowly astern out of the Bay. Dr. M. hurries hither and thither to summon his two friends, while we get into a boat, and on our way pick up an unfortunate coolie, whom two boys were rowing

on board. Midway they had dropped one of their oars, and consequently were spinning helplessly round and round. Bidding him jump into our fully rigged boat and tossing two shillings to the clamorous boys we pulled him alongside. After some mutual chaff with the Captain we steam away southward still for Grenada and Trinidad, under the lee of the Grenadine Islands. A long line of these, including Bequia, Canouan, Union Island, and Carriacou, form as it were the serried outline of a notched sword just rising as a breakwater through the Atlantic waves.

Having called in the night at Grenada, the fruit-garden of the Tropics, we take our morning constitutional on the deck, and hear, from a late midday, tales of the Abyssinian war, and of the Arab slave-trade in the Red Sea. At 9 a.m. 'two bells' invites us to breakfast, and a squall of rain enforces the invitation by driving us all below. Long before we come on deck again the air has cleared, but the water hitherto deepest blue, even close to the rocky shores of the islands, has turned a transparent and brilliant green. An hour or two more and it is dull green, and later still it is more like pea-soup, while abundance of seaweed and scattered leaves of trees, and exquisite forms of jelly fish (which might be compared to ground-glass lamp-shades with cut and coloured patterns), all shew that we are in the course of the waters of the huge Orinoco. Though the mountainous shores of South America are only just visible, in a sense we are in its very heart, for the mud and leaves around us have come many hundred miles from the interior.

Due west the mountains of Venezuela rise up in cones at length distinctly and separately visible. To the left the steep shores of Trinidad are seen as we near the triple Straits or Bocas. The Serpent's Mouth to the south and the Dragon's to the north form the outlets between Trinidad and the mainland of the huge circular stagnum (so it appears by the side of the

Atlantic) called the Gulf of Paria. Into it the Orinoco ever pours its volumes of water and carries thousands of tons of mud. This is gradually filling it up, and out of the Bocas the current only half-purified sets strong.

Canon Kingsley has painted in vivid colours the beauties of the Bocas, but the high expectations thus raised were likely to be disappointed altogether, as a wall of rain swept down on us and hid the whole ere we entered the Boca de Monos. But no! twenty minutes and it is gone, and we are in the very mouth of the passage. Capt. Bruce has chosen the easternmost and narrowest, and we steam up the quiet land-locked channel. Isolated rocks and boats, palm-filled coves and scrub-clad cliffs, rush quickly by us, and we emerge at length in the gulf itself.

Behind us to the right lie prone the ridged islands Mono and Huevo, and Chachacarè, which with Point Paria beyond, form the treble passage; on the left in front is a labyrinth of channels and islets. The shore is low, but wooded to the water's edge like Lake Como or Lago di Garda, with hawk-like birds wheeling and swooping on their shores.

Perched on some of these islands or islets are "bath houses," as they call the sea-side retreats from the steamy and glaring towns. Behind rise the mountains with red stains smearing their flanks, where forest fires have swept; and here and there the blue smoke even now rises from some smouldering tree. Unfortunately it was just too late to see the mountains blushing scarlet, or orange, or pale with the magnificent masses of their flowering trees. At length we are off the capital.

A crowd of boats awaits the "Tyne" at her moorings, and returning friends are warmly welcomed. With two or three other visitors I land at the pier, and get my baggage taken to the Custom-house on one of the "boards on wheels" which, with upright stakes at the corners, they use as carts here. An

obliging official passes my goods without further trouble on hearing where I am bound. A cab takes me through the streets to the door of a friend, where an English welcome, and "make this your home," awaits me. The scores of black turkey-buzzards or 'corbeaux' in the streets and squares made the town look like a farm-yard, as they lazily hopped out of the way of the wheels.

Next day a negro wedding came off in the cathedral, preceded and succeeded by a procession of the wedding carriages all round the town. The bride was a servant in the house I was staying, and the wedding was to have come off, breakfast and all, the day before, but alas for human hopes! the legal license could not be obtained in time, and the breakfast had to wait.

It is six o'clock on the following Saturday morning, in Port of Spain, Trinidad, after a stagnant night such as only the leeward side of a West Indian island can afford. England has been more or less awake for four hours when I get an early breakfast at my kind host's. I pass down Clarence-street and across Marine-square almost before the 'corbeaux' have come down from their roosting-places, on my way to the wharf. The tight little screw coasting steamer, the 'Alice,' lies there, on board which I took my ticket to La Brea for the Pitch Lake.

A neater craft, or a smarter crew for handling one, is seldom seen. Built at Glasgow with a draught of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet only, she was brought across the Atlantic in June, 1871, by her present captain and a most intelligent engineer, both Scotchmen. In her voyage out, of 22 days, she called at Madeira, when a fresh supply of coal was stored in bags in the cabin and on the deck wherever room could be found. Forward, she is now fitted with an upper deck and awning where the first-class passengers can enjoy the breeze produced as she shoots ahead at 8 or 9 knots. It almost felt cool.

The shallow Gulf of Paria extends to our right. Small vessels are anchored near the wharf. A mainland 'walking-beam' steamer, 'El Heroe,' which runs up the Orinoco, lies a little way off; and a full mile and a half out, the Royal Mail company's steamer, 'Tyne,' which, even at that distance from the shore, stirred up the mud at the bottom ere she cast anchor. The smoke at her funnel shews that steam is kept up, ready to stand out to sea in case a gale should come on. In front were cormorants plunging after their breakfast and throwing up spurts of spray, while the 'corbeaux' or turkey buzzards wheeled in circles overhead as they flew out for awhile from the low mangrove-covered shore which reached as far as the eye could see, till in the south distance the hill of San Fernando rose out of the horizon like a cliff-girt island in the sea.

As we steamed along, a mile or so from the shore, we could see here and there through a break in the fringe of mangroves the fresh green of the young canes, or the dirty brown of the 'trash' in the cane pieces when the crop had been cut. Rising into the sky in naked brick out of the billowy sea of natural or cultivated green were 'estate' chimneys, while far inland the vast extent of rich level soil was bounded by the mountains of the interior.

As the semicircle of hills which surround Port of Spain sank into the distance and the outlook became monotonous, variety enough was found on board by going to the after-deck. Here was a long-tailed macaw and a short-tailed paroquet from South America, woolly-headed negroes (Susus, *n*th cousins of the Ashantees), and pig-tailed Chinamen and Hindoos with their lank, glossy hair. Strange fruit and excellent English vegetables were on sale by John Chinaman; raw rum (no duty is paid there for the rank stuff) and villainous-looking cakes and "sweets," by fat negro women. Hindoo coolies wear the wages of months, as nose-rings, ear-rings and big-toe-rings, or in the form of silver plates

and bangles on arm, wrist and ankle; the men, who are swathed in long strips of linen have scimeter-shaped toothpicks of silver and sacred knots and beads hung round their necks. Here, a child just able to walk is as delighted as any English child at staggering about in its father's heavy laced boots; there, turkeys and fowls, parcels and heavy goods, make it difficult to thread one's way along the deck.

The Hindoo coolies, who are imported from Calcutta under most careful Government inspection, make admirable labourers. Earning from 3 to 6 "bits" a-day (a bit is 10 cents or 5d.) they live with ease for $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 bits a-day, and have cottages provided rent-free. Their expenses being thus small they save a very large amount during the 10 years of labour. This in some cases is lent to storekeepers to be employed as capital, in a few it is placed in savings banks. They prefer entrusting it to none but their own people, and generally wear a considerable amount themselves in the form of silver and gold rings.

In British Guiana, or Demerara as it is called, they are indentured to the planters for five years; at the end of that time they are free to choose whether to remain where they are or to go to some other estate and be bound for a second five years. They receive a bounty of 50 dollars down, on re-engagement for the second term of five years, and at its expiration can claim a free passage home. In sickness they receive most careful medical treatment, the Government regulations for which and for providing hospital accommodation are, as a rule, excellently carried out. Both on the voyage out and home a medical man appointed by Government accompanies each ship, and 12 square feet of deck room and an ample scale of provisions per man, woman, and child is provided. So carefully is this carried out that on my voyage out from Southampton one of these medical men, who had been with many ships, applied to know if the calculations he was

accustomed to use for determining the deck space to be subtracted for masts, &c., was correct.

The Chinese are excellent in business as store-keepers, and though not good labourers on the grounds of others, here as elsewhere keep their own market-gardens in admirable order and productiveness.

But to return to our fresh air, and look out forward. There an American mining engineer (G. L. Bradley, of Providence, Rhode Island) and I had formed an immediate travelling acquaintance. To him I am much indebted, as he rendered perfect a day's excursion very enjoyable in itself; nor can I express a better wish for any one when travelling than that he may meet with many of our cousins as self-reliant, as courteous, and as strong in admiration of England as he. It would have been difficult to place him in any position where he was not equal to the emergency. May his best wishes be fulfilled, and may I have the good fortune to meet him again when he has attained his ambition of settling down as an English country gentleman.

The winter of 1872-3 he had spent in St. Petersburg clad in furs, now he was waiting for the boat to take him 200 miles up the steaming Orinoco, and thence was going 150 miles on mule-back over sun-baked plains and through dense forests to inspect and report on some gold-mines in the interior. In the interval he had planned, like myself, a visit to the Pitch Lake of Trinidad, and hence our meeting. After one or two stoppages we steered outwards to cross the muddy waters of the 'Amazon' or Couva river, and then turned in once more to our next *landing-place*, if it can be called so at all. So much is the Gulf filling up that even the turning of the rudder raised the mud from the bottom. The only way in which this stopping-place was marked was by a white rag on a pole standing in the water half-a-mile from the shore. The shore boat here exchanged some passengers, and we passed on by other cottages and 'stacks,' as my friend called the

chimneys, till we arrived off the little town of San Fernando, with its busy pier and tramway, and the neat hospital and church looking quietly down on the town from the top of the hill.

The crew here disembarked many passengers and much cargo with a smartness that must have astonished the natives, and the captain then took the helm to steer us over the bar on which there is only three feet of water. With all his care the little steamer left a muddy wake in the water for some distance, and once, at least, we actually touched the bottom.

More sugar estates lie on the shore, now bounded by a bank over thirty feet high, and at 11 a.m. we get off the headland of La Brea. Two surf boats come alongside with some other passengers and we jump in. After a short row, with some very fair rollers racing us and passing us with the most provoking calmness, a dorkie's shoulders land us on the pitch-covered shore almost under the shade of a calabash tree. We have three hours and a half ere we must be off again, and, accordingly, before starting on our hot walk of a mile and a half to the lake, we get a 'hand' of bananas ('figs' they are called in Trinidad); and one of a number of grinning negro boys fetches us down a quantity of cocoa-nuts. The green husk of these is slashed off round the top with a cutlass; then one neat cut and a well of clear and refreshing water, at times slightly effervescing, is seen literally brimming over its cup lined with the milk-white 'meat.' With a guide to carry our fruit and tell us about the country we start up the road. This is made of raw pitch laid on the surface of the ground, which, from its reedy appearance and the cotton grass growing in it, must be swampy in the rainy season (November, December, June and July), but now is almost dry. As we pass along we add to our stock a 'black pine' for one shilling (in Antigua they were brought alongside at three for the same price), and also pick some cashew nuts off the trees by

the roadside. This fruit is not unlike a small cooking apple, with a seed much like a broad bean perched on the top; the interior is very juicy, and, like 'sloes austere,' somewhat astringent. To remedy this they are sometimes cut up and soaked in salt water, which turns blue in consequence. Though decidedly peculiar, they are very refreshing.

Mule-carts, laden with pitch, pass us on the uneven road, and on each side the ground is covered with 'rôseau grass' (used for making watertight travelling baskets) and 'grewgrew' and other palms. From the trunks of this palm, into which it bores, the delicious grewgrew caterpillar is obtained. To my great regret, I had no opportunity of tasting this famous West Indian delicacy. They are large, fat, white grubs, three or four inches long and very rich, but when ready for eating they must be not unlike whitebait, as they are toasted on a wire till quite crisp.

After a broiling walk, we pass over a mound and are on the pitch lake itself. Even a photograph or such a sketch of it as is given in Kingsley's 'At Last,' gives but little idea of it to one who has not seen it.

As we follow the track on the side of the lake we overlook, as it were, a large park. Instead of green grass, imagine black mud interspersed with lanes of water. It is surrounded by scrubby trees some thirty feet high, and has clumps of bushes scattered here and there over its surface. A guess would make the whole lake half-a-mile wide and a mile long, but it is difficult to say where the lake begins or where it ends, for the banks seem full of pitch. Throughout the large basin thus bounded the hard surface of the pitch is almost a dead level. It seems, however, not to have risen over the whole area at once, but in spots; and flowing outwards, as shewn by the wrinkles on its surface, to have hardened as it spread. Between two neighbouring 'floes' there is a crevice more or less V-shaped in the centre, but with very flat

and spreading lips. These remain full of water all the year round, even when the water accumulated during the rainy season has evaporated off the surface. The trees grow in a little decaying rubbish on the surface of the pitch, and here and there a bright-plumaged bird flits across from clump to clump; and, even now, though the flowering season is over, a magnificent spire of orange-coloured flowers is seen amongst them.

Where the pitch is being dug with spade and pick, it is slightly softer underneath, and at some depth it is found to be soft enough to rise almost as fast as it is dug out. Near the other side our man told us it was rising perfectly soft, but the wide pools with the deep crevices in the middle seemed to support his assertion that we could not get there.

However, as all around us the pitch was hard, and as travellers abroad cannot believe *all* they are told, the British blood did not like being beaten, and, accordingly, we two led each other flying leaps across all the manageable pieces of water. A little 'beating back' and 'looking before you leap' enabled us to find places where we could pitch our impedimenta across the wider ones. Then we mounted our guide's shoulders, and he warily and top-heavily carried us across. The shallow and level lips of the V were right enough, but just in the centre, where it was deepest, the sides were unpleasantly near the vertical; and a bath in water, temp. 90°, would not have been advisable many hours from home. However, his care and his naked feet at length safely got us over all difficulties; and our scepticism and pertinacity were rewarded by finding a large sheet of soft pitch (like the hot asphalt poured out for London pavements) slowly rising up and creeping a foot deep over the hard surface. Its peculiarity is that it is a moist heat (about 106°) which makes it so plastic. It is not sticky, but even when partially hardened by evaporation is soft enough to be moulded into any shape, or allows

you to sink into it as you stand. Large bubbles of gas-like smell slowly rise through it, and after a struggle burst with a puff.

Crossing to the other shore of this 'terra firma' lake, and passing a number of negroes using the rain water for clothes-washing, we sat down under a locust tree and had our lunch.

On our way back to the landing-place we looked in at the 'Ward' school. It was a Saturday, and, therefore, a holiday. All we saw was the master, who, though quite young, had already gained a second-class certificate; on one of the desks lay a letter written on a slate by one of the children containing the negro greeting 'howdy (query 'how d'ye do?') to you and all friends.'

The cottages we passed by the wayside had a framework of rough tree-limbs filled in with *roseau* wickerwork, and thatched with fronds of the timit-palm from the mountains. At the works for purifying the pitch we saw the rough material melted and stirred in open coppers; or put in at the upper end of inclined retorts, to be tapped when melted at the lower end.

After watching eight or ten men haul at a surf-boat for 10 minutes with a rope, two blocks, a sing-song chorus and the *utmost* satisfaction, without moving it an inch, and after mentally looking in vain in Elementary Statics, Chapter '*Mechanical Powers*,' Article '*Pulley*,' for any satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, at 2.30 sharp to time we see the smoke of the Alice over the trees on the point. We jump into our boat to go alongside, in company with a Chinaman and a large bundle of pines. His ideas of business and the large profits to be made by selling them in the Port of Spain are rather too good for us; for as perfectly fresh fruit seems never to come amiss in the tropics, we would gladly not have had his laconic answer 'No sell!'

One or two of those strange cloudlike but definite

masses of rain with which the tropics make us so familiar drift on to us as we steam back. At each landing-place we take up passengers and country products for the capital, and the Alice returns almost as full as she started.

In our walks by day, cicalas and tree-frogs, umbrella-ants and glowing butterflies made air and ground, trees and flowers, lively with motion and song. Night-time glinted bright with fireflies in dancing and *evanishing* thousands on the swampy ground, as they lit us home from our walks or drives. Around us in endless evening chorus the frogs passed us on from one band to another. In Barbados it was the 'crapeaux' with their liquid bubbling-gurglings bul-bul-bul; here the whistling frogs with their soft clear wé wé wé wé wé. Next the moaning frogs, as though in agonies of *mal-de-mer* or stomach-ache, and then the oldest friends of all *брекекеке*-ing to their hearts' delight.

We may bid farewell to Trinidad by quoting the following lines by its present Bishop, the Right Rev. R. Rawle, Trin. Coll. (3rd wrangler and 4th classic, 1835):

'A PARADISE I once was styled
When only known to nature's child;
Till the great Searcher of the Sea
Gave me a name of mystery,
In which were beautifully blent
My features and his sentiment.
And ever since that christening time
My fortunes with the name keep chime;
Successive rule, commingling race—
In both the mystic word you trace,
Would that by all who share my breast
For its own sake the name were blest;
Shrine but that mystery in their Creed,
A Paradise were theirs, indeed.'

'A fiery sky, a sea of glass, the air without a breath,
If thus a few more days should pass, to him and his 'twere death.

At vespers 'mid his crew he knelt, that "Searcher of the Sea,"
And prayed in fervent words heart-felt the blessed Trinity.
The prayer was heard, the sea was stirred by waking winds that
night,
Two weeks the good ship sped, the third gave a dim land in
sight.

"Thrice Blessed God, both One and Three," the grateful sea-
man cried,

"I dedicate this land to Thee—Thy Name thereon abide!"

Forthwith the land its features cleared, responsive to the name
Three peaks appeared, which, as he neared, proved at their base
the same.

And ever since that christening morn, the shore by Paria's wave,
The Indian's "Paradise," has borne the name Columbus gave.

Europe's three chiefest nations there their speech and blood
have blent,

And three of earth's great quarters share the island's settlement.

Seems not that isle a chosen site wherein the Church shall prove,
How Babel's scattering may unite in Christian faith and love?

If to her sons the truth enshrined within her name be given,
The Indian's Eden they shall find a gate to God's own Heaven.'

W. G.



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

V.

THE REMAINING WINDOWS.

THIS prolix narrative of objects beheld without much particular interest by the generality of beholders must now be concluded. It cannot be completed, for all the glass is not yet put in; the manufacturers are full of work, and the least pressing of their patrons can, I suppose, be put off the longest; and for the sake of being served in one uniform style as to design and execution, no doubt it is well to be patient, and to take the pleasures of acquirement by tardy instalments contentedly. If the acquirements are eminently satisfactory we gain considerably by delay, for each fresh acquisition adds to and renews our pleasure; and if they are disappointing, the feeling is less intense over the separate items than it would be if we saw the whole and were disappointed with it; so that either way we are no losers by the slow progress of the work.

I have already said the windows of the choir are to form a series; it begins at the west end of the north side and ends at the west window after going round the chapel. Besides those already described there are seven windows now inserted or ready for insertion.

One given by Mr. William Cunliffe Brooks begins the series with a representation of the first miracle,

Christ and S. John present at the marriage at Cana of Galilee; with as a companion event the declaration of John Baptist, "Ecce Agnus Dei." In the picture of the marriage feast there are no signs of the poverty which is frequently associated with the family in our minds; there is a brass and a string band present, which is sufficiently absurd; the waterpots are all different, and the servants are pouring *wine* into them. All the transactions are going on simultaneously: the Virgin is speaking to JESUS, the servants are filling the pots, the bearer is handing a cup to the Governor; the bride and bridegroom are sitting at the table, and the disciples are there.

The next is inserted by Professor Selwyn. It has for its subject The Transfiguration, passing over the events which are to be shewn in the two windows between. Underneath the Transfiguration is "S. Peter sent to prepare the Passover." It is not easy to say where there is a window which shews the stiffness and hardness of mechanical conventionality more strongly than this; the Angel attendants at the dazzling scene depicted in the upper part are cut off by festoons of brittle cloud; the amazed three are dazzled and confounded; there is a dark cave, the blackness of which is thrown out, and, at the same time, counteracted by a tendril in white glass.

Next comes the window in memory of Mr. Hadley, the Apse windows, and that to the memory of Sir Ralph Hare, of which an account has appeared; then that of Mr. Charles Bamford. It shews the Ascension of Christ and the Translation of Elijah. In the original design, the horses which draw the fiery chariot unhappily had heads like pigs, but they have since been altered into a less incongruous form; still, one of the horses has a peculiar light red tail. A temporary cloud-roadway has been provided for the ascent of the chariot, and the ground beneath is clothed with a plentiful supply of fine sprouts. The mantle of Elijah is not falling *down* upon

Elisha, for he is as high up as it is, and altogether the pictorial effect is quite spoilt by attempting too much, and introducing perspective largely. You cannot get to view the picture at a dozen yards distance; and yet the impatience and ambition of the designer would not let his discretion work suitably to this condition, but must needs induce a failure here, and in the next window, in the "preparation for the Passover" scene, and in the outside view of Peter and John before the Rulers.

The next is Mr. Powell's window, it has The Descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, and The Giving of the Law. (Exod. ix. xx.; Heb. xii.)

Next comes that of Mr. Hughes, subjects:—"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" and, "It is the LORD." (S. John xxi. 6, 7.)

And then Dr. Haviland's, which has The Healing at the beautiful gate of the Temple, and Peter and John next day brought before Annas and Caiaphas and the rest. In both pictures the man who sat at the gate is present, his crutches with him, but both the Apostles and the lame man himself are on the second occasion differently attired; there is a soldier keeping the door of the court, and a little crowd of curious folk trying to peep in.

Last of all, up to the present time, comes Dr. Parkinson's gift, and perhaps this is the best of the series. The subjects are, The Council at Jerusalem (Acts xv. 6; Gal. ii. 9); and Peter and John at Samaria (Acts viii. 14). Compared with some of the others, this is a very fine piece. The lights are well placed, and the eye led up to the points. There is a breadth of colour and brilliancy, and grandeur of effect in a simple way that are enchanting. This is a work of art, the genius displayed in it amply excuses the free use of shadow and consequent opacity that has been necessary, and ranks this work very high among modern windows.

It will be seen that the Beloved Disciple, S. John, occupies a prominent position in every window in the chapel; events in which it is known that S. John took part have been selected throughout. The effect is not by any means monotonous, nor is the series at all hindered by this point; they are, as a whole, eminently successful.

The choir windows bear the following inscriptions:—

"In majorem Dei Gloriam P.C. Gulielmus Cunliffe Brooks A.M. Hujus Collegii Alumnus A.S. MDCCCLXXI."

"In piam memoriam Gulielmi Pakenham Spencer Gulielmus Selwyn A.S. MDCCCLXXI."

"In Honorem Dei P.C. Carolus Bamford, A.M. Hujus Collegii Alumnus. MDCCCLXIX."

"In Honorem Dei P.C. Franciscus Powell A.M. Hujus Coll. Nuper Socius. MDCCCLXX."

"In Honorem Dei et In Piam Memoriam Johannis Haviland, Med. Prof. Reg. Olim Socii. Ob. Die viii. Jan. MDCCCLI."

"In Piam Memoriam Fratris Dilectissimi P.C. Stephanus Parkinson S. T. P. Coll. Soc. A.S. MDCCCLXXI."

The colours are strong, heavy, dark. The effect rich and sombre in the extreme, massive almost to oppressiveness, at least in a dull light, but livid and glowing and glorious and full of light in the bright sun.

S. John's College possesses, however, a good deal of new stained glass outside of the Chapel.

In the Hall there is an exceedingly fine set of heraldic glass emblazoning the arms of benefactors; the set is complete, it fills every window, pressing all the sunlight into the service of fame, and making the very daylight display the names of good men. Over-looking the fellows' table there is a large figure of S. John on a blue ground. The hall and staircase of the Combination Room are similarly provided, and like-

wise the staircase of the New Lecture Room in the first court, with shields of arms. So that the collection of modern glass which we have is of considerable size and interest, both as specimens, and, as a collection, a gallery of glass paintings. Not many towns have a better show, leaving out Doncaster; but, in Doncaster Parish Church, certainly there is the most complete gallery of modern glass painting to be found anywhere; specimens in the most perfect styles of all the most approved glass painters of the day; Hardman, Wailes, Clayton and Bell, Holland, Ward and Hughes, Capronnier, Oliver; such a mixture of good, bad, and very bad, that one is unwilling to yield the palm to any other collection whatever, as a collection. But, in the College, many specimens are good by themselves and apart from the collection; and the whole, as a whole, working on towards completion, is a marvellous success.

I should have liked this weary account to have gone over all the coloured sunlights of the Chapel, and have purposely delayed the Articles term after term with that object, but it cannot be, it seems; and, therefore, offering most humble apologies for prolixity and thanks for patience bestowed, I will dismiss the subject with a bare mention of the old glass which is to be found within the walls of the College; for the College possesses a considerable quantity of ancient glass scattered about. Most of it is quite fragmentary, but of excellent quality and of value. The remains of that which occupied the East window of the Old Chapel has been put into the middle window in the West face of the Lantern Tower.

The upper lights of the windows of the Hall are filled with beautiful fragments, the ruins of good windows; there is a head in a window of the Combination Room which looks into the second court, and the West window of the Library has heraldic shields, but of more recent date.

W. L. W.



COMMEMORATION SERMON, 1874.

[The Commemoration Sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Colson, M.A., Vicar of Cuxton, formerly Fellow, and Vicar of Great Hornead from 1842 to 1874. We are indebted to the Preacher's kindness for permission to print the following extracts from his Sermon. Ed.]

II SAMUEL vii. 18, part of 19.—“*Then went King David in and sat before the Lord, and he said, Who am I, O Lord God; what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? and this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God, but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house, for a great while to come.*”

WE who are here met together this day, can hardly help our thoughts at once dwelling on this glorious and magnificent *material* house in which we are worshipping; but I should wish to think of our new Chapel this morning, not so much as to its artistic beauty and its costly splendour—though surely this “waste” (if the world pleases to call it so) was to a good purpose—but rather as to the service of God which is carried on within it.

Those of us who in past days worshipped in the plain old Chapel can yet look with love and thankfulness to those services, imperfect as they were.

But how much more should this be the case hereafter with each successive generation of the members of this college. And so (if I may be allowed to say it) how careful should they, who have the direction of these things, be to see that all the religious services here carried on should not only be worthy of the place, but serve, so far as may be, for a model of what the

religious services of the Church of England should be—reverent, devout and simple, but bright and beautiful; no party services disfigured by what must, however pleasing to some, give offence to other religious minds, but rather such as devout men of different habits of thought, High, Low, or Broad—if such distinctions must be—may hereafter think of as what they would wish to join in wherever God's Providence shall have placed them. Yes! in these days in which so many of the older bonds which joined men together seem to be of necessity loosening, when a large college like this can no longer expect to see its members all of one mind as to the stirring political and theological questions which arise, it is surely deserving of our very deepest thankfulness that we should have such a bond as this House of God and its services, in this sense, affords. Daily Prayer, weekly Holy Communion, with every accessory in both which can serve to help God's presence in Christ to be felt—who shall overvalue these? Who shall deny that, in providing these, the college has not had in its heart to build a house for The Lord our God?

But then we should none of us wish to do more than claim herein *to share* in the work of those who have gone before us. Nay! considering the difference between the wealth of their generation and ours, we shall willingly own we have done far less, and so being here to commemorate our benefactors, we shall rejoice rather that it was their bounty which has enabled their successors to be bountiful, even as we may hope it will ever be, that each generation will try itself, and also help to enable future generations each to add its part to God's House in this place. For this, brethren, we surely all feel, when we meet to commemorate our benefactors, not in our Hall or Lecture-rooms, or in any other secular building, but here in the House of God—that this, we trust, was in the main their purpose and desire—that they did not give their gifts for

their own honour and glory; no! nor for any worldly purpose, but for the sake of religion, for what they, after their light, believed to be the truest interest of religion. It was a religious foundation which they wished to build up, to form and keep up a Society which should do its part in helping on the establishment of Christ's kingdom here upon earth, and carry on the warfare against the usurping prince of this world, a war relentless and never ceasing, till the true King is manifested.

And so, brethren, we who meet here surely express our desire to be at one with them, as well as to do them honour; to declare, too, *our* conviction that it is well with those, and those only, in whose heart it is to build a house for God. That our college ought to be, as we trust it will always be, a living witness; that this alone is worthy of The Lord's redeemed servants, to bring riches and honours and wisdom and learning, yes, even in their way, bodily strength and skill, and to lay all at the foot of the Cross as a tribute to Him, Who, by His precious blood, has redeemed us. Thus may we and those who follow, like those who have gone before us, help to build a house here for The Lord our God.

* * * * *

We are here to thank God that it has been in the hearts of our benefactors, as we hope it may be in ours, to build a House for Him. We are also here to acknowledge that He has in the best sense in return built a house for them, and to rejoice in the thought that He speaks, as we trust, of His servants' house for a great while to come.

As to the past, it has commonly been the custom for the preacher on these occasions to remind you of the great men of whom our college boasts among its members; rightly enough, for most of these have been benefactors, or if prevented by God's providence from being benefactors themselves, their lives and services

have been the most worthy and the brightest results of the bounty of those who were.

And we can rejoice to think that at no time of its existence has our ancient house ever been found wanting in training up those who have proved to be illustrious and chosen instruments of God in all departments, and also that as no college has given to our country wiser and better men in the higher ranks of God's service—so none has done more towards training up a body of earnest, frugal, hard-working men, to do His work in stations, it may be more obscure, but, perhaps, in His eyes, not less important. But I shall not attempt to dwell upon the characters and doings of our past worthies; this has been done in past years far better than I could hope to do it. Let me only say a few words with regard to the present and the future. God, we trust, is still building a house for us, and will do so for a great while to come, that is, in the sense in which we are taking the words, He is using, and we trust will for a long time use our college in helping to build up His true Universal Temple—the spiritual House of redeemed humanity. Let us think how—and (1) one can hardly help, as to this, noticing with great thankfulness how the hold which our ancient Universities and the different colleges of which they are composed (our own among them) have upon the affection and reverence of English people, seems to be both extending and deepening. Some years ago we might well have feared it would be otherwise; there was then to all appearance great reason to fear that the close union which they uphold between learning and religion would enable their enemies to overthrow them, and to raise in their place “Godless substitutes;” but this danger seems to have gone by; and however useful in their sphere, places of only secular learning, without the leaven of religious teaching and training, may appear to some to be, probably, few observers of public feeling will think that these have

gained (nor we may hope are likely to gain) the honour and influence which we have inherited from our religiously-minded forefathers and benefactors. Surely in this respect God has fulfilled His promise—that they who lived in (if you please) dark ages, but who still had it in their heart of hearts to build The Lord a House, should thus be allowed to benefit, yes, and to *be acknowledged* to benefit this enlightened nineteenth century.

And if it were asked in what way they, in whose hearts it has been, or is, or shall be, to build God's House here, would wish that His reciprocal promise should be fulfilled, might we not answer that it would be in some such respects as these? They would desire that S. John's may ever be a standing witness, that the highest culture, the deepest learning, the truest wisdom, are never antagonistic to earnest and simple religion. Nay! far from it, but are each and all helped on and adorned by it; and so they would hope that there will ever be found in our body those who, while they would wish to glory in nothing save the Cross of Christ, are yet such as the world shall respect and honour for their high powers and their cultivation of them. Yes, surely this is the especial vocation of a Christian College, to shew to the world that it is in Christ that there are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; that men may be the most profound philosophers and the most polished scholars, and yet (yes, and not only *yet*, but rather *therefore*) the truest and humblest and most devout Christians. And, doubtless, if God enables our college thus to train up its members, then in our own generation, and perhaps still more in succeeding ones, will our House be especially built up; because this is clearly one very great phase in which the struggle between good and evil is and will be shewing itself—as to whether religious and secular learning are to be joined or to be separate, to be friendly or hostile, in harmony or

antagonism. And it seems most important to remember that the way in which this question is dealt with in these, the chief schools of learning, cannot but have a great effect upon the country at large, especially as reminding men (what seems so often forgotten) that it is not merely, nor perhaps even chiefly, direct religious *teaching* which is needed, but religious training and tone and discipline. That, whether in Universities or village schools, the great aim in a Christian country should be to teach and learn in a Christian way, and to remember that all learning, no matter what its degree, is then only rightly valued when it is thought of as what is to be used for the service of Christ.

And another longing wish of right-thinking men as to this will surely be, that our college may be enabled to help in the great work of extending the blessings of the highest Christian teaching and training to larger and wider classes than have hitherto enjoyed it. How indeed this can best be done it is not for me to say, but we ought plainly to remember that our endowments were chiefly intended to help in bringing up for God's service those who, though well fitted to shine, would otherwise have been buried in obscurity; and any well worked-out plan, therefore, by which a closer union could be formed between a College like our own, and schools or colleges of a humbler and less expensive kind, would, one would think, be a great way in which God would be building a house for us.

And, thirdly, it is surely most desirable that a Christian College like our own should, by its discipline and habits, protest against the growing expensive luxury of our age and be a witness of the value of the old virtues of frugality and simplicity of living—virtues which so distinguished our early benefactors. High thought and plain living surely should be our motto, and we may, I hope, be proud to think that, to some considerable extent at least, there has ever been an effort to make this House one where such a combi-

nation is the rule and not the exception; and that so, in our University, there is no need to found a new college in which alone that combination may be thought feasible. I think we may hope that God, in building a House for us, will enable us to go further still in that direction.

(4) May we not also hope that there will ever be a protest, too, here, against the growing insubordination and impatience of authority in all its different forms of our day—that here one great lesson will ever be, that submission and reverence to those above us is our highest honour when it is paid in a religious spirit; that to be obedient and respectful where obedience and respect is due, is no mark of a want of spirit, but rather of the truest manliness. This we know was the spirit in which societies like our own were first instituted, and it will surely be a pulling down, rather than a building up, of God's House among us, if the opposite spirit, which is the spirit of our time, should prevail here.

But (5) these and all such details may, we know, brethren, be classed under one great general head—"Whosoever," the Lord says, "will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it." Here is the Christian ideal, whether for one or many, for individuals or societies. Self-sacrifice, not merely for itself (that is a heathen virtue, grand though it be), but self-sacrifice for Christ's sake. This is life—then the true house is built—and then that which seemed to be a house but was not, is pulled down. Just so far, we know, as our own so-called lives are ordered by that rule, are they life, not death; and just so far as the life of a college is ordered by it does the college live.

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DER TRAUM.

MIR träumt ich war ein Vögelein
Und flog auf ihren Schoos
Und zupft ihr, um nicht lapp zu sein
Die Busenschleife los;
Und flog mit gankelhaftem Flug
Dann auf die weisse Hand;
Dann wieder auf das Busentuch
Und pickt am rothen Band.
Dann schwebt' ich auf ihr blondes Haar
Und zwitscherte vor Lust,
Und ruhte, wann ich müde war,
An ihren weissen Brust.
Kein Veilchenbett im Paradies
Geht diesem Lager vor.
Wie schlief sich's da so süß, so süß
An ihres Busens Flor!
Sie spielte, wie ich tiefer sank,
Mit leisem Fingerschlag,
Der mir durch Leib und Lebendrang
Mich frohen Schlummrer wach;
Sah mich so wunderfreundlich an,
Und bot den Mund mir dar;
Dass ich es nicht beschreiben kann
Wie froh, wie froh ich war.
Da trippelt' ich auf einem Bein,
Und hatte so mein Spiel,
Und spielt ihr mit dem Flügelein
Die rothe wange kühl.
Doch ach! kein Erdenglück besteht,
Tag sei es oder Nacht;
Schnell war mein süßer Traum verweht,
Und ich war aufgewacht.

HÖLTY.



THE DREAM.

I DREAMT I was a little bird,
And to her bosom flew,
And quickly, with my beak, unheard,
I loosed her breast-knot blue.
Then fled with bright and dazzling flight
Unto her snow-white hand;
Then on her breast again I light
And peck her scarlet band.
Then soared I to her golden hair,
And warbled there of love;
And to her bosom bright and fair
Again I weary rove.
Of Paradise no violet bed
Excels this place of rest;
So sweetly sleeps my pillowed head
Upon her heaving breast!
But as I lay in slumber wrapt
Her hand did o'er me creep;
She gently with her fingers tapt
And woke me from my sleep.
Such wondrous friendly glances fell,
My lips to her lips steal;
No words, no pen can ever tell
The joy, the love, I feel.
Then tripped I to her dimpled chin
Her rosy mouth to seek,
And fanned her with my tiny wing
And cooled her glowing cheek.
Alas! no earthly joy can last,
No joy of day nor night!
My sweet sweet dream hath swiftly past,
I wake to morning's light.

J.



A MYSTERY.

"Help, gentle Blount! help comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall."

"I CAN'T think what's the matter with Verbena," said my Aunt Clifford, "I never knew her go so lazily and badly as she has done the last few days."

Now my Uncle Clifford was one who might with honest Dogberry have described himself as 'a fellow who hath had losses.' Formerly a wealthy cotton-broker in Liverpool, he had on the outbreak of the American war suffered severely, along with many others of his occupation: seeing however, like a prudent man as he was, that matters were not likely to mend, he had wound up his affairs, while there was yet time, and retired with a sufficiently comfortable income to the island of Guernsey, partly on account of the health of his wife, who was somewhat of an invalid, partly for the sake of the inexpensive living to be found there, and partly to have my cousins educated at the excellent college at Saint Pierre, more generally known as Port Peter. Les Douvres, as my uncle's place was called, was situated in the parish of St. Martin, on the South shore of the island, and some two or three miles distant from Port Peter; it was a pretty house covered with festoons of vine and Virginia-creeper, having low French windows opening to the ground, through which were seen the croquet-

lawn and garden, the latter, like all Guernsey gardens, one blaze of brilliant flowers, and beyond the garden a tiny line of deep blue sea. So much for the house; for its inhabitants, my uncle was a kindly though self-opinionated man, bald-headed, with a tendency to corpulency; since his arrival in Guernsey he had discarded utterly the man-of-business and always dressed in the lightest and loosest of clothes, with a broad-brimmed straw hat on his head, a dog-whip in his hand and a spaniel or two at heel. With the dress he had also adopted the manners of a country gentleman, conversed knowingly of crops and pasture, and the respective merits of bullocks and horses for ploughing, attended cattle-fairs, talked about his farm and stock, though represented by a couple of fields, a few Alderneys and one pig for home consumption: he was very great too on all nautical matters, had a large telescope in his side-board and a flag-staff on his lawn, from the summit of which he delighted to repeat the signals flying over the custom-house; he would lay down the law on the subject of fishery even to the fishermen themselves, and there were some people who went so far as to believe him weather-wise. Add to this that he was for ever running down to Port Peter on some errand or other, had a word of advice for every soldier in the garrison, would chat by the hour to waiters, market-women or whoever would listen to him, and for a man, that had really nothing whatever to do, was one of the busiest ever seen. My aunt was the simplest and most benevolent soul in the world, doting on her husband and children, and considering my cousin Reginald a perfect paragon of virtue and talent, though in reality as matter-of-fact a youth as Cambridge could produce: she was a handsome lady in spite of the white hair and somewhat faded appearance brought on by ill-health, which made her look much older than she really

was. Besides the said Reginald, the family consisted of Lucy, a pretty girl of nineteen, and Gertrude, a sweet little pet of eight; there were two other sons younger than Lucy, but both were absent, one with his ship in the Mediterranean, the other at an office in Liverpool: I myself, a Cantab and Johnian like Reginald, was at present located at Les Douvres for purposes of reading during the Long. Now my aunt, as I have said, was somewhat of an invalid and consequently forbidden by her doctors to walk much, as the Guernsey roads are both steep and stony; her means of locomotion consisted of a pretty basket-phaeton drawn by a donkey; the present donkey, for there had been several, was the best and most enduring of its kind, with a spice of spirit however, as we young ones knew, who in my aunt's absence were in the habit of testing its galloping powers; when, as was most usual, she drove herself, the donkey was allowed to choose its own paces, walking leisurely up hill and down hill and trotting slowly along the level pieces, stopping ever and anon to nibble a bunch of grass or crop a more than usually tempting thistle, a proceeding to which my aunt was by no means averse, for, whenever the donkey was pleased, she, kind soul, was pleased too; besides, it enabled her to gather road-side flowers without fear of accident. Seldom a day passed without my aunt driving into Port Peter or departing on some charitable mission to her poor neighbours, till Mrs. Clifford and her donkey were as well known through the island as Little Russell* or the Southampton mail. The donkey had been christened Verbena in compliment to the enduring sweetness of its nature, and it was to this Verbena that the remark applied, with which my narrative opened, the said remark being made as we were seated at luncheon in the

* A strong current running between Guernsey and Sark, only too well known to the fishermen of those islands.

dining-room at Les Douvres, on one of those sultry summer days when the sky is hazy with heat and the air oppressive with the perfume of flowers.

"I cannot imagine," my aunt again began, "what is the matter with Verbena; she is generally so cheerful and ready to go, but to-day I could scarcely get her to put one foot before the other, and it was almost as bad yesterday: I fear she's not well, poor creature."

"Perhaps she feels languid with the heat," suggested the sympathetic Lucy; "I know I do."

"Nothing of the sort," said my uncle, "nothing but sheer laziness; your mother's spoiling the animal with her foolish indulgence: she should take a good stick or else let one of the boys drive."

"Now, George," replied my aunt, "you know very well I could never bear to strike the poor beast; why, I should expect her to turn round with those reproachful eyes of hers, and ask, like the ass we read of, why I smote her."

"What nonsense, my dear!" returned my uncle; "besides, Balaam's ass, you know, saw an angel, and I don't think Verbena will see many of that class in Guernsey; but," said he, breaking off, as he perceived my aunt ready with a rejoinder, "I'll go and speak to Matthew about her." With that he hastily left the room, disregarding a gentle remonstrance from my aunt about 'angels unawares;' and, all the strawberries being eaten, we ran after him; Reginald singing, "If I had a donkey that wouldn't go," to the great disgust of the ladies, who thought it vulgar.

The stable at Les Douvres was a large detached building at some distance from the house, but, as his reduced circumstances prevented my uncle keeping horses, all the stalls stood empty, except that devoted to the donkey's use. Here we found my uncle and Matthew holding a consultation over Verbena's pros-

trate form. Matthew was an old servant of the family, and hailed from Yorkshire: in the days of their prosperity he had been stable-helper, and now acted as man of all work, doing the rough gardening, that was too much for my aunt and Lucy, blacking boots, cleaning knives, and, last of all, attending to Verbena, whom he spoiled nearly as much as my aunt did.

Our arrival was the signal for convening a meeting, made up of my uncle, Matthew, and Reginald, who, on the strength of infantine stable-remembrances and an occasional gallop on one of Death's hacks at Cambridge, was supposed by the home circle to be an authority on such matters, and the trio thus formed proceeded to sit (metaphorically) on the body. Verbena was then lead up and down the yard, but the eyes of the critics failed to discover anything wrong beyond a general disinclination to move and a symptom described by the oracular Matthew as "being a thought hirply iv her fore feet." So on summing up, an unanimous verdict was returned of 'nothing much amiss, perhaps a little cold caught,' and the patient was handed over to the care of Matthew, with a rather unnecessary injunction to make her comfortable, and a universal prediction that she would be all right next morning.

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Morning came: we had returned from our bathe in Saint's Bay all fresh and glowing with the salt water, and the family was again assembled in the dining-room; breakfast was on the table, Lucy presided over the tea equipage; my aunt and uncle read their respective letters; Reginald lent against the open window, arrayed in that combination of colours with which young Cambridge delights to deck itself when unrestrained by the discipline of Alma Mater; Gertrude and myself were employing the leisure moments in teasing the spaniels and each other alternately,

when a tap was heard at the door, and the maidservant announced that Matthew was waiting outside to speak with the master. At my uncle's bidding Matthew was ushered in, with a face as disturbed as that of the party who 'drew Priam's curtain i' the dead o' the night.' He had, it seemed, on getting up, gone to feed Verbena, but no whinny of impatient welcome greeted him as usual, and on unlocking the stable-door he had found her, as he expressed it, "a muck o' sweat and doddering all t' body ower, wi' her legs mashed and banged about dreadful." Much perturbed, he had gone up to her, but when he tried to touch her, she had flinched away and would not let him come near; with much difficulty he had at last succeeded in bathing her with warm water, but had totally failed in his attempt to administer a mash, his universal panacea; and, "tho' he'd tried wi' baith corn and carrots, she wouldn't hev nowt to say to neither on' em'." Dire was the consternation which followed on this announcement; astonishment and perplexity were depicted on the faces of the gentlemen, on those of the ladies sympathy and a decided tendency to weep; disregarding eggs, toast, coffee, and other hot comestibles which entered at the moment, we all rushed off pell mell to the stable.

Verbena was lying down in her stall, her distressed breathing, dull eye, and still untasted breakfast clearly showing that she laboured under some unusual visitation, though Matthew averred that she was much more comfortable now, and, with a grim smile, expressed a wish that we could have seen her as she was when he first came in. We all stood round in utter dismay, my aunt dropping silent tears over her favourite, who seemed totally unable to respond to the caresses lavished upon her; my uncle was completely non-plussed; Reginald decided that it was "the staggers," a view which I at once scouted, being very sceptical as to his equine knowledge; Matthew opined that "it

were nowt but fright; maybe them ratten had scared t' poor beast: he'd knawed horses as mashed theirsells about i' t' stable, just like Verbeeney, wi' nobbut t' smell o' ratten." No one believed in this solution any more than the other, but again no one could offer a more plausible one, so, after some futile argument, we returned to the breakfast-room to discuss the subject there, along with the coffee and eggs, which were none the better, by the way, for the refrigerating process they had undergone.

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"'Twas now the very witching hour of night" when three figures might have been seen sitting moodily in the stable at Les Douvres, in much the same condition as the churchyards alluded to in the line following our quotation: the figures were those of my cousin Reginald, old Matthew, and myself. Verbena had roused towards evening, taken some food, and recognized my aunt, to that lady's great delight: a decoction of Reginald's had been administered, though not without sundry misgivings on the part of the family, and, whether owing to this dose or not, the donkey was certainly better. Matthew had shaken his head, and said he would sit up all night to see what it was that had frightened her; Reginald had come to the same determination, in order, as he said, to watch the effects of the medicine; and I had promised to keep them company, partly from a not unnatural curiosity to see which was right, partly too from a secretly-cherished hope of discovering some more plausible reason for the animal's indisposition. Matthew had scouted the idea of three men sitting up to watch one donkey, but his objection had been overruled, so there we were, Reginald and myself reclining on the hay, while Matthew was seated on a stable-bucket, a short black pipe in his mouth, and his back resting against the donkey's stall, who lay quietly among her straw, quite uncon-

scious of the amount of trouble she was giving. The clock at St. Martin's Church struck twelve; "What's that?" I asked, as a shrill whistle sounded through the stillness, followed by a footstep on the road outside. "Nowt but they fisher fellows fra' Petit Bo gaaing whoäm," answered Martin, "they're often about noo o' nights, the poaching blackguards!" and he was proceeding to expatiate on the enormities committed by these offenders, when interrupted by Reginald's voice exclaiming "Look at Verbena!" The donkey had risen from her reclining posture, and was standing, with ears set forward, listening intently. We all jumped to our feet and went towards her, when she began to quiver all over, and then stamp about in her stall and lash out with her hind-legs, as though in great bodily fear. We looked eagerly round, but could see nothing; no, not so much as a rat was visible in support of Matthew's theory; while, on the other hand, it certainly was not "the staggers." Gradually, however, she became quieter, and we resumed our attitude of attention to watch for a recurrence of the symptoms. An hour—two hours rolled on, but nothing occurred to throw any light on the mystery. Three o'clock struck, day was breaking and the "half-awakened birds" beginning to sing in the neighbouring trees, when Reginald, who had been dozing off and on for some time, sprang up saying, "It's all nonsense staying here any longer: why the animal's as right as a trivet, and nothing more can well happen to her to-night; so I'm off to bed, and if you'll take my advice you and Matthew will go too." Neither of us were loath to do so; and Matthew having blown out the stable-lamp, which was beginning to look very ghastly in the increasing day-light, we separated for our respective couches.

The bulletin at breakfast that morning announced that the patient had passed a comfortable night and

was doing well; she was driven out, and, beyond a little sluggishness, she went as usual; the alarm was past and peace reigned once more in my aunt's bosom, but the mystery was as far from being solved as ever.

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On descending to the dining-room on the following morning, where the urn was hissing and all in readiness for that most comfortable of meals—breakfast, I found my uncle established on the hearthrug, with legs extended compass-wise, a coat-tail under either arm, and his nether-man exposed to the fireplace, for fire there was none owing to the heat of the weather. A serious, not to say anxious, expression was visible on his good-humoured countenance, and a frown big with perplexity furrowed his usually serene forehead. "Harry, my boy!" he exclaimed, on seeing me, "I don't know what's to be done; here's Matthew just been in to say that Verbena's worse than ever, and he can't for the life of him make out what's the matter with her, but he's afraid she's dying." As he spoke, the other members of the family dropped in, and to each, as he or she entered, was imparted the dismal intelligence. Reginald whistled, Gertrude wept like a second Niobe, and my aunt distilled so many drops into her tea-cup that the beverage it contained must have been a watery and uncheering one indeed. The meal passed most uncomfortably; we were all more or less nervous, and made foolish suggestions, which my uncle treated with the profoundest contempt, being rendered peculiarly snappish by his own inability to solve the puzzle. "The best thing for me to do," said that gentleman, when his sharp answers had resulted in a general silence, "the best thing for me to do will be to go down to Port Peter by the car and fetch up Lemesurier;" now Lemesurier was a horse-doctor. At that moment a horn sounded. "There's the car!" cried my aunt, "so if you intend to catch

it, you must make haste." Out rushed my uncle, catching up hat, stick, and gloves as he went; down the garden and along the dusty road he ran, hallooing with all his might after the car, and just as that vehicle disappeared from sight round the corner, we saw him being bundled in, all red and panting, by the conductor.

The morning passed; our patient continued in a state of torpor, and my aunt was sick for sympathy; Gertrude roamed about the house and garden in floods of tears, which neither the caresses of her sister nor the attractions of croquet were able to stem; Reginald and myself, though professedly indifferent, smoked dismal pipes in the stable with Matthew, and, in a word, the equanimity of the whole household was upset. About one o'clock my uncle returned with the horse-doctor, a respectable person enough and highly esteemed for his professional acuteness. The steed was again brought forth, was walked slowly up and down, was pinched, poked, rubbed, and generally felt all over, was scanned from a distance, was examined at close quarters, and eventually led back to its stall. There was a pause, we all hung in breathless suspense on the lips of the adept, and endeavoured to read in his features the nature of his opinion. "Which of you has been ill-treating the poor animal?" were the unexpected words which at last issued from his mouth: if a thunderbolt had suddenly fallen in the midst of us, clear and blue though the sky was, it could not have caused more astonishment. "Which of you," repeated the doctor in an indignant tone, "has been ill-using her? There's nothing the matter but that the poor beast has been so beaten and over-worked that she's well nigh killed with it: she'll need very careful treatment to bring her round to what she was before." It was in vain that my aunt pleaded the utter impossibility of such an accusation, explained how quietly the donkey was always driven, how kindly

Matthew always used her, appealing with tearful eagerness to each of us to testify to the truth of her statements. "That's as may be," replied the inexorable Lemesurier; "all I know is, that if I was called on to give evidence for the Prosecution-for-Cruelty Society, it's very ugly evidence I'd feel bound to give." With which words and a few directions to Matthew as to the course to be pursued, he turned on his heel and left the yard.

We all know with what dismay the disciple of Isaac Walton sees the salmon, which he has so skilfully played with for the last hour, break off and escape irrevocably into its watery fastness; we, who have been boys, can remember our grief and perplexity on coming some fine morning to find the so tenderly watched nest ravished by an earlier marauder; but their dismay, their perplexity, is cheerfulness compared with that which covered the faces of the company, when Lemesurier discharged this volley and retreated. There was first a look of blank amazement, then each eyed his neighbour with distrust. "It's just what I always expected," said my uncle, turning sharp round on his astonished wife; "you trash this donkey about all day and every day; hot or cold, wet or dry, up hill or down hill, it makes no matter to you, and when the wretched creature is completely worked out, you come to me with a tale about illness. The story 'll be all over the island by to-night through that gossiping fellow Lemesurier, and I shall be set down either as a brute or a fool; but I'll not stand it any longer, I'll sell the beast, and if you can't get out without it, you must be content to stay in." The only reply to this unlooked-for accusation was a renewal of the morning's tears mingled with broken protestations against the speaker's cruelty: perplexity had indeed made my uncle unjst.

* * * * *

"Harry, Harry, I say, where are you?" shouted

Reginald, as I was engaged that afternoon in helping little Gertrude to pick strawberries for tea.

"Here," I replied, emerging from behind the rows of pea-sticks which hid me from view.

"Come for a stroll, will you? there's something I want to talk to you about;" with which words Reginald thrust his arm through mine and we sauntered down the fields adjoining the house. The path we followed ran along the summits of those lofty cliffs which bind the southern coast of Guernsey, now jutting out into bold headlands, again retreating and forming bays, into which the sea rolled with a long undulating motion. The transparency of the water below us, through which, deep as it was, we could clearly distinguish the rocks and seaweed beneath the surface, the cloudless blue of the sky overhead with here and there a joyously carolling lark, the extensive view of ocean, in which the islands of Herm, Jethou and Sark with their countless reefs serve to break the monotony of uninterrupted water, all combined to form a picture on which the eye could never tire of resting, while the scent of thyme and heather, and the hum of innumerable bees among the blossoms added to the delights of the scene. Several white-sailed boats were to be seen on the water, one of them, a craft of some size, had just come to anchor in the little bay immediately below us, and the cheery voices of the French sailors on board her rose pleasantly through the stillness to the point, where we were sitting. "Harry," began my cousin after we had gazed on this charming scene for some time in silence, "you heard what that fellow Lemesurier said about Verbena? of course you did; well, what's your honest opinion about the matter? for what the governor said about my mother having overdriven her is sheer nonsense: it was only the other day that he was charging her with the direct contrary."

As I had no new explanation to offer, I thought it

best merely to assent and then preserve a discreet silence.

"Now, if Lemesurier is right," continued my cousin, "and, mind you, I believe he is, in spite of what I said about the staggers, it's clear that some one must be ill-using the donkey without our knowledge. Now, who do you think that some one is? for find out I'm determined I will."

"I scarcely like to say, but still there's only one person, as far as I can see, who can possibly be doing it."

"Exactly so," said Reginald, "and that person is Matthew. I noticed the old rascal looked very queer when Lemesurier was speaking about ill-usage; then all the nonsense he talked about rats, his unwillingness to let us sit up the other night, and the fact that when we did sit up nothing happened, all points in the same direction. No! you may be sure it's Matthew; the brute gets drunk and then beats her when she's obstinate, as the best of donkeys will be at times, or else he gallops her down to Port Peter of a night, when the house is shut, to drink there. However, I'm determined to sift this matter to the bottom, and you must help me; so I propose that, without saying anything about it to anyone, we two hide in the loft over the stable: we can see through the hay-racks what goes on down below, and catch him in the act. What do you say?"

"Say! why that I'm ready to do anything to clear up this mystery, but I can scarcely believe it's Matthew till I see it with my own eyes."

* * * * *

While this conversation was going on, another scene of a similar character was enacting not far off. The locality was Matthew's cottage, which stood in the middle of the village at a short distance from Les Douvres. In an arm-chair by the kitchen fire sat Matthew himself in his shirt sleeves, slowly puffing

at a long clay, while his wife, at a table by the window, was busily engaged getting up his Sunday shirt and cravat, so jealous was she that her "owd man" should look his best when driving the missus to church. She was a true type of the Yorkshire woman—scrupulously clean and neat—a fact to which the brightness of her fireirons and crockery, her well-sanded floor, and the carefully-tended geraniums in the window bore ample testimony. But not these comforts nor the tobacco he was absorbing, not even the mug of evening beer, were sufficient to dispel the cloud of care that brooded over the countenance of her lord and master. The two had evidently been discussing the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the stable department, for, after a considerable silence, Matthew thus addressed his spouse: "It wunnot do, owd lady; there's a stain on Mattha Dowker's charákteer, and it behoves that it suld be cleared away. Here's t' donkey ailing, and Muster Lemeasurer he says as how it's been ill-treated; noo it cant be t' missus, and thoo knaws it isn't me as has done it; so, as a was saying, it mun be them two sprigs fra t' Cambridge college as takes her oot after we're i' bed, gallivanting up and down t' country: it'll be them, I'se warrant."

"A'll niver believe it, Mattha," rejoined his indignant wife; "a'll niver believe that they wuld guide the poor cuddie that gate, sic kind-hearted pleasant-spoken young gentlemen as they allus are; a'd as soon think it o' t' missus hersell. Na, na; thoo'rt clean wrang this time, maaster, hooiver."

"Nowt o' t' sort, my lass, it's thoo as is ower simple and soft-hearted thysell; these slips o' lads are for iver up to some cracks, and mustèr Reginald he wor allus a wild un, tho' a thowt t' other lad would ha' knawed better; not as a'll say that they meant to hurt t' poor beast, they're just brainless gowks and niver thinks. Hooiver, I'se made up my mind, I'se

just sit up wi' Verbeeney mysell to-night, and see for mysell, and then mappen thoo'll see I'se right."

"Thoo'rt niver ga-ing to do that for sure," exclaimed his better half, her tone of indignation changing for one of anxiety, "and thoo stiff wi' t' rheumatics a'ready fra sitting up t'other night! a'll be having thee laid up, if thoo dunnot tak care."

"Haud thy tongue, lass, haud thy tongue; I'se bound to find oot whether it's t' young gentlemen, tho' a'd fain believe it isn't; so haud thy tongue, thoo see to thy ironing and I'se see to mysell."

This response was intended to be final, nor could any entreaties on his wife's part prevail on Matthew to change his resolution.

* * * * *

Eleven o'clock that night again found us in the stable at Les Douvres; the weather had changed, a strong wind having sprung up towards evening, bringing with it heavy masses of cloud over the sea; these had broken and the rain was descending in torrents against the roof and sides of our hiding-place. To a watcher the hours always pass particularly slow, but when the watcher or, as in our case, watchers are compelled to lie extended on the floor with their heads hanging over an orifice in the same, in order to keep the object of their solicitude in view, the irksomeness of the situation is by no means lessened. Wearily did we regard Verbena, who had considerably revived under Matthew's treatment and was nibbling the truss of hay before her; wearily did we look out for some circumstance that might warrant our leaving our present uncomfortable position. No Matthew appeared, and I was just about to propose that we should abandon the enterprise, when footsteps outside the stable-door and the voices of several persons conversing in whispers caused us again to assume our attitude of attention. After some fumbling and sundry oaths in the Guernsey dialect

at the impracticability of the lock, the door opened and seven or eight men stole noiselessly into the stable: one figure went straight to the stall of the unfortunate Verbena, the others keeping guard, and proceeded to unloose her halter and lead her out, she, poor beast, being apparently paralyzed under her conductor's grasp and offering little or no resistance to this unwarrantable transaction; the whole party then left the building, closing the door and leaving us so stupified by the coolness with which the abduction was performed, as to be unable to shew our disapprobation of it. Hitherto we had been under the impression that the depredators were none other than Matthew and his associates, when what was our astonishment to perceive the form of that worthy domestic slowly rise up from behind a pile of straw in an adjoining stall, and creeping softly to the rack above which we lay, sign to us to come down. Our exclamations on perceiving this apparition had nearly led to a catastrophe, but luckily for us the gang had got out of hearing before the discovery took place. "The Lord forgie me for a mafflin fool," whispered Matthew on our descending, "I'se been hiding i' t' ströaw for t' last three hoors, thinking it was you gentlemen as has been taking oot t' donkey; so when a see'd you ga into t' loft at ten o'clock I was fair capped to tell why ye didn't start at yance; but we mun loose no time following up these varmint; there are ower many on'em for us to tackle by oorsells, so do thou, Muster Reginald, rin to Port Peter has hard as iver thoo can and fetch t' police, while Muster Henry and me keeps 'em i' sight." There was no time for further parley if we meant to effect anything, so closing the door behind us, Reginald darted off at a long sling trot for the town, while Matthew and I hastened with such speed, as was consistent with security, after the marauders, whose forms we could just make out

in the dim light before us. These forms we set ourselves to dog, stopping when they stopped, advancing when they advanced, creeping under walls and crouching in dark recesses of the road whenever the rear-man of the company turned to look behind him. The path we were following was the same as that which Reginald and I had taken in the afternoon; but, after proceeding along it for a mile or so, the party in front turned sharp off to the left down what is known in Guernsey as a water-lane, that is, a narrow road, half of which is occupied by the bed of a stream, the other half paved and only wide enough to admit of one or at most two persons abreast, and the whole over-arched by the branches of the trees, which line both sides. Here we had to pause and allow the objects of our pursuit to get some distance ahead, lest the sound of our stumbling feet should attract attention, but, as the lane only lead down to Dicart Bay, a wild inlet on the southern coast, we knew that our prey could not escape us. The path we were about to descend was rough and broken in places, and so slippery throughout as to necessitate our advance being conducted with extreme caution: to add to its perils we had on our right a deep water-course, whose stream was considerably swelled by the rain, and, to crown all, the light, which should have enabled us to steer clear of these difficulties, was effectually shut out by the thick canopy of leaves overhead, so that full half-an-hour had elapsed ere we emerged on the sea-shore, and screening ourselves behind some broken rock, proceeded to look around.

The scene which met our eyes was one I can never forget: before us lay the bay, shut in on either side by rocks, which towered above our heads in black and frowning majesty; the tide was nearly full and dashed hoarse and sullen against the narrow strip of shingle below us, carrying back with it in its retreat some of the larger and smoother stones, whose noise,

as they rolled into ocean's bed, mingled with the roar of the breaking surf; in the distance, between the bold headlands which formed the bay's extremities, the sea presented, beneath the hazy light of the moon, one wild spectacle of waves crossing, bursting and seething together; at the edge of the tide stood a few fishermen's huts, now deserted, and on a slight eminence beyond them, one of those Martello-towers with which the coasts of these islands are studded; on the beach a boat of considerable size was drawn up, and around it moved to and fro a number of figures; among them we could make out Verbena, who was being laden with packages as fast as they could be transferred from the boat.

To realize the position of affairs before us was the work of a moment, and in that moment the same conviction flashed across the minds of us both. The mystery was solved, the authors of it neither Matthew nor ourselves, but the smugglers, of whom I had often heard, but heard sceptically; these rascals, it seemed, having no animal of their own, had been in the habit of using our donkey for the purpose of transporting their illicit wares to the interior. Nothing now remained but to secure, if possible, the persons of these smugglers by the help of the constabulary, for whose approach we eagerly listened. The process of loading Verbena was fast drawing to a conclusion, and my blood boiled within me as I saw from our place of concealment the heavy packages with which the poor patient beast was being weighted, and the blows so frequently administered, as fully to account for the state of collapse in which we had lately found her; while, as for Matthew, it was all I could do to restrain him from rushing forward in the face of consequences to prevent the cruelty to which his favourite was being subjected. At last the operation of loading was ended, and the cortége commenced slowly to climb the hill. As they approached the rocks, behind which we lay

hid, we could distinctly hear the panting of the poor donkey under the burden too heavy for it to bear, and the curses in broken French and the blows which followed, on its increasing inability to move at the speed required, till at last one brutal fellow brought matters to a climax by kicking the miserable creature in the stomach as it stumbled up the steep ascent. This was more than the honest Yorkshireman could endure. "Ye dom'd blackguards!" he cried, rushing out from his lurking-place, regardless of all danger, and with one blow of his heavy fist striking the perpetrator of the outrage to the ground. There was a shout, then a general scuffle, the opposite party speedily recovering from the confusion into which they had been thrown by this unexpected attack. Matthew, assailed on all hands, hit out fiercely right and left; and I, seeing that any concealment was now useless, and my ally on the point of being overpowered by the tremendous odds against him, ran forward to his assistance, and was just closing with a stout fellow in a seaman's dress when a violent stroke from behind felled me to the earth. Mountains, sea and sky swam before my eyes, the noise of the combat sounded in my ears like the roar of some gigantic waterfall, and after that I remember no more, till somehow I recognized my cousin's voice, and found myself seated on the bare ground supported in his arms. Succour had arrived, but, alas! too late. Matthew, like myself, had been speedily placed *hors de combat* by his antagonists; and Reginald, with the detachment of coastguard, only arrived to find our prostrate bodies and Verbena quietly grazing at a little distance.

The mystery, as I said, was solved, but the authors of the outrage had escaped, carrying their spoils with them, and, whether owing to their own sagacity or the inefficiency of the constabulary, certain it is that they have never been discovered to this day.

SERMO.



A THOUGHT.

Ἀποπτάμενον πεπότηται.

FAIR was the thought that through my brain
Fluttered and vanished; unprepared
To prison it, it escaped me, scared
By mean anxieties; all in vain

Its flight I mourn; as sparrows drive
A lonely wandering dove away,
So the small thoughts of every day
Forbid a nobler thought to thrive.

But come, fair thoughts, and in my brain
Nestling abide, and so allure
With kindred plumage bright and pure
That fluttering fancy back again.

W. G. W.

Πλάτωνος εἰς Ἀστέρα.

Ἀστήρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλαμπες ἐνὶ ζυφοῖσιν ἔῃς,
νῦν δὲ θανάων λάμπεις ἑσπερος ἐν κρημένοις.
Anthologia Palatina, vii. 670.

SWIFT TO STELLA.

While, Stella mine! bright life was thine,
My Morning Star wast thou.
E'en dead and gone, thou shinest on,
My Star of Evening now!

J. E. S.



AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

A.D. 1024.

FOR a hundred years the imperial throne of Germany had been filled by the Saxon line, when the last of that noble race, Emperor Henry the Pious, was laid in the ancestral vault. As the news spread throughout the land, every man's spirit stirred within him, and it seemed that a new age of the world's history was about to begin. Many a lofty hope that had slumbered unseen, many a proud wish almost forgotten, sprang into life again; and scarce a man of worth who boasted the name of German, but counted up his chances and measured his value strictly; for, by the old law of the land, a man who held the Emperor's stirrup but yesterday might himself leap into the saddle to-morrow.

No thought was wasted now on the petty law-cases and market business that hitherto formed the chief events of each freeman's existence; no word was spoken of the last feudal conflicts, or the prospect of wars to come. Everyone, clad in the armour befitting his rank, descended to the plain for the high and important business on hand—the election of an Emperor.

Half way between Mayence and Worms, the banks of the Rhine spread out into a broad and fertile plain on either side; whilst above and below for many a long mile the vine-hills enclose the river, leaving no great expanse of shore. At this spot, now shining

clear and fresh in the May sun, was collected a throng of men from every part of the empire, far too great to be contained within the walls of one city. On the right bank of the river the tents of the Saxons were pitched; next to them lay their neighbours, the Slaves; and beyond these the East-Franks, the Bavarians and the Swabian contingent. Facing them there were stretched on the left bank the Franks, and the Upper and Lower Lothringians. Such was the position of each race in the far-famed 'market-place of Germany,' the midst of each division being marked by the towering pavilion of its duke.

Loud and continued was the roar of voices that surged up the valley, as the members of the various duchies met and greeted one another, exchanged items of news from the farthest corners of the empire, and discussed the momentous question and the merits of rival candidates. Here were met in brotherly congress, all with one object in view, men as diverse in form features and fashion, as in armour equipment and style of fighting.

At length, after long discussion under tent-cover and round camp-fires, the choice of individuals merged into that of companies; then from the many were gradually selected a few; till at last, by the voice of the multitude, two were called forth pre-eminent above the rest, both Franks of princely birth, both descendants of one grandsire, both possessing the name of Conrad.

On the top of a slight rise in the ground, surrounded closely by a circle of princes and in full sight of the immense assembly, stood forth two men, named by the free choice of all whom German earth had nourished, worthiest of the worthy; and yet so equal were they in the scale that further choice seemed impossible. There they stood with bowed head and down-cast look, the flush of modesty upon their faces, overpowered by a proud humility. A royal sight indeed, that drew tears from many a warrior's eye.

While the multitude was thus in suspense, and the murmur of voices died so low, that above it you could hear the ripple of the waters—no man daring to raise the loud cry that would give the lead to the choice of the many, in fear lest choosing one he should wrong the other—suddenly the two elect turned, and grasping each the other's hand, embraced in the sight of all; and every man saw that no envy stirred in the breast of either, that both were willing to yield the precedence.

Then the aged Archbishop of Mayence raised his voice and cried: "Since choice there must be, let it fall on the elder of the two!" Joyously the electors, and most joyously the younger Conrad, agreed; while like a clap of thunder the assenting shout of the vast multitude echoed along the valley. Supported by the oldest of the electoral princes, the new Emperor was placed upon the throne; then grasping his cousin's hand, he drew him to his side. From the circle around them, the dowager Empress advanced, and with soft words of welcome placed the crown of Germany in his hands.

Yet one more ceremony and the election was complete. Each duke with his body-guard leading a company, the whole ranks moved off to Mayence: there under the grand cathedral dome the Emperor was anointed, and blessed in the old formula:

"That strength from God may not be lacking

To the man whom the people's voice has raised!"

As he stepped forth from the building, he seemed in men's eyes more noble than before; and had Charlemagne himself risen to govern the land, the shouts of joy had scarce been louder.

RIVULUS.



THE FRESHMAN'S PROGRESS.

"Ætas parentum pejor avis."

WITH verdure clad, all fresh from Nature's hand,
In mind ingenuous, and in manners bland;
Darting defiance dove-like from his eye,
Should "chaff" assail him from the passer by;
With glossiest gown, and newest cap bedight;
Grasping in well-gloved hand umbrella tight;
The Freshman stands! All hail, innocuous Youth,
Emblem of budding hope, and stainless truth!
I love to see thine all-enquiring gaze,
Thy thoughtful eye-glass and thy simple ways:
I love thine unpremeditated talk,
As arm in arm on King's Parade we walk.
Much dost thou ask of Colleges and Halls,
Of May Term Races, and of May Term Balls:
What law of Nature bids the Term divide;
What cause impedes the Cam's reluctant tide;
If College Dons are "hard upon the men,"
And Deans expect you "to be in by ten;"
Cease not, my Freshman, cease not from thy rattle;
I love to listen to thy pleasing prattle;
E'en in the present mildness of thine eye
Fair hopes of future greatness I espy.
Soon shalt thou lose beneath Time's plastic hand,
Thy mind ingenuous, and thy manners bland.
Thine shall it be the gown on arm to hang;
Thine to excel in the sweet art of slang:
The hoarse Bargee who "fouls" thee in "the Reach"
Shall hear, and envy thee thy powers of speech.
Then shalt thou learn to sing sad comic songs;
To ask mild Freshmen for the sugar tongs;

Till having supped not wisely but too well,
 Thou shalt crown all by ringing Ransom's bell!
 I see the curtain of the future rise,
 And countless glories dawn upon mine eyes.
 I see thee in calm majesty of mind
 Plucked, posted, gated, proctorized and fined;
 Till at the last, thy manhood all unquelled,
 I see thee rusticated and expelled.
 Hail glorious youth! What if thy Father's purse
 Lose its last coin thy sins to reimburse?
 { What if for thee the tear maternal flow?
 { Hast thou not learnt to ride, to run, to row,
 { The ponderous weight to put, the hammer huge to
 throw?
 Hast thou not learnt to make the skilful bet?
 Hast thou not felt the dignity of debt?
 Canst thou not tell the name of every horse
 Which now is training on Newmarket course?
 Canst thou not brew unrivalled cider cups?
 Dost thou not own the sweetest of bull pups?
 Art thou not Prince of Pool and Billiard Players?
 Didst thou not once shake hands with Thomas Sayers?
 Though what an envious world may call disgrace
 May seem thy sire's escutcheon to deface,
 He who has lived thine honours to obtain,
 Though he may fall, yet hath not lived in vain!
 Then, fare thee well! Pursue thy grand career,
 Though lost to sight, to memory ever dear!
 Nor blame thine Alma Mater, if she deem
 Talents like thine unworthy her dull stream.
 Flourish elsewhere! Newmarket holds thee high;
 Pool rooms adore thee, to the Pool room fly!
 { There lie thine honours! Here, alas! too slow!
 { For a fast craft like thine doth Camus flow!
 { Shouldst thou demand, "Where then am I to go?"
 My answer, though not courteous is sincere,
 Go, live, and flourish—anywhere but here!

ARCULUS.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term, 1874.

At the Commemoration on St. John Port Latin the sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Colson, M.A., Vicar of Cuxton, Rochester; formerly Fellow.

The Rev. J. S. ff. Chamberlain, M.A., formerly Scholar, has been presented to the College Living of Great Hormead, vacant by the preferment of Mr. Colson.

The Rev. Herbert Snow, M.A., formerly Fellow, Assistant-Master at Eton College, has been appointed Principal of Cheltenham College.

W. Garnett, B.A., has been appointed Demonstrator of Experimental Physics.

In connexion with the University Extension Scheme, the Rev. W. Ede, B.A., J. J. H. Teall, B.A., and W. J. Sollas, B.A., have been lecturing at Bradford and Keighley; and W. M. Hicks, B.A., W. Garnett, B.A., and H. N. Read, B.A., at Crewe.

H. G. Barnacle, B.A., 1873, is going as one of the observers in the Government Expedition to observe the Transit of Venus in December, 1874. He sails from Liverpool on June 4 for the Sandwich Islands, and will be one of a detachment, from the main party at Honolulu, who will be sent to Owhyhee.

Another Fellowship has become vacant by the marriage of the Rev. A. Wood, M.A. There are now five vacancies.

The following present or former Members of the College have been returned to Parliament at the recent General Election:

Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., Wilton.

Richard Benyon, Berkshire.

William Cunliffe Brooks, East Cheshire.

Ambrose Lethbridge Goddard, Cricklade.

Samuel Laing, late Fellow, Orkney and Shetland.

Alfred George Marten, Q.C., late Fellow, Cambridge.

Roger Montgomerie, North Ayrshire.

Sir Henry John Selwin-Ibbetson, Bart., West Essex.

The following Members of the College have been appointed to office under the new Administration:

Sir H. J. Selwin-Ibbetson, Bart., Under Home Secretary.

Marquis of Exeter, Captain of Corps of Gentlemen at Arms.

The following publications, by members of the College, have appeared since our last number :

(1) *Studia Sophoclea*, Part I., a Critical Examination of Professor Lewis Campbell's Edition of Sophocles, by B. H. Kennedy, D.D., 76 pp., 8vo.; *Deighton, Bell, and Co.* (2) *Origenis Contra Celsum*, Books I., II., III., IV., by Professor Selwyn, 8vo., 338 pp.; *Deighton, Bell, and Co.* (3) *History of the Jewish Nation*, by Professor E. H. Palmer, 312 pp., S. P. C. K. (4) *A Grammar of the Arabic Language*, 414 pp., 8vo., by Prof. Palmer; *Allen and Co.* (5) *Manual of Elementary Geology*, by Rev. T. G. Bonney, 128 pp., S. P. C. K. (6) *Latin Pronunciation for Beginners*, by Rev. A. Holmes, 7 pp.; *Rivingtons.* (7) *Select Private Orations of Demosthenes*, by F. A. Paley and J. E. Sandys, Part I., 260 pp.; *Deighton, Bell, and Co.* and *Cambridge Warehouse*, 17, Paternoster Row. (8) *Paddington in the Year of the Great Plague*, by Rev. F. H. Dennis, 24 pp. (9) *An Abstract of Whately's Logic*, by Bion Reynolds, B.A., 35 pp.; *Cambridge: W. Tomlin; London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.*

The following Degrees were conferred in Easter Term, 1874:
M.A., April 23.—A. H. F. Burder, J. C. Flewett, C. H. Fynes-Clinton, W. E. Heitland (Fellow), G. A. Marshall, E. F. Miller, J. E. Reece, G. A. Starkey, J. S. A. Vatcher, F. H. Wood, W. S. Wood (Fellow).
May 7.—C. E. Adamson, F. S. Bishop, A. A. Bourne, H. Cooper, H. Mc L. Dymock, H. S. Foxwell, H. A. Holme, J. Roscoe. May 21.—J. W. Bakewell (by proxy), G. Burwell, T. G. Carver, W. W. Cooper, G. E. Cruickshank, R. Fitz-Herbert, R. W. Genese, J. Haviland, G. J. Jones, J. Mayne, F. Page-Roberts, F. Savage. June 4.—C. E. Haskins (Fellow).

LL.M., F. E. Hilleary.

The following Undergraduates have entered during the present Term :

W. Foster (by migration), E. M. Phillpotts, C. C. Williamson.

The following Members of the College were ordained at the Lent Ordination, 1874 :

Deacons.—A. C. Hilton, W. H. Marsden, W. S. Clarke, H. C. Harrison, J. W. Scott, W. U. Wooler, A. Towsey, T. E. Hamer, F. W. Haines, C. W. Wooll.

Priests.—H. Robinson, F. Savage, H. C. P. Stedman, J. R. Fox, E. M. Jones, F. C. Cursham, J. H. Southam, H. F. J. Coape-Arnold.

The following Honours have been obtained by Members of the College since our last number :

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.—Freese, 3rd (and highly distinguished in the Medal Examination); Moser, 11th; Williams, 18th.

Second Class.—Logan, Grasett, Merivale, Nevinson.

Third Class.—Willcox, Gwillim.

The Second Tyrwhitt Scholarship has been awarded to Mr. W. S. Wood, Inceptor in Arts.

The Lightfoot Scholarship for History has been awarded to C. J. Cooper, B.A.

The Sedgwick Prize for Geology has been awarded to J. J. Harris Teall, B.A.

H. Wace has again distinguished himself by winning both the Powis Medal (Latin Hexameters) and the Porson Prize (Greek Iambics).

CLASSICAL EXAMINATION, LENT TERM, 1874.

First Class.—Baker; Batten; Hunt; Maxwell; Moss, W.; Nock; Raynor, G. H.; Raynor, G. S.; Simpkinson; Wace.

Second Class.—Brooke; Crawley; Ford; Henderson; Knightly; Stuart, E. A.; Tillyard.

Third Class.—Haviland, R. C.; Howard, M.; Kelley, W. S.; Mosley; Phillips, W. I.; Samson; Tute; Winch, R. F.; Wright.

MORAL SCIENCES EXAMINATION.—*Second Class:* E. E. Foxwell, Hurdall, Cox. *Ægr.* Anderton.

BACHELORS' MORAL PHILOSOPHY PRIZE.—F. J. Ambridge and C. J. Cooper (*equal*).

THE GREEK TESTAMENT PRIZES for the second and third years are awarded to (1) T. W. Thomas, (2) E. A. Stuart, (3) J. D. M. Murray. Honorably mentioned (in order of merit): W. Knightly, J. Wilson, W. E. Winter.

ENGLISH ESSAY PRIZES. *Third Year:*—An account of the various forms and meanings under which the doctrine that Right-doing consists in conformity to Nature has appeared in the history of Ethical Speculation. *Prize awarded to D. H. Cox.*

Second Year:—The aid that, in any Science, Experiment and Observation derive from the progress already made by the Theory. *Prize awarded to W. E. Anderton.*

First Year:—The influence which the Mechanical discoveries of Watt, Arkwright, and others have exercised in recent changes in English Character. *Prize awarded to W. Warren.*

COLLEGE RULES ON RESIDENCE, &c., *March, 1874.*—Ordered by the Master and Seniors that if any Undergraduate have failed, except for some urgent cause to be approved by the Master and Seniors, to pass the Previous Examination at the end of six terms from the commencement of his residence, he shall cease forthwith to reside in the University; and that he shall not be allowed to continue a Member of the College unless he pass the Previous Examination within twelve months from the end of the said six terms.

Ordered also that, except for some urgent cause to be approved by the Master and Seniors, no Undergraduate who is not *bona fide* a Candidate for Honours be allowed to reside in the University beyond the end of the tenth term from the commencement of his residence; or be allowed to remain a Member of the College unless he has passed the Examinations necessary for his Degree within twelve months from the end of the said tenth term.

No Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Law, who is not a Scholar of the College or Student of Divinity on Mr. Naden's Foundation, shall be allowed to reside in the University without leave granted by the Master and Seniors.

NEW FOOT-BRIDGE.—It has been agreed by Trinity and St. John's to construct and maintain a foot-bridge across the trench dividing the garden walks of the two Colleges, at the point where it joins the river.

POST.—Letters arriving *viâ* Bletchley Station and Midland Travelling Post Office (early train) are now delivered to callers at the Fellows' Buttery, between 9.15 a.m. and 9.30 a.m. daily, Sunday and Monday excepted.

THE DINNER COMMITTEE is composed of the following members: L. M. Brown, E. F. Cavalier, W. Moss, C. Jackson, C. R. S. Carew, W. J. Ford, R. F. Scott, J. A. Romney, H. W. Simpkinson, E. Kelly (*Sec.*). Complaints and suggestions concerning Hall to be addressed to the Secretary or any member of the Committee.

On May 20, H. W. Simpkinson was elected an Editor of *The Eagle*, in the place of E. Kelly resigned.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The Seventh Annual Concert took place at the Guildhall, on Monday, May 25th, at 8.15 p.m.

Committee:

<i>President:</i> —R. Pendlebury, M.A.	C. H. H. Cook, B.A.
<i>Treasurer:</i> —H. S. Foxwell, M.A.	H. H. Greenhill.
<i>Secretary:</i> —B. Reynolds, B.A.	E. Mitford.
<i>Librarian:</i> —J. A. Winstanley.	

The Solo Vocalist was Miss Emma L. Beasley, of the Royal Academy of Music; the Pianists, Dr. R. W. Crowe and Mr. Pendlebury; the Conductor, Dr. Garrett.

The Programme was as follows:

PART I.

Concerto in E flat, Op. 83.....Mozart.
Sacred Cantata....."A Song of Victory".....Ferdinand Hiller.
(Israel's Siegesong, Op. 151).

PART II.

Overture....."Rosamunde," Op. 26.....Schubert.
Madrigal....."My Bonny Lass".....Mozart.
Chorus....."Gipsy Life," Op. 29.....R. Schumann.
Song....."Zuleika".....Mendelssohn.
Choral Fantasia, Op. 65.....Beethoven.

On Saturday, March 7, 1874, the Hall was lent to the Modelling Club for their first Public Exhibition of Models, Drawings, and Machines, illustrative of Geometry. The Exhibition lasted from 12 m. to 3 p.m., and was visited by several of the Professors, by a great many Graduate and Undergraduate members of the University, and several ladies.

Among the Models exhibited were an Ellipsoid, a Parabolic and also a Horned Cyclide, a Cubic Cone, the Centro-Surface of an Ellipsoid and Steiner's Surface in Clay, also a Cubic Cone and another Cubic Cone with a nodal line in paper, by Professor Cayley, President of the Club. The Axes of Coordinates, the Regular Solids, an Elliptic Paraboloid and a Horned Cyclide in cardboard, a Developable Helicoid and a Cubic Cone in paper, a

Skew Helicoid, a Cono-Cuneus, a Cylindroid, two Hyperbolic Paraboloids, the Focal Lines and Circle of Least Confusion, a Cubic Cone and three Hyperboloids of one sheet in silk thread, by Mr. Hudson, Secretary of the Club. Two anticlastic surfaces of constant curvature, and a surface with only one side in paper, by Prof. Maxwell. A Skew Bridge in clunch, by Mr. Godfrey. A dissected cube and some models to illustrate the cutting of crystals in wood, by Mr. Ellis. A Hyperbolic Paraboloid in silk thread, by Mr. Freeman. A Hyperbolic Paraboloid, Asymptotic Cone in silk thread, by Mr. Howard. A Cono-Cuneus in silk thread and two Hyperboloids of one sheet in cardboard, by Mr. Hill. A Hyperbolic Paraboloid and the Focal Lines and Circle of Least Confusion in silk thread, and an Ellipsoid in cardboard, by Mr. Lambert. An Elliptic Hyperboloid, a Hyperbolic Paraboloid and the Focal Lines and Circle of Least Confusion in thread, by H. T. Hicks. A Hyperbolic Paraboloid intersecting a cylinder in thread, by Bion Reynolds. Two Cubic Scrolls, by Messrs. Scott and Body. The Focal Lines and Circle of Least Confusion in thread, by J. W. Marshall. A Developable Helicoid and two intersecting Cones, by H. H. Greenhill. Two Intersecting Cylinders in silk and an Ellipsoid in cardboard, &c.

Among the Drawings were the curves of intersection of a vertical cylinder by a series of horizontal cylinders, Diagrams to illustrate the distinction of right and left-handed roots, Dr. Airy's pendulum curves and a series of large drawings of curves and surfaces, by Prof. Cayley. A Cardioid and its Evolute, an Ellipse generated two homographic pencils, an envelope of a straight line, and other drawings, by R. F. Scott.

Among the Machines were a Mechanism for shewing Peaucellier's inversion of a circle, Professor Sylvester's 'Kite' for describing bicircular quartics and the combination therewith of a circular motion, by Prof. Cayley; Peaucellier's conversion of rectilinear into circular motion, and two Hyperboloids of revolution of one sheet rolling in contact along a generating line, by Mr. Ellis. Some Multiplying Wheels illustrating Hypocycloids, by Mr. Howard; and a Machine for drawing Rectangular Hyperbolas, by H. H. S. Cunynghame.

ATHLETICS.—In the University Athletic Sports the following members of St. John's distinguished themselves. C. Jackson won both the Mile and Three Miles, a feat which we believe has not been accomplished for several years. N. J. Littleton was easily first in Putting the Weight, and J. D. Cochrane was second in the High Jump. J. S. Yardley came in third in the Three Miles. J. M. Batten was third in the Quarter, being just beaten for his "blue" by Lewis, of Corpus. Our representatives were not very successful in the Inter-University Sports. Jackson had been suffering from a bad leg, and consequently was quite out of his usual form. Yardley, who ran very pluckily, came in third in the Three Miles. Littleton put the Weight very well, in fact he accomplished a longer distance than at Cambridge, but the Oxford champion, S. S. Brown, was just too much for him.

RACQUETS.—The University Champion Challenge Cup was won in March last by J. M. Batten, who accordingly played with E. J. Sanders (Trin. Coll.) v. Oxford in the Double Match at Prince's Courts, London, on Tuesday, March 31st. The Oxford representatives were R. O. Milne and T. S. Pearson. The match resulted in a victory for Oxford by 4 games to 2.

It may be mentioned that the Champion Challenge Cup, which can only be held for one year, has never before, since its establishment in 1867, been won by any but a member of Trinity College.

The Newbery Challenge Cup was won in the Lent Term by J. M. Batten, who, having won it now three times, cannot compete for it again.

THE CRICKET CLUB.—The following Matches have been played during this Term:

The Freshmen's Match, the College Eleven v. Seventeen Freshmen (with W. J. Ford as Captain).—Played on April 23 and 24. The Freshmen made 352; Ford making 100, E. Luce 70, and C. H. Simpson, 38. The Eleven scored 142, and following on had 3 wickets down for 78.

St. John's v. Jesus.—Played on May 1 and 2, on the Jesus Ground, resulting in a victory for St. John's by 38 runs. St. John's 1st innings 171—Simpson 36, Ford 24, Tillard 42 not out; 2nd innings 166—Ford 24, Batten 42, Batchelor 33, Winch 24. Jesus 1st innings 107—K. H. Kempe 30 not out; 2nd innings 192, E. S. Norris 41, H. E. Rhodes 32.

St. John's v. Emmanuel.—Played on May 15, on our Ground. Emmanuel 168. St. John's 3 wickets down for 54.

St. John's v. Corpus.—Played on May 18, resulting in an easy victory for St. John's. Corpus 90. St. John's 199 for 6 wickets—Batchelor 98, Sturt 32, M. G. Stuart 28.

St. John's v. Trinity Hall.—Played on May 20. St. John's 150—Batchelor 53, Trinity Hall 121—J. Dickinson 33, G. Macan 37.

St. John's v. Etceteras.—Played on May 21 and 22. St. John's won by an innings and 75 runs. Etceteras 1st innings 104—F. Mellor 30; 2nd innings 58. St. John's 237—Price 30, Batten 32, Tillard 28, Winch 70 not out.

THE PAVILION FUND.—The Pavilion is now completed, and has been in use for the latter half of the Term. £700 (the grant of the Racquet Court Committee) has already been paid to the builder. There is now in hand about £280, collected by private subscriptions, to meet the remainder of the debt, which is estimated at about £600.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.—The racing for the last place on the river commenced *Saturday, March 7*, when Lady Margaret 4th boat beat Caius 3rd by 1 second, and Corpus 3rd beat Jesus 3rd by 4 seconds.

Monday, March 9.—Lady Margaret 4th rowed against Corpus 3rd, and nearly overlapping them at the finish won easily.

Tuesday, March 10.—We rowed the Trinity Hall 4th boat, defeated them and took their place as last boat on the river.

The Lent Races came off March 11, 12, 13 and 14, with the following results each night:—

March 11.—Our 2nd boat bumped Caius 2nd, the 3rd were caught by First Trinity 5th, the 4th rowed over.

March 12.—All three boats rowed over.

March 13.—The 2nd caught Queens', the 3rd bumped Downing, and the 4th rowed over.

March 14.—The 2nd bumped Clare 1st, the 3rd bumped Trin. Hall 3rd, and the 4th boat ran into Clare 2nd.

These were the first races in which two winning posts were made—for the first half of each division at Chesterton horse-grind, for the last half at the ditch next above the railway-bridge.

The respective crews were:—

SECOND BOAT.

	st.	lbs.
A. J. W. Thorndike (<i>bow</i>)	9	8
2 C. J. D. Goldie	10	5
3 C. W. M. Adam	10	6
4 W. W. Barlow	11	2
5 E. A. Stuart	12	11
6 F. Tarleton	11	3
7 G. Darby	11	4
G. A. Bishop (<i>stroke</i>)	10	3
H. N. Rooper (<i>cox</i>)	7	10

THIRD BOAT.

	st.	lbs.
T. G. Treadgold (<i>bow</i>)	10	0
2 A. Ireland	10	10
3 H. C. Skeffington	10	6
4 W. Gripper	10	6
5 J. B. Lloyd	11	1
6 P. D. Rowe	10	13
7 J. W. Jeudwine	10	2
A. Batchelor (<i>stroke</i>)	10	3
W. Spicer (<i>cox</i>)	8	12

FOURTH BOAT.

	st.	lbs.
J. J. Penny (<i>bow</i>)	10	2
2 C. N. Murton	9	11
3 H. A. Williams	10	2
4 R. F. Winch	10	4
5 J. Phillips	10	10
6 T. Cave	10	2
7 H. E. White	9	6
F. Burford (<i>stroke</i>)	9	0
E. P. Rooper (<i>cox</i>)	8	13

The Scratch Fours followed on March 16. Nine boats entered, and after two bumping and three time races, the winning crew was declared:

H. V. Robinson (<i>bow</i>)	3 A. Batchelor	A. W. Buckingham (<i>cox</i>)
2 F. Burford	G. A. Bishop (<i>stk.</i>)	

The Bateman Pair-oars were rowed March 21; the entries being:

- 1 R. C. Haviland and C. Halliday.
- 2 A. J. Thorndike and G. A. Bishop.
- 3 J. W. Jeudwine and C. J. D. Goldie.

They drew stations in the above order, and the 1st boat running into the bank at Grassy and breaking an oar, the race was left to the other two, of whom Thorndike and Bishop won by about 80 yards.

The University Crew gained its 5th victory in succession over Oxford, March 28; and in it the L. M. B. C. was represented at bow by P. J. Hibbert.

Officers for the May Term:

President: Rev. C. E. Graves.
1st Captain: R. C. Haviland.
2nd Captain: C. Halliday.
Secretary: H. Brooke.

Treasurer: G. A. Bishop.
3rd Captain: E. A. Stuart.
4th Captain: W. J. F. V. Baker.
5th Captain: F. C. Bayard.

THE MAY RACES.—These races commenced on Thursday, May 2nd 1st. The following was the order of starting:

<i>First Division.</i>	<i>Second Division.</i>
1. First Trinity 1.	1. Christ's 1.
2. Lady Margaret 1.	2. Lady Margaret 2.
3. Jesus 1.	3. Clare 1.
4. First Trinity 2.	4. First Trinity 4.
5. Third Trinity 1.	5. Queens'.
6. Corpus 1.	6. Jesus 2.
7. Second Trinity 1.	7. Caius 2.
8. Trinity Hall 1.	8. Pembroke.
9. King's.	9. Trinity Hall 2.
10. Emmanuel 1.	10. Third Trinity 2.
11. Caius 1.	11. Corpus 2.
12. Sidney 1.	12. First Trinity 5.
13. First Trinity 3.	13. St. Peter's.
14. St. Catharine's.	14. Lady Margaret 3.
15. Christ's 1.	15. Trinity Hall 3.
	16. Downing.

Fortune frowned upon the Lady Margaret Boat Club, and the first boat lost the services of their No. 3 the day before the races began. In all haste P. J. Hibbert was summoned, and appeared just in time to row, though quite out of training.

The first night, the 1st boat was bumped by Jesus 1st; the 2nd boat fell to Clare 1st; the 3rd boat bumped St. Peter's.

A succession of accidents disabled us the next day: No. 5 of the 1st boat broke his stretcher at the start, and, being unable to row, we fell, after a determined struggle, one place lower. In the second division the same mishap befel No. 7 of the 3rd boat; however, they managed with some difficulty to maintain their position.

The second night, therefore, the 1st boat was caught by 1st Trinity 2nd boat; the 2nd boat was bumped by 1st Trinity 4th boat; and the 3rd boat rowed over.

The third night was less disastrous than the two preceding. The 1st boat rowed over, hotly pursued by 3rd Trinity 1st boat, but sufficiently near to 1st Trinity 2nd to show that but for the broken stretcher we should not have fallen victims on the second night; the 2nd boat fell to Queens'; and the 3rd boat ran into Corpus 2nd, opposite the Plough Inn.

The rest gained on Sunday, the 24th, made a visible improvement in all the boats, and Monday was a more propitious day for the L. M. B. C.

The fourth night, the 1st boat rowed over, keeping more easily away from 3rd Trinity 1st boat; the 2nd boat rowed over; the 3rd boat bumped 3rd Trinity 2nd boat at the top of Grassy Corner, and thus finished the four nights racing with three bumps and one row over.

The fifth night, the 1st boat rowed over undisturbed.

The sixth night, the 1st boat rowed over, 3rd Trinity 1st boat coming dangerously near at one time, but being distanced easily at the finish.

The following is the final order of the boats:

<i>First Division.</i>	<i>Second Division.</i>
1. First Trinity 1.	1. Caius 1.
2. Jesus 1.	2. Clare 1.
3. First Trinity 2.	3. First Trinity 4.
4. Lady Margaret 1.	4. Queens'.
5. Third Trinity 1.	5. Lady Margaret 2.
6. Trinity Hall	6. Caius 2.
7. First Trinity 3.	7. Pembroke
8. Second Trinity 1.	8. First Trinity 5.
9. Emmanuel 1.	9. Jesus 2.
10. Corpus 1.	10. Trinity Hall 2.
11. King's.	11. Lady Margaret 3.
12. Sidney 1.	12. Third Trinity 2.
13. St. Catharine's.	13. Corpus 2.
14. Christ's 1.	14. St. Peter's.
15. Caius 1.	15. Trinity Hall 3.
	16. Downing.

The crews consisted of:

<i>L. M. B. C. 1st Boat.</i>	
<i>Row.</i> R. C. Haviland.	6. C. Halliday.
2. C. J. D. Goldie.	7. P. J. Hibbert.
3. G. B. Darby.	<i>Stroke.</i> G. A. Bishop.
4. F. Tarleton.	<i>Cox.</i> H. N. Rooper.
5. E. A. Stuart.	

<i>L. M. B. C. 2nd Boat.</i>	
<i>Row.</i> T. G. Treadgold.	6. P. D. Rowe.
2. W. J. F. V. Baker.	*7. A. J. W. Thorndike
3. H. C. Skeffington.	<i>Stroke.</i> J. W. Jeurwine.
4. A. Ireland.	<i>Cox.</i> W. Spicer.
5. J. B. Lloyd.	

* H. E. White rowed No. 7 the first night, A. J. W. Thorndike being reserved in case of a vacancy in the 1st boat, which was eventually filled by P. J. Hibbert.

<i>L. M. B. C. 3rd Boat.</i>	
<i>Row.</i> W. Caister.	6. T. Cave.
*2. F. Burford.	*7. H. E. White.
3. H. A. Williams.	<i>Stroke.</i> W. Gripper.
4. J. Phillips.	<i>Cox.</i> E. P. Rooper.
5. D. H. Cox.	

* On the first night F. Burford rowed No. 7, and C. N. Murton No. 2.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—Lent Term, 1874. Debates:

February 12. "That in the opinion of this House the Poems of Mr. Tennyson meet with much unmerited vituperation." Speakers: for the motion—G. H. Raynor (Proposer), Langley. The motion was carried.

February 19. "That in the opinion of this House Spiritualism needs and deserves scientific investigation." Speakers: for the motion—Langley (Proposer), Hutton, Wareing; against—Littleton, Trustram. The motion was carried.

February 26. "That this House disapproves of the Abolition of the Income Tax." Speakers: for the motion—H. N. Read (Proposer); against—Brooke, Radcliffe. The motion was lost.

March 5. "That in the opinion of this House the Ashantee War was conducted, as far as concerned the Liberal Government, with extravagant parsimony and an utter want of knowledge of warfare in tropical climates." Speakers: for the motion—Littleton (Proposer); against—Langley. The motion was carried.

March 12. "That this House views the character of Charles I. with the strongest disapprobation." The following amendment was afterwards moved: "That in the opinion of this House Charles I. was unfit to govern." Speakers: For the motion—Hutton (proposer), H. N. Read; against—Rawson, G. H. Raynor; for the amendment—Langley (proposer), Dorey. The original motion was carried.

March 19. "That this House views with pleasure the recent alliance between the Royal Families of England and Russia, as tending to promote peace throughout Europe." Speakers: For the motion—Rawson (proposer); against—Ratcliffe, Langley. The motion was lost.

Officers for Easter Term, 1874:

H. N. Read (*President*).

G. H. Raynor (*Vice-President*).

J. N. Langley (*Treasurer*).

E. O. Rawson (*Secretary*).

C. U. R. V. (B Company).—Lieuts. Percival and Stubbs having resigned their commissions, Sergt. N. J. Littleton and Sergt. E. W. Purdon have been elected to succeed them. Both these Officers have obtained certificates of proficiency. The Company Cup was won in the October Term by Lieut. Percival; in the Lent Term by Lance-Corp. Luxton; and in the Easter Term by Capt. Wace. The Small Cup given to winners in the three Terms (previous winners being disqualified) has been won by Lieut. Purdon.

