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

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

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

THE EAGLE.

THE FUTURE OF THE WORKING CLASSES.*

MR. MILL has given in his Autobiography a more detailed account than we had hitherto possessed of that aid that he derived from his wife in most of the best work he has done. This information has great value at a time at which, partly by the voice of Mr. Mill himself, we are being awakened to the importance of the question whether the quick insight of woman may not be trained so as to give material assistance to man in ordering public as well as private affairs. He says—"In all that concerns the application of philosophy to the exigencies of human society I was her pupil, alike in boldness of speculation and cautiousness of practical judgement." All the instances that he gives of this tend to show how our progress would be accelerated if we would unwrap the swaddling clothes in which artificial customs have enfolded woman's mind and would give her free scope womanfully to discharge her duties to the world. But one instance strikingly illustrates that intimate connection, to which all history testifies, between the free play of the full and strong pulse of woman's thoughts and the amelioration of the working classes. "The chapter of the Political Economy," he says, "which has had a greater influence

* A Paper read at a Conversazione of the Cambridge "Reform Club," Nov. 25, 1873.

on opinion than all the rest, that on the 'Probable Future of the Labouring Classes,' is entirely due to her: in the first draft of the book that chapter did not exist. She pointed out the need of such a chapter and the extreme imperfection of the book without it: she was the cause of my writing it; and the more general part of the chapter—the statement and discussion of the two opposite theories respecting the proper condition of the labouring classes—was wholly an exposition of her thoughts, often in words taken from her own lips." Other women may have spoken much as she spoke; but, for one reason or another, their words have been almost as though they had not been. Let us be grateful that on this topic one woman has spoken not in vain.

The course of inquiry which I propose for to-night will never lie far apart from that pursued by Mr. and Mrs. Mill, but will seldom exactly coincide with it. I propose to sketch in rough outline a portion of the ground that must be worked over if we would rightly examine whether the amelioration of the working classes has limits beyond which it cannot pass; whether it be true that the resources of the world will not suffice for giving to more than a small portion of its inhabitants an education in youth and an occupation in after-life similar to those which we are now wont to consider proper to gentlemen.

There are large numbers of unselfish men and women who are eager to hope, but who find themselves impelled to doubt. From time to time there reaches them some startling, but well-authenticated account of working men, who have misspent their increased wages, who have shown little concern for anything higher than the pleasures of eating and drinking, or possibly those amusements which constitute the miserable creature who is called the sporting man. From time to time they meet with some instance in which servants have made use of such improvements as have already taken place in their position only to adopt a tone of captious frivolity and of almost ostentatious indifference to the interests of those whom they have undertaken to serve. Thus minds unwilling to doubt are harassed by doubts such as these: whether a large amount of hard, nay, of coarse manual work will not always have to be done much as it is done now; whether a very high degree of cultivation would not render those who have to perform this work unfit for it, and, since they cannot escape from it, unhappy in performing it; whether an attempt to extend beyond certain boundaries the mental cultivation of such workers must not be almost certain to fail, and would not, if successful, be almost a calamity; whether what we see and hear is not an indication that these dread boundaries are narrow and not far off.

The question for us to-night is, can this doubt be resolved? The question is not whether all men will ultimately be equal—that they certainly will not—but whether progress may not go on steadily if slowly, till the official distinction between working man and gentleman has passed away; till, by occupation at least, every man is a gentleman. I hold that it may, and that it will.

Let us first make clear to ourselves what it is that is really implied by the distinction established in usage between the occupation of a gentleman and that of a working man. This usage cannot be defended etymologically, but words better for the purpose are not forthcoming. The distinction is well established, but singularly difficult of definition; and some of those accounts of it which may most readily suggest themselves must be, in explicit terms, set aside if we would free from confusion the inquiry what are the special circumstances of the working classes on the removal of which their progress depends.

Who are the working classes? Of course they are not all who work; for every man, however wealthy he

may be, if he be in health and a true man, does work, and work hard. They are not all who live by selling the work of their hands, for our noblest sculptors do that. They are not all who for payment serve and obey, for officers in the army serve for payment, and most implicitly obey. They are not all who for payment perform disagreeable duties, for the surgeon is paid to perform duties most disagreeable. They are not even all those who work hard for low pay, for hard is the work and low is the pay of the highly cultured governess. Who then are they?

Is it not true that when we say a man belongs to the working classes we are thinking of the effect that his work produces on him rather than of the effect that he produces on his work? If a man's daily task tends to give culture and refinement to his character, do we not, however coarse the individual man may happen to be, say that his occupation is that of a gentleman? If a man's daily task tends to keep his character rude and coarse, do we not, however truly refined the individual man may happen to be, say that he belongs to the working classes?

It is needful to examine more closely the characteristics of those occupations which directly promote culture and refinement of character. They demand powers and activities of mind of various kinds. They demand the faculty of maintaining social intercourse with a large number of persons; they demand, in appearance at least, the kindly habit of promptly anticipating the feelings of others on minor points, of ready watchfuiness to avoid each trivial word or deed that may pain or annoy. These qualities are required for success, and they are therefore prepared in youth by a careful and a long continued education. Throughout life they are fostered and improved by exercise and by contact with persons who have similar qualities and require them of their associates. A man's sympathies thus become broad because he knows much of life, and

is adapted for taking interest in what he knows. He has a wide range of pleasures; each intellectual energy, each artistic perception, each fellow-feeling with men far off and near, gives him a new capacity of enjoyment, removes from him more and more the desire for coarse delights. Wealth is not indispensable; but it frequently gives its aid. It has been said that there is in the breast of every man some portion of the spirit of a flunkey. Possibly: but we do not respect a man half as much as we are wont to suppose we do, simply on account of what he *has*. We are thinking of what he *is* far more than we are aware. The qualities which win entrance into a lucrative career or success in any career are in general, to some extent, admirable. Wealth, in general implies, a liberal education in youth, and throughout life broad interests and refined associations; and it is to these effects on character that the chief attractiveness of wealth is due. Were it true that the homage paid to a wealthy man is in general direct worship of wealth, the prospects of the world would be darker than they are, and the topic
treatment.

It is not, however, sufficient to remark that the occupations which we are wont to call the occupations of gentlemen elevate the character and educate the faculties, directly and indirectly, by training and by association, in hours of business and in hours of leisure. We must also remark that such occupations exclude almost entirely those lowering influences which will force themselves upon our notice when we come to examine the lot of the working classes.

We must, however, pause to notice the intermediate class—a class whose occupations bring with them some influences that do elevate and refine, and some influences that do not. The sculptor, the products of whose chisel add to his country's fame, who lives amid material and intellectual luxuries, is distinctly a gentle-

man by profession. Proceeding downwards along the scale of art, we come to the highly skilled, highly paid artisan, who adorns our public buildings with their exquisite carvings; but there is another long space to be traversed before we arrive at the ordinary mason, who, with much exertion of muscle, and with but little energy of thought, rounds off a block, or makes it square, in obedience to explicit directions. At what point, then, in the scale do we first meet the working man? It is an important and a hopeful fact that we cannot say where—that the chain is absolutely continuous and unbroken. There is a tendency to regard somewhat slightingly the distinction between skilled and unskilled labour. But the fact remains that artisans whose manual labour is not heavy, who are paid chiefly for their skill and the work of their brains, are as conscious of the superiority of their lot over that of their poorer brethren as is the highest nobleman of the land. And they are right; for their lot does just offer them the opportunity of being gentlemen in spirit and in truth; and, to the great honour of the age be it said, many of them are steadily becoming gentlemen. They are steadily striving upwards; steadily aiming at a higher and more liberal preparation in youth; steadily learning to value time and leisure for themselves, learning to care more for this than for mere increase of wages and material comforts; steadily developing independence and a manly respect for themselves, and, therefore, a courteous respect for others; they are steadily accepting the private and public duties of a citizen; steadily increasing their grasp of the truth that they are men, and not producing machines. They are steadily becoming gentlemen. Steadily: we hope to be able ere long to say "steadily and rapidly;" but even now the picture is not altogether a gloomy one.

But let us turn our eyes on that darker scene which the lot of unskilled labour presents. Let us look at

those vast masses of men who, after long hours of hard and unintellectual toil, are wont to return to their narrow homes with bodies exhausted and with minds dull and sluggish. That men do habitually sustain hard corporeal work for eight, ten or twelve hours a-day, is a fact so familiar to us that we scarcely realize the extent to which it governs the moral and mental history of the world; we scarcely realize how subtle, all-pervading and powerful may be the effect of the work of man's body in dwarfing the growth of the man.

Some of us, perhaps, scarcely know what is meant by violent and sustained physical exertion. Others have perhaps had occasional experience of it on walking tours. We are then enlivened by fresh air and by novelty of scene, and a light book or newspaper is never more grateful to us than then. But have we ever, when thoroughly fatigued, attempted really hard study? I remember once in the Alps, after three days of exceptionally severe climbing, resolving to take a day's rest and to read a book on Philosophy. I was in good training. I was not conscious of any but physical weariness; but when the first occasion for hard thought arrived, my mind absolutely refused to move. I was immensely angry with it, but my anger was in vain. A horse when harnessed to a load too great for his strength will sometimes plant his feet firmly in the ground, and back. That is just what my mind did, and I was defeated. I have found that in like cases others are in like manner defeated, though their minds be well broken in to study, even though they be students by profession. And physiologists tell us that it must be so; that by severe bodily exertion the blood is for a time impoverished; that so the brain is not nourished, and that when the brain is not vigorous the mind cannot think.

Is it, then, a wonderful thing that the leisure hours of a wearied labourer are not always seized eagerly

for self-improvement? It is often a toil to him to read; how, then, can he be incited by the pleasures of study to contend against fatigue? The man born deaf knows not the pleasure of music, but he lives among those who know it, and he believes in it. But the poor labourer may live and die without ever realizing what a joy there is in knowledge, or what delight in art; he may never have conceived how glorious a thing it is to be able to think and to feel about many things and with many men. Still he may not be wholly unblessed. He may pass a tranquil and restful evening in a healthy and a happy home, and so may win some of the best happiness that is granted to man. He may, but alas! if he be uneducated, he is not likely to have a very healthy home.

There is another terrible fact about exhausting work. It is that physical fatigue in its extremest forms causes physical unrest and physical cravings that hound a man on to his undoing. There is overwhelming evidence that in all those occupations in which men are tempted to consume in a day's work almost more strength than the vital forces of the body suffice to repair, and in which, work is therefore systematically irregular, the pleasures of home cannot compete with the coarse pleasures of the public-house. A man may seek in the public-house, as in a club, the pleasures of social intercourse, which will well supplement the pleasures of home, and will raise, not lower him. He may: but if his toil have been fierce, and so his brain be dulled, he is apt to seek there only the coarser pleasures—drink, ignoble jests, and noise. We have all heard what rude manners have been formed by the rough work of the miners; but even among them the rougher the work of the body, the lower the condition of the mind. Iron miners, for instance, are a superior race to colliers. And if it be true that men such as these do

value high wages mainly as affording them an opportunity of using their bodies as furnaces for the conversion of alcohol into fumes, is it not a somewhat pitiful amusement merely to abuse them? is it not more profitable to raise the inquiry—must these things be?

There are some things which we have decided must *not* be. A Parliamentary Commission reports in 1866 of the training which the world had given to men such as these, and by which it had formed them. It tells us how lads and maidens, not eight years old, toiled in the brickfields under monstrous loads from five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night; their faces haggard, their limbs misshaped by their work, their bodies clothed with mud, and their minds saturated with filth. Yes; but there is a thing worse than even such filth: that is despair. We are told that "the worst feature of all is that the brickmakers despair of themselves;" and the words of one of them are quoted—"You might as well try to raise and improve the devil as a brickie, sir." These things are not to be; but things nearly as bad are now; and these things have formed the men whose words and deeds are quoted, when it is argued that the working-classes cannot rise.

Thus awful, then, is the picture of unduly sustained work that is heavy. But can light work, however long sustained, bring no curse? Let us look at one more picture—our sad old picture of the needlewoman:—

> Work, work, work,
> From weary chime to chime;
> Work, work, work,
> As prisoners work for crime.
> Band and gusset and seam,
> Seam and gusset and band,
> Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed
> As well as the weary hand.

Work, work, work,
In the dull December light,
And work, work, work
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh! but for one short hour,
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.

"The heart is sick and the brain benumbed. No blessed leisure for love or hope, but only time for grief." Surely we see here how work may depress, and keep low "the working classes." Man ought to work in order to live: his life, physical, moral, and mental should be strengthened and made full by his work. But what if his inner life be almost crushed by his work? Is there not then suggested a terrible truth by the term working man, when applied to the unskilled labourer—a man whose occupation tends in a greater or less degree to make him live for little save for that work that is a burden to bear.

The ancients argued that Nature had ordained slavery: that without slaves the world could not progress; no one would have time for culture; no one could discharge the duties of a citizen. We have outgrown this belief; we have got to see how slavery dries up the sap of moral life in every state, at whose roots it is laid. But our thoughts are from youth upwards dominated by a Pagan belief not very different from the old one—the belief that it is an ordinance of nature that multitudes of men must toil a weary toil, which may give to others the means of refinement and luxury, but which can afford to themselves scarce any opportunity of mental growth. May not the world outgrow this belief, as it has outgrown the other? It may, and it will.

We shall find it easier to see how exaggerated have been the difficulties which lie in the way of the removal of those circumstances which are distinctive of the lot of the working classes in the narrower sense of the term, if we allow ourselves a little license. Let us venture to picture to ourselves the state of a country from which such circumstances have been excluded. We shall have made much progress on our way, when we have seen that such a country would contain within it no seeds of the ruin of its material or moral prosperity; that it would be vigorous and full of healthy life.

The picture to be drawn will resemble in some respects those which have been shown to us by the Socialists, that noble set of untutored enthusiasts who attributed to every man an unlimited capacity for those self-forgetting virtues that they found in their own breasts; who recklessly suggested means which were always insufficient and not seldom pernicious—recklessly, because their minds were untrained, and their souls absorbed in the consciousness of the grandeur of their ends. Their memories are therefore scorned by all but a very few men: but among those very few is included perhaps every single man who has ever studied patiently the wild deep poetry of their faiths.

The schemes of the socialists involved a subversion of existing arrangements, according to which the work of every man is chosen by himself and the remuneration he obtains for it is decided by free competition; and their schemes have failed.

But such a subversion is not required for the country which we are to picture to ourselves. All that is required is that no one in it should have any occupation which tends to make him anything else than a gentleman.

We have seen that manual and disagreeable work is now performed for payment at competition prices by gentlemen. It is true that their work involves mental training, and that the associations by which they are surrounded are refined; but, since the brain cannot always be in full action, it is clear that, provided these associations be retained, we need not exclude from our new society even manual and disagreeable work that does not give direct training to the mental faculties. A moderate amount of such work is not inconsistent with refinement. Such work has to be done by every lady who takes part in the duties of a hospital. She sees that it is necessary, and she does not shrink from it; for, if she did, she would not be a lady. It is true that such work is not now willingly undertaken for payment by an educated man, because in general he can obtain higher pay for doing work in which the training of his mental faculties can be turned to account; and because, as his associates would be uneducated, he would incur incidental discomforts and would lose social position. But, by the very definition of the circumstances of our supposed country, such deterrent motives would not exist in it. An educated man, who took a share of such little unskilled labour as required to be done in such a country, would find that such labour was highly paid, because without high pay no one would undertake it: and as his associates would

be as refined as himself and in the same position, he would have no social discomforts to undergo. We all require for the purposes of health an hour or two daily of bodily exercise, during which the mind is at rest, and in general a few hours more of such work would not interfere materially with our true life.

We know then pretty clearly what are the conditions under which our fancied country is to start; and we may formulate them as follows. It is to have a fair share of wealth, and not an abnormally large population. Everyone is to have in youth an education which is thorough while it lasts, and which lasts long. No one is to do in the day so much manual work as will leave him little time or little aptitude for intellectual and artistic enjoyment in the evening. Since there will be nothing tending to render the individual coarse and unrefined, there will be nothing tending to render society coarse and unrefined. Exceptional morbid growths must exist in every society; but otherwise every man will be surrounded from birth upwards by almost all the influences which we have seen to be at present characteristic of the occupations of gentlemen; everyone who is not a gentleman will have himself alone to blame for it. This, then, is the condition in which our fancied country is to be when we first consider it. We have to inquire whether this condition can be maintained. Let us examine such obstacles to its maintenance as may be supposed to exist.

First, it may be argued that a great diminuation of the hours of manual labour below their present amount would prevent the industry of the country from meeting its requirements, so that the wealth of the country could not be sustained. This objection is an instance of th
with which we perceive things that are familiar. We all know that the progress of science and invention has multiplied enormously the efficiency of labour within the last century. We all know that even in agriculture the returns to labour have much increased; and most

of us have heard that, if farmers had that little knowledge which is even now obtainable, the whole of the produce consumed in a country as thickly populated as England is, might be grown in it with less proportionate expenditure of labour than that now required. In most other branches of production the increase in the efficiency of labour has been almost past computation. Take a cotton factory for example. We must allow for the expense of making and driving the machinery; but when this is provided, a man working it will spin more than three thousand times as rapidly as he could by hand. With numbers such as this before us, can we believe that the resources of the world would fail if the hours of our daily labour were halved, and yet believe that our simple ancestors obtained an adequate subsistence? Should we not be driven to the conclusion that the accounts we have received of men who lived and flourished before the invention of the steam engine are myths? But, further, the only labour excluded from our new society is that which is so conducted as to stunt the mental growth, preventing people from rising out of old narrow grooves of thought and feeling, from obtaining increased knowledge, higher tastes, and more comprehensive interests. Now it is to such stunting almost alone that indolence is due. Remove it, and work rightly applied, the vigorous exercise of faculties would be the main aim of every man. The total work done per head of the population would be greater than now. Less of it would be devoted directly to the increase of material wealth, but far more would be indirectly efficient for this end. Knowledge is power; and man would have knowledge. Inventions would increase, and they would be readily applied. All labour would be skilled, and there would be no premium on setting men to tasks that required no skill. The work which man directs the forces of nature to perform for him, would thus be incomparibly greater than now. In the competition for employment between man's muscles

and the forces of nature, victory would remain with the latter. This competition has been sustained so long only because the supply of mere muscular force fit only to contend against nature has been so plentiful, and the supply of skill fit to direct nature has been so scarce. Recollect that even with the imperfect machinery we now have one pound of coal will raise a hundred pounds twelve thousand feet high; and that the daily work of a man cannot exceed this even if we work him into the dust, and obtain, in lieu of a man's life, so much pulling and pushing and hewing and hammering. Recollect that with an ordinary tide the water rushing in and out of a reservoir of a mile in area, even if nine-tenths of its force were wasted through imperfections of machinery, would do as much work in a day as the muscles of one hundred thousand men.

But, secondly, it might be argued that short hours of work might ruin the foreign trade of the country. Such a doctrine might derive support from the language of some of our public men, even in recent times. But it is a fallacy. It contradicts a proposition which no one who had thought on the subject would dream of deliberately denying; one which is as well established and as rigorously proved as any in Euclid. This proposition is, that low wages, if common to all occupations, cannot enable one country to undersell another. A high rate of wages, or short hours of work, if common to all industries, cannot cause a country to be undersold: though if they were confined to some industries they might of course cause these particular industries to be undersold.

A danger, however, might be incurred by high wages or short hours of work. If the rate of profits were reduced thereby, capital would be tempted to migrate. But the country we are picturing to ourselves would be specially defended against such a danger. To begin with, its labourers would be highly skilled. And the history of the progress of manufactures in

England and throughout the world proves that if the number of hours' work per day be given,
can afford to pay almost any rate of wages in order to secure highly skilled labour. But such labour, partly as a cause and partly as a consequence of its skill, has in general not very many hours in its working-day; and for every hour, during which his untiring machinery is lying idle, the capitalist suffers loss. In our society the hours of labour are to be very short, but it does not follow that the hours of work of the machinery would be short too. The obstacles that now exist to the general adoption of the system of working in "shifts" are due partly to the unenlightened selfishness of workmen, partly to their careless and dishonest maltreatment of machinery, but mainly to the fact that with the present number of hours' work done by each shift, one shift would have to commence work very early and the other to end work very late. But in our new society none of these obstacles would exist. A man would not in general perform manual work for more than six hours a day. Thus one set would work perhaps from 6 to 9.30 a.m. and from 2 to 4.30 p.m.; the other set from 10 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and from 5 to 7.30 p.m. In heavy work three sets of men might each work a shift of four hours. For we must not suppose that an educated man would consent for any pay whatever to continue exhausting physical work so far as to cause the stupefaction of his intellect. For his severe work he would be highly paid; and, if necessary, he might add to his income by a few hours of lighter work.

But there is another special reason why capital should not leave our fancied country. All industries might be partly conducted by capitalists with labourers working for hire under them. But in many industries production would be mainly carried on, as Mr. and Mrs. Mill have prophesied, by "the association of labourers among themselves on terms of equality collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves." It will be said that such associations have been tried, and have seldom succeeded. They have not been tried. What have been tried are associations among, comparatively speaking, uneducated men, men who are unable to follow even the financial calculations that are required for an extensive and complicated business. What have to be tried are associations among men as highly educated as are manufacturers now. Such associations could not but succeed; and the capital that belonged to them would run no risk of being separated from them.

Again, it might be objected that it would be impossible to maintain that high standard of education, which we have throughout assumed. Some parents, it might be said, would neglect their duty to their children. A class of unskilled labourers might again grow up, competing for hard toil, ready to sacrifice the means of their own culture to increased wages and physical indulgences. This class would marry improvidently: an increased population would press on the means of subsistence, the difficulty of imparting a high education would increase, and society would retrograde until it had arrived at a position similar to that which it now occupies—a position in which man, to a great extent, ignores his duty of anticipating, before he marries, the requirements of the bodily and mental nurture of his children; and thereby compels Nature, with her sorrowful but stern hands, to thin out the young lives before they grow up to misery. This is the danger most to be dreaded. But even this danger is not so great as it appears. An educated man would not only have a high conception of his duty to his children; he would be deeply sensitive to the social degradation which he and they would incur if he failed in it. Society would be keenly alive to

the peril to itself of such failure, and would punish it as a form of treason against the State. Education would be unfailingly maintained. Every man, before he married, would prepare for the expense of properly educating his family; since he could not, even if he would, shirk this expense. The population would, therefore, be retained within due limits. Thus every single condition would be fulfilled which was requisite for the continued and progressive prosperity of the country which we have pictured. It would grow in wealth, material and mental. Vigorous mental faculties imply continual activity. Work, in its best sense, the healthy energetic exercise of faculties, is the aim of life, is life itself; and in this sense every one would be a worker more completely than now. But men would have ceased to carry on mere physical work to such an extent as to dull their higher energies. In the bad sense, in which work crushes a man's life, it would be regarded as a wrong. The active vigour of the people would continually increase; and in each successive generation it would be more completely true that every man was by occupation a gentleman.

Such a state of society in a country would then, if once attained, be ever maintained. Such a country would have in it the conditions of vitality more fully satisfied than any other country would. Is it not, then, a reasonable thing to believe that every movement towards the attainment of such conditions has vitality also? And, if we look around us, do we not find that we are steadily, if slowly, moving towards that attainment? All ranks of society are rising; on the whole they are better and more cultivated than their forefathers were; they are no less eager to do, and they are much more powerful greatly to bear, and greatly to forbear. Read of the ignorant crime that accompanied popular outbreaks even a generation ago, and then look at the orderly meetings by which the

people now expresses its will. In the broad backbone of moral strength our people have never been wanting; but now, by the aid of education their moral strength is gaining new life. Look at the grand conduct of the Lancashire artisans during the cotton famine. In old times of ignorance they would have struggled violently against the inevitable; but now their knowledge restrained them, and they suffered with quiet constancy. Nay, more; the Northern army was destroying the cotton on which their bread depended; yet, firm in their allegiance to the struggle against slavery, they never faltered. Listen to the reply that President Lincoln gave to the address of sympathy that they sent him

regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or country."

And thus it is. In every age of the world people have delighted in piquant stories, which tell of some local or partial retrogression; but, if we look at the broad facts of history, we find progress. Of the progress of the artisans we have spoken; how all are rising; how some are, in the true sense of the word, becoming gentlemen. Some few of them, may indeed, interpret this to mean little more than becoming, at times, dandyfied perambulating machines, for the display of the cheaper triumphs of the haberdasher and the tailor. But many artisans are becoming artists, who take a proud interest in the glories of their art, are truly citizens, are courteous, gentle, thoughtful, able, and independent men. Even if we take the ruder labourers, we find something to set off against, the accounts of their habits of indulging in drink and rough pastimes. Such habits were but a short time ago common among country squires. But country squires had in them the seeds of better things, and when a new age opened to them broader and higher interests, they threw off the old and narrow ones.

And our colliers even are doing the same. A series of reports by well-informed, unprejudiced men proves that, on the whole, their faults have diminished and their virtues increased. And the late Parliamentary Committee has shown, how a solid foundation of their further improvement has been laid in the improvement of their houses, how they are now learning to take pride in their homes and to love them.

What limits are there then to the rapidity of our progress? How are we let or hindered? History shows that on a basis of mere energy a marvellous edifice can be speedily erected. Two centuries ago England exported raw in exchange for manufactured produce; she had no mechanical skill, and imported foreigners one after another to overcome her engineering difficulties. A century ago the agriculture of the Scotch lowlands seemed as hopelessly bad as any in Europe: now it is a model school for the world. It was mainly from the rough uncultured population of the trading cities of Italy and the Netherlands that there arose that bright glory of art which in the middle ages illumined all Europe. Why then should not the energy which our working classes have, when once turned in the right direction, lead to a progress as rapid and brilliant?

Alas! there is one great hindrance. One of the first uses we are making of our increased knowledge is, as it ought to be, to save from disease and want multitudes who, even a few years ago, would have sunk under their influence. As a result, population is increasing rapidly. The truth that every father owes to his children the duty of providing them with a lot in life, happier and better than his own, has not yet been grasped. Men who have been brought up, to use their own phrase, "anyhow," are contented that their children should be brought up "anyhow." Thus there is kept up a constant supply of unskilled laborers, who have nothing but their hands to offer for hire, and who

offer these without stint or reserve. Thus competition for food dogs the heels of progress, and perpetually hinders it. The first most difficult step is to get rid of this competition. It is difficult, but it can be made. We shall in vain tell the working man that he must raise his standard while we do not raise ours: he will laugh at us, or glare on us. But let the same measure be meted out to all. Let this one principle of action be adopted by us all—*just as a man who has borrowed money is bound to pay it back with interest, so a man is bound to give to his children an education better, and more thorough than he has himself received.* This he is bound to do. We may hope that many will do more than they are bound to do.

And what is society bound to do? It is bound to see that no child grow up in ignorance, able only to be a producing machine, unable to be a man; himself low and limited in his thoughts, his tastes, his feelings, his interests and his aims, to some extent probably low and limited in his virtues, and in every way lowering and limiting his neighbours. It is bound to compel children, and to help them, to take the first step, upwards; and it is bound to help them to make, if they will, many steps upwards. If the growth of a man's mind, if his spiritual cultivation be the end of life; and material wealth, houses and horses, carpets and French cookery merely means; what temporary pecuniary loss can we set against the education of the nation? It is abundantly clear that, unless we can compel children into the schools, we cannot enable multitudes of them to escape from a life of ignorance so complete that they cannot fail to be brutish and degraded. It is not denied that a school-board alone can save from this ruin those children whose parents are averse to education; that at least in our towns there are many whom no voluntary system can reach. And yet throughout the length and breadth of the country

we are startled by finding that some of those, who are most anxious that the Bible should be taught, are those who are most unwilling that a State, which has with success invested capital in telegraphs, should now venture to invest capital in men; that they are those, who are most ready to urge men "not to rush headlong on" a rate of some pence in the pound. I will only urge that, for consistency, such people should teach an expurgated edition of the Bible. Let every page be cut out in which it is implied that material wealth may be less important than the culture of the man himself, the nurture of his inner life. They will not have heavy work, they will not have many pages left to teach.

But in truth material welfare, as well as spiritual, will be the lot of that country which, by public and private action, devotes its full energies to raising the standard of the culture of the people. The difference between the value of the labour of the educated man and that of the uneducated, is, as a rule, many times greater than the difference between the costs of their education. If the difference between the value of the work done by a good breed of horses and a bad one, be much greater than the difference between the costs of maintaining them, can there be any doubt that the good breed will drive out the bad one? But no individual reaps the full gains derived from educating a child, from taking a step towards supplanting the race of uneducated labourers by a race of educated labourers. Still, if the State work for this end, the State will gain. If we all work together for this end, we shall all gain together. Then will be removed every let and hindrance to the attainment of that condition which we have pictured—a condition which, if it be hard to be attained, is easy to be maintained—a condition in which every man's energies and activities will be fully developed—a condition in which men will work not less than they do now but more; only, to use a good old phrase, most of their work will be

a work of love; it will be a work which, whether conducted for payment or not, will exercise and nurture their faculties. Manual work, carried to such an excess that it leaves little opportunity for the free growth of his higher nature, is that alone which will be absent; but that *will* be absent. In so far as the working classes are men who have such excessive work to do, in so far will the working classes have been abolished.

ALFRED MARSHALL.

MR. GUBBINS AND THE GHOULS.

MR. GILBERT GUBBINS was a bachelor of some fifty years of age, tall in figure, precise in deportment, and essentially a gentleman of the old school; his hair was grey, his face rosy and clean-shaven with a bland sort of "in-what-can-I-oblige-you-sir" expression habitually pervading it: he wore a double eye-glass with a gold rim, a heavy watch-chain of the same material, and was always dressed in black. He belonged to the legal profession, when at home resided in lodgings, and was as regular in his habits as an eight-day clock or the ancestral chronometer that ticked in his fob; rose every morning at seven, breakfast at eight, office at half-past nine, stroll to the news-room at eleven for a look at the morning papers, a biscuit and glass of sherry at one, dinner at five, cup of tea at eight, evening at the news-room, a weak glass of brandy and water at half-past ten, and so to bed. Such had been Mr. Gubbins' daily routine for many years, and though it had perhaps left him a trifle prim and narrow-minded, he was withal as excellent a fellow as ever stood 5 feet 11½ inches in his shoes, or, we should say, boots, for Mr. Gubbins was addicted to the use of Wellingtons.

Mr. Gubbins was a lawyer, as we have already stated, and in that capacity formed one of the leading triumvirate in his native town of Blankaster, the parson and doctor being his rivals in the race for

popular favour. He was, moreover, town-clerk and confidential adviser to most of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, and, among others, to Mr. Hathornthwaite of Hathornthwaite Hall. To this gentleman he not only stood in the relationship of lawyer to client, but was also bound by the ties of personal friendship, and, what is more to the purpose, on the 31st of December, 185—, the time at which our story opens, he was seated in the inside of the mail coach (for Mr. Gubbins lived in a part of England to which railways had not penetrated) on his way to celebrate the arrival of the approaching new year at his friend's mansion.

It was not an inspiriting afternoon which saw Mr. Gubbins set forth on his journey; the wind howled among the fir trees that skirted the road, and, wherever they afforded an opening, struck the coach with such violence that it reeled under the shock, while the rain pattered against the windows with the noise and intensity of a shower of grape-shot. The only other inside was an old gentleman, such at least he appeared to be, as far as might be judged from the tip of a very red nose, the one portion of his face left visible by the fur travelling-cap, woollen muffler and blue spectacles which environed it. With such an individual conversation was impossible, for when Mr. Gubbins did venture on a remark the only answer vouchsafed was a sound, which though neither exactly a cough, a grunt, nor a growl, yet partaking of the nature of all three, served effectually to repel further advances. The journey, therefore, passed as such journeys usually do, in attempts to sleep, and smothered imprecations on the bad roads and worse springs which rendered such attempts futile.

But all sublunary matters must come to an end, and Mr. Gubbins' troubles formed no exception to the general rule; for at six o'clock in the evening the coach pulled up at the village of Hathornthwaite.

"Any one here for the Hall?" says a smart footman, thrusting his head in at the window.

"Aha, William, is that you?" cries Mr. Gubbins starting up, "all quite well at the house, I hope?"

"Now, my man," shouts the coachman to William, who is hopelessly entangled in the mazes of the boot, "look sharp out with that 'ere gen'leman's luggage, can't yer? we're half an hour late a'ready. What! I must come and help yer, stupid, must I?" Down he jumps, disappears head first into the boot, a convulsive struggle, out comes Mr. Gubbins' portmanteau, bang goes the boot-door, up climbs Jehu again, gathers up the reins, blows a blast on his horn (for our degenerate coach boasts neither guard nor bugle), the ostlers give the horses their heads and away they go, and away goes Mr. Gubbins, with William and the portmanteau, up the carriage drive.

How pleasant it felt to get out of the raw misty air and be disencumbered of greatcoat and dripping wraps; how bright and cheery the old hall looked, its oak panels decorated with holly and mistletoe, its portraits of grim ancestors in suits of mail and full-bottomed wigs, and still grimmer ancestresses with bunches of flowers or shepherdess' crooks, illuminated by the huge wood fire which roared and crackled on the open hearth; how refreshing after his journey the hot water brought up to his bedroom by a smiling chambermaid; in a word, how delightful all this was to Mr. Gubbins, may, as the newspapers remark of the road to Epsom on a Derby Day, be more easily imagined than described.

"Here he is," shouted the jolly host, a stout, fresh-faced country gentleman, as Mr. Gubbins, after half an hour spent in dressing, was ushered into the drawing-room. "And how are you, my buck?" he continued, giving his guest a wring of the hand and a slap on the back, which made his eyes water again; for the squire was one of those hearty characters whose demonstrative

welcomes are not always unaccompanied with pain to the recipient. The room was full of people: there was the clergyman, a white-headed benevolent old man; and the surgeon, a pale-faced, weak-eyed young one, with a long neck and a nervous habit of opening his mouth as if he were going to say something, and then putting his hand up to prevent it coming out. There was the squire's blooming wife, there were brothers of the squire and cousins of the squire, there were nephews, nieces, and relations of all degrees of consanguinity! and last but not least there was the squire's only sister, Miss Jemima Hathornthwaite, a young lady of thirty-three, who was still a Miss, though for some years toasted as the reigning belle of the county, and by no means disposed even now to abandon all claims to be considered a beauty.

The evening began as such evenings generally do; the ladies formed a ring at one end of the room and looked at the gentlemen, who herded together at the other like sheep when a strange dog appears, as much as to say, "Why don't these stupid men come and talk to us." Coffee and tea, cake and bread-and-butter, were handed round; old men prosed away on politics, holding their victims fast by the button to prevent all possibility of escape; while young ones, timidly edging towards the enchanted circle, and emboldened by the glances of encouragement with which the fair occupants rewarded them, plunged recklessly into a mild gossip on the state of the weather, the last new novel, *et hoc genus omne;* so that by the time the party adjourned to the hall, which had been cleared for games and dancing, there was a general Babel of tongues, during which many desperate flirtations were carried on. Mr. Gubbins in particular might have been seen sunning himself beneath the smiles and whispering tender nothings into the ear of the charming Miss Jemima Hathornthwaite, in whose society he spent the greater part of that evening.

Who shall describe the fun that followed; the blind-man's-buff and snap-dragon; the screams of the young ladies when they burnt their fingers, or the infatuation of the little doctor who persisted in running into blind-man's arms; the grand game of forfeits, and Mr. Gubbins' dismay when sentenced to bite an inch off the poker; the quadrilles and waltzes that were danced, until the pianist, between native hilarity and the sherry with which he was too liberally supplied, became so irregular in his movements that it was found necessary to convey him to bed. Or who shall tell of the supper, the round of beef and roast turkey, the mighty plum-pudding with its sprig of holly and flaming sauce, the flocks of fowls and coveys of partridge (for they did these things in profuse style at Hathornthwaite Hall); with what rapidity moulds of jelly and mince-pies disappeared; how young ladies, after many protests that they weren't one bit hungry, contrived notwithstanding to make most excellent suppers, while young gentlemen did the same without any such protests at all; what toasts were proposed and oysters opened, what healths were drunk and champagne too. And when all was over, how they repaired to the hall to drink a bowl of punch and sit the old year out, and what confusion was occasioned on the way by the discovery that some mischievous individual had hung up a branch of mistletoe, or what a mean advantage the gentlemen took of the fact that the passage was narrow and the ladies couldn't run away.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mr. Gubbins?" whispered Miss Jemima Hathornthwaite to that gentleman, when the whole party were comfortably seated round the fire.

"Talking of ghosts," put in the little doctor, "I knew a man, who ——," but his voice being lost behind the hand which he held to his mouth, no one attended to him.

"Talking of ghosts," exclaimed the squire, "did any of you ever hear the story about poor Harry

Sinclair?" Now most of the company *had* heard the story, for the squire was in the habit of telling it at least once a week; but of course every one said they had not, and at the same time evinced a burning curiosity to learn further particulars. "Well," began the jolly host, "you must know that it's twenty years since the circumstances occurred of which I'm going to tell you. I was spending Christmas with my uncle Wilson, in Yorkshire, and there was a pretty house-full of us young folk. Christmas Eve had come, when who should turn up quite unexpectedly but my uncle's god-son, Harry Sinclair, an officer in the dragoons and as dare-devil a young fellow as you'd meet in a day's march. 'Why, Harry,' says my uncle, 'is that you?' 'Yes it is, Mr. Wilson,' says he, 'I've come to spend Christmas-day with you.' 'And you're welcome, my boy,' rejoins my uncle, who was the most hospitable soul alive, 'but where we're to put you I don't know, unless you'll sleep in the haunted room; for the house is choke full.' 'Never fash your beard about me' says Harry laughing, 'I'll sleep anywhere, and I've a brace of pistols at the service of any ghost or goblin that comes to bother me.' So it was settled in that way, and a bed was made up for him in the haunted room. What a merry evening we had to be sure; poor Harry was brim-full of fun and kept us all in roars of laughter with his jokes. 'Good night,' says he, when we broke up at twelve o'clock, 'and don't any of you ladies be frightened if you hear a shot, for it will only be me firing at master ghost.' So off he goes laughing to bed, and after settling his pistols on a little table, where he could reach them easily, he drops off to sleep as calm as a little child. Well, in the middle of the night he wakes up, and there sure enough was the ghost they'd told him of, standing in the moonlight. 'Who are you?' falters Harry turning very pale, for in spite of what he had said it was a nervous moment; 'Who are you?' The ghost answered nothing, but gave

a groan that made Harry's blood run cold. So he seizes his pistols and calls out, 'If you don't be off, as sure as my name's Henry Sinclair, I'll put a brace of slugs into you.'"

"A brace of what?" inquired an old lady, intensely interested.

"Of slugs—bullets you know."

"Ah," said the old lady, "I understand, but pray go on."

"'Fire away,' says the ghost, 'but I warn you, though you take ever so sure an aim, they'll pass through me into the wall behind.'" But Harry, you see, didn't believe it; so steadying himself he fires both barrels point-blank: the ghost only gave an unearthly sort of laugh, and when the smoke had cleared away, there it was holding out a bullet in each hand. Now, as you've all probably guessed, the ghost was no more a ghost than you or I, but only my cousin, Jack Wilson, who wanted to see whether Harry could be frightened or not, and had taken the precaution of drawing the bullets from the pistols, in case he really should fire; and those were the identical ones held up after the shot. But unfortunately for poor Harry, he could not see behind the scenes, and when they went to call him next morning, they only found a chattering idiot; and such he has remained ever since."

This horrible recital had of course the effect of eliciting many more of a similar character, for every one present, as it turned out, had either seen a ghost themselves, or, like the boy who prided himself on his acquaintance with a man who had spoken to a mountebank, possessed uncles, cousins, or familiar friends, who had been thus favoured. So story followed story in quick succession, pleasingly diversified by an occasional song, until the bells struck up, first a muffled knell for the old year, that lay a-dying, and next a merry peal of welcome to its youthful successor. Then after the punch had been drunk and the candles lighted, good

wishes wished and good nights exchanged, the guests dispersed to their various apartments.

The room, which Mr. Gubbins was to occupy, belonged to a class frequently to be met with in English country houses of the 17th century: it was high and airy, with panelled walls of a dark colour, undermined in various directions by that suspicious kind of closet or cupboard in which the family skeleton might not unnaturally be supposed to be kept. The chairs and tables were black and gold with thin spider-like legs and a general savour of the antique: dismal pictures in frames of the same material were suspended above them. The bed was a ponderous four-poster with drapery of so funereal a hue as only to need a few sable ostrich plumes on the top to complete its resemblance to an overgrown hearse. The chimney, in which a bright fire crackled, was an open one, its sides adorned with Dutch tiles whereon were represented the life and adventures of the prodigal son. Before these works of art Mr. Gubbins drew a chair, and after divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat, and choker, which he carefully folded and deposited on another chair, sat down and fell into a reverie. What may have been the subject of that reverie we cannot say, not being in Mr. Gubbins' confidence; but judging by the beaming smile which ever and anon played round his mouth, it must have been a pleasant one—perhaps Miss Jemima Hathornthwaite; who can tell? Rousing himself at length from these delicious dreams he briskly donned his night-gear, tied his night-cap firmly beneath his chin—being in this respect a disciple of the immortal Mr. Pickwick—put out his candle, and after casting a nervous glance at the strange lights and shadows which flickered on wall and floor, stole swiftly across the room and jumped into bed.

Now whether it was the bright eyes and bewitching smiles of the lady just mentioned that had so inflamed his susceptible heart as to banish all possibility of

slumber, or whether the roast turkey and plum pudding, of which he had partaken somewhat freely at supper, are to be blamed; or, lastly, whether, as his enemies suggest (and the best of us have our enemies), the milk punch had been a thought too strong for him, we will not attempt to decide; but, whatever the cause might be, certain it is that Mr. Gilbert Gubbins, who for the fifty odd years, during which he had trod this earth, had been accustomed to drop off to sleep exactly five minutes after he laid his head upon the pillow, on this New Year's night experienced for the first time that most unpleasant of all sensations—sleeplessness. In vain he turned from right side to left, from left again to right; in vain he kept his eyes persistently closed, repeated his multiplication table, and essayed in succession all the authorized methods of coaxing the fickle goddess to kindness; all to no purpose. So at last, after the unsatisfactory conviction had forced itself on his mind, that there was no use trying to sleep in his present condition, he got out of bed with the intention of seeing what the weather promised for his return journey.

It was a wild, gusty night; the rain, as if exhausted by its efforts on the preceding afternoon, had ceased, but clouds were driving at a furious pace across the moon, now totally obscuring her disc, and again suffering her to break forth and throw ghastly lights and shadows on the old hall and the deep forests that surround it. At the distance of about half a mile, bathed in a silver flood, lay the churchyard, where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept,"

and from the midst, its massive tower and richly-wrought gables all white against the black woods, the church itself rose, a venerable pile, being in fact part of a priory granted by Henry VIII, at the dissolution of the religious houses, to his loyal subject, Hugo de Hathornthwaite, in liquidation of a large sum advanced by the said Hugo to his liege lord on the occasion of

a journey to France. Inside the building were laid to rest many generations of Hathornthwaites—old Sir Hugo; Sir Guy, a gallant of King James' court; Sir Everard, who fell at Naseby Fight, charging by the side of Prince Rupert, and was carried home, in compliance with his dying request, by a band of weeping retainers to lie beside the ashes of his sires; next him, by the side of Dame Alice his wife, slept Sir Richard, Everard's cousin, who espoused the cause of the people and rose to eminence during the protectorate: there was Sir Anthony, a naval commander under the gallant Blake; Sir Ralph, the divine of the family, notorious for his controversy with Bishop Atterbury, on the divine right of kings, "his pamphlet whereon," saith an historian of the period, "had well-nigh brought him to the pillory but for the Queen's death and the coming in of the Whigs with the house of Brunswick." Last Sir John, son of Sir Ralph, a celebrated jurisconsult under the first Georges; with him terminated the baronetcy, for dying childless the name and a portion of the estates passed to the female branch from which the present squire was descended, the title becoming extinct. With all these details Mr. Gubbins, as family solicitor and keeper of the archives, was well acquainted, and as he gazed on the last earthly resting-place of these heroes, he fell into a train of thought. What remained to them of their glories now! they were clean gone, wiped out, forgotten but for a few broken monuments, spelt out by unlettered rustics while waiting for the parson on a Sunday morning, and pointed to as all that survived of "them Hathornthwaites as were gin folk i' these parts lang syne." What good had their battles done them, their loves and hates, their feuds and friendships.

"The Knights' bones are dust,
And their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

From reveries such as these Mr. Gubbins was roused by the clock striking three, and feeling very cold he made his way back to bed and was soon fast asleep. But even here his evil genius dogged him, for instead of the calm refreshing slumbers, which he so much needed, his rest was broken by wild distressing dreams: perhaps the church-yard on which he had been gazing filled his mind with thoughts of corpses, coffins, and the like; perhaps it did not; but whether or no, he fancied himself to be in a dissecting room in one of the great London hospitals—on a table in the centre, tightly strapped down, lay the figure of a man, pale and still as death, while his travelling companion of the previous day, the grumpy hero of the fur cap and blue spectacles, whetted a knife previous to commencing operations; a feeling of indescribable horror seized on Mr. Gubbins, the whole air seemed alive with mocking faces, which leered and made mouths at him; the figure on the table moved, turned its face; heavens! it was his friend the squire. He tried to rush forward to save him, but a strong wind seemed to blow against him and keep him back; he tried to cry out but his tongue refused utterance; he wrestled fiercely in his agony, the faces mouth at him and mock him; the operator advances, solemnly chanting the horrible medley,

"Gin a body buy a body,
That has chanced to die;
Gin a body carve a body.....

the chorus of faces yell out the refrain, "carve a body, carve a body, a body, body." Mr. Gubbins makes one more desperate struggle and wakes up with a violent shock and the word "body" still ringing in his ears. Yes! no! yes, there could be no doubt there was some one actually in the room and, what was more, the word "body" was distinctly uttered by them. Mr. Gubbins sat up in bed and listened.

"Is the old gentleman asleep?" said a low voice.

"Yes," replied another, "I think so." Mr. Gubbins, however, was not asleep, very far from it.

"Then take down that body that's hanging in the closet and bring it out."

Mr. Gubbins sat like one petrified; what could this mean? what bodies could possibly be hanging in his room? A horrible suspicion flashed across his mind; he thought of Burke and Hare; was it possible?.....but no, the idea was absurd, and yet he had heard of such things, people being murdered in lonely places to furnish subjects for scientific experimentalizing. He remembered once reading a story, a horrid story, about the top of a bed being let down and smothering a man, or something of the sort: his eye turned involuntarily to the top of *his* bed, but that was in its place all right; and if this was, as he feared, what was he to think of his old friend the squire? could he be privy to such proceedings? could he be the instigator of them? Mr. Gubbins would have fain thought not, and yet it seemed scarcely credible how they could have been carried on without his cognizance. But hush! there was a sound again; some one stole past the bed, opened a door, then there came a fumbling noise. Mr. Gubbins sat with starting eyes and bated breath, listening eagerly for what was to come.

"Now, look sharp," said the voice who had spoken first, "or we shall have the old gentleman waking and catching us."

"Which is it you want?" returned the other, "there are so many." Mr. Gubbins shuddered.

"The one hanging from the near hook, without any arms and the eyes a'most torn out." Then followed some whispering, the purport of which Mr. Gubbins could not catch, but the words "died" and "cut up" were distinctly audible.

Then it was as he thought! his worst fears were realized. Mr. Gubbins turned sick at the idea and sank back upon his pillow. Oh, the depths of human

wickedness; here in a christian civilized country, in a peaceful village, nay in the very house of a magistrate, was being conducted seemingly a trade of the most nefarious description, a trade hateful alike to God and man. And now what ought he to do? hold his peace, leave the place at once and by never setting foot again within the accursed mansion endeavour to efface from his memory the recollection of such atrocities; this was his first thought. Friendship whispered, "why involve your host in the train of calamity which must follow on discovery? Why mix yourself in so revolting a matter? better let well alone; you can't touch pitch without being defiled." "What," cried conscience, "you a just man, who live by upholding your country's laws, you suffer such a crime to go undetected and unpunished!" The revulsion of feeling was instantaneous; duty, honour, professional pride, came to the rescue, the fight was won, and Mr. Gubbins lept nimbly out of bed. Had Mr. Gubbins at this moment been possessed of a pistol, like the gentleman whose story he had that night heard, it is highly probable that, undeterred by the tragic fate of that individual, he would, in his righteous indignation, have shot the intruders, or *endeavoured* to do so, for Mr. Gubbins knew rather less about firearms than an Ancient Briton; but having no such weapon about him, he was fain to make shift with the best substitute that came to hand, a boot-jack to wit. Thus armed he tripped stealthily along in the direction of the retreating light; down a flight of stairs, a turn to the right, a long passage, more stairs, a turn to the left, down some stone steps, which were very cold to the naked feet, and Mr. Gubbins found himself before a door partially open, within which it was clear, from the light and voices, his prey had taken refuge. With much inward trepidation, but valorously determined to sift the matter to the bottom, he applied his eye to the chink, and what do you suppose he saw? no bloodless corpse prepared for the knife of the dissector, no ghouls

in human shape, who feed upon the flesh of dead men, gloating over their unhallowed wares, but a pretty lady's-maid in a coquettish little cap stitching hooks and eyes to the upper portion of her mistress' dress, while a page in sugar-loaf buttons with his back to the fire congratulated the fair 'body-snatcher' on the success of their marauding expedition.

* * * * *

How Mr. Gubbins got back to his room, and what a laugh there was when he narrated his adventure next morning over the breakfast-table, we leave to the ingenuity of our readers to imagine. He is now married to Miss Hathornthwaite, and from his enlarged acquaintance with the articles of a lady's toilette, less likely to fall into a similar mistake.

SERMO.

ADIEU.

WOFUL the word that tells of separation
  Of loving hearts and true,
That tells of tears and lonely lamentation,
  That doleful word "adieu."

But when at last, mid sickness and mid sadness
  Life fades from out our view,
Then may that word ring with a sudden gladness,
  And be indeed "à Dieu."

W. G. W.

NORFOLK ISLAND IN 1865.

NORFOLK Island covers about as much ground as would make an estate for a Squire and not enough for a Duke; the whole island, to its very innermost recess, could be explored in a very few days' ramble. But so varied is the surface; so broken into hill and dale and wooded glen; so fresh with murmuring brooks and bubbling springs, that months might glide by without finding the visitor tired of the spot. The splendid Norfolk-island pine crowns the summits and clothes the sides of the hills; the sheltered vallies are bright with orange blossom and myrtle flower, whilst wherever the ground has been cleared their grows turf as smooth and elastic as any that you might find in an English park—for, placed where the torrid passes into the temperate zone, the island unites the bright freshness of temperate climes with the luxuriant splendour of the tropics.

Who would not long to ramble over such an isle, when, to add one crowning charm,

> ——adown each woodland dale we watch
> The many twinkling smiles of Ocean,
> And with pleased ear bewildered catch
> His chime of restless motion?

And the islanders are worthy of their surroundings. It is now 80 years since H. M. S. Bounty was broken to pieces against the cliffs of Pitcairn's Island, and nearly 60 since the crew of H. M. S. Briton were

startled by hearing the natives of an unvisited island meet them with the unmistakeably English hail "Won't you heave us a rope." I take it that all are familiar* with the strange story related on the deck of that vessel. The islanders stated that this was the spot to which the mutineers of the Bounty had fled in the hope of eluding the search that they knew would be made for them; that as years went by the mutineers themselves had passed away and a new generation (the offspring of the Tahitian women who had been carried off in the Bounty) had grown up knowing no other home than Pitcairn Island.

Strange to say these people had been reared with a reverence for religion and morality that put to shame our English Christianity. Fugitives though the mutineers were, they had taught their children to love their fatherland and be proud of their claim to be called King George's subjects.

The little colony continued to flourish for 60 years, when their island home became too strait for their rapidly increasing numbers. Just at this time the English Government determined to break up the large convict establishment that had existed on Norfolk Island; and Sir William Denison, then governor of New South Wales, handed over the island with all its establishments to the Pitcairners who migrated there in 1856.

Norfolk Island would be a very suitable residence for a hermit with nautical tastes, as it does not lie in the road to any part of the known world; nevertheless some of the emigrants found even this approach to civilization too exciting to be tolerated and they returned to Pitcairn in 1858.

The others have remained on Norfolk Island leading a life of lazy happiness varied by occasional visits from the Governor of New South Wales, and more recently

* For a full account let me refer my readers to "Pitcairn and Norfolk Island," by the S. P. C. K.

by the Bishop of New Zealand and Bishop Patteson. Most ships of war also touch here during their stay in these parts; and the greatest excitement the little colony can feel is occasioned by the signal of "a man of war in the offing."

The young ladies then get out their best dresses and the old ones their best dishes; the men launch boats or else go off pigeon shooting, and the island becomes as busy as an ant-hill with preparations for the English visitors.

The settlement is built on low ground near the beach, and, when seen from the deck of a vessel, appears about the size of a large English village, the houses being commodious and well built of stone. It must be remembered that the islanders found these ready made to their hands, as there was a population in the old days of at least one thousand, reckoning soldiers and convicts together. It could not be expected that the few hundred Pitcairners, without tools or skill, could keep in repair all the dwellings, storehouses, &c., that such a population had required, and there is consequently an appearance of neglect and decay about some parts of the settlement that might cause the visitor to form an unfavourable opinion of the industry of the islanders.

We arrived off the island during the night, but were boarded early next day by a boat full of islanders who soon found their way into the ward-room, where I found them "chatting away as lively and gay" as if they had known us all their lives; and yet they were the descendants of the mutineers, and one was the grandson of the very man who had sent Bligh and his crew adrift and bid him sink or swim for all he cared.

Foremost among our visitors was the superintendent of the island. The islanders willingly yielded to his autocratic sway, and he had great influence over them: but the traders and others who landed on the island

rejected his authority, and consequently an official had been sent from Sydney with the title of magistrate, and the president's authority was reduced in consequence; as he said with a laugh, "I am only number nine with the tail cut off." He seemed careless of the importance any mere title could give; as though he felt that his power rested on force of character and natural superiority, and was too deeply rooted in the hearts of his subjects to be lightly shaken.

We were all eager for the shore; and, after hurrying through divisions, quarters, and the usual sea routine, the cutter was piped away and the ship deserted by all the officers who could be spared from duty. As we neared the shore the islanders came flocking down to the beach to welcome us and help us to land. This was no easy matter, so furiously did the stormy waves of the unpacific Pacific (a fig for ancient mariners who misnamed oceans) dash upon the pier. This was an old government erection too firmly built to suffer much even from island neglect; but every bolt and ring had long been rusted out of it and landing was by no means easy. However, watching the roll of the cutter, I caught the outstretched hands of two of the islanders and sprang ashore without a wetting.

We were quickly surrounded by a crowd of men and women, and were now able to take a good look at the islanders. I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say that they can best be described by two words —they were "strikingly Irish." The men possessed the same spare, well-knit frames; the women the same buxom figures and bright eyes. There was the same hearty welcome and, alas! the same clear conviction that this welcome would atone for a negligent toilet, too-flowing locks, and ragged skirts. Nay, I am not sure that there was not the same brogue or something like it; for the Tahitian element, in their speech, lent a delicious softness to their pronunciation that was almost as charming as a well-managed brogue. After

shaking hands all round we walked on with the superintendent to his comfortable house. Looking through the ground-floor windows we could see tidy rooms with plain, clean furniture; but the reception room was upstairs, and thither we were ceremoniously marshalled. On entering our host said "Now, gentlemen, make yourselves at home; I can't say more." It was not much, but there was such a tone of reality about the words as left no doubt of their sincerity, and we at once began to make friends with his family circle. After resting for some time I put myself under the guidance of a young islander, and sallied out to inspect the island.

My companion first took me to his house and introduced me to his wife and children, of whom he was immensely proud. It was whispered to me that Mrs. —— held herself rather high in Island society, partly because she had been to school at Lima, but specially because she was the only lady on the island who wore stays.

I found that the others were expected to conform to the island code of politeness, which required that on introduction the gentleman and lady should greet one another with a friendly kiss, after the kindly custom in fashion amongst our forefathers. I was made an exception to the general rule; but I have never been able to decide whether I was most pleased or disappointed by this exception on my behalf. The ceremony was observed with due gravity by the seniors; but these greetings were made with much more warmth by the younger members of the party, especially when the parting hour drew near. As for the young ladies, like pretty Cis, celebrated by Hood, they were to the manner born and evidently

> —thought it not amiss,
> But only what was laudable,
> To give a kiss and take a kiss
> In which their hearts were audible.

Proceeding on our explorations we next entered the court-yard of the convict store-house. Here we found a large party of women making great preparations for a grand supper to be given in our honour. As they were considered to be *en déshabille* whilst cooking, we only stayed long enough to notice that several of them were as pretty as bright eyes, good teeth, soft rippling hair, and clear brunette complexions could make them. These two latter characteristics seemed the only inheritance they had received from their Tahitian mothers; in other respects they "featured" their English parents.

We afterwards visited the chief buildings of the island, the church, &c., and spent the rest of the day rambling about the woods and visiting the smaller houses. Here I found a rude sort of plenty reigning and a hearty welcome wherever I entered. But it appeared to me that the work of receiving and entertaining visitors was left more to the leading families who had good houses and better accommodation.

In the evening a grand dance and supper was given in honour of our arrival. I am sorry to say that I did not assist at this *fête*, which would have enabled me to add an interesting page to this record. I was informed that the ladies made ample amends for their *déshabille* of the morning, and were splendidly attired in evening dresses with sashes and trimmings of the most approved description, though the wreaths of wild flowers that were arranged in their hair gave them a sort of Madge-Wildfire appearance that would have created a sensation in an English ball-room. The men wore the customary suits of solemn black that make an Englishman's evening dress all over the world. Dancing was kept up with great spirit, as the newspapers say, to a late hour, to the alternate strains of a fiddle and concertina. The party then sat down to an abundant repast of beef, sucking-pig, pigeon pie, piles of yam, and a specially dainty fritter

made up of cassava root and eaten with a sauce of melted butter and sugar.

The next day I spent in getting up the statistics of the Island, with the assistance of Mr. Nobbs, the chaplain. I learned that there were 339 people on the island, at the time of my visit, who are governed by a president, chosen yearly from one of the principal families. He is advised and assisted by a sort of governing body formed by the chief inhabitants, who have charge of the waste land and other public property, and exercise a paternal government over the remainder of the islanders. Amongst other duties they have to act as school board to the settlement. The education is strictly denominational and entirely successful, as there is not a grown up islander who cannot read and write. I understand that a salutary bye-law has been passed prohibiting matrimony between those who have not these elementary accomplishments, and this enactment has been found to have a most salutary effect. When these educational obstacles have been surmounted there is no fear of the match being broken off through insufficient settlements, want of means, or any of those numerous objections which prudent parents are apt to make impecunious suitors.

"Cursed be the want of acres, doubly cursed the want of tin," has never to be uttered by any Norfolk Island suitor: acres are in abundance, tin unknown. Reading and writing once acquired, the community smile on the happy couple, and the governing body endow them with about 50 acres of land, cattle, sheep, and a vacant house.

As there is no trade, there is no inducement to accumulate wealth; every one can easily obtain more than enough to supply his own simple wants, so that all the inhabitants live upon a footing of rude equality, that must be one of the great charms of their life.

Where vice presents so few temptations we should expect an almost ideal state of morality, and these

expectations are well founded. Theft and drunkenness are alike unknown. Love is sanctioned and hallowed by the universal custom of early marriages. Wealth has no meaning, ambition no scope amongst such a simple community, who yield a willing obedience to parental authority and the influence of religion.

The wish is parent to the thought that such a Utopia might remain unpolluted by contact with the outer world. But this is impossible; that it cannot continue in its present state of isolation is evident. Ambition, and the wish to see the world, will carry off the bolder and abler members of the society; and, on the other hand, it will be impossible always to exclude numbers who will resort thither for trade, to satisfy their curiosity, or to settle on the fertile land of the island.

It is interesting to speculate upon the future of this community: perhaps their best chance was the establishment amongst them of the head quarters of the Melanesian Mission. The zeal and energy of Bishop Patteson,* his warm and ready sympathy, his wonderful knowledge of men, marked him out as one best suited to perform the difficult task of carrying the islanders through the perilous stage of transition from complete isolation to the modified intercourse with the world that they must look forward to. One thing is certain—if the islanders are in any degree to maintain their position it can only be by giving them a knowledge of the trades practised by the rudest nations; there did not seem to be a carpenter, mason, blacksmith or painter among them, and nearly every house on the island stood in need of one or another of these functionaries.

Whatever the future may have in store for the Norfolk islanders, their past can never be forgotten. It may be thought that this account dwells too much upon the superficial aspect of their position, and hardly does justice to the forethought, the courage, the self-

* This was in 1865—Bp. Patteson has died since then; this and many other bright hopes have died with him.

control, the capacity for government, that the founders of the colony have displayed. If so, it is not that I am unconscious or forgetful, but because I feel myself unequal to the task; for I should have to do justice to the abilities that, without experience, without resources, without leaders, enabled a small knot of shipwrecked sailors to found a community, where liberty, equality and fraternity, are made compatible with law and order; where crime is unknown and misery never felt.

I was occupied for the greater part of the day getting these facts together. In the evening there was an impromptu musical party and supper which passed off well, with the exception of one contre-temps that was sufficiently characteristic. The custom is to conclude the day and the meal with family prayers; and, accordingly, after supper a Bible and Prayer-book were placed before one of the guests with the request that he would return thanks. His ideas of returning thanks were derived from other scenes and entertainments and being rather glib of tongue, he got up, and, to the great surprise of our hosts, made an appropriate speech, thanking them for their kindness, &c., according to the custom of after-dinner speeches. His remarks were listened to with the utmost politeness; and at last he sat down not a little pleased with himself; then, and not till then, his entertainers undeceived him and explained that he was expected to conduct family prayers and not make a speech.

We only remained for one day more, and that was spent in interchanging farewells and parting presents. The islanders were specially delighted with carte-de-visites of their friends; these were willingly bestowed, and will, I doubt not, serve to keep green the memory of our visit to the island. On the other hand, the islanders thought nothing was too good for us; but the only keepsakes we would accept were some beautiful walking-sticks made from the stem of the

orange tree and some wood and metal taken from the Bounty.

Occupied in this way, the last day of our visit passed only too quickly away; again did we visit our special friends, each trying to be the last to say farewell, until a signal at the mast head and the lengthening cloud of smoke that was streaming out of the funnel compelled us to hasten down to the pier and bid a long and sad farewell to the beautiful shores and hospitable inhabitants of Norfolk Island.

PLATO'S EAGLE.

A. αἰετὲ, τίπτε βέβηκας ὑπὲρ τάφον; ἢ τίνος, εἰπὲ,
ἀστερόεντα θεῶν οἶκον ἀποσκοπέεις;

B. ψυχῆς εἰμὶ Πλάτωνος ἀποπταμένης ἐς Ὄλυμπον
εἰκών· σῶμα δὲ γῇ γηγενὲς Ἀθὶς ἔχει.

Anthologia Palatina vii. 62.

A. O tell me, Eagle! whence you are,
Why perched upon this tomb;
Why keenly viewing from afar
The gods' own starry home.

B. As Plato's emblem here I stand;
His soul, to heaven flown,
Here left on earth in his fatherland
His earth-born part alone.

J. E. S.

A NEW YEAR'S TRIP.

LATE in December last, turning our backs heroically on the Christmas temptations of St. John's, J. and I crossed the Channel one roughish night, and found ourselves some twenty-four hours after comfortably established in the Hotel de l'Europe at Lyons. The next day was lovely, bright and fresh. Never shall I forget the view from the heights of Fourvières, which rise immediately above the city; the town, situated at the confluence of two great rivers, lay stretched beneath us, surrounded by ramparts of purple hills, and then came range on range of hills beyond, and the snowy Alps of Dauphiné in the dim back-ground. Many Roman remains have been found on the heights of Fourvières, traces of baths and an aqueduct and the like.

The Cathedral of Lyons, flatter in façade and buttresses than the churches of northern France, possesses, like our own churches of Exeter and Ottery, the very rare feature of two flanking towers which form the transepts. It contains some excellent work, capitals and vaulting, in a pure and early style, and some very rich stained glass. The high altar stands well forward, almost under the crossing, while the stalls are placed round the apse; an arrangement which we afterwards found not uncommon, and learned to like. There is a larger church of late character, lofty and open; and one of very early date, with apses and towers of a strange semi-Byzantine look. This last is called the church of Ainay, a contraction of Athenæum, and is

supposed to stand on the very spot where Caius founded a school of eloquence, and the rhetorician trembled before the altar of Augustus.* To this altar are said to have belonged the four columns which support the central tower of the church. Christian associations too are not lacking, for the martyrs of the second century, Pothinus and Blandina, were confined in cells beneath.

The next day we reached Avignon, passing places rich in historic memories, and most strikingly situated in many instances on the banks of the widening Rhone. I could gladly dwell on the charming days we spent at Avignon: the cathedral with its early dome and pointed waggon vault; the huge palace of the fourteenth century Popes; the mediæval walls still surrounding the town; the narrow bridge of the twelfth century, with its ruined chapel hanging over the mid stream; the frontier fortress of Villeneuve across the glorious river. Even the quaint hotel, with its dirt, and its orange trees and little tank-like courts, is pleasant to remember now.

J. however was full of Roman aspirations, and dragged me on to Nismes. Right in the middle of the town stands the Roman Amphitheatre, one of the great objects of our journey. It was used as a fortress in early times, and suffered accordingly; till a century ago it was filled with houses and huts; now it stands in a clear space, and externally looks in marvellous preservation. Imagine an oval building of dark limestone, far too large to stand in the great court of Trinity,† and nearly as high as King's Chapel. Two rows of arched openings run all round, arch answering to arch and pillar to pillar. The lower arches open into a huge cavernous corridor, from which arched passages radiate inwards, some leading to the lower seats of the interior, some communicating with an upper corridor from which the

* See Juvenal I. 44. The fact rests on the authority of Suetonius.

† According to Murray the dimensions of the Amphitheatre are 437 feet by 332.

higher seats are gained. This upper corridor is roofed with vast slabs of stone, said to be 18 feet long: indeed the size and solidity of the whole work is what strikes one most of all. Scarcely less striking is the number and width of the passages by which every part of the building is accessible at once. We enter through one of these lower passages and reach the inner oval. It is not so perfect as the exterior of the building, but sufficiently so to enable us to pass in all directions and to see the entire plan. Thirty-two rows of stone step-like seats rise one above another at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees, most of these rows nearly perfect in parts of the building, and all distinctly traceable. These tiers of seats are divided into four zones by spaces wider and higher than the seats themselves, and are also separated crossways by passages radiating down towards the centre. The lowest row, on the level of the bounding wall, is now about eight feet above the arena, the highest about seventy feet. Altogether the building is supposed to have contained rather more than 20,000 people, all of whom by the arrangement of the seats had a clear and uninterrupted view of the arena. On the outer wall are rings cut in solid blocks of stone, to receive the poles which held the awning stretched over the spectators; and J. puzzles himself, and me, by sceptical calculations how any scaffolding whatever could support so vast a weight. I argue that it *did* support it; but he is neither silenced nor convinced.

Though the Amphitheatre is the great sight of Nismes, it is by no means the only one. Next in order should be named the building which is known as the Maison Carrée, an exquisite little temple in almost perfect preservation. It is of the Corinthian order, built of yellowish stone, and is believed to belong to the age of the Antonines. It has been used in turn as a church, a council-chamber, a stable, a granary, and a dead-house, but amid all these changes appears to have

suffered little damage. On a base of some height, approached in the front by steps, thirty slender columns support an elaborately-carved frieze: about one third of the building forms a portico open at the sides, the remainder is the *cella* or inner temple. Perfect though the temple seems as it stands, it has been found from excavations that it was connected with other and larger buildings of which it formed a centre, and it is supposed to have occupied one end of the ancient Forum. The interior is now a museum, and contains a collection of paintings, including Delaroche's picture of Cromwell viewing the dead body of Charles I., some modern sculpture, and a number of antiquities. Under the portico stand two enormous earthen wine jars *(dolia)* at least eight feet high, and certainly some fifteen feet in circumference. If Ali Baba's olive jars were of this capacity, the thieves had at any rate no reason to complain of insufficient accommodation.

Not far from the Maison Carrée, in a broad modern street, you come upon a wide channel of limpid water. Follow the margin of the stream, and it leads you to a beautifully-kept garden, rich in evergreens, with broad water-courses between broad gravel pathways, backed by a cirque thickly grown with dark green pines and shadowy ilex-trees. All looks like a creation of modern days, and yet you are walking amid the footprints of seventeen centuries. The little café, covered with trailing creepers; the platform from which a military band discourses daily; the fountain from which plashing water falls into a basin of transparent blue—all stand on the site of the ancient Roman baths; the colonnades along which the water flows, now of course greatly restored, were a part of their structure; the statue which gives the place its name of the Fountain of the Nymphs was carved by Roman hands. In summer the scene is, we are assured, "un véritable ciel," and even now in winter it is strangely beautiful—a clear blue, almost summer sky,

clear blue water on every side, and beyond, a background of the darkest green.

Close by is a little temple, known as the Temple of Diana, though some think it sacred rather to the Nymphs of the spot. It consists of a centre and two side aisles, one almost destroyed. The roof has partly fallen in, but enough remains to show the skill of the builders in fitting together the huge blocks of stone which formed the vaulting. Around are extensive remains of the buildings which were the precints of the temple. The interior contains a collection of busts, statuettes, and other remains, chiefly remarkable as showing, even to an uneducated eye, how truly an ancient statue was a portrait, and how utterly we have now lost the art of portrait sculpture. One bust is traditionally that of Julia, the daughter of Augustus and wife of Agrippa and Tiberius: the face is bright and yet sensual, and might well be that of Julia, or a lady like her.

The modern streets and boulevards of Nismes surround a thick and solid core of houses, penetrated by tortuous and narrow lanes. In the heart of this old town are the Cathedral and the Bishop's palace. The Cathedral has some fine early work in its western front, but the interior has been terribly altered and modernised. It is however impressive from the great width of the nave and choir. Some excellent capitals support the arches of the apse, beyond which is a lady-chapel in most villainous and gaudy taste. There are two modern churches in Nismes, the details of which are certainly not in the purest style, but which are effective from their size and good general proportions. A third church, larger still, is in course of building.

Of course we did not fail to visit the Pont du Gard; the modern name, as every one knows, of the great aqueduct which carries across the river Gard the channel which supplied ancient Nismes with water. A wonderful work it is, and in a situation which renders it doubly striking. About thirteen miles from

Nismes is the narrow valley of the Gard, confined between hills covered with brushwood and low stunted evergreens; the river flowing beneath in a deep channel broken by huge slabs of rock. Scarcely a human habitation is in sight. Across this valley is carried the aqueduct, on three rows of arches, at a height of nearly 180 feet above the river. It is built of vast blocks of yellow limestone, which though much weathered on the surface, are as solid in position as on the day they were first put up. The channel itself, through which you can pass from end to end, is perhaps 6 feet high and not quite half so wide, lined with cement partly fallen to pieces, and covered with solid stone slabs, the greater part of which still remain. The actual bridge is more than 800 feet across; signs of the aqueduct beyond can be traced in various points along the plain, while on the other side you can make your way some distance towards Nismes along a cutting and a recently excavated tunnel. The whole length of the aqueduct appears to have been about 25 miles. The date of this great work is unknown, though it is generally attributed to Agrippa in the reign of Augustus. It certainly confirms most strongly the impression which all we have seen has already given of the importance and thoroughly Roman character of this part of Southern Gaul.

Richer even than Nismes in treasures of the past is Arles, our next place of sojourn. Much of Nismes is modern, Arles is altogether old. Its towers and thickly-clustering light red roofs rise in a gentle slope above the Rhone, crowned by the Cathedral and the Amphitheatre. The general plan of the Amphitheatre is the same as that of Nismes; and, though not so perfect, it is even grander in scale. The cavernous passages are vaster, the walls higher, the arena sunk deeper beneath the lowest seats. It is said to have been capable of holding 25,000 spectators. Till a quite recent date the interior area was choked up with houses, forming almost a little

town; and one permanent feature remains to mark a phase of its history, in three square towers which rise upon the outer walls. These are relics of the days of Arab triumph in the south, and are believed to have been built in the eighth century, either by the Saracens, or by Charles Martel, who expelled them from the city. At all events they were part of the defences of the fortress into which the Amphitheatre was at that period converted. Climbing one of these towers, we get a clear and extensive view; southward the delta of the Rhone, and the long sweep of marshes towards Marseilles and the sea; around us grey plains with white gleaming towns here and there and ruined convents; beneath us the densely-built town, and the broad blue river reflecting a bright and cloudless sky.

Close to the Amphitheatre are the remains of the Theatre. Part of the semi-circular space *(cavea)* for the spectators, with its rows of seats, has been excavated; and two marble columns are still standing, which probably belonged to the proscenium. Of the rest, besides a portion of the outer wall in good preservation, nothing is left but ruined walls and fragments of columns, capitals and friezes; so numerous however and so rich, as to prove the size and magnificence of the whole. Here was found the statue, now in the Louvre, known as the Venus of Arles. Many of the more perfect remains of the theatre are placed in the museum, which is contained in a desecrated church. In this museum we find a collection of tombs, Roman and Christian, many of them wonderful for the power and clearness of the sculpture with which they are covered. There are many statues too and fragments; and a very fine head called Livia, and another of Augustus. On a monumental tablet is the inscription HOC MONVMENTVM HEREDEM NON SEQVETVR, a practical commentary on Horace.* Some leaden water pipes, found in

* Sat. II. viii. 13.

the Rhone, and little injured, are still stamped with the Roman maker's name.

Thoroughly Roman indeed is Arles, bearing testimony on every side to the truth of the title which Ausonius gives it of the Rome of Gaul*; but scarcely less rich is it in antiquities of Christian days. Never have I beheld a more beautiful work than the western porch of the Cathedral: the upper portion of its Romanesque sculpture representing the last judgment; the lower filled with statues of saints, and pillars resting on carved lions and prostrate figures. This porch belongs probably to the end of the twelfth century, and is an almost perfect example of a noble period. The rest of the façade is plain and flat. Internally the unusually narrow and lofty nave has a sharply-pointed waggon vault, and is separated from the narrow aisles by piers of great solidity. The choir is late and feeble, and all is rather spoiled by over-zealous restoration. Perhaps the earliest of all the present building is the centre tower, which rises in three stages, pierced with small round-headed windows. A small and singularly beautiful cloister is connected with the church. Two sides have semi-circular arches and rich sculpture of Byzantine type; two are in an early pointed style with lancet-headed openings and groined vaulting.

An almost equally beautiful cloister, of similar character, belongs to the Abbey of Montmajeur; the ruins of which, on a solitary limestone hill, stand out like an island in the vast sea-like plain. Here also are two little chapels, partly hewn out of the solid rock, partly of the earliest round-arched work, one of them the traditional hermitage of St. Trophimus, the Apostle of Arles; and a great church of the twelfth century, remarkable for the vast span of its nave and semi-circular apse. Beneath it is a huge crypt as large and complete as the church

* Gallula Roma Arelas. *Ordo nobilium urbium*, viii.

itself, round the east end of which runs a broad passage, opening into chapels surrounding a central drum-like core, pierced with narrow lights; the whole supports the apse above, to which it corresponds in shape. The exterior, raised on a steeply-sloping rock, is imposing from its severe simplicity and grand solidity of mass. Its sides are pierced with a few small windows, and no buttress breaks the outline of the walls.

I must not omit the church and cemetery of Aliscamps, the modern equivalent of Elysii Campi. Not far beyond the remaining wall of Arles you come to an avenue, bordered with empty tombs, ranged side by side in apparently interminable order. Presently the tombs grow thicker still, mingled with others still in use, and monuments of every date and shape. The cemetery is of vast extent, and was a noted burial-place in pagan as well as in Christian times. The dead are said to have been brought here from cities as far distant as Lyons. At length you reach a church, and through a rich Romanesque doorway enter a ruined nave, of which only the walls remain. Beyond, you pass a door, and find yourself beneath a central stone-vaulted dome, supported by enormous circular pillars nearly 30 feet in circumference; transepts project right and left, roofed with waggon vaults, and the church is terminated eastward by three round apses, with semi-domical stone vaulting. This part is in excellent order, and the masonry is particularly good and solid. The rest was ruined by the Saracens, our guide avers; if so, these traditional iconoclasts must have destroyed it by anticipation, for the remains belong partly to the twelfth century, or thereabouts, and partly to the fourteenth.

Before we have exhausted the treasures of Arles, and while we are still discovering a tantalising wealth of attraction in the country round, it is time to journey home. Our last visit is to the so-called catacombs beneath the cellars of the Hotel, which are of some extent, and undermine the very centre of the town: bones there are in plenty, and in wild confusion, but all the sculls have been appropriated by this time.

One place we determined to see on our way, the little town of Orange, between Avignon and Lyons. It is remarkable as having been once an independent principality, from which the Princes of Orange derived their title, transferring it by marriage to the house of Nassau in the sixteenth century. Its chief monument however is a Roman Theatre, of which the front still remains almost perfect—a huge mass of masonry, 110 feet high and three times as long, overshadowing and dwarfing the modern street below. At either end are apparently entrance towers, resembling somewhat the keep of an ancient castle. The *cavea*, very perfect in parts, is for about two-thirds of its semi-circle excavated from a hill which rises sharply behind the town; the remainder is raised on arched passages as in the Amphitheatres we have already seen. At the other end of the little town is a Triumphal Arch, a centre and two sides, in very excellent preservation. It commemorates apparently a naval victory, the centre representing a hotly-contested fight, the sides being decorated with arms, shields, ropes, beaks of galleys, and trophies of naval war; and is supposed to be in honour of the successes of Marcus Aurelius on the Danube.

So closed our tour of little more than a fortnight, in which I had learned something at any rate of the power and grandeur of Rome, and of her hold on the home provinces; and something too of Southern France in early Christian days. A night at Lyons, another at Amiens, a morning spent in the glorious cathedral, contrasting almost involuntarily the vigorous and restless life of its Northern gothic with the broad flat surfaces and shadowy repose of Southern work;—and presently Dover welcomes us with a thoroughly dirty drizzling English sky, but fails to dim the sunny memories of our new year's trip.

G.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term, 1874.

The Rev. William Hey, M.A., Canon of York, formerly Fellow, has been appointed Archdeacon of Cleveland.

On Feb. 3, Mr. A. G. Marten, M.A., LL.M., formerly Fellow, was elected M.P. for the Borough of Cambridge. A few days before, he received the dignity of Queen's Counsel.

Mr. Greenhill has been elected to a Fellowship at Emmanuel College, and has thus vacated his Fellowship at St. John's.

The College Living of Great Hormead is vacant by the preferment of the Rev. Charles Colson to the Rectory of Cuxton in the diocese of Rochester.

Two Fellowships have become vacant by marriage since last term:

Dec. 23, at St. Paul's, Hampstead, J. B. Haslam, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master in Cheltenham College, to Mary, second daughter of George Udney, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, and of Adelaide Road, Hampstead.

Dec. 23, at Wilton Church, Taunton, the Rev. Philip Henry Kempthorne, M.A., to Annie Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the late B. G. Badcock, Esq. of the Elms, Taunton.

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

The Public School Latin Grammar for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Students, by Prof. Kennedy, new and revised edition, pp. 599; *Longmans, Green, and Co.*

Guide to the Choice of Classical Books, by Rev. Joseph B. Mayor, M.A., pp. 61; *Deighton and Bell.*

The Dirge of Coheleth, in Ecclesiastes xii., by Rev. Charles Taylor, M.A., pp. 80; *Williams and Norgate.*

National Education in Greece in the Fourth Century before Christ, by A. S. Wilkins, M.A., Professor of Latin in the Owens College, Manchester, pp. 167; *Strahan and Co.*

The Bernese Oberland, Twelve Scenes among its Peaks and Lakes, by Elijah Walton, with Descriptive Letterpress by Rev. T. G. Bonney, F.S.A., F.G.S.; London, *W. M. Thompson.*

Lake and Mountain Scenery from the Swiss Alps, 24 Photographs and 48 Woodcuts, with Text by Rev. T. G. Bonney; London, *F. Bruckmann.*

Milton's Lycidas (reprinted from the first edition), with the Readings from the Autograph Copy in Trinity College Library, and a Version in Latin Hexameters, by F. A. Paley, M.A.; *Deighton and Bell.*

(1) Report of the Congress of Constance (held September, 1873), by Rev. Prof. John E. B. Mayor, pp. 35; and (2) Bishop Reinkens' Pastoral, translated by the same; *Rivingtons.*

The Moon, by R. A. Proctor, F.R.A.S., with Photographs; *Longmans.*

List of books presented to St. John's College Library, from October 1, 1873, to February 16, 1874:

Origenis Contra Celsum, Libri I., II., III.—*Presented by* Professor Selwyn.

National Education in Greece, by A. S. Wilkins, M.A.—*Presented by* the Author.

(1) Washington Observatory—Catalogue of Stars, 1845-1871; (2) Washington Observatory—Zones of Stars by Transit, 1846-9; (3) Washington Observatory—Reports on the Total Solar Eclipse of August 7, 1869; (4) Resuslts of Washington Observations, 1853 to 1860; (5) Appendix to the Washington Observation for 1870.—*Presented by* Prof. Asaph Hall, U.S.N.

(1) Lives of Apostles, 1706; (2) Lay-Baptism Invalid, an Essay by a Lay-hand. Lond., 1712; (3) Walker's Clavis. Lond., 1829; (4) Leusden's Compendium Græcum Novi Testamenti. Lond., 1703; (5) Latin, Greek, and French Lexicon. Rouen, 1679; (6) Clavigny's Traite des Langues. Paris, 1672; (7) Brerewood's Recherches. Paris, 1620; (8) Opinions of Mr. Hobbs, considered in a Second Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy. Lond., 1673; (9) The Peace of God. A Sermon by Archdeacon Jones; (10) The Creeds of the Church, by Chas. Anthony Swainson, M.A.; (11) Freiherr J. Heinrich v. Wessenburg: sein Leben und Wirken, by Dr. Jos. Beck; (12) An Analysis of the Text of the History of Joseph, by Alfred Ollivant, M.A.; (13) Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden; (14) The Memoirs of Sir James Melvil, by George Scott. Edinburgh, 1735; (15) Account of the English Chapter, by John Sergeant.—*Presented by* Prof. Mayor.

Philosophical Transactions of The Royal Society, 1870, 1871, and 1872.—*Presented by* Prof. C. C. Babington.

The Quarterly Review, April, 1871, and July, 1871.—*Presented by* St. John's College Book Club.

Joseph Piazzi's Star Catalogue. Palermo, 1814.—*Presented by* Lady Herschel.

A Rudimentary Dictionary of Universal Philology.—*Presented by* The Publishers (Messrs. Hall and Co.).

Papers regarding the Village and Rural Indigenous Agency employed in taking the Bengal Census of 1872.—*Presented by* The Bengal Government.

Statistical and Economic Description of the Kalmuc Steppes under the Astrachan Government, edited by Polkovnikome-Kostenkovime [in the Russian Language], with Coloured Plates. St. Petersburg, 1868.—*Presented by* Sir Arthur Cunynghame.

(1) Four Copies of Hebrew Exercise Book, by Rev. P. H. Mason, M.A.; (2) Six Copies of Continuation of Hebrew Exercise Book, by Rev. P. H. Mason, M.A.—*Presented by* the Author.

History of the Theories of Attraction, and of the Figure of the Earth, 2 vols, by I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. Lond., 1873.—*Presented by* the Author.

An Industrial Exhibition and Fine Art Loan Collection was held at the Working Men's Club and Institute, Fitzroy Street, from Dec. 26th to Feb. 4th. Mr. Bonney was on the Committee, and Mr. Griffith was Secretary for the Fine Art Loan Collection. Among the contributors were the Master, Prof. Churchill Babington, Mr. Bonney, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Gwatkin, Mr. Haskins, Prof Liveing, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Mason, Prof. Palmer, Mr. Pieters, Mr. Russell, H. H. S. Cunynghame, W. J. Sollas.

On Nov. 24, Mr. Griffith read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, *Notes on Charib Implements in Barbados (West Indies) and Neighbouring Islands*, compiled during a residence from Oct. 2, 1872, to July 2, 1873.

Degrees conferred in Lent term, 1874:

M.A.—*(in absence)* B. W. Gardom, T. D. T. Speck.
LL.M.—R. S. Ferguson, A. G. Marten, D. H. Wilson.

On Dec. 2nd, the vacant McMahon Law Studentship was awarded to J. A. Foote, B.A. (The following is a complete list of those who have obtained this distinction: 1865, H. F. Pooley; 1866, R. G. Marrack; 1869, T. W. Brogden; 1870, H. T. Norton; 1873, J. A. Foote. The next vacancy will be in November 1874.) On Jan. 26, the same gentleman was awarded by the Council of Legal Education of the Inns of Court a Studentship (of £105 per annum), tenable for two years for proficiency in Jurisprudence and Roman Civil Law.

The following members of the College were ordained at the Christmas Ordination, 1873:

Deacons.—F. W. Harper, S. H. Hall, R. K. Preston, R. H. C. Fitz-Herbert, W. S. Rainsford, B. West, F. R. Mathison, H. A. V. Boddy, R. N. Vinter, J. Howard.

Priests.—W. G. Terry, O. F. Walton, W. Smale, W. Allen, A. Bonney, T. H. Chadwick, C. H. James, A. F. Q. Bros, W. F. Steele, F. T. Madge, E. C. Channer, R. E. Whittington, W. M. Ede, T. C. Bradberry, J. E. Hewison, F. M. Vipan.

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

Mathematical Tripos.—*Wranglers*: H. L. Clarke, 7th; Elliott, 8th; Barnard, 12th; B. Reynolds, 19th; Burn, 43rd; Stubbs, 49th. *Senior Optimes:* F. E. Colenso, Beckett, Middlewood, Dibdin, Peter. *Junior Optimes:* Bonsey, Waller, Holcroft, Brodie, Lowe, H. Sawyer, Sharrock.

Moral Sciences Tripos.—*First Class:* Cunynghame, F. J. Ambridge, Ds. Wills. *Second Class:* Agnew, Baines, C. J. Cooper.

Natural Sciences Tripos.—*First Class:* Sollas, Koch. *Second Class:* Davies, Jukes-Browne.

Law and History Tripos.—*First Class:* Bayard. *Second Class:* Boyd, J. A. Percival, A. R. Banks, Mytton. *Third Class:* J. D. Cochrane.

Theological Tripos.—*Second Class:* Hamer, *Third Class:* Higgs, Longworth. *Passed satis.*

The first Jeremie Prize (for study of the Septuagint) has been awarded to Mr. W. S. Wood, B.A.

The Craven University Scholarship has been awarded to H. Wace.

College Christmas Examination, 1873:

Third Year.—*First Class:* Body, Scott, Lamplugh, Milne, Wellacott. '*Suspension*': Staffurth.

First Year.—*First Class* (in alphabetical order): Bell, Blackett, Caister, E. T. Davies, Dyson, East, Fox, Griffin, Heath, Jacobs, Jeffrey, J. S. Jones, Kikuchi, Luce, Marwood, McAlister, Northcott, Parker, C. Pendlebury, E. P. Rooper, T. S. Tait, M. Vaughan, A. R. Wilson.

'*Suspension*': Bagshaw, Bevan, M. S. Brown, H. B. Carr, Hatfield, Horny, W. B. Lowe, Murton, W. I. Phillips, Piper, Rammell, Rendle, A. W. S. A. Row, Spicer, S. H. Thomas, Tillard, Upward, R. J. Woodhouse.

On Dec. 23rd, 1873, the Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions for 1874 were awarded as follows:

Minor Scholarships (tenable for two years, or until election to a Foundation Scholarship).—(I) Two of £70 to W. W. English, Shrewsbury School; and J. S. Morris, City of London School. (II) Two of £50 to G. C. Allen, Wellington College; and Gunston, St. Olave's, Southwark.

Exhibitions (tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships).—Two of £50 to E. Gepp, Felstead School; and M. F. J. Mann, Wellington College. One of £50 for three years to A. Yate, Shrewsbury School and private tuition. One of £40 for four years to J. H. Crompton, King's College. One of £40 for three years to W. F. Burville, Hereford School. One of £30 for four years to R. M. Kennedy, Owens College, Manchester, and private tuition. Two of £33. 6*s.* 8*d.* for three years to W. B. Boyce, formerly of Beccles School; and W. A. Bond, private tuition.

The Natural Science Exhibition of £50 for three years was awarded to J. Allen, Clifton College.

The following undergraduates have joined the College during the present term:

First Year: W. J. Clapp, R. F. Clarke, W. A. Foxwell, F. Granger, J. Pope, H. O. Powell Jones, D. P. Ware, W. Warren, C. E. Wedmore, H. A. Williams, A. C. Yate.

Second Year (by migration): J. V. Daly, R. J. Griffiths, C. R. Killick.

Debating Society.—Michaelmas Term, 1873. Debates:

October 30th, "That this House condemns opposition to female medical students, and is of opinion that they should have the same facility for entering the profession as male medical students." Speakers—For the motion: J. F. Skipper (proposer), Hutton, Langley, Cunynghame, Read, Perkes. Against the motion: G. H. Raynor (opposer), Nixon, Trustram, Middlemiss, Percival, Brooke. The motion was lost.

November 6th, "That this House would view with regret the restoration of Legitimate Monarchy to France." Speakers—For the motion: Cunynghame (proposer), Torr, Percival, Hildyard. The motion was carried.

November 13th, "That in the opinion of this House University expenses need revision." Speakers—For the motion: Hildyard (proposer), Rawson. Against the motion: Hutton, Middlemiss, G. H. Raynor, Trustram, Read, Brooke. The motion was carried.

November 27th, "That in the opinion of this House the present position of the Agricultural Labourer is greatly to be deplored." Speakers—For the motion: Read (proposer), Percival. Against the motion: Perkes, Griffiths (Sidney Sussex College), Littleton. The motion was lost.

December 4th, "That this House disapproves of the present system of educating boys and girls separately. Speakers—For the motion: Hutton, Langley, Middlemiss. Against the motion: L. Morton Brown, Longworth, Hamer, Brooke. The motion was lost.

Officers for Lent Term, 1874:

H. N. Read (*President*).	G. H. Raynor (*Treasurer*).
H. R. Hutton (*Vice-President*).	J. N. Langley (*Secretary*).

Athletics.—The College Athletic Club held their meeting on the 24th and 25th November.

The Prizes were arranged as last year; namely, 1st Prize £2, 2nd Prize £1.

A £5 Claret Jug was given by the Club for a Handicap Strangers' Race of 300 Yards, for which the entries were very good.

After three extremely good heats the race was won by D. L. D. Jones, of Corpus, 14 yards start. E. P. Thurstan, of Emmanuel, running very close for second place. J. Snow, New College, Oxford, and Gordon, Brasenose, Oxford, also ran in the final heat.

The Officers and Committee were as under:

President: N. J. Littleton. *Secretary:* C. Jackson. *Committee:* J. D. Cochrane, W. J. Ford, W. H. Gwillim, T. Henderson, J. M. Batten, A. W. L. Brodie, A. Strahan, F. Tarleton, E. L. Curry, H. Marten.

An abridged account of the events is given below. It is to be regretted that the entries were even smaller than in former years:

100 *Yards Race.*—Nine started. First Heat: Littleton, 1; Howard, 2. *Second Heat:* Barlow, 1; Langley and Grassett, dead heat. *Final Heat:* Barlow, Littleton, and Grassett, dead heat. Time 10⅗secs.

Throwing the Hammer.—4 entries: Mitford, 81 ft. 11 in., 1; Littleton, owed 8 ft., 89ft. 2 in., 2; Henderson, 0; G. S. Raynor, 0.

200 *Yards Handicap.*—7 entries. First Heat: Lloyd, 5 yds., 1; Marten, 6 yds., 2. Second Heat: Howard, 10 yds., 1; Grassett, scratch, 2. Final Heat: Howard, 1; J. H. Lloyd, 2. Won by a foot. Time, 21⅜ secs.

High Jump.—Littleton, 5 ft. 0½ in., 1; C. E. Cooper, 4 ft. 11½ in., 2; Mitford, 0.

120 *Yards Race.*—Rifle Corps only. Littleton, 1; Percival, 2; Wale, 0. Won easily by ten yards. Time 13⅘secs.

Putting the Weight.—Littleton owed 2 ft., 36 ft. 3 in., w. 0.

Hurdle Race (120 Yards, 10 Flights).—5 entries. After three walks over, Cooper just succeeded in beating Koch. Time 20⅘secs.

350 *Yards Handicap.*—R. F. Winch, 15 yds., 1; Barlow, 9 yds., 2; Grassett, scratch, 0; Wright, 15 yds., 0. Within fifteen or sixteen yards of home a spirited tussle appeared imminent between Winch and Barlow, when, unfortunately, the latter faltered and fell. Time 41 secs.

Freshmen's Race (200 Yards).—C. Marten, 1; C. E. Cooper, 2; Doherty, 0. Time 22⅘secs.

One Mile Race.—Jackson, owed 30 yards, 1; Yardley, 2; Crick, 0; Hall, 0. From the first Jackson gained on his men, and won easily. Time 4 min. 46 secs.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—G. S. Raynor, owed 4 yards, 103 yds. 2 ft. 6 in., 1; Curry, 98 yds. 2 ft. 4 in., 2; Cochrane, 0; Carew, 0; Charlesworth, 0.

100 *Yards Race (Boat Club only).*—Grassett, 1; J. H. Lloyd, 2; Henderson, 0; Scaife, 0. Time 10⅕secs.

120 *Yards Handicap.*—There were ten entries, and the Final Heat was won by C. Marten, 8 yds.; Langley, 1 yd.; and Littleton, 4 yds, dead heat for second place. Time 12⅘secs.

Long Jump.—Barlow, 19 ft. 1 in., 1; Koch, penalised 10 inches, 18 ft. 4 in., 2; G. S. Raynor, 0; Howard, 0.

Half-mile Handicap.—Riley, 70 yds., 1; Kelly, 40 yds., 2; Crick, 45 yds., 0; Oddie, 60 yds., 0; Skipper, 80 yds., 0. After the first lap all gave up save Riley and Kelly, the former winning by 10 yards. Time 2 min. 5⅘secs.

Quarter-Mile Race.—Batten, 1; Grassett, 2; Cooper, 0; Koch, 0. Batten won easily. Time 53⅗secs.

Two Mile Race.—Jackson, 80 yds., 1; Yardley, 2; Hale, 0; Crick, 0. Won easily. Time 10 min. 32¼secs.

Consolation Race (300 *Yards*).—Waldo, 1.

FOOTBALL.—Matches played, 8: won 3, lost 2, drawn 3.

October 29th, St. John's v. *Corpus.*—Played on the Corpus Ground on a fine, sunny day, though rather frosty. Won by St. John's by one goal, kicked by Mitford, to nothing. A goal, kicked by Oliver, was disputed, and not claimed. Wace (half-back), Oliver, and Longworth played well.

November 3rd, St. John's v. *Harrow Club.*—Oliver was again unfortunate, as he got a goal off his hands which could not be claimed. The match was lost by one goal, Harrow shewing good play. Simpkinson and Oliver, perhaps, played best for us. Fine day.

November 7th, St. John's v. *University.*—Played on Parker's Piece. For the first twenty minutes we played up well; after that, quite a falling off. We eventually lost our goal four times. Ground wet and slippery.

November 12th, St. John's v. *Jesus.*—The eleven seemed to have by this time got into the way of playing the rules, and shewed a most decided improvement. A good half-back was found in Woosnam. The match was played on our ground, and ended in a draw, 2-2, Jesus just saving themselves from defeat in the last five minutes. Mitford got both goals. Played on our ground. A fine day.

November 17th, St. John's v. *Christ's.*—This was a hollow affair, the ball being in the Christ's goal the whole time. Won by 3 goals, 2 got by Oliver, 1 by Longworth, and one disputed, to none. Ground was slippery, with a drizzle falling.

November 22nd, St. John's v. *University (return).*—Played on our ground in a gale of wind, against which we had to play till half-time. We defended our goal successfully, and when we got the wind a goal was kicked by Hanson, the ball being well muddled by Talbot. All played well up.

December 4th, St. John's v. *Jesus (return).*—On Jesus Ground. Drawn, each side getting a goal. Ours was got by Carr out of a scrimmage. Hanson, in goal, saved more than one goal, using great judgment. Maclaren played very well, and worked hard.

December 5th, St. John's v. *King's.*—On St. John's Ground. Drawn, neither side getting any advantage, though our goal was oftenest threatened. Maclaren played well and steadily. In this match, as in the last, our half-back, Woosnam, was a considerable loss, having gone down. The cry of "hands!" was heard very frequently.

In all these matches, probably, Busk rendered more service to his side than anyone by his excellent back play.

A meeting was held December 5th in Lecture Room A, when E. Mitford resigned the Captaincy, and T. T. Busk was unanimously elected.

J. M. Batten has been President of the Cambridge Rugby Football Union for the season 1873-4.

In the match *v.* Oxford, played on Kennington Oval, December 3rd, 1873, the following members of St. John's played in the Cambridge twenty: J. M. Batten (*Captain*), G. W. Agnew, and H. Wace. The match was very evenly contested and resulted in a draw, each side having had one 'try.'

In the International match between England and Scotland, played according to Rugby Union Rules, on Kennington Oval, February 23rd, 1874, J. M. Batten was one of the English twenty, and occupied the responsible position of 'back.' The English team won by a goal to a 'try.'

RACQUETS.—The Newbery Challenge Cup was won in the Michaelmas Term by J. M. Batten.

PAVILION FUND.—The subscription list is slowly filling. The building will be in a condition to be occupied in the coming season; but the Committee regret that they will not be able to pay off the whole amount of the debt at that time. It is hoped that those who will profit by the erection of the Pavilion, and who have not already subscribed, will recognise the claim the Cricket Club has upon them.

CRICKET CLUB.—A professional bowler, Samuel Clarke, has been engaged for the first part of next term.

J. M. Batten is Captain for the season of 1874.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.—The University Fours were rowed on November 5th, 6th, and 7th, and our boat was defeated by 3rd Trinity on the first day; Jesus eventually winning. The L.M.B.C. crew were as follows:

		st.	lbs.
Bow.	R. C. Haviland	10	2
2.	W. H. Gwillim	10	12
3.	C. Halliday	11	12
Stroke.	P. J. Hibbert	11	0

It is noticeable that in every case the boat drawing the second station won its heat.

The Colquhoun Silver Sculls were rowed for November 13th, 14th, and 15th, for which there were 9 entries. The winners on the first day were: Armytage, Jesus; W. B. Close, 1st Trinity; Shann, 1st Trinity; and Dicker, L.M.B.C. November 14th, Shann defeated Armytage, and Dicker beat W. B. Close. November 15th, Dicker drew first station against Shann, but the latter was no match for the winner of the Diamond and Wingfield Sculls, Dicker coming in easily first by some 40 yards.

The Trial Eights were rowed on Friday, November 28th, and resulted in a very fair race between the two boats entered. The one coached by R. C. Haviland was favourite at the start, and justified public opinion by defeating R. Merivale's boat by 40 yards. The winning crew were:

Bow.	J. J. Penny.	6.	E. A. Stuart.
2.	C. J. D. Goldie.	7.	A. Batchelor.
3.	A. J. W. Thorndike.	*Stroke.*	G. A. Bishop.
4.	C. W. M. Adam.	*Cox.*	M. F. Hilton.
5.	E. L. Curry.		

The Scratch Fours followed on Saturday, November 29th. Ten boats entered, and, after two bumping and two time races, the following crew proved winners:

Bow.	A. Adams.	*Stroke.*	W. Gripper.
2.	J. H. Lloyd.	*Cox.*	H. V. Robinson.
3.	R. C. Haviland.		

The University Trial Eights came off on Wednesday, December 3rd. The L.M.B.C. was represented by P. J. Hibbert, who rowed No. 7 in the winning boat.

The Pearson and Wright Sculls produced 4 entries, and the final heat was won by P. J. Hibbert; C. Halliday being second.

At a General Meeting on Saturday, December 6th, Officers were elected for the Lent Term. Two having resigned at the commencement of the Term, the list now is as follows:

President.	Rev. C. E. Graves.	*Treasurer.*	G. A. Bishop.
1st Captain.	W. H. Gwillim.	*3rd Captain.*	C. Halliday.
2nd Captain.	R. C. Haviland.	*4th Captain.*	A. J. W. Thorndike.
Secretary.	H. Brooke.		