No. L. NOVEMBER, 1874. Vol. IX.

THE EAGLE.

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

Printed for Subscribers only.

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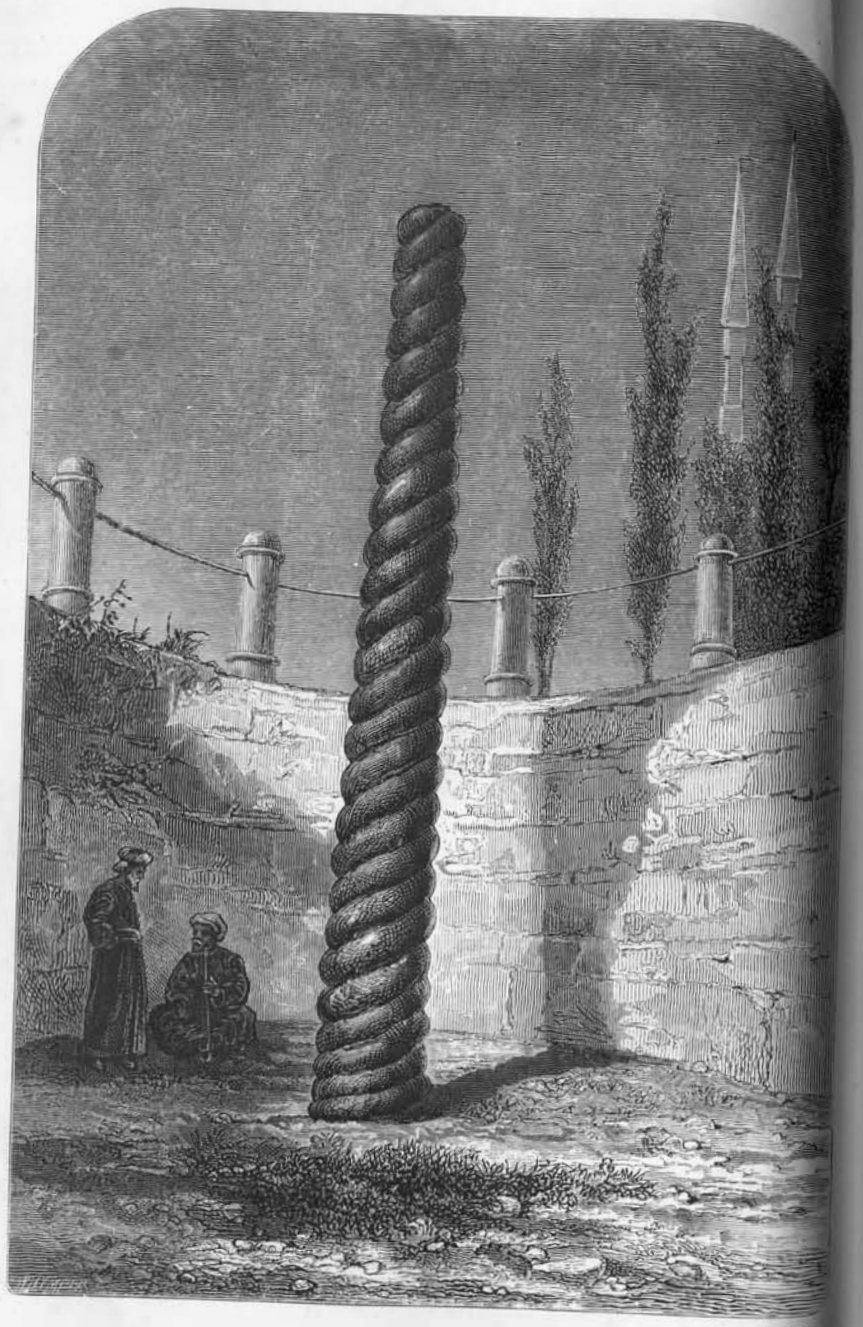

~~THE~~ BRAZEN SERPENT.
(On the Atmeidan).

THE ATMEIDAN.

THERE is an open space at Constantinople upon which, to the present day, not a single house is standing. On one side is a beautiful white mosque, and on the other three some tumble-down buildings little better than sheds. They are mostly private houses. Occasionally excavations are made here, and I have seen capitals and other parts of ancient pillars dug up, together with bits of mosaic. The former, as far as I could ascertain, are carefully broken up and used for building. Of the latter, some are thrown away, others sold on the spot, or disposed of to the priests of St. Sophia, who sell them as pretended fragments of the mosaics of that church to any who have the bad taste to buy them.

But this place, now called the *Atmeidan*, is one of the most interesting in Constantinople, for it is the site of the ancient Hippodrome. Constantine, when labouring to make Constantinople the most magnificent city in the world, made this Hippodrome a kind of museum of art and antiquities. The building was 400 paces long by about 100 wide, and between the goals it contained the most rare and glorious works of art. Upon a lofty column 120 feet high a statue of Constantine as Apollo, with his head surrounded by a golden nimbus, stood grasping the ball and sceptre. Some suppose that Constantine buried under it the Palladium, which had guarded Rome for ten centuries

and which he had plundered from the temple of Vesta, and that this Palladium still remains there.*

Here, too, were the statues of Bellerophon and Pegasus; also a splendid weather-cock, consisting of a female figure mounted on an obelisk of brass. Here again was the statue of Helen, described in the most glowing terms by Nicetas, who commemorates her snowy arms, her swimming eyes, and locks that waved in the wind. Colossal statues also of Hercules, Juno, and Pallas ornamented the place, together with numbers of marble statues, probably torn from their original resting-places in Greece and Italy. These are described in the seventeenth and the sixtieth chapters of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* But there must have been many more things than those mentioned by Gibbon. For example, there were four bronze gilded horses of life-size that are believed by some to have adorned the tomb of Nero. But the more probable account is, that Augustus brought them from Alexandria after his victory over Mark Antony; that they were then successively used to decorate the triumphal arches of Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine. They seem to have been attached to a chariot. Their subsequent history is curious. In 1204 they were plundered from the Hippodrome by Marino Zeno and taken to Venice. Napoleon seems to have thought them fair spoil for a conqueror, and took them to Paris; but in 1815 they were sent back, and they now stand over the great door of St. Mark's Cathedral. They agree very well with the peculiar architecture of that splendid rival of St. Sophia's.

But all these glories have departed and the *Atmeidan* is desolate. No cheerful groups of people assemble there, nor is it ever used as a market; it looks like a plot of building-land on the outskirts of a large town. Very few traces of the ancient monuments remain. The pillar upon which Constantine's

* See proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, 1856.

statue stood is a miserable wreck known by the contemptuous name of the 'Burnt Pillar.'

Of all the trophies, perhaps one of the most interesting has survived, though in a sadly mutilated state.

In Herodotus, Book IX. ch. 81, we read that after the victory at Plataea, "when all the booty had been brought together, a tenth of the whole was set apart for the Delphian God, and hence was made the golden tripod which stands on the bronze serpent with three heads quite close to the altar." And in Thucydides* it is related that the General Pausanias, on his own authority, inscribed upon this serpent some memorial lines, claiming the credit of having set up the tripod himself, 'in memory of his defeat of the Persian hosts.' But the serpent seems to have been meant as a memorial of all those who overthrew the barbarians; so the inscription was erased and the names of all the states which had taken part in the war substituted.†

Why the monument was made in the form of a snake is, I suppose, a difficult question, which must be left to scholars to decide. This serpent stood at Delphi, and before the year A. D. 174, was seen by Pausanias, the traveller, who relates that the golden tripod had been plundered by the Phocians in the Sacred War. A century and a half from the times of Pausanias, Constantine carried the serpent column to Constantinople and set it up in the Hippodrome with the other treasures before mentioned.

Here Gyllius‡ saw it when he visited Byzantium, and many succeeding travellers notice it.

* i. 132. ἐπὶ τὸν τρίποδά ποτε τὸν ἐν Δελφοῖς, ὃν ἀνέθεσαν οἱ Ἕλληνες ἀπὸ τῶν Μήδων ἀκροθίνιον, ἠξίωσεν ἐπιγράψασθαι αὐτὸς ἰδίᾳ τὸ ἐλεγεῖον τόδε.

Ἑλλήνων ἀρχηγὸς ἐπεὶ στρατὸν ὤλεσε Μήδων,
Παυσανίας Φοίβῳ μνῆμ' ἀνέθηκε τόδε.

† See the notes in Rawlinson's Herodotus, Bk. ix. ch. 81, and viii. ch. 82.

‡ *De Byzant.* ii. 13, quoted by Gibbon, chap. 17; vol. i. p. 242, of the *Illustrated Edition* of 1863, where Bartlett's views of the *Burnt Pillar* and the *Atmeidan* are given. The picture of the latter shows the 'fragment from Delphi' on the extreme right.

It suffered, however, in the terrible sieges of Constantinople. Though it did not excite the cupidity of conquerors, yet Dost Mahomet II. in 1453 dashed off one of its heads with his battle axe, perhaps, as Gibbon suggests as a trial of strength, perhaps in obedience to the precepts of the Koran. One head is said to be in the Royal Armoury, through which I searched in vain for it. Another is said to be in the Church of St. Irene. I endeavoured also to enter here, but the place was far too sacred. In fact, as I was informed, the Sultan himself only goes there once in a year, on which occasion he marries a new wife. This I give on the authority of Murray's guide and of Rawlinson, but as they do not cite their authority I cannot test the truth of their statements. The head has, it is stated, 'a crest along the top, which is *flattened*, apparently in order to support more steadily the golden tripod,' the three legs of which doubtless originally rested on the three heads of the serpent pedestal.

The serpent was standing in Constantinople in 1852 when Mr. Dawson Turner went there; it then projected 16 feet above the ground. In 1856, during the stay of the allied forces at Constantinople, further investigations were made. The serpent column was excavated to its base and chemical solvents were applied to it. An inscription was then discovered which proved to consist of a list of the names of Greek tribes.

Thus the antiquity of the fragment was established, and it was proved without doubt to be one of the most ancient and interesting bronze monuments which exists.

The sketch at the head of this article represents the column as it stood in 1871, when I visited Constantinople, and is, I believe, more accurate than any which has before been printed. It was taken, by Mr. Murray's permission, from a work by my father, published in 1873. There are 26 twists above the surface of the ground. The inscription upon some of them is

given by Rawlinson, in an appendix to his translation of Herodotus before cited.*

With antiquities it is too often as with the famous books of the Sibyl. When curious things are plentiful we do not esteem them much, but as they are destroyed their value increases, till the price of the remaining few is often greater than that of the whole original number. Alas! that De Quincey's D should figure so largely in the value we set on antiquities.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that in the Crimean war the allies did not acquire possession of the monuments which stand in the *Atmeidan*, and which might then have been easily obtained. They are now in the hands of barbarians who glory in despising them, and who may melt them down whenever the fit takes them; for the Turks have sworn that, when the ancient prophecies are fulfilled and the Christians retake Constantinople, the venerable St. Sophia, the most interesting church existing, and all other monuments, shall be destroyed.

The fate of these monuments ought also to make us thankful that the life of Mahomet II. was not prolonged beyond the year 1481. Had he lived, it is possible that Rome might have shared the fate of Constantinople, and that the splendid monuments, not only of ancient but of mediæval art, which adorn Italy, might, like the glories of the city of Constantine, have been extinguished for ever.

* See MSS. papers communicated by Lord Clarendon to the Society of Antiquaries, June 12th, 1856, and, as far as I know, never published by them. See also Archäologischer Auszeiger, June, 1856, No. 90, cited by Rawlinson.

H. H. S. C.

ANDENKEN.

Ich denke dein
  Wenn durch den Hain
  Der Nachtigallen
Accorde schallen.
  Wann denkst du mein?

Ich denke dein
  Im Dämmerschein
  Der Abendhelle
Am Schatten Quelle.
  Wo denkst du mein?

Ich denke dein
  Mit süsser Pein,
  Mit bangem Sehnen
Und heissen Thränen.
  Wie denkst du mein?

O denke mein!
  Bis zum Verein
  Auf besserm Sterne,
In jeder Ferne,
  Denk' ich nur dein!

MATTHISON.

REMEMBRANCE.

I THINK of thee
  When through the vale
  The nightingale
Sounds harmony.
  When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
  When by the spring
  In twilight evening
The brightening stars I see.
  Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
  With sweetest pain
  And longing vain
Thine eyes to see.
  How thinkest thou of me?

O think of me!
  Till to our grief
  Some sweet relief
Brings happier destiny,
  I'll only think of thee!

J.

HISTORY OF THE INFIRMARY AND CHAPEL OF THE HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

By Charles Cardale Babington, M.A.,
Professor of Botany.

THIS work appears very opportunely, now that the memories of the old chapel of St. John's are fast passing away, though yet retained by many and even cherished by some. Professor Babington has given an account of its history and architecture which will fully sustain his reputation for antiquarian as well as for scientific learning. His first article on the subject was published among the Communications of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society (vol. II., p. 351), and was reprinted, by permission, in the pages of our College Magazine (vol. IV., pp. 253—264). He, like myself, watched the progress of the demolition of the old walls, and noted the discoveries of the many long-concealed and unsuspected features of the fabric which were thus brought to light. Of all these he has now given a full and careful account, accompanied with engravings and photographs, besides copies of the inscriptions on the tombs in the old chapel and a short description of the new chapel. He has shewn (what I myself claim to have noticed some thirty years ago, but what is generally thought to have come to light only on the demolition) that the old chapel, though

extensively altered and somewhat disguised with late Tudor details at the foundation of the college in 1511, was in effect the Augustinian monastic chapel of about 1280. I had ascertained this fact, not only from the mouldings of the archway near the organ, but from the buttresses, window labels, and string-courses of the north wall. The "Infirmary," so called, proved to have been a large *salle* or hall, lighted by lancet windows and, as usual, with its eastern end parted off for a chapel. The term is now used somewhat differently from its monastic sense. It anciently meant a kind of common room in which the aged and invalided monks lived on a somewhat more generous diet, and with a relaxation from the strict ascetic rules and from attendance at the night services. Such Infirmaries still exist in a more or less ruinous state at Ely, Peterborough, Canterbury, and (I think, though it is commonly called the abbot's house) at Fountains Abbey. Nay, some of these medieval institutions are kept up at the present day, *e.g.* at Stamford and Norwich, under the names of "Bede-house" or "Hospital." Professor Babington (p. 7.) assigns to this Infirmary of St. John's Hospital the early date of between 1180 and 1200, remarking, that from an ordinance of the Bishop of Ely in 1208, we know that the hospital had then a chapel or oratory. But there is a still earlier mention of St. John's Hospital as "Hospitale Cantebrigiae" in connexion with St. Peter's Church (Little St. Mary's) in 1194.* I have some doubts if the delicately cut moulding of the eastern triplet (plate 11) can be assigned to so early a date. It appears to me characteristic of the middle Early-English period, or nearer to 1230. If indeed it were certain that the Galilee Porch at Ely belonged to a period as early as 1200, as is commonly supposed, we might accept the Professor's view with the less hesitation. Still, the style of the lancet

* Cooper's Annals, vol. i. p. 29.

windows is undoubtedly that of early work. The author does not mention the important fact, that in digging the foundations of the new chapel a leaden *bulla* was found (I saw and examined it myself) of Pope Alexander IV., *i.e.* 1254—1261. At the time, I thought it likely this might relate to the fabric of the "labyrinth" or old Infirmary. Perhaps it referred to the Augustinian brethren, an order first formally constituted in 1256. On the other hand, the piscina is so closely like that of Jesus College chapel, and those

PISCINA IN THE INFIRMARY (NOW IN THE APSE OF THE NEW CHAPEL).

of Histon and Cherryhinton, which are all early lancet, that it is difficult to decide.*

The larger chapel, built, as I have said, about 1280, seems to have remained unaltered till 1514, when it was remodelled for the use of the college (p. 5). The original east window was very large and fine, nearly 20 feet wide by 30 feet high. By a very singular chance, the design of it, rather roughly drawn on a piece of clunch, was recovered in pulling down the wall. It is given in plate 9. By an oversight, I think, Professor Babington says it had *three* lights (p. 13). It certainly had more; for the design gives half the window from the crown of the arch; and there seem to have been both primary and secondary mullions.

In plate 4 a photograph is given of some rather curious features, viz. the old (early decorated) piscina, and at a higher level "what looked like a large perpendicular sham window, 7ft. 5in. wide, but only 4ft. 9in. high." (p. 14.) I think this must have been either a mural sepulchre, or used both for sedilia and "Easter sepulchre." A slight difference in the level of the floor would make the recess quite available for "sedilia." The broken space in the wall over the adjoining doorway must have been, as Professor Babington thinks, a niche; and probably the stone below it contained an "ora pro nobis," or the name of the saint thus enshrined.

The great discovery in pulling down the chapel was the probable existence of a tower nearly in the centre, supported by two transverse walls and arches, of which the western-most alone remained, but vestiges of that to the east were clearly made out. This tower—if really ever built, which I should think doubtful—was oblong in plan, like St. Botolph's tower. The arches

* There is a characteristic *bulge* in the central fillet of the group given in plate 11, which seems to have become common about 1220. See Mr. Sharpe's "Mouldings of the six periods," &c.—*Lancet*, 1220.

were massive and well moulded: the old organ* stood just behind the western-most, and above (what Prof. Babington omits to mention) one of the *very* few perfect rood-lofts that had survived the Reformation. The tower, he thinks, was "much narrower than the building" (p. 17); but the width of the nave and choir was only 25½ feet internally, in itself a rather small square for a tower.†

Not very much is known, I think, of the arrangement of the Augustinian monastic churches. One of the finest and largest in this country is Cartmel Abbey Church in Lancaster, of which I published an architectural account.‡ It was remarkable, among several other respects, for having a "Town Choir" (south aisle to the chancel) screened off and used for the people to be present at the monastic services. I think this is the explanation of the early doorway into the railed-off space between the nave and the choir, which Professor Babington (p. 17) speaks of as "a considerable difficulty." It is the more probable if, as the Professor thinks, Milne-street passed by the west end of the chapel.

I have looked through the first volume of "Cooper's Annals" in search of some mention of the old chapel or infirmary, and I find that in 1280 Hugo de Balsham was licensed to substitute secular scholars in place of the brethren of the Hospital of St. John (Cooper, i. p. 60; referred to by Prof. Babington, p. 5); and in 1378 a grant was made by Richard II. of "all victuals

* In the Lady Chapel at Peterborough, on the north side, is a nearly obliterated stone to an organist of St. John's Chapel towards the end of the 17th century. I am not aware if so early a mention of an organ in the college chapel is elsewhere made. The inscription is this: "Johannes Crimble (or Brimble) Col: D: Johan: in Cant. alumnus et organista Musis et musicae devotissimus. 1670." I perfectly remember the old organ in the chapel, and could tell some amusing anecdotes about it.

† The average square of a good-sized church tower is about 30 feet. The square of the new chapel tower is more than 40. It would have been better built on one of the squares of the transepts, perhaps.

‡ "Architectural Notes on Cartmel Priory Church," Cartmel, 1872.

forfeited by regrators to the Hospital of St. John for the sustentation of poor scholars."

Hugo de Balsham's scheme for combining secular scholars with the regular canons of the Hospital appears to have worked badly. "The scholars," observes Baker, the Historian of St. John's College, "were too wise, and the brethren possibly over-good;" and (in the words of Mr. Mullinger's recent History of the University) "Hugh Balsham, after vainly endeavouring to allay the strife that sprang up between the two bodies, was compelled to take measures for their separation"....The canons "resigned to the secular scholars the impropriation of St. Peter's Church with two adjoining hostels, to which the secular scholars removed in the year 1284, and there formed the separate foundation of Peterhouse. But though to that ancient foundation undoubtedly belongs the honour of having first represented the Cambridge college, as a separate and distinct institution, to the Hospital of St. John the Evangelist belongs the credit of having first nurtured the collegiate conception.*

The story of the transformation of the old hospital into the college cannot perhaps be better told than by a further quotation from Mr. Mullinger's learned and interesting pages: "With the commencement of the sixteenth century, under the misrule of William Tomlyn, the condition of the hospital had become a scandal to the community, and in the language

* "It may even be urged," observes Mr. Cooper, "that St. John's College is of superior antiquity to any other, as the Hospital of St. John, on the site of which it stands and with the revenues whereof it is endowed, although a religious house, was also a house of learning, its members being entitled to academic degrees" (*Memorials* II. 2, Note). So Cole, who says "St. John's College, now grafted possessions, may justly be accounted the first of our present colleges." Prof. Mayor's edition of Baker's *History of the College of St. John the Evangelist*, II. 561, quoted by Mr. Mullinger, p. 228 of *The University of Cambridge from the Earliest Times to the Royal Injunctions of* 1535.

of Baker, who moralises at length over the lesson of its downfall, the society had gone so far and were so deeply involved 'that they seem to have been at a stand and did not well know how to go farther; but their last stores and funds being exhausted and their credit sunk, the master and brethren were dispersed, hospitality and the service of God (the two great ends of their institution) were equally neglected, and in effect the house abandoned.' Such being the state of affairs, the bishop of Ely—at this time James Stanley, stepson to the countess—had nothing to urge in his capacity of visitor against the proposed suppression of the house, and gave his assent thereto without demur: but the funds of the society were altogether inadequate to the design of the countess, who proposed to erect on the same site and to endow a new and splendid college, and she accordingly found herself under the necessity of revoking certain grants already made to the abbey at Westminster." After the death of Lady Margaret in 1509, "the necessary steps for the dissolution of the hospital were met by repeated evasions and delay. It was found necessary to have recourse to Rome. A bull was obtained. When it arrived it was discovered that certain omissions and informalities rendered it absolutely nugatory, and application was made for a second. The latter was fortunately drawn up in terms that admitted of no dispute. 'For this pope,' says Baker (it was *Julius Exclusus*), 'was a son of thunder; it struck the old house at one blow, did both dissolve and build alone, without consent either of the king or of the bishop of Ely.'" The college of St. John the Evangelist was at last opened in July, 1516.*

It is impossible in this brief notice to do full justice to this interesting work, which embodies, under a very modest guise, a great deal of thought, research, and antiquarian information.

* Mr. Mullinger's *History of the University*, pp. 462, 467.

F. A. PALEY.

ON AN INSCRIPTION IN A SCHOOL CHAPEL.

"EVELYN AYTOUN. ARTHUR GIBSON.
FRANCIS LOCKWOOD.
WHO DIED, DOING THEIR DUTY, IN INDIA."

A SIMPLE border of three sculptured swords;
Three names cut plainly on the encompassed stone:
No epitaph, no need of praiseful words
For golden deeds so well, so fondly known.

Here, first, of right, to consecrated place
Thy name, sweet Evelyn Aytoun, doth belong,
Where oft of old thy clear-cut classic face
Was seen upturned amid the listening throng.

A Galahad, a heart of sterling proof,
Almost too simple in thy love for right,
Sweetness and purity the warp and woof
That formed thee, overshot with sacred light.

Unconscious follower of the heroic past,
Ready to brave for others shame or hate,
Yea, and to die, as thou did'st die at last,
Thy sword-arm hampered with a comrade's weight.

And thou, too, Gibson, boisterous, frank, and bold,
Full of the rich life bounding from thine eyes,
In little matters often wrong of old,
But grandly right in thy last high emprise.

The tape* upon thy arm, with lowered head,
Breasting the iron hail like snowball play,
I see thee rushing on with fearless tread,
In onset that no earthly power could stay.

* Badge of the "forlorn hope."

Nothing could touch thee glowing thus with life,
And so I count not this thy greatest deed,
But *that*, when finished all the frenzied strife,
And the wild spirit from its madness freed,

Thou wentest forth alone at eventide
To seek for one who fell, a mother's care,
His great thirst quenched thou bound'st his wounded side,
And met'st a sudden death whilst kneeling there.

And, dear old Lockwood! I can see thee now,
Thy rugged face, and broad, ungainly mien,
Still striving with rough voice and knitted
A woman's heart of tenderness to screen.

I see thee lying wounded on the field,
Thy face grown smooth before th' approaching death,
And the true inner soul, so ill concealed,
Betrayed for ever with the flagging breath.

Thou did'st thy Duty, honest, blunt, and plain,
Seeking no praise, but winning love from all,
And shewed'st how simple faith and truth can gain
The noblest guerdon that to man can fall.

Fair, tawny, swart, in
Three differing strains of far-descended race;
Still ye were one, each bred true gentleman
To think foul scorn of all things mean and base.

Rest, gallant hearts! akin to those great three,
The core of strength in David's royal band,
And ranged with all true sons of chivalry,
Who lie with upturned face and clasped

A world of gross self-seekers, mammon-wise,
Holds that no heroes live, but ye still prove
That simple faith and sweet self-sacrifice
Are deathless in a world redeemed by love.

F. H. D.

THE RIED PASS,

IN the course of a cross country route to Zermatt, I descended one fine morning last summer into the valley of the Visp by a track leading to St. Nikolas. I was, therefore, more nearly opposite than I had ever been before to the end of the Saas Grat, of which the most
all who are ascending the lower part of the Vispthal, is called the Balfrinhorn. Thus I obtained a full view of a magnificent glacier, descending from
between this peak and the next point in the chain; a glacier wholly invisible to any one travelling along the valley, and hidden by a shoulder of the mountain from most of the summits near Zermatt. The view of this was so tempting that I determined to take an early opportunity of exploring its recesses, and a few days later returned to St. Nikolas, accompanied by another Johnian, my old comrade M., who had come to the Alps to get rid of the effects of over-work, and was desirous of testing the completeness of his cure by a *grande course*. My own guide, Johann Petrus, of Stalden, had preceded us from Zermatt, and M. had engaged A. Borgener.

Long before daylight on July 20th we were stirring, and at five minutes past two, while it was yet dark, we left the comfortable shelter of the Grand Hotel de St. Nikolas for the Ried Pass, as this route over the Saas Grat is called. The morning was not very promising; heavy masses of vapour were sailing slowly over the sky and masking the peaks. The air also was unusually close, being quite devoid of that bracing

keenness which is so invigorating in the early morning among the Alps. Crossing the river we followed for a while a road down the valley, then turned up a horse track through fields. This was fortunately in good order, so, though the night was rather dark, we were saved from the need of staggering after the *ignis fatuus* of a lantern, or stumbling in an intoxicated manner over endless stones. The slopes, so far as we could see in the slowly increasing dawn, appeared to be remarkably fertile, and cultivation extended up them to more than the usual height. Gradually as the day dawned, we edged more and more into the glen, down which flows the torrent from the Ried Glacier, till at last we entered a pine wood on its right-hand and bade adieu for some hours' to green fields. The pine-wood, like all other mountain pine-woods, became gradually more sparse and its trees more stunted; the path, like all other mountain paths, correspondingly dwindled as we drew nearer and nearer to the foot of the great mass of ice that filled the head of the glen, till at last a scramble over stone-strewn slopes brought us, after rather more than two hours walking, to a huge moraine, which we at once adopted as a convenient causeway. During this time night had passed into morning, the approaching sun had produced an effect upon the unwelcome vapours, which were rolling up discomfited, and retreating like defeated armies before his darts. Still, however, they clung with obstinate tenacity to parts of the range opposite, but the glorious pyramid of the Weisshorn, flanked on the right hand by the Brunegghorn, on the left by some other subordinate peak, formed a picture of extraordinary beauty; while down the valley rose the Bietschhorn, a pyramid hardly less grand and yet more stern, to whose frowning crags the shimmering air lent an unwonted smile.

The moraine of the glacier, along which we were now walking, was of enormous size, and came at the top

to a knife edge, so sharp in places that, as the soil was too much frozen to yield readily to the foot, the leading guide actually chipped steps in it with his axe. The day kept growing brighter as the vapours slowly melted away in the clear sky, which now was becoming suffused with a golden glow of exquisite delicacy. Soon the Weisshorn's highest snows gleamed like an altar fire; and the silver of the loftier peaks, as by the touch of magician's wand, was transmuted into gold. But to describe an Alpine sunrise is almost labour lost. To those who have not seen its glories, the account seems only a rhapsody; to those who know them, a failure. Let me be content to say that they are reward enough for the trouble of getting up early, and that the sunrise of this day was one of the most beautiful which I have ever seen.

After a while we deserted the moraine and, keeping still on the same side of the valley, scrambled along over some rough rocky ground. Three hours after leaving St. Nikolas a halt was unanimously called for breakfast, after which we scrambled on, still over slopes of coarse turf or broken stones, interspersed with easy bits of rock. The views of the glacier, the end of which now lay below us, more than justified the expectations which it had previously raised. It descends from a great névé basin, between the dark crags of the Balfrinhorn on the one hand and the snowy ridges of the Ulrichshorn on the other, into a narrow glen. Here its course is interrupted by at least two grand icefalls, by which it is in places utterly smashed —I can hardly use a weaker word—reduced to a mere pile of shattered blocks of ice, and cleft by a maze of crevasses. These in one part were curved in the most singular manner, being twisted by the unequal rate of motion of the ice till they seemed actually to writhe, as though the glacier was struggling, like a living thing, to force its way through the narrows of the glen.

At length, after about five hours' walking, we stepped upon the glacier, above the most broken parts, and in a few minutes found ourselves on the great névé basin already mentioned. From this point the dark shattered cliffs of the Balfrinhorn have little interest and not much beauty, but the chain of the Ulrichshorn and the Gemshorn, a curtain wall of steep snowy slopes, broken by sharp rocky teeth, is at once graceful and grand. Fortunately for us the snow was in good order, or otherwise the tramp over this great basin would have been very laborious. We kept pretty near to the base of the Balfrinhorn, which our guides urged us to ascend, but as we knew that the day's work, even without that addition, would be a long one, and M. was anxious not to overtask his strength, we declined. For some time we had little or no trouble with crevasses, till at last we came where the ice was cut by several gaping '*schrunds*' of enormous size. Some of these we contrived to turn; others we crossed by snow bridges, which were not of the strongest kind, and required some experiments on their powers of regelation before we could venture upon them. At last we came to the brink of the grandest chasm that I remember to have seen. Far apart, I know not how many yards, yawned two walls of solid ice, sinking down into unfathomable depths, crested with curving cornices and volutes of purest snow, which were fringed with clusters of gigantic icicles pendent over the blue abyss.

At first all progress seemed barred; but after skirting the brink for a while we came to a place where a huge mass of snow or fragment of ice in falling had become wedged as it were in the jaws of the chasm, some ten yards down. A very steep slope covered with snow led from beneath our feet to this bridge, while on the opposite side a similar slope was cut off from it by a vertical wall of ice some eight feet high. Now stamping, now hacking footsteps, Petrus led us

cautiously down, probing each new mass of snow, and giving many injunctions to keep the rope tight. Delicately as Agag we picked our way across the bridge; halting at the end, not from choice but from necessity, while Petrus chipped sundry notches in the ice wall, and then aided by a shove behind screwed himself up its face. With him once at the top, our clumsier efforts were aided by the rope, and in a few minutes we were clear of the obstacle. Two or three more crevasses yet remained, but of humbler dimensions; and then we resumed our tramp up the gently shelving snowfield. Mounting this is a long and monotonous business; wave succeeds to wave, each raising the vain hope that the summit is near; so that it was not till half-past nine that we gained the col, or rather a point on the crest of the ridge near the base of the Balfrinhorn. Here was no well-defined notch or gap, like a doorway from the one side of the mountain to the other; only the snowfield at this point abruptly ended above precipices, and its edge, after sloping gently down for some distance below us, rose again towards the summit of the Ulrichshorn. Many clouds hung about the distant ranges which now came for the first time into sight, but still the view was a grand one. Beneath our feet a great wall of rock and snow fell precipitously down to a névé basin which terminated in a broken ice stream named the Bieder Glacier. Facing us, across the Saas valley, rose the chain of the Weissmies and Fletschhorn, and to the left was a great cluster of the Oberland peaks; but the clouds which were spotted about them prevented us from identifying more than the Aletsch glacier. A problem other than topographical speedily presented itself to my mind, 'How to get down.' Though the overhanging snow cornice prevented minute examination, it was obvious to the meanest Alpine capacity that the cliff, on the brink of which we stood, offered only a descent that would prove indeed facile but irrevocable;

and that any attempt on it would furnish material for a newspaper paragraph. What was the more perplexing, this wall, which swept round the snow basin at our feet, looked hardly more promising in any other quarter. The guides, however, on being appealed to, pointed rather vaguely toward the lowest part of the ridge, and said we were going down there; so after a short halt we walked to that spot, which, according to an aneroid observation, is about 11,870 ft. above the sea.

I was already familiar with the account of the Ried Pass given in Ball's Guide, but our route from the time we took the ice had differed from the one there described; and now it was evident that we were going by quite another and much more difficult pass. Some stiff work was evidently before us, for even here, though there was a continuous snow slope to the névé beneath, its inclination was so excessively steep, that descent seemed hardly practicable. It was accomplished by a method which may be much more quickly described than practised. We were detached from the rope and bidden to halt a while; Petrus, who remained fastened, then stepped over the brink and began to hack steps down the face, while Borgener kept the rope taut, and gradually paid him out. Without its support he would inevitably have lost his balance in bending forward to strike. Very slowly the work proceeded, for the slope was rather hard ice than snow, and each step required several blows of the axe, as it had to be cut large and deep, while every movement was necessarily slow and cautious. At last a staircase was hewn to the full length of the rope, and was terminated by two or three steps bigger than the rest. Then Petrus detached himself from the rope, and we were singly lowered to where he stood. Lastly Borgener descended, being hauled in from below. This was a most ticklish business; for the rope, of course, gave no real support, and only a protection which was as dubious to him as it was dangerous to us; for, had he

fallen he would very likely have jerked us out of the steps. Then the process was repeated, Petrus availing himself of every accidental advantage and selecting his downward route with great skill. It was chilly work standing with our toes in notches, and clinging almost like bats to a conducting body of remarkably low temperature; and was monotonous to a degree that brought one at last almost to hate the fine prospect before us. Two incidents only occurred to give variety. The one was the frequent dropping of snowballs from the great cornice above, which stretched out horizontally two or three yards from the face of the cliff; these, as they slid hissing down the slope, suggested unpleasant reflexions as to what the results might be, if a large fragment chose to descend when we were standing just below it. The other incident occurred thus: When we were about halfway down, Petrus in lending a hand to M., contrived to let his axe slip; it darted down the slope and stuck in the snow some hundred feet below. So he had to borrow Borgener's weapon, who not having particularly relished the descent before, now, when he had to support himself as best he could by clinging to the slippery notches, not unnaturally admired it still less. It is, however, only fair to say that he accomplished this difficult feat in first-rate style.

Thus the time sped wearily, drearily; again and again the rope was paid out to its full length, drawn up and ourselves lowered down, but still the snow below seemed only a little nearer. The clouds gathered thicker on the peaks, and a mass of vapours sailing over the Monte Moro Pass broke in rain over Saas. Had they reached us our position would have been wretched indeed, but fortunately there the northern current came into conflict with the invaders and gradually forced them back.

At length, after the rope had been paid out some half dozen times, the slope eased off a little, not far

from where the axe had stuck. Petrus pelted it with snowballs, till he dislodged it by a lucky shot, and then the weapon slid down the remainder of the slope, and fortunately leaping the crevasse at the bottom rested on the snow beneath. The worst of our journey was now over, we once more roped in line, and Petrus, sometimes cutting steps, sometimes availing himself of little gullies ploughed by fragments from above or of patches of softer snow crusting the ice, brought us to the edge of the *schrund*, and, bidding the next in the row come as close as possible to give him ample rope, leapt down on to the other side; we quickly followed his example, and at half-past twelve were once more on comparatively level ground. The difficulty of the work may be judged from the fact that we had occupied above two hours and three-quarters in descending a height which, according to my aneroid, was just three hundred feet.

Away we went at the double, to thaw our chilled toes, circling round the head of the Bieder glacier, plunging and floundering in the deep soft snow like flies in honey. A quarter of an hour of this exercise thoroughly warmed us, and brought us to a low depression in the rock ridge on the other side of the glacier. A halt was at once called; for it was not far from five hours since we had even tasted food and full seven since we had eaten a meal. The huge leathern cup, from which M. never parts, was brought out, and solemnly, as befitted the occasion, the lemon was peeled and squeezed and the other ingredients added, and a bottle of '*vile Sabinum*' transmuted into two of excellent claret-cup. Our feast did not pass without a spectator; suddenly a slight rattle on the side of the rocky peak close at hand on our left attracted our attention to a fine chamois, which was standing on the ridge within easy rifle shot. In another moment it discovered us, and rattled down the breakneck cliffs at full speed, pursued by yells and shrill whistles from our guides.

Fifty minutes sped rapidly away before we commenced the descent of the crags beneath us. Here was little or no snow, and the rocks generally were not difficult, except that here and there was a good deal of incoherent loose *debris* masking the ledges, which required a little caution. This stuff M. delights in, and I unfeignedly abhor; so he raced away to the bottom, while I followed in a slower and doubtless more dignified manner. In about forty minutes from our halting place I rejoined him in the wild stony glen at the base, and the last semblance of a difficulty was over.

Hence we kept for a while near the edge of the ridge which forms the left-hand boundary of the well-known Fee Valley, obtaining superb views of its magnificent glaciers. Into this we could, I believe, have descended without difficulty, but our guides preferred to keep on along the high ground. This part of our route was a little tedious, notwithstanding the fine scenery, as we kept going up and down over rough hummocks of upland pasture and broken rock. At last we reached the summit of a bluff commanding a view of both Saas and Fee; then we followed a steep and stony track down the alps, which joined the usual path to the former village, about a mile from the latter. The clouds had again drifted up over the depression of the Monte Moro, and threatened every moment to break in rain, so we hurried along the zigzags through the pine forest at a rapid pace. The rain, however, was too quick for us, and began to fall before we reached the bottom, but the trees gave good shelter, and, by a dash across the meadows below, I gained the hotel a few minutes in advance of M., without being much wetted. Our descent had occupied a little more than five hours and a half, but this, I fancy, was an exceptionally long time, as our guides said that they had never before found the ice-wall nearly so

difficult as on this occasion. Steep it must always be, and requiring caution; but if covered with snow in good condition, I can readily believe that it would present no special difficulty. Last summer, however, was an exceptional one, as much less than the usual amount of snow fell in the previous winter, and thus all the glaciers were more than commonly troublesome.

Our first enquiry, on arrival, was for two other sons of Lady Margaret, who, in company with a third Cambridge climber, had preceded us to Saas. We were gratified to hear that they had started early in the afternoon to bivouac somewhere near the foot of the Dom, by the side of the Fee glacier. I knew the spot well, and as I lounged on a sofa watching the rain monotonously dripping outside, reflected with complacency on the pleasure they must be enjoying, for I did not believe there was a square inch of shelter anywhere within some miles of them. So we made ourselves very happy over dinner, in speculating on what they were doing, and whether they liked it. Presently forms were seen flitting along the path through the pine wood, like to those of Red Indians. There were the hatchets and the blankets sure enough, though the paint, if ever put on, had long been washed off. The wild men approached the door; they were our friends. Rolled in their blankets they had waited *sub Jove frigido*, till the rain began to wet them through; and then, had not unwisely concluded, that rheumatism would be the only reward of spending a night out; so cloaking themselves in the blankets, they had trotted back as fast as possible. They were very damp, had no change of clothes, and must have been rather uncomfortable; F. discoursed meditatively on the relative value of game and candle, but the philosophic calm which eminently characterizes both P. and T. was unruffled by these untoward circumstances.

The morrow was wet, except for some short intervals, which I spent in collecting specimens of the well-known euphotide from the bed of the Visp. To those who had not this resource the day was probably dull, so in the evening the landlord and cook to relieve the tedium got rather drunk, but the latter kindly postponed the performance till he had served up our dinner. Unfortunately by drawing the line there, he dressed the salad for the guides' supper with mineral instead of vegetable oil. The men objected to the food of lamps; the vapour of petroleum is inflammable: hot words brought about an explosion—of temper not of gas: a storm raged down-stairs, and apparently ended with somebody being knocked among the dishes; after which peace, but not the crockery, was patched up.

We returned the following day to Zermatt by the Alphubel Joch, one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the easiest of the great Alpine passes. The crevasses however were certainly more troublesome than I had found them on the previous year. Our journey was uneventful, and the day, after a threatening morning, turned out one of unusual splendour. Our friends went back to their bivouac among the stones, and succeeded on the next morning in accomplishing their long cherished design of climbing the Dom from the eastern side.

β.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

STILL rise unchanged thy lonely walls
  Above the water's changeful breast,
That proudly swells, or gently falls,
  Wooed by the quiet stars to rest;
And the swift rush of arrowy blue
Still cleaves the yielding crystal through.

And ever,—with the wondrous light
  Of silver mist, or flushing rose,
Or crimson flame, or lifeless white
  Pale as the cold wan face of those
Whom death, with sudden hand, and chill,
Bends 'neath the iron of his will,—

O'er thee the stedfast peaks are hung:
  And he who writ thy mournful tale,
And he whose captive woes are sung
  Where eyes are dim, and cheeks are pale,
The impassioned bard, the son of woe,
Slept in one sleep long years ago.

I would, and yet I would not, change
  The magic of the haunted place,
Where fancy knows so wide a range,
  Mid thoughts of woe, and shapes of grace;
Where calm and storm, and grief and joy,
Blend in sad truth with strange alloy.

No, year by year, yon heavenward height,
  These billows pure, yon current's sway,
Point upward to the Eternal Right,
  Sweep memories, like earth-stains, away;
And nature spreads a softening veil
O'er the lone castle's guilty tale.

C. STANWELL.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

"Mona—long hid from those who roam the main."—*Collins.*

"THE Isle of Man in the middle of the seventeenth century," says Sir Walter Scott, "was very different as a place of residence from what it is now." If this was true when Scott wrote in 1822, it is far truer at the present time. We are told that in the reign of Charles the Second "the society of the Island was limited to the natives themselves, and a few merchants who lived by contraband trade." At the beginning of the present century Man was full of "smart fellows, whom fortune had tumbled from the seat of their barouches; of plucked pigeons and winged rooks; of disappointed speculators and of ruined miners." In short, it became the "Alsatia" of the period. But now another change has passed over it, whether for the better or the worse it is not for us to say. It has become one of the favourite haunts of excursionists and holiday-makers. It is visited all through the summer months by thousands of manufacturers, of artisans, and of operatives from Liverpool and Manchester, and from the towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Such being the case it may at first seem superfluous to write a description of a place so widely known and so much visited. Our answer to this must be, that the class of people, who most frequent the Isle of Man, is not one from which as a rule the readers of *The Eagle* are drawn, and it will probably be interesting to some to learn a few facts about a country which is not by any means devoid of natural beauty,

and which is peculiarly rich in objects of interest to the historian and the archæologist.

The Island is described shortly in the words of an old writer as "ane parke in y^e^ sea, impaled with rocks." There is a backbone of hills running down the entire length of it from N.E. to S.W., with the exception of the extreme northern part, which consists of a flat and highly cultivated plain, extending from Ramsey and the Sulby river to Jurby Point and the point of Ayre. This mountain chain is widest and highest at its northern end. The highest elevation is a little above 2000 feet, and the hills extend almost across the Island from sea to sea. South of the valley between Peel and Douglas the chain becomes narrower, and the hills fewer in number and of less altitude, till they end in the Calf Islet, which is not more than 470 feet above the sea at its highest point. The general and prevailing characteristic of the country is bareness. Trees are not altogether unknown it is true, in fact round Douglas and Ramsey there are some pleasant woods, and some of the valleys can boast of a sprinkling of timber, but for all that, there is little wood in the general landscape, at least not enough to make its presence felt, though things are not quite so bad as they seem to have been in the time of Camden, who tells us that "there is not a tree to be seen anywhere in the Island, but such as grow in gardens." The hills are round and, almost without exception, devoid of all beauty of outline. They have no precipitous cliffs, no jutting crags, no rocky and broken faces, but rise with gently sloping sides covered with short turf, or in some cases with lovely bright purple heather and dwarf golden gorse. The finest of them in form is unquestionably North Barrule, which overhangs the town of Ramsey, and from some points of view presents the appearance of a well-shaped peak. North Barrule, however, has to yield the palm in point of height to Snaefell, an awkward ungainly-looking mountain, which

rises to the height of 2024 feet. Of course no rivers of any size can be expected in a country of so small an extent, for the Island is not more than thirty-four miles long by fourteen broad in its widest part. The largest stream is the Sulby river, which rises on the sides of Snaefell, and after a circuitous course of some fourteen miles falls into the sea at Ramsey. The coast scenery is in many places decidedly fine. It cannot be called grand, for the cliffs are of no very remarkable height, in no place exceeding 400 feet, but perhaps the greatest charm of the place lies in the beautiful colour and wonderful clearness of the sea water, which is far more like the "crystalline streams" of the Mediterranean than the ordinary English sea. There are cliffs extending round the greater part of the Island. They rise highest at the S.W. corner, but in the north they almost disappear.

The land is, with the exception of the actual mountain range, which is used as pasture for large flocks of sheep, for the most part under cultivation by the plough. The farms are in general of no great size, and are in many cases in the occupation not of tenant farmers but of small landowners, who work their land with their own hands, and with the assistance of one or two labourers manage to get a very comfortable living from their crops of corn, beans and turnips. The fields are divided by low banks of earth or by stone walls, and the straight lines of these fences cutting up the country into innumerable rectangular patches contribute, as might be expected, in no small degree to injure the natural beauties of the landscape.

The population of the Island at the last census was 55,000, and consists in a great degree of fishermen. The Manx herring-fishery is very extensive, employing over 1000 boats, and, including coopers, packers, curers, &c., more than 8000 men. The profits are so minutely divided, owing to the great competition, that in a year (such as the present) when the take falls short of the

average the fishermen barely earn their living. Rather more than half the fleet is owned in the Island itself, where the chief fishing harbours are those of Peel and Port St. Mary, a few others making Castletown their headquarters. The picture of the Manx fishermen, given by the author of "Betsy Lee," is not overdrawn; they are a fine, open and independent race, and are to be carefully distinguished from the rough and drunken boatmen of Douglas.

So far for the general characteristics of the Island and its natives. On its history we cannot do more than cursorily touch. Camden gives us an amusing anecdote on the authority of Giraldus Cambrensis. He says that "the Isle of Man lies stretched out in the middle between the north parts of Ireland and Britain, which raised no small stir among the ancients in deciding to which of the territories it most properly belonged. At last this difference was thus adjusted. Forasmuch as the venomous worms would live here, that were brought over for experiments' sake, it was generally thought to belong to Britain." Whatever the truth of this may be, the Island seems to have been under the dominion of Welsh kings from 503 to 888, when it was conquered by the Northmen, who held it till the 13th century. Like the Western Isles, it was ruled by Norse Jarls owning the sovereignty of the Norse kings, and the see of Sodor (Southern Isles) was dependent on the Archbishop of Trondhjem. Among the traces of Norse occupation are to be noticed the large number of ruined Crosses, which are scattered about the country; but a mark more lasting still is to be found in the local names of Norse origin, which fringe the coast and appear even in the interior. Such are Peel, Jurby, Ramsey, Soderick, Langness, the Stacks, Fleshwick, Colby, Garth and Snaefell. The Tynwald hill is the *Thingvöllr* or field of meeting.*

* An interesting account will be found in Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places," p. 201.

Though distributed about the whole coast, these Norse test-names are far more numerous at the Southern end of the Island. In the southern division 60 are easily detected, while the northern supplies but 20. Hence we can see why the seat of government was fixed at Castle-town, which lies in the extreme south, in the very midst of the then dominant race, rather than at Peel. In 1264 Man was ceded by King Magnus to Alexander of Scotland, who obtained possession of it in spite of the determined opposition of the natives; but on his death the Manx placed themselves under the protection of Edward I. of England. From this time the kings of England claimed—though they were not always able to exercise—the right of granting seisin of the Isle of Man to various of their subjects. In 1407 Henry IV. granted the Island in perpetuity to Sir John Stanley; and the Stanley family, who subsequently became Earls of Derby, held it for more than 300 years. It then passed, through the female line, into the family of the Dukes of Athol, and was finally purchased from them in 1825, and became entirely and definitely, with all the rights and privileges of royalty, vested in the British Crown.

The Island is governed by a Legislature, which consists of three branches; these are

i. The Lord (now the sovereign of England) represented by the Governor.

ii. The Council of nine officials, namely, the Bishop, the, Archdeacon, the two Deemsters,* the Clerk of the Rolls, the Attorney-General, the Receiver General, the Water Bailiff and the Vicar-General.

iii. The twenty four Keys, representing the various sheadings,† towns, &c. They elect a speaker, and

* The Deemsters are the Judges of the Island, presiding the one over the Northern division, the other over the Southern. They must "deem the law truly as they will answer to the Lord of the Isle."

† The Island is divided into six sheadings. The name seems to be derived from the Manx *shey*, six, and the Scandinavian *thing*.

their procedure is like that of other bodies of the kind. Unlike most representative bodies, however, the members hold their seats for life.

The assembly of these three Estates forms what is called a Tynwald court, competent to legislate. As soon, then, as the Lieutenant-Governor (to give him his full style) has secured the consent of the English sovereign to a measure already passed by the Council and the Keys, the new law is proclaimed from the Tynwald Hill, and then forms part of the statute book as an "Act of Tynwald."

The Bishoprick of Man, some allusion to which has been already made, is said to date from A.D. 444, the year of St. Patrick's landing on those shores; and it is at any rate of very great antiquity. There are 17 parishes in all. The chief want of the Manx Church is money, for the whole organization is stricken with poverty. Moreover, whereas in the times of the good Bishops Wilson and Hildesley the Church and the people were coextensive, the Island now teems with Dissenters of different sects. As far as one can find out, the Church and clergy are still much respected and beloved, though things are hardly in the same case now as they were in the time of Camden, who, quoting a letter from the Bishop of the time, says: "The people are wonderful religious and all of them zealously conformable to the Church of England." The name Sodor is a witness to the union in early times of the Southern Isles of Scotland with Man under one Bishop.

It will not be out of place here to give a short list of personal names, common among the natives, compiled from graveyards and other sources. They are all curious, though not by any means all euphonious.

Corpin.	Kaighin.	Quayle.	Dulgan.
Cudd.	Kinvig.	Qualtrough.	Senocles.
Cooin.	Kewley.	Shimmin.	Joughin.
Cleator.	Kermeen.	Moughtin.	Freel.

Colquitt.	Kermod(e).	Okell.	Mylchreest.
Cumpster.	Keays.	Skillicorn.	
Curphey.	Kerruish.	Buphy.	

Many are deserving of notice from the varieties in spelling, which present the same name in different forms; such are

Cregeen. / Creggin.	Mylrea. / Milra.	Lewney. / Looney.	Quaggan. / Quaggin. / Quiggin.

The orthography of the Manx language seems never to have been settled.

Having said so much as to the history and general characteristics of the Island, I now proceed to give a short account of some of the more interesting places which I visited in it. In company with a party of Johnian friends I crossed from Liverpool at the beginning of July, and after a smooth passage of six hours' duration we found ourselves in Douglas Bay. Douglas, as most people are aware, is by far the largest town in the Island, and is now practically the only port which communicates with the outer world. In former times such was not the case. There were then four ports of much the same size and importance. These were Castletown, Peel, Douglas and Ramsey. They were entered by vessels of small draught, which amply sufficed for the carriage of exports and imports from and to the districts of the Isle, which they represent. But many causes have combined to raise Douglas to its present position. First, the running of a line of steam-packets from Liverpool to that port; and next, the improvement of the insular roads connecting Douglas with the other ports and their districts. The last thing, which has worked in this direction, is the railway, which at present consists of two lines branching out from Douglas to Peel and Port Erin respectively. The first of these lines, that from Douglas to Peel, was opened last winter, and the second on the 1st of August last. Douglas is certainly

a pretty town when seen from the surrounding heights, built round the edge of a deep and well-curved bay, and climbing here and there up the hills, which rise gradually behind it. But it cannot be said to be deserving of the extravagant praises lavished on it by its admirers, foremost among which are of course the Manx guide-books, which call it the "British Naples," "the Baiae of the present day," and such-like glowing and high-sounding titles. External beauty is certainly all that Douglas can boast, for the town itself is anything but charming. The streets are narrow, dirty and ill-built, and the general air of the place is vulgar and objectionable. Most of the houses are either inns or lodging-houses, and the style of the visitors may best be gathered from the abundance of music-halls, "Public Lounges," and dancing-saloons, which are to be seen in every direction. There is nothing whatever of interest in the town, nor indeed anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood, if we except the churchyard of Kirk Braddan, the parish church of Douglas, situated about a mile off, where there are several old Runic crosses, rather broken and defaced, but still in sufficiently good preservation to be well worthy of a visit.

We spent two months at Port Erin, a little village on the south-west coast, and during that time made ourselves pretty well acquainted with the whole of the southern portion of the Island. It would be tedious to go into details as to all this, so I will merely give a rapid sketch of the country. Following the line from Douglas to Port Erin, we come first to Port Soderick, a pretty little cove guarded by steep bold cliffs, which are pierced here and there with fantastic caverns. The cove is formed by a little rivulet, which here finds its way down to the sea through a winding valley, just one of those valleys with which Man abounds—narrow, green, rocky and lonely, and clothed here and there with wood. It was in the upper part

of this valley, or more probably of the next one, through which flows the Santonburn, that the scene of the Black Fort is laid, so picturesquely described by Scott in Peveril of the Peak. There is nothing worth noticing between Port Soderick and Castletown, with the exception of the village of Ballasalla, which contains the ruins of the ancient abbey of Rushen. Most uninteresting ruins, however, we found them, for there is nothing left of the once prosperous abbey but one small vaulted chamber and two hideous box-like towers.

Castletown is a picturesque old town of some 5000 inhabitants, and is the political capital of the Island, for here it is that the Keys hold their deliberations in a mean-looking, modern building, which the inhabitants proudly point out to visitors as "our Parliament house." The town clusters close round the walls of the ancient Castle of Rushen, which rises in the middle, and is one of the two great fortresses of Man. It is an ancient keep, probably of the 12th century, of rectangular form, considerable height and great solidity. Round this runs an outer line of defence, below which again is a moat, now partially filled up, commanded by the flanking towers at the angles of the wall. Beyond the moat is a glacis, the construction of which is ascribed to Cardinal Wolsey, who was at one time in commission as guardian to a minor of the Stanley family, who had in 1521 succeeded to the Lordship of Man. The whole building is in excellent preservation, and is chiefly employed as the insular prison. The crime of the Island seems always to preserve a dead level of uniformity, if we may judge from the number of prisoners in Castle Rushen; for, on all the three visits which we paid to the castle during the two months of our stay in the neighbourhood, we were informed by the pompous official, who shewed us over, that the number of prisoners was twenty-two. Perhaps, however, this number was, like

all the rest of the information he gave us, learned by rote some years ago. Within the walls of the fortress is also the Rolls Office, where the archives are kept. It stands on the southern bank of the stream called the Silverburn, which here runs into the sea and forms a creek, the harbour of Castletown.

An uninteresting piece of low coast intervenes between Castletown and Port St. Mary, a considerable village second only in importance as a fishing station to Peel; but beyond Port St. Mary is to be found some of the finest cliff scenery in the Island. Near here, at the top of the cliffs, are some very remarkable fissures, many of them not more than two feet wide, and from two to three hundred feet deep, and close to these "chasms," as they call them, at the bottom of the cliff and detached from it, there rises up from the sea a glorious conical bifurcated rock. The view of this from above, with countless sea birds wheeling and circling about it, and the lovely blue green of the sea all round it, is singularly beautiful. Another mile brings us opposite the Calf, a small rocky islet separated from the main land by a channel less than a quarter of a mile in breadth, the navigation of which is very dangerous, as the tide sets through it with tremendous force. The Calf contains 800 acres of land, and is chiefly used for grazing purposes. It is not, however, a very eligible farm, for the cattle can only be brought across to the mainland by swimming the channel, and many of them are often lost in the transit. After a two mile walk over an upland moor, on which are to be found several distinct Druidical stone circles, through Craigneesh, a primitive little village, from which the old Manx language has not yet died out, we see beneath us the horseshoe bay of Port Erin. A pretty bay it is, guarded at its mouth by the bold and lofty headland of Bradda, and protected from the full force of the Irish sea by a breakwater formed of huge blocks of concrete tumbled one upon another. The village of

Port Erin is very small, consisting merely of a few fishermen's cottages and two inns, which do a thriving trade during the summer; but there seems every reason for supposing that it will soon become a large and much-frequented place. A landing-stage is already in course of erection, and it is intended to have a line of steamers to Ireland, and the railway from Douglas, which has just been opened, has rendered it very easy of access from England. The place certainly has many natural advantages—a firm sandy beach at the head of the bay, capital bathing, the clearest of clear seas and a wide view across the Irish Channel to the distant Mourne mountains, which, with their bold jagged outline, are to be seen on a clear day resting like a blue cloud on the horizon. There are many pleasant walks too to be had in the country round. Close at hand is Fleshwick bay, a lovely retired cove with its black-green cliffs and romantic caverns, its emerald turf and deep purple sea. There are several good hills also near—the Carnanes with their richly-coloured carpet of gorse and fern and heather, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa (the hill of western day) rising to the height of 1600 feet straight out of the sea, and South Barrule, which is well worth climbing, if only for the wide view of the whole southern part of the Island to be obtained from its summit.

Our sojourn at Port Erin ended, and our party broken up, I and one enterprising friend determined on a walk over the country to the north, which we had not yet seen. We began our little tour by a visit to Peel, the great fishing station *par excellence* of the Island, situated half-way up the western coast. We found little to interest us in the town, which is like all the towns of Man, mean-looking and irregularly built, and abounding in smells of the most unsavoury description. But the whole interest of the place centres in the castle, which for beauty of form and colour, and for picturesqueness of situation, is surpassed by few ruins in the

British Isles. It is a ragged pile of red sandstone, occupying the whole of a high, rocky peninsula, or, I should rather say, island, for it is only connected with the mainland by a solid stone causeway. We approached it by a ferry across the stream, which forms the harbour of the town, and it was from the ferry boat that the extent and massive strength of the fabric appeared to most advantage. Climbing a steep flight of stone steps, and passing under a strong gateway tower, we found ourselves on the open space within the walls. The first thing to be noticed is the presence of no less than two churches within the castle precincts, the parish church of St. Patrick and the Cathedral of St. German. Both are in ruins, but the latter still retains some of its old beauty, especially in the remains of its fine Early English choir, which reminded us much of the choir of Jesus Chapel. We spent some time walking on the ramparts overlooking the sea, tracing out the grass-grown tilting ground, and visiting the ancient guard-room, the weird old legend of which is to be found in the Appendix to Scott's "Peveril of the Peak;" and as we left the castle my companion, waxing suddenly poetical, repeated to me the lines of Wordsworth:—

> And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
> I love to see the look with which it braves—
> Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—
> The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.*

Leaving Peel we set out along the Douglas road, and after a three mile tramp reached the Tynwald hill, one of the most interesting spots in the island. "Hither," says Cumming, "for the last 400 years at least, have the people of Man gathered to hear the laws by which they should be governed. Here, in the midst of the British dominions, far apart from its parent source, is found the last remains of the old Scandinavian

* Wordsworth's 'Nature and the Poet,' suggested by a picture of Peel Castle in a storm.

Thing, which, for the protection of public liberty, was held in the open air, in presence of the assembled people, and conducted by the people's chiefs and representatives."* The hill is said to have been formed of earth brought here from each of the parishes in the island, and is of a remarkable shape, rising in four circular platforms to a height of 12 feet. From this place on the 5th of July in each year are promulgated the laws which have been passed since the last Tynwald meeting.

Leaving the Douglas road we next turned up a valley which runs up northwards into the mountains, and forms the bed of a clear, noisy brook. Very pleasant we found this valley, especially some four miles further up, when we reached the Rhenass waterfall. This waterfall, though the largest in the island, is not very tremendous, but it is pretty as far as it goes, the stream descending altogether some 60 or 70 feet in several distinct cascades; but the prettiest thing was the view from an overhanging rock down the glen, up which we had just come. Wood and water and rock and mountain combined to make a really lovely picture, and the boom of the falling water close beneath us added to the charm of the spot. We traced the stream to its source in the hills, and then rejoining the main road from Peel we trudged on to the village of Kirk Michael, getting on the way some fine views of the mountains inland.

Kirk Michael is a considerable village situated about a quarter of a mile from the coast on the road between Peel and Ramsey. It contains a pretentious and hideous church built in the most debased style of the Georgian era and coated with very remarkable orange-coloured plaster. But we found the ugliness of the church amply atoned for by the interest attaching to the church-yard. Not only is this the burial-place of the bishops of the diocese, but it can boast

* Cumming's Guide to the Isle of Man, p. 108.

of six or seven capital specimens of Runic crosses. The three best of these have been moved from their original position, and set up by the churchyard-gate, one on the wall on each side of it, and one on a pedestal opposite to it. This latter is perhaps the finest and most perfect in the island. It is a rectangular block of schist, about ten feet high and six inches thick, and is most elaborately carved on both faces with figures of men and dogs and horses, and curious patterns of all kinds. Round the sides runs an inscription in Runic characters, setting forth that "Joalf, the son of Thoralf the Red, erected this cross to his mother Frida." The whole thing is in wonderfully good preservation, and much of the carving looks as sharp and fresh as if it had only lately come from the sculptor's chisel.

Refreshed by a good night's rest at the Bishop's Arms in Kirk Michael, we started next morning to walk across the mountains to Ramsey. We struck up a steep narrow road leading inland, and after a long climb we found ourselves on the ridge between Slieu Dhoo and Slieu ne Fraughane. Opposite to us we saw Snaefell, a long-backed awkward-looking hill, with two mysterious excrescences on the top; which, on closer inspection, we discovered to be two rough huts put up for the convenience of tourists. We made straight for it, but it was some time before we reached the top, owing to the broken nature of a great deal of the ground. Once there, we paused and looked around us. The view which met our eyes was very striking, and well worth a far harder climb. The whole length and breadth of the island lay mapped out at our feet, with the coast line sharply defined against the blue sea. To the south we saw the Calf of Man and Castletown, with the guardian tower of Rushen Castle. Douglas bay lay below us, but the town of Douglas was hidden by an intervening hill, and so was Ramsey, which nestles under North

Barrule. To the North the island ended in the point of Ayre, and the country between us and it looked as flat as the fens of Cambridgeshire. On the west, Peel Castle stood out well upon its island rock, and behind it, in close proximity, rose the peaks of South Barrule and Cronk-na-irey-Lhaa. But the great boast of Snaefell is, that from it are visible on a clear day at one and the same moment the mountains of North Wales and Cumberland, the whole stretch of the south coast of Scotland, and the north of Ireland with the chain of blue Mourne mountains in County Down. We, however, had to content ourselves with the sight of the Isle of Man alone, for there was a haze over the sea, which hid all beyond it, though we fancied that we caught a glimpse of the Mull of Galloway. It did not take long to descend the mountain, and we soon found ourselves near the source of the Sulby river, and proceeded to make our way down Sulby glen. Sulby glen is perhaps the prettiest of the valleys of Man, and this is saying no little for it, for Man is pre-eminently a land of pretty valleys. Six miles or so from its commencement we reached the end of the glen, and saw before us the flat northern plain, with the churches of Andreas and Bride, and a range of low hills on the horizon about five miles off, marking the line of the sea coast. Here the Sulby river turns off sharply to the left in a north-easterly direction; and we joined the high road from Peel to Ramsey, which keeps along the river bank. We had now reached the northern extremity of the mountain range, where the hills break down into the plain in bold spurs covered with waving pine trees, and forming between them picturesque dells and dark sombre recesses. The scene reminded me much of the edge of the Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, where they fall into the Severn valley. We passed the parish church of Lezayre "bosomed high in tufted trees," (a pity the church itself is not more worthy of its surroundings), and as

we neared Ramsey we passed several nice houses standing in park-like grounds, and fancied ourselves in England as we listened to the cawing of the rooks in the fine old elms. Soon we entered Ramsey, and passed down the quay, which extends for a quarter of a-mile along the river side. Then we crossed the quaint little market-place and came out upon the beach.

Ramsey lies in a bay open to the east, and looks straight across to the English coast and the Lake mountains. To the north there stretches away a low line of red sandstone cliffs ending in the point of Ayre. On the southern side the bay is guarded by the lofty headland of Maughold. The town is sheltered by the northern slopes of North Barrule, which rises high above it, and it can boast of more wood around it than any other place in the island. Not only are there woods all round the town, but the trees at one or two points come close down to the water's edge. The effect of this is very charming, especially in one place, where a real little mountain glen, with its trees and grass and brook, opens right upon the beach itself.

We spent the night at Ramsey, and started next morning for Douglas. We did not keep to the road, but turned aside from it to pay a visit to the little village of Maughold, which stands upon the headland, to which it gives its name. There is a pretty green in the middle of the village, with a pleasant parsonage overlooking it, standing in a neat, gay garden, and surrounded by a grove of tall spreading fuschias. But though the place is by no means deficient in natural beauties, its main interest is for the archæologist, for no place in Man possesses so many Runic stones. There is one upon the green itself, very like, though not so good as, the large one at Kirk Michael already described, and there are many more in the churchyard. Close to the church-gate stands a singularly graceful pillar-cross, very richly and elaborately carved, but

much weather-worn from its exposed situation, and from the softness of the sandstone of which it is made. The churchyard is very large, much the largest in the island, perhaps the largest in the kingdom. It extends over five acres of land, and we found it well worth while searching among the innumerable hideous tombstones for Runic stones, nine or ten of which we discovered; some so much defaced as to be scarcely recognisable, others in really good preservation, but all thoroughly worth examining. They are most of them of the form known as "wheel-crosses." The church is one of the regular type of Manx churches, though with more pretensions to architecture than most. It consists of one long low nave lighted by narrow lancet windows, and surmounted at the west end by a bell turret, the bell in which is rung by a rope from the outside, according to the ordinary Manx usage. The west window is in the perpendicular style; the tracery is heavy and not remarkable for beauty, but it is interesting as being the only old tracery left in the island.

Leaving Maughold, we made our way back into the Ramsey and Douglas road, which is carried along the eastern side of the mountains at some height above the sea, and which brought us at length to the village of Laxey, which lies at the mouth of Laxey glen, the best known of all the Manx glens, but, as we agreed, not nearly equal in beauty to Sulby. It is broader, barer, straighter and far tamer. Eight miles more of uninteresting road and we found ourselves once more in Douglas. Thus ended our walk. The next day saw us on board the Isle of Man steamship company's boat, "Snaefell," *en route* for Liverpool; but not even the horrors of six hours at sea on a rough day in a crowded vessel could efface from our minds the pleasant recollection of our little sojourn among the Manxmen.

H. W. S.

AN EPITAPH.

(After Tom Hood).

Here, waiting for the trumpet's note
  Doth lie poor Richard Clay,
Whose forte was the piano-forte,
  His only work to play.

He could compose with such success
  As oft increased his pelf;
And if his compositions failed,
  He could compose himself.

The mark, at which through life he aimed,
  Was strictest harmony,
Yet never mortal man combined
  Such opposites as he.

In childhood's early days he loved
  To play upon the keys;
And in the scales of life found nought
  So natural as C's.

And yet he was no mariner,
  Nor was the sea his choice;
The only compass that he knew,
  The compass of the voice.

On British soil his life was spent,
  A truth you'd scarce divine;
For foreign airs he'd often breathed,
  And been below the line.

He always knew the proper pitch,
  Though ignorant of tar;
He'd never crossed a harbour's mouth,
  Yet been through many a bar.

He, forger-like, would utter notes
  That passed among the crowd;
Yet every note of his was true,
  And every one aloud.

To solve his inconsistencies
  Surpasses human hope,
A man who made the finest chords,
  Yet could not spin a rope.

In all his smoothest passages
  A crotchet you might trace;
He taught men what was right, and yet
  He taught them what was bass.

The man's a perfect paradox,
  So all his neighbours swore;
For while he wrote a single line
  'Twas known he wrote a score.

Describe his voice, and your account
  Of contradiction savours,
A voice that ever sounded firm
  Yet ever sounded quavers.

When twelve years old, he sang so strong,
  A treble voice 'twas reckoned;
And when it broke, though heard alone,
  You'd vow you heard a second.

Though Time runs swiftly, Richard Clay
  Could beat time slow or fast;
But Time has proved the better horse,
  And beaten him at last.

By practising whate'er he taught,
  He kept a rule sublime;
Nor can his life mis-spent be called,
  Who never lost his time.

Such was the tenor of his ways,
  Nought base lay 'neath that breast;
But, ah! his time was over-quick,
  So death inserts a rest!

SERMO.

RAILWAY RETROSPECTS.

AMONG my literary treasures is a Bradshaw for 1848, a quaint little volume, meagre and attenuated by the side of its portly successors. There are only 94 pages of railway time-tables, and these time-tables are by no means inconveniently crowded with trains. The map too, while it shows most of our main lines and many branches near the most important towns, is a curious contrast to the present elaborate piece of net-work. My little Bradshaw suggests a train of thought on the vast increase of our railway system; and then of course comes the question, why not make a note of it? An enthusiast myself about railway matters, why despair of finding a brother lunatic among the readers of *The Eagle?* Besides railways appeal to all, invading our most cherished retreats, murdering sleep like Macbeth, killing *us* too often to be pleasant. Everyone then may warm to the subject; as even the staunchest hater of politics has been found to take quite a lively interest in the reasons for his own decapitation.

To begin at the beginning, the first great fact in English railway history is the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830.* Almost immediately the thirty stage-coaches which ran between these towns were with one exception taken off, while the number of travellers increased threefold. This

* The Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened for general traffic in 1825, and locomotives had been used on mine and colliery railways since the beginning of the century.

signal success provoked imitation, the more so as shares had at least doubled in value; and railways were soon projected to all sorts of possible and impossible places. In 1836 about 450 miles of railway were completed and 350 miles were in progress of construction; by the end of 1843 more than 2000 miles had been opened, and more than 5000 at the end of 1848. The total capital raised by shares and loans up to this time amounted to more than two hundred millions;* while the number of persons employed on railways in the United Kingdom in 1848 (a year of exceptional activity) was a quarter of a million.

Not less remarkable during these years was the increase of power in the locomotive engine. When the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was planned locomotive power was not an essential feature of the scheme, nor was a speed contemplated beyond that of an ordinary vehicle drawn by horses. Whatever were the hopes and beliefs of engineers, they were kept in the back-ground rather than otherwise, lest over-sanguine speculation should affront British common sense and scare Parliamentary committees. Finally the directors of the railway offered a premium for the best engine that should draw three times its own weight on a level at 10 miles an hour. Stephenson's Rocket alone accomplished the required distance. It was the first engine made in England† with multitubular flues, and having also the blast directed up the funnel, contained, like Tyndall's atom, the "promise and potency" of all that followed.

In 1830 the mean speed attained was under 15 miles an hour, the highest under 30. In 1838 the

* According to Captain Tyler's recent report, 16,082 miles were open in the United Kingdom in December 1873, representing an outlay of £588,320,308.

† M. Seguin had already applied the tubular boiler on the Lyons and St. Etienne Railway in 1829.

average speed of passenger trains, including stoppages, was from 20 to 27 miles an hour, with a load of about 40 tons, the highest rate being 50 miles. In 1848 the best passenger engines on the narrow gauge were calculated to be capable of conveying a train of 180 tons, including engine and tender, at 40 miles an hour on a level, and a train of 110 tons at 60 miles.

Perhaps however the Great Western line offers the most interesting example of the rapid development of locomotive power. The younger Brunel, who was appointed its engineer, foresaw an enormous increase in railway traffic, and so early as 1833 proposed an enlargement of the ordinary 4 feet 8½ inch gauge to 7 feet. He contemplated at that time a speed of about 45 miles with loads of about 80 tons. On the opening of the railway in 1838 engines of various patterns were tried, testifying to the ingenuity of their builders. One had 6-feet driving-wheels, which by means of cogs made 3 revolutions to each stroke of the piston; another had a pair of 10-feet wheels, and as a rule declined either to start or stop: all of them were deficient in boiler power. About 1840 the engines constructed from the designs of Mr. D. Gooch, the Locomotive Superintendent, began to be placed upon the line. They had 7-feet driving-wheels, and 829 feet of heating surface, and were found to be capable of taking an average train at a mean speed of 50 miles an hour, with a maximum of about 60. Mr. Gooch informed the Gauge Commissioners in 1845, that the distance from Didcot to Paddington, 53 miles, was often run under the hour. These engines were followed in 1846-7 by the Great Britain class, with 8 wheels, 8-feet single driving-wheels, cylinders 18 inches by 24, total heating surface 1952 square feet. The performance of these engines was unprecedented. They were found to possess a maximum speed of about 72 miles, and an admirable power of maintaining steam. The Great Britain is twice recorded to have run with

the ordinary express train between Didcot and Paddington in 47½ minutes; an average rate, including starting and stopping, of nearly 67 miles an hour. Some slight modifications were afterwards made in the pattern, but the type remained essentially unaltered; and these same engines, the boilers having been renewed when necessary, still work the broad gauge express traffic of the Great Western. Though extravagant in their consumption of fuel, and deficient in some modern appliances, it may be doubted if they have ever been surpassed in the work for which they were constructed—the rapid conveyance of passenger trains on a comparatively straight and level line. Now that the broad gauge, doubtless from sound financial reasons, is doomed to speedy extinction, one is tempted to linger with regret over the days of its early prime, and sees in these great engines a pre-Adamite creation, destined to leave no descendants, and to give place to a smaller and feebler race.

The rapid advance of the Great Western stimulated of course the rival narrow gauge lines. The battle of the gauges was keenly fought on their side, and plan after plan produced to combine a boiler of sufficient size with the two essential points, as they were then considered—a high wheel for speed and a low centre of gravity to ensure steadiness. The problem was solved by the introduction of the Crampton engine. Crampton removed the driving-axle to the rear of the fire-box, and lowered the boiler so as just to clear the axles of the carrying wheels; the cylinders and valve-gear being of course placed outside. The grandest Crampton engine ever built, the Liverpool, a worthy rival of the Great Britain and her younger sisters, was placed on the London and North Western line in 1849, and announced as the most powerful engine in the world. She had eight wheels, 8-feet driving-wheels, cylinders 18 inches by 24, and 2290 feet of heating surface. Her perform-

ances were great; but she was soon disused, chiefly owing to the inherent defect of the Crampton system, great weight placed of necessity at each extremity, which proved injurious to the rails and permanent way. A Crampton engine is now scarcely to be found in England. There are many however in France, especially on the Chemin de Fer du Nord, where they work the express trains from Paris to Amiens, and are said to be favourites with the drivers. They are well worth study as representing an interesting though now by gone type.

English engineers presently ceased to trouble themselves about a low centre of gravity, and found even a high driving-wheel less essential than a good-sized cylinder and a boiler able to supply it with sufficient steam. The narrow-gauge engines now constructed differ materially in pattern from those built twenty-five years ago, but the increase in their power has not been great. Power in fact was attained not by any new invention but by enlarging the boiler, and the limits of convenient size were pretty well reached by 1849. Experiments in pace too proved more interesting to engineers than remunerative to shareholders; and by this time the rival gauges were securely established in their respective territories. I do not propose to pursue the engine question further; but it may be interesting to give some details of the new Great Northern 8-wheeled express engines, undoubtedly the finest passenger engines of the present day. They have single 8-feet driving-wheels, the front of the engine being supported on a 4-wheeled bogie, cylinders 18 inches by 28, heating surface 1165 feet. Thus, while the cylinders are larger than those of the Great Britain or Liverpool, the tube surface of the modern engine is very decidedly less, the boiler being of much the same size. One of these engines has taken sixteen carriages 15 miles in 12 minutes, an achievement probably unparalleled. On most railways less

powerful engines are employed, the pattern most in vogue at present being that in general use on the Midland and London and North Western, with four 6-feet 6 inches coupled driving-wheels, and cylinders 24 inches by 17 or 18. Such an engine will take a very heavy train at a mean speed of 45 miles, and if required would reach between 60 and 70 with a lighter load. Tractive power however is now the chief requirement rather than excessive speed.

I may add a few notes as to the present rate of trains, taking two or three of the best known as typical instances. The Great Western stands first with the Exeter express, which accomplishes the distance between Paddington and Exeter, 193¾ miles, in 4¼ hours, an average, including four stoppages, of nearly 46 miles an hour: exclusive of stoppages, the average rate is slightly over 50. The 77 miles between Paddington and Swindon take 87 minutes without stoppage. Between Bristol and Exeter this train is taken by tank-engines of a very curious make, with 9-feet single driving-wheels, and a four-wheeled bogie at each end. They are said to have run at 80 miles an hour, and certainly travel admirably with a light train. Next comes the Scotch express by the Great Northern route, of which the time is—Peterborough, 76¼ miles, 1½ hour; York, 188¼ miles, 4¼ hours; Edinburgh, 397 miles, 9½ hours: average to Edinburgh, including twenty minutes' stay at York, nearly 42 miles an hour. By the London and North Western route the journey to Edinburgh, 397½ miles, takes 10 hours and 10 minutes; to Glasgow, 404½ miles, 10 hours and 22 minutes; about 39 miles an hour in both cases. The Irish mail accomplishes the distance between Euston and Holyhead, 264 miles, at an average pace of not quite 40 miles an hour, This run from Holyhead gained celebrity at the time of the Trent affair in 1862, when the eagerly looked-for despatches from America were conveyed to London in precisely

5 hours. The engine ran to Stafford without stopping at an average rate of 54½ miles an hour, picking up water from a trough placed between the rails, an invention then first introduced, and now in general use upon the line. These, with the South Western journey to Exeter, 170¾ miles, in 4¼ hours, are the most important runs of any length. Comparing them with the times in 1848 I find a decided increase in the average speed of trains, and more especially a general diminution in the number of stoppages with expresses. Sometimes however the alteration is the other way. In 1848 Southampton was reached in 1 hour and 50 minutes; now 2¼ hours at least are required. In 1854 the Great Eastern express took 1 hour and 25 minutes to Cambridge and 3¼ hours to Norwich; the time is now—Cambridge 1½ hour, Norwich 4 hours.

At present railways seem in a stationary state. The carriages certainly are better than they were, but otherwise there is little improvement: the same unpunctuality; the same due proportion of accidents, keeping pace with the increase of traffic; the same over-taxed officials; the same unappetising refreshments—such are their monotonous and unattractive traits. Perhaps, by way of variety, we may begin to go back soon. Even now certain directors seem anxious to crowd three passengers into the space of two; possibly they may combine hereafter to impose upon us the additional boon of continental slowness.

Note.—This brief sketch relating to English railways only, I have said nothing of the various improvements effected by foreign locomotive engineers to meet the exigencies of heavy loads and long inclines. Nor have I space to describe the Fairlie double-bogie engine, an invention perhaps destined some day to revolutionise railway practice. Those who have seen its wonderful performances in rounding curves and hauling loads on the Festiniog 2-feet gauge railway can easily imagine its powers on a larger scale. Several of Mr. Fairlie's engines have been exported, but I am not aware that any are now in use on an ordinary English railway.

G.

MY FIRST-BORN.

I SEE thee in thy cradle lying,
I hear thee oft at midnight crying;
I sometimes find it rather trying,
My little boy's
Incessant noise.

I hear thee in the noontide squalling,
I hear thee still when eve is falling;
It's really growing quite appalling,
My little boy's
Increasing noise.

Was it for this I left my books,
To study Clara's gentle looks?
Is this the charm of rural nooks,
To hear that boy's
Perpetual noise?

Quick, Mary Anne, run to the shop
For Mrs. Winslow's soothing drop,
Or anything that will but stop
That wretched boy's
Distracting noise.

Ah! now I see what comes of scorning
My old friend Cælebs' kindly warning;
I'm never quiet, night or morning,
From that young boy's
Eternal noise.

QUONDAM SOCIUS.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1874.

On June 10th, at a Meeting of the Masters and Sixteen Senior Fellows, the following were elected Honorary Fellows:

J. C. Adams, M.A., F.R.S., Lowndean Professor of Astronomy.
Very Rev. C. Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely.
I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S.

At the same meeting W. H. Miller, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Mineralogy, was elected to a Foundation Fellowship.

On November 2nd the following were elected to Foundation Fellowships:

William Arthur Haslam, M.A.; bracketed Sixth Wrangler, 1870.
Herbert Somerton Foxwell, M.A.; First in Moral Sciences Tripos, 1871; First Whewell's Scholar for International Law, 1872.
John Collins, B.A.; Sixth
Charles Henry Herbert Cook, B.A.; Sixth Wrangler, 1872.
Theodore Thomas Gurney, B.A.; bracketed Third Wrangler, 1873; Bell's University Scholar.
William Garnett, B.A.; bracketed Fifth Wrangler, 1873; Demonstrator of Experimental Physics.

The MacMahon Law Studentship has been awarded to F. C. Bayard, B.A. (Second in First Class of Law Tripos, 1873). There are now four Studentships, so that one will fall vacant every year. The election to the Naden Divinity Studentship is deferred till Easter Term.

On November 7th, the Master, Professor Adams, and Dr. Parkinson were elected on the Council of the Senate.

Mr. Gwatkin and Mr. Frederick Watson have been appointed Theological Lecturers.

Dr. Bradbury has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.

Mr. Moorhouse has been appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

Mr. Colson has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Rochester.

Mr. Garrod has been appointed Professor of Comparative Anatomy at King's College, London.

Mr. Cook has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the College at Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand.

The Rev. J. B. Slight, M.A., one of the Assistant Masters of Brighton College, has been appointed Head-Master of the Grammar School, King's Lynn.

The bridge over the trench between the grounds of Trinity and St. John's has been completed at the cost of about £60.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught stayed at Cambridge with his regiment on August 7th, and visited St. John's Chapel. He was received by the President and the Fellows in residence.

The following Members of the College have been Ordained since our last issue:

On Trinity Sunday.—DEACONS: J. F. W. Trumper, J. L. Proctor, T. J. C. Gardner, W. A. Jones, W. S. Wood, A. P. Hockin, R. Longwood, E. A. Fewtrell, H. G. Willacy, J. H. Street, J. P. Davies, T. Powell, H. T. Wood, A. Gwyther, C. W. Power. PRIESTS: R. C. Atkinson, A. Butler, G. Trundell, W. J. F. Hanbury, T. Alston, F. A. S. Reid, T. B. Spencer, P. H. Jackson, J. H. R. Kirby, F. Case, P. Ellis.

On Sunday, 20th September.—DEACONS: G. Hodges, A. C. Higgs, G. J. Athill, J. Barham, H. H. Oliver, W. Almack, H. F. Pinder, H. J. Atkins, H. I. Kilner, H. J. Cheesman, C. Packer. PRIESTS: F. Tobin, W. L. Wilson, H. J. Newton, W. H. Briddon, J. P. Farler, R. Browne.

EXHIBITIONERS.

Third Year.—Baker, Batten, Body, E. R. Carr, Crawley, Greenhill, Henderson, Knightly, Lamplugh, Marshall, W. Moss, Scott, Slack, T. W. Thomas, Wellacott.

Second Year.—Easton, Hargreaves, Horner, London, McFarland, Maxwell, Morgan, Murray, Penny, Simpkinson, E. A. Stuart, H. Wace, J. T. Ward.

First Year.—Bell, Griffin, Heath, Jacobs, J. S. Jones, Kikuchi, McAlister, Marwood, Murton, Pendlebury, T. S. Tait, Warren, A. R. Wilson.

FOUNDATION SCHOLARS. Classic, 1871.

Third Year.—Clough, Hildyard, Langley, Milne, Nock, G. S. Raynor, Staffurth, Wellacott.

Second Year.—Hargreaves, Hunt, McFarland, Morgan, G. H. Raynor, Simpkinson, Talbot, H. Wace, J. T. Ward.

PROPER SIZARS.

Second Year.—J. G. Ambridge, Coggin, Horner, Treadgold, Trustram.
First Year.—Heath, McAlister, T. S. Tait.

MIDSUMMER EXAMINATION, 1874.

Third Year (*First Class*).—Body, Scott, Lamplugh, Wellacott.
SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S PRIZE FOR ASTRONOMY.—Lamplugh.
Second Year (*First Class*).—J. T. Ward, Morgan, Hargreaves, McFarland, Talbot, Easton, Horner, Penny, Coggin, J. G. Ambridge.
First Year (*First Class*).—Heath, McAlister, C. Pendlebury, T. S. Tait, Griffin, Marwood, Kikuchi, A. R. Wilson, Murton, J. S. Jones, Bell, Jacobs, E. P. Rooper, Dyson and S. H. Thomas *æq.*, Northcott, Bagshaw and Blackett *æq.*, Caister and Luce *æq.*, Vaughan, Fox and Jeffrey *æq.*, Horny, W. B. Lowe, Tillard, East, Robinson, H. P. Carr, J. Phillips, Warren, Hatfield, R. J. Woodhouse, Parker.

NATURAL SCIENCES EXAMINATION.

First Class.—Clough, Langley, A. M. Marshall, M. Stewart.

LAW EXAMINATION.

THIRD YEAR.—*First Class:* Hildyard, Carr.
SECOND YEAR.—*First Class:* Trustram, Thornber.

The Prizes for READING IN CHAPEL were awarded to (1) E. A. Stuart, (2) C. Jackson.

SIZARS.

Elected October 11th.—E. Adamson, W. A. Bond, W. Boyce, J. Brown, W. F. Burville, R. W. Elsey, C. E. Gaussen, E. Gepp, A. T. S. Goodrick*, W. R. Hannam, F. T. S. Houghton, T. Lattimer, J. H. Mackie, R. H. Marsh, G. A. Matthew, J. S. S. Penkivil, H. C. Pinsent*, R. H. Ryland, A. Sells, W. H. Widgery, W. J. Willan.

* Elected for distinction in Cambridge Local Examination.

A Sizarship, together with an Exhibition of £20 per annum for two years, will be given to the best Senior Candidate in the *University Local Examinations* held 1874, 1875, who shall have obtained the mark of distinction in both Pure and Applied Mathematics; and a like Prize for the best Candidate at the same Examination who shall have obtained the mark of distinction both in Latin and Greek.

Limited Exhibitions.

Somerset (Hereford School)—E. L. Browne, W. F. Burville, A. G. Sellon, H. E. Trotter, St. D. G. Walters; (Manchester School)—H. J. Sharp; (Marlborough Grammar School)—J. H. Gwillim, A. Sells.
Baker (Durham School)—E. Adamson.
Dowman (Pocklington School)—W. R. Hannam.
Munsteven (Peterborough School)—R. W. Elsey.
Vidal (Exeter School)—W. H. Widgery.

The following is a List of the First Year, for the Michaelmas Term of 1874 (108):

Adamson, E.
Allen, G. C.
Allen, J.
Andrews, W.
Bishop, J. W. G.
Bluett, T. L.
Bond, W. A.
Boote, D. P.
Boucher, I.
Boyce, W.
Brine, J. B.
Brown, J.
Browne, E. L.
Brownlow, C. B.
Burville, W. F.
Carlisle, E.
Carver, F.
Collinson, G.
Cooke, C. K.
Crick, A. C.
Dale, C. W. M.
Daubeny, E. J.
Davies, A. C.
Davies, J. R.
Dixon, J.
Downing, C.
Elsey, R. W.
English, W. W.
Fairburn, W. T.
Fletcher, J. C. B.
Ford, E. J.
Gatty, F. A.
Gaussen, C. E.
Gepp, E.
Goodrick, A. T. S.
Goulding, W. J.
Greenaway, W. C.
Greenbank, J. C.
Gwillim, J. H.
Hamilton, J. A. G.
Hannam, W. R.
Hastings, G. F.
Haworth, H.
Henson, A. T.
Hibbert, J. A. N.
Holcroft, A.
Holcroft, H.
Houghton, F. T. S.
Hughes, W. H.
Ireland, J. H.
Keely, A. W. J.
Kemp, H. T.
Kingsford, W. L.
Kingsmill, A. M.
Lander, J. T.
Langdale, H. M.
Lattimer, T.
Lee, F. B. Norman
Leeper, H.
Logan, T. T.
Mackenzie, A.
Mackie, J. H.
Mann, M. F. J.
Marsh, R. H.
Matthew, G. A.
Morris, J. S.
Moull, C. A.
Nevill, R.
Nixon, H. F.
Penkivil, T. S. S.
Phelps, H. H.
Pinsent, H. C.
Pitman, A. L.
Plant, J. H.
Reynolds, H.
Roughton, Q. E.
Russell, M. H.
Ryland, R. H.
Schuyler, E. E. S.
Sellon, A. G.
Sells, A.
Sharp, H. J.
Simpson, R. J.
Smith, R. C.
Smith, Tunstall
Stedman, R. P.
Tarleton, L. G.
Taylor, T.
Thompson, H.
Thornton, W. H.
Touzel, T. J. C.
Trotter, H. E.
Tucker, W. F.
Vinter, E. A.
Wallis, F. W.
Walsham, H.
Walters, St. D. G.
Whetstone, W. F.
White, G.
Widgery, W. H.
Wilding, H. St. J.
Wilkins, E. W.
Willan, W. J.
Williamson, C. C.
Wilson, J.
Wilson, W. T.
Wiseman, A. R.
Wood, W.

College Examinations.

(*A.*)

1. In the year 1875, and until further notice, there will be in the Easter Term several *Special Examinations* in Theology, Mathematics, Classics, Natural Sciences, Moral Sciences, Law, and History, arranged as follows:

The Examinations will occupy eleven days of the Easter Term, beginning on such day as the Master and Seniors may appoint.

The Classical Examination will begin on the morning of the first day and last till noon on the fifth day, and during the period so defined will be held the Examinations in Law and in Natural Science.

The Mathematical Examination will begin on the afternoon of the fifth day and last till noon on the eighth day, but the two papers in the most advanced subjects of that Examination will be set either on the afternoon of the fourth and morning of the fifth day or on the afternoon of the eighth day and morning of the ninth, as may be found most convenient; and during the period between the afternoon of the fifth day and the noon of the eighth day, will be held the Examination in History and, when possible, that in the Moral Sciences.

The Theological Examination will begin on the afternoon of the eighth day and end on the afternoon of the eleventh day.

2. These Examinations will begin, as nearly as may be, on the 29th of May.

3. Undergraduates of the several years who pass these Examinations will be classed separately.

4. In the Classical and Mathematical Divisions the names of those who are classed will be arranged in the order of merit.

5. All the Examinations will be held in the mornings and afternoons, the evening Examinations being discontinued; and there will always be an interval of an hour and a half between each morning and afternoon Examination.

(*B.*)

1. There will also be *Preliminary Examinations* in the Easter Term: (α) For Freshmen in some of the subjects of the Previous Examination. (β) For Second Year Men in the subjects of the General Examination.

2. In the Preliminary Examination for Freshmen, two papers will be set: (α) One in Euclid, Arithmetic, and Algebra. (β) One in the Gospel and Greek subject of the Previous Examination and in Grammar.

3. In the Preliminary Examination for the Second Year Men, three papers will be set: (α) One in Mechanics, Hydrostatics, and Heat. (β) One in the Latin and Greek subjects of the General Examination. (γ) One in the New Testament subject (half paper) and in Algebra (half paper).

College Prizes.—To obtain a College Prize in the First Year of Residence a Student must be placed in the First Class in one of the College Examinations in special subjects held during the Easter Term, after either having been placed in the First Class in the College Examination at the end of the

preceding Michaelmas Term, or having passed the Previous Examination in that Term.

To obtain a College of Residence a Student must be placed in the First Class in all the Examinations held during the year in his subject of study.

A Prize will also be awarded to each Student who in any one of the above years of residence has been placed in the Second Class in two special Examinations in different subjects of study.

MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS FOR THE YEAR 1875.—In April, 1875, there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, together with two Exhibitions of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarship; one Exhibition of £50 per annum and two Exhibitions of £33. 6*s*. 8*d*. tenable for three years, and one Exhibition of £18 per annum, tenable for one year. These Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions will be open to students who have not commenced residence.

The Examination of Candidates for the above-named Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Wednesday, March 31st, at 9 a.m. The Examination will consist of three Mathematical papers, and four Classical Papers: and the latter will contain passages of Greek and Latin Prose and Verse for translation into English, and also each a passage from an English Author for the corresponding Prose or Verse composition. The subjects included in the Mathematical Examination will be Euclid, Arithmetic, Algebra, Plane Trigonometry, Geometrical and Analytical Conics, Elementary Statics and Dynamics, and the elementary parts of the Differential Calculus. In additton to the Papers above-mentioned, the Candidates will be examined *vivâ voce* in Classics: and the Master and Seniors wish it to be understood that a Candidate may be elected on the ground of proficiency in either the Classical or the Mathematical branch of the Examination independently of the other.

Besides the Minor Scholarships or Exhibitions above-mentioned, there will be offered for competition an Exhibition of £50 per annum for proficiency in *Natural Science*, the Exhibition to be tenable for three years in case the Exhibitioner have passed within two years the Previous Examination as required for Candidates for Honours: otherwise the Exhibition to cease at the end of two years.

The Candidates for the Natural Science Exhibition will have a special Examination (commencing on Saturday, April 3, at 1 p.m.) in

(1) Chemistry (*including practical work in the Laboratory*). (2) Physics (*Electricity, Heat, Light*). (3) Physiology.

They will also have the opportunity of being examined in one or more of the following subjects,

(4) Geology, (5) Anatomy, (6) Botany,

provided that they give notice of the subjects in which they wish to be examined four weeks prior to the Examination. No Candidate will be examined in more than three of these six subjects, whereof one at least must be chosen from the former group. It is the wish of the Master and Seniors that excellence in some single department should be specially regarded by the Candidates. They may also, if they think fit, offer themselves for examination in any of the Classical or Mathematical subjects.

Candidates must send their names to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination. The Tutors are Rev. S. Parkinson, D.D.; Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D., and J. E. Sandys, Esq., M.A.

The Minor Scholarships are open to all persons under twenty years of age, who have not yet commenced residence in the University. The Exhibitions are not limited in respect to the age of Candidates, and are not vacated by election to Foundation Scholarships. A Minor Scholarship is tenable for two years, or until the Scholar is elected to one of the Foundation Scholarships. There are sixty Foundation Scholarships, tenable until the B.A. degree and for three years after. All who are elected will be required to come into residence in October, 1875.

THE FOOTBALL CLUB.—At a meeting of the Club, held in Lecture Room A, on Wednesday, October 21st, the following resolutions were adopted:

1. That games be played six days in the week, three days according to the Association Rules, and three days according to the Rules of the Rugby Union.

2. That the subscription be 8*s*. annually.

The following were elected to serve on the Committee:—J. C. Hanson [Captain of Association Game], A. C. Carr [Captain of Rugby Game], H. A. Williams (*Treasurer*), J. W. Jeudwine, and H. W. Simpkinson.

Association Game-Matches played 6, won 2, lost 2, drawn 2.

October 17th, St. John's v. *Pembroke*.—Played on our own ground. Won by St. John's by one goal (kicked by Penny) to nothing. The weather was very bad, raining nearly all the time. A good half-back was found in H. A. Williams.

October 23rd, St. John's v. *University*.—Played on Parker's Piece. Lost by two goals to one, kicked by Dale. R. F. Winch worked hard up and made two or three good shots at goal, but was unsuccessful.

October 26th, St. John's v. *Jesus*.—Played on the Jesus Ground. Lost by two goals, of which a Johnian was so unfortunate as to kick one. A very pleasant game. Penny worked hard and Dale proved a very useful back.

October 29th, St. John's v. *The Chaffinches*.—Played on our own ground. Drawn, neither side getting a goal. Simpkinson worked hard and was once or twice nearly successful. Keely was very useful at the side.

November 3rd, St. John's v. *Corpus.*—This was a very hollow affair, the ball being up at the Corpus goal nearly the whole time. Won by five goals to none, and one kicked by Winch disputed; of the goals, Treadgold kicked 3, Winch 1, and Simpkinson 1.

November 10th, St. John's v. *Harrow Club.*—Played on our own ground. Drawn, neither side getting a goal. The goal-keepers (Davies and Cooke) stopped two attempts at goal. Simpkinson and Woosnam played well.

THE CRICKET CLUB.—The following matches have been played since the last publication of *The Eagle*:—

May 25th and 26th, St. John's v. *Trinity.*—Trinity made 245; Longman making 59, Hunter 52, Tabor 51, Bridgeman 33. St. John's, 1st Innings 24, 2nd Innings 68; Latham 21, Simpson 14, not out, Trinity won by an Innings and 153 runs.

May 27th, St. John's v. *Magpies.*—On our Ground. St. John's made 252; Batchelor 67, Batten 66, Luxton 41, Tillard 18, Luce 20. The Magpies made 25 for one wicket; Northcote not out 13. Unfinished.

May 29th, St. John's v. *Clare.*—On our Ground. St. John's 333; Batten 127, Simpson 63, Luce 23, Samson 38. Clare 99 for 2 wickets; W. Fairbanks 51, not out, E. Arblaster, not out, 17. Unfinished.

May 30th, St. John's v. *Caius.*—On our Ground. St. John's 241; Simpson 41, Strahan 40, Curry 30, Samson 20, Batchelor 24. Caius 41 for 6 wickets.

Long Vacation Cricket Club.

July 10th and 11th, St. John's v. *R. Craig's Eleven.*—R. Craig's Eleven, 1st Innings 136; A. Thompson 57, not out, Baker 33; 2nd Innings 253 for 9 wickets; J. Craig 90 not out, F. F. Evans 47, R. Clarke 27, W. Keene 26. St. John's 130; Batten 66, G. S. Raynor 14. Ended in a draw.

St. John's College: Gentlemen v. *Servants.*—Servants, 1st Innings 34; 2nd Innings 42; Cornwell 12, not out. Gentlemen, 1st Innings, 75; Strahan 18, Samson 17, Tillard 16; 2nd Innings 75 for one wicket; Batten 37, not out, E. Kelly 18. Won by 9 wickets.

July 23rd and 24th, St. John's v. *Trinity Hall and Clare.*—On our Ground. St. John's, 1st Innings 170; Strahan 63, W. S. Kelley 24; 2nd Innings 83 for 2 wickets; Batten 36, G. S. Raynor 19. Trin. Hall and Clare 207; W. Fairbanks 61, E. R. Hodson 38, H. G. Tylecote 38, E C. Foa 26. Ended in a draw.

July 27th and 28th, St. John's v. *Jesus L. V. C.*—Played on our Ground, St. Johns, 1st Innings 158; Batten 21, Treadgold 32, W. S. Kelley 38, not out, Wood 30; 2nd Innings 43; Batten 14. Jesus, 1st Innings 98; O. C. Vidler 24, H. Wilson 15; 2nd Innings, score incomplete; W. H. Turner 20, C. M. Sharpe 53, not out. Jesus won by two wickets.

August 3rd and 4th, St. John's v. *Perse Grammar School.*—On our Ground. St. John's, 1st Innings 229; J. M. Batten 60, T. G. Treadgold 88. Perse School 89; Whitehead 24. Ended in a draw.

St. John's v. *United Servants' Club.*—On our Ground. United Servants' C. C., 1st Innings 163; Coulson 55, Wright 27, Thomas 25. St. John's, 1st Innings 82; G. S. Raynor 20, J. M. Batten 29; 2nd Innings 53 for 2 wickets; Treadgold 27, not out. The United Servants won by 81 runs on 1st Innings.

Augnst 14th and 15th, St. John's College v. *Mr. Arnold's Eleven.*—On our Ground. St. John's, 1st Innings 124; J. M. Batten 29, F. J. Ambridge 29, not out; 2nd Innings, G. S. Raynor 23, T. G. Treadgold 24, retired. Mr. Arnold's Eleven, 1st Innings 147; G. Brockbank 37, W. L. Arnold 30, W. Williams 24.

BOATING.—The 'Andrews and Maple' Sculls (for Freshmen) were rowed for on the 30th of May. There were three competitors, who drew in the following order:—1st station, H. E. White; 2nd station, H. H. Tooth; 3rd station, H. C. Skeffington. At Ditton, Tooth passed White and at the Willows Skeffington did the same for Tooth and won with the greatest ease.

The Shrewsbury Scratch Fours were rowed on the 5th of November, and it is worthy of note that of the winning crew four were Lady Margaret men; viz. J. T. Lander (No. 2), J. S. Yardley (No. 3), J. W. Jeudwine (str.), H. T. Kemp (cox).

The University Fours were rowed on Friday and Saturday, November 6th, and 7th.

First Heat: 1st Trinity (1st station) beat Caius (2nd station). *Second Heat:* Jesus (1st station) beat Lady Margaret (2nd station). In the Final Jesus and 1st Trinity, after a very good race, rowed a dead heat.

The Lady Margaret Crew consisted of

Bow.	G. B. Darby.	3.	E. A. Stuart.
2.	F. Tarleton.	*Stroke.*	R. C. Haviland.

The following were elected Officers for the Michaelmas Term:

President.—Rev. C. E. Graves.	*4th Captain.*—C. J. D. Goldie.
1st Captain.—R. C. Haviland.	*5th Captain.*—F. Tarleton.
2nd Captain.—E. A. Stuart.	*Treasurer.*—G. A. Bishop.
3rd Captain.—G. B. Darby.	*Secretary.*—A. J. W. Thorndike.

The following are the Officers of the St. John's College Boat Club for the present Term:

President.—W. H. H. Hudson, M.A.	*Secretary.*—D. Kikuchi.
1st Captain.—T. Henderson.	*Treasurer*—W. M. Hicks.
2nd Captain.—W. A. Gutteridge.	

Committee.—G. G. Hildyard, J. S. Wise, and H. W. Scaife.

ATHLETICS.—The College Athletic Club held their meeting on Monday and Tuesday, November

The Officers and Committee were as under:

President: C. Jackson. *Secretary:* H. Marten. *Committee:* N. J. Littleton, W. J. Ford, R. C. Haviland, T. Henderson, J. M. Batten, J. S. Yardley, J. N. Langley, W. W. Barlow, J. B. Lloyd, A. C. Carr, M. Howard, J. T. Lander, C. E. Cooper.

We are glad to be able to chronicle that the number of entries for the various events was considerably larger than in former years, and the Club may congratulate itself on having held a very fairly successful meeting. A short account of the events is given below:

The Club offered a prize for a Handicap Stranger's Race of 300 yards, for which there were no less than forty-nine entries. After three heats ten men were left to run in the Final, which was eventually won, after a closely contested race, by A. P. Hill of Trinity with 24 yards start. Hill came with a capital rush at the finish, and just beat Rees-Phillipps, 20 yards start. W. Q. Bicknell of Lincoln College, Oxford also ran in the Final Heat.

100 *Yards Race.*—There were two Trial Heats for this. *Final Heat:* 1, H. Marten; 2, Barlow (owed 3 yards).

Freshmen's Race (200 *Yards.*—1, Lander; 2, Dale.

200 *Yards Handicap.*—After three Trial Heats the *Final* was won by H. Marten, 8 yards start; Barlow, scratch, second.

High Jump.—12 entries. Eventually G. S. Raynor and White tied at 5 ft. 0½ in. It is remarkable that this prize was won last year with a jump of precisely the same height.

120 *Yards Race* (*Rifle Corps only*).—H. Marten, walked over.

120 *Yards Hurdle Race.*—There were 14 entries for this. The *Final Heat* was won by G. S. Raynor; Cooke, second.

Putting the Weight.—1, Luce, 28 ft. 4 in.; 2, Littleton (owed 4 ft.) 31 ft. 4 in. The winner's performance was very poor. Littleton was unfortunately suffering from a bad knee, which completely incapacitated him.

350 *Yards Handicap.*—1, R. F. Winch, 11 yards; 2, Lander, scratch; 3, Dale, 13 yards. Winch, who won this race last year, came in easily first, having been very kindly treated by the handicappers.

One Mile Race.—1. Yardley; 2, Burford. The competitors were almost hidden from view by a thick mist which overspread the ground. Yardley's performance was very creditable considering the inclement state of the atmosphere, which must have rendered breathing difficult. Burford ran pluckily. Time 4 min. 54⅘ secs.

Throwing the Hammer.—1, G. S. Raynor, 67 ft. 8 in.; 2, Littleton (owed 8 ft.), 66 ft. 1 in. Littleton's bad knee lost him this event as well as the "Weight."

100 *Yards Race* (*for bonâ-fide Boating Men*).—1, Dale; 2, J. B. Lloyd.

120 *Yards Handicap.*—1, H. Marten, 5 yards; 2, R. F. Winch, 4 yards. Marten won easily.

Two Mile Race.—1, Yardley; 2, Burford. Only two started. Yardley, who made very good time considering the slippery state of the path, was too much for Burford, notwithstanding the latter's determined efforts to keep up with him. Time 10 min. 43 secs.

Long Jump.—1, Barlow (owed 6 in.), 18 ft. 8½ in.; 2, G. S. Raynor, 18 ft. Barlow, though he did not equal his last year's performance, managed a second time to carry off the prize.

Quarter-Mile Race.—1, Batten (penalised 10 yards); 2, R. F. Winch. Batten, though rather out of training, ran very well and won without difficulty. Winch alone of the other three competitors accomplished the whole distance. Time 56¼ secs.

Half-Mile Handicap.—1, Cooke, 55 yards,; 2, Cooper, 50 yards. Won by six yards. Time 2 min. 8 secs.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1, Curry, 82 yds. 2 ft. 2 in.; 2, G. S. Raynor (owed 4 yards), 83 yds. 1 ft. 9 in. Neither of the competitors threw nearly so far as they did last year.

Consolation Race (120 *Yards*).—1, M. Howard.

C. U. R. V.—B Company.—In the annual returns sent in on Nov. 1st, the Company showed 38 efficients, the three officers and two of the sergeants holding certificates of proficiency. The Company numbers 69 of all ranks. The following recruits have joined during the present Term:—

J. Allen, T. L. Bluett, E. Budd, A. C. Davis, C. Downing, F. A. Gatty, H. Holcroft, J. H. Ireland, F. B. N. Lee, R. C. Smith, W. H. Thornton, F. W. Wallis, W. H. Ward, W. H. Widgery, C. C. Williamson.

The Peek Challenge Bowl and Cup of the value of £5 (open to the Battalion) was shot for on Nov. 19th. The winner was Private R. Carrington Smith, of B Company.

The Company Challenge Cup was won on Thursday, Nov. 26, by Lieutenant Littleton.

THE DINNER COMMITTEE consists of the following members: L. M. Brown, W. Moss, C. Jackson, C. R. S. Carew, W. J. Ford, R. F. Scott, H. W. Simpkinson, H. Wace, C. W. M. Adam, R. P. Maxwell, E. Kelly (*Sec.*)

J. W. Jeudwine has been elected an Editor of *The Eagle*, in the place of H. Brooke, resigned.