

# THE EAGLE.

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

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*Copies of the Autotype Photograph of the Medallion of Lady Margaret (Carte de Visite Size) may be obtained from the Secretary, Price 6d. each.*



# THE EAGLE.

## D'EWES'S DIARY.

(Continued.)

**T**HE next particular which I cann call to minde was this year following, when about the beginning of March as I guesse I fell into a tertian ague with which though the proverb weere 'an ague in the spring is physicke for a king' yet I was long and much wearied; and at last finding noe mitigation but rather an encrease, I resolved to change the aire to going to Burie or to Stowhall my fathers cheife house or to either; into Suffolke (*sic*). And accordinglie upon the 18th of April being Wednesday before the second moneth after mine ague began, I toke my iournie from Cambridge, and through Gods mercie having sett out a little before noone a good prettie while before night I came in safetie to Burie lighting at the Shipp at the house of a verie aged woman one Mistres Nun whoe was drawing towards 80 yeares then and yet lived manye years after. Having lien about a fortnight at Burie at an Apothecaries house and not finding my recoverie to grow on soe fast as I expected, I had a great desire to remove to Stowhall my fathers house some five miles distant from that towne; and therupon about the 22 of the foresaid April, I rode thither; where partlie thorough ventring

abroad too soon and partlie thourough carelesnes in my diet I grew worse then before and at one time exceeding ill; but thorough Gods mercie this danger having taught mee moore warines, I grew better and better and about the end of May as I coniecture or shortlie after, I returned to Cambridge perfectlie recovered and fullie rid of mine ague.

By reason of this sicknes I lost much time and my studies weere much hindred, yet what time I was able I spent not altogether idlie, having the converse of my loving schoolemaster sometimes and of his schollers frequentlie whilst I lay at Burie; and after my comming to Stowhall borrowed some historie bookes of which I perused the greatest part ther, and was especiallie delighted with the historie of Scanderbeg containing his exceeding valour and manie encounters with and victories over the Turk. Besides I received severall letters from Cambridge not onlie from my loving Tutor but from Mr. Nevill my dear freind before mentioned and one John Rewse both of St Johns Colledge besides others from Jesus Colledge. In answering of whose kinde lines some part of my leisure howres was employed. From them I was furnished with the news that was stirring as of Queene Annes death whose funerall was celebrated in Cambridge the 13 of May; and in London the 26 of May with great solempnitie. As also that about the 9th of May a terrible fire happened in Cambridge between Jesus and Sidney Colledge which consumed and burned downe 60 dwelling houses and endangered Sidney Colledge verie nearelie, with manye other passages lesse worth the remembrance, which notwithstanding for the time weere verie pleasing and delightful unto mee.

After my returne to Cambridge I fell againe prettie roundlie to my olde studies everie day growing moore warie of mine acquaintance and avoiding the visitations too frequent and unnecessarie either to give or

take them. In the summer time during the long vacation my father as I coniecture comming to Stowhall I went over to visite him but cann call to minde noe other passage of this yeare worth the remembrance; only once this summer alsoe I was at Kediton with Sr. Nathaniel Barnardiston.

I am able to call to mind little or nothing worth the setting downe of all that happened from the moneth of May this present yeare untill about the beginning of December, soe that the greater parte of the whole yeare I passe over meerelie in silence. About the beginning of which moneth came the Lorde Wriotheislie eldest sonne to Henrie Earle of Southampton to our colledge and with him my kinde freind and old acquaintance Mr. Beeston being his Tutor; whose societie was of much comferte unto mee as followeth in manye places afterwards. But I departed soon after his comming into the cuntrie for this Christmas, having been invited to Sr. Nathaniel Barnardistons of Kediton in Suffolke Knight a man in whose acquaintance God blessed me very much.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

*A Diarian Discourse, or Ephemeridian Narration.*

How this Diarian discourse or commemoration of what soever I did upon each daye, begann, from the 27 of February A°.D°. 1619 till it shall please God to cross my entent, the preface set downe in the frontispice of this worke will at large shew. Wherefore heere only note thus much; that I was at this time a fellow commoner of St Johns Colledge in Cambridge; that I strive not for the thirde part of all, that I either writt or said or did; lastly that it was commenced only for mine owne private use; and that I do earnestly desire it may never passe further then the relation of a childe; unles it bee transcendentlye extraordinary: as to direct the preacher.

\* This visit resulted in the writer's marriage, as he states at some length.



Februar. 27. 1619

27. I resolved this daye to sanctify an holy sabboath, begann in the morning with the service of God in the chapell, and ended with running in a place neare the colledge called the bowling greene, which though in it selfe I dare averr a lawfull exercise, being used for the preservation of health; yet on this day it was an illicite sporte; because it pertained not to Gods service: the darkness of the night having draven us in: I was not moore tired in my bodye then troubled in my mind for I never desired the safeguard of my body, with the damage of my soule, wherefore comming into my private chamber after a little contemplation, upon my bended knees as my accustomed manner was I humbled my selfe for all my sinns, and for this last in speciall. In all this I noted Gods wonderful love and mercye; Satans execrable crafte and mallice; Gods mercy in suggesting good affections to begin well, Satans mallice in presenting that foppish sport to end ill. Gods meere working caused the first, and Satan had religious gentlemen my familiar associates for instruments to the last. The Almightyes power I found prevailing: when hee ministered praier to quell Satans tyrannye; yet even in these I found mine owne weaknes, for many idle thoughts presented themselves unto mee from all therefore results this one conclusion; man is unable to continue in any good worke if God leave him.

28. On Shrovedonday because I perceived lent comming on, I thought to glutt my minde though I did not fatt my bodye; wherefore I begann the Saturnals of Macrobius replenished with such sweet variety passing over his Somnium Scipionis which both by reason of the length and subject seemed to mee tedious. Shortly after supper I went to my Lorde Wriotheisly his chamber to see him, with whome by reason of his carefull Tutour Mr. Beeston my entire friend, I grew well acquainted. Hee was in my minde no lesse

happy in inwarde accouttrements then great by outwarde birth being sonne and heire to that most noble gentleman Henrye Earle of Southampton. Heere for our better delight wee had pleasant discourse, or else read some wittye booke, imitating herein Favorinus his usual custome at his table, (Aul. Gel. noct. Attic. l. 2, c. 22) the bookes wee read weere twoe the one intituled *Hic mulier et Hæc vir* which was then newly come forth, by reason of the great excesse of apparell a little before in this Kingdome, the other which I brought with mee in my pockett contained some little fragments of Mr. Joshuah Sylvesters where of one was styled Tobacco-battered.\* Upon some occasion alsoe at supper I caused the french word Franc to bee looked out, which we found to bee but two shillings and a souze. After these things thus passed I withdrew my selfe with others to my chamber, where in shorte space I heard the bell goe twice, for some that weere then paying their last debt to nature.

29. On this daye being Shrove-tuesdaye past nothing worth the remembrance, neither doe I desire to cramm in any trifles, but only to name the daye for method sake. Yet thus much by the waye: it is that daye in which the Northren people if they have but a shilling in the worlde will feast, and rather rise at midnight to eat any thing was left, than it shall remaine till the next morning. I heard this related for certain at supper in our hall, by my loving Tutour Mr. Houlesworth. Finally this daye is the London-prentices madnes, the cuntry-theefes mildnes, and all Englands feest-daye.

March. 1. 1619.

1. This daye being Ashwednesday was the first acte kepte belonging to Batchelors commencement in our phylosophye schooles; ther I was delighted with variety

\* The title in full is, *Tobacco battered and the pipes shattered about their ears that idolize so barbarous a weed or at least-wise over-love so loathsome a vanity, by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon.*

† See T  
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of learning; both the proctors oratorizing, the Tripos jeasting, two junior batchelours replying and foure master of Arts disputing.

2. Here I past over a daye, like Appelles only, *non sine linea*.

3. Every friday night as this alsoe, wee mett lovingly together by companyes, as the custome in all colledges is to mend our fishy dinner with a fleshy supper; after which this night ended sorting my self with a junior master of arte wee had much pleasant chatt mixing it with sweet extemporanyes which our memoryes afforded us out of Gellius, Macrobius and other such like authors. Ther wee discoursed alsoe of the lepid derivations of some english words; as that Iland is either as much as to saye *ey* of the land, because it resembleth an *ey* being enclosed by the sea, or rather it comes from the compound word *in-land*, as *insula* the lattine worde quasi *in salo*; the worde scatter alsoe hee affirmed to come from the latine worde *scaturigo*; but I am not of this opinion for my parte, because it comes moore naturally and directly from *scatere* the infinitive moode of the verbe *scateo* which signifyes as much, as to disperse heere and ther.

4. On Saturday little past worth remembrance, only for mine owne humiliation I may consider how many good dutyes I omitted, and how many unlawfull frailtyes I rann into; before supper the sound of a trumpett drew mee to the colledge gate to behold the judges comming in; after supper the tooling of a bell drew me to the chappell to heare 2 declamations; mine eare I must confes was better pleased with the last then mine eye with the first, save that to it was added the expectation of an ensuing assises.

5. This Sunday I found the proverb true, *Ictus piscator* to, which alludes, the burnt child will beware of the fire; for as I begunn this daye with hearing one sermon in our chapell and another in great St Maryes the University church in the forenoone; soe

after supper instead of *running*\* I fell to correcting the sermon of Mr. Jeffry of Pembroke hall my worthy friend which I had heard at little St Maryes in the afternoone.

6. On Monday morning an excellent sermon served as a protasis for the judges proceedings; the text may intimate what the discourse was, as Hercules statue was judged by his foote found at Olympia, the place was in Amos the words these, Let judgment, runn down like water and justice like a mighty river. After the sermon ended I hasted to the castle where the assises are kept, excepting a learned charge for the epitasis to this tragædye (and here is to be noted that that judg ever gives the charge whoe sits upon life and death) but Sr. Henry Montague then Lord cheife justice uttered such poore stufte, that with great difficulty I gott my selfe out, before it was ended.

7. Moste parte of this morning I kept my chamber till the receipt of some letters drew me foorth which for the speedy deliverye required mine owne endeavours because I had not then my subsizar present; in the afternoone I went to the schooles (where the batchelor commencers are forced to sitt all lent except they buy it out) and disputed extempore upon two senior sophisters the one of Triniteye the other of Christs, I my selfe being but a junior sophister; the first of them tooke my questions, but the other was brooken offe by the proctors comming, howsoever for my part I had very good successe in both.

8. Yesterdayes worke made mee skarce know my selfe to daye; yet did I to the uttermost restrain my approaching pride, wherefore noe sooner was dinner ended this Wednesday but I thought long to bee at the schooles to trye my fortunes once again, where I was soe intolerably pusseld by an excellent scholler much above mee in standing, both in giving mine

\* Allusion to the 27 day of Februa.

and taking his questions, as I had good cause to pluck downe my plumes, and now alsoe as the daye before after our schoole worke ended we went to drinke, and the truth is I liked not all the companye with whome I was, after supper I went to my Lorde Wriotheisly his chamber to visite him, where wee played at cards till past ten, after which I came to my chamber, humbled my selfe by praier before my gracious and good God and enjoyed a comfortable rest. In all I noted the Almightyes care and mercye that ordered soe easy a cure for my selfe-conceitedness, and gave mee not over in either of those actions, which I feared weere displeasing unto him.

9. Thursdaye brought fourth nothing worth noting, unlesse this weere worth noting, that ther was nothing worth noting.

10. Among other employments this daye, I added an happy end to the historye of Phillip De Commines which I noted throughly; and certainly I thinke few historians of these latter fimes except Guicciardine are equall to him.

11. I am fully perswaded that the want of meanes is a great greife to a generous spiritt. I found the first this daye, I will not speake how I enjoyed the last. My father allowed mee good maintenance, but not equal to our Academicall charges. For which cause I was somewhat troubled with the consideration of olde debts, readye to suck upp my ensuing quartridge.\* Yet did I ever relye upon God, knowing that whatsoever estate hee suffers his servants to bee in, that is best for them. Through his divine providence I doubt not but this want of mine, bredd in mee both humility and the avoidance of evil company, which otherwise I might have runn into for mans extremity is Gods opportunity. Cæsar would have bought the pillowe of one that was much in debt hoping that if the other enjoyed a sweet sleepe on it hee

\* *i.e.* quarterage, quarter's allowance.

could not doe otherwise; for my parte I was never soe farr disturbed as to breake my sleepe; the reason was because I doubted not but one daye to have wherewith to content all. I found this a just punishment because I had often (*two lines blank in manuscript.*)

12. On Sundaye morning I begann the daye with a sermon in our chappell where was taught both the force and subtilty of Sathan: and in the afternoone I perceived his mallice: for when I had resolved to serve God dulye as the day required, my entire freind comes to see mee in whose company as I much delighted at other times soe I could have wished him then absent: His name was Mr. Richarde Saltonstall fellow-commoner of Jesus Colledge, upon whome I had replied in the publick schools before I was junior sophister. I have named him the rather that I might never forget his inviolable freindshipp and constant affection; but before our bell toled to chappell at 4 of the clock hee hasted home and I as well as I could both then and after supper sought to recover my lost time.

13. This fore-noon I repaired again to Mr. Downes his Greek lectures (which I had a long time missed) because I understood that hee tooke notice of my former diligence and of my then absence: and that hee likewise would willingly help mee in whatsoever hee could. This man without controversye was the best Græcian at this time living in Europe: I have heard and I doubt not of the truth of it, that Joseph Scaliger himselfe confessed as much, by an epistle which upon some discontent hee sent unto him; hee was at this time an olde man somewhat passed 70 years; and had been Greeke Professor in this universitie about 30 years; and therefore I went the moore willinglye both to content him and better my selfe, while I might, fearing his shorte continuence.



14. The preparation for an ensuing probleme tooke upp this whole daye, to which I added not mine owne diligence only but my earnest praiers to the Almightye for an happy issue, which the rather desired, because the miscarriage of such like affaires doth moove generall contempt in others, and vexation of mind in our selves. Noe doubt alsoe I had some enemyes desired my misfortune, seeing Plato him self wanted not Trapezuntius\* for his foe.

15. My late sitting upp the foregoing night, made me loose a good common-place this morning; which notwithstanding I laye not over long, for my present business counselled mee to a quick dispatch: The business I had in hand was a probleme for as ther are common-places on these dayes, monday, wednesday, friday in the morning soe are ther the above named acts in the chappell at night; at least I am sure it was thus in St. Johns Colledge; for mine owne selfe I was of the wednesday probleme, and therefore after the bell had sounded my approach with my freindly adversary I shortely went to it: I could not doe soe well as I might have done because the shortenes of an howre cutt off most of my arguments; for both these and my other performed in the schooles may bee seen in my booke intituled, *exercitationum liber*. The probleme being abruptly brooke offe to my great discontent: we went into the parlour where I had ready provided sack-possits for those fellows and fellow-commoners who weere of the wednesday probleme, and I doubt not with a good fire ther fully kindled but these pleased the palate better than our act had delighted the eare.

16. Such was my love of creditt, that all good perswasions with which I armed my selfe could scarce

\* Georgius Trapezuntius (1396—1485) venomously attacked Plato and his philosophy; wrote a treatise on Logic, which became an authorized text book at Cambridge. See Mullinger's *History of the University of Cambridge*, pp. 429, 430, 630.

drive away the dangerous continuance of a deepe melancholy, because I had not performed my act as I desired, and for this cause most of this Thursday morning I sought by sundry passages to dissemble my greife, but this was not the right waye. Wherefore after dinner comforting my selfe in the continuance of God's love towards mee, I addressed my selfe to him by praier, which being ended thorough his mercy I was comforted; and blessing him for it I rose upp joyfully and went to my studyes cheerefully that afternoone.

17. The greater parte of Fridaye was bestowed in buying a gowne, which great necessitye drove mee to doe; and what with that hasting to and fro in the sunn most parte of the fore-noone, and my playing at tennis with a serious study in the after noone, before five of the clock a cruell head-ach assaulted mee, which pain to mee was little known, though my two dangerous falls might well have bredd it: by one I was told when I complained of it that it was a signe of the small pox with which I was much greived and went to one Dr. Allot, a doctor of phisick and fellow of our colledg, for his advise; hee put mee in good hope of health, and in any case bad me keepe my selfe warme. After I had departed from him and supped I came to my chamber, where I prostrated myselfe before the true physition of soule and bodye, and seeing as one saieth sinn is the cause of all evil, I endeavoured by zealous oraisons to remoove this obstacle of Gods mercyes, I desiring the continuance of my inward and outwarde health, as well for the performance of holy dutyes as the propagation of my studyes. The reason especially was because that for my two former crosses the one of my fall the other of my ague, my father had in a manner protested that if I weere once sick again, hee would remove mee from the universitye. After my praiers weere ended I even then presently (which is

wonderfull to tell) found an alleviation of my paine capitall and assured perswasion of my insuring health. For as I had learned at Mr. Jeffryes his sermons, desiring health, I prayed to God by the title of the God of Hezekias who received health by praier, as holy David being persecuted by his sonn Absalon, did call upon the Lorde by the title of the God of Jacob, whoe was persecuted by his brother Esau and delivered, Psalm 84. And I dare affirme that the Almighty, as not long before hee had heard my praier and freed mee from the danger of an ensuing ague; soe now hee accepted my petition, and quitted mee from the disaster of that eminent and loathsome disease. Wherefore I conclude that it is better for every true servant of God to fly to him as his cheife preserver in sicknes or health, prosperity or power, honour or disgrace.

18. Saturday morning well-near confirmed yesterdayes surmise; so that with all speed convenient I sent my woman which dressed my chamber to Dr. Allot for his promised physicke, hee with noe lesse care hast his man to mee, whoe brought with him iij pils which being divided my direction into six I tooke them downe roundly; and having kindled a fire, sent away compane and bolted my doore, as expedient it was, I desired a blessing from God by praier upon those meanes I had used for the continuance of my health: and I doe assuredly perswade my selfe that it was Gods especiall mercye in turning this eminent danger from mee. All the daye I was in Galenes *οὐδέτερον* though I know Aristotle him selfe and our moderne philosophers since after his example holde the contrary; neither did my physick at all worke till eight of the clock at night which to mee was very strange; but then its milde operation yeilded to mee noe little ease.

19. One cheife desire (as I said before) to continue my health was, because I knew sicknes would hinder

my service to Godwarde and that I found true this morning; that little I could doe I did, which was to read over some few sermons I had my selfe noted in this universitye: because out of doores I durst not venture either to church or chappell. Yet in the afternoone hearing that my deare freind Mr. Jeffrye (of whose sermons I have many lying by mee readye noted) preached at St. Maryes the universitye church; I according to my sudden determination went thither, and having heard what I desired, returned to my chamber, where ere eight of the clock at night I well perceived that all feare of the small poxe was fully banished; and then the expectation of an ague or nothing could assault mee; which notwithstanding I dreaded not, hoping that monday would confirme the contrary.

20. This day was the messenger of both good and bad newes unto mee, for by tenn of the clocke in the fore-noone I perceived all danger of any disease dispeld: and a little after eleven I was assured of the breaking (as they terme freind a mercer in this towne of Cambridge, whoe was thought of all a very rich man and yet proved clean contrary; for as I thinke hee was sued with an execution of banke-rowtes by some Londoners with whome hee dealt; he was brother in law to that arch-divine of our times Mr. Perkins of whose workes very many are extant, and for my part I never perceived truer characters of honestye and religion in any layman before or since: after this thus related I hasted to Pembroke hall for I had determined to visite my kinde freind Mr. Jeffrye this afternoone, and being come to him I found him likewise pensive from the former accident; which made us devoure most of the time in talke of him; yet by reason of some other gentlemen of our acquaintance, many good ejaculations passed amongst us, which a long time would not fully rehearse.

21. Cambridge at this time seemed like Africa of which the historian saith, *semper aliquid novi parit*; for wee heard that Mr. Daniel Monsey one of our Seniors was departed this life; that many fellow-shippes would be voide this election; and noe doubt many of our youngsters had noe small hopes of obtaining these preferments.

22. Mr. Downes our Greeke professor to whose lectures I went as I have before related, had spoken to mee to come to his house; the reason I easily gessed; and this wednesday morning I received a little scrolle from him, which hee had left with a batchelour of divinity of our colledg to give to mee; in it weere contained some notes of his tuesdaye lectures, as the full derivation and meaning of the worde (*the manuscript is here illegible*)

and the voice *μισθωτός*,\* which notwithstanding I had noted my selfe; his intent was as I afterwards gessed only by this means to putt mee in minde of my forgetfulness, because I had not come to him according to his direction; this afternoone therefore I went to him, and going up to him into his chamber, I found him sitting in a chaire with his leggs upon a table which stode by him; hee was in my minde of an extraordinary tallnes, ther his carriage was very homely for hee neither stirred his hatt nor his bodye, only hee tooke mee by the hand, and the first question which hee asked mee was why I had absented my selfe soe long from his lectures, which as well as I could I putt offe, then hee asked mee where I had been at schoole; and I answered him at Burye which was the last place where I was (for I had been likewise at Chardstocke and Wambroke in Dorsetshire, at Lavenham in Suffolke, at London, and last at Burye where Suffolkeian assises are kept.) Then hee shewed unto mee what booke he was reading and I found it to bee a Terence, with a large coment though in a

\* See commentators on *De Corona*, § 64.

little volume; then hee shewed mee a pretty derivation of *Cato* and *catus* which as I remember was *ἀπὸ τοῦ κα* which signifyes to burne because Cato was of a wise and fiery spirit and the eyes of a catt are fierye. I tolde him it might well bee because that *anima sicca est anima sapiens* and *adolescentia est in \* posita* according to the philosopher. After this wee fell into discourse of Demosthenes his oration *περὶ τοῦ στεφάνου* against Æschines, which hee read in the schooles unto us; what passed to this purpose weere too long to set downe, but to conclude at last I tolde him I had but a shorte time to staye and knew too well that noe perfection in the greeke toung could be obtained without a great deale of labour; howsoever as then I professed soe I did thinke myself much obliged unto him for his meaning was to have read a private lecture unto two or three of us at his owne house; but when hee saw mee not enclinable unto it hee quickly dismissed mee.

23. This afternoone as I was at studye ther came to mee a kinde gentleman my good freind whoe had been usher at Burye; where I last drunke of those sweete Pegasæan waters; his comming cheifely was to here the latter act of the bachelors commencement which hee expected this Thursday, but hee was deceaved for it followed after as (God willing) I will relate; I was glad to see him, and I did not doubt of his sempatheticall intention; for soe commonly it falls out, that the meeting of freinds is very delightfull.

24. This Friday was solemnized on the morning with a Sermon which Doctor Scott preached in St Maryes the universitie church for hee was vice-chancellor this yeare; in afternoone with ringing and at night with bon-fires, the reason was, because K. James the first most happily on this daye began his raigne over great Britaine, uniting these two

\* A word illegible.

Islands in to one blessed and unseparable union: assoon as chappell was ended with others I hasted into the hall where according to our annuary custom was a speech pronounced for the celebrization of this daye.

25. I am not ignorant how very many doe beginn the yeare at Newyeares day which fell out this yeare *as it doth alwayes* up on the first of Januarye and then I should have reckoned the yeare of our Lorde 1620 and of mine age the 18th but I doe follow our ordinarye custome and beginn the yeare on this daye which is the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary or as it is commonly called our Lady-daye. Soe then I was entring into the third septenarye which astrologers for the most parte ascribe to Venus and to her government, according to the learned maxim *Astrologica atatum distinctio est juxta caelestes fluxus.*

26. The after-noone verified my fore-noones expectation for this Sundaye came upp my Tutor Mr. Houldsworth in St. Maryes, which by a generall approbation his sermon was esteemed extraordinary.

27. Monday brought fourth small novelty, only a small remembrance of London-newes, to witt, that yesterday the King, Prince, and all the peeres rode to Paules crosse to the sermon, in as great state as they goe to Parliament, where John Bishopp of London at this time, made a learned and excellent sermon.

28. This morning I begann to review over my Logick notes out of Keckerman and having left one side bare I addead other homogenial notes out of Polænus Ramus and Molineus: in the afternoone I hasted to Pembroke hall, hoping that my good freind Mr. Geffry had been come home; for I longed to heere upon what occasion soe solemn an assemblie was gathered to Paules-crosse. Most weere of opinion that it was to the intent that the Palsgrave of the Rheene whoe married Elizabeth the King's eldest

daughter should bee proclaimed K. of Bohemia, which Kingdom hee had obtained a good while before; another report went that, it was only about the repairing of Paules-church; but that busines (though I confes it weere waighty) seemes not worthy of soe great preparation for all the streetes weere railed through which the K. passed. How so ever this summer wee expected great warrs in Christendome, about the possession of the Bohemian Kingdome, (the end of which God only knowes) and wee hoped that it would proove the downefall of Antichrist: I saw my selfe a pretty poem in which was contained a dialoug between the Pope, the Emperor Ferdinand, and the K. of Spain; the conclusion of it was ther great feare of the Protestant forces, and complaine of ther dayly encreasing.

29. This morning I repaired againe to my Tutors chamber to lectures which I had a long time missed, in the foore-noone hee read Magirus, in the afternoone Ethicks, and at night Virgil, which hee propounded to beginn this evening; but being otherwise employed in the towne with strangers, I missed of my expectation and was not as yet resolved whether hee would read his Eglogs, Georgicks or Æneods: before wee had spent this houre usually in reading Suetonius and because wee had ended the first booke save one or two chapters hee left to us to reade ourselves. This Wednesday Mr. Downes brake upp reading for this tearme, and therfore with all diligence I repaired to him.

30. I did little this fore-noone save writing a letter to my kinde freinde Mr. Henrye Wharton who was second sonne to the Lor: Wharton advising him sundrye wayes as well as I could for his travile: for hee was newly gone from our colledge upon a journey to Venice which hee was now entring into, and I doubted not the good issue of it: for hee went not as many of our gentry doe, upon any rash



humour without guide or securitye; but with that discreet and worthy gentleman Sr. Henrye Wotton whoe was then going embassador thither. . . . Soon after dinner I posted to the philosophie schooles where this daye was the latter act belonging to the batchelors commencement admirablye finisht. Two master of arts, one of our colledge another of Queenes supplied the Proctors absence. My kinde freind Mr. Saltonstall was senior brother, and one Sr. Tutsham of Trinitye the second, a verye good scholar, the tripos as at the first act soe at this latter was of our owne house; it was hee that had made a comœdye a little before in our house which was very well acted in our open hall; the title of it was *stoicus vapulans*. This bachelors name was Sr. Barret one of my familiar acquaintance who both in his position and in his extemporye answering made a great deale of sporte, and gott much credit. After these had ended, and twoe master of arts besides which disputed upon him, ther ensued a good disputation betweene one of the vice-proctors whoe is tearmed the Father at this acte and two master of arts of our house. Heere I mett with my worthy freind Mr. Jeffrye, and was assured by him that the bishopp of London his sermon at Paules-crosse which was last Sundaye being the 26 daye of this month, tended to little else save the repairing of Paules Church: which with other conferance being ended, by reason I was wearye of standing and hott with crowding I hasted out a little before all was ended.

31. Through Gods assistance I lost not much time this Friday, but even from morning till night busied myselfe in varietye of studies. After supper I hasted to a spacious feilde called sheepes-greene, which was situate on the back-side of Queenes-colledge because ther went a rumour of some hott foote-ball playing this night: for ther is an equall proportion of all colledges in two sides one against

the other; when I came ther as the night before our faction was come out thers durst not appeare; wherefore soone after my arrivall with a broken shinn (which I had gotten that night in our Walkes) as well as I could I betoke my selfe home-warde.

Aprill 1 1620.

1. As at other times soe this daye manye things past, some time I spent well, some I lost and many things weere revolved; my cogitations I am purposed not to dispose of, otherwise then whence they proceeded, but sure I desired greatnes, and suppressing this desire wished alwayes a contented mind, for if I considered well I might soone finde moore under mee then above and as the poet said—*mediotutissimus*.

2. I had at this time thorowly incorporated into my minde that of the holy prophet Isaiah 58. verses 13 and 14. If thou turne away thy foote from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy daye, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lorde and shalt honour him &c. 14. Then shalt thoue delight thye selfe in the Lorde, and I will make thee to ride upon the high places of the earth &c. This I saye did soe possess my serious meditations that to the uttermost of my power I stroove to sanctifye this sabbath: knowing that the profanation of it both is and will bee a most common and crying sin in this kingdome, till either God by some extraordinary accident amerd it or poure downe upon us the full vials of his wrath for it, which notwithstanding hee of his infinite mercye turne from us, for my parte therefore I saye, I went to chappell in the morning to Church in the foorenoon, to Church in the after-noone, the rest of which I spent after the sermon in reveiwing that which I had noted, and to chappell at night, and yet I am not ignorant that soe manye weaknesses were intermixed and involved in these good dutyes, that it



was the great love of God if hee did not for these reject the whole as polluted.

3. Mondaye, entertained mee with the expectation of a common-place in our chappell; but heere mye hope proved frustraneous; the rest of the daye slidd awaye wonderfull fast for what soever I did, at night I perceived I might have done better both in my private duties and outward studies.

4. The day being passed over in my wonted affaires, of which I had at this time wonderfull varietye as Logicke, historye, physicks and ethicks beside my private meditations elaborate letters and other necessary exercises; after supper I went with the rest of our colledge and other colledges to sheepes-greene (of which is spoken March 30 daye) expecting the approach of the Triniticians, but they deceived our expectation, wherefore some of the lustiest of our company (whoe I thinke had been bickering with Sr. John Barley-corne a little before) for verye anger to bee thus continuallye deluded, set upon the back-gates of Trinitye colledge, which stoode by our way homeward brake them upon and with long poles beats into the colledg all they found in the walks, yea among the rest some violence was offered to a master of arte; but they did finde that sweete meete had soure sauce, and that a long time will not obliterate what a little rashnes may produce.

5. Betimes therefore on Wednesday morning came some Mr. of artes of Trinitye complaining to our Master Dr. Guin of the Jonians outrages, accusing all such as either were there or should have been there among the rest, though they did nothing, all which upon serious examination were punished only with a small pecuniarye mulct, but hence I draw this conclusion, that ill companye must always proove if not hurtfull at leastwise præjudicious  
*tangit picem inquinabitur ab ea* saith the proverb, and our chronicles testifye of a millars man

in the last northren insurrection that was hangd for his master. After supper was ended I went upp to the Lorde Wriotheisleys chamber where I shewed them a few verses, being a pretty and pithye fiction of a conference between Pope Paulus the fifte, Ferdinand emperor of Germanye and Phillip K. of Spaine: and because I heard it ther verye much commended, I thought to try what I could doe in the propagation of it because it broke offe somewhat abruptlye, ther weere at this time alsoe chosen six new fellowes of our colledg among the rest one Scott which was made by the Kings Mandamus.

6. What I had purposed yesterdaye I performed to daye for before I went to bed I had made about fowerscore verses by way of inlarging the former conference; and found the adage true *facilius est preventis addere quam invenire*.

7. Fridaye augmented well my initeated poem, and I doubted not but ere Tuesday night (God blessing my labours) to make an end of it. This daye I bought Aristotles and Golius politicks because I had a desire to read them over and my Tutour was willing to helpe mee the best hee could in them. On Wednesdaye night wee had begunn Virgils first Eglog; but both Thursdaye night and this our progresse was hindred by divers occasions.

8. This daye brought forth little noveltye, onely it may well put mee in minde of my manifolde weaknesses; yea and that in my best actions, which notwithstanding, I relyed upon Gods mercye which had thus long upheld mee.

9. I did ever purpose to abandon even the least thought of worldlye affaires upon this daye; but one waye or other I was ever crossed in my entent: for other fellow-commoners with whome I tooke upp not only employed the whole time in idle words but alsoe in vaine actions, and I must confes that

naturallie I was proclive enough unto it my selfe, but I dare boldlie affirme without those instigations I might much moore have shunned such unholy behavioure, upon soe holy a daye. I went away sooner after dinner then after supper, yet in both at lengh I mastred my selfe and withdrew to my chamber.

10. Mondaye morning at chappell I expected a commonplace but missed of it; where after going to walke with my good freind Mr. Beeston wee had much talke about the dealing of diverse men; and though he almost argued them knaves which bare the shew of honest men in our colledg, yet I could not bee perswaded that a conversation soe apparently good, should bee essentiallie evill. My begunn poem I plied harde, and ere supper made an end of it; for I must confesse, that to have been my nature, to witt to have been wonderfull eager in the pursuite of that thing, which I had initiated with affection.

11. This daye amongst other things, I shewed my fullye concluded verses to my Tutour; where hee with another gentleman reading them over and not knowing whose they weere, gave mee a great deale of praise before my face, little thinking hee had done soe. I after they had done hasted to my chamber and soon after was visited by my good freind Mr. Saltonstall.

12. Wednesdaye morning might have saluted mee with a commonplace if I had not too voluntarilye missed it: in the afternoone I went to visite my good and worthye freind Mr. Jefferay; whome I have so often before named and though I found him not at first within yet ere I went awaye I both veiwed ther librarye which I had not before seen and had much private conference with him, to mee most pleasing and acceptable.



### THE MODERN CLIMBER.

YEAR after year, as Summer suns come round,  
 Upon the Calais packet am I found:  
 Thence to Geneva hurried by express,  
 I halt for breakfast, bathe, and change my dress.  
 My well-worn knapsack to my back I strap;  
 My Alpine rope I neatly round me wrap;  
 Then, axe in hand, the diligence disdaining,  
 I walk to Chamonix by way of training.  
 Arrived at Couttet's Inn by eventide,  
 I interview my porter and my guide:  
 My guide, that Mentor who has dragg'd full oft  
 These aching, shaking, quaking limbs aloft;  
 Braved falling stones, cut steps on ice-slopes steep,  
 That *I* the glory of *his* deeds might reap.  
 My Porter, who with uncomplaining back  
 O'er passes, peaks, and glaciers bears my pack:  
 Tho' now the good man looks a trifle sadder,  
 When I suggest the ill-orned name of "ladder."  
 O'er many a pipe our heads we put together;  
 Our first enquiry is of course "the weather."  
 With buoyant hearts the star-lit heaven we view;  
 Then our next point is "What are we to 'do'?"  
 My pipe I pocket, and with head up-tossed  
 My listening followers I thus accost:—  
 "Mont Blanc, we know, is stupid, stale, and slow,  
 A tiresome tramp o'er lumps of lifeless snow.  
 The Col du Géant is a trifle worse;  
 The Jardin's fit for babies with their nurse:

The Aiguille Verte is more the sort of thing,  
 But time has robbed it of its former sting;  
 Alone the Dent du Géant and the Dru  
 Remain "undone," and therefore fit to "do."  
 Remember how I love my comrades tried,  
 To linger on some rocky mountain's side,  
 Where I can hear the crash of falling stones,  
 Threatening destruction to the Tourist's bones!  
 No cadence falls so sweetly on my ear  
 As stones discharged from precipices sheer:  
 No sight is half so soothing to my nerves  
 As boulders bounding in eccentric curves.  
 If falling stones sufficient be not found,  
 Lead me where avalanches most abound.  
 Ye shake your heads; ye talk of home and wife,  
 Of babes dependent on the Father's life.  
 What still reluctant! let me then make clear  
 The duties of the guide and mountaineer:  
 Mine is to order, yours is to obey—  
 For you are hirelings, and 'tis I who pay.  
 I've heard, indeed, that some old-fashioned Herren,  
 Who've walked with Almer, Melchior, and Perren,  
 Maintain that mountaineering is a pleasure,  
 A recreation for our hours of leisure:  
 To be or not to be perhaps may matter  
 To them, for they may have some brains to scatter;  
 But we, I trust, shall take a higher view  
 And make our mountain motto "die or do."  
 Nay, hear me out! your scruples well I know:  
 Trust me, not unrewarded shall ye go.  
 If ye succeed, much money will I give,  
 And mine unfaltering friendship, while ye live.  
 Nor only thus will I your deeds requite;  
 High testimonials in your books I'll write.  
 Thee, trusty guide, will I much eulogize  
 As strong and cautious, diligent and wise,  
 Active, unhesitating, cheerful, sure—  
 Nay, *almost* equal to an Amateur!

And thou, my meekest of meek beasts of burden,  
 Thou too shalt have thine undisputed guerdon:  
 I'll do for thee the very best I can,  
 And sound thy praise as 'a good third-rate man.'  
 But if ye fail, if cannonading stones,  
 Or toppling ice-crag, pulverize your bones;  
 O happy stroke, that makes immortal heroes  
 Of men who, otherwise, would be but zeroes!  
 What tho' no Alpine horn make music drear  
 O'er the lone snow which furnishes your bier;  
 Nor Alpine maiden strew your grave with posies  
 Of gentian, edelweiss, and Alpine roses?  
 The Alpine Muse her iciest tears shall shed,  
 And 'build a stone-man' o'er your honour'd head.  
 Chamoix and bouquctins the spot shall haunt,  
 With eagles, choughs, and lammergeyers gaunt;  
 The mountain marmots, marching o'er the snow,  
 Their yearly pilgrimage shall ne'er forego;  
 Tyndall himself, in grand, prophetic tones,  
 Shall calculate the movement of your bones;  
 And your renown shall live serene, eternal,  
 Embalmed in pages of the Alpine Journal!"

\* \* \* \* \*

By reasoning such as this, year after year,  
 I overcome my men's unreasoning fear.  
 Twice has my guide by falling stones been struck,  
 Yet still I trust his science and my luck.  
 A falling stone once cut my rope in twain;  
 We stopped to mend it, and marched on again.  
 Once a big boulder, with a sudden whack,  
 Severed my knapsack from my Porter's back.  
 Twice on a sliding avalanche I've slid,  
 While my companion in its depths were hid.  
 Daring all dangers, no disaster fearing,  
 I carry out my plan of mountaineering.  
 Thus have I conquered glacier, peak, and pass,  
 Aiguilles du Midi, Cols des Grandes Jorasses.  
 Thus shall I onward march from peak to peak,  
 Till there are no new conquests left to seek.

O the wild joy, the unutterable bliss  
 To hear the coming avalanche's hiss!  
 Or place oneself in acrobatic pose,  
 While mountain missiles graze one's sun-burnt nose!  
 And if some future season I be doom'd  
 To be by boulders crushed, or snow entomb'd,  
 Still let me upward urge my mad career,  
 And risk my limbs and life for honour dear!  
 Sublimely acquiescent in my lot,  
 I'll die a martyr for—I know not what!

ARCULUS.



A MEDLEY.

*Wherein we are presented to a pair of philosophic disputants, a garrulous grave-digger, and finally treated to an epitaph.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hamlet ..... *Romantic.*  
 Horatio ..... *The Reverse.*  
 Clown ..... *The Village Sexton.*

SCENE I.—*A Country Church-yard in one of the Northern Counties, the exact locality not specified.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* There's the village, Harry, and to judge by the unusual amount of smoke issuing from its chimneys, that house with the chesnut trees ought to be the village-inn. What do you say? shall we press on and secure our beds and supper before the gentleman with the knapsack comes up, or shall we turn in here and rest awhile in the shade?

*Hor.* Rest in the shade, say I, and a pipe of Virginia to boot: there can be no run on the accommodation in this place, the grass on the roads forbids such a supposition, and our tourist friend may have the pick of beds for what I care: that wall-end down there by the stream with the trout rising looks very tempting, doesn't it?



*Ham.* It does indeed, and mark the colouring of the lichen and ivy on the tower! I must make a sketch of it as soon as the sun gets rather lower.

[*They cross the stile, sit down in the shade, and, after lighting their pipes, puff in silence.*]

*Ham.* (*soliloquizing*) What a lovely view this is! the river, the swelling moorlands, the blue mountain for the distance, in the foreground the church, 'the rugged elms, the yew tree's shade, where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap'! why I could fancy that Gray himself

Pleased with the cool, the calm refreshful hour,  
And with hoarse murmur of unnumbered flies....

*Hor.* Hold hard, Frank, that's two mistakes already; in the first place its 'hoarse humming,' and in the second it was Warton wrote those lines, not Gray at all.

*Hor.* What a Vandal you are, Harry, to break in so rudely on my rhapsody; I never said the lines were Gray's, I only applied them to him; but might not this have well been Gray's churchyard? there stands 'the ivy-mantled tower,' and over the wall 'the straw-built shed' with 'the swallows twittering'! oh, what a divine poem it is; I'm like General Wolfe, I'd rather have written those stanzas than won a hundred battles.

*Hor.* You bagged that idea from Thackeray's "Virginians." Don't deny it, Frank, for I peeped into your book last night when you were out star-gazing, and saw some such bosh; but I don't believe Wolfe ever said anything of the sort, or he wasn't the man I take him for.

*Ham.* And why not pray? why should not the intrepid general, the consummate strategist possess the taste and delicate appreciation of the poet?

*Hor.* Because no man in my opinion ever did two things really well, and to have taken Quebec and written the *Elegy* required a perfect master of either art: can you name an instance?

*Ham.* A hundred if you like; take Wolfe's still greater contemporary, Washington—warrior, statesman, philosopher; no less courageous in the face of famine and pestilence than under the enemies' fire; out-generalling his foes, and curbing the malice and petty jealousies of his so-called friends; a man able at once to do and to suffer, to plan and to effect: and then, when he had freed his country, enrolled her armies, strengthened her constitution, refusing all personal aggrandizement, and retiring into private life an object of admiration to friend and foe alike: that was a man indeed.

*Hor.* Bravo, Frank! but your example's a poor one, for not only were these glories the result of one quality in your hero, as I take it, but Thackeray, whose ring I again detected in that panegyric of yours, seems to me rather to over-rate him; surely he was only the creature of circumstances, and his greatness due to the times in which he lived.

*Ham.* I grant you partly, but there must have been the talents latent in the man, or those times could not have called them out; besides, you may bring the same objection against most of the men whom history calls 'great'—Cæsar, Alexander, Cromwell.

*Hor.* And, therefore, I consider the epithet too often undeservedly bestowed. What was Cæsar *per se* but a drunken profligate? what Cromwell but a plebeian brewer? there surely have been hundreds as good or better than they, who have lived and died unknown, simply for lack of that 'king-maker' opportunity: why, what says your favourite elegy—

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some....

but what are you staring at?

*Ham.* Only that tombstone, which some illogical deity would seem to have placed there in defence of



your theory: "Sacred to the memory of John Washington, parish-clerk," I think it runs.\*

*Hor.* It does, and if I had been a Greek or Roman, I should have taken it as proof positive; as it is, I am content to call it a curious coincidence; but seriously, granting a civil war and its rousing times, John Washington, clerk, for ought we know, might have won a kingdom like Oliver Cromwell, Protector, or freed one like his namesake George.

*Ham.* Or, more probably still, run away from the very first gun he heard.

*Hor.* I'm not so sure of that: honest John must have listened, unmoved, to many great guns in his time.

*Ham.* Good for you, Harry: methinks I could develop that idea into a reasonably good epitaph on the said John.

*Hor.* Do so, my dear Frank, and I'll go talk with that man of eld, who is climbing over the stile; to judge by "the pickaxe and the spade the spade," he should be the sexton.

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Horatio and Clown: Hamlet in the distance.*

*Hor.* Nice day, my man!

*Clo.* Egh, egh, nice eneuf for them that's gitten nowt to do; I finds it a lile bit ower warm: ye'll be fra t' College, I'm thinking.

*Hor.* What College?

*Clo.* Why, Cambridge College to be sure.

*Hor.* Yes, I hail from Cambridge; what then?

*Clo.* Ye'll may be help me to t' meaning of a passage o' Scriptur as bangs me clean: Tommy Tyler and me was tackling it afore I comed oot.

*Hor.* I'll try what I can do; what's your puzzle?

\* A man of this name was, for many years, parish clerk in the town of Kendal.

*Clo.* Why we read as the A'mighty smote Job wi' boils fra t' croon o' his head tul t' sole o' his foot, and Job tuk a potsherd to screap hissself, don't we?

*Hor.* Well, what then?

*Clo.* There mun surely be some mistake, and they suld ha ca'd it sma' pox as he'd gitten; if it had been boils ye see, he could n't ha bided to ha' done it no how.

*Hor.* Why, man, you're quite a theologian.

*Clo.* Nay, nay, I'se nobbut a sexton, but I was allus main fond o' t' Scriptur, so was my fadder afore me; a' t' childer had Scriptur names, mine's Adam, and my sister's ca'd Asenath.

*Hor.* Asenath! and who was she?

*Clo.* Hegh, sirs, you fra t' College and not know that! why she was Joseph's wife, my fadder thowt a deal o' Joseph's wife.

*Hor. (aside).* This old fellow's an original and no mistake, I must draw him out (*aloud*). And was your father sexton before you?

*Clo.* Nay, nay, my fadder ketched mouidi-warp;\* Johnny Jenyons was t' sexton afore me, him as they ca'd "Sweeten for thy sell."

*Hor.* Ah! they called him "Sweeten for thy sell," did they? Was that his name?

*Clo.* Nay, nobbut a kind o' by-name he'd gitten; you see at t' Whitsun tea-drinking he'd allus be exing Miss Florence, that's our parson's darter, for mair sugar, till at last she says, "Sweeten for thysell, Johnny, sweeten for thysell," and that how he git t' name.

*Hor.* And what's become of him? is he dead?

*Clo.* Nay, not he, he's none o' your dying mak, he's i' t' awms-house ower there; he'd gitten ower auld for his wark; ding, but it maks me laugh now, when I think o' him at t' last burying he attended.

\* Anglicè 'moles.'

*Hor.* What did he do?

*Clo.* What did he do! why instead o' coming forrard at t' reet place and flinging t' mould doon, bang gaes he head formaist into t' grave reet on t' top o' t' coffin plate; t' parson hissel couldnt keep fra smiling when t' mutes pulled him out rubbing his head; there was a girt stir made aboot it by t' corpse's folk, and t' upshot was, that Johnny was pensioned and I got t' place.

*Hor.* You seem to have some characters about here then.

*Clo.* Karákters! of coorse we hev, ivery yan on us; hev ye gitten owt to say agin them, young man?

*Hor.* Ah, you don't understand me; I mean funny characters, funny folk.

*Clo.* Aye, we hev that, I'se warrant; there's auld Antony Askew up at t' Nunnery as he ca's it, tho why I niver knawed: he'll teäv t' whole country ower efter an auld black kist and gie as much for yan cracked pot, as ud buy a barrow-fu' o' whole uns; ye'd may-be ca him a karáker: there was him and auld Willy Wadsworth, and a daft sprig they ca'd Hartley Cowdridge fra Grasmer, as was for iver lating broken steäns and ferns and siclike rubbidge.

*Hor.* Then you're no great admirer of Wordsworth, my friend?

*Clo.* Admire! what for suld I, a silly doited auld man;\* it fair caps me why they suld ha' gien him a pension and takken away Johnny Close's fra Kirkby. But I'd a gay joke agin Muster Askew yan day.

*Hor.* How was that?

*Clo.* Why, it was yan dark morning aboot Cursmus time, terble hard and sleäp: I'd gitten up early to finish a grave I was making, and was warking wi' my speäd and shool under t' ground, when I heard summat saying, 'I wonder what o'clock it is;' I

\* This estimate of Wordsworth was common among his humble contemporaries in the North.

knaw'd as it was Muster Askew by t' voice, and because he allus hed a walk i' t' grave-yard afore breakfast; thinks I, I'se gie you a fright my man, so I shoots oot gruffish-like 'It's hoaf-past siven, Muster Askew:' ho, ho, ho, but he did skelp it awa.

*Hor.* You like your joke then, it seems.

*Clo.* I allus did, Sir; I'd many a crack wi' auld Antony when I was sarvant wi' Sir Daniel at t' Ha'; William, as was coachman then, and me yance played him a bonny truck.

*Hor.* What was that? I should like to hear it.

*Clo.* Auld Antony was biding wi' t' maister, and they were baith gaing to drink tea wi' parson Tatham, as then was; Antony 'd gitten a bran new par o' boots which warn't a common thing wi' him, so he exed William and me to carry him ower to t' parson's i' t' palanky, I think they ca's it, as his boots were sa thin, not that they were thin neither, but he was loath to tak off t' newness. Well, when we'd takken him and browt him back, we exed him for a trifle for drink, and we'd eddled it fair eneuf surely, but he wad 'nt gie us so much as the valley o' this auld hat. Says William, 'your boots are thin, are they,' says he; 'I'se warrant they'se be thinner when ye git em i' t' morning;' so afore we went to bed I hods t' boots and William turns t' grind-stun till we'd grund t' soles as thin as hoaf a croon; ah, but Antony was gaily thrang when he put em on t' next morning, ho, ho, ho! but he dare na say owt aboot it for fear as folk suld knaw he wad 'nt gie us owt. Sir Daniel allus laughed at that teäl. Antony was near eneuf, but he was nowt to Dicky Unthank, that was a close-fisted yan to be sure.

*Hor.* And who was he, pray?

*Clo.* Him as married Miss Askew, Antony's sister, d' ye see; like to like, I allus said, for they were well-matched for near-ness; they 're buried ower yonder where your friend's sitting. She died first,

poor soul,—it 'll be a matter o' twelve year sin, come Cursmus, and Dicky mun needs hev a grand buryin, tho' he 'd kept her poorly eneof as lang as she was alive; so he orders coaches and scarfs and hat-bands and what not, but for gloves he sends oot a' t' auld uns as he'd iver hed sent to him; he'd kept em a purpose d' ye see, mair by token that Turner\* Jackson, him as I hed t' teäl fra, got twa reet-hand yans; well, t' day turned out terble snawy and cauld, and t' mutes standing outside were well-nigh starved to death, so they sends up to exe for a drop o' summat hot to drink for to warm theirsells; 'drink,' shoots Dicky, when t' message were browt him, 'tell em, if they're cauld they may jump aboot, and they'se soon be warm.'

*Hor.* Excellent, but what next?

*Clo.* Well, he hedn't ordered sufficient coaches, and t' friends hed to ride by turns, as t' church was a gay bit off; so yan thing wi' t' other they were a good hoor late i' reaching t' yard; now t' bearers hed nobbut just gotten t' coffin on their shou'lders, when up runs t' landlord o' t' Mortal Man, that's whar Dicky 'd ordered t' buryin-dinner, and says, 'Can I hev a word wi' you, Muster Unthank?' 'Nowt wrang wi' t' dinner?' says Dicky turning varra pale; 'Nowt wrang,' says t' other, 'But it was ordered for noo, and I'se feerd it 'll be cauld afore your wife's under ground.' 'I' that case,' says Dicky, 'I can see but yan thing to do, t' corpse is cauld a' ready, and can bide well eneof; so clap her doon lads, and let's to t' dinner; she'd be as loath as any yan that it suld spoil.'

*Hor.* Capital, capital! but here comes my friend, (*Enter Hamlet*) Frank, you've missed a real treat—

*Ham.* Have I? that's a pity, but here's my impromptu; you must'nt be hard on it, though, for I've had no time for polishing.

\* Anglicè Attorney.

*Hor.* Why, you wretch, you've had a good half-hour while we've been gossiping here, but let us have it whatever it's like; and happy thought, the Sexton shall hear it too and judge of its merits; here Mr. Gravedigger! you knew John Washington, I suppose?

*Clo.* Aye, aye, Sir, for twenty years or mair.

*Hor.* Well, my friend has been writing an epitaph on him, and we want your opinion. Fire away Frank.

*Ham.* (reads).

Here lies our clerk, John Washington,  
A name unknown to slander,  
Equal in deeds, if not in fame,  
To George, the great commander.

As George in war, so John in church  
Had much of service seen;  
How to respond when duty called,  
Full well he knew, I ween.

The duty plain of taking arms,  
George preach'd to every state,  
But John the one of giving alms,  
Whene'er he held the plate.

George, on the field of victory,  
Taught men what battle's rage meant;  
And John has helped to terminate  
Full many a long engagement.

King George's English fell beneath  
The other George's spleen;  
While John has murdered, so 'tis said,  
The English of the Queen.

Oftimes the roar from cannon's mouth  
The ears of each would stun;  
George spelt the word with double "n"  
But John with only one.

Full many a charge had either stood  
And bravely borne its force;  
John's charge it was a Bishop's charge,  
George's a charge of horse.

And many a charge had either made,  
Deny this charge, who dares;  
But George had charged the enemy,  
John newly wedded pairs.

George ever laboured for the "Free,"  
What Yankee true can doubt?  
And so did John, except that he  
The letter "r" left out.

As George upon his fatherland  
Shed bay-wreathed freedom's smiles,  
So John with Christmas laurels loved  
To deck his native aisles.

Then who shall judge to which belongs  
The epithet of Great,  
John the custodian of his Church,  
George guardian of his State.

*Hor.* For goodness sake stop, you're like Shirley  
Brooke's romance writer.

"What's good he has prigged, what's stupid's his own."

*(to Clown)* fine stuff, isn't it?

*Clo.* Aye, aye, fine indeed; but I cannot understand  
yan word o' it a'; hev ye gitten a saxpence,  
gentlemen, for an auld man.

*Hor.* Well, here's one, you deserve it for your  
stories; now mind I shall expect a new stock when  
next I come. Good evening.

*Clo.* Good e'en to you.

*[Exeunt Omnes.]*

SERMO.



## AFRICA.

**I**T is strange that, though men have inhabited this earth for so many ages, and have so far wrested from Nature her secrets and enthralled her powers, that the lightning is our messenger, and the planets are weighed, and each valley and hill on the face of the moon is mapped out and named, it is strange, I say, that there should still be vast regions of this our globe that are, and probably have always been, unknown to civilized mankind. Central Africa is one of these regions. It is well known what intense curiosity was in ancient times excited by this mysterious continent, and, more especially, by its great river, "Egypt's heaven-descended fount." The immense volume of water that rolled past Memphis and Thebes and the Pyramids, and irrigated the fields by its strange inundations, came from a fabled land of pigmies, giants, and monsters; or, perchance, it rose in the great earth-encircling ocean itself. Herodotus, when in Egypt (and he penetrated as far as Elephantine), was told that the Nile rose between two conical hills called Crophi and Mophi, and that its fountains were too deep to fathom, for that Psammitichus had let down many thousand fathoms of rope in vain. "Half the water," he adds, "runs northward to Egypt, and half southward to Ethiopia." We read also of a great lake, great swamps, troglodytes (cave-dwellers), a race of dwarfs, and many



other things, the existence of which recent discoveries have confirmed. After the time of Herodotus we hear of several great men who tried to solve the riddle of the Egyptian Sphinx. Alexander the Great, when he founded his city at the mouth of the Nile, is said to have made the attempt, but this was no mere Gordian knot to be severed by the sword. Cæsar, says the poet Lucan (with, perhaps, a little of his usual exaggeration), vowed that he would give up the civil war and all his dreams of empire if he could but visit these fabulous fountains.

About two centuries later the great geographer Ptolemy stated that the river rose in the *Montes Lunæ*. He makes six streams flow from these mountains, and form two great lakes lying E. and W. of one another. How near this is to the truth we all now know. The existence of these two great lakes has been vaguely asserted ever since the time of Ptolemy, and they will be found inserted in old charts; but gradually they were omitted, and Central Africa, some 15 or 20 years ago, was a mere blank, filled up by the imagination of map-makers with "unknown regions" and wondrous pictures of savage men and monsters.

As regards the discovery of the coast line a few words are necessary. There is ground for believing that at a very early period the east coast was known to traders from the Red Sea. Within the last few years certain large ruins have been discovered in the country that lies between the river Zambesi and Natal. The discoverer, Karl Manch (who, unfortunately, is since dead), identifies this ruined city, now called Zinbabwe, with the ancient Ophir, and the home of the Queen of Sheba.\* It is, at all events, remarkable that the name of the chief river of the district is Sabia (Sheba), that extensive gold-mines have been worked

\* For his most interesting descriptions and arguments see the *Mittheilungen*, conducted by Dr. Petermann (Karl Manch's *Reisen*).

there in ancient times, and that a tradition has for ages identified Sofala, the chief port, with Ophir. This is mentioned (with a false quantity) by Milton, and who speaks

"Of Sofala, thought Ophir."—*Par. Lost*, Book xi.

Secondly, Herodotus relates that some Phœnician mariners were sent (about 600 B.C.) by King Necho from the Red Sea to explore the coast of Africa, and that, after a voyage of some two years, they found themselves at the pillars of Hercules. He, with his usual simplicity, doesn't believe the story because the men declared that in those regions the sun rose on their right hand instead of on their left, which is precisely the reason why we do believe it. I cannot do more than just mention the Periplus of Hanno, the Carthaginian, who was sent to found colonies on the west coast; it seems certain that he sailed as far south as Sierra Leone, for he speaks of the coast suddenly trending away to the east.

About the same time that Columbus discovered America, the Portuguese pushed their explorations down the west coast. At the end of the 15th century a Portuguese, Vasco de Gama, doubled the Cape. In course of time Portugal settled colonies on the east coast and advanced far towards the north, till they were driven back by colonists and traders from Persia, India, and Arabia, whose presence in those parts at a very early period is proved by remains of ancient mosques, temples, &c., which are to be found on the mainland and islands.

And this state of things continues almost unaltered. The Portuguese have settlements here and there on the vast coast line from Delagoa Bay up to Cape Delgado (lat. 10 S.), and they jealously claim this as Portuguese territory, although they are scarcely able to hold their fortified coast towns against the natives, and, in some cases, are even forced to pay



tribute to the natives! The Arab ruler of Zanzibar, called by courtesy the "Sultan," claims the allegiance of many mainland tribes, but his power is limited almost entirely to the seaboard. No other European power has as yet established itself on this coast. At one time (1828) the British flag was hoisted by a Capt. Owen in the town of Mombasa, a little north of Zanzibar, but through some political jealousy it was abandoned, and we gave up what would have proved a most valuable protectorate, especially now, when we are anxious to obtain some footing in those parts for the suppression of the slave trade.\* It is not my intention now to go deeply into the history of slavery, or to discuss the moral and political questions connected with the status of a slave. Though I have definite views on this subject, I prefer to leave them unstated, and to call attention to the far more urgent question of the loss of life involved by the slave traffic in Africa at the present time. But, before doing so, it may be interesting to look back for an instant on past times, for the sake of comparison.

Of the existence of slavery at a very early period we have ample evidence, but those ages loom on us in such colossal and mysterious shapes that our human sympathy cannot be easily aroused for the millions that have lived and died. I shall, therefore, make a few passing remarks about slavery amongst those with whom we are brought into contact from our earliest days—the Romans and Greeks. In reading classical literature and history I fancy one does not often realize to the full extent the immense numbers of the slave-population of Greece and Italy. It is stated that in Attica there were at one time (309 B.C.) 21,000 free citizens and 400,000 slaves. Again, under the Roman Empire, many rich men are said by Athenians to have possessed from 10,000 to 20,000 slaves. This is

\* I am glad to say that a "Liberia" is now being formed at this very spot under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

probably an exaggeration, but it is known that a single *familia* of slaves often consisted of several thousands. It would be a mistake to suppose that all of these were employed in manual or menial work. Many, of course, had a very hard life in the mines, quarries, and fields, as is proved by the fact of the Servile wars; but many worked at various trades and professions, merely paying over to their owners the whole or a part of the profits. They were in great request as private secretaries, literary men, and doctors. Gladiators also formed a large body. Not a few characters distinguished in literature were at least of slavish origin. Such names as Horace and Epictetus occur to one at once; and it is well known that many of those highest in favour and authority at the Roman Imperial Court first entered Rome with chalked feet and bored ears.

The laws gradually bettered the condition of the slave, and manumission—which had never been much practised in Greece—because of constant occurrence in Italy. Christianity at first contented herself with urging the duty of kindness towards the slave as a fellow-creature, and it was not till the time of Justinian that any effort was made to abolish the whole institution. These efforts were partially foiled by the Goths and other invading barbarians, who brought into the country great numbers of their own slaves, mostly Slavonians, whence comes our word "slave." But in time the *servus* became the *adscriptus glebae*—the serf of the feudal ages—and slavery became extinct.

It was reserved for the Christian nations of Europe to re-establish in more modern times a slavery, at least as unchristian and disastrous in its social and political principles as that of pagan times, and involving misery and loss of human life to a far greater extent. As far as I can discover, it was during the early part of the 16th century that the

Portuguese first began to sell as slaves the natives that fell into their hands as they extended their dominion down the west coast. They were soon followed by other nations, and from that time to the present century more than 50 million slaves have been exported from Africa. England was the first to cease from this exportation, and the first, about 20 years later (1834) to abolish in her possessions the institution of slavery. As Portugal was the first to begin, so has she been the last to abandon the traffic in men. This year slavery ceases (or is supposed to cease) in her colonies.

I said 50 million slaves were exported. If we apply to this the formula generally used with regard to the present slave traffic in East Africa, no less than *five hundred million* lives were lost in connexion with the trade on the west coast. This is a thing of the past, and, as a nation, we are quite content to look upon it as such. But it is a fact scarcely as well known and realised as it might be, that at the present moment there is existing in Africa a slave traffic that is, according to official accounts issued by our Government, draining that continent of human life at the rate of about *a million a year*, and spreading devastation and misery over some of the fairest portions of the earth.

In such a case statistics may to some extent prove fallacious, but the facts are inferred from (1) the numbers of slaves that pass, or used to pass, the custom-houses of Zanzibar and other such places; (2) from the known area over which the trade extends, *i.e.* from Egypt to the Zambesi and nearly across to the west coast; and (3) from the great mortality among the slaves before reaching their final destination.

Before our treaty with the Ruler of Zanzibar (1873) about 25,000 slaves used to pass through the customs of that island; many more were smuggled up the coast on their way to Arabia and Persia; many

others were conveyed, as now almost all are conveyed, by the land routes. Altogether, from the region of Africa lying to the S. and SW. of Zanzibar, 50,000 slaves, at the very least, are transported yearly. Now, according to Livingstone, about *ten* lives are lost for every slave that arrives at the final destination. A few quotations may make this more credible. "On arriving at the scene of their operations the Arabs incite and sometimes help the natives of one tribe to make war upon another... In the course of these operations thousands are killed, or die subsequently of their wounds or of starvation; villages are burnt, and the women and children are carried away as slaves. The complete depopulation of the country between the coast and the present field of the slave-traders' operations attests the fearful character of these raids."\* "The road between Nyassa and the coast is strewn with the bones of slaves that have been killed or abandoned on the road."† "We passed," says Livingstone, "a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang... We saw others tied up in a similar manner." "We passed a slave woman shot or stabbed through the body, and lying on the path." And, again, "One of our men wandered and found a number of slaves with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food; they were too weak to be able to speak." "One slave-dealer told me," says Bishop Steere, "that he had on the coast a caravan of two hundred, all of whom died before they found a purchaser." No wonder that Livingstone exclaims, "I am heartsore and sick of human blood... The sights that I have seen, though common incidents of the traffic, are so nauseous that

\* *Report of House of Commons*, 1871, p. iv. The description of a similar scene which occurred at Nyangwe is given by Livingstone in his *Last Journals*.

† *Report of House of Commons*, p. 287.

I always strive to drive them from my memory... but the slaving scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at the dead of night horrified at their vividness."

It would be possible to write at much greater length, if space allowed, of these terrible scenes; but surely what has been already stated, if once realised, must leave no doubt in our minds that, as Christians and as Englishmen, we are being appealed to by a cry of distress, such as the world has seldom, if ever, heard.

What then can be done? What is being done?

I would gladly dwell at length on the past work of those who have devoted themselves to this cause, and more especially on that of Livingstone, but it is impossible to do so at present; and though I had intended to have touched on the great recent discoveries, such as those of Livingstone, Speke, Baker, Stanley, Cameron, and others, I shall have to leave this subject, and pass on at once to consider one line of action with which I am at present interested, and which I am endeavouring, to the best of my power, to follow out.

Readers of Livingstone's books will remember that he always advocated the opening up of Central Africa by the great rivers, especially the Zambesi; and that as an indispensable means of obtaining a hold on the natives, and releasing them from the disastrous influences of the Arab slavers, from whom alone they can now obtain European goods, and that chiefly in exchange for slaves, he insisted most strongly that a legitimate trade should be introduced into these regions, as an auxiliary of missionary efforts. Mr. Oswell, the fellow-traveller of Livingstone, thus writes to me: "It has always been my belief, that African slavery is only to be put down, or rather starved out, by wholesome trade. Many a time have Livingstone and I talked over this subject at our camp fires.

Could the articles for which slaves are bought be offered to the *slave-sellers* at their doors in exchange for the products of their country, one part of a hard riddle would be solved." I could multiply authorities and quotations to this effect, but the fact is self-evident to any one who considers it. The one thing wanting was a basis of operation; for, on account of the malarious character of the country, no European station can be safely placed near the coast. This basis has lately been supplied by the establishment on Lake Nyassa of a small settlement, which will doubtless prove of incalculable value as a centre of operations.

In the summer of last year an expedition, sent out by the Scotch Churches and led by Mr. E. D. Young, R.N. (who once before had reached Nyassa in search of Livingstone), arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi. Here they put together a small steel steamer, which they had brought from England, and in a few weeks successfully ascended the main river and its tributary, the Shire, as far as the Murchison cataracts. It was then necessary to take the 'Hala' again to pieces, to transport it and their goods across country for about forty miles, and to launch it on the upper river. This was a wearisome matter, but the natives came from all parts to welcome their "English fathers," and to offer their services as carriers. Last October the little vessel steamed triumphantly into the broad blue sea of Nyassa; and the last letters inform us that a spot has been chosen for the site of "Livingstonia," that the native chiefs are most friendly, that the Arabs (who annually transport some 20,000 slaves across the lake) are in consternation at the appearance of the British flag in their secret haunts, and that if a determined effort is made to follow up this line of action, a vast amount of the slave traffic will be stopped at the fountain head. But these Arabs are exceedingly cunning, and there is no doubt that they will try to misrepresent our motives to the native chiefs. They

have beads and calico and guns, and will doubtless use such means to bribe and tempt the natives. We have nothing to offer them but good advice. Now it may be said, that we ought not to trust to such 'carnal' weapons as beads and calico in our crusade against slavery. But, I ask, is it fair to expose the natives to such a temptation, when it is in our power to offer them what they want in exchange for the products of their country? Is it *right* to allow the slavers this powerful means of seducing the natives to murder and rapine? Is it *politic* to allow them this means of gaining influence over the chiefs and the people, and thus endangering our very existence, and ruining our work, the chief object of which (at present at least) is so to gain a hold on the natives that they may make an united stand against the ravages of these Arabs?

Such reasons have induced me to attempt to make a beginning—however small. I am hoping to be able to go out this spring, taking with me a moderate amount of goods, and to join the new settlement on Nyassa as an independent member, but having the same great object in view as the missionaries who have so bravely acted as pioneers. There will be of course great difficulties, such as the choice of the best route, the exactions of the Portuguese, the climate, the immense distances; but the time has come for an attempt, and it must be made in spite of all risks. I am most thankful to say, that many persons have shewn the greatest sympathy with the scheme, and that there seems to be a chance of making an immediate attempt, which, though of course of a tentative character, may, if successful, lead to something more worthy of the great cause and of England. My page is full, but should any readers of *The Eagle* wish for further information on the subject, I shall be most happy to give it.

H. B. COTTERILL.

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## VIVISECTION.\*

BY A "STUFF GOWN."

**G**REAT as has been the amount of attention lately given to the subject of vivisection (under which head, for the purposes of the present article, will be included all cases of induced diseases), it must be admitted that, considering it involves the happiness and well-being, aye, further, the very existence of thousands of living creatures, it has not occupied too much, even if it has had bestowed upon it the just share of attention which its importance demands.

It is a subject which, above all others, requires to be approached with the greatest amount of care, caution, and consideration, free alike, on the one hand, from false sentiment and sympathy, and, on the other hand, from indifference and want of feeling, or the prejudice which constant association with the practice of vivisection may have in some instances tended to create in the minds of members of the scientific world. The arguments on the one side and the other must be followed out to their logical conclusion, and then, but not until then, will it be possible to form a true and correct decision on the matter.

Few people of the present day are prepared to question the principle so ably expounded and sup-

\* The MS. of this article was in the hands of the printer before the *Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection* had been issued.



ported by Bentham, "That there is nothing good in this world but pleasure, or that which is productive of pleasure; nothing evil but pain, or that which is productive of pain," and though the greater good is sometimes not unaccompanied by, or is even the cause of the lesser pain, the proposition is none the less true. Still more unquestioned and unquestionable is the fact that of all things existent upon earth the most sacred beyond comparison is that mysterious principle known as *life*, so easily destroyed and yet so utterly impossible to restore, that nothing but the most cogent necessity can justify responsible beings in taking it away even from the lowest or meanest created form that possesses it. And to man, as the responsible head of created nature—whether he owes his position to a gradual process of *natural selection* or whether he was originally so placed there—belongs the imperative duty not only of protecting and fencing round by every available means the lives of his fellow-creatures, but also of protecting the lives and mitigating, so far as in him lies, the pains which disease or inevitable necessity entail on those lower forms of animal life which may be within his dominion or power.

If this be a fair and true statement of the case, the *onus* of proving that vivisectional operations are justifiable, or, what amounts to the same thing, of proving (or at all events raising so strong a *prima facie* case as to call upon the other side for an answer) that the amount of good derived from them far more than outweighs the pain and evil inflicted by performing them is thrown upon those who advocate the continuance of the present system. In favour and support of vivisection, its advocates point with pride and confidence to the gigantic strides which have been made in medical science and surgical skill within the last few generations in consequence of the facts disclosed by vivisectional operations. One discovery

alone, which from the very nature of the case no amount of observation, unless accompanied by vivisectional operations, would ever have brought to light—the *circulation of the blood*—has created a revolution in medical and surgical science; and from the knowledge of this single fact more valuable lives have been saved, more disease, more suffering has been altogether removed or, in a greater or less degree, alleviated than would compensate for the whole aggregate amount of suffering and pain which all the vivisectional operations in the world have caused. Diseases are now successfully treated by new means and surgical operations almost daily performed with safety which but a century ago would have been looked upon as absurd or altogether impossible. By inoculating or infecting the lower animals with diseases, the course and phases which the diseases take may be watched and experiments tried, which, as experiments, could never be tried on the human patient—human life being very much too precious, very much too valuable to admit, except as a last resource, of any uncertain or unascertained process being employed upon it, involving in its results the probable or possible extinction of life, even though the immediate purpose were to endeavour to preserve it. By far the greater majority of vivisectional operations are performed whilst the animal operated upon is under the influence of *anæsthetics*, and in very, very few cases indeed is it suffered to regain sensitiveness, but is altogether deprived of life whilst in a state of perfect unconsciousness.

If man is justified in taking the life of the lower animals to support human life, is he not justified and more than justified in taking animal life in order to obtain knowledge and skill, by which he may save the lives and lessen the sufferings not of his fellow-creatures alone, but also of the whole system of animated nature?



And it is useless to urge that vivisection having been so long practised all the information which it is possible to acquire from it has already been acquired. Vast, indeed, was the difference between the surgeon of the 14th century and the surgeon of the 17th century! Would not the former have ridiculed the idea of the complete revolution which the discoveries made in the latter part of those centuries had worked in his science? Yet is not the difference between the surgeon of the 17th century and the surgeon of the present day as great or greater still? And who shall say that future generations will not look back upon ours as but the mere entering upon the road which shall eventually lead to a true and thorough knowledge of the functions, organization, and constitution of animal existence?

None but those utterly ignorant of the marvellous and mysterious complexity of even the lowest forms of animated creatures would for one moment pretend or suppose that the knowledge which has up to the present time been attained is at all a full or perfect knowledge. The most illustrious men in physiological science—men whose names, like those of William Harvey and Edward Jenner, will be handed down through all time—are the first to admit that their knowledge, great though it be as compared with the knowledge of previous ages, is but one atom of that which still remains unknown, and that on every side in their investigations they are met and confronted by matters and circumstances which are as yet to them hidden and impenetrable secrets; and the most rapid progress in medical science has been made in recent times, when research by vivisectional operations has been more frequent and complete.

Surely here is evidence which raises not only a mere *prima facie* case, but one of "*violent presumption*," in favour of vivisection; a case resting upon no unsubstantial theories, but one which the records

of every hospital, every physician, every surgeon in the world can support by the indubitable testimony of facts.

On the other side it is said that these operations are now useless and tend to brutalise the mind. "We have put down," say they, "bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and dog-fighting, and we must put down vivisection; we must have legislation on the subject." But one moment's reflexion will shew how widely is that class of pursuits separated from vivisection. In the one, pain, suffering, and anguish were inflicted for the mere pleasure the sight of pain might give to degraded minds; they were followed in times of intellectual darkness by the most brutal and ignorant in the community with no further object than their own cruel gratification and amusement; whilst, on the other hand, vivisection is pursued only by the highly educated and not on account of the pain which it causes, but in order that, by aid of the knowledge and experience gained, pain in innumerable instances may be removed or assuaged, and all mankind benefitted by a more intimate acquaintance with the ways and laws of nature.

Moreover, the present outcry against vivisection has been raised by people to whom the operating theatre and the anatomist's lecture-room are regions as little known as the North Pole or the centre of the Sahara; their vague notions on the subject are founded on the vaguest "*hearsay*" evidence, and they are either entirely incapable of comprehending, or wilfully shut their eyes to the real facts. But supposing for one moment that these fears are well founded, are they prepared to follow out to the logical conclusion the arguments which they so loudly enunciate?

Have they ever considered the intense suffering which is inflicted simply for the sport and pleasure of those who inflict it? Can words describe or ima-

gination paint the extreme sufferings and torture endured by a salmon on a hook in a death struggle which lasts for hours? Or by the "live bait," with a steel wire passed through its very vitals, and so arranged as to make it writhe and twist to the utmost in its vain endeavours to get free? Or by a hare or bird that, wounded and with broken limbs, creeps into some place of shelter to linger, it may be for days or weeks, in patient yet unutterable agony and pain? Or by a fox that, driven from covert to covert, finds all his places of refuge closed against him, and, after being hunted for hours, is at last, when overcome by fatigue and worn out by exertion, torn limb from limb whilst life and consciousness yet remain?

Do none of those who are loud in their protestations and indignation against vivisection ever join in any of these or kindred sports? Do they never use gag-bits and bearing reins for their carriage horses, and so unquestionably cause disease and worse than useless suffering, for the sake of gratifying their own idle pride by seeing their horses fretting and trembling under the bit? Or do they never discuss with interest or pleasure the sport which their friends have met with in the hunting-field or on the moor, the stubbles, or the river? Do not the newspapers, at certain times of the year, almost daily abound with paragraphs describing "*bags*," in which hundreds of lives have been destroyed in a single day? And these make up not one-tenth or hundredth part of the number of living creatures annually reared in this country for the very purpose of being deprived of life in a violent and, in most instances, painful manner for the selfish pleasure of the hour.

Surely these are matters which logically demand suppression before vivisection, which is pursued for the purpose, not of pleasure, but of obtaining knowledge, by which suffering and pain may be alleviated.

Even the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a lady to whom this generation owes an immense debt of gratitude, has so far shut her eyes to the facts of the case as to address a letter to several of the morning papers, in which she asks that subscriptions be withheld from Hospital Sunday until it be ascertained that the institutions participating in the division of the funds do not permit of vivisection. A more thoughtless and cruelly insidious blow, and one beyond the power of words to describe, unworthy of the lady who has dealt it, was never levelled against suffering humanity. Her letter will be read by hundreds of thousands of people, many of whom will never take the trouble to think the subject out for themselves, but will accept the opinion of Baroness Burdett-Coutts as all sufficient; and the result may be that those useful and charitable institutions—hospitals—which have done more than any other institutions or charities in the world towards benefitting the sufferings of mankind, will have to limit the sphere of their usefulness; and unfortunate beings, suffering from accident or disease, unable to provide assistance for themselves, will be debarred from the benefits which they would otherwise have derived from those institutions, and may through long hours of anguish and pain unconsciously rue the day when the Baroness Burdett-Coutts used her great authority in thus indirectly attempting to suppress the practice of vivisection. But, further, if she is willing to use means so indirect to suppress vivisection, has she taken care that all the means have been exercised that lie in her own immediate power and not more indirect of preventing wanton cruelty to animals? Does she permit no sporting on her estates? Has she no game preserves there? Has she given directions that no fishmonger who deals in rod-caught or crimped fish, or poulterer who deals in game should supply her table? Has she altogether prohibited the use of game in her

house? If not, she stands chargeable, not with deliberate selfishness, for her whole life is one standing testimony to the contrary, but with the most thoughtless inconsistency.\*

No thinking person can deny that vivisection is practised for the purpose of obtaining knowledge, by which, more or less directly, the diseases and bodily sufferings of the whole human race and all animal creation that is brought into the service of man may be removed, prevented, or their disastrous consequences lessened. Yet, in the *Times* of the 24th of January, the Society for Abolition of Vivisection inserted an advertisement, in which, amongst other terms, they apply the following to the practice of vivisection:—“hideous cruelty,” “moral ulcer,” “dreadful form of insanity,” “dangerous and demoralizing to society,” “stigma on Christianity,” &c., &c. “The public,” they go on to add, “have little idea what the horrors of vivisection are; its crimes in studied, ingenious, refined, and appalling torture, in wantonness, uselessness, and wickedness cannot be surpassed in the annals of the world.”

Such is the language, such the arguments, by which the Society for the Abolition of Vivisection seek to advocate their cause. A Society which numbers amongst the members of its committee nine ladies, of whom, as they so energetically and in such unmeasured language take up the defence of dumb animals, it may not unreasonably be asked, Do they *never* in empty ostentation and the gratification of selfish personal vanity use feathers, pearls, furs, or any other of the almost innumerable ornaments of a lady's dress, to obtain which life or lives were unnecessarily sacrificed?

In short, whilst it is permitted to deprive thousands and hundreds of thousands of living creatures

\* In fairness it must be stated that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts does not use gag-bits and bearing-reins, and has several times exerted herself to suppress these cruel instruments of torture.—π. β.

of life for the mere sake of pleasure, is it not straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel to attempt to prevent vivisection, which at the most, in comparison with sport, takes but a dozen or two lives, even if it were followed for the express purpose of affording pleasure to those practising it. But when it is followed solely for the purpose of obtaining knowledge, experience, and skill, by which all animal existence is continually being benefitted, surely man is justified, and more than justified, in carrying on vivisection as one of the means in his power of doing the *greater good by the lesser pain.*

π. β.



PROPERTIUS V. 11.

DESINE, Paule, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum :  
Panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces.

Cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,  
Non exorato stant adamante viae.

Te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae,  
Nempe tuas lacrimas litora surda bibent.

Vota movent Superos—ubi portitor aera recepit,  
Osserat herbosos lurida porta rogos. ...

Nunc tibi commendo, communia pignora, natos.  
Haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.



CORNELIA.

CEASE, my Paullus, thus lamenting,  
O'er my tomb these tears to rain,  
Never doth the gloomy portal  
Ope to mortal prayer again.

When the spirit once hath entered  
'Neath the laws that bind the dead,  
Barred with adamant relentless  
Lies the pathway none may tread.

To the god of that dark dwelling  
All in vain would fall your tears,  
For the ruthless sand would drink them  
Ere your grief might reach his ears.

Prayers may move the gods in heaven :  
Once the boatman has his pay  
Never more the soul returneth  
Upward to the light of day.

Take, my husband, take our children,  
Pledges of our wedded love ;  
Love, deep fixed in soul and spirit,  
Death is powerless to remove.



Fungere maternis vicibus, pater. Illa meorum  
 Omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.

Oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice matris.  
 Tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.

Et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis:  
 Cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis.

Sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle, fatiges,  
 Somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam.

You must add the mother's fondness  
 To the tender father's care ;  
 What erewhile we bore together  
 Now is yours alone to bear.

When with father's kiss you soothe them,  
 Seal it with the mother's, too ;  
 Now the burden of the roof-tree  
 Rests its weight alone on you.

Though for me you wail in secret,  
 Let not them your grief espy,  
 Let caresses hide your sorrow,  
 Meet them with a tearless eye.

Let the weary night content you,  
 Husband, to indulge your pain,  
 When the visions of your slumber  
 Bring the lost one back again.

G. C. A.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term, 1876.

The Rev. E. A. Abbott, formerly Fellow of the College, has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.

The Rev. T. B. Rowe, M.A., late Assistant-Master at Uppingham School, has been appointed Head-Master of Tonbridge School; and the Rev. D. S. Ingram, M.A., late Assistant-Master at Tiverton School, Head Master of Felstead School.

We deeply regret to have to record the deaths of two Undergraduates of the College during the Christmas Vacation, G. A. Bishop and R. Jeffrey.

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

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers.—J. T. Ward (Senior), Hargreaves (5th), Easton and Talbot (18th), Morgan (22nd), Mc Farland (25th).

Senior Optimes.—Horner, London, Penny, Treadgold, Coggin.

Junior Optimes.—A. C. Woodhouse, Sturt, Lambert, Ambridge, C. A. Carter, Peter, Speed.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.—Wace (Senior), Simpkinson (4th).

Second Class.—G. H. Raynor, Maxwell, Hunt, Ford, Stuart.

Third Class.—Samson.

MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

First Class.—Anderton. Second Class.—Hurndall, Boyns.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

First Class.—Nall and M. Stewart *æq.*

LAW TRIPOS.

First Class.—Trustram, Jeudwine. Second Class.—R. J. Griffiths, Thornber, Tarleton.

THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

Second Class.—Ds Body, Murray. Third Class.—Hartley, Winter.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

Third Class.—Wright.

The First Smith's Prize has been awarded to J. T. Ward, the Senior Wrangler.

The Kaye Prize has been awarded to J. Bass Mullinger, M.A. Subject of the Dissertation, "The Schools of Charles the Great and the Restoration of Education in the Ninth Century."

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, CHRISTMAS, 1876.

First Year (First Class).—W. Allen, Baker, E. A. Beresford, J. J. Beresford, A. Hall, Johnson, Saben, Sparrow, A. E. Swift, Tofts, W. F. Williams, Wilson, Wiseman. Suspension.—Lord Windsor, F. J. Allen, Biggs, Eddrup, Jenkins, King, Watson.

MATHEMATICS.

Third Year (First Class).—Mc Alister, Heath, Parsons, Pendlebury, Murton, Kikuchi, Tait. Suspension.—Marwood, Jones, Bell.

Second Year (First Class).—Morris, Bond, Lattimer, Pinsent, Mann. Suspension.—Mackie, Carlisle, Marsh.

SUBJECTS OF THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION, June, 1876.

Third Year.—(1) Hebrew—Micah, Psalms cvii.—cl., Isaiah. (2) Hebrew—Grammar, Pointing and Composition. (3) Greek Testament—Epistle to the Romans. (4) Greek Testament—General Paper. (5) a. Life and Times of Cardinal Pole; b. The Creeds, with questions on Liturgiology. (6) a. Eusebius *Hist. Eccl.* III., IV.; b. Pearson on the Creed, Articles VIII., IX., with questions on the Confessions of the Sixteenth Century.

Second and First Years.—(1) Hebrew—Genesis, I. II. Kings. (2) Hebrew—Grammar, Pointing and Composition. (3) Greek Testament—Gospel of St. John. (4) Greek Testament—General Paper. (5) Early Church History to A.D. 461.

SUBJECTS FOR GREEK TESTAMENT PRIZES.—Open to all Undergraduates of the College.—(1) St. John's Gospel. (2) Epistle to the Romans. (3) General Paper.

Prizes will also be given to such Students as in the judgment of the Hebrew Lecturer shew proficiency in the Hebrew language.

SUBJECTS OF CLASSICAL EXAMINATION, June, 1876.

Third and Second Years.—(1) Thucydides IV. (2) Euripides, *Helena*. (3) Plato, *Phaedrus* and *Gorgias*, and Aristotle, *Rhetoric* III.; also Translation and Composition, Greek and Latin Syntax, and Comparative Philology.

First Year.—(1) Thucydides IV. (2) Aristophanes, *Thesmophoriazusae* and *Ecclesiazusae*. (3) Cicero, *pro Plancio*; also Translation and Composition, Greek and Latin Syntax (and no Comparative Philology).

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The Trial Eights of this Club were rowed on Wednesday, November 30th. There were three boats of very fair form, which started in the following order:

Station 1—J. Phillips's. Station 2—W. Gripper's. Station 3—J. Allen's.

The middle boat gained steadily all the way, being capitally steered over the course, and, finally, won a good race with the last boat by a few seconds. The winning crew was constituted as below:

	st	lb		st	lb
Bow.	H. J. Lewis	10 2	6.	R. C. Smith	11 12
2.	H. L. Young	10 2	7.	E. H. Bell	9 10
3.	J. H. Lloyd	11 2	Stroke.	H. T. Kemp	9 12
4.	H. St. J. Wilding	10 10	Cox.	C. Pendlebury	8 6
5.	R. P. Stedman	11 3			

The Scratch Fours did not come off until the beginning of the present Term, having been postponed on account of bad weather. Only four boats came to the post. Two bumping

aces knocked out one boat, and the other three rowed a time race, which was won by

<i>Bow.</i> H. A. Williams.	<i>Stroke.</i> J. Phillips.
2. J. Allen.	<i>Cox.</i> Williams.
3. A. R. Wilson.	

At a General Meeting of the Club, on Saturday, February 5, the 1st Captain put in his resignation, and, accordingly, the Officers elected for the Lent Term were:

<i>President</i> —Rev. C. E. Graves.	<i>Secretary</i> —W. Gripper.
<i>1st Captain</i> —C. W. M. Dale.	<i>3rd Captain</i> —H. F. Nixon.
<i>2nd Captain</i> —J. Phillips.	<i>4th Captain</i> —H. A. Williams.
<i>Treasurer</i> —J. Allen.	<i>5th Captain</i> —P. D. Rowe.

Six new Members have joined the Club since the end of last Term.

The Club was represented in the University Trial Eights, on Dec. 4th, by C. W. M. Dale and J. Allen, who rowed respectively Nos. 5 and 2 in the losing Boat. On this occasion, also, a member of the St. John's Boat Club rowed in the Trials, S. Greenbank, who rowed No. 3 in the winning boat.

#### FOOTBALL.

*Association Rules.*—With the meagre details to hand it is impossible to give any accounts of our matches at the end of last term, and but little has been done in football since Christmas. The College team was chosen from the following:—

J. W. Jeudwine (*Captain*), D. P. Ware, G. White, E. P. Rooper, H. T. Talbot, H. A. Williams, J. H. Gwillim, J. J. Penny, J. H. Hallam, A. C. Davies, A. W. Keely, A. C. Tofts, C. J. C. Touzel, H. G. Bluett, Q. E. Roughton, H. W. Simpkinson.

Three matches were played at the end of last Term, *v.* the University, Harrow, and Old Uppinghamians. The first was lost by 1 goal to 0, as was the second, but the third was a glorious victory by 2 goals to 0. After Christmas, J. W. Jeudwine resigned the Captaincy, which he had filled to the complete satisfaction of all, and Q. E. Roughton was elected in his place. The first match of the Term was *v.* the "Old Uppinghamians," our third match with them. Our Captain was absent, and G. White basely deserted to the enemy, and so we were almost destitute of back-play, and lost the match by 4 goals to none.

A scratch match was played *v.* the "Old Brightonians," when we had a very indifferent team, but only lost by 1 goal, scoring 2 against our opponent's 3.

On Tuesday, 29th of February, we played Trinity Hall on Parker's Piece, in a tremendous wind, and lost by 1 goal to 0. Bad luck, as usual, kept us from scoring, though we made repeated efforts during the last quarter of the match. We had

almost as good a team as possible without H. Wace and H. W. Simpkinson; and a word of praise is due to the play of E. C. Foá and W. Y. Hargreaves for the Hall.

St. John's: D. P. Ware (back), Q. E. Roughton (*Captain*) and H. A. Williams (half-backs), J. H. Gwillim (goal), A. W. Keely, E. P. Rooper, G. White, A. C. Tofts, C. R. Cooke, J. V. T. Lander, and J. J. Penny,

Results of the season: Matches played, 15; won, 2; drawn, 2; lost, 11.

*Rugby Union.*—*St. John's v. Bury St. Edmund's.*—Played on our ground, and won. This Term has been singularly free of matches, the Colleges, as a rule, not having accepted our challenges. Our first was the return match against Bury, in which we scored 3 goals, 3 tries, and sundry touch-downs, the Bury men being content with acting on the defensive. We feel bound to say that our men averaged, at least, a stone more than they, but for all that they shoved us back several times. Extreme good humour was exhibited throughout, as we hope will always be the case.

*St. John's v. Royal School of Mines.*—Played on Parker's Piece, and won, though at first it seemed very much in their favour. Their forwards played well together and shoved us back very often, though by playing on the ball we generally succeeded in moving it towards their goal. From our weight we ought to have carried every scrummage, but we always seem to have one or two men who are not quite certain which is the right way to shove, forwards or backwards. For their benefit we should like to say that it is usual to shove *forward* with the chest, holding the arms either above the shoulders of those in front or hanging down by the side, that the elbows may not incommode the members of one's own side by becoming planted in the small of the back or in the stomach. We won by 2 goals and 1 touch-down. The "Miners," most of whom are public school men, play well, and we sincerely hope that an annual match will be arranged with them. The following is a list of our Fifteen:

C. W. M. Adam, E. M. J. Adamson, G. C. Allen, J. Allen, W. L. Comrie, W. Gripper, C. W. M. Dale, F. C. Hill, C. Slater, Tunstall Smith, J. Tillard, C. J. C. Touzel, D. P. Ware, H. A. Williams.

#### MUSICAL SOCIETY.

H. E. White has been elected to the vacancy on the Committee of the above Society, occasioned by the resignation of J. W. Jeudwine.

Any Member of the College can join the above Society by sending in his name to any Member of the Committee.

N.B. *Tenors* are very much wanted.

The following are Members of Committee:

R. Pendlebury, M.A., <i>President.</i>	P. D. Rowe, <i>Librarian.</i>
H. S. Foxwell, M.A., <i>Treasurer.</i>	H. E. J. Bevan.
J. P. A. Bowers, <i>Secretary.</i>	H. E. White.

## DEBATING SOCIETY.

*Lent Term, 1876.*—Debates:

*February 10.*—“That the Non-Collegiate Students deserve the thanks of Undergraduates for the public spirit they have shewn in perpetuating the time-honoured customs of the University.” Lost by 14.

*February 17.*—“That the Conservative Party, taking as its programme the Queen’s Speech, is worthy of the support of the nation.” 10 voted for, 10 against; President gave casting vote for the motion.

*February 24.*—“That the present exclusion of Women from the Learned Professions and Political Rights is a disgrace to a civilized nation.” 5 spoke for and 6 against. Motion was lost by 6.

*March 2.*—“That this House approves of the Inspection of Monastic and Conventional Institutions by Government.” Carried by 6. Present 34.

*March 9.*—Instead of a Debate a Spelling Bee was held, Professor Mayor kindly consenting to preside. At the first round a good many had to fall out, including several who were expected to be in at the finish. At the twelfth round only 3 were left in, and Hamilton at once succumbed. At the seventeenth Tait had to give in. Thus, Rigby won 1st Prize, £2. 2s., in books; Tait, 2nd Prize, £1. 1s., in books. 30 competed, and there were about as many spectators. Prof. Mayor, by his amusing stories and learned and interesting derivations, contributed very largely to its success, and at the conclusion a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him.

Officers for Lent Term, 1876:

J. Pope, <i>President.</i>		G. H. Marwood, <i>Treasurer</i>
J. P. Baynes, <i>Vice-President.</i>		(J. F. Skipper having resigned).
		J. H. Lloyd, <i>Secretary.</i>

29 have joined the Society this Term, and 18 last Term.

## CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

*B Company.*—R. F. Clarke has been gazetted as Sub-Lieutenant in the Company. Private H. Holcroft has been elected to the second Sub-Lieutenancy.

The Roe Challenge Cup for Recruits has been won by Private H. Lattey.

In the matches between the Companies for Silver Medals, B Company was successful in the first preliminary match against A and C Companies; in the final match against D Company, B Company scored 305 points and D Company 309 points. The competitors for B Company were: Capt. Wace, Sub-Lieut. Clarke, Sub-Lieut. Holcroft, Col.-Sergt. R. C. Smith, L.-Corp. Doherty, and Private F. B. N. Lee.

The Company Challenge Cup was won in the October Term by Sergt. R. F. Clarke.

The Peek Challenge Bowl and Silver Cup of the value of £5 was won this Term by Private H. Holcroft, of B Company.

A Company Handicap was shot on Tuesday, February 29th. The winners were: 1st, Private Tidmas; 2nd, Private Crowfield; 3rd, Private Steer; 4th, Private Doherty; 5th, L.-Corp. Winkley.

The following promotions have been made:

L.-Corp. Winkley to be Corporal.		Private Ireland to be L. Corporal.
Private Hatfield     "     "		"     Doherty     "     "