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MY JOURNAL ON THE
TRANSIT OF VENUS EXPEDITION
TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

ABOUT 4 p.m., September 10, we had everything packed up, and left H.M.S. "Scout" to go to our quarters at the Hawaiian Hotel. The long-expected white men created no small sensation as they walked up the streets with their helmets on; all looked at us as the men who had come to see the new planet. On our way we passed the Theatre Royal; then a few paces on was the hotel—truly worth calling an hotel.

On entering the ground you pass through an avenue of acacias nearly eighty yards long, and arrive at the hotel, with its deep verandahs. It is two storeys high besides a basement, each having its verandah, the Passion flower festooning all over it, and filling the air with a delightful perfume. It is truly a beautiful place, with much shade and very cool; in fact, the whole of Honolulu is studded with banana and acacia trees for shade.

The town consists of several streets and cross streets, cutting the whole into blocks in the American fashion. The Government House is a fine building, where are held the Courts of Law, &c. Opposite to it is the King's Palace, which stands in the centre of a park of about 20 acres, surrounded by a wall

built of coral, having its gates guarded by soldiers pacing in the orthodox manner with rifle and fixed bayonet.

Honolulu has its army, and it can march out two very creditable companies fully equipped and knowing their drill thoroughly, with a military band of 40 who play well; they have, besides, half-a-dozen field pieces and their complement of men. Of course these are no use for war; no one would attack the Islands, but they are indispensable to keep order and morale in the town.

A little behind the town is what is called the Punch-bowl; it is an extinct volcano, not very high. On its brink facing the town are mounted seven guns commanding the harbour. On great occasions (and they often happen, as everything is a great occasion) salutes are fired from here. At the bottom of the crater of the Punch-bowl, which is a complete basin, is a sink filled with large lava boulders. I believe that any amount of water might be poured into the crater, and it would go down into the earth as easily as pulling the plug out of the bottom of a lavatory basin; it is certainly wonderful! All up the sides of this hill sea-shells are to be found in numbers, and also inside the crater. Descending to the town we arrive in Fort Street and pass up the Valley Road, or, as it is called there, the Nuau Valley. This is a good macadamised road, and all the roads are equally good; along this road on both sides are situated the houses of most of the *élite*, the Minister of State, &c. Their houses are certainly most picturesque, and with the assistance of all the tropical beauties I don't think it has been very difficult to make them the "Bijoux" they are.

Continuing on this road about six miles we pass splendid scenery until we arrive at what is called the "Pali" precipice; the road suddenly turns, and looking down one sees a black abyss covered with

trees on every point, the rugged mountains rising on each side. It is a very dangerous place, and impossible to describe; the descent is rapid to the sea in the distance.

We return to the town, and are met as we ride in by some of the inhabitants, who step into the road with garlands in their hands and tie them round our ankles, wrists, necks, hats, or as a sash over one shoulder and under the other. These garlands or "lays," as they are called, are most tastefully composed of the beautifully-scented flowers with which the Islands abound, and which are not to be seen growing, I think, in England. So tasteful are the natives that I have seen most exquisite "lays" made from the leaves of the fern "Pulu," which is very like our bracken.

Then journeying out on the Waiakiki road we soon get out of the town, and have a good ride for a couple of miles, when we can turn to the right, passing by the summer residences of many of the inhabitants with their gardens stretching down to the sea. Amongst them is the King's summer house, with its cocconut grove. We pass by and arrive at the foot of the crater of Diamond Head. Vessels from Australia always sight this Head first, as they call here on their way to San Francisco. After climbing up the volcano I was surprised to see inside it a lake, which I was told contained fish. There are plenty of plovers all over the crater, but very wild. The ascent and descent are difficult, but well repay the labour. I pounded a little of the lava, and, having subjected it to the microscope, I was surprised to see its beauty; garnets, crystals, copper, iron, far more beautiful than any other lava I had found in the Islands. After a short ride inland from here we come to the Telegraph Station, where an exquisite view is obtained of the neighbouring Islands—Molokai, Lanai, Kahoolawe, Moui, and sometimes the snow-

capped summit of Mauna Loa, 120 miles distant in the Island of Hawaii.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands are dark, but not negroes; they are somewhat the colour of a real gipsy; they are very hospitable and a fine race of people, but very idle. The Islands are within the banana belt. Their language is a very pretty one; it consists of only twelve letters, including the vowels as we have them, and the consonants h, k, l, m, n, p, w. The chief produce of the Islands is sugar and coffee.

They do things very peculiarly in Honolulu. A certain wealthy gentleman, named Kimo Pelikani (English Jim), had built himself a new house, and was going to give a house warming, but, instead of sending invitations to his friends, he simply advertised "There will be a Louou (native feast) at Puloa, Oct. 17th, all Honolulu Invited," and nearly all Honolulu went, the King with his band and all his Ministers, the Queen, Princess Ruth, the Captains and Officers of the Men of War, and we all made a capital party. The King doffed regality, and danced, laughed, and joked with all; the whole was like a large happy family. The repast was spread on a table about one foot from the ground, which was covered with Palm leaves. A dish of "Poi," a sort of squash from the Taro root, eaten by sticking your two fingers in, and by a dexterous movement carrying the "Poi" to your mouth, began the feast. There was every kind of native dish; roast dog, and the dish formed from the sea-urchins I can particularly recommend, and if any of my readers have the chance I advise them to lay aside prejudice and taste them, the roast dog being excellent.

There is one thing very wonderful in the Sandwich Islands, viz. their land shells. These are very exquisite, and are found chiefly on the trees; they can be easily discovered or traced by the wonderful noise they make, and when there are many of them singing,

as it is called, it sounds in the woods like an Æolian harp. At first the sound seems like a cricket's chirp, but the difference is soon known when a cricket is heard at the same time, and the mistake never happens twice. I made a considerable collection of these shells with much difficulty. Honolulu is truly a delightful place, a splendid climate, and a good sea.

On Nov. 2nd, at 10 a.m., two of us with a party of friends left Honolulu in H.M.S. "Scout" for Kailua, in the Island of Hawaii. When we arrived a few miles from there, at 6 the next morning, there was a very strong Koua southerly gale blowing, and too big a surf to attempt to land, so we went the other side of the Island to Hilo, and arrived the next morning. A large party left us to go to see the crater of Kilauea.

It was blowing also at Hilo very hard, and a big sea was running. I, with some others, however, went on shore, landed at the Creek, and walked a mile to the town, which consists only of a few stores. The great trade of the place is sharks' fin, which is sent to China, where it is used to form a dish for a celestial connoisseur; it is very good, but, I think, something like haddock.

Hilo Bay abounds with sharks, and I am told that the natives swim out to do battle with them, but I never saw this. The surf was still rolling in very high; nevertheless, the natives said they would take us on board, so we trusted ourselves in a surf boat and started. The moment had to be watched when to break through a line of surf; the man in the stern would tell the rowers to rest, and when he saw the right moment "hui! hui!" then they would pull like mad, shoot over or through the surf, and rest for the next charge. It was very exciting, and though very hazardous, any thought of danger was lost in the intense excitement. On looking back when we were through, it was wonderful to see what we had gone over.

We steamed again for Kailua; on our arrival there the weather was fine and the sea calm, so we landed all the transit instruments and took up our quarters at the King's Palace, a large house built of coral blocks. When all was landed at Kailua, H.M.S. "Scout" left for Kaalakakua Bay, 12 miles south, to land the material for building a monument to the great Captain James Cook, R.N., who was killed there in 1779, after observing the last Transit of Venus in the South Pacific. The "Scout" returned there Nov. 14th, and on that day the monument was unveiled. It is an obelisk made of concrete, and stands only about ten yards from where he fell when murdered by the natives.

At Kailua my room was on the first floor, and had a verandah and five windows. From the one looking west I could see the whole of the Bay of Kailua with the few huts around it, the graves of the old chiefs, and the Pacific stretching out beyond. Often have I stood at this window to watch the sunsets; they are very beautiful and, I should think, unsurpassed. From the windows looking south I could see the rugged coast stretching far in the distance, until it is brought to a termination by a promontory, called Kau Point, which is the foot of a gradual slope to the summit of Mauna Loa, the highest mountain in the Island, nearly 12000 ft.

In the Eastern direction Hualali, an extinct volcano, rears its head above the forest of orange, banana, lime, coffee, and bread-fruit trees. The scenery in these forests is splendid; they are natural ferneries, and Nature's arrangement far surpasses the most perfect of man's skill and art.

The time passed up to the memorable day of the transit of the planet. The exact moment of contact was not observed at Kailua in consequence of a cloud, which was a great disappointment to me, but micrometrical measurements were taken, which are quite as valuable.

I was much amused with the native idea of our Expedition and what we had come for. They believed that a new planet was going to appear on the sun, that our telescopes were guns, and we were going to shoot at the new planet to pin it on the sun and so secure it.

On Dec. 18th I started with a guide, who was an Englishman, and three mules on a ride 140 miles to the crater of Kilanea, the largest active volcano in the world; and after a very tiring ride through some of the sublimest forest scenery that one can imagine, and a continual fernery, about two in the afternoon of the 20th I began the last ten miles of my journey up a very gentle and gradual slope. I could see the steam rising from the crater in the distance. When we had gone about eight miles we came to the brink of the great crater; after coasting along the edge of it for two miles we arrived at the Volcano House or Hotel, very much fatigued.

After supper, which consisted of very good ham and eggs, a pot of poi, coffee and whisky, I looked out upon the crater below. About three miles from us was the boiling lake of liquid earth, and I could distinctly hear the waves of lava surging and crashing against the sides of the crater, and dashing against each other. There were innumerable jets of fire all around, it all threw up a livid flame; and although the night was intensely dark, I do not think I was struck with the scene, for looking from the height down upon it brought to my mind a scene I had often witnessed in England: travelling on a dark night through the pottery district, where the innumerable fires and furnaces, with the addition of the roar and glare of Bessemer works, appear much the same.

The next morning when we looked out there stretched before us a chasm, nine miles across, with perpendicular sides. After looking at this for some

time, I thought that although I had seen its equal as man's work, it appears more awful as Nature's. Of course, we went down the crater, and spent half the day there, because it was the proper thing to do, but it was anything but pleasant, for we were nearly suffocated with the fumes and roasted by the heat; and at one time having really to run for our lives made it seem as though we had had a thrilling adventure.

We left the volcano on the return journey on Dec. 23rd, and arrived at Kailua on the 27th. I spent Christmas Day in a Chinaman's store in the woods, and it was a Christmas Day I shall remember all my life. We had for our Christmas dinner about a pound of boiled beef, a loaf of bread, a box of sardines, a plate of onions, and two slopbasins of tea? we ate with our fingers and bowie knives, and the counter was our table, cock-roaches were running about everywhere, and would persist in drowning themselves in our tea. The whole family of Chinamen were in the room, one of them had died the night before, and was laid out in the corner waiting for the morrow to be buried. A few days after I left Kailua for Honolulu, and having bid farewell to all my Sandwich Island acquaintances, I left Honolulu on January 12th for San Francisco, where I arrived, after a glorious passage, on the 21st.

The journey from San Francisco to New York over the Union Pacific Railway is interesting. In twelve hours, from our start from the sea level at San Francisco, the train had risen 7000 feet, to a place called Cape Horn, where the railway is cut out of the side of an almost precipitous mountain, and 3000 feet directly below is the great American Cañon with its river looking like a thread of silver. Two days after we passed the great Salt Lake, and then arrived at Ogden. I had intended to have gone to Salt Lake City, but the road was snowed up that I

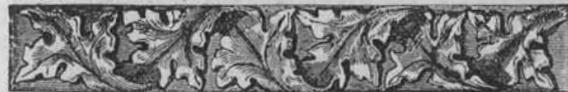
was unable to do so. Just after leaving Ogden we passed the '1000 mile tree' which is a fir tree exactly 1000 miles west of Omaha, on one of whose branches arrived then at Sherman, 8200 feet high, where a tremendous gale of wind was blowing, and snow drifting at an alarming rate into the cuttings. We did a good deal of snow butting with the snow plough, which is fastened to the engine; the plough shares reach from a couple of inches off the rails higher than the top of the funnel. The train I was in, though going moderately fast, was stopped by the snow, so we backed for about 2 miles, got up full speed, about 45 miles an hour, and went at the snow. I knew what we were going to do, so I buttoned up my coat and stood at the end of the Pullman Car to see what I could. When the plough touched the snow it threw it off on each side, and it seemed as though we were going through a snow Tunnel. The drift was 5 feet deep and about 300 yards long, but we cut a beautiful road right through it, and there seemed to me not to be the slightest diminution of speed. After the usual collision, in which we knocked over 4 tons of letters, we arrived without further mishap at Omaha late, and had to stay a night, starting off for Chicago the next morning. After coasting about the lakes, I arrived at Niagara, where I stayed to see that of which the Americans say, "I guess you ain't got anything to equal that," and true we hav'nt, for it is nothing but a big weir. The first thought is, that it is wonderful that the body of water continues so plentiful, but this is only for a moment, as it is not wonderful but only to be expected, when one considers the immense tract of land it drains and the extent of the lakes. I did not go into those raptures that are supposed to be the proper thing to do when one sees the "cut and dry" scenes, but

took it all as a matter of course, and left the place with a feeling of great disappointment, and determination never to go ten yards out of my way again to see the falls. The Yosemite fall in California, 2760 feet high, or the Bridal Veil in the same Valley, 900 feet high, with less water, is, in my opinion, far finer than a fall 300 feet high and 300 feet broad; the latter looks like a revolving water cylinder.

I left for New York, which is a fine city, and all I can say for it is that when I was in Broadway during business hours, I hardly realized the fact that I was not on the other side of the pond in the Strand.

The whole place was frozen up, the thermometer registering 28 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. However, I did not find it so cold as it often is in England, it seemed a dry coldness. I stayed until I was frost-bitten, when I thought it time to depart, and accordingly left in the "City of Montreal," in which I accomplished the last 3,000 miles of a 30,000 miles journey about the world, and arrived safely in England at the same part I started from only ten months previously.

H. G. B.



PEMBROKESHIRE.

SINCE the completion of the South Wales Railway and the opening of steam communication between Milford Haven and Waterford, the south-west corner of Wales has been rendered easy of access; still, with the exception of the through traffic to Ireland, the course of most strangers visiting the county of Pembroke is directed to the watering-place of Tenby and its immediate neighbourhood. The greater part of Pembrokeshire, lying north of Milford Haven, is traversed by few tourists, and those chiefly of a quiet sort, who move about on foot and seek retirement rather than a bear-garden. Cheap excursions, brass bands, beggars, and bathing-machines are unknown on its sea-coast; rarely will the wanderer be confronted with the sandwich-wrapping newspaper or sit down unawares upon the broken bottle. But to those whom these "pretty pleasures" do not move there are many attractions in the district of which I am speaking. It is a country of hills and valleys, with the sea close at hand; a sea the coasts of which are not tame and regular, but broken into a succession of small bays and upheaved by volcanic disturbance into bold and rugged headlands.

Very different from this is the central part of the county. Its character is generally moist in climate, undulating in outline; but its one leading feature is the great inlet of Milford Haven, the arms of which extend in all directions far into the interior. This

district does not present to the eye the same rough and bare appearance as the northern; trees are abundant throughout, especially in the sheltered and steamy bottoms, down which the streams run to the Haven; and in some parts large woods cover the ground for miles.

South Pembrokeshire is again widely different from the rest. Apart from the ridges, between which lie the valleys of Lamphey and St Florence, the country is more flat than the central district, and trees are very scarce. The coast is nearly all steep limestone cliff, broken and worn into grand and picturesque forms, but giving an effect of melancholy dreariness. Except along the coast the scenery is poor, and the country for the most part devoid of interest.

A glance at the Ordnance Map will shew that Pembrokeshire is exceptionally rich in ancient fortifications. From the castles of Pembroke, Manorbier, Carew, Narberth, and the still standing walls of Tenby to the mound of loose stones that cuts off the end of St David's Head is a great step backward. Between these come the earthworks, for the most part of an oval shape, with which the county is thickly dotted. There are, however, far more of these primitive strongholds in the northern part of the county than in the southern, while the castles lie chiefly in the latter. This may be taken as indicating that the early struggles of pre-historic times took place chiefly on the borders of the hilly country, while the castles represent the need of defending the English part of the county, or 'Englishry,' from the attacks of the Welsh, in times of which we possess some literary record. Contemporary, perhaps, with some of these early works are the monuments of supported (*cromlech*) or standing (*meini-hirion*) stones, which are very common in North Pembrokeshire. Within a circuit of ten miles round Fishguard most of the remarkable *cromlechau* may be found. Those near St Nicholas

and Newport are well worth a visit; but that on the hill above Pentre-Evan decidedly ranks first. Its dimensions are given as follows by George Owen a local antiquary of the 16th century.* The tallest supporter is 8 feet high and the lowest above 7 feet; the cap-stone 18 feet long, 9 broad, 3 thick at one end, but tapering towards the other. As I had no measure with me when I visited it, I cannot vouch for the exactness of these dimensions, but am sure that they are not far wrong. A few large stones near the cromlech seem to be the remains of a stone circle that once surrounded it. It stands in a wild place among the low hills about five miles inland from Newport, and is hard to find unless you know something of the district, and can identify the lanes, paths, and small streams with those marked on the Ordnance Map. And, as it happens, this is not so simple a matter as might be expected.

The churches of Pembrokeshire present few points of interest to the architect, save one or two in the southern half of the county, and the Cathedral of St David's in the north. For the present purpose it is enough to remark that the southern churches have nearly all got embattled towers (mostly with saddleback roofs), while the northern are almost without exception utterly devoid of towers and are of the ancient barn-like shape common throughout Wales.

The two centres for the walking tourist in North Pembrokeshire are undoubtedly Fishguard and St David's. Of these the former will repay a more than passing visit. The bay affords good boating and excellent bathing, while the country presents much beautiful and varied scenery to those who will explore it on foot. The headlands of Dinas and Strumble, the Preselly hills and the valley of the

* Quoted by Fenton, pp. 559—60, *G. Owen's MS dates 1595*.

Gwaun may be mentioned as walks which offer much variety and deserve repetition. The town itself (the Welsh name of which is Abergwaun) stands on a bold cliff in a recess of the bay and is singularly fresh and healthy. Its population, including the lower town, is about 2000, and it is one of the group of Haverfordwest contributory boroughs. The people consider themselves Welsh, but their looks—agreeing with the cluster of Norse names on the coast, of which Fishguard is one—forbid one to doubt that there is a strong admixture of Teutonic blood in most of them.

Quiet and obscure though it be now, this little market-town and harbour of a remote district, its name was for awhile in men's mouths towards the end of the last century. On February 20th 1797 three French vessels appeared off the promontory of Pen-caer, and at a point about 3 miles to the west of Fishguard, in the parish of Llanwnda, disembarked some 1200 troops, 800 of whom were liberated convicts and all half-starved with hunger. A visit to the spot at which they landed will shew that Fenton does not exaggerate when he speaks of the 'vast toil' they underwent in rolling casks of ammunition up the cliff. The madness of choosing such a landing-place is evident, and the wonder is that they ever got up the casks at all. But it is best to let the Pembrokeshire historian tell the tale in his own words* as far as space will admit. After describing the flight of the country people and the removal of women and children from Fishguard in consequence of the general panic, he writes—

"In the meantime, the bloodhounds were no sooner at leisure than they hastened to satiate their hunger, which, from the vast toil they had undergone and their scanty allowance of provision for some days,

* *A Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*, by Richard Fenton, Esq. F.A.S. (London, 1810).

had become voracious. The fields were selected for the purpose of cookery, and the operations were carried on upon an immense scale. Not a fowl was left alive, and the geese were literally boiled in butter. They then proceeded to plunder, and give a loose to every brutal excess that pampered and inflamed appetites could prompt them to; but the veil of night was kindly drawn over their execrable* orgies, disgraceful to nature, and which humanity shudders to imagine. But what less could have been expected from wretches commissioned (as it afterwards appeared from the instructions taken on board one of the frigates that conveyed them to our shores) to confound and desolate?

"Gluttony was followed by intoxication, and here the finger of Heaven was manifestly visible; for, in consequence of a wreck of wine a few days before on that coast, there was not a cottage but supplied a cask of it, the intemperate use of which produced a frenzy that raised the men above the control of discipline, and sunk many of their officers below the power of command; and to this principally, in gratitude to the Divine Being, may be ascribed the so speedy and happy termination of a business that seemed to menace a much more distressing catastrophe."

The writer goes on to draw a highly-coloured picture of what might have happened had the French been able to penetrate into the interior of the county; disasters happily averted by the utter disorder of the French, whose commander, having lost all authority over his men for purposes of offence, and finding that he was gradually being surrounded by the local Yeomanry, under the command of Lord Cawdor, and by such other irregular forces as could be raised,

* When Mr. Fenton was on his tour through the country the gentlemen everywhere gave him hospitable entertainment. He then speaks of crowning the labours of the day by the 'elegant conviviality' of the evening.

resolved upon a surrender, which was accepted as absolute and unconditional. Mr Fenton then continues—

“However, our troops, actuated by true British valour from the gallant peer who headed them to the meanest of his followers, were then assembled, had taken a judicious position, and waited with firmness the motions of the enemy; yet this was a moment rich beyond the power of language to paint, as it recalled the fugitives to their homes, the husbandman to his plough, the shepherd to his flock, restored the suspended animation of the fields, and gave us a harvest of laurels, without hazarding the precious blood of our brave defenders.”

After describing the surrender, he adds, in a tone of mournful indignation—

“There have been invidious attempts to tarnish the lustre of this event.”

In fact it had been asserted that some of the local Baptists, being ill-affected towards the English Government, had entered into treasonable correspondence with the enemy. But, exclaims our patriotic friend—

“I may venture to ask how it were possible for such men without fortune, learning, or connections, to give effect to their principles, malignant as they might have been, and communicate with foreigners in an unknown tongue, who scarcely knew the patois* of their own. That one of them was found within the enemy’s lines was proved, and, I believe, little more; whither, like many others unnoticed, he had been carried by that fool-hardy inquisitiveness, a prominent feature in the character of the low Welsh, a sort of officious temerity, the result of nerve, which, if properly directed, would have impelled the possessor to pierce the recesses of the Thuilleries or St Cloud,

* ‘Welsh English,’ I suppose.

and sheathe a poniard in the heart of that disturber of the peace of the world, the execrated Corsican despot.”*

At the risk of quoting too much, I have added this last extract, for the closing outburst seems now too good to be missed. But the book bears date 1810, and it is hard to enter fully into the feelings of the early part of the century.

The advantages of forming a harbour in Fishguard Bay, by the construction of a strong breakwater, are well known to the Admiralty, who seem, however, to have no spare money for so large an undertaking. The work would not be likely to pay, even were the Waterford and Wexford packets to make this their port, and the railway which would render such a change feasible is not yet made. At the end of last century some project of the kind was under discussion, for in 1790 a Mr. Spence, having surveyed the Bay on behalf of the Admiralty, reports† that Fishguard is the right place for the next harbour north of Milford Haven, and estimates the cost of the proposed pier at £14,785 18s 5d. As yet, however, undisturbed by the railway whistle or the rush of excursionists, and enjoying two posts each week-day, the little place sleeps on. And whatever may be the hopes of the owners of property in that neighbourhood, no one who has spent a few weeks there and used his legs wisely will join in wishing for a change. There is no real need for it. No crowds of wearied operatives would come so far to seek their short refreshment, and the vapid concourse of dangling men and nupturient maids has made Tenby its place of resort in South Wales. As one who has enjoyed in various places more than one happy Long, and has found none to match Fishguard, I am bold to speak strongly in its praise. But to

* Fenton, pp 10—15.

† Quoted by Fenton, pp 575—6.

the lazy or passing visitor it would probably seem poor and dull.

As to views in the neighbourhood, by far the most extensive is that from the top of the Preselly Hills, whence you can see the sea to north, south and westward, and also into three counties, all more or less hilly. A walk to Dinas Head gives a good outlook over the sea, but little more, save the pleasure of looking down from the height into the deep green or blue water immediately below. On the low and seemingly alluvial isthmus, which joins the head to the mainland, the visitor who keeps to the northern side may come upon an interesting sight, though not one to be called pleasant—the deserted and ruinous old church and churchyard of Dinas; where, owing to encroachments of the sea and recent neglect, all is crumbling in the water piecemeal, and presenting in the process a ghastly travesty of the system of interment.

Before I conclude this notice of the district, I have to advise any reader of the *Eagle* who may visit St David's not to be content with seeing the Cathedral* and the fine ruins of the Bishop's Palace. Let him go all round the cliffs from the little harbour on the southern side to the sound between Ramsey and the mainland, to Whitesand Bay, and on to the grand pile of rocks known as St David's Head. But, if it be the evening of a fine summer's day, let him not tarry too long on the granite blocks looking out into the west and watching the tide-race. He should mount Carn Lleiddi in time to get the view over St Bride's Bay to the south, and then turn to face the sunset flushing the waters of St George's Channel. He will not regret the small trouble he will have taken, and he may then feel that he has

* There is a splendid history of St David's by W B T Jones and E A Freeman, published by Parker (1856).

seen what there is to see, and withdraw satisfied from this lonely corner of the world, with its sandy and marshy waste hemmed in by rocks; where still stands a cathedral and cathedral city, and where once was* the western outpost of Roman power in Britain.

W E HEITLAND.

* Menapia, see *Camden*.



PERSECUTED SCIENCES.

I DESIRE to enlist your sympathies with the most ancient and honourable kindred sciences of Begging, Cheating, and Stealing, sciences most honoured by the ancients, and most neglectfully used and despitely treated in modern times by those who cannot appreciate their beauty and their utility. This is a critical moment of their existence, when, from a stunted and despised infancy, they are growing to a possible bright youth and sunny manhood, and when they are passing to the higher ranks of society from the poor and disreputable, to whom the cultivation of their beauties has been too long restricted. The art of floating rotten loans, fraudulent bankruptcies, and friendly societies has now reached to so high a perfection that we may soon hope to see the sciences acknowledged in polite society, and raised from their present position of indigence to a luxurious affluence. Hermes must indeed have looked down with sorrow and pity on the persecuted condition of his modern votaries, and will, no doubt, rejoice greatly at their expectant good fortune. I will not, however, at present discuss the future prospects of these kindred arts, but will the rather call your attention to the great deeds and exploits of the heroes of old times.

Picking and Stealing—for of the sister science I shall speak presently—is by its nature none of your

downright, straightforward, brute-force professions, but depends for its success upon the subtle skill and the wily genius of its devotees. It is by means of dark nights, light fingers, and plenty of lying, that the master of the science can perform those exploits no less marvellous than the bootless feats of those who call feckless spirits and shadowy faces from the vasty deep, to grace our modern seances, and such as would put to shame their silly copyists, called conjurers, a bastard race who have gained the ear of the public by affecting to reveal the hidden mysteries of the art, and whose works are only fit for the wonderment of babies and old maids. The true science, with its noble contempt of meum and tuum, and its disinterested hatred of those who seek, vainly let us hope, to establish property as a basis of society, has many claims on the mankind whose constant welfare it fosters and over whose interest it has watched so carefully.

Those romantic times, when, on meeting with an undeserved and untimely fate, the professors of the art were visited and consoled by fair dames in prison, and escorted by tearful multitudes to the gallows, are unhappily long past never to return, but let us hope some revival of those chivalrous days may be in store, and perhaps even a grander if not so romantic an age is to be our future, since we daily see our neighbours swindling and swindled on a more gigantic and improving scale than before.

The great art of lying, practised mightily by all the heroes of ancient times from Ulysses upwards, but which has fallen rapidly into disuse until railway prospectuses, puffing advertisements, and the necessary adulterations of tradesmen brought it into a prominence which it has never before attained, is a great aid to our light-fingered science, and has helped its practitioners out of many serious difficulties, and in fact no professor can ever become really great

without being a proficient in all the tortuous mazes of this difficult branch of his profession. In one of the works of our English Essayists there is an anecdote illustrative of what use this noble art may be to those intending to investigate the science of thieving, and which I cannot refrain from relating. In the days of Frederick the Second of Prussia, when Prussia was a Roman Catholic country, a ring was missed from an image of the Virgin Mary at Berlin, and was finally found on the person of a private soldier. He was tried for sacrilege, the fact was clearly proved against him, and he was condemned to death, when he completely puzzled his judges by affirming that 'the Virgin had given him the ring.' The judges were in the greatest perplexity. It was 'flat blasphemy' to deny the possibility of a gift from the Virgin Mary, and yet it seemed monstrous to permit such gross impudence to escape its due reward. In this dilemma the judges appealed to the king, and he, after due consideration, gravely pronounced this sentence: 'That all good Catholics would believe what was alleged by the soldier to be true, and he was therefore honourably dismissed, but that for the future it was forbidden any Prussian subject, whether civil or military, to accept a present from the Virgin Mary.'

We may remember also the lawyer who dropped his hat inside heaven's gate, and, having gained S. Peter's permission to step inside for it, refused to return, a trick not unlike the one that Sisyphus played off on Pluto. But both these latter are rather instances of the 'lie circumstantial.'

The mention of the judges' dilemma reminds me of a two-horned tale of a baron, albeit a just, yet a severe and inflexible, man, who had built a bridge over the river by his castle, and had at the same time erected a gallows hard by. This bridge builder assumed the right of asking every traveller whither he was going, and if he answered truly, well and

good; if not, the baron hanged him on the gallows. One day a passenger, being asked the usual question, replied, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows." "Now," thought the gallows builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly and ought not to have been hanged. If I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely and ought to have been hanged." It is not stated what decision he came to. One of the most celebrated dilemmas is one of the most ancient. A rhetorician taught a youth the art of pleading on condition that he was only to be paid in case his pupil gained his first cause. The pupil immediately brought an action against his teacher, with the object of being freed from the obligation he had contracted, and then put this dilemma to him: "If I gain my suit, the court will absolve me from paying you; if I lose, I am freed by the terms of our contract." To which the rhetorician replied, "If you gain, you must pay me according to our contract; if you lose, you must pay me in accordance with the decision of the court."

But to return to my subject; although hunted and hindered in their vocation by a narrow-minded aristocracy, and eyed with great jealousy and disfavour by the state, the law of honour among the members of the profession is so strong and the *esprit de corps* so close that, as between themselves, they seldom practise their profession to the detriment of their friends. "Me vil tell you," said the gipsy king to Tom Jones, "how the difference is between your people and my people. My people rob your people, but your people rob one another." To take an instance, Antolycus, when he found Sisyphus a match for him in his art, so far forgot all jealousy as to become his friend and ally himself with him in marriage, and in all ages it has been considered a most infamous act to betray a professor of the great science and to disclose its occult mysteries. Poets and novelists generally, the faithful friends of our sect, have

laboured very consistently to place this striking trait of our character in its true light. "That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surprises me," are the words in which the great Macheath expresses regret at his betrayal,* and no doubt Fagin and his young friends would have been now living and carrying on their trade had it not been for their unfortunate connexion with the miscreant Oliver Twist.

But to turn from the consideration of these beauties of the science to the great deeds of its heroes, though I hinted at the outset of this paper that the masters of the great art had generally been those of low estate and mean origin, I find that the experiments of our science have not been uniformly carried out by men of this character, and in several cases even royalty itself has condescended to honour us with its example. That paragon of virtue and chivalry, the Cid, is an instance in point, since on one occasion, when in want of money, he very cleverly cheated some Spanish Jews, though perhaps Jews were of little account in those days. He had quarrelled with the king, as, of course, anyone with spirit would have done, and had been banished the realm, friends and all, in consequence, and, being in want of ready money, he commissioned a friend to negotiate a loan with the Moses of those times, promising to leave great securities, reversions, plate, jewelry, and stock of all kinds in their hands in exchange. These were to be put into two chests, which the Jews were not to open for a year on account of political circumstances, and in consideration of which they were to advance six hundred marks. Whilst Abrahams and Isaacs

* The name of "Jemmy Twitcher" was ever afterwards applied to Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, the bosom friend of Wilkes, and the companion of all his debaucheries. He conducted the motion against Wilkes, in the House of Commons, for his Essay on Woman, with a baseness for which the real Twitcher affords no parallel. It was said by those who heard him to be "Satan rebuking sin."

were discussing terms with the emissary, the Cid and his friends were engaged in employing their spare time in filling the chests with sand, which, when done, were duly handed over to the Jews in exchange for the ready money, the Cid saying, with a smile, "Ye see that I leave something with ye;" and the weight of the chests put the poor Jews in such excellent spirits that they gratuitously gave the Cid and his friends handsome presents in addition to the money. Then who does not remember the prince of pickpockets and highwaymen, that most attractive of scapegraces, Prince Hal, and the "bellipotent and immeasurable wag" Falstaff, playing their many merry tricks, to say nothing of Bardolph, who, we are told, "stole a lute-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold it for three halfpence!" Even no less a person than Saint Peter himself was not above cheating the poor Welshmen, who kicked up such a hullabaloo in heaven by talking and singing in their native tongue, for he is said to have stopped outside the door, and by bawling out "caws baub" or "toasted cheese" inveigled them into rushing out to find where the delicious diet was, when Peter stepped in nimbly and slammed the door in their faces.

But to begin more systematically to enumerate the deeds and exploits of our heroes, I find that I have so many brave and true men on my hands that I shall never have time for one half of them. There is the brave Dick Turpin, whose famous ride to York forms the subject of one of our modern novelist's tales; and Jack Sheppard, with his thousand daring deeds; and the gentle and noble Robin Hood, the peerless, kind-hearted king of brigands; and the villain Jonathan Wild the Great, a kind of reformer, who flew in the face of all established canons and rules of the profession; and Claude du Val; and Filippo Pacchione; and Count Fathom; and Captain Rolando; and Fra Diavolo; and the Forty Thieves.

But, perhaps, the *chef d'œuvre* of the craft is that recorded by Ariosto, and also by Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, of Giles de Passamonte, who, when Sancho was sitting asleep and nodding on the back of his donkey, comes and draws away the beast from under him, and leaves the discomfited squire propped up by four sticks.

Every nation has its humorous tales of practitioners of these fine arts. It is said to be no uncommon thing in Albania to begin a story with the preface "When I was a robber," and the Arabs not only rob strangers, but even break through the rules of honour, and seem to have a right to rob one another, stealing most cunningly each other's horses and camels. The *Arabian Nights*, French tales, and Italian novels are full of stories of thieves and robbers. Macaulay, in one of his essays, tells a tale of three thieves who induced a muddle-headed Brahmin, contrary to the evidence of his own senses, to believe that a half-bred cur of a dog was a fine sheep covered with fleecy wool. The Brahmin being anxious to buy an animal for sacrifice, the first thief (there is always a first thief, like the first villain or the first gentleman, in the play) offered to sell it to him, affirming that it was a sheep, which the Brahmin indignantly denied, declaring that it was a dog. Being unable to agree, they decide to refer it to the first comers, who, of course, are both of the accomplices, who come up one after another, and back up their own side through thick and thin. Finally, the Brahmin, convinced, I suppose, that he had had a drop too much, buys the dog, offers it up to the gods, and is struck dead in return.

The Italian brigand of old times, descended from the great barons of the peninsula, was a formidable craftsman, who carried on his trade on a gigantic scale, and with a vast amount of romance and chivalrous politeness. Dwelling in his eyrie on the

rock, he sallied forth with his band of hundreds of retainers to plunder and rob all travellers and other obnoxious persons. The ruins of mountain castles all over Europe bear witness to the widespread celebrity of these old professors. There is a tale related of Filippo Pacchione thoroughly descriptive of the courteous ogre of those times. It is related that hearing that Ariosto was passing through his country, he stopped his retinue, and turned out of his way that he might have the opportunity of paying his respects to the great poet, and vindicate his character as a gentleman. The name of Fra Diavolo, who carried on a guerilla war with the French Republicans in 1798 in Italy, is a terror even to the Italian children of to-day. He lived at Itri, a little town on the mountain of S. Andria, and roamed along the high roads between the river Garigliano and Terracina. His scouts, generally women, walked innocently along the roads with their distaffs in their hands, singing and laughing, and betrayed to Fra Diavolo and his men any French Republicans who happened to pass along the roads of the country of the Bourbons. It is a doubtful question whether the French or the followers of Fra Diavolo were the greater rogues.

After hair-breadth escapes innumerable, defying both civil and military authorities, until at last they thought him ubiquitous, Fra Diavolo was finally betrayed by his own friends, and marched off and executed at Naples.

But the greatest of all Italian bandits, Marco Sciarra, commonly called Re della Campagna, lived in the sixteenth century, and roamed the country at the head of six hundred men. If pressed by the Royal troops he used to retire into the dominions of the church, where he lived unmolested. This sugar-loaf-hatted hero was a kind-hearted brigand, averse to cruelty, and his fate was an unusually mild one

compared with that of most of his contemporaries, since he was stabbed by a friend, who embraced him with a dagger. Most of these great men came to violent ends, owing to the jealousy with which the profession is regarded by unbelievers. The modern descendants of these romantic heroes have greatly deteriorated from the pleasant courtesy of the trade, and are now only rude handicraftsmen, who cut off ears and noses, and expect pecuniary remittances in return.

When we come to the masters of our own country, the multitude of them and their great eminence certainly bewilders and perplexes us. To say nothing of the thieves of reality, such as Claude du Val dancing the stately minuet on the heath with the lady and the knight, whose carriage he has stopped, and Dick Turpin and his mare Black Bess, the thieves of fiction are so numerous and their tricks so lengthy as to defy enumeration. First comes that modest old hoary-headed professor of fiction Ephraim Jenkinson, he that stole Doctor Primrose's horse, with his talk about the cosmogony of the world, Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and what not, his servant Abraham as great a rascal as himself, his grey beard and reverent demeanour, which enchants good Doctor Primrose so much that he takes him for some great philanthropist, and his amazing impudence when he is discovered at his tricks.

Colonel Jack, a novel by De Foe, is an amusing life of a boy placed apprentice to a pickpocket, who remains about twenty years in the profession, acquiring a wonderful proficiency until he has the misfortune to be sent out on a mission to the colony of Sidney; and *Moll Flanders*, by the same writer, is no less interesting as a female thief. Colonel Jack's exploits were apparently of the same simple character as those which the lower class of modern professors practise. He and his friends hunted in couples, and one attracted the victim's notice whilst the other

attended to the necessary alterations in his pockets, using force, where force was necessary, to attain their object. For instance, a merchant is standing at a counter of a warehouse, with some bags of money lying on the table before him. Jack and his *confrere* enter the shop, and Jack whips off with the money bags, while his companion holds the merchant in talk with some rigmarole and improbable yarn about being sent by a friend with a message, after which he decamps also. Sometimes when they became possessed of bills of exchange and other papers of no use to them, they would conjure up an imaginary thief between whom and the owner they negotiated, and restored with one hand for a handsome reward what they had taken with the other. Some of Moll Flanders' feats are of precisely the same character as those of modern times. For instance, there is a fire three or four doors down the street from where she is living, and with the aid of an accomplice, her own landlady, she rushes to the house, affects great solicitude for the safety of the family, and states that she is sent by Mrs. — to help them in removing to a place of safety. The affrighted women give a large bundle of plate and two children (articles apparently of a very different value) to her care; the children she takes to Mrs. — with a request from her friend to keep them, and then, having discharged her duty, she goes home to bed with a light heart and an easy conscience, and sleeps with her neighbour's spoons under her pillow. To this day, whenever there is a fire, at least in London, you may see crowds of roughs ready to play the same trick collected round the door of the burning house.

In the History of the Plague, by the same author, a thief ventures into a plague-stricken house to steal, but pays dearly for the theft, being carried to the churchyard the same night. The thieves,

during the plague, not only pick people's pockets, and rob them of their money, but act as quack-doctors, and sell 'compounds of mercury and all kinds of hurtfull things' as antidotes to the plague, which are eagerly bought by the poor, and simple folk, 'taking down blindly, and without consideration, poison for physic and death instead of life.' Rare times, indeed, and exciting for the members of the thieving profession. Nurses and watchmen are said to have smothered the people committed to their care, for the sake of their money and clothes, and to have thrown them into the dead-cart, "scarce cold!" De Foe goes to his brother's house, and finds women coming out of his warehouse fitted with hats, and others in the house trying on hats 'as quiet and unconcerned as if they had been in a hatter's shop buying them for money.'

The heaviest punishment that you could inflict on anyone in those times was to button-hole him for a quarter of an hour, and then tell him that you had the plague. Yet people seemed very hardened to the chilling horrors of other's suffering. De Foe tells a tale of a poor piper who was wont to go from door to door singing and playing for the neighbours' diversion, who would give him food and drink in return. One night he drank too much, and, being drowsy, lay down to sleep on a bench outside a house, with the plague-stricken cross upon its doors. Then round comes the dead cart, with its ghastly bell tolling as it went along; the door opens, and people bring out a dead body and lay it by the side of the sleeping man. The watchman thinking him dead, both are taken up and carried off to the yawning pit, which had, perhaps, already received a hundred or more dead bodies. As they passed along they took up other bodies till, as the narrator says, they almost buried him alive in the cart, and the piper awoke only just in time

to save himself from being buried alive. 'With this story' (of which I have only given the outlines), according to De Foe, 'people have made themselves so merry.' This book is a ghastly reservoir of nightmares, rendered all the more awful and pathetic by being written in the most homely and unaffected language by an eyewitness, and with great coolness and impartiality. As the writer says, the people who made themselves so merry over such a tale as I have just related, "lived in a time of such general calamity, and, as it were, in the face of God's judgments, when the plague was at their very doors, and it may be, in their very houses, that they did not know but that the dead-cart might stop at their doors in a few hours to carry them to their graves!"

But I find that I have been carried away from my subject, and besides, that great master and king of our profession, 'Time' steals on, and warns me that I must leave our friends the cheats and thieves, and pass to the flourishing and ever-increasing science of Begging.

It is very remarkable that a science of such astonishing capabilities should so long have lived an undeveloped life among the merest outcasts of society, dependents on the providence of the wealthy and the compassionate kindness of the Church. Generally, the beggars of former times were a poor, uneducated and despicable people, unclothed, unfed, unsheltered, save by those to whom their very wretchedness was a passport. But yesterday begging rose above nothing but copper,—now it counts its earnings by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and the greatest men of the land practice and profit by it. It may be well, perhaps, before we discuss its present prospects to take a short insight into its history in this country.

In old times the monasteries supported thousands

of beggars, both without and within, and the custom of relieving the poor at the gate encouraged dependents on charity in classes of all kinds.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, begging fared very ill at the hands of the authorities. An act of Henry VIII, passed in the twenty-second year of his reign, may interest some readers. It enacted that 'Scholars of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, that go about begging, not being authorized under the seal of the said Universities,' and also "such persons as feign themselves to have knowledge of physic, physiognomy, palmistry, or other crafty science, whereby they bear the people in hand, that they can tell their destinies, deceases, and fortunes, and such like other fantastical imaginations" were to be whipped "at two days together," and for a second offence "to be twice whipped, to be set in the pillory, and to lose one ear." In the same year was passed an act concerning outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians. Begging, however, seems to have flourished notwithstanding these harsh laws, as in Elizabeth's reign fresh laws were made to restrain beggars, enacting that "rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars," defined to be "persons who went about begging under pretence of having been shipwrecked, all idlers going about begging, all cheats pretending to know palmistry, physic, &c., all fencers, bearwards, common players of interludes and minstrels wandering abroad, all jugglers, tinkers, pedlars, and petty chapmen, &c., &c.," besides labourers refusing to work at reasonable prices, and gipsies, when found begging, were to be whipped, "until his or her body be bloody," and sent to the House of Correction, "there to put him or herself to labour, as a true subject ought to do." These laws were re-enacted in James the First's reign, and continued to form the basis of the English poor laws for a long time after.

The Scotch tinkers, whom Sir Walter Scott has embodied in his ballad of "Donald Caird," seem to have been a loose rollicking sort of roving gipsy, alternately thief and beggar, as it suited him, ready to act the mendicant, or rob the hen roost, as occasion offered. A gentleman in Forfar, having sent his servants to order some tinkers, who had been stealing his poultry, to leave his land, they sent back word that they would remain where they were; but that if he would give them half the money that it would cost to send for the police-officers to drive them away, they would go immediately. The Irish beggar, like the Scottish gaberlunzie, of whom there is a good instance in the Antiquary, was a recognized member of society, had a place on every man's hearth, and played the confidant, the messenger, the conspirator, or the bearer of news, with equal skill wherever he went. To conclude, it is necessary to enumerate some of the many forms of modern cheating and begging. The former are so various [from the doctor, who, when he went into a new town, sent round the crier to advertise a reward of fifteen pounds for a dog which he never lost, and at the same time to enumerate all his titles, academic honours and place of residence, in full to the listening populace, down to the veriest pickpocket in the street] that a century would be short time to recapitulate them all.

Clergy and philanthropists have almost monopolised the science of begging, and it seems as if we must all become beggars together, merely to be on equal terms with our neighbours. Perhaps if everyone had a begging-book containing a list of subscribers to a charity, which he could pull out on occasion, there would be almost an end of mendicancy altogether. As to one form of cheating, adulteration, there was always and seems now to be no end to it. An act in the 5th year of Henry VIII, "for avoiding

deceits in worsted," inveighs heavily against the "dry callendering by gums, oils, and presses, so that a coarse piece of worsted not being past the value of XXVIS. VIII^d. is and shall be made by their gums, oils, and presses, to show like to the value of XLs. or better, and if the same worsted, so dry callendered taking any wet, incontinent it will show spotty and foul, and ever after continue foul, and will not endure, to the great deceit and hurt of the wearers thereof, &c." Surely no vendor of ten-and-sixpenny hats could wish for any thing more satisfactory than this. In Falstaff's time the vintners were soundly rated for their limed sack and ropy wine, and English cloth was to be seen exposed in the square of S. Mark, nailed to a post, in token of its wilfully shortened measure, by order of the Seignory of Venice. But modern times, if we may be believed, are no better but rather the worse for civilization. Bread adulterated with Indian meal, bean flour, potatoes, and potato starch, bones, chalk, whiting, salt in excess, pounded spar and plaster of Paris; beer made of quassia, tobacco juice, grains of Paradise and Cocculus Indicus; wine of logwood-chips, sloeberries, apple-juice, brown brandy, essence of fruit, and soaked raw beef; brandied sherry; loaded claret; *vin ordinaire*, whose acidity is counteracted by sugar of lead; champagne, that owes its sparkling amber to the turnip, the rhubarb stalk, and the gooseberry; spirits made of turpentine and cayenne pepper; tea, heated and stained with metallic oxides and faced with Prussian blue; billiard balls made of dynamite, and warranted to explode if put near a light or a cigar-ash; coffee of Belgian chicory and roasted beans; cayenne of brickdust, common pepper, red lead, and oxide of mercury; curry of turmeric, pepper, mustard, and lime powder; sprats for sardines, copper and acid for pickles; butter composed of salt, boiled fats, tallow, and rag pulp; marmalade of straw pulp; jam made of the sweepings

of the markets; calves foot jelly of old combs; silk mostly composed of cotton; wool or devil's dust in Yorkshire cloth; cheese coloured with red lead; sausages of cats, dogs, rats, and unwholesome meat;—what are these but *caviare* to the multitude? What vast strides has science made, indeed, in the last century? We hardly ever eat or drink, or wear or use anything which is what it professes to be!

Then, to take another view of social advancement, what an army of widows and orphans, bankers' clerks and old ladies do the rotten loan originator, the floater of shaky concerns, entrap and ruin? Like the line of Banquo, they pass before us pointing with their shadowy hands to some flowery prospectus of an Eden in a far off land; and yet if anything is suspended *per. col.* it is the business and not the speculator who probably leaves his bail in the lurch, and lives on ten thousand a year in some unextraditing country. Can we fail to admire a science of such vast proportions, and possessed of such a variety of royal roads to wealth and honour?

Dismissing the fact that our modern thief has no right to one farthing of the money which he has spent like a prince, unlike his wretched half-clothed type of ancient times, he is an accomplished gentleman, a man of taste in music, in painting, in architecture, an excellent landlord, a genial friend, a munificent patron of the church, and he probably dies "respected and beloved by all who knew him," and leaves a million and a half to his afflicted relations.

As Macheath said some time ago:

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as we,
I wonder we haven't better company
On Tyburn tree.

U. B. K.



THE CLIMBER'S DREAM.

I MADE an ascent of the Eiger
 Last year, which has ne'er been surpassed;
 'Twas dangerous, long, and laborious,
 But almost incredibly fast.
 We started at twelve from the Faulberg;
 Ascended the Mönch by the way;
 And were well at the base of our mountain
 As the peak caught the dawn of the day!

In front of me Almer and Perren
 Cut steps, each as big as a bucket;
 While behind me there followed, as Herren,
 George, Stephen, and Freshfield, and Tuckett.
 We got to the top without trouble;
 There halted, of course, for the view;
 When clouds, sailing fast from the southward,
 Veiled over the vault of dark blue.

The lightning shone playfully round us;
 The thunder ferociously growled;
 The hail beat upon us in bullets;
 And the wind everlastingly howled.
 We turned to descend to the Scheideck,
 Eyes blinded, ears deafened, we ran,
 In our panic of hurry, forgetting
 To add a new stone to the *man*.

Palinurus himself—that is Almer—

No longer could make out the track;
 'Twas folly, no doubt, to go onward;
 'Twas madness, of course, to go back.
 The thunder rolled deeper and deeper;
 The lightning more vividly flared;
 The snow slope grew steeper and steeper;
 And the wind more offensively blared.

But at last a strong gust for a moment
 Dispersed the thick cloud from our sight,
 And revealed an astonishing prospect,
 Which filled not our hearts with delight,
 On our right was a precipice awful;
 On the left chasms yawning and deep;
 Glazed rocks and snow slopes were before us,
 At an angle alarmingly steep.

We all turned and looked back at Almer,
 Who then was the last on the rope;
 His face for a moment was clouded,
 Then beamed with the dawn of a hope.
 He came to the front, and thence forward
 In wonderful fashion he led,
 Over rocks, over snow slopes glissading,
 While he stood bolt upright on his head!

We followed in similar fashion;
 Hurrah, what a moment is this!
 What a moment of exquisite transport!
 A realization of bliss!
 To glissade is a pleasant sensation,
 Of which all have written, or read;
 But to taste it, in *perfect perfection*,
 You should learn to glissade *on your head*.

Hurrah, with a wild scream of triumph,
 Over snow, over boulders we fly,
 Our heads firmly pressed to the surface,
 Our heels pointing up to the sky!

We bound o'er the bergschrund uninjured ;
 We shoot o'er a precipice sheer ;
 Hurrah, for the modern glissader !
 Hurrah, for the wild mountaineer !

* * * * *

But, alas! what is this? what a shaking!
 What a jar! what a bump! what a thump!
 Out of bed, in intense consternation,
 I bound with a hop, skip, and jump.
 For I hear the sweet voice of a "person,"
 Of whom I with justice am proud,
 "My dear, when you dream about mountains,
 I wish you'd not jödel so loud!"

ARCULUS.



GAG-BITS.

BY A "STUFF GOWN."

AS Englishmen we are particularly prone to consider ourselves the most humane race on the face of the earth; we look back upon the efforts which have been made in the interests of humanity and in kindness towards the lower animals. We have our Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; a Society for the Protection of Animals subject to Vivisection; a Society for the Abolition of Vivisection. We have "Homes" for Lost Dogs, &c.; still there are matters, particularly with reference to our treatment of the animals to which we owe the greatest debt of gratitude, wherein we might learn a wholesome lesson, from the nomad hordes of the deserts of Arabia or from the painted savages of the prairies of America.

Writers of all times have vied with each other in their praises of the horse, not only as one of the most graceful of the brute creation, but also as the constant companion and faithful servant of man, whether in ease, prosperity, or sport, or in danger, adversity and labour. In almost every latitude inhabited by man there also is found the horse, ever willingly and patiently toiling for man's pleasure or man's benefit; content with the humblest and hardest fare, in every variety of circumstance—in the sunless, cheerless labyrinths and suffocating atmosphere of the deepest mines, on the scorching sands of the deserts of the tropics, and amidst the perpetual snows and

inclement weather of the highest mountain passes of the world—to spend his whole life in man's service. There is, in short, no other animal to which man is so greatly indebted. In peace and in war, in great engineering works, in the ordinary every-day business and pleasure of life, so much is dependent on the horse that it is no exaggeration of the case to say that were every horse suddenly destroyed from the face of the earth, man would find himself for the time in a more helpless and confused condition than at any time since his first appearance in the world. Yet our treatment of this faithful and uncomplaining servant is in many instances one of wanton and unnecessary cruelty.

There are cases where of necessity inconvenience and even pain are inflicted on the horse, and, though these are always to be regretted, they are justifiable when the amount of real and substantial benefit far more than outweighs the inconvenience or pain inflicted. No further reference will be made to such cases now, but to those only, or one class of them, in which pain and suffering are inflicted through gross ignorance or wilful negligence, and without serving any useful purpose. That these cases are numerous, and caused by the very people who, of all others, should set a better example to the classes less fortunately situated, no one, even the least observant, can deny after a single walk through the fashionable thoroughfares or by the "Ring" in an afternoon during the height of the London Season. In either place will be seen the otherwise graceful outline and easy actions of the horse tortured by gag-bits and bearing-reins into a posture more stiff and more unnatural than that exhibited by a Staunton chess knight. There will be seen ladies, to whom the very idea of cruelty is distasteful and who shudder with horror at the bare mention of the slightest vivisectional operation in the cause of science, who, nevertheless,

lounge for hours on the luxurious seats of their costly equipages, delighted in no small degree at the attention drawn to them by the foam-flecked sides and unnatural action of their horses, and utterly ignorant of, or, at all events, utterly indifferent to, the inconvenience, suffering, and pain to which these poor brutes are subjected by the incessant galling of gag-bits and bearing-reins.

Two reasons or, more correctly, excuses are usually urged by those ladies as the cause of their using such instruments of annoyance and pain. Either that the horses look so much more spirited whilst pawing the ground and champing the bit and tossing their heads, in their unavailing endeavours to obtain some slight cessation from the irritating pain, and in lifting their legs in an unnatural manner, from their heads being so reined back that they cannot see where or how to put their feet to ground; or else it is said the coachman is not able to manage his horses without the aid of such powerful bits and reins.

By those who urge the first excuse, and think they can improve upon the graceful and elegant forms of Nature's own modelling or on the wise provisions of Nature's own economy, can more convincing proof be required than the sight of the horse in his more natural state, in the plenitude of his strength, activity, and beauty. Those who after such proof still remain unconvinced will, it is believed, be found only amongst those who think that their own faces and figures can be improved by the poisonous cosmetics of a perfumer or by the tight laces of a fashionable dressmaker.

To those who urge the second excuse let the plain truth at once be told. That a coachman who is not able to manage his horses without such contrivances of torture, is so thoroughly lazy, so totally ignorant of his business, as to be less fitted to be placed in the charge of horses than a village carpenter or a country gardener.

Men are less frequently seen using gag-bits and bearing-reins probably because they are better acquainted with the horse and his habits. Some few, chiefly cockneys or undergraduates, whose principal ideas of the habits of the horse are derived from the experiences of "The Row," or of the Trumpington and Abingdon roads, or an occasional meet with the Brighton harriers, and pedantic old gentlemen, whose stiff neck cloths and sharp-pointed collars bear testimony alike to the density of their skins and skulls, are still to be found using gag-bits and bearing-reins; but, happily, their number is daily decreasing.

Moreover, not only does this pernicious fashion—and it is nothing more than a fashion—cause inconvenience and pain, but it sows the seeds of many fatal and insidious diseases—diseases of the respiratory organs, diseases of the ventricles of the heart, diseases of the brain, diseases of the joints, and many others are more or less directly or indirectly, referable to this pernicious practice.

Much has already been done towards the abolition of this practice by the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Edward Fordham Flower, the author of *Bits and Bearing Reins*, and, with the spread of enlightenment and knowledge, gag-bits and bearing-reins must inevitably disappear from our stables and harness.

Let the women and the men of this country, instead of wasting their time and energies in raising and magnifying imaginary evils in practices with which they are for the most part entirely unacquainted, look to the practices and abuses which prevail in their own stables and within their own control, and first suppress cruelty there, and then with a clearer conscience and a better grace will they be able to investigate the practices of scientific men.

π. β.



THE LONG VACATION.

With books and papers, ink and pen,
The lamp reveals my table spread;
As from the page I raise my head
To hear St. Mary's clock chime 'ten.'

Each note the cold fresh breeze of night
Through yonder open casement bears;
And hushed are voices on the stairs,
And hushed the busy hum of light.

A passing step, a closing door
May still the slumbering echoes wake;
But soon they sleep again to make
The silence deeper than before.

A Johnian swan, an owl, a gnat
Unite to chant a doleful stave;
No caller now disturbs me, save
A moth, and, now and then, a bat.

Next Term must mourn a race 'gone down,'
Replaced by freshmen spruce and staid;
Save where some plucked one stands betrayed
In battered cap and ragged gown.

The gentle gyp hath ceased to swear,
No 'wines' his evening mirth alloy;
Nor warbles now the grocer's boy
His popular uncertain air.

No more the cracked piano's wail
 Vies with the persevering flute;
 But hark! I hear that heavenly lute
 Which Nature lent the nightingale.

Strangely and sadly, scarce with pain,
 Such music speaks of days gone by;
 Till old acquaintance brings a sigh
 That turns me to my books again.

H. B.



“OUR CHOIR.”

PART I.

THERE is an old adage that “the singers and the ringers are the plague of every parson’s life.” I can only answer for the former, the latter, of course, being altogether beneath contempt. It may, however, be remarked that they are usually presided over by the sexton, which will, perhaps, account for the fact that a marriage peal from the tower of W—— church always makes one feel very mournful.

The history of “Our Choir” might be traced back into the remote ages if there were anyone to do so, but as there is not, a few of its early features alone stand out from the deepening twilight of the past. These veracious fragments of tradition proceeded from my worthy grandfather, who could recollect the time when the sole musical instrument in use in our venerable parish church consisted of a “pitch-pipe.” This relic of antiquity was still in existence some years ago, and is described as a wooden machine of simple structure warranted to sound one note, on which the choir started some such psalm as

“Oh! what a happy thing it is
 And joyful for to see—”

The service of those days, it is needless to say, was set as a duet for the rector and “old Mr. Mullins, the clerk,” as he was respectfully titled by

the villagers. Mullins was held in universal awe by the youth of W—, for whose edification he was wont to combine spiritual instruction with corporal chastisement. It was, therefore, a regularly disputed point among the schoolboys every Sabbath-day as to who should *not* sit within reach of his dreaded cane, since Mr. Mullins' official duties prevented him from reproving the more distant rebels, save by means of a running accompaniment of frowns and fist-shaking during the prayers, which often imparted a solemn severity to his slightly nasal tones. Mullins' only fault was a tendency to sleep during the sermon. This proved the source of divers scenes in church, of which one more notable than the rest may be mentioned. My great-grandfather's pew was a mighty square pen in the gallery, adjoining the *choir seat*, whither it was the clerk's custom to migrate from below after the third collect in order to "give the note." Now this proximity to the musical talent of W—, so far from begetting respect, led my great-uncles into a wicked temptation, which proved so sore that at last one of them, on a certain well-remembered Sunday, broke down altogether under its weight and stole the pitch-pipe, into the capacious mouth of which he firmly inserted a large cork. Mullins, who was, as usual, lost to worldly matters, on this occasion remained oblivious until the sermon was over and hymn time had arrived, and then it was that the portly rector from the pulpit delivered himself of the startling words, "Mullins, wake up!" to which the old gentleman replied, "Amen." (It was noticed that at this point four little boys were gently but firmly removed from the sacred edifice.) But how shall we describe the way in which the wretched clerk blew down the pipe with every muscle strained to the utmost, and how his efforts were at last rewarded by a tremendous "pop" and an unwonted blast of music? Decency spreads a veil over

the tableau, and history records, as a postscript and a warning, that the precocious author of this practical joke seemed loth to *sit down* at the afternoon service of that day, which he attended as an additional punishment.

On another occasion the younger Mullins, who was sent by his mother for the purpose, is said to have disturbed the paternal slumbers towards the close of an unusually lengthy discourse from the rector on unleavened bread, by whispering in *too* audible a voice, "Dad! you mun come whum, the dumplins bin ready." Time flies! and the rank grass now nearly conceals the crumbling stone that tells how John Mullins, junior, was parish clerk for forty-five years.

The pitch-pipe soon found itself far behind the age, and the next generation witnessed the fall of despotism and the substitution of a triumvirate, consisting of a harp, a violincello, and a key-bugle.

These instruments were regarded as peculiarly appropriate and Scriptural, especially the harp, inasmuch as they conveyed an idea of "all kinds of music," and, consequently, the third chapter of Daniel thenceforward possessed a new interest for the rustic mind.

The vocal parts were now sustained by half-a-dozen mighty voices headed by the "village blacksmith," who might possibly have

"Heard his daughter's voice"

once or twice in his life, when he was not altogether drowning it with his own. The effect produced by the united efforts of this company was decidedly striking. In the first place, the violincello was never quite in tune with the key-bugle, and the harp had no particular tune at all. Also, as a rule, "time" was out of the question, each instrument having its own and the singers likewise having theirs. However

the audience was not critical, and always listened with awe, not unmixed with a certain amount of pardonable pride. I have heard my grandfather say that even he now and then had his doubts about the strictly devotional character of an *anthem* as it was then performed. I should have had no doubt whatever, but we live in different times.

He told me of one good old custom that was put a stop to by the late vicar on the very first Sunday after his induction to the living. It appears that a ringer had died, and the choir requested permission to perform the usual "dirge." Not exactly understanding its nature, the rector good-naturedly consented. Accordingly, at morning service, after the Litany was over, he was not a little surprised to witness the solemn descent from the gallery of both harp, violincello, and key-bugle, together with a reinforcement from the neighbouring parish, consisting of another key-bugle, a bassoon, and an accordion.

Down the steps they tramped, preceded by the clerk; then up the aisle and within the communion rails, where they ranged themselves in a semi-circle round the table, on which were deposited the music-books, for the sake of convenience. But, O! for a pen to describe the devout wailings and discords that followed! The congregation sat entranced, while their unhappy pastor, an unwilling listener in the reading-desk, endeavoured to conceal, with ill success, his amusement and mortification. Suffice it now to add that this was the last "dirge" heard in W— church.

H. B.



THE LAKE NYASSA MISSION.

THE following letter has been received from H. B. Cotterill, late Scholar of the College, and will, doubtless, be read with interest:

Quilimane, East Africa,
Aug. 13th, 1876.

Dear—,—Perhaps some of my many friends at Leeds, known and unknown to me, will be pleased to hear, that after many tedious delays, we have at last arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, and hope in a few days to begin our journey up the river into the interior. The last letter that I sent you was, I think, from Algoa Bay. We were delayed in those parts for five weeks. On the 27th July we had everything stowed on board, the steel boats well lashed down to the fore-deck, and the smaller wooden boats carefully deposited in the hold of the Swedish S.S. Ausgarius. A few friends came on board to say good-bye. We held a short service, after which the boat pushed off, the anchor was weighed, and, amidst cheers from the mail steamers, ships, and boats, we slowly steamed out of the bay. After touching at Natal, we stood out into the middle of the Mozambique Channel to escape the coast current, but were caught by a violent gale, which detained us for about three days. The accommodation on the little auxiliary screw-steamer was limited, but the captain was exceedingly anxious to make us as comfortable as possible, so that our rather protracted voyage of twelve days passed pleasantly enough. At length we sighted the delta of the Zambesi—a low flat bank, fringed with cocoanut trees. It was difficult to distinguish the various mouths, as there is no conspicuous point from which to take bearings. After steaming up the coast for some time we sighted a beacon, which proved to be that placed by the Portuguese on Tangalane Point, at the entrance of the Quilimane River. Our signals did not have the effect of enticing a pilot out, so next morning about 5 a.m. we made our way towards the bar, which we successfully cleared with two or three feet of water under our keel. The Quilimane

River, called the Kwakwa, is, after passing the two points (Tangalane and Hippopotamus), a fine sheet of water, about six or eight miles wide. But it is shallow, and we had to wind about considerably, under the guidance of an Arab pilot, before we reached the town of Quilimane, which lies amid a dense grove of cocoanuts, about ten miles from the sea.

We had expected to have to camp out among the mangroves, but great improvements have taken place here lately, and we found a spacious boarding-house, where we are very well accommodated, considering the circumstances. Some of the men are sleeping on board our steel boats. Mine, the "Herga," given to me by Harrow School, is now floating, as I have often longed to see her, in the waters of this great African river, awaiting her cargo of calico, beads, and provisions, which is at present lying at the Custom-house.

I am sorry to say that the free pass granted to me by the Lisbon Government on the application of Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs has not yet come to hand; for although the mail steamers lie to off the bar, the pilot boat scarcely ever goes off to secure the letters. This will make a great difference to me, for the duties on calico especially are very high,—about 20 per cent. It is said that a small steam-packet is being now built at Marseilles to ply in connection with the mail steamers, so that by the end of this year we may hope for a regular delivery of letters.

As regards the question of slavery in these parts there is much to say. As many know, there is a decree issued by the Portuguese Government declaring slavery illegal after some date (18th April I fancy), in 1878. Some of the more enlightened of the merchants—among whom I am glad to class our very good friend Senor Nunnes, one of the kindest and most liberal-minded men I know—have already, some time since, liberated their slaves. But most are still in actual servitude, though they are called free, because (so argue their masters) they are not slaves *in perpetuo*, but only till 1878. It is quite enough to see the long gangs of poor creatures—by whatever name you call them—attended by their drivers, streaming into the town, carrying large blocks of limestone from Mozambique—or to hear the shrieks of some poor wretch, as we have heard, being flogged at night, or to see, as we have seen, the dead body of a native floating past the ship—to understand that there is still much to be done in the name of God, Christianity, and humanity, in these regions of the world. Still, the worst is to come,—for the slave traffic is still carried on with all its horrors, northward from the parts about Nyassa.

We hear of various Europeans who have started, or are to start, for the interior; and we rejoice to hear it, for we know that every white face in those parts will serve to drive out the Arabs, more especially if they can outbid the Arabs, in their

influence with the natives. My party is stonger than when I started. I purchased a wooden boat, and engaged a fresh hand—the boatswain from the mail steamer—and also procured a bull pup, who will be a good guardian of my tent at night. In a few days we hope to get together enough canoes and men to make a start for Mazaro, before we reach which place we shall have some trouble in dragging our boats over shallows, and actually carrying them over some miles of dry ground.

I shall write again soon. Till then, I am yours faithfully,
H. B. COTTERILL.

P.S.—I forgot to say that the French merchants here report plenty of material for trade in the country, but at present no means for export. A little enterprize would mend this.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

LOUD howled the wind, high dashed the furious sea,
Where in the carven chest lay Danae;
Fear in her heart, tears streaming from her eyes,
Clasping her babe close in her arms, she cries:
"How great my terror, while in peaceful rest
"Thou gently slumberest on thy mother's breast,
"Housed in this joyless brazen-banded ark,
"While all around thee spreads the murky dark.
"Thy clustering locks are dry: thou dost not dread
"The passing waves, which curl above thy head.
"Thou heedest not the winds, but sleep'st in joy
"Twined in thy purple cloak, my beauteous boy.
"If terror wore its fearful guise for thee
"Sweet to thine ear my soothing words would be.
"But sleep, my lovely babe, I bid thee sleep,
"Sleep too, the horrors of the raging deep,
"And sleep, ah! sleep, my never-ending grief.
"O father Zeus, in pity send relief;
"And if in aught too bold I seem to be,
"For thy son's sake, I pray thee, pardon me."

H. W. S.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter and Michaelmas Terms, 1876.

WE regret to have to record the death of the Rev. Thomas Crick, M.A., formerly Tutor and President of this College. In 1836 Mr. Crick was elected to the Public Oratorship, which office he held until 1848, when he was presented to the College living of Staplehurst, Kent.

The Rev. G. F. Reyner, D.D., has accepted the living thus vacated. Dr. Reyner has for nearly twenty years filled the office of Senior Bursar, to the great advantage of the College.

Dr. Reyner has been succeeded as Senior Bursar by the Rev. J. W. Pieters, B.D.

The Rev. A. Freeman, M.A., has accepted the office of Auditor, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Pieters.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, M.A., has been appointed one of Her Majesty's Preachers at Whitehall, and, though remaining in residence as Lecturer in Geology, has resigned his post as Tutor of the College. His successor is the Rev. E. Hill, M.A., who graduated as 5th Wrangler in 1866.

H. Cowie, M.A., for several years past Secretary to *The Eagle*, has been appointed Government Inspector of Schools. The Editors take this opportunity of placing on record their sense of the many services rendered by Mr. Cowie in the fulfilment of the duties of his office, and their sincere regret that he has been obliged to retire from the Committee. The Rev. G. H. Whitaker, formerly an Editor, now fills the vacant post of Secretary. The other Editors are Mr. Sandys, H. W. Simpkinson, H. E. J. Bevan, and J. H. Jenkins, who has been elected in the place of E. H. Bell resigned.

On Sunday, October 22nd, the Rev. J. Moorhouse, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Melbourne, at Westminster Abbey. On the following Thursday, October 26th, he addressed a meeting of University men in the College Hall, upon the nature of the work to be done in his new diocese. After describing the main features of the country, its climate, and capacities, he dwelt upon the character of the people of Victoria, and remarked that the type most resembling it in England was that of the large manufacturing towns, where the same vigorous independence in thought and hearty energy

in action were to be met with. This the Bishop had found when a Curate in Sheffield, where a decaying working men's club sprang into life as soon as the people saw that it was in the hands of men who were ready to devote to it all their energies. The Bishop, in inviting any for whom such a country and such a people had special attractions, and who had a taste for hard work, to think about joining him in his distant diocese, dwelt on the need which is felt there of University men, and pointed out the fact that the Church in Australia, besides paying the passage out, offers higher salaries than are usually offered moreover, that, in consequence of the proportion borne by benefices to curacies being far greater than in England, the rate of promotion is far more rapid. It was impossible not to feel, as one listened to his strong, hopeful words, that in Dr. Moorhouse the College was sending to Australia a man under whom it would be a privilege and a happiness to work.

On Monday, November 25th, Dr. Moorhouse left England. His commissaries in this country are the Rev. J. B. Pearson, LL.D., Rector of Newark, and the Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D., who are ready to supply information about the diocese to any who may desire it.

Ecclesiastical Preferences.—Rev. F. G. Slight, M.A., to the Vicarage of Woodborough, Notts. Rev. H. Mitchell, B.A., late Scholar, Vicar of Leighland, Somerset, to the Rectory of Toxbear, Devon. Rev. R. J. Rowton, M.A., to the Vicarage of Penkhull, Stoke-upon-Trent. Rev. Valentine Williams, B.A., to the Vicarage of Cowleigh, Great Malvern. Rev. M. H. Marsden, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Wenthead. Rev. W. F. Creaney, M.A., Rector of St. Michael le Thorne, Norwich.

The following Members of the College have been admitted to the Degree of M.A.:

T. T. Gurney	R. G. Fowell	R. F. Charles
W. Garnett	P. Baylis	T. H. Chadwick
W. M. Hicks	R. S. Stephen	F. W. Haines
G. A. K. Simpson	H. B. Finch	J. B. Taylor
H. F. Pinder	W. H. Ruston	P. Ellis
T. E. Page	A. H. Roughton	E. A. Alderson
W. T. Newbold	J. N. Quirk	W. E. Buck
W. L. Wilson	F. S. Ellen	T. W. Windley
A. Hoare	T. Alston	W. H. Burville
S. H. Hall	J. J. H. Teall	G. M. Reeves
J. A. Lloyd	G. L. Hodgkinson	S. S. Allnut
M. W. Whitfield	G. W. Lees	J. A. Macmeikan
A. E. R. Micklefield	C. H. Wood	F. C. Cursham
G. Cooper	H. Woodman	E. W. Hobson
T. Adams	H. A. V. Body	J. Pinches
T. Micklem	B. Arnett	J. Theed Watson

To that of LL.M.—F. S. Ellen; to that of LL.B.—R. J. Griffiths; to that of M.D.—W. E. Buck; to that of LL.D.—J. B. Pearson; and to that of D.D., *honoris causa, jure dignitatis*—J. Moorhouse.

The following Members of the College were ordained in Lent last:

By the Archbishop of Canterbury—Edward Hartley, B.A., *Deacon* (to Cranbrook); George Hodges, B.A., *Priest*. By the Bishop of Lichfield—George Sydney Raynor, B.A., *Deacon*. By the Bishop of Nottingham—Arthur Thelluson Oddie, B.A., *Deacon*. By the Bishop of Manchester—Norris Dredge, B.A., *Deacon* (to Christ Church, Preston); John Osborn Pink, B.A., *Deacon* (to Witton); Henry Huntley Oliver, B.A., *Priest*. By the Bishop of Ripon—John Wood, M.A., *Priest*. By the Bishop of St. David's—John Frederick Walwyn Trumper, *Priest*.

On Trinity Sunday the following were ordained:

At York, John Hopkin, B.A., *Priest*; at Carlisle, James Moore, B.A. *Priest*; at Chester, James Staffurth, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to St. Matthias, Liverpool), and Thomas William Thomas, B.A., *Priest*; at Chichester, Henry Moray Hilton, B.A., *Priest*; at Ely, Charles William Edmund Body, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Chesterton), and John Smith, B.A., *Priest*; at Gloucester, William Alexander Webber, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to St. James', Gloucester); at Lincoln, Robert Burges Bayly, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Grantham); at Manchester, James Pilkington Baynes, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Padiham), and James Henry Street, B.A., *Priest*; at Oxford, William Henry Gwillim, B.A., *Deacon* (Chaplain at Maidenhead School); at Peterborough, William Rawson, B.A., and William Reece, B.A., *Priests*; at Rochester, Arthur Frederick Bellman, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to St. Albans'), Richard Plowman Wing, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Hitchin), and Henry Ingate Kilner, B.A., *Priest*; at Salisbury, Edward Frederic Cavalier, B.A., *Priest*; at Winchester, William Henry Burville, B.A., *Deacon* (licensed to Mitcham), Edward Arthur Chichester, B.A., Robert Griffiths, B.A., LL.B., and Henry Rastrick Hanson, B.A., *Priests*; at Durham, George Thomas Winch, B.A., *Deacon*; James Albert Sharrock, B.A., *Priest*; at Worcester, Thomas Henry Nock, B.A., and Harry Burton Vale, B.A., *Priests*; at Exeter, William Henry Webster, *Deacon* (licensed to West Exe); at Lichfield, E. C. Peake, *Deacon* (licensed to St. John's, Wolverhampton), and J. M. Tate, *Priest*; at Norwich, Edward Alexander Stuart, *Deacon* (licensed to Thorpe, Norwich).

On September 24th there were ordained:

At Canterbury, George Venables Oddie and Walter Wyies, *Priests*; at Chester, Francis Ireland, *Deacon* (licensed to Babington), and William Edgar Newling, *Priest*; at Ripon, Arthur William Septimus Albert Row, *Deacon* (licensed to St. George's, Leeds), and Frederick Heppenstall, M.A., *Priest*; at St. Asaph, William Inchbold Phillips, *Deacon* (licensed to Morton); at Worcester, William Robert Wareing, *Deacon* (licensed to St. Mary's, Kidderminster).

University Honours gained by Members of the College:

The Senior Chancellor's Gold Medal for Proficiency in Classical Studies was awarded to H. Wace, Senior Classic, 1876.

The Lightfoot University Scholarship for History was awarded to J. D. Murray, B.A.

The Browne Medal for Greek Epigram was obtained by W. W. English.

The Carus Greek Testament Prize for Bachelors has been adjudged to C. W. E. Body.

Mr. Bonney has been elected a Member of the Council of the Senate.

On Thursday, October 19th, Mr. Sandys was elected Public Orator of the University by a majority of 113. Subjoined is a summary of the votes recorded:

	VOTES.	FOR.	AGAINST.
St. Peter's College	27	14	13
Clare College	39	17	22
Pembroke College	21	10	11
Gonville and Caius College	57	25	32
Trinity Hall	26	12	14
Corpus Christi College	125	1	124
King's College	28	15	13
Queens' College	28	16	12
St. Catharine's College	22	7	15
Jesus College	57	46	11
Christ's College	71	21	50
St. John's College	35 ⁸	355	3
Magdalene College	14	5	9
Trinity College	281	91	190
Emmanuel College	59	29	30
Sidney Sussex College	19	7	12
Downing College	11	4	7
No College	46	26	20
Total	1289	701	588

Total
J. L. Williams B.A.

The Rev. ~~A. C. Jennings, M.A.~~ (Jesus College) has been elected to Mrs. Fry's Hebrew Scholarship.

Among the Select Preachers before the University for the current year we notice the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely, D.D. (November 5th and 12th); the Hulsean Lecturer, the Rev. E. A. Abbot, M.A. (November 26th to December 24th); the Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D. (April 29th, May 6th, May 10th).

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, JUNE, 1876.

CLASSICS.

Third Year (First Class).—Dyson, Vaughan, Tillard; Northcott, Blackett, and Rooper *æq.*

Second Year (First Class).—English, G. C. Allen, Willan, Boyce Reynolds.

First Year (First Class).—Dougan, Coombes, Hill, Slack, W. J. Lee.

MATHEMATICS.

Third Year (First Class).—McAlister, Heath, Parsons, Pendlebury, Murton, Tait.

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

First Year (First Class).—Gunston, Lewis, Nightingale, T. Smith, Brook-Smith, Rodwell and Tonkin *æq.*, C. A. Swift, Allport and Hagger *æq.*

LAW.

Third Year (First Class).—Upward.

Second Year (First Class).—Nevill, Kemp, Hamilton, Williamson.

THEOLOGY.

First Year (First Class).—H. R. Bone.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

Third Year (First Class).—Lowe.

Second Year (First Class).—Houghton.

First Year (First Class).—Marr, C. Slater.

MORAL SCIENCES.

First Class.—Jacobs, F. Ryland.

PRIZEMEN.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—Ds Anderton.
 ENGLISH ESSAY.—(*Third Year*) Jacobs and Warren *æq.* (*Second Year*) Hamilton. (*First Year*) Jenkins. *Proxime accessit*, A. W. Wiseman.
 HEBREW.—Merivale, T. Williams.
 GREEK TESTAMENT.—Brownbill.
 READING.—1, Hannam. 2, Trotter.

FOUNDATION SCHOLARS.

Blackett, English, Jacobs, Lowe, Morris, Murton, Northcott, E. P. Rooper, F. Ryland, Tait, Vaughan.

PROPER SIZARS.

Houghton, Lattimer, Nightingale, Pinsent, T. Smith.

WRIGHT PRIZES WITH COLLEGE EMOLUMENTS OF £100 FOR THE YEAR.
Classics. Mathematics. Moral Science. Natural Science.
Third Year. Dyson Mc Alister Jacobs Lowe
Second Year. English Morris
First Year. Dougan Gunston

EXHIBITIONS.

Third Year.—£30, Heath. £20, Pendlebury, F. Ryland, Tillard, Upward, Vaughan. £10, Parsons, Warren.
Second Year.—£40, G. C. Allen. £30, Lattimer, Pinsent. £20, Bond, Nevill, Willan. £10, Boyce, Brownbill, Carlisle, Hamilton, Houghton, Mann, Marsh, Reynolds.
First Year.—£20, H. R. Bone, Coombes, F. C. Hill, Lewis, Marr, Nightingale, Thomas Smith. £10, Allport, Brook-Smith, Hagger, W. J. Lee, Rodwell, Slack, C. Slater, C. A. Swift, Tonkin.

The MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS for 1876 have been awarded as follows:

Minor Scholarships of £70 for Two Years to Joseph Larmor, of the Royal Collegiate Institution, Belfast; and Wrigley, private tuition (Clapham).
 Minor Scholarships of £50 for Two Years to C. C. Harrison, of Uppingham School; and James Stuart Sandys, of Harrow School.
 Exhibitions of £50 for Three Years (*Somerset*) to F. H. Colson, of Haileybury College; £40 for Four Years (*Somerset*) to J. H. White of Bedford, and H. G. Smith, of Owens' College, Manchester; £40 for Three Years (*Dowman*) to E. J. C. Morton, of Harrow School; and £40 for Three Years (*Newcome*) to T. W. Willis, of Burnley Grammar School; £30 for Four Years (*Baker*) to Edwardes, private tuition; and £30 for Four Years (*Munsteven*) to W. S. F. Long, of Exeter School; £50 for Two Years (*Hare*) to Charles Harris Kerr Harper, formerly of Marlborough College; and £33. 6s. 8d. for Three Years (*Lupton and Hebblethwaite*) to F. Tracy, of Beccles School.
 The Natural Science Exhibition (£50) has been awarded to Charles Maddock Stuart, formerly of Harrow School.

The following have entered this Term:

H. J. Adams	C. Chapman	A. H. East
W. L. Agnew	F. W. Clarke	W. A. Forbes
C. Allen	J. Clay	T. E. Forster
R. P. Ashe	F. H. Colson	H. E. Foster
E. W. Atkin	J. P. Cort	J. R. C. Gale
H. G. Baldwin	H. Croft	J. H. Greaves
J. Beardall	J. P. Cowburn	J. H. George
F. C. Butler	T. Dale	T. R. Gill
H. R. Browne	H. E. Dandy	C. G. Griffinhoofe
A. Caldecott	R. E. Davidson	R. S. Gunnery
W. H. Carr	A. W. O. Davys	A. Haigh
R. H. Cazalet	H. E. Dunn	M. F. B. Haines

J. P. K. Hannay
 H. A. T. Hankin
 C. C. Harrison
 W. Harrison
 C. H. Harper
 G. D. Haviland
 J. R. Henson
 R. M. Herdman
 H. Hill
 A. Howard
 C. H. L. Hoare
 J. B. Hurry
 F. R. Kennedy
 H. T. Kenny
 J. M. Keown-Boyd
 J. O. Lane
 J. Larmor
 T. H. D. La Touche
 J. Leighton
 J. J. Lister
 F. C. Littler
 W. Lloyd
 W. S. F. Long

A. L. Manby
 F. de Q. Marsh
 W. J. Michael
 C. P. Morris
 E. J. C. Morton
 A. G. W. Neale
 G. S. Ormerod
 A. M. Peek
 W. H. Price
 A. H. Prior
 A. S. Reid
 H. Sandford
 J. Stuart Sandys
 P. C. Scott
 W. Seed
 A. W. Seward
 H. N. Sharp
 B. W. Smith
 H. G. Smith
 H. A. Soames
 A. H. Staffurth
 J. M. Stone
 T. Stone

W. Stopford
 C. M. Stuart
 W. O. Sutcliffe
 H. Swiney
 J. H. Taylor
 A. T. Toller
 T. Tordiffe
 F. W. Tracy
 G. W. Turner
 H. W. S. Vizard
 J. C. Waithman
 J. Watson
 J. R. B. Webster
 F. W. Whaley
 J. H. White
 C. G. Wilkinson
 A. Williams
 T. W. Willis
 W. Winlaw
 W. A. G. Woods
 P. T. Wrigley

MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS FOR THE YEAR 1877.—In April, 1877, there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum and two of £50 per annum, together with the five following Exhibitions, viz.: two of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships; one of £50 per annum, tenable for 3 years; two of £40 per annum, tenable for 4 years each. These nine Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions will be open to students who have not commenced residence. The Examination of Candidates for the above-named Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Wednesday, April 4th, at 9 a.m. The Examination will consist of three Mathematical Papers and four Classical Papers.

One of the above Exhibitions of £50 will be awarded to the best proficient in Hebrew, Sanskrit, Syriac or Arabic, if, after examination, it shall appear that a sufficiently qualified Candidate has presented himself. Candidates for this Exhibition must give notice of the subjects in which they desire to be examined not later than February 12th, 1877.

Besides the Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions above mentioned, there will be offered for competition an Exhibition of £50 per annum for proficiency in Natural Science, the Exhibition to be tenable for three years in case the Exhibitioner have passed within two years the Previous Examination as required for Candidates for Honours; otherwise the Exhibition to cease at the end of two years. The Candidates for the Natural Science Exhibition will have a special Examination, commencing on Saturday, April 7th, at 1 p.m.

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

The Tutors are Rev. S. Parkinson, D.D., Rev. E. Hill, M.A., and J. E. Sandys, Esq., M.A.

The Examination for SIZARSHIPS and LIMITED EXHIBITIONS for the year 1877 will be held on October 5th, at 9 a.m. The subjects of Examination will be a paper in Arithmetic and Algebra, and *visà voce* Examination in Euclid, Books I., II., III., IV.; Book V., Props. 1-4, 7-15, 20, 22; Book VI., except Props. 27, 28, 29; Book XI., Props. 1-21; The Hippolytus of Euripides; Cicero's First and Second Speeches against Cataline. A paper will also be set containing a passage from some Greek author (not named beforehand) for translation into English. Candidates for the Sizarships and for the School Exhibitions must send their names to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination.

The following were elected Fellows of the College on November 6th:

William Mitchinson Hicks, bracketed Seventh Wrangler, 1873.
Joseph Timmis Ward, Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, 1876.
Henry Wace, Senior Classic and First Chancellor's Medalist, 1876;
Porson Scholar, 1873; Craven Scholar, 1874; Porson Prizeman, 1873,
1874, 1875; Powis Medalist, 1873, 1874.

The Macmahon Law Studentship has been adjudged to Robert Forsyth Scott (Fourth Wrangler in 1865).

The Rev. A. F. Torry was again the College Preacher at Hatfield and Stamford.

The following Buttery Rules have been issued this Term:

Buttery Hours.—The Buttery is to be open, and some person competent to answer enquiries is to be in attendance, from 7.15 a.m. to 9.30 p.m., except in Vacation time.

From January 8 to January 22, from the last Tuesday of the Lent Term to the Tuesday in Easter Week, and from the last Monday in the Easter Term to October 4, is to be reckoned Vacation time. During these periods the Buttery is to be open as above from 7.15 to 8 a.m., from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., during the hours of Dinner in Hall and preparation for the same, and from 8.15 to 9.30 p.m.

On Sundays, Good Friday, and Christmas-day the attendance at the Buttery will be from 7.15 to 8 a.m., during Dinner hours as above, and from 9 to 9.30 p.m.

Despatch of Letters.—There will be a despatch of letters from the College a quarter-of-an-hour before every despatch from the General Post-Office, except when, in the judgment of the President, it may, from the fewness of the letters, be reasonably dispensed with. The last despatch to be at 9.30 p.m.

Sale of Stamps.—No letters posted unstamped will be stamped at the Buttery. Stamps will be kept at the Buttery for Members of the College and their Servants on payment being made, but no charge for them can be entered in the accounts.

Delivery of Letters.—A delivery of letters in the College will begin half-an-hour after each hour at which any delivery begins at the General Post-Office, except that letters arriving in the early part of the afternoon will be kept for persons calling at the Buttery.

Absit ab Aula.—An *Absit ab Aula* must be handed in at the Buttery before 10 a.m.

The postal arrangements of the College have been much improved by a pillar-box near the New Court Porter's lodge.

ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Sports took place on Friday and Saturday, November 17th and 18th., under the auspices of the President, J. V. T. Lander; the Hon. Sec., W. D. Challice; and the Committee, which consists of C. E. Cooper, C. W. M. Dale, T. Logan, M. G. Stuart, A. C. Davies, C. K. Cooke, J. H. Plant, F. C. Hill, G. White, H. Sandford. The weather on the first day was all that could be desired, while that on Saturday was wretched. As far as College meetings are concerned this was by far the best that has as yet been held this season. All the events were well filled, and some good racing and times resulted. The 100 Yards Race was won by C. E. Cooper, in 11 secs., by a foot only, the other competitors in the final heat being J. R. Henson, W. D. Challice (pen. 3 yards), J. G. Gartside, and W. J. Goulding. Putting the Weight was accomplished by A. H. East, with a "put" of 34ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., which was decidedly a good performance. Throwing the Hammer was done by B. Jones, who, penalised 8ft., threw a distance of 87ft. He also won the Long Jump with 18ft., F. C. Hill, the second man, jumping 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. shorter. The Quarter-mile, One Mile, and 350 Yards Handicaps were secured by J. V. T. Lander, whose times were 55 4-5 secs., 4 min. 52 1-5 secs., and 41 3-4 secs. In the Quarter he was penalised 8 yards, and in the Handicap he started from scratch, and on the whole he is to be congratulated on his success. F. C. Hill won the High Jump with 4ft. 9in., D. G. Walters being only one inch below him. J. G. Gartside won the Hurdles, Cooper (pen. 6 yards) being second. W. J. Goulding, with 10 yards start, carried off the 120 Yards Handicap, in 12 2-5 secs.; and also the 200 Yards Handicap, in 21 2-5 secs., with 12 yards start. In the final heat of this race a splendid contest ensued, Challice and Cooper, the two scratch men, running a dead heat for second place. J. R. Henson won a 200 Yards Freshmen's Race, and Lander a 100 Yards Race for Boating Men. Plant, from scratch, won a Half-mile Handicap, in 2 min. 8 2-5 secs., and was second for the Two Miles Race, although penalised 30 yards. This event was won by E. B. King, in 10 min. 55 secs. The Strangers' Race was a Handicap of 300 Yards, and a good entry was obtained. The final heat ended as follows: A. Colvill, Emmanuel,

24 yards start, 1; H. O. D. Davidson, Trinity, 16, 2; W. C. Whittam, Caius, 15, 0; E. P. Barnes, Trinity, 18, 0; J. Brockbank, L.A.C., 18, 0; L. E. Blake, Trinity, 24, 0; R. H. Dudgeon, L.A.C., 5, 0; H. H. Sturt, L.A.C., 4, 0.

FOOTBALL.

Rugby Union.—The following Matches have been played:

Monday, October 23rd.—We played Clare on our ground, and lost the Match by one try. Not only was this our First Match of the season, but it is only right to say, we played little more than a Second Fifteen; we must hope, however, to be able to play a better team against them next Term.

Monday, October 30th.—Owing to bad arrangements and disappointments we were unable to have another Match for more than a week. On Monday, however, there was a Second Fifteen Match against a Second Fifteen of Trinity, which resulted in an exact draw, one touch-down being secured on either side.

Wednesday, November 1st.—St. John's v. Corpus. In this Match we were decidedly superior in forward play, and we might have said the same for the backs, had not Palmer been allowed to run through them and secure a goal for Corpus. We won by one goal, one try, and three touchdowns to one goal.

Friday, November 3rd.—St. John's v. Christ's. This was played on a heavy ground and during a steady downpour of rain. The Match was drawn in our favour by five touchdowns to nothing.

Tuesday, November 7th.—St. John's v. Old Sherburnians. A very close game played on our ground, and won by one try on the part of St. John's to nothing.

Wednesday, November 8th.—St. John's v. Pembroke. This Match was a very hollow affair. We were too strong for our opponents throughout, and won by two goals, five tries and four touchdowns to nothing.

Saturday, November 11th.—St. John's v. Bury St. Edmunds. Again we had the pleasure of being hospitably received by the Bury men, and this year the game was much more even than it has been in any previous game. For the first half of the game we were unpleasantly near our goal, but after half time was called we were more lucky and secured two tries, thus winning the Match.

Friday, November 17th.—St. John's v. Caius. In justice to the Caius men we should mention that they had only eighteen men, while we had nineteen, being one short. The scrimmages were much better than in our games of fifteen a side. We won by one goal, three tries, and three touchdowns to nothing.

We have refrained from giving any particulars as to individual play, yet we can hardly help expressing the thanks of the Club for the valuable services of H. A. Williams and F. C. Hill at half-back. Our forward players have improved so much since the Club was started that one would hardly believe that they are, with a few exceptions, the same men. Our chief grievance is in the practice games. There are over sixty Members to the Club, and yet we cannot induce thirty to come to practice. We hope that next Term all Members who play at all will come regularly to practice, and save those who do go from being disappointed of a game.

Association Rules.—Matches played October Term, 1876:

October 24th.—St. John's v. Jesus. This was the opening Match and was lost by one goal to none. A very even Match throughout, H. Wace and E. P. Rooper were very useful.

October 26th.—St. John's v. Old Uppinghamians. Lost by two goals to none. D. P. Ware and Q. E. Roughton were absent, and the back-play was very weak with the exception of G. Whites.

November 2nd.—St. John's v. Corpus. Won by two goals to one with only ten men. Keely in goal was irresistible.

November 6th.—St. John's v. Pembroke. Won by two goals to none. H. Wace and H. W. Simpkinson played together capitally; Brook-Smith kicked well back.

November 11th.—St. John's v. Old Uppinghamians (return). Lost by two goals to none. The opposite side were very strong. Our back-play was very fair.

November 9th.—St. John's v. Old Brightonians. A Match was fixed for this date, but when our men arrived on the scene, there was no one to play against.

November 14th.—St. John's v. University Association. Lost by three goals to none. We had a very strong team against us, almost the best at the disposal of the University Captain. D. P. Ware was wanted back.

November 16th.—St. John's v. Trinity Hall. Won by three goals and a doubtful one to none. This match was highly gratifying to all parties concerned on our side. The spirit of alacrity displayed was delightful.

November 22nd.—St. John's v. Harrovians. Lost by one goal to none. A very fast and hotly-contested game throughout; our men did their best, but, as usual, the captain found it impossible to get the best team together. Though lost, the match was very even throughout.

November 30th.—St. John's v. Old Carthusians. Won by one goal to none. This match was played with ten a-side, and was, perhaps, in our favour almost throughout the game.

The following represented the College in one or other of the matches:

H. Wace, H. W. Simpkinson, D. P. Ware, M. G. Stuart, G. White, E. P. Rooper, A. Bluett, W. Harrison, R. H. Walker, A. Howard, R. H. Brown, C. J. C. Touzel, Brook-Smith, Tunstall-Smith, A. W. Keely, D. Chapman, T. Taylor, H. D. Mackay, H. T. Kemp, J. V. T. Lander, E. Carlisle, J. C. Hanson, J. H. Hallam, C. K. Cooke, and Q. E. Roughton (*Captain*).

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The Lent Races.—These Races commenced on March 15th, and continued the three following days.

On the first day our 3rd boat bumped Pembroke I. in the Gut; the 4th boat had to row over.

On the second day the 3rd boat rowed over, but the 4th bumped Downing at the Willows.

On the third day the 3rd bumped Christ's I. at Grassy, while the 4th boat rowed over.

On the fourth day the success of the boats was not quite so good. The 3rd failed to make their bump on Corpus I.; and in the Third Division the 4th boat had a very similar race with Corpus II., keeping close behind them for a long distance.

The boats were constituted as follows:

3rd Boat.			4th Boat.		
	st.	lbs.		st.	lbs.
<i>Bow.</i> H. Reynolds	10	0	<i>Bow.</i> R. H. Fowler	10	10
2. W. Northcott	10	0	2. H. T. Kemp	10	1
3. R. P. Stedman	11	9	3. H. H. Tooth	10	1
4. J. P. Baynes	11	6	4. R. A. Williams	11	4½
5. R. F. Scott	11	12	5. J. R. Davies	11	12½
6. Hon. C. A. Parsons	11	4	6. R. J. Rendle	10	6
7. A. R. Wilson	11	7	7. E. H. Bell	10	0
<i>Str.</i> R. J. Woodhouse	11	3	<i>Str.</i> J. S. Morris	11	3
<i>Cox.</i> C. Pendlebury	8	8	<i>Cox.</i> W. L. Kingsford	9	0

A race over the short course between two "Trial Eights" resulted in a victory for the following crew:

<i>Bow.</i> G. C. Allen	6. F. C. Thompson
2. W. M. O. Wilson	7. J. A. G. Hamilton
3. H. J. Lewis	<i>Stroke.</i> J. H. Hallam
4. J. Dixon	<i>Cox.</i> W. J. Goulding.
5. W. A. Spencer	

The "Scratch Fours" for this Term brought 7 boats to the start, and were won by

A. C. Odell	<i>Stroke.</i> H. V. Robinson
E. J. Brook-Smith	<i>Cox.</i> E. P. Rooper
J. A. S. Hamilton	

The "Bateman Pair Oars" were rowed on March 24 and 25, and won by H. A. Williams and J. Phillips (*stroke*).

The Officers elected for the Easter Term were:

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

Easter Term.—The May Races took place on May 17 to 23. The Club, on the whole, did not shew to much advantage. The 1st boat on the third night in paddling down met with an accident, by being run into by a canoe, and were incapacitated from rowing on that night. On the second night they bumped 1st Trinity II., but on the remaining nights rowed over, thus ending fourth on the river.

Our 2nd boat on the first night bumped 2nd Trinity I., and on the following days pressed Trinity Hall I. very close, but had in the end to succumb to Caius I. The 3rd boat was so unfortunate as to go down each night. The crews were:

<i>1st Boat.</i>		<i>2nd Boat.</i>	
	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
<i>Bow.</i> Hon. C. A. Parsons	11 3½	<i>Bow.</i> H. Reynolds	10 0
2. P. D. Rowe	10 12	2. J. V. T. Lander	11 6
3. J. Phillips	11 10	3. H. L. Young	10 2
4. J. Allen	11 12½	4. H. F. Nixon	11 3
5. C. W. M. Dale	12 9½	5. D. P. Ware	12 8½
6. E. M. J. Adamson	12 13	6. R. I. Woodhouse	11 0
7. H. A. Williams	10 7	7. A. R. Wilson	11 4
<i>Str.</i> F. Burford	9 3	<i>Str.</i> W. Gripper	10 6
<i>Cox.</i> C. Pendlebury	8 4½	<i>Cox.</i> W. L. Kingsford	8 13

<i>3rd Boat.</i>			
	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
<i>Bow.</i> J. A. S. Hamilton	10 4	6. W. A. Spencer	12 0
2. H. St. J. Wilding	10 11	7. R. Ll. Williams	11 5
3. D. H. Scott	11 3	<i>Str.</i> H. T. Kemp	10 0
4. R. F. Scott	11 12	<i>Cox.</i> G. C. Price	7 2
5. J. R. Davis	11 10		

The "Maples and Andrews" Freshmen's Sculls were won easily by H. L. Young.

CRICKET, *May Term*, 1876.

The match between the Eleven and Sixteen Freshmen was played on April 25 and 26, and was won by the Eleven in one innings.

April 29.—Etceteras, 1st innings 76, 2nd innings 80 for 5 wickets. S. J. C., 1st innings, 77. St. John's won by 1 run. Thompson 31, Stuart 15.

May 9.—Crusaders, 300. S. J. C., 13 for no wickets.

May 13.—Corpus College, 1st innings 75, 2nd innings 64 for 4 wickets. S. J. C., 1st innings 167. St. John's won by 92 runs. A. C. Davies 64, Thompson 31.

May 15 and 16.—Jesus College, 1st innings 51, 2nd innings 120. S. J. C., 1st innings 179. St. John's won by an innings and 8 runs. Treadgold 56, Stedman 20, Boyce 18 (not out).

May 19.—Clare College, 74 for 4 wickets. S. J. C., 187. G. White 55, T. Smith 49, Cochrane 39.

June 8.—Trinity College, 229 for 5 wickets. S. J. C., 162. Trinity won by 67 runs with 5 wickets to fall. Norris 66, Stuart 37, Tofts 17.

Long Vacation, 1876.

July 10 and 11.—Mr. Hunting's Eleven, 1st innings 75, 2nd innings 67 for 8 wickets. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 248. Drawn. Dale 85, Boyce 45, Carlisle 44, Fawkes 30, Stuart 20.

July 24 and 25.—Caius, Trinity Hall, and Clare, 1st innings 59, 2nd innings 70. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 181. St. John's won in one innings. Tillard 52, Carlisle 31, Dale 30.

July 26 and 27.—Perse School, 1st innings 87, 2nd innings 68. S. J. L. V. C., 136, 2nd innings 23 for 1 wicket. Won by 9 wickets. Boyce 44, Tillard 30.

July 28.—Standard C. C., 93. S. J. L. V. C., 135. Won by 42 runs. Dale 33, Boote 32 (not out).

July 29 and 31.—Jesus College L. V., 1st innings 97, 2nd innings 26 for 3 wickets. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 116. Drawn owing to rain. Dale 23, Stuart 20.

August 2 and 3.—Trinity L. V. C., 1st innings 143, 2nd innings 49 for 1 wicket. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 68, 2nd innings 123. Lost by 9 wickets. Stuart 61.

August 10.—College Servants, 1st innings 102, 2nd innings 36 for 8 wickets. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 271. Won by 169 runs on 1st innings. Gwillim 85, Carlisle 54, Boote 50.

August 11 and 12.—Mr. Walters' Eleven, 138 for 3 wickets. S. J. L. V. C., 377. Drawn. Morris 97, Boote 90, Adam 54.

August 14 and 15.—Christ's College L. V. C., 130. S. J. L. V. C., 276. Drawn. Dale 130, Phillips 38, Gwillim 37.

August 16 and 17.—Victoria C. C., 1st innings 188. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 98, 2nd innings 63 for 6 wickets. Drawn.

August 21 and 22.—Mr. Arnold's Eleven, 1st innings 260. S. J. L. V. C., 1st innings 96, 2nd innings 75 for 6 wickets. Drawn. Tillard 35.

A match was also played between the Boating and Cricketing men, which resulted in an easy victory for the Cricketers by 103 runs.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Eagles Lawn Tennis Club was established at the end of the Lent Term. The Master and Seniors kindly allowed them a part of the field in the Backs to play in, which gives ample room for three nets. They have also one net in the cricket field.

The following matches were played during the Long: *The Eagles v. Downing College.*—Played on August 8, in the Downing

Fellows' Garden, and resulting in an easy victory for The Eagles. The score was as follows: The Eagles, M. G. Stuart and J. H. Hallam, 15, 15, 15; Downing, G. H. Norman and J. W. Thompson, 8, 7, 6.

The Eagles v. King's College.—Played on our ground, August 9. The Eagles again secured the victory. The Eagles, M. G. Stuart and J. H. Hallam, 15, 13.5, 13.5; King's, W. D. Grant and C. Bryans, 8, 13.4, 13.0.

The Eagles v. Caius College.—Played on our ground, August 21. The result was a victory for The Eagles. The Eagles, J. H. Hallam and C. E. Cooper, 15, 15, 15; Caius, A. G. Sieveking and H. Drake, 8, 7, 13.

The Eagles v. The Fellows' Club.—Played in the Fellows' Garden, August 22, and, after some well-contested games, resulted in a victory for The Eagles. The Eagles, J. H. Hallam and F. C. Hill, 15, 13.5, 14.0, 15; The Fellows, Mr. Hoare and Mr. Marshall, 6, 13.0, 14.3, 11.

The Club is limited to 40 Members, and is at present quite full. The Officers for 1876 were

President—J. N. Lloyd.		Treasurer—J. C. Hanson.
		Secretary—C. E. Cooper.

SWIMMING.

In the matches of the University Swimming Club, which took place on Friday and Saturday, June 2nd and 3rd, the 50 Yards Race was won by A. C. Odell, by one yard, in 33 4-5 secs., or 2 secs. less than last season; as also the 100 Yards Race, in 1 min. 20 4-5 secs., or 4 secs. under the time of 1875. In the Hurdle Race H. A. Williams came in second, and in the 200 Yards Race A. C. Odell was third.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

President—R. Pendlebury, M.A.		H. E. J. Bevan
Secretary—J. P. A. Bowers		H. E. White
Librarian—P. D. Rowe		

Conductor—Dr. G. M. Garrett

The Annual Concert took place at the Guildhall, on Monday, May 22nd. The first part consisted of Selections from Gluck's 'Orpheus,' the professional vocalists being Miss Amy Aylward and Miss Annie Butterworth, both of the Royal Academy of Music. The Society stands greatly in need of *Tenors*.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

This Society meets every Saturday evening, at 8 p.m., in Lecture-room IV. The Officers for the present Term are:

President—J. H. Lloyd.		Treasurer—W. Wood.
Vice-President—G. H. Marwood.		Secretary—J. A. G. Hamilton.

The following are the Motions which have been brought forward this Term:

By Mr. Hannam—"That Her Majesty's Ministers deserve (at the present crisis) the cordial confidence of the country." Carried.

By the Secretary—"That the alterations in Terms, &c., lately proposed by a Syndicate for consideration by the Senate are very unsatisfactory." Carried.

By the Treasurer—"That a breach of a simple promise of marriage should not be actionable." Lost.

By Mr. Kikuchi—"That the conduct of Englishmen in Japan is unworthy of their nationality." Carried.

By Mr. Sellon—"That it is desirable that the Malt Taxes and Tobacco Duty should be removed."

The number of members usually present is about 20.