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

AT CAMBRIDGE STATION.

NO, Sir, I've never had a passenger killed when I've been driving. My engine has gone over six or seven men altogether in my time, porters and other company's servants, and some of them were killed; but I've never had an accident to a train behind me. I've had some narrow escapes, though. I don't mean only close shaves, such as any driver could tell you of, only it doesn't do to talk too much about them; but what you would have said must have been regular bad accidents.

One happened a few years ago when I was driving the 5 o'clock express from Bishopsgate to Cambridge. It was a cold, frosty time, with snow on the ground, and that sort of weather, you know, is the worst for axles breaking and tires flying. If there's a flaw in the metal anywhere the frost is sure to find it out. Well, we started punctually, and went all right till we had passed Audley End station. There's an incline there, as you remember, and we were running a mile a minute, or not far off. As we got into Chesterford tunnel I felt a jerk and heard something give in the tender behind me. I shut off, and whistled for the brakes, and we did all we could to pull up, but we were running down-hill and the rails were slippery. It was the last wheel of the tender on the near side which had come off, and was dragging along in the ballast, and throwing up showers of gravel and stones against the windows of the carriages.

If it came off altogether, I knew it must send us off the line. Presently it did go, but not till we had reduced our speed a good deal; and then there came a succession of tremendous jerks and bumps, till at last the train stopped. I looked round and saw all the coaches standing right, and none of them seemingly off the line. I made my engine all comfortable, and then got off to see what had happened. We had seven coaches on in all, and the wheel of the tender had stuck in the brake-gear and axle at the very end of the tail van. A large piece of the broken axle had gone with it, and this was digging into the ballast, in which it had made great pits and holes for the last hundred yards, and so pulled up the train. All this was plain enough, but how was it that the broken wheel had got under the axles of all the other carriages in the train? If it had stuck anywhere but at the end we must have come to grief. There was the wheel, rather more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet across, and sticking from its centre at right angles about $2\frac{1}{3}$ feet of broken axle; and yet the axles of all the carriages had gone safely over it, though they are only about 18 inches from the ground. At first I could not make it out at all, then I found how it was. The axle had broken near the middle, and the wheel had then dragged along just inside the rail on which it had been running. When it

quite flat between the two rails, with the broken piece of axle sticking up straight. Then came the axle of the carriage behind, and hit against this broken piece, pressing it down, and at the same time raising up the wheel behind itself. As soon as it had passed over, the weight of the wheel made it fall down flat again, till the next axle caught the broken piece; and so it kept on rising and falling till every axle had gone safe over it, except the very last in the train. It's easy enough to see how it came about, but

the chances were a thousand to one against the wheel going just that way; and that is the only way it could have gone without a smash, and a bad smash too. If it had gone sooner, or stuck half way, there would have been no help for it. We were some way from a station, and we had to wait till a fresh engine could be sent for, and altogether we were delayed two or three hours. We had the Bishop of Oxford in the train, Bishop Wilberforce. It was Ash Wednesday, and he was to preach at the seven o'clock service at St. Mary's. When we did reach Cambridge, which was between nine and ten, there was a large number of University gentlemen at the station to meet him, and they cheered him heartily. Well they might, though few of them knew what a narrow escape he had really had.

Another escape, of a very different sort, but even more wonderful, was on the Hitchin branch, when it was worked by the Eastern Counties, before the Great Northern took it over. It was at a level crossing, where there was a field-road with a couple of gates. They are always dangerous places, and this was particularly so, for, as there was a curve in the line, you couldn't see it with a down train till you were within about three hundred yards. However, nothing went wrong there, till one day, when I was driving the down train, as we came round the corner there was a cart right across the line. I whistled hard and turned off steam at once, and we got the brakes down, but there was no room to come to a stop. I saw that a woman was in the cart, and she was whipping the horse; but the horse was frightened by the sound of the train, and backed instead of going on. There was no time to see any more, for the next moment we went slap into them. I thought the engine was off, but she stayed on the rails, and so did the train. And there was the woman on the front of the engine, hanging on

between the dome and the funnel. As soon as we stopped I went to her. She had been thrown out of the cart right on to the frame, and there she was quite insensible with the shock and the fright, but holding on to the hand-rail so tight
that we could hardly loose them. When she came to they found that she was not hurt a bit, only shaken. The horse had been killed on the spot, and the cart was smashed to atoms. The Superintendent had a picture made of the engine just as it was, with the woman hanging on across the frame, and they have it now in the Company's offices.

No, Sir, I don't know of any new means that can be taken to guard against accidents, except to give all trains a good continuous brake. It should be well under the driver's control, and it ought to act of itself, too, in case the train breaks in half. There's nothing like it to give a driver confidence, and it would have saved many a life in the last few years. Some say we don't look out so well as we used to do, before the block system came in, and we had all these extra signals and precautions. But it isn't that, it's the traffic that's ten times what it was. You'd be surprised, if you were to travel on the engine of an express, to see the look-out kept both on the engine and at the stations, and wherever there's anyone working on the line. You'd feel, too, as you never do in a carriage, what a terrible thing a smash would be if it came, and how little there seems sometimes to keep it off. It's a thing you wouldn't forget, the first time you rode on an engine going at a good speed.

There, Sir, there's my signal. Good morning to you.

NOTE. Both these incidents occurred on the Great Eastern Railway precisely as related, though not with the same driver.

G.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THERE is a certain set of principles, maxims, or fables, whose sole purpose seems to be to reduce mankind to the dead level of Mark Tapley's philosophy. If there be in a man's existence an uncomfortable necessity, some task to be done or indignity to be suffered, straightway is found a crystallized old saw or myth which is to present this necessity in the light of a luxury, this task as a welcome relaxation, this indignity in the garb of a much-coveted honour. Can you not imagine the wan face of the hungry wit as he laid down his crooked knife and fork on a cracked plate, the said plate covering an ugly hole in an aged tablecloth, used still to adorn the three-legged tottering table on occasions when its owner ventured on his rare dinner of German sausage or fried bacon? Can you not, I say, see him as he leans back on his disjointed chair, saying, with a grim face, to the cracks across the venerable ceiling, "Enough is as good as a feast?" Or, again, a knock-kneed crossing-sweeper, who touches his forehead to the heavy swell just passing and sees a bright yellow coin glitter as it is tossed at his feet, with a "*negligé*" princely look of indifference; does he not pick up with trembling eager fingers the alluring coin, and find himself the possessor of a brand new farthing, and utter forthwith the cheery old truism "All is not gold that glitters?"

What miserable clerk was it who rose to his five o'clock breakfast in the fog of a snowy morning and boldly averred that "It is the early bird which picks up the worm?" What scheming vampire-speculator apologised for his swindling by hinting that "Necessity is the mother of invention?"

Of course, these mischievous proverbs (and almost all proverbs are mischievous) bear on the surface the marks of bitter irony or shallowest falsehood; but there are, besides these, certain opinions or beliefs which no one has dared to stereotype or condense into a maxim, which are, nevertheless, received with tacit or open assent quite as matter of course. It is one of these which has just provoked this writer to the foregoing tirade, which I fear my hasty readers are fancying has little to do with the heading of this paper. Now this belief, opinion, call it what you will, relates to one of the most humiliating operations which a man has to undergo; that it does not appear humiliating to women, but of all things most delightful, argues only a radical difference between the sexes, such as our strong-minded ladies should contemplate closely. I say, then, that to a man the moments spent in a barber's chair are the most obnoxious and degrading in his whole existence. And yet—here comes the point to which all this has been leading up—we are told that in former times the barber's shop was the centre of intellectual and witty conversation; we are taught to believe that great statesmen and renowned divines would congregate in the shop of the barber of Seville, or would shine as brilliant lights, while George Eliot's Nello shaved the chin of Niccolo Macchiavelli. My good reader, it is a monstrous fabrication; it was either the sly irony of a long-suffering man under the blade of some prattling hair-cutter, or the ingenious delusion of some enterprising barber, fearful that the trade would perish unless supported by some such fable,

which first originated and palmed off upon men of intelligence the glaring falsehood. It is all very well for you to quote your authorities, and condemn such horrible iconoclasm as impious, but it requires only a very small exercise of reason to prove to you that the stories of novelists and historians are, in this instance, mere rubbish. Is not human nature now what it ever was? Have the conditions of conversation or any other occupation much changed? Was the snipping of a man's hair or the scraping of his chin a different operation from what it is now? You remember that old gentleman who positively refused to let his tailor go about him poking with his tape and other paraphernalia round his ribs and shoulders, and who insisted on being chalked off in the looking-glass, and the measures taken from his reflection and not from his living human frame. And we all agree with the worthy man, that for a mere fraction of a man to be marking the fine proportions of a well-built cavalry officer by squeaking out the numbers $19\frac{1}{2}$, 14, $3\frac{2}{3}$, is not to be tolerated by any man who knows that he has the most formidable biceps in the regiment or the prettiest leg at ———'s ball.

But what is this if, compared with the position of a man in a barber's chair, the dignity of the human form divine is indeed slighted by the inquisitive curiousness of the tape measure? But the ruthless barber must first bind his victim, swathe him in sacrificial white, stuff the corner of the garb of submission down his bending neck, and then—cruellest wrong of all—twist his passive head this way and that, dragging it now backwards over the hard part of the chair, now down until the chin reposes on the vanquished bosom. Yes, as the head is nobler than the biceps, so is the insolence of the barber more galling than all the malice of all the tailors.

Moreover, your tailor while he takes your measure has the decency to abstain from glorying in the shame

of the tailee, but not so Mr. Scissors-driver. As his fingers run through your forelock, and a sprinkling of small hairs falls upon your cheek and on your lip, he will smilingly taunt you with a question about the weather; you are compelled to murmur to yourself that it was indeed "a scene in the 'ouse last night, Sir." You dare not silence your persecutor, for shall you not meet ——— at ———'s to-night? and you must use the bribe of complaisance if you would not have your curling locks cut into triangles or straightened out into wisps of horsehair. You can, indeed, enjoy a bitter silence while the razor is passing over your chin, but it is a silence darkened by the dread of a clumsy gash or the stray idea of a lunatic barber trying experiments on an exposed jugular. Ah! those are terrible moments in the barber's chair; the man who could be lively or make a joke in such a place would, I verily believe, play odd man in a diving-bell or sing a comic song in the middle of a railway accident. When I see a man with long hair, ignorant of the barber's touch, I regard him not as an embryo or would-be poet, but as a man who has suffered long in silence, and at last has screwed his courage to the enviable sticking-place, and sworn to set fashion at defiance and hearken no more to the snip-snip of the sacrificial scissors. I know no more pitiable sight than to see a barber's shop in which are three men of spirit bowing beneath their tormentors, who glide about them with subsusurrant garrulity and bland glances of conscious triumph, as one of them has just driven his victim into promising to take a bottle of that new Ozokome or Capilloregenerator, while other six humble spirits on six chairs sit with a gloomy frown ever deepening on their six brows, or mock themselves with the pretence of looking over *Punch* or *Fun* while they wait for the awful command, "Next gentleman, please."

Tell us if you will of the pasturage on an iceberg,

tell us of the fidelity of a Red Indian, tell us of an Ethiopian changing his skin, tell us of a ship-knacker who does not openly subscribe to benevolent charities, but do not, O novelists and others, do not tell us again of those brilliant conversation-saloons in which a barber was the *arbiter loquendi*, for if you persist in the nefarious fraud, we hereby pledge ourselves in the most incontrovertible fashion that each several example which you choose to allege in support of your error is either a solar myth, an allegory, or a ———.

"OUR CHOIR."

PART II.

THE dying strains of "the dirge," last described, may be said to have brought "the good old times" to a premature but appropriate close; for the rector had never loved a key-bugle, and its performance on that occasion sealed its doom. The revolution was hastened on, moreover, by two events, the death of Mr. Mullins, senior, and the restoration of W——— church.

I doubt which of the two was the more important; for the new clerk, son and heir of the deceased, was a weak-minded individual, and it was mainly through his pusillanimity that the management of our choir dropped into the rector's hand

parson," as he was called, was a very different character to his predecessor, who had been a genuine specimen of the now antique fox-hunting type—a perfect Nimrod abroad and a very Bacchus at home. It used to be with him a time-honoured custom to cut short his sermon on Sunday morning at a given signal from his brother-in-law, the squire, who sat below, and that signal was *a wink!* He was also shamefully addicted to practical jokes, and is said to have persuaded his old gardener, when the latter met with an accident that deprived him of a limb, to follow his own leg to the grave in deep mourning, the bell being tolled meanwhile. Space would fail

me to recount his many other exploits; how, for instance, he once locked up the bishop, who had come to preach, in his study, and contrived to forget all about it until close on service time, when, expressing the greatest consternation at his lordship's non-appearance, the churchwarden and a few others were sent to make enquiries, and were just in time to behold a pair of silk stockings and gaiters cautiously projecting from the study window.

But, to proceed with the restoration, W—— church was then in a state of decay. The exterior was very picturesque and the interior very damp and frowsy. The chancel was the family vault of the Lord of the Manor, and his arms, as High Sheriff and Custos Rotulorum of the County, surmounted the decalogue over the communion-table.

Meanwhile, the old pews were pulled down; the great square cosy one, where the farmer's little boys had played many a furtive game of marbles under the very nose of their slumbering sire, and the hard grotesquely-sculptured seat, where the almshouse pauper nodded away the sermon in a state of pious discomfort. All these and many other little eccentricities of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, even including the "three-decker," were removed, and their places supplied by grossly-practical modern innovations, culminating in a barrel-organ presented by the rector. This instrument played twelve tunes with elaborate harmonies in an awful, unvarying succession. It never skipped one, so that if "Jerusalem New" were wanted out of its turn, the congregation had to wish they might get it, or wait until "Bedford" or the "Old Hundredth" had ground themselves out in due course. Our choir was then composed of the school-children, aided by a few *basses*, who sang the air an octave lower, some of them two.

But let us pass on, and jump

Adown the gulf of time

for a few years. We shall find W—— church a very different place. Its three bells were no longer worked by the unaided sexton, who used to pull one rope with each hand, while the other was attached to his right foot. I can picture him vividly now as he struggled away under the tower on a summer afternoon, a perfect marvel of perspiring activity. The clerk was not even allowed to compose hymns for special occasions. There was a real organ and a real organist, a dapper little man, who spake condescendingly of the great masters, and called everything he played "a movement" (a very good name, by-the-bye, for his own compositions, which always produced motion towards the door). This change and several others were due to the energy of the present incumbent, an excellent person and an embodiment of that so-called High Church reaction, which was of such benefit to the religion of the country.

Nevertheless, he introduced two new features into the service which were decidedly *not* improvements, namely, monotoning the prayers and Gregorian chants.

It has always appeared to me that, where the clergyman has not a good ear and a fine voice, *monotoning* and *monotony* are nearly synonymous. Our rector, for instance, always succeeded in being monotonous, though he generally contrived to treat the congregation, before service was over, with the whold octave from *c* to *c*, including the sharps and flats.

The second innovation was the introduction of Gregorian chants. They sound very fine when played by Dr. Stainer on the organ at Magdalen College, Oxford, but so would any other chant under similar circumstances. No man was yet born with a taste for Gregorians, and a musical infant would cry if its mother were to sing one over it. If there ever was a mistaken idea, it is that which leads well-meaning

men to resuscitate the use to these chants in the Church of England, under the impression that they are champions of orthodoxy.

Professor Macfarren has pointed out this fact in the preface to his "Lectures on Harmony." He remarks that the Gregorian chant is of purely Pagan origin, and it certainly has a Pagan sound. Pope Gregory the Great adopted the diatonic system* from the Greeks, and perpetuated his principles and the name which illustrates them through the invention of a crude method of notation, and by a code of rules which he chained to St. Peter's altar, requiring that the clergy throughout Europe shall study and practise it.

The appropriation of Gregorians to Christian worship was entirely based upon artistic and popular grounds, not on account of their antiquity or sacredness; nor were they held as in the least essential to the service, throughout Western Europe, when the advance of music enabled the clergy of France to improve on the old system. It is true that English conservatism rose in arms against the Gallican chant, and the Normans vainly sought to enforce it on our forefathers by cord and steel; but the law of the Reformation that the service should be celebrated in the vulgar tongue, in order that it might be "understanded of the people," applies no less forcibly to the exclusion of the Gregorian chant than of the Latin words that were originally sung to it. Macaulay says of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that he wrote a language which no one *thinks in*—stiff, forced, and unnatural—and so is the relation of Pope Gregory's music to that which we all love to hear and sing.

However, our choir knew nothing about this, and cared less, for they wore surplices and dropped their H's freely. Still all was for the best. A mixed choir

* The Greek diatonic scale admitted none but the *natural* notes of a key, with no inflexions by sharps and flats.

of young ladies and gentlemen too often degenerates into a mere practical illustration of the saying "matrimony made easy."

But this "sketch" is becoming too much like a drawing, so let us conclude without any further shading; and to anyone of my undergraduate readers who gets as far as this, I say, "Friend, join your College Musical Society and pay your subscription, or, as sure as we both live, there will be no concert next Term!"

H. B.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE following extracts from letters from H. B. Cotterill, Esq., late Scholar of the College, describe his journey from Quilimane, on the East coast of Africa, to Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa, where a Scotch Mission Station was founded two years ago. Mr. Cotterill's object in going out is to pave the way for the establishment of legitimate commerce, by outbidding the slave traders, by whom the country is being fast depopulated. We would refer our readers to p. 113 of the last number of *The Eagle* for a former communication on this subject.

On the River Kwakwa (80 miles inland from Quilimane), September 3rd*, 1876.

We have been away from Quilimane ten days. The river is at its lowest, and after the first two days it has been continual grounding. The "Herga"† started with a full load and a crew of six rowers, but gradually she had to be lightened, and the rowers had to take to pole work, and were continually in the water dragging her along. One night all the crews of our heavy boats quietly disappeared, having been, as usual here, paid beforehand. You would

* The river Kwakwa. Quilimane is not on the Zambesi proper, but on a shallow river called the Kwakwa, which approaches within 3½ miles of the Zambesi.

† "Herga," a boat built in compartments of steel, presented to Mr. Cotterill by friends at Harrow.

hardly recognise the "Herga" with her masts and sails all cleared out, a mere shell—but still lovely. I wish I had gone my own way up the Kongone; our course would have been much easier. In the Zambesi and Shiré it will be very different from this, I hope. I am now sitting at the door of my tent in the evening, and writing by the (rather obscure) light of a cocoa-nut oil lamp. At my feet in the river lie the "Herga" and the other boats and a few canoes. Between me and the boats is a large group of native cocoa-men, sitting round their fire, cooking their fish and msima (porridge), and talking vociferously, as usual. In the distance the sky is red with a huge grass fire that we lighted close to the camp this morning, to scare away the lions, which has already spread many miles across the uninhabited waste. There are no people within a long distance of this.

Karrokwe, 6th September.

About 12 to-day we reached this, having passed through a succession of small lakes with a very narrow stream joining them, with lovely scenery. We found most of the heavy goods already carried across the 3½ miles to Mazaro [on the Zambesi]. I and others walked over this afternoon and saw the magnificent Zambesi for the first time. Many of the men are down with fever, none seriously. Mr. Henderson, from Nyassa, met us here. To-morrow we must get the "Herga" and the "Southern Cross"* up the steep bank, and then employ men to carry them across.

7th September.

We have got through a good deal to-day, since six in the morning, in hauling up the boats on this high bank; it is at least forty feet high. The

* "Southern Cross," a boat purchased by Mr. Cotterill at the Cape.

"Herga" was first up. I picked out twenty of the strongest of the hundreds of carriers who surround our camp, and who have to be kept out by a rope fence; and they lugged at a pulley fixed to a large piece of timber that we had planted in the ground for the purpose.

Mazaro, September 15th, 1876.

We are now on the Zambesi. It is a grand river, about two miles broad in parts here, but with a good many banks. We have been worried to death and delayed iniquitously by the Portuguese, but we shall soon be out of their hands....To describe our camp life would take pages. The day is taken up by loading or unloading boats, cooking, firing at crocodiles, and taking siestas. My tent is very comfortable for one....We are all fairly well, some have had fever; Collins had a severe touch, but is better. I have been very well all the time, and enjoy the heat....I have just bought six chickens for a shilling's worth of calico (8*d.* in England). We live on rice, beans, and fowls, with an occasional tinned meat or goat.

Near Chibisás, Shiré River,
October 5th, 1876.

The news of the day is that Mr. Young* met us last night. He has been waiting a month at the Cataracts. This begins to smack of Nyassa, and very glad we shall all be to reach its blue waters, for we have had a very hard and tiresome pull up this river, whose current is in many places as strong as that of the Rhone at Geneva....It will interest you, perhaps, to have a brief resumé of our story.

From Mazaro our first stage was to Shupanga, a place well known in connexion with Livingstone. There is an old stone-built Portuguese house there,

* Lieut. Young, R.N., conducted the Scotch party to Nyassa in 1874, and has just returned to England.

now deserted; for the Landeen Zulus have driven blacks and whites out of the place. We swept out the spacious rooms, with the walls blackened with smoke of Zulu fires, and passed the Sunday there. Mrs. Livingstone is buried there, close to the house, under a great baobab tree.

Here we got some hunting, at least I did. It shews how much game there must be in the country, when I tell you that in our hurried transit I have shot five or six antelopes (some as big as cows) and a zebra. Besides this I have been chased by a two-horned rhinoceros, whom I didn't care to tackle with only two cartridges and a small-bore rifle, and I shot, but failed to secure, a hippopotamus. I have seen several troops of elephants, and wounded one. Another of the party came across a lion, which he (being short-sighted) stalked, mistaking his majesty for an antelope, and, lastly, another was delayed all night on a mud bank by an infuriated mother hippo.

We start about sunrise, stop for an hour or so in the heat of the day, when nothing can be done but pant in the shade and look after the cooking. At night, musquitoes prevent anything in the way of writing letters unless one sits close to leeward of a fire, which makes one rather warm in this climate.

In a couple of days we turned up the Shiré, and found a fierce current, against which we have been struggling for three weeks, sometimes going less than a mile an hour. No doubt, *for the river*, a *shallow* steam barge or boat would be the thing. There is lots of wood in many parts for fuel. In the lake the "Herga" is the boat, though we shall have to deck her in and put some reefs in the sails, for Mr. Young confirms Livingstone's report that the winds and waves there are terrific.

After entering the Shiré River we coasted along the base of Mt. Morumbala, which is very beautiful, reminding one much of the snowless Swiss mountains.

The colours and foliage were not what I expected here; they are, at a distance, quite European. The foliage is just coming out. Then came the dreadful Morumbala Marsh, in which we spent two nights that I shall never forget. The musquitoes were simply indescribably fearful. One swept them off one's face and hands in handfuls, and they actually put out the lights. Sleep was out of the question.

In about five days we reached Bishop Mackenzie's grave at Malo. We put it in order, straightened the iron cross, and I planted some English seeds about it.

Then came the Elephant Marsh, not so bad as the other, but quite bad enough: full of black mud, crocodiles, hippos, and musquitoes. Since then the country has been rapidly improving. The sun is terribly hot, and it is difficult to avoid exposure in the boat. Out of our party of twenty-four only three have as yet escaped fever, and, I am thankful to say, I am one of the three.

I mean to bring home, if I can, the small son of Maseyo, a great friend of mine. He is at my elbow watching me write. I wonder when any more letters will reach me! It is about three months now since I heard.

Livingstonia, Nyassa,
October 30th, 1876.

You see that we are here at last, and you can't think how thankful we are for it. You will, probably, have heard of our long tiresome journey up the Shiré to Matiti. There the "Herga" was taken to pieces, slung on poles, and, after a deal of trouble, 140 men were persuaded to carry the sections (far larger than those of the "Ilala,"* which was taken into plates, whereas I preferred not risking that). The land journey is close upon seventy miles. I did it by very easy stages, so as to keep pace with the boat.

* "Ilala," the steel-built steamer belonging to the Scotch party.

They had a hard task of it, for the path leads at times among huge crags and boulders, and at others through dense tangled bush, where they had to cut a way. But they worked like Britons, or better, and worked the very skin off their shoulders. I suppose the heaviest sections weighed at least 5 cwt.

The cascades and rapids are magnificent. While waiting for the "Herga," I took to shooting. There is a great deal of game, especially antelopes. The waterbuck is the commonest. He is a splendid fellow, standing quite five feet at the shoulder, and carries a fine pair of horns. Twice I stalked a herd of six buffaloes and got within fifty yards; but, though I put four bullets into one fellow, he got away. However, we got a great many bucks, and I shot a large beast called at the Cape "aard-vark." A leopard ran off with him in the night, though he was hanging close to the hut-door.

I fed the men bountifully on the meat and gave them extra "refa" (flour), and at last we arrived at Mpimbi, a marshy, malarious, musquito-haunted spot at the head of the Cataracts, where the upper river begins.

After over-exerting myself after some buffaloes which refused to drop to the tune of four bullets, and big ones, I was knocked over for the first time with fever, and spent a very miserable four days. But, what with quinine and the arrival of the "Ilala," I got on my legs again, and now feel nearly as well as ever. My man Bressingham* is also recovering from a sharp attack of the fever, brought on by over-exposure to the heat by day and the dews by night.

The little steamer hoisted in all my goods and took the "Herga" in tow, which was a great blessing, for we should have taken a week to pull up against

* "Bressingham," of whom Mr. Cotterill speaks very highly, was in the Coastguard Service on the Mersey until he left this country with Mr. Cotterill's expedition.

the current. We reached Pamalombe on the second day. Here I first heard a lion roaring at night.

I went to pay a visit to King Mponda, whose territory extends from Cape Maclear to Pamalombe. He has a fine large square-built house, with verandahs. He received me courteously, and I have promised to come again and see what ivory he has for sale. He is (or was) a great slave-dealer, and has been much under Arab influence; but the Arabs are clearing out of this part of the Lake, for they don't like our presence.

On the third day after leaving the Cataracts, October 29th, we had a breeze, and the "Herga," with the dark blue flag with the cross arrows flying at her mast-head, sailed into Nyassa. We got ahead of the "Ilala," and found ourselves off Cape Maclear at sunset. Then the wind was contrary, the sea got up, and we had a hard time of it, keeping the boat's head against the waves, till the steamer came up and took us in tow, and we arrived here at eleven o'clock at night.

This is a lovely place; granite hills well wooded behind us, and in front the splendid dark blue expanse of waters. We face west, in a little bay, looking over the western arm of the lake, just round Cape Maclear, which divides the lake into two arms at its southern extremity. There are two islands in the foreground and a fine range of mountains in the distance. The climate is very temperate, the sun hot, but always a cool air.

A few reed and plaster houses have been built, one of two storeys. I have a new hut. I have partitioned off a snug little room, put my books on shelves, and hung up a few of those coloured prints of animals which I bought in Leeds, and now feel quite comfortable. We have just had a grand spread in honour of Young, who is going back. He wants to persuade Government to put him in command of

an armed vessel here to extirpate the slavers, and I think it will be a very wise move if they do it, for it will be tantamount to declaring Nyassa under British jurisdiction (a thing absolutely necessary, and what you all in England who wish well for the cause of Africa should work heart and soul to bring about). As regards the future, I intend visiting various chiefs up the lake, disposing of my calico for ivory (there is said to be any amount to be got), and coming back in the spring or summer; but I don't know how I shall get back, for I have no money at hand.

WORDSWORTH ON HELVELLYN.

THE following sonnet on Haydon's portrait of Wordsworth was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and, so far as we are aware, has never been published. The picture is the property of Cornelius Nicholson, Esq., author of "The Annals of Kendal," who has kindly permitted us to print the sonnet. The last two lines seem to refer to the poet's portrait by Pickersgill, which is still to be seen in the College Hall:—

Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed,
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,—
Takes here his rightful place as Poet-Priest
By the high Altar, singing praise and prayer
To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free
Our Haydon's hand has flung from out the mist!
No Portrait this, with Academic air,—
This is the Poet, and his Poetry!

LONDON.

By a "Stuff Gown."

"London, the needy ruffian's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, through folly or through fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state."

So wrote Samuel Johnson in the last century, and the saying holds good at the present day, but now, as then, even in its very truth, untrue. No city of the ancient world was ever more ready to open its gates to those who were driven from their own countries on account of their political or religious opinions. London has ever been the city which, above all others, has received, if not with open arms, at all events with willingness, those who, in their native states, were not permitted to exercise the dearest liberty and privilege of man—freedom of thought in political and religious matters; and though under such a policy there must necessarily flow in much that is bad, the "very dregs," in fact, of "corrupted states;" yet to this self-same policy do we owe some of the most valuable of our industries, and some of the most "*productive*" intellectual labourers.

Truly, too, is it "the needy ruffian's general home," yet is it also ἁπάντων μουσομήτωρ ἐργάνης, "*the effective nurse-mother of all arts*," literature and science, the centre and home of the commerce, enterprise, and wealth of the civilized world.

Madame de Stael called it in her day a "Province of Brick," but, since that time, it has spread in every direction and still is spreading until it already contains over ten thousand miles of streets and upwards of four millions of inhabitants within its bounds.

Could a Londoner of former days but take a walk through that assemblage of palatial buildings which now rises within a stone's throw of the old "Field Lane," and which actually stands on the very ground once covered by the vile and wretched huts that stood in clusters along the reeking banks of the old "Fleet Ditch," or take a walk along the Victoria Embankment, where, formerly, for half the day huge mud banks sent forth their noxious vapours to spread disease and sickness along their sides, or could he look from the dome of S. Paul's at the enormous city spreading on every side until its outskirts are lost in the dim of distance, and see the innumerable intersections of the various railways which lie around like some vast network, and watch the constant trains running now, as it were, on the tops of the houses, and now disappearing below their foundations, or could he pass along the great thoroughfares and watch the daily ebb and flow of the thousands and tens of thousands of its inhabitans, would he be able to recognise in this "Modern Babylon," in this "Province of Brick," the timber-built and quiet city with which he was acquainted, and would the marvellous changes said to have been effected by the power of the Genii of Eastern fable be half so marvellous as the changes which, without violent revolution or spasmodic effort, have been effected here?

On all sides are shops and offices and dwelling-houses, which in their external appearance are equal to, and in their internal economy far surpass, the palaces of former days. Charitable Institutions, too,

there are for the relief of every kind of accident and disease, that daily dispense a real and productive charity; compared with which the charity of the Monastic Institutions of the middle ages, not only dwindles into insignificance, but altogether vanishes from sight. Museums, general and special, collections of art, and libraries, open to all, where may be seen and studied the strange treasures and wonders of the natural world, and the curious, beautiful, and ingenious productions of the artistic and manufacturing world, and the accumulated result of the research and learning of all recorded time.

Yet, side by side with all that is thus beautiful, noble, and useful, where art, benevolence, ingenuity, and learning have combined to do their utmost, are to be found places and conditions of life that are not only a living disgrace to a civilized and a Christian country, but would not even be tolerated amongst the rude uncivilized tribes of savages that inhabit the central parts of the Continent of Africa.

How few among us, how few of our legislators are there to whom this other side of the picture is known, except by the vaguest report? and how far fewer are there to whom the back slums, labyrinths of dark courts and ramifications of alleys of London, are stern realities?

Here, far removed from the gaze of the casual observer, and from the notice of those who turn not aside from the great streets and principal thoroughfares, are to be found over-crowded hovels, where three generations, huddled together without distinction of age or sex, live and sleep in one small room; haunts of vice, dens of iniquity, and hot-beds of every species of immorality and crime, where robbery and outrage may be committed without fear of detection, and where the ordinary language of every-day life is thickly interspersed with obscene oaths and horrible blasphemies; where all that is

vile and hateful in human nature is fostered, reared up and poured forth to contaminate and corrupt, by its very existence, mankind at large.

Much has already been done, and is still being done, in pulling down, and rooting out these plague-spots from our midst. Compulsory education is also doing a work of inestimable value, but education alone cannot successfully battle with the early and most lasting impressions which are received by those who are reared up in these loathsome habitations. London has ever contained, and still contains, much that is good, much that is beautiful, much that is noble; but, at the same time, it contains much to be altered, much to be eradicated, much to be improved; and is it not surely a biting sarcasm, a cutting irony, that we should, year after year, go on spending thousands, and hundreds of thousands for the conversion of the Jew and of the Heathen whilst we suffer to exist, almost unobserved, in the midst of the metropolis of our highly civilized and Christian community, an evil, beside which the condition of the uncivilized heathen is a condition of virtue and morality.

$\pi.\ \beta.$

THE TUG OF THE LIGHT-SHIP-ADE:

A MERRY-TIME LAY FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

Sixty yards, sixty yards,
Sixty yards sundered.
All up the river Cam
Rowed the one hundred.
"Forward the light-ship-ade!"
"Three! Two! One! Gun!!!" he said:
Into the Grassy Gut
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

Forward the light-ship-ade!"
Was there a man delayed?
No, for the start they knew
Must not be blundered,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to dig or sky,
Theirs but to watch the ti-
me: On for the Railway Bridge
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

Ladies to right of them,
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies in front of them,
Fluttered and wondered,
Storm'd at with shout and yell
Boldly they rowed and well,
Some of them pale as death,
Into the mouth of "hell" (Charon's)
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

Flashed all the oar-blades bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
("Feathering under water there!")
Bumping each other, while
All the men wondered.
(Bang! when the battery spoke,
Right from the chain they broke;
"Coaches" all rushing
Rattled to "quicken stroke!"
"Well rowed!!!" they thundered.)
* * * * * *
Then they rowed back:—but more
More than one hundred
(and twenty.)

Ladies to right of them
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies behind them,
Flirted and wondered:
Storm'd at with shout and yell,
While their proud banners swell,
They that had pulled so well
Rowed through the crowd of boats
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that had bumped of them,
Bumped of one hundred
(and twenty.)

When shall their blazers fade?
O the wild bumps they made!
All the bank wondered.
Honour the bumps they made!
Honour the light-ship-ade,
Sliding-seat hundred
(and twenty.)

ALFRED NINNYSON.

ANECDOTES FOR FIDDLERS AND OTHERS.

A GENTLEMAN, wealthy but ignorant, treated his friends on a certain occasion to a selection of instrumental music, and hired a band as executants. Whilst all the musicians were at work he appeared to be well satisfied with the performance, but when it happened that the principal violin was engaged for a short time on an incidental solo, livid with rage, he demanded the reason that the others were remaining idle. "Sir, it is a pizzicato for one instrument."

"Hang the pizzicato, Sir, I pay you to come here and play, and not to remain idle; let the trumpets pizzicato along with you."

When Viotti was in England—I owe this story to the unpublished work of a friend—he fell in love with, and wished to purchase, a magnificent Autonio Stradivari belonging to the Earl of Exmouth. Lord Exmouth would not sell the instrument but very kindly offered Viotti the use of it while he remained in the country, and was, doubtless, proud to hear of the magnificent solos Viotti used it for at the King's Theatre and Hanover Square Rooms, in town. Whilst still in possession, Viotti went to Betts, the celebrated maker, and asked him to make a copy as nearly as possible like the original. Betts proceeded to obey his directions, but he made not only one but two copies, and gave them both back to Viotti, who, in his turn, gave one back to Lord Exmouth, and kept what he thought was the original himself. But when he came to play at a concert in

Brussels soon after, he found that he, too, had been swindled in his turn. It was a case of diamond cut diamond. "Ah! Monsieur Betts," said he, when afterwards in London again, "I ask you to make me one copy and you do make me two copy."

This is the only imputation I have ever heard on the character of Viotti, but there are many doubtful stories about Betts. A gentleman, I once heard, wished to put his probity to the test. Accordingly, he sent him a valuable instrument to repair, but previously resorted to the ingenious dodge of counting the number of grains of wood in the belly in concert with a friend. Betts changed the violin, and copied nearly all the other marks, but this latter was too much for him. The case was proved, and he was obliged to return the instrument. His reputation did not improve by the transaction. Vuillaume once tried the same experiment with Paganini, but without any sinister designs, as the sequel showed. Once, on his return from England, Paganini's large model Guarnerius fell from the roof of the diligence and was seriously injured. On arriving at Paris the great artist entrusts his violin to M. Vuillaume, who, while it is in his possession, takes care to make an exact copy, one not easy to distinguish. On the day appointed for the restoration of the instrument he calls upon Paganini and places two instruments before him; "I have quite restored your violin, but so completely that I am unable to distinguish it from the other Guarnerius, which has also been entrusted to me. You, of course, will be able to tell your own violin at once." Whereupon Paganini seizes and scrutinizes the instruments, but is unable to distinguish them; taking his bow he dashes it over the strings of each alternately, still without being able to tell—he is wild with excitement. Vuillaume's triumph had reached its acme. "Compose yourself," said he, "here is your instrument, and there is the

copy of it I have made. Keep them both in remembrance of me."

Once on a summer evening in the country I heard the mellow tones of a fiddle through the half-open door of a cottage. Feeling curious, I entered and accosted the performer, a middle-aged man sitting in an arm-chair before the fire. "So you're playing the violin, Sir, a little?" "No, Sir, I'm only feedling." The old fellow had lived all his life without ever hearing of the word violin. My art enthusiam of course pretended to be shocked at first, but, on the whole, I came to the conclusion that "feedling" was better than "fuddling," its probable antithesis in this case, and that art must have all kinds of votaries; and besides the event was the realisation of an old story I had once heard in another form. "Gentlemen," said an auctioneer addressing his customers, "Gentlemen, the next lot is a valuable old fine-toned violin." "Stop, Sir, said his clerk, interrupting him, the next lot's the fiddle."

I don't think I have ever laughed more than when I first heard the following little anecdote of poor old Lindley, the violoncellist. It was in the old coaching days. Lindley was going down to Oxford to perform at a University Concert. On the way a terrible accident happened—the coach was completely overturned, many people were thrown down and seriously injured, and one man had his leg broken. Lindley fortunately escaped any serious hurt himself, but the moment he could extricate himself from the general *débris*, which he managed to do almost before anyone else, he was observed to seize his violoncello case, which had fallen heavily from the roof, and commence a sort of trial performance upon the instrument, having previously made himself comfortable upon a neighbouring milestone. Evidently he did not mind an odd bruise or two, but he was afraid his favourite had sustained some damage, and he hastened to

satisfy himself accordingly. What his fellow-travellers thought of his philanthropic or rather philo-violinic sentiments I will not pretend to say. By the way, talking about Lindley, he was once very impolitely treated in our own town, Cambridge. Those who have heard much about him will remember the unfortunate impediment in his speech. The conversation was with a boy about the purchase of a magpie. "I say, my b-b-b-b-boy, can it t-t-t-alk."

"Yes, Sir, it can beautiful."

"But, I say, my b-b-b-boy, are you s-s-s-s-ure it can t-t-t-alk."

"It'll talk a ——— sight better than you, Sir, or else I'm blowed if it 'ud talk at all." Perhaps it is hardly necessary to state that the sale was not effected.

There are many humorous little incidents in the career of Giovanni Giarnovichi, the pupil of Lolly. Once at Lyons he advertised a concert, tickets six francs each, but failed to collect an audience. Being offended at the niggardliness of the Lyonese he advertised the same performance the next evening for half the money, but took his departure in the meantime, so that the large assembly which came together to hear him were obliged to have their money returned at the doors. What a jolly sell! Giarnovichi was a desperate duellist, quarrelled with everybody he met. He once fell out with Shaw, the leader of the Drury Lane Orchestra, at an oratorio, and challenged him. "I strove all in my power," says Michael Kelly, "to make peace between them. Giarnovichi knew not a word of English, and Shaw not a word of French, but I was to be mediator between them, and I translated everything they said to each other most faithfully. Unfortunately, Shaw, in reply to one of Giarnovichi's accusations, said 'Pooh! Pooh!'—'Sacre,' said Giarnovichi, 'what is de meaning of dat 'pooh, pooh!' I will not hear a

word unless you translate me pooh! pooh!' And as I found considerable difficulty in translating 'pooh, pooh' into French or Italian, it was some time before peace was restored. The whole scene was one of the most absurd I ever witnessed."

In conclusion, I must acknowledge my debt to Mr. Dubourg, from whose interesting history and biographies I have adapted several of the above little incidents.

THE MATTERHORN WITHOUT GUIDES.

THAT the beauty of the Matterhorn is with the public never dissociated from awe is due in great part to the untoward occurrence which accompanied the first ascent. Though eleven years have elapsed since then, and times are so changed that people flock to the summit, the feeling has not altogether passed away. A few words may be devoted to a catastrophe, often misunderstood, which has prejudiced men's minds not only against the mountain but against mountaineering itself, if only to show that in character it was exceptional.

The Matterhorn long defied attack, it was a byword for inaccessibility, that affected by its mere reputation the most skilful guides. Experienced mountaineers gazing at its gaunt precipices, and scanning its furrowed sides with telescopes shook their heads. It was to the boldest adventurers of the day what the Aiguille du Dru at Chamouni and la Meije in Dauphiné are now to their successors, who have had to turn back from their attempts almost in despair. It is, doubtless, familiarly known to many of my readers how Mr. Whymper and Professor Tyndall repeated their assaults. How every year saw an outwork of the enemy turned or stormed, till nothing seemed left on the Italian side but the crowning citadel. How when finally the Zermatt side, that had long deceived the eye by its inhospit-

able aspect, was tried simultaneously as it happened by Messrs. Hudson and Whymper, strange to say, victory followed the first attempt. Unfortunately the mistake was made of including in the party, a gentleman too young in mountaineering for an expedition which might call for the utmost hardihood and endurance. Under the circumstances two guides and a porter were a meagre professional addition to four travellers. The rocks above the 'shoulder,' where the chains are now placed, being pronounced by the leading guide impracticable, the party were forced to circumvent them by crossing part of the steep northern face of the mountain, and then, after a short ascent, doubling back to the arête. In descending, when they had reached the far angle of this loop, Mr. Hadow, who seems now to have been so faint as to be unable to stand steady, even when his feet were placed in position for him, suddenly fell from behind down upon the leading guide who had, as far as could be observed, just turned round to descend himself after planting the other's legs in position with his hands. Poor Croz was helplessly knocked over head downwards, and the combined momentum pulled down the two immediately behind. The last three members of the party were able to hold firm, and the rope broke below them. How was the fatal momentum acquired? The rope had not been held tight behind the unfortunate gentleman who slipped, although previously he was evidently in extreme difficulty. As it was, a fall of 10 or 12 feet took place before the jerk on the rope came. Here is the moral of the whole. Either an inexperienced traveller should not have been allowed to accompany the party, or another guide should have been taken to attend to him. Had the rope been tight in accordance with one of the most important rules of caution in such circumstances, he would probably have been arrested the moment he

fell prone. Everything depends on checking a slip before momentum has ensued. Again, Mr. Whymper positively asserts that the exact spot where the slip occurred was an easy place, affording opportunity for free movement as well as for handhold. The party being constituted as it was, a similar accident might have befallen it in any expedition of equal length where individual capacity was much tested.

Mountaineering is a noble form of recreation, and not to be indiscriminately condemned because accidents are heard of. I defy the most enthusiastic advocate to prove that any other combines the same amount of healthy muscular activity, of invigorating accompaniments, of contest with physical difficulties, with the same security. But there must be training, and there must be observance of due precautions and laws. The bulk of accidents, of which one hears, have either proceeded from the neglect of some rule or precaution which it is the province of mountaineering to prescribe, or from sheer ignorance and inexperience; in neither of which cases is the art of mountaineering in fault. If inexperienced people will be so foolish as to climb the Alps alone or with inefficient guides they must take the consequences. It is unfair to disparage mountaineering by confounding the vagaries of incompetent persons with the undertakings of properly organized parties. As the land-lubber may be upset by the first squall, so may the ignorant tourist be precipitated by the first incautious step into a crevasse. Glaciers near hotels tempt on the wanderer by apparent easiness, but they are full of real peril to those not accustomed to them.

It is a mistake to suppose that mountaineering skill can be picked up without a fair amount of apprenticeship. Let the necessity which everyone admits in the case of cricket and boating be conceded to mountaineering. No one can acquire climbing

powers which will render him, if occasion required, independent of assistance, or give him individual confidence in difficulties, without practice. It is true that novices can be taken up, and are taken up, the highest mountains by the guides; but the mere fact of their going up as little proves them to be mountaineers, as it confers on them mountaineering skill. Many a man who has climbed from his youth up among our English hills, would regard the efforts of these showy Alpine pedestrians, as childs-play; while he would in all probability on the occasion of his own first expedition in the high Alps feel some disappointment at the trifling nature of the actual difficulties encountered by the individual climber. On the other hand, it must be allowed that making the ascent of a first-rate mountain without undue fatigue bears witness to considerable endurance and walking powers. It is as easy to make light of such feats as it is to misapprehend their character. Perhaps mountaineers are shy of admitting the fatigue, or confessing to the really serious physical exertion involved in merely lifting the body up the required number of thousands of feet. Practice and training, with the assistance of health and the invigorating air, much lightens the load; but a weighty load it always remains, and severe hard labour, to an extent little realized perhaps in England, has inevitably to be faced. The only exercise taken for pleasure, which presents itself to my mind for comparison in this respect, is that of rowing. Seven or eight hours spent at the oar might convey a not inapt idea of the work required in climbing as many thousand feet. As to the training, the resemblance only holds in regard to the practice of the particular muscles respectively employed. The austere stoicism associated with my recollections of the May races finds no counterpart on the Alpine play-ground. The change of life, indeed, if any does

there take place, may be often on the side of luxury. The magnificent exercise and air induce a health and vigour of body, which laughs to scorn many a privation or precaution that may be considered necessary at home. The stomach does unwonted wonders; the muscles, if not overstrained, get accustomed to their work by gradual practice; and, as there is not the same test of the 'wind' as in racing, the satisfaction of good living, where opportunity allows, may be readily combined with vigorous health and activity. I find thoughts of the coming dinner hovering cheerily round the most weary close of an Alpine day; just as a dozen years ago and more, with a relish that perhaps nothing of the kind can ever surpass, I used to anticipate the more certain, if more restricted, delights of a boating supper as I trudged home from an evening row over the course.

A few words must be devoted to mountaineering without guides. If expeditions of this kind are not to be condemned indiscriminately, they certainly should not be undertaken without great caution and circumspection. The best guides are so very much superior to even first-rate amateurs that the more difficult expeditions will always have to be left in their hands, for amateurs in the attempt might find themselves involved in difficulties from which it might be beyond their powers to extricate themselves. Great pleasure, however, may be derived from humbler expeditions which, if certain conditions are observed, may be justifiably attempted without guides. There must be fine and settled weather, there must be considerable previous experience on the part of all the party if anything of importance is in contemplation, and the expeditions undertaken must be graduated in difficulty from simple beginnings in order to ensure the necessary training and confidence. As a rule, it may be safely laid down that a man should go with guides for a season

or two, at least, before attempting to dispense with them; and even then the greatest pleasure and advantage will probably be derived from the alternation of the two kinds of mountaineering. In our case, the attempt on the Matterhorn was the culmination of previous expeditions without guides of various degrees of difficulty. The reputation of the mountain was, as we knew, when in good condition considerably in excess of its reputation. Though entirely new to all of us it was mostly a rock climb, and my two friends, Mr. A. H. Cawood, of Rossall School, and Mr. J. B. Colgrove, Head Master of Loughboro' School, were, even for members of the Alpine Club, unusually good rock climbers. So we went out last summer resolved to make the attempt the crowning effort of the season, expressly agreeing before starting on the expedition to turn back at the first difficulty involving actual danger.

At 11.15 a.m. on the 21st of July my friends and myself set out from Zermatt with two porters to our sleeping quarters at the hut. My friends having explored this part of the way on the previous day, we had felt at liberty to take porters. The route, which is by no means easy to find, traverses most of the long and tedious Höruli ridge, skirts the upper slopes of the Furgen glacier, and then ascends the rocks obliquely to the right in the direction of the arête or edge joining the two sides of the mountain. The ascent so far presents little difficulty as far as the climbing goes except at the point where the rocks are gained from the glacier. The actual face is much less steep than might be expected from its distant aspect. A person ignorant of the route, however, and of the exact position of the hut may find (as was the case with my friends) very considerable difficulty in hitting off the way to the latter, as it is not discernible till a ridge is gained in close proximity to it. The hut is built of stone

on a small platform under one of the massive towers of the arête, about half-way up from the 'base' to the 'shoulder.' The immediate approach to the platform is by a few feet of rock of a somewhat awkward character.

The hut was reached at 6, and our porters now left us, returning to Zermatt the same evening. It was a striking position in which to find ourselves alone. The approach of night, the tiny lights beginning to flicker in the village nestling in the valley 7000 feet below, the clearly defined shadow of the mountain mysteriously thrown from behind on the snow-field at our feet, all aided the solemnity of the scene. The shadow crept up the slopes of the Breithorn till it lost itself in vacancy. The Monte Rosa range opposite shot back at us warm rays of fiery light. The illuminated sky above was fast drawing in its purple skirts to avoid contact with the murky gloom that was extending itself below. But an icy wind was sweeping round the sheer rocks which supported our tiny platform, and to remain outside was impossible. Yet it was but a cold hospitality that our cabin offered us. We only escaped the icy wind to sit on an ice-floor. Luckily we had not trusted only to the scanty supply of good-for-nothing wood with which our somewhat supercilious porters, as if with the view of starving us into our right mind, had provided us. Besides what my friends themselves carried up, we found some fuel in the hut; and, after various and ineffectual attempts to induce delicately cut chips to burn, our ears were at length consoled by the merry duet of hissing pine and snow sputtering in the pan. The heat-giving properties of our stove were soon testified by the stream that began to set towards the door from the solid bed of ice which composed our floor. The benign influence extended itself even to our half-frozen feet, and over our coffee and mulled wine we could afford to laugh at discomfort.

The far end of the hut was set apart for the bed-chamber, whose furniture consisted of hay, protected from the ice beneath by planks. Needless to say, both were saturated with damp, but a plentiful store of dry blankets was suspended above on a cord. By inverting the arrangement of the planks and hay, and making the best use we could of the blankets, we managed to obtain a fair amount of comfort. We all, however, asserted in the morning that we had not slept. We were rather later than we intended in getting under weigh in the morning, and by the time that we had finished our breakfast and distributed our provisions it was broad daylight. We each took what we wanted for ourselves from the abundant store of wine and food, leaving the rest at the hut.

About 3.45 we started, and the rocks now became of a much less easy nature than below the hut; hands as well as feet had to be constantly used, and we kept the rope thenceforward continually employed. With amateurs the rope does service in a double way; besides affording security, it effectually prevents straggling, a not unimportant point where, perhaps, everyone has his own opinion as to the route to be taken. A guide, of course, is meekly followed, but a resolute amateur leader also will often succeed in taking even a grumbling party his own way when roped together. Our progress was slow, in some measure owing to the continual necessity for hunting out the route with no local knowledge to guide us. Amid a wilderness of gullies and ridges we had to turn to right or left according to the occurrence of obstacles, while preserving at the same time a main general direction towards the shoulder. To assist us in our return we made little cairns at various points. The presence of guides makes an astonishing difference in these little matters. In ordinary places a man may almost mechanically follow his guide's lead and have his thoughts a thousand miles away, so that

the very existence of a puzzle or of a difficulty may be ignored. Here and there a few bands of ice had to be crossed, and in such places Mr. Colgrove's ice-axe—profanely called by a facetious friend, a collection of old files—was the terror of the mountain, as the ice shivered into steps under its resistless blows.

We reached the 'shoulder,' or level portion of the arête under the final peak, at 6.10, and made a halt. The ridge is narrow and rotten, and requires careful traversing. On our right now lay the fatal northern slope; above us in front rose the steep rocks which guard the summit. Chains have recently been firmly fixed to the most difficult portions of these cliffs, and they formed at once our security and our guide. Some hesitation preceded our discovery of the upper portion of the chains, but finally, led by them, we struck straight up the rocks in their steepest part close by the arête. We thus avoided altogether the scene of the accident, which lay a considerable distance to our right on the face of the mountain; Mr. Whymper's route in returning after the catastrophe being unmistakably marked by one of the ropes, now white with age, which he left fastened to rocks as an assistance to his progress.

An easy slope of frozen snow above the rocks landed us on the summit. "Well," I said, "we have got to the top, and we know we can get down safely." The question about turning back had never even arisen, for we had never been tried to the full extent of our combined powers. The summit is a narrow ridge of snow about 350 feet long, and running nearly due east and west. The snow evidently enjoys the spectacle of the Italian precipices, for it lovingly curls over them. For some 2000 feet the cliffs fall sheer down till they spread out in gigantic buttresses, forming a striking contrast with the rounded snow slope that shelves away with rapidly increasing steepness on the northern side, carrying the imagination down to

the cruel plain below. A description of the view is no easy matter. The mountaineer's eye gets accustomed to the effects of very lofty views, and early impressions are proverbially difficult to recall. Were I, then, to depict the actual feeling conveyed to me by the view, it would possibly only be unduly to disparage the latter. The solitary position and height of the mountain naturally impart a unique character to the prospect, but the effect of the latter on the mind is considerably impaired by the too present reality of a long level ridge, which both precludes grasping the whole view at once, no one point on it claiming a decided pre-eminence, and arrogates to itself with constant importunity the importance of a temporary world. The day was serene, the sun brilliant, and the whole range of the main Alps from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa without a cloud to disturb their outlines. Over the Italian Alps hung, as is often the case, an envious sea of clouds. Beauty of colouring must not be expected from the very lofty summits; far more pleasing panoramic effects are afforded by well-situated mountains of moderate elevation. I was much struck on the present occasion with the dark and heavy atmospheric veil that hung over the lower ranges and valleys, obscuring without beautifying them.

I took a hasty sketch on the summit, sitting on the snow, whose solidity I took care first to ascertain. But the north wind was not to be robbed of its bite, and, after a stay of more than an hour (9.35 to 10.45), we hastened to retrace our tracks, Mr. Colgrove during the descent admirably filling the honourable post of last man. The descent required care, but did not involve us in any difficulty sufficient to cause anxiety. We used great caution. At first we thought it prudent to unite an extra rope which we carried to our ordinary one, so as to allow greater individual freedom on the chains. Below the 'shoulder,' on the contrary, we huddled

together in order to minimize the damage we might inflict on each other from falling stones, the rottenness of the rocks causing them to be well primed with such missiles. The descent of the face was exceedingly wearisome and monotonous. We succeeded in retracing our way, found and set in order the hut, and were soon toiling down the rocks on the last stage of our expedition.

The victory was now won, but the contest had been a long one. We had resolved not to run any appreciable risk, and we ran none. We might, of course, have encountered falling stones, for which the Matterhorn has a bad name; but none fell on the two days on which we were on the mountain, except what we dislodged ourselves. We had to stumble down from the Hörnli as best we might in the dark, and it was 9.30 when we reached the hotel. A pleasant greeting awaited us, and a merry dinner was followed by one of the most refreshing night's rest that I ever had in my life.

ARTHUR CUST.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

The following is a literal translation of a report of this race which appeared a few years ago in the *Journal de Nice*. The translation was communicated to the *Cambridge Chronicle* by Mr. J. T. Hathornthwaite, a member of this College:—

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RACE.

The annual race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge took place on the 23rd of March. This race is quite an event in England, and the sportsman class are pre-occupied with it as much as with the Derby. The race takes place in yawls with 8 oarsmen, at Putney, a small village situated at the west extremity of London.

The champions go down the Thames as far as Kew, sometimes even to Richmond.

The race is always straight, without turning, and is accomplished with a rapidity positively extraordinary. The champions are in training about four months, and have daily exercises at Oxford and Cambridge.

Scarcely a single day passes without the newspapers speaking of their progress. This is in fact because the English stake considerable sums of money according as the vigour of their muscles is more or less.

Every year about 25 or 30 million bets are made at Putney.

The race always takes place at 10 o'clock precisely. The racers are followed by a ferry-boat carrying the jury, and nearly all the members of the two Houses of Parliament.

It is an old custom, for the House of Lords especially, to assist in full numbers at these jousts; even the Primate of England, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, as well as the Bishop of London, take their place on the ferry-boat. Two or three hundred small craft follow the ferry-boat, and the flotilla is kept at a regulated distance of 100 yards from the racers.

As well as the thousands of spectators who line the banks of the Thames, everybody wears the colours of the two Universities, sky blue or dark blue.

The very horses have ribands in their manes, and ribands are placed in the cockades of the drivers.

We have ascertained on this subject that the minimum price of a second-rate conveyance this day is from five to six pounds sterling.

The race having terminated in the midst of frenzied hurrahs which are heard as far off as a kilometre (3-5ths of a mile), conquerors and conquered forget their rivalries, shake hands and go to banquet at the inn called the Cock Pheasant, which is situated on the banks of the Thames.

The victorious and the vanquished are invariably under the table at dessert.

In the evening it is a perfect *fête* in London; the beer-houses and the bars overflow with customers. The Alhambra is crowded to suffocation by a throng who wear the colours of the winners. Dances are given at the Argyll Rooms, at Highbury Barn, and, in fact, everywhere.

Three editions of the newspapers are published; as many as a hundred and fifty thousand copies of

the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Sporting Life* are sold.

At the same time there are in London about fifty suicides; those who have lost in the morning blow out their brains. This is, moreover, so general a result that public opinion gives itself very little trouble about it."

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race of 1877 will long be remembered as one of the most, if not the most, remarkable contests that has ever taken place—remarkable for the enthusiasm displayed by such masses of people in turning out so early on a cold March morning, remarkable for the keenness of the contest, and still more remarkable for the almost unparalleled finish. Dead heats on the running-path are somewhat common, but on the river they are almost unknown. We can call to mind a dead heat for the Colquhoun Sculls in 1862 between Hudson, of Lady Margaret, and Cowie, of Trinity, and also a dead heat for the University Fours in 1874 between Jesus and First Trinity; but it must be borne in mind that both these races were time races, and that it is much more likely for a dead heat to take place in a time race than in a breast race. In the former it is quite possible for a boat to creep up unawares in the last few strokes and make a dead heat of it, but such a thing is impossible in a breast race, for when one crew is in front it is apparent to the members of both crews, and thus the leaders are sure not to be caught "napping" in the same way. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that Shafto has had the pleasure (?) of rowing in two dead heats; the first occasion was when, in 1874, he stroked the Jesus Four, and the second was in the University race of this year. Last December two professionals rowed a dead heat in a mile match on the Tyne; possibly there have been one or two more, but, putting to one side the cases

of the time races, we may fairly say that the race of 1877 is almost unique, and certainly it is so in a race of such importance.

A report had spread abroad at the Inter-University sports on the preceding day that the race would start three-quarters of an hour earlier than was originally intended; this necessitated those who were lucky enough to have tickets for the steamers being at one or other of the piers about six o'clock; accordingly, about that time the piers were covered with men anxiously waiting for the arrival of the steamers, but, much to the disgust of those lucky individuals, they did not turn up till after seven o'clock. The early rising and the hour's wait on not one of the warmest mornings imaginable was, however, amply repaid by the splendid race which was shortly witnessed. Opinions are divided as to whether the crowd was as large as in previous years. Between Putney and Craven Cottage, possibly, the crowd was not so great as in 1876, but from there to the finish it would require a person accustomed to calculating crowds to be able to say that there was any material difference. There was scarcely standing-room on the ground open to the public, and every point of vantage on both sides of the river was occupied.

When one thinks that the majority of the people present must have risen at about five and some earlier, one must come to the conclusion that the interest taken in the race is for the race itself, and not, as some would have it, because it is "the thing."

Oxford won the toss and chose the Middlesex station, which, under the then existing circumstances, was a decided advantage. Unfortunately for Cambridge the wind, which for the whole week had been blowing from the east, veered right round to the west. We say unfortunately, because the boat to be used was very much "cambered," and therefore the cross wind would make it almost impossible to keep straight.

The Oxford men put off from the London boathouse shortly before eight o'clock and paddled down to the starting-post, but they were kept waiting about ten minutes by the Cambridge men (a proceeding which was freely commented on at the time), who were having a false keel put on their boat at the last moment to try and counteract the evil influence of the wind.

About a quarter-past eight the two boats were nicely in position for starting, but, unfortunately, the press steamer broke from her moorings, and it was not till twenty-seven minutes past eight, upon a bad tide, that Mr. Searle was able to start them.

The following are the names and weights of the two crews:

	Cambridge.	st.	lbs.		Oxford.	st.	lbs.
1	B. G. Hoskyns, Jesus.....	10	11	1	D. J. Cowles, St. John's..	11	3
2	T. W. Lewis, Caius.....	11	9	2	J. M. Boustead, University	12	8
3	J. C. Fenn, Frist Trinity..	11	7	3	H. Pelham, Magdalen....	12	7
4	W. B. Close, First Trinity	11	9½	4	W. H. Grenfell, Balliol ..	12	8
5	L. G. Pike, Caius.....	12	8	5	H. J. Stayner, St. John's	12	6¼
6	C. Gurdon, Jesus	12	13	6	A. Mulholland, Balliol....	12	5½
7	T. E. Hockin, Jesus.....	12	11	7	T.C.Edwards Moss,B.N.C.	12	2
	C. D. Shafto, Jesus (*str.*)	12	0		H. M. Marriott,B.N.C.(*str.*)	12	0
	G. L. Davis, Clare (*cox.*)..	7	2		F. M. Beaumont, New (*cox.*)	7	0

Oxford got by far the best of the start and at once led out by several feet, but Cambridge, rowing about two strokes a minute less, gradually gained, till at Bishop's Creek the Light Blues were leading; Oxford were now very unsteady, which enabled Cambridge to increase its lead to a quarter-of-a-length. The cross wind was now very troublesome to the Cantabs, and the coxswain was obliged to use a great deal of rudder; this so palpably checked the pace of the boat that Oxford, a little above Craven Cottage, took a lead of a few feet, and steadily increasing it were leading by about one-third of a length a mile from the start, the wind still causing Cambridge a great deal of trouble. At the Soap Works Cambridge were comparatively sheltered, and immediately shot up, and, gradually gaining, passed under

Hammersmith Bridge about two feet in front. The partisans of Cambridge were now very jubilant, as the Cambridge crew were rowing splendidly together, whereas Oxford seemed all to pieces. The water now became very rough, but it seemed to affect the Oxford crew most, as Cambridge gained still more. Shortly after passing Biffen's boatyard a waterman's skiff, rowed by two men and with some people in the stern, shot out from a crowd of boats on the Middlesex side and made across the river right in front of the competing crews; it seemed utterly impossible that a collision could be prevented; in fact, it looked as if the Cambridge eight was going right into them, but by a sudden application of the rudder the coxswain saved a collision, for the stroke oars just missed the stern of the boat as they flew by. The crews were soon back in their proper course, Cambridge leading slightly. The high feather of Oxford now began to tell in their favour, so that opposite the Oil Mills Oxford drew ahead; a ding-dong race took place up Chiswick Eyot, but Cambridge then seemed to go to pieces in the rough water, so that Oxford up Corney Reach led by a third of a length, which they gradually increased to two-thirds. The race now seemed over, but Cambridge, by a series of spurts, reduced the lead to half-a-length at the Bull's Head, Barnes; their efforts then seemed to die away, so that Oxford passed through the Railway Bridge with a lead of about a length. Signs of exhaustion were now being displayed by one or two men, more especially in the bow oar of the Oxford Boat, who was evidently in very great difficulties. Opposite the White Hart the Cambridge crew spurted vigorously, a spurt which was ably answered by Marriott. But Cowles' exertions had evidently been too much for him, as he caught a 'crab,' and for the remainder of the way he rowed with a shortened oar. This 'contretemps' naturally disturbed the evenness

of the Oxford boat, and before they had time to steady themselves Cambridge was upon them, and, rowing a fast stroke and much better together than they had been, came up hand over hand until they were only two or three feet behind opposite the Brewery. On gathering themselves together the finishing spurt of Cambridge at forty strokes a minute was a sight to see; they were now rowing together like one man, and inch by inch reducing the vanishing lead of Oxford, who, in difficulties and partially crippled, made a gallant counter effort to stall off their opponents. It was in vain, however, for Cambridge got up alongside as the gun fired, both passing the judge abreast on strictly even terms. It was some time before the decision of the judge was known, owing to his not being able to get on board the umpire's boat.

From the very commencement of the race both crews set themselves down with cool determination and veteran precision to row the race out steadily from beginning to end. There were no signs of excessive speed for a short distance, to be succeeded by complete collapse over a longer one; no scrambling for a temporary and evanescent lead; but a firm purpose in each crew to do their work thoroughly during the whole contest; and the finish was a fitting termination to a struggle which reflected equal honour on all engaged in it. The Oxford men were about the most powerful set of men that ever rowed in the 'Varsity boat race. They rowed remarkably clean and with a very high feather, which served them well in the rough water; but there seemed to be that jerk at the finish of the stroke which is so much condemned by Cambridge oarsmen. At first sight they appeared to row a longer stroke than Cambridge, but such was not the case; they certainly swung more, but then their slides were shorter and were not used in the scientific manner that Cambridge used them. Moreover, the Cambridge crew (a physically weaker crew, and rowing two strokes a minute slower) lead

the Oxford crew to Hammersmith Bridge, which seems to prove conclusively that they were rowing a longer stroke. The Cambridge crew rowed more according to the scientific principles of rowing, and we have no hesitation in saying that it was the science displayed by Cambridge that counterbalanced the superior physique of Oxford. Everything in regard to the elements and the course was in Oxford's favour, for the cross wind was much more troublesome to Cambridge than to Oxford, for the former were very much hampered by their boat, which no doubt carried them (on that day) very badly indeed. We are of opinion that the boat they rowed in lost them the race, for the wind blowing right across the bows forced Davis to be constantly applying the rudder in order to keep her straight; this, of course, materially affected the pace of the boat, besides causing it to roll, which so unsteadied them that it was possibly the means of their going to pieces. On the other hand, Oxford were unfortunate in bow catching a 'crab,' but then it was owing to his being so much exhausted; in fact, at the time Pelham and Stayner also were dead beaten, whereas the Cambridge men were comparatively fresh. Bow, as soon as he had righted himself after the 'crab,' shortened his oar, conceiving that it was broken; but a well-known Cambridge waterman who saw the oar afterwards is said to have declared 'that many a worse oar than that had been used in the May races,' so that, possibly, Oxford were not so unfortunate as one was at first led to suppose, but their sudden diminution in pace may have been owing to two or three members of the crew being 'baked.' We cannot say more than that stroke, seven, and four in the Oxford boat rowed hard and well, while the four stern oars in the Cambridge crew did the lion's share of the work, notably seven. A more plucky race was never rowed, and it reflects the highest credit on all concerned in it.

ONE ON THE STEAMER.

DETAIL IN ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE may be considered with reference to the following heads, æsthetic, scientific and utilitarian. We shall not dwell on the divisions of architecture which would lead us to consider it from any other point of view than the æsthetic, or in other words, the beautiful, although we must, owing to the nature of our subject, somewhat invade the ground occupied by architecture, considered from the scientific and utilitarian standpoint.

It is *impossible* for the mind to grasp instantaneously an adequate conception of an architectural whole, say, a cathedral. It represents to itself some detail of the structure, and provided that this detail harmonise with the ideas of details that have previously come under its consideration; *it makes an attempt*, more or less successful in proportion to the experience of the person concerned, to form a concept, and in virtue of the harmony of the details themselves is itself under the influence of æsthetic motion. To express more popularly the gist of what we have already said, we state that the general effect is not the aim of art, in one sense of the word, viz., fine art, but that it consists in the power of producing perfection of details out of which we conceive with varied success those much-talked of wholes.

The most æsthetic architecture the world has ever produced, that of the Greeks. In that land famous for the unrivalled purity and serenity of its climate; in that land, whose people, as the old poet Euripides says:

ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου
βαίνοντες ἁβρῶς αἰθέρος,

the striving for the æsthetic had its full sway. Here do we see such magnificent examples of art as the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Propylæum, the Theseum, the temple of Olympian Jove, and that of Apollo at Delphi; and it is the exquisite details of these masterpieces which excite our envy and almost forbid us to hope to rival them. It must not be conceived that these embodied the maturity of a short growth. We have just said that the architectural germ is necessarily utilitarian. Mere bodily wants must be satisfied before we can get any development of the æsthetic in anything. The buildings above mentioned represent a perfection which took ages to accomplish. It is only after years of toil, when "one hand" has caught the spirit of its predecessors, that we can hope to attain anything like perfection from an æsthetic point of view. The Parthenon, which crowned the summit of the Acropolis, was one of the finest specimens of Doric architecture. It was built during the golden age of Pericles, that is, about the middle of the fifth century before Christ. We read in Plutarch, "Phidias directed all and was the overseer of all for Pericles, and yet the buildings had great architects and artists of the works." The Parthenon was the work of Callicratus and Ictinus, yet almost all things were in the hands of Phidias, and, as we have said, "he superintended all the artists."

It may seem wonderful that the consummation of æsthetic architecture was achieved in so short a time at the hands of a few men, but it fully bears out the point which lies here, that Greek art was wholly the product and expression of the individual workman. Phidias was the Shakespeare of his art; his indefatigable toil, his discrimination, his accurate perception, his power of expression, summed up in one short period the learning of previous centuries. Joined to these acquired faculties there might also have been an innate aptitude. Note this point also: "he worked

in marble, ivory, and gold," as witness the statue of Athene in the eastern *cellæ* of the Parthenon. His masterpieces were not produced in a secluded studio, but in the ἐργαστήριον. He united the theoretical and the practical. No mere maker of paper plans was he, but he bodied forth in the concrete forms which can have been the creation of only the loftiest imagination.

We find that for the most part the Greek architect restricted his attention to but one temple; at any rate, never do we find him designing more than one work of art at the same time. Thus, then, we see, taking one of the most renowned buildings of antiquity, that the wonderful minuteness and perfection of detail, achieved not only by mere passive instrument but by the hands of genius, were the characteristics which distinguished the noblest architecture the world has ever seen from that which preceded it, and that which was its subsequent. It must be granted that if our knowledge be primarily the knowledge of detail, just in proportion as those details are harmonious so shall we be æsthetically moved.

Next, how is this perfection of detail to be brought about? This is the second point we wish to bring before you. It is, as you may have anticipated, by means of the master-workman the ἀρχιτέκτων. "You can buy," says Plato, "a common builder for five or six minæ at most" (that is, a builder in the utilitarian and scientific point of view), "but a master-workman not even for ten thousand drachmæ, for there are few of them even among all the Greeks." The Greek architect, then, was the master-workman, the ruler of workmen. He and his *confrères* had not even the name of professionals. Pure design-makers and draftsmen in those times we find none. Such buildings as we have before mentioned might have been roughly dashed off by the architects of to-day, but they would have been as cold and lifeless as the erections of to-day are.

In conclusion, we wish to compare a building of modern times with the productions where the master-workman shews his craft; take, for example, St. Paul's Cathedral. In gazing on the modern structure, do we ever think of the hands that fashioned its details? No. We look upon it as the conception evolved in the depths of some solitude, and the emotion produced is merely that arising from harmony of composition. The hand of the master-workman is nowhere apparent. We look on the building in a purely geometrical aspect. Any detail is not valuable in itself, but, from its being contiguous with other details, we are led to a consideration of pure form, not of soul. It must not be thought that we here deny what was stated in the former part of this paper, namely, that knowledge of the whole is obtained by knowledge of the detail, for here the detail is considered purely geometrically, and from detail we get a geometrical whole.

The workman of to-day, then, must no longer be a passive instrument, but must be taught that there is something more in his art than a fixed money rate. He must learn, with the feeling of a poet, some few bars of "the frozen music," as Schlezel so beautifully calls architecture, queen of art. To recapitulate. We first shewed that in our opinion knowledge of wholes is attained (imperfectly) by knowledge of detail; that perfection of detail is the characteristic of fine art, therefore of architecture from an æsthetic point of view; that the Greeks paid especial attention to perfection of detail, and consequently produced the most æsthetic architecture the world has ever seen; that this perfection was attained by means of the *ἀρχιτέκτων;* that the *ἀρχιτέκτων* no longer exists.

When he again comes into being we may, by beginning with "the infant spirit of melody," attain to perfection of detail.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent and Easter Terms, 1877.

College Examinations, Christmas, 1876.

First Year (First Class).—Atkin, Beardall, Cowburn, Dandy, Forbes, H. E. Foster, Greaves, J. H. George, Griffinhoofe, J. R. Henson, Hoare, Littler, Manby, Michael, Price, Seed, Soames, J. H. Taylor, Webster.

Second Year (First Class).—Gunston.

Third Year (First Class).—Morris, Pinsent, Lattimer, Carlisle, Brownbill, Marsh.

Mathematical Tripos.

Wranglers.—Senior Wrangler, Mc Alister; 11*th*, Hon. C. A. Parsons; 12*th*, Heath; 15*th*, Murton; 16*th*, *æq.* C. Pendlebury; 18*th*, F. S. Tait; 19*th*, Kikuchi; 33*rd*, *æq.* J. S. Jones.

Senior Optimes.—Marwood, Bell, Bagshaw.

Junior Optimes.—Eustace, A. R. Wilson, Robinson, Hatfield, Doherty, Ridley.

The first *Smith's Prize* was awarded to Ds. Mc Alister.

Classical Tripos.

First Class.—3*rd*, Dyson; 11*th*, Vaughan; 18*th*, æq., Tillard.

Second Class.—Northcott, Blackett, Rooper.

Third Class.—Warren, Carr.

Theological Tripos.

Third Class.—M. S. Brown, Merivale, Rammel.

Moral Sciences Tripos.

First Class.—Senior, Jacobs; *2nd*, *æq.* F. Ryland.

Second Class.—Parker, Horney.

Natural Sciences Tripos.

First Class.—Lowe.

Second Class.—Gripper, Phillips, M. G. Stuart, Ds. Talbot.

Third Class.—Caister, W. A. Foxwell, J. H. Lloyd, Tooth.

Law Tripos.

Second Class.—Ds. M. Stewart, Hanson, Upward.

Third Class.—Adam.

Approved for LL.M. Degree.—Ds. Deakin, Ds. Lowe.

The Members' Prize for a Latin Essay was obtained by H. W. Simpkinson, B.A. The subject was "Venum confitcutibus latifundia Italiam perdidere nec non et provincias" (Pliny, N.H.).

The Sedgwick Prize was awarded to A. J. Jukes-Browne.

Ordinations.

The following members of the College were ordained on St. Thomas' Day:

At York, C. R. Killick, B.A., and J. Wilson, B.A., *Priests;* at St. Paul's Cathedral, W. M. Banks, B.A., (to St. Stephen's, South Kensington); at Chester, J. L. Proctor, B.A., and H. W. Scaife, B.A., *Priests*; at Gloucester, W. S. Wood, M.A., Fellow; at Hereford, D. L. Boyes, M.A., *Priest*; at Lichfield, J. K. B. Nevinson, B.A., (to be Curate and Assistant-Master at Yarlet), J. Wall, B.A., W. E. Winter, (to Newport), J. S. Yardley, B.A., (to St. Chad's, Shrewsbury); at Norwich, W. A. Bams, B.A., (to Swaffham); at Oxford, E. Mitford, B.A., (to Christ Church, Chesham), H. Brooke, B.A., and E. O. Rawson, B.A., *Priests*; at Peterborough, H. G. Billinghurst, B.A., *Priest*; at Ripon, H. R. F. Canham, B.A., (to St. Mary's, Halifax), H. P. Waller, B.A., (to Sharrow); at Salisbury, A. J. W. Thorndike, (to Langford Magna); by the Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham, L. G. Peter, B.A., (to Alverstoke), H. J. Newton, B.A., H. E. Nixon, B.A., and C. W. Power, *Priests*; at Worcester, H. G. Willacy, B.A., *Priest.*

On St. Matthew's Day:

At Lichfield, John Jones, B.A., (to St. James' Wednesbury), and G. S. Raynor, B.A., *Priest.*

On the Second Sunday in Lent:

By the Archbishop of Canterbury, Edw. Hartley, B.A., *Priest*; at Chester, G. T. East. B.A., (to Davenham); at Manchester, Norris Dredge, B.A., and J. O. Pinck, B.A., *Priests*; at Ripon, G. W. A. Gathercole, B.A., (to Thornhill Lees); at Chelmsford, by the Bishop of Rochester, E. C. Chaytor, B.A., Th. Stevens, B.A., Fr. Willcox, B.A., *Priests.*

Mr. T. T. Gurney, who has been elected to the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of Sydney, New South Wales, left England for his new home on Thursday, April 5th.

Mr. C. H. H. Cook, Professor of Mathematics at Christ Church, New Zealand, has vacated his Fellowship by marriage.

Lady Margaret Boat Club.

The following have held office during the current year:

President....	Rev. A. F. Torry.	Rev. A. F. Torry.	Rev. A. F. Torry.
1st Capt.....	C. W. M. Dale.	C. W. M. Dale.	J. Allen.
2nd Capt. ...	J. Phillips.	H. F. Nixon.	H. F. Nixon.
Treasurer ...	J. Allen.	A. R. Wilson.	A. R. Wilson.
Secretary	W. Gripper.	D. P. Ware.	D. P. Ware.
3rd Capt.....	H. F. Nixon.	E. M. J. Adamson.	Hon. C. A. Parsons.
4th Capt....	H. A. Williams.	Hon. C. A. Parsons.	H. L. Young.
5th Capt....	E. M. J. Adamson.	H. L. Young.	H. Reynolds.
Questionist Capt. ...	Hon. C. A. Parsons		
6th Capt....	P. D. Rowe.	H. Reynolds.	

Fifty-five new Members have been elected during the year.

The University Four-oared Races took place on Nov. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The L. M. B. C. crew consisted of

Bow.	H. A. Williams (*steerer*).	3.	C. W. M. Dale.
2.	E. M. J. Adamson.	*Stroke.*	J. Allen.

They drew against Third Trinity in the second heat, and were beaten by two seconds.

The 'Pearson and Wright' Sculls were won easily by A. H. Prior, a Freshman.

The 'Colquhoun' Sculls were competed for on Nov. 9th, 10th, and 11th. Twelve competitors started, two of whom (J. Phillips and A. H. Prior) entered from the L. M. B. C. Phillips won his heat against Prior and Logan of the St. John's B. C., but in the second round was beaten by J. C. Fenn, of First Trinity, who eventually won the Sculls.

The University Trial Eights raced on Dec. 1st at Ely. The winning crew (Hockin stroke) had J. Allen at No. 6 and J. Phillips at No. 3. The losing crew (Hoskyns stroke) had C. W. M. Dale at No. 7 and E. M. J. Adamson at No. 5.

Two sets of Club Trial Eights competed on Dec. 2nd. The senior boats were coached by H. A. Williams and P. D. Rowe. Winning crew:

	H. N. Sharp (*bow*)	6.	W. Gripper
2.	F. L. Thompson	7.	J. A. G. Hamilton
3.	A. H. Highton		H. St. J. Wilding (*stroke*)
4.	F. C. Davies		E. C. Hopper (*cox.*)
5.	E. J. Brooksmith.		

The losing boat was stroked by H. Reynolds. The junior boats were coached by H. F. Nixon and A. R. Wilson. Winning crew:

	A. H. Prior (*bow*)	6.	C. M. Stuart
2.	C. Allen	7.	J. H. Plant
3.	J. E. Forster		J. P. Reade (*stroke*)
4.	A. T. Toller		A. W. Davys (*cox.*)
5.	W. Stopford.		

The following crew won the Scratch Fours on Dec. 4th:

	A. H. Prior (*bow*)	H. Sandford (*stroke*)
2.	A. T. Toller	J. Coombes (*cox.*)
3.	R. P. Stedman	

The following crews represented the L. M. B. C. in the Lent Races:

	3rd Boat.	st	lbs		*4th Boat.*	st	lbs
	A. H. Prior (*bow*)	9	0		J. E. Forster (*bow*).....	10	2
2.	A. H. Highton	10	4	2.	E. J. F. Johnson.....	10	0
3.	G. M. Light.....	11	4	3.	W. Stopford	11	7
4.	J. H. Hallam	10	12	4.	W. J. Willan	10	12
5.	B. Jones	12	1	5.	A. I. Odell	11	0
6.	A. C. Davies	11	0	6.	E. J. Brooksmith	12	6
7.	R. P. Stedman	11	4	7.	J. A. G. Hamilton	10	4
	H. Sandford (*stroke*)	11	6		H. St. J. Wilding (*stroke*)..	11	0
	F. R. Kennedy (*cox.*)	7	3		A. W. Davys (*cox.*).....	8	11

The Third Boat rowed over on the first day, a bump being made before them; on the second day they caught Christ's in the Gut; on the third day a bump was again made by the boat in front of them; but on the fourth day they ran into Trinity Hall II. at Ditton corner, after a very sharp bit of

racing. The rowing of Stedman and the steering of Kennedy were especially good.

The Fourth Boat caught Corpus II. about 150 yards from the start on the first day; and on the second ran into Pembroke II. at Ditton Corner. The last two days were taken up with fruitless endeavours to overtake Trinity Hall III., who had a very narrow escape on the third day.

The Club Scratch Fours, on March 12th, were won by

G. D. Haviland (*bow*)	H. Sandford (*stroke*)
2. W. J. Lee	J. W. Watson (*cox.*)
3. W. Gripper	

The 'Bateman' Pair Oars were rowed on March 16th. H. L. Young and A. Parsons beat J. Phillips and J. Allen.

The University Scratch Fours were rowed on March 17th. The L. M. B. C. sent in three crews. In the winning crew were (3) H. Sandford, (*cox.*) F. R. Kennedy. In the second crew were (*bow*) A. H. Prior, (3) W. Stopford, (*stroke*) W. Gripper,

The following have been recommended for election to Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions:

Garland (Shrewsbury School) and Marris (Clifton College), Minor Scholarships at £70.

Harker (Giggleswick School) and Innes (Dedham School), Open Exhibitions of £40 per annum for 4 years.

Alston (Merchant Taylors' School), Open Exhibition of £50 per annum for 3 years.

Pelton (Croydon School) and Wilkinson (Rugby School), Minor Scholarships of £50.

Hill (Owen's College, formerly Shrewsbury School) and G. C. M. Smith, (Tonbridge School), Open Exhibitions equal to Minor Scholarships.

Fleming (Private Tuition), Natural Science Exhibition.

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

February 8th, H. Robinson. *February 22nd*, A. R. Perring, B.D. *March 8th*, G. H. Hewison. *March 22nd*, N. G. Wilkins, LL.M. *April 19th*, J. Barnard, H. L. Clarke, S. C. Logan, F. G. A. Lane, R. K. Preston, G. Thorpe, C. J. Stoddart, A. Simmonds, F. H. Stubbs, B. West, G. Young.

The College Chapel Services.

With the consent of the Visitor, the Bishop of Ely, the following Regulations have been made for the Chapel Services, to apply to full Term time, with the exception of certain special occasions:

On Sunday, when there is an administration of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m., a Sermon is to be preached at the mid-day Service in place of the Ante-Communion office, which is not to be repeated as heretofore. Twice a Term, when the Holy Communion is administered at the mid-day Service, there will be no Sermon. The Preacher will usually be the Master or one of the Resident Fellows; others will, however, be invited from time to time.

On Wednesday and Friday Mornings the Litany is to be said alone unless the day be a Saint's day, in which case the rest of the Morning Service will be said and the Litany omitted.

On Tuesday and Thursday Evenings the Psalms, Canticles, and a Hymn are to be sung. To render these Services efficient and congregational the Voluntary Choir has been, and will, it is hoped, be still further increased. When there is Music on a week-day a slightly shortened form of Service is to be used.

Those who two years ago were active in advocating some of the foregoing improvements, or who attended the meetings at which they were discussed, will rejoice to find more accomplished than was then even suggested, and will with us anticipate that the Services in our Chapel will be both more acceptable and beneficial in the future.

Easter Term, 1877.—Sundays, April 15, 22; May 13, 27. 10 a.m., Morning Prayer, Litany, and Sermon. Sunday, April 15, Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Ely. Sunday, April 22, Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Hereford. Sunday, May 6, 10 a.m., Morning Prayer and Litany; 11.15, Commemoration of Benefactors, Sermon by the Rev. J. B. Mayor, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor.

Debating Society.

Lent Term, 1877.—Debates:

February 10th.—"That this House approves of the proposal to hand over the whole of the Retail Liquors' Trade to the Municipal Authorities." 4 voted for, 4 against; the President gave the casting vote in favour of the motion.

February 17th.—"That this House disapproves of the Establishment of Colleges for the Education of Women at Cambridge." Lost by 8.

February 24th.—"That this House disapproves of the opening of Museums, Libraries, and similar Institutions on Sundays." Lost by 9. Present 23.

March 3rd.—"That in the opinion of this House a limited Monarchy is the best form of Government." Carried by 7. Present 24.

March 10th.—"That in the opinion of this House the conduct of the Ex-Premier respecting the Eastern Question has been honourable and commendable." Lost by 5. Present 15.

March 19th.—"That this House disapproves of the System of Moral Supervision exercised at the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford." Lost by 9. Present 22.

Officers for Lent Term, 1877:

President—G. H. Marwood.	*Treasurer*—W. Wood.
Vice-President—W. R. Hannam.	*Secretary*—H. St. J. Wilding (C. Pendlebury having resigned).

Six Members have joined this Term and twelve last Term.

The Fireflies Lawn Tennis Club.

This Club was formed on the 12th of March. The following were elected Officers:

President—D. P. Boote. | *Treasurer*—A. G. Sparrow.
Secretary—P. Saben.

The number of Members is limited to 25. The Members at the present time are:

Mr. Boote	Mr. Johnson	Mr. Murton
,, Coombes	,, Jones, J. S.	,, Saben
,, Cort	,, Hutchinson	,, Sparrow
,, Dyson	,, Kenny	,, Smith, B. W.
,, Firth	,, Litchfield	,, Wilson, W. M. O.
,, Granger	,, Marr	

Athletics.

In the Inter-University Sports, held at Lillie Bridge, on March 23rd, this College was represented by A. H. East (Putting the Weight), J. H. Plant (One Mile Race), C. B. King (Three Miles Race). Of these East and King secured second places against Oxford.

Rackets.

The Newbury Cup for Single-handed Rackets was won by J. H. Hallam last Term.

Lawn Tennis.

The Eagles.—W. Gripper, B.A., *President;* J. S. Morris, *Treasurer;* J. H. Hallam, *Secretary*. Subscription 5*s*. per Term, Entrance fee 2*s*. 6*d*.

The single and double ties will be played early in the Term, in order that the two best representatives of the Club may be selected to play in foreign matches.

St. John's College Musical Society.

Committee:

President—R. Pendlebury, M.A. | *Librarian*—H. Thompson.
Treasurer—H. S. Foxwell, M.A. | J. H. Gwillim.
Secretary—H. E. J. Bevan. | H. T. Kemp.
Conductor—Dr. G. M. Garrett.

The subscription is 6*s*. per Term. The weekly practices are held on Friday, at 7.0 p.m., in Lecture-room II., First Court.

The Annual Concert will be given in the Guildhall on Monday, May 28th. Members of the Society who have subscribed (*a*) for *two* terms will be entitled to five tickets, (*b*) for *one* term will be entitled to two tickets, exclusive of free admission for themselves.

N.B. These tickets are not transferable to other Members of the College, but only to their friends.

Non-subscribers may procure tickets for themselves, and extra tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, at his Rooms (H, New Court).