No. LVIII. APRIL, 1878. Vol. X.

THE EAGLE.

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

Printed for Subscribers only.

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1878.

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

II.

HARROW.

Io! Triumphe! Stet domus Io!
Fortuna nostrae! Floreat Io!
Absentium praesentiun
Invicta laus Hergensium!
Io! Io! Io!

ABOUT ten miles to the north-west of London, rising conspicuously above the surrounding country, stands Harrow-on-the-Hill, known in olden days as Harewe atte Hulle, and in Domesday Book as Herges. As to the derivation of this name Herges, doctors differ, but few will doubt that the meaning of "Church," which many assign to it, is correct, when they look at the grand old Church with its lofty spire, towering upwards from the summit of the hill. The little village that caps the hill-top was not without its share of local celebrity long before John Lyon founded his now famous school, for the ancient manor-house (it has vanished ages ago), was for a long time a favourite residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Thomas à Becket resided in it just a few days before his death, keeping great hospitality and receiving many civilities from the Abbot of St. Albans; not so, however, from Robert de Broc, the vicar, and Rigellus de Sackville, "the usurping Rector of Harrow." These two worthies deeming such conviviality unseemly and impious, treated him with great

disrespect, and with their own hands maimed a horse which carried the Archbishop's provisions, by cutting off its tail, a sacrilege for which they were promptly excommunicated.

At a later period Cardinal Wolsey, who was Rector of Harrow, lived there, and it is probably owing to him that the sign of the old King's Head Inn, which attracts the eye at the commencement of the town, exhibits the burly form of Henry VIII; and about the same time, one William Bolton, prior of St. Bartholemew the Great in Smithfield, being alarmed by some astronomical prophecies of a second flood, fled with all his brethren of the Priory, with provisions, boats, &c., to a house of refuge which he had built on the top of the hill and victualled for eight weeks, believing in the rapid subsidence of the waters, and many of all ranks followed his example. The following quaint extract from an old writer of 1573 gives an account of Harrow at the time of the above story, and is also interesting as having been written just about the time when John Lyon was getting from Queen Elizabeth his charter for a new school.

"It may be noted how nature hath exalted that high Harrow-on-the-Hill as it were in the way of ostentation to shewe it selfe to all passengers to and from London, who beholding the same may saye it is the center (as it were) of the pure vale; for Harrow standeth invironed with a great contrye of moste pure grounds, from which hill, towardes the time of harveste a man maye beholde the feyldes rounde about so sweetly to address themselves to the sicle and syth, with such comfortable haboundance of all kinde of grayne, that it maketh the inhabitants to clappe theyr handes for joye to see theyr valleys so to laugh and singe. Yet this fruiteful and pleasante country yeldeth little comforte unto the wayfaringe man in the winter season, by reason of the clayish nature of the soyle, which after it hath tasted the

autombe showers it beginneth to mix deep and dirtye, yelding unsavery passage to horse and man. Yet the countye swayne holdeth it a sweet and pleasant garden, and with his whippe and whysell can make himself melodye, and dance knee deepe in dirte, the whole daye, not holdinge it any disgrace unto his person. Such is the force of hope of future profitt—

> The deepe and dirtiest lothsome soyle,
> Yeldes golden grayne to carefull toyle,

and that is the cause that the industrious and painful husbandmen will refuse a pallace, to droyle in theys golden puddles."—(*Norden*, 1573).

Thanks, however, to good old John Lyon, "the wayfaringe man" will now find "savoury passage" without any "disgrace unto his person," on an excellent road that stretches from Harrow right away to the heart of London. This road, which like everything else near London, is beginning to get prosaic and business-like, has had a rather romantic history, and many are the local legends that still linger round it of the times when Dick Turpin and Claude Duval were the terror of all travellers; and there is still to be seen at the little village of Willesden the cage where Jack Sheppard was once held in durance vile. The road shortly after it begins the ascent of the Hill, passes "Julian Hill," from which was taken the scene of Trollope's *Orley Farm*, and a few hundred yards further on, the "King's Head Inn." The sign-board of this inn (already alluded to as, indirectly, the work of Cardinal Wolsey) is an excellent portrait of Henry VIII, which oddly enough also bore a very striking resemblance to Mr. Clark the late proprietor. It was probably at this inn that Thomas à Becket, when a young aspirant to holy orders in the household of Archbishop Theobald, put up for the night. The hostess, it is said, was struck with young Becket's personal appearance, and dreamed a dream of him

'covering the church with his vestments,' which her husband interpreted to foretell that he should be lord of that church, and so indeed it came to pass.

Of far greater interest than this Inn is the old Church, from the top of whose spire there is a magnificent view, stretching into thirteen counties, while some have been bold enough to declare that they have seen the sea from it. It once served to point a royal joke and end a theological controversy, for Charles II silenced certain divines who were hotly disputing in his presence, by declaring that Harrow Church was the only "Church visible" of which he could form any practical realization.

The original building was erected by Archbishop Lanfranc in the time of William the Conqueror, but the only remains are a curious ancient arch, and some circular columns. The Church as it now stands was built in the 14th century, and on one occasion narrowly escaped destruction, for the spire was struck by lightning and nearly 20 feet of it consumed, the preservation of the Church itself being mainly due to the gallant exertions of a Mr. Timberlake, one of whose descendants has been for many years familiar to Harrow as a "practical tailor." The coat and hat of that hero were long preserved by his family as memorials of his courage, for they were nearly covered with the molten lead which fell on him from the spire.

Inside the Church there is a brass taken from the tomb of John Lyon with the inscription, *Heare lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston, yeoman,... who hath founded a free grammar schoole in the parish to have continuance for ever, &c.... Prayse be to the Author of all goodness who makes us myndful to follow his good example.* There are also many other interesting brasses and relics, which we will leave to those "whose minds are capacious of such things," and pass on. Outside, in the churchyard, lies the tombstone popularly

known as "Lord Byron's tomb." The poet's real connexion with the spot is described by himself in a letter to a friend, "There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey) where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot." Many visitors, however, seem to cherish the delusion that it was the poet's last resting-place, for the real name is almost obliterated. It is almost needless to add that it has long ago been found necessary to surround the stone with iron bars to protect it against the vandalism of the modern tourist. The reader, it is to be hoped, will not conclude too hastily that Harrow boys are in the habit now-a-days of spending their half-holidays in ruminating, at full length, on a cold gravestone; for Byron was a somewhat eccentric individual. Indeed, a few yards off, we have a further proof of his predilection for "graves and worms and epitaphs," for the following lines on a rail at the east end were written by him at school, though they are no longer legible:

> Beneath these green trees, rising to the skies,
> The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies;
> A time shall come when the green trees shall fall,
> And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

In the good old days of fagging, it was the custom to send new boys to make the tour of the churchyard at the uncanny ghost-hour of 12 o'clock at night. The north porch long had (and some still call it so) the name of "Bloody Porch," from some ghastly legend which seems to have been forgotten.

Hard by the church stand the Old School buildings, a substantial edifice of red brick, which even the most enthusiastic Harrovian will scarcely venture to call handsome, though it can be compared favorably even in this respect with the buildings of some other Public

Schools. The western half of this block is the original building and contains in accordance with the Founder's will, the "large and convenient school-house, with a chimney in it;" below which is a cellar, originally "divided into three several rooms — the one for the Master, the second for the Usher, and the third for the Scholars," while above are five rooms which long ago used to be the private apartments of the Masters, but are now used as schoolrooms.

This venerable room is now called the "Fourth Form Room," and is of all spots the most beloved by all Harrovians, for apart from its old age, it has a peculiar interest for every Harrow boy; for there on the dark oak panelling which surrounds the room were cut by their own hands in boyhood the names of many of the most illustrious of the sons of Harrow. There, close together, are the schoolfellows BYRON and R. PEEL, the latter in bold, deep, capitals, characteristic of the earnestness and vigour that marked his after career; and not far off, his successor in the Premiership, H. TEMPLE, 1800, better known as Lord Palmerston, whose coat of arms is emblazoned in the statesmen's window near the Lady Margaret table in our College Hall. There, too, is another Prime Minister, SPENCER PERCEVAL, while the initials R. B. S. tell us that Richard Brinsley Sheridan carried on his wild uproarious pranks within these walls. These and many other names of men distinguished in history can be read on our boards; and who can tell how many that once were there have been slashed away by the ruthless knives of boys who have tried to rescue their own names from oblivion by cutting them about the names of those who will never be forgotten?

The more modern half of this block of buildings was added at the beginning of this century. It was built to harmonise with the old school, and the room corresponding to the Fourth Form Room, is, or rather

was, the "Speech Room," so called from its being the place where the annual speeches were, till two years ago, delivered by the monitors. In a speech list of the year 1803, we find Peel and Byron acting together as Turnus and Latinus respectively in a passage taken from the Æneid. Byron at first wished to take the part of Drances, but got another boy to take it, being afraid that the latter half of the line *Ventosa in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus istis* would contain a too pointed allusion to his own lame foot, a subject on which he was singularly sensitive.

These buildings however, large as they are, proved altogether insufficient for the rapidly increasing numbers, and instead of the "large and convenient school-house with a chimney in it," the hill top is now crowned with many an imposing edifice that bears witness to the growing prosperity of the school.

First, there is the Chapel, a beautiful Gothic structure by Gilbert Scott. What a strange contrast between past and present! In the Founder's will we find it laid down that "The scholars shall attend the Parish Church and hear the Scripture read and interpreted with attention and reverence; he that shall do otherwise shall receive correction for his fault." John Lyon also ordained that the governors should "procure XXX good sermons to be preached therein, yearely for ever—and pay to the Preacher or Preachers thereof tenn pounds yearely of like lawfull mony, (that is to say) for every sermon *six shillings and eightpence.*" When, however, the school increased so largely, it was found necessary to build a separate School Chapel. This again, in the prosperous reign of Dr. Vaughan, proving too small, was succeeded by the present handsome building, the chancel of which was the gift of Dr. Vaughan himself, while the south aisle (called "the Crimean aisle") was built by old Harrovians, and dedicated to the memory of their schoolfellows who fell in the Crimean War.

Next to the Chapel stands another handsome building, the "Vaughan Library." This splendid room was erected by subscription as a lasting testimonial to the work of the Head-Master, whose name it bears. A more delightful room for reading can scarcely be imagined. There is already an excellent and extensive selection of books, and as every boy who leaves the school above the fourth form is expected to present some volumes to it, the supply is rapidly increasing. The beauty of the room is still further enhanced by some portraits of celebrated men, the commencement of a gallery of Harrow worthies, and by several busts—the only non-Harrovian admitted being Shakespere, a fine bust of whom, lately presented to the School by Sir J. Montefiore, presides over the part of the library dedicated to Shakesperian literature.

It may be doubted, however, if the books, pictures, or busts are objects half so interesting to the young Harrovian as yonder case on the wall (now, alas! covered by a green cloth to conceal its emptiness), where the "Ashburton Shield" *usually* hangs. This, as many of our readers are aware, is a silver challenge shield given by Lord Ashburton, to be competed for by the eleven best shots in any English School. The victorious team keep the shield for a year, and have the name of their school engraved on the rim. In the first year, 1861, there were only three competitors—Rugby, Harrow, and Eton; now, however, ten or eleven schools send up their elevens to shoot for the coveted prize, and out of the 17 matches Harrow has won 8 times.

Just below the shield lies a silver arrow, a relic of the good old days of yewbows and clothyard shafts. John Lyon no doubt would have been an enthusiastic supporter of the Volunteer movement, for one of the conditions imposed upon every parent was to furnish his son *at all times with bowshafts, bowstring, and a bracer, to exercise shooting.*

From time immemorial a silver arrow was shot for by the twelve best archers in the school, who shot "in fancy dresses of satin, usually green or pink and white, embroidered with gold, with green silk sashes and caps." The victor was carried home in triumphal procession, with fanfares of French horns and bugles, and gave a ball in the schoolroom, to which the neighbouring gentry were invited. The arrow won in 1766 by Charles Wager Allix is the one at which we have been looking, and below it is a suit of the gorgeous archery dress which was once worn by one of these competitors, while in another part of the room is a painting of one of these young archers dressed in his rainbow-tinted dress of silks and satin.

Close to these relics of archery may be seen an old print of one of these contests, in one corner of which is a man running away with an arrow in his eye, who tradition says was a barber Goding by name, who was shot, probably by his own carelessness, at one of these annual matches.

The boys would certainly have been a match for any of the modern "Toxophilite" clubs, if we may rely on the statement of a Red Indian Chief who declared them to be very good shots, though he thought that he himself could have beaten them. This ancient custom, however, was abolished a hundred years ago, owing to the large and disorderly crowds which came from London to see this exhibition, to the detriment of the morals and discipline of the School.

To return to the Vaughan Library. One whole end of the building is taken up with a very valuable collection of antiquities given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to his old school, at which the British Museum it is said has cast longing eyes, in vain; and Mr. Ruskin has also enriched the room by a valuable geological collection. Not the least interesting of the relics in this room is a large case containing manuscripts, among which may be seen an arithmetic notebook

of Sir Robert Peel, beautifully written, and a copy of Lord Byron's Euripides, which proves that whatever his Lordship's accomplishments may have been, he attempted Euripides when he was really only fit for Greek Delectus, such words as καλὸς and χρυσὸς having their English equivalents written above them.

These two buildings, the Chapel and "the Vaughan," are really very handsome, but what could have induced any architect to erect such a building as "The New Speech Room," we are at a loss to understand. This huge, ugly mass of red brick is quite new, having only been opened last year, and supersedes the old Speech-room which could scarcely contain 600 people, and was therefore far too small for the purposes for which it was used. The new room, built in the form of an amphitheatre, can contain a large audience, and will henceforward be used for the annual speeches and also for the various lectures and concerts which have hitherto had to be content with the old Speech-room. The interior is certainly well suited to its purpose, and makes a fine room; but why could not the outside have been made an ornament and not an eyesore to the town? However, there are other buildings in Harrow which were perhaps as ugly when first built, but now look very handsome, owing to the ivy and lovely creepers with which they are covered, and which are well set off by the dark red brick.

Next to the Chapel and opposite to the New Speech-room are the "New Schools," not very interesting in themselves to the stranger, except perhaps as an example of the remark just made, that time and ivy have a wonderfully beautifying effect on a red brick building. Next to these, and lower down the side of the hill, come the "Science Schools," containing lecture-rooms and laboratories, for Natural Science is now an important item in our curriculum, and is compulsory in the Upper School and most of the

Lower. A circular building standing behind at a few yards distance is our Observatory, containing a great telescope, through which our Harrow astronomers are wont to spy at the Moon with "optick glass,

> And descry,
> Rivers and mountains in her spotty globe."

Still lower down the hill we come to the last of our Scholastic buildings. It is the "Music Hall," a most ingeniously constructed edifice. It consists, in fact, of a number of very small chambers, built in such a manner that the sounds made in one room cannot be heard in the next. In these strange dungeons the young pianist may murder time and tune, unheard by mortal ear
beginner on the violin may, without offence, extract from his poor instrument those excruciating shrieks, only heard when some youth is, as we have seen it described, "scraping the tail of a horse on the bowel of a cat." The advantage of this arrangement will at once commend itself to any one of our readers who has a bugle playing above him, a French horn below, two pianos alongside, and a flute at one corner.

Nor is it only to Classics, Sciences, and the Arts that new temples have been raised on this our Acropolis; for within the last five years has arisen a large covered Gymnasium, and no boy can now escape from Harrow without a good physical as well as mental training, for gymnastics is compulsory during a part of every boy's career, unless a medical exemption be obtained. It is possible that this compulsion (such is the perverse nature of small boys) might make the exercise to be looked on as a school-drudgery, but
by the competition for the Championship of the Gymnasium. Beneath the Gymnasium is a large work-shop for carpentry and practical Mechanics—a useful and interesting occupation—which ought to meet with

far more favour among boys than it generally does. The older building adjoining the Gymnasium is the covered court for Racquets, a game that is played with more success at Harrow than almost any other, a proof of which may be seen in the Vaughan Library, where there stands a silver challenge cup, once played for by the Schools of England, but now in the possession of Harrow for ever, by right of having won it *three* years in succession.

While on the subject of games, it is worth remarking that foot-ball as played at Harrow in former generations, must have been a very curious game. It was played on the gravel court which surrounded the old school-house on three sides; so that the goals, instead of facing each other, were on a parallel line, with the building between, *round* which the ball had to be kicked.

Of course the great game at Harrow, as at all public schools, is cricket. This also, as we are shewn by an old picture of 1802, used to be played in the school yard with *two* stumps and a great bludgeon-like bat. Now, however, there is no cricket match in England which attracts so vast and so aristocratic a gathering as the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's cricket ground. We do not of course mean to say that better cricket is to be seen then, than for instance, in the "Gentlemen *v.* Players," but certain it is that this meeting of 22 boys from the two greatest Public Schools of England has come to be regarded by the world of fashion as the great event of the cricket season. What then will the fashionable world say when it hears that this great Picnic day will probably ere long be abolished. The first recorded match between the schools was in 1805 (in which we find Lord Byron scoring 7 and 4), so that the matches have continued for upwards of 70 years.

Such then is the outward Harrow of bricks and mortar. What a strange contrast to the "convenient

school-house with a chimney to it," of which our Founder's will makes mention. The germ of this wonderful expansion and growth may be traced to our noble Founder himself, of whom it is now time to say a few words.

Upwards of three centuries have passed away since John Lyon, yeoman, of Preston, sat beside a mineral well, hard by Harewe-atte-hille. Every day, year after year, had he patiently sat there, receiving in his large leathern purse the thank-offering of many a pilgrim, who came from London to be cured at the healing well. With the money thus gathered, and with the profits of his farm, he purchased land, and soon was looked up to by his neighbours as a man of wealth and importance. John Lyon, however, was not one of those sordid souls who win money for its own sake, for amid all his labours he had steadily kept before him a noble purpose, though it was not till the year 1571 that the plans for his scheme were completed. In that year (on the 6th of February, the birthday of Harrow) a charter was obtained from Queen Elizabeth, giving him authority to found a "Free Grammar School," and to frame its statutes. These statutes, contained in the will of John Lyon, are exceedingly interesting, both as shewing the noble character of Lyon and as laying the foundations for the future greatness of Harrow, but are far too long to be quoted here. However, some of the "Observations for the ordering the School" admit of being extracted and are well worth reading.

If the Schoolmaster within one-half year be not thought by the greater part of the Governors to be an honest, learned, discreet, diligent, sober man, let him be removed; so likewise be it of the Usher.

The Master shall take order that all his Scholars repair unto the school in the morning by six of the clock throughout the year (7.30 now), *or as soon as they conveniently may, having respect unto the distance of the*

place from which they come and the season of the year.... and the first thing which shall be done in the morning, after they have assembled, and the last in the evening before their departure, shall be upon their knees with reverence to say Prayers to be conceived by the Master .... unto whom all the residue shall answer, Amen.

He shall have regard to the manners of his scholars, and see they come not uncombed, unwashed, ragged, or sloven like, but before all things he shall punish severely swearing, lying, picking, stealing, fighting, filthiness of speech, or such like.

The Scholars shall not be permitted to play except on Thursdays only, sometimes when the weather is fair, and on Saturdays or half-holidays after Evening Prayer, and their play shall be to drive a top, to run, to shoot, and no other.

The Master shall use no other kind of correction save the rod, moderately, except it be a very thin Ferula on the hand for a light negligence, so likewise of the Usher; if they do, they shall be deposed.

None above the First Form shall speak English in the school or when they go to play together; and for that, and other faults, there shall be 2 Monitors, who shall give up their rolls every Friday, and the Master shall appoint privately one other Monitor, who shall present the faults of the other two, and their faults which they either negligently omit or willingly let slip.

The Schoolmaster shall see the school very clean kept. He shall not receive any girls into the said school.

Besides these ordinances, there were the following "Six Articles to be observed by parents whose children are admitted into the free school:"

1. You shall submit your child to be ordered in all things, according to the discretion of the said Schoolmaster and Usher.

2. You shall find your child sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter, and all other things necessary for the maintenance of his study.

3. You shall allow your child at all times *a bow, three shafts, bowstrings, and a bracer to exercise shooting.*

4. You shall see diligently, from time to time, that your child keep duly the times of coming to the school, and in diligent continuing of his study and learning.

5. You shall be content to receive your child, and put him to some profitable occupation, if after one year's experience, he shall be found unapt to the learning of the grammar.

6. If your child shall use at sundry times to be absent the school, unless it be by reason of sickness, he shall be utterly banished the school.

It will be readily perceived that Lyon really meant to found a school for his own village, though he gave permission to the Master to receive as many "foreigners" (*i.e.* boarders) as he conveniently could. It is fortunate, however, for the welfare, we may say the existence of Harrow, that the Founder added a clause at the end of his will, empowering the Governors to make any alterations they found necessary in his statutes; but for that one clause, the long eventful career of Harrow would have been far other than has been. Of the earliest Head-Masters down to the time of Dr. Sumner, in 1770, we will say no more, than that they were very able men, and also most of them from Eton. On the death of Dr. Sumner, one of the Under-Masters, the great Samuel Parr, himself an old Harrovian, became a candidate for the Head-Mastership, his rival being Dr. Heath, an old Etonian; when the day of election came on, and it was understood that Heath was chosen, the School broke out into open rebellion, indignant that the Head-Masters were brought from the rival school, "as though Harrow were a mere appendix to Eton." The house where the governors met was attacked and broken into, and the carriage of one of them was dragged out of the yard and broken to pieces. One of the Under-Masters, trusting to his popularity with the boys, interfered to

rescue it, and succeeded, no doubt to the great satisfaction of the owner, in saving "one entire side of the vehicle." The ringleader in this riot was the Marquis of Wellesley, who being summoned to the study of his guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, rushed in, waving one of the tassels of the demolished carriage and shouting "Victory." Before another day had passed the young scamp was entered at Eton, and Harrow thus lost one of the most elegant of modern scholars, and a great statesman. It was also owing to this untoward incident, that his younger brother Arthur, afterwards the great Duke of Wellington, first learned to rough life on the playing fields of Eton and not on those of Harrow. Parr, the cause of all these misfortunes, defeated in his election, coolly walked off to Stanmore about 4 miles away, together with about one-third of the boys, and there set up a rival school, which, however, did not continue for many years, for Parr was before long appointed Head-master of Colchester.

Parr was a really great scholar, and a very remarkable man; but it is after all well for Harrow that he was never her Head-master, if we may believe the stories that are told of his life at Stanmore and other schools. Two things he specially enjoyed, viz. using a birch and looking on at a "mill"; indeed, he issued an edict that all pugilistic encounters should take place on a plot of ground opposite his window, where, with blind half drawn, the great Doctor could enjoy the sight without being seen.

Parr's three friends at Harrow were Sir William Jones, the linguist of twenty-eight languages; and Bennet, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne; and Richard Warburton. It is said that Parr, Jones, and Bennet (Bill, Will, and Sam, as they were called) were intensely fond of "disputing together in Latin logic." They also parcelled out the country into three separate dominions (Arcadia, Argos, and Sestos), of which they

were kings, and there acted a tragedy which they had written. It is a sign of the degeneracy of the modern schoolboy that the writer can recollect no instance of little boys "disputing in Latin logic," and writing and acting tragedies. A few years later there entered the School a young Irish boy, Sheridan by name, destined "to be the plague and delight of his masters at Harrow, as he afterwards was of the political world." Although in after life the wittiest of English dramatists, and perhaps the greatest orator the House of Commons has ever heard, he entered and left the School with the character of an impenetrable dunce. We may be sure, however, that he was ringleader in all mischief, for we know, among other things, that he had somewhere or other a regular apple loft, and a trained band of his schoolfellows, who robbed all the orchards far and near.

At the death of Dr. Heath's successor, Dr. Drury, another riot took place about the election, this time under the leadership of the turbulent Lord Byron. The Governors had appointed Dr. Butler, and the boys wanted Mr. Mark Drury to be the Head-master. The rebellion lasted for three days, and the very existence of the School was in danger, for an attempt was made to blow up Dr. Butler with a train of gunpowder; the train was fired, but, being mistimed, did not kill the Doctor as intended. It was at first proposed to blow the whole School-house into the air, but this was fortunately prevented by Byron himself, their ringleader, who, as he himself tells us, "saved the School-room from being burnt, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls." The military were at length summoned and the outbreak effectually quelled.

Byron's notices of his School life are so well known to the general reader that we will only give one or two characteristic passages. "At School," he says, "I was remarked for the extent and readiness of

my general information, but in all other respects idle; capable of great sudden exertions, such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters (of course with such prosody as it pleased God), but of few continuous drudgeries.... Peel, the orator and statesman, was my form-fellow; as a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal. Out of School, I was always in scrapes, he never; in School, he always knew his lesson, I rarely. But the prodigy of our days was Sinclair, who made exercises for half the School (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it. He was a friend of mine, and at times begged me to let him do my exercise, a request readily accorded when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour....At Harrow I fought my way very fairly; I think I lost but one battle out of seven."

An anecdote is related that Peel was one day being thrashed by a big tyrant, and Byron feeling for his friend's misery, but knowing that he was not strong enough to fight with any hope of success, nevertheless rushed forward and, in a voice trembling with terror and indignation, asked the bully to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict. "Why, you little rascal, what's that to you?" "Because if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half."

Under Dr. George Butler (father of the present Head-Master) and under his successor, Dr. Longley, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the numbers of the school suffered little change. But Dr. Wordsworth, who came next, found 165 boys at the School, and left it after 8 years of office, with only 78, the lowest point which the numbers have reached since any record has been kept. Fortunately for the School he was succeeded by a man who was as eminent as Dr. Wordsworth was deficient in those qualities which are required to conduct a large public school.

This was Dr. Vaughan, one of the most distinguished pupils of the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He found the School in confusion, its numbers at the lowest ebb; but in three years it rose again in numbers and repute far more rapidly than it had fallen. After twelve more years of glorious and uninterrupted prosperity this "the greatest of her Head-masters" left Harrow and was succeeded by the present Head-master, Dr. Butler, who only nine years before had been head boy of the School.

Dr. Butler has carried on the work of Dr. Vaughan with, if possible, still greater success. Indeed, when one reflects that the School has for many years been quite full, numbering on an average about 550, and when we remember that most of the material Harrow that now crowns the top of our time-honoured hill was built during the reign of the present Head-master, we feel confident that as long as Dr. Butler, or anyone of his stamp, is at the helm, the School will increase still more in reputation as it has done in numbers and material prosperity.

Nor are the internal changes less great than the outward. Harrow had for many years been almost exclusively a Classical School, now, however, mathematics, modern languages, and natural science meet with full encouragement, while music, singing, and drawing are as thoroughly taught as they are enthusiastically learned. Nor is it mental training only that is encouraged by the Masters; to say nothing of the gymnasium of which we have spoken above, no boy is allowed to pass a year at Harrow without learning to swim, of which he must give practical proof by swimming a certain distance in "Ducker," the School bathing-place.

With regard to the singing, Harrow has been singularly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Farmer, a master who always succeeds in inspiring his pupils with some of the intense en-

thusiasm with which he himself regards music and singing. The School songs are for the most part composed by masters, and set to music by Mr. Farmer. Dr. Farrar, Dr. Bradby, and Dr. Westcott, when Under-masters at Harrow, contributed many, but the more popular are by Mr. Bowen and Mr. Robertson. Some of them are in Latin, as the Triumphal Song, the first stanza of which is placed at the head of this article; but the greater number of course are English, either original or translated. It is probable, too, that the name of Harrow will ere long come before the musical world in a novel and unexpected way, for a few years ago Mr. Farmer and one of his pupils (we do not know to which of them the greater credit is due) made an extraordinary discovery by which the sound of a stringed instrument can be so increased that a violin can be made almost to drown the notes of an organ. The writer has seen the rough model of the instrument, and though the invention is not nearly perfected, the results were certainly very brilliant and astonishing.

Such is Harrow, the starting-point in the career of not a few of the greatest men of English history. Some of these we have already mentioned, but the list is far too long and varied for us to do more than give a few of the more brilliant. Of statesmen and orators we can point to Spencer Perceval and Palmerston, Sheridan and Peel; to the two greatest of the Governor Generals of India, the Marquis of Hastings and Earl Dalhousie; to Lord Rodney, the hero of the 12th of April, 1782, and to a host more. In literature and scholarship perhaps the most brilliant are Byron and Sir William Jones, "the most accomplished of the sons of men," Barry Cornwall, and—but enough, the list is endless, and lists are apt to become tediou

Lytton, the Viceroy of India; the Duke of Abercorn Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Archbishop Trench,

Cardinal Manning, Charles Merivale, the historian of Rome, Dean of Ely, and one of our Honorary Fellows, and scores more of the leading men in every path of life are a sufficient proof, if proof were wanted, that Harrow can still send forth men of ability and power; and those who cry out that the physique and pluck of English schoolboys is deteriorating, must admit that that deterioration has not begun in Harrow, when they are reminded of the astounding feats of Lieutenant Parr in the late Arctic Expedition, of the Victoria Cross presented to Lord Gifford at the storming of Coomassie, and of the vigorous dash of the "Ride to Khiva."

Indeed, we may say that adventure and travel have never failed to be courted by old Harrovians from the time when James Bruce, an old Harrovian, called by Livingstone "the greatest of all African travellers," and by a distinguished French writer "the new Herodotus," made his perilous and ever memorable journeys, about the middle of the last century, into that great continent, the mysteries of whose geography have only been solved in the last year, down to the present day, when Harrow has sent out a small steam vessel, under the command of one who was not indeed a Harrow boy, but a Harrow master, to help in the great work of African civilization. Readers of *The Eagle* will remember some of the interesting letters that Mr. H. B. Cotterill (once a Scholar of this College) has sent home. It is some time since we heard of the fate of the *Herga*, but we trust that it is still doing the work for which it was sent out, and that the flag of Harrow will long continue to float over the inland waters of Africa.

Such is our sketch of Harrow—a meagre sketch, doubtless, but that is the fault of the writer, not of his subject; for, indeed, one who undertakes to write about Harrow has no need to puzzle his brains to think of what to say; rather is he embarrassed by

the difficulty of choosing from the immense number of interesting objects and traditions that are gathered round our honoured hill. But we trust that enough has been said to make all our readers understand why it is that every Harrow boy is proud of the past history of Harrow and confident of its future, and to echo, even if they are not Harrovians themselves, the wish for the prosperity of our School, which is summed up in our motto, STET FORTUNA DOMUS.

J. S. S.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A RECTORY.

THE night of Christmas Eve of the year 187– was passing merrily in the Rectory of Clayton le Field.

The Rector, a stately man of fifty-five, was enlivening the company with his frank, genial smile; he had a joke for every-one, and was, in short, the soul of good humour. You could hardly look at the Rev. George Dormer, M.A., without feeling sure that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, especially when you saw him accompanied by Mrs. Dormer, whose merry countenance and hearty laugh were almost of themselves sufficient to banish care.

And indeed the Rector had but little cause to repine at his lot. He was well connected, and had inherited a fair income, which he had not impaired by his marriage. His parish also, a family Rectory, was good, being amply endowed, without requiring more energy than is usually met with in the holder of a rich family living.

Nor were their six blooming children a source of much anxiety. Albert, the eldest, had returned from keeping his term at Christ Church, Oxford, and Edith, a bright and not bad-looking girl of barely seventeen, had just come out. Thomas, Mary, and James, were still in the Schoolroom; and little Ella, at the age of six, was the baby of the household. Dinner, which had

been attended by all the leading gentry of the neighbourhood, was now over; and the young friends of the children were flocking in to the ball which was to follow. The juveniles were all suiting themselves with partners; even little Ella, staying up by special permission, was piloting a boy about her own age through all the intricacies of the lancers.

A proud mother was Mrs. Dormer, when she saw her Edith engaged, for the third time, to Mr. Percy Tremaine, the only child of the wealthy Sir William. "The nicest couple in the room," remarked the sarcastic and inquisitive Dr. Bayman, "and so well matched."

"Pooh!" replies the overjoyed lady, unconsciously betraying her hopes, "Edith is quite a child, and Mr. Tremaine is nearly four and twenty."

An imperceptible shrug of the shoulders was Dr. Bayman's only response, as he mixed with the gay crowd, to pursue his observations. "Oh! Mr. Percy," says she, the next moment, "We have such fine chrysanthemums (Christmas anthems, our gardener calls them) in the Conservatory. I am afraid I cannot leave the room at present, or I should so like to shew them to you myself. You know we were talking about the new varieties a few weeks ago. By the way, Edith, my dear, could not you shew them to Mr. Tremaine? Besides, you look a little heated, you had better sit out a dance or two, and Mr Tremaine is so fond of flowers—almost as fond as you are, dear. It is such a sweet interesting taste: I never believe any person who is fond of flowers can be really bad. Do you, Mr. Percy?"

And she, too, left that part of the room, though I am afraid she cast more than one furtive glance back to observe the young couple. "George, love," says she to her husband. "I do not think they could be merrier. I shall be almost sorry when we adjourn to the other room for supper and snapdragon. And

Edith, too, dances so gracefully when she has a suitable partner. I am quite proud of her."

"Well, Ethel, darling," says he, "perhaps I may be spared for five minutes. I wish to add a few lines to to-morrow's sermon, cautioning people against luxury and extravagance. I am afraid there is a good deal too much of it in the parish at present; you know, it sets such a bad example."

"Yes, love, do caution them against it. They say that Tim Pritchard has been drinking again lately; and that good-for-nothing Stevens has been poaching in the Squire-field Coppice at Tremaine Park, all to get money to spend on drink. Perhaps, also, some of our class need a word. I hear Mrs. Johnson has been putting down a new carpet in the drawing-room quite as expensive as ours. You know ours is more than five years old, and a little faded; and hers will be quite fresh. I am certain the Johnsons cannot afford it; they are not at all well off, and must, I am sure, run into debt for it. Do mention this point, love."

Upon this the Rector retires to his study, to seat himself in his cosy arm-chair, where he soon begins to compose his sermon—and himself. So he takes up, and opens, his half finished manuscript.

"Let's see. Where did I leave off? Oh! here it is." (*Reading*) "But while we are bound to devote our most serious attention to the future, I must warn you not to neglect due consideration either of the present or of the past."

"Not badly turned, that! Of course we should not neglect the present. Half the enjoyments of life would vanish if we neglected the present. I don't feel quite so certain about the future. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. As for the past, would it not be droll to look back on old times again? But hulloa! what is this? Oh! its some of those lads' mischief; Albert's, I'll warrant." These last words

were directed to a huge turkey, which had entered the room during his reverie. "Upon my word, a bonny bird. He should have come in time to be dressed for to-day's dinner. Well, old fellow, who are you?"

To the Rector's astonishment, the bird returns a reply. "I am the ghost of a past Christmas; you said you would like to look back upon the past."

R. Ha! ha! ha! Ghost are you; That will never do. Won't do for Joseph, no; you are far too fat for a ghost. Fancy, your being my ghostly enemy! But you should have said you were a goblin; a turkey is always a gobbling. But, my old boy, take some advice. You are no goose. Dont eat too much. You turkies shorten your own lives by it. If you did not grow so fat, you would not suit our Christmas dinners; you would live all the longer."

T. "Good! this from you! Do you men never shorten your lives by eating too much? If you could only listen to me, I could give you some sage advice."

R. "Sage! from you? If you were a duck, I could expect sage—and onions. But from a turkey there is nothing but flavourless stuffing."

T. "Well, but hear my words."

R. "I don't care a fig either for the words of a Turkey or its bonds; both are rotten. Besides, you look so ridiculous with those enormous flaps; wattles you call them. I'd bet anything they proceed from intemperance."

T. "Take care, Mr. Rector. They that live in glass houses, you know. Before long these wattles will stick to your nose."

R. "Ha! ha! like the black pudding in the old story. But then, again, you do waddle so comically, with that great paunch and those thin legs."

J. "Have a care again, Mr. Rector; or, some day, I may return the compliment."

R. "After all, perhaps, that good living of yours improves your liver. I cannot see what a Turk

could want with any good living. Good livings suit us Christians very well. The better your living is, the better your liver will be, but the shorter your life. Well! but, what do you come here for?"

T. "I am the Christmas Eve of 1820. Look at this picture."

R. "Why, its only a great sucking-bottle, just what Ella used to have. Dear me! and there's the baby to match it. Why! was not I a baby in 1820? And, was I really like that? And is there pap in the bottle? Ha! ha! papa! pap, papa! pap for papa! ha! ha!"

At this moment another bird steps forward.

T. "And I am the Christmas Eve of 1830."

R. "All right. But why have you brought little James here?" enquired the Rector as he saw a slim lad of ten, dressed in jacket and square cap. "Why! that's just the school where I was educated. And the boy, too, is playing, like me, during lessons. See how the half-eaten apple and bunch of raisins drop from his pocket! Can that really be meant for me? You are not so far short of the mark, this time, old boy."

But now the Christmas Eve of 1840 steps in, and the young man of about Albert's age is seen in full academicals, lounging about the streets of Oxford, and smiling to the pretty girls in the shops. The ever-ready cigar and pleasant companionship are indications of wasted time; but not perhaps more so than is usual in young men studying for the Church.

The Christmas Eve of 1850 has changed the scene. By that time we observe the richly-furnished Rectory, whose abundant table and well-stocked cellar are suggestive of good income.

The Turkey of 1860 has added another element. The young man is growing stout, and beside him stands a fair girl, who strikingly resembles Edith, save that her fuller figure, and her attendant boy of four years

old, with a little girl trotting behind in charge of a nurse, testify to the joys of matronhood.

Still the next bird presses on. In 1870, the scene very much resembles that of the present date, with, of course, a perceptible difference in the ages of the family.

The next apparition is greeted by the Rector with a loud laugh. "Christmas Eve of 1880 indeed! Why, you are too early." Still, the inexorable messenger will be attended to. The Rector looks, and hardly recognises himself. The increasing form and decreasing shanks betoken an indolent life, while the bloated nose and darkening hue of his face recall to remembrance the threatened wattles.

"That will do," says he, "a short life and a merry one."

"Once more, and we have done."

The Turkey of 1890 enters, laden with an open coffin, while the darkened room shews signs of mourning. But, close by, stand a young couple, who evidently do not share the grief. The husband, in the unmistakable garb of a clerygman, appears to scrutinise the apartment with an interested gaze.

"What a nice house," says the wife, "and how kind it was of Uncle James to give us this good living! I am sure you needn't overwork yourself, to do as well as is required; that is, as well as the last Rector did. They say he would have lived longer if he had been more careful in his diet; but, perhaps, on the whole it is all ordained for the best. That last fit of gout carried him off. Now let them bury the old gentleman."

At this moment a well-known voice breaks on the Rector's ear, and scares away the Turkeys.

"George, love, they are waiting for you for the snapdragon."

The Rector rubs his eyes: "So I am not fastened into my coffin?"

"What! you did not think you were screwed, did you?" said his wife. "You must have been dreaming."

"Well, perhaps I was a little tight," says he, "but I will be with you directly. One of my old sermons will do very well for to-morrow." So the Rector joins once more in the mirth, and no one but himself knows the history of his Turkeys.

"George love," said Mrs Dormer, as she noticed Mr. Tremaine pressing Edith's hand for the third time in taking leave, "I hope every one has enjoyed his Christmas Eve as well as you and I have done."

D. G. H.

OUR ASCENT OF MOUNT HERMON.

ON the 7th of June, 1876 (leaving G., who was unwell, with the dragoman), W. H., his brother R. H., and myself, with our waiter Said, a fine strong young fellow, a muleteer, to look after our horses, and two guides, one of them a chasseur, started from Hasbeiya at 5 a.m. to ascend Mount Hermon (*Jebel Esh Sheikh*). Hasbeiya itself is a town of somewhat notorious interest in connexion with the Turkish massacres, and a warning to Turcophiles, for a large tract of empty houses now falling to ruins, and a palace still said to retain marks of blood, recall the massacre in 1860 of one thousand Christians within the walls of that palace by the the Druses through the traitorous complicity of the Turks. Our starting point being only two thousand feet above the sea with Hermon rising above it to a height of nine-thousand four-hundred feet, the day promised to be a fatiguing one, with the heat of a Syrian summer to endure, a climb of over seven-thousand feet and a walk of at least twenty-five miles before we could descend to Rasheiya, our destination for the night, and itself of similarly blood-stained memory with Hasbeiya. Still we had not had a climb for some time, the weather was fine, and our horses were to accompany us, (though they were of little use, as it happened), and so we started with eager anticipations of pleasure.

We had first to cross a high shoulder which forms a sort of outwork of the main range, from which it

is separated by a deep valley. This shoulder is dotted over with shrubs and fantastic rocks, and shews many remains of a remote antiquity. Besides rock-hewn wine-presses (still used by the villagers, who at vintage-time tread out the grapes in them, in little relief-companies of six at a time), there are wells, troughs, remains of a temple in which a hoard of silver coins was lately discovered, a stair-case now leading nowhere, a large round cistern, a mill-stone which is related to have served a fabulous lady as her spindle, and several sarcophagi, all cut out of the rock, and doubtless the relics of some ancient Phœnician city. A spot of more modern interest is pointed out where an Arab shot down his enemy. After passing these the path runs through thick shrubs, skirting a mountain-hollow full of yellow corn, then steeply mounts among boulders to the top of the shoulder. Then follows a descent into the grassy valley between the shoulder and the main ridge, which affords pasturage to large flocks of sheep; and here, to our delight, we found a sparkling spring of water to quench our fast-growing thirst.

We walkers (*i.e.* W. H., Said, the two guides and myself,) had now left the horses some distance behind, a source of infinite calamity as it turned out. For from our arrival at the spring to our arrival at Rasheiya, we saw no more that day of horses or muleteer, or of R. H., who had unfortunately preferred riding, or, worst of all, of our luxurious lunch, which was in possession of the muleteer. The reason was that from the valley two or more paths apparently led up Hermon; and so they did, but only one that horses could follow. So, as we afterwards heard, when, having taken the wrong path, they could go no farther, R. H. quitted them, climbed the ridge by himself, was then misdirected by a shepherd, and made for a high peak which led precisely away from the real summit. Too tired to

retrace his steps he descended again, wandered about on the slopes till past four in the afternoon, and then happily came upon the horses, arriving finally in camp two hours after ourselves, ill compensated by a good lunch for his unlucky failure.

What were the guides doing all this while? Well they were Syrian (not Swiss) guides, and what I mean by this I shall best explain by saying that we led them, not they us, all the way, that they tried to mislead us to the wrong summit, and that they reached Rasheya with every sign of weariness in look and gait. Having *both* most mistakenly accompanied us to the spring, they were quite unable afterwards to discover what had become of the rest of the party, and gave up the search in despair. Meanwhile, after waiting for a space, as time was passing and much to be done, we resolved to push on.

Upon leaving the valley our way led gradually up an open ravine on the opposite side; the shrubs had completely disappeared, to be succeeded by a stunted lightning-struck tree here and there, but flowers were numerous, and a green mountain-dell broke in more than once on the long monotonous ascent. After mounting, mounting, mounting (would it ever end?), and taking in our belts to keep the wolf out, the ravine at last expanded into a wide basin, the steep side of which once surmounted, we were on the ridge and within the region of snow, though hot summer-suns had now left only patches in the more shaded clefts and hollows. It was delightful to moisten our parched throat with it as we went along, and as an additional subject of rejoicing, we found a lark's nest with eggs in, which we at once devoured, together with some leathery native bread our guides gave us from their share.

But our task was by no means accomplished yet. Ridge over ridge ran the long backbone of the range to the summit, which, seen from afar, seemed in that

brilliant atmosphere nearer than it was. So we toiled on in a state of great exhaustion from heat and fatigue, until we came upon some goatherds and their flocks; too tired to go to them, we sat ourselves down and waited while they brought us brimming bowls of hot frothing goats' milk, which we emptied more than once. Fortified with this and some bread, we now made our final effort, gained the base of the lowest of the three principal peaks—a jagged cliff which our guides would have persuaded us was the real summit—crossed a hollow full of snow at its foot, and laboured up a long snow-cleft to the irregular grassy plateau whence rise the two highest points. The loftier of these has a hollow excavated in its apex, beneath which is the base of a massive ring-wall, having an oblong chamber on the south side in front of a cavity in the rock; several huge squared stones are *in situ* or strewn upon the slopes below. After surveying these remnants of a former Temple of Baal, in spite of a strong and cold wind, we lay down and gave ourselves up to *keef*, the Arab equivalent to *dolce far niente*. The view from the top, however extensive, was not striking nor by any means clear; still it embraced several ranges of Lebanon, the Lake of Tiberias, Damascus, and the Mediterranean, with a waste sea of hills and plains between.

But we could not stay very long. The ascent which presents no difficulty anywhere, and is only fatiguing from its length, had taken us nine hours, the descent did not occupy more than three. Having passed over the second summit *en route*, we were just commencing to descend, when a brown she-bear and her two cubs rushed across the slope in front; their similarity of colour to their surroundings and the fact of my eyes being directed elsewhere prevented my seeing them, but the rest were more fortunate; we immediately gave chase to try and

catch another glimpse, but they were too swift for us, and I had to be content with noting their tracks across the snow. The following day we came upon some dancing-bears probably procured in the same region. W. H. and I got a capital glissade down a snow-slope, which our Syrian friends did not venture to imitate; and then we had a rapid scramble down a steep and very stony gully. Said had by this period of our travels worn out all his boots and had been obliged to come up in shoes; he therefore, with reason, objected to the stones, and I did my best to console him by pointing to the fame he would win *et in patria et inter alienos* by having surmounted Hermon in slippers; strangely enough he did not seem greatly comforted by the idea. A zigzag path finally took us into the enclosed plain at the foot of the mountain, which is covered first with plantations and afterwards with vines, and ends in a large circular reservoir, by which we sat down and surveyed the magnificent mass we had left, its summit shot and streaked with snow. From here a road led through a rich and fertile valley to Rasheiya, where about six o'clock in the evening we arrived, found our camp pitched in a green field outside the town, and after long waiting for the rest of the party, hungrily sat down to eat our well-earned dinner.

W. S. W.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD.

"WE remember (what Fuller truly saith) 'The glory of Athens lieth not in her walls, but in the worth of her citizens. Buildings may give lustre to a College, but learning giveth life.' To make this ancient house more glorious than of old, there must be a nobler band of men trained within these walls.

"We must have better heralds of the Gospel than Henry Martyn, who felt in this Chapel and yonder Hall the kindling of that flame which sent him forth to preach Christ to the Mahommedans and the Hindoos; and the less-known, but noble, self-denying Haslam; and Thomas Whytehead, who spent his last strength in teaching the New Zealanders, and on his dying bed heard them singing the hymn he had translated into their own tongue, who gave us that Eagle from which the Word of God will sound forth as long as our College shall last."

Such were the words of Professor Selwyn in the Commemoration Sermon seventeen years ago. Possibly few of those who have read from the lectern have ever read the inscription, or know anything of the donor. It is with the object of drawing fresh attention to one whom even St. John's College is proud to number among her noblest sons that we propose to give some extracts from a recently-published memoir of Thomas Whytehead.

He was born at Thormanby Parsonage, Yorkshire,

November 30, 1815. His father was Curate of Thormanby and Rector of Goxhill. In 1818, when he died, the family moved to York, where the early life of Thomas Whytehead was spent.

"Living, as he did, under the very shadow of the grand old Cathedral Church of York during some of his most impressionable years, he early acquired much of that love of the beautiful and the picturesque, both in nature and art, which subsequently distinguished his writings and gave poetic form to his thoughts." Before his ninth year he was sent to school at Beverley. Here, among schoolfellows who afterwards became known in the literary world, his talents soon attracted notice, and were judiciously encouraged by the head-master. "Even at this period of his life he began to suffer from delicate health, a drawback from which thenceforth he was never free. This, accompanied by weak eyesight, was keenly felt by him, and to it constant allusion is made in his letters." His poetic talent was displayed at this early age in the following lines:—

The sun on Salem's towers is set,
By Carmel's mount he lingers yet,
And here and there a parting ray
Steals o'er the languid cheek of day;
A heavenly radiance mantles there,
As dyes the cheek of lady fair,
When modesty forbids to speak,
But paints the language on her cheek.
The moon is up—she glances still
On Kedron's brook and Zion's hill:
The sparkling ripple on the wave
Returned the silent glance she gave;
On Salem's heights her splendours shine,
The moonbeams kiss the sacred shrine,
But all is love and silent here,
No voice, no whisper, meets the ear;
Stern desolation's withering hand
Broods like a demon o'er the land.

When fifteen years of age he left school, and began to read with his brother Robert, then an Undergraduate of this College. To his kind and judicious help Thomas owed much of his subsequent success. His life at Cambridge was pleasantly spent, varied with visits to Swineshead and Inverary; he describes these visits in his letters. "He finds interest in everything, the pursuits and manners of the inhabitants, the 'braw sonsie Highland wench,' who waits on them barefooted, the conchology and entomology of the neighbourhood, fishing and bathing....On his brother Robert taking curacy at Swineshead in Lincolnshire....Thomas Whytehead went to reside with him in that village, and there continued his course of reading. It was here that he gained some experience in parish work, as much of his leisure time was occupied in visiting amongst the poor, and affording all the lay assistance in his power to the cause of his heavenly Master. This work he found very congenial....Still he loses none of his high natural spirits and sense of humour, and, save that he finds some occasional difficulty in restraining them within due bounds, it is manifest that his Christianity is of a kind that adds to rather than detracts from his perfect enjoyment of the gifts of God." Indeed he says in a letter that "levity" was one of his failings; others, however, saw in his character a manly, earnest religion. He frequently amused himself with writing pieces of poetry and rhyming letters, partly, perhaps, because the old complaint of inflammation of the eyes periodically compelled him to give up reading.

Thomas Whytehead entered St. John's as a pensioner in October, 1833, and fell at once into College ways. "I am very fond," he writes, "of College life as regards my disposition and pursuits; for a quiet room, a select library, plenty of employment, and a few choice friends, who may be had whenever I need them, and not otherwise, are to me very engaging

qualifications of the uninterrupted routine of a student's life." Nor did he confine himself to reading only. "In spite of the long hours which he devoted to study, Thomas Whytehead made leisure to attend to other claims upon his time, which he regarded in the light of imperative duties. He was a regular teacher in the Jesus Lane Sunday Schools, in which he took, during the whole of his University career, a lively interest."

The Bell Scholarship absorbed his immediate attention, and his competing for it elicited a comic valentine from an anonymous writer:

University Chest, St. Valentine's Day, February 14th.

While Parsons' sons of one year's standing,
Their hearts with hope of fame expanding,
Night after night, with ceaseless toil,
For me consume the midnight oil,
I state, dear Whytehead ('tis your due)
The preference I feel for you.
Like other maidens 'tis my lot
That all my charms should be forgot,
While all my numerous friends hold dear
Is fame and fifty pounds a year.
But should this fortune fall to you,
A different method you'll pursue;
Not for her cash, I know full well,
But for herself, you'll love your *Bell.*

The popular expectation was not disappointed; the first Scholarship was awarded to Whytehead.

This was followed in time by a good place in the College Examination in May, notwithstanding his bad health. "However," he writes to his uncle, "as you will have probably heard, I was fourth in the first class, and got the prize for Latin Verse. I had not anticipated so good a place, both from my health, but mainly because the examination consists chiefly in mathematics, to which I have hitherto paid very

little attention, having only had a half tutor (*i.e.* one for every alternate day) in my first term alone in this branch of study. I was advised to this course by the College Tutors, and now am going, if my health be spared, to give this long vacation mainly to them, having engaged Pratt, of Caius College, who was third wrangler, as my tutor at Barmouth in North Wales." This plan was adopted, and in October, 1834, he returned to Cambridge in better health. In the spring of 1835 he composed a poem on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which won the Chancellor's gold medal for the English Prize Poem, and was recited publicly:—

Calm was the Sabbath's close; the evening bell
From tower to tower had flung its last farewell,
And thought of sadness, claiming sweet control,
Crept with the hues of sunset o'er the soul;
Hark! 'Twas the death-bell's voice whose iron tongue
Broke the soft spell that o'er my spirit hung:
'Twas GLOUCESTER'S knell! how spreads the mournful tale,
Peals from each tower, and floats on every gale!
The veteran soldier, starting at the sound,
Shall catch the tidings as they circle round,
And when the tear of honest grief is dried
Shall tell of battles fought by GLOUCESTER'S side,
While e'en the children hush their noisy game,
And learn to weep at good PRINCE WILLIAM'S name.

The proceedings are thus described in a letter to his uncle. "On the Tuesday I certainly felt somewhat nervous at the prospect of reciting. . . . before so formidable and dazzling an audience; but it very soon left me after having once begun, and a kind peal of thundering cheers every now and then gave me breathing time. The Marquis made me a very long speech on his being highly gratified, with many other compliments, &c., which I was too excited to remember, but which the reporter of the *Times*, I believe, or some other London paper, gave at full length the next day." His

brother thus describes the scene: "Tom gave out his beautiful poem in exquisite style. No action at all except in naming the two names of Wellington and Camden, and he was repeatedly stopped by deafening applause, especially in alluding to Wellington:—

> Past is the cloud, and dried the holy tear
> That England shed around her Prince's bier;
> Favoured of heaven, that like a halcyon's nest
> Securely slumberest on the Ocean's breast,
> Where Freedom breathes her incense all around
> Like a sweet wild-flower in its native ground,
> Thine are the sons thy treasured hearths inspire,
> In peace all softness, but in fight all fire,
> That met bare-bosomed on thy heights, La Haye,
> The cuirassed might of Gallia's proud array,
> Sprang to the charge, as waved their Leader's hand,
> And worthy proved of WELLINGTON'S command.
> And if the sympathies of earth can move
> The sacred ardour of a spirit's love,
> If the pure censer of celestial bliss
> Hold aught of fondness for a world like this,
> Is there an orb of all the clusters bright
> That pour their splendour o'er the vault of night,
> Whose lovelier gem upon the spangled sky
> Outshines his native star in GLOUCESTER'S eye,
> Or charms away one tributary smile
> From the loved precincts of his own bright Isle?

All seemed struck with his modesty and simplicity, as well as his talent in speaking. He was afterwards, amid roars of clapping and cheering, led up to the throne, and the Chancellor made a long complimentary and kind address to him on delivering the medal. I never saw a multitude so riveted in attention in my life."

With this success his second year came to an end. His thoughts had long been turned to missionary work, and in his third year he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society. This plan, however, did

not interfere with his studies, for soon after he gained the Hulsean Prize, the subject being "The Resemblance of Moses and Christ." He was at the same time engaged on another poem, "The Empire of the Sea," which was also successful. All these honours, so far from diverting his mind from its deeply religious tendencies, served rather to quicken and strengthen them. In June, 1836, he won the gold medal for Epigrams; and this closed a remarkable series of Undergraduate honours. In January, 1837, he writes to his brother: "The Tripos Examination is done, and my mathematical books all sleeping soundly at the bottom of a closet, ready, as soon as I have spare time, to be exchanged at the bookseller's for a Plato or an Aristotle....I am just starting again at the glorious classics, and feel so brisk at the thoughts of three good weeks at them that I shall need no other recreation." To his uncle he writes three days after: "Many thanks for your kind and most amusing letters, which came while I was head and ears under a slough of mathematics; yet, as withal my heat was by no means heavy, they by no means come like vinegar upon nitre, as Solomon says, but rather like dew on the dry grass. I am happy to tell you that I am about the middle of the Senior Opts, which was the highest point I had aimed at, but my stock of mathematics was so scanty, I had fearful forebodings it would not carry me so far." He was placed second Classic and won the first medal. In a few days he was elected Fellow of St. John's, and at once left for home at York "to recruit this tired jade of a body, which that unmerciful rider, the mind, has of late sadly overridden."

After a good rest, partially interrupted by taking a reading party at the Lakes, Whytehead returned to Cambridge in October, and accepted the tutorship of a son of Lord Clive (eldest son of Earl Powis), who was then fresh from Eton, and just entering upon his University course. His time was further occupied

with a lectureship at Clare and preparing for holy orders.

"The summer of 1839 comprised an eventful era of Thomas Whytehead's life, for he then made a tour of some months' duration on the Continent. It was a time of the greatest enjoyment, to which he had looked forward for long with the utmost delight, and to which he often looked back with no less pleasure. Some of the best of his poetical efforts were written under the inspiration of visits to scenes replete with historic associations. "Of Venice he writes:—

> The city sleeps like an enchanted queen
> Whose heart a hundred years a trance hath bound.
> Still bright and lovely as her youth hath been,
> The while her palace-walls are crumbling round;
> And like a green-coiled dragon at her feet
> For her good guardian set, the faithful sea
> Looks up into her eyes as if to greet
> The first ray of awakening life: but she,
> Unconsious, on her marble chair sleeps on,
> A pale majestic maiden, all alone;
> For warriors, princes, senators are gone,
> All save the watcher coiled around her throne:
> Her mouldering halls are silent evermore,
> And yet she is an empress as before."

His plan, which was carried out in the company of a college friend, was a tour through the Netherlands 'in an architectural point of view,' thence up the Rhine into Switzerland, where about two months were spent in reading.....and a return made to England by way of Paris, arriving in London at the end of September. After a brief visit to his mother at York he returned to Cambridge, and devoted himself to a special course of devotional reading, in view of the solemn vows which he was soon to take upon himself." The following letter, written at this time to a young friend, contains advice worth remembering: "When a man finds himself

lagging somewhat behind his fellows, he is apt to give up, perhaps 'put his lungs in a sling' to make his case interesting, and salve his conscience with the resolution to take to 'general reading,' or, still more speciously, 'theology,' and you may depend on it, that when a man on slight grounds has given up reading for honours here, one of his greatest safeguards for his religious as well as intellectual character is gone. The stern necessity which lies on a 'reading man' of husbanding time, keeping regular hours, eschewing gossip, and, in fact, disciplining himself, is one of the greatest blessings that can befall him."

Whytehead was ordained to the curacy of Freshwater under Mr. Isaacson, his former tutor; but before commencing his duties there he visited many of his relatives. He took a final leave of Cambridge, "not certainly without many deep regrets, for, although he felt that the voice of duty called him to labour in other scenes, to work of a far different kind, still we have already seen from his letters how dearly he loved the quiet, peaceful repose of body, with the calm mental activity, which those venerable classic shades afforded him." He entered upon his work, and was soon after left for five weeks in sole charge: "Yet there could not be a parish more to my mind. I read and work till noon, with the exception of a visit to the day-school every morning. From noon till about five I am in the parish and with the sick, of whom there are a good many, and at present ten or twelve cases of small-pox. Between five and six I dine, and in the evening dispatch business, in and out, and read and work till an early bed-time generally." "A village curacy has its own peculiar sorrows and heavinesses, as well as the dusty high road of life. Here you know all your people, and whatever is done among them for good or evil you see it." "As the year of his curacy at Freshwater drew to a close, Thomas Whytehead's mind was much exercised as to his future work

in the Church of God, and many allusions to this subject occur in his correspondence....About this time Archdeacon Thorp, of Gloucester, made a pressing offer to Thomas Whytehead of a chaplaincy at the Cape of Good Hope, which was connected with the head-mastership of a school for the sons of the principal settlers of the colony. The work, however, did not commend itself to his mind, as not having in it sufficient of the missionary element....It was during this period that he employed some of his leisure hours in writing a short series of papers, which were published shortly after his death, and went through two editions, under the title of 'College Life.'" He composed also the 'Installation Ode' for the installation of the Duke of Northumberland as Chancellor of the University, in which he thus alludes to the founders of Colleges:—

But who be ye,
  Whose shadowy consistory, laurel-crowned,
Spectators of this goodly pomp I see?
  Lo! where in solemn rank around,
Circling yonder chair of state:
Do Granta's ancient guardians wait
To welcome to his seat their newly-throned mate.

Names of old renown are there,
  Majestic forms and unforgotten faces;
Villiers and gallant Devereux, princely pair,
  In that august assembly take their places,
And gaze conspicious on the pageant fair;
While wisdom beams in Cecil's tranquil air;
Prelates whose counsels swayed the realm,
  On their golden crosiers lean;
Foremost of all undaunted Fisher stands,
  With look benign and stately bending mien.
Glad to behold beside the helm
  The son his own loved cloister bred,
And lifting high his aged hands
  Thus speaks the benediction of the dead....

Yet mid those splendour-circled names
One pitying look ill-fated Monmouth claims,
  Where in the illustrious throng he stands concealed.
Nor shalt thou fail to mark the while
How there sits a radiant smile
On the curled lip of haughty Somerset,
  To see his generous race can yield
To learning's halls a Patron yet.

"The income arising from his fellowship during the year of his Freshwater curacy was devoted by him to the purchase of a beautiful lectern, which he presented to his College Chapel; and he was making preparations for a return to College residence, when overtures were made to him to join the staff of the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem....Almost immediately afterwards came an offer from the newly-consecrated Bishop of New Zealand of a chaplaincy, and, after long and careful consideration, he decided to join Dr. Selwyn's party." There was little time to lose; preparations were hastily made, friends and relatives visited. "The mission party, consisting of the Bishop of New Zealand and Mrs. Selwyn....with the Rev. Thomas Whytehead....sailed from Plymouth on the morning after Christmas-day." The voyage, long and tedious in those days, was prosperously finished; but on arriving at Sydney, Whytehead was taken ill, and it became evident that he had not much longer to live; he was, however, able to move about after three weeks. "The Bishop's plan was to proceed in advance of his party to New Zealand, in order to make some preparations for their reception at the Bay; and, accordingly, Thomas Whytehead was left in charge of the rest of the party at Sydney, with full instructions as to the resumption of the voyage in due course." He spent his time there in visiting friends until he sailed "for the Bay of Islands, in the month of October, 1842, taking with him a pulpit and reading-desk of cedar-wood, which he had

designed and had made in Sydney for presentation to the Mission Station at the Waimate." He arrived there in due time, though suffering much from his cough. After waiting at the coast he started inland. "I was carried," he writes, "in a strange kind of litter, made of two bent poles and a shallow network of dried flax-leaf between. This, with me in it, was hoisted on the shoulders of two natives, who were relieved by the others every ten minutes or so, sometimes without stopping the vehicle." So he reached Waimate. His health, however, grew worse. He had hoped that the voyage to England would restore him, but soon he realised what others had already seen, that his life was fast failing. This news had the effect of quieting his mind, and he waited patiently for the end. "In spite of the exceedingly low ebb of bodily vigour at which he had arrived, Whytehead still devoted the whole of the attention of which he was capable to the duties to which he had been appointed, and for which in health he would have been so eminently suited. Besides the theological readings with the candidates for orders, he made some progress with a revision of the Maori translations of the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, and within a few days of his death was engaged on a partially successful attempt at furnishing for the native Church an adaptation of the English Hymnology." He writes, "I took up the translation of the Evening Hymn (four verses for service) into Maori rhyming verse, the first of the kind, of the same metre and rhythm as the English. Two hundred and fifty copies have been printed, and sung in church and school by the natives, and several of them came and sang it under my window. They call it 'The new hymn of the sick minister.'"

He wrote a final letter home with messages to all. Then his strength gradually declined, until on Sunday, March 19, 1843, he passed away peacefully. "Most

completely were all his wishes as to the manner of his death fulfilled. The last prayers in which he joined were those of the Visitation Service, and, as he hoped, he had friends praying around when he could not pray for himself." "There is little more to add. Thomas Whytehead's voyage and labours in New Zealand were all undertaken at his own cost. By his will he left a sum of £681 Consols to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for the purposes of the diocese of New Zealand, and his library he bequeathed, with the exception of a few special books, to the library of St. John's College, Cambridge."

H. F. B.

THE LADY MARGARET IN THE DAYS OF OLD.

Oh! merry were the days of old,
  Beside Cam's lazy stream;
And oft-times in life's busy track,
The memories of those days rush back,
  Like a forgotten dream.

The river's alive with moving boats—
  The shore with a shouting crew;
And the men of St. John
Dart foremost on,
  For their oars are stout and true.

And we proudly deem that of all the craft
  That e'er on the river met,
The bravest boat that was ever afloat
  Is our "Ladye Margarette."

Where are they now, our fearless band,
  Who toiled in the mimic strife?
Who best have sped with sail and oar?
And who lies stranded on the shore
  Of this rough stream of life?

Aye, merry were those days of old,
  The sunniest days on earth!
Yet no thought of glee
Brought now to me
  The memory of their mirth.

'Twas a vision of a lonely barque
  On the broad Pacific wave—
A barque of little pride or state,
But one that bears a princely freight
  In two true hearts and brave.

I seem to watch them on their way—
  The gentle and the just—
Gone nobly forth to brave and bear
Peril and pain, and toil and care

THE lines on "The Lady Margaret in the Days of Old" were suggested by an account of a missionary voyage made by Selwyn and Tyrrell, Bishops of New Zealand and Newcastle, who had rowed together in the Lady Margaret boat when it was head of the river. They were written by the late Mrs. Herbert, wife of John Maurice Herbert, Esq., F.G.S., one of the Judges of the County Courts in the circuit of Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. Mr. Herbert was coxswain of the boat in 1830.

Of our joyous crew
  In the "Ladye Margarette"?

'Twas a vision of a lonely barque
On the broad Pacific wave—
A barque of little pride or state,
But one that bears a princely freight
In two true hearts and brave.

I seem to watch them on their way—
The gentle and the just—
Gone nobly forth to brave and bear
Peril and pain, and toil and care,
Firm in their watchword—"Trust."

And, I ask, in their earnest labours now,
Ah! do they quite forget,
How in youth's bright weather
They pulled together
In the "Ladye Margarette"?

Or sometimes, on their vessel's deck,
When they rest at the close of day,
Do they talk of their youthful friendly band,
Linking their hearts to their Fatherland—
The Land so far away?

Do they think of us in our English homes,
Who fondly remember yet,
How *they* were two
Of our joyous crew
In the "Ladye Margarette"?

LAKE NYASSA.

THE following extract from the *Times* will doubtless be read with interest, referring as it does to a former Scholar of the College:

"Mr. H. B. Cotterill, who organized an expedition about a year and a half ago for the purpose of introducing legitimate trading into the great lake region of Central Africa and so superseding the slave trade, has sent home an account of his voyage to the north-west of Lake Nyassa in his sailing boat, the 'Herga.' He started from Livingstonia on June 1, accompanied by a boatman from the Mission at Blantyre and six natives, and two days afterwards reached the entrance to Lake Chia. On the north bank he found two large villages, and a dense crowd of natives lined the shore to see the first European vessel enter their lake, which is deeply fringed with papyrus. After passing Kota-kota, Loangwa, and Bua, Mr. Cotterill stopped at Makuoi, the point of the great bay flanked by Mount Kuwirwe, which is about 6,000 ft. above the lake. Here he bought a large quantity of ivory, paying half-a-crown or 3*s.* a pound for the large tusks and 1*s.* 6*d.* for small ones. He remarks that the Nyassa women have often well-shaped features, but their mouths are all deformed by the "pelete" (lip ring), which is worn very large, white or yellow stone being commonly used. Mr. Cotterill then sailed north until June 14, when he

anchored in a lagoon and spent three days in examining the country. He says:—There seems to be much more produce here than at the southern end of the lake; there are very fine bananas, yams, cassavas, and sugar-canes. According to the statements of several natives, who profess to have gone to the north end of the lake, the river Rouma is eight or ten days distant by canoe. It is said most emphatically to run into the lake, and no river is known to run out of it. By the way, I find that all the information gathered by Young as to the name and position of this river was got from natives at points further south than Mankambira. For three days the coast is said to be precipitous, then reeds. Mpoto (marked in Kirk's map) is said by some to be a river, by others a country to the north-east. It is also the name of the north-east wind. South-east is Mwela; east, Avuma; west, Gambwe; north-west, Mpunga. The rivers north are said to be (1) Rivua, one day distant—surely not Young's Ravuma? (2) Kawango, five days further; (3) Chiputa, one day more." The Nyassa people live in huts, the eaves of which touch the ground, leaving a dark, narrow space between them and the wall of the hut. The doors are so low that it is necessary to crawl on all fours to enter the house. Mr. Cotterill found the fishing-nets made on Nyassa very strong and good; the natives use the same knot as is often used in English nets, and their "buaze" (twine made from the fibres of a shrub) is quite as strong as our cord. Having lost his medicine chest, sextant, books, and a journal containing all his geographical notes in a storm which nearly wrecked the 'Herga,' Mr. Cotterill, on the 17th of June, determined to return to Livingstonia, which he reached on the 12th of July, having been absent six weeks. As they were returning they passed near the mouth of the Loangwa, which Mr. Cotterill's observations made

to lie in latitude 12 deg. 30 min. The mouth of the river was barred with sand banks. Mr. Cotterill says:—"After reaching Chia, on the 29th of June, my men wished to pull on, and we rode 21 hours on end with one 'easy all' of an hour at Kota-kota." Mr. Cotterill found rice and the sugar-cane extensively cultivated, and did not notice many signs of the slave trade. He intends starting shortly from Blantyre on a land expedition.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term, 1878.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, Professor of Geology at University College, London, has been appointed one of the Secretaries of the Geological Society.

The Rectory of Starston in Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Hopper, late Fellow of this College (B.A., 1839), has been accepted by the Rev. Frederic Watson, Fellow of the College and Lecturer in Theology. The living is in private patronage, but the patron is required to present a Fellow of St. John's College.

G. C. Allen, B.A., Scholar, has been appointed to a Mastership at Wellington College; and H. Reynolds, B.A., Scholar, to a Mastership at Crewkerne, Somerset.

The Rev. Thomas Ratcliffe, B.D. (B.A., 1863), has been appointed Vicar of Stapleford, Nottingham.

Mr. John H. Mackie, B.A. (1878), has been appointed to the Mathematical and Natural Science Mastership at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Mansfield, Notts. Mr. Mackie was twenty-eighth Wrangler in the last Tripos.

The Rev. William Ferguson Steel, B.A. (1870), has been appointed Vicar of Norton.

The Rev. John Henry Lester, M.A. (B.A., 1868), has been appointed Rector of Normanton by Derby.

The Rev. Francis Thomas Madge, M.A. (B.A. 1872), Curate of Brownsover, near Rugby, has been appointed Minor Canon in Winchester Cathedral.

The Rev. Jeremiah Pledger Seabrook, LL.M. (B.A. and LL.B., 1866), has been appointed Vicar of Stonesby, Leicestershire.

The Rev. Robert Alexander McKee, M.A. (B.A., 1870), has been appointed Vicar of Lumbin-Rossindale, Lancashire.

The Rev. Ralph Raisbeck Tatham, M.A. (B.A., 1844), Rector and Vicar of Darlington, Sussex, has been appointed Rural Dean of Darlington, and a Surrogate in the Archdeaconry of Lewes.

The Rev. Charles William Cahusac, M.A. (B.A. 1840), Curate of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, has been appointed Vicar of Astwood.

The Rev. Edward Baynes Badcock, M.A. (B.A., 1852), has been appointed Honorary Canon in Ripon Cathedral.

The Rev. Henry Bailey, D.D. (B.A., 1839), has been appointed Vicar of West Tarring.

The Rev. J. Dudley Cargill, B.D. (1860), has been appointed Rector of Metherne.

The Rev. H. Greene, M.A. (B.A., 1870), has been appointed Vicar of St. Stevens-in the-Banks.

The Rev. H. Ingate Kilner, B.A. (1873), has been appointed Rector of Chedburgh.

The Rev. R. Bower, M.A. (B.A., 1868), has been appointed Vicar of Cross Canonby, Maryport.

The following letter from *The Undergraduates' Journal* may prove interesting to some of our readers :—

DEAR SIRS,—One of your Cambridge correspondents in the last number of your journal says that it is found difficult to hear the service in the fine new chapel of St. John's College, one of the master-pieces of Sir Gilbert Scott. It is a long, narrow, and lofty building, so that this is not much to be wondered at, but it is much to be regretted.

Allow me to suggest to the proper authorities a remedy which I believe will certainly remove the evil. This is to hang window curtains loose on each side of the windows, and to put flags between the windows rather high up near the roof, and hanging loose also. The principle is that any woollen material hanging loose intercepts the sound, and prevents the echo or reverberation from the walls. Allow me to relate an anecdote which shows how I first obtained this information, and which at the same time shows that the remedy is almost sure to be effectual.

Some years since, I was staying at the Deanery at Windsor in the summer, engaged in preparing for Her Majesty the History of the Fabric of the Castle, by comparing the existing remains with the builder's weekly accounts, which are preserved in the *Public Record* office, and of which transcripts had been made for my use by the kindness of the Master of the Rolls as being for the service of Her Majesty. To do this was rather a troublesome and long business, and the Dean told me always to make his house my home when I was at work upon it. During this time St. George's Chapel had to be thoroughly cleaned, but the Dean insisted on the service being continued, which was done, but nobody could hear a word of the lessons or the sermon, and even the chanting was very imperfectly heard, owing to the great echo, the flags having all been taken down to be cleaned. As soon as this was done, and the flags were replaced, the whole service could be heard as well as ever, just as well as in any ordinary parish church, and better than in many. There has frequently been a talk of having the service performed in the nave instead of the choir, because there was much more room, and the choir is always crowded, and many are turned away for want of room every Sunday.

If this is done it will be necessary to have new flags hung in the nave, and probably window curtains to the windows, both of the clerestory and of the aisles, as the arcades between the nave and the aisles will be open, not closed by a wooden partition as in the choir.—Your obedient servant,

JOHN HENRY PARKER, C.B.

Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, Feb. 25, 1878.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE *v.* S. HALL.—This case came before Vice-Chancellor Sir Charles Hall in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice on Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, and was concluded on Jan. 28th. The case made by the plaintiffs was shortly as follows :—About the year 1863 they pulled down the New Red Lion Inn, in Bridge-street, Cambridge, which they had shortly before acquired, for the purpose of making a new lodge for the Master of the College, with ornamental grounds. When the time came for pulling down one of the outer walls of the inn, a representation was made to the College that the adjoining house had no outer wall of its own ; and accordingly, at the earnest request of the owner, who was trustee for a maiden lady whose only income was derived from this property, the College allowed the lower part of the wall to remain standing for the time, to avoid exposing the house. To prevent the portion of the wall so left standing from being an eyesore, the College had it smoothed and pointed, covering in against it the lower part of the chimney-stack of the inn. In 1875 the defendant, who occupied and then owned the house adjoining the wall, broke an opening through it for a closet window, and the plaintiffs, having afterwards bricked up this opening, the defendant re-opened it forcibly without their license. The plaintiffs prayed a declaration of their title to the wall and an injunction to restrain defendant from further trespass, and claimed damages. The defendant pleaded that the wall in question was his own, and that it had been at his remonstrances and instance that the plaintiffs had refrained from pulling it down in 1863, and had repaired the damage caused to it by their operations. He alleged that there had been a space between the inn and his house. He likewise claimed a declaration of his title and an injunction.—Mr. Dickinson, Q.C., and Mr. Rigby (instructed by Messrs. Francis, Riches, and Francis,) appeared for the plaintiffs ; Mr. Robinson, Q.C., and Mr. H. Cozens Hardy (instructed by Messrs. Fosters and Lawrence), for the defendant.——Vice-Chancellor Hall, without calling on plaintiffs' counsel to reply, delivered judgment for the plaintiffs with costs. Whether the case was considered in reference to the deeds, or with reference to the deeds taken in connection with the oral evidence, or with reference to the oral evidence alone, he must hold and find as a matter of fact that the wall in question was part of the property properly conveyed to St John's College on the occasion of their purchase of the inn. He disbelieved the defendant's story as to the alleged existence of two walls and a space between, and was clear that there was

only one wall, and that constituted part of the old inn. The conveyance to St. John's College was quite consistent with plaintiffs' case, and would pass the wall. Although he thought the evidence in respect to measurements was more in favour of the plaintiffs than defendant, he would rather decide the case upon the broad ground that this was part of the property of the New Red Lion, and that the New Red Lion was intended to be conveyed, and was in fact conveyed, and, being so conveyed, included the wall in question. His lordship granted an injunction, restraining defendant from breaking or in any way interfering with the plaintiffs closing the aperture which had been made in the wall, and said the plaintiffs could employ their own bricklayers to do it, at their own time and in their own manner.

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers.—Bracketed 4th, Pinsent; 13th, Lattimer; 19th, Brownbill and Carlisle (*Æg.*); 24th, Mann; 28th, Mackie.

Senior Optimes.—Marsh, Elsey, Gwillim, Wilkins, Adamson, Boote.

Junior Optimes.—Penkivil, Cooke. *Ægrotat.*—Brown.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.—3rd, English; 7th, G. C. Allen.

Second Class.—Gaussen, Willan, Kingsford, Reynolds, Sells.

Third Class.—R. H. Ryland, Boyce, Gepp, Browne.

The Second of the two Chancellor's Medals for proficiency in Classical learning has been awarded to Ds English, Scholar of St. John's College.

HISTORICAL TRPOS.

Second Class.—Parker. *Third Class.*—Hastings.

LAW TRIPOS.

First Class.—Nevill (Senior), Kemp (3rd). *Second Class.*—Hamilton, Matthew. *Third Class.*—Whetstone, Williamson, Dale.

MORAL SCIENCE TRIPOS.

First Class.—Mummery (Senior), Warren (2nd). *Second Class.*—Wilson.

THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

First Class.—Williams (equal for the Evans' Prize). *Second Class.*—Fisher, A. R. Wiseman. *Third Class.*—J. A. B. Bone. *Ægrotat.*—Hannam.

MATRICULATION, 27 FEBRUARY, 1878.

C. E. Dumbleton, T. D. Gibson-Carmichael, F. C. Hibburd, F. Marsden, W. C. Prance, A. D. Price, E. Romney, T. D'Oyly Snow, R. O. Wever.

The Abbott Scholarship has been awarded to C. H. Garland, one of the Minor Scholars of the College.

SUBJECTS OF CLASSICAL EXAMINATION, EASTER TERM.

Third Year.—(1) Thucydides VI.; (2) Cicero, *pro Sulla;* (3) Plato, *Phaedo* and *Philebus;* (4) Comparative Philology.

Second Year.—(1) Thucydides VI.; (2) Aristotle's *Rhetoric* I. and II.; (3) Plato, *Phaedo* and *Philebus;* (4) Comparative Philology.

First Year.—(1) Thucydides VI.; (2) Cicero, *pro Sulla;* (3) Horace, *Ep.* II. and *Ars Poetica*, and *Lucan* II. and III.

For all Years.—Translation and Composition, Greek and Latin Syntax.

The Composition will be distributed over *four* papers, and the scale of marks for Translation and Composition will be as follows:—Two papers in "Unseen" Translation at 200 each; Greek and Latin Verse Composition, 90 each; Greek and Latin Prose Composition, 110 oach; In other respects the marks hitherto assigned will be retained for the present; thus, the *maximum* for the philological paper will be 150; and the prepared subject, 600 in all.

SUBJECTS OF THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION, EASTER TERM.

Third Year.—(1) Greek Testament, General Paper; (2) Greek Testament, Acts xii—xxviii, Epistle to the Galatians; (3) Hebrew, Hosea, Psalms xlii—lxxii and Isaiah; (4) Hebrew, Grammar, Pointing, Composition; (5) The Creed, Socrates III., IV.; (6) Archbishop Laud, Confessions, Hooker, Eccl. Pol. II., III., IV.

Second and First Years.—(1) Greek Testament, General Paper; (2) Greek Testament, St. Luke's Gospel; (3) Hebrew, Genesis; (4) Hebrew, Grammar, Pointing, Composition; (5) Early Church History.

Greek Testament Prizes.—The subjects are: (1) St. Luke's Gospel; (2) Acts xiii—xxviii and Epistle to the Galatians; (3) General Paper.

Hebrew Prizes.—Prizes will be given to such Students (of any year) as, in the judgment of the Hebrew Lecturer, shall shew proficiency in the Hebrew Language.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The *University Trial Eights* were rowed at Ely, on Dec. 8th. L.M.B.C. supplied one man, H. A. Williams, who rowed bow of the winning boat, stroked by Bird (1st Trin.). The losing boat was stroked by E. H. Prest (Jesus). Won by 1¾ lengths.

The *Lent Races* were rowed on March 13th to 16th. The performances of 'Lady Margaret' were certainly not brilliant, although allowance must be made for the changes which it was found necessary to make in the boats so soon before the races, owing to which neither boat, as finally made up, had been together more than a week. The 3rd boat did not prove so fast as expected, but managed to keep their place. On the first night they got within half-a-length of Trinity Hall 2, at the Railway Bridge, but were unable to make their bump, and on the other nights failed to get nearer than their distance. The 4th boat, which was a very good one for its position, would have gone up several places with 8 oars but found it impossible to do so with less than that number. On the 1st night 3 caught a crab and lost his oar, and 7 broke his oar immediately after starting, and although they did all in their power to save their place by jumping overboard, they fell, as was natural, easy victims to Caius 3. On the 2nd night they escaped though hotly

pursued by Pembroke 2. On the 3rd night 6 lost his oar but did not follow the example of 3 and 7 on the first night, and again they were bumped. On the fourth night they fell to Sidney 2 at the end of the Long Reach.

The crews were:

	3rd Boat.		*4th Boat.*
	G. D. Haviland.		A. Hawkins (*bow*).
2	A. H. Highton.	2	G. M. Kingston.
3	H. N. Sharp.	3	H. T. Kenny.
4	J. B. Wells.	4	W. H. H. Steer.
5	A. C. Odell.	5	D. H. Cox.
6	J. J. Lister.	6	J. P. Cort.
7	W. J. Lee.	7	F. C. Hill.
	T. E. Forster (*stroke*).		F. E. Swabey (*stroke*).
	B. S. Clarke (*cox*).		G. A. Loveday (*cox*).

The third boat was coached by H. Reynolds and H. L. Young; the fourth by A. H. Prior and J. A. G. Hamilton.

The *Bateman Pair Oars* came off on Friday, March 22nd, and, in spite of rumours of a large entry, it resulted in a row over for A. H. Prior and H. Standford (stroke), who did the course in the excellent time of 8 min. 39 secs.

The *Scratch Fours* were rowed on Thursday, March 21st. They were but poorly patronized, as usual. Four boats were got together, after considerable trouble, and the following won somewhat easily:

	G. D. Haviland (*bow*).	T. E. Forster (*stroke*).
2	T. W. Dougan.	B. S. Clarke (*cox*).
3	J. J. Lister.	

The following have been elected new Members during the Term:—J. K. Marsden, E. Marsden, R. O. Wever, C. H. Wood, W. C. Prance, T. D'O. Snow, T. D. Gibson-Carmichael.

ATHLETICS.—In the University Sports A. H. East won "The Weight" with 36 ft. 1 in., and was second in Throwing the Hammer 100 ft. 8 in. He will, in all probability, represent Cambridge in the Inter-University Sports in each event.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

These Sports were held on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14th and 15th, under the Presidency of W. J. Goulding. On the first day the weather was all that could be desired, but on the second day it was rather too cold and wet to make it enjoyable either for the spectators or competitors.

On the first day the First Round of Heats for the 100, 120, and 200 Yards Handicaps were run. The Final Heats resulted as follows:—

Quarter-Mile.—Won by W. D. Challice with ridiculous ease in the very fair time of 55 secs. B. W. Smith being second, about 15 yards behind.

Putting the Weight.—Of course this was a moral certainty for A. H. East in spite of his being penalised 1 foot for winning it last year. His only opponent was B. Jones. Brook-Smith, who put it over 32 feet last year, was detained and unable to get up to the ground in time, or no doubt he would easily have been second.

High Jump.—For this event there were six competitors; the winner turned up in H. Smith, a very promising Freshman, who jumped 5 ft. 1 in. W. J. Goulding was second with 5 ft.; most of the other competitors managed to clear 4 ft. 11 in.

Mile Race.—This was the great event of the day, for which no less than eight men started. On coming round for the first time C. B. King was leading by about 3 yards, but when he got opposite the Pavilion, much to everybody's disappointment, he gave up. At the end of the second round B. Jones just led J. V. T. Lander by about half-a-yard; after this Lander came away from his men and, running in beautiful form, won by about 30 yards from B. Jones, in the very good time of 4 min. 55 1-5th secs., although penalised 30 yards. His time for the Mile after the necessary deduction would be about 4 min. 45 secs., almost good enough with a little extra care and training to get him his 'Blue.'

100 *Yards* (*Rifle Corps only*).—For this race only two competitors came forward, B. Jones and W. H. Steer; the former won easily. This race is run yearly for a Challenge Vase, which the winner holds for a year.

Strangers' Race.—This was a 300 Yards Handicap, and seemed to be a very popular race, for it brought forth no less than thirty-six competitors. Only the First Round of Heats could be got over on this day; some of the races were very closely contested, reflecting great credit on the Handicappers.

Second day:

100 *Yards, Final Heat.*—W. J. Goulding just beat W. D. Challice, who was penalised 3 yards. H. T. Kemp was unable to run at all on this day or he might have had a very good chance of winning this race and one or two of the Handicaps. Time 11 secs.

Throwing the Hammer.—There were only 3 entries for this event. B. Jones threw it 98 ft. 2 in., and A. H. East 90 ft. 2 in.; the former was penalised 12 ft. and thus East won.

120 *Yards Hurdle Race.*—Four men started for this event. W. J. Goulding won easily; E. J. Wild, who was second, fell at the second hurdle or it might have been a good race. Time 20 secs.

120 *Yards Handicap, Final Heat.*—W. D. Challice, scratch, won easily by 2 yards; a very good race for second place, H. Smith, 4 yards, just getting it on the post.

Long Jump.—E. J. Wild won with the good jump of 19 ft. 2 in. J. A. Bevan, another Freshman, was second with 17 ft. 1½ in.

200 *Yards Handicap* (*Freshmen only*).—This brought forward eleven men. J. A. Bevan won pretty easily, H. Smith second. Time 22 secs.

200 *Yards Handicap.*—W. D. Challice, scratch; A. S. Reid, 5 yards; and J. V. T. Lander, 1 yard; came to the post, and came in in the order named: the last mentioned took it easily, preferring to reserve himself for the Two Miles.

Throwing the Cricket
eventually H. N. Sharp won with 87 yds. 2 ft. 3 in., E. Carlisle second.

350 *Yards Handicap.*—W. D. Challice, scratch, won this Handicap also; his powers were altogether under-rated by the Handicappers. W. J. Goulding, 10 yds., second.

Two Miles.—From the first start it was apparent that the race lay between C. B. King (pen. 80 yds.), J. V. T. Lander, and B. Jones. Jones led all the way and won. Although Lander made a splendid try to catch him at the finish he could not get within 20 yards. King seemed out of form, he never gained the least bit but lost a little ground each lap, and at about the fifth round gave up.

100 *Yards* (*For bonâ fide Boating Men*). Three men started; won by H. Sandford.

Half-Mile Handicap.—There was a very large entry for this race. A. C. Davies got the lead at the Pavilion, and won very easily. G. F. Coombes second. Time 2 min. 3 secs.

Consolation Race.—Won easily by D. G. Walters.

Strangers' Race.—W. L. Evans (Trin.), 1; J. Churchill (Jesus), 2; W. Lonsdale (Trin.), 3. A good race, won by two yards, a few feet separating second and third.

Lawn Tennis.

The Eagles.—The Officers for the May Term are:

President:—J. H. Hallam. *Secretary*:—H. Sandford.
Treasurer:—A. C. Odell.

The following have been elected Members:—A. H. Prior, E. J. Wild, J. A. Bevan, T. B. Wells, W. H. Carr, T. E. Forster, G. M. Burnett, G. D. Haviland, A. E. Jalland, H. J. Price, A. Hawkins.

The Fireflies.—The Officers for the May Term are:

President:—F. C. Coombes. *Secretary*:—V. Litchfield.
Treasurer:—A. S. Reid.

The following gentlemen have been elected Members:—Hubbard, Morton, J. S. Sandys, Harker, F. C. Allen, H. G. Smith, Clay, Rainsford.

The Crescents.—The Officers for the May Term are:

President:—R. Hargreaves. *Secretary*:—F. H. Colson.
Treasurer:—R. H. Marsh.

St. John's College Debating Society.

List of Officers for Lent Term, 1878:

President:—W. W. D. Firth. *Hon. Treasurer*:—C. H. Harper (resigned, March 16th).
Vice-President:—F. H. Colson. *Hon. Secretary*:—M. J. Michael.

List of Members elected during the Lent Term:

H. Nicholls, W. Robson, G. A. Loveday, H. Barnett, G. M. Livett, F. Coppock, W. W. Cassels, S. G. Craig, W. Barrett.

Debates. The following motions were discussed, with the following results:

February 16th.—Mr. Michael proposed, "That in the opinion of this House, Russia has forfeited all claim to confidence by her duplicity in recent dealings with Europe." Mr. Harper proposed as an amendment to insert after the word confidence, "of the liberal party in England." The motion in its amended form was carried by 9 to 5; present 16.

February 23rd.—Mr. Colson proposed, "That in the opinion of this House the conduct of certain Undergraduates in presenting an Address to Lord Derby is highly reprehensible." The motion was lost by 4 to 3; present 17.

March 2nd.—Mr. Spafford proposed, "That in the opinion of this House the Botanic Gardens should be open to members of the University on Sundays." The motion was carried by 10 to 5; present 27.

March 9th.—Mr. Lister proposed, "That the study of Natural Sciences should form a greater part of the education given in English Schools than it does at present." The motion was carried by 9 to 8; present 21.

March 16th.—The evening was devoted to impromptu debates.

March 23rd.—Mr. Jones proposed, "That public school education is not the best method of training the mind." The motion was lost by 7 to 2; present 18.

March 30th.—Mr. Lewis proposed, "That in the opinion of this House the Income Tax ought to be abolished." The motion was lost by 4 to 2; present 10.

The Officers wish to take this opportunity of again saying that any Member of the College can become a Life Member of the Society by paying the sum of 3*s.* and signing his name in the Treasurer's book.

Although there has been a marked improvement in the interest taken in the Society, yet the Officers cannot but feel that the standing taken by the Society in the College is not all that could be wished; they therefore take this opportunity to re-call former Members to their allegiance and to put the Society before other Members of the College.

Dinner Committee.

The following gentlemen compose the Dinner Committee:—W. L. Agnew, W. W. English, J. H. Hallam, H. T. Kenny, H. T. Kemp, A. C. Odell, H. L. Young, F. L. Thompson, W. H. Carr (*Secretary*).

All complaints about the 'Hall' to be made in writing to the Secretary.

W. J. Lee has been elected an editor of *The Eagle* in place of H. E. J. Bevan. The other Members of the Editorial Committee are: Mr. Sandys, Mr. Foxwell, J. A. G. Hamilton (*Secretary*), and G. M. Light.

Copies of the Autotype Photograph of the Medallion of Lady Margaret (Carte de Visite size) may be obtained from the Secretary (or at the College Buttery), price 6*d.* each. Engravings of the original design for the College Chapel (with *flèche* instead of tower) may also be had, price 3*d.* each.

St. John's College Chapel Services.

Easter Term, 1878.

			HYMN	TUNE
April 21.	*Easter Day.*			
	Tuckerman F.		136	292
	Calkin B flat.			
	Since			
„ 22.	*Monday in Easter Week.*			
	Arnold A.			
	Christ our passover (p. 272) Goss.			
„ 23.	*Tuesday in Easter Week.*			
	Rogers D.			
	I have set God (p. 85) Goldwin.			
„ 24.	Smart D.		173	17
„ 25.	*St. Mark.*			
	Nares F.			
	See what love (p. 266) Mendelssohn.			
„ 27.	Jackson G.		405	293
„ 28.	*First Sunday after Easter.*			
	Jackson G.		330	146
	Oakeley E flat.			
	Behold I shew (p. 181) Handel.			
„ 30.	Stewart G.		526	204
May 1.	*St. Philip*			
	Smart G.			
	What are these (p. 277) Pierson.			
„ 2.	Hopkins (Unison).		407	277
„ 4.	Goss E.	*vv.* 1, 2, 4, 7.	354	535
„ 5.	*Second Sunday after Easter.*			
	Nares D. Bartholemew.		205	90
	Hopkins F.			
	Blessed be the God (p. 264) Wesley.			

			HYMN	TUNE
May 6.	*S. Joh. Ev. ante Port. Lat.*			
	Commemoration of Benefactors, at 11 a.m. Sermon by Mr. J. E. Cooper, Rector of Forncett, St. Mary.			
	Garrett. Mendelssohn.			
	Hallelujah (p. 236) Beethoven.			
„ 7.	Wesley Rec. (I.)		362	96
„ 9.	Wesley Rec. (I.)		443	119
„ 11.	Clarke A minor.		410	529
„ 12.	*Third Sunday after Easter.*			
	Sermon by Professor Mayor.			
	Dykes F.		561	542
	Dykes F.			
	Praise the Lord (p. 223) Garrett.			
„ 14.	Best E.		441	183
„ 16.	Best E.		529	593
„ 18.	Hatton E.		486	114
„ 19.	*Fourth Sunday after Easter.*			
	Sermon by Mr. C. W. E. Body.			
	Cooke G.		379	287
	Walmisley D minor.			
	In that day (p. 256) Elvey.			
„ 21.	Wesley Rec. (II.)		464	321
„ 23.	Wesley Rec. (II.)		465	96
„ 25.	Cooke G.		466	209
„ 26.	*Fifth Sunday after Easter.*			
	Tours F.		203	50
	Tours F.			
	Rejoice in the Lord (p. 286) Hopkins.			
„ 28.	Trimnell D.		432	569
„ 29.	Trimnell D.		488	363

			HYMN	TUNE
May	30.	*Ascension Day.*		
		Services as on Sunday, at 8 a.m., 10 a.m., and 6 p.m.		
		Garrett D.	148	116
		Gregorian.		
		God is gone up (p. 47) Croft.		
June	1.	Parry D.	146	15
„	2.	*Sunday after Ascension Day.*		
		Smart F.	448	172
		Garrett F.		
		He was cut off (p. 178) Handel.		
„	8.	Gibbons G.	481	(A.M.)
„	9.	*Whitsunday.*		
		Leslie D. Hervey D.	151	277
		Elvey A.		
		Arise, O Lord God (p. 273) Bennett.		
„	10.	*Monday in Whitsun Week.*		
		Hopkins C.	176	107
„	11.	*Tuesday in Whitsun Week.*		
		St. Barnabas.		
		Porter D.		
		O love the Lord (p. 287) Sullivan.		
„	15.	Lawrance D.	359	432
„	16.	*Trinity Sunday.*		
		Lawrance D.	7	(A.M.)
		Holland F.		
		Holy, Holy, Holy (p. 184) Handel.		

The Hymn Tunes are generally from the "Hymnary."