

THE EAGLE.

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

III.

HAILEYBURY.

NYONE who has travelled within the last year from Cambridge to London by the Great Eastern, may have observed, just before he gets to Broxbourne, a dome towering amongst the trees on the hill-top, and looking much as if St. Paul's had come out for a trip with the numerous Cockneys, who are attracted to these parts by the pleasures of the Rye-house, and had lost itself in the woods. That is the dome of the new Chapel of Haileybury, of which—well, we will only say in words familiar to the students of the old Latin Grammar—*laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*.*

Hertfordshire is essentially an insignificant county; its towns are small, its hills are small, its rivers are small, its area is small, its population is small, its attractions are small. But just at Broxbourne and Haileybury, at the confluence of the Lea and Stort, you are in the choicest strip of Hertfordshire, a very 'garden of the Lord', in comparison to the flatness and dullness of North Herts.

On this valley of the Lea and Stort, Haileybury looks down from an eminence by no means contemptible, for a place within 25 miles of Cambridge. In fact, there was a tradition in the school, though I think it must have been a fiction, that it was the highest hill between London and York. Certainly

* After this article was in type, the dome was accidentally destroyed by fire in October, 1878.

from a rural point of view, a better place for a school could hardly have been devised. Perhaps after a year at Cambridge, one would find it inconvenient to have to walk three miles to a town, and find only Hertford at the end. But such inconveniences (though by no means of an Arcadian disposition, I speak without affectation) are not to be compared with the delight of having Hertford Heath within two minutes walk.

Not that anyone is to think that Hertford Heath is wild or grand or anything of the kind. It is not so much as a mile at its greatest length, and is interspersed with swamps and puddles; in fact, it does not differ materially from other heaths. But to the schoolboy it is liberty; it is a great thing to a good many boys to be able to "escape from the world" within a hundred yards of the College walls. It was quite big enough to make a solitary ramble possible at any hour of the day; there you could catch butterflies if you were naturalistically inclined, and pigs and geese if you wished for nobler sport. In the summer-time, boys used to construct "arbours" amongst the trees and bushes, inaccessible to all, except those who were admitted to the secret, whither they would carry their humble feasts, the flavour of which was of course greatly intensified by the sylvan retirement. The discovery of the arbour by the outer world at once destroyed its charms, and it was immediately demolished. Leading out of the Heath were two lovely green lanes, one of them a Roman road, which, but for their exceeding sloppiness, made as perfect walks as could be wished for by boys used to ordinary English scenery.

It will be seen, that the natural attractions of Haileybury were of a very mild character. Still we have a few curiosities and antiquities in the neighbourhood. Just by us, indeed there is not much to be seen. There is the Rye-house, signalised by the famous plot, and now the paradise of Cockneys; it is of course

forbidden to the school, and we always regarded it as the abode of ineffable vice, though I don't suppose it could really be charged with anything worse than vulgarity. Then there is Ware, familiar to readers of *John Gilpin*, as the abode of his friend the Calendar, also famous for its great bed, wherein fifty citizens of London and their wives once slept together. This interesting piece of furniture, is now, I believe, in the possession of the family of Charles Dickens. Ware is supposed to be the most important town for malting in England; it may also, not improbably, be the dirtiest, otherwise it has no claims to celebrity. Then there is Hertford, the town of the School, whither on the first day of the term a vast caravan of boys used to wend their way, to get supplies for their studies. Of Hertford there is absolutely nothing to be said; it is a dead-alive place, as indeed are most towns in the Eastern Counties.

If, however, you take the Great Northern from Hertford, you soon come to a place by no means devoid of interest, Hatfield, where Queen Elizabeth spent many of the years of her girlhood. Its principal attraction is still the Hall, which is now the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. And after a few miles more you reach the glory of Hertfordshire, the great Abbey, now Cathedral of St. Alban's.

Or, again, if you go southwards from Broxbourne, you come to the two Walthams, Waltham Cross and Waltham Abbey; for the two towns have taken their names from their respective relics of antiquity, Queen Eleanor's Cross, and the famous foundation of "Harold Infelix." His grave is still to be seen there, if indeed he was buried there, and did not live, as some say, to old age at Chester, expiating in solitude his sins whatever they may have been. And a little further on is Epping Forest, to which our Natural Science Society makes, or used to make, excursions with much singing and joyfulness, in many cases, I fear,

attracted more by the picnic than by a genuine love of science.

However, I am not going to describe Waltham, or St. Albans, or Epping Forest, and will return to Haileybury. The college, as everyone knows, was founded originally to train Students for the Civil Service of the East India Company. At the same time, I think Addiscombe was founded for the Military Service of that same Company. The structure itself bears some resemblance to Downing, a description, which I fear will not create a very favourable impression

one huge quadrangle, which has given Haileybury at least one remarkable feature; for it is the biggest quadrangle in England, not excepting the great Court of Trinity, which is second biggest. It cannot, however, claim equality with this last in point of beauty, as it is not only composed of buildings of varying height but is altogether of a scraggy and disorderly appearance.

How the College fared in those "Old East Indian days," we ourselves at least knew little. There was too little connexion between the old and the new for any traditions to be handed down. The College was however adorned by some distinguished professors, and some equally distinguished pupils. Amongst the former were Malthus and Lebas. Amongst the latter were Lord Lawrence, the elder Trevelyan, Sir Bartle Frere, Colvin, Edmonstone and Thomason. These six names are familiar to every Haileyburian, as they gave their names to the six houses; I am afraid, however, that we did not cherish these memories of the past as much as we might have done. Certainly I am sure that none of my own house, Colvin, knew anything about the private history of their patron. And with the exception of these six names, no trace of the ancient inhabitants remains behind. They have not left even a ghost to haunt the almost Egyptian darkness of the study-passages in which they used to dwell.

If, however, Haileyburians are too little mindful of the glory of their predecessors, the public amply makes up for it by ignoring the present inhabitants. You tell some elderly person that you are at Haileybury. He probably says, "O, then you are going to India." You explain that Haileybury has been turned into a school. "Oh, indeed! quite a private school, I suppose." "Is it really a good school? Does it send boys to College, or ever get Scholarships?" are questions that have been put to me, by no means unnatural, considering the circumstances, though apt to cause some resentment in the breasts of enthusiastic members of the School.

In 1856 the East India Civil appointments were thrown open to competition and Haileybury was no longer needed. For three years the College remained deserted. Only a few servants were retained to look after the place and keep it in partial repair. In 1860 it was again occupied, being formed into a barrack for some of the Company's troops. After six months, however, the scheme for amalgamating the Company's forces with those of the Queen was brought in, and the College was again deserted. Meanwhile a number of gentlemen in the neighbourhood had formed a plan of utilising the building by turning it into a public school, and in 1861 accordingly, the College was put up to auction, bought by the aforesaid gentlemen, and the present school established.

When the School, numbering about fifty boys, met for the first time, says tradition, it was well stocked with bats, balls, and every kind of apparatus for athletic amusement. When however the masters bethought themselves of lessons, they found that they had quite forgotten to provide any books; and so the School had to devote itself to mathematics for two days or so. It was not a good omen for the future intellectual success of the new School. But the omen was not fulfilled, at least in the infancy of the School,

for its first successes were very brilliant. The first head-master was the Rev. A. G. Butler, brother of the master of Harrow, and now Dean of Oriel. He was eminently successful and popular, and to him may be attributed in a great measure our early successes. In 1871 he resigned from ill-health and the present master, the Rev. E. H. Bradby was elected from a large body of competitors, amongst whom was the Rev. F. W. Farrar.

History, the school can be said to have none, nor indeed could it be expected of an institution of only sixteen years standing. None of its members have as yet attained to any dignity higher than fellowships. One great change has been made in the School-buildings. The old chapel, however much respect we might feel for its associations, was decidedly plain and not over roomy. I knew a father who intended to bring his son to Haileybury, but at the sight of the chapel, at once departed in disgust. For many years the erection of a new one was talked about, but nothing was begun till 1875. Last summer it was consecrated by the Bishop of St. Alban's as his first episcopal act, amidst great jubilation, and with a large assemblage of old boys; so that at last we have something worthier of the Haileyburian motto, *sursum corda*.

The school, like Marlborough, Wellington, Rossal and others goes on the hostel-system, *i.e.* the boys live all together and are not distributed in private houses, though they are divided into dormitories, which are ordinarily known as houses. The four lowest forms are relegated to a building called Hailey-house and are looked upon with considerable contempt by the "College" fellows *i.e.* the rest, though a large proportion of them have passed through the Hailey-house stage themselves; "you walk about with a Hailey-house pauper," I have known to be said as a most scathing *opprobrium*. "Pauper,"

by the bye, was a curious word in vogue at Haileybury, though not elsewhere, so far as I know; just as the word "gentleman" expresses sometimes a member of the upper classes, sometimes a person possessed of the virtues supposed to belong to these classes, so "pauper" sometimes stood for a lower-class boy, sometimes for a person whose behaviour is like that of the ideal lower-class boy, *i.e.* who indulges in *very* small jokes, practical or verbal, and—but the word, like most expressive words, is absolutely indefinable. So far however as my experience went, pauperism was by no means characteristic of paupers proper, or lower-school boys. On the contrary, it was said with considerable truth, that the Sixth was the most pauperish form in the School. The virtue or vice, whichever it may be, finds its crowning embodiment in the proceedings of undergraduates in the Senate-house.

The "College" fellows who were not in Hailey-house lived in our big quad, inhabiting the studies and form-rooms by day, and the six dormitories, each divided into forty-six compartments, by night. The studies have for the most part four inmates a-piece, and were often got up with considerable taste. On Saturday nights, and often on others too, they are the scene of unctuous "Grub," the remains of which in old times, I grieve to say, used to be precipitated into the passage, quite regardless of sweetness and cleanliness. Indeed, you could not walk up the passage without coming on a jam-pot or a lobster-pot, and sometimes on a pot of sour milk, and various other accumulations of garbage. Now, however, this is happily mended.

One of the great results of the Hostel system for us, whether for good or for evil, was the strength which it gave to public opinion. Living as we did, the great mass of us in one building, and with no artificial restrictions to intercourse, the opinions of the magnates of the School penetrated rapidly through the

mass, and there was little or no resistance to them. The common idea that the fashions of their mistresses, when adopted by servants are at once vulgarized, finds its counterpart at School. School slang was generally introduced at the top of the School, and then gradually made its way down to the "pauper." It then became vulgarized or pauperized, and had to be immediately tabooed by the more aristocratic portions of the School.

In spite of our hostel system, like Marlborough we were by no means wanting in house-feeling. House-matches were almost as exciting as foreign-matches. One of the masters bequeathed us a silver ball, to be the prize of the "Cock" house, that is the house which was first in Cricket in the Summer Term, Football in the Christmas Term, and Racquets, Fives, and Athletics in the Easter Term. At the end of the Term the Cock-house musters its forces, and solemnly receives the ball from the Cock-house of the preceding term, and escorts it with processions and jubilant chants to its new abode. There is a clock, too, which is held by the house which gets most prizes. But this, as might be expected, is never so much an object of enthusiasm as the ball.

The dormitories themselves, with their forty-six compartments looking like a succession of stalls, must be a curious sight to anyone who sees them for the first time. And still more curious would be the effect if he could listen to the sounds that proceeded therefrom in the still hours of the night; a mixed noise of snores and gibberish, with perhaps a casual sleep-walker (for such occasionally appeared to the great terror of the others) stumbling over the boots in the middle of the room. To these dormitories many of us can look back as the scenes of our first battles. For there the young prefect had to keep order between the hours of ten and eleven, and would probably have many sharp moral conflicts with rebellious spirits,

who would come a very little way out of their compartments and pretend they were in them, or dance about at the opposite end to where the prefect was, and until he descended upon them, when if hunted to their compartments, they would sometimes elude him in a very questionable manner.

It must not be thought, however, that our prefects were an inefficient or despised body. On the contrary I think they were rather more powerful than elsewhere. A Marlburian, at any rate, the other day seemed surprised to hear that the persons of our prefects were sacred. I never remember a prefect being treated with violence except on one occasion, and that was by a boy who was leaving and knew that in half-an-hour he would be beyond the reach of vengeance. The majesty of the prefects is chiefly displayed when they hold prefects' meetings upon occasions of bullying and the like. On such occasions the windows of the opposite side of the quad would be thronged with earnest spectators, armed with opera-glasses, when obtainable, who would count the strokes of the cane with as much excitement as was ever displayed at an execution.

Whilst the actual administration is in the hands of the prefects, the social influence falls to an aristocracy, or government of "jolly" fellows. For Haileybury is not 'like many schools' an "athletocracy." What, indeed, exactly constitutes a "jolly," or a "good sort of," or "decent" fellow, it would be rather difficult to define. To be an *ἄριστος*, athletics would certainly help you, but besides that you had to possess certain virtues, and probably also a few vices too, and cleverness was a decided help. Most of the aristocrats were in the Sixth Form.

Our institutions are principally taken from Harrow and Rugby, not unnaturally, for our present Headmaster was a Rugby boy and a Harrow master. Perhaps the most cherished of them is our football.

We believe firmly in compulsory football, though indeed we have had many things lately to shake our faith, collar-bones broken, legs smashed, thighs put out of joint, and last year a boy all but killed by the exposure during and after the game. Our football used to be pretty good, though I fear it has rather fallen off lately. And certainly it ought to have been good in the scrimmage part, for every morning through the year brought us a new game of football. For the entrance to our old chapel being narrow, and everybody who was not inside when the clock struck being counted late, about half-a-minute before time the door was beset with a huge crowd, shoving with might and main. The spectacle must have caused great scandal to many a pious visitor, and sometimes the Head-master would actually supply the place of the opposite side of the scrimmage and drive them out. In other games our prowess is not remarkable, especially cricket, in which we are annually thrashed by Uppingham, though we hold our own tolerably against Wellington. One of the chief delights especially among the younger boys is the bath, which is seventy yards by twenty broad, and would be delightful if the water were not quite so green. It frequently teems with newts, which it is the delight of the bathers to catch. I remember one hopeful youth, actuated we will hope by a scientific spirit, applying a burning-glass to one of these poor creatures. But the newt, I'm glad to say, did not perish unavenged.

Our mental education out of School was assisted by three Societies, Literary or Debating, Natural Science, and Antiquarian, and by a paper or magazine called *The Haileyburian*. The first of these Societies was intended for the reading of original compositions and for debates. It is hardly necessary to say that the former were very rare, and soon the practice was introduced of reading somebody else's composition, a

practice which developed so much, that a year or two ago the reading meetings consisted almost entirely of selections from Sam Slick and Mark Twain. The debates can hardly be said to have been powerful. It was generally extremely difficult to get a motion, for our Sixth Form being not perhaps over much addicted to general culture, was not very ready with a subject. The opener, however, was obliged to get up his speech, and generally got on tolerably, but the other speeches were anything but brilliant. There were two stereotyped forms of beginning a speech; "Gentlemen, I am afraid I know nothing about the subject," or "Gentlemen, my arguments have been forestalled by previous speakers." Our other two Societies were headed by masters who understood the subjects, and also they went on the principle of admitting members, who wished to join, and not like the Literary Society, merely members of the school aristocracy.

The Haileyburian is a paper which once possessed considerable merit and even now is quite up to the average of school magazines. But all school, perhaps we might add college magazines too, though well-supported at first, are soon left almost entirely to the hands of the editors. Poetry was supplied by the school in considerable quantities, a confirmation of the fact that the human race writes poetry before it writes prose. But the school-poetry, with some brilliant exceptions, was decidedly trashy, and was generally either about some horrors or other, or love. One composition on war, I remember, which contained the following elegant stanza:

I see the maiden's eye ne'er free
From tears in secret by her shed,
When in the papers she doth see
Her lover's name amongst the dead.

The love poems were much in the style of the

following, which forms the climax to some erotic dirge:

Alas! what means this agonizing moan?
Well know I what,
Henceforth I tread the path of life alone,
She loves me not.

Sometimes the School has a joke of sending up passages from English poets in order to entrap the editors. Once one of Shelley's poems was rejected as "not up to the mark," on another occasion his "Love's Philosophy" was inserted. As a rule, editors had to write things themselves or screw them out of old boys and masters.

Such are some of our manners and customs, or rather our customs. Anything distinctive about our manners it would be difficult to give. Though the School was founded principally for sons of Clergy, and does, in a large measure, consist of them, I don't think we were in any way clerical, nor was there on the other hand any reaction from clericalism.

Haileybury at present is in its infancy and feels no need as yet of antiquity. It knows that it has to make its way, and that gives it a strength, which is quite as great as any which is imparted by the memories of a long past, like that of Eton and Harrow. Its time of trial will probably come soon, when it has lost its first vigour, and has not yet attained the ripeness of age; when it is no longer attractive by its youth, and yet is in the perilous position of a parvenu.

F. H. C.



WATER-LILIES.

Fairies in their palaces
Use no daintier chalices;
Cups of silver bossed with gold,
Fresh from Nature's coffer brought;
Were the mines of Ophir wrought,
Into fairer forms of old?

Sunshine loves to burnish them,
Trembling shadows furnish them
To a softened grace divine;
Fairies, ye do haunt the spot,
Guarding that enchanted plot
Where your treasures float and shine.



LUMINOUS TREES.

Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Ostendat nemore in tanto!—VIRGIL, *Aen.* VI. 187.

THE pleasure of a journey is considerably enhanced if it be made in the pursuit of some object.

Plan and purpose are sauces to travel almost as piquant as hunger is to a meal. The reproach that no recollections are so vivid as those of morning coffee or evening *table-d'hôte* is more often made than deserved. When deserved, it is usually by those who cross the water because it is the fashion or journey to kill time.

The artist remembers that crimson glow which fired the Jungfrau hanging cloud like over the lake of Thun. The botanist recalls the frowning cliffs which guarded the valley where the edelweiss grew. The geologist has had moments as ecstatic as that of Hutton, whose guides imagined he had surely discovered a vein of gold when he detected an intruded vein of granite. The mountaineer thinks of the moment when he reached the Col and saw before him that the pass was accomplished. Even a sportsman remembers the successful stalk or the pool where he landed the salmon.

Few are botanists, sportsmen, or mountaineers. But the pleasure of a tour is much increased if our eyes are open to all that surrounds us, on the watch to observe and interpret. He that seeks will ever

find much more than he looked for. There is a pretty and rather mysterious appearance, easy to see, yet seldom seen, and seldom looked for, which has added me a charm to many a walk, and which I would fain make a little better known. Professor Tyndall describes, in his *Glaciers of the Alps*, how, when he was plodding up a valley with the huge mountains standing lifeless against the brightening sky, he became conscious that on the brow of a hill in front some bushes were gleaming like a fringe of frosted silver above the dead shadow of the slopes. "The twigs and weeds on the summit shone as if they were self-luminous, while bits of thistledown floating in the air appeared like fragments of the sun himself." He proceeds to quote a letter from M. Necker to Sir David Brewster, giving an admirable description of the phenomenon. "Conceive the observer at the foot of a hill interposed between him and the place where the sun is about to rise. The upper margin of the mountain is covered with woods or detached trees or shrubs, which are projected as dark objects on a very bright and clear sky, except at the very place where the sun is just going to rise, for there all the trees and shrubs bordering the margin are entirely—branches, leaves, stem, and all—of a pure and brilliant white, appearing extremely bright an brilliant and luminous sky, as that part of it which surrounds the sun always is. All the minutest details, leaves, twigs, &c., are most delicately preserved, and you would fancy that you saw these trees and forests made of the purest silver with all the skill of the most expert workman. The swallows and other birds flying in those particular spots appear like sparks of the most brilliant white" (*Glaciers of the Alps*, p. 179).

This appearance has not often been noticed, probably, as Professor Tyndall suggests, from the natural unwillingness of guides and travellers to turn their

eyes towards the painful radiance of that part of the sky. After reading these descriptions, some years ago just before starting for Switzerland my attention was directed to the matter by a friend returning. He had himself been examining it and seeking an explanation. Accordingly, during that and several subsequent tours I was constantly on the watch for the phenomenon, trying to observe it in every possible position and on every available opportunity. I have seen it repeatedly in many places and various situations. The pursuit has added a lively charm to many a mountain walk, and affixed a pleasant memory to many a lovely place. There was not merely the delight of witnessing but the occupation of seeking its source. Various explanations had been propounded. One was that the leaves and stems might be wet with early dew, and hence the brilliancy of the reflection. But while grasses and leaves might be dewy, scarcely could twigs, and certainly not thick pine stems. Besides, in the valley between Bruneck and Taufers I saw the appearance about midday. There is not much dew left by that hour on a scorching day. It can also be seen, though less often, at sunset. Two other suggestions are even less happy, that the tree trunks might be hung with silvery lichens, or varnished with turpentine or with gums. Persons have been up into the forests to examine, and found on the tree trunks none of the gums, lichens, or turpentine required. Diffraction has also been proffered as an explanation; but diffraction produces colour, as may be seen by looking through eyelashes at the sun, and it does not produce white light.

Plainly the cause is illumination by the sun. The difficulties to be explained are, how can the whole of the tree be white when only one part is lit up, and how can even the sun light up rough pine-bark with so intense a glow. The latter may be explained by the extreme obliquity of the reflexion. Even a

mirror reflects more clearly when you look sideways along its face. White paper will shew the difference still more strongly. Even a dress of black velvet has a sheen on the folds; and a surface of lamp-black, the least reflective of all substances, will gleam if the light skim over it close enough. These grass stems and pine leaves are but just out of the sun's line. His rays as they fall are bent but a trifle from their course, and reach the eye with scarce the least diminution of their brilliancy. Careful watching, too, will shew that the appearance extends only a short way from the sun's disc, and ceases while the angle of reflexion is still large.

It is less easy to explain why the whole of the tree should seem bathed in light when but a part can be really touched by the sun. For the grass and leaves we might imagine that their bright side only was seen; but then the tree trunks are round, and they also seem bright, and bright all over. The cause of this appears to be Irradiation. When a drop of water is let fall on blotting paper it soaks into the paper all round the edges of the blot. Fine ink lines cannot be drawn on soft paper for the same reason. Now, bright light seems to produce a like effect on the retina of the eye; it affects a space larger than that on which it falls, and it spreads beyond the limits of the proper picture. Thus astronomers know to their cost that the sun's disc seems larger than it ought to do. A planet crossing the face is almost quenched in the radiance, and takes less time to cross than should be wanted for the apparent breadth. At new moon the dark part can often be seen within, embraced by the horns, and then the bright crescent seems to belong to an orb far broader than the darker disc. We paint the figures on our cricket telegraph board white on a black plate, and make our diagrams in the lecture-room with chalk on a slate, rather than with black on white. In each case

the reason is the same; the white encroaches on the dark, like good in the midst of evil, and becomes larger and more plainly visible.

One scorching day, when mounting the Oetz Thal, in heat which seemed reaching sunstroke point, we sheltered under the welcome refuge of a great rock. A spider had drawn a long thread of web from a point of the rock to some neighbouring bush or weed. The part which ran through shadow could just be seen, an airy filmy line. Where it entered the sunlight it shone a brilliant cord, seemingly broad, and thick, and coarse. In shade it was studded with tiny knots, but in sunlight strung with pearls. The broad part shifted with the shifting view, and the thickness was plainly the mere impression of the light.

Hence, if a dark and a bright line were side by side the bright would spread itself over the dark; brightness would alone be seen. When the boughs are illumined by the rising sun there is a bright and a dark side, but the bright overlaps the dark and there is no place left for the latter—the tree is shaped out of light. Even the thick stems and trunks, if far enough off to seem narrow, yield to the same influence and are luminous, but a trunk too thick or near will resist conversion, and shew an obstinate core of darkness still. This effect probably assists in diverting notice from the phenomenon, though, when comprehended, it leads immediately to the cause.

I have seen these luminous trees in all parts of Switzerland and Tyrol, and am in the constant habit of watching for them everywhere. If you chance to see the shadow of a tree-clad brow cast on a meadow or open hill-side, there is the place to see them. Go in the shadow near to its edge, as near as you can without bringing your eye into the sunlight. Look in the direction of the sun's disc, make it just on the point of rising, but do not let it quite rise. You will see the trees, or bushes, or grass stems, which

fringe the distant brow, shining as if they were soaked with brightness. The breadth illuminated is never great, usually about twice that of the sun itself. The sun must not be allowed to come quite into sight, for he drowns dark and white alike. Often no shrubs or grass occur suitably, and you must shift your place. Probably also at first you will fail to see it, from ignorance of what to look for. But if you once can attain to the sight, your trouble will not have been in vain.

This year I could not catch the effect in the Bertrich Valley, but saw it beautifully on grass while walking up to the Falkenlei. I have seen it well in Wales below Beth Gelert on distant trees, still better on grass and bushes in the Pass of Cwm Buchan. I have never succeeded in seeing the effect in the plain countries, probably because the sun there must be low in order to be hidden, and then his rays are enfeebled by the length they have travelled through the air. A building, one would think, might shew it were the roof-ridge clothed with weeds; and, indeed, here in Cambridge I have noticed birds thus luminous when flying above a house which hid the sun. The parapet-tracery of King's Chapel is too coarse and thick, but when the swallows assemble on the roof for their autumn migration it might be possible to see them lit up in this way. Yet in our damp vapour-holding atmosphere the sun's beams may well be always too feeble. Even in the clear air of the mountains the sunset light often fails to have sufficient intensity.

E. H.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

OR,

THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY.

An Old Song to a New Tune.

WHEN we were all little and good,—
A long time ago, I'm afraid, Miss,—
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Miss;
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight;
In Norfolk I think his estate lay—
That is, if I recollect right,
For I've not read the history lately.*

Rum ti, &c.

Their Pa and their Ma being teased
With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,
People are apt to be seized
With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,
Their medical man shook his head
As he could not get well to the root of it;
And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

* See Bloomfield's "History of the County of Norfolk," in which all the particulars of this lamentable history are (or ought to be) fully detailed, together with the names of the parties, and an elaborate pedigree of the family.—T. I.



Tenuem

Poematis illustrissimi adumbrationem

Multos abhinc annos

Inter ambulandum confectam

Nugarum patientibus

D. D.

Carolus Stanwell.

QUAE NEMORA AUT QUI VOS SALTUS—?

DUM nos innocuos infantia prima videbat,
(Sæcla sed ex illo longa abiisse queror)
De pueris, morti quos teter avunculus olim
Prodidit in silva, fabula crebra fuit.
His pater Armigeri titulos Equitisve ferebat;
Villa apud Icenos, aut ego fallor, erat:
Rectius historiam vellem meminisse, sed est quæ
Excidit infido, ni modo lecta, sinu.
Illis fama refert matremque patremque molesti
Insidiis morbi succubuisse simul,
Qui solet infando stomachum vexare tumultu,
Prunorum incauto si quis amore furit.
Stat medicus, motatque caput sapienter, at altam
Tangere radicem non valet arte mali;
Jamque, tori calcem dum claudit avunculus, infans
Ad latus ægrotis illud et illud adest.

"Oh, Brother!" their Ma whisper'd, faint
 And low, for breath seeming to labour, "Who'd
 Think that this horrid complaint,
 That's been going about in the neighbourhood,
 Thus should attack me,—nay more,
 My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him!
 Bringing us so near Death's door
 That we can't avoid making a call on him!"

"Now think, 'tis your Sister invokes
 Your aid, and the last word she says is,
 Be kind to those dear little folks
 When our toes are turn'd up to the daisies!—
 By the servants don't let them be snubb'd,—
 —Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,—
 And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd
 Well with Whitehead's best essence of mustard!"

"You know they'll be pretty well off in
 Respect to what's call'd 'worldly gear,'
 For John, when his Pa's in his coffin,
 Comes in to three hundred a-year;
 And Jane's to have five hundred pound
 On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,
 So you'll own a worse match might be found,
 Any day in the week, than our Jenny!"—

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
 And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
 Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
 And devoted himself to Old Bogey
 If he did not make matters all right,
 And said, should he covet their riches,
 He "wish'd the old Gentleman might
 Fly away with him, body and breeches!"

'Frater,' ait genetrix, vix exaudita, (laborans
 Halitus haud faciles expedit ore sonos,)
 'Quis prævidit enim, qua nunc vicinia pallet,
 Hanc nobis pestem tam fore triste malum?
 Quam mihi, quamque viro gravis est! stat janua mortis:
 Ire salutatum vis inamœna jubet.
 Te soror in partes ergo vocat; accipe flentis,
 Accipe quæ fas est ultima verba loqui.
 Bellis ubi in cælum versa nos calce videbit
 Officium miseris auxiliantis agas.
 Præcipue, lautis innata superbia vernis
 Ne juvenes dura conditione premat,
 Suppeditet pueri plantis fomenta sinapi,
 Lactea cum pomis sitque polenta Chloæ.
 Ut nosti his modicus legabitur æris acervus,
 (Res aut ornatum dicere vulgus amat,)
 Nam nato, genitor tumulo quum absconditur, annus
 Ter centum argenti millia quisque dabit.
 Huic etiam, sponso si quando nubet, ad assem
 Aureis quingenti dos numerandus erit;
 Ergo non donis adeo locupletibus aucta
 Assurget nostræ plurima nupta Chloæ.
 Dixerat; ille simul lacrimas simulavit amaras,
 Fraudis et ut tortam suetus obire viam,
 E loculis prompto mantili exsiccat utrumque
 Lumen, et inferno devovet ossa Jovi:
 Testatusque Deos, 'Si non æqualiter acta,
 Et sine avaritia, res, ait, omnis erit,
 Me braccas, me membra adsit rapturus ad Orcum,
 Horridulus, sontes quem tremuere, senex.'

No sooner, however, were they

Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away

Out of that parish into the next one,
Giving out he should take them to town,

And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,

But receive a genteel education.

“Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!”

Says he, “While his mind’s ductile and plastic,
I’ll place him at Dotheboys Hall,

Where he’ll learn all that’s new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,

Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap ’em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,

The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise!”

Having thought on the How and the When

To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He sent for two ill-looking men,

And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—
Says he, “Each of you take up a child

On the crupper, and when you have trotted
Some miles through that wood lone and wild,

Take your knife out, and cut its carotid!”—

“Done” and “done” is pronounced on each side,

While the poor little dears are delighted
To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,

And are not in the least degree frightened;
They say their “Ta! Ta!” as they start,

And they prattle so nice on their journey,
That the rogues themselves wish to their heart

They could finish their job by attorney.

Vix tamen extulerat cui vertere cura ligonem

Corpora, gramineo condideratque toro,

Quum in pagum pagi qui fines illius urget

Dulce tenellorum gessit utrumque caput.

Res ita vulgatur: ‘qua discere præstet, in urbem,

Sedibus hunc lectis depositurus, eo,

Ne fera rusticitas mores, ubi fortior ætas,

Curvet, at agnoscat Musa polita suum.

Sordet enim Græcus sermo, sordetque Latinus;

Ergo, dum fingi cor juvenile potest,

Auferat in ludum gaudentis verbere Flavi

Mentem et membra novis erudienda modis.

Et, quoniam oculis ditata puellula plenis

Mox poterit centum dinumerare procos,

Illa suburbanis ibit qua torva misellis

Fert Saganæ ferulam Canidiæque manus.’

Volvit atrox animo quo tempore, quisque nefandis

Tradatur morti par puerile modis;

Inde ciet geminos immanes ora bubulcos,

Inque manus nummos quinque utriusque dedit:

Tunc ait, ‘Hoc, illo, pullum suspendite dorso,

Pergite succussu quadrupedante frui;

Cumque feros saltus soli calcabitis, ensem

Promite, et in jugulum cuique secetur iter.’

Siccine pangendum? Sic pangitur. Icit utrinque

Foedera vox: geminos ocus ire juvat;

Fingere enim gallos equitantum more sedentes

Gaudent, nec minimo contremuere metu.

Ergo iter ingressi balbutivere Valet.

Fallitur innocua garrulitate via:

Jamque alias esset cordi nebulonibus ipsis

Si modo per dextras conficeretur opus.

Nay one was so taken aback

By seeing such spirit and life in them,
That he fairly exclaim'd "I say, Jack,

I'm blow'd if I *can* put a knife in them!"
"Pooh!" says his pal, "you great dunce!

You've pouch'd the good gentleman's money,
So out with your whinger at once,

And scrag Jane, while I spifigate Johnny!"

He refused, and harsh language ensued,

Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood

Gave the truculent rascal his gruel;
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,

While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries;
Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here
With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries!

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes;

So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking:
I'm going to get you some cakes,

And a nice butter'd roll that's a-baking!"
He rode off with a tear in his eye,

Which ran down his rough cheek, and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,

"Pretty souls!—don't they wish they may get it!!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight

Of the wretch who thus sought their undoing,
But pass'd all that day and that night

In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.

The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,

So that worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,

And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

Alter enim, (tanta sensim dulcedine lusus

Moverat, atque hilaris mens, animique vigor,)

'Figere sub teneris' inquit 'cervicibus ensem,

Turbine corripiar ni mea corda vetent.'

At comes, 'heus, animum, crassum caput, abjice mollem:

Nonne sinu abscondis quod probus ille dedit?

Prome manu cultrum; fodiet mea sica Johannem,

Restabitque tibi conficienda Chloe.'

Jamque, recusat enim, verbosa in jurgia currunt;

Mox dubias pugna conseruere manus.

Mitior ingenii superat; truculentior alter

Illius extremam sorbet ab ense luem.

Esurie victi trepidant ægroque timore,

Dum socius socii membra reponit humo;

Tunc ait, 'Hic lusu pueri indulgebitis: ecce!

Quot spinus baccas, quotque oleaster habet!

Vix crepitum apposito duplicaverit indice pollex,

Et redeo: trepidos exuitote metus.

Liba reportabo manibus; jam mollia furnus

Farra coquit, calido contumulanda sero.'

Urget equum, plenique tumet dum luminis humor,

Excidit, et guttis aspera barba madet;

Dum secum, 'insontes animæ,' suspirat et inquit,

'Nonne istas olim vultis habere dapes?'

Vanuit ex oculis, nec ab illo tempore mortem

Queis strueret nebulo conspiciendus erat.

Flent noctem totam crebris erroribus actam,

(Iverat assiduis fletibus acta dies;)

Frigidior tandem nigrioribus ingruit umbris,

Quassat anhelantes ægra querela sinus:

Postera lux oritur, geminosque rubecula duplex

Invenit in gelido diriguisse solo:

These two little birds it sore grieves
 To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—
 They cover the bodies with leaves,
 An interment quite ornithological:
 It might more expensive have been,
 But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,
 If amongst those in all Kensal Green
 You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
 Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
 And Justice, though blind, has a nose,
 That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.
 The wicked old Uncle, they say,
 In spite of his riot and revel,
 Was hippish and qualmish all day,
 And dreamt all night long of the d——1.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
 And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
 Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
 And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
 The neighbours thought all was not right,
 Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
 And Captain Swing came in the night,
 And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox
 Ran away with his geese and his ganders;
 His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
 Took the rot, and his horses the glanders;
 His daughters drank rum in their tea,
 His son, who had gone for a sailor,
 Went down in a steamer at sea,
 And his wife ran away with a tailor!

Par volucrum doluit sceleris formidine tanti,
 (Ausim inter sævos enumerare dolos:)
 Congestis igitur velarunt frondibus artus;
 Talia pennatis nempe sepulchra placent.
 Forsitan exstructus surgat pretiosior agger
 Multus, at, Esquiliis si peragrarare libet,
 Crede mihi quæ fert animus non visa loquenti,
 Mausolea illic non magis apta parant.
 At, quæcunque sibi scelerati fingere possint,
 Stragula complebit conscia culpa rubis.
 Scilicet emunctæ, si desunt lumina, nares
 Justitiæ tacitum prodere crimen amant.
 Improbus, ut perhibent, calices male sobrius altos
 Glutiit incassum, perpetuasque dapes;
 Angit enim miserum per totos nausea soles,
 Totaque nox Orco somnia missa refert.
 Ilia mox torquet bilis, plantasque podagra,
 Mutato frontem marmore ruga secat.
 Seria concrescunt magis, et scalpuntur in horas,
 Partem acidi quidquid gutture volvitur habet.
 Vicini dubitant, neque enim jam creditur insons,
 Rarius alloquium qui petat ullus adest;
 Et nocte infames prædonis nomine flammæ
 Hordea combustis arripuere fabis.
 Vix erat una dies qua non aut ansere nuptas,
 Aut ipsum vulpes abstulit ore marem;
 Tabueruntque greges scabie, robigine messes,
 Et panus lassos exanimavit equos.
 Nata Cathaiaca miscebat fronde Jamaicæ
 Pocla, vagabundus dum mare natus obit,
 Qua vehitur sidit calido ratis acta vapore,
 Et raptam uxorem sartor adulter habet.

It was clear he lay under a curse,
 None would hold with him any communion;
 Every day matters grew worse and worse,
 Till they ended at length in the Union;
 While his man being caught in some fact
 (The particular crime I've forgotten),
 When he came to be hang'd for the act,
 Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.*

Understanding the matter was blown,
 His employer became apprehensive
 Of what, when 'twas more fully known,
 Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive;
 He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
 Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,
 Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
 And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
 That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages
 In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
 As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages!
 Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
 And reflect it's a fact beyond question
 That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,
 Promote anything else but digestion.—

—When you set about making your will,
 Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
 Mind, and word it with caution and skill,
 And avoid, if you can, any codicil!
 When once you've appointed an heir
 To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere
 You leave a reversion, beware
 Whom you place in contingent remainder!

* Sometime ordinary of Newgate. It was a common joke among the more lively of the convicts that they went to the gallows with their ears stuffed with "Cotton."

Scilicet haud dubiis urgebant numina Diris,
 Nullius alloquium quo frueretur erat.
 Inque dies pejora premunt, et paupere mensa
 Cogitur exiguum sollicitare cibum.
 Interea famulus culpa deprensus iniqua,
 (Quale foret crimen non revocare queo,)
 Dum, sceleris pœnas, nodum cervicibus aptat,
 Carnificis totum pandit in aure nefas.
 Ast, ubi cognovit fraudem recludier atram,
 Anxietas trepidi pectora quassat heri:
 Suspensumque metu jam flagra ultricia, late
 Si res per vulgus serperet ista, tenent.
 Empta refert aconita domum, commixtaque trito
 Farre superjectam diluit inter aquam,
 Quæ simul absorpsit, lecto defixus, egentum
 Nordovicensi sub lare, pauper obit.
 Volvite nunc animis quot scripsi verba parentes,
 Et, quoties medio Sirius igne furit,
 Parcite vesanum prunis impendere amorem,
 Sufflatuque aveat mens potiore frui.
 Discite granatis oculos avertere pomis;
 Scilicet haud dubia res manet hæcce fide,
Uvæ, si crudam capitis, sonus exit in *hei væ*,
 Syllabaque hæc stomacho pertinet, illa gulæ.
 Ultima sub mortem quum testamenta parandi
 Cura tibi, ægroto quæ solet esse, venit,
 Addita sit toti prudentia cauta libello:
 Præcipue finem clausula nulla secet.
 Et simul atque opibus congestis scribitur heres,
 Quas dederint sortes, contuleritve labor,
 Cui spem successus facias spectare memento,
 Et ne quis noceat proximitate sua.

Executors, Guardians and all
 Who have children to mind don't ill-treat them,
 Nor think that, because they are small
 And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them!
 Remember that "ill-gotten goods
 Never thrive!" their possession's but cursory;
 So never turn out in the woods
 Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things
 Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour;
 His "riches will make themselves wings,"
 And his property come to the hammer!
 Then He,—and not those he bereaves,—
 Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,
 When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves
 (Of fat catalogues) heap'd up by Robins*!

T. INGOLDSBY.

* An allusion is made here to the recent dispersion of the collection at Strawberry Hill, whose glories came to an end in 1842 (the date of the poem), when all the pictures, curiosities, &c., which it contained, described in an enormous illustrated catalogue, were disposed of in a twenty-four days' sale, through the agency of the renowned auctioneer, Mr. George Robins. An amusing parody of the catalogue appeared under the title of "*Great Sale at Gooseberry Hall,*" &c.

Vos quibus obtigerit vel custodire juventam,
 Vel servare aliis rem, propriamque domum,
 Ne quia sunt teneri, pupillos fraude prematis,
 Discat et immerita verber abesse manu.
 Proderit et meminisse mala quæsita rapina
 Sublabi: injustum dissipat hora lucrum.
 Incertis dubitate ergo committere silvis
 Quas potius nutrix servet, et alma domus.
 Scilicet haud poterit vocem pressisse sub imo
 Pectore cui maculant turpia facta manus;
 Aufugiet celeres induta pecunia pennas,
 Hastaque vendendas significabit opes.
 Atque ita, queis orbet miseris, suspiria et angor
 Non quanta orbanti causa doloris erunt;
 Totus ubi obruitur, silvæ ceu fronde, libellis
 Venditor ad plebem quos Rubicilla* parat.

* Locus obscurus. Videtur alludere poeta ad notum quendam auctionum præsidem. Libelli igitur isti bonorum catalogos repræsentant, quibus nefarius ille avunculus, vel aliquis ad eundem modum nefarius, *obru*i dicatur a Rubicilla, perinde ac infantes a Rubeculis. Neque vero nos fallit *Rubicillam* Anglice *Red-start* esse, *Rubeculam* vero *Red-breast* vel *Robin*. Metro ita incommodo lectoris indulgentia quæritur.



A VOYAGE TO LUSITANIA.

Was ich besitze, seh ich wie im Weiten
Und was verschwand, wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.—GOETHE.

I HAVE actually felt a positive pleasure in breathing there; and even here the recollections of the Tagus and the Serra de Ossa, of Coimbra, its cypress and orange-groves and olives, its hills and mountains, its venerable buildings and its dear rivers, of the Vale of Algarve, the little islands of beauty in the desert of Alemtejo, and, above all, of Cintra—the most blessed spot in the habitable globe—will almost bring tears into my eyes.” So wrote the poet Southey of that country to whose history he had devoted so much time, labour and thought, and with which he was so familiar, and whose letters on Spain and Portugal are so deeply interesting as exhibiting a picture of the country just before it was swept by the tornado of its French devastators.

It was to this enchanting land that I directed my steps early in the year 1870. The best time for visiting Portugal is the season which the lovely lady Christabel chose for her midnight excursion in the wood:

“The month before the month of May,
When the Spring comes slowly up this way.”

Her showers are not then ended, the cloud-shadows are still left in the valleys and the cloud-draperies still beautify the hills. Then, as the author of *Childe Harold* truly says: “it is, indeed, a goodly sight to see what Heaven hath done for this delicious land.”

It was two months earlier, however, that I started for my wanderings in the Peninsular, when, leaving Gloucestershire, I found myself on the evening of February 8 at Southampton. The next morning the “*Oneida*,” a fine vessel belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, on the Brazil Service, was to start for Rio Janeiro, touching at Lisbon, *en route*. We left the shores of Southampton about 3. P.M., and with a stiff breeze “right aft” were soon out in the English Channel. Books of Voyages and Travels had ever been my delight, and as I have often stood gazing at the ships bound to distant climes, it has been with longing eyes that I have watched their lessening sails as I followed them in spirit towards “the distant far-away, round which a vision’d form of sweetness seemed to play.”

I longed to visit the scenes of renowned achievement; to tread, as it were, in the footprints of antiquity, and to wander through countries rich in the accumulated treasures of ages. Those who are familiar with Washington Irving’s delightful sketches will remember how, in his happiest style, he describes the advantage of a voyage, and what an excellent preparative it is to a traveller who is about to visit a country for the first time; how the vast expanse of waters is like a blank in existence, for all is “vacancy” from the moment you lose sight of land you have left until you are launched on the opposite shore, amid the bustle and novelties of another world. The temporary absence of all those things we are accustomed to see day by day produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. In travelling by land, on the contrary, there is a continued succession of persons, incidents and scenes, which carries on life’s story and lessens the effect of absence and separation; but wherever we go on the deep and dark-blue ocean, however long, however unwavering our course, yet we see no trace

of the tracks oft trod before, no memento there of
"Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar."

"Unchangeable save to Thy wild waves play,
Time writes no wrinkles on Thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, Thou rollest now."

Thus it is that a wide sea voyage makes our separation complete, seeming at once to sever us, and as I saw the last blue line of England fade from my view I felt that I had closed one volume of the world and its contents and had time for meditation before opening another.

"The steam was up, and light the fair winds blew,
On, on, the vessel flies, the land is gone."

Leaning over the ship's side I had been looking dreamily into the far-distance, where lately I had seen the shores of my native land, and then into the waters beneath me, and as I bent over the vessel's side it was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that I should soon be traversing "Biscay's sleepless bay," which the mournful loss of the "London" had so freshly imprinted on our memories, and that having crossed that Bay we should soon be ploughing the waters of the mighty Atlantic. I aroused myself, or rather I was awakened from my reverie by the noise and bustle incident upon the arrangement of a ship for a long voyage, which soon distracted my sight and attention. It was getting dark, however, and the wind was cold so I was soon tired of observing what was immediately around me, and I sought my berth with that fabled music ringing in my ears which foretells, they say, when we are about to approach an epoch in our life. I soon found, however, that universal space is not filled with universal harmony, for the continual noise of the engines and the eternal movement of the screw did not accord with my feelings, but at last

"To sleep I gave my powers away,
My will was bonds-man to the dark;"

and the soul sitting in her own "helmless bark" was flying, unconscious, thro' the land of oblivion. Sometimes it visited the land of dreams, and, like the Ancient Mariner, I saw the sea in all its moods of endless change; sometimes we seemed to lie

"Nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Then we seemed to leave that silent sea, and I struggled in vain to divert myself of the idea that we were tumbling about in the Nubian Geographers' "Mare Tenebrarium," with the waves piled up around us right and left like huge ramparts, against which the surf reared its white and ghastly crest; and when at last I awoke it was amid the conflicting senses of the mental and physical existences, and I quite expected to find my impressions of the former eloquent in their description of the latter; but we were neither in a calm nor was any gale blowing.

I felt, however, a secret presentiment, and accepted my dream as a sort of sortilège. We may all sneer at this sortilège, but there are yet believers in it, and many still trust their secret auguries as implicitly as did the Pagans of old, and who is there that has not often found dreams to be but the reflex of his waking hours?

Though I rose early I found several of the passengers had already found their way on deck, where some of them had been indulging in a sea-bath, but to me it seemed too cold for the "Hose." I soon found many pleasant and interesting companions, especially a young Spaniard, who was going out to the Falkland Isles with Colonel D——, the newly-appointed Governor, also a young Brazilian, who was returning to his home, Rio Janeiro, having passed three years in Europe for his education. This opportunity of initiating yourself into the sympathies

and friendship of your fellow-passengers is another of the peculiar charms of a sea voyage.

The weather was exquisite, and the wind favorable, "Earth lent her waters, air her breezes," and we went merrily along at 14 knots an hour. I would, with Irving, correct the expression that at sea all is "vacancy," for to one given to day-dreaming ample opportunity is afforded for meditation and reverie, on subjects relating both to the deep and to air; and looking down into the quiet restful waters imagination would conjure up all that has been read or heard of the watery world beneath. How wonderful the reflection that this vast accumulation of water, constituting as it does three-fourths of the area of our planet, can have its principal components expressed in the simple words oxygen and hydrogen; and that if to these we add the other two elements of carbon and nitrogen, we include all that wonderful animal and vegetable life with which it is so prolific. Thus the universal language of science shows us that economy is the wonderful feature of the constitution of creation, the accomplishment of astonishing variety out of the fewest materials. Dr. Hooker tells us that the waters of the Antarctic Ocean are often entirely coloured by its profuse and peculiar vegetation, and if we turn to the Arctic Seas it is found that there a similar effect is produced by minute animated creatures, which turn the ultramarine blue of the water to a turbid green.

These animalcules discolor patches many miles square and of great depth, and to afford some conception of their numbers, it is stated that in the space of 2 square miles, 1,500 feet deep, there would be congregated a mass of individual being, which 80,000 persons, incessantly counting from the Creation to the present moment, would not have been able to enumerate. Dr. Darwin also, when passing the coast of Chili in the "Beagle," describes the sea as having

the appearance of "great bands of muddy water." When he examined the water under a microscope, he says "minute animalcules were seen darting about and exploding, quite invisible to the naked eye. Their infinite numbers made the water, seen at a distance, look like that of a river which has flowed through a red clay district." The doctor's description also of Keeling Island, that submarine coral mountain whose summit is nearly 10 miles across, is most interesting, and when he says that *every atom* bears the stamp of having been subjected to organic arrangement, and adds "surely such formations rank among the wonderful objects of this world," what are we to say to Mr. Lyell's statement that some groups of Coral Islands in the Pacific ocean are 11,000 miles in length and 300 in breadth, and represent the sole labours of those minute coral architects. Every particle is procured from the sea-water, and yet the ingredients exist in such extremely small proportions that in order to add 1 lb. of carbonate of lime to these structures, a quantity of sea-water not less than 124,000 lbs. must undergo the process of vital chemistry.

How intensely interesting also is that which Professor E. Forbes tell us, that within 300 fathoms of the surface there are 8 regions or zones, each clearly defined, and each characterized by its own peculiar inhabitants. Few creatures, he tells us, are found in more than one or two of these zones, while only two species are common to all. A remarkable discovery in connection with these zones has turned the sea into a sort of map, representing types of the occupants of the seas of other climates, for by examining its depths it has been found that the marine animals occupying the deeper zones assume more and more the character of those found in northern climates, while the occupants of the first zone, represent the peculiarities of form and

colour which characterise the inhabitants of southern latitudes. For instance, the more deeply the shell fish is found, the more to the north will lie the place where its allies are dwellers on the coast. It is stated that in the Mediterranean, animal life ceases to exist at the depth of 300 fathoms, *i.e.* past the confines of the lower zone, but Sir James Ross has shown that as deep down as 6,000 feet animated beings exist. Few marine creatures can endure the vast pressure of so thick a bed of water, and this pressure exercises an important influence on the distribution of life. If a gold-fish is subjected to a pressure of 4 atmospheres, or about 60lbs. to the square inch, the fish becomes paralysed, and the animals occupying the lower regions have experimentally exhibited a greater tolerance of pressure than those of the more superficial zones. But oceanic temperature also influences the distribution of marine life.

It is a singular fact that it is no easy matter to read much on board ship. Leisure hours on land need not be lazy hours; but at sea they seem inevitably to be genuine hours of idleness. A lassitude seems to pervade you, and if a book is taken up it is generally with eyes which strive but *will* not read, and as you lie basking in the sun you yield yourself up to a "loving languor," which is not repose. The greatest excitement is that which is induced by one's own thoughts and reveries. Sometimes other fragments of the world, like ourselves, would glide along the ocean, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence, and would form for the moment a theme for speculation, but for the most part you allow the hours to pass by in lazy delight, and even the most nervous temperament yields to the lymphatic influence of the sea.

Passing by the sorrows as well as the joys that sailors find, for the caprice of the waves often mars

the rapture of the scene, we had fine weather until the night of the 10th; we were in the Bay of Biscay, the weather which had been threatening was now rough. During the 11th the wind increased, and at night it blew a gale. I had retired to my berth after watching the clouds, which the gushing wind was bearing onwards at a terrific pace; in vain I tried to sleep. The vibration of the screw, which was never pleasant, had now become intolerable as it laboured, strained and groaned in the ungovernable fury of the waters, with a sort of phrensiad convulsion.

The deck is preferable to being down below, listening only to the fearful sound of rushing waters; at least, so I thought, as I lay debating the point whether I could dress in the darkness and get on deck. At this moment, however, my mind was made up for me by a huge wave, which, breaking over the ship, somehow or other found its way down the hatchways, and rushing along the passage forced its way into several berths. Amid the pitching and tossing, and in water knee deep, I placed my baggage as best I could on the truckle and stand, and partially dressing I managed to transport myself (by the assistance of the stewards who were baling the water out of the berths) to the saloon. Thence clambering up the ladder I reached the deck, where, enveloped in my rug and clinging to every fixture, I saw the wondrous sight so faintly foreshadowed in my dream. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion, beyond description, as it was beyond sleep's imagination, and as I saw the huge ship staggering and plunging among these roaring watery caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or retained her buoyancy. Amid the huge band of raging waves which surrounded us, ever and anon, there would appear one wilder and higher than the rest, on whose foaming top we were tossed with sublime ease, only to be swept, the next instant,

down into a deep and almost Tartarian darkness. It was an inspiring yet terrific sight, and it was with no small comfort that we found on the morning of the 12th that the storm was subsiding. It seemed to go down as quickly as it arose, and the boundless, dark-heaving ocean yielded itself in silence and submission.

On Sunday morning we began to take soundings, and found that during the storm we had been driven past Lisbon, so had to retrace our steps. Our star-board boats had been washed away, the bulwarks were broken and in some places completely gone. On the evening of the 13th we anchored in sight of the rock of Lisbon, being unable to pass its dangerous bar during the darkness.

I shall never forget sitting on deck that night, it was calm and lovely. I had watched the moon slowly rise over the sea; I had watched the sea slowly silver under the moon; and "now night had descended, violet and soft." The breeze was calm as the night itself, and as it listlessly lifted my hair I stayed in a sort of waking vision;

"Watching the moonlight begin,
Quivering to die like a dream,
Over the far sea line,
To the unknown regions beyond."

How wondrously calm it was, remembering how awfully deep had been calling to deep.

"All heaven and earth were still, tho' not in sleep
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most."

There I sat like a moonlight reveller, intoxicated with a joy which was not sober, for it amounted at times to an ecstasy. The spirit of peace seemed resting on the world, and nothing frowned save the huge rock with its revolving light.

Methought, that night, the beauteous Queen of Tides, darted from her heavenly home brighter glances than she had ever done before until she seemed to

infuse the very spirit of her hues into the sea's fair breast, and as each transient breeze swept past she brightened with a fairer light each sparkling wave.

Insensibly I glided with nature into her deeper musings. She has a voice of gladness for man's gayer hours; she has also a voice of sweet sadness, which fills the heart with that "kindly mood of melancholy which wings the soul." She seemed that night to come forth in a most wondrous robe of silver splendour and lily purity, and as I rejoiced in a dream of wonder the oppression of unconscious happiness seemed lifted off my heart.

The morning of the 14th rose as it only can rise in Southern climates. It was a joy-creating sight, and as we approached nearer to Lisbon and saw the huge edifice of Belem, that monument to Vasco do Gama's heroism, the white buildings of the city rising on the would-be seven hills, and on the right the liliputian breakers, where many a good ship has gone to grief, their rippling waters glittering in a lovely summer's sun; I thought I had never beheld a more glorious sight.

We were now fairly in the Tagus, which dashed onward to the deep bent to pay his "fabled golden tribute," and having acknowledged the greeting of Cintra's mountain, we found ourselves in the beautiful lake which the river forms; the city on the north and western banks, to the east the breadth of the Peninsular, and to the south, Barriero, immediately across the lake.

We were soon greeted by the importunate boatmen, who, anxious to be the first to convey passengers ashore, were keeping up between themselves a guerrilla war of words. Then the government officials came on board, accompanied by two soldiers, who examined the passports, &c., and while they were doing so we were greeted by five boat crews of my own countrymen, who had come from the

Squadron which was lying here. The lake was covered by numerous vessels of every description; it was a strange yet inspiring scene. These men and ships had come from every land and sea to bring hither the offerings of their toil, and over all the bustle created by the busy spirit of enterprise and commerce, a splendour and gaiety were thrown by numerous trirennes and boats of pleasure, which, glistening under the light of a summer's sun, were setting out on some excursion of business or pleasure, with streamers floating from their slender masts, and the whole scene enlivened by the shouts of the rough children of Neptune who manned them.

To many passengers who were impatient to be landed the passport examination was a tedious one, but to me it afforded a pleasant opportunity for contemplating this lovely city, which for beauty of situation rivals Naples, and acknowledges Constantinople alone as its superior.

This then was the city of the Goths until their empire was destroyed under Roderic at the beginning of the 8th century, after which it fell into the hands of the Moors, who encircled it with lofty walls and a castle, of which the remains were still visible from our vessel. About the middle of the 12th century it was taken by Alphonso Henriques, the first king of Portugal, who was assisted by some of the Crusaders who were wintering here. After the capitulation the mosques were turned into churches, and an Englishman named Gilbert was made first bishop of the see. Coimbra was originally the capital, but after the election of Dom Joao (who after the extinction of the Burgundian dynasty was the founder of the new one), the Cortes persuaded that prince to transfer the seat of government to Lisbon for the sake of the advantages afforded by the Tagus. During the "sixty years captivity, 1580-1640," some of Philip's wisest counsellors would have had him exchange the

unhealthy winds of Madrid for this beautiful sea capital, and had he done so the Peninsular might possibly have remained under one head, but the Revolution of the 17th century reversed the Castilian usurpation, and Lisbon, which had declined as the Empire declined, recovered its former dignity, and became adorned and embellished with splendid buildings.

But in a short quarter of an hour a most fearful catastrophe overwhelmed this city in all the height of its splendour. On the 1st of November, 1755, at 9.45 a.m., the earth trembled slightly like that caused by a passing waggon. The agitation lasted about two minutes. After two minutes interval, a violent shock split and cracked the houses and lasted for 10 minutes, filling the air with dust and obscuring the sun. Then, after a short interval more of three minutes, the third and most dreadful shock succeeded, which laid the greater part of the city in ruins. A vast number of people took refuge from the falling ruins on the large Quay on the river bank. Suddenly the whole Quay with its huge living freight was swallowed up, and even the neighbouring ships and vessels were completely engulfed, and no vestige seen of them again. On this spot the Praca do Commercio now stands, and on it I was eventually landed, amid the thoughts and memories of what had been. Directly opposite me was the new part of the city, which was the scene of the greatest destruction; and to the right, behind the castle, was the old part, which was but little damaged, and where you still see the same old tortuous, steep and dirty streets.

It was evening before I landed. The light was slanting rosy and beautiful over the City. It was day, but day that "falls like melody," high above soft pink clouds were floating, while others with a deeper flush stretched towards the south. As the light still changed a solemn brilliancy came over the sky and a more intense meaning in the air, like

"the inspiration of the dying day."

J. M. A.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1878.

The Master of the College has been once more elected a Member of the Council of the Senate.

Mr. Bonney has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

During the Long Vacation the Eclipse of the Sun was observed in North America by one of the Members of our College, Dr. Schuster, who has lately contributed to the Cambridge Philosophical Society a paper "On some results of the two last total solar Eclipses."

The following have been elected to the Fellowships vacated by Mr. Verdon and Mr. Fred. Watson:—Richard Hargreaves, B.A., bracketed 5th Wrangler, 1876; William Wallis English, B.A., 3rd in 1st Class Classical Tripos and Second Chancellor's Medallist, 1878.

The Naden Divinity Studentship has been awarded to W. Warren, B.A. (First Class in Moral Sciences and Third Class in Classical Tripos, 1877); and the McMahon Law Studentship has been awarded to R. Nevill, B.A. (Senior in Law Tripos, 1877).

Sir William Browne's Medal for the Latin Epigram has been awarded to T. W. Dougan, and the Carus Greek Testament Prize (for Undergraduates) has been awarded to F. H. Colson.

The College Kitchen is now under the management of the College, and the Steward, Mr. Garnett, has, at the request of the Master and Seniors, undertaken its general superintendence in addition to the ordinary duties of his Office. "It has been ordered by the Master and Seniors that the Kitchen accounts of persons *in statu pupillari* shall not exceed £5, and, when this amount has been reached, no more orders shall be executed until the account has been paid in full. Accounts will be made

up as often as is requested, and notice sent when the amount due exceeds £4. The account must be paid by the Student himself, and cannot be settled through the Tutor."

The Master and Seniors have ordered "that after Midsummer next the practice of taking in Tradesmen's bills by the Tutors on account of their pupils be discontinued." Accordingly, after Midsummer, 1879, it will be necessary that the Tradesmen's bills of Students should be paid by themselves or their Guardians.

COLLEGE EXAMINATION, *June, 1878.*

Mathematics.

THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>
Gunston	Larmor	Harker
Bond	White, J. H.	Alston
Lewis	Wrigley	Watson, G. W.
Smith, T.	Long	Wetherell
Widgery		Coppock
Brook-Smith		Robson
Nightingale		Youngman
		Potbury
		Leslie

Classics.

THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>
Dougan	Colson	Garland
Hill, F. C.	Smith, H. G.	Hill, J. S.
Coombes	Sutcliffe	Wilkinson, G. G.
Lee	Harrison, C. C.	Smith, G. C. M.
	Sandys	

Moral Sciences.

THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>
Holder		

Natural Sciences.

(The names in each class are in alphabetical order).

THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>
Allen, F. J.	Forbes	Fleming
Brunton	Lister	Hart
Marr	Stuart, C. M.	
Slater		

Theology.

THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>	<i>First Class.</i>
Sparrow	Greaves	Coulthard
		Hutton

Law.

THIRD YEAR.
First Class.SECOND YEAR.
First Class.FIRST YEAR.
First Class.Clarke, C. P.
Gurney
WoodsBarton
Terry

Prizemen.

English Essay.

THIRD YEAR.

SECOND YEAR.

FIRST YEAR.

First Class.

First Class.

First Class.

Holder

{ Caldecott
Morton

Hill, J. S.

Sir John Herschell's Prize for Astronomy.

Nightingale

Reading.

{ Carr
Littler

Greek Testament.

1. Colson
2. Sparrow

Hebrew.

{ Greaves } 2nd Year.
Neale }
Hutton, 1st Year.

Mr. Hughes' Prizes.

Gunston

Dougan

Wright's Prizemen, with £100 for the Year.

Mathematics.

Classics.

3rd Year
2nd Year
1st YearGunston
Larmor
HarkerDougan
Colson
Garland

Scholars.

THIRD YEAR.

Allen, F. J.
Bond
Brook-Smith
Coombes
HolderLee, W. J.
Lewis
Marr
NightingaleSlater
Smith, T.
Sparrow
Widgery

SECOND YEAR.

Colson
LarmorSmith, H. G.
Stuart, C. M.White, J. H.
Wrigley

Proper Sizars.

Neale
Stone, T.
Taylor, J. H.Harker
Hill, J. S.
RobsonWetherell
Youngman

Exhibitioners.

I. Long, Brunton, Forbes, Greaves, C. C. Harrison, Sandys, Sutcliffe, Hutton, G. W. Watson.

II. F. C. Hill, C. P. Clarke, Gurney, Woods, Alston, Barton, Coppock, Coulthard, Fleming, Hart, J. S. Hill, Leslie, Potbury, Robson, G. C. M. Smith, Terry, Wetherell, G. G. Wilkinson, Youngman.

III. Rodwell, C. A. Swift, H. G. Smith, J. H. White.

Minor Scholarship Election.

Gimson, W. W. (Sedbergh School)

Yeo, J. S. (Blundell's School, Tiverton) } Minor Scholarships of £70.

Moss, J. C. (Shrewsbury School)

Parker, T. (Giggleswick School) } Exhibitions of £50 per annum for three years.

Tucker, T. G. (Lancaster School)

Pagan, A. (Harrow School) } Minor Scholarships of £50.

Ward, A. W. (Liverpool Institute)

Gaskin, A. T. (New Kingswood, Bath), Exhibition of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as a Minor Scholarship.

Curtis, J. H. O. (Royal School of Mines), Natural Science Exhibition of £50 for three years.

The College Examination in Classics in June, 1879, will consist of the following papers:

First, Second and Third Years—Four papers in Composition (Greek and Latin, Prose and Verse); two in Unseen Translation. First Year only—(1) Greek and Latin Grammar and Criticism; (2) Elementary Logic; (3) Two papers on prepared subjects (Authors). Second and Third Years only—(1) Classical Philosophy, Grammar and Criticism; (2) Historical paper; (3) two papers on prepared subjects (Authors).

LIST OF FIRST YEAR [92], October, 1878.

Ainger, F. E.
Atmore, W. A.
Bailey, J. H. E.
Bancks, F. F.
Beard, A. W.
Bennell, W. H.
Bennett, W. H.
Berkeley, L. F. W.
Bissett, W.
Brill, J.
Callender, E. G.
Cash, N.
Chadwick, R.
Chapman, E. S.
Clementson, J. S.
Colman, J.
Cory, C. P.
Cott, A. M.
Curtis, C. H. O.
Dawson, H. L.
de Vos, F. H.
Edwards, J. H.
Ellison, E. H.
Ellison, H. W.
Exham, P. G.
Falcke, D. C. E.
Flynn, T. A. W.
Fowler, J. C.
Gaddum, P. D.
Gascoigne, W. J.
Gaskin, A. J.Gimson, W.
Goodall, J. W.
Gray, C. F.
Gray, J. F.
Habershon, E. N. W.
Hannam, H. R.
Harker, A.
Harvey, W. J.
Hawkins, F. H.
Heber-Percy, H. V.
Hodgkinson, E. H.
Hodgson, R.
Holyoak, E. J.
Horne, L. T.
Hutton, C. W. N.
Landor, R. H.
Leresche, G. S.
Lerigo, H. J.
Lloyd, L.
Lyon, J. S.
Mackie, E. C.
Matthews, J. H.
Mayor, W. P.
Merrifield, W. V.
Middlemiss, C. S.
Molesworth, E. H.
Moore, H.
Moss, J. C.
Muckalt, T.
Nash, J. R.
Owen, T. A.Pagan, A.
Parker, J.
Peiris, J.
Ragg, A. R.
Richardson, J.
Rigby, O.
Robbs, A.
Roshier, E.
Russell, J.
Samways, D. W.
Scudamore, H. T.
Sibly, F. A.
Square, C.
Stamford, H. M.
Storrs, R. A.
Tatham, C. R.
Thomas, H. A.
Thompson, E. W.
Thompson, N. N.
Thorman, R.
Tucker, T. G.
Walker, T.
Walton, H. A.
Ward, A. W.
Ward, G. W. C.
Weldon, W. F. R.
Williams, O.
Williamson, F. J.
Winter, J. H.
Yeo, J. S.

All the above-mentioned Students matriculated on Nov. 9, except F. H. de Vos and J. Richardson, who had already matri-

culated in the Easter Term; and E. G. Callender, who has not yet matriculated.

The number of Undergraduates of St. John's College who have matriculated during the three Terms of the last two years is as follows:

Lent Term.....	5	9
Easter Term	1	2
Michaelmas Term....	91	89

(in 1877) 97; (in 1878) 100.

Elected to Sizarships, 5th October, 1878.—Atmore, Bennell, Bennett, Bissett, Brill, Cory, Gaskin, Hannam, Harker, Horne, Lerigo, Mackie, Parker, Samways, Thomas, N. N. Thompson, Tucker, Walker, A. W. Ward, Winter.

Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions for the Year 1879.—In March, 1879, there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, together with three Exhibitions of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships; Four Exhibitions of £50 per annum for three years, and one Exhibition of £40 per annum for four years. These *twelve* Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions will be open to students who have not commenced residence. The Examination of Candidates for the above-named Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Wednesday, March 26, at 9 a.m.

The Candidates for the Natural Science Exhibition of £50 per annum will have a special Examination, commencing on Saturday, March 22, at 9 a.m. Candidates for the Exhibition of Oriental Languages, will be examined on Tuesday, March 25.

All who are elected will be required to come into residence in October, 1879. The names of Candidates should be sent to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination. The Tutors are Rev. S. Parkinson, D.D., J. E. Sandys, Esq., M.A., and Rev. E. Hill, M.A.

Sizarships.—By order of the Master and Seniors, Elections to Sizarships will in future be governed by a consideration (1) Of performances at the Examination for Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions, but no person elected to a Minor Scholarship or Open Exhibition will be elected to a Sizarship in addition unless it be made to appear to Master and Seniors that he is specially in need of pecuniary assistance. (2) Of performances in the Classical and Mathematical portions of the Sizarship Examination taken separately or collectively. (3) Of special testimony to the applicant's proficiency in some branch of study other than Classics or Mathematics, provided there be reason to believe that the applicant will be able to pass the Previous Examination in due course.

The Elections will in all cases be made by the Master and Seniors, and will be governed, as nearly as circumstances may admit, by such a standard of attainment and ability as may be consistent with a fair probability of an University Honour being reached at the end of the Course.

FIREFLIES' LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The Officers are

President—G. F. Coombes. | *Hon. Treasurer*—A. S. Reid.
Hon. Secretary—E. J. C. Morton.

In the May Term ties were played off to determine who should represent the Club in foreign matches.

1st Raquet—A. S. Reid. | *2nd Raquet*—J. S. Sandys.

On June 3, a double match was played against Trinity L. T. C., won by Trinity.

On June 4, a single match was played against Trinity L. T. C., stopped by rain.

Score—Trinity 2 sets, 5 games all in the third set.

In the Long Vacation the annual handicaps were played off:

1st Prize—J. S. Sandys (scratch). | *2nd Prize*—A. S. Reid (scratch).

The following have been elected Members:

J. B. Armstrong. | J. Coppock. | C. M. Stuart. | C. H. Wood.

CRESCENT LAWN-TENNIS CLUB.

Officers for the May Term:

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

New Members elected:

G. R. Alston | F. C. Hibburd | W. C. Prance

Ties (double) were played off during the Term. The victorious pair were

C. H. Wood | W. C. Prance

The Officers for the Long Vacation are

President—Rev. C. W. E. Body. | *Secretary*—F. C. Hibburd.
Treasurer—R. H. Marsh.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The *May Races* commenced on Wednesday, May 15th, and ended on Tuesday, May 21st. The weather was cold and showery, but as there was not much wind, the racing was of a very fair class. Our boats, and particularly the second, did much better than was expected from their previous form. The

1st Boat maintained its position of third on the River. On the first night they rowed over, well out of their distance, but with no chance of making their bump. On the three following nights, they again rowed over, on the third night pressing Caius very close at Ditton corner, so that hopes were entertained of catching them. On the fifth night, in consequence of a mistake of the time-keeper, they made such a bad start that when they settled down to row, the 1st Trinity were almost overlapping them, but rowing with a tremendous spurt, which was pluckily kept, they drew away and maintained their advantage to the finish. On the first night, they got a better start, but owing to their exertions of the previous night were unable to press Caius. The 2nd Boat started thirteenth in the division and ended eleventh. On the sixth night, they rowed over, Caius bumping Emmanuel in front of them. On the second night, starting with a splendid dash, they rapidly overhauled Emmanuel, who succumbed before the end of the First Reach. On the third night they rowed over, Caius making a bump ahead. On the fourth night they again made a dashing start, and bumped Sidney at the corner of the First Reach. On the fifth and sixth nights they rowed over, failing to catch Caius. It is worthy of remark, that on the last night of the races, there was no bump made in the division, an unprecedented event, we believe, in the annals of racing at Cambridge. The 3rd Boat was not so successful. They started twenty-third and ended twenty-sixth on the river. On the first night they were caught, after a good race, in the middle of the Long Reach by Non-Coll., and on the second by 1st Trinity V., who got them before Grassy. On the third night they were more fortunate, and escaped with a row over, but the fourth night they were again bumped, almost at once, by Downing.

The crews were:—

1st Boat.		st.	lb.
	H. L. Young (<i>bow</i>)	10	7
2	G. M. Kingston	10	6
3	G. M. Light	11	12
4	T. B. Wells	11	0
5	A. F. Green	12	7
6	H. Sandford	11	2
7	A. H. Prior	9	7
	J. J. Lister (<i>stroke</i>)	10	5
	B. S. Clarke (<i>cox</i>)	6	8
2nd Boat.		st.	lb.
	G. D. Haviland (<i>bow</i>)	9	9
2	A. H. Highton	10	3
3	W. J. Lee	10	7
4	F. C. Davis	11	2
5	D. H. Cox	12	2
6	T. E. Forster	10	5
7	H. N. Sharp	10	9
	F. E. Swabey (<i>stroke</i>)	9	6
	G. A. Loveday (<i>cox</i>)	8	8

3rd Boat.		st.	lb.
	A. Hawkins (<i>bow</i>)	10	2
2	M. Rainsford	10	4
3	G. G. Wilkinson	11	3
4	H. T. Kenny	10	4
5	W. Prance	11	9
6	J. P. Cort	12	3
7	A. C. Odell	11	5
	W. H. H. Steer (<i>stroke</i>)	11	4
	F. Terry (<i>cox</i>)	9	0

The 1st Boat was coached by various Members of the Club, and by Ll. R. Jones and Baillie, of Jesus, and Williams, of Clare; the 2nd Boat by H. L. Young and A. H. Prior; and the 3rd by B. Jones. The 1st Boat rowed in a boat built by Logan in 1876, and used by the 2nd Boat in 1877; the 2nd in the old 'Varsity ship of 1876.

The *Maples and Andrews (Freshmen's Sculls)* were rowed for on Saturday, May 25th. There were two entries, viz.: A. F. Green and S. T. Penny. Green won with considerable ease.

The *Magdalene Pairs* were rowed on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, beginning on May 29th. A. H. Prior and H. Sandford entered as representatives of the L. M. B. C.

On the first day, Prior and Sandford rowed over; Wheeler and Pilkinton, of 3rd Trinity, and Prest and Jones, of Jesus, being the winners of the other two heats.

On the second day, Prior and Sandford beat the Jesus pairs by about 80 yards.

On the third day they were again victorious. They drew 2nd station, and rowing up to their opponents—Wheeler and Pilkinton, of 3rd Trinity—had to ease a little to prevent a foul, in spite of which they accomplished the course in 8 min. 2 secs., which we believe to be the fastest recorded time.

Henley Regatta. Our pair having determined to go to Henley, it was proposed that two other members of the 1st boat should accompany them and represent the Club for the Visitors' Cup. A subscription list was opened, and about £60 collected from the Fellows and other Members of the College.

The crew consisted of:

	st.	lb.
A. H. Prior (<i>bow</i>)	9	7
2 H. Sandford	10	6
3 A. F. Green	12	4
J. J. Lister (<i>stroke</i>)	10	4

The crew, accompanied by H. L. Young, arrived at Henley on June 22nd, and there met a new boat built by Logan. Two good courses inspired them with hopes of success, but the fearful heat of the weather began to tell, and knocked them up one after another.

The Visitors' Cup. In the 1st heat we met a four from Hertford College, Oxford. We led by two lengths at Fawley Court, but here one of the men failed, and off the point Hertford were a quarter of a length to the good. Our Bucks. station was, however, beginning to tell in our favour, when Hertford crossed to take our water, and a foul occurred. The Umpire ordered us to row on, but before three strokes another foul took place, which was given in favour of Hertford.

The Silver Goblets. Three hours after this race, our pair (Prior and Sandford) rowed over for the 2nd heat of the "Silver Goblets," their veteran opponents not having come down to the start. In the 1st heat, Ellison and Edwardes-Moss had, contrary to all expectations, defeated the favourites, Eyre and Hartie, of the Thames Rowing Club, by several lengths. On the second day, the Final Heat was rowed, with a strong wind blowing off the Bucks. shore. Our pair started at a great pace, and led at "The Farren" by a length. Here the Oxonians, under the bushes and in calm water, forged up and went gradually ahead, winning easily by several lengths.

The University Fours were rowed on October 31st and November 1st and 2nd. There were six entries, Jesus, Caius, L. M. B. C., 1st Trinity, 3rd Trinity, and Pembroke. On the first day Lady Margaret drew first heat, and rowed against Pembroke. We gained from the start, and, paddling up the Long Reach, won easily by more than 100 yards. Time, 11 min. 2 sec. In the other heats, 3rd Trinity beat Caius with considerable ease, and Jesus had little more difficulty with 1st Trinity. On the 2nd day, Lady Margaret was drawn against 3rd Trinity, and again drew away to the end of the Long Reach. Here the boat fell a good deal to pieces, but, nevertheless, won by about 20 yards. Time, 10 min. 57 secs. Jesus drew a bye. On the third day we rowed Jesus, the winners of the Fours for the last five years (including their dead heat with 1st Trinity in 1873). We had much the better start, and rowing a quicker stroke than on previous days managed to maintain an advantage. We again gained at Grassy, round which, as over the whole course, we were admirably steered, while Jesus took the corner rather wide. At the end of the Long Reach both boats quickened, but with little alteration in their relative positions, and we eventually came in some 40 yards to the good, Jesus running into the bank just as we passed our post. The time, 10 min. 49½ sec., is the fastest on record. This is the first time for fourteen years that our L. M. B. C. boat has won the Fours. The crew was the same as that which rowed at Henley in July, and their practice there, no doubt, helped considerably to get them together.

The '*Pearson and Wright*' Sculls were won by Forster. The other entries were J. E. Marr and F. E. Swabey. Swabey led

till Grassy, where Forster went ahead and won by 30 or 40 yards, with Marr a fair second.

The Colquhoun Sculls were rowed on November 8th, 9th, and 11th. We had two entries, Sandford and Forster. On the first day our men were drawn together. Sandford had it all his own way, and won easily. The other heats were won by Knaggs, of Caius; Jones, of Jesus; and Watson-Taylor, of Magdalene. On the second day, Knaggs beat Jones, and Sandford beat Watson-Taylor after a fair race. On the third day, Sandford and Knaggs rowed for the final. Sandford gained in the first part of the race, but fell off when he got into rough water at the beginning of the Long Reach, while Knaggs was making good way behind. A close race was won by Sandford by 1½ secs. The time, 10 min. 10 secs., was slow on account of the rough water. The first day's time, 8 min. 28 secs., speaks more for the character of the sculling. On the first two days Sandford was knocked up with a severe cold, which makes his victory all the more creditable.

This is the third and last of the time races open to the University, which has this year been won by representatives of the Club, the Pairs and the Fours having been done in the fastest time on record. 1878 should be a red letter year in the annals of the L. M. B. C.

COLLEGE CALENDAR FOR 1879.

Residence for the Lent Term begins—Monday, Jan. 27.

Lectures begin—Wednesday, Jan. 27.

Minor Scholarship Examination:

Natural Science—March 22—25.

Oriental Languages—March 25.

Mathematics and Classics—March 26—29.

Rehearsal for Previous & General Examinations—Mar. 24, 25.

Residence for Easter Term begins—April 21.

Lectures begin—April 23.

College Examinations begin—May 26.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL SERVICES.

October Term, 1878.

	HYMN	TUNE
Oct. 5. Gibbons G.	60	467
„ 6. <i>Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Clarke E. Creighton.	I	66
Clarke E. <i>O God Thou art my God</i> (p. 29) Purcell.		
„ 12. Stewart G.	562	155
„ 13. <i>Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by the Master. Stewart G.	334	69
Hoyte B flat <i>Wherewithal</i> (p. 256) Elvey		
„ 15. Trimnell D.	504	182
„ 17. Trimnell D.	188	24
„ 18. <i>St. Luke.</i> Hatton E. <i>O praise the Lord</i> (p. 276) Barnby.		
„ 19. Steggall G	475	11
„ 20. <i>Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Canon Morse, Vicar of Nottingham. (<i>Benedicite</i>) Best. Hopkins A.	44	102
Parry D. <i>Ascribe unto the Lord</i> (p. 253) Wesley.		
„ 22. Wesley Rec. I.	465	96
„ 24. Wesley Rec. I.	417	119
„ 26. Ouseley E flat.	348	120

Chapel Services.

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HYMN TUNE

Oct. 27. <i>Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Commemoration of Benefactors at the University Church. Sermon by the Lady Margaret's Preacher. No Sermon in Chapel. Smart F.	366	136
Smart F. <i>We have heard with our ears</i> (p. 288) Sullivan.		
„ 28. <i>St. Simon and St. Jude.</i> Chipp A. <i>These are they</i> (p. 275) Goss.		
„ 29. Best E.	371	160
„ 31. Best E.	191	465
Nov. 1. <i>All Saints' Day.</i> Nares F. <i>Then shall the righteous</i> (p. 275) Mendelssohn.		
„ 2. Garrett F. (P. C.)	515	631
„ 3. <i>Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion after Morning</i> <i>Prayer.</i> Garrett F. (P. C.)	212	441
Gounod D. <i>I beheld, and lo a great multitude</i> (p. 20) Blow.		
„ 5. Stainer Recit.	447	432
„ 7. Stainer Recit.	513	531
„ 9. Dykes F.	21	76
„ 10. <i>Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Mr. Whitaker. Dykes F.	444	631
Goss C. (Cantate). <i>His salvation is nigh</i> (p. 284) Bennett.		

	HYMN	TUNE
Nov. 12. Hopkins Recit.	387	24
„ 14. Hopkins Recit.	424	121
„ 16. Gregorian.	470	124
„ 17. <i>Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Professor Mayor. Tours F.	50	172
Tours F. <i>God that madest Earth and Heaven</i> (p. 232) Hummell.		
„ 19. Hopkins Unison.	359	277
„ 21. Hopkins Unison.	412	84
„ 23. Cooke G.	399	563
„ 24. <i>Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Mr. Torry. Sullivan D. Hudson.	530	9
Stainer E flat. <i>O sing unto the Lord</i> (p. 75) Greene.		
„ 26. Bridge Recit.	17	264
„ 28. Bridge Recit.	330	146
„ 29. Smart G.	404	400
„ 30. <i>St. Andrew.</i> Gregorian II. <i>O rest in the Lord</i> (p. 251) Mendelssohn.		
Dec. 1. <i>First Sunday in Advent.</i> <i>Holy Communion after Morning</i> <i>Prayer.</i> Garrett E.	67	27
Turle D. <i>Comfort ye my people</i> (p. 173) Handel.		
„ 3. Wesley Recit. II.	65	15
„ 5. Wesley Recit. II.	68	69
„ 7. Goss E.	383	537

	HYMN	TUNE
Dec. 8. <i>Second Sunday in Advent.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Young C.	422	M.S.
Walmisley D minor. <i>The wilderness</i> (p. 164) Goss.		
„ 14. Gregorian III.	72	183
„ 15. <i>Third Sunday in Advent.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Stephens G. Croft A.	73	321
Porter D. <i>Prepare ye the way</i> (p. 25) Garrett.		
„ 20. Arnold A.	160	580
„ 21. St. Thomas Lawrence D. <i>O that I knew</i> (p. 274) Bennett.		
„ 22. <i>Fourth Sunday in Advent.</i> Lawrence D.	379	287
Walmisley B flat. <i>Rejoice in the Lord</i> (p. 247) Purcell.		

The Hymn Tunes are generally from the "Hymnary."

END OF VOL. X.