

THE EAGLE.

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

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THE EAGLE.

“ROLLING IN.”

IN the year 1804, on a cold, raw December evening, a group of boys, numbering about six or seven, was gathered round a blazing fire in the hall of the Head-master's house at Harrow. Evidently, from their loud tones and animated gestures, the subject of their conversation was one of considerable interest, and the opinions of the group were much divided on the question they were debating so excitedly.

“Just fancy! Morgan,” cried the tallest of the party, “young Tattersall has been proposed by Byron for our Rolling in!”

“Young Tattersall—oh, blow the little fool! we really can't have him. What on earth has induced Byron to put him up?”

“Oh, I suppose he's an aristocrat,” replied the tall speaker, with a sneer, “and so our ‘Old English Baron’ chums him, you see.”

“Come, Benson,” put in another, “that's not the reason at all. Tattersall's a plucky little beggar, and you can't wonder at Byron wanting to do him a good turn, considering he saved his life yesterday afternoon.”

"Saved his grandmother," muttered Benson, "it would have been a good riddance if he'd had his head smashed."

"Oh, did you see it Jocelyn?" cried out several, "tell us all about it."

"Why, you know, about eight or nine of us were walking along Hog's lane,* when, suddenly, whom should we meet at the corner but Farmer Boozey with five or six other clods, who had just come up from practising at the Butts. We began chaffing them, when one of them got in a bate and kicked young Jeverson. Of course we weren't going to stand that, so we made a tremendous rush at them and knocked a couple of them down. However, we were beginning to get the worst of it, for the clods had their guns and struck out right and left with them, while we had only some bats and stumps. But, just in the nick of time, Byron, who happened to be in the churchyard—"

"Lying on his gravestone, no doubt," put in Benson.

"Down rushes Byron with about thirty other fellows and charges old Boozey's party in the rear. By Jove, I never saw anything like it in all my life, for a lot of Boozey's men had come to the rescue, and we had a regular battle. Old Farmer Boozey was simply raving with fury, and swore he'd kill us all; and the old brute tried to do it too, for he hit about him like anything: just look here where he caught me a whack on the arm," and the speaker bared his arm to the shoulder, displaying a huge weal some five inches long.

"Whew!" whistled Seymour, "it must have stung you up jolly well."

"Oh, I was so excited at the time that I hardly felt it, but I can scarcely move my arm now, and it hurts like anything. Well, when old Boozey saw Byron, he rushed at him like a mad bull, for he knows

* Corrupted, I believe, from "Hogarth's Lane;" for the painter once lived in it. The present name is Crown Street.

it was Byron set light to his haystack and shot one of his cows. By George, I thought it was all up with Byron, for the old brute had got close up behind him, and was aiming a terrific blow at his head, when, just in the nick of time, young Tattersall hit him on the head with a stump and felled him to the ground; as it was, the musket just grazed Byron's shoulder. I never saw such a shave in all my life. We got the best of it in the end, and drove them back into Boozey's yard, but some of us were horribly punished—young Clare and Johnnie Wingfield won't be able to leave their beds for some time to come."*

"Well, by Jove, no wonder Byron sticks up for young Tattersall. After all, I really don't see why we shouldn't let him be Rolled in."

"Bah!" cried Benson, "I don't believe the little baby could stand it without blubbing."

"Stand what?" said a dark, handsome boy, who entered the room at that moment, with a slight limp. "Whom are you talking about?"

"About you," said Benson, curtly.

"That you weren't," said the new comer; "you said something about somebody blubbing, and you've never seen *me* blub."

* The following lines by Lord Byron in *Hours of Idleness*, celebrate this battle.

"Still I remember in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aimed against my life;
High poised in air, the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue.
Whilst I in combat with another foe
Fought on, unconscious of the impending blow,
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forward you sprang insensible to fear;
Disarmed and baffled by your conquering hand
The grovelling savage rolled upon the sand."

Throughout the poem, Tattersall is addressed as *Davis*, Lord Clare as *Lycus*, and Hon. John Wingfield as *Alonso*, (also in Childe Harold, *Canto I.*)—Clare became Governor of Bombay in 1832. Wingfield entered the Coldstream Guards and died at Coimbra in his 20th year.

"I say, Byron," put in Morgan, in a tone of exposition, "do you really think young Tattersall is fit to be Rolled in?"

"Fit! I should think so, and I should like to hear anyone say he isn't," and the speaker turned his dark, flashing eyes upon Benson in a defiant manner.

"Well, well," said Benson, who was a sworn foe to Byron, "we shall see how he goes through it, and we'll take jolly good care that no one brings in soft finds, to favour their own chums."

"I bet you my finds will be harder than yours Benson, you know I'd be the last fellow in the world to treat a chap as if he were a baby."

"Witness poor little Thornton's foot," sneered Benson.*

It was evident that this taunt struck home, and a serious quarrel was on the point of breaking out between the two speakers, when the prayer-bell interrupted them, and forced them to nourish their wrath in secret till some future occasion.

Probably the reader will by this time be curious to know what is meant by this mysterious ceremony of "Rolling in," and as the boys have now gone up to bed, I will seize this opportunity for giving a few words of explanation.

The hall of the Headmaster's house was regarded by the members of that house, as a kind of club-room, which no boy was allowed to enter, except at dinner and supper-time until he had become a member by being *Rolled in*. Now it must not be supposed that the phrase "Rolled in" is a synonym for

* There are several local traditions that still linger among some of the tradespeople of Harrow, about the school life of Lord Byron. One of these asserts that Byron, infuriated at his fag for having burnt one of his boots over the fire, swore he'd "*teach him how to burn boots*," and seizing a red hot poker pinned him to the floor through the flat of his foot. I need scarcely say that I believe the story to be untrue.

"enrolled." It had a very significant and far more terrible meaning. Anyone who was ambitious of the privilege of admission (and none below the fifth form were eligible) gave in his name to the head-boy, in order that, after he had been duly proposed, seconded, and passed, the preparations might be made for his inauguration. A fortnight before the appointed day, a certain number of rolls were ordered, and the baker told to re-bake them every morning for the next fourteen days, by which time they were almost as hard as bricks, and very much more handy for throwing. When the time arrived for the ceremony, all of those who were initiated, generally about ten or twelve, ranged themselves on the long table which ran down one side of the room, each with his pile of rolls (technically called 'finds') before him, and his fag to pick them up. The candidate was then taken to the table at the other side of the room, about eight paces distant, and made to kneel on a form, facing them, and close up to the opposite wall. He had to lean forward on the table in front of him, with his head resting on his hands, so that only his head and the upper part of his body were exposed to view. The only other protection allowed to him, was an ordinary dinner plate, which he held on the top of his head by way of a helmet, but this was not of much use, as it generally got broken before the ceremony was done.

Then for the space of one minute, not a second more, nor a second less, the 'Finders' pelted him with their terrible 'finds,' and did their best to kill him. At the end of the minute they ceased and the candidate was considered elected, unless he had uttered a cry of pain, or begged for mercy. The ordeal was a very severe one, and deterred many from the use of the hall, though it was a very rare occurrence for any boy who did submit to it, to give in.

Such was the terrible ceremony which was to be

inflicted on young Tattersall. We will let him tell the story of that day in his own words:—

On the morning of that dreadful day my exultation at being admitted to the privilege of the Hall was not altogether unmixed with a certain tremulous nervousness at the thought of the terrible ordeal before me. I had reason, too, for expecting that in my case it would be more severe than usual; for I was well aware that Benson and two or three others bore a bitter grudge against Byron, and hated me for his sake. And not only that, but Byron himself would be sure to fling his hardest from fear of being charged with partiality, and he was reputed to be the hardest thrower and the best shot in the school. I had watched the preparations being made for me during the past two weeks, and knew that no pains had been spared to make the 'finds' as hard as possible. However, the die was cast, and it was too late to turn back now, even had I wished to do so. At 8 o'clock that evening I was solemnly ushered into the hall, where everything had been got ready for me. The two long tables were ranged opposite one another down each side of the room, on one of them stood the twelve Finders with their rolls and their fags; and to the other I was conducted by the Umpire, who put me into the proper posture of defence. He then read a short declaration of my name, &c., and wound up by solemnly asking me if I still adhered to my determination. On my answering 'yes,' he handed me a plate which was to serve for a helmet, and retired to the top of the room leaving me alone."

'Are you ready?' he cried, taking out his watch.

'Yes,' I answered.

'Yes,' shouted the twelve Finders.

'Now then, silence in the hall! Five seconds—four—three—two—one—FIRE!'

Scarcely had the word left his mouth, when a loud shout rent the air, and twelve well-aimed rolls flew

at my devoted head. Then fast and furious came the cannonade—shower upon shower volleyed and thundered. The terrible missiles were aimed with deadly precision, and most of them struck me violently, some battering my shoulders and my body, some banging and clanging against my helmet; the very sound of it made me tremble for my head, and I clutched the plate with the grip of despair. The bolts that missed crashed with a noise like thunder against the wooden wainscot behind me, and leapt back again to the other side of the room, their reverberation ringing from wall to wall. I felt as though salvos of artillery were bellowing around me, as though a thousand sledge-hammers were pounding me to powder. The pain was excruciating, and the crashing and smashing of the withering volley was appalling; and the agony was all the more dreadful, because I had the power, and yet had not the power to stop it. A single cry, and that storm would have ceased at once, but I knew that such a cry meant shame and derision. I would have died rather than utter the sound that could have saved me, so I bit my lips till the blood came out.

But the worst was yet in store for me. A well-aimed roll struck me a cruel blow on the back of my left hand. The stinging pain made me draw away my hand for a single moment, I lost my presence of mind, and dropped my plate on the table. Quick as lightning I caught it up again, but alas! the fall had cracked it, and the very next roll splintered and shattered it into a dozen pieces. The breaking of my only hope was greeted with exulting yells and derisive laughter, for now I had no defence for my head, save such as I could make with my arms.

At the moment when my plate fell I had caught a glimpse of the scene around me, and such a scene! A storm was howling outside the house, and making the windows rattle, and in the draught and the turmoil

within the lights bobbed up and down and flickered to and fro, while the dust, in rolling and suffocating clouds, rose and fell from floor to ceiling, from ceiling to floor—so that only dimly through the mist and through the flight of rolls could I descry that awful Twelve, who seemed to glare upon me with their wolfish eyes as they raised their hands on high, and hurled down pitiless volleys; the whole room was full of darkness and lights, of tumult and human faces, with hurryings hither and thither of innumerable feet, as the fags rushed round me gathering the rolls—while the deafening shouts of the onlookers, and the discordant yells of the Finders and the fags, mingling with the stunning detonations on the wall behind me, added if possible to the terrors of the scene.

That glimpse was but a momentary one, yet it was long enough for two rolls to find their way to my undefended head. One nearly stunned me with a blow on the forehead, the other knocked out one of my teeth and gashed my lower lip, so that the blood flowed freely down. The whole room seemed to reel round and round me with fearful rapidity, and the agony deepened and the din re-doubled, and—suddenly all was still! The clamour of the voices and the clatter of the rolls had ceased. I looked up, and lo! it was all over. Yes, the tumult and the turmoil were hushed, the storm had fallen and was followed by a death-like calm, but only for a moment, and then the silence was again broken by the clear ringing voice of the umpire. "Cecil Tattersall, you are admitted to the privileges of the hall. Three cheers for Cecil Tattersall. Hip, hip, hooray!! The cheer of welcome, so unlike the demoniacal yells that had filled the room a minute before, was taken up in full chorus by the spectators, the Finders, and the fags. That cheer alone was worth all the torture I had endured. I arose and stood upright, and bowed in grateful acknowledgment, as I had seen others do in like circumstance; but the

effort was too much, for at that moment a strange dizziness came upon me, I tottered, and fell insensible on the floor. * * * * *

It was the morning of the following day when I recovered my senses, and found myself lying in my bed with Byron sitting beside me, bathing my face and head, or at least all that was not covered with sticking-plaster and bandages. I found out afterwards that he had sat up with me all night.

"By George, old fellow, I'm glad to see you open your eyes at last; I really began to think you were going to kick the bucket. By Jove, though, you stood it pluckily. Everyone says it's the best rolling we've ever had. But you *have* got your figure-head damaged, I can tell you; however, I daresay you'll be all right again in two or three days."

It proved, however, not two or three days, but two weeks before I was able even to leave my bed, and more than a month passed before the bruises and the cuts had disappeared, and one memorial of that terrible night, my broken teeth, I shall carry with me to the grave.

This was the ceremony of "Rolling in," and this and such like were the methods (and I could mention several still more severe at Harrow and at other Old Public Schools) whereby our forefathers were trained to take their part in the stern reality of after-life; a training Spartan-like in its rigorous severity, but un-Spartan in its wild recklessness and thoughtless impetuosity; a training productive of much that was good, yet at the same time of not a little that was evil. They acquired energy and endurance, but at the same time became arrogant and proud; they gained the wrestling thews that throw the world, but not the sympathy that pacifies it. When we think of these, we cease to wonder that they went forth to conquer in many a battle by land and sea, that they extended the dominion of England in every continent

of the earth, and made it supreme upon the world of waters; and do we not also cease to wonder that wherever that dominion has spread, its boundaries have been fringed with blood and the multitudinous sea incarnadined with slaughter? 'They went forth strong, self-confident, and defiant, too often carrying with them their intensest prejudices, and either ignored, or trampled on, the profoundest and most cherished convictions of the conquered races.' If instead of treating our subjects as 'niggers' as 'an abject nation of cringing liars,' fit only to be jeered at and kicked, we had shewn more suppleness in adapting our rule to their characters and more tact and sympathy in our dealings with them; if, I say, we had done this, how different might have been the history of our Colonial Empire! Perhaps we might not have been engaged at this very moment in beating down Afghans in Asia and exterminating Zulus in Africa.

But it is not on the flowery prospect of "What might have been" that we should turn our gaze, but rather on the stern "What is." I believe that the Public Schools of England during the last three hundred years have had a great influence (far greater than most people are aware) in moulding, both for good and for bad, the present character and destinies of the English nation. Regarded from this point of view, the articles about those schools which are being published from time to time in *The Eagle* should become invested with a new and absorbing interest; it is from this point of view that I myself always regard the time-honoured legends, traditions, and customs that are gathered round my own old school; and it is from this point of view that I wish the reader to regard our bygone ceremony of 'ROLLING IN.'

J. S. S.



A LEGEND OF LLANBERIS.

δὸς ὀφθαλμοῖσι ἰδίσθαι
ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσαν.

FROM out the land where Snowdon's hidden tarns
Sleep in the stillness of their rugged nooks,
And Nature's silent notes, thought-blended, weave
A wild weird harmony that fills men's souls
With lasting music, comes a tale so sad
That men have wept to hear it, yet so sweet
They willed to weep and hear it o'er again.
Nigh where the Pass of Peris broadens out
To lap its double lake, there stands a keep,
Sole remnant of the Castle Dolbadarn,
Where once, so runs the tale, there dwelt a prince,
(What time Glendower hurled his mountain hordes
Against the alien English), all alone,
Save only his twin daughters; motherless
Were they, and ne'er had known the mother's love,
Who, dying when she gave them birth, had cried
"Why should I wish to live, for lo! e'en now
I live again in these, and their young lives
Shall be more beautiful than ever mine."
And thus she passed, nor knew the babes were blind
And could not look upon the light she left;
Yet, as they grew, a pure and brighter light
Shone in upon the darkness of their lives,
A light of mutual love and trust so strong
That those about them said, "Behold their light
Is better far than ours; for know we not
The light of day now waxes and now wanes?
While love like theirs can never wane, but will
For ever live and brighten their dark lives."

Yet did their father grieve, and when the light
 Of fifteen summers' suns had shone on them
 In vain, it happ'd he heard one say, "There lives
 But one can cure their ill, Aplæth, the Seer,
 Who dwells within the darkness of that cleft
 Deep-riven in the rock, where dark Tryfæn's
 Tall triple summit, and the Hill of Storms,
 Look down on Idwal's silent lake that sleeps
 Unruffled by the storms, which hurl their might
 Against the strongholds of the crags aloft.
 Alone he dwells, and often on the heights,
 That close the fortress of his rocky den,
 He waits the purple flush of coming dawn,
 And culls strange potent herbs to heal man's ills,
 What time the rising sun gilds one by one
 The upland tarns; he only hath the power
 To drive the darkness from these children's lives."
 And hearing this, the prince sought out Aplæth
 And said, "Oh, Seer, men say that thou alone
 Hast power to heal all ills; do thou now drive
 The darkness from my children's lives and I
 Will give thee whatsoe'er thou askest me."
 To whom Aplæth made answer, "Prince, thy gifts
 To those that need them; I will do this deed
 For the deed's sake and for the goodness of it."
 And then with muttered sound of murmured prayer
 He bound their sightless orbs in one thin fold
 Of samite, thrice bedewed with mystic drops
 Of crystal essence from a crystal phial,
 And cried, "Behold, when thrice three suns have set
 And risen, these shall see; but if it haps
 Before that time the bandage is unbound,
 For one short moment will the light have power,
 And then a darkness darker than before
 Will spread its envious veil before these eyes."
 A week of weary days, light winged by hope
 New-born and faith-enchanced, sped swiftly by;
 The eighth day found them wandering arm-entwined

Along the oft-trod margin of the lake,
 When on a sudden, one impatient cried,
 "Oh, sister, I must see; my throbbing heart
 Is all fulfilled with ecstasy of sense;
 I feel the perfect beauty of this place,
 And I must see and know what wondrous forms
 Can wake such thrilling music in my soul,
 Or else I die; I cannot wait the end."
 Half-mad, she tore the bandage from her eyes,
 For one short moment saw, like one who in
 A dream beholds dim vistas of strange forms
 Foreclosed with shimmering haze of light; then fell
 A veil of darkness darker than before;
 Whereat in agony of loss, she cried aloud,
 As one who sees too late his toilsome life
 Is wasted, and his one great end ungained.
 The embattled crags around caught up the cry
 Re-echoing it more gently, till at last
 From out the mists of far off hills it came
 More like a sigh of pity for her woe.
 The other, hearing this despairing cry,
 And knowing all the agony it meant,
 Yet half in fear of some mysterious doom,
 Wreathed her soft arm around her sister's neck,
 And kissing fast the tears in pitying love,
 Half whispered and half sobbed, "Oh, sister mine,
 Grieve not for what is lost, but rather hope
 That in the time that comes our lives will be
 As happy and as sweet as heretofore.
 I too will tear the bandage from mine eyes
 And see and lose my sight, that this strong bond
 Of sympathy which knits our lives in one
 May be unbroken; therefore, sister, hope."
 But she, now roused from out her deep despair,
 Clapsed in a tight embrace her sister's arms,
 And cried, "Nay, dearest, stay thine hand; do thou
 Wait patiently; receive this great good gift
 Of sight, and thou shalt be to me mine eyes,

My light, my sun ; of thee and thy great love
 I, too, in after time shall learn what forms
 Can wake such thrilling music in my soul."

There are, who doubting in this world of doubts,
 Impatient of the end, despairing cry,
 "Light, give us Light to see and know the Truth ;
 E'en though the Light do blind us, give us Light :
 How can we toil here in the dark alone ?
 Pierce this dark gathering cloud of doubt ; shine in
 Upon our lives, and show us what is Truth."
 But other some, far nobler they, toil on
 And hope by honest toil and honesty
 Of life to reach at last the Light they seek,
 Or if not that, to teach the race that comes
 A better way to seek for Light and Truth.

A. S. R.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792—1822).

Cor Cordium.

SHELLEY is a man who inspires us at this distance of time with a love almost personal, as if we had known and lost him! "Heart of Hearts," written on his tomb under the walls of Rome, well expresses what all who love poetry feel when they think of him. Suppressing the formal distinction of verse and prose, creative or poetical writers may be well classed with a view to their more important characteristics, their thoughts, sympathies, and tendencies. The fact that two men write verse indicates but a superficial likeness. Swift wrote verses and Shelley wrote verses, but what concord is there between them! Without giving poetry a more formal definition in its closer and higher meaning, we will follow Coleridge and Wordsworth in saying that it is the opposite, not of prose, but of science, and its essence and spirit are union. We find Macaulay taking the same view, and placing Shelley high above a crowd of poets. The essence of poetry, apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may equally exist in prose, consists in the fine perception, and the vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and moral world, which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, and leads us

to ascribe life and sentiment to everything that interests us in the aspect of external nature.

This indeed does not include all that may be said of unitive or poetic genius, and Charles Lamb, concisely yet comprehensibly describes poetical imagination as "the power that draws all things to one; which makes things animate and inanimate, Beings with their attributes, Subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve one effect." The purest and highest poetry knows nothing of the divisions and abstractions of science, but takes for granted a union of the real with the ideal, of the past with the present and future, of the mind with the surrounding world. For the poet, outward signs are the words of one all-pervading mind; all nature lives, thinks, and feels. Stars, rivers, flowers and trees, and even rocks and stony ruins are his friends. He can find joy in grief, and transform faded sorrows into "pleasures of memory." As regards Shelley's works, "there is not one," a French critic says, "that does not bear the stamp of 1792." This is mainly true. He began writing verses not long after the time when Hope, excited by the Revolution, had failed as he said, "like a brief dream of unremaining joy." Ideas that told of the natural rights of every man, and which had been growing up in Europe for more than a century, had had their effect upon the poetry of Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns. Cowper, the first of the poets who loves nature entirely for her own sake, paints only what he sees, but he paints it with the affection of a child for a flower, and with the minute observation of a man. But the change in his poetry in relation to the subject of Nature is no greater than the change in relation to the subject of Man. The idea of mankind as a whole, which had been gradually growing up, is fully formed in Cowper's mind. The range of his interests is as wide as the world, and all men form one brotherhood. Crabbe took up the side of the poetry of man in his "Village" and in the "Parish

Register." Burns was the poet who restored that element—the passion of Love, which had on the whole been absent from our poetry since the Reformation; but he was not only the poet of Love, but also of the new excitement about Man. He sung that neither poverty nor low-birth made a man the worse—

"A man's a man for a' that."

He did the same work in Scotland, 1776, that Crabbe began in England, 1773, and Cowper, 1775, and it is worth remarking how the dates run together.

In France, the ideas of equality and fraternity had been for a long time expressed in her literature, and at last they found a fuller expression in 1789. Immediately they became living powers in the world. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey at first accepted them with joy, but receded from them when they ended in the Reign of Terror and the Imperialism of Napoleon. Scott hated them, and in disgust turned from the present to write of the romantic past. Byron did not express them, themselves, but he expressed the whole of the revolutionary spirit in its action against old social opinions. Two men, Rogers and Keats, were wholly untouched by them, but Shelley took them up after the reaction against them had begun to die out, and he re-expressed them. His chief idea was the future perfection of mankind in a future golden age, and his whole heart was absorbed in this conception, in its faith, and in the hopes it stirred. He read extensively, and studied hard social and political problems, of which he found a general solution in his belief, that all miseries of society must be ascribed to two causes—superstition and despotism. These evils he believed must first be destroyed, and then dreams of paradise would be realized, and universal benevolence would make the world happy.

The predictions uttered and the hopes excited by the poets are not all barren and deluding, though they may have to wait long for their fulfilments. Notwith-

standing the taunt of the scientists that "belief in the entire transaction is wrecked by non-fulfilment," that the "promise is a dream dissolved by the experience of eighteen centuries" (Prof. Tyndall at Birmingham, Oct. 1, 1877), "yet, after all the failures of so many hundreds of years, millions will still cherish the hope, that the fair visions of our purest poetry may gradually shine *out* of literature *into* life, and make the whole round world, which, as our laureate says, is "bound by gold chains about the feet of God," brighter and more beautiful.

To help the world towards this golden age, and to overthrow all that stood in its way, was the object of half of Shelley's poetry. The rest was a personal outpouring of himself in his seeking after that perfect ideal which he could not find, nay, could not conceive. The hopes of man, with which "Queen Mab" was written, faded and grew cold, and in "Alastor" he described the life, wandering, and death of a lonely poet; but the very title of the poem shows that the poet did not allow that a life lived apart from human interests was a noble one—it is Alastor (Ἀλάστωρ) a spirit of evil, of solitude, one who suffers from divine vengeance.

In his next poem "The Revolt of Islam," he hoped that men were beginning to recover from their apathy, and he showed them what they should strive and hope for, and what they should destroy.

Love of solitude, attended with a longing for sympathy and a thirst for discovery, are traits to be found in the writer's own character; and another remarkable trait is the oft-recurring thought of strife, of duality, and contradiction, as represented in the "Serpent and the Eagle" and in the "Contest of Prometheus and Jove." Perhaps that thought of antipathy was closely associated with memories of painful passages in the poet's own life; his experience at Eton, his expulsion from college, and his later sorrows, and this thought of the long strife of good and evil in the world, of

"Nature, red in tooth and claw," is found almost everywhere in his writings.

His most characteristic poem is "Prometheus Unbound," a splendid mythological form of expression, in which he gives to abstract thought vivid imaginations and makes individuals out of generalities; and how beautifully he concludes the poem, giving in a direct form the meaning of all its mythology by the mouth of the power "Demorgorgon." Continuous and perfect melody, like that of Coleridge (whose best work is *little*, but of its kind *perfect*), is not found in so great a degree in Shelley perhaps, yet here and there we find strains re-calling such music as is heard in "Christabel," such as "Lines to an Indian Air" and the "Hymn of Pan."

As a lyric poet Shelley was easily great. Some of his are lyrics of nature, some are dedicated to the rebuke of tyranny and the cause of liberty, others to the passion of love, whilst others are written on the shadows of the dim shadows of thought. They form the most sensitive, the most imaginative, the most musical, but the least *tangible* poetry we possess. With Wordsworth he had the same idea that Nature was alive, but while Wordsworth found the active principle to be thought, Shelley found it to be love. Where Wordsworth found a thinking spirit, Shelley found a loving spirit.

He had not that close grasp of Nature that Wordsworth or even Keats possessed, but he had a far greater power of describing a vast landscape melting into indefinite space. In this he stands first among English poets, as Turner did in landscape painting.

The position of his great contemporary Byron was a curious one. He is partly of the past and partly of the present, and something of the school of Pope clings to him.

There were few literary men whose character Byron respected more than Shelley's. The two poets differed

widely, however, on questions of taste and criticism. Byron called Shelley's notions of poetry and philosophy "too spiritual and romantic," and he was slow in recognising the merits of Keats, whose writings gave Shelley such delight. At first also Byron has no interest in the human questions which were so strongly felt by Wordsworth and Shelley, nor has he any philosophy except that which centres round the problem of his own being. When at last he escapes from his morbid self, he ran into the opposite extreme in "Don Juan," where he shows the strong revolutionary spirit. In it he claims for himself and for others absolute freedom of individual act and thought, in opposition to that force of society which tends to make all men after one pattern. Byron, as a poet of Nature, is often of that class which has less sympathy with Nature than a sympathy with themselves as they forced Nature to reflect *them*.

He, however, often escapes from this position and looks on Nature as she is, apart from himself. "There were times when his great soul shone out upon the earth in all the primal glory of her light;" "his songs were then remembrances of heaven, and even in his most mocking moments you might trace the fire of genius and unconscious bow to the bright halo that it cast around." In his colossal power, and the ease that comes from it, he resembles Dryden. Hardly any of his works cost him hard study, except his first satire and the third act of "Manfred." Goethe, who was no mean judge, described his genius as original in the superlative degree. In his poetry, as in his life, he was driven along by impulses. He seemed less to possess his own genius than to be possessed by it, and his facility for producing verse was like that enjoyed by an "Improvisatore." He, however, always shews more power of intellect than of the imagination. In Shelley, on the contrary, the imagination is supreme and the intellect his servant. No two poets could be

more strongly contrasted than Shelley and Byron in the cause and manner of their revolt against social claims. In Shelley it was the revolt of the spirit; in Byron it was the revolt of the flesh. Byron was never confirmed in unbelief, but he was sceptical in the strictest sense of the word. For him the creed of his native land was a problem, affording exercise for his inquiring intellect, but giving neither strength nor consolation; he had no confidence in any teachings of philosophy, excepting the one saying "All we know is nothing—can be known." In France and Germany many men who never heard the name of Wordsworth, and who knew little more than the name of Milton, read with enthusiastic admiration the works of Byron, whom they hailed as the greatest poet of the nineteenth century, and that estimate is still generally held on the continent.

Shelley resembled Byron in having had no aid from that faith he rejected in early life. "Bigotry and persecution," he said, "have ever been connected with that creed," therefore he argued that it must be hostile instead of friendly to the cultivation of those virtues that make men brothers. To have made his reasoning more logical, he should also have abandoned his belief in such principles as "Equality and Fraternity," because of the crimes and excesses associated with the words. It is, indeed, impossible to justify his acts from the point of view of social order; but if we condemn him as a law-breaker, we cannot help remembering that the law was not made for a righteous man, but for a sinner; and Shelley had in him so strongly and instinctively that love which fills the empty forms of law, that he could hardly help feeling these laws an impertinence, especially when forced upon him by those from whose hearts the love was absent. The refrain of his whole life was in his own words—

We look before and after,
And sigh for what is not.

J. M. A.



BEDFORDSHIRE BALLAD.—II.

“ONE GLASS OF BEER.”

Ne quid nimis.

TOM SMITH was the son of a Bedfordshire man :
(The Smiths, we all know, are a numerous clan),
He was happy and healthy and handsome and strong,
And could sing on occasion a capital song.

His father had once been a labourer poor,
But had always contrived to keep want from the door ;
And by work and by thrift had enough in his pocket
To rent a small farm from his landlord and stock it.

He died : Tom succeeded : the ladies all said
It was high time he went to the Church to be wed ;
And Sarah and Clara, and Fanny and Bess,
Confessed if he “ offer’d ” perhaps they’d say “ Yes.”

But Tom fixed his eyes on the Miller’s young daughter,
And was only awaiting the right time to court her ;
So one day as he saw her walk out from the mill,
He set off in pursuit with a very good will.

Now Tom, I must tell you, had one little fault,
He was rather too fond of a mixture of malt ;
In fact, if my meaning is not very clear,
I’m afraid he was rather too partial to “ *Beer*.”

Says Tom to himself as he followed the maid,
“ I should like just a glass for I’m rather afraid ; ”
No doubt at such times men are nervous and queer,
So he stopped at the Public for “ *one glass of Beer*.”

“ *One Glass of Beer*.”

He had his “ *one* ” glass, and then two or three more,
And when he set out from the Public-house door
He saw a sad sight, and he saw it with groans—
Mary Anne on the arm of Theophilus Jones.

Yes, Theophilus Jones was a steady young man,
Who enjoyed but was never too fond of his can ;
And while Smith in the public was stopping to swill,
Jones had woo’d and had won the fair maid of the mill.

Tom homeward returned like a runaway pup,
When the lash of the whipper-in touches him up ;
And he sighed to himself, “ Its decidedly clear
That I’ve lost a *good wife* for a *bad glass of Beer*.”

* * * * *

At length he was married to Emily Brown :
A tidier girl there was none in the town ;
The church bells were ringing, the village was gay,
As Tom met his bride in her bridal array.

For a twelvemonth or more things went on pretty straight,
Tom went early to work, and was never home late ;
But after that time a sad change, it would seem,
Came over the spirit of Emily’s dream.

The Rector missed Tom from his place in the choir ;
In the evening his wife sat alone by the fire ;
When her husband came home he was never too early,
And his manner was dull, and at times even surly.

He was late in the Autumn in sowing his wheat,
His bullocks and sheep had disease of the feet,
His sows had small litters, his taters went bad,
And he took “ *just a glass* ” when he felt rather sad.

The Rector’s “ *good lady* ” was passing one day,
And looked in, her usual visit to pay.
“ How dy’e do, Mrs. Smith ? Is the baby quite well ?
Have you got any eggs, or young chickens to sell ? ”

But Emily Smith couldn't answer a word ;
 At length her reply indistinctly was heard ;
 "I'm all of a mullock*, it's no use denying—"
 And with that the poor woman she burst out a crying.

Then after a time with her apron she dried
 The tears from her eyes, and more calmly replied,
 "I don't mind confessing the truth, ma'am, to you,
 For I've found in you always a comforter true.

Things are going to ruin, the land's full o' twitch,
 There's no one to clean out a drain or a ditch,
 The gates are all broken, the fences all down,
 And the state of our farm is the talk of the town.

Wer'e lost a young horse, and another's gone lame,
 Our hay's not worth carting, the wheat's much the same,
 Our pigs and our cattle are always astray,
 Our milk's good-for-nothing, our hens never lay.

Tom ain't a bad husband as husbands do go
 (That ain't saying much, as I daresay you know!),
 But there's one thing that puts him and me out o' gear,
 He's always a craving for 'one glass of Beer.'

He never gets drunk, but he's always half-fuddled,
 He wastes all his time, and his wits are all muddled,
 We've notice to quit for next Michaelmas year,
 All owing to Tom and his 'one glass of Beer!'"

MORAL.

My friends, I believe we shall none of us quarrel,
 If I try from this story to draw out a moral ;
 Tom Smith, I am told, has now taken the pledge ;
 Let us hope he will keep the right side of the hedge.

* Muddle.

But because men like Tom find it hard to "*refrain*,"
 It's hard that we temperate folk should "*abstain* ;"
 Tea and coffee no doubt are most excellent cheer,
 But a hard-working man likes his "*one glass of Beer*."

What with 'chining* and hoeing and ploughing and drill,
 A glass of good beer will not make a man ill ;
 But one glass, like poison, you never must touch—
 It's the glass which is commonly called "*one too much* !"

ARCULUS.

* Machining, *i.e.* threshing by machinery.

[The above Verses were written for a Penny Reading in the Country.
 The Bedfordshire Ballad I. will be found in Vol. IX., p. 366.—ED.]



LORELEI.

ICH weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme,
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und Das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

HEINE.



LORELEI.

I KNOW not what may it betoken,
That I so dreary feel,
Or why should a weird old story
Unbidden my fancy steal.

The air is cool in the twilight,
The Rhine all tranquil flows,
And bright in the evening sunshine
The mountain summit glows.

Methinks, up yonder is sitting
A maiden passing fair;
Her gold-bedight garments glitter,
She combs her golden hair.

With golden comb as she combs it,
A wondrous song she sings,
That 'mongst the rocks with a music
Of mighty melody rings.

The boatman beneath the cliff sailing
Is seized with wildest grief;
He gazes aloft at the Maiden,
And heeds not the threatening reef.

The waters, I ween, will o'erwhelm him,
They hurl his skiff helpless along:
And this is done all by the Maiden—
The Lorelei with her song.

F. J. ALLEN.



THE LEGEND OF THE LURLEI.

(From the German).

*Märchenhaft vorüberzogen
Berg' und Burgen, Wald und Au
Und das Alles sah ich glänzen
In dem Aug' der schönen Frau.*

HEINE.

THE fairies and magical beings with which antiquity has peopled its mountains, castles, and rivers, have generally benevolent influences ascribed to them, but in the Middle Ages the power of magic created also spirits of evil, who, disguised as water-witches, nymphs, or gnomes, exercised a baleful and fatal power over their infatuated victims. Few countries are more adapted to give colour and consistence to legendary lore, than the lovely and occasionally terrible banks of the Middle and Upper Rhine, where ruined shrines and towers still stand like relics of a splendid dream.

In one of these castles dwelt Hermann, son of Palatinate, Count Bruno, and on the Ley, a rock situated above Goarshausen, dwelt the water-nymph Lore, and there she was known as the Lorelei. To those whom she desired to bewitch she appeared in the loveliest and most charming figure, her garments floating round her like the film of the gossamer, half revealing, half concealing her tenderly formed limbs, which they rather expressed than hid. Sometimes descending from her fairy loneliness, she might be seen bathing her beauties in the waters of the river, under which she would often disappear, leaving a

tender farewell for ever afterwards ringing in the ears of her votary like distant music which would not come near him.

Once only had Hermann seen her. It was when returning late one evening from the chase, he had lain him down in dreary, musing, mood, and was silently gazing at the dark waters. They were limpid, dark with shadows only, and the reflected stars shone up from their silent depths with a wave-like flickering motion. Suddenly, as the shadows flitting past the moon unsheathed its gleam, the beautiful Lorelei appeared to him. So wildly, spiritually bright did she seem, that he fancied she had fallen from one of those orbs of light which bespangled the blue canopy above.

For a moment she stood before him revealed in all her beauty—

A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded,

but there was no rose on her cheeks, their tint was like a virgin whiteness in a dream of bloom. Once, when she raised her hand—

It was so wan, so transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shining thro'.

She vanished as suddenly as she had come, and Hermann was left; his fair eyes gazing at vacancy—but his heart darkened by her shadow. He had heard her talk far above singing, but vainly did he strive to recall her words for, as the dark river reflected the flickering stars, so his agitated mind reflected only the broken images of things. Suddenly, the castle bell struck the midnight hour with a melancholy clang, and slowly rising he returned homewards. From that moment all was changed. Day and night became a weary interchange of light and darkness, but in his real dreams, or in those day-dreams hardly

less real, the beautiful Lorelei appeared to him like Beatrice passing through Dantes' heaven.

These visits however left him doubly lonely. At length one evening he felt a mysterious longing to visit the Ley, and taking only his Zither with him, he approached nearer to the foot of the mountain than he had ever before ventured. Casting his glances upwards to the heights, he saw a wondrous colour hovering around the summit of the rock. Then it seemed to change and dilate into magnificent cloud-vistas, in the midst of which, like the folds of a white garment in the twilight, he dimly and indistinctly discovered the form of the nymph. She was approaching him, and with an unintentional cry of joy on his lips, letting his zither fall, he called to her with extended arms.

Nearer she came and stooping over him pronounced his name in low and unutterably sweet whispers; his pulse beat fast in his veins, a strange thrill, an unknown joy, pervaded his senses, but at the moment when he felt he possessed them at their fullest, he lost them, and fell back senseless.

He awoke, chill with the cold dews, and morn was blushing in the east when he reached the castle. Sometimes the chase led him to a distance from the eastern woods, but always in returning he felt himself magically drawn towards the Ley, where sad and weary he would invoke the nymph, and strain his ears after her dreamy music; sometimes standing on the brink he felt half impatient to fling himself down into the swift river, where, in the depths of the wave, the Lore had her crystal castle.

The old Count Bruno saw, with grief, this change come over his son, and, concluding it was the result of some unhappy passion, he resolved to send him where serious occupation would break the spell and also open to him an active future.

For this purpose he proposed that he should go

to the Imperial camp and there win his knightly spurs.

Hermann with reluctance consented, and the evening before his intended departure, he went, for the last time, to visit the Ley in order to offer the nymph his zither, his songs, and his sighs.

This time he took an old and faithful servant as his attendant, and, in silence, they approached the rock. There on the summit was the beautiful Lore, while below, the waves were dancing.

The night was unusually dark, and her figure shone bright with supernal beauty, for a living robe of light-rays seemed woven around her.

Hermann's companion entreated him to return, but he disregarded the warning. He saw not the increasing anger of the waves which threatened to dash him on the rocks, but sweeping his hand across the strings of his guitar and, fixing his eyes on the maiden, he sang,

Auf deine schönen Augen
Hab' ich ein ganzes Heer
Von ewigen Liedern gedichtet—
Mein Liebchen, was willst du mehr?

Mit deinen schönen Augen
Hast du mich gequält so sehr,
Und hast mich zu Grunde gerichtet—
Mein Liebchen, was willst du mehr?

Scarcely had he finished when everywhere was heard tumult and sounds of voices above and below the water. The surf-waves rose high and threatened the frail bark but nought stopped the infatuated youth. Flames appeared on the Lei, and above them he saw the fairy standing and beckoning to him. Heeding not his danger he was carried impetuously onwards and his boat was dashed against the rocks.

His companion unable to restrain him had jumped out a little before and was thrown by a strong wave

on to the shore. After a fruitless search for Hermann, he returned to tell the strange tale to the aged Count. The old man's grief was indescribable. He hastened to the Lei, vowing to be revenged on the nymph, and there he saw her on the summit combing her long tresses and the tones of her singing reached his ear, as from a distant Æolian harp.

As he drew nearer she cast her glittering comb into the river and a wave uprose and conveyed her beneath.

She was never seen again, but in the still nights of Spring listening boatmen still hear her enchanting tones amid the rushing waters, and they sadly think of young Hermann beguiled to his ruin by the nymph of the rock. And the rock itself was no longer called Lorelei but was changed to Lurlei, and a beautiful echo is the only gift which remains of the fairy.

J. M. A.



AN DIE ROSEN.

MEIN Geliebter hat versprochen
 Wenn ihr blühet hier zu sein.
 Diese Zeit ist angebrochen
 Rosen! und ich bin allein.
 Holde Töchter der Cythere
 Rosen! schonet meiner Ruh',
 Schonet meines Schäfers Ehre:
 Schlieszt euch, schlieszt euch wieder zu!

J. N. GOETZ.

TO THE ROSES.

MY bonnie lad gied me his word
 When ye wad bloom he'd come again;
 But, Roses, I hae seen ye blaw,
 And we hae kept the tryst alane.
 Hae pity on my waefu' heart,
 My bonnie roses, fair and free;
 Tak' tent o' Johnnie's plichtit troth:
 Creep back intil your buds a wee.

D. M' A.



THE BEACONSFIELD ALPHABET.

A's my new policy called Annexation,
 B is the Bother it causes the nation.
 C is Lord Chelmsford, engaged with Zulus,
 D the Disasters which give me 'the blues.'
 E is the effort I make to look merry,
 F is my Failure—deplorable very!
 G is Sir Garnett, alas, not ubiquitous!
 H stands for H——t, an M.P. iniquitous.
 I stands for India, a source of vexation,
 J are the Jews, a most excellent nation.
 K is the Khedive, whose plan is to borrow
 L *£. s. d.*—I'll annex him to-morrow!
 M's the Majority, which I much prize,
 N are the Non-contents, whom I despise.
 O's the Opposition, so often defeated,
 P is P——ll, that Home-ruler conceited.
 Q are the Questions put by noble Lords,
 R my Responses, more cutting than swords.
 S is the Sultan, my friend true and warm,
 T are the Turks whom I hope to reform.
 U's my Utopia—Cyprus, I mean.
 V is Victoria, my Empress and Queen.
 W's the World, which ere long I shall own,
 X is the sign of my power unknown.
 Y is the Yacht I shall keep in the Red Sea,
 Z the Zulus, whom I wish in the Dead Sea.

“ARCULUS.”



THE GLADSTONE ALPHABET.

A's Aristides, or Gladstone the Good,
 B is Lord B., whom I'd crush if I could.
 C are Conservatives, full of mad pranks,
 D are the Dunces who fill up their ranks.
 E stands for Ewelme, of some notoriety,
 F for the Fuss made in Oxford society.
 G stands for Gladstone, a hewer of wood,
 H is my Hatchet of merciless mood.
 I is the Irish Church, which I cut down,
 J are the Jobs, which I kill with a frown.
 K are the Knocks, which I give and I take,
 L are the Liberals whom I forsake.
 M are the Ministry, whom I revile,
 N are the Noodles my speeches beguile.
 O is the Office I mean to refuse,
 P is the Premier—I long for his shoes.
 Q are the Qualms of my conscience refined,
 R is the Rhetoric nothing can bind.
 S is Herr Schliemann, who loves much to walk about
 T ancient Troy, which I love to talk about.
 U is the Union of Church and State,
 V are my former views, now out of date.
 W is William, the People's 'True Bill,'
 X is the Exit from power of that 'Will.'
 Y is Young England, who soon will unite
 Z in fresh Zeal for the 'People's Delight.'

“ARCULUS.”

April, 1879.



MODERN ATHENS.

On board ss. Peloro,
Off East coast of Morea,
3rd January, 1879.

DEAR _____,

NOW that my first visit to Greece is over, and we are fast losing sight of the hills which look down on Athens, I gladly endeavour to offer a brief account of my impressions.

No such feeling of disappointment, as is often mentioned in the case of Rome, can possibly occur to the traveller during his first week in Athens: from every point the Parthenon overawes with its beauty, though—like the Capitol—it forms the extremity of modern, the centre of the ancient city. One goes up to it again and again, early and late, for the views over Attica, Aegina, and Corinth, and still more of course for its own dignity and wondrous harmony with the Propylæa and the adjacent buildings, and the beautiful fragments of sculpture, which lie strewn about the entrance and collected in the Museum on the spot: and one feels almost indignant, that so charming a place cannot be visited at least once a year by every British student. To the north-west at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile distance the rock of Lycabettus rises to a considerably greater height, but yet without at all dwarfing the Acropolis. The other notable sites such as the Kerameicus, Theseion, Olympieion, Monument of Lysicrates and the Horologion of Andronicus are

sufficiently well preserved in detail to reward a careful study.

Many other links with classical times attract the eye, such as skins still used for storing wine, the money-changer's table in the streets, the forms of household pottery unchanged since the days of Pericles, and the question which even a cook will quite naturally ask of her mistress "What NEWS to-day?" Indeed the cries of the newspaper-boys early and late are a great annoyance to a Visitor in Athens, to be bracketed, however, with the bad smells that are diligently cultivated by the natives, and the clouds of dust which fill the streets even in December and January and foul my ink, if I write with the window open, as one is otherwise tempted to do, with the thermometer above 60° in the middle of the day.

But of all memories that linger in the traveller's mind as he turns westward again the most prominent is that of *light*—silvery at noon-day—of every tint of purple at dawn and sunset, so that the *λαμπρότατος αἰθήρ* of Euripides and *ἰοστέφανοι Ἀθῆναι* thrice-repeated by Aristophanes are no merely poetic compliments. The latter epithet most appropriately recalls the heather coronet formed by Hymettus Lycabettus Pentelicus and Parnes, which lend their limestone to such wonderful transformations.

My last afternoon in Athens was indeed sad, spent as it was with an Athenian jurist, who kindly took me to Kolonos and the Akademia; on the spot which Sophocles loved so well nothing was to be noted but a few remains of ancient pavement and monuments to K. O. Müller and Charles Lenormant, while for souvenirs of Plato are shown a garden-wall into which repulsive fragments of sculpture have been built, hard by an ill-kept farm-house and pergola. However, the farmer's wife—apparently on the western side of three score years and ten—promptly offered me a posy of roses, and could not decline a few obols in payment.

One olive tree, gnarled and bare, is jealously kept in the neighbourhood as having possibly yielded fruit to Plato—at any rate it may be more than 2000 years old. We turn east and wander homewards along the bank of the Kephissos, a rapid stream about the width of the Cam at Grantchester, and so by the road from Thebes into Athens again. Asking my friend if we are walking on the line of an ancient way, I am answered with “No, except for six or seven buildings, all is new: the Turks have left us NOTHING.” Indeed the modern city of Athens reminds one of Kingston or Hamilton, or any one of those mushroom cities of the New World, in which the memory of the oldest inhabitant goes back scarcely more than forty years. Even so, it is marvellous: the streets are many of them broad and planted with pepper trees: the buildings—especially the House of Commons and the University—such as an English architect might study with advantage. And but 38 years ago modern Athens was not, and the best lodging that Dr. Wordsworth could find was blown about his ears and completely wrecked by the wind in a single night. *Now* I have had fairly comfortable board and lodging in an hotel at 7 francs per day, and can spend my evenings in in the society of polished families or at a club-house worthy of any capital in Europe. As in America, so here also, this sudden growth has some disadvantages; the natives have an exaggerated idea of their own national importance, and bravely dream of annexing “upon *ethnocratic* principles” all that was once called Thessalia, Macedonia, and Thrace, including even Constantinople, while they have yet much to do in raising themselves above the low level of Levantine morals in matters of daily life as well as politics. At present this bit of ambition seems as chimerical as did *Italia Unita* to Metternich and his school of diplomats: but the idea will not be allowed to rest, and may possibly be realized before the end of this century.

An Englishman may count on a friendly welcome from the upper class of natives (though there is hardly more than a class and a half altogether), who generally speak two or three languages besides their own; this cordiality is granted in still greater measure to the French, and arises somewhat from the natural habit of hanging on the skirts of more powerful neighbours.

Ancient Hellas seems to have its closest parallel and representative in the Cantons of modern Switzerland: it would, indeed, be an immense step in advance, if the Hellenes would toil and till with the honest independence of the Swiss. But their abuse of the tongue is too old a tradition to make this probable, so long as the bare means of life can be had for almost nothing, and a career may be found in Constantinople, Vienna, or Paris by Hellenes too highly educated to make roads or to till the land. In the very home of the olive one is still served with oil from Lucca, and the paper and other stationery is chiefly imported from Paris or London. The professional letter writer, still seen at Rome and Naples, has vanished from Athens, and one is struck with the number of booksellers and bookbinders, but a lack both of great learning and of great ignorance may still be noted; for while primary and secondary education is abundant and well organized, few natives have any scholarly knowledge even of ancient Greek.

The Greek, as of yore, takes kindly to the sea, and is loth to trouble himself with modern precautions of lights on land or ship-board: in fact there is not a light-house on the coast except the one placed on Cythera by our own Admiralty,—a faithful dog is the Greek mariner’s companion, and warns him when to show a solitary lantern just in time to avoid collision. No wonder that the pet-dog is so affectionately quoted in the Gospels and so frequently sculptured on tombstones.

Turkish misrule and massacres have left a mark

all too plain to the traveller's eye as he doubles Cape Malea and sails up the Saronic gulf; amongst hills with rare beauty of outline and vales with every tint of light and shade, few are the signs of habitation or culture. Few, too, are the sails that can be seen; but this want must rather be put down to the score of Newcastle and Cardiff, for a single steam-boat of 2000 to 3000 tons now does the work that a dozen light craft would have done fifty years ago. Memories of George Williams and other enthusiastic Unionists made me anxiously enquire about the condition and prospects of the National Church; but I failed to learn anything that was otherwise than discouraging. It was touching, however, to see the score or so of natives, whom our simple hearty music attracted to service at the English Church on Sundays and Holy Days: perhaps sympathy in worship is the utmost that can be expected.

No city in East or West that I have yet visited offers such a charming variety in form and colour of costume even among civilians: the orderly, that the Minister of Public Instruction kindly detailed to unlock the cabinets at each Museum, is one day in the short white kilt and red leggings (unlike the greaves of old in covering *back* as well as *front*), and another day a baggy Turk who might have just come off pilgrimage, so very abstemious is he in soap.

Nowhere has the architecture of ancient Athens at its best been more happily revived than in the Πανεπιστημείον (University) buildings, where the architect—a Dane—had been most successful in gilding the spirited groups which form the frieze and decorate the tympanum. Amongst the swarm of students the brimless hat and flowing robe of the Greek ecclesiastic is often conspicuous. The Library has already outgrown its scanty quarters; the Coin-cabinet is extraordinarily well organized and administered; of local antiquities no less than five separate

collections distract the student's attention—but in this department all is still on a provisional footing.

Here, as at Rome, French scholars have the benefit of a noble establishment for the study of archæology—an example which England is doing well to follow.

One last bright spot in memory is, that neither on landing nor re-embarking was I made in any way aware of the existence of a Custom House—an institution which is doomed long to worry the traveller in Western Europe. So farewell to the Isles of Greece!

S. S. LEWIS.



MARIE.

MARIE, am Fenster sitzest du,
Du liebes, süßes Kind,
Und siehst dem Spiel der Blüten zu,
Verweht im Abendwind.
Der Wanderer, der vorüber geht,
Er lüftet fromm den Hut;
Du bist ja selbst wie ein Gebet,
So fromm, so schön, so gut.

Die Blumenaugen seh'n empor
Zu deiner Augen Licht!
Die schönste Blum' im Fensterflor
Ist doch dein Angesicht.
Ihr Abendglocken grüßet sie
Mit süßer Melodie!
O brech' der Sturm die Blumen nie,
Und nie dein Herz, Marie!

RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL.



MARIE.

MARIE, who leanest from thy bower,
Thou dearest, sweetest maid,
And seest the play of leaf and flower
In evening breezes swayed:—
The wanderer who passes there,
With barèd head doth bow,
Feeling thy presence like a prayer;—
So good, so fair art thou!

The floweret-eyes all court the grace
Of thine own eyes' sweet light:
But mid the flowers, thy lovely face
Is flower of all most bright.
Ye evening bells, oh greet my fair
With gentle melodie!
Oh break, ye storms, the flowerets ne'er,
And ne'er her heart,—Marie!

F. J. ALLEN.



ARITHMETIC.

SHAKESPEARE.

Forsooth a great Arithmetician. Othello, Act I., Sc. 1.

1. *Chorus*. "O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
"Attest, in little place, a million."
K. Hen. V., Act I.

Explain the Arithmetical allusion.

2. *Puck*. "Yet but 3? Come 1 more;
"2 of both kinds makes up 4."
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Sc. 2.

Examine the accuracy of *Puck's* Arithmetic.

3. *Coriolanus*. "Within thine eyes sat 20,000 deaths,
"In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
"Thy lying tongue both numbers."
Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 3.

How many does this make altogether?

4. *K. Henry*. ". . . 10,000 French,
"That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number
"And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
"One hundred twenty-six: added to these
"Of knights, esquires and gallant gentlemen
"Eight thousand and four hundred. . . .
"So that in these 10,000 they have lost
"There are but 1600 mercenaries:"
K. Hen. V., Act. IV., Sc. 8.

Correct the King's rough calculation.

5. *Portia*. "Double 6000 and then treble that."
Merchant of Venice, Act III., Sc. 4.

6. *Portia*. "I would be trebled 20 times."
Merchant of Venice, Act III., Sc. 2.

In what ratio does *Portia* wish to be increased?

7. *Biacia*. "What! keep a week away? 7 days and nights?
"8 score 8 hours? and lovers' absent hours
"More tedious than the dial 8 score times?
"O weary reckoning!"
Othello, Act III., Sc. 4.

Express the weary reckoning in the scale of eight.

8. *K. Henry*. "How many (*minutes*) make the hour full
complete?
"How many hours bring about the day?
"How many days will finish up the year?"
K. Hen. VI., Part III., Act II., Sc. 5.

9. *Petruchio*. "Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
"nail."
Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Sc. 3.

Express *Petruchio's* abuse as a vulgar fraction of a pole.

10. *Falstaff*. "I have forsworn his company hourly. . . . this
"two-and-twenty years."
K. Hen. IV., Part I., Act II., Sc. 2.

How often is this?

11. *Cressida*. "Vowing more than the perfection of 10, and
"discharging less than the tenth part of 1."
Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Sc. 2.

Approximate to the ratio of the discharge to the vow.

12. *Falstaff*. "8 yards of uneven ground is 3 score and 10
"miles a-foot with me."
K. Hen. IV., Part I., Act II., Sc. 2.

Estimate the difficulty of the ground, if *Falstaff* does not exaggerate.

13. *Gonzalo*. "I would give 1000 furlongs of sea for 1 acre
"of barren ground."
Tempest, Act I., Sc. 1.

What is *Gonzalo's* estimate of the comparative values of sea and barren ground.

14. *York*. "5 men to 20! though the odds be great,
"I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
"Many a battle have I won in France,
"When as the enemy hath been 10 to 1
"Why should I not now have the same success?"
K. Hen. VI., Part III., Act I., Sc. 2.

Compare the odds on this occasion with those on France.

- Give her a hundred marks.* K. Hen. VIII., Act V., Sc. 1.



THE DEATH OF HERAKLES :

A FRAGMENT.

* * *

...THEN in that broken voice of coming Death,
Half-hushed and choked with many a sudden pang,
He bade them bear him where old Oita sang
Wind-waked amid her multitudinous pine :
And o'er them, as they bare, a myriad shine
Of stars stole out thro' the dusk Heaven and main
Mocking with their cold peace the maddening pain
And throbbing throes of that huge Agony.

So upward ever from the twilight sea
Thro' many a sloping meadow' and moor they went—
—In peace, save when their rustling footfall sent
The scared bird fluttering from her heather-nest,
Or the fierce spasm after briefest rest
Waked with a fiercer torture, and he wailed.
Then would they sometimes halt, for their hearts failed
That he, who ever in the olden days
Had held ignoble any that could raise
The voice of weeping now himself did weep ;
But when the spasm again was laid to sleep
Then pressed they on with heavy hearts and sore,
Albeit sweet memory (who evermore
Makes e'en the sorrow of our dark past most dear)
Charmed half their grief: but evermore the tear
Brake from its secret fount despite her spell,
As here and there dark shadows round them fell
Or the dank marsh plashed about their feet :
Yet ever and anon their way was sweet

With many a mountain flower, or soft with dew
And spray of cataracts, whose noises grew
And waned upon them as they came and passed :
And still they bare the bier, and at the last
Beheld the dusk woods rise in twinkling lines
And from o'erhead the singing in the pines
Came ever loudlier and more near, till now
They took the topmost breeze, and far below
The faintly-murmuring main was thick with stars.

Then on that huge crag-summit, where all jars
Of earth seemed lost in that unearthly song,
They halted with their burden, and ere long
Had builded up thereon a goodly pyre :
But now from overhead a frequent fire
Brake evermore, and the grey clouds grew black,
And evermore thereafter the Night-wrack
Was slowly gathered into one huge gloom
Rolling aloof, in whose mysterious womb
Some dread dark thing seemed struggling to its birth.

So, when all now was ready, from the earth
They lifted the worn body, and on the pile
Laid him for that last slumber, and meanwhile
Strewed round it what rude gifts their haste had brought :
Then kindled ; and forth-right (as though it sought
To battle with its brother of the sky)
The flame shot heavenward ; and emulously
The dry trunks cracked and roared against the din
Of the loud bolt : but that Great Heart within
Found rest, for well he knew the end was nigh.
Then was there seen a wonder : from on high
There shone a sudden and an awful glow.
Then through mid-air majestically slow
The thick cloud droopt to earthward, compassing
The crackling blaze with shadow, and everything
Grew still and all at once the Night was fair.
Thereafter heard those others everywhere

Strange rustlings as of Robes Divine that swept
 The invisible air: and while they bowed and wept
 For very awe and love, on their ears fell
 A noise of Revel; and soft winds, that tell
 The Deity nigh, were odorous all about.
 . . . Then slowly all the triumph and the shout
 Seemed ever to grow fainter Heavenward;
 And, when they looked, behold but ashes charred
 And black with here and there a lifeless red
 Yet fragrant of the Gods, but all too dead
 To flicker out into full life again.

Then knew they that the Almighty Sire had ta'en
 His own Child home, and peradventure now
 The feast was spread, and on the toil-worn brow
 Fair Aretè set the sparkling Anadem.
 So straightway, wandering slow as in a dream,
 They moved (albeit not unmournfully)
 Down toward the starlit surging of the sea. . . .

A. L. INNES.



OBITUARY.

ALFRED HENRY GARROD, F.R.S.

BY the premature death of Professor Garrod, a distinguished Fellow of this College, biological science has lost one of its most promising cultivators, and Cambridge one of her brightest ornaments. Born in London on May 18, 1846, the eldest son of Dr. A. B. Garrod, F.R.S., a well-known member of the medical profession, he was educated at King's and University Colleges, and graduated as a licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, at that time intending to continue the practice of medicine. In 1868 Mr. Garrod came up to Cambridge, obtaining the first exhibition offered by our College for Natural Science: and subsequently he was elected a Scholar on the same ground. To members of the College it may be a matter of some interest to remember that when the new Chapel was opened in 1869, Mr. Garrod, who was then an undergraduate, succeeded in obtaining a set of instantaneous photographs of the procession as it passed through the first court. In 1871 he took his B.A. degree, being placed at the head of the Natural Sciences Tripos. Up to this time his interest and work in science had chiefly been physiological. The phenomena of the circulation in particular attracted his attention, and whilst still an undergraduate he conducted a series of observations on himself by means of the thermometer and the sphygmograph, the results of which were subsequently published in the Royal Society's "Proceedings," and the "Journal of Anatomy

and Physiology." Many of his most important results in this direction have been subsequently and independently confirmed by an American observer, not a little to Mr. Garrod's gratification. In 1872 Mr. Garrod was elected to the office of Prosector to the Zoological Society of London, and at once set himself to work to benefit by the immense materials for original investigation now at his command. The result was the series of papers and memoirs, more than 60 in number, on the structure and affinities of the higher Vertebrata published in that Society's "Proceedings" and "Transactions," and continued up to the present period. He especially devoted himself to the muscular and visceral anatomy of birds, and his papers on these subjects, and the results deduced from them, may fairly be termed "epoch-making." In 1873 Mr. Garrod was elected a Fellow of this College, and in 1874 became Professor of Zoology at King's College, London. His taste for mechanics is visible in several even of his zoological papers; and his extraordinary ingenuity in making and devising models to illustrate the problems of animal physiology stood him in good stead when he was elected Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution in 1875. His fluency and lucidity as a lecturer, combined with his ingenious models and diagrams, invariably enabled him to keep his rather miscellaneous audiences interested and amused, and his lectures were always largely attended. In 1876 he was elected, being then just 30, a Fellow of the Royal Society. On two occasions Professor Garrod received grants from the Government Fund to enable him to complete an exhaustive anatomy of birds, at which he was working, which was to embody all the results of his great experience and notes. For the last three years Professor Garrod had been examiner in the Natural Science Tripos. In the fulfilment of these many vocations it is to be feared he overtaxed his strength, and about 16 months ago, after a

few premonitory warnings, he was prostrated by a severe attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, which, in the opinion of those who knew best, left but little hope of ultimate recovery. He left England last winter for a few weeks, but benefited little by the change, and though some three months ago he seemed to recover and gain strength, he soon relapsed, and getting rapidly weaker and weaker, expired last week, after a long, though mercifully painless, illness. Till within a few weeks of his death he continued to work away as enthusiastically as ever at his constantly-increasing materials, and has left a very large and valuable collection of notes, drawings, and MS papers. Some of these, we believe, are in a form which may allow of their being published very much as they now are. Prof. Garrod was always anxious to help others in every way that lay in his power, and encouraged many younger men by his advice and example, whilst the superabundant material at his disposal was always at their disposition. By his early death science has been deprived of the more certain judgment which further years would have brought to bear on the still doubtful value of many points of his work, whilst to those who have lost in him a friend, the blow is indeed irreparable, for though his place may be filled, he himself cannot be replaced.

W. A. F.



OUR CHRONICLE.

1879.

It was happily remarked by the late Professor Selwyn, in speaking of the College Magazine, that 'the glory of our Eagle was not so much in the height to which it soared, as in the length of time during which it remained on the wing.' Our Magazine has continued to exist for more than 20 years and the present number is the first of a new volume; but if it is to maintain and to improve its present position it must receive still further support from all the members of the College. At the close of this Chronicle we record the names of a large number of new subscribers and we trust that the number of literary contributions will increase in the same proportion. The subscribers can hardly be aware how difficult it is for the editors to arrange for the publication of a new number in each term; it has even been difficult in some cases to obtain from the official members of the various clubs the information required for the pages of the Chronicle, and a printed circular issued to all secretaries of clubs in a recent term, requesting them to be so good as to supply the information in question, met with no response. It is true that the existence of an increasing number of School Magazines to some extent diverts from our pages articles which we should have been glad to see printed in the College Magazine, and the recent establishment of a new University periodical, *The Cambridge Review*, may also cut off part of our usual supplies. But *The Eagle*, thanks in the main to its excellent constitution and in particular to the rule that provides for the election of a new member of the Editorial Committee in each Term, has already survived the *Lion* and the *Bear*, the *Light Blue* and the *Light Green*; and, provided it is heartily supported, has every prospect of continuing to exist as the representative magazine of the College. While thanking all who have in any way contributed to the pages of the present number, we have only to add that any of the Editors will be glad to receive articles and notices of College news for the next number, which will be published at as early a date as is practicable in the coming Term.

We have the pleasure of recording the following University honours obtained by members of the College during the past year :

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers. Gunston, bracketed 4th; Bond, 14th; E. J. Brook-Smith, bracketed 20th; Lewis, 24th; Nightingale, 26th.

Senior Optimes. C. A. Swift, Widgery, Rodwell, B. Jones, Allport, Hagger.

Junior Optimes. Hallam, A. E. Swift, Hildersly, Webber, Young, Odell.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

First Class. Dougan, 3rd (highly distinguished in the Examination for the Classical Medals).

Second Class. Coombes, bracketed 1st; F. C. Hill, W. J. Lee.

Third Class. Finch, Light, A. B. Browne.

MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS, 1878—9.

Second Class. Pinsent, Holder.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

First Class. F. J. Allen (distinguished in Physiology), Marr (in Geology).

Second Class. Brunton, Lattey, Slater.

Third Class. Fuller, Hutchinson, Walters.

THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

Third Class. Bone, Firth, Hopper, Marsh, Saben, Walker.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

Second Class. Kemp, Nevill.

The *Porson University Scholarship* was awarded to J. C. Moss, who also obtained Sir William Browne's Gold Medals, (1) for the Greek Ode, on 'Orpheus'; (2) for the Latin Ode, on 'Mithridates'; (3) for the Greek Epigram. The only remaining Browne's Medal, that for the Latin Epigram, was won by T. G. Tucker.

The following have been elected Fellows :

W. G. Rushbrooke, bracketed 6th Classic, 1872; F. Dyson, 2nd Classic, 1877; H. C. Pinsent, bracketed 4th Wrangler, and first in the Second Class in Moral Sciences, 1878; A. W. Momerie [Mummery], Senior in Moral Sciences, 1877; W. H. Gunston, bracketed 4th Wrangler, 1879; and T. W. Dougan, 3rd Classic, 1879, highly distinguished in the Examination for Chancellor's Medals.

One of the Fellowships thus filled up had been made vacant, shortly before the election, by the lamented death of Professor Garrod, an obituary notice of whom appears in the present Number; another had been vacated during the latter part of the Long Vacation by the marriage of Mr. Garnett, who, however, happily continues for the present to discharge the duties of Steward of the College.

The McMahan Law Studentship has been awarded to H. T. Kemp, B.A. and LL.B., first class in Law, 1877, and first in second class in History, 1878.

The Commissioners elected by the Master and Fellows (the 'Governing Body' of the Colleges, under the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act, 1877), are The Master, Mr. Bonney,

and Mr. Taylor, who will represent the College in relation to the making of Statutes by the Cambridge University Commission.

Sermons have been preached in the College Chapel in the *Lent Term* by Mr. Taylor, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Pieters, Mr. Hill, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Rudd; in the *Easter Term* by Dr. Pearson, Bishop Cotterill (*Commemoration Sermon*), the Dean of Manchester, Dr. Gifford, Mr. Bonney; and in the *Michaelmas Term* by the Master, Mr. Freeman, Dr. Abbott, Dr. Boulton, and Dr. Pearson.

The Rev. A. M. Speechly, M.A., 1859, has been appointed Bishop of Travancore; he was presented for the degree of D.D. *jure dignitatis* in the early part of the Michaelmas Term.

The Bishopric of Newcastle, vacated by the death of Bp. Tyrrell, a former member of this College, has been offered to the Rev. Dr. Pearson, Fellow of the College, Vicar of Newark, late Hulsean Lecturer, and Preacher at Whitehall.

The Head-Mastership of Sedbergh School, vacated by the lamented death of the Rev. F. Heppenstall, has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. H. G. Hart, formerly Fellow, one of the Assistant Masters at Harrow.

The Rev. John Barnacle (B.A. 1870), has been appointed Rector of Rainsford; Rev. H. Vyvyan, Rector of Withiel; Rev. James Campbell (1878), Clerical Organising Secretary of the C. E. T. S. for the Dioceses of Winchester and Salisbury; the Rev. Dr. Braim, Rector of Risley-with-Breaston. (*Members of the College are requested to favour the Editors with notices of Appointments for insertion in the Chronicle*).

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, June, 1879.

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	<i>Mathematics.</i> SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Larmor	Alston	Yeo
Long	Harker, G. J. T.	Parker
Wrigley	Marris	Harker, A.
Adams	Hall, L.	Gaskin
Stone, T.		Brill
Morton		Ward
Stone, J. M.		Bennett
		Winter
THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	<i>Classics.</i> SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Colson		Tucker
		Moss
		Gimson
THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	<i>Theology</i> (<i>In alphabetical order</i>). SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Greaves	Coulthard	Bennett
	Hutton, C. F.	

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	<i>Law.</i> SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
East Woods Clarke, C. P.	Barton Terry	Berkeley
THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	<i>Natural Sciences</i> (<i>In alphabetical order</i>). SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Forbes Lister Stuart, C. M.	Fleming Hart	Samways Weldon
THIRD YEAR.	<i>Moral Sciences.</i> <i>First Class—Caldecott Prizes.</i> <i>English Essay.</i> SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
Gurney, T. A.	Hill, J. S.	No Prize awarded.
	<i>Hebrew.</i>	Bennett
{ Greaves { Neale	Hutton, C. F.	
	<i>Greek Testament.</i>	<i>Reading.</i>
	{ Greaves { Hutton, C. F.	1. Fea 2. Harker, G. J. T.
	<i>Dr. Newcome's Prize for Moral Philosophy.</i> Ds H. W. Holder	
	<i>Mr. Hughes' Prizes.</i> Colson	Larmor
	<i>Wright's Prizemen, with £100 for the Year.</i> <i>Mathematics.</i> Larmor	<i>Classics.</i> Colson
3rd Year	Alston	<i>Natural Sciences.</i> Forbes
2nd Year	Yeo	
1st Year	Tucker	
	<i>Sir John Herschel's Prize for Astronomy.</i> Larmor	
	<i>Foundation Scholars.</i>	
THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
Adams Caldecott Forbes Greaves Long Morton Stone, T.	Alston Barton Fleming Hart Hutton, C. F.	Moss Tucker
	<i>Proper Sizars.</i> Harker, A. Parker	Samways
	<i>Exhibitions.</i> I. £30.	
	3rd Year—East, Larmor, Lister, Sandys J. S., Stone J. M., Williams A., Woods; 2nd Year—Coulthard, Hall L., Harker G. J. T., Hill J. S., Marris; 1st Year—Brill, Harker A., Yeo.	

II. £15.

3rd Year—Colson, Clarke C. P., Stuart C. M., White J. H.; 2nd Year—Terry; 1st Year—Bennett, Gaskin, Parker, Samways, Weldon.

III. £10.

3rd Year—Taylor, J. H.; 2nd Year—Garland, Smith G. C. M., Wilkinson G. G.; 1st Year—Berkeley, Ward A. W., Winter.

Minor Scholarship Election.

McAulay, F. S. (New Kingswood School, Bath)	} Minor Scholarships of £70.
Sherrington, W. S. (Ipswich School)	
Ackroyd, E. (Lancaster School)	} Exhibitions of £50 per annum for three years.
Dodd, W. H. (Christ's Hospital)	
Johnson, A. R. (Perse School)	
Posnett, L. W. (New Kingswood School, Bath)	
Mathews, G. B. (University Hall, London, formerly of Ludlow School), Exhibition of £40 per annum for four years.	} Minor Scholarships of £50.
Roberts, S. O. (Islington Proprietary School)	
Scott, C. A. (Uppingham School and Owen's College)	
Newham, A. (Clifton College)	
Roberts, T. (University College, Aberystwith)	
Sandford, F. (Shrewsbury School)	} Exhibitions of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as Minor Scholarships.
Edmunds, L. H. (University College, London), Natural Science Exhibition of £50 for three years.	

Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions for 1880.—In March, 1880, 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 two Exhibitions of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships; one Exhibition of £50 per annum for three years, one Exhibition of £40 per annum for three years, and one Exhibition of £30 per annum for four years. These nine Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions will be open to students who have not commenced residence. The Examination of Candidates for the above-named Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on Tuesday, March 16, at 9 a.m.

One of the above Exhibitions of £50 will be awarded to the best proficient in Hebrew, Sanskrit, Syriac, or Arabic, if, after examination, it shall appear that a sufficiently qualified Candidate has presented himself. Candidates for this Exhibition must give notice of the subjects in which they desire to be examined not later than Feb. 17, 1880.

The Candidates for the Natural Science Exhibition of £50 per annum will have a special Examination, commencing on Friday, March 12, at 9 a.m.

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. Any one elected to a Minor Scholarship or Exhibition will vacate it if before coming into residence he should offer himself at another College for any similar emolument. All who are elected will be required to come into residence in October, 1880.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF FIRST YEAR, [106].

Michaelmas Term, 1879.

Ackroyd, E., College, 1st court G	Lloyd, H. M., 32, Bridge Street
Allnutt, H., 5, St. Clement's Lane	Love, E. F. J., 4, Round Church Street
Anthonisz, J. C., 16, Emmanuel Street	McAulay, F. S., 24, Sussex Street
Atkinson, R. W., College, 3rd court F	Mackintosh, A., College, 1st court I
Bateson, W., College, new court I	Mason, M. H. H., 4, Short Street
Bell, A. L., 12, Park Street	Mellor, V. H. 67, Bridge Street
Bell, C. E. B., College, new court H	Merrikin, M., 14, Magdalene Street
Brett, A. E., 16, Portugal Place	Mountfield, D. W., 31, Thompson's Lane
Brooksbank, H. A. M., 4, Park Street	Muirhead, F. L., College, new court G
Browne, A. Y., 50, Park Street	Newham, A., 48, Bridge Street
Burford, H., 33, Bridge Street	Ormesher, J. E., Huntingdon Road
Carthew-Yorston, C., 2nd court K	Posnett, L. W., 24, Sussex Street
Chapman, A. G., 1, St. Clement's Passage	Poynder, A. J., 3, Round Church Street
Clark, G. W., 35, Green Street	Powning, J. F., 9, New Square
Clarke, T., College, new court A	Ransome, H. A., 19, Portugal Place
Clarke, W. J., College, 2nd court H	Ransome, M. J., 19, Portugal Place
Cleaver, W. E., College, 3rd court C	Rapson, E. J., College, 3rd court E
Cleworth, T. E., 24, Silver Street	Rayson, J. B., College, 1st court K
Clive, F., College, new court F	Roberts, S. O., 5, Portugal Place
Coote, R., College, 2nd court C	Roberts, T., College, new court D
Cordeaux, W. W., new court A	Sanders, W. M., College, 3rd court D
Crossley, C. H., Laburnum House, Milton Road	Sandford, F., 4, Jordan's Yard
Curtis, W. C., 37, Bridge Street	Sandoe, C. F., College, 1st court F
Davies, R. B., College, 2nd court C	Scatliff, P. M., College, 1st court H
Day, G. D., 3, Parker Street	Scott, A. C., 22, Sussex Street
Dodd, W. H., College, new court E	Scott, C. A., 9, Portugal Place
Edmunds, L. H., 67, Bridge Street	Scott, J. B., 22, Sidney Street
Ellis, G., 18, Park Street	Sherrington, W. S., new court B
Fitz-Herbert, A., 13, Park Street	Shuldham, M. C. D., 3, Short Street
Garland, N. H., College, 1st court A	Simkin, T. L. V., 20, Sussex Street
Gipps, H. F., College, new court D	Singleton, F. W., College, new court A
Graham, F. W., 27, Green Street	Spencer, R., College, new court H
Greenstreet, W. J., 25, King Street	Stephen, H. W., 16, Portugal Place
Greenway, H. H., 17, Portugal Place	Stevens, A. O., 1, Park Street
Hall, R., College, new court H	Stopford, J. B., 37, Bridge Street
Hammond, F., 4, Short Street	Stout, G. F., 12, Clarendon Street
Hardy, B. B., 3, Jesus Terrace	Swallow, G. W., 34, Thompson's Lane
Haviland, J. H., College, 1st court I	Tanner, J. R., College, 1st court F
Heppenstall, F. W., 3rd court D	Thompson, W. N., 12, King Street
Hinchcliff, E., 4, Park Street	Tomlin, A. G., 1, Arundel Villas, Station Road
Holmes, B. E., 28, Earl Street	Tunstall, F. W. W., 24, Silver Street
Hopton, C. E., 60, Park Street	Vanderspar, E. H. A., 31, Thompson's Lane
Housley, J. W. B., 3rd court D	Vaughan, P., 5, New Square
Hughes, F. S., 20, Portugal Place	Vinter, W. F., 33, Thompson's Lane
Jackson, G. F., 10, Portugal Place	Ward, T. C., 29, Bridge Street
Johnson, A. R., College, 3rd court C	Wells, W., 22, King Street
Johnson, C. E., 2, Quay Side	Whitfield, C. F., 2, Jordan's Yard
King, J. W., 5, Round Church Street	Wilkinson, M. E., new court E
Kinipple, J. H., College, new court D	Winans, D. K., 8, Short Street
Kinipple, W. R., College, new court D	Winstone, A. B., 18, Magdalene Street
Knight, A. T., 6, St. Clement's Passage	Wiseman, J. G., 2, Portugal Place
Knowles, E., 50, Bridge Street	Wolrige, A. F., 3, Warren's Yard
Le Fanu, W. R., College, 2nd court M	
Lewis, W. H., 30, Trumpington Street	

All the above-mentioned Students matriculated on Nov. 10; the number of Undergraduates of this College who have matriculated during the three Terms of the last three years is as follows:

Lent Term.....	5	9	1
Easter Term	1	2	2
Michaelmas Term....	91	89	106
		89	106
	(in 1877) 97;	(in 1878) 100;	(in 1879) 109.

Elected to Sizarships, Oct. 8, 1879.—E. Ackroyd, W. E. Cleaver, K. M. Eicke, W. J. Greenstreet, F. W. Heppenstall, E. Hinchcliff, F. S. Hughes, A. R. Johnson, E. Knowles, A. T. Knight, E. F. J. Love, M. H. H. Mason, A. Newham, L. W. Posnett, E. J. Rapson, J. B. Rayson, J. B. Stopford, M. C. D. Shuldham, and G. F. Stout.

Elected to Limited Exhibitions.—*Mr. Baker's* (Durham School), H. A. Ransome; *Dr. Dowman's* (Pocklington), H. W. Stephen; *Lupton and Hebblethwaite* (Sedbergh), W. Gimson and F. W. Heppenstall; *Archdeacon Johnson's*, C. A. Scott (Uppingham) and T. L. V. Simkin (Oakham); *Munsteven's* (Peterborough), H. A. M. Brooksbank; *Duchess of Somerset's* (for Hereford), A. Y. Browne (£40 for 4 years); C. E. Hopton (£50 for 3 years); E. J. Rapson (£40 for 4 years); (for Manchester) J. B. Stopford (£50 for 3 years); *Shrewsbury School*, C. W. M. Hilton.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB, 1879.

It is with pride that we have to congratulate our Boat Club on the brilliant successes which it has achieved during the past year. We will waste no time in eulogy, but proceed to shew how the Boat Club, as well as the Cricket and Football Clubs of the College, can hold their own with those of the best Colleges of either University.

The following is a list of the Crews:—

1st Boat.	2nd Boat.	3rd Boat.
A. H. Prior (<i>bow</i>)	J. E. Marr (<i>bow</i>)	F. R. Kennedy (<i>bow</i>)
2 B. E. Waud	2 F. C. Hill	2 M. Rainsford
3 G. M. Kingston	3 A. Hawkins	3 A. Williams
4 T. E. Forster	4 J. W. Lee	4 W. Barnett
5 A. F. Green	5 G. G. Wilkinson	5 P. C. Scott
6 H. Sandford	6 G. D. Haviland	6 F. Johnson
7 W. Barton	7 H. N. Sharp	7 F. G. Mayor
J. J. Lister (<i>stroke</i>)	F. E. Swabey (<i>stroke</i>)	C. M. Stuart (<i>stroke</i>)
B. S. Clarke (<i>cox</i>)	G. A. Loveday (<i>cox</i>)	R. Bayard (<i>cox</i>)

On the first night the 1st Boat bumped Caius about 200 yards from the finish, and for the five following nights could get no nearer to Jesus, the Head of the River, than a quarter of a

length. The result undoubtedly was unfortunate, there was however some slight recompense to the Crew in being acknowledged the fastest on the river; the course each night was accomplished faster than any hitherto recorded.

The 2nd Boat was equally fortunate. They were 'stroked' in the most plucky way, and ended the racing one place higher than they began.

The 3rd Boat deserves very great credit. On account of illness, the Boat had to be re-made within a few days of the Races, and it was owing to the unprecedented exertions of each member of the Crew that they rowed very gamely after Downing for three nights, and managed to keep well ahead of Christ's. A sad tragedy happened the last night, one so momentous and eventful that Messrs Hills and Saunders have thought fit to immortalize the accident by issuing one of their celebrated pictures of the post reach, in which the position of affairs can be more easily taken in at a glance than can be here described.

Having won the Fours, the Magdalene Pairs, and the Colquhoun Sculls, the Club could not rest without attempting to meet the Jesus eight on even terms at Henley. Thanks to the Fellows and other Members of the College, a sum of money was raised, large enough to send an eight and a four to that snug and most beautiful little town on the Thames, and on the 9th of June the Crew took up their quarters in the most picturesque little cottage in Henley. We should be trespassing too much on our readers were we to tell them of all our doings during that fortnight following the 9th of June—of the botanical rambles of our stroke; of the musical evenings with our cox; of the artistic sketches of our 'two'; of the piscatory energy of our 'five'; of the day we rested while our 'seven' was being admitted a scholar of the College; and finally, of those two ever memorable regatta days, which we do not intend to speak of here, especially as we are able to refer our readers to the first number of the newly-started periodical "The Cambridge Review," to which we wish every prosperity and success. Suffice it to say, we went away from Henley more heavily laden than we came, and it is our hope that next year we shall be able to repeat the last sentence. Hard work lies before us, if we intend to add another cup to this year's trophies, but still it is a work from which we shall not flinch.

The Long over, our now celebrated four assembled at the Boat-house on October 10, determined to undergo a three weeks' careful preparation, in the hope of winning the Fours again. Before they had been long together an unforeseen event happened which deprived them of the services of their biggest man. An able substitute was however found in our worthy First Captain, W. Barton; and it will be in the memory of all, how on Saturday, Nov. 1st, the Lady Margaret Crew again proved themselves capable of keeping their laurels they had won.

Lastly, the Colquhoun Sculls are not to leave the College; H. Sandford, the winner of last year, hands them over to the custody of his partner in the 'pairs' of 1878, A. H. Prior.

We add a summary of the successes of the Club since May, 1878:—

1878,	May	Magdalene Pairs.
"	October	The Fours.
"	November	The Sculls.
1879,	May	Best Eight on the River.
"	June	Ladies' Plate } Henley.
		Visitors' Cup }
"	October	The Fours.
"	November	The Sculls.

FOOTBALL CLUBS.

(Rugby Union.)

Captain:—G. M. Burnett. | *2nd Captain*:—J. H. Payne.
Secretary and Treasurer:—W. L. Agnew.

This Club was never in a more flourishing condition; several good Freshmen have already joined it.

Caius—5 tries, several touches to *nil*. Tries—Payne 2, E. S. Chapman 2, Bell 1.

Clare—4 goals, 13 tries, 2 punts-out to 1 try.

Jesus—2 goals, 4 tries, 1 punt-out to *nil*. Everyone played well, especially Wrigley, Payne, Bevan, Swabey and Leresche.

We cannot close this notice without lamenting the serious accident which happened to F. E. Swabey in the Jesus Match. He was one of our best "forwards" and had just received his colours.

The University (Rugby Union) played Blackheath on our ground on Saturday, November 8th. After a well-contested game the match was left drawn, neither side having succeeded in scoring.

(Association.)

Captain:—A. R. Aspinall. | *2nd Captain*:—A. D. Price.
Secretary and Treasurer:—W. L. Agnew.

This Term the Club has not lost one first-eleven match, and of the ten matches that have been played only two have been drawn.

Goals.		Goals.	
Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.
Pembroke College3 0	Clare College (return)1 0
Clare College2 0	Old Reptonians2 1
Old Uppingshams8 0	Old Salopians4 2
Trinity College1 1	Magdalene2 0
Sidney College (Cup Tie)	..3 0	Trinity Harrovians3 3
2nd Eleven Matches:—			
Trinity College0 1	Pembroke College1 0

This list compares very favourably with last year when the general rule was that we lost our matches, and we think the improvement is mainly due to the "forwards" of the team, who are decidedly fast and play the passing game very well. E. J. Wild and A. D. Price on the right side and R. Spencer and F. Sandford on the left are rather too fast for the centres and the team would be decidedly stronger with a very fast man in the middle, who would keep well forward and leave the back centre work to W. J. Cassels, who is well able to do it.

The Cup Match against Sidney College was a very hollow affair, and if they had not played a strictly defensive game (as many as seven or eight of the team being within a few yards of goal most of the time) we should have largely increased our score of goals. H. Nicholls and A. Fitz Herbert keep back fairly and usually play well with the half-backs, A. R. Aspinall and P. G. Exham, who are both up to the mark, while C. H. Garland is a useful goal-keeper.

ST. JOHN'S CRICKET CLUB.

A meeting was held in November to elect officers for the ensuing Season.

The following gentlemen were elected:—

Captain:—W. Murray O. Wilson.

Secretary:—John H. Payne. | *Treasurer*:—Harry N. Sharp.

Members of Committee:—G. M. Burnett, G. M. Livett, A. R. Aspinall, A. H. J. Pollock, H. P. Boulton, P. T. Wrigley, and all ex-officers.

In the Long, notwithstanding the small number of Members, we were very successful.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Monday, Nov. 10.

100 Yards.—First Heat—Bevan 1, H. Smith 2; 5 ran. Second heat—Beverley 1, Thomas 2; 5 ran.

Quarter Mile.—H. Smith 1, Bevan 2; 9 entries. Time 57 secs.

120 Yards Hurdle Race.—Le Fanu 1, Thorman 2; 6 entries.

Putting the Weight.—Bevan 1 (33ft. 6in.), Wrigley 2.

120 Yards Handicap.—First heat—H. Smith 1, Beverley 2; 6 ran. Second heat—J. H. Kinipple 1, F. Sandford 2; 6 ran. Time 13 4-5 secs. Third heat—Thorman 1, Burnett 2; 6 ran. Time 13 3-5 secs.

High Jump.—H. Smith 1 (5ft. 1in.), Day 2 (4ft. 10in.); 7 entries.

200 Yards Handicap.—First heat—Beverley 1, Clive 2; 5 ran. Second heat—Bevan and H. Smith (dead heat). Third heat—Burnett, 5 yards, 1; Sherrington, 7 yards, 2; 7 ran. Time 23 3-5 secs.

One Mile.—Hopton 1, Cory 2, R. Hall 3; 6 entries. Time: 1st round, 1 min. 20 secs.; 2nd, 3 min. 16 secs.; 3rd, 5 min. 1 3-5 secs.

120 Yards Hurdle Race (Final heat).—Le Fanu 1, Thorman 2.

Strangers' Race (300 yards handicap).—First heat—R. Winslow, Caius, 20 yards, 1; E. L. Lucas, Jesus, 6 yards, 2. Second heat—J. H. Wren, introduced, 10 yards, 1; C. J. Johnstone, Jesus, 11 yards, 2.

Tuesday, Nov. 11.

- 100 Yards (final heat).—H. Smith 1, Bevan 2; 4 ran. Time 10 4-5 secs.
Throwing the Hammer (a walk over).—J. H. Kinipple, 71ft. 9in.
 120 Yards Handicap (final heat).—H. Smith 1, Thorman 2. Time 13 secs.
Long Jump.—Bevan, 19ft. 3in., 1; Thorman, 18ft. 2in.; 11 entries.
 100 Yards (for *bona fide* boating men).—G. M. Burnett 1; 4 entries.
 200 Yards (for Freshmen).—Hopton 1, Clive 2, F. Sandford 3; 9 entries.
 Time, 22 4-5 secs.
 200 Yards Handicap (final heat).—H. Smith 1, Bevan 2; 6 left in. Time 21 secs.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—Wrigley 1, Bevan 2; 3 entries. Distance 87 yds. 2 ft. 10 in.
 350 Yards Handicap.—H. Smith 1, Burnett 2; 11 entries. Time 40 4-5 secs.
 120 Yards (Rifle Corps only).—Nash 1, Penny 2; 3 entries.
Two Miles.—Hopton 1, Cory 2; 5 entries. Time 10 min. 53 secs.
Half-Mile Handicap.—Calvert 1, Le Fanu 2. Time 2 min. 12 4-5 secs.
Consolation Race (300 yards).—F. Sandford 1, Poynder 2.
Strangers' Race (final heat).—J. H. Wren, introduced, 10 yards, 1; E. L. Lucas, Jesus, 9 yards, 2. Time 32 4-5 secs.

THE GENERAL LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

This Club was founded by the union of the numerous Lawn Tennis Clubs which had previously existed in the College, and it may be fairly congratulated on its flourishing condition. Our only regret is that it has incidentally done considerable damage to the finances of our Cricket Club. In the Long Vacation the number of Subscribing Members of the Cricket Club was reduced to less than 16, while more than 130 Members at once joined the G. L. T. C. as soon as it was formed. Under these circumstances we must all the more gratefully place on record the generosity of the Cricket Club in allowing the G. L. T. C. to put up seven nets in the Cricket field when their paddock was under water.

The storm of Saturday night, Aug. 2nd, caused such a flood-
 ing of our College grounds, that some record of it may be fitly inserted in *The Eagle*. Vivid lightning was seen at intervals, accompanied by heavy rain, from soon after dark till well on into the night. Gradually the storm increased in severity, and about two on Sunday morning reached its height. At times the lightning was literally incessant; flash following flash in immediate succession. For some while the flashes averaged about 12 a minute, but often not a second intervened between them. Some times the thunder was startlingly loud, but at others hardly audible. During all this the rain was pouring down, sounding, when dashed by the wind against the window, almost like water thrown from a bucket. After about an hour the violence of the storm abated, and towards daybreak it gradually passed away. But early in the morning the Binn brook overflowed its bank; and by nine o'clock almost the whole of the Fellows' Garden was under water, with part of the Long Walk adjoining. The water was rushing over the belt of trees on the eastern side of the Wilderness, and pouring into

the ditch with a noise that was distinctly heard in most of the New Court rooms. The paddock also was flooded, and a little before ten the water was falling into the ditch between Trinity and St. John's in an almost unbroken cascade, about a yard high, from near the iron gate of the former to near the lattice bridge. The Cam at this time was swollen, but the stream from this ditch poured into it with such force as to occupy nearly half the river-channel just below the influx.

At this time Trinity paddock, except for an accumulation of rain water in one corner, was dry, but by about half-past eleven a great change had taken place. The floods from the upper waters of the Cam were now beginning to reach Cambridge, the Binn water was ponded back, the river was in places over its banks, and the Trinity paddocks were under water.

Gradually the Cam rose and the floods increased, they crept up and across the Long Walk, and began to spread upon the grass plot in front of the New Court; the river swept along more like some great Alpine stream, with a strong swirl strange to dwellers by 'Camus footing slow.' At last, about three o'clock the waters were at their highest; the river was within about a foot of the crown of the smaller arches of the Old bridge—barely ten of the stone slabs on the sloping buttress filling the angle of the river front of the Third Court between the two bridges were above water, and only one course of stone on the projecting building north of the New Bridge, the water just touched the foot of the bank of grass in front of the New Court gateway, and all from this to the Trinity Avenue was, but for the trees, like one lake.

Then the ebb commenced, though slowly. By four o'clock the water had fallen about a couple of inches, by six about three more, by nightfall a foot. On the following morning the Cam had retreated within its banks, leaving a surface of perfectly cleaned stone along the base of the river front of the College to mark the level and the strength of the flood. The walks were torn up in several places, especially near the iron gate at the end of the Long Walk, much soil was washed off the beds in the Wilderness, and gravel from the walks on to the lawn. The lawn, as may be supposed, suffered no less. The first Court of Magdalene College was for a time flooded merely by the rain-water which had streamed down the street from Castle Hill, and at the height of the flood Midsummer Common was under water, which even passed over the lower parts of the wooden bridge by the locks.

The annexed statement, for which we have to thank Professor Adams, gives the rainfall at Cambridge and some other stations in Britain, between August 2nd, 11 p.m., and August 3rd, 5 a.m.:—at the Observatory, Cambridge, 3.18 in.; at Yarmouth, 2.5 in.; at Pembroke, 1.2 in.; at Nottingham, 0.8 in.; at Oxford, 0.7 in.; Scilly and Hurst Castle, 0.5 in. In London the fall varied locally, but at Brixton only 0.1 in. fell, which took place at about 1.30 a.m.

CALENDAR FOR 1880.

LENT TERM.

Residence begins	<i>Monday,</i>	Jan. 26.
Lectures begin	<i>Wednesday,</i>	„ 28.
Rehearsal for General and Previous Examinations ends on		March 15.
Minor Scholarships :		
Natural Science Exhibitions		March 12—15.
Mathematics and Classics		March 16—19.

EASTER TERM.

Residence begins	<i>Monday,</i>	April 5.
Lectures begin	<i>Wednesday,</i>	„ 7.
College May Examination begins	<i>Monday,</i>	May 31.

OCTOBER TERM.

Sizarship Examination	<i>Tuesday,</i>	Oct. 5.
Freshmen come up	<i>Thursday,</i>	„ 7.
Other years come up	<i>Saturday,</i>	„ 9.
Lectures begin	<i>Monday,</i>	„ 11.

The two vacancies on the Editorial Committee have been filled up by the co-optation of T. G. Tucker, and by the election of D. C. Falcke by the votes of the subscribers.

The following is a list of new subscribers :

Ackroyd, E.	Gray, C. F.	Price, A. D.
Allnut, H.	Greenway, H. H.	Price, H. J.
Anthonisz, J. C.	Habershon, E. N.	Ransome, H. A.
Bailey, J. E.	Hall, R.	Ransome, M. J.
Bateson, W.	Harker, G. J. T.	Roberts, T.
Brett, A. E.	Haviland, J. H.	Rosher, E.
Brooksbank, H. A. M.	Heppenstall, F. W.	Sanders, W. M.
Browne, E. L.	Hinchcliff, E.	Sandoe, C. F.
Browne, A. Y.	Hopton, C. E.	Scott, C. A.
Burford, H.	Innes, A. L.	Sherrington, W. S.
Chadwick, R.	Jackson, G. F.	Shuldharn, M. C. D.
Clarke, T.	King, J. W.	Simkin, T. L. V.
Clarke, W. J.	Kinipple, W. R.	Singleton, F. W.
Cleaver, W. E.	Le Fanu, W. R.	Stevens, A. O.
Clive, F.	Lloyd, L.	Stopford, J. B.
Coote, R.	McAulay, F. S.	Swallow, G. W.
Curtis, W. C.	Mackintosh, A.	Tanner, J. R.
Dawson, H. L.	Marsden, J. K.	Tatham, C. R.
Dodd, W. H.	Mayor, W. P.	*Tucker, T. G.
Edmunds, L. H.	Mellor, V. H.	Tunstall, F. W. W.
Ellison, H. W.	Moss, J. C.	Vinter, W. F.
*Falcke, D. C.	Newham, A.	Vanderspar, E. H. A.
Fitz-Herbert, A.	Owen, J. A.	Ward, T. C.
Forster, T. E. B.	Posnett, L. W.	Winans, D. K.
Garland, N. H.	Poynder, A. J.	Wiseman, J. G.
Gipps, H. F.	Powning, J. F.	Yeo, J. S.
Gaddum, F. D.		