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II, B.A.

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FROM NAPLES TO ISCHIA.

ON the 23rd of April, 1878, at half-past five in the morning, I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The sky was a greyish blue, for the sun was only just rising, and a thin mist on the *chiaia* shewed that I might expect a fine day. I had only arrived at Naples the night before, and knowing that the one object of interest in the town was the museum, I determined to leave that for a wet day, and to seize the first opportunity of seeing the surroundings. To have my cold bath and to dress was the work of a few minutes, and, having liberally supplied my "Gladstone" with the necessaries for one night, I marched down my five flights of stairs and hailed a *carozzella*. The bargain was soon struck, and I flatter myself that I did well, for I paid only twelve francs for what my guide-book told me I ought to have paid twenty-five.

Away went the little horse, merrily jingling his bells, and the cool fresh air, which one only gets early in the morning, swept over my face, and wafted a delicious odour of orange-blossoms. The driver was a pleasant, chatty little fellow, with a dark Neapolitan face, thick lips, and large brown eyes, which had all the expression characteristic of a southern race. Every now and then he would turn round and point out some feature of interest on the road, and between the crackings of his whip he would often give me a friendly warning. I had naturally placed my coat at the back

of the carriage, not knowing that the Neapolitans are such adroit thieves that they would steal a coat off one's back without being caught. *Eccellenza! badate, badate! non lasciate quel paletto la. Sono gran ladri i Napolitani;* and so he chatted on, telling me tales of how the *Inglese* got cheated, but that all Englishmen were millionaires and could afford it.

By this time we had got to the end of the *chiarra*, a most lovely walk, where the *élite* come to hear the band in the evening, and walk along under rows of acacia and orange trees. At every step lovely statues meet the view—here the Rape of the Sabines by Giovanni di Bologna (the original of which stands in the Piazza dell' Signoria at Florence), there the Apollo Belvidere or the Venus of the Capitol. We soon got to the outskirts of Naples and passed Virgil's tomb, or rather what is supposed to be Virgil's tomb, for it is more likely that he was buried at Brundisium on his return from Greece; however, I looked upon the place with a mingled feeling of respect and awe, for I knew that he had composed his two greatest poems inspired by the murmuring waters of the Bay of Naples.

We now passed through an immense tunnel called the Grotto di Posilippo, some 80 or 90 feet high and above half-a-mile long; and as my carriage rumbled through, my companion gave an occasional yell, which seemed to people the place with a host of demons, the echo growing fainter and fainter as we approached the further mouth. The tunnel, I find, was made in the reign of Augustus, and is mentioned by Seneca and Petronius. When we had left the tunnel about a mile behind us we gradually neared the sea again, and my guide pointed out to me the island, or, rather, the rock of Nisida. Here the son of Lucullus had a villa, to which Brutus fled after the murder of Cæsar, and where he received a visit from Cicero. Leaving the main road we now turned

off sharp to the right, and paid a visit to the famous Grotto del Cave. I was taken into several black holes, where I underwent a sort of vapour-bath, and became partially intoxicated with the fumes of the carbonic acid, which rose up to my knees and produced a most curious sensation. As the gas rose higher the heat became more intense until it reached my knees, and then it ceased. Having paid the fee, which Italians always exact for the least service, I proceeded to another cave, which was the chief attraction of the place. In this cave, as before, the carbonic acid gas rose about eighteen inches from the ground, and was perfectly visible, having the appearance of a thick mist. A dog was then put in, and after a few minutes taken out into the fresh air; the effect was most curious. The poor beast first stared with a kind of drunken leer, then staggered about evidently perfectly intoxicated, and at last sank down gasping for breath.

On returning to my carriage we turned into the high road again, and passing Bagnoli arrived at Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the Romans. On our arrival the town presented a most animated appearance. Our carriages were besieged by hundreds of guides talking every kind of language, and talking them all badly. "Yez, yez, I spik Inglees." "*Ecco Pietro! Eccellenza Sono Giovanni Baptista.*" I laughed heartily as I saw them jumping up on the box, clinging to the backs of the carriages and fighting with each other. Some good English people were taken in by them, but my little driver and I were good friends by this time, and he had already warned me. We drove straight to the Solfatara, an extinct volcano, but well worth visiting from the curious effects that the gas produces there. The crater is enclosed on every side by hills of pumice stone, and the whole space is saturated with gas. At certain points I distinctly heard the roaring of the flames. In many places where the ground appeared quite cold and hard, it was sufficient to put

your cigar near to the ground and blow, to produce volumes of vapour. It seemed heat attracted heat, a phenomenon I was perfectly unable to account for. Having had my hat ornamented with some twigs of broom and heather, and my pockets stuffed with blocks of sulphur, chalk, and various minerals, which my guide insisted on my taking, I marched off to the Amphitheatre. It is unnecessary to give a description of the place, as it is like most other amphitheatres, more especially the one at Pompeii. Its chief point of interest lies in the remains of the water conduit, by the aid of which the arena was laid under water when naval battles were represented. Great combats between gladiators were fought here on the occasion of Tiridates the king of Armenia's visit to Nero. The temple of Serapis or Serapeum, of which little remains, is of some interest from a scientific point of view. In the course of centuries a species of shell fish (*lithodomus* or *modiola lithophaga*) had undermined the central columns. It is interesting also to note the different changes in the level of the sea. Mosaics, found 6 feet below the present level of the pavement, show that in ancient times it must have risen considerably. After the decline of heathenism the sea continued to rise steadily. Subsequently an eruption of the Solfatara buried the lower portion of the edifice to a depth of 12 feet, but marine *crustacea* have been found 9 feet above this, which seems to prove that at one time the sea level must have been 20 feet higher than at present. B

see what is erroneously called the Ponti di Caligola, where that insane Emperor is said to have executed his memorable feat. I could scarcely go away without looking on the site of Cicero's villa, the spot where he composed his *Academica* and *De Fato*. I might describe, had I been a true British tourist, how my heart beat, and the blood ran more quickly through my veins; how my soul was seized with a sublime ecstasy

which transported me back, back to the time when the man whose villa I now gazed upon was the greatest orator of the world, and the Father of his country. I might have conjured up in my imagination the Forum thronged with a vast concourse of people. I might have beheld the form of the great orator worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and excitement as he enveighed in sonorous accents against his country's foe. I might have seen the crestfallen aspect of Catiline as he marked the great patriot pronounce his condemnation. But, alas for the vanity of human nature, my mind reverted but to the days when, as a boy at school, I had wearily plodded through the orations which ought to have fired my soul, and I turned away with the very ordinary remark to my guide, "è tutto?"

Leaving Pozzuoli we struck off to the right, and passing through the Arco Felice we arrived at Cumae. From Cumae we passed through a tunnel over half a mile in length, which took us right down to lake Avernus. Luckily we had brought torches, for the road was pitch dark and most uneven. I must say, that when I got about the middle, unpleasant thoughts arose as to whether I should ever see the light again; my guide looked a villain, and ultimately proved to be one; my coachman was agreeable enough, but he himself had told me, *I Napolitani sono ladri*. In this unpleasant frame of mind I felt in my pocket, and discovered a long pipe in its case. I drew it forth with a sigh of relief, and managed by displaying it by the light of the torch to show my guide that I was armed. At length we reached the further entrance, and I was not sorry to get into the fresh air again. The tunnel opened straight on the lake Avernus, the gloom of which is described by Virgil in the words *lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris*. But, since the days of Virgil, the lake has considerably improved. It still looks dark and dreary, surrounded as it is by

dark hills on every side, but it looked cheerful enough to me after my egress from the cave. My guide here jumped down and gathered me some peas which were quite ripe, and which I looked upon as a sort of curiosity at that time of the year. We now stopped before the cave of the Sibyl, which I was told I must visit; so I entered the cavern, and, preceded by a couple of guides bearing torches, I immersed for about a hundred yards into a fearful cavern blackened on every side by the smoke of torches. Suddenly my guides stopped, and pointing to a little entrance on the right, about six feet in height, told me that I had arrived at the *Bocca dell' Inferno*. I know not how Æneas felt when he was requested by the Sibyl to walk on, but I remember my feelings were not too agreeable. However, although secretly frightened at the idea of trusting to the tender mercies of my guides, I thought I might just as well be passive and do as I was bid; so inwardly cursing my stupidity for coming at all, I ducked my head and walked on. Suddenly another torch appeared in front, and two more spirits of Eblis made their appearance. At last we came to a place where the cave got narrower, and a sound of water caught my ear. This I was told was the Styx. At this stage of my journey I suggested returning, for I had a certain regard for my coat, which was rapidly assuming the colour of the cave, and I thought the imminent danger of death by suffocation was not to be altogether disregarded.

However, before I knew exactly what was going to happen I found myself perched on my guide's back and crossing the Styx. I was then planted on a small ledge which projected from the wall, and was told that I was standing on the seat of the Sibyl, whence she announced her oracles to mortals. Suddenly my guide disappeared and I was left in utter darkness, standing in a most uncomfortable position; the ledge was about two feet long and a foot wide, and was

covered over with a slimy green moss, which made it most slippery. I dared not move, for I should then have slipped into the water, and I dared not shout for fear of shewing my guides that I did not trust them. At length, after a few seconds, which seemed more like hours to me, I saw a light glimmering through a hole, and a voice informed me that through that hole the Sibyl announced her oracles. When my guide reappeared, grinning, I requested to be removed into a safer position; his only answer was "*quanto volete pagare?*" This was adding insult to injury, and, forgetting that I was in the villain's power, I came out with a string of observations more expressive than select, changing rapidly from Italian to French and from French to German, and freely interspersing my oration with a little of what Byron calls "The nucleus of England's native eloquence."

My companion in his turn was fairly astounded, and without more ado took me on his shoulders and carried me back. When I was safely landed I paid him his fee, which he took with a grumbling air, and I marched out of the cave, highly disgusted with my voyage to the infernal regions, and about ten francs out of pocket in the way of fees.

I got into my little carriage again, and away we went merrily along the road. I told my guide that I intended getting a boat to take me over to Ischia, but he shook his head and gave me to understand that I had better not; however, after trotting along for some time, he called a man, who offered to row me over for twenty-five francs. This was an extravagant price, and, besides, I wanted a sailing boat; he assured me on his word of honour that no such thing was to be found, but, having already had some experience of a Neapolitan's word of honour, I refused to believe him. I should think the man ran for two miles by the side of my carriage, and from twenty-five francs came down to twelve, but I would have nothing to say to

him. I then visited a place called the Temple of Mercury, which possessed a marvellous echo, although nothing compared to the one in the library of the Naples Museum. Here another party joined us, so we clubbed together and persuaded the peasant girls to dance us the Tarantella. I was disappointed with the dance itself, and the air which they sang sounded rather like a dirge, but the surroundings added greatly to the effect of the dance, and the girls in their pretty striped dresses, the circular temple, the rattling of the tambourines, and the echoes of the vault, together made up a scene which I shall not easily forget. I here bought a little death's-head pendant carved out of lava, which I mention to shew of how much service a slight knowledge of the language may be. After about five minutes' haggling I at last obtained for the sum of *quattro soldi*, or twopence, a thing for which they had originally asked me two francs. All over Italy it is the same, but more especially in the south; in Naples I never paid more than threepence for a cab, although the drivers always asked a franc at first.

A quarter-of-an-hour's drive now brought us to Baiae, one of the loveliest spots conceivable; on every side ruins and the remains of its ancient grandeur are still visible, but the best view of the town is obtained from the Capo Miseno. I now began to be rather frightened lest I should not get a boat, and I did not feel at all inclined to retrace my steps to Naples. Luckily I met an official of some kind, who told me that, by driving a couple of miles further, I might find a fishing smack to take me to Ischia; he said he had often been over for four lire. I ordered my coachman to proceed, and at last I saw on a sort of sandbank, quite shut off from everything, a boat and about a dozen fishermen. As soon as I made known my errand they consented, although they said the sea was rather rough, and after bargaining for some time they agreed, though very unwillingly, to take me over for four

francs; and now came a scene I shall not easily forget. I was standing on the sand, surrounded by a set of the most ruffianly vagabonds that it has ever been my experience to meet; the sun had nearly gone down and it was fast getting dark, for in Italy there is little twilight. My companions were swearing and laughing and talking with my guide. This gave me time to examine them, and I could glean from a few words of their dialect that I was the object of their conversation; some wore striped shirts of every conceivable hue, which, being open at the front, shewed their sunburnt chests. A good many of them wore red caps, some blue, and others the great slouched hat of the Italians. All of them had long black or grey beards with the exception of one or two, who had what Tennyson calls a

“(k) nightly growth upon their chins,”

which did not by any means add to the beauty of their personal appearance.

I managed to take out of my pocket-book enough money to pay my guide and the coachman, and we proceeded to settle. My coachman was satisfied, but my guide, as I had expected, turned out a villain. To begin with, he wanted me to give him more than his bargain, and then wanted besides six francs for six torches. I offered him three, but he would not take them. At last, after wrangling for a quarter-of-an-hour, he seized my bag. I did not dare strike him, because Neapolitans always carry knives; however, I seized him, and did all I could to pacify him. I appealed to my companions, who had now formed a circle round us and were watching the fun, but it was for no good; they all sided with my guide, and I began to repent having ever come so far. I remembered then that at the hotel in Naples they had warned me against trusting myself to these men, but there was no help for it now, so at last I sat myself down on the sand,

and, seizing my bag, I said "*Sono Inglese io! vedremo,*" and I assured him I would rather sit on the sand all night than give him another *solde*. At last, after arguing for about half-an-hour, he took the money and went off, swearing most fearfully. In another moment the boat was run down, and I was lifted on the brawny shoulders of two of the men and carried to the boat.

Seven men jumped in with me, the sail was set, and, narrowly escaping a huge rock against which the surf was breaking, we glided out into the open sea. When we got beyond the promontory of Misenum the wind caught us fairly, and the little boat rose and fell like a cork upon the waves. Never shall I forget that passage! The wind was right aft, and every moment as we got farther from the shore some new beauty revealed itself. The rolling of the boat and the creaking of the mast were excitement in themselves, and I was enraptured as I looked back upon the shore which we had left. First we saw the white rocks and the point of Capo Miseno, then the Bay of Baiæ like a lake of blue, then the Rock of Pozzuoli studded with its many-coloured houses. Naples itself we could not see, as it was hidden by the Promontory of Posilipo. But Torre del Grecco, Torre dell' Annunziata, and Castellamare were visible, while the whole of the shore of the Bay of Naples was dotted with little white specks, rising away to the slopes of Vesuvius; and then, above all and before all, rose Vesuvius, alone in its beauty, with the ever-circling wreath of vapour rising from its cone. Gradually, as the sun sank lower, its last beams fell on Vesuvius, and slowly the misty, grey shadow, that seem to throw a feeling of awe over the whole scene, was lighted up as if by supernatural means. The grey outline that was fast disappearing in the mist of the evening stood out against the sky, clad in the richest purple, and the white curling vapour became tinged as if with blood. I was nearly six weeks in Naples and the neighbour-

hood, yet I never saw the same effect again. You may imagine that I had completely forgotten where I was, with my eyes fixed on the glorious vision before me. I seemed to think of nothing. A sort of drowsy, half-sleeping, half-waking sensation passed over me, and it seemed as if hours passed away. I cannot tell how long I remained thus, but I was recalled to earth and to my peculiar situation by hearing a voice say in my ear, "You'll give us ten lire, eh?" and I found that the old man at the helm had addressed me. I pretended not to hear him, and began to talk to the other men, but they were all eagerly waiting for my answer, and I was determined to give none.

And so the whole journey through did the old man pester me with this question, and I could hear him muttering "*diece lire! diece lire!*" till at last I really thought they intended to heave me overboard for the sake of my luggage. Not knowing exactly what to do, I took out my pocket-book and began to sketch the outline of Vesuvius, which had returned to its own grey tint again; as I did so the old man looked up enquiringly, and said, "*Artisto?*" I nodded my answer, very much relieved at having escaped from the old man's importunities, for they know that all the artists who go over are poor devils. At last, after passing the Island of Procida, which was too dark to distinguish, in about an hour, as far as I can remember, we ran on the beach near the town of Ischia. I paid the men seven lire, which they took without grumbling, in consideration of my being a poor artist. I then found a man to carry my bag, and, after a friendly greeting from my companions, of whose unshorn faces I was not sorry to see the last, I proceeded on foot to Casamicciola, a distance of four miles, where a good dinner soon restored me to my usual temper and spirits.



THE VISION OF THE POETS.

HE lay beneath the shadows of the night
And round him were the wings of darkness rolled,
Veiled were his eyes, but with her beams of light
And glory as of gold

Fair fancy stirred within the poet's soul
His ever-ranging thought no sleep could thrall,
And silver-footéd visions on him stole
Softly as snow-flakes fall.

It seemed a larger light was round him shed,
And round him gently played a purer air,
The myriad mazes of the dance were sped
By bands unnumbered there.*

There too, in greater glory than of old,
Full in the midst of all the immortal throng
Stood, clad in sweeping robe and flowing fold,
The sire and priest of song.†

Singing, he swept with master hand the lyre,
Not with less sweetness nor less subtle grace
Than when the forest's sons in long-drawn choir
Moved to his music's pace.

Next he discerned afar in that array
The sightless singer of an early time,
Sightless of yore—but now the undying day
He saw in that fair clime.

* Verg. *Æn.* vi. 640 sqq.

† *Ib.* 645, "Threicius longâ cum veste sacerdos."

And kindred spirits from his lips aye caught
His utterance, whose fame shall never fade,
The "Blind Mæonides" the dreamer knew
And revered his shade.

Next saw he where apart there movéd three
Held in deep converse lofty and sublime;
Crowned with the laurel-wreaths of Tragedy,
The glory of all time.

The dreamer would have spoken but there came
In musing mood, all fancy-rapt and still—
A halo round him as of fairy flame—
One whose great brow did fill

The sleeper's soul with marvel and with awe:
"Lo Avon's swan!" he cried, "what kindly chance
Hath brought thee to mine eyes? Lo thou art girt
With grandeur and romance!

Living thou had'st no peer, no rival soul,
For who, like thee, could soar the clouds among?
But now thy wingéd words have ceased to roll,
Save from thy written song."

Then spake the other, "When had Prospero
No charm to bind his Ariel, or I
O'er Fancy's vassals, thoughts that come and go,
The spell of sovereignty.

The mighty dead like shadows dim-described
My fancy quickened into moving life,
And eager as the onward rushing tide
They leapt to love or strife.

Yet not alone, not unaccompanied here,
But with sweet musing for my mate I stray,
With thoughts that ever verge twixt smile and tear,
And forms that ever play

In mine imaginings: new heroes rise,
 And with the sound of war the air is rife;
 Anon the echo of a lover's cries
 For some lost lover's life.*

He ceased, and nigh him stood two flowers of song,
 The older and the later light of Rome,
 Maro and he who dreaméd oft and long
 Of Proserpine's weird home.†

Alcides dared the realms of death essay
 And to the living brought the mournéd dead,
 Likewise these twain—but in immortal lay—
 On that same venture sped.

Next saw he pass in that untold array
 The sons of song in old or modern time:
 Both they who woo'd the lighter Muse and they
 Who built a loftier rhyme.

Horace and he whose star untimely waned,‡
 Whose passion finding bitter dregs for wine,
 And unrequited love for love unfeigned
 Did waste away and pine.§

Thus quickly came, thus quickly passed away
 The bards of every age, of every clime,
 Ethereal and purged of grosser clay
 To nature more sublime.

Long were my tale if I essayed to sing
 What saw the sleeper and rejoiced to see,
 Or how he heard the eternal voices ring
 With sweetest poesy.

But grey-eyed dawn stole on his folded eyes
 And woke them with the magic of her beam,
 Then starting up he saw the orient skies
 And sighed, "alas, a dream!"

W. G.

* Cf. 'Romeo and Juliet.'

† Dante.

‡ Alluding to Catullus's early death.

§ And to his passion for Lesbia.



NOTES ON WAGES.

I.—THE FUND WHENCE WAGES MAY BE DERIVED.

THERE are four principal ways whereby a man receives the money or goods that he needs for his support. He may either transfer certain property of his own in exchange, or he may receive a pure gift without giving any equivalent whatever, or he may receive a compensation for the use of some property or money that belongs to him and of which he has granted the use to another, or he may receive money or goods in return for personal services, the benefit of these services accruing to him from whom he receives the payment.

If a person obtains his livelihood in the first of these ways he is said (somewhat unscientifically) to live upon his capital; if in the second, he subsists upon charity. Neither of these persons adds anything to the national wealth; they are both of them consumers without being producers. It is clear, therefore, without proceeding further, that the spendthrift and the recipient of charity are alike injurious to the national prosperity. The national wealth is increased, on the contrary, by the action of the persons who adopt the other two modes of life, namely, those who live upon interest and those who earn their living by wages.

The person who receives wages does some service in return for them, makes something or benefits somebody; the person who receives interest aids in the production of further wealth by lending his property.

There are, of course, exceptional cases which do not come under any of the four heads just mentioned, such as robbers and swindlers, idlers who receive wages and do nothing valuable in return, and mischievous people in general. These, however, we have no occasion to consider any further than to remark that they constitute a drag upon the prosperity of the country—they diminish the national wealth.

We propose to direct our readers' attention mainly to the consideration of those who live by wages, and only incidentally to other classes.

The payer of wages we shall call the "employer," and the receiver of wages the "labourer;" but the term labourer here includes unskilled and skilled workmen of the utmost variety, the essential feature of a labourer being that he works not for himself but for an employer, and that he receives a fixed payment for his work and not the variable fruits of the work itself.

We propose to consider, in the first place, out of what fund wages may be paid. The labourer cannot subsist unless there be some fund out of which his maintenance is provided. This fund may either belong to himself, or to his employer, or to some one else from whom it is borrowed; but it must really exist, no credit can supply the place of it; credit cannot be eaten, nor will it cover a man from the rain; all that credit can do is to enable one person to make use of the funds belonging to another. This is a valuable service and makes the consideration of credit of the utmost importance in social matters. Credit is, however, utterly powerless to create goods that do not exist already. A labourer, therefore, must have

food and other necessaries provided beforehand by somebody or other. That somebody may be the employer. In this case the food, shelter, and so on, constitute part—but not the whole—of the wages. This is the case with domestic servants, and in some parts of the country with farm labourers. But the somebody may be, and often is, the labourer himself; we may here regard the labourer as the person who lends the employer a part of the fund out of which the labourer's own wages are paid. That this is a reasonable view may be seen by the simple consideration that a labourer who is absolutely destitute cannot be employed at all, without being paid, at least partially, beforehand. A labourer who is not absolutely destitute does not require prepayment, for he is able himself to advance sufficient for his necessities until the wages are paid. This advance is practically a loan to the employer.

It is not necessary that the employer should have control over sufficient funds to pay the whole of a labourer's wages beforehand. Suppose that the payment of wages is deferred until the result of the labourers' services has been sold by the employer. From the returns so obtained the wages may be paid. The wages thus paid in the case of all intelligent labourers will in general exceed the amount that the labourer has advanced for his own support and that of his family, with the ordinary comforts appertaining to the prevailing standard in his rank of life. It is, however, absolutely necessary that a fund should pre-exist sufficient to provide the labourers with maintenance in ordinary comfort until the fruits of their labour have been realised by the employer, and it is necessary that the employer should have control over this fund; that is, it must either belong to him, or to the labourer, or be lent by some other person.

Whence, then, is this fund derived?

This fund is drawn from the fruits of past labour that have not been consumed. It is not a part of the proceeds of the work upon which the labourer is now engaged. It consists of savings from the past. It is a part of the accumulated wealth of the country.

We see then, already, that saving must precede the employment of labourers, and therefore that all waste diminishes the fund from which labourers may be supported. Moreover, the greater the amount of accumulated wealth in the country, the greater will in general be the amount that can be employed in supporting labourers, whether by supporting a larger number of them or the same number in greater comfort. These savings are not necessarily the employer's savings; they may belong to any person whatever. By the modern system of banking, any savings, no matter by whom effected, become available for any one who wants them. Credit, in fact, enables the employer to make use of the savings of people utterly unknown to him. Thrift, therefore, is of the utmost importance to the labouring class; and should habits of frugality ever become general among them, the country would enter upon a new social phase, of which a very large rise in wages would be one of the most marked features, if it were not counteracted by some other cause.

Although it is true that labourers are supported out of savings from the past, it would be a mistake to conclude that all savings are applied or even are applicable to this object. There are several other ways in which these savings may be employed. Much will be required for machinery and raw material. Nor is it necessary that they should be employed at all. A miser who hoards gold coins in a stocking, a connoisseur whose savings take the form of pictures or pottery, are examples of persons who save, but contribute nothing to the fund from which labourers are supported.

In order that the possessors of accumulated wealth should part with that wealth by paying some of it away to labourers, or by lending it to some one else who will use part of it in this way, some inducement must be held out to them. Persons of property will not in general pay labourers out of pure charity. It is very short-sighted philanthropy that sometimes permits them to do so. Those who give away money, asking for no useful service in return, encourage a race of idlers and mendicants who, as we have seen, are of no use, but are a positive harm to the community.

On the other hand, a person who employs his savings in some useful business, or who lends them to another to be so employed, conduces to the good of the country. He expects to get them or their equivalent back again; and not only this, but something more. This extra return, whether it be called interest or profit, is a part of the gain to the community that has accrued through the services of the labourers who have been employed. It is only fair that the person who has devoted his savings to this useful purpose should have a share in this gain.

It is usual to use the word capital as the name for the savings that are devoted to the further accumulation of wealth, and the owner of capital is called a capitalist. Capital is held in large or small quantities by various persons; the smallest saving deposited even in a penny bank is a contribution to the capital of the country. A capitalist is a benefactor to the community; first, by preserving wealth from destruction, and, secondly, by permitting his wealth to be employed in causing still greater wealth to be produced. The profit that the capitalist makes by the employment of his capital is called interest. The greater, then, the rate of interest, the greater is the inducement to the owner of wealth to employ it as capital. Interest is not the reason, or not a chief

reason, for saving, but it is the reason for employing savings in further production.

There are, then, these three persons who are concerned in production, namely, the employer, the labourer, and the capitalist. They may, however, be only one single person, as in the case of a peasant proprietor. An employer may either use his own capital, or he may borrow the capital of another, or he may, as is not uncommon, use partly his own and partly borrowed capital; he may either labour himself, or he may pay others to labour for him, or he may do both. The reward of the labourer is wages, the reward of the capitalist is interest; in so far as the employer is partly a labourer and partly a capitalist, his reward is partly wages and partly interest. But in all successful industries the gains to the employer are far too large to be accounted for as wages and interest; there remains a further share, the reward peculiar to the employer, to which we give the name of profit.

It is the hope of this reward that induces the employer to carry on his business; if he received as employer no more than he could earn as labourer, at the highest rate at which he could find employment, he would never undertake the anxiety of business on his own account, but would be content with wages working for another; if he received no more than the ordinary interest of capital, he would rather lend his capital to another and receive that interest. It is the expectation of profit, beyond interest and wages, that leads the employer to give labourers the opportunity of earning wages.

We see, therefore, that in order that labourers may be employed, that is to say, in order that there may be wages at all, it is requisite not only that there should be a certain amount of pre-existing savings, not only that there should be a prospect of a sufficiently good return when the proceeds of the work

is realised to pay those who advance the capital, a reward which we call interest, but also, besides this, that there must be the expectation of something left for the employer, the reward which we call profit, after the wages have been paid to the labourer and the interest to the capitalist.

The distribution of the proceeds of the work of the labourers is then as follows. First, to replace the capital embarked, including in capital that which has been advanced to support the labourer during the process of production, and including of course raw material and the depreciation of machinery; secondly, to pay interest on the capital; all that is over from this may be divided between extra wages to the labourers and profit to the employer. How this division is to be effected is the great question of wages that has to be settled between employer and employed.

The result, then, of our analysis is this, that the fund out of which wages may be paid consists not only of that portion of the accumulated capital of the country which is either owned or borrowed by the employer and applied by him for this purpose, but that it may be also partly derived from the produce of the work on which the labourers have been engaged, and therefore that the whole amount that may fall to the share of wages depends upon the amount of expected return from the proceeds of the labourers' work over and above that which is needed to replace capital with interest, and not, as is sometimes supposed, solely upon the previously existing capital.

II.—WHAT CAUSES WAGES TO RISE AND FALL.

In order that wages should rise, it is necessary, first, that the fund out of which wages are payable should be increased; and, secondly, that the labourers

should succeed in obtaining a share of the increase. We have already explained that the fund which can provide an increase of wages is the same as that from which the profit of the employer is drawn, namely, what remains from the produce of the work of the labourers after capital has been replaced with interest. The first condition, therefore, for high wages is, that the work on which the labourers are engaged shall be largely profitable; small profits imply low wages.

The returns of the business in which employers and labourers are jointly engaged are not wholly under the control of either of them. Each party, however, can do much for the benefit of both. Profits depend largely upon the business capacity of the employer. A wise employer, who judiciously directs the operations of his labourers, buys in the cheapest and sells in the dearest market, will make more profit than a bungling inefficient manager. From these extra profits he can afford, without loss to himself, to pay higher wages than his neighbours. It is to the interest, therefore, of labourers that employers should be skilful, in order that profits and wages should be alike high.

The greater or less efficiency of the labourer has also a direct influence on wages similar to that of the employer. Efficient labourers increase the profits of the business in which they are engaged, and therefore increase the fund from which higher wages may be drawn. The efficiency of the labourer is increased by his intelligence; on this account the spread of national elementary education is much to be desired as likely to cause a rise in wages. All waste and destruction of materials diminish profits; this destruction will be much decreased by the spread of sounder knowledge on social topics; at present a very large number of persons believe, and, what is worse, act upon the belief, that waste and destruction are "good for trade."

A scarcely less important influence arises from the character of the labourer. If he is honest and trustworthy, fewer persons need be employed as overlookers, what are called wages of superintendence may be saved, and ordinary wages raised, the amount paid to overlookers being distributed among the labourers. To this end all rational amusements and ennobling pursuits that may tend to raise the moral tone of the labourer are not only of importance in conducing to his happiness, but actually lead to higher wages.

But it does not necessarily follow that the labourers immediately secure the high wages that a successful business can afford; the employer may endeavour to keep them to himself as profits. The question remains, How can a portion of these extra returns be directed to the share of wages instead of that of profits?

Whenever wages rise the immediate cause is found in the competition of employers for the labourers' services, and when they fall, profits remaining the same, the fall usually arises from the competition of the labourers for employment. To the former competition the labourers must mainly look for a rise in wages. It is therefore the labourers' interest to stimulate this competition.

When an employer is making large profits others are tempted to become employers in order to obtain similar advantages. Now in order to set up a business capital is required: for this competition of employers it is therefore necessary that there should be an ample stock of accumulated wealth ready to be lent to employers. It is sometimes said that it is the competition of capital that causes the rise in wages. For when an employer is making large profits he is induced to extend his business, to employ more capital and more labourers, and this new capital that he employs is regarded as competing with the old capital. Whether this is the correct view of the

matter, or whether it is not more natural to regard this employer as competing with other employers for the services of the additional labourers, is perhaps, not of very great importance, but it is of importance to notice that in order to this competition there must be this extra wealth devoted to production.

Now there is only one way in which extra wealth can be created, namely, by saving; unless, indeed, capital be imported. Frugality, by increasing the accumulated wealth of the country and so making it more easy for employers to obtain capital, may quicken the competition of employers and consequently help to raise wages. On the other hand, extravagance, and likewise the export of capital, exert an opposite influence.

There is another and, perhaps, more important pre-requisite for the competition of employers. Not only must existing employers be making remunerative profits, not only must there be a sufficient supply of accumulated wealth available for employment as capital in order to set up a new business or to extend an old one, but there must be also a reasonable assurance that present profits will be maintained in the future. The want of this commercial confidence leaves capital and labourers alike unemployed. There is in England at most times a sufficient supply of unemployed capital awaiting investment. If the competition of this capital could raise wages, wages would be perpetually rising. What the competition of this capital directly effects is the lowering of the rate of interest, and only indirectly has it any effect upon wages.

What is wanted, therefore, to set more capital in employment, and thereby to give wages to a greater number of labourers, is confidence that profits will continue. Strikes, the fear of war and of adverse legislation at home and abroad, are among the causes that destroy this confidence. Some of these are causes

over which labourers and employers, as such, have no control. Social order, peace, and the good government not only of our own but of other countries, can seriously affect wages. At the present moment protection in America is depressing wages here. It is but poor consolation to us to know that the Americans suffer thereby still greater harm.

No competition of employers however keen, will permanently reduce profits below a certain amount; and the rate of profits at any particular time in any trade can only be determined by the "higgle of the market." Trades' unions may help the labourers in this bargaining, but the whole of the profits can never be secured as wages by labourers, however united they may be, without destroying the relation we suppose to exist between employer and employed. By abolishing the employer, if that be possible, his profits become available for distribution to the labourers. This is what is attempted in co-operation. Should the very great difficulties that beset co-operative production ever be successfully overcome, the earnings of labourers will be much increased, but they will no longer be wages as we now understand them, for there will be no employer; the whole produce of their work will belong to the labourers.

Short, however, of abolishing the employer—an end not on all accounts desirable in itself, and towards which very few steps have hitherto been taken—there is ample room for a very considerable rise in wages, partly at the expense of profits, but still more due to the increased productiveness of labour, when education shall give the labourer the means of knowing in what his real interest consists, and frugality shall have given him that independence which will enable him to secure it.

Let us turn now to consider what causes wages to fall. We have to ascertain what leads to the

competition of labourers for employment, and how this competition may be abated. The competition of labourers is due to their numbers. By removing themselves from the scene of the competition they may prevent wages from falling. Migration from one part of the country to another tends to equalise wages; emigration tends to raise them. When in any place wages are low, and profits not so high as to stimulate the competition of employers, it is the labourers' interest that some of them should remove to places where wages are higher, or should take up more remunerative employment. In order to do this they must be possessed of sufficient means to convey themselves and their families, and to support them during the interval in which they are changing their home and employment. The unthrifty labourer cannot do this; he is perforce compelled to accept the lower wages. For this reason, among numerous others, thrift is of advantage to the labourer—it is thrift whereby he becomes possessed of the means of improving his position. One form of saving, but at present a very insufficient one, exists in the contributions to the funds of the trades' unions, and these funds are sometimes well used for the purpose of assisting their members to migrate from one part of the country to another.

If the rate of wages were uniform throughout the country, no advantage could be sought for from migration. Emigration may be resorted to. A little consideration will show, however, that emigration, although for a time it may stave off the inevitable reduction of wages due to the competition of labourers for employment, cannot be relied on as of permanent utility to this end. The whole surface of the earth is of limited extent, and but a fraction of it is habitable. If population were everywhere to increase at the rate at which it is capable of increasing, in little more than a century the whole habitable world

would be so fully peopled that their entire energies would have to be exerted to extract a bare sustenance from the earth. It is only by limiting the supply of fresh labourers to compete with those already existing that the competition of labourers can in the long run be effectively restrained.

We are here brought face to face with one of the most difficult problems of the age. We do not profess to solve it. As much as this is clear; those who bring children into the world whom they have no means of supporting are acting in the way that most certainly tends to reduce wages, and a permanent rise of wages is impossible so long as such conduct is general. It is of the utmost importance to the labouring class that a public opinion should grow up that would make it customary for those who contemplate marriage first to secure a reasonable prospect of supporting a family with something more than the bare necessities of life.

The too rapid growth of population is, and probably ever will be, the chief cause that retards the progress of the working classes; but other influences that affect wages are not undeserving of notice.

The poor laws exert a potent influence adverse to wages. They say in effect, "Be as intemperate and as sensual as you please, we will protect you from the consequences of your folly and your vice." And they have found too many to follow this counsel; and in consequence there has grown up a race of needy, thriftless, inefficient labourers, who by their competition have kept the agricultural wages down almost to the minimum, and have acted as a heavy weight dragging down the wages of all labourers.

What is miscalled charity assists the poor laws in lowering wages. The wealth that might have been employed usefully is applied to keep a large number of persons in a state of degradation, to encourage dependence and idleness, and to crush out self-

reliance and industry. In this expenditure there is a double loss to the country: first, that which is actually spent; and, secondly, what would have been done by or for the recipients if they or their relations had earned their support by wages. It is especially melancholy to reflect that this mischief is done by well-meaning persons from the purest motives of benevolence.

Bad laws, such as the law of settlement, hindering the freedom of the labourer to seek better wages, and laws that retard the application of capital to the land, tend to prevent wages from rising. These have had a great effect in the case of the agricultural labourer, whose circumstances have been rendered worse by the want, until lately, of the facilities of education.

To sum up. The fund whence increased wages may be paid is increased by the skill of the employer, by the efficiency, intelligence, and honesty of the labourer. The competition of employers which causes wages to rise is stimulated by good profits and the hope that they will continue. Frugality provides the increased capital requisite for additional employment. Thrift on the part of the labourer gives him the means of moving from place to place in search of higher wages, and intelligence enables him to learn where his services will meet with the best reward. But wages are kept low in consequence of unwise social legislation and the severe competition for employment due to the unrestrained growth of population.

W. H. H. H.



SOLITUDE IN SEPTEMBER.

O BEATA SOLITUDO; O SOLA BEATITUDO.

(Inscription in the Grounds of Burg Birseck, near Basel.)

Sweet Solitude where dost thou linger?
 When and where shall I look in thy face?
 Feel the soft magic touch of thy finger,
 The glow of thy silent embrace?
 Stern Civilization has banished
 Thy charms to a region unknown:
 The spell of thy beauty has vanished:
 Sweet Solitude, where hast thou flown?

I have sought thee on pampas and prairie,
 By blue lake and bluer crevasse,
 On shores that are arid and airy,
 Lone peak, and precipitous pass.
 I have sought thee, sweet Solitude, ever
 Regardless of peril and pain;
 But in spite of my utmost endeavour
 I have sought thee, fair charmer, in vain.

To the Alps, to the Alps in September
 Unconducted by Cook did I rush:
 Full well even now I remember
 How my heart with emotion did gush.
 Here at least in these lonely recesses
 With thee I shall cast in my lot:
 Shall feel thy endearing caresses,
 Forgetting all else and forgot.

But I met a young couple 'proposing'
 On the top of the sunny Languard;
 I surprised an old gentleman dozing,
 'Times' in hand, on the heights of Fort Bard:
 In the fir woods of sweet Pontresina
 Picnic papers polluted the walks;
 On the top of the frosty Bernina
 I found a young mountain of—corks.

I trod, by the falls of the Handeck,
 On the end of a penny cigar;
 As I roamed in the woods above Landeck,
 A hair-pin my pleasure did mar:
 To the Riffel in vain I retreated;
 Mr. Gaze and the Gazers were there:
 On the top of the Matterhorn seated
 I picked up a lady's back hair!

From the Belle Vue in Thun I was hunted
 By "'Arry" who wished to play pool:
 On the Col du Bonhomme I confronted
 The whole of a young ladies' school.
 At Giacomo's Inn in Chiesa
 I was asked to take shares in a mine;
 With an agent for 'Mappin's new Razor'
 I sat down at Baveno to dine.

On the waves of Lake Lemman were floating
 Old lemons (imagine my feelings!)
 The fish in Lucerne were all gloating
 On cast-away salads and peelings,
 And egg-shells and old bones of chicken
 On the shore of St. Moritz did lie:
 My spirit within me did sicken;
 Sweet Solitude, where shall I fly?

Disconsolate, gloomy, and undone
 I take in the 'Dilly' my place;
 By Zurich and Basel to London
 I rush, as if running a race.
 My quest and my troubles are over;
 As I drive through the desolate street
 To my Club in Pall Mall, I discover
 Sweet Solitude's summer retreat.

"ARCULUS."



TO SUNSET.

(To my Brother in Australia.)

“The sun went down and all the land was dark.”—TENNYSON.

'TIS eventide, and thou, O Sun, must sink,
Blending in one the shadows on the lawn;
Go, bid the nether world new morning drink,
So shall *their* eventide bring *us* new morn.

Shed forth twin rays, thy latest ray of light
On me, thy earliest on my brother's face;
And, kissing me, kiss from his brows the night,
Making my eve his morn with one embrace.

Morning and eve—antipodes of Time—
One rosy twilight opes or shuts the flower;
Australia, home—antipodes of Clime—
Are made as one, fused by this rosy hour.

With that last kiss my messenger has sped;
Mauve fades on rose, as rose on golden light;
The shadows deepen; rise, pale moon, instead,
Reflect his rays in silver—Sun, good night!

F.



AN ANTIQUARIAN'S GHOST STORY.

WHEN the 10th of October, 1879, I drove over from Norwich to Mannington Hall to spend the night at Lord Orford's. Though I was in perfect health and spirits, it is fair to state that, for some weeks previously, I had had a great deal to think about, some little anxiety, and some considerable mental strain of one kind or another. I was not, however, conscious of anything approaching weariness, irritability, or “fag.” I arrived at 4 p.m., and was engaged in pleasant and animated conversation till it was time to dress for dinner. We dined at seven; our party numbered six persons. Of these four at least had been great travellers. I myself was rather a listener; the talk was general and discursive, and amused and interested me greatly. Not for a single moment did it turn upon the supernatural; it was chiefly concerned with questions of art and the experiences of men who had seen a great deal of the world, and could describe intelligently what they had seen and comment upon it suggestively. I have very rarely been at a more pleasant party. After dinner we played a rubber. We “left off as we began,” and as two of the guests had some distance to drive we broke up at half-past ten.

The main object of my going over to Mannington was to examine and take notes upon some very rare books in Lord Orford's library, which I had been anxiously wishing to get a sight of for some years, but had never been fortunate enough to meet with up to

this time. I asked leave to sit up for some hours and make transcripts. His lordship at first wished me to let his valet remain in attendance to see all lights put out, but as this would have embarrassed me and compelled me to go to bed earlier than I wished, and as it seemed likely that I should be occupied till two or three in the morning, it was agreed that I should be left to my own devices, and the servants should be allowed to retire. By eleven o'clock I was the only person downstairs, and I was very soon busily at work and absorbed in my occupation.

The room in which I was writing is a large one, with a huge fireplace and a grand old chimney; and it is needless to say that it is furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opens into this room, and I had to pass out from where I was sitting into this library and get upon a chair to reach the volumes I wanted to examine. There were six small volumes in all. I took them down and placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work—sometimes reading, sometimes writing. As I finished with a book I placed it in front of me. There were four silver candlesticks upon the table, the candles all burning, and, as I am a chilly person, I sat myself at one corner of the table with the fire at my left, and at intervals, as I had finished with a book, I rose, knocked the fire together, and stood up to warm my feet. I continued in this way at my task till nearly one o'clock. I had got on better than I expected, and I had only one more book to occupy me. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of seltzer water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two after all. I set to work at the last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close, when, *as I was actually writing*, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head, there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire,

bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaved cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheek bone. He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging, of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin. The right hand, which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any great pressure, the left hand: both hands were in perfect repose and the large blue veins of the right hand were conspicuous. I remember thinking that the hand was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent 'Dead Knight' in the National Gallery. I looked at my visitor for some seconds and was perfectly sure that he was not a reality. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but not the least feeling of alarm, or even uneasiness; curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For an instant I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend, and I looked at a tray on my right for a pencil; then I thought, "Upstairs I have a sketch book—shall I fetch it?" There he sat, and I was fascinated; afraid, not of his staying, *but lest he should go*. Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books, and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this—my arm passed in front of the figure, and it vanished. I was simply disappointed and nothing more. I went on with my writing as if nothing had happened, perhaps for another five minutes, and I had actually got to the last few words of what I had determined to extract when the figure appeared again, exactly in the same place and attitude as before. I saw the hands close to my own; I turned my head again, to examine him more closely, and I was framing

a sentence to address to him when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. *I was afraid of the sound of my own voice.* There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work, and finished writing the the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremour or nervousness. I could point out the words I was writing when the phantom came and when he disappeared. Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell—the figure vanished.

Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds looking at the fire with a curious mixture of feeling, and I remember wondering whether my friend would come again, and, if he did, whether he would hide the fire from me. Then first there stole upon me a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning; then I rose, lit my bed-room candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before, and replaced five of the volumes; the sixth I brought back and laid upon the table where I had been writing when the phantom did me the honour to appear to me. By this time I had lost all sense of uneasiness. I blew out the four candles and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just or the guilty—I know not which—but I slept very soundly.

This is a simple and unvarnished narrative of facts. Explanation, theory, or inference, I leave to others.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

[We have much pleasure in thanking Dr. Jessopp for allowing the above narrative to appear in the College Magazine. He requests us, however, to state that, having received hundreds of letters on its first publication elsewhere, he is unable to reply to any communications on the subject.—ED.]



BEDFORDSHIRE BALLAD.—III.

FRED AND BILL.

Two twins were once born in a Bedfordshire home;
Such events in the best managed households may come:
Tho', as Tonkins remarked in a voice rather gruff,
'One child at a time for poor folks is enough.'

But it couldn't be helped, so his wife did her best;
The children were always respectably drest;
Went early to school; were put early to bed;
And had plenty of tatures and bacon and bread.

Now we all should suppose that the two, being twins,
Resembled each other as much as two pins:
But no—they as little resembled each other
As the man in the moon is 'a man and a brother.'

Fred's eyes were dark brown, and his hair was jet black;
He was supple in body, and straight in the back;
Learnt his lessons without any trouble at all;
And was lively, intelligent, comely, and tall.

But Willy was thick-set and freckled and fair;
Had eyes of light blue, and short curly red hair;
And, as I should like you the whole truth to know,
The schoolmaster thought him 'decidedly slow.'

But the Parson, who often came into the school,
Had discovered that Willy was far from a fool,
And that tho' he was not very quick in his pace,
In the end 'slow and steady' would win in the race.

Years passed—Fred grew idle and peevish and queer;
Took to skittles, bad language, tobacco, and beer;
Grew tired of his work, when it scarce was begun;
Was Jack of all trades and the master of none.

He began as a labourer, then was a clerk;
Drove a hansom in London by way of a 'lark';
Enlisted, deserted; and finally fled
Abroad, and was thought by his friends to be dead.

But William meanwhile was content with his lot;
He was slow, but he always was found on the spot;
He wasted no money on skittles and ale,
But put by his pence, when he could, without fail.

To the Penny Bank weekly his savings he took;
And soon had a pretty round sum in his book:
No miser was he; but he thought it sound sense
In the days of his youth to put by a few pence.

And so he got on; he was no 'millionaire,'
But he always had money enough and to spare;
Could help a poor friend; pay his rent and his rate;
And always put silver at Church on the plate.

His brother, meantime, who was thought to be dead,
Had across the Atlantic to Canada fled;
Then had gone to New York; then New Zealand had
tried;
But always had failed thro' perverseness and pride.

He might have done well; but wherever he went,
As soon as his money came in, it was spent,
As of old he tried all trades, and prospered in none;
For he thought that hard work was 'a poor sort of fun.'

Then he heard of 'the diggings,' and there tried his
luck;

He was never deficient in smartness and pluck;
And by means of some work, and more luck, in a year
He managed to make fifteen hundred pounds clear.

Then he thought of old England and Bedfordshire
chums;
So back to his Parish in triumph he comes,
And need I remark he found many a friend
Right willing to help him his nuggets to spend?

He turned up his nose at his 'poor brother Bill,'
Who was always content to be plodding up hill,
Hard work he disliked, he despised peace and quiet,
So he spent all his time and his money in riot.

There was never a horse-race but Fred he was there,
He went to each meet, meeting, market, and fair,
In a few words, his candle he burnt to the socket,
Till he found one fine day not a sou in his pocket.

Then his 'poor brother Bill' came and lent him a hand;
Gave him work and a share of his own bit of land,
If he means to keep steady I cannot surmise;
Let us hope that at length Fred has learnt to be wise.

But one thing is plain, if you mean to get on,
You will find that success must by patience be won;
In the battle of life do not trust to your luck,
But to honest hard work, perseverance, and pluck.

Don't turn up your nose at a hard-working chap;
For pride soon or later must meet with mishap;
And wherever your lot in the world may be cast,
'Slow and steady' goes safer than 'foolish and fast.'

Take warning by Fred, and avoid for a friend
The man who would tempt you your savings to spend;
Don't waste your spare money in riotous pranks,
But put it in Penny or Post-office Banks.

"ARCULUS."



QUIET PEOPLE.

FALSE theories mostly go in couples, and it might with some plausibility be maintained that this is an evidence of the irrepressible tendency of the human mind to philosophy. For philosophy has been described as a seeking after unity, a grouping of particular facts under general laws. The popular mind takes peculiar delight in general laws; and no philosophy, religious, social or political, is so likely to win popular favour as one whose doctrines are couched in broad sweeping assertions. Such doctrines are easy to remember, and if they could only be assumed as premises would prove mighty weapons of controversy. The chief drawback to this popular philosophy consists in its want of harmony with facts, inasmuch as it often comes to pass that we have rival creeds whose teaching is expressed in propositions not merely contradictory but contrary, of which not one only, but both are false.

The man who first propounds a theory of long faces has, we will suppose, been fortunate enough to meet with many long faces owned by men of deep religious convictions and earnest religious lives. He sets forth therefore that long faces are infallible marks of true piety. For a while this is the orthodox creed, and all instances to the contrary are either disbelieved as inconsistent with the received theory or else looked upon as exceptions that prove

the rule. But by and by there arises some genius with a thirst for fame and a passion for originality which you may call if you choose a spirit of contradiction. He looks about him for an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and his attention is attracted by the exceptions to the orthodox theory of long faces. He cannot content himself with merely denying its truth, that would be too tame, and so he brings forward a counter theory, equally striking and equally untrue, to the effect that all men with long faces are designing hypocrites. Then there are the two theories in the field, each with an enthusiastic army of adherents.

The example is perhaps absurd, but it may serve to illustrate the development of rival creeds, rival systems, in cases where the absurdity, though no less real, is not so apparent. In many cases, and, amongst others, with regard to two such rival theories on quiet people, some might doubt if such theories are largely held. They are seldom avowed by thoughtful men, and hardly ever maintained in argument. But even conscientious and thoughtful men are largely influenced in thought and feeling, and consequently in action, by principles adopted on personal or party prejudice, and perhaps never formulated even to themselves. The influence of such theories is not to be measured by the extent to which they are avowed; and its evidence may be sought and found in the experience of every-day life amongst ordinary people.

And now as to quiet people; it might perhaps be expected that, at this or some other point, a definition of quiet people should be given. But it is never wise to give definitions if you can help it. The spirit of Socrates is abroad upon the earth yet, and it only requires a moderate amount of ingenuity to pull any definition to pieces. Unless the reader's circle of acquaintance be very small, in which case he is probably a quiet person himself, he

cannot fail to know several people to whom he feels instinctively that the epithet quiet may be applied. If the reader be gifted with great conversational powers he may have held long and interesting conversations with quiet people, in which their contribution to the feast of reason and flow of soul was mainly limited to judiciously interspersed monosyllables. So we will consider quiet people as something like mass and volume, something which must be understood without being defined. If we speak of them mostly from a social point of view, it will be because in society their peculiarities are most conspicuous, and it would need too much time and space to show how in other circumstances these peculiarities manifest themselves. We should find ourselves confronted with many seeming inconsistencies, as, for instance, when the quiet man, in some specially favoured circle of friends, comes out as a boisterous practical joker. Of the two theories hinted at above, one, the simpler and more natural, may be called the positive theory; the other, which is derived from it by the obvious process of substituting for it the theory most completely opposite, the negative theory of quiet people. Of the latter more hereafter.

The positive theory affirms that quiet people say little or nothing because they have little or nothing which they can say. They are a sort of automata, who eat, drink and sleep, and, as far as can be judged, have the full use of their various members, the tongue excepted. But any thoughts which stray across their brain are so few and far between, so incoherent and fragmentary, that they never shape themselves into the mental equivalent of a sentence. No doubt here and there one may have met with quiet people, fulfilling mechanically some monotonous round of duties, and giving scarcely any signs of thought. Still it would be rash to deny that even these may have an unsuspected wealth of thought.

But, apart from such unknown possibilities, the theory will not bear examination. On the one hand, the lack of anything to say, is by no means sufficient to account for quietness. Is it not a common saying that there are people who, as far as we know, never had anything to say and have been saying it all their life at great length? On the other hand, a silent tongue cannot be the sign of an empty head, when many quiet people in their business prove themselves possessed of great intellectual power. There have been men who have written their names on the page of history in very large letters and added thereto "the Silent." Nor is the theory true if you modify it so far as to say that quiet people, though they may *have* something to say, do not know how to say it. Here again, their quietness would not be sufficiently accounted for. Are there not many people who have something to say, and do not know how to say it, yet they are *not* quiet but make incessant though unsuccessful efforts to give expression to their thoughts? While many of these quiet people write books, address public meetings, and seem to have no lack of the material for sentences, except in ordinary conversation. Even there you may sometimes draw your quiet person on, and get him talking with a fair amount of fluency, till all at once he awakes to the consciousness that he is expressing his ideas to his fellow mortals and that not *ea cathedrâ*; whereupon forthwith he collapses. Reverting for a moment to the question of the general ability of quiet people it may be said that quiet women, concerning whom, for lack of experience, it would be rash to generalise, certainly sometimes exercise most graciously a strong influence over those little amenable to other guidance.

Let us now turn to what, for the sake of giving it a name, we have called the negative theory, according to which people are quiet, not because of want of

thought, but because of excess of thought, a theory which finds expression in the proverb "Still waters run deep." They are intellectual prodigies, whose thought is too rapid, subtle, and intense to admit of much talking. Lost in the delights of intellectual egotism, they do not care to divert any energy to the comparatively useless labour of contributing to the sum of human small talk. On the strength of some such theory as this, amiable people, who take pleasure in finding objects of worship amongst their fellow men, will select as their hero some quiet man, and credit him with preëminent genius and virtue. Surely this idea must be the basis of the thought expressed by Henry Taylor (amongst others) in his *Philip Van Artevelde*,

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

These great men must have been quiet people, otherwise they would have taken good care that the world should know something about them. Perhaps in this matter, as in so many others,

"This wise world of ours is mostly right."

The world might not have liked the men if it had known them, and they might not have liked the world.

There is another form of this theory which asserts, with equal emphasis, the intellectual power of quiet men, but is not so complimentary to their moral character. It, too, is supported by a variation of the proverb which we have already quoted, a variation inspired by the admiring suspicion with which the unknown and the unusual are often regarded. It bids us

"Trust not still waters nor a silent man."

The silent man understands that knowledge is power, and so, while keen, silent, unnoticed, he gathers all information about others, he takes care that they shall know as little as possible about himself. His

life is a sarcastic hypocrisy. He lets people underrate him that he may take advantage of their unsuspecting confidence in themselves.

This negative theory, in one form or the other, is perhaps the more popular, but a little thought will shew that it is by no means safe to assume that a quiet man is either a paragon of virtue or a monster of vice. If many quiet people shew in practical matters their great ability, there are others who shew, by their repeated failures, their little ability. You may find in quiet people every variety of intellectual power, from stupidity to mediocrity, from mediocrity to genius.

It would be difficult to frame a theory of quiet people which should be at once simple and comprehensive. Social quietness is one of those effects which, while in itself seemingly free from complexity, is the result of some out of a multitude of complicated causes.

No doubt, ultimately, it becomes a habit, and exercises the fatal tyranny with which all habits are endowed. To break it may require an effort to which the quiet man, under ordinary circumstances, is not equal. He ceases to make even any mental attempt to join in the conversation, and listens to it in a contemplative mood, as if it did not concern him. He may utilise it as an opportunity for studying character, or he may allow some chance word by its associations to lead his thoughts far away.

But the real question is, as to how such habits are acquired. The process is widely, sometimes radically, different in different cases. Physical and mental characteristics have their influence, but the causes must mostly be sought in moral peculiarities. In other words, it is not so much that quiet people cannot talk as that they will not. Few, perhaps, would be more ready to challenge this position than quiet people themselves, and yet it seems as if it could be supported by many examples. There is, however, one important

cause which is perhaps, though not certainly an exception. To be within sight of a man involves a certain nearness of spirit, to speak to him draws one much closer. To be brought thus close to a man whom one dislikes is often so disagreeable that speaking to him requires a considerable effort. Similarly, there are some temperaments inclined to dislike and distrust those who are strangers to them. Hence, to speak freely in the presence of comparative strangers requires efforts which they may not care to make.

Take again a man of little confidence in himself, who is nevertheless anxious not to incur censure or contempt. While others are talking, his brain is as busy as theirs; his thoughts silently frame themselves into words, in which he carries on train after train of reflection. He may give you afterwards an account of the meeting, and comments on what was said, which account and comments are a reproduction of thoughts that, while he was still present, shaped themselves into words. But while others spoke freely, he paused to think whether this was worth saying, whether that might not hurt somebody else's feelings, whether some other remark might not lead to a tiresome discussion. In consequence, many possible remarks, though quite harmless and inoffensive, remained unspoken because judged unsuitable, and what he would have said was often decided on too late. Thus, by degrees, he becomes a quiet man.

Another example might be found in a man who is indifferent to what others think of him and cares not to impress them with his merits; a man who only talks of what he is interested in, and who is not anxious to make social scores. He may easily become quiet. He deprives himself of the stimulus of a motive, to which conversation owes much of its life. So long as he is in the company of men whose tastes and interests are similar to his own he may talk freely, but, in general society for which, perhaps,

he has little inclination and in a measure avoids, the conversation seldom interests him; he does not care to talk for talking's sake, and so becomes quiet.

There are, also men so self-centred that they will scarcely talk about anything which does not concern themselves. In the nature of things they will often be silent unless they succeed in asserting themselves as bores.

These are a few examples, out of many, of the tendency of widely different moral characteristics to produce quiet people. What shall we say of the product?

Altogether the quietness of quiet people is neither an unmitigated evil nor an unmixed good. It would not do for us all to be quiet, and yet if the quiet folk were taken from us all at once we might miss them more than we expect. If they were all suddenly converted into brilliant talkers, the change would be most deplored by those who sometimes seem to think it most desirable.

It would be inconvenient, doubtless, for everyone to be a brilliant talker, and it might even be troublesome if all were fair talkers, unless there were one uniform conversational ability bestowed on each, and even that might be monotonous. Quiet people are useful as listeners, even if their appreciation of social gifts is not so demonstrative as others might wish. Indeed, their habit of thinking about a conversation instead of joining freely in it has advantages. They are, as it were, lookers on who see most of the game and may sometimes be able to intervene to prevent the conversation from taking an awkward turn. Sometimes, too, they may in a quiet whisper supply some unlucky teller of tales *minus* the links of connection with help that renders his story fairly intelligible. On the other hand, if you have a quiet friend, who, though well-intentioned, is somewhat lacking in good taste, his rare contributions to con-

versation may not be so opportune. Supposing you both know a good story which he, true to his natural quietness, declines to tell. You, therefore, start and are getting well on to the point when your quiet friend takes advantage of what was intended for a rhetorical pause, and finishes the story himself.

Probably, if the reader is at all interested in quiet people, he will feel that if this article is tedious, it is not because it is too long for its subject. Quiet people, partly because of the difficulties involved, present an interesting problem to the student of character; and there is scope for ingenuity in piercing the seeming artificiality which must often be felt in the words of those who think much before speaking.

The importance of social intercourse is both over- and underrated, overrated by many who make it the one business of their life and estimate men solely by their social talent, underrated by men who neglect it for some other ruling passion. In society, men are under the influence of a system of motives, largely different from those both of home and business. Hence, such intercourse exercises and develops traits of character which, however important, might otherwise rust. It promotes symmetry of character and its phenomena are worth studying, and amongst them that of quiet people.

B.



OUR PORTRAIT PICTURES.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE has the good fortune to possess a considerable number of portrait paintings, many of which are of great artistic merit, many others of much historic interest, besides the considerable number which, as might be expected, represent former Masters, Fellows, or Scholars.

These pictures are to be seen, some in the rooms of the Master's Lodge, others in the Hall, some in the Combination Room, and the rest in the Library. In many instances there is no mark to shew either the name of the person represented, or the artist whose work we possess. Lest then the information which living memory and past tradition can still supply should soon be lost, it appears to be useful to record in the pages of the College Magazine such information as we have been able to collect from various sources. We can only regret the deficiencies which we are unable to make good. A perfect description would tax the combined powers of the antiquarian, the biographer, and the skilled technical artist.

When, by the munificence of Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, the Second Court of the College was being built,* provision was made for a long gallery

* Foundation laid, October 2nd, 1598; north side of Court finished 1599; the whole finished in 1602. *Baker's History of St. John's College, ed. Mayor, Cambridge, 1869, p. 191.* The legend, ANO DO 1599, is still to be seen at the heads of two rain-water shafts on the north side of the interior of the Court.

in the Master's apartments which were to occupy most of the first and second floors of the north side of the court.*

This gallery is frequently mentioned in *Baker's History of St. John's College* and elsewhere. Its real extent cannot be inferred from the highly ornamented plaster ceiling, which still exists and is continued after the same pattern for a total length of 163 feet over the present Combination Room, adjacent Lecture Room, Library Staircase, Ante-chamber, and Sub-librarian's Room up to the inner entrance of the present Library.† The actual first extent of the gallery (103 feet) is given in a previous note.

The *History of the University of Cambridge* by Edmund Carter of Chelsea, published in London, 1753, contains two paragraphs of interest to our purpose

* The original building-plans and accounts relating to the Second Court are yet preserved, bound in red morocco leather, large quarto. From them it appears that the arrangements finally adopted differed from the first plans. In particular, bay-windows were added to adorn the North and South sides of the Court. And the North Side also was to be terminated in a bay-window, subsequently removed when Archbishop Williams' Library was annexed. The corrected plan shows a long gallery on the first floor, 20 feet wide and 103 feet long, beginning just after the bay-window in North side of Court, and continued to the point where the arched entrance of the Library proper now is and where the gallery ended in a bay.

† Besides the terminating bay-window of the original long gallery, removed when the Library was built, certain alterations were required in order to construct the present Library staircase. Some such changes led the Master and Senior Fellows of the time to request the Countess' sanction in the following terms, extracted from a letter of date July 9th, 1617.

"Being charged beyond or ability wth the building of a new Library adjoining to yr Ladishippes Courte, and intended for an ornament thereunto, we could not be so farre wanting in dutye as not first to acquaynt yr Ladishipp therewith before we resolve vpon the worke, the rather for that it carryes shew of presumption for vs to alter any pte of yr Ladyshipps building without yr liking and consent. To this end we arre become humble suitors to yr Ladishipp, to approve of this our purpose, and countenance it so farre, as shall stand wth yr good liking." The whole letter was printed by the Rev. John Rigg in *Communications to Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, Vol. I. pp. 47, 48.

(page 274). "The Library is a very good and spacious room, well supplied with useful volumes, and ornamented with several well furnished portraits of the Benefactors. The Master's Lodge hath many good and grand apartments, but especially the Long Gallery, which is the longest room in the University, and which, with the Library, *that opens into it*, makes a most charming view."*

In Harraden's *Cantabrigia Depicta*, published at Cambridge in 1809, mention is made, at page 133, of "the ancient gallery...now divided into a set of rooms containing a numerous assemblage of portraits of benefactors and members of the College." Some few of these are named, in particular that of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, is stated correctly to have been painted by Hans Holbein, and that of Charles I. by Vandyke, being probably a copy only. He mentions also a set of very curious chairs, still in existence, said to have been presented to the Master's Lodge by Charles II., "one of them is a large elbow chair curiously ornamented with cherubims, lions' heads, &c."† He also notices a painting on wood, still in the porter's lodge, "which college tradition affirms to be no less a personage than the porter to Charles II." Here however he is wrong,

* It seems just possible that in 1753 the present Library Staircase was not built, but access still obtained by means of a four-foot-wide set of stairs indicated in the old building plans as furnishing access, laterally, to the proposed Gallery. (*See the old corrected plan*). On the other hand, the carved woodwork of the present staircase is distinctly Jacobean, and the stag's head, an emblem of the Cavendish family, is twice carved on it.

† But Cooper in his *Memorials of Cambridge*, Vol. II. p. 152 says "A large richly carved chair which is in one of the apartments is supposed to have been made for the use of Charles II. when he visited this College," and at p. 89, "On the 27th September, 1681, Charles II. and his Queen visited this College, and after speeches had been made and presents given to them, viewed the Library, and afterwards dined in the long gallery with Dr. Gower the Master who then held the office of Vice-Chancellor in the University."

if we may trust the inscription at the back of this life-size figure, "*Paul, porter to King Charles ye 1st.*"

The notices of the pictures in Baker's History of the College are not numerous. From the biography of Dr. Richard Clayton, 17th Master, who died at Lincoln in 1612, unmarried and intestate, it appears that in the confusion arising therefrom, "his next relations not agreeing about the division," one thing at least was carried away that belonged to the College.* This was the picture of the Countess of Shrewsbury; it was however most likely given back, for two such pictures, one on panel and the other on canvass, still exist in the Master's Lodge.

In the Biography of Dr. Owen Gwyn, 18th Master, (*Baker*, ed. *Mayor*, p. 201), an account is given of a visit to Cambridge made by Prince Charles, son of James the 1st., and Prince Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine. During their visit, these Princes were entertained by St. John's College "with great magnificence in the Master's Gallery, the trumpets sounding upon the tower, and verses being composed and presented upon the occasion; and it was then†

* *Baker's History*, ed. *Mayor*, p. 161 and notes, p. 615. We owe the restoration to the energy of one who is described by Baker (p. 191) as "our best solicitor in 1598," Robert Booth. He was Fellow of the College and B.D. His letter to the Master is given thus, *Robert Booth to Dr. Gwyn*, 18 July, 1612:

"I am informed by some of your Colledg. (vppon my enquiry after a picture of my La: the Countesse of Shrewsbury, wch her ho at my humble sute bestowed upon the Colledg and desyred yt Dr. Clayton would cause it to be hanged vpp in the gallery there) yt Mrs. Ashton hath taken it away, as part of the goods of her brother deceased: "These are therefore earnestlye to desyre you to use all good meanes for the recoverye thereof for the Colledg behoof, and yf it shalbe needful, I will at all tymes be readye to testifye vppon my othe, yt it was bestowed vppon the Colledg, and yt Dr. Clayton only made sute for it, for yt purpose. I am boulded to signifye thus much vnto you out of love and dutye to the Colledg. And so wt hartiest commendacions I take leve, in Brode-street in London in hast."

Printed in *Communications to Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, Vol. II. p. 144.

† In March, 1612—13, Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. III., p. 57.

"that the King's and Queen's pictures [James the First and Anne] were sent down that have since hung in the gallery."

In the biography of Dr. Wm. Beale, 19th Master, who died in exile at Madrid 1650, it is stated that "The two pictures of the King and Queen (King Charles and Queen Mary) were his proper goods, and were demanded* of his successor, but not being restored (at a time when the King and Queen were less valued than their pictures), they yet hang in the gallery and ought to be looked upon as his gift" (*Baker*, ed. *Mayor*, p. 221).

Cooper in his *Memorials of Cambridge*, ed. 1861, Vol. II. pp. 151, 152, gives a long but incomplete list of the portraits in the Master's Lodge.

With so much of preface we shall now proceed to the proper object of our contribution. There exists in the University Library, and probably also in several of the College Libraries, a very useful Catalogue bearing the following title: "*A Catalogue of the severall pictures in the Public Library and respective Colleges of the University of Cambridge by a Gentleman of the University.*" Cambridge, 12mo., pp. 29.†

The author was Robert Masters, who published it in 1790.‡ He was formerly Fellow of Corpus Christi College, B.D., F.S.A., and Rector of Landbeach 1756, to 1797. He died in 1798. We shall incorporate this Catalogue partly in our own, which, however was made, in the first instance without reference to it. The initials [R. M.] will shew the use made of it.

* *Ex archivis*. By Stephen Bearcroft upon Mr. John Barwick's certificate, date May 23, 1653 (*Baker*, ed. *Mayor*, p. 221, n. 4).

† Bound in *Tracts relating to Cambridge*, Z, 23, 117.

‡ See Dr. Lamb's edition of *Masters' History of Corpus Christi College*, Cambridge, 1831, p. 395. 'About 1790' Nicholl's *Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. III. p. 482. The Catalogue cannot be dated earlier than 1769, since it names Sir Jos. Reynolds as the painter of the portrait of Dr. John Smith in Trinity College, and Sir Joshua was not knighted till April 21st, 1769. (*Letter from George Scharf, Esq. to the Rev. Dr. Bateson*).

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES BELONGING TO
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Pictures in the Master's Lodge.

(In the Hall).

JOHN FISHER, S.T.P., *Bishop of Rochester*, by
Hans Holbein.

Panel, 28½ by 24½ inches, the words "A° ÆTATIS, 74," are on the picture, the letters 'H.H. on his ring, a glove in one hand, and staff in the other' [R.M.]. Looks forward, care-worn features, wears a fur-lined black coat and brown over-coat tied with strings in front, doctor's square cap, half-length.

One of the Executors to Lady Margaret our Foundress. He was born at Beverley in Yorkshire in 1459, and executed at the Tower of London on 22nd June, 1535, for denial of the King's supremacy.

The picture was given in 1709, by Thomas Viscount Weymouth, to the Rev. Thomas Baker, Fellow, S.J.C., after whose death in 1740 it became the property of the College.* It was exchanged by Lord Weymouth for a copy on canvass, made by his permission, which remains at Longleat, having only a cross + on the ring. George Scharf, Esq., Keeper and Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery, considers the signature on our picture very important.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, *Poet.*

Panel, 14¾ by 12¾ inches, a very fine portrait, calm look, sharply cut features, plain white collar tied with knotted strings, black coat, looks to right of picture; head and shoulders. 'A copy of Cowley' [R.M.].

* See *Masters' Life of Baker*, 1784, pp. 26, 27. Correspondence between R. Jenkin, Chaplain to Lord Weymouth, and T. Baker; also p. 135, a clause in Baker's will, bequeathing to Dr. Newcombe, Master of St. John's, "my Founder's picture for himself or College," meaning thereby possibly his portrait of Dr. Hugh Ashton whose Fellowship and Scholarship Baker successively held. Bishop Fisher, however, was always considered by Baker to be *de facto* a Founder of the College. The following lines were written by T. Baker "Upon the Bishop of Rochester's picture when sent to the College by Lord Weymouth," (*Masters' Life*, p. XIV.).

"Welcome from Exile, happy soule to me
"And to these walls that owe their rise to thee,
"Too long thou'rt banish't hence, with shame disgrac't
"Thy arms thrown down, thy monument defac't,
"Thy Bounties great, like thee involved in Night,
"Till some bold Hand shall bravely give them Light,
"Too long oppress't by force and power unjust,
"Thy Blood a sacrifice to serve a Lust.
"In vain proud Herod bids thee be forgot,
"Thy name shall brightly shine, whilst his shall rot."

B. 1618, d. 1667, educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Cambridge.

BISHOP GUNNING, (*when young*) [R.M.].

Canvass, 28 by 24 inches, surplice, black stole, scarlet hood, broad square collar, white hair, right hand grasps leaves of book held in left, looks to right of picture, half-length. A larger picture of the Bishop is in the Dining-room.

MARY, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY, *Benefactress.*

Panel, 22 by 17 inches, the words "Countess of Shrews. Foundr. of the 2nd Court No. 6" are at the back. 'Builder of the 2nd Court where is her statue' [R.M.]. Brown hair, hazel eyes, hair rolled back, plaited ruff, beaded chain round neck, bearing concealed locket, black dress cut open to point in front, looks to left of picture.

Daughter of Sir William Cavendish of Chatsworth, Knight, and Elizabeth Hardwick, born April 22nd, 1556, married Gilbert Talbot afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, buried April 14th, 1632. Contributed three-fourths of the expense of the erection of the Second Court. Was imprisoned for several years and heavily fined by James I. for assisting in the marriage of her niece Lady Arabella Stuart. Her statue over the gateway of the Second Court, was given by her nephew William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. (See Dugdale's *Baronage*, 1676, Vol. II., under title *Cavendish*, Earl of Devonshire; Jacobs' *Peerage*, 1766, Vol. I. p. 239; also *Baker ed. Mayor*, pp. 613-4, Cooper's *Memorials of Cambridge*, Vol. II., pp. 95 and 138-9, ed. 1861, and the *Register* of the Parish Church, *Sheffield*).

WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURGHLEY, *Benefactor.*

Panel, 18 by 15 inches, 'Lord Burleigh' [R.M.]. Black cap, black coat, gold chain, order of the Garter, white hair, mustache, and beard, light grey eyes, right hand on top of white staff, looks to right of picture, half-length.

Born September 13th, 1520, at Bourn in Leicestershire, educated at Grantham, Stamford, and St. John's College, Secretary of State, 1548, to Lord Protector Somerset, and to Queen Elizabeth, who made him Baron Burleigh, 1571, Knight of the Garter and Lord High Treasurer in 1572, in which office he continued till his death, August 4th, 1598. He was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, 1559-1598.

WILLIAM PLATT, *Esquire, Benefactor.*

Panel, 15½ by 11¾ inches, 'William Platt, Esq., founded fellowships' [R.M.]. The words 'Mr. Platt' and 'æt 47, 1620' on picture. Wavy brown hair, mustache, pointed beard, grey eyes, rich lace collar, court dress, head and shoulders.

Of Highgate in Middlesex, some time Fellow-Commoner, died in 1637, having devised considerable estates in and near London, for increasing the number of Fellows and Scholars (Cooper's *Memorials* II. 98, and *Baker ed. Mayor*, p. 543, l. 40, also p. 633, l. 32). Hugh Platt, *St. John's*, A.B. 1571, may be some near relative. A monument to W. P. is in St. Pancras Church.

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, *Viscount Palmerston*, K.G., G.C.B.

Canvass, about 28 by 24 inches, brown hair and whiskers, grey eyes, ample white neckcloth, black academical gown, looks to left of picture, half-length.

Born at Broadlands, Hants, October 20th, 1784; married Lady Cowper 1839, died at Brockett Hall, Herts, October 18th, 1865; educated at Harrow School 1795, Edinburgh University 1801, and at St. John's College, Cambridge; A.M. 1806, D.C.L. Oxon. 1862, LL.D. 1864; M.P. for Cambridge University 1811 to 1831; Secretary for foreign affairs 1830 to 1841, and 1846 to 1851; First Lord of the Treasury 1859 to 1865; buried in Westminster Abbey wherein is a statue of him erected in 1869.

RICHARD NEILE, *Archbishop of York*.

Panel, 22½ by 17½ inches, the words "Archbishop Neale, No. 39" at back. 'Bishop of Durham' [R.M.]. Surplice, stole, square white collar, brown hair, mustache and beard, looks to right of picture.

Born at Westminster, 1562, B.A. 1583—4, M.A. 1586—7, B.D. 1600, Master of the Savoy, Dean of Westminster, 1605, Clerk of the Closet to James I. and Charles I., Bishop of Rochester 1608, Lichfield 1610, Lincoln 1613—4, Durham, Winchester, and Archbishop of York 1631, died 1640, October 31st. The name diversely spelled Neale or Neal (*see* biographies, *Baker, ed. Mayor*, pp. 257—8 and *notes*, pp. 667—670).

HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, [R.M.].

Panel, 20½ by 16 inches, richly gilt armour, dark green sash over left shoulder, plaited ruff collar, waving brown hair, bluish grey eyes, thin sharp face, looks to right of picture.

The eldest son of James the First, born 1594, February 9th, died 1612, November 6th.

THOMAS MORTON, *Bishop of Durham*, [R.M.].

Canvass, 22 by 18½ inches, the words "Bishop Morton of Durham" on frame, "No. 2" at the back. Square doctor's cap, white hair, mustache and beard, surplice, stole, and ruff, looks to left of picture, half-length.

Born at York, 1564, admitted to St. John's, 1582, Fellow 1592, Rector of Marston, Aylesford, and Stopford, and Canon of York, Dean of Gloucester and then of Winchester, Bishop of Chester 1616, Lichfield 1618, Durham 1632, died 1659. (*Baker ed. Mayor*, pp. 260—1, and *note*, p. 672).

There is a full length portrait of him in the College Hall.

LORD BURGHLEY, *Lord High Treasurer* 1572 to 1598.

Panel, 32 by 28 inches, 'with Arms and Motto, *cor unum et una vis*' [R.M.]; these are on a pillar in background. Black cap, black coat, ruffed collar and wristbands, double gold chain and jewel, left hand holds glove, right hand at top of white staff, white hair, three-quarter length. (*Compare with the former portrait*).

WILLIAM BEALE, S.T.P., *Master of the College*, 1633 to 1643.

Canvass, 22½ by 17 inches, 'a copy' [R.M.], the words "Dr. Beale, Master, 1634" are on the frame, long face, short brown hair, pointed mustache and imperial, scarlet gown, black scarf, over a cassock, plain collar, looks to left, half-length.

Scholar of Trinity College, Fellow and Master of Jesus College, Master of St. John's College by the King's Mandate; under his regime money and plate were sent to King Charles, ejected by the Parliamentarians in 1643, attended Sir Edward Hyde afterwards Lord Clarendon as chaplain, on an embassy to Spain, died at Madrid 1646, February 17 (*Baker*, pp. 213 to 223).

THOMAS THURLIN, D.D., *Fellow*.

Canvass, 21½ by 15½ inches, 'Dr. Thurling, ¾ small, a good head' [R.M.]. The words "Dr. Thurlin" on picture. Reddish hair, mustache and imperial, black gown, square white collar, looks to right, about half-length.

Of Norfolk, Fellow 165½, Senior Fellow 167½, President 1683, vacated Fellowship by death 1714. Had a living at Lynn. (*Baker ed. Mayor*, p. 298, l. 4, 302 l. 37, 328, l. 9, 32, 557 l. 20, 999 l. 19).

CHARLES STUART, *Duke of York*.

Panel, 26½ by 20½ inches, the words "Charles Duke of York," on frame and "K. Ch. when D. Y. No. 5" at the back. Red velvet dress, trimmed with gold bands, light flaxen hair, high forehead, broad lace collar and wristbands, right hand on hip, left hand holds glove by swordhilt. As a boy of 15, looks to right of picture, three-quarter-length.

Second son of James 1st, born 1600, November 19, married 1625, May 11, executed 1649, January 30.

WALTER FRANCIS MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, *Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry*. K.G.

Canvass, 36 by 28 inches, brown hair, sandy whiskers, open face, black dress coat, red velvet waistcoat, dark blue sash over left shoulder, right hand on breast, left hand in pocket, looks to front.

Fifth Duke of Buccleugh and Seventh Duke of Queensberry, K.G., P.C., D.C.L., L.L.D., born November 25th, 1806, succeeded his father 1819, educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, M.A. 1827, LL.D. 1842.

LADY MARGARET, *Foundress*.

Panel, 22 by 16½ inches, the words 'Foundress No. 2' at back, 'Kneeling, small, on wood' [R.M.]. A Latin inscription runs round the frame thus: "*Margareta mater Henrici septimi, comitissa Richmondia et Darbia, Fundatrix Collegiorum Christi et Joannis, Cantabrigiae, obiit anno Dni—1509—Kalend. Julii.*" In conventual dress, holds a book half open in both hands, light brown eyes, looks to left of picture. The portrait in the Cambridge University Library is in all respects like this and has the same inscription round its frame. It seems quite likely that both were done by John Wolff, citizen and painter of London, for the Executors of Lady Margaret, who paid him ten marks or seventy shillings for the pair. (*See Cooper's Life of Lady Margaret*, ed. Mayor, *Camb.* 1874, pp. 185 and 229).

WILLIAM WHITAKER, D.D., 16th Master.

Panel, 21½ by 17 inches, "Dr. Whitaker Mr., 1587" on picture, "Wm. Whitaker, S.T.P., ½, Mr. on wood" [R.M.]. Similar to the picture in the drawing room, but looks older.

Born 1548, died Dec. 4th, 1595, his epitaph in College Chapel. An account of his last moments is given in *Baker's History ed. Mayor*, notes pp. 603—4, thus: "Cygnea cantio Gul. Whitakeri..... Postquam munere reg. prof. annos circiter 16 functus fuisset, et Col. S. Joh. evang. [magister] vixisset annos fere novem, ætatis suæ 47..... cum paulo ante spirasset hæc verba...., *Gaudeo equidem si quid feci in rem usumque ecclesiæ Dei.* Rursus, *Vitam non cupio, nisi ut ecclesiæ Christi inserviam.* Item, *Mors mihi in lucro est.* Placide expiravit, et inaudita in academico pompa ac celebritate sepultus est." Fellow of Trinity College, 1569, Regius Professor of Divinity, 1579. Many of the Fellows of St. John's had a strong bias towards presbyterianism, about 1589, under the influence of the celebrated Thomas Cartwright, formerly Fellow.

THOMAS PLAYFERE, D.D., Fellow and Margaret Professor.

Panel, 22½ by 17 inches, "Mr. Playfere ætatis suæ 35, 1597," on picture, so also [R.M.]. Sallow face, brown hair and eyes, black gown, left hand holds book, forefinger inside it, looks to left of picture.

Of London, born 1562, Fellow 1584, College Preacher 1591, Senior Fellow 1598, died Feb. 1st, 1608, aged 46, buried at St. Botolph's (*Baker ed. Mayor*, p. 194, and n. 3).

MARIA, Infanta of Spain.

Panel, 22½ by 17½ inches, "Infanta of Spain, No. 4" on back of frame. "Infanta of Spain, on board, small" [R.M.]. Flaxen curling hair rolled back and ornamented with pearl sprig, hazel eyes, pearl eardrops, black bodice over red silk dress, sleeves of red silk slashed, broad lace-edged collar, pearl necklace and pearl chain; half-length, looks forward.

After a seven years' negotiation, the marriage proposed with Charles I., son of James I., was broken off in 1623 after a visit of Prince Charles to the Courts of Spain and France.

THOMAS BALGUY, D.D., Archdeacon of Winchester.

Canvass, 26 by 24 inches, the words "Thomas Balguy, admissus 1734, A.B. 1737, A.M. 1741, S.T.P. 1758" on picture-frame. White wig, black gown over a cassock, bands, looks to right.

Born at Lamesly, Durham, Sep. 27th, 1716, educated at Ripon School and St. John's College, Cambridge. Elected Platt Fellow 1744, vacated 1748 on being presented to the living of Stoke, near Grantham, formerly joint Tutor of St. John's, Prebendary of Winchester 1757, Archdeacon of Salisbury 1759, and afterwards Archdeacon of Winchester, presented to living of Alton, Hants, 1771. In 1772 published "A defence of subscription to articles of religion" in a charge to his Archdeaconry, died Jan. 19th, 1795.

and is buried in Winchester Cathedral. (See Memoir prefixed by Rev. James Drake to an edition of Dr. Balguy's "Discourses on Various Subjects," Cambridge 1822, two volumes, 8vo.)

HUGH PERCY, K.G., 3rd Duke of Northumberland.

Canvass, 29½ by 24½ inches, the words "Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, painted by Thos. Phillips, R.A." on slip at back of picture; "the late Duke of Northumberland, two, one when Earl Percy" (Cooper's *Memorials of Cambridge*, Vol. II. p. 152). Very fine portrait, snuff or claret-coloured coat, brass buttons, academic gown, open collar, white folded neckcloth, long sharp face, light hair and eyes, florid complexion, youthful appearance. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, A.M. 1805, LL.D. 1809, Duke of Northumberland 1817, High Steward of Cambridge University 1834 to 1840, Chancellor of the University 1840 to 1847.

Born April 20th, 1785, married April 29th, 1817, Lady Charlotte-Florentia Clive, daughter of Edward 1st Earl Powis, died Feb. 11th, 1847. Sometime Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotularum of the County of Northumberland, and one of Her Majesty's Trustees of the British Museum.

A. F.

(To be continued).

PROMETHEUS.

ὦ δῖος αἰθήρ καὶ ταχύπτεροι πνοαί

Aeschylus, *Prometheus Vincitus*, 88—92.

O splendour of Heaven, O speeding
On pinions of lightning, mad breeze!
Ye fountains that ever are feeding
The rivers which water the leas,
O wild multitudinous laughter of Sunshine far out on
the seas!

Great Earth, whose mild motherhood tendeth
All things (for thy Children they be),
Sun-orb, whose grand glance comprehendeth
All Nature; behold me and see
How the gods are avenged of their fellows, how Zeus
taketh vengeance on me!

A. L. INNES.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term, 1880.

The College has lately acquired a portrait (by Henry Room) of one of its distinguished members, Thomas Clarkson, whose statue occupies one of the niches outside the Chapel. The painting has been placed in the Combination Room near that of Wilberforce.

A Fellowship has been vacated by the marriage of the Rev. J. B. Pearson, LL.D., Bishop-Designate of Newcastle, New South Wales. Four other Fellowships may be expected to fall vacant by reason of the holders not being in Priest's orders within seven years after the M.A. Degree.

The Preachers in the College Chapel for the present Term are: Mr. Taylor (Feb. 15), Professor Mayor (Feb. 22), Mr. Bushell (Feb. 29), Mr. Pieters (March 14).

The Rev. W. T. Newbold, Fellow of the College, has been elected Head Master of the Grammar School, St. Bees.

A. W. Forbes, B.A., Scholar of the College, has been appointed Prosector to the Zoological Society, in place of the late Mr. Garrod.

The following University honours have been obtained since the publication of our last number:

MORAL SCIENCE TRIPOS.

First Class: Caldecott. *Third Class:* C. G. Wilkinson.

NATURAL SCIENCE TRIPOS (in alphabetical order).

First Class: A. W. Forbes, A. S. Reid, C. M. Stuart. *Second Class:* Hurry, La Touche, J. J. Lister.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

Second Class: A. H. Prior.

LAW TRIPOS.

First Class: 4th, Woods. *Second Class:* W. K. Chandler, A. H. East, Clarke, Gurney. *Third Class:* Michael, C. Chapman, Toller, W. M. O. Wilson.

LL.M. Degree, examined and approved, Ds. E. J. Brook-Smith.

M.B. Degree, (*First Examination*), *First Class:* G. Parker. (*Second Examination*), *Second Class:* St. D. Walters. (*Third Examination*, part i.), *Second Class:* W. Foster, A. Gripper, J. Phillips. (*Third Examination*, part ii.), *First Class:* H. R. Hutton. *Second Class:* S. Nall, F. J. Waldo.

THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

Second Class: J. H. Greaves, A. G. W. Neale, A. G. Sparrow.
Third Class: Dandy, C. G. Griffinhoofe, A. H. Staffurth.

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers: *Senior Wrangler*, J. Larmor; 19th, W. S. F. Long; 31st, H. J. Adams; 33rd, P. T. Wrigley. *Senior Optimes:* E. J. C. Morton, T. Stone, J. M. Stone. *Junior Optimes:* T. Dale, G. D. Haviland, S. H. Swiny, T. R. Jones, A. W. Sewart, H. S. Clarke, J. H. George. *Agrotat:* R. S. Gunnery.

The first Smith's Prize has been awarded to Ds. Larmor, the Senior Wrangler of the year. This makes the 66th time (since 1769) in which a Smith's Prize has been awarded to a member of this College, and the 47th time (since 1747) that we have had the Senior Wrangler. Between 1869 and 1880 we have had 5 Senior Wranglers; also 6 first Smith's Prizes and 1 second. The number of Senior Classics between 1869 and 1876 (inclusive) was four.

The Craven Scholarship has been awarded to J. C. Moss.

College Examination in Mathematics (*Third Year*) *First Class:* Alston, L. Hall, G. T. T. Harker; (*Suspension*) Marris, Leslie. (*Second Year*) *First Class:* Yeo, J. Parker, Brill, A. Harker, A. W. Ward, Gaskin; (*Suspension*) T. Walker, J. H. Winter.

The following are the names and addresses of those of the First year who have come into residence this Term:—

Eicke, K. M., 2nd court E	Sheph
Fisher, W.	Swaby, H. C., new court A
Newman, C. H., 29, Bridge street	Williams, C. F. W. T., 2nd court K

Changes of addresses of *First Year* since last Term:—

Anthonsiz, J. C. 15, Jesus Lane	Merrickin, M. 12, St. Clements Pass.
Brett, A. E., 60, Park Street	Poynder, A. J., new court E
Day, G. D., new court C	Sandford, F., new court B
Hammond, F., new court A	Scott, J. B., 14, New Square
Holmes, B. E., 3, Round Church St.	Stevens, A. O., 22, Sussex Street
King, J. W., new court D	Stopford, J. B., 16, Portugal Place

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

Officers for the Lent Term: *President*, Rev. A. F. Torry; *1st Captain*, W. Barton; *2nd Captain*, G. M. Kingston; *Secretary*, B. S. Clarke; *Treasurer*, A. Hawkins; *3rd Captain*, B. E. Waud; *4th Captain*, G. G. Wilkinson; *5th Captain*, W. P. Mayor.

The close of last October Term witnessed our usual College 'Trial Eights.' They went off most successfully. In both Senior and Junior 'Trials' some good rowing as well as honest work was to be seen. The stroke of the winning Senior 'Trial' was W. P. Mayor, a most promising oar; that of the winning Junior 'Trial,' T. C. Ward.

This Term the Captains are hard at work, 'coaching' their respective crews for the coming Lent Races, which commence on March 10th. It is rather soon yet to judge of what sort of stuff our 3rd and 4th boats are made; but, considering the short time they have been at work, both boats have made steady progress.

The L. M. B. C. figures prominently in the University Boat this year. We hope to boast of no fewer than three 'Blues,' viz. H. Sandford, W. Barton, and B. S. Clarke (cox). The fact that such experienced oarsmen as Sandford and Barton are in the Boat will, we trust, go far towards ensuring the Race for Cambridge.

FOOTBALL.

The Rugby Union Football Club has for two consecutive years met with unusual success, having again completed the season without sustaining a single defeat. The following is a list of the Matches played, with their results:

St. John's v. Caius d).

We were victorious by 1 goal and 5 tries to nothing.

The goal was kicked by Wrigley and the tries were by E. S. Chapman (2), C. E. Bell (1), Payne (2).

St. John's v. Clare (played on Clare ground, Nov. 1st). This match was chiefly remarkable for the "tall" scoring of St. John's. We got 4 goals and 15 tries against one try by our opponents. Nearly every one in the team partook of the lavish generosity of Clare and obtained the coveted try; E. S. Chapman and Hopton heading the list with five and four respectively. The goals were kicked by Chapman (2) and Walton (2).

St. John's 2nd v. Leys's School, Nov. 6th. Our Second Team won by 3 tries to nothing. The tries were by Swabey.

St. John's v. Jesus (played in Jesus Close, Nov. 7th). The honour of representing the 1st XV. for the season of 1879—80, was given to those who were chosen to play in this match, and they justified their selection by beating their opponents by 2 goals and 5 tries to nothing.

The tries were obtained by E. S. Chapman (1), J. A. Bevan (2), Cory (1), Payne (1). The goals were kicked by Wrigley.

Our satisfaction at the result of the match was considerably diminished by the disablement of F. E. Swabey, one of the finest forwards in the team, who, just before 'time,' had the misfortune to break his leg.

The following represent the 1st XV. which was under the efficient Captaincy of G. M. Burnett.

Full Backs: P. T. Wrigley, H. A. Walton. *Three-quarter Backs*: J. A. Bevan, J. H. Payne. *Half Backs*: E. S. Chapman,

R. Thorman. *Forwards*: C. E. Bell, G. M. Burnett, C. P. Cory, Dawson, H. V. Heber-Percy, C. E. Hopton, G. S. Leresche, N. C. Marris, F. E. Swabey, R. O. Wever.

St. John's v. Pembroke (on St. John's ground Nov. 12th). Won by St. John's by 1 goal and 2 tries to nothing. Tries by Bevan (2), Chapman (1).

St. John's v. Christ's, Nov. 14th. In spite of the superior weight of our opponents and the absence of Bevan and Payne, we managed to draw the game, the score being 1 goal and 1 try to each College. Chapman and Leresche obtained our tries and Wrigley kicked the goal.

St. John's v. Bury (on Saturday Nov. 15th). A team from John's visited Bury and won by 2 goals and 8 tries to nothing. Bevan ran in five times for us, Chapman four.

St. John's v. Trinity Hall, Nov. 24th. This match was played in pouring rain; but, in spite of the wretched state of the ground, we made the respectable score of 3 goals, 9 tries, to nothing. Bevan got 3 tries, Wever (1), Burnett (3), Hopton (2).

St. John's v. Bury. The return match with Bury was played on Saturday, Feb. 14th, on Parker's Piece, and resulted in a decisive victory for St. John's by 3 goals and 7 tries to nothing. The tries were by Bevan (3), Wiseman (2), Hopton (2), and Dawson, Heber-Percy, and Thorman one each.

The following played for St. John's, (Wrigley, Chapman, Leresche, and Payne being absent playing for the University):

Robbs and Bell *Full-backs*; Thorman and Bevan *Three-quarter Backs*; Hopton and Swabey *Half-backs*; Dawson, Cory, Craig, R. Hall, Heber-Percy, Marris, Square, Wever, and Wiseman *Forwards*.

Matches with Trinity College and with Haileybury School were arranged. That with Trinity was cancelled through the indisposition of some of their players, while the frost entirely prevented our visit to Haileybury.

J. H. Payne and E. S. Chapman have got their 'Blue,' and Leresche has played for the University.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the whole, both numerically and financially, this Society may be said to be in a flourishing condition. A large number have joined since last October, but it is hoped that before the end of this Term a still larger number of new Members will have been enrolled. The attendance at the Meetings has greatly improved and the Debates are usually well sustained. By permission of the College, the Meetings are held every Saturday evening during full Term in Lecture Room IV.

Last Term the following subjects were discussed: 'The establishment of a Republic in England'; 'The Sunday opening of Libraries, Museums, and Art-Galleries'; 'Cremation'; 'The higher education of Women'; 'The limitation of the Degree of M.A. to Graduates in Honours'; and 'The abolition of Trial by Jury.'

The subjects that have come before the Society for discussion this Term so far, are 'A vote of want of Confidence in the present Government,' and 'The study of Novels as a branch of mental culture.'

The officers for last Term were—

<i>President</i> : T. Coppock.		<i>Treasurer</i> : J. Russell.
<i>Vice-President</i> : J. S. Yeo.		<i>Secretary</i> : J. Spencer Hill.

For the present Term they are—

<i>President</i> : J. Russell		<i>Treasurer</i> : J. Spencer Hill.
<i>Vice-President</i> : T. G. Tucker		<i>Secretary</i> : O. Rigby.

SHAKSPEARIAN READING SOCIETY.

The *St. John's Shakspearian* 278th
weekly Meeting on February 4th, in Mr. Heber-Percy's rooms, when the Tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, was commenced.

The present Members are: E. J. Wild (*President*), J. Marling Apperly (*Secretary*), H. V. Heber-Percy, J. B. Armstrong, R. Thorman, W. E. Grey, F. D. Gaddum, J. F. Grey, C. C. Hopton, F. Sandford, F. Spencer, R. H. Landor.

CALENDAR FOR 1880.

LENT TERM.

College Rehearsal for General and Previous Examination ends on Minor Scholarships Examination :	March 15
Natural Science Exhibition	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 and Uni- versity General Examination begin	<i>Monday,</i>	May	31
Special Examinations for B.A. (except that in Music, which begins on June 3)	<i>Friday,</i>	June	4
Previous Examination and First part of Natural Science Tripos begin	<i>Monday,</i>	June	7
Admission	<i>Saturday,</i>	June	19