

# THE EAGLE.

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

Printed for Subscribers only.



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1881.

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## OUR PORTRAIT PICTURES.

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

#### *Pictures in the Master's Lodge.\**

(In the School Room).

#### ROBERT GROVE, D.D., *Bishop of Chichester.*

Canvass, 29 by 24 inches, the words "Bp. Grove" on picture, "Robert Grove, S.T.P., Bp. of Chichester" [R.M.]. Curling hair, surplice, stole, and bands, looks to left of picture, half-length.

Son of William Grove of Moorden, Dorset, born in London, educated at Winchester School, admitted to St. John's 1652, Scholar 1653, Foundation Fellow 1658, B.A. 1657, presented to living of Winnington by Bp. of London 1667, to Rectory of Langham and Vicarage of Aldham, Essex, 1669; Rector of St. Andrew Undershaft, London, 1670, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral 1679, Archdeacon of Middlesex 1690, Bishop of Chichester 1691, died October 7th, 1696, and is buried in the Cathedral at Chichester, where is his epitaph (*Baker ed. Mayor*, pp. 277, 8, also notes p. 703, l. 13 to 30). He took part in drawing up the petition against King James the Second's declaration for liberty of conscience, May, 1688.

#### JOHN GARNET, D.D., *Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin, also of Clogher.*

Canvass, 29 by 24 inches, the words "Bishop Garnet" at back of picture, "John Garnet, Bp. of Clogher in Ireland, ¶" [R.M.]. White wig, smooth face, surplice, stole and bands, looks to left of picture.

Son of Rev. Jo. Garnet, born at Lambeth, educated at Beverley School, admitted to St. John's, May, 1725, at age of 16, Scholar Dec., 1725. He migrated to Sidney Sussex College, where he became Fellow, B.A. 1725, M.A. 1732, B.D. 1739, D.D. by mandate 1739, Lady Margaret's Preacher 1744, in 1751 went as Chaplain to Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Consecrated Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin 1752, translated to Clogher 1758, and died in Dublin March 1st, 1782, at the age of 73. "A pleasant cheerful companion, and when Bishop Clayton in the Irish House proposed the abolition of the Athanasian Creed, Bp. Garnet saluted him thus: *Liberasti animam tuam Domine*. A prelate of great humility and a friend to literature and religion." (*Mayor's notes to Baker's History*, pp. 706 to 708).

\* Continued from page 187.

WILLIAM LAUD, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Canvass, 29 by 24 inches, black cap, small ruff, surplice and stole, mustache. The words "AB. Laud" are written on the canvass at the back. A copy probably, dark with age. Given by Mr. Whittaker to the College (see *Conclusion Book*, January 29th, 1825).

Born at Reading, Oct. 7th, 1573, educated at Reading School, and entered at St. John's College, Oxford, 1589, of which he was successively Scholar and Fellow; in 1605 Chaplain to Charles, Lord Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire; in 1609 Chaplain to Neile, Bishop of Rochester, of which Cathedral Laud was made Prebend; in 1611 he became President of his College at Oxford, but resigned in 1621; Dean of Gloucester 1616, Prebendary of Westminster 1620; Bishop of St. David's 1621; Bishop of Bath and Wells and Dean of the Chapel Royal 1626; Privy Councillor 1627; Bishop of London 1628; Chancellor of Oxford University 1630; Archbishop of Canterbury 1633; on the Committee of Trade and the King's Revenue 1634; approved the sentence against Prynne in the Star Chamber 1637; impeached for high treason by the Long Parliament Dec. 18th, 1640, and committed to the Tower; tried Nov., 1643 to Oct., 1644 and beheaded Jan. 10th, 1644-5, at the age of 71; a constant correspondent of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

A BISHOP, perhaps *Thomas Watson, of St. David's.*

Canvass, 28 by 24 inches, skull cap, surplice, stole, and bands, plump face, left hand holds book. It is doubtful whether this is to be identified with the "Tho. Watson, S.T.P., Bishop of St. David's," [R.M.]. Cooper's *Memorials* name such a portrait as in the Master's Lodge. The Bishop was a warm friend of the Rev. Thomas Baker, who gives an account of him in his *History*, pp. 275, 6, ed. *Mayor*; admitted to St. John's, 1655; Fellow 1660, D.D. 1675, Rector of Burgh, Kent, Bishop 1687, died 1717. He gave to the College the advowsons of three Rectories, viz. Brinkley and Fulbourn St. Vigors, in Cambridgeshire, and Brandisburton in Yorkshire, with certain conditions as to presentation and residence.

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, *unknown.*

Canvass, 28 by 24 inches, scarlet gown, black scarf, bands, full sandy wig, looks to front of picture.

AN AUTHOR OR POET, *unknown.*

Canvass, 29 by 25 inches, flowing brown hair, parted in centre, sharp features, wears a loose olive green cloak over a shirt open at the neck.

In Thomas Birch's *Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain*, 2 vols. London, 1743, there is an engraving of a portrait by M. Beal of *Thomas Otway*, the eminent writer of tragedies, which resembles this portrait in several respects. T. Otway was born at Trotting, Essex, March 3rd, 1653, educated at Winchester School, and Christ Church, Oxford, which he left without degree, and is said to have removed to St. John's College, Cambridge (see copy of verses to him by Mr. Richard Duke, *Lives and Characters of all the English Poets*, London, 1723, Vol. II. p. 193). He was Cornet of Horse to army in Flanders, 1677; died at the Bull Inn, Tower Hill, 1685, April 15, and is buried in Church of St. Clement Danes, London.

## (Passage on First Floor).

KING JAMES I. *After Van Somer.*

Panel, 3 ft. 8½ in. by 2 ft. 10½ in. "On board, small, after Van Somer" [R.M.]. An excellent portrait, finely executed. The cloak open, hat jewelled, collar edged with lace, white coat. Wears a blue riband with jewel of the order of the Garter (St. George and Dragon with motto). The left hand on swordhilt, right hand holds a glove, moustache and pointed beard. Looks to front of picture.

Charles James, only son of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, by her second husband. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was born at Edinburgh, June 19th, 1566. Crowned King of Scotland at Stirling, July 29th, 1567, on the resignation of the Queen. Married Princess Anne of Denmark at Upslo in Norway, Nov. 24, 1589. Became King of England, March 24th, 1603. Died March 27th, 1625. A collected edition of King James' numerous prose works, except the discourse on the Gowric Conspiracy, was published in folio, in 1616, under the title of "The works of the Most High and Mighty Prince James, &c., by James (Montague), Bishop of Winton."

BOY, *unknown.*

Panel, about 18 in. by 16 in. The words "unknown, No. 8" at the back. "A youth unknown, on board, ancient" [R.M.]. Flaxen hair, bluish eyes, broad collar edged with point lace, white ermined jacket.

Possibly one of the sons of James I., Prince Henry or Prince Charles, of whom there are youthful portraits in the Hall of the Lodge.

LAWRENCE FOGG, D.D., *Dean of Chester.* [R.M.].

Canvass, 4 ft. 1 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. The words "Dean Fogg" on picture. Wears own hair full and long, surplice and bands, broad black stole, red hood lined light blue, left hand rests on a book, right hand a little forward.

In the background, the Cathedral of Chester, and adjacent Church. Looks to left of picture, half-length.

Laurence Fogg, M.A. 1652, B.D. 1659, D.D. 1679, was elected Fellow of St. John's, co. Lancaster, April 3rd, 1650. Rector of Hawarden and afterwards for 27 years Vicar of St. Oswald's, Chester, instituted to the Deanery of Chester, Nov. 2nd, 1692, and died Feb. 27th, 1718, aged 88. Buried in Chester Cathedral, wherein is a monument to his memory. Author of a treatise on Light. An excellent Preacher. (*Baker ed. Mayor*, p. 296, l. 33, Cooper, *Memorials*, Vol. II, p. 121, and letters from the Very Rev. Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester, and Thomas Hughes, Esq., F.S.A.).

JOHN SEYMOUR, *4th Duke of Somerset.*

Canvass, 4 ft. 1½ in. by 3 ft. 5 in. Body armour, red scarf over right shoulder, flowing wig, left hand points forward with forefinger and thumb, laced lavender coloured sleeve, ruff at wrist, three-quarter face, three-quarter length, looks to left of picture.

John, the second son of Sir Wm. Seymour, Earl of Hertford and third Duke of Somerset, by Lady Frances Devereux, eldest daughter of the Earl

of Essex, succeeded to the Dukedom in 1671; married Sarah, daughter and heiress of Sir Edward Alston, Knight, M.D., President of the College of Physicians; died without issue 1675. The portrait of his wife, a benefactress to the College, has been transferred recently [1880] to the Hall.

(Boudoir, First Floor).

THOMAS FAIRFAX, 5th Baron Fairfax of Cameron.

Canvass, 28½ in. by 24 in. "Portrait of a man in armour supposed to be Fairfax" [R.M.]. Steel armour on body and arms, the edges of the armour rolled to resemble cordage, red sash round waist, plain white collar, light brown hair, bluish grey eyes, genial expression, small moustache, half-length, looks to right. A very fine picture after the manner of Sir P. Lely. It is certainly unlike Wenceslaus Hollar's engraved portrait of the Parliamentary General (*Fitzwilliam Museum*).

Thomas, Son of Henry Fairfax, 4th Baron, and Frances, daughter and heiress, of Sir Robert Barwick, of Dolston, Yorkshire, was educated at St. John's College, and was a Contributor of £50 towards the building of the 3rd Court in 1673. He was a Colonel in the Guards, and M.P. for the County of York previous to the Union of the two Kingdoms. He succeeded to the title in 1685, married Catherine, daughter and heiress of Thomas Lord Colepepper, and died in 1710. Their son Thomas Fairfax settled in Virginia, U.S. 1739. (Cooper's *Memorials* II. 100, and Burke's *Peerage*, 1880).

A FRAMED ENGRAVING, *Portrait of Lady Margaret.*

From a work by J. Faber entitled "The Founders of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges," Royal Exchange and Charterhouse, 45 plates.

Margaret, Countess of Richmond, Founder of St. John's College, Cambridge. Directed and facing towards left, hood, black gown, hands clasped, open book on table before her to left. Under, Margareta Mater Henr. 7mi Coma: Richmondia et Derbia Fundx Coll: Divi Johannis Cantab. Ao MDVIII. Hanc effigiem Revdo Viro R. Jenkin S.T.P. et istius Coll: Præfecto. ad Exemplum imaginis in Collegio asservata. Sumcum Humil. & observantia. D. D.D. J. Faber Ao. 1714.

This engraving came from Horningsea old vicarage at the time when the new residence was built.

(In the Master's Study).

KING HENRY VIII.

Panel, about 5 or 6 inches square. Set in a frame of carved white wood. Head and Shoulders only, shewing chain round neck. Possibly copied contemporaneously from one of Holbein's portraits.

*Four Coloured Drawings by Panini.*

In black frames slightly gilt. Subjects architectural. Belonged to Dr. James Wood, formerly Master, and are now College property.

(In one of the Bed Rooms).

*A Drawing in Chalks.*

The words "Dr. Ogden, 1776" are on the drawing. A portrait very similar to the picture in the Dining Room.

KITCHEN PIECE, *with the story of Martha and Mary in the distance.* [R.M.].

An old panel picture 15½ in. by 12½ in. In a remarkable black frame 1½ in. broad on which are represented raised figures of dogs, hares, squirrel, satyrs, and nymphs. Probably the gift of E. Benlowes.

Two women in the foreground, a kitchen with game freshly dressed on a table, a goose, turkey, and cock hanging up. Seated figure has been plucking bird, standing figure holds spit with meat in left hand and trussed fowl in right: background, a hall with six small figures, Italian architecture.

(At the foot of the Staircase).

*A Marble Picture with Benlowe's Arms.* [R.M.].

*Herod's Cruelty, after Rubens, a very long Picture.* [R.M.].

(Pictures in the Hall of the College).

JAMES WOOD, D.D., F.R.S., *Dean of Ely and Master of St. John's. Benefactor.*

Canvass, 30 by 24 inches. Copied from the portrait in the Lodge, painted by J. Jackson, R.A. An engraving of this portrait by E. R. Whitfield was published by R. Roe, Cambridge, 1842. Represented in Doctor's scarlet gown, black scarf and bands, three-quarter face, looks to left of picture.

A munificent Benefactor to the College. In his lifetime he founded nine exhibitions of £40 per annum each and gave £2000 towards the building of the New Court; he bequeathed to the College property valued at about £40,000, of which £20,000 formed the nucleus of the building fund of the New Chapel. Author of treatises on Algebra, Mechanics, and Optics. See his life in Mayor's *notes* to Baker's *History*, pp. 1094 to 1104.

SIR. RALPH HARE, *Knight, Benefactor. By Mark Garrard.* [R.M.].

Canvass, about 6 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. On label of frame "Radulphus Hare de Balneo Eques 1603." Full length, stands at a table covered with crimson velvet fringed with gold. Left hand rests on unclasped book at corner of table. Right hand holds an oriental cloth purse. Habited wholly in black, wears a gown also. Point lace Vandyke-edged collar and ruffs. Red ribbon about neck suspending jewel of Order of the Bath. Grey hair, small moustache and beard. Three-quarter face, looks to right of picture.

Sir Ralph Hare, K.B. of Stow-Bardolph, co. Norfolk, gave, 10th April, 1623, the glebe, tithes, &c., of the inappropriate rectory of Cherry Marham

in Norfolk, the profits to be bestowed for three years on the erection of the Library, and thereafter for the maintenance of thirty of the Scholars on the Foundation. Sir Ralph was the son of Richard Hare, Esq. of Stow-Bardolph, and Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Barnes, Esq. He was Knighted at the Coronation of James I. 1603. He married first Mary, daughter of Sir Edward Holmden, Knight, by whom he had a son John his heir. Sir Ralph died in August 1623.

Mark Garrard was a native of Brussels. He was the painter of the beautiful portrait of Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, now at Penshurst.

LADY MARGARET, *Countess of Richmond and Derby.*  
(*The Foundress*).

Panel, about 6 ft. by 4 ft. On label of frame "Margareta, mater Hen. VII., Com. Richmondæ et Derbyæ, Fundatrix." This is probably an old copy from a still older picture. It is considered better than that in the Combination Room. Habited in Conventual dress, black robe and white coif. Under a suspended canopy of cloth of gold. Her arms at the back of canopy. Is kneeling with clasped hands at an oak book table covered with cloth of gold, on which is an open missal. Window at left hand top corner of picture. Looks to left of picture, rings on 1st, 3rd, and 4th fingers of right hand.

Engraved in Miss Halsted's Life of Lady Margaret. There is also a good engraving from a drawing by Harraden in Whitaker's History of Richmondshire.

JOHN FISHER, D.D., *Bishop of Rochester. Benefactor.*

Panel, 25 by 18½ inches. Robert Masters in his *Life of Baker* says "This picture represents him as much thinner in the face [than the one by Holbein] and seems to have been taken just before his execution [23rd June, 1535] a skeleton and crucifix being before him." The skeleton is carved on the top of a small oak relique box.

In surplice and stole, a black cloth cap on the head, hands clasped as in prayer. Three-quarter face, looks to left of picture. A small old wood engraving in square black frame in the Combination Room represents the Bishop in very similar costume.

The truest portrait of Fisher is certainly the original drawing by Holbein in possession of Her Majesty the Queen. See the fine collection of engravings Bartolozzi, after Holbein, in the College Library.

Fisher was Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity 1502. Prefect of Michael House 1495. Chancellor of Cambridge University 1501, 1504, 1514 to 1535. Bishop of Rochester 1504. President of Queens' College 1505.

JOHN WILLIAMS, D.D., *Archbishop of York and Lord Keeper. Formerly Bishop of Lincoln. Benefactor.*

Canvass, 6 ft. by 4 ft. 7 in. On label of frame "Joh. Williams, magni Angliæ sigilli custos. Episc. Lincoln 1621. Archiep. Ebor 1641." Full-length, stands by a table, broad brimmed hat on head, walking-stick in hand. Habited in black with a full gown. Small plaited ruff about neck, small

plaited white wrist-bands. Left arm bent in front of body, ring on little finger. Small moustache and pointed beard. Hair turning grey. On the table covered by a Persian cloth is an open book, also a cushion figured with the Royal arms concealing the handle of the Lord Keeper's mace. The Bishop's arms at the back to right. Three-quarter face, looks to right.

John, son of Edmund Williams, Esquire, of Aberconway, and Mary, daughter of Owen Wyn, Esquire, was born at Aberconway in Wales, March 25th, 1582, educated at Reuthen Grammar School, admitted to St. John's, 1598; Fellow, co. Bangor, April 14th, 1603; M.A. 1605; Proctor, 1611-12; Chaplain to Lord Chancellor Egerton. Rector of Walgrave 1609, and Grafton Regis 1611. Canon of Lincoln, Hereford, Peterborough, St. David's; Dean of Salisbury, then of Westminster. Consecrated Bishop of Lincoln 1621. Archbishop of York 1641. Lord Keeper to James I. 1621; deprived by Charles I. 1626. Died 1650, æt 68. (See Bishop Hacket's *Memorial of Archbp. Williams*, London, 1693, and B. H. Beedham's *Notices of Archbishop Williams*, London, 1869, a copy of which is in the College Library). There is a portrait of the Lord Keeper, on canvass, in the *Liber Memorialis in Bibliotheca repositus*.

Bishop Williams defrayed two-thirds of the expenses of building the College Library. The letters and date I.L.C.S. 1624 on the outside of the oriel window of the Library commemorate the benefactor. He also bestowed upon the College the Advowsons of the four livings of Soulderne, Freshwater, Aberdaron, and St. Florence.

Of engraved portraits there exist one *folio* by Houbraken in Birch's *Heads of Illustrious Persons*, another *quarto* by Dunkarton after Jansen, but the best is that by Francis Delaram (an engraver contemporaneous with the Bishop), of which a copy exists in the British Museum.

THOMAS MORTON, D.D., *Bishop of Durham.*

Canvass, about 6 ft. by 5 ft. Full-length, stands near a table with crimson cover. Habited in surplice and stole with square black cap on head. Both hands hold small book nearly closed. Small ruffed collar and wrist-bands. Grey hair, moustache and beard. Architectural background with black and white marble pavement.

Fellow of St. John's College, 1592, finally Bishop of Durham, 1632, died 1659, aged 95. There is a half-length portrait of him in the Master's Lodge.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, *Esquire, afterwards Earl of Strafford, K.G. Benefactor.*

Canvass, about 6 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. On label of frame "Thomas Wentworth armiger A.M. 1708." Stands in front of a dark curtain, on a marble pavement. Habited in plum-coloured coat with lappets, knee breeches, grey woollen stockings, buckled shoes. Left hand on hip, right hand held out as if speaking. Wears flowing wig, three-quarter face, head slightly turned over left shoulder. Full-length.

Thomas Wentworth, second son of Sir Wm. Wentworth, High Sheriff of Yorkshire, and Isabella, daughter of Sir Allan Appley, Knt., succeeded

his cousin the Earl of Strafford in the Barony of Raby in the year 1695, being then probably a minor. He was educated at St. John's College, to which he presented (1) books for the Library, (2) a fine silver vase and silver dish, (3) a portrait of the 1st Earl of Strafford, copied from the picture at Wentworth-Woodhouse, (4) his own portrait (*Baker ed. Mayor*, p. 340, l. 6 to 23). The inscription on the silver dish is "Thomas Wentworth de Wentworth-Woodhouse in Agro. Ebor. Armiger nuper Coll. D. Johannis Evangelistæ in Academia Cantabrigiensi A.M., 1717." Motto under shield of arms "*En dieu est tout.*" Served with distinction under William III, at *Steinkirk* and *Landen*, under Marlborough also in reign of Anne, and was repeatedly ambassador to the Courts of Berlin, Vienna, and the States-General. Advanced, 4th September, 1711, for his eminent services to the dignities of *Viscount Wentworth of Wentworth-Woodhouse and Stainsborough*, and *Earl of Strafford*. Married Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Johnston, Knight, of Bradenham, Buckinghamshire. He was a Knight of the Garter and died in 1739. (*Burke's Extinct Peerages*, London, 1831).

HERBERT MARSH, D.D., *Bishop of Llandaff and then of Peterborough. By Ponsford.*

Canvass, 3 ft. 5 in. by 2 ft. 10 in. Seated in a library chair by the side of a table on which are two books. Wears lawn surplice, broad black stole, bands and episcopal wig. Firm features, three-quarter face, half-length, looks to left of picture. The picture was bequeathed to the College in 1868 by the late Dr. John James, Canon of Peterborough, for whom the picture was painted from life about 1835 by Ponsford. It is a most admirable likeness. (Letter from the *Rev. J. Burleigh James*, son of the Canon; also Mayor's notes to Baker's *History*, p. 898, l. 3).

To the particulars given under his older portrait in the Lodge we may add these. Second Wrangler and Second Smith's Prizeman 1779; admitted Fellow of St. John's, March 23rd, 1779; Senior Fellow, March 28th, 1797; vacated Fellowship 1807, July 1st. He was the son of Richard Marsh, M.A., Vicar of Faversham, Kent, and Elizabeth his wife, born at Faversham, Dec. 10th, 1757; educated at Faversham and Canterbury Schools, Lady Margaret Professor 1807; married the daughter of John Lecarriere, Esq., merchant at Leipzig, 1807. Consecrated Bishop of Llandaff 25th August, 1816; confirmed Bishop of Peterborough, 28th April, 1819. Died 1st May, 1839, and lies in the new building of his Cathedral. A very complete account of his busy life and numerous works is given in Mayor's notes to Baker's *History*, pp. 735 to 898. He will chiefly be remembered as a Biblical Critic and a Liberal Churchman.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *Poet, by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.*

Canvass, 5 ft. by 4 ft. 4 in. Lake scenery in background. Seated under a high bank. Black cloak lined with red thrown open. Left hand rests on some papers holding pencil. Painted in old age at Rydal Mount for

St. John's College, about 1831.\* Grey hair, rather sharp features, three-quarter face, head turning over right shoulder, three-quarter length.

William Wordsworth was born at Corkermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770. An orphan at age of fourteen, sent to Hawkshead School, Lancashire, and removed to St. John's, at age of seventeen. Published his *Descriptive Sketches* 1791—2, *Lyrical Ballads* 1798, reprinted with additions 1800. Married Mary Hutchinson of Penrith in 1802; they resided at Grasmere with his sister Dorothy till 1813, and removed finally to Rydal Mount, where he died April 23rd, 1850. His *Excursion* appeared 1814, other poems in 1819. His *Sonnets and Tour with Yarrow revisited* 1834. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. in 1839. He was B.A. and M.A. of Cambridge.

SIR NOAH THOMAS, KNIGHT, M.D., by *Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Canvass, 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 3 in. On frame of picture the words "Noah Thomas, Æq. Aur. admissus 1738, A.B. 1742, A.M. 1746, M.D. 1753." Standing at a side table on which are large books, *Bayle's Works*. Lavender grey coat and vest. Wears Doctor's scarlet gown, sea-green coat and vest with large brass buttons, frilled wristbands, grey wig. Smooth genial face, looks to right of picture, three-quarter length. A fine picture. Cooper attributes it to Reynolds, who painted one for a Mr. Thomas, 1757—8.

Sir N. Thomas was educated at St. John's. Admitted Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians Dec. 22, 1757. Gulstonian Lecturer 1759. Censor 1761, 66, 67, 81. Physician Extraordinary to Geo. III. 1763, and Physician in Ordinary 1775, when he was Knighted. Many years Physician to the Lock Hospital. Died at Bath 17th May, 1792. (W. Munk's *Roll of the Roy. Coll. of Physicians*, London 1878, Vol. II.).

\* *Sonnet to the Author's Portrait.*

Go, faithful portrait! and where long hath knelt  
Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;  
And, if Time spare the colours for the grace  
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,  
Thou on thy rock reclined, though Kingdoms melt,  
And States be torn up by the roots wilt seem  
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,  
And think and feel as once the Poet felt.  
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown  
Unrecognised through many a household tear  
More prompt, more glad to fall than drops of dew  
By morning shed around a flower half blown;  
Tears of delight, that testified how true  
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

(Poetical Works of W. Wordsworth, London 1837,  
Vol. III. p. 101, Sonnet LII.)



THOMAS BAKER, B.D., formerly *Fellow*.

Canvass, 29½ in. by 24 in. On label of frame "Thomas Baker, olim socius A.B. 1677, A.M. 1681, S.T.P. 1688." R. Masters attributes it to the painter Charles Bridges. It is probably only a copy, but it agrees with the original in the Bodleian Gallery, Oxford. This picture is rather darker in tone than the one in the Combination Room; there is another in the Master's Lodge. We have repeatedly referred to Baker's History of St. John's College, edited by Professor Mayor.

HENRY MARTYN, B.D., formerly *Fellow*.

Canvass, 29½ in. by 24½ in. In clerical costume, is in front of a pillar and balustrade with an Indian background, small Hindoo figures bearing vessels overhead. Young face, black hair, fine delicately formed features. Three-quarter face, half-length, looks to right of picture. This is a copy made by W. M. Hay, Esq. from the original picture by Hickey, painted in India and now in the University Library, Cambridge. Our copy was given to the College by the Rev. H. R. Bailey, B.D., formerly Tutor.

Henry Martyn was born at Truro, Cornwall, in 1781, educated at Truro Grammar School, entered St. John's College, 1797, B.A., 1801, with the honours of Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prize. Fellow, April 6th, 1802. M.A. 1804. B.D. by King's Mandate 1805. Devoting himself to Missionary work he became a Chaplain of the Hon. East India Company, embarked for India July 16th, 1805. Translated the New Testament and Psalms into Persian and Hindostanee for the Missionary Society. After five years' labour failing in health he died on his return journey at Tokat, Asia Minor, Oct. 16th, 1812, about 250 miles from Constantinople. See the *Memoir* compiled from his journals by Rev. John Sargent 1819, also *Journals and Letters of Henry Martyn*, edited by Rev. S. Wilberforce (afterwards Bp. of Oxford and Winchester), new edition, London 1839.

HUMPHREY GOWER, D.D., *Master and Margaret Professor. Benefactor.*

Canvass, 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 3 in. In cassock, gown and bands. Right hand rests on book on table. Left hand outspread on waistband. Full face, flowing hair, three-quarter length.

Born 1637, Fellow 1658, Master 1679, Lady Margaret Professor 1688, Died 1711. A more complete notice was given with his other portrait in the Master's Lodge.

RICHARD HILL, *Esquire*, LL.D., formerly *Fellow. Benefactor.*

Canvass, 4 ft. by 3 ft. 2 in. Seated in a high green-backed arm-chair at a table on which are papers and books. The right hand holds a paper of accounts, the left hand rests on arm of chair. Wears a long plain claret-coloured coat and vest. Flowing wig, large white neckcloth. Three-quarter face, three-quarter length, looks to left of picture. On the table in the picture is a letter addressed "A, S. E. Monsieur de S. M. Eque & Trésorier Général de ses Armées aux pays bas &c. à Bruzelles."

Mr. Richard Hill, of Shropshire, was admitted Fellow 1679, April 8th, on letters from the King. He vacated March 16th, 1691—2. A.M. 1684 LL.D. also, and Fellow of Eton. Paymaster to William III.'s forces in Belgium. Envoy Extraordinary to Emmanuel Elector of Bavaria. After the Peace of Ryswick, Envoy to the Dukes of Lorraine and Savoy 1703—6. A benefactor to the College Library (*Liber Memorialis*). He also (in 1723) obliged his heirs to present Fellows of St. John's to five Livings in Norfolk, (viz. *Aldborough, Ditchingham, Forncett St. Peter's and St. Mary's, North and South Lopham, Starston*). (Cooper, *Memorials* II. 102, 155).

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET, D.D., *Bishop of Worcester, formerly Fellow.*

Canvass, 29½ in. by 25 in. "By Mrs. Beale" [R.M.]. Black gown, Geneva bands, own flowing hair, dark blue eyes, steadfast look, to left of picture.

The son of Samuel Stillingfleet, of Cranburne, Dorsetshire; born 1633; admitted to St. John's 1648; Scholar on the nomination of the Earl of Salisbury; Fellow, March 31, 1653; B.A. 1652; M.A. 1656; Rector of Sutton, Bedfordshire, 1657; B.D. 1663; D.D. 1668. Incumbent of St. Andrew's, Holborn, 1664—5; Canon, Archdeacon, Dean of London, Canon of Canterbury. Consecrated Bishop of Worcester, Oct. 13th, 1689. Died at Westminster, March 27th, 1699, but is buried at Worcester. The epitaph by Bentley. Wrote an *Irenicon* at age of 24; his most celebrated work was the *Origines Sacrae*. (See Mayor's notes to Baker's *History*, pp. 698 to 702).

SAMUEL FORSTER, D.D., formerly *Fellow, by Opie.*

Canvass, 6 ft. 5 in. by 4 ft. 9½ in. Open arch in background shewing Cathedral gardens. Stands by a table on which right arm rests over end of a red curtain. Habited in cassock, gown and bands. Full-length, life-size, white hair, three-quarter face, looks to left of picture.

Dr. Samuel Forster was admitted Fellow of St. John's, March 22nd, 1772, his county being Suffolk. He vacated his Fellowship in 1784, was Head Master of Norwich School (after Dr. S. Parr who quitted Norwich in 1786). He obtained the degree of D.D. in 1791, and died 1843.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET. *Benefactress.*

Canvass, 4 ft. 1 in. by 3 ft. 4½ in. Buff silk dress, arms bare from elbows, blue cloak lined with white fur over left arm, which rests on stone vase, holding a wreath, a coronet is on a table on her right. Has pearl necklace and pearl eardrops, pearls on bodice. Light flaxen hair in ringlets, grey eyes, looks to left of picture, three-quarter length. This picture has been engraved: numerous copies are preserved in the College Library. The picture, formerly in the Master's Lodge, was recently, 1880, removed to the Hall.

This lady was the daughter of Sir Edward Alston, Knight, M.D. of Cambridge and of Oxford. She was first married to George, elder brother of Sir Samuel Grimstone, and secondly to John Seymour, 4th Duke of Somerset, whose portrait is in the Master's Lodge. The Duke died in 1675.

The Duchess, by deed, enrolled in the Exchequer 12th July, 34th Car. II., gave to St. John's College lands at Doddington, Isle of Ely, to maintain five Scholars from Hereford School; afterwards by will she left the Manor of Wootton Rivers, Wiltshire, for the benefit of six Scholars at St. John's College, to be chosen from Manchester, Hereford, and Marlborough Schools. By a codicil the presentation to the living of Wootton Rivers was given alternately to St. John's College, Cambridge, and Brasenose College, Oxford. The Duchess died in 1692. There is in Westminster Abbey a fine marble monument to her memory, upon which she is represented in a reclining position. The inscription records her various charities.

RICHARD BENTLEY, D.D., *Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. By, or after, J. Thornhill.*

Canvass, 29 in. by 24 in. Half-length, in a black gown with bands, flowing light brown hair, firm lips, full blue eyes. A very fine portrait, probably an original by J. Thornhill. The engraved frontispiece to *Bentley's Letters* by Dr. C. Burney, London 1807, 8vo., closely resembles this portrait. The inscription under the engraving gives the name of the painter.

Richard Bentley was born Jan. 27th, 1662, at Oulton, parish of Rothwell, near Wakefield, Yorkshire. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, to which he was admitted Sizar May 24th, 1676; B.A. 1679; M.A. 1683. Master of Spalding School 1682. Nominated the first of the Boyle Lecturers 1692, and again in 1694. Prebendary of Worcester 1692. Keeper of the King's Library 1693. D.D. 1696. Published his Dissertation on the Epistles ascribed to Phalaris 1697, and an enlarged edition in 1699. Instituted Master of Trinity College, Feb. 1st, 1700. Archdeacon of Ely June 24th, 1700. In January, 1701, he married Joanna, daughter of Sir John Bernard, of Brampton, Huntingdonshire. His edition of *Horace* appeared in 1711. He became Regius Professor of Divinity 1717. Published Emendations on *Menander* and *Philemon* under signature *Philaleutherus Lipsiensis*, about 1710. *Remarks on the Discourse of Freethinking* 1713, in reply to Anthony Collins. His contributions to the *Museum Criticum*, Vol. ii., and numerous detached writings may be found noticed in *Monk's Life of Bentley*. He died July 14th, 1742 and is buried in Trinity College Chapel.

SIR JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, BART., *Astronomer, formerly Fellow.*

A marble bust by E. H. Bailey, 1850. Bought by the College after the death of the sculptor. There is also a fine portrait of Herschel in the Combination Room.

A. F.



## MY SEA VOYAGE.

*April 8th.*—Before breakfast we are off the coast of Portugal, four miles from the Farilhoes, which are huge masses of rock rising sheer out of the open sea and very dangerous to ships. Behind them are the hills of Portugal, and fifty miles ahead can be seen the faint profile of Cape Roca, at the mouth of the Tagus. This cape is reached at noon, and we pass under it at a distance of only three miles. It is a considerably weather-beaten mountain, and is the termination of a range of hills which border the Tagus on the North. A few villages and ruined forts can be distinguished upon it, and on the very summit glisten the white towers of various monastic institutions, the *padres* of which are not revered to any great degree by the male portion of the Portuguese people.

On entering the Tagus, the village and bay of Cascaes are to the left, and it is here that the really magnificent view of this noble river breaks first upon you. The day was a bright one, and the sky was blue as oar-blades at Putney, while beneath the water was a brilliant green. The foam which seethed upon the shore was edged by the sandy margin of the beach, and beyond this grass and shrubs of a lighter green were succeeded by woods of a darker hue; while light-houses and windmills in pink and white, formed a showy chain of towers upon the summits of the slopes. All the houses were painted or, rather, washed

with vivid colours, as if an universal holiday were being observed; and after the dulness and sombre aspect of England, the whole effect was most bewildering. As we were entering the river, a mirage presented itself to the south, where a fishing-boat appeared with its hull in the clouds and its masts pointing downwards.

At Cascaes a pilot took charge of the ship, and we proceeded to Belem, where is the Shushan of the Portuguese king. The palace, which was visible from the river, is a square building, quite white, with an infinity of windows, and in a most beautiful situation on the side of a hill. Belem Castle, standing at the water's edge, possesses a fine old tower covered with heraldic devices, and is of great antiquity. A nearer view of the mansions of the Portuguese shewed them to be one and all built in symmetrical forms, square or oblong, with numerous windows in regular rows, and washed with various colours, pale blue with chocolate edgings being a favourite style.

Hence we steam slowly up to Lisbon, and anchor in the middle of the Tagus. Lisboa, as its inhabitants call it, presents a noble spectacle from the river side. Built on the slopes of numerous hills, the houses appear to be arranged in terraces, while here and there a projecting cupola or square turret lends variety to the mass of buildings. The Estrella Church towers conspicuous amongst them, and is extremely handsome. Gardens with that brilliant vividness of colour which is only known to the South, are interspersed among the blocks of houses, and a long promenade by the river-side prevents the usual dirty appearance of a port.

While the extra cargo of oil and wine is being placed on board, we proceed through a crowd of boats and shipping to the quay, and land among a crowd of the most idle-looking vagabonds I ever saw.

I had been told that Lisbon is a dirty city. I must candidly acknowledge that I lack the finer sensibilities, if such is the case, for I thought it quite the reverse. We noticed no refuse in the streets, and no equivocal perfumes, but only heat and dust, for which the Lisbonians cannot be held responsible.

A *carruagem*, or four-wheeled open carriage, was hired, and in this vehicle, driven by a Jehu who gesticulated like his Darwinian prototype, and drawn by two horses, we tore in the most frantic manner up and down the most impracticable hills, and round the most impossible corners. It was very alarming to one's nerves to see the shoeless horses climbing like cats up a formidable slope, and racing down the other side in a perfectly hair-erecting manner. Except near the Tagus, there are no level streets; the rest are very steep, very crooked, and not particularly wide. Of course we observed the surroundings as well as our fears would permit, and saw more jewelry (genuine or otherwise) and more linen in the shape of collars and cuffs, than it has anywhere else fallen to our lot to behold. The public gardens were visited in succession. That of S. Pedro d'Alcantara, though very small, is tastefully laid out, and the air all around is filled with the perfumes exhaled by every flowering plant and shrub of the season which will thrive therein. Stone busts of Portugal's heroes are placed at the corners of the walks; among them Alvares and Camoes, who, though here styled "Immortal Cantor das Glorias do Portugal," was left to beg for bread in the city which only gave him a stone. The reason why Ulysses occupies a corner has not become clear to me as yet.

The English Cemetery, where Doddridge lies buried, and the Jerdim d'Estrella are extremely pretty, though it is to be understood that these are not large parks, but merely gardens of some two or three acres in extent.

A laborious ascent to the dome of the Estrella Church was rewarded by a splendid view of the entire city and suburbs. At this dizzy height the idea of another earthquake sends a cold feeling down one's spine. The Aqueduct, which brings all the water used in the city from Cintra (15 miles distant), is also worth a visit. Failing to gain admission to the Museum, as also to the Government Offices, we drove to the Praça de S. Pedro, Anglicized as "Rolling-Motion Square." This title is due to the fact that the whole pavement of the square consists of mosaic, in black and white stone, arranged in such a manner as to represent waves in motion. Mosaic is very much used, and with good effect, in many parts of the city. In one of the Churches, the name of which I cannot call to mind, one of the walls is entirely composed of mosaic-work representing the Descent from the Cross, and is so excellently worked that it can scarcely be distinguished from an oil-painting.

Beggars are a great feature of Lisbon. Their persistency, the mute look of supplication which they can assume by careful practice, and the general air of dejection with which they stand before you with extended hand, would extort a few reis from the very hardest foreigner.

Speaking of reis reminds me of the astonishing character of the native coinage. When a cabman demands 2500 reis, you are apt to feel alarmed, until you discover that ten shillings is the sum regarded as the "just equivalent" of several hours' continuous driving. In Brazil I subsequently obtained 12000 reis in exchange for one sovereign!

Resisting the rival pretensions of the Hotel Gibraltar and the Hotel Braganza, we return exhausted to our ship, determining to continue our exploration to-morrow.

*April 9th.*—Portuguese philosophy argues "Why do to-day what can be done to-morrow?" That is

why, on arriving at the quay, we find it occupied by loungers, lazy, dirty, and with nothing sweet about them but their language—which also would probably have lost its sweetness by translation, just as many classical writings are said so to do.

The Portuguese artillery are passing. Let us look at them. Riding on horses which London cabmen would probably reject, some even mounted on mules, with dirty uniforms, dirty faces, and devoid of order, these crest-fallen personifications of total helplessness presented a spectacle which might make their very beasts blush. The policemen also may be seen in their snuff-coloured uniforms leisurely sitting in the shade and effectually doing nothing.

In traversing the lower parts of the city we find numerous traces of Englishmen, the most infallible indication of their presence being the word "Cerveja," which being translated signifieth "Beer."

On the Praça do Commercio we observe a fine arch erected with the very laudable object "ut sit omnibus documento," and dedicated "Virtutibus Majorum"—which is somewhat comprehensive and vague. In the centre is an equestrian statue to Joseph II (Pio Felici, &c.) who restored and embellished Lisbon after the earthquake. English firmness was here required to beat off a nondescript contingent of the Great Unwashed who shewed various kindly intentions towards us.

The vessel sails this afternoon and accordingly I have to explain to a waterman that a boat is needed, and by force of gesticulation and emphasis I manage to arrive on board. At six o'clock that evening we passed slowly down the Tagus, and, before dark, had deserted Europe with all sail set in the direction of the old El Dorado. That night my lullaby was the throb of the mighty iron heart whose regular beat I was to hear incessantly for fifteen days before our destination could be reached.

*April 10th.*—Every one had enlarged upon the facilities I should enjoy for reading, and I, in mine innocence, believed them. For the benefit of anyone who contemplates going to sea to study, I may enumerate a few of the salient advantages. You first locate a chair in what appears a comparatively secure position, take a cursory view of the surroundings, and contentedly commence. In a few moments, however, you wake up to the fact that the chair has commenced a tour to leeward, and probably before you recover yourself, it will deposit you casually in the scuppers. After wasting an hour in the delusion that you will ultimately be firmly established, you dispense with it altogether, and sit on the deck. Ten seconds more, and a shower of sportive spray drenches you to the skin, and materially diminishes the dryness of the book. With a cloud on your brow you get fairly out of the reach of a similar catastrophe, and immediately find that your new post is the exact spot where the funnel prefers to drop its soot and smoke. Disgusted and begrimed, you look for a fresh place, and discover that you have the choice of the masthead, which is too airy, or the cabin, which is too airless. Being human, you give it up. There is yet another circumstance equally conducive to study. I took up Lucretius this afternoon, and, by a strange coincidence, began with his "*Suave mari magno*," &c., and, though I concluded he must have been a selfish personage, I went so far as to read a dozen lines, but by that time had got so confused by his so often using such phrases as "haul the log in," "belay there," and "haul in the tops'l sheet," that I desisted; and from that time my classical library had the benefit of a sea-voyage undisturbed.

The weather does not remind me of the halcyon, but the officers did their best to console me by recounting as many shipwrecks as they could remember; after which they recounted as many as they could *not* remember. (I thought I detected a contraction of the

palpebral muscle on the part of the captain, which was returned by his second-in-command).

*April 11th.*—To-day is Sunday. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and as the latter virtue is one which Jack does not understand, he devotes his attention on Sundays to the former. Hence the fact that the forepart of the ship was bedecked with streamers and flags, like an admiral's ship receiving royalty. These flags, however, on closer investigation proved to be parti-coloured and nondescript articles of clothing, which had received their weekly scrubbing with a besom. The owners thereof are enjoying what little well-thumbed dog's-eared literature they possess. The chain of literature extends from Shakspeare to "The Fiery Demons of the Fairy Mountains," but the links are few. One man is painting impossible landscapes in impossible colours, while another solaces silence with the Æolian music of the Jew's-harp. Yet another is sleeping, with home in his mind and a two-inch pipe in his mouth. There is said to be no Sunday "out of twenty fathoms," but still the day asserts itself in a general quiet. One thing I would willingly miss every Sunday as I missed it then—the heart-rending clang of a pack of tuneless bells, only equalled in powers of exasperation by some other pack close by.

Talking about bells, what is that sweet tintinnabulation that breaks upon my ear? It is the supper-bell, the last of three landmarks in a wilderness of day.

*April 12th.*—An event! The Peak of Teneriffe, that oldest and most insoluble of sugar-loaves, begins to raise his head above a band of clouds. We can hardly be said to be near him, for he is eighty-one miles away; but still he is there, and considerably above the horizon. As we get nearer I try to sketch him, but when my diagram has put on the semblance of something or other belonging entirely to another sphere, I abstain from traducing the grandeur of that magnificent pile.

By sunset we pass down the passage separating

Teneriffe from Gran Canaria. Here the sun knows nothing of gradual motion. You see him hanging above the horizon, and before you can make that highly significant remark, "Jack Robinson!" he has gone to another hemisphere, and in ten minutes it is dark.

*April 13th.*—Rose to "catch the early worm," the matutinal reptile in this case being the last sight of the Peak, and took my congé of him with the most profound respect.

We have fresh fish this morning, a number of flying-fish having kindly "purveyed" themselves in the night. It would appear that, like moths, they are attracted by a light, and suffer for their infatuation. They fall on deck every few minutes, and, if not previously secured by the cats, are quite palatable. By the way, a ship is nothing without its cats; once part with your cat, and rats will devour your books, boots, clothes, toes, and, in fact, everything except what happens to have no particular value. It is said that a rat shows the most insane joy when it has gnawed its way through the crown of a good hat, but that, if you put a bad one in its place, it will leave it and make a tunnel through your carpet-bag.

*April 14th.*—To-day passed. It stopped there and did nothing more. A blank cheque with no funds for filling in. Oh! for a hurdy-gurdy, nay, even a German band (for a few moments)! If bread be earned by the sweat of one's brow, I need not want for farinaceous provision. "Hot" is a good word, but it has not enough syllables for the tropics.

*April 15th.*—Everything burns one's hands, especially all articles that are black. Arrayed in the minimum of attire, and walking over planks between which the pitch is melting and bubbling; with a despicable fragment of shadow hidden away between one's feet, and with the sun exactly above one's head, a man feels as if he would like to "vole away to some umbrageous clump," or lay him down to die. In a moment

of inadvertence I sat down on a tarpaulin. Shortly after, I rose with emotion.

To-night I make my acquaintance for the first time with two things—the Southern Cross, which as a Cross is not a success, inasmuch as it would do equally well for most other things, and "moonlight on the sea," which is indeed a sight I shall ever remember with admiration. In this calm evening, I believe I came as near to enjoying a perfect sense of peace and calm as one can enjoy in this life.

*April 16th.*—Pass Boa Vista, the chief of the Cape Verde Isles, and see Mount Ochello asserting itself in the interior. Later on, Mayo is left to the right.

*April 17th, 18th, 19th.*—Rise weary—pass the day languid—retire to bed exhausted. Drinking is a perpetual necessity, eating is a nuisance. Sleeping consists of a round of rolling, tossing, perspiring, rejection of coverings, excess of the English vernacular, liquefaction, and disgust. The sun is in the North, but I do not perceive anything peculiar in the circumstance: perhaps Herodotus would, and in consequence would favour us with one of his favourite "Now the reason of this appeareth unto me to be, &c."

*April 20th.*—A day "to be chalked up," as we Romans say. An English Royal Mail Boat passed within a furlong of us. The usual courtesies of dipping flags, and the usual introduction by means of signal code, were interchanged; and the Minho was soon out of sight on her way to Southampton, while we proceeded on our path, all the better for a glimpse of the English flag so far from home.

On playing cards during the day I detected myself nautically enquiring how far I was "astern" in the score, and alluding to the necessity of "cracking on sail." The pack is the "deckhead."

*April 21st.*—We crossed the Equator to-day, but found it invisible. It is customary on crossing the line to heave a flaming tar-barrel overboard, and as it falls

alongside into the wake, Father Neptune apparently issues from it and comes over the stern with long and horrid locks, beard, trident, and all the paraphernalia with which he is credited. "Any of my children aboard?" "Aye, aye sir." "Fetch 'em up." They are forthwith "fetched up." The venerable old ocean-god finds out who have not been over the line before, and proceeds to initiate those illstarred wretches. Neptune and his hopeful progeny then get drunk in genuine British style.

*April 22nd.*—The air was balmy in perfection. I don't in the least know what "balm" is, but the famous produce of Gilead could not have been better. We pass the island of Fernando Noronha, the Botany Bay of Brazil, a place made happy by the presence of 1000 murderers and their families of prospective homicides. There is no capital punishment in Brazil, and here these malefactors live in a fair amount of liberty, and murder on without concern. They are permitted to fish on rafts, which are, however, constructed of wood which will sink if kept at sea more than two hours.

*April 23rd.*—No entry.

*April 24th.*—A bright town on a bay, surrounded by a forest of palms; a crowd of boats filled with dusky men,—and here we are at Pernambuco!

T. G. T.



### ONLY AN IVY LEAF!

A LEAFLET from an ivy bed,  
 So sombre, sad, and sere;  
 'Tis wan and withered, dry and dead,  
 And yet 'tis very dear.  
 The many, many myriads which  
 Around it clustering grew,  
 Were none less fair, or fresh, or rich  
 Than this, in verdant hue.  
 But one amidst that leafy cloak,  
 Which clothed a crumbling wall!  
 But one amidst that mighty yoke,  
 Which hastened on its fall!  
 Perchance 'twas pluckt without a thought,  
 By one who wandered by?  
 Or borne on breeze, and seized in sport,  
 Ere it could further fly?  
 Or treasured as a *souvenir*,  
 Of splendour long ago;  
 Before decay made all so drear,  
 And laid its lustre low?  
 Ah! no, indeed! 'tis none of these,  
 More real, more sincere;  
 No ancient stone, no buoyant breeze,  
 Has made that leaflet dear.

It was the gift of one who lies  
 Now powerless and cold;  
 Whose lips have breathed their last; whose eyes  
 Will earth no more behold;  
 Whose tongue has framed the farewell word,  
 With its departing breath;  
 Whose voice will never more be heard,  
 Stilled by the hand of Death.  
 Dear little leaf! though all thy bloom  
 And beauty now are fled,  
 Thou still canst summon from the tomb  
 Sweet memories of the dead!

A. E. B.



ACROSS THE STRAITS: A VISIT TO  
 TANGIER.

**G**IBRALTAR, *Wednesday, 1st Sept., 1880.* On board the *Lion Belge* we left the harbour. It was very pleasant sailing along with a hot sun overhead, with the wind now strong enough to be refreshing, and the Spanish shore well in sight. Very fine are the views to be here seen from the sea, and, fortunately, the day was very clear and very bright. Awhile after, we began to leave the shore of Europe and to cross over to that of Africa. Both shores were now for a time well in sight; the wind kept high; the steamer made good way.

We now kept off from land on either side of the Straits for some time. On nearing the African shore the hills, which were ranged one behind another, were for the most part green and fertile. The wind, however, far from having proved local, grew stronger than ever, and dashed the waves over the steamer, wetting the deck and our clothes. Much as we all admired the coast scenery, we still became anxious to reach the end of our voyage, and eagerly looked for signs of Tangier. No sign of human occupation could we discern on shore, till at last on a distant headland was seen a tower rising from a thick wood; and the welcome news quickly spread that behind that headland was the bay of Tangier. On rounding it we found ourselves in a moderately large bay. The sea was rough, the wind blowing a cloud of foam all along its surface.



I was travelling with two friends, whom I found fortifying themselves with a drop of brandy before they left the steamer in one of the small rowing boats, now coming alongside. I deemed it wise not to refuse a taste. Such precautions were needed, for the boats as they approached, and those moored in the harbour, rocked, pitched, and rolled in anything but a tempting manner. The sea was very rough. We stood waiting some time before a boat could come alongside. My friends got in, I went next, and then three Englishmen rushed down the steps as though for their lives, flung their bags into the boat, and flopped in themselves. For a moment we were in supreme danger from their folly; for, just as we were being pushed off from the steamer, a big wave seized the boat, licensed to carry four passengers in calm weather and now overloaded with six and their luggage in a rough sea and high wind, and washed overboard the boatman who was shoving us off. The water flowed rapidly over the side of the boat, and for a moment I seemed up to my knees in water, and more was coming over the side. I sat still, watching the edge of the boat sink gradually till it should be beneath the wave. It seemed as though the next moment the water must pour in over the side and the boat be swamped. But we were rocked violently back, and the capsized boatman, swimming for his life just in front of me, got hold of the boat, and, luckily for us, steadied it before we had rocked too far. The boat rose in the water, the boatman was hauled in, and we were only wet through, not immersed. One of my friends told me afterwards that he was preparing for a dive away from the steamer and a swim, but that his thoughts were chiefly occupied with how he was to word a letter home, announcing the fact that he had himself been drowned whilst attempting to land on the shores of Africa.

We were yet to be wet still more before we reached

land, and rocked and tossed beyond measure. Not far from shore the crew stopped rowing and demanded the fares—a dollar and a half, six shillings, each. "Why, it is only eight shillings from Gibraltar here!" But it was not pleasant rolling about there. Who would not pay more to avoid sea-sickness? We must land; so one and all promised to pay. We were rowed a little further when the boat stopped again, and a crowd of natives—brown Jews and black negroes—rushed from shore into the water up to our boat. Some seized the three Englishmen's luggage and ran ashore with it, others stood by the boat above their waists in water.

"Get on their backs" was the order. I selected a big, swarthy man to take me. I stepped from the boat astride one of his shoulders, and he carried me to shore. All the time I felt in very unstable equilibrium, and fully expected that the next step we should measure our lengths in salt water. But I was borne safely, and on the whole steadily, to dry ground; my bearer bent down till my feet touched the sand, and I dismounted. It is usually on the backs of Jews that Europeans are borne ashore, for no true Moslem would degrade himself by performing such a service for a Christian.

We were the first ashore, and I should have liked to have watched the others landing, but as soon as I stood on land I was surrounded by a crowd of wild natives, shouting and jabbering, whether at me or not I could not make out. My impression is that they wanted money, but I am not sure; however, they were too numerous and too noisy to be pleasant.

The Royal Victoria Hotel (Alexis Bécarrud, proprietor), Tangier, is about five minutes' walk from the landing place through the sea-gate of the city, and, I should think, at least twenty natives followed us to the door. The hotel is down a very narrow unpaved passage (I should call it), about six feet wide, but,

in fact, it is in one of the main thoroughfares of the city. We settled with the boatmen, and we were shewn our bedroom—a clean large room, without carpets, the beds hung with mosquito nets.

As we intended to return to Gibraltar next day we had brought with us no luggage, and therefore no change of clothes. We had reconciled ourselves to the idea of going to bed while our clothes were dried, but were saved from that fate by the waiter kindly bringing us each a suit, which, fortunately, fitted us moderately well.

The window of our room, looking north, opened on to the sea, and we had a lovely view across the bay to the low and sandy shores on the other side, behind which rose the rugged range of the Angera Mountains, ending in the Ape's Hill, opposite Gibraltar. It was now nearly low tide, but the wind blew fiercely, and the waves dashed wildly over the ruined mole, once a protection to the harbour, now, through the accumulation of sand, a dangerous reef. Immediately beneath us was a battery of guns for the defence of the city. Well in view also was the place where we had landed. The stretch of sand was still thick with natives; the last boatful of passengers was coming ashore from our steamer, which was now steaming away to the other side of the bay. Each passenger in the boat now coming to land had, we learned, to pay two dollars for being taken ashore. So rough was it that several passengers declined to land, and remained on board all night.

We took a stroll up the main street. It is narrow rough, ill-paved, and steep; and, further, disfigured by heaps of filth. Such shops as there are, are mere recesses, where, in an unglazed opening little larger than a berth in a ship's cabin, the dealer squats, surrounded by his paltry wares. The narrow street was crowded with natives—Arabs in white haiks, negroes in striped abbats, Bedouins in burnous, and

Moors and Jews in various dresses of divers hues. Everybody we met, in fact, was clothed in African style. There was nothing European to be seen anywhere. The buildings, the faces of the men, the dresses they wore, the narrow white streets, were all truly Oriental, and all utterly strange. We passed the Mosque. Passing under arches and through small yards we came to a large sandy, dusty, arid common. Here were gathered together a crowd of natives. They were preparing for to-morrow's market, for Thursday is in Tangier market-day. Mules, camels, horses, donkeys were there in crowds, but the wind was so high, and so blew the dust that our eyes were almost blinded, and we could not see as much, or as clearly, as curiosity and amazement prompted.

On high ground at the other side of the market was another hotel. We returned through the town once more, all eyes to see such strange sights. The narrow streets, the bright colouring of men's dresses, the vivid whiteness of the houses, the various faces of the natives as we passed—now a brown Moor or Jew, now a coal-black Negro—the fruit stalls, the brightly-painted minarets, the mosques themselves, with their gracefully-arched doorways, were all strange objects, of which we had often read, but on which our eyes had never before gazed. Passing down the main street, which slopes rapidly downwards towards the sea, we reached our hotel.

We were quite ready for our dinner, when it was served punctually at seven. We sat down to it with three Belgians, one of whom, luckily, spoke English. The hotel boasts a French cook, and we had a very elaborate dinner of many courses. There was in the hotel a Spanish billiard table, made without pockets. After dinner we were shewn in the billiard-room some curiosities and Moorish dresses.

The sun had now set. To pass the evening it was proposed that we should go to the Moorish coffee-

house. Everybody in the hotel seemed anxious to go; when I say everybody, I don't mean visitors only, for we set off a party of nine, one of us with a lighted lantern, for there are no street-lamps here. After going up one dark lane and down another (the Tangier streets are short as well as narrow, 20 feet long, 5 feet broad), we stopped suddenly.

A narrow doorway, in deep shadow, was pointed out as the entrance to the coffee-house. We entered, one by one, and mounted a narrow twisting staircase; this took us up to a small outer room, where stood a Moor, making tea and coffee over a charcoal furnace. On the floor also were a great number of dirty yellow slippers. It was the fashion to enter the coffee-room bare-foot. We passed through the ante-room and entered a chamber about twelve feet square, with an arch stretching across the middle from side to side. The walls were whitewashed and quite bare; there was only one small window with a few plants in it. The floor was covered with coarse matting made of palm leaves. The room was lighted by lamps hung from the ceiling.

On the floor sat groups of Moors. A group of twelve formed a ring at one corner near the entrance, intent on a game of cards. Against the walls, and up and down on the floor, sat other Moors, and a few negroes.

We were the objects of a good deal of curiosity. Tea and coffee were ordered for the whole party. The coffee, when it came, was very black and strong. A large teaspoonful of coffee and another of sugar is put into a small cup and boiling water poured on it. It is not strained, and though thick and very sweet, it is delicious in flavour. The tea was very light-coloured, being made from the green leaves of the tea plant. In it also were put a few leaves of a sweet smelling herb. Its flavour was very fine, but it was sweetened to excess.

Everyone was smoking. The stem of the pipe was wood, the bowl earthenware. They smoke here a mixture of opium and hemp-seed.

It is wonderful upon what a small space a Moor can sit. I found the floor hard and stood up, partly also to be able better to watch the game at cards. Having procured a stool, I could see better what went on than on the ground, and with more personal comfort.

After tea and coffee came music. Three musicians entered. The Moors seemed pleased, as though they felt a treat was in store for them. A ring was formed, at the end of the room near the card-players, round the band, which consisted of a tambourine, a violin, and a two-stringed Timbuctoo fiddle. As much tuning had to be gone through as though we were in Europe. Then at last the music started—a wild rhythmic noise—no tune. It was rather discordant to our ears. At last the musicians began singing and beating time with their hands. It was a wild chant, with a sort of air running through it. All present clapped their hands in time, twice together, and then one solitary clap—and so on. And then all would raise their voices in the chorus. The card-players played out their hands, and then stopped to listen, beating time, and singing the chorus. The three musicians seemed thoroughly happy; they sang violently at each other, grinning hideously and shouting. The violin player, whose dark skin set off his white teeth, lead both the instrumental and the vocal part. He held his fiddle up-side-down, the thick end resting on his knee. At last, to my joy, they came to the end of the piece.

Leaving these, we now passed along some more narrow streets, and at last were lead into a building which at first sight seemed to be a barn. On looking round, however, there might be seen at one side, nearly opposite the door, a refreshment bar, and in

another corner some wooden benches and tables; for the rest there was a stone floor, and white-washed walls.

We took seats, and were served with some *lager-bier* from Berlin. Adarghan, our guide, as a good Mahometan should, drank nothing stronger than aerated English lemonade, for which, we noticed, the inhabitants have a great fondness.

As we sat there, watching a few natives drinking and chatting, one of them approached us with a smiling face, and, with a broad grin, asked me most politely whether I did not recognize him? I was quite unable to say I did.

"Ah, well!" said he, in tolerably good English, "I have changed my dress, it is true. But, gentlemen, I am the man who jumped overboard."

"Jumped! why you were washed out of the boat."

"Oh no! gentlemen. I saw the wave coming; and I am responsible for the lives of all in my boat, so to lighten it I jumped overboard. I knew I could swim and save myself; but, could my passengers? As soon as I was in the water I swam to the boat and grasped the side to steady it."

This most ingenious story he told as though there could be no reason to doubt it.

"Now, tell us, what would have happened if we had refused to pay you six shillings each? Should you have taken us back to the steamer?"

"No! no! I should have landed you, and then taken you before the Consul. There is no fixed price for bringing ashore. I should say I had risked my life to bring you to land, and the Consul would let me charge what I pleased to ask. But he might say, settle it between yourselves, and then I should take whatever was given me. In calm weather we are glad of a shilling each."

After a time we called at a Jewish bazaar, where things were dear and not very attractive. Whilst the

Belgians made several purchases, the natives flattened their noses against the window to see us inside. Then we returned to the Inn.

Tangier, *Thursday, 2nd Sept.*, 1880. We were up by half-past seven, and after we had taken a cup of coffee and a French roll, horses ordered the night before were brought round to the door. Adarghan, who was to be our guide during the ride, mounted a beautiful black Arab; my friend and I had dark horses of the same breed, but not so beautiful.

We once again passed up the main street. It was crowded with people, and when we passed through the archways and town-gate at the top of the street into the market place, we found the whole of the open sandy plain covered with natives and their merchandise; for it was Thursday, and market-day.

We soon reached the garden of the Belgian Consul, where we alighted, leaving our horses in charge of an African, who had come with us on purpose, running after the horses. The gardens are more interesting than beautiful. Every sort of fruit seemed to grow luxuriantly. We saw vines, oranges, pomegranates, figs, tomatoes, peaches, prickly pears, melons, mulberries, &c.; but there were few flowers, though what there were, were of great beauty. It was, I believe, not the best time of the year for seeing them, for everything was dusty, and many things were parched for want of rain. Little cultivation seems needed to produce abundant harvests.

Having remounted our horses, we rode down hill between huge sand banks, on which there was a little herbage, but that very scanty. A few trees grew here and there, chiefly the prickly pear, date, or gum-cistus.

We were on an old Roman road, and at the bottom of the hill we passed over a Roman bridge, spanning a watercourse, now quite dry. The road was in many places better paved than is usual in these parts, but has

not been often repaired, I should think, since the Romans left it. We next mounted a steep path, on which there were at intervals a few paving stones, but the only purpose they served was to make the road rougher. The hill was steeper than horses usually like, but our brave little steeds ran up with spirit. It was no use trying to guide. They followed Adarghan's horse, which lead the way, and chose their own path with the utmost discretion—never stumbling. As we rode higher we got views over the mountains which reached, range behind range, far into the interior. Tangier was out of sight behind a hill. As far as we could see inland one hill rose behind another. The whole view had a sandy look, but was in parts very fertile—everywhere, in fact, where man had tried to cultivate it.

The road now passed between high hedges, in which we recognized our English blackberry, and gladly tasted its fruit. There were few flowers in the hedges, and few birds. Often the vegetation so overhung the road as to render it difficult to ride along under the swaying switches. We had to pass through a drove of asses, in whose panniers were slung large pieces of rough stone, to be taken to build some Consul's house, high on one of the hills. On each side of us now were Consuls' gardens and their houses, usually built after the Moorish style. Round them we saw growing aloes, myrtles, wild olives, palmettos, and gum-cistus. The English Consul has his seat perched on the top of a high hill.

The road now became very steep, very narrow, and very rough. The horses, however, climbed up without hesitation, though sometimes we seemed to be riding up what was nearly as steep as a house wall. The hoofs of Adarghan's horse were on a level with my eyes, and, turning round, I looked down on my friend's head. Then the road would descend a little. It never kept level for many yards together. After a time we

reached a wood of dwarf oak-trees, and crossed a brook in which the summer heat had still left some water. After the oak forest, we came to a part where the path—the road was not more than a yard wide—lead along the side of a hill which sloped steeply down to the sea. The wind had somewhat abated. The sea appeared calm now, and a lovely blue. Turning inland, we began to descend very rapidly. The path was like the bed of a disused mountain torrent. It was like riding down stairs on horseback. But the horses chose their own path, and never stumbled. At the bottom of the hill we reached a well, a little beyond which was the house of a Jew, further than which we did not go, as it was now nine o'clock.

When the horses galloped, as they always did along the narrowest and most overhung bits of road, they went as they pleased, and I, who am not an experienced horseman, was content to stick on as best I could, often not despising to clutch the saddle for greater safety, as I stooped down to avoid the overhanging vegetation.

We took the same path back until we came to the Roman bridge, when we ascended the hill to our left. There was no particular path to follow. It was one huge sandhill, a few trees and plants growing on it, and a rough, coarse kind of grass. At the top we at length reached a level road.

On our right hand we passed a small house, the residence of the Grand Sharif of Morocco, Hadj Abd es Salam, Prince of Wazan, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and head of the religion of these parts. His person is sacred, and his house a sanctuary. His head wife is an English woman.

Passing up a moderately well-paved road, we entered the town through a massive Moorish gateway. By a narrow street, with white, windowless houses on each side, we approached the citadel.

Suddenly we entered a large open oblong space.

We were in the Caasba, or Citadel. On one side were the prison and the judgment hall, and at one end a mosque; the other end and side were uninteresting white walls nearly blank, but enclosing within them the Pasha's harem and treasury. We dismounted, and Adarghan led us to the gaol.

At the end of a long passage, the gaoler reclined on a sofa, and through a wooden grating at his side we could see into the prison. All the inmates are kept in one large room. Many have shackles on their feet. When once imprisoned they are kept there for indefinite periods, often until death. No food is supplied to them but what they earn by their work. Most were employed weaving baskets with palm-leaves. These they thrust through the wooden grating for us to buy. I was glad to buy one—a sort of big satchel. A lady told me that she had met a woman who was on her way to take her husband's place in prison, in order that he might come out to work to pay his debts. The prison is far from clean, and the prisoners most wretched. It was a very sad and painful sight.

Adjoining the prison is the hall of judgement, one end open to the air; the roof supported by Moorish arches.

Tangier stands, on the western side of a shallow bay, on rocky ground that rises steeply from the shore. Standing in the gateway of the Citadel, the most elevated position in the city, we looked down on the flat roofs of white-washed, mud-built, cubical houses, rising like stairs, one above another, on the steep slope, from the shore to the citadel. Here and there the gaily-coloured minarets of the white mosques, with often a palm tree waving near, helped to give the view a truly eastern aspect; and the blue sea threw the white town into full and beautiful relief.

We then rode home through the city, making the best of our way through the short and narrow streets crowded with natives. It was a little after ten when we reached the hotel.

Shortly before eleven breakfast was served, and we had a hearty meal in company with the Belgians, who had also been out sight-seeing.

After breakfast, under the guidance of Aldana, we again went forth, this time on foot. We went straight to the Soko, or market-place, as it was now full market. The whole plain was densely crowded with natives, amongst whom we walked about unmolested. The sellers sat on the ground beside their goods, which consisted chiefly of bread, milk, vegetables, and fruit of all descriptions, and a little corn. They talked in tongues strange to us, and were dressed in robes the like of which we had never seen before. The women went about with covered faces; nothing, in fact, was visible of them but their soft dark eyes. Here and there, beneath little striped tents, sat women selling water-melons; and, shaded from the sun, beneath small bamboo-covered huts, squatted groups of men at work at their various trades. Tailors and cobblers sat cross-legged, stitching and cutting, in the open air. Strings of camels from the interior, horses, mules, and asses from the neighbouring villages, were crowded in amongst the people. It was painful to see how heavily some were laden, and how covered their backs were with sores. Jews, Moors, negroes, on all sides were talking and bartering. Every slave is branded on the cheek with three parallel bars, sloping downwards towards the chin. There were a few on sale to-day, mostly children. A healthy boy, with a doctor's certificate of soundness, might be bought for about £8. On all hands we saw men suffering from ophthalmia.

It was amusing to see on every hand small stalls at which sweetmeats were selling rapidly to wild riff tribesmen, or elderly Arabs of dignified presence.

As we passed the mosque, the main door was open, and I had a good peep inside. No Christian is allowed to pass the threshold. Though a screen

opposite the door hid the middle of the building from view, I could see that the mosque was in the centre open to the sky; and on either side of the building, beneath Moorish arches, Mahometans in prayer.

We visited a Jewish bazaar, and during the afternoon walked through the corn-market and along a road which ran along the outskirts of the city. It was well paved for these parts, and unusually wide. Bare blank walls rose on each side, but were in many places overhung by the blue plumbago, which grew as large as lilac-bushes at home, and was now in full and luxuriant flower.

We passed under the walls of the city, which are here of considerable height. The whole city is encompassed with zigzag walls, pierced by three gates, which are closed at night-fall. The road led downhill to a dried-up water-course, and on each side of the banks up to the city walls grew prickly pears in great profusion. Their fruit might be had for the picking, an operation, however, painful to the skin of the unskilful gatherer, as the prickles on the fruit sting worse than the common nettle.

We returned to the inn by the same road we had walked out by. We then sat resting for some time in the parlour.

Punctually at seven, our dinner was announced. I was unable to procure a *menu* card the first night, but obtained one to-night, of which I give a verbatim copy. It was, I believe, compiled by a waiter who boasted he could talk seven languages. "Dinner 2/9/80. Bread Soup—Fish anchovies Sauce—Beef and poaches eggs—Brains tarts—Filet of Beef chasser sauce—Roast Padriges—Fresh beans—Chocolate cream—Desserts."

The dinner was well cooked, and well served; we were well waited on, and did justice to a good dinner.

An American lady, whom I met at Gibraltar, had

had the privilege of paying a visit to the harem of the Pasha at Tangier. The inmates of the harem had unanimously condoled with her on being the only wife. 'It must be so lonely.' Their own chief grievance she found to be, that on marrying a new wife the pasha took away all the jewelry from his old wives and gave it to the new comer. The sea had been too rough for our steamer to discharge her cargo in time to allow her to return to Gibraltar before gunfire that day; we had, therefore, to prolong our stay till the morrow.

Tangier, *Friday, 3rd September, 1880.*—We were roused at sunrise by a *salvo* of artillery, but soon slept again.

The steamer was not to start till eleven. Before breakfast got ready, we thought that we should like to try a little bargaining for ourselves. We approached a shop in a small cavity in the dead wall of the street, the floor of which was about two feet from the ground. Cross-legged, in the recess, sat a grave-looking man, surrounded by his wares. By his side sat on the same floor a customer—Moor, Arab, or Berber, I forget which—his legs, however, dangling in the street. After some bargaining we bought a few pairs of slippers, rather cheaper than at the bazaar, but of not so good a quality.

When breakfast was over, we paid our bill, which was moderate—board and lodging being eight shillings a day each—and set off to the steamer, the whole staff of the hotel going with us.

Just before leaving, however, I bought a photograph of the main street from Adarghan; he then produced a pocket-book from the folds of his sash, and asked me to write my name in it. I found that he wanted a character from me of him as a guide. I wrote: "Adarghan has been most attentive and useful to us as a guide during our stay here," and added my name and address. He had left the room before I

finished, and I left the book on the table ; but, on returning, he said that it was "most valuable, most valuable."

We left Tangier by the sea-gate, and walked along the shore to the pier—a short low structure of recent erection—alongside which the boats were now able to come.

Returning to the steamer was a very different thing to leaving it. The sea was calm, and we paid nine-pence each ; it was about noon when we went on board. Though a good wind was still blowing, it was only enough to make sailing pleasant.

I stood on deck as the steamer left the port, and gazed on Tangier as long as it was in sight. The white city on the green hill-side, rising out of the blue sea, with a bluer sky above it, looked lovely in the bright noon-day sun. Another pen than mine is needed to do justice to the scene.

We had soon steamed outside the bay, and were in the open sea. Land is, however, throughout the passage always in sight.

As we sped along, bottle-nosed whales, porpoises, and flying-fish were seen from the deck.

We were now sailing against the wind ; the motion of the vessel, therefore, was more perceptible than on our outward journey.

Deeply interesting as had been the scenes we had witnessed in Africa, it was, on the whole, a relief to be back in Europe. To be amongst a people whose language, religion, dress, race, habits, and habitations were all alike strange, was in the highest degree interesting ; but, about the whole thing, there was a want of sympathy which took away much from our enjoyment.

T. COPPOCK.



### THE QUESTIONIST'S DREAM.

'Twas a night in the week when the Tripos was raging,  
 The Classical, '*cujus pars ipse fui* ;'  
 And worn with long war 'gainst Examiners waging,  
 I dreamed a wild dream as the morning drew nigh.  
 In a room at the top of a very high turret  
 In one of the innermost courts of S. John's  
 I dreamed there made merry a—(*fors mihi curret*  
*Mox musa facilior*)—party of Dons.  
 'All dons were they?' Well, if they were not, they  
 ought to be,  
 To judge by the shop that they talked with their liquor ;  
 (By the bye, of the liquor there seemed to me nought  
 to be  
 Any stronger than Apollinaris, or thicker ;  
 Except just a dozen or two of Castalia),  
 Anyhow I was one of them. As for our host,  
 Schol, Scholly, or Scholiast they called him,—a failure  
 I thought him,—gloomy and grim as a ghost ;  
 And the guests were part German and part Cantabrigian,  
 Ferried back for the nonce o'er the stream called the  
 Stygian.  
 By instinct I recognised Lachmann and Goeller,  
 Orelli and Duker and Becker and Jahn,  
 And Porson and Poppo, of parchment the colour,  
 (No wonder I felt the least bit of a qualm),  
 And then there was Madvig and Bentley and Schneider  
 And Wagner and Baehr and half a score more ;  
 And one, yes, *young lady* (I sat down beside her),  
 Unknown to the Doctors and voted a bore,  
 But I dreamed that I seemed to have seen her before ;



A beauteous, bright, laughing-eyed, merry maiden,  
 Who knew silk and satin at sight, but no Latin,  
 Who flouted the staid commentators lore-laden,  
 And I tell you I quaked in the chair that I sat in,  
 When suddenly rising, with boldness surprising,  
 She cried, "the last 'lurch' far surpasses research,  
 And a harmless flirtation beats all annotation,  
 And sweeter lawn-tennis than poesy's pen is.  
 You may hold your heads high, Sirs, but you're fusty  
 and dry, Sirs,  
 As a book; for what are MSS. without I Sirs?"  
 ("MSS. without *me*," please say," sighed Dobree,  
 For a strictly grammatical dotard was he);  
 "Greek and Latin's all rot, I'm convinced, and my sex  
 I con-  
 sider superior to any old Lexicon!"  
 And seizing of Castaly a bottle, she hastily  
 Brought it down with a flop O on the head of poor  
 Poppo.  
 "I heard his skull crack, man," said Wagner to  
 Lachmann;  
 "O why did you spill it? there's little left; will it, O  
 Will it suffice us?" cried jovial Shilleto:  
 "The mädchen is troonk," said the ill-natured Brunck;  
 "Ich muss harsh rebuke her," said dignified Duker;  
 "Don't do it in German," said accurate Hermann;  
 "It *is* time to check her," remarked cautious Bekker;  
 "I cannot allow 'em, such words, said Stallbaum;  
 "Come, speak to her gently," said old bully Bentley;  
 "I think she's beside her sweet self," whispered  
 Schneider;  
 But the erudite Baehr, just to steady and stay her  
 Of *apropos* passages quoted three score,  
 And with ease would have quoted a million more,  
 When suddenly there was a rap at the door,  
 "In the name of all folly, who's this?" cried old  
 Scholly:  
 "Who's this!" said I, "bless you, why, '*verus incessu*

*Patuit*" Kennedy, Regius Prof."  
 With one voice they shouted "Come let us be off,  
 Or he'll put us on construing." "I've got a cough,"  
 Said the wily old Scholiast. "Allons," said Zumpt,  
 "For I know there's not one of us will not be stumpt!"  
 So out at the window they rattled and thumped,  
 And left me alone with—"You've slept very late, Sir;  
 You go in at nine, and it's just half-past eight, Sir."

W. G. W.



## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"I hope, as no unwelcome guest  
At your warm fireside when the lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!"

**N**O, no, come in, Sir, and take a seat in the very midst of our homes and in the citadel of our affections. America and Europe have long ago thrown wide open the doors of their homes and bid you welcome.'

Longfellow has indeed no need to plead for admission among us; his name has long been a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. No poet of the present century, save our own Laureate, has gained such a widespread and well-earned popularity.

In the poetry of both we find Woman holding a distinguished place; but while Tennyson's women are a sort of ethereal beings, with imperially-moulded forms, and swan-like necks and impossible virtues, the great charms of all Longfellow's heroines lie not in their beauty of form or face, but in what they are and what they do: in short, Longfellow is a poet of the affections; Tennyson is a worker in verbal mosaic, and belongs essentially to the Art School. Some of the most successful poems ever written have, as it were, sobbed their way into the world, as Shelley sings—

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;"

and knowing, as we do, that Longfellow's grand poem "Evangeline" was published but a few years after the dear companion of his life had been taken away from him, can we doubt that this music was wrung out of the poet's soul as a tribute for the womanly love vouchsafed to him and only too soon withdrawn? The inspiration of *Evangeline* fell through the open door of Heaven upon Longfellow's soul as his wife's passed in; he has crowned *Evangeline* with the noblest crown of womanhood.

Everyone must have noticed the intense humanity pervading his poetry, and what a halo of glory he casts round the domestic hearth, and who would refuse to accept the wisdom of the following sentiment?—

"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But often-times celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise."

To us, who in the present age hear so much about the higher education of women, it cannot be uninteresting to find that the two most popular poets of the time are at one on the question of Woman's sphere, of Woman's place in the drama of life.

Take the following lines from Tennyson's "Princess":

"Man for the field, and woman for the hearth;  
Man for the sword, and for the needle she;  
Man with the head, and woman with the heart;  
Man to command, and woman to obey;  
All else confusion;"

with these lines from Longfellow's "Spanish Student":

"What I most prize in woman  
Is her affections, not her intellect!  
The intellect is finite; but the affections  
Are infinite and cannot be exhausted."

Much of Longfellow's popularity, no doubt, rests rather on his happy choice and treatment of subjects than on any great originality or grandeur of conception

displayed therein; his acquaintance with foreign literature enabled him to give a more varied aspect to his poetry, and the influence of the German element is especially noticeable in his writings, throwing over some of them a bewitching air of romance, though sometimes, perhaps, leading him to the mystical and vague as in "Excelsior." Evidently he might say with Wordsworth—

"The earth  
And common face of Nature spake to me  
Rememberable things."

Many of his most beautiful illustrations being drawn from that source, take for example the following line from *Evangeline*;

"Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels," as also the following line from the *Golden Legend*, spoken by a child describing the appearance of her dead sister—

"Like violets faded were her eyes."

And again in the poem on "Flowers," he quotes with approval the words of him who styles

"The flowers so blue, and golden  
Stars that in Earth's firmament do shine."

Like all men who had done good work and true, Longfellow has had his share of adverse criticism, but by no one has he been so mercilessly pulled to pieces as by Edgar Allen Poe, who, after accusing him of gross plagiarism, such as forming his "Midnight Mass for the dying year" on the model of Tennyson's "Death of the old year," of tautology, of which one specimen is the following:

"Never did I behold thee so *attired*,  
And *garmented* in beauty as to-night!"

and of errors of grammar, *e.g.*

"I have no other saint than thou to pray to,"

winds up with the following words, in his criticism of "The Spanish Student:"

"As for 'The Spanish Student,' its thesis is unoriginal; its incidents are antique; its plot is no plot; its characters have no character: in short, it is little better than a play upon words to style it 'A play' at all."

On the mother's side Longfellow is a descendent of John Alden, who came over in the *Mayflower*, and was the first to plant his foot upon the rock at Plymouth; in "Miles Standish" the poet describes him as

"Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion;  
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in with the  
*Mayflower*."

Longfellow's present residence is Craigie House, Cambridge, Mass., a place made famous by the residence of General Washington, and which is now the centre of American literature and learning. I shall not attempt to describe the incidents of Longfellow's long and eventful life, since such knowledge may be gleaned from many books and from any library, but the following description of an interview between Mr. Longfellow and one of my own relations may not be uninteresting to our readers.

"I called upon the poet at Cambridge last Decoration Day. The house is three storeys in height, upon the top of which is an observatory. Presenting my card, I was invited to a seat in the hall-way by an elderly lady. While she was apprising the poet of my presence, I had some golden moments in which to take cognizance of the beautiful and antique surroundings.

The walls were covered with oil paintings. Fronting the door is a curious stairway, it rises upward serpentine, and is terraced with odd-looking balustrades. Upon the first landing, about a dozen steps upward, stands an old eight-day clock, once owned by Washington. As it strikes, it rings a peal of silver bells, whose tinkling sounds echo and multiply and wander

along the silent corridors; Longfellow has given that clock a voice in his poems.

While I was seated in the study awaiting Mr. Longfellow I feasted my eyes. The study is a spacious room, panelled and beautified, and corniced, and with antiquities; two oaken bookcases filled with books stood in the room, and the desk, centre table, and floor were literally covered with magazines, books and papers; busts, statuettes, sketches, antique vases, and various other venerable relics lay about in apparent poetic disorder.

Mr. Longfellow is five feet seven inches in height, of slight build; his blue eyes are lustrous,

“And wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,  
The tumbling cataract of his beard,”

hangs over his breast. As he entered the study where I sat, his right hand extended and his beaming face surrounded with an abundance of snowy hair, he seemed to me one of the kindest of men, whom seventy-five summers had ripened into succulent old age. Having drawn up his arm-chair, he entered into conversation in so pleasing and unaffected a manner that had I been the most bashful of schoolboys, I must have felt at home immediately in his fatherly presence. During my stay we discussed the subjects of preaching, temperance, and poetry. Preachers should preach extempore; liquor should only be drunk by prescription; of Tennyson's works, Maud he thought was the laureate's master-piece. He has an ingenious tact of introducing a precedent for conversation, and then leading it on with a silken thread of ease. Shewing me a panel of his door, he said, ‘This was sent me by a Philadelphia lady. She has framed it with a gilt border and painted “The Forest Primeval” on the front of it.’ Of this relic Longfellow seems to be very proud. As I left the house, I felt that I had become acquainted with a man whose great soul was but faintly transcribed in his most noble of poems.”

H. W. E.



THE BATTLE OF THE  
PONS TRIUM TROJANORUM.

*A lay sung in the Temple of Minerva Girtonensis.*

I.

ÆMILIA Girtonensis,

By the Muses Nine she swore  
That the great house of Girton  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the Muses Nine she swore it,  
And named a voting day,  
And bade her learned ladies write,  
And summon to the impending flight  
Their masters grave and gay.

II.

East and West and South and North  
The learned ladies wrote,  
And town and gown and country  
Have read the martial note.  
Shame on the Cambridge Senator  
Who dares to lag behind,  
When female voices call him  
To improve the female mind.

III.

But by the yellow Camus  
Was tumult and affright:  
Straightway to Pater Varius  
The Trojans take their flight—  
‘O Varius, Father Varius,  
‘To whom the Trojans pray,  
‘The ladies are upon us!  
‘We look to thee this day!’

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## IV.

There be thirty chosen Fellows,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who hard by Pater Varius  
 To bar all progress stand:  
 Evening and morn the Thirty  
 On the Three Graces sit,  
 Traced from the left by fingers deft  
 In the great Press of Pitt.

## V.

And with one voice the Thirty  
 Have uttered their decree—  
 ‘Go forth, go forth, great Varius,  
 ‘Oppose the Graces Three!  
 ‘The enemy already  
 ‘Are quartered in the town,  
 ‘And if they once the Tripod gain,  
 ‘What hope to save the gown?’

## VI.

‘To Hiz, the town of Offa,  
 ‘Their classes first they led,  
 ‘Then onward to Girtonia  
 ‘And Nunamantium sped:  
 ‘And now a mighty army  
 ‘Of young and beardless girls  
 ‘Beneath our very citadel  
 ‘A banner proud unfurls.’

## VII.

Then out spake Father Varius,  
 No craven heart was his,  
 ‘To Pollmen and to Wranglers  
 ‘Death comes but once, I wis.  
 ‘And how can man live better,  
 ‘Or die with more renown  
 ‘Than fighting against Progress  
 ‘For the rights of cap and gown?’

## VIII.

‘I, with two more to help me,  
 ‘Will face yon Graces Three;  
 ‘Will guard the Holy Tripod,  
 ‘And the M.A. Degree.  
 ‘We know that by obstruction  
 ‘Three may a thousand foil.  
 ‘Now who will stand on either hand  
 ‘To guard our Trojan soil?’

## IX.

Then Parvus Mariensis,  
 Of Bearded Jove the Priest,  
 Spake out ‘of Trojan warriors  
 ‘I am, perhaps, the least,  
 ‘Yet will I stand at thy right hand.’  
 Cried Pottius—‘I likewise  
 ‘At thy left side will stem the tide  
 ‘Of myriad flashing eyes.’

## X.

Meanwhile the Ladies’ Army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came clad in silks and satins bright,  
 With seal-skins and with furs bedight,  
 And gems and rings of gold;  
 Four hundred warriors shouted  
 ‘Placet’ with fiendish glee,  
 As that fair host with fairy feet,  
 And smiles unutterably sweet,  
 Came tripping each towards her seat,  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

## XI.

The Three stood calm and silent,  
 And frowned upon their foes,  
 As a great shout of laughter  
 From the four hundred rose.

And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before their ladies gay,  
 They faced the Three, they scowled and scoffed,  
 Their gowns they donned, their caps they doffed,  
 Then sped them to the fray.

## XII.

Generalis Post-Magister,  
 Lord of the Letter-bags;  
 And Dilkius Radicalis,  
 Who ne'er in combat lags;  
 And Græcus Professorius,  
 Beloved of fair Sabrine,  
 From the grey elms—beneath whose shade  
 A hospitable banquet laid,  
 Had heroes e'en of cowards made—  
 Brought 'placets' thirty-nine.

## XIII.

Stout Varius hurled 'non placet'  
 At Post-Magister's head:  
 At the mere glance of Pottius  
 Fierce Radicalis fled:  
 And Parvus Mariensis—  
 So they who heard him tell—  
 Uttered but one false quantity,  
 And Professorius fell!

\* \* \* \*

## XIV.

But fiercer still and fiercer  
 Fresh foemen sought the fray,  
 And fainter still and fainter  
 Stout Varius stood at bay.  
 'O that this too, too solid  
 Flesh would dissolve,' he sighed;  
 Yet still he stood undaunted,  
 And still the foe defied.

## XV.

Then Pollia Nunamensis,  
 A student sweetly fair,  
 Famed for her smiles and dimples,  
 Blue eyes and golden hair,  
 Of Cupid's arrows seized a pair,  
 One in each eye she took:  
 Cupid's best bow with all her might  
 She pulled—each arrow winged its flight,  
 And straightway reason, sense, and sight  
 Stout Varius forsook.

## XVI.

'He falls'—the Placets thundered,  
 And filled the yawning gap;  
 In vain his trusty comrades  
 Avenge their chief's mishap—  
 His last great fight is done.  
 They charge! Brave Pottius prostrate lies,  
 No Rider helps him to arise:  
 They charge! Fierce Mariensis dies.  
 The Bridge, the Bridge is won!

## XVII.

In vain did Bencornutus  
 Flash lightnings from his beard;  
 In vain Fabrorum Maximus  
 His massive form upreared;  
 And Lumbius Revisorius—  
 Diviner potent he!—  
 And Peronatus robed in state,  
 And fine old Fossilis sedate,  
 Inspired by 'theologic hate,'  
 All vainly stemmed the tide of fate—  
 Triumphed the Graces Three!

\* \* \* \*

XVIII.

But when in future ages  
 Women have won their rights,  
 And sweet girl-undergraduates  
 Read through the lamp-lit nights;  
 When some, now unborn, Pollia  
 Her head with science crams;  
 When the girls make Greek Iambics,  
 And the boys black-currant jams;

XIX.

When the goodman's shuttle merrily  
 Goes flashing through the loom,  
 And the good wife reads her Plato  
 In her own sequestered room;  
 With weeping and with laughter  
 Still shall the tale be told,  
 How pretty Pollia won the Bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

"ARCULUS."



"POETA NASCITUR."

As I wander by the sea  
 Sometimes,  
 Fancy doth suggest to me  
 Some rhymes;  
 But my intellect is dense,  
 And I can't connect the sense,  
 So I cease where I commence  
 My rhymes.

When I have a subject in  
 My mind,  
 It is puzzling to begin  
 I find;  
 But when once I have begun,  
 And have finished stanza one,  
 Number two won't with it run  
 Combined.

Once I fell a victim to  
 Love's shaft,  
 And I bade my Muse renew  
 Her craft;  
 To my fair I wrote an ode,  
 In my customary mode,  
 But when I my poem shewed—  
 She laughed.

She endured contentedly  
 One verse,  
 But the next was clearly the  
 Reverse;  
 When at length she reached the third,  
 Then she candidly averred  
 That perhaps she'd never heard  
 A worse!

For I'd styled her eyes "the hue  
 Of jet,"  
 Somehow this I'd managed to  
 Forget;  
 So in stanza number two  
 They were "pure celestial blue"—  
 Far the quickest change of hue  
 I've met.

Then my metaphors as well  
 Are bad,  
 And I feel...I cannot tell  
 How sad,  
 When the metaphors I prize  
 Cause amazement and surprise,  
 Making everyone surmise  
 I'm mad.

People tell me there are rhymes  
 Enough:—  
 A remark which seems at times  
 Quite rough:—  
 But I'll persevere thro' all,  
 Heeding neither great nor small,  
 Though my verses people call  
 "All stuff!"

T. G. T.



## ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL SERVICES.

Easter Term, 1881.

		HYMN	TUNE
April 24.	<i>First Sunday after Easter.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Boyce C., Croft A., Barnby E. <i>Behold I shew you.</i> Handel (p. 181).	405	293
" 25.	<i>S. Mark.</i> Garrett F. (P.C.) <i>O love the Lord.</i> Sullivan.		
" 26.	Best E.	439	459
" 28.	Best E.	477	542
" 30.	Dyer E flat.	484	543
May 1.	<i>Second Sunday after Easter.</i> <i>S. Philip and S. James.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Mr. Hill. E. Hopkins C. Stainer E flat. <i>Blessed be the God.</i> Wesley (p 255).	526	204
" 3.	Thorne E flat.	501	619
" 5.	Thorne E flat.	486	398
" 6.	<i>Commemoration of Benefactors at 11 a.m.</i> Sermon by Professor Pritchard Chipp D. <i>The righteous live.</i> Stainer (p. 277).		
" 7.	Hopkins C.	559	96
" 8.	<i>Third Sunday after Easter.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Mr. Stanwell. Hatton C. Hatton C. <i>In that day.</i> Elvey (p. 256).	503	402
" 10.	Trimnell D.	562	155
" 12.	Trimnell D.	480	476
" 14.	Chipp A.	330	146
" 15.	<i>Fourth Sunday after Easter.</i> <i>Holy Communion after Morning Prayer.</i> Chipp A. Walmisley D. (Minor). <i>God is a Spirit.</i> Bennett (p. 280).	210	594
" 17.	Stainer Rec.	334	69
" 19.	Stainer Rec.	364	18
" 21.	Monk A.	393	119



			HYMN	TUNE
May	22.	<i>Fifth Sunday after Easter.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Mr. Whitaker. Stanford B flat. Stanford B flat. <i>Rejoice in the Lord.</i> Hopkins (p. 286).	331	531
"	24.	<i>Day of Intercession for Missions.</i> Stainer (Deus. Mis., Chant 96).	293	102
"	25.	Goss A.	488	363
"	26.	<i>Ascension Day.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Goss C. Bartholemew. Hatton E. <i>God is gone up.</i> Croft (p. 47).	148	116
"	28.	Goss E.	146	66
May	29.	<i>Sunday after Ascension.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Sermon by Professor Bonney. Smart F. Smart F. <i>He was cut off.</i> Handel (p. 178).	525	7
"	31.	Wesley Rec. I.	343	27
June	2.	Wesley Rec. I.	373	178
"	4.	Steggall G.	481	A.M.
"	5.	<i>Whit-Sunday.</i> <i>Holy Communion after Morning Prayer.</i> Garrett D. Garrett D. <i>Arise, O Lord God.</i> Bennett (p. 273).	151	277
"	6.	Gregorian I. <i>O thou the true.</i> Mendelssohn (p. 273).		
"	7.	Smart G. <i>As the hart pants.</i> (p. 252).		
"	10.	Nares F.	157	179
"	11.	<i>S. Barnabas.</i> Rogers D. <i>The Lord preserveth.</i> Hayes (p. 100).		
"	12.	<i>Trinity Sunday.</i> <i>Holy Communion at 8 a.m.</i> Goss A. Attwood G. Elvey A. <i>To thee Cherubim and Seraphim.</i> Handel (p. 274).	7	M.S.
"	18.	Arnold A.	156	277
"	19.	<i>First Sunday after Trinity.</i> Lawrance D. Attwood F. <i>Cry aloud, and shout.</i> Croft (p. 50).	359	28



## OUR CHRONICLE.

*Lent Term, 1881.*

A medallion, representing the Lady Margaret, has been recently purchased by the College and has been placed under a glass case in the College Library. The face stands out in somewhat high relief, and the general treatment of the head closely resembles that which is already familiar to us in the pictures of the Foundress, from which it is probably copied. The effect is less pleasing than that of the medallion in the Master's Lodge, reproduced by the autotype process for the frontispiece of her life by Mr. C. H. Cooper (edited by Professor Mayor). We may take this opportunity to mention that copies of the autotype, mounted in *carte-de-visite* size (*6d.* each) may be obtained either from the Secretary of the *Eagle*, or at the College Buttries.

We have to record the death of a distinguished Member of the College, Sir William Martin, late Chief Justice of New Zealand, who took his Degree (26th Wrangler, 4th Classic, and Second Chancellor's Medallist) in 1829, the same year as the Duke of Devonshire, the Bishop of Worcester, the President of Queens', the late Mr. Henry Hoare, and the Rev. Geo. Lanshaw, late Fellow, whose mural tablet may be seen in the ante-chapel. An obituary notice appeared in the *Guardian* for Dec. 15, 1880.

Mr. Bonney, Professor of Geology at University College, London, has been appointed a Member of the Council of the Royal Society. He has also been elected President of the Alpine Club.

The Rev. J. W. Ebsworth [B.A., 1864], has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

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

### MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

*Second Class* : J. H. Whitehead. *Third Class* : Barnett.

### NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS (in alphabetical order).

*First Class* : Fleming (Physics, Chemistry, and Mineralogy ; distinguished in Physics) ; S. L. Hart (Physics, Chemistry, and Mineralogy). *Second Class* : Wrigley. *Third Class* : Nicholls.

## HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

*Second Class*: Gibson-Carmichael. *Third Class*: A. Hawkins.

## LAW TRIPOS.

*First Class*: 2nd, Barton; 3rd, Terry. *Third Class*: Nurul-Huda, Gray. (A. R. Aspinall was unfortunately prevented from obtaining honours by an accident at football shortly before the Examination).

LL.M. Degree, examined and approved: Cooke, Dale, Jones, Lattey, Savell, Thornton.

## MEDICINE.

M.B. Degree (First Examination), *Second Class*: Love. Second Examination, *Second Class*: Ds. Slater. Third Examination, part ii., *First Class*: Donald Mc Alister, M.A., Fellow of the College; and Phillips, B.A. *Second Class*: Brunton, Gripper.

## THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

*Second Class*: Coggin, Coulthard. *Ægotat*: Hutton.

## MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

*Wranglers*: 11th, Alston; 18th, L. Hall and G. J. T. Harker. *Senior Optimes*: Wetherell, Marris, Watson, Robson, Potbury, Coppock, Leslie. *Junior Optimes*: Kingston, Youngman, King, G. Crossley, A. M. Brown, Punch.

The Craven Scholarship has been awarded to T. G. Tucker.

College Examination in Mathematics (*Third Year*) *First Class*: Yeo, Brill, Parker, A. Harker; (*Suspension*) Gaskin, A. W. Ward, Walker; (*Second Year*) *First Class*: Johnson, McAulay, Newham, F. S. Hughes, S. O. Roberts, Posnett; (*Suspension*) Cleaver, Mason.

Matriculation, 25 Feb.: A. J. David, F. C. Marshall, J. W. Rose.

## ST. JOHN'S DEBATING SOCIETY.

The attendance at the Meetings held this Term has been very satisfactory, and in other respects the Debates have been well sustained.

The following motions have been discussed since the last report:

"That this House would view with favour the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England," proposed by F. L. Muirhead.

"That this House would view with favour a system of Peasant Proprietorship for Ireland," proposed by J. Pieris.

"That this House considers that no Oath or Declaration of Allegiance should be demanded from either House of Parliament," proposed by F. S. Hughes.

"That this House considers that Alfred Tennyson has no claim to Poetical Supremacy," proposed by H. W. Ellison.

"That this House considers the Government worthy of the Confidence of the Country," proposed by C. A. Scott.

"That this House would welcome a new Reform Bill," proposed by L. F. Horne.

"That this House considers the existing prejudice against Socialism unreasonable," proposed by W. H. Bennett.

The Officers elected for the Lent Term:

*President*:—O. Rigby. *Vice-President*:—T. G. Tucker.  
*Treasurer*:—F. L. Muirhead. *Secretary*:—F. S. Hughes.

## ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL CLUBS.

*Rugby Union.*

The Rugby Union Football Club has to chronicle another very successful season, this being the third year in which it has never suffered a defeat. This season three quite new matches were added to the list—two with Keble Coll., Oxford, and one with St. John's, Oxford. The trip to Oxford was looked forward to with great interest, and our fifteen expressed themselves extremely delighted with the very hospitable entertainment shewn by their opponents during their two days' visit. A glance at the list subjoined will give an idea of the closeness of the three contests, also of those with Trinity and Jesus. It may be mentioned that our team supplied three backs for the Varsity, viz. P. T. Wrigley, E. S. Chapman, and J. A. Bevan.

The following constituted the fifteen:

P. T. Wrigley and C. Newman, *Backs*; J. A. Bevan and R. Thorman (*Capt.*), *Three-quarter Backs*; E. S. Chapman (*Hon. Sec.*), C. E. Hopton (*2nd Capt.*), and R. Spencer, *Half-Backs*; W. Calvert, C. P. Cory, H. L. Dawson, H. Heber-Percy, G. S. Leresche, W. R. Le Fanu, N. C. Marris, and R. O. Wever.

## List of Matches with results:

1880.

Oct. 22nd *v.* Caius Coll., won by 2 goals 5 tries to nil.  
" 30th *v.* Trinity Coll., won by 1 goal 1 try to 1 goal.  
Nov. 12th *v.* Emmanuel Coll., won by 3 goals 2 tries to nil.  
" 13th *v.* Bury St. Edmunds, won by 4 goals to 1 try.  
" 15th *v.* Queens' Coll., won by 3 goals 1 try to nil.  
" 17th *v.* Jesus Coll., won by 1 goal to nil.  
" 30th *v.* Keble Coll., Oxon., won by 1 try to nil.  
Dec. 3rd *v.* Christ's Coll., won by 1 goal 1 try to nil.

1881.

Feb. 12th *v.* Bury St. Edmunds (return), won by 1 goal 7 tries to nil.  
March 16th *v.* Keble Coll., Oxon. (return), won by 1 try to nil.  
" 17th *v.* St. John's Coll., Oxon., drawn, 1 try to 1 try.

## Association.

Five Matches were played this Term, in three of which the College was successful while the other two resulted in defeat.

*v. R. H. Macaulay's XI.* Played on the College ground on Feb. 3rd, and resulted in the defeat of the College by 7 goals to 1.

*v. Trinity.* Played on the Trinity ground on Feb. 12, and was won by Trinity by 3 goals to 1.

*v. Cambridge Etonians.* Played on the College ground on Feb. 15, and was won by the College by 3 goals to 1.

*v. Pembroke.* Played on the College ground, Feb. 16, and resulted in a victory for St. John's by 3 goals to 1.

*v. Old Reptonians.* Played Feb. 24 on the College ground, and was won by the College by 3 goals to 0.

## ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

*President* :—W. F. Smith, Esq.; *Captain* :—P. G. Exham;  
*Treasurer* :—F. D. Gaddum; *Secretary* :—J. Colman; *Committee* :  
F. L. Thompson, E. J. Wild, E. S. Chapman, P. T. Wrigley,  
R. Spencer, R. Thorman.

The following circular has lately been issued :

Dear Sir,—The Committee of the Cricket Club desire to call your attention to the condition in which the Club is at present situated. For the last few years the Club has met with so little support from Members of the College, that it has been unable, even with the present high Subscription, to meet its yearly expenses. Consequently a debt of over £30 has been incurred, besides that which is still owing for the building of the Pavilion, which amounts to somewhat over £100.

It is therefore feared that, if more support is not given to the Club, the Cricket Ground will have to be closed next year, as the Club will not be able to keep it open any longer in its present condition.

At a Committee Meeting, held February 17th, the following Resolutions were adopted, in the hopes of inducing more Members of the College to join by giving them increased opportunities for enjoying the use of the Ground :

I. That if 65 Members join the Club, the Subscription be reduced to 25/-; if 90, to 20/-.

II. That as far as possible, a Field-day be arranged for one day in each week, to be previously announced.

III. That one or more Lawn Tennis Nets be provided, on the Cricket Ground, for the use of Members of the Cricket Club.

The Committee trust that these Rules will meet with general approbation, and earnestly call on the Members of the College to give their support to an institution which has hitherto

upheld the name of the College in the Cricket Field, but which cannot be any longer carried on if such support is not forthcoming. I remain, Sir, Yours faithfully,

J. COLMAN, *Hon. Sec.*

Subscriptions from past Members of the College will be thankfully received by the Hon. Secretary.

## LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The efforts of the Lady Margaret Boats in the Lent Races were crowned with success. The 3rd boat made 3 bumps (an event which has not happened since 1875), and the 4th boat 2. We believe that the Lady Margaret is the only Club which can boast of 5 bumps in the races.

*First Night.* 3rd Boat bumped Peterhouse below 1st Post. 4th Boat paddled over, bumps having been made in front of and behind it.

*Second Night.* 3rd Boat was most unfortunate, two bumps being made in front of it, but in spite of this they rowed most pluckily after Magdalene, who started 5 places ahead of them, and at the finish were only 2 lengths behind, having gained about 250 yards. 4th Boat bumped 1st Trinity VI. in the Gut.

*Third Night.* 3rd Boat bumped Christ's below 1st Post. 4th Boat rowed over, bumps having been made in front of and behind it.

*Last Night.* 3rd Boat bumped St. Catharine's below 1st Post. 4th Boat afforded great excitement; they gained rapidly on Sidney II, but Christ's II gained quite as rapidly on them. In Plough Reach the 4th Boat got within a yard or two of Sidney, when somebody caught a crab, and the example being followed by almost all in the boat, there was a scene of the wildest confusion. Meanwhile Christ's II, who had been rapidly coming up, were nearly overlapping them; but the crew of No. IV pluckily picked it up again, and rowing away from Christ's made their bump at Ditton.

Names and weights as follows :

3rd Boat.		4th Boat.	
	st. lbs.		st. lbs.
	S. T. Winkley ( <i>bow</i> ) . . . . . 10 2		C. H. M. Sanders ( <i>bow</i> ) . . 10 4
2	W. R. Kinipple . . . . . 11 4	2	G. C. Herbert . . . . . 10 11
3	W. F. Lund . . . . . 11 13	3	R. W. Hogg . . . . . 9 10
4	L. H. Edmunds . . . . . 12 12	4	C. F. Gray . . . . . 10 13
5	F. C. Marshall . . . . . 12 8	5	G. V. Stephen . . . . . 11 10
6	A. F. Williams . . . . . 12 13	6	G. S. Middlemiss . . . . . 10 10
7	T. Clarke . . . . . 11 6	7	R. B. Davies . . . . . 10 0
	K. M. Eicke ( <i>stroke</i> ) . . . . . 11 6		J. E. Cleworth ( <i>stroke</i> ) . . . 10 0
	F. L. Muirhead ( <i>cox.</i> ) . . . . 7 10		W. E. Facey ( <i>cox</i> ) . . . . . 8 0

Some energetic Members have started a Financial Committee, with a view to the solution of a longstanding account, and as a precautionary measure for the future. As their scheme has been sanctioned at a General Meeting, we may expect a radical improvement shortly.

#### SHAKESPERIAN READING SOCIETY.

This Club, one of the oldest in the College, completed its 299th Meeting on Wednesday, the 23rd of March, 1881. It was founded in 1860 by C. J. Atherton and R. B. Steele. It was the intention of the Club to hold a dinner at its next Meeting to celebrate its coming of age; but in consequence of the lamentable death of the Master of the College it was postponed. The following is a list of the present Reading Members: R. Thorman (*President*), H. V. Heber Percy (*Hon. Sec.*), F. D. Gaddum, C. E. Hopton, R. Spencer, R. H. Landor, A. W. Beard, A. E. Brett, D. C. Falcke, Ll. Lloyd, J. F. Ray.

H. V. Heber Percy was elected President and C. E. Hopton Secretary for next Reading Term.

IT IS WITH DEEP REGRET THAT WE  
HAVE TO RECORD THAT THE REV.  
WILLIAM HENRY BATESON, D.D., FOR  
TWENTY-FOUR YEARS MASTER OF  
THE COLLEGE, DIED AT ST. JOHN'S  
LODGE ON SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH  
27, 1881, IN THE SIXTY-NINTH YEAR  
OF HIS AGE.