

# THE EAGLE.

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ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

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## THE SOUTH OF FRANCE AND THE RIVIERA (*continued*).

*Jan.* 10 (at Alassio). After breakfast, we took an hour's walk along a good mule-track, ascending by an easy incline through plantations of olives, to the chapel of Santa Croce, which lies to the east of the town above the little headland which we had visited on the previous evening. The chapel is in ruins, and beyond its eastern end are the remains of a small fort commanding the road to Albenga. We had beautiful views of sea and shore on both sides, framed within the arches and windows of the ruined shrine.

Shortly after ten o'clock, we started on a drive of about 15 miles along the portion of the Cornice road between Alassio and Final-marina. After passing the now familiar headland of Santa Croce, we soon reached the alluvial plain formed by the river Centa. In less than an hour, we had our first view of Albenga (*Albium Ingaunum*), an extensive town encircled with old fortifications. From the midst of these rise many towers, and turrets, and campanili of various colours, most of them a faint red or orange. Near the cathedral, we inquired for and found a small octagonal temple, which was opened for us by a young acolyte who informed us that it was now used as a baptistery. We descended a few steps and saw the eight granite columns, with ornamental capitals of the Corinthian order, which support the dome of the ancient building. In one of the recesses, between the columns and the outer wall, was an old sarcophagus with designs in relief, but nothing to indicate either Christian or non-Christian origin; in another, a large plain font with a rude fresco representing the baptism of Christ;

in a third, some ancient mosaics above the window. During our short drive through Albenga, which is the seat of a bishopric, we saw no less than eight priests, besides those who were officiating in the cathedral.

A few hundred yards outside the walls, we passed the remains of an ancient Roman bridge. Eight consecutive arches, all of different height and span, are still standing beside the modern road, but at a higher level. We walked along the short portion of the old road above the arches; and, a few hundred yards distant, noticed some further fragments of the old bridge, which is now known as the *ponte lungo*. It seems to have extended a considerable distance across the plain, as a viaduct to carry the road at a level safe from inundation, though, at the present day, it is only a small stream that is to be seen trickling through one of the arches. During this part of our drive, the views up the valley of Albenga, along one of the routes to Piedmont, were particularly interesting. Beyond sloping hill-sides of a rich red hue, grey old villages were to be seen perched here and there along the heights, with a brown expanse of loftier hills beyond, closed in the further distance by a chain of snowy mountains.

The next place of special interest was Loano, where we stopped for nearly an hour. The best view was one looking up the tiny stream, crossed by a bridge of lofty span, with a small white chapel at its highest point. To the left of this bridge was an open colonnade, coloured red and orange, resting on the two corner walls of a large court-yard. To the right, some way further back, was a sloping pathway leading up to the Monte Carmelo, with its lofty dome. While this view was being sketched in water-colours, I walked up by the stream and over the bridge; saw to my left the church of S. Agostino with its adjoining monastery, which has a long covered gallery thrown boldly across from one

part of the upper portion of the building to the other; then, along an avenue of leafless fig-trees, past a ruined fountain, and up a long paved ascent built upon arches, till I reached the open platform in front of the Monte Carmelo. Here I had a good view of the surrounding country, and of the coast to the east as far as the Cape of Noli.

From Loano, we drove on past several picturesquely situated towns to Final-marina, where we arrived at about two o'clock. After inquiring in vain for the Albergo della China, mentioned in Dean Alford's admirable *Pen and Pencil Sketches of the Riviera*, we stayed at the *Hôtel de Venise*. Walking out along the beach eastward, we saw an old dismantled palazzo, with rags hanging out of its windows and with a row of no less than sixty swallows' nests beneath its sheltering cornice. Above the doorway were the royal arms of Spain, and a record of the visit of Philip V in 1702.

PHILIPPUS V HISPANORUM REX HAS ANGSTAS  
AEDES AUGUSTAS FECIT HOSPES.

We continued our walk for some little distance, till we reached some rocks jutting out into the sea, forming a rude break-water. Here we sat with the waves lapping up around us, enjoying the view until sunset.

Our hotel was apparently one that had seen better days in the old posting times. There was a large court-yard for carriages, a broad staircase paved with great slabs of slate, a vast *salle à manger* with a lofty vaulted roof. At each of the four corners of this spacious and lonely hall was a suite of apartments arranged in sets of three rooms each. Our own room, which also had a vaulted ceiling, was approached through a small salon, and itself led into smaller rooms of various sizes which had a haunted look about them. On enquiring about *table d'hôte* on our arrival at two, we had been informed that it would be at seven, 'their regular hour,'



two hours alas! later than sunset. After waiting for these five hours, we found ourselves, as we half expected from the very first, sat down to dinner. And there we dined in state, under the light of a single lamp in that huge dining-hall, with the waiter pacing gloomily to and fro from one dark corner of the room to another.

Wednesday, Jan. 11. In the forenoon, at ten o'clock, we started once more on a drive of rather more than fifteen miles along the Riviera to Savona. Soon after starting, we saw some ancient ruins on lofty heights to the left of the road, near the little village of Varigotti, which lay in a picturesque position to our right on a projecting angle of the coast, half concealed among its olive-trees. Near the ruins the road passes through a cutting in the rock before reaching the bold headland of Noli with a fine view to the west and east. We soon came in sight of three bold bluffs of rock rising like great buttresses to our left, marked by marvellous varieties of colour, whose darker hues were relieved by faint purple bands of mica-schist that gleamed softly in the sunlight. Near these rocks we passed through a tunnel more than 120 yards long, beyond which the road was overhung by beetling cliffs of enormous height. Along this part of our route, especially while we were drawing near to the small town of Noli, with its domed church and huge red towers like those of Albenga, it was a particularly picturesque sight to watch the fishermen dressed in clothes of every variety of colour, standing in a line behind one another on the shore, and dragging in their nets from the sea by a vigorous and united effort, while the play of the waves on the shore, and the black boats beyond, completed the picture. Between Noli and Spotorno we saw a splendid forest of stone-pines, high up the slopes of the hills, with fine views of mountain scenery beyond it. After passing the town

of Spotorno, the most prominent object before us was the promontory of Bergeggi with its rocky island; and after rounding this promontory, we had an extensive view of the long strip of the Riviera between Savona and Genoa. We soon reached the small port of Vado. Between Vado and Savona our road passed close to the sea, and as we approached the latter town, with its long and straggling suburbs, we again and again saw the laurustinus in full flower in the hedges.

After leaving our luggage at the railway-station, we walked into the town, and were much pleased with the modern part of it, with its broad streets and boulevards and lofty arcades. By a long avenue of trees we approached a broad platform below the fort. Here we had a fine retrospect of the coast as far as the two bold headlands of Bergeggi and Noli, with the island off the former partly intercepting the more distant view of the latter. From this platform we walked a short distance to the port, where, from a marble quay with seats of stone ranged along it, we looked down on all the shipping. The view from the port includes on the left hand an ancient tower with a statue of the Virgin bearing an inscription in two Sapphic lines ascribed to the lyric poet Chiabrera, who was a native of Savona. The lines may be read either in Latin or Italian:

*in mare irato, in subita procella,  
invoco te, nostra benigna stella.*

From the docks, we went through the town as far as the Theatre dedicated to Chiabrera. It has a fine façade with statues of Rossini and Metastasio, as well as Goldoni and Alfieri, and some animated groups in the pediment.

After waiting for some time near the station, in view of some boys playing at leap-frog—a game which seemed to be very popular in these parts—we started by train at four o'clock for PEGLI, near

Genoa. Shortly after leaving, we had a pleasant retrospect of the harbour of Savona and of all the line of coast as far as Noli. On our way, we passed through numerous tunnels; and saw, amongst other places, Cogoleto—a dismantled-looking village which appears content to live on its reputation as the birth-place of Columbus. At Arenzano, we passed a number of villas surrounded by aloes and oleanders and cypresses. It was near this part of our short journey that a young German in the same carriage as ourselves, who had been talking a mixture of French and Italian to a fellow-passenger, turned to myself whom he had mistaken for a German, possibly in consequence of my having one of Baedeker's guide-books in my hand, and launched out into a long sentence in German, expatiating on the luxuriance of the surrounding vegetation, and introducing with the words *Wohl hat unser Göthe gesagt*, the well-known lines:

*Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen;  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-orangen glühen;  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still, und hoch der Lorbeer steht.\**

Thursday, Jan. 12. Shortly before ten o'clock, we walked from the *Grand Hôtel* to the *Villa Pallavicini*, which is the principal sight of Pegli. After strolling up an avenue of olive-trees, we followed the guidance of one of the gardeners who took us past orange-trees in full fruit and along a lofty wall laden with citrons, and then, through part of the villa itself, to a marble terrace commanding a view over a large portion of the extensive grounds. We next visited a small temple of white marble with internal decorations in the Pompeian style; and, beyond this, a triumphal arch, the back of which repre-

\* Know'st thou the land, where the citron doth bloom; ;  
where the orange glows golden 'mid leafage of gloom;  
where beneath a blue heaven the soft breezes play;  
where stands the still myrtle, where soars the tall bay.

sents a rustic cottage! After passing up the slopes by winding paths and seeing an artificial waterfall of considerable beauty, we walked up the hillside to a tower with an exquisitely coloured chamber of stained glass. From the top we had a fine view of the coast towards Noli to the west, which was black with clouds, and also to the east towards Genoa and its light-house, which stood clearly out in radiant sunshine. After descending, we visited the Mausoleum and the small Gothic Chapel; and soon after found ourselves in front of some fantastic grottoes, all the rocks of which had been brought up from the shore. We entered one of these caves somewhat reluctantly, as we had but little time to spare, and went on in the dark till we came in sight of water and a boat and a boatman ready to row us, we knew not whither. We entered the boat and glided silently over the water, with shining forms of stalactites above our heads and with the light of day faintly glimmering through the arched rocks that surrounded us, till suddenly there opened on our view a little lake on which the sun was shining, and in the middle of the lake a small shrine of Diana casting its clear reflexions in the quiet waters. On the shores were brightly gilded pavilions like those of China, and not far from these a small Egyptian obelisk. Our conductor took great delight in assuring us repeatedly that it was *tout artificiel—tout artificiel*. Among the objects of real interest were the delightful flowers and plants and rare exotics; the varieties of palm and cedar and aloe; the cork-trees, the arbutus and the camellias; and, lastly, the maiden-hair that clustered round the rocks near one of the water-falls.

Our visit to the grounds occupied two hours, and at half past twelve we left Pegli for Genoa. Having about an hour to spare, we went to the great harbour and looked down on the forest of masts from the clean and level platform of the long and spacious marble

quay, which one or two boys were turning to a novel use as a rink for skating. We then walked past the cathedral with its lofty façade of white and black marble, and drove to the station at the eastern end of the town, just in time to catch the train for SPEZIA. On our way we had many pleasant glimpses of the sea and the rocks and the sunset, with richly wooded hills to the east and far-extending valleys with the distant campanili of many an inland village. We reached our destination at about five o'clock and stayed at the *Grand Hôtel de Spezia*, a very comfortable house, where we had a capital room, with the Bay of Spezia, about seven miles long by three broad, in full view from our windows. The harbour is accurately described by Strabo as 'one of the finest and largest in the world, containing within itself many minor ports, and surrounded by high mountains, with deep water close to the shore.\*' It is far too faintly praised by Ennius, as quoted in the well-known lines of Persius:

*mihî nunc Ligus ora  
intepet, hibernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens  
dant scopuli et multa litus se valle receptat.  
'Lunai portum, est operae, cognoscite cives.'  
cor iubet hoc Ennî (vi. 9).*

In Silius Italicus (viii. 483—5) we have a less familiar reference, which may be rendered as follows:

From Luna's mines of marble,  
of marble white as snow,  
from Luna's famous harbour,  
they throng to meet the foe.  
In all the world's great havens  
none nobler can there be,  
where barques beyond all number  
might 'scape the stormy sea.

*Friday, Jan. 13.* We rose before sunrise while the moon was still shining on the *Portus Lunae*, and

\* Strabo v. p. 222, 'ἐν αὐτῇ περιέχων πλείους λιμένας ἀγχιβαθεῖς πάντας κ. τ. λ.

watched its light paling in the dawn. Before us was the calm bay, with scarcely a ripple on its waters; beyond this, a long headland of rugged hills, over which the sun was soon to rise, and, to the left, the loftier range of the Carrara mountains.

After breakfast, we made an excursion to the *Porto Venere*, a lovely little harbour to the west of the southern shore. To walk along the shore in front of the docks was impossible, and to have turned inland behind the arsenal would have involved a tedious *détour*; so we took a small boat in the harbour and were rowed across part of the upper portion of the bay to a small village on its western shore called Murola, by an old boatman who told us in Italian that his name was *Luca* and adroitly added that his father and his brother, both of whom were now dead, had known Lord Byron. On leaving the boat, we walked along the shore, and, after some little loss of time in finding the way, struck on the broad high-road which runs a little inland, commanding fine views of the harbour, as it gradually ascends from point to point. After about an hour's walk, we came in full view of the *Seno delle Grazie*, a delightful little bay running inland between the Fort of Pezzino and the Punto di Lazaretto. Soon after, we passed a narrower breadth of blue water and reached the quiet bay of La Castagna, just beyond the long breakwater which extends across the mouth of the harbour of Spezia. A few minutes more brought us within sight of the bluest bay of all, that of the Porto Venere. Across its waters bright in the sunshine lay the large green island of Palmaria, famous in ancient times for its marble quarries, and now the happy place where the government of Italy in its paternal kindness sends the brigands which it captures. The prospect of being banished to so beautiful an island struck one as offering almost an undue encouragement to the profession of brigandage.



Returning a short way, we sat down for a while on a sunny hillside near the shade of some olive-trees, with thyme and myrtle around us, watching the eastern side of the great bay, with the road beneath us and olive-trees beyond it, and then a fort guarding the entrance to the bay, and the harbour-bar beyond. On the further side of the bar was another fort, and, to the south of the latter, the old castle of Lerici. Over this castle extended a range of broken hills of varying height; and, above all, a magnificent sweep of snow-clad summits stretching from north to south for the whole length of the view. In the outer part of the great harbour of Italy, an Italian man of war was moving to and fro and from time to time firing off cannons whose echoes resounded far and wide in the hills that bound the bay; while all the blue breadth of water was brightened again and again by the white sails of many a boat that was speeding onward to the harbour.

After enjoying for a while the wider views of the bay of the Graces and the harbour of Porto Venere, which were to be seen from a level piece of ground above the place where we had rested, we came down to the road and walked along the hillside above Porto Venere, soon reaching the little village, which is called by the same name, with its lofty houses of many a varied hue rising from the very verge of the deep blue water. Passing some fishing boats near a small quay, we entered the village by a low and narrow archway, and went straight up a long, steep alley, which is the only street of the place. On emerging from this, and reaching the open rocks, we had a good view of the island of Palmaria across a narrow strait, which forms the entrance to the little harbour; and, shortly afterwards, made our way up to the lonely ruins of San Pietro, an old church with alternate courses of black and white marble, built by the men of Pisa in 1118,

marking the site of an ancient temple of Venus, which gave the harbour its name. Near this is found a peculiar variety of black marble streaked with bands of yellow, which is sold under the name of *Portor*, being so called from the place where it is found. From the rocky ledges outside the ruined church, we had a magnificent view of the iron-bound coast outside the harbour, and of all the shore between us and the lighthouse of Genoa. Below us was a small bay, girt with overhanging rocks, whose gloomy recesses are known as the Grotto of the Harpies. As we returned, some large fishing smacks came in full sail into the harbour of Porto Venere through the narrow strait between us and the island of Palmaria. It was here that Evelyn entered the port, according to the description which he gives us in his delightful diary:—

*'October 19th, 1644.* We embarked in a felucca for Livorno, or Leghorn; but the sea running very high, we put in at Porto Venere, which we made with peril, between two narrow horrid rocks, against which the sea dashed with great velocity; but we were soon delivered into as great a calm and a most ample harbour, being in the Golfo di Spetia.'

At the little harbour we engaged a boatman to row us back to Spezia. On our way we saw the ruined fort of the Scola off the island of Palmaria, near a headland which goes by the somewhat incongruous name of Capo Smith, after an Englishman of that name who has, or had, a villa near it. We then passed between the breakwater and the western shore of the bay into the quieter waters of the harbour; and while the sun sank behind the hills, we enjoyed lovely and ever-varying views of the shores on both sides. As we drew near the quay, a small steamer shot past us, towing to land a large boatful of smart young Italian sailors.

*Saturday, Jan. 14.* We rose early, began break-

fast before sunrise, and walked to the railway-station in time for the 8.44 train to PISA. The first part of our journey was through the valley of the Magra, in ancient times the boundary between Liguria and Etruria, and afterwards between the territories of Genoa and Tuscany. We crossed the river soon after leaving Arcola with its fine old castle. The next place was Sarzana, a corruption of *Sergiana*, which was once called *Luna Nova* from its having superseded the more ancient *Luna* on the coast. The ruins of the latter are on the left bank of the river, about three miles from Sarzana, and five from the entrance to the harbour to which it once gave the name of the *Portus Lunae*. It was already desolate in the time of Lucan, who refers to the *desertae moenia Lunae*; and, but for this passing allusion in the first book of the *Pharsalia*, the place would have never been mentioned in the great poem of Dante.\* A few crumbling tombs with 'vestiges of an amphitheatre, of a semi-circular building which may be a theatre, of a circus, a *piscina*, and fragments of columns, pedestals for statues, blocks of pavement, and inscriptions,' are all that now remains of the ancient *Luna*.† But her gleaming walls, built of the marble of her own quarries, were still standing in the early part of the fifth century, when the place was visited by the Roman prefect and poet, Claudius Rutilius Namatianus, during his

\* 'From the hill of San Miniato, whose steps he knew so well, the eye commands, at the further extremity of the Val d'Arno, the whole purple range of the mountains of Carrara, peaked and mighty, seen always against the sun-set light in silent outline, the chief forms that rule the scene as twilight fades away. By this vision Dante seems to have been wholly unmoved, and, but for Lucan's mention of Aruns at Luna would seemingly not have spoken of the Carrara hills in the whole course of his poem; when he does allude to them, he speaks of their white marble, and their command of stars and sea, but has evidently no regard for the hills themselves.' Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, part IV. chap. xv. § 17.

† Dennis, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, II. p. 65.

voyage along the Tuscan coast on his return from Rome to his home in Gaul. He tells the story of his voyage in an elegiac composition of considerable elegance; and the lines in which he describes his approach to this city, which are the last that have been preserved to us, are among the most elegant in the whole poem:—

*advehimur celeri candentia moenia lapsu;*  
*nominis est auctor sole corusca soror.*  
*indigenis superat ridentia lilia saxis,*  
*et levi radiat picta nitore silex.*  
*dives marmoribus tellus, quae luce coloris*  
*provocat intactas luxuriosa nives* (II. 63—68).

we swiftly glide 'neath walls of wondrous white,—  
 walls of a city named of Luna's light;  
 with laughing lilies vies her sparkling stone,  
 she softly gleams with marble all her own;  
 with marble teems the land, whose lustrous glow  
 shames the rich radiance of unsullied snow.

Near the next station, Avenza, we saw an old castle with bold round towers on our right, while the Carrara mountains were quite near us to our left. At this point there is a small branch line to Carrara, the centre of the marble-works. At Massa Ducale, a most picturesque place, the marble quarries were still nearer to the line; and to the left, before reaching the station of Querceta, we saw the fine ruins of the old Lombard castle of Montignoso. After this, we had a view of Pietra Santa with its ancient walls climbing up the slopes of the hill, and its conspicuous church and campanile. Before long, we passed Viareggio, a small sea-side place, the little fishing-village of earlier days from which Romola is described as drifting away at night, content to be wrecked in her little skiff, until she reaches unawares the plague-stricken spot that rouses her once more to the call of duty. Near the next station, Torre di Lago, the last before Pisa, we saw,

in a large forest of stone-pines, some curious little huts, which, in the distance, looked like lofty stacks of peat; but, as we came nearer, proved to be human habitations. They resembled the upper portions of long hay-stacks, blackened by smoke, with an opening at one end towards the southern sun, serving at once for door and chimney. We had hardly emerged from this forest of pines, when we obtained our first view of the famous group of the Cathedral and Baptistery, the Campanile and the Campo Santo of Pisa.

On reaching the station, we took an open carriage to the *Piazza del Duomo*, and drove across the Arno, along the sunny quay on its northern bank, and then by the Via Santa Maria to the green and quiet enclosure in the north-western corner of the city, on which stand the four most famous buildings of Pisa, happy alike in their combination with one another, and in their isolation from the rest of the town. We entered first the cathedral (begun in 1064 and consecrated in 1118), but we scarcely looked at anything until we had found and had enjoyed to the full the picture of St. Agnes by Andrea del Sarto. It hangs on the south-east pillar of the nave, the nearest pillar to the door by which we had entered. The saint is to be seen gazing into the sky in an attitude of rapt adoration; under one of her hands is a lamb, which is intended at once as a symbol of her innocence and as an allusion to the name which she bears. The folds of the drapery and the soft and delicate hues of its direct and its reflected colours are marvellously rendered; and on the hills of the blue background lies a little village like those that may still be seen perched upon the crags of the Apennines. The four paintings by the same master in the choir—St. John the Baptist and St. Peter, St. Margaret and St. Catharine—were also most attractive in the richness and variety of their colouring. In the choir we further saw the two dwarf columns

of porphyry with their quaint capitals of intricate foliage with tiny boys perched among the leaves, said to be from designs by Michael Angelo. Above us in the centre of the apse was the great Mosaic of Christ enthroned between the Virgin and St. John, from designs of Cimabue, his last and greatest work, while on the arch of the tribune we saw the frescoes of angels which were the first work of Ghirlandaio. Behind the high altar, we noticed a series of pictures by Sodoma, which, however, were far less interesting than the four Evangelists near them, by Beccafumi. As we walked along the nave, we looked up at the richly gilded coffered ceiling, and admired the vaulted aisles, with the triforia above them crossing the transept and passing on to the choir. We also saw, hanging from the lofty ceiling of the nave, the lamp of bronze, whose swaying movement is supposed to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum.

Leaving the cathedral, we went at once to the Campo Santo, and devoted a good deal of time to examining the treasures of art which it contains. The building is 415 feet long by 137 wide, and the cloister 46 feet high and 34 wide. It was begun in 1278 by Giovanni Pisano, who spent five years over the work. Its outer walls, which are adorned with 44 pilasters with arches in low relief, have two doors looking towards the Duomo but no windows, the object being to protect the frescoes with which they were to be covered from the salt and damp breezes from the neighbouring sea. Within this enclosure is a marble pavement, bounded by four interior walls, which support a plain timber roof and are lighted by Gothic windows\* and four open doorways.

\* "The 'long-drawn aisle' is here, indeed—but where is the 'fretted vault'? A timber roof simple as that of a country barn, and of which only the horizontal beams catch the eye, connects an entirely plain outside wall, with an interior one, pierced by round-headed openings; in which are inserted pieces of complex tracery." These 'traceries are of fifteenth century work, founded on Giovanni's design.' Ruskin, *Val d'Arno* § 36.



Through the latter we looked out on the oblong plot of grassy burial-ground formed by the fifty-three ship-loads of earth which were brought by Archbishop Ubaldo from the Holy Land, after the memorable siege of Acre (1191). The works of art in the surrounding cloisters fall into three distinct groups: (1) ancient sculpture, (2) mediaeval frescoes, and (3) modern monuments. We began by examining the frescoes by themselves. Among those on the southern side were the well-known and frequently described Triumph of Death and The Last Judgment, formerly attributed to Orcagna, but now sometimes ascribed to the Sienese artists, the brothers Ambrogio and Pietro Lorenzetti.\* We noticed more particularly those on the northern side, by Benozzo Gozzoli,—more than 20 large designs begun in 1469, commencing with the life of Noah and ending with that of Solomon. In the vintage scene from the former, the lively and natural air of the dancing figures, and the realistic manner in which the palms and cypresses are represented, struck us as especially worthy of admiration.

The artist himself is interred beneath his own fresco of the history of Joseph, the people of Pisa having paid him the curious compliment of recognising his merits by presenting him during his lifetime with a specially reserved place of burial within the walls which he was clothing with glorious colours. Above this fresco, I read the following lines:

*quid spectas volucres pisces et monstra ferarum  
et virides silvas aetheriasque domos  
et pueros iuvenes matres canosque parentes  
quís semper vivum spirat in ore decus.  
non haec tam variis finxit simulacra figuris  
natura ingenio foetibus apta suo.  
est opus artificis; pinxit viva ora Benozzus;  
O superi vivos fundite in ora sonos.*

\* Poynter's text-book of Classic and Italian Painting, p. 56.

We then took a second survey of all the four sides of the cloisters, devoting especial attention to the works of sculpture, and, in particular, to the ancient sarcophagi. It was in the year 1297, fourteen years after the completion of the cloisters, that the ancient sarcophagi, which were placed along the outer walls of the cathedral, were transferred to a similar position along the outside of the Campo Santo. But even there, they could not escape being injured either by wilful mutilation or by the violent showers of rain which are still very frequent in Pisa. After a while they were removed to the interior, and numerous fragments of ancient sculpture found in the neighbourhood, were added to the original collection, so that in the seventeenth century, we find Queen Christina of Sweden calling the Campo Santo a *nobile Museo*. The treasures of this Museum became widely known through the descriptions and illustrations of their contents, published by Morrona in 1787 and Lasinio in 1814, and they have recently been catalogued and described with great accuracy and thoroughness by Dr. Hans Dütschke in a very handy volume entitled *Die Antiken Bildwerke des Campo Santo zu Pisa* (Leipzig, 1874).

Among the monuments of ancient sculpture in the west cloister I noticed a fine fragment of a frieze of Greek marble representing a row of dolphins alternating with tridents, which once formed part of the back of the altar in the neighbouring cathedral. This incorporation of a work of pagan art in one of the most sacred portions of the Christian edifice need not surprise us in a building whose roof is supported by sixty-five ancient Roman and Greek columns, captured by the Pisans in their wars with other states on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the north-west corner stands a large marble vase with Bacchanalian designs in high relief and in excellent preservation, including Dionysus with his escort of satyrs and of dancing forms gracefully



personifying the seasons of Spring, Summer, and Winter. The grave and solemn figure of Dionysus, who is here, as often, represented with a flowing beard, is of special interest, as having supplied the great Florentine sculptor and architect, Niccolò Pisano, with a model for the high priest in his admirable bas-relief of the Presentation in the Temple, which is one of the series of five designs in the upper portion of the pulpit in the adjoining Baptistery.

In the north cloister one of the most interesting monuments is a sarcophagus with fine reliefs, representing two scenes from the story of Hippolytus and Phaedra. In one of the two compartments into which the front of the tomb is divided, Phaedra is to be seen seated in a dignified attitude with two Cupids standing near her, and with the pediment of what is probably a temple of Aphrodite in the background. Phaedra's old nurse is addressing Hippolytus, who rejects her proposals with disdain and is on the point of turning away in disgust. Behind Hippolytus is his hunter, and, between the youthful huntsman and his groom, is seated a hound, scratching its head with one of its paws. The other compartment to the right represents a hunting scene, in the left part of which Hippolytus, mounted on his prancing horse, with his cloak waving in the wind and with his hounds in full cry, is attacking a wild boar, who is springing on him from the extreme right of the design. The head of Phaedra on this sarcophagus is the original of the head of the Virgin Mary in the Adoration of the Magi, as represented in another of the reliefs already mentioned in Niccolò Pisano's pulpit in the Baptistery; and the two horses find their counterpart in the three standing in the background of the same relief. It may here perhaps be worth while to conjecture that even the hound scratching its head may have suggested another incident in the same design, where, among the attendant sheep, Niccolò has, with admirable effect, introduced a goat

scratching its ear,—an incident which, we are told, 'he has repeated with like success on the pulpit at Siena.'\* All these various coincidences confirm the account given by Vasari of the source from which Niccolò Pisano drew part of the inspiration which led him to design those marvellous works of sculpture which make an epoch in the history of modern art.† The sarcophagus formerly stood by the outer wall of the cathedral near the south door, and once contained the remains of the Countess Beatrice (*ob.* 1076), mother of the celebrated Countess Matilda of Tuscany, 'notable equally for her ceaseless activity, her brilliant political genius, her perfect piety, and her deep reverence for the see of Rome,‡ who is generally identified with the Matilda who in the last six cantos of the *Purgatorio* is Dante's guide in the terrestrial paradise.

A little further along the same cloister stands another sarcophagus, the front of the upper part of which is carved with reliefs representing the dooms of Actæon and Pentheus, each of them on a stone panel of about two and a half feet long by one foot high. The design representing the death of Pentheus closely resembles that on the sarcophagus in the court of the Giustiniani palace in Rome. I was naturally interested to see this relief, after having had occasion to describe it among other works of art representing the same subject.§

In the south cloister were to be seen some inscriptions in honour of Gaius and Lucius Caesar, grandsons of Augustus; also busts of Brutus and Hadrian; and a striking piece of black and white mosaic, with flowers and fruits arranged in an undulating pattern, with birds at intervals, and with an oblong design consisting of small hexagons beneath.

\* Lindsay's *Christian Art*, II. p. 106.

† Ruskin's *Val d'Arno* § 7, and Vasari I. p. 258 (who however confounds the hunt of Hippolytus with that of Meleager).

‡ Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, VOL. III. cap. xiv. § 37.

§ Introduction to the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, p. cx.

Among the modern sculptures the most remarkable was Thorwaldsen's monument to the oculist Andrea Vacca, the subject being Tobias curing his father's blindness. There were also two statues representing the celebrated architect and sculptor Niccolo Pisano (about 1200—1273), and his famous son, the sculptor Giovanni Pisano, the architect of the Campo Santo.

We next went to see the Baptistery (begun in 1152) and its admirable pulpit with elaborate reliefs by Niccolo Pisano (about 1260), its marble font of vast dimensions, and its marvellously musical echo.

We then retraced our steps to the Campanile, the famous Leaning Tower, built of white marble, which was begun in 1174. I had ascended it on a former visit, six years before, and I still remember the curious sensation caused by the slanting position of the tower as one gradually mounted the spiral staircase with a perfectly perceptible feeling of going down-hill for one half of every round and up-hill for the other. On that occasion I was one of a party of three; but on the present, I found out for the first time that never less than that number are permitted to ascend the tower together, whether because the ascent of a single person is considered likely to lead to suicide, or that of two, either to suicide or murder or both, I cannot tell. The custodian suggested that we might get over the difficulty by taking up a *garçon* with us, to make a third; but although a burly youth presented himself for this purpose, we did not care quite enough for his company to take him as our escort up the 293 steps of white marble which lead to the top of the tower.

We had now only three-quarters of an hour to spare before the departure of our train, and we gladly devoted this short interval of time to a walk through the principal streets of Pisa, passing five of its most important sights on our way. First we walked to the east of the Piazza del Duomo, past the palace of

the archbishop to the great Dominican church of *Santa Caterina*, which is the work of a pupil of Niccolo Pisano and was finished in 1253. It has a beautiful and interesting façade of Pisan Gothic, which is said to resemble that of S. Domenico at Pistoia. We next walked on through a large piazza, planted with trees, in front of the church, and then southwards though the principal street, the Via del Borgo with its low vaulted arcades, until we reached the church of *San Michele in Borgo*, in the Gothic style of the 13th century, from a design attributed to Niccolo Pisano or one of his pupils. Hence we passed along the sunny side of the Lung' Arno, with its arched bridges and its houses on either side of the stream reflected in the water. On such a day as this, the lines of Shelley, written on the *Ponte a Mare* at Pisa, are still as true as ever, though the floods have swept away the picturesque old bridge on which he wrote them:—

within the surface of the fleeting river  
the wrinkled image of the city lay,  
immovably unquiet, and forever  
it trembles, but it never fades away.

We thus reached the church of *S. Niccolo* with its slightly leaning campanile, which is a somewhat remarkable structure, designed by Niccolo Pisano, in four storeys, the first round, the next octagonal, the third round and the last hexagonal, with a cupola above it. We then crossed the Arno to its southern bank and looked at an elegant little church in the French Gothic style, built in 1230, and called *La Madonna della Spina*, from a fragment of the crown of thorns alleged to be there preserved—a gem of architecture, once considered a miracle of art. Next, near the western gate of the city, as we walked along the river, we saw the church of *S. Paolo a Ripa d'Arno* with a fine façade, embellished by three rows of slender columns, the finest in Pisa until it was

surpassed by that of the cathedral. We soon reached the outside of the town and walked past its ancient walls to the station, where we arrived a few minutes before the departure of our train; in time, however, to purchase, as a memento of the furthest point of our pilgrimage, an elegant little Florentine flask of Chianti, the wine of the *Clanis*, which looks as graceful in its net of delicate wickerwork now that it is empty, as it was refreshing while it was full.

Interesting as our journey had been in the morning, our return over the same ground in the afternoon proved equally interesting, so long at least as the sun was still shining. While the day declined, the hills between Pietra Santa and Massa Ducale were robed in a lovely purple, while above them soared the snow-capped mountains; and, as we passed beneath the heights of the range of Carrara, their snowy summits were tinged with rose, while again and again, along their riven sides, we saw the white scars and the light grey heaps of marble dust that marked the mouths of their famous quarries.

*Sunday, Jan. 15.* Went to church in a little room at the top of the *Croix de Malte* hotel. This is a different and a much larger establishment to that of the same name, at which I had stayed with two friends on my former visit to Spezia, in the winter of 1875, a building now known as the *hôtel d'Italie*. The ceiling of the room was richly painted with a variety of landscapes and of ornamental designs which had a somewhat distracting effect.

After church, we walked by the road in the direction of Lerici, keeping as close to the shore as was practicable along the eastern portion of the bay. We started along a spacious boulevard in front of our hotel and then passed behind some long barracks at Fort St. Bartholomew. After a while the road disappeared into a mere track, ascending above the water along a rocky ledge with hardly room for two

to stand side by side. Following this with its ups and downs till we came in view of the foundries of Pertusola, which to some extent mar the beauty of the bright waters from which they rise, we soon reached a tiny harbour known as the Porto Muggano, and then struck inland up the dry bed of a torrent. After ascending for some time between its lofty banks, we lighted on some steep paths which helped us to emerge from the strange and desolate gorge along which we had been hitherto ascending. From the top of a pine-clad hill that we thus reached, we had a lovely view of the bay of Spezia, with all its inlets and islands, including the isle of Tino, which we now saw for the first time beyond Palmaria; while in the other direction, to the east, we looked upon the snowy ranges of the Apennines. After several attempts to find a track among the olive-yards around us, we at last saw a small portion of a broad road in the valley below, and accordingly made our way down terraces of olives to a densely wooded dell, from which we soon gained the main road. We followed its long windings as it swept in grand curves through magnificent scenery until we reached once more the shores of the bay. This was a most interesting walk, and we were fortunate in hitting on the right route, with little to guide us beyond the general ideas of direction that were to be obtained from a small and somewhat defective map.

*Monday, Jan. 16.* Walked about among the oleanders in the public gardens, and saw the statue in memory of Dominico Chiodo, who died in 1870, and whose public services to Italy are recorded in the inscription on the pedestal, stating that he had transformed the harbour of Spezia into a great military port, and had thus realised the designs of Napoleon and of Cavour. At noon we left Spezia in a small steamboat for Lerici on its eastern shore, and after stopping on our way at San Terenzo, with the ruins



of its small castle, we reached Lerici in rather less than an hour. We enjoyed our short survey of the place, with its quiet harbour and with the lofty towers of its castle looking down from a craggy cliff on the waters of the bay. It was close to Lerici, between it and the village of San Terenzo, that Shelley came to live, with his wife and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, on April 26, 1822. It was from here that, on the 1st of July in the same year, he went to Leghorn with Williams, to see Leigh Hunt; and, just a week later, they set sail to return to this place, when a sudden squall came on, and, a fortnight after, the body of the poet was washed ashore at Viareggio, which we passed on Saturday on our way to Pisa, while that of his friend was found at a point three miles from Lerici.

Leaving the little port, we struck up inland and walked under the sunshine, resting now and then near the shade of olive-trees, along an excellent military road with long sweeps and curves, affording ever-varying views of Porto Venere and the other small bays on the opposite side of the Gulf of Spezia, as well as delightful peeps down into the depths of the wooded valleys at our feet. We then skirted the outside of the loftily situated village of Pitelli and soon came in sight of the Carrara mountains, and then descended gradually, now and then cutting off the windings of the road by taking some shorter paths that led us through luxuriant woods of stone-pine and past banks of anemones and pinks and primroses, till we reached the shore of the bay.

*Tuesday, Jan. 17.* In the forenoon we closed our delightful stay at Spezia by a pleasant drive along the road towards Genoa, mounting higher and higher by long sweeping curves through shady plantations of olive-trees, until we gained the highest point of the road at about an hour's distance by carriage from Spezia. Leaving the carriage we walked to the top

of a small hill and enjoyed a still more extensive prospect. The whole of Spezia and the glorious bay with all its smaller inlets lay spread like a map before us; while the snowy range of the *Alpi Apuane*, or the Carrara mountains, stretched along the eastern horizon. Near us, a little village perched on the crest of a hill, which had seemed far above us for the greater part of our drive, was now at some distance below us; while to the north, the further portion of the road to Genoa was to be seen winding downwards through the valley. On a traveller coming by road from Genoa the first effect of the view of Spezia from this point must be very striking; but such a sight could hardly be more interesting than that which we now enjoyed, while we summed up the memories of all our various excursions of the last few days and our visits to each familiar headland and our views of each azure creek and wave-washed island in one magnificent panorama which embraced them all.

We returned down-hill in little more than half-an-hour; and, at about two o'clock, left by train for GENOA. On our way we had many lovely peeps of rock and sea, flooded with all the radiance of sunlight; and, later in our journey, we saw the far-off horizon glowing with a golden hue while the sun was setting. We passed several places where we would gladly have stayed—Sestri di Levante, rich in subjects for the pencil, Rapallo with its graceful campanile, Santa Margherita with its picturesque old castle in the sea, and, lastly, the bold promontory of Porto Fino.

Our hotel at Genoa is the *hôtel Trombetta*, the old palace of the admiralty. We are happily near the top of the house and have all the lights of the harbour in full view from the windows of a room which struck us at first as remarkably quiet, considering all that we had heard in this respect to the detriment of the hotels near the quay, as compared with the *Grand Hôtel Isotta*, which is at some distance



from the shore. As the hours wore on, however, we again and again heard the discordant jarring of the iron shutters as each successive place of business or entertainment closed for the night.

*Wednesday, Jan. 18.* After breakfast, we walked to the cathedral of San Lorenzo, and after looking with some interest at its fine façade, striped horizontally with alternate bands of white and black marble, we went in and viewed some of the chapels, including that of St. John the Baptist, with a sarcophagus purporting to be the original tomb of the Baptist. Into this chapel ladies are not admitted, *à cause d'Herodie*, as the verger informed us; but beyond some sculptures by Sansovino, which could be seen almost as well from outside the iron rails as from within, I saw nothing to lead me to prize very highly the privilege of admission within the sacred precincts.

We then walked up to the loftily situated church of Santa Maria di Carignano and ascended its dome, from the gallery of which we had a magnificent view of Genoa and of the western Riviera as far as Cape Noli, and of the eastern, to Capo Fino on the nearer side of the bay of Rapallo.

On descending from the dome, we went down once more into the town and walked to the Palazzo Rosso (or Brignole-Sale), and saw the gallery of pictures, including several by Vandyke, also a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto and a Sebastian by Guido Reni.

After this we drove out to the Campo Santo, about twenty minutes' drive from the town. Round the four sides of a large green plot of burial ground, crowded with many a simple grave, rises a marble colonnade. The floor of this colonnade is laid with narrow slabs of marble, each of them a tombstone either marked with a number only or with a name as well. On either side of these simple memorials of the dead were covered arches, beneath which were marble monuments in every variety of bold, fantastic, or tasteful design.

At 2.45 we left by train for Turin. The first part of our journey was a continuous ascent, until, after passing through several tunnels, we reached a point 1192 feet above the sea. This was at Bussola, where we crossed the watershed between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. Between this place and Serravalle, while we were going through the Apennines, the views were most interesting, especially along the valley of the mountain-torrent called the Scrivia. We saw fields covered with snow, besides large quantities of it lying on the mountain-sides. After passing the battle-field of Novi and leaving on our left the field of Marengo, we reached Alessandria, where we saw the red glow of sunset reflected in the waters of the Tanaro. The rest of our journey, through a flat district, was in the dark, and we reached TURIN at 7.15.

*Thursday, Jan. 19.* At 8.50 we left Turin for LYONS, having fine views of the snow-clad Alps as we approached them in ascending the Valley of the Dora. On our left we passed the lonely monastery of Sagra, perched on the top of a lofty hill; and, before long, we saw Susa not far below us on our right, but we looked in vain for the triumphal arch of Augustus. The Mont Cenis tunnel took us nearly half an hour to pass through; the lamp in our carriage had accidentally gone out shortly before we entered the tunnel, but a French lady and gentleman in the same compartment, who proved pleasant fellow-travellers all the way to Chambéry, lit up our darkness from time to time with the light of their vestas.

After dining at Modane, during the forty minutes by which the time of Rome differed from that of Paris, we continued our journey with magnificent views of snowy summits and deep and dark ravines, varied by the frequent sight of frozen waterfalls and of trees silvery with hoar frost. We had a good view of the valley of the Isère, from the point where the

river Arc joins it, near Montmelian. During the evening the singular outline of the precipitous Mont Garnier, from which a great landslip fell more than six hundred years ago, remained long in sight; and near Aix-les-Bains we passed for some time along the pleasant lake of Bourget. Soon after we had crossed the Rhone darkness came on, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had gone through far the most interesting part of the journey by daylight, and of remembering it as a day on which the attention had been kept intently on the stretch, looking at one point of interest after another, from the time of our start to the hour of sunset.

*Friday, Jan. 20.* At the *Grand Hôtel Collet* in the Rue de la République (a gloomy kind of hotel, but one that improved on acquaintance), we awoke to find ourselves under a dull and leaden sky, with fog and smoke on every side. The two principal things which we had hoped to see at Lyons were, firstly, the view of the city from the heights of *Fourvières*; and, secondly, the Museum with its picture-gallery, including the celebrated Ascension by Perugino, and its collection of antiquities, especially the bronze tablets inscribed with a speech by the Emperor Claudius. But, unhappily, the fog prevented our going up to see the former; and, as for the latter, we had the mortification of finding that the Museum was closed for six months, *à cause de réparations*. For this double disappointment we consoled ourselves, as far as practicable, by going to see the cathedral with its wonderful windows of stained glass, and the ancient church of the Abbey D'Ainay, one of the oldest in France, belonging to the tenth century, with its vaulting supported by four massive columns of granite.

We also walked along the bank of the Saône to its confluence with the Rhone, where we could readily observe the contrast between the quiet Saône, with the greyish green of its glassy surface—so quiet that,

even now, as in Caesar's time, one can hardly tell which way the river is flowing—and the rushing Rhone, with its clear waters, curling into innumerable eddies and rich with varied hues of purple.

At 2.45 we started for PARIS, which we reached at 11.17. We stayed near the Tuileries at the *Hôtel de la Couronne* (3, Rue St. Roch), a small and pleasant house, where we had a delightfully comfortable room.

*Saturday, Jan. 21.* Went to the Louvre, where we spent a good deal of time in the *Salle Carrée*, with its well-known masterpieces of Raphael and Murillo and Paul Veronese; also in the Long Gallery, which includes the great series of pictures by Rubens illustrating the life of Marie de Medicis. Both of these rooms had been closed on our last visit. In the afternoon we went over parts of the *Salle des Antiquités*, and the *Salle des Dessins* with many valuable drawings by the old masters.

At 6.10 we left by train for AMIENS (*via* Longeau) and stayed at the *Hôtel du Rhin*.

*Sunday, Jan. 22.* At eleven o'clock, we attended the French Protestant service in the Rue de Metz near the Hôtel de Ville; and afterwards went to have a preliminary view of the cathedral, taking care to approach it from the south-west, and thus obtaining a grand view of its west façade and its three deeply-recessed portals. The doors looked far too mean for the magnificent carvings which adorn the arches above them. In the afternoon we made our way once more to the cathedral, approaching it this time from the south, in full view of the south transept with its beautiful rose-window, and with the slender flèche rising far into the sky amid the mist and fog. We admired the general effect of the interior on entering by the south door; looked with interest at the carved work in the stalls of the choir, and examined the tomb of one of the bishops in whose time the cathedral was built (1220-1288). But the day was bitterly cold, and for

the rest of the afternoon we were glad to sit over our fire reading the dainty little volume lately written by Ruskin and entitled 'The Bible of Amiens.' An extract from its opening pages may appropriately close this brief record of our last Sunday abroad:

The cathedral of Amiens has nothing to boast of in the way of towers,—its central flèche is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter,—the total structure is in dignity inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decorative splendour to Rheims, and in loveliness of figure-sculpture to Bourges. It has nothing like the artful pointing and moulding of the arcades of Salisbury—nothing of the might of Durham;—no Dædalian inlaying like Florence, no glow of mythic fantasy like Verona. And yet, in 'all, and more than these, ways, outshone or overpowered, the cathedral of Amiens deserves the name given it by M. Violet le Duc—*The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture.*

On Monday, *Jan.* 23, we went by train to Boulogne, and crossed over to Folkestone, on a day of sunshine and soft breezes, with the sea as smooth as could be desired, and in the pleasant company of several of our friends who were hastening back to some of the great schools of England. On the next day we returned to Cambridge, to be welcomed by a day of unwonted brightness, when, beneath a sky which although more faintly blue was as fair as that of Italy, 'my fancy fled to the South again.'

J. E. SANDYS.



OMNIS SCIENTIA INDICAT OMNISCIENTEM.

O THOU, that, ere the years began  
To roll along time's shoreless sea,  
Didst shape the universal plan  
And utter Thine unchanged decree,

Thou, Who didst bid the heavens declare  
Thy glory, and the wondrous frame  
Of earth and all therein prepare  
To tell the splendour of Thy name,

Thou madest man, the last and best  
Of all the works Thy wisdom wrought,  
Thou gavest him beyond the rest  
The supreme heritage of thought.

And shall he scorn Thy gift and hide  
The talent trusted to his charge,  
Nor use the wealth Thyself supplied  
To win rich interest and large?

Nay, let him with courageous soul  
Still seek, and seeking find, the laws,  
That guide and guard the complex whole  
And point to Thee, their final cause.

Still let him all Thy works explore  
With clearer and yet clearer sight,  
Let knowledge grow from more to more  
With fuller vision, larger light,

Till all creation's open page  
 Thy visible revelation prove,  
 Wherein who runs in every age  
 May read the record of Thy love.

For love is Nature's highest law,  
 The key to all her mystic speech,  
 Whose myriad voices evermore  
 One ever-clearer message preach:

That ceaseless change of life and death,  
 The seeming strife of good and ill,  
 And all that is accomplisheth  
 The purpose of Thy perfect will;

That man still seeks a loftier goal,  
 That pain and toil and grief are given  
 To slowly shape a nobler soul,  
 To mould a mind more fit for heaven,

More fit, when breaks the brighter dawn,  
 To stand before Thy glorious throne  
 And in the everlasting morn  
 To know Thee even as he is known.

T. E. PAGE.



## CAMBRIDGE ROWING.

THE following observations on what is, I am afraid, rather a sore subject with most of us at present, make no claim to be considered as carrying any weight or as being in any sense the opinions of an expert. All I propose to do is to give the impressions made by the last two or three University boat races on the mind of one who, though never a good oarsman himself, has seen a great deal of good rowing; whose boating experience, such as it is, extends over nearly a quarter of a century and who is acquainted, in a humble way, with the Cam, the Isis, and the Thames, besides other rivers English and foreign.

It is rather in the hope of inducing the rowing men, properly so called, to take up the subject and discuss it (in the *Eagle* or elsewhere) than with any expectation that my views will be accepted, that I venture to "rush in" where first-boat men apparently "fear to tread."

There is one thing which must have struck old Cantabs rather forcibly, not to say rather painfully, of late years, viz. that when the University crews have arrived at that stage in their practice which brings them under the notice of the rowing public, it always seems to be quite an open question whether the Cambridge crew will succeed in mastering what used to be considered the elements of rowing, and it has more than once happened of late that they have completely failed to acquire the commonplace, but somewhat important, accomplishments, of keeping



time, keeping swing, and feathering their oars. We are told, year after year, that the Cambridge men have the "makings" of a very fine crew in them and may probably win the race, if only they can be taught to feather *above* the water, instead of *in* it, and to content themselves with one style of rowing throughout the boat, instead of half a dozen.

I am aware that it is the fashion to lay the blame on the dear old Cam, and to say that it is next to impossible for a man who practises rowing on such a small and sluggish stream to row properly on the Thames.

To those who, like myself, remember what Cambridge rowing was twenty-four years ago, this must seem a very poor excuse. Some of the finest amateur oarsmen ever seen have undoubtedly been trained on the Cam, and the long succession of Cambridge victories in the early years of the University boat-race shows that rowing on the Cam is no impossibility, and that the art was, at any rate in old times, as readily acquired at Cambridge as at Oxford or elsewhere.

But then, it is said, the introduction of light boats and the various improvements in oars &c. and, more recently, the sliding seat, have changed the conditions of rowing, so that what was once true enough on this head is so no longer. The value of this argument (or rather its worthlessness) becomes evident whenever a few really good men, who have acquired a sound knowledge of the principles of rowing at Eton or some other public school, happen to be available at Cambridge. They manage to row on the Cam, and their doing so does not seem to deprive them of the power of rowing on the Thames. And when an Oxford coach takes the Cambridge crew in hand, he somehow contrives to make them row even on the Cam.

The fact is, good rowing is good rowing, whether

on the Cam or any other river, and the oarsman who has really learnt to row on one river will soon accommodate himself to another, and the rowing which is good for one kind of boat is the same, in all essential points, as that which is good for another.

No doubt a new river, or a new boat, will make the best crew in the world unsteady for a few days, but they will soon get together again, and the time, swing and feather, which are a second nature to them (for otherwise they are not a good crew) will adapt themselves to the new circumstances, just as a soldier (or let us say a volunteer) will, after being on the march for a few days, learn to keep step and preserve his alignments over almost any sort of ground, and in heavy marching order, if he has been well drilled in the first instance.

"Then" it may be asked "do you mean to imply that it is the *men* who are in fault? Are Cambridge men less capable of learning to row than they used to be?" Certainly not, but in order that they may learn, they must be taught. At present it is probably not too much to say that, whereas Oxford is a school of rowing, Cambridge is nothing of the sort. Individual men may, and do, learn to row at Cambridge, but there is not the general knowledge of rowing which is cultivated at Oxford. I do not mean to say that the theory is not understood by a good many of our rowing men. When a captain in one of the College boats finds he has got together a promising crew, he doubtless coaches them carefully for the races for which they are in preparation. The fault which is so visible in Cambridge rowing to the eyes of outsiders, is not that the scientific instruction is wanting, but that it is of little or no use, because the elements of rowing have not been completely mastered, and have therefore to be continually thought of and attended to at the last moment.

A man who has the honour of being chosen to

row in the University boat should have become a thorough oarsman already and should only need to be coached into perfect uniformity of style with his stroke and to have little individual faults pointed out and corrected.

What would be thought of a candidate for mathematical honours who after spending three years in acquiring a smattering of the higher subjects, should find it necessary to devote his questionist's term almost entirely to a study of Euclid and Algebra? And yet the unhappy University coach is expected to teach men to row in six weeks,—men who, presumably are the picked oarsmen of their University! I venture to say that if the authorities of our College boat Clubs could hear the criticisms which are passed on our chosen representatives on the towing path at Putney, or the candid opinions of a few of the members of metropolitan rowing Clubs, they would acknowledge the necessity of teaching the rising generation of Cambridge oarsmen to row, not in the University boat at Putney, but in the freshman's tub at Cambridge. If they were brought up in the way they should go from the first, they would hardly depart from it so wofully when called upon to apply their knowledge. The worst of it is, that the want of this preliminary training is not so apparent on the Cam. So long as a man is in the boat to which he is accustomed, rowing with men with whom he is well acquainted and with no great interests at stake and no uneasy sense of being criticised by strangers, he is not likely to get flurried or to find himself vainly attempting to think of several things at once, and that too when his bodily energies are being exerted to the utmost. Therefore the absolute necessity of making the essentials of rowing a second nature to every man in the boat may fail to secure the attention it deserves. The more promising men, *i.e.* those who seem likely to become valuable recruits

for the first boat, may get more than their share of attention, with the result that the really good men fail to get their proper amount of practice owing to the inferiority of the rest of the crew. It is clearly impossible for a man to get into good form when three or four men in the same boat are rowing badly, missing the beginning, delaying the recovery, or perhaps even looking at the ends of their oars.

For every reason, then, it is most important that not only the select few, but the great body of boating men, should be well coached in what may be called the grammar of rowing. When this is done, we shall no longer see a really fine lot of men, like this year's crew, steadily deteriorating from the moment they commence practice on the tideway, while their rivals as steadily improve. There can be no want of scientific knowledge at the great mathematical University, where, if anywhere, questions of practical mechanics should be well enough understood. What appears to be wanted is more attention to little things. If it is worth while rowing at all, it is surely desirable to do the thing thoroughly and on sound principles. If it is not considered worth while to continue the struggle against Oxford, it would be better to give it up frankly, than to resort to the last resource of bad workmen and complain of our tools, *i.e.* of our men, who are as good as ever they were, or our river, which is much better than it used to be.

One advantage Oxford undoubtedly has. Her colleges are far more nearly equal in size than ours, and this enables the Oxford University Boat Club to give each College a fair share of representation in the College races, so that University oarsmen have seldom or never to be taken from the lower division of boats. It is not at all likely that any of the smaller Colleges at Cambridge would consent to amalgamate for boating purposes, and make one

good-sized club, but if they did so, there can be little doubt that their boating men would have a better opportunity of coming to the front than they have at present, when it must frequently be a difficult matter in the case of the smallest Colleges to keep a boat on the river at all.

However, this is no new thing. It did not spoil Cambridge rowing in old times and need not do so now.

In these somewhat rambling remarks, I am fully conscious that I labour under the disadvantage of being to a great extent ignorant of what is actually done on the Cam at the present time. I can only guess at the probable causes of phenomena observable at Putney, as to which there can be, alas! no dispute.

I have purposely avoided any attempt at criticism of the style of rowing which has distinguished Cambridge crews of late years: my object is to call attention to a part of the subject which, as it seems to me, claims precedence of all considerations of style. Only a few men can aspire to row for their University but every man who rows at all can help forward the cause of Cambridge, by doing his best to improve the College rowing, especially in the lower boats, which are, or should be, the nursery of future oarsmen. The state of things which I have been commenting on seems to have arisen partly from an idea which prevailed at one time that Cambridge aimed too much at mere polish and uniformity; and it is true that in 1866 and 1868 the Oxford style was much the best, not because of its roughness and want of evenness, but in spite of those drawbacks. But, what with bad luck in some years and bad rowing in others, people got to entertain a sort of superstitious belief in everything the Oxonians did, and, as usually happens in such cases, shewed far more alacrity in copying their faults than their virtues. We were told that success in the University

race depended on "catch at the beginning," (a most misleading term, by the way,) and that the "rough and ready style" and the "slashing stroke" were what carried the dark blue oarsmen to the front. Indeed, at one time, I verily believe some men thought the dark blue colour might have something to do with it, and remarks certainly used to be made about the "sickly, washed out" appearance of the Cambridge costume, remarks which, it is needless to say, are never heard when Cambridge wins. But the effect of all this was that men aimed at "form and nothing but form," and thought that it mattered little whether a man knew how to clear the water or to clear his knees, or rather it was thought these were little niceties to be acquired at the last moment. The natural result of this was, it would appear, a falling off in the care and attention paid to the elementary part of rowing.

A study of the records of Henley Regatta would, I believe, shew that while there have been some very good boats from Cambridge, there have been scarcely any very bad ones from Oxford, and this, together with the fact that in 1873 Cambridge achieved the fastest time on record over the Metropolitan course, seems to point to the conclusion that the general average of rowing at Oxford is considerably better than at Cambridge, but that a very high degree of excellence can be attained at Cambridge when it is sought in the right way. This, I repeat, is to learn to row first and decide on the style you will adopt afterwards, in other words first, learn the use of your tools and then consider what particular use you will make of them.

I wish most sincerely that the subject had a better exponent, but it is trying to the feelings of an old Cambridge man, who has always been fond of boating, to hear it constantly taken for granted that Oxford men know how to row and Cambridge men do not, unless

when caught and instructed by some London Club, and it by no means mends the matter when some good-natured friend coolly remarks that it could not possibly be otherwise, because "they have got no river at Cambridge, you know."

I only add that I hope the subject will receive the attention of resident boating men and in particular of the authorities of the L. M. B. C.

OLAF.



## AT THE EASTER REVIEW.

By a Member of the C.U.R.V., B Company (St. John's).

**I**T is with a considerable amount of hesitation that I have undertaken to write on such a subject as the Volunteers, for, although the age of scorn and contempt has passed away from the rest of the country, it seems still to last in Cambridge, probably on account of the somewhat casual way in which the matter is treated by the members of the C.U.R.V. themselves. It must, however, be remembered that the usefulness of our corps lies chiefly in its being a training school for men who will afterwards take commissions in other regiments, and therefore a high standard of efficiency is not so essential as in ordinary corps. I have no intention however of writing an apology for its existence nor of eulogizing its performances, but simply of giving what may interest even the sceptical, viz. a few personal experiences of the last great review and a volunteer's opinion of its value and effect.

Most readers of the *Eagle* will have seen the accounts given in the daily papers, so that I may assume an acquaintance with the place in general. The nature of the ground is easily described; it is simply one hill about seven miles long, lying due east and west, and sloping gradually from its extremities to a height of between three and four hundred feet at the centre. Fareham, the headquarters of the defenders, lies at the western foot;



Havant, those of the attacking force, at the eastern foot, and Portsmouth four miles to the south on the peninsula formed by the Portsmouth and Langston harbours. The hill is chiefly open down land, and is crowned by a line of five forts built by Lord Palmerston, forts Southwick and Widley about two miles apart occupying the highest positions.

The work of an Easter Monday review is by no means confined to the Monday; as a rule, large bodies of men are on the march to the scene of action for several days during the preceding week, and, if properly used, this march is invaluable as a means of teaching that which otherwise a volunteer could never learn practically, viz. outpost and picket duty with the various other measures of caution usually adopted by an army in feeling its way through a hostile country. This was particularly noticeable on the last occasion; the plan of campaign and the arrangements of the War Office giving peculiar facilities of which the Metropolitan Corps were not slow to avail themselves.

The march lasted in some cases from Thursday to Saturday, and from all accounts it seems to have been as much like the real thing as the most severe could wish; the men were quartered in barns and outhouses, and allowed the luxury of half a truss of straw apiece to sleep on. One man who came down with the Inns of Court said he didn't believe anyone in his company slept a wink the whole night they spent in a barn, for in the first place half a truss of the sweetest straw formed but a sorry bed, and secondly, whenever the huge door was opened, either to relieve the guard or for any other reason, a searching blast of the cold east wind swept over their martial frames in anything but a soporific manner.

On Saturday some of the forts were occupied; Purbrook the most eastern by the Artists, and Widley by some of the 19th Middlesex. These corps

got a taste of barrack life in no very pleasant form as the forts were roughly made ready for them, and therefore any comforts that a soldier finds in regular barracks were conspicuously absent. The Commissariat Department too, did its best to make it a trying time; for a Middlesex friend of mine told me that the beef successfully resisted all attempts at mastication, and at one meal when small pork pies were served out he was forced, after valiant attacks, to retire in favour of a comrade who happily possessed the teeth of a hippopotamus and the stomach of an ostrich. During the night his neighbour being a somnambulist tried quietly to oust him from his bed, which was made up on the floor; being a very good sleeper my friend managed to endure it until he was landed on a heap of bayonets, the latent spirit of the Briton then rose within him and he effectually asserted his rights. The Cambridge men reached Fareham on Saturday evening and were quartered in the Workhouse. The neighbouring people were so hospitable and the arrangements so comfortable that the object of the expedition might have been forgotten had it not been for the strict discipline enforced. An amusing example of this discipline occurred one night: one of the lieutenants (an 'apostle') went out about eleven o'clock and asked the sentry (a high Wrangler) if all was right, 'Yes,' was the reply, 'only you ought to be in bed.' The guard was immediately turned out and drilled for half an hour to teach them proper respect.

On Monday morning the C.U.R.V. drove to Fort Purbrook, beneath which on the north slope the rendezvous for the attacking force was fixed, there we found the Artists to whom we were attached. Two things struck me forcibly; in the first place, the capital order prevailing, and secondly, the enormous trade of the orange-sellers, in fact many of the latter must have made their fortunes that day.

The signal gun to commence operations had hardly fired before the Artists were put in motion, accompanied by a red-coated corps and some Middlesex Artillery; forming fours we marched through the fields and woods along the foot of the hill about a mile into the Portsmouth highroad, here we waited a few minutes with the rear half of the Artists while the remainder of the division crossed the road and continued along the foot of the hill; we followed them for a little way and then, turning off to the left, marched up the hill. As soon as our front was clear of the woods we formed into line stretching straight up and down the hill, the C.U.R.V. on the extreme left near the top. We looked about anxiously for any sign of the enemy, but the thousands of spectators made it impossible to see very far. An order was now given to detach three files from the left to keep up communication with the brigades on the south side of the hill; accordingly six of us under a serjeant marched up the hill a few yards; we privates were utterly ignorant of our duty, and apparently the serjeant was so too, for he soon astonished us with the extraordinary order, 'Halt! Hout! Sit down on the bank.' Now the bank was already occupied by some damsels, no doubt charming to those in their own station, and consequently the order was met by musing on our part and derisive laughter from the said damsels. In the meantime our corps had advanced and we had a most wearisome double across a ploughed field to catch it. We marched on till we reached a deep lane running up and down the hill in which we rested for a few minutes. The order soon came to advance, and breaking through the hedge we extended into skirmishing order and advanced halfway across the field. Here, though utterly unsheltered, we were told to halt and open fire; I put on spectacles but failed to see any sign of the enemy, so I turned to the

serjeant and said, 'Where are they?' 'Don't you see?' was the reply, 'down there by that flag, about five hundred yards'; so I sighted my rifle and blazed away at the flag.

Presently I saw some black troops running up to the hedge opposite to where we were lying; they soon opened a murderous fire on us, and being unsheltered the umpire sent us out of action as annihilated, so we retired into the lane and waited for supports. I thought this a capital opportunity to refresh the inner man, so seating myself in the shade with my back to the hedge I began to discuss the contents of my haversack; a few minutes later a roar of laughter made me look up, and I found to my disgust that I had been photographed, back to the enemy with a mutton bone in both hands, whilst most of the other men had arranged themselves as if skirmishing through the hedge.

When the supports had relieved us we were sent to the rear, where we laid down and consumed oranges till the fight was over and the march past about to commence. Our part of the latter was creditably performed, and immediately after we set off homewards reaching Fareham at 6.30 pretty well tired out.

The numerous accounts which have been published, some of which nearly everybody has read, would render a more detailed narrative wearisome, but the above brief outline will probably be a fresh view to many.

The last review at which I was present was also the last one held on the same ground, that of 1868; I was prepared to see a great difference in drill and discipline, but what I actually saw surpassed all my anticipations. In 1868 there was a great lack of steadiness, and in many instances the men did not seem to realize that for the time being they had resigned their liberty; I remember in one case when an

unfortunate hare ran past a company standing easy, some of the men broke rank and chased it; such a thing last Easter would have been impossible. At the march past I was unable to notice those near at hand owing to my attention being absorbed by my own duties, but those farther off, whom I watched before we approached the saluting base, were going by as steadily and almost as well in step as the regulars. This of course is mere parade work, however useful it may be as such; the practical lessons of the day are learnt during the action.

One of the principal points gained is the realisation of what is required of the individual in battle. If a man's highest experience is a battalion parade he knows nothing of a soldier's duties but the mere machine-work of drill, the use of which he cannot half understand; at a review, on the contrary, he sees the result of the various movements and formations which he has learnt on parade, and I may say as a consequence he carries them out intelligently.

Another thing which I never realised before, though we have heard plenty of it since the Transvaal war, is the absolute necessity of firing carefully, steadily and slowly. At five hundred yards, as I remarked above, I could not see the enemy, partly owing to the number of spectators, and if any of my readers will take the trouble when next they go near the corps ground to look at the targets from the five hundred yards base, they will understand what a very small object for aim, a mere focus at that distance, especially when lying down; now in real war the distance is rarely less than two hundred yards and generally much more, hence it is obvious that unless the enemy are foolish enough to be in a compact body a tremendous and rapid fire can only result in a few chance hits and possibly a scare which will soon change to contempt.

I think the main advantages of a field day may

be summed up in a word I have used several times, viz. 'realisation.' The men see their strength and can readily understand how it is that they are the wonder and envy of all the continental nations; a wholesome pride cannot fail to follow with efforts to make themselves still more efficient, and increased emulation of the other corps with which they now measure themselves. To the officers the practice in handling large bodies of men must be invaluable; they learn also to use their discretion in an attack, such a mistake as our commander made in allowing us to skirmish in an exposed position while the enemy took the shelter which was within our reach, would hardly, I should think, be repeated.

In conclusion, I would urge all Cambridge men to support heartily a movement which has the nation's welfare as its sole object, and which gives year by year this proof to the country that the money spent over it is not wasted, that it exists in reality, not merely on paper, and means not merely to play at soldiers, but to do its work in real earnest.





OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

BENEATH the shade of murmuring trees  
They met to say good-bye, unseen  
Except by birds and sighing breeze,  
Which fanned the changing leaves of green;  
Her trembling hand he gently pressed,  
Her eyes, all bright with tears, he dried,  
And, whispering words of love, caressed  
His only love, his future bride.

“Good-bye, dear love! I go to earn  
A fortune in a foreign land;  
'Twill not be long ere I return  
To claim thy loving heart and hand.”  
The pretty maiden drooped her head,  
And wiped each blue and tearful eye,  
“Oh! do not go to-day,” she said,  
“To-morrow meet and say good-bye!”

Ah! many days have passed away,  
Since first that loving couple met,  
Their last and long “good-bye” to say—  
And it remains unspoken yet!  
She daily cried, he daily tried  
To leave, in foreign lands to roam,  
But now she is his treasured bride,  
And he his fortune seeks at home!

A. E. B.



THE NEW STATUTES.

THE year 1882 will be one of the notable dates in Cambridge history. The Universities Commissioners of 1877 have finished their work; Parliament has not objected to it; the Queen in Council has sanctioned it; and it is now part of the laws under which we live. Considerable alterations have been made in University affairs, and in the relations of the Colleges to the University, and still greater in the internal affairs of the Colleges themselves. We propose to note down some of the most material of the changes effected in the constitution of our own College, by our New Statutes, but in making our comparison we shall not go beyond the Statutes just superseded those of 1860.

The reforms are the work partly of the Royal Commissioners, partly of the Fellows of the College. The deliberations of the latter took effect in the drafting of proposals which were laid before the Commissioners for approval or modification. When the proposed Statutes of St. John's College came under consideration there were associated with the University Commissioners, three College Commissioners elected by the Fellows, namely, the late Master, the present Master, and Mr. Bonney. We shall not attempt to assign to its source each change that has been made, some are imposed upon the College in virtue of legislation applied to every College in the University, *e.g.*, the Tenure of Fellowships; some from the proposals of the College itself, *e.g.*, the Constitution of the Governing Body.

In the *Mastership* of the College the most notable alteration is the omission of the clause ‘He shall



be a Member of the Church of England and in Holy Orders;’ the only College in which the old restriction continues is St. Catharine’s, the Mastership of which is chiefly provided for by a Canonry in Norwich Cathedral. Resident Members, especially, will observe that the injunction is retained, that ‘All Members of the College shall show the Master becoming reverence and obedience.’

In the constitution of the Governing Body there is an important change: Its Members will henceforth be qualified by Election instead of Status. Instead of the Master and eight Senior Fellows we shall now have a ‘Council’ composed of the Master and twelve M.A. Fellows, elected by the Fellows from among themselves, holding their seats for four years, three vacancies falling every year. Just at first there is a somewhat complex arrangement by which seats on the Council are reserved for the present acting Seniors, leaving four vacancies to be filled.\*

In the various Executive officers there is no remarkable change, except that the Deans need not be Fellows, but they must, as hitherto, be in Holy Orders; and, further, this office will not count as an office qualifying for retention of Fellowships.

In the qualifications for Fellowships we note the extension to graduates of Oxford, and also that ‘research’ is added to ‘religion, learning and education’ as the vocation of the College, and, therefore, of its Fellows.

The declaration of Membership of the Church of England which appears in the Statutes of 1860 has necessarily disappeared, it having already been abrogated by the Tests Act of 1871.

\* The Council at present consists of the following:—Dr. Wood, Professor Mayor, Mr. Mason, Mr. Pieters, Mr. Russell, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Torry, Mr. Main, the eight Seniors; and Mr. Hill, Mr. Smith, Mr. Sandys, and Mr. Heitland, elected on May 24.

It is in the *Tenure* of Fellowships that the most momentous innovations appear, the most potent for good or ill of all the reforms of this new legislation. In the first place, Marriage is no longer a ceremony disqualifying for Membership of the Society: in the eye of College Law there is, henceforth, neither benedict nor bachelor. In return, as it were, for this privilege the duration of tenure is shortened to six years, and the emoluments limited by the institution of a maximum which will cause a reduction in comparison with the dividend of the last sixteen years.

This abrogation will have its most important effects, so far as regards life and work in the College, in the liberty it gives to the Lecturer-Fellows. Hitherto, College Lecturers have vacated Fellowships on marriage and have then had only their lecture-stipends; now, the Lecturers will retain Fellowships so long as they hold office; the effect evidently will be that College Lecturing will be much more of a permanent profession and the staff will see less frequent changes.

The other weighty difference is that College Law has no special regard to pay to Holy Orders, the taking of which will no longer enable a Fellow to continue in the Society so long as he remains unmarried. Of course vested interests are respected; all the Clerical Fellows down to Mr. Ward and Mr. Baker (elected 1876) retain their rights to celibate Fellowships, unless they voluntarily place themselves under the New Statutes.

So that the most substantial changes are that Holy Orders no longer confers a privilege; Matrimony on longer imposes a disqualification.

Some idea of the distribution of Fellowships, when present vested rights have determined, may be gained from this list:

Professional Fellowships	-	-	-	5
Officials—Bursar, and possibly Junior Bursar, and Tutors				
(at present three)	-	-	-	5

Lecturers (at present)	-	-	-	-	19
The holders of certain University Offices (Public Orator, Registrar, or Librarian) at present	-	-	-	-	1
University Readers (not established yet)					

This list is not a fixed one. The number of the Professorial Fellowships (five) is the only one which is quite unalterable; the number of University Readerships (not yet instituted) held by Members of the College being of course a variable quantity, and the number of Lecturers being within the control of the College Council. At first, it will seem that about thirty out of the fifty-six Fellowships will be held in conjunction with Offices and therefore not subject to the six years limitation. One thing however the Statutes provide, namely, that the number of unfixed Fellowships shall not be allowed to fall below twenty-two. This number divided by six (the number of years) gives three and two-thirds as the minimum (average) which can be depended upon falling vacant year by year, when things have settled down.

As to the numbers of Scholarships and Sizarships and the terms of admission to them there is no change. But it may be well to record that, before these Statutes came in, the late Governing Body decided to give one or more Foundation Scholarships as Entrance Scholarships, and three were so given this year.

And there is given to the Council power to keep Scholarships unfilled for a year instead of the obligation, as hitherto, to fill up every June all that were vacant at the time whether there were very meritorious candidates or not. The Scholarship money in such cases is to go to increase the Exhibition Fund.

One of the College endowments has been re-arranged, the Naden Divinity Studentship. This had far outgrown the value of any similar emolument in Cambridge, having been of late worth £240 a year for three years. It is now divided into three, one to fall vacant each year and these may hereafter be held along with Scholarships.

There is provision made for the maintenance of religious worship by daily services according to the order of the Established Church; and Chaplains are to be appointed, or rather, some one or more persons to act as Chaplains, with stipend, if necessary. The regulation of attendance at Chapel Services is in the hands of the Council, and there is an instruction that 'some one or more persons shall be appointed to give religious instruction to Members of the College *in statu pupillari* who belong to the Established Church.'

The College livings are now placed on quite a new footing. Until now they may be said to have *belonged* to Fellows in Holy Orders, who had right to the refusal, in order of Seniority. In the future there may be 'candidates for presentation,' and the Council are to give 'preference' to Tutors, Lecturers, and other Officers, and to present and former Fellows and Scholars. Of course here as elsewhere existing rights are reserved, and as there are nineteen Clerical Fellows who retain their privileges it will be some time before this alteration takes effect.

The College will in future have to contribute to the University an annual sum, a certain proportion of a sum raised from all the Colleges. In ten years from now the sum from St. John's may be from £5000 to £6000 a year but at first not more than one-sixth of this can be required.

As to the probable effect of these reforms upon the College as 'a place of Religion, Learning, Education, and Research' different people have different views. But the general feeling in the College is that of self-reliance; we have a history to look back to; and the energy and industry of the living Members of the College, within its walls or scattered through the Country, may be depended upon to keep the College name as honourably prominent in the future as it has been in the past.



## OUR CHRONICLE.

*Easter Term, 1882.*

The Rev. J. S. Wood, D.D., having resigned the office of President, the Senior Dean, Mr. Mason, has been elected in his place. Dr. Wood has kindly offered to continue to discharge the duties of Honorary Librarian until the end of the Long Vacation.

Mr. Torry, Junior Dean, has been promoted to the position of Senior Dean, and Mr. Cox has been elected to the office thus vacated.

Mr. Freeman has accepted the College living of Murston in Kent, vacant by the preferment of the Rev. J. S. Hoare, B.D.

Mr. Torry has been nominated Proctor for the ensuing year.

After the close of last Michaelmas Term, Mr. W. H. H. Hudson, Mathematical Lecturer and late Fellow of the College, was appointed Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London. Mr. J. T. Ward was appointed a Mathematical Lecturer in his stead.

Mr. W. Garnett, Lecturer in Physics, Junior Steward and late Fellow of the College, has been elected Professor of Physics and Applied Science, at University College, Nottingham.

Mr. L. H. Courtney, M.P. for Liskeard, one of our Senior Fellows, formerly Professor of Political Economy at University College, London, has been transferred from the office of Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies to that of Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, in place of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish.

The Honorary Degree of LL.D. has been conferred by the University of St. Andrew's on Mr. Wilkins, late Scholar of the College, Professor of Latin and Comparative Philology at Owens College, Manchester. Mr. Wilkins was fifth in the First Class of the Classical Tripos of 1868, and won the Members' Prize in 1867 and 1868; the Burney Prize in 1870, and the Hare Prize in 1871. He is also well known as one of the translators of Curtius' Greek Etymology (1875-6), and Curtius on the Greek Verb (1880). Besides translating Halm's editions of Cicero's speeches against Catiline and *de imperio Cn. Pompeii*, he has been engaged on an independent edition of the *de Oratore*, the first two books of which have already appeared. He has also contributed two elaborate and comprehensive articles on the Greek and Latin languages to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The friends and former pupils of Mr. Mason, in the College and in the University at large, are taking steps to found a permanent Memorial of his long and self-denying labours in the cause of sacred learning, and of critical Hebrew study. With this object it is proposed to institute a University Prize for the promotion of the study of the Hebrew Bible, to be called 'The Mason Prize for Biblical Hebrew.' The names of more than a hundred Subscribers of sums ranging between £1 and £50 have already been received, and further contributions will be gladly acknowledged by the Secretary of the Committee, Rev. R. Sinker, of Trinity College, or by the Treasurer, Rev. A. T. Chapman, of Emmanuel.

The Fry Hebrew Scholarship, of the annual value of £32 for three years, open to the competition of Bachelors of Arts in the College, has been awarded to W. H. Bennett, B.A.

*The Churchman's Shilling Magazine* for June, 1882, gives an account of "A Cambridge Tutor" of great renown in his day and generation, a distinguished Scholar and critic actuated by a pure and unselfish love of learning at a time when controversial talent and partisan zeal were the principal qualities for high preferment—one Mr. Bois—one of the greatest Scholars of the XVIth and XVIIth centuries, and a translator of the Bible of 1611. Mr. Bois was born at Nettleshead in 1560, his father being vicar; who was himself fellow of Michel House, afterwards incorporated into Trinity, of which he was one of the first Fellows. Mr. John Bois was at six taught the Hebrew characters, and then sent to Hadleigh School, whence he proceeded to Cambridge, entering at St. John's in 1574, before he had completed his fifteenth year, when Mr. Still was Master. He was so ardent a student that he sometimes continued in the University Library from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m. without intermission. He was strong and athletic, notwithstanding, a great walker, and an excellent rider and swimmer. He was ordained Deacon and Priest in two successive days in 1583.

*The Guardian* for May 10th, 1882, contains an admirable sketch of the career of Prof. J. J. Blunt, formerly Fellow, and Lady Margaret's Reader in Theology from 1839 to 1855.

The Commemoration Sermon was preached on Sunday, May 7th, by the Rev. G. H. Ainger, D.D., Rector of Rothbury, formerly a Fellow of the College, and late Principal of St. Bees' College.

The following Members of the College have been Lecturing during the Winter Session, under the University Local Lectures Syndicate:—H. N. Read, M.A., at Bishop's Stortford; J. E. Marr, M.A., Fellow, at Barrow, Lancaster, Kendal, and Norwich; A. Caldecott, B.A., Fellow, at Hull, York, and Scarborough; E. J. C. Morton, B.A., Scholar, at Derby and



Sydenham; S. L. Hart, B.A., Scholar, at Peckham and (for Professor Fleming) at Nottingham.

O. Rigby, B.A., has been appointed a Lecturer on the University Extension Scheme at Southport. C. H. Garland, B.A. Scholar, has accepted a Classical Mastership at Reading; and J. S. Yeo, B.A. Scholar, a Mathematical Mastership at Fettes College, Edinburgh.

On Monday, June 12th, a Garden Party was given in the College Grounds between 2 and 5.30 p.m., for which more than 500 invitations had been sent out by Members of the College. At intervals, during the afternoon, a selection of glees was sung in the Fellows' Garden by the Orpheus Glee Club, and Lawn Tennis was played (so far as the weather permitted) in the Paddock and on the Cricket Field. We hope that our visitors in future years will be favoured with more propitious weather than that which prevailed during a considerable part of what might otherwise have proved a most enjoyable afternoon.

On June 13th, Dr. Garrett's Sacred Cantata, *The Shunammite*, was performed for the first time at the Choral and Orchestral Concert of the Cambridge Musical Society. The composer had a most enthusiastic reception from the audience at the close of the performance.

Mr. Pendlebury has presented to the Library of the Fitzwilliam Museum a valuable collection of a hundred volumes of printed music by modern composers, being the second instalment of a larger donation. A catalogue of these two instalments is given in the *University Reporter* for May 31, 1881, and June 14, 1882.

The following Degrees have been conferred during the Easter Term:—

*April 27th: M.A.*—J. Allport, W. A. Bond, H. R. Bone, W. D. Challice, F. C. Davies, W. W. D. Firth, W. H. Gunston, A. Hall, J. E. Marr, E. H. Nightingale, H. R. Tottenham, T. Smith, W. A. Spafford, W. H. Widgery. *LL.M.*—E. J. Brooksmith. *May 11th: D.D.*—Herbert Kynaston. *Mus. Doc.*—E. J. Crow. *M.A.*—A. H. Highton, A. H. Hildersley, H. W. Holder, A. C. Odell, T. Rigby, T. Sturt, O. Thomas, R. H. Walker, D. P. Ware, G. D. Wharam, G. White. *May 25th: M.A.*—W. Hagger, F. C. Hill, G. E. Scudamore, W. Sutton, A. W. Wiseman. *June 1st: M.D.*—A. M. Marshall. *Mus. Doc.*—G. Marsden and W. Stokes. *M.A.*—C. J. Andrews, E. M. Baker, W. J. Burn, G. F. Coombes, F. C. Finch, C. E. Gaussen, C. E. Hubbard, T. H. Irving, E. J. F. Johnson, W. J. Lee, P. Saben, B. W. Smith. *June 15th: M.A.*—C. A. Andrews (by proxy), C. G. W. Bancks, T. W. Dougan, E. D. Marten, F. H. Paramore, S. W. P. Webb, R. Viney. *B.D., Stat. Eliz.*—W. Winlaw. *M.B.*—H. K. Fuller, J. B. Hurry. *June 20th: M.A.*—C. A. Swift (by proxy). *LL.B.*—H. M. Hewitt.

The following have obtained University Honours in the Class Lists issued in the latter part of the Easter Term:—

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS (Part I. and II.).

*Wranglers:* 7th A. R. Johnson, 8th McAulay, 16th Newham, 18th Posnett. *Senior Optimes:* 30th Edmunds, 34th F. S. Hughes, 45th Cleaver,

49th Mason, 54th King, 56th Antonisz, 59th A. T. Knight. *Junior Optimes:* 70th Mackintosh, 82nd Sandoe, 86th Stopford, 87th Hardy, 96th H. A. Ransome, 99th Greenstreet.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS (Part II.).

*Class I.:* Stout, placed alone in the First Class for proficiency in Section A (Translation and Prose Composition), and distinction in Section B (Ancient Philosophy).

CLASSICAL TRIPOS (Part I.).

*Class I. (Division 2):* H. W. Smith.\* *Class II. (Division 1):* Christie,\* Dodd, F. Sandford, C. A. Scott, W. S. Sherrington. (*Division 2*): R. B. Davies. (*Division 3*): Ackroyd, N. H. Garland, Hammond. *Class III. (Division 1):* J. H. Haviland. (*Division 2*): Simkin. (*Division 3*): Brooksbank, Eicke, Le Fanu.

\* In second year of residence.

LAW TRIPOS.

*Class III.:* Muirhead, G. D. Day. *Ægrotat* (Honours): F. A. Sibly. *LL.M. Degree* (Examined and Approved): Alston, H. M. Hewitt, M.A., H. A. Thomas.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

*Class I.:* Tanner.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS (Part I.).

(In alphabetical order).

*First Class:* Bateson, F. W. Clementson, Goodman, Ds Harker, T. Roberts. *Second Class:* Andrews, Fenton.

MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS.

*First M.B. Class I.:* Mr. Bond, H. R. Jones and Ds Lister. *Class II.:* E. H. Cooke, G. T. Lloyd. *Second M.B. Class I.:* Ds G. D. Haviland. *Class II.:* Ds P. C. Scott.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION FOR MUS. BAC.

*Class II.:* Eady, Ds H. O. P. Jones, E. H. Middleton and Newman.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, 1882.

PRIZEMEN.

Classics.

THIRD YEAR.

*First Class.*

Dodd }  
Sandford }  
Scott, C. A. }

SECOND YEAR.

*First Class.*

Smith, H. W.  
Christie

THIRD YEAR.

*First Class.*

Stanwell  
Roby  
Crook  
Fearnley

Mathematics.

THIRD YEAR.

*First Class, (Dec. 1881).*

Johnson, A. R.  
Newman  
Edmunds }  
Roberts, S. O. }  
McAulay  
Posnett  
Hughes

SECOND YEAR.

*First Class.*

Mathews, G. B.  
Hogg  
Semple  
Gifford

FIRST YEAR.

*First Class.*

Pattinson  
Clarke, E. T.  
Hensley  
Beckett  
Innes  
Blain  
Chadwick }  
Fuller }  
Kerly  
Webb, A. E.  
Hall, H. A.  
Lewis, H. S.



Natural Sciences.  
(In alphabetical order).

THIRD YEAR. First Class.	SECOND YEAR. First Class.	FIRST YEAR. First Class.
Bateson	Andrews	Acton
Edmunds	Goodman	Kerr
Love		Wilson
Roberts, T.		

Theology.  
(In alphabetical order).

THIRD YEAR. First Class.	SECOND YEAR. First Class.	FIRST YEAR. First Class.
Jones, T. J.	Pollock	Murray Warner

Law.

SECOND YEAR. First Class.	THIRD YEAR. First Class.
Langley Douglas	Stevens, S. W. Soares

Prizemen.

English Essay.	Greek Testament.	Hebrew.
Tanner	Jones, T. J.	2nd year.—Pollock
David	Murray	1st year.—Murray Warner
Goodman		

Reading.

- 1 Christie
- 2 Court
- Pollock

Wright's Prizemen, with £100 for each year.

Mathematics.	Classics.	Natural Sciences.
3rd year.—Johnson, A. R.	Stout	Roberts, T.
2nd year.—Mathews	Smith, H. W.	
1st year.—Pattinson	Stanwell	

Hughes' Prizemen.

- Johnson, A. R.
- Stout

Foundation Scholars.

THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.
Bateson	Gifford
Dodd	Goodman.
Sandford	Hogg Semple

Exhibitioners.

I. £40.	II. £30.	III. £15.
Scott, C. A.	Beckett	Acton
	Christie	Andrews
	Clarke, E. T.	Clementson, F. W.
	Johnson, A. R.	Crook
	Jones, T. J.	David
	Hogg	Edmunds
	Mathews	Hensley
	Murray	Innes
	Pollock	Love
	Roberts, T.	Pattinson
	Sherrington	Roby
	Stanwell	Smith, H. W.
	Stout	Soares
		Stevens, S. W.

Also the following (subject to conditions of residence):  
 Ds S. O. Roberts, £25.  
 Ds McAulay, £25.  
 Ds Newman, £15.  
 Ds Posnett, £15.

Proper Sizars.

Beckett	Knight, J. T.
Blain	Pattinson
Butcher	Wells, F. A.
Fuller	Whiting
Herbert, J. A.	

Scholarships and Open Exhibitions for 1883.—The next Examination for Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions at St. John's College will take place in December, 1882. There will be open for competition, besides certain Exhibitions, Two Minor Scholarships of £50 per annum, and Two of £70; also such Foundation Scholarships as shall be vacant at the time of election, two of which last may, after the commencement of residence, be raised to £100 a year during residence, contingent on satisfactory progress and good conduct. Candidates may offer themselves for Examination in any of the following subjects:—Classics, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Hebrew or Sanskrit. The Examination in Classics and Mathematics will begin on Tuesday, December 12. Successful Candidates will be required to commence residence no later than October, Further particulars of the Scholarship and Exhibitions will be announced in October, 1882.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

Our Cricket Eleven have had a fairly successful season, and would, undoubtedly, have done better if they had always been able to play their full strength. We scored three wins against three defeats, whilst of the Matches drawn it will be seen that nearly all were greatly in our favour. Below will be found

Result of Matches.

Matches played, 11; Won, 3; Drawn, 5; Lost, 3.

Club.	Opponents.	Won by.
Won (3).		
Corpus.....	St. John's ... 5 May ... 98 ... — .....	73 ... — ... 25 runs.
Pembroke .....	" .....	27 May ... 137 ... — .....
Peterhouse ...	" .....	2 June ... 186* ... — .....
Drawn (5).		
Trin. Hall .....	" .....	28 April ... 106 ... — .....
Caius .....	" .....	9 May ... 155 ... — .....
King's .....	" .....	15 May ... 309 ... — .....
Hawks .....	" .....	19 May ... 118* ... — .....
Trinity .....	" .....	22, 23 May ... 188 ... 176* ... 389 ... — ...
Lost (3).		
Emmanuel .....	" .....	3 May ... 91 ... — .....
Clare .....	" .....	11 May ... 117 ... — .....
Jesus .....	Jesus ... 16, 17 May ... 83 ... 111 ... 234 ... — ...	138 ... — ... 47 runs. 145 ... — ... 28 runs. 234 ... — ... Innings, 40 runs.

Batting Averages.

Names.	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an innings.	Average.
R. Spencer.....	4	0	188	79	47
C. A. Smith .....	7	1	222	60	37
J. Colman .....	11	0	262	80	23.9
W. H. Garne .....	13	1	252	115	21
A. Batchelor .....	10	0	160	66	16
E. M. Hall .....	8	2	83	25	13.5
E. Fisher .....	9	3	79	20*	12*
J. H. Izon .....	13	0	169	40	13
P. A. Robin .....	9	3	76	37*	23.4
J. R. Andrew .....	13	0	97	17	7.6
F. L. Thompson ...	6	0	24	8	4.

Bowling Averages.

Names.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides	No-balls.	Average.
R. Spencer.....	75	24	156	11	0	0	14'3
C. A. Smith.....	147'3	44	303	21	0	0	14'9
J. Colman.....	109'4	31	246	17	0	0	14'8
E. Fisher.....	161'2	45	357	28	1	7	12'21

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

Officers for the May Term:—

President:—Rev. A. F. Torry.  
 1st Captain:—T. Clarke.  
 2nd Captain:—A. F. Green.  
 Secretary:—F. L. Muirhead.

Sub-Treasurer:—K. M. Eicke.  
 3rd Captain:—L. H. Edmunds.  
 4th Captain:—E. Hinchcliff.  
 5th Captain:—F. C. Marshall.

*The May Races.* The Races so long known under this name were this year, for the first time, held in June, in order to escape clashing with the Tripos Examinations now held during the May Term, but they were simultaneous with part of the Mathematical Tripos, and one of our first boat-men had to work his six hours in the Senate-house before appearing in his thwart in the evening. The weather was not above the usual standard of fineness, several nights producing a considerable crop of umbrellas. Before saying anything of our own Club, we should congratulate the two leading boats, Jesus I. and 1st Trinity I., on their energetic struggles. Our own three boats lost altogether six places, but as last year we had gained eleven, we are not so low as might appear. But our aim should be upwards, and we cannot of course be content with losing anything of what we had previously gained. We may take this occasion of reminding Members of the College, that our Boat Club is not so strong in numbers as that of several Colleges much below us in number of Undergraduate residents. In fact, we are a smaller Club than either Jesus or Caius, and while our doings are not so good as the former's we can still reflect that they are better than the latter's.

The events in the races were: *First Night*—Our 3rd Boat (in 2nd Division) fell to St. Catharines. *Second Night*—3rd Trinity caught our 1st Boat after the Railway-bridge, Trinity Hall II. overtook our 2nd Boat just before Grassy Corner, while Peterhouse ran into L. M. 3rd Boat, a sad day. *Third Night*—Our 2nd Boat got mixed about its rudder lines, ran in the bank and was touched by Clare, while 1st Trinity V. secured our 3rd Boat. *Fourth Night*—Downing showed itself better than our 2nd Boat. *Fifth Night*—Nothing. *Sixth Night*—Our 2nd Boat caught Clare on the post, with this small victory the week was closed.

The crews were constituted as follows:—

1st Boat.		2nd Boat.	
st.	lb.	st.	lb.
C. F. Whitfield ( <i>bow</i> )	10 2	H. M. Bennett ( <i>bow</i> )	10 3
2 L. H. Edmunds	11 9	2 H. L. Harrison	10 11
3 W. H. Dodd	10 6	3 F. Mellor	10 4
4 A. F. Williams	11 12	4 E. Hinchcliff	9 13
5 H. Holman	12 0	5 W. F. Lund	11 13
6 T. Clarke ( <i>capt.</i> )	11 0	6 E. H. Craggs	12 8
7 W. Barton	11 6	7 R. W. Atkinson	11 9
J. J. Lister ( <i>stroke</i> )	10 13	W. W. Gossage ( <i>stroke</i> )	9 10
F. L. Muirhead ( <i>cox</i> )	7 13	W. H. Moresby ( <i>cox</i> )	8 5

  

3rd Boat.	
st.	lb.
T. A. Beckett ( <i>bow</i> )	9 8
2 W. F. Winter	10 4
3 A. G. R. Pearse	9 13
4 H. C. Moxon	10 9
5 R. B. Davies	10 5
6 C. H. Newman	11 7
7 F. W. Tyler	9 1
C. H. Innes ( <i>stroke</i> )	9 9
A. Carpmael ( <i>cox</i> )	9 6

*Freshmen's Sculls.*—There were two entries, W. W. Gossage and E. H. Craggs, the former winning very easily.

*Bateman Pairs.*—Here again only two were ultimately entered, as the time for practice was so short, the race coming soon after the Eights. C. F. Whitfield (*bow*) and T. Clarke (*stroke*) beat W. H. Dodd (*bow*) and W. W. Gossage (*stroke*).

*Note on Debt Extinction.*—We have not much to report about the Debt Extinction Fund after the full account which appeared in the last number of *The Eagle*. We understand that the Club is not entirely free from debt even now, the liabilities amounting to about £50. The exact amount collected for the fund will be £164 5s. 6d., when a small sum not yet sent in has been received. The debt of £100 at Mortlock's has been already paid off. We see thus, that the efforts of the Committee have been attended by very substantial results.

*Committee.*—Rev. E. Hill, Rev. A. F. Torry, L. H. Edmunds, *Treas.*, F. L. Muirhead, *Sec.*, F. W. Graham.

List of Subscriptions.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
The Rev. The Master	5 0 0	W. F. Lund	5 0 0
Rev. W. Almack	1 1 0	J. J. Lister	2 2 0
E. B. P'Anson, Esq.	5 0 0	J. H. Lloyd, Esq.	1 1 0
Rev. E. W. Bowling	5 0 0	P. H. Laing, Esq.	5 0 0
Rev. W. D. Bushell	5 0 0	F. L. Muirhead	1 1 0
Rev. H. Brook	1 1 0	J. E. Marr, Esq.	2 0 0
Rev. J. F. Bateman	3 3 0	F. C. Marshall	1 1 0
T. K. Bros, Esq.	1 1 0	H. T. Norton, Esq.	1 1 0
J. W. Bakewell, Esq.	5 0 0	W. A. Newton, Esq.	1 1 0
T. W. Brogden, Esq.	1 1 0	Dr. Parkinson	5 0 0
Sir Patrick Colquhoun	5 0 0	P. P. Pennant, Esq.	1 1 0
T. Clarke	1 1 0	Hon. C. A. Parsons	5 0 0
Rev. W. A. Cox	1 0 0	M. H. Pugh, Esq.	1 0 0
C. H. Crossley	1 1 0	Henry J. Roby, Esq.	1 1 0
R. B. Davies	1 1 0	Rev. W. J. Rowsell	0 10 6
W. H. Duncan, Esq.	5 0 0	Rev. E. J. S. Rudd	2 2 0
W. H. M. Ellis, Esq.	1 0 0	W. Hirst-Simpson, Esq.	1 1 0
G. T. Edwards, Esq.	1 1 0	J. E. Sandys, Esq.	5 0 0
L. H. Edmunds	1 1 0	H. Sandford, Esq.	2 2 0
R. S. Ferguson, Esq.	1 1 0	Rev. E. A. Stuart	1 1 0
W. H. B. Fletcher, Esq.	2 2 0	H. Nugent Sharp, Esq.	1 1 0
Rev. E. Hill	10 0 0	Jason Smith, Esq.	5 0 0
Percy J. Hibbert, Esq.	1 0 0	Rev. A. F. Torry	2 2 0
G. D. Haviland	1 0 0	Rev. E. J. C. Touzel	1 1 0
Rev. John Hopkin	0 10 6	Rev. W. S. Wood	1 1 0
Rowland Hill, Esq.	1 1 0	S. C. Whitely, Esq.	1 1 0
C. E. Haskins, Esq.	1 1 0	Rev. C. Yeld	1 1 0
W. E. Heitland, Esq.	2 2 0	Surplus from Henley Fund,	
E. J. F. Johnson, Esq.	1 1 0	1881	12 4 6
Rev. C. A. Jones	1 1 0	Proceeds from Dramatic	
An old Johnian	5 0 0	Performance by the	
H. J. T. Kemp, Esq.	1 1 0	'Thespids'	14 14 0
W. R. Kinipple	1 1 0		
Wm. Lethbridge Kingsford, Esq.	1 1 0		

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The College Musical Society gave a Concert on the evening of Saturday, June 10th, in the large room of the Guildhall. Nearly nine hundred tickets

had been issued by the Committee, satisfactorily filled. The following was the Programme :

the Hall was

- Part I.*  
 Non Nobis Domine—Psalm 115 ..... Mendelssohn  
 Recit. and Aria—'In native worth' (Creation)..... Haydn  
 Organ Solo—Sonata in D Minor (Op. 8) ..... Bridge

*Part II.*

Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni—A Cantata by Dr. J. F. Bridge.

The Solo Singers were Miss Marianna Fenna, Soprano; Mr. Harper Kearton, Tenor; and Mr. Bevan, Bass. The Orchestra (strings) consisted of Members of the C. U. M. S.; led, it is needless to say, most ably by Herr Gompertz; and the Chorus was furnished by the Members of the Society and the Choir Boys of the College Choir. The opening movement of Mendelssohn's Psalm, a difficult and complex Fugue, was so vigorously and effectively sung that the efficiency of the Chorus was very satisfactorily proved. The Solo parts were all excellently sung; that of the Bass deserves special mention. Mr. Kearton's song from Haydn's Creation (with Organ accompaniment) was also very successful. The Organ Solo was, perhaps, not quite so well understood. It is a composition of considerable power, and the "Andante" is remarkably melodious and pleasing; but the contrapuntal nature of the first and last movements causes them to be more interesting to the Musician than the unskilled Auditor, and hence they furnished on this occasion some small excuse to the considerable section of the audience, who appeared to find an Instrumental Solo a convenient cover for more or less audible conversation! The Cantata which occupied the 2nd Part of the Concert, was performed for the first time in Cambridge, though it has been frequently heard in London and elsewhere, and has become deservedly popular.

The following "Argument" will give some idea of the subject, and of its treatment:—

The scene opens after Boadicea has been driven out of her castle by a treacherous attack of the Roman soldiers. These soldiers are celebrating their success by a feast, while Boadicea flies for counsel and help to the Druids. From the Druids she receives a prophecy of victory over Rome and deliverance from her yoke, on the strength of which she incites her people to revolt against their foreign conquerors. A Roman centurion hears the Britons calling their fellow-countrymen to war, and, after expressing his contempt for them, praises the greatness and glory of Rome. In the battle which follows the Britons are defeated, and Boadicea, to escape the disgrace of becoming a prisoner, and of being carried in triumph to Rome, dies by her own hand. The British women sing a dirge over her, and the Cantata ends with a chorus, in which are predicted the future might and glory of Britain, when Rome should have long faded into comparative weakness and obscurity.

Without ascribing any great literary merit to the Libretto, it must be allowed that it is admirably "laid out" for musical treatment; and that the Composer has availed himself most adroitly of its many "points." From end to end the music is easy, natural, melodious, and expressive. And in these days, when so many people are only disposed to admire that which they cannot understand, it is positively refreshing to find an English Composer who has something simple and tuneful to say, and is not ashamed of saying it. Something of the full effect no doubt was lost by having only a String Band; but the co-operation of the Composer at the organ went far to compensate for the loss. Speaking generally, (we have no space for details) the work was thoroughly well performed; Dr. Bridge expressed his great satisfaction with the effect; and the audience, who had listened to the work with much attention, and frequently testified their admiration by loud applause, gave the Composer a very hearty and unanimous "call" at the conclusion.

Special thanks are due to Dr. Garrett for the great ability, untiring energy, and never failing patience shown by him in superintending the weekly rehearsals, and in conducting the Concert. With his assistance we confidently predict a prosperous future for the Society.

The weekly Rehearsals last Term were devoted to practising the pieces for the Concert. For these a Pianette made by Messrs. Chappell & Co., was procured on the three years system of hiring. Mr. J. T. Ward, (Auditor of the Society) generously consented to its being hired in his name, so that at the expiration of three years the Society will be in the possession of an Instrument of its own. ....

DEBATING SOCIETY.

It is satisfactory to be able to report that the Debating Society was enabled, in consequence of the encouraging attendance, to continue its Meetings during the May Term, notwithstanding the many counter-attractions which at the season of the year beguile the susceptible undergraduates. We should have unqualified pleasure in reviewing the history of the Society for the past Term, had not the serious illness of the President, A. J. David, towards the close of the Term, caused considerable anxiety to his numerous friends.

According to an old established custom, the first Meeting, which was held on April 29th, was devoted to a consideration of the policy of Her Majesty's Government. J. H. Merrifield, who proposed the Motion considering the action of the present Government, was so numerous supported, that for the first time "within the memory of living man," the Conservatives, catching their opponents "napping," obtained a majority in a Debating Society which invariably hitherto has voted Liberal. On May 6th, W. Blain carried a Motion by a small majority, disapproving of the proposed Channel Tunnel. The following week, H. S. Lewis prevailed on the House to condemn the Opium Traffic. H. B. Colchester, however, on May 27th, was not so successful; for his Motion, declaring that Natural Science was the noblest study for mankind, was lost by a large majority. The final Debate of the Term, held on June 3rd, was initiated by H. M. Brooksbank, who successfully carried a Motion in favour of Vegetarianism.

The Officers for the ensuing Term are:—

- President—J. R. Tanner. | Treasurer—J. H. Merrifield.  
 Vice-President—G. W. C. Ward. | Secretary—W. Blain.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The Club has been more than usually successful this year. Although, owing to the gale which blew several of the largest trees surrounding the Paddock across the ground; the Courts were five less in number than last year, we were able to begin play early, and, during the fine weather, the Courts were very fair. The total number of Members exceeds 125, and the financial position, usually the rock on which kindred Societies split, is extremely good.

Officers for May Term, 1882:—

- President—Mr. W. F. Smith. | Hon. Sec.—H. H. Wilkes.

Committee:

- J. H. Haviland, F. A. Wells, N. A. Hardwich, M. H. H. Mason.

Eight Matches have been played of which six were placed to our credit.

		Matches.
Trinity .....	Lost .....	6 — 3
Clare .....	Won .....	5 — 4
Mayflies .....	Won .....	5 — 4
Eagles .....	Won .....	5 — 4
King's .....	Won .....	6 — 3
Clare (return) ....	Won .....	6 — 3
Grasshoppers ....	Lost .....	6 — 1
Pembroke .....	Won .....	4 — 0

We have had eleven Courts in play, and hope that the ground may be sufficiently improved by next season to put on the other five again. The play, as seen in our Matches, has improved considerably, for last year we had only a plain tale of defeat to unfold; but the general exhibition in the Paddock is still far from brilliant. Besides the Committee the following Members have played in Matches:—A. Fitzherbert, B. E. Holmes, T. C. Ward, and H. H. Olding. We may congratulate the Club on sending a representative to do battle for the University against Oxford, H. H. Wilkes taking part in the Double Ties. Also at the Grand Tournament, held in the Agricultural Hall, last June, in the competition (Singles) for a Challenge Cup, open to Members of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, the Second Prize was gained by H. H. Wilkes, while A. Fitzherbert divided with another the third.

#### EAGLE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

During the May Term this Club played four Matches, namely, against Clare College, the Grasshoppers, the College Lawn Tennis Club, and Trinity College; of these, the two former were lost and the two latter won. The following were our representatives:—A. Fitzherbert, B. E. Holmes, J. H. Haviland, T. C. Ward, F. E. Ainger, H. H. Olding, H. L. Harrison, H. V. Heber-Percy, R. S. Barnett, and E. Fisher. The Single Lawn Tennis Ties, played off during the Term, were won by A. Fitzherbert, who beat J. H. Haviland in the final round. The Double Ties were decided in favour of A. Fitzherbert and J. H. Izon. Two new Members were elected at a Meeting held on April 25th, F. Heppenstall and H. L. Harrison.

#### BICYCLING.

In the Inter-University races we had this year two out of the six Cambridge representatives. G. D. Day carried the Light Blue to victory in the Twenty-Five Miles, this being the third consecutive year that he has this important race; and was only two lengths behind the winner (Oxford) of the two Miles. E. H. Brown rode in the Ten Miles and did good service in making a hot pace for the Cantab who won. In the C. U. Bi. C. Terminal races Day and Brown were respectively second and fourth in the Ten Mile Invitation Race, which was won by Moore of the Warston Bi. C., now Amateur Champion for the Two-Mile Distance.

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With the publication of the present number of *The Eagle*, Mr. Sandys, who has been principal Editor of the Magazine for the last nine years, resigns his place on the Editorial Committee.

A. Carpmael has been elected an Editor in the place of A. J. Poynder, B.A.