

# THE EAGLE.

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

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Printed for Subscribers only.

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1882.

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# ERRATUM.

On p. 114, line 7 from the end, *for* "wooden" *read* "modern."

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## A VISIT TO THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

*nihil illo carcere longius, nihil illis facibus obscurius, quae nobis praestant non ut per tenebras videamus, sed ut ipsas.*

SENECA'S LETTERS, No. 57.

ONLY half a century has passed since the road over the St. Gothard Pass was completed, and yet already the great pass with its marvellous zigzags is a thing of the past. At the end of last year the tunnel was opened for the post and for travellers, and a train passed through in thirty minutes. Though the scenery of the mountain part of this frequented pass, on the high road from Lucerne to the Lakes of Lugano and Maggiore and the city of Milan, is more desolate and wild than attractive, there is something to regret in the loss of a most characteristic episode of Swiss travelling, the descent of the zigzags. I overheard an American party at the foot congratulate themselves on having seen the road, which they seemed to regard as one of the most striking features of their tour. The diligence which ascended on this side with seven horses (the leaders four abreast) descended with only two, obtaining thus a flexibility and power of control, which enabled it to go at a trot round every angle. It would so swing down from the hospice at the top to the village at the foot at a pace that taxed the exertions of the pedestrian (as I found by experience), availing himself of short cuts, that saved a considerable part of the distance, to emulate it. This network of zigzags, which makes the hillside look as if it was

terraced, occurs on the southern, I will not say Italian side, for both sides and indeed the whole road from Lucerne to Lugano are in Switzerland, the beautiful canton of Ticino lying entirely south of the Alps, and stretching almost as far as the lake of Como.

The most notable part of the scenery that is missed by the desertion of the coach road is the famous Devil's Bridge, which lies between Göschenen, where is the northern entry of the tunnel, and Andermatt; in the Leventina, the fine valley that runs down to the Lago Maggiore, and from whose stream the canton Ticino derives its name, the scenery is not altogether missed, but some of it will be seen in a very curious fashion. At two points in the valley the change of level is so great, that the railway has been forced to burrow in circular tunnels. Two of these "cork-screw" modes of progression occur at each place within the same or a very limited area, having in store much perplexity for the unprepared traveller, who will have the same view flashed upon him at odd openings in all bewildering ways above, below, in reverse directions, and will perhaps discover after some time that he has not moved an inch! It will be interesting to stand on the road and watch the progress of a train passing in and out of the maze of tunnel openings and cuttings on the hillside and speculate where it will appear next. One of these spots is by the well-known defile of Dazio Grande, whose picturesque gorge is now insulted by an outrageous heap of *débris* from the tunnels. It is unfortunate that it could not have been utilized in the flat above the gorge, where embankments have actually been raised by the clumsy device of making pits in the meadow land.

The tunnel is only part of a gigantic work, indeed a second smaller pass and tunnel has to be traversed on the Monte Cenere between the Lakes of Maggiore and Lugano. For years, night and day, the upper

Leventina has been one great Vulcan workshop. The constant explosions by day, whose faint reverberations used to follow me into wild mountain glens where the very existence of civilization might seem a dream, were not more impressive than the fires and moving lights and hammerings by night. To meet the enormous cost subventions were obtained from the countries likely to benefit from the great international route thus opened out, but even so it was found that there was only sufficient for a single line of rails, and further aid was refused. So, except in the actual tunnel, the railway, important as it is, has been singly constructed.

The tunnel has not been brought to a completion without great sacrifice of life. Out of over 2000 workmen continually employed, I was told that 400 had perished in one way or another. Accidents, such as from blasting, are the least cause of this, though 30 deaths ensued from the latter alone; the main destructive element is the heated air of the tunnel, which is said to contain germs of an almost incurable disease. It has been a debated point whether Monte Blanc or the Simplon is to have the preference for the next tunnel, the latter passage I was told, from its length and depth below the surface of the earth, would give still more serious trouble than the present, and should it be undertaken a cemetery would have to be opened at each end. The men, though only employed in the tunnel for eight hours at a time, come out pale and wan in appearance, and none but the tough constitutions of the North Italian race, to which they universally belong, could have borne the strain.

The entry to the tunnel from the Leventina is made near the pleasant village of Airolo, whose green, sunny vale is fortunately little marred by the works, which lie low by the river-side. Airolo deserves a visit, and cheap and good quarters will be found at the 'Poste.' Charming walks may be made from



here by those who love beautiful scenery off the beaten tracks by one or other branch of the Val Maggia to Locarno on the Lago Maggiore.

But it is time for our 'journey into the interior of the earth' to begin. It was midday on October the 9th when, accompanied by a friend, I took shelter from the cold air and wet of a dismal rainy day inside the tunnel mouth at the Airolo end, waiting for the engineer who was to be our conductor. Groups of workmen were congregating, waiting like ourselves for the train of trucks to convey them inside. On his arrival the engineer took us to a rude dressing-room close at hand, where we found also one of his colleagues. The two engineers made a complete change of dress, equipping themselves as if they were going to row a race, and stepped out into the bleak air with not so much as a 'blazer' over their flannel shirts. We then proceeded to scramble up on to the engine of the train, whose little platform just held the four together with the driver.

The engine was a curiosity; it was worked by compressed air contained in an immense boiler-like cylinders,  $29\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, one on the engine the other on the tender, giving a total length to the machine (according to a description I have since seen) of 80 feet. The machinery was hidden away beneath the unwieldy bulk. In other respects it was difficult to realise that we were not on a steam engine, the sounds being similar. The air is compressed by a large engine, outside the tunnel, turned by water power. The latter had to be obtained by bringing a stream from the Ticino two miles higher up the valley in an aqueduct laboriously traversing the hill-side and bridging ravines.

Frequent stoppages were necessary to refill the cylinders from pipes laid along the tunnel-side connected with this air-compressing engine. It certainly

gave one a remarkable impression of the *power of man over nature* to be thus carried into the interior of the earth by the sole forces of air and water, while the same element had also been made to ply the boring machine.

A sample of the latter is kept at the works, with a block of granite on which to experiment for the benefit of visitors. When set to work with full power the machine attacks the stone with a tremendous clatter and fuss and rapidity. Of course its use was confined to boring holes for the blasting, by which the heavy work of excavation was done. Moreover, only a comparatively small part of the whole space was thus excavated, the remainder being afterwards quarried out to the required size in the ordinary way. The tunnel much impressed us as we entered it by its spacious size, which amounts to nearly 20 feet in height and  $26\frac{1}{2}$  feet in breadth. The granite vaulting alone was a sign of the stupendous nature of the work. Some parts have given exceptional trouble from the loose or yielding nature of the surrounding material. The vaulting was crushed in, the granite blocks being seen to split and crumble at the sides under the pressure. At the worst spot an elliptical cylinder of masonry has been constructed, which so far has answered its purpose.

It was a strange sensation thus being rattled along into this great and apparently endless opening into the interior of the earth! No attempt is made to light the tunnel, and we jolted on our narrow temporary gauge in the gloomy chasm, with no more light than came from the train, now and then passing ghastly groups of half-naked cadaverous figures working by the light of tiny flickering hand-lamps, or great piles of scaffolding dimly glistening in the dim light, and appearing to close in upon us as if to dispute our passage. One more item in the strangeness of the experience was the heat, the old stored up

heat of mother earth lingering since the age when she was a glowing fiery mass. It was long, however, in making itself perceptibly felt, as the current of air had come in with us.

At length the train came to a stoppage, and then succeeded an intermediate space in the centre of the tunnel, where we had to walk. This was the most interesting part of our passage. We now imitated the guise of our companions and stripped to our shirts, and, walking with measured slowness, just managed to avoid perspiration. The heat was moist and resembled that of an inner conservatory, the air was considerably better than we had been led to expect, preferable to that of our underground railway, and enviable as compared to a London fog. The general discomforts were also greatly less than had been anticipated. The tunnel was now nearly finished, little remaining for completion except the vaulting in parts, the clearing of the floor, &c., and the obstacles in our path were not formidable. The attention was mainly directed to avoiding the pools of water, but these did not now lie deep.

As we passed a still undressed wall of rock, a shout startled us from a man at our side. It was explained that he had just fired the fusee of a mine, and we presently came up with the men siding away at safety distance. We were still walking on when the roar came dull and heavy behind us in the gloom; then another and another in rapid succession, each dying echoless, and more and more muffled by distance as we advanced: there must have been twenty of them. The explosions are not free from danger; a workman was killed by a stone at the usual safety distance of 100 metres, and they are apt to loosen and shake down the stones in the arching.

Our walk ended, we had to wait for some time by the terminus of the trains from the northern end. The engineers civilly remained with us, and as we

were whiling away the time, comfortably sitting in our shirts, my friend raised a laugh by asking if *smoking* were forbidden! They told us that we were exceptionally fortunate, as the current of air had veered round, and was now driving back the foul air and smoke of the explosions, which they (the engineers) would come in for as they returned, whereas *we* had the best of it both ways.

Meantime a train arrived with a relief gang of two hundred and fifty men, and was refilled by a merry good-humoured throng awaiting their departure. The faces of these men are intelligent, prepossessing, and never brutalised. At last we mounted the air-engine, and, bidding adieu to our conductors, were off.

Further on we were transferred to a steam-engine, which took us down the incline (the summit of the tunnel is 148 feet above Göschenen) at a rapid pace, with a lamp dangling in front of its chimney, which made it look like a wild thing careering and rocking through the black chasm. A very faint speck of light revealed to us the end of the tunnel at a distance of 2000 metres, yet sometimes the air is so thick that the eye cannot penetrate across the breadth of the tunnel.

As it was late in the afternoon on a dull day there was not much glare of light, and before we had time to look about us the workmen had jumped down and were fighting for places at the wicket, where they had to pass muster. We had been underground from one o'clock till five.

A. CUST.



## A TEN DAYS' RIDE IN CARIA AND PHRYGIA.

Tekeh (*Magnesia ad Maeandrum*)  
New Year's Eve, 1881.

MY DEAR M——,

**S**INCE last Friday I have been rambling under the shadow of Latmos, making my headquarters at Sokia (*Cold Town*), a picturesque Turkish settlement, where a gorge on the northern side of the Maeander opens up a track from Ephesus southward to Miletus: in fact the half-way station for the Ephesian elders when they went to meet\* S. Paul. My host, Mr. A——, has, for the last two decades, been coining liquorice-root into some few thousands a-year, and most kindly put horses and an escort at my disposal. Early on the 23rd of this month, a special train brought Mr. and Mrs. A—— and an Anglican monk across the Caÿster valley, past the ruins of Ephesus, to Deirmendschick on the Maeander, where we left the railway, and took the road westward towards Priene. Blocks of emery-ore from the neighbouring pass, in piles at the station, showed the wealth of the wild rocks that we had just before traversed; but in a few minutes we were dashing along lanes that would have done credit to Devonshire, and through gardens that send the best figs to Paris and London. You would have been amused with our cavalcade: first came a colossal Circassian outrider, who made great play with the butt of his rifle in clearing the track of asses, each followed by a string of camels, that

\* Acts xx. 17

were constantly meeting us, then the Greek major-domo with a head like Thucydides, except that he wore curls sewn on to his broad-brimmed hat, then Mr. A——'s nephew and your friend on well-bred Arab cobs, then Mr. and Mrs. A—— in a phaëton which two Roumelian horses drew in grand style over swamp and rock, then a Turkish cavass armed to the teeth, then two maids, a Welsh girl riding sideways and a Greek otherways, then two outriders—a Negro and a Greek—and about a dozen followers with the lighter baggage. Here a cave, and there a glassy pool overhung by a precipice, seemed to re-people the spot with Satyrs and Naiads of old Greek fable. At the entrance of the town a hundred school-boys, each holding a myrtle bough in sign of welcome, were drawn up in double file, and presented an address in Romaic: as many girls were waiting for us just inside the garden gates.

Next day I rode down the valley, nine miles further to Priene, and found nothing but heaps of shapeless fragments, where a few years ago the Dilettanti Society had excavated one of the most perfect of Ionic temples. Time was, when it—like its opposite neighbour at Miletus—looked proudly down on the sea at the mouth of the Maeander; but now (as with Sandwich at home) nine miles of marsh separate sea and city. Oranges were hanging ripe on the trees, anemones and crocuses were opening their flowers to sunlight warm as on an English June day, several varieties of euphorbia were just beginning to bloom, the fresh snow on Tmolus—a hundred miles eastward—gave a frosted-silver lining to the horizon, and Samos, Patmos, Leros and Calymna formed a background of rugged beauty westward. Gazing wistfully on these isles, one mused over their many associations with Sage and Seer, and wonders how soon the ever accumulating alluvium will once more join them on to the main-land, from which the



gnawing sea had detached them ages before the Lydian king of storied wealth had passed into a memory and a proverb. You would have been delighted with the variety of life that met us as we cantered across the marshes and sand-banks towards Miletus—lambs with their ewes were grazing amongst herds of horses, here and there teams of buffaloes were tickling the ground with ploughs far less elaborate than those of Virgil's day, flocks of jays, crows and herons were overhead, a few vultures were hovering in readiness to pick our bones, and on the peak above Priene two pairs of eagles were having an aerial game. The Maeander—once indeed, like the Loire, a river of great cities—is below Tralles parted into two channels, which the rain of next equinox may strangely vary; the northern one we easily ford, over the other we are ferried in a triangular boat, most primitive in its simplicity of construction. Of Miletus there is little now to be said; from the great theatre Mr. Ol. Rayet has gathered materials for a pleasant book, and more proofs—if any were needed—of the hopeless sluggishness of the Turk: some noble bas-reliefs of Centaurs, which according to agreement he left for the Sultan, have been tossed into a stable, and will probably soon be built\* into fences or hollowed into drinking-troughs. Palattia, the modern village at the edge of the swamp, has externally a look of Irish squalor, that makes a sad contrast with its name; but the Turkish cabin where we lunched was scrupulously clean, and the agent's wife, who, in less than ten minutes, roasted, ground and brewed our coffee, was quite bewitching in the grace and simplicity of her dress. A marble pedestal, which had long lost its statue and is now a corner-stone in a fence, yielded me an epigram in elegiacs of the first century A.D.

\* North Britons can throw no stones at the Turks in this respect; for I hear that the same sort of thing has been done on the Upper Tyne.

To avoid malaria we trotted six miles up-hill to Akkoi (*High Town*), a Greek village where a Samiote lady offered me quarters for the night; the whole place was plundered last summer by brigands, so the guns, swords and pistols of my Circassian escort need no apology. Glass is very little used here for windows, and the rooms are still warmed with charcoal on portable tripod braziers; whereas in Smyrna the wealthier inhabitants delight in the *tandour*—a table covered with a heavy cloth, round which the family sit and warm their hands and feet upon a charcoal-pan underneath. A very equable heat is thus kept up, but I longed for the open grates and Cardiff coal fires of my friends at Sokia; the fumes of wood-charcoal seemed to bring a dreamy torpor over body and mind. I am reminded of a sixth-century picture in one of our Corpus Gospels, when the daughter of the house comes forward and claims the privilege of pouring water on my hands before and after dinner. The basin is always of copper or tin, and consists of an upper convex part that is colandered with a score of holes, through which the water drips into an unclean receptacle below; an embroidered towel is then let fall ceremoniously on my hands. The track on the southern side of the Bay of Dingle and the Cornice from Nice to La Spezia used to seem to me to be the finest roads possible on this side of India; but our next ride southwards, to Hiéronda, gave many a view of forest, sea and mountain, which left nothing whatever to desire for their most charming variety. Hiéronda\* (*Holy Hill*) is on the site of Branchidae, where was once the most famous oracle and temple of Apollo in Asia; but now the burr of a twelve-sailed flour-mill has replaced the Sibyl's voice.

\* I suspect that this name is a hybrid (*ἱερόν* + *dagh*), and if so, it curiously illustrates the style of the present inhabitants: though they are Greeks by origin and in sentiment, many of them talk and even worship in Turkish.

The sculptures that once decorated the tombs on the Sacred Way have been rescued from the prospect of destruction, and are well stored in an "island further west."

On our way back we heard at sunset the cries of the jackals, and some stories of leopards, wild boars and hyænas, but nothing larger than a weasel crossed our path. My dragoman talks chiefly Turkish and Arabic, so we fall back on Italian, with a little help from Greek, for conversation; he has the pleasant name of Janico Callegas, so we naturally dub him Caligula.

Aidin (*Tralles*),

7th of January, 1882.

Last Saturday (New Year's Eve) my host at Sokia invited me to accompany his nephew on a visitation-tour among the liquorice-root stations in Southern Lydia and Western Phrygia, so eight o'clock in the morning found us on our way riding up the Maeander valley—nephew, self and body-servant with three stout Circassians and a Greek groom, all strongly armed. One hour brought us to Magnesia, where we dismounted to identify the tomb of Themistocles; but little else than the ground-plan of a temple and of a basilica can be made out clearly. You should have seen the group of Circassian colonists that gathered round us, as soon as my love for antiquity had been announced by our guards; the women wore white shalvari (trousers) and red veils over their white or blue zupúni, which opened\* at the sides, the men were gorgeous in coats of as many colours as Joseph could have wished, trimmed with a row of cartridge-pockets across the chest. We gathered a few bronze coins ranging from the time of Xenophon to that of Justinian, and then cantered across a swamp where ten years ago the Turks had

\* Thus exactly recalling the σχιστόν χιτῶν of old Dorian fashion.

made a paved road half-way through, and have since left even that half to go to ruin. Men and horses are next transferred to the one daily train from Smyrna which intercepts us at Balatschick, and away we go past the "fair city" of Aidin (*Tralles*, once so famous for its School of Medicine), past Nysa also, to Nazlí—a modern Turkish town just below the hill which bears the ruins of Mastaura—and here we halt at the factory-house for Sunday. It was New Year's Day, and the "dear familiar strain" of the thirty-fourth Psalm had a strange and touching significance as it rose from the little congregation of six—the whole English colony in this part of Lydia. The old Greek cities have here, as in Europe, been perched each on its eminence, and command the lower hills grouped around; the Turks have been content to build on the more fertile, but less healthy, low ground near the river-level, and to use the old classic buildings as quarries: in this piece of barbarism they are followed even by the English engineers, who are extending the Ottoman Railway towards Colossae. A curious flicker of life this railway shows; at last tickets are issued in which the starting-point and destination are printed in Turkish; all else is still in the dominant tongue of the west,—English.

The sun-light had just struck the snowy tops of Mount Cadmus, when at seven o'clock on Monday morning we took the train eastward for Kooyoudjak—our place of rendezvous: here we put a tough little Tartar in front as outrider and guide, and start on our five days' tour in Phrygia. An hour and a-half brought us to Antioch, proudly built on a hill that commands the junction of the Kara Su (*Black Water*) with the Maeander—eighty miles' length of valley lay westward at our feet, but of the city there was scarcely one stone upon another. Our mid-day siestá was at a little *καφηνεῖον*, where our

horses have a feed of barley, and we lighten our luncheon-basket in warm sunshine, and note the long strings of camels going up the valley, here some five miles wide, with petroleum from Ohio, gaudy cotton-goods from Manchester, and German crockery or fezzes; returning westward they are laden with liquorice-root for America, cotton-seed for Spain, or carpets for England. Lumber men are lazily rafting pine-poles to float down to Sokia, and hundreds of acres of young wheat in open field look bright and lusty. Ten miles further eastward we re-cross to the southern side of the Maeander by a fluttering wooden bridge, turn up the Lycus valley, and find quarters at Sarákoï with a worthy Greek, who puts wine from his own vineyard on our dinner-table. His wife brings us sweetmeats and raki at once, and then some delicate coffee; her husband seems to take no more notice of her than if she were a scullery-maid, but he is very proud of Olga, Socrates and Andromache, their three little toddling children.

Hierapolis, our next stage, startled us with its weird beauty: from the Yurúk village just above the river-bank we look to pools of every shade of blue, from lightest Cambridge to deepest Oxford, and above these is a horse-shoe of limestone (or rather lime-drip), some 800 feet high and about half-a-mile across, that hot springs have been depositing during the last few thousand years. The plateau above is channelled with streams so warm, that oleanders and myrtles grow in wild profusion at more than 2,000 feet above the sea; the remains of the old city are sufficiently complete for us to identify the *agora*, a triumphal arch bearing an inscription which we copied, several baths and a theatre, which as yet has suffered little even from earthquakes; but the three door-ways behind the stage are already beginning to fall, and in another

year little may be visible of their delicate marble tracery. In two hours more we have re-crossed the ravaging Lycus,—the banks justify his wolfish name—and are on the site of Laodicea, the most hopeless ruin\* that I yet have seen; the site, embosomed between two hills, reminds one of Ephesus; but in these days Laodicea, that could once look down upon Hierapolis and Colossae, has nothing to give but scanty pasture for goats: Colossae has succeeded to her throne. We amble on in file for an hour and a-half, my Arab stallion constantly using the tail in front of him as a pocket-handkerchief, but resenting with his heels any attempt at a like familiarity from the horse that follows. Denizlí, where we were quartered on a Greek family that speak nothing but Turkish, is a city of vineyards, fig-gardens and springs; streams run down every street, and receive little cascades from every garden-wall; but the inhabitants are as abstemious in soap as any of their neighbours. Here my friend has an interview with the kaimakám (governor) and the cadi (judge) of the place in reference to one Pericles, a Greek agent who had been imprisoned for fraud: the Governor clearly intimated that he would support the party that bribed the highest, and the Cadi that he would do nothing on Monday that could be put off till Tuesday. Coffee and cigars were kindly offered to us, and coffee only to the convicted criminal; so far a clear line was drawn.

Colossae, at the head of the Lycus' valley, was our next aim, and we reached it in a three hours' ride, partly through a swamp beside the telegraph to Baghdad, and partly along ridges of crumbling soil that left little more than the width of a razor's edge between us and the precipice on either side. We baited on the sunny side of a stone hut, where three villainous-looking

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\* cf. Apoc. III. 16-17.



men were making ball-cartridges "to shoot *birds* with," as they pleasantly said; so on our way back by moonlight we were not at all surprised to find them lurking in the bushes that overhung our road; we detailed a Circassian to distract them in the rear, but as our party was double their number, we had no reason for alarm, and ambled steadily onward. I shall expect to see them next year on duty as *zaptiehs* (policemen); for brigands, like other men of business, will occasionally suffer from lassitude, and only a few months ago one of these mountain-kings surrendered himself at Smyrna, and was promptly—not executed for highway-robbery—but favoured with the congenial duty of protecting those whom he used to consider his lawful prey. The ruins on the lofty acropolis of Colossae and in Khonas, the modern town below, are too extensive for the short afternoon at our disposal; so we vow another visit, and turn our horses' heads to the west for a straight course homeward. This brought us past a settlement of Yurüks—who have scooped out their houses in the loose earth of a hill side—true Troglodytes; we find the women grinding sesame or maize, and making rush-mats for the Smyrna market: the men are mostly shepherds. Wheel-carriages are rare, at least we saw but one in the course of two hundred miles of travel, and that was an *arabah*—a sort of tilted emigrants' wagon, with four solid wheels—in which a bride was riding to her new home. She modestly veiled her face after receiving the homage of our eyes; a number of well-mounted young men were escorting her in front, and behind there followed three mountebanks who earned a little bakhshish by getting up a brief pantomime for our amusement by the wayside.

Not the least pleasant feature of these sunny winter mornings in Phrygia is the company of old men and maidens that may be seen going out (like the "queechers" in our East Anglian fen) to dig

for liquorice-root; it is found very near the surface and throughout a large reach of the Lycus and Maeander valleys, and, where it is abundant, furnishes an easy living to hundreds of families. The diggers are paid by weight, told off every evening: a small portion of it is boiled down and manufactured at Sokia, Cuzzarli and other central factories; but the larger part is pressed into bales, and then sent in the *raw* state to North America, for the high import-duties compel the manufacturer to take annually some 10,000 tons of water to be boiled out upon arrival in the States. This seemingly selfish policy on the part of our American cousins will work round to the good of Old England; for thus ere long an urban population will accumulate, which may leave them little corn to send for competition with the British Farmer. To the east of Smyrna inns, in the European sense of the word, are unknown: the native *khan* is a collection of bare rooms around a court-yard, but all is so dirty that an English dog would bark at it, and an English pig would grunt, but neither would willingly enter it.

A few hours' canter towards the evening sun and 30 minutes on a locomotive of Manchester build bring us to our old quarters at Nazlı for a quiet night; next day seven hours' ride down the Ottoman railway covers 110 miles to Smyrna, where I gratefully "tell the tale" of numismatic treasure, accumulated at each successive halting-place, and after a day and a night among the salt hills of Fokia, start onward for her child in the west, Marseille.

S. S. LEWIS.





### THE NOVICE.

A NOVICE once sat in her cell,  
And doleful and weary was she,  
And sad was the chime of the bell  
To the heart of the fair devotee;  
Her beads were untold on their thread,  
Her psalter was closed on her knee,  
Its comforting pages unread,  
For she longed to be once again free.  
Alas! 'tis true, then, after all  
That love can pierce a convent wall!

The Abbess was grave and severe,  
And stern was the gaze of her eye,  
But, moved by the Novice's tear,  
She kissed her and said, with a sigh,  
"Thy heart is a-weary, my child  
The nunnery-garden is nigh,  
Therein be thy sorrow beguiled,  
And come back as happy as I."  
Alas! 'tis true, then, after all  
That love grows sad in convent wall!

She heeds not the garden so bright,  
She sighs for the end of the day,  
For she knows, at the fall of the night  
Her lover will bear her away.  
Ah, list! 'tis the signal agreed!  
Already he stands at her side,  
And whispers, "My love! thou art freed,  
To-morrow shall see thee my bride!"  
Alas! 'tis true, then, after all  
That love reveres no convent wall!

ELIE NORWOOD.



### THE SOUTH OF FRANCE AND THE RIVIERA;

*From a Journal kept in the Christmas Vacation of 1881-82.*

"Let him carry with him also some Card or Booke describing the Country where he travelleth; which will be a good Key to his Enquiry. Let him keepe also a Diary."—BACON'S *Essayes*; *Of Travaile*.

On *Friday, Dec. 16*, my wife and I crossed over to Calais, with a brisk breeze blowing from the south-west as we left the harbour, and the spray dashing from time to time over the sides of the vessel. The sun, which we had not seen for days, broke out as soon as we reached the shores of sunny France. We arrived at Paris after six o'clock in the evening, and drove to our hotel beyond the Champs Elysées, and near the Arc de Triomphe.

*Saturday, Dec. 17.* Walked to the Louvre, where we spent the greater part of the day, renewing our acquaintance with the works of the earlier Italian painters, and of the old French school of Claude and Nicolas Poussin. In the galleries of sculpture, I saw once more the exquisite profile and graceful drapery of the statue of the attendant nymph of Artemis, which is best known by the name of the goddess herself as Diana of Gabii; and, as on former occasions, looked with interest at the solitary fragment of the Panathenaic frieze, which is all that the Louvre possesses of that marvellous procession of horses and chariots, priests and victims, which once adorned the Parthenon, and the greatest portion of which is one of the glories of the British Museum.

*Sunday, Dec. 18.* Went in the early part of the forenoon to the church of St. Roch, which is celebrated for its music, and listened with some interest to the whole of the service. It included a procession of acolytes carrying small consecrated loaves in trays, which were surrounded by lighted candles; portions of this bread were distributed among the congregation, and carried home by many of them. On leaving the church, saw the monument of the noted mathematician, Maupertuis. At noon, went to the French Protestant service at the Oratoire, and heard an animated and interesting sermon; next to the Sainte Chapelle, which to-day was as lovely as ever with its tall and taper shafts, and its lofty windows of jewelled light; and, lastly, to the cathedral of Notre Dame, where we had some exquisite music, followed by a striking sermon on self-sacrifice.—In the evening, our names were duly recorded in the quinquennial census of Paris.

*Monday, Dec. 19.* Left Paris at about nine in the morning for Lyons, which we reached by a nominally fast train in about nine hours. The scenery as far as Dijon was fairly interesting, the beds of osiers with their orange hue occasionally brightening the nearer landscape, while the more distant prospect was again and again diversified by passing glimpses of lofty cliffs, and ruined towers, and ancient churches. At Lyons we got into a slow train, and, in about an hour more, arrived at VIENNE, the first important place on the Rhone to the south of Lyons, and the jealous rival of the latter in the days of the earlier Roman empire. Tacitus, in his account of the year of strife that succeeded the death of Nero, in referring to the long-standing enmity between them, remarks that 'the two states, separated only by a river, were linked together by a perpetual feud.' But, about a hundred years later, in the superscription of the

well-known letter from the Christian communities in *Vienna* and *Lugdunum*, informing their brethren in Asia of the persecutions they had suffered, the names of the two rival towns are combined with one another, in a union which was founded on a common cause, and cemented by the blood of many martyrs.\*

*Tuesday, Dec. 20.* Rose early and set to work exploring the Roman antiquities of Vienne. We were the only visitors in the place, and all the dogs insisted on barking at us accordingly, as we threaded our way through a narrow street leading from the market-place to the Temple of Augustus and Livia. This is a small and elegant building of the Corinthian order (88 feet long by 49 broad, and 57 high). In the fifth century, it was turned into a church, the spaces between the columns walled up and the flutings of many of them destroyed; but, happily, it has since been restored, and all the modern accretions and disfigurements removed; so that it now stands clearly out in the centre of the ancient Forum in something like its original beauty. The inscription along the architrave is now no longer to be seen; but the iron nails which once passed through the lost letters have left their dint upon the stone beneath, thus enabling the ingenious antiquarian, who had charge of the building a century ago, to recover the words of the dedication:

CON. SEN. DIVO AVGVSTO ::::

OPTIMO MAXIMO ET DIVAE AVGVSTAE.

We then went on, past the front of the cathedral, to the old basilica of St. Pierre, one of the most ancient churches of France. A short walk beyond this brought us to the Champ de Mars, which is an open parade-ground, rather larger than the second court of St. John's, with trees planted on all sides of it, extending along the eastern bank of the Rhone

\* Tacitus, *hist.* I, 65. Eusebius, *hist. eccl.* V, 1.

to the southern gate of the city. From this quiet and lonely *Campus Martius*, we had a pleasing view of the hills which encircle Vienne, with the irregular ridge of Mont-Pilat across the river, while, further south, were loftier summits bestrewn with snow. Passing out by the southern gate, we soon reached an interesting Roman monument, a tapering pyramid more than fifty feet in height, which was once the *meta* of an ancient circus, and was now the goal of our walk. Strangely enough, this monument long passed for the tomb of Pontius Pilate, who, according to the legend, was banished to Vienne and died there. We returned along a short avenue of trees which soon brought us to the river-side, along which we walked back to the suspension bridge connecting the modern town with Sainte Colombe, a much smaller place on the western bank, where we saw a massive tower, built by Philip of Valois to defend what was then the frontier of France. Recrossing to Vienne, we explored the interior of the cathedral, one of the most curious Gothic buildings in Dauphiné. The choir was begun in the twelfth century; the facade with its two fine towers (finished in 1515) is very fine but much dilapidated. In the west window were some lovely golden colours; and, outside the southern entrance, we observed some grotesque carvings as we left the church. Soon after this, we came across an intelligent little boy, who shewed us up a steep street and along the slopes of the vineyards to Mont Salomont, the hill to the north of the town. At top were the massive remains of a great castle built in 1250 on the ruins of a Roman tower. The view to the north comprised a wide sweep of the Rhone, extending in a horse-shoe shape towards Lyons, while to the south the river stretched before us in a longer reach of shining water far beyond Vienne. Marred as the modern town appeared by mud and manufactures, its situation and surroundings struck one

as distinctly good, and its scenery as beautiful enough to give Martial a right to describe it as *pulchra Vienna*.

*fertur habere meos, si vera est fama, libellos  
inter delicias pulchra Vienna suas* (vii 88).

We hastened down from the hill, and at two o'clock started for AVIGNON, where we arrived at seven. On our way we saw, at one time, towards the west, the snow on the Cevennes, glittering brightly in the sun; at another, as the day wore on, long stretches of the Jura mountains extending across the eastern horizon. We would gladly have broken our journey at Valence, as we could see but little of its quaint and curious houses from the railway. But, soon after leaving the place, we saw on the opposite side of the Rhone the ruins of the castle of Crussol, crowning a peak that stood sharply out from a rugged line of lofty limestone cliffs. Our view of the stream and the cliff and the castle remained long in sight, while the day was drawing to its close,

'and the evening, fair as ever,  
shone on ruin, rock, and river.'

Wednesday, Dec. 20. Starting from the *Hôtel d'Europe* to view the principal sights of the City of the Popes, we passed through the *place Crillon* to the *place de l'hôtel de ville*, where we saw the statue erected in memory of the heroic Crillon, *le premier Capitaine du Monde*; then, between the modern bank of France and the ancient papal mint with garlands in bold relief outside it, to the *place du Palais*, where the palace of the Popes burst upon our view. It is a lofty and somewhat gloomy pile of great length, intended apparently from the first for palace and fortress in one, and now turned into barracks. We next ascended some steps leading to the cathedral, in which several of the Popes are buried. The interior, however, was not particularly interesting, and the



only tomb which we especially noticed was that of Clement V, who died in 1313, having been the first of the series of seven Popes who for a period of seventy years held their court at Avignon (1305—1376). After this, we strolled through pleasant shrubberies of evergreens planted by the side of walks ascending gently to fine points of view, through the *promenade du rocher des Dons* (the *rupes Dominorum*). From this lofty platform we enjoyed a view of the rushing Rhone, with the little chapel standing on one of the three fine arches, which are now the sole survivors of more than twenty, which once spanned the two arms of the river and the low-lying island between them. Across the stream were the ancient towers of Ville-neuve, and the heights of the Cevennes and Mont Ventoux, with the snow resting here and there on their summits.

On descending to the river by flights of stone steps, we walked along the outside of the city, past the walls built by the Popes about the middle of the fourteenth century, with their towers and battlements still for the most part intact. After completing a circuit of more than half the city, we reached the station in time for the train at eleven o'clock for ORANGE, which lies to the north, three miles from the Rhone, and was reached after a journey of nearly an hour.

On arriving, we hastened along the avenue which leads from the station into the town, passing the dirty little stream of the Meilan, one of the views along which reminded me for a moment of the general effect of some of the smaller canals of Venice. We thus reached the northern exit from the town, where we came into full view of a triumphal arch, which struck me as the most magnificent Roman arch I had ever seen on this side the Alps. There are three arches, the loftiest in the centre, with their archivolts richly carved and deeply recessed; while over them are boldly-worked reliefs, including flowers and fruits,

emblematic of peace and plenty, as well as various trophies of war. Among the latter, on one of the many shields, I noticed the name of BODIACVS; as well as a curious design in which cables and masts and *rostra* and *aplustria* were to be seen in combination with one another, apparently indicating some naval victory near the mouths of the Rhone. On another side were two river gods; and over one of the lower arches to the left hand of the northern front, an augur's *lituus* with other emblems of augury. The arch is generally supposed to belong to the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and to refer to his victories on the Danube. One of the pleasantest points about this massive and magnificent work of art was the view of the hills to the north, enclosed as a triple picture in the framework of the three arches.

We then made our way as fast as was practicable through the dirty streets, which made one wonder at anyone living at Orange who could possibly live anywhere else, till at length we passed through the open market-place, and soon after reached, at the extreme south of the town, its second great monument of Roman architecture; namely, the lofty and massive, though somewhat gloomy, wall which formed the back of the *scena* of the theatre of the ancient *Arausio*. It is 13 feet in thickness; its length more than 300 feet, and its height more than 100. High up the wall, one could still see a double row of stone brackets, each of those in the upper row pierced with a large opening. These were, doubtless, meant to receive the poles, whose lower ends rested on the lower row of brackets, and from the tops of which was hung the awning which protected the actors and the spectators from the burning sun. A door in the huge wall was opened for us, and on we went, with the custodian of the building, up the sloping hill-side which had formerly been excavated for the seats that rose in semicircular tiers to the upper gallery of the theatre. Only the



five lowest tiers remain intact. From near the highest row, two women, who were standing on the stage talking to one another, were heard by ourselves as clearly as if they had been far nearer than they actually were. This fact proves the excellence of the arrangements for ensuring the voices of the actors being distinctly heard, even by the most distant portions of the audience. On the way, in the train, I had been looking up my Vitruvius, and was interested to notice, in his description of the architecture of the Roman theatre, the special stress which he lays on the position, and the buildings of the theatre being so arranged as to produce neither a confused murmur nor an echo of the voice, but simply to allow its sound to be clearly heard at the greatest possible advantage. Behind the wall of the stage, I also noticed traces of the porticoes, about whose construction and uses Vitruvius has a good deal to say.\*

After climbing the higher parts of the hill above the *cavea*, and viewing from the summit a prospect which was more extensive than striking, we hurried down to catch our train, and left for Avignon after a visit of about an hour and a half. It was between Orange and Avignon that we noticed for the first time the olive-trees of the south, and our return was also enlivened by the sight of pines of the richest green, and rows of graceful and by no means gloomy cypresses, while here and there snowy summits were to be seen bounding the more distant prospect. As we once more drew near to the city of the Popes, there stood out in full view the papal palace with the cathedral and the other lofty buildings that group themselves around it.

On our walk from the station to our hotel, we visited the Musée Calvet with its fine collection of

\* *de architectura* V. viii. and ix.

Roman antiquities, noticing in particular two remarkably bold reliefs representing scenes of sacrifice found near Orange, and, in the room of ancient bronzes, a comical little figure of Caracalla, caricatured as a seller of pastry, with his basket of cakes in one hand and the other held up to the side of his mouth after the manner of a crier of small wares in the streets. Among the modern pictures were some interesting paintings by the Vernets, who were born at Avignon, and also several by the better representatives of the Dutch School (Hobbema, Ruysdael and Van Goyen).

Our visit to the Museum was sadly curtailed by our loss of time in finding the way. This was owing to the name of one of the streets having been altered since the very recent date when our map was published. The Rue Calade of former years is now known as the Rue Vernet, and similarly the broad road from the station to the centre of the city has changed its name from the street of Bonaparte to that of Petrarch. The names of the latter and his Laura and his friend Rienzi, who was here imprisoned in the *tour des oubliettes*, are among those that are most memorable in the old associations of the place, and it was not without regret that we found ourselves unable to visit either the prison-cell of the last of the Tribunes, or the sequestered valley, the *vallis clausa*, of Vaucluse, with those waters "sweet and fresh and clear," which have been immortalised by the muse of Laura's poet.\*

During our short stay at Avignon, the pleasant chimes that told the hours sounded like a far off echo of the days when the place was called the *ville sonnante* from the ever-sounding bells of its churches and monasteries. Our visit was happily too brief to give us any experience of the bitter wind from

\* *Canzone xi ; Chiare, fresche e dolci acque.*

the north-west, known as the Mistral, which is referred to in the rhyming proverb:

*Avenio ventosa  
sine vento venenosa  
cum vento fastidiosa.*

Thursday, Dec. 22. Having reached NIMES on the previous evening, we began our day by starting from our hotel (*hôtel de Luxembourg*) across a fine open esplanade surrounded by trees. In the centre was a fountain with sculptured forms of water-nymphs and river-gods, including the river Rhone and the fountain of Nîmes or *Nemausus*. On the further side of this pleasant promenade rose the dark and massive walls of the great amphitheatre. From the inside we gradually ascended the steep steps to the very top, thus reaching an elevation of 74 feet (or about the height of the ridge of our College Chapel from the level of the ground).<sup>\*</sup> We here obtained a comprehensive view not only of the building itself with its vast arena, but also of the spires and towers of the surrounding town. One of the most curious points in the minor details of the building, to which Mr. Burn had already directed my attention, was a number of small brackets of stone, about three inches square, projecting about an inch and a-half from the lower part of many of the blocks that formed the successive tiers of seats. They appeared to be generally in pairs, and would admit of the spectator resting his heels upon them, and thus keeping them off the tier of steps immediately beneath him. This position proved to be possible, though far from comfortable; but I could not think at first of any better use to put the pegs

<sup>\*</sup> The exterior dimensions of the amphitheatre are 433 feet (*major axis*); 332 feet (*minor axis*). Those of the arena are 227 feet by 126 feet. These measurements are reduced from Friedländer's *Sittengeschichte* II. 565, ed. 5, where the dimensions of 66 amphitheatres are given in *metres*.

to. Only a man with very short legs indeed would have found them at all convenient, and there was plenty of room behind each person for the spectators to find their way to their own seats, without incommoding those in either of the rows between which they were passing. But many of the larger blocks had, in the middle of their upper surface, an oblong depression about an inch deep, three inches long and two broad, which may have been intended to assist in removing the blocks by means of cranes and other appliances from the quarry of Barutel, between four and five miles distant from the town; and it occurred to me that possibly the small projecting pieces of stone in front of the blocks were similarly meant to assist in their transport by keeping the ropes in their proper places.

Leaving the amphitheatre, we went along one of the spacious boulevards to the *Maison Carrée*, an exquisitely proportioned building of the Corinthian order, closely resembling the small temple we had already seen at Vienne. At the northern end of the same boulevard is a green and quiet spot, in the midst of which rises a modern statue with appropriate inscriptions in Latin and French, in honour of the emperor Antoninus Pius, whose immediate ancestors were natives of Nîmes.

After this we had a delightful stroll along an avenue of planes, beside the stream of the ancient fountain of Nemausus, which now flows in full volume between banks of solid masonry, with ornamental balustrades of stone above them. As one looked at the tiny forest of waving water-plants of richest green, gleaming beneath the exquisitely transparent water, one recalled the lines of Ausonius in which the fountain of his birth-place at Bourdeaux is described as unrivalled in clearness, even by the fountain of Nîmes or by the spring beside which the historian Livy first saw the light:—

*non Aponus potu, vitrea non luce Nemausus  
purior.* (ordo nobilium urbium, xiv 33.)

nor Aponus boasts a draught more pure than thine,  
nor bright Nemausus with her crystal stream.

We next walked through the ornamental grounds surrounding the Roman baths, which were excavated and beautified after the taste of the time by Louis XIV. Our path led us along pleasant borders of dwarf palms and blooming geraniums, gradually ascending the slopes of the hill until we reached the temple of the Nymphs. The temple consists of several lofty chambers, in which some ancient busts and statues, which once adorned it, are still to be seen. Among the most interesting of these was a statuette of Agrippina, holding a bunch of poppies in her left hand; a graceful Apollo, with one hand resting languidly on his head; also a fine mask of stone with streaming hair and clear-cut profile, intended for one of the upper corners of a sarcophagus; and, lastly, a head of Caracalla, with puffy cheeks, not unlike the small caricature at Avignon, but somewhat different to the better known busts of the Emperor, such as that, for example, in the Museum at Naples, which represents him with his head turned aside in a savage mood, and with a frowning brow and ill-tempered aspect.

Passing higher up the hill to the summit, along winding paths fringed with fine evergreens, we reached a rude and massive tower, possibly of Roman origin, which is known as the *tourmagne* or *turris magna*. Upon ascending to the top by a spiral staircase, we came to the conclusion that on a fine day a good view might be had from it. So, after looking around us for a while at the hazy landscape, overcast by threatening clouds, we hastened down and made our way to the station, where we took the train for Remoulins (about midway on the new line between Nîmes and the Pont d'Avignon), to visit the magnificent Roman aqueduct known as the *Pont du Gard*.

After more than half-an-hour's quick walking along a good high-road, past rocky hill-sides and groves of grey olives, we came suddenly into full view of the grand structure spanning with its multitudinous arches the river Gardon, that flows far below in a rocky gorge. We crossed the river by a lofty modern bridge, which runs close alongside the lowest of the three great rows of arches that rise one above the other to form the ancient aqueduct. The top of the lowest row of six arches is 65 feet above the water, the second row (of eleven) is the same height above the first, and the third (of thirty-five) 28 feet above the second. In other words, the first and the second rows of arches are each of them higher than the ceiling of the College Chapel from the floor, and the total height is equal to that of the Chapel tower from the ground to the top of the pinnacles. On reaching the further side of the modern bridge, we scrambled up the zigzag paths that lead to the stone steps which take one straight into the highest portion of the aqueduct. We here entered and passed along a narrow chamber, stretching for 882 feet across the stream, at an elevation of 160 feet above it, sometimes with daylight above us, but more often with the slabs of stone, that formed the roof of the chamber, almost touching our heads. It was a strange sensation to find ourselves walking from end to end of the trough, by which the water passed of old from the springs of Eure and Airan till it joined the fountain of Nîmes, in a total course of more than 25 miles. We thus reached once more the side from which we had started, and soon found our way down a steep bank to the high-road, along which we hastened back to our station. This excursion would have been much more leisurely, but for our train having been more than half-an-hour late in leaving Nîmes. (The nearest station to the Pont du Gard is *La Foux*, but all the trains do not stop there, as they do at Remoulins.)



On our return, we went to see the two old gates of Nemausus, now called the *Porte de France* and the *Porte d'Auguste*, to the S.W. and N.E. respectively of the ancient town. We also gave all the daylight that was left to viewing the antiquities in the Museum, including numerous sepulchral inscriptions, some of them bearing the names of gladiators who had fought in the *arena* we had seen in the morning; also a graceful statue of Venus found in more than a hundred fragments; and some beautiful little vases of iridescent glass. At one end of the principal room was a collection of models, including an extremely accurate one of the Pont du Gard, and also of the amphitheatres or other Roman monuments at Nîmes, Orange, Arles, and some of those at Pompeii and at Rome itself. It soon became too dark for us to make much of the modern pictures in the upper story of the Museum; they were certainly numerous, and many of them appeared to be good, including some by Titian, Ruysdael, and Joseph Vernet.

In the evening, we took the train for ARLES, passing once more Tarascon, with its huge and lofty castle of King René, the well-known patron of the minstrels of Provence. We reached our hotel in safety, after having been bumped and shaken in a noisy omnibus along a large number of narrow streets, paved with a pavement of cobbles, from which Dante, had he condescended to so trivial a comparison, might have borrowed as expressive a simile of rough and broken surface as that which he actually took from the famous burial-ground of Arles:—

e'en as at Arles, where spreads in pools the Rhone,  
the broken ground is rough with many a tomb.\*

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\* *Inferno* ix. 112, *Si come ad Arli, ove'l Rodano stagna ...  
fanno i sepolcri tutto il loco vago.*

*Friday, Dec. 23.* Our hotel (the *Hôtel du Nord*) stands on one side of the open space that was once the site of the ancient Forum, which gives its name to the rival establishment, the *Hôtel du Forum*. Only a few feet from the door, we saw a massive and richly decorated fragment of an ancient pediment supported by two handsome Corinthian columns, which are now somewhat disfigured by the comparatively modern buildings in which this interesting relic of antiquity is imbedded. From the Forum, we struck up a steep and narrow street, with the rain-water of a recent shower rushing down its cobbles, and before long arrived at the Amphitheatre, which is slightly larger than that at Nîmes. At Nîmes we had found the custodians of the ruins more of a help than a hindrance to our enjoyment, as they never obtruded themselves upon us, but politely allowed us to go about the buildings just as we pleased. Our first experience at Arles was very different, as the *conciierge* of the *Arènes* proved to be an old man who was nearly imbecile and who inflicted himself on us for the whole of our visit, persecuting us with trivial details about the building and its dimensions in a strange provincial, possibly Provençal, dialect, telling us at least once in every minute about the *soisante portè* and the *trentè mille personne*, and about the modern bull-fights held there every Sunday in the summer. In the blocks of stone that formed the seats we noticed projections of the same general description as those we saw yesterday, and in many cases the upper surface of the stone had a small raised boss with a hole in it, which confirmed the conjecture that they were intended to be of use in the transport of the blocks. We went up to the top of one of the mediaeval towers, which were built into the circumference of the huge ellipse at the time when the place was turned into a great fortress, and from its level



platform enjoyed a view, to the north, of the Abbey of Mont Majour embowered in its trees, and an extensive prospect to the south, including the broad streams of the Rhone and the wide and desolate plain of the Crau.

A short walk further on brought us to the Theatre, begun, it is said, under Augustus and finished in the third century. All that now stands of the ancient building is the two great entrances to the north and south, part of the first two rows of seats, and in particular two fine columns, one of the white marble of Carrara and the other of African breccia, which are still in their original places near the remains of the scene. The opening for letting down the curtain, between the two low walls which formed the front of the stage, can still be identified. While I was exploring this portion of the ruins and examining the shattered blocks that once formed part of the front of the stage, a passing Frenchman, to whom my curiosity seemed to be suggestive of groping among tombstones, enquired whether *Monsieur* was *parmi ses aïeux*.

Near the Theatre, we looked over a small but interesting collection of fragments of ancient sculpture found in excavating the ruins, including portions of the pediment of the scene. We also saw the spot where the celebrated statue in the Louvre, known as the Venus of Arles, was found in 1651.

We next strolled through some pleasant public gardens to the S.E. corner of the town, close to which we saw the two great Roman towers flanking the ancient gateway by which the *via Aurelia* probably passed within the walls of *Arclas*. We then passed through the quarter called the Alyscamps (a corruption of *Elysii Campi*), a famous burying-ground of Roman and mediaeval times, to the avenue of tombs, where, like the sepulchres that line either side of the Appian road for some miles beyond the walls

of Rome, a double row of tombs of Roman and Christian origin are to be seen stretching away for some distance, beneath a long avenue of planes and poplars, which leads past the chapel of Saint Accurse and the picturesque archway of the ancient cemetery to the ruins of the unfinished church of St. Honorat. After reading some of the inscriptions, including one in memory of the public-spirited consuls of Arles, who had died doing their duty in the times of the plague of 1720, we returned to the town itself; and, after passing along a boulevard outside the walls, re-entered it near the open space in front of the Hôtel de Ville. In the midst of the square, there rises from the centre of a great fountain an ancient obelisk, found near the Rhone, with its pedestal enriched with Roman reliefs representing chariot-races, in which the *metæ* were specially prominent. To our right stood the ancient church of St. Trophimus, with its quaintly ornamented portal of the twelfth century, carved with grand as well as grotesque figures, in which the ludicrous and the sublime were strangely blended together. We entered the ancient church, and were particularly pleased with its narrow and lofty aisles. After this we passed into the cloisters, where on all the four sides of a plot of green grass ran a charming colonnade, with round and pointed arches of various styles of architecture from the ninth to the sixteenth centuries.

In the latter part of the afternoon we visited the Museum, which was even more interesting than that of Nîmes, especially in the department, of ancient Roman, as well as Christian, sarcophagi, which are better represented here than anywhere else, except, perhaps, the Lateran Museum in Rome. Among the more noteworthy sepulchral reliefs were the Calydonian boar-hunt, scenes of olive-gathering, Roman marriage-ceremonies, and in particular the tomb of one Messianus, the head of the *utricularii* of Arles,

who played an important part in the navigation of the mouths of the Rhone. The sacred subjects on sarcophagi of the time of Constantine and of later dates, removed from the *Elysii Campi* of Arles, included the Good Shepherd, Roman soldiers kneeling before the Cross, and several representations of the Apostles, with the emblems characteristic of each. The works of art found in the Roman Theatre were also of special interest, namely, a head of Medusa and a statue of Medea; a relief of Apollo, with his tripod between two bay-trees, with the nine Muses above him, and on either side two scenes from the flaying of Marsyas; also several dancing figures of considerable spirit; and, lastly, two busts of Augustus and Livia.

After this we made for the north of the town, and saw the rude and massive ruins of the Palace of Constantine, whose eldest son\* was born here. We then walked along the Rhone outside the walls of the modern town, looking across at the few remaining fragments of the Roman bridge that once united it to its younger brother on the further side of the water, both towns alike being comprised in the phrase of Ausonius, who greets the place by the name of *duplex Arelate*. The words of the same poet characterising the town as a miniature of Rome in Gaul, *Gallula Roma Arelas*, may still be applied to its ruins, and particularly to the amphitheatre, and the theatre with its lonely columns, which distantly recall the Colosseum and the temple of Castor in the Forum of Rome.†

Shortly before leaving, I went down into the cellar of our hotel to see some arched substructures of considerable extent, belonging to Roman times. Beneath these arches I saw a large number of human and other bones strewn about in all directions, which have

\* Crispus. † Ausonius, *ordo nobilium urbium* viii.

led the proprietor to dignify them by the name of the "Roman Catacombs," and to place them first on the list of antiquities deserving the attention of visitors. Their proper place is last, if indeed they ought not to be omitted altogether.

In the evening we went on by train *via* Marseilles to Toulon, where we stayed at a comfortable hotel (*Grand Hôtel*) not far from the station, with a double row of date-palms and an open parade ground in front of it.

*Saturday, Dec. 24.* After an early breakfast, walked through the town and across the moat outside the *porte d'Italie*, until we reached a commanding position near the Fort Le Malgue, from which we had a comprehensive view of Toulon and all its harbours and shipping. Left at about ten o'clock, for CANNES, passing through an interesting district with fine views towards the sea and sometimes on the land-side also. The Mediterranean was not visible, however, until we reached Fréjus (*Forum Julii*, the birthplace of Agricola). Here we were accidentally detained for some time, and thus had an opportunity of viewing at our leisure the scanty remains of the Roman amphitheatre, which were easily seen from the part of the station where our train drew up. On leaving, we saw on our left a plain Roman archway known as the *Porte Dorée*, and on our right a tower connected with the ancient harbour. The sea is now more than a mile distant. Between Fréjus and Cannes, the scenery was delightful, especially the views of the various little bays of brilliant blue and the wave-washed headlands that parted them from one another. Our train was two hours late and it was dark before we reached our hotel (the *Beau-Site*); more than a hundred people, almost all English, and a majority of them ladies, sat down to *table d'hôte*.

*Sunday, Dec. 25.* Were among the first in the breakfast-room, which was soon, however, filled with

visitors greeting one another with the good wishes of the season in a cordial way which is not at all common among English people when travelling abroad. During the previous evening, one of the foreign waiters was overheard practising the pronunciation of the English sentence "I wish you a merry Christmas." The dining hall and other principal rooms were gay with evergreens, in which, side by side with the conventional holly, was the graceful foliage of the pepper-plant, blended with branches of palm, and varied by the dark-green tapering leaves and caper-like buds and fantastic flowers of the *Eucalyptus*. After breakfast, we walked up a small hill immediately behind the hotel and had our first view of the varied outlines of the Estérel range, which stands boldly out into the sea to the west of Cannes across the bright bay of Napoule. We then went a little way through the town and struck up from the sea, across the so-called Roman bridge, and ascended the pine-clad hill-sides by winding paths disclosing glorious views of the snowy summits of the Maritime Alps, until we reached a rude cairn surmounted by a cross known as the *Croix des Gardes*. Here we had a splendid panorama, including the Estérel mountains, the bay of Napoule, the town of Cannes stretching far along the shore, and a number of inland villages perched upon lofty hills. This walk took us an hour and made us a little late for the morning service. The church was already full to overflowing, and its atmosphere heavy-laden with the scent of flowers; so we were very well pleased with our place among a small group in the porch, who were joining in the service, with sunlight and fresh air around them. After this, we sat out in the pleasant and spacious garden of the *Beau-Site*, basking in the sun among laurels and aloes and palms, with primulas, roses and narcissus blooming on every side. In the afternoon, we

walked to the west for about half an hour, towards Fréjus, till we lighted on a little hill surrounded with trees, and with a level space on the top, where oaks and umbrella-pines and ancient cypresses were growing beside the secluded chapel of St. Cassien. Before the shrine was an open porch roofed with weather-stained tiles of orange hue; and, immediately behind the altar, was the priest's cottage, which was apparently closed and deserted when we reached the spot. By and bye, however, the priest returned and began chopping the wood for his fire and feeding his hens, and thus lent a little human interest to the sight of his lonely dwelling. For nearly two hours we waited on the mound among the trees, enjoying the varying hues of the sunset, not in the west alone, where they turned from tints of rose to gold and amber, between the successive heights of the Estérel range, but also to the east, where they lit with ruby glow the snowy summits of the distant Alps.

*Monday, Dec. 26.* During the whole of the forenoon enjoyed the sunshine on some rising ground above the hotel, dipping now and then into the pages of Vitruvius, while a sketch was being taken of the Estérel range. In the afternoon, we started by steamer on an excursion to the two islands opposite Cannes, now called *les Lerins*, from *Lerina*, the Roman name of the more distant of the two. In the nearer one of *Ste. Marguerite* was formerly imprisoned the mysterious man in the iron mask; and it was on this day, just eight years ago, that Marshal Bazaine was banished to the same spot. We saw the prison perched on its pile of rocks washed by the waves below, and noticed the place where seven months later he made his escape. We then went on to the further island of *St. Honorat*, divided from the former by a narrow strait. Here we landed and had a charming walk of some three miles, right round the island, passing under the shade of



fragrant pines which had softly carpeted the ground beneath them with their fallen foliage, and keeping close to the shore all the way, with the waters dashing ever and anon on the rocks beside us. On the further side, we entered a small castle, formerly the retreat of the inmates of the island Abbey, when attacked by the Saracens. We here saw the remains of ancient cells and chapels and a cloistered chamber, like the *atrium* of a Roman house, with its roof supported by slender columns of polished porphyry. We climbed the steps to the battlements above, and enjoyed a magnificent view of the Mediterranean and of the mountain ranges along and near the coast. On this side of the island, the *smilax aspera* was growing in rich profusion, mantling the hedges with its dark leaves of glossy green. Passing the monastery, where St. Patrick prepared himself for his mission to Ireland, we found ourselves at the eastern end of the island with its view of the snowy Alps and the Golfe Jouan, and in an hour's time from our first landing reached our steamer when it was on the point of returning. One of the last things I noticed on leaving the place was a Latin couplet inscribed on a rustic arch crossing the path from the landing-place to the monastery. The first line consisted of the almost pardonably positive assertion:

*pulchrior in toto non est locus orbe Lerina;*

but the statement will hardly stand the well-known test, laid down long ago by the abbot of the island, *Vincentius Lirinensis*, for it will scarcely win acceptance either *semper*, or *ubique*, or *ab omnibus*.

Tuesday, Dec. 27. At 9.45 took the train for Antibes, which we reached at 10. Walked along the outside of the town in view of its two lofty towers of mediaeval work, and its fortifications built by the famous Vauban at the close of the seventeenth century. Strolled along the shore southwards to the second of the two bays, both of which were extremely

beautiful; and then up-hill, by a steep path paved in terraces leading past a series of stations of the cross to the chapel of *Notre-Dame de garde du bon port d'Antibes*. Near the chapel was the light-house, or *Phare*, of Antibes, which commands an extensive view. Here we sat down on a little rocky promontory with all the blue bay beneath our feet, and beyond it the valley of the Var, the former limit of Italy. A little further to the east, partly hidden under a veil of haze or smoke, was Nice, facing Antibes, which obtained its ancient name of *Antipolis* from standing opposite to the city of victory founded by the men of Massilia two-and-twenty centuries ago. Further, again, was the peninsula closing to the east the famous harbour of Villafranca; and beyond this, the rugged outline of the coast as far as the cape of Bordighera. In the crevices of the little headland from which we enjoyed this view, the bright *smilax* was growing profusely; and the rocks all around us were fragrant with myrtle. Here, as elsewhere along this favoured coast, at the present time as in the days of Addison,

'e'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,  
and trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.'

While the view across to Nice was being sketched in water-colours, I walked on by pleasant paths fringed with olive-trees along the peninsula of Antibes, and scrambled over the sharp rocks at its furthest part, till I could touch the waters of the Mediterranean lapping up against the crags of the Cape. I returned after a walk of about an hour and a half, and after resting awhile, we started back to Antibes, and thence by an old road, which, but for its olive-trees, looked extremely like a country-lane in England, till we reached the somewhat dirty little town of Vallauris, some four miles distant. We here came across a large troop of little boys who were being marched through the streets with all the



appearance of being out for a holiday, We made our way up the main street, followed by the whole troop. The boys shewed evident signs of curiosity, while I stopped to examine a Roman inscription let into the wall opposite the church, stating that the Emperor Tiberius restored the road to which it refers (possibly the *via Aurelia*) in the thirty-second year of his tribunician authority. We then went up to the Hôtel-de-Ville; the boys followed us still, and we saw them settling down to their lessons in one of the rooms of the Town-hall, while I took a note of another inscription found, like the former, at the Golfe Jouan, and bearing the name of Constantine the great: IMP. CE. FL. VAL. CONSTANTINO P.P.

Returning down the main street, we walked on till we reached the show-rooms of M. Clément Massier. Here we whiled away the chilly hour of sunset by looking over his large assortment of articles in the well-known Vallauris ware, including innumerable vases of clay glazed with green or bronze or brown. We selected a few finely modelled reliefs in *terra cotta*, after Jean Goujon and Thorwaldsen; and then walked down by moonlight to the Golfe Jouan through a picturesque ravine, till we reached the shore where the first Napoleon landed on March 1, 1815, on his return from Elba, and bivouacked under the olives with a few hundred soldiers, just before the campaign of the hundred days, which ended at Waterloo. We here joined the main road from Antibes to Cannes, and on reaching the more frequented part of the town, drove to our hotel at its western end, which we reached shortly after *table-d'hôte* had begun. After dinner, we talked to some pleasant people in the *salon*, whom we had already met at Avignon and at Nîmes.

*Wednesday, Dec. 28.* Drove along the shore towards the Croisette, the headland which divides the harbour of Cannes from the Golfe Jouan, to the *Jardin des*

*Hesperides*, 'Εσπερίδων ἐπὶ μηλόσπορον ἀκτάν, where we walked through alleys of palms and orange-trees,

'with golden oranges burning between  
their dark stiff leaves of sombre green.'

After paying the proper toll for the privilege of viewing this delightful garden—by purchasing a small branch of oranges—we walked back along the shore, and then struck inland by the Boulevard de Cannet, the first part of which extended between a double row of dull suburban shops. We at last found ourselves out in the country, and reached the loftily situated village of *le Cannet*. From the open space in front of the village, we looked down from the terrace on an extensive view, including, on the left, the strange-looking towers of the villa where Madame Rachel died, and on the right the quaint little village of St. Catharine, with a rich valley of grey olives and lustrous mist and haze between them, and with the sea beyond. We returned through olive-yards, rising in terraces above one another, by the rough and irregular road to Vallauris. Striking off this road before its descent into the *vallis aurea*, we made our way up the wooded slopes of Mont Pezou, till we reached a point 873 feet above the level of the sea, about a mile, as the crow flies, from the upland village we had left behind us. Near this, in a forest of younger and more graceful trees, we saw the *Grand Pin*. On the great pine-tree was an atrocious advertisement, stating that all the surrounding woodland was for sale. From near this point we caught our first glimpse of Corsica, with its lofty range of cloud-like mountains resting on the horizon across eighty miles of sea. We then made our way by a rough and steep descent to the chapel of St. Antoine, on the *col* between Cannes and Vallauris—a little wayside shrine, with a forlorn cypress-tree beside it, looking over Vallauris towards the Maritime Alps. From a hill yet further to the

south, there was a still wider prospect, including a distant view of the bare and precipitous cliff of Gourdon, which rises above the Saute de Loup, a rapid in a wild ravine a few miles inland. We descended by a footpath to the canal of the Siagne, a tiny stream some two feet broad which supplies the east of Cannes with water, and walked along its narrow margin among lovely views for some distance, till we reach the summit of the *route de la Californie*, where the road sweeps down in long windings till it enters the high-road from Antibes to Cannes.

After driving to our hotel, and taking our last stroll in its charming garden, we left Cannes by train at 5.15, and, instead of stopping at the over-grown town of Nice, and having to make an embarrassing choice among its many hotels, we went on to the quiet village of BEAULIEU with its neat little inn, passing on our way the harbour of Villafranca, which looked remarkably fine by moonlight, with the reflexions of the coloured lights of a vessel of war, which was anchored in it, shining clearly on its unruffled waters.

*Thursday, Dec. 29.* Started soon after 10 o'clock for our walk along the famous Cornice road, one of the finest parts of which lies between Nice and Monaco. Went upwards, by numerous zigzags and past countless olive-trees, with the sun as warm as on a summer-day in England, till we reached the *Quatre Chemins* and found ourselves on the main route at last. After enjoying a view of snow mountains beyond the valley north of Nice, we walked some little distance till we came in sight of Eza, a small village loftily perched on a lonely crag, which remained in view for a large part of our walk, forming a still more striking group, the nearer we came to it. A few more turns of the road brought us into full view of another range of

snowy summits, and after awhile we saw before us the road up to the top of the *Testa del Cane*, the bold bluff that looks down on Monaco. While we were fully expecting to have to toil up to the fort at the head of this height, which for a time we mistook for Turbia, we came suddenly into view of the ancient tower of that lonely village, with its rude and somewhat dismantled houses clustering around it. During the earlier part of our walk the harbour of Villafranca, the peninsula of St. Jean, and the bay of St. Hospice and that of Eza came successively into sight, and long remained in view. And now, at the village which won its name from the trophies of Augustus,\* we enjoyed a far-reaching prospect of the further portion of the Riviera beyond Mentone, towards Bordighera. Looking back on the ancient tower, or down from the lofty terrace, we recalled the lines of the Laureate:—

‘What Roman strength Turbia shewed  
in ruin, by the mountain road;  
how like a gem, beneath, the city  
of little Monaco, basking, glowed!’

While the sun was fast sinking, we dropped rapidly down by the roughly paved terraces of a steep mule-path to Monaco, where we caught the train back to Beaulieu, reaching it after a short and pleasant journey with delightful views of little bays, which, however, were often lost to sight in the gloom of the frequent tunnels. After dinner, we walked out for a while in the moonlight, past the site of the old olive-tree where the country people for at least 27 years had held their annual dances till it was burnt down by a madman a year ago;

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\* Turbia is a corruption of *Tropaea Augusti* (the *Τρόπαια Σεβαστοῦ* of Ptolemy), or *Tropaea Alpium* as it is called by Pliny, *nat. hist.* III 20 § 24. Pliny has preserved the long inscription on this monument of Augustus, commemorating the subjugation to Rome of the tribes inhabiting the Alps.

and then went down to the sea-shore and back, by olive-yards glistening in the silvery light, till we reached once more the orange-garden of our little inn.

*Friday, Dec. 30.* Strolled along the shore eastward to the little bay of Eza; and, after returning, walked to the west, past lofty hedges of blooming geraniums, till we reached the harbour of Villafranca. As we went along the edge of the low cliffs that enclose the quiet waters of the harbour, we enjoyed a distant view of the Estérel range, with the lighthouse of Antibes before it. In the afternoon, we left by train for MENTONE, having lovely peeps of the sea from time to time during our journey.

*Saturday, Dec. 31.* After exploring Mentone, we walked a few miles to the west, to Roccabruna, an ancient village perched high up on the hillside, just above the Cornice road. We then descended to the coast-road, enjoying fine views of the successive headlands, till after passing through the gay gardens of Monte Carlo, we looked down on the little harbour of Monaco. Protected from the north-wind by the *Testa del Cane*, and from the west by its own headland, it still justifies the description given in the lines of Lucan:

*quaque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus  
urget rupe cava pelagus; non Caurus in illum  
ius habet aut Zephyrus; solus sua litora turbat  
Circius et tuta prohibet statione Monoeci;*

where the blest haven named of Hercules thrusts forth its craggy cliff to breast the wave; nor north nor west-wind there hath right to blow; Circius alone beats on his wonted shores, to close the sheltering port of Monaco.

*Sunday, Jan. 1, 1882.* Walked to the *Pont St. Louis*, the frontier between France and Italy, which is only about twenty minutes to the east of our hotel in the eastern bay. The bridge with its single arch spans a deep gorge; on the left, just before

crossing it, near a group of French and Italian sentinels, we saw the block of stone which marks the boundary. The inscription on the western side is FRANCE, 1861; that on the eastern, ITALIA, NO. 144; as though the French had eagerly seized the opportunity to commemorate the date of their acquisition of Savoy and Nice, while the Italians had buried the memory of the time of the transfer in the figures that told nothing more than the number of the stone.

Went to service at a church a few yards distant from the hotel. On our entering the porch, the pew-opener presented each of us with a card with the words: *le Gardien de Christ-church vous souhaite une bonne et heureuse année.*

In the afternoon, as the sky to the west looked threatening, we went once more to the *Pont St. Louis*, reaching it this time by walking along the shingle, watching the pale-green waves breaking on the pebbly beach. Through the gorge spanned by the bridge, a tiny stream finds its way to the sea. We went up the ravine, and, after twice crossing on stepping-stones the waters that divide France from Italy, found ourselves in full view of the finest part of the gorge, with the new bridge above us, and the few remaining arches of an old half-ruined bridge running far below and beyond it. Above these older arches, a lofty pinnacle of rock stands sharply out into the sky, and in the further distance rise two still loftier and more massive peaks, standing like strong giants guarding the frontier on either side. Near the entrance to the ravine we saw the old and neglected church of S. Ludovicus which gives its name to the bridge. We then walked a few hundred yards further, along some red rocks which rise in lofty cliffs from near the shore. Beyond these rocks, we looked up from a lovely bay of brilliant blue to the little village of Grimaldi, and then returned along the shore with



a fine view before us of Mentone and the lofty and many-coloured buildings of the older part of the town.

*Monday, Jan. 2.* The sun shone brightly, and gave us an opportunity of appreciating the beauty of Mentone, without, however, shaking our resolve to leave its relaxing atmosphere as soon as practicable. In the forenoon, we walked along the beach in the westerly direction beyond the town as far as Cap Martino, a well-wooded promontory which shelters Mentone from the western wind; and passed under the shade of fragrant pines to the very end of the cape, where we enjoyed fine views of the coast as far as Antibes to the west, and Bordighera to the east. In the afternoon, we took the train for Bordighera, but were detained for about an hour at Ventimiglia, where our luggage was examined by the officials of the Italian custom-house. During this delay we spent some time in studying in the waiting-room a long notice of the rules of the Italian Railways printed in parallel columns in four languages, where we learnt that carrying valuables in one's luggage without declaring them was an 'abusive and illegal fact.' As we left the station, we looked back on the loftily situated castle of Ventimiglia, and a few minutes later arrived at BORDIGHERA, where we arranged to stay for a week at the *hôtel d'Angleterre*.

*Tuesday, Jan. 3.* In the forenoon, sat out on the beach, nearly in front of our hotel, enjoying the sunlight and the sea breezes, and the view to the west as far as the Estérel range, which was forty miles away. In the afternoon, took a walk inland beside a stream till we reached the little village of Borghetto, perched on the hill-side west of the valley, with its two churches, and its strange over-arched entrances, and its rude steps rising like flights of stairs up the steep and narrow streets. We then

went on to another village of the same quaint description called Vallebuona, whose church with its lofty bell-tower had long been in sight in the early part of our walk. Here, from a small open space, proudly calling itself the *Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele*, we enjoyed a view of the valley, with its countless olive-trees, stretching downwards to the sea. We next made our way down to the stream by a mule-track of the roughest description, crossed the water by some stepping-stones, and mounted the slopes of the olive-terraces till we reached a third village, *Seborga*, standing like a castle on its ridge with a glorious view of snowy mountains, and of lofty hills rising on either side of the valleys of the Nervia and Roya.

All these villages were more like fortresses than groups of habitable houses; and they struck us as remarkably clean, for villages in Italy: small as they were, the names of their few streets were painted up in blue letters, and many of the houses neatly numbered. From this third village we returned towards the sea, along the hills, through olive-yards unending, and at last descended towards the shore from a lofty ridge. The sun was just setting on our right, while on our left, the moon, which had but lately begun to wane, was shining through the darkening olive-trees, whose lancet leaves appeared to break its silver orb into a cluster of a hundred stars. As we dropped down from the height, with the sea before us, the vesper bells were sounding from the lonely upland villages we had left behind us, and from the home of palms to which we were returning.

'Twas now the hour, that wakens fond desire  
in them that sail the sea, and melts their hearts  
who in the morn have bidd'n dear friends adieu;  
that thrills with love the traveller newly sped,  
what time he hears afar the vesper bell  
sounding as though it mourned the dying day.\*

\* Dante *Purgatorio* viii. 1-6.



*Wednesday, Jan. 4.* A day of rain. Read through a book of Cæsar, while my wife made from our window a sketch in oils of the coast to the west, with the mist hanging over the hills towards Mentone and Monaco.

*Thursday, Jan. 5.* A delightful day of blue sky and bright sunshine. Walked along the coast to San Remo, seeing many a palm tree on our way, passing first the little headland, which was the scene of the 'upset' in the opening chapter of Ruffini's well-known story of 'Doctor Antonio'; and then coming into full view of the bright little bay of Ospedaletti. Above the large fishing-village, which gives its name to the latter, stands on the ridge the little hamlet of La Colla; and to the right is the promontory of Capo Nero, which closes the bay on the further side and affords an extensive view in either direction. On reaching San Remo, strolled through some of the public gardens near the shore, looking in vain for a seat in the shade, and then went through some of the principal streets, where we bought a coloured photograph, by Guidi, giving a faithful representation of the glossy leaves and brilliantly scarlet berries of the *smilax aspera*. Returned by train, and sat out on the beach till the sun sank into the sea.

*Friday, Jan. 6.* From our window, saw the sun rise sharp and clear out of the waves. At half-past nine, started on a walk to the inland village of Dolce Acqua, going by a shady lane to the west, skirting a range of hills at a little distance from the main road along the coast. This took us past the wooden Villetta Aurelia to the 'Via Romana,' which is supposed to be part of the ancient *via Aurelia*, the great coast-road from Rome to Arles. After walking through olive-groves for about an hour, and crossing two small streams, we struck up the valley of the Nervia, and, in about an hour more, reached the village of Campo Rosso. An open

piazza in front of the church, with two jets of water flowing into large stone bowls with boys scrambling about them, and men lounging in the usual Italian manner in the sunshine, led us to a dark and narrow street from which we emerged into the shade of olive-trees. Before long we passed an old dismantled water-mill in a picturesque situation, with its arches overgrown with luxuriant weeds and its great wheel standing still. The water that once turned it now flows across the road and falls in a graceful cascade from the road to the valley below. About an hour's walk from Campo Rosso, we came in view of the castle of Dolce Acqua, and soon reached the village. One of the most striking things about it is the lofty bridge which spans the torrent with a single pointed arch of bold construction. Above the bridge rise the massive ruins of the ancient castle of the Dorias. Here, a number of ragged urchins crowded round us, offering to show us the way to the castle, which we had no difficulty in finding for ourselves, by threading the narrow alleys of the older part of the village. Part of the way was darkened by ancient buildings of many stories rising on either side, with arches thrown across to keep the buildings from falling into one another's arms. Climbing up another narrow alley, with its pavement of rough cobbles rising like the steps of a rude staircase, we reached the castle, the door of which was opened for us by an ancient dame, who offered us buds of carnations and branches of oranges. Of the old castle, in which the Dorias played the despot over all the valley, a large part is still standing, including the chief tower and two smaller square ones; and, through one of the ancient windows, we had a pleasant peep of the sea and the valley up which we had walked. On descending the narrow street up which we had come, we saw many faces of people in picturesque costumes, with gay ker-

chiefs about their heads, looking down at us from their windows, as though the advent of any *forestieri* were a strange and unwonted sight. On our return, we stayed for some time in the sunshine by the bridge across the Nervia, on the high-road from Ventimiglia to Bordighera, while a small sketch in water-colours was being made of the pleasant and varied view up the valley, with the snowy heights beyond.

*Saturday, Jan. 7.* Once more we saw the sun rise slowly from the sea, tinging the clouds with rose. In the light of the dawn, the coast of Corsica stood clearly out to view. In the forenoon we walked up a small hill surrounded by olive-trees with stone-pines near its summit which was crowned by an ancient tower, a few paces beyond which we enjoyed a far extended view of the inland valleys. After descending and passing along a fine broad road with a gorgeous villa on our left and olive-groves on our right, we went up to the old town with its steep and narrow streets, overarched as usual with lofty bridges running from one side to the other. At the top, we found ourselves once more under the full daylight in a little open court, in the centre of which was a large fountain with a marble statue of the goddess of health standing on a pedestal in the midst of the water. It was in the year 1793 that, according to a brief Latin inscription, the Community of Bordighera HVNC FONTEM IN FORO APERVIT. After looking in at the church, in which there was little of interest, except a tablet recording the visit of Pius VII on his return from France in 1814, we went down to the broad headland of Bordighera, near which, doubtless, was the battery which fired on a British man-of-war, and was punished accordingly, as is told at large in the pages of Doctor Antonio (chap. xiii). Here we sat down for about an hour while a water-colour sketch of the view to the east was begun, to be finished in the course of the afternoon. In the fore-

ground of our view were some feathery date-palms, and beyond them the three successive headlands—the Madonna della Ruota on the nearer side of the bay of Ospedaletti; the Capo Nero hiding the bay of San Remo; and, furthest to the right, the Capo Verde with the white church of the Madonna della Guardia conspicuous from afar on its shining summit.\*

*Sunday, Jan. 8.* Went in the forenoon to the little English church near the hotel. The interior was gracefully decorated with branches of palms. In the afternoon, walked along the beach to Ventimiglia, the ancient *Albium Intemelium*. From the shore beneath the loftier part of the town, saw on the second headland to the west the little village of Murtola embowered in its woods, and returned by the main road while the sun was setting.

*Monday, Jan. 9.* In the forenoon walked down to the beach for the last time, and with much regret left Bordighera at noon for ALASSIO, which lies further east along the coast, two hours distant by rail. Beyond San Remo and the Capo Verde, all was new to us. From the bay that now opened before us we had a passing glimpse of the villages of Bussana and Poggio standing high on the hill-sides up a charming valley; and, soon after, we looked up the course of a torrent towards Taggia, a grey old village, opposite to which rises that much-frequented place of pilgrimage, the chapel of the Madonna della Lampedusa.† At Porto Maurizio, which is loftily situated on the slopes of a hill near the sea, we had a good view of the spacious harbour; soon after, we passed Oneglia, a picturesque place with a fine view up a valley closed by snowy summits, marking the general direction of the route to Turin by the Col de Nava. In a short time we

\* This view is well described in *Doctor Antonio*, chap. x.

† *Doctor Antonio*, chap. xv.

saw Diana Marina by the shore, with its twin-sister, Diana Castello, on a height a little way inland; and, after passing through the Capo delle Mele by a long tunnel, came into full view of the broad bay of Alassio.

From our room at the *Grand Hôtel*, we looked down on a long and unbroken stretch of smooth sand, washed by an almost tideless sea. We walked along the beach to the little promontory of Santa Croce, which closes the bay to the east. Here we sat for more than an hour, enjoying the view in either direction. To the east, beyond several somewhat bolder headlands, we saw a flat tongue of land stretching out into the sea. Beyond this, was a further bay, across whose narrow strip of blue extended the craggy coast of Final-marina ending with the cape of Noli. Beyond this again, rose a range of hills sprinkled with snow, passing on, towards the south, into the loftier chain of the mountains of Carrara and other spurs of the snow-clad Apennines. Nearer us, a few miles from the shore, we saw the curiously shaped island of Gallinaria, a bare crag with patches of scrubby vegetation only half clothing its slopes, and with its summit crowned by a wall enclosing a finely situated house and a lofty watch-tower. The island is mentioned by Varro and Columella. Its shape resembles that of a tortoise, with a disproportionately high back, and a very small head projecting to some little distance from its body. While the eastern coast was being sketched, I scrambled down to a point nearer the cape itself and had a fine view to the west, where Alassio was to be seen stretching along its glorious bay, with its slender campanili and its range of lofty hills sheltering it from the north and the west. In the rocks near the cape, I found a variegated variety of *smilax* growing luxuriantly where there was but little soil to support its life. On returning along the shore, we observed

some interesting sunset effects, while the rose of the clouds above was being reflected in hues of purple on the deep-blue bay, and the glories of the sky flashed again and again from the watery mirror which the receding wave had spread for the moment on the unruffled surface of the sand of the shore.

J. E. SANDYS.

(To be Continued.)

## TO THE MODERNS.

*Studiis ignobilis otii.*

O ceaseless hurry of these latter days!  
 Not only crowded street and busy mart,  
 But even the once-sequester'd walks of Art  
 Are parch'd and wither'd in the rushing blaze.  
 The vision of fair Truth in quiet ways  
 Was wont of old to gladden many a heart;  
 But now on some mad race we all must start,  
 Scarce heeding whither, caring not who pays.  
 Found, lecture, organize, examine, plan,  
 Grow figs on thistles when and where ye can,  
 But, O ye Moderns, count it not a crime  
 If one, with a regretful looking back,  
 Should cherish, far outside your restless track,  
 The grateful leisure of an older time!

J. H. C.



## THE TRYSTING-TREE.

"Heigho!" a pretty maid sighs,  
The tear-drops thick in her downcast eyes,  
And nobody near her to sympathise.  
"Dame Margery sends me to milk the cow,  
Nor will she a single excuse allow,  
And *he* is alone at the oak-tree now!  
Now which shall it be? oh! which shall it be?  
Dame Margery's cow, or the trysting-tree?"

"Heigho!" a rustic youth sighs,  
Who, stretched on his back, in the sunshine lies,  
Looking up lazily into the skies.  
"Old Father Giles bids me go steer the plough,  
And stern was the frown on his wrinkled brow;  
And *she* is alone at the oak-tree now!  
Now which shall it be? oh! which shall it be?  
Father Giles' plough, or the trysting-tree?"

"Heigho!" the gentle breeze sighs,  
As over the furrowless land it flies,  
And Margery's cow, yet un milked, it spies!  
Two hearts stand under the shadiest bough,  
Pledging a loving and lasting vow,  
Often to meet 'neath the oak-tree, as now!  
To-morrow will see, which it will be,  
The cow, or the plough, or the trysting-tree!

A. E. B.





## OUR CHRONICLE.

*Lent Term, 1882.*

An edition of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* (as well as a new edition of the *Agamemnon*) has been recently published at the University Press, under the able editorship of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Regius Professor of Greek and Honorary Fellow of this College. Members of the College will read with interest the terms in which it is dedicated to the memory of our late Master:—

*Gul. Henr. Bateson S.T.P.*  
*in Academ. Cantabrig. quondam Orator Publicus*  
*Colleg. Div. Ioann. ann. xxiv Magister*  
*vir bene doctus adprime sagax*  
*in officiis fungendis probus ac diligens*  
*in amicitia semper fidelis*  
*suorum amantissimus suis carissimus vixit*  
*eisdemque non solis*  
*sed etiam Societati cui digne praefuerat*  
*Academiae cui sapienter consulebat*  
*deftetus et desideratus obiit*  
*A.D. Quint. Kal. Apr. A.S. MDCCCLXXXI aet. suae LXIX.*  
*memoriae veteris amici*  
*multa eius beneficia pie recolens*  
*hunc libellum editor*  
*D. D. D.*

The College has received from Mrs. Thomas De Freyne French, daughter of the late Rev. Miles Bland, D.D., formerly Fellow and Tutor, a present of about eight hundred volumes selected by the Librarian, Dr. Wood, from her father's library. They include books in all branches of study, and many mathematical works which are not in the College Library, and which, apart from their intrinsic value, are of special interest in their bearing on the history of Mathematical study in the University. Miles Bland was a schoolfellow of Adam Sedgwick, at Sedbergh, and was second Wrangler in 1808, Fellow and Tutor of the College, and Rector of Lilley in Hertfordshire from 1823 till his death at the age of 81, on St. John's day, 1867. A brief

notice of his life and works, the best known of which is *Bland's Equations*, appeared in *The Eagle* of Dec., 1867, Vol. VI, No. xxx, pp. 73, 74.

On the evening of Sunday, Jan. 22, a special service for the College Servants and their families, was held for the second time in the College Chapel. The sermon was preached by the Rev. P. H. Mason, Senior Dean.

During the past Term, Sermons have been preached in the University Church by the Rev. Professor Bonney, F.R.S., and in the College Chapel by Mr. Watson, Mr. Bowling, Mr. Ward, Mr. Torry and Mr. Cox. The Preachers for the Easter Term are as follows:—*April* 23, Mr. Hill; *April* 30, Mr. Moss; *May* 6, (St. John's Port Latin day) Dr. Ainger; *May* 14, Mr. Momerie; *May* 21, Mr. Whitworth.

Mr. Dougan, Fellow of the College, third Classic in 1879, has been appointed Professor of Latin at Queen's College, Belfast.

The Choral and Orchestral Concert of the University Musical Society, which will be given on June 13, includes a Cantata entitled *The Shunammite*, composed for the Society by Dr. Garrett, Organist to the University and the College.

A Model of the College Chapel, executed in cork with remarkable skill by one of the Servants in the College Kitchen, is on view in the Combination Room.

The following are the University Honours recently obtained by Members of the College:—

#### MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

*First Class*: none classed. *Second Class*: 1st, R. Hodgson; 2nd, G. R. Alston.

#### NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

(In alphabetical order).

*First Class*: A. Pagan (Physics, Chemistry, and Mineralogy); D. W. Samways\* (Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy; Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Human Anatomy and Physiology); and W. F. R. Weldon (Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Human Anatomy and Physiology). *Second Class*: C. S. Middlemiss.

\* Distinguished in Physics.

#### LAW TRIPOS.

*First Class*: bracketed 3rd, J. Peiris. *Third Class*: O. R. Barnicott.

#### THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

*First Class*: W. H. Bennett, (Hebrew Prize, Evans Prize and Scholefield Prize). *Second Class*: O. Rigby, J. Russell. *Third Class*: R. Chadwick, J. B. Ridges.

#### MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

*Wranglers*: 2nd, J. S. Yeo; 4th, J. Brill; 7th, J. Parker; 8th, A. Harker. *Senior Optimes*: 1st, T. Walker; 5th, A. W. Ward; 15th, A. J. Gaskin; 25th, W. H. Bennell; 26th, J. S. Clementson. *Junior Optimes*: J. H. Winter, C. P. Cory, W. V. Merrifield, J. Colman and H. J. Lerigo.

The SECOND SMITH'S PRIZE has been awarded to J. S. Yeo.

#### CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

*First Class (Senior Classic)*: T. G. Tucker; 3rd, J. C. Moss. *Second Class*: P. G. Exham, L. T. Horne. *Third Class*: E. C. Mackie, W. A. Atmore, T. Muckalt, H. R. Hannam, H. A. Thomas.

The CHANCELLOR'S CLASSICAL MEDALS have been awarded to T. G. Tucker, St. John's, and W. Wyse, Trinity (*equal*). The Examiners were of opinion that the merits of J. C. Moss, of St. John's, were very nearly equal to those of the successful Candidates.

#### MEDICINE.

M.B. Degree, FIRST Examination, *Second Class*: Harrison and Watts. SECOND Examination, *Second Class*: G. Parker, M.A. THIRD Examination, *Second Class*: T. W. Bagshaw, M.A., W. Foster and J. O. Lane.

#### MUSIC.

Final Examination for the Degree of MUS. BAC: Stevens and Watson.

The FIRST BELL SCHOLARSHIP has been awarded to E. H. Hensley.

#### ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, April, 1882:

*Foundation Scholarships of £100*;

J. L. A. Paton, of Shrewsbury School.  
H. Stroud, of Owens College.

*Foundation Scholarship of £50*;

A. G. S. Raynor, of Repton School.

*Minor Scholarships of £70*;

R. J. Bragg, of King William's College, Isle of Man.  
T. H. Kirby, of Heversham School.

*Exhibition of £50 for three years*;

W. N. Roseveare, of Monmouth School.

*Minor Scholarships of £50*;

S. Cadle, of Rugby School.  
R. Holmes, of King Edward's School, Birmingham.

*Exhibitions of £50 for two years*;

H. S. Branscombe, of Merchant Taylor's School (for Hebrew).  
T. Darlington, of the Leys School, Cambridge.

*Exhibition of £33 6s. 8d. for three years*;

H. Barlow, of St. Paul's School, London.

*Exhibition of £40 for one year*;

R. Hughes, University College, Aberystwith.

*Exhibition of £38 for one year*;

J. Martin, of Newcastle-under-Lyme School.

*Natural Science Exhibition of £50 for three years*;

L. J. Fuller, of the Perse School, Cambridge.

#### LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

Officers for Lent 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*—A. F. Williams.  
*5th Captain*—F. C. Marshall.

We are glad to be able to congratulate the Club on the satisfactory progress it is making in paying off its debt. In response to an appeal made by the Debt Extinction Committee, about £160 has been raised from past and present Members of the L.M.B.C. This amount includes some liberal donations from the Master and Resident Fellows of the College.

The Officers of the Club have, by careful and rigid economy, been enabled to put apart above £200 towards the liquidation of the debt, so that, altogether, it has been reduced from nearly £500 to £130. It is earnestly desired that the whole debt may be cleared off by the end of the coming May Term.

On the 21st of February, the "Thespids" kindly gave a Dramatic Entertainment in aid of the Club; the Master and Seniors having given special permission for the use of one of the Lecture Rooms for the purpose. The performance was in every way a success. The result, financially, was a profit of about £13; the "Thespids" themselves having generously defrayed nearly all the expenses.

The 3rd and 4th Boats went into training on February 28th, and were constituted as follows:—

3rd Boat.		st.	lb.
1	R. B. Davies ( <i>bow</i> )	10	11
2	F. B. Clive	10	10
3	R. W. Atkinson	11	12
4	H. L. Harrison	10	12
5	F. C. Marshall	12	6½
6	W. H. Dodd	10	10
7	H. Holman	12	3
	J. E. Cleworth ( <i>stroke</i> )	10	6
	W. H. Woodward ( <i>cox</i> )	7	12
4th Boat.		st.	lb.
	T. A. Beckett ( <i>bow</i> )	9	5½
2	C. H. Innes	9	7
3	F. W. Tyler	9	1
4	J. S. Sprague	9	11½
5	F. Mellor	10	4
6	E. Fisher	11	8
7	H. M. Bennett	9	12
	W. W. Gossage ( <i>stroke</i> )	9	8
	W. H. Moresby ( <i>cox</i> )	8	0

In the Lent Term Races, our 3rd Boat lost one place, ending as twelfth in the second division, while our 4th Boat gained two places and thus won the position of fourth in the third division.

#### FOOTBALL.

##### Rugby Union.

In spite of the number of vacancies occurring in the team this year, we did very fairly well, being beaten in one match only by Jesus College, who scored two goals to our one. We

played St. John's College, Oxford, on our ground on March 6th, and after a very hot game it was decided in our favour by 2 goals. W. R. LeFanu and R. Spencer obtained the majority of ties for us during the season, and the former with C. H. Newman kicked most of our goals. Appended is a list of Matches:

1881.	
Oct. 28th	v. Old Rugbeians; won 1 goal and 3 tries to 2 tries.
Nov. 4th	v. Trinity Hall; a draw.
" 14th	v. Jesus College; lost by 1 goal to 2.
" 19th	v. Bury; won by 2 goals and 5 tries to nothing.
" 21st	v. Old Marlburians; won by 2 goals and 1 try to nothing.
" 23rd	v. Queens' College; won by 2 goals and 2 tries to nothing.
" 28th	v. Emmanuel; won by 1 goal and 1 try to 1 try.
1882.	
Feb. 10th	v. Caius; won by 1 goal to 1 try.
" 13th	v. Pembroke; a draw.
Mar. 6th	v. St. John's, Oxford; won by 2 goals and 1 try to 2 goals.

The following composed the team:

W. R. LeFanu (*Sec.*), C. H. Newman (*2nd Capt.*), C. P. Cory, H. L. Dawson, R. Spencer, J. H. Izon, R. W. Hogg, H. Holman, A. Gifford, R. P. Williams, M. E. Wilkinson, S. W. Stevens, J. H. Drysdale, and E. C. Hopton, (*Capt.*)

#### EAGLE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

At a General Meeting of the above Club, held in F. Sandford's rooms, the following gentlemen were elected Officers for the ensuing Term:

*President*—Mr. F. L. Thompson.  
*Treasurer*—J. H. Haviland. | *Secretary*—C. E. Hopton.

The following gentlemen were elected Members of the Club:

F. Clive, R. Gill, C. A. Smart, A. Fitzherbert, W. Garne, J. H. Izon, D. W. Mountfield, A. J. Poynder, R. S. Barnett, E. Fisher, N. H. Garland, H. Odling.

The following matches have been arranged:

Against Clare College, April 28th.  
 " Grasshoppers', May 1st.  
 " Trinity L. T. C.  
 " May Flies, June 5th.

#### DEBATING SOCIETY.

In our last notice of this Society we were able to rejoice in its flourishing condition, and to augur well of the future. Our expectations have been fulfilled, and in some respects surpassed. Let us take but one instance. In the October Term "there was an attendance of 80; one of the largest on record in the archives of the Society." This Term there was on one occasion an attendance of 105. Our first Debate was upon the *Clôture*. Then followed the most numerously attended Meeting on record; the subject being Church and State. The

Policy of England towards her Colonies was next discussed. What our two succeeding enquiries were, might almost be guessed—the usual criticism of the Poll Degree, and the burning question of Temperance. The honourable opener at our sixth gathering had the temerity to arraign a landed and titled aristocracy. And, finally, we disputed about the advantages of co-operation.

Some of the speakers have endeavoured chiefly to gain experience in debate, others to advocate favourite opinions. Some have spoken occasionally, others habitually. We have been able to look forward from week to week to the pleasure of hearing an old favourite, and have had the additional excitement of new blood. On three occasions there has been a visitor present, and two of our visitors addressed us.

We have already given an example to show the prosperous state of the Society, and we have every reason to say, generally, that the attendance has been good and the interest in the proceedings sustained. We may apply to ourselves the language of a writer in the *Cambridge Review* for April 27th, 1881. "Unpolished and uneven may be their diction in the course of a maiden speech, ungraceful or monotonous their delivery, yet by a process of constant effort and continual refinement triumphant over, or temporarily crushed by difficulties, they labour on." We labour on, allured by the prospect set before us by that writer. "After a little practice in the domestic senate," he says, "they venture into a wider arena." Success here is amply reassuring. With a reputation indisputably acknowledged at the Union, the orator experiences a sense of satisfaction, he feels competent to extemporise on every emergency, he freely takes advantage of the magnetic power conferred by his position to attract the President's eye during the critical and fleeting moments of a crowded house."

The Debates will continue during the May Term, and

We hope that those who spoke this Term will speak the more,  
And those begin to speak who never spoke before.

The following Officers have been elected:

President:—A. J. David.      Vice-President:—H. A. M. Brooksbank.  
Treasurer:—G. W. C. Ward.      Secretary:—W. Blain.

#### MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Musical Society has devoted nearly all this Term's practices to the pieces to be given at the Concert in the Easter Term—they are Mendelssohn's 115th Psalm, and "Boadicea," a Cantata by J. F. Bridge. Unfortunately Members have not been very regular in their attendance at the practices; and, unless they pick up the Choruses very fast next Term, we cannot predict a very great success for the Concert. The Officers for

this Term have nearly all retained office for next Term. They are:

Librarian—C. F. Whitfield.	
Treasurer—R. B. Davies.	Secretary—A. Carpmael.
H. G. Chance.	E. T. Lewis.
A. J. Poynder.	T. C. Ward.

The finances of the Society are in a fairly flourishing condition; but it is hoped that more musical men in the College will join the Society, in order to swell the chorus, as well as the funds for the Concert.

#### THE THESPIDS.

By the kind permission of the Masters and Seniors, the Thespids gave a public performance in the largest Lecture Room in St. John's, in aid of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, which has now been in debt for some years. We hear it succeeded financially, in spite of its being given at such short notice, that the room was not as over-crowded as the quality of the entertainment deserved. The pieces selected were *Sweethearts*, by W. S. Gilbert, and *Payable on Demand*, by Tom Taylor. Both of them had already been given by the Club at their Private Recitals; but, as the casts were much altered, it showed very good management on the part of the actors in getting both pieces to run after less than a week's rehearsal. The plot of *Sweethearts* is so well known that it is entirely unnecessary in criticizing the actors to remind our readers of it; but we must pause for a moment here to congratulate F. B. Clive on his most realistic stage-management. Seldom in nature and never on the stage, have we seen such a neat little garden, so luxuriant in real spring flowers and evergreens. S. W. Stayner in *Jenny Northcott*, excellent as his acting was before, has certainly improved since we saw him last in it. *Wilcox* was as irresistible as ever, and his "That was Toosday, Miss!" fairly brought down the house. *Harry Spreadbriar* looked his part perfectly, and had he only known it better, would, we think, have made a great sensation in it; as it was, he missed some of the best points of the piece. M. E. Wilkinson's *Ruth*, though only a small part, was nicely rendered, and added to the piece.—*Payable on Demand*, which was of course the *Pièce de resistance* of the evening, then followed and we were much gratified to see Stayner's name on the programme again as the heroine of the piece. We were anxious to see how the play would run as it is rather heavy, and decidedly difficult to put on an Amateur Stage; but in this we were agreeably surprised. The acting was decidedly good in parts: and the calls in the street outside were very realistically given, especially the march-past of the army singing the Marseillaise.

The piece, which has a cleverly devised plot, may be briefly described as follows:—A French Marquis, hunted for his life, gives up all his money to a poor Jew, Reuben Goldsched, living at Frankfort, in the year 1792, to hide for him, and pay over to his wife in France as soon as possible. The Jew gives him a receipt, which he deposits in a secret drawer in a handsome writing-case which he has with him. That day the Marquis is murdered, and his wife's address, which he has given to Reuben, is accidentally destroyed. The Jew therefore determines to keep the money, but his wife Lina, who is a Christian, makes him swear at the cradle of her sleeping babe that he will do all he can to seek out the lady, and restore her murdered husband's money to her. Twenty-one years pass by, and Reuben, having failed to discover the rightful owners of the money deposited with him, has used it to such advantage that he is now a wealthy broker, living in a mansion near London, with his only child, now a lovely girl like her dead mother both in name and face. It is her birthday, and her father's gift to her is an antique writing-case, which her handsome Music Master, with whom she is secretly in love, and



who is moreover the dead Marquis' son, recognizes as the one which belonged to his father, and thereupon informs her of his noble parentage. She tells her father this, and in the secret drawer they find the receipt which Reuben had given to the Marquis at Frankfurt. Thus the poor Music Master, becoming a Millionaire, is now able to declare his secret passion for Lina, who readily accepts his hand with her father's blessing. S. J. Winkley, who took the chief rôle, deserves high commendation; he had evidently bestowed much care and study on a very difficult part with great success. The struggle for the mastery between the natural greed and cunning of the Jew when alone with the *assignats*, and his better nature when in the presence of his Christian wife, was very cleverly brought out; moreover his pathos was excellent, and his facial expression showed high capabilities for an amateur.

The Marquis' part, and that of his son in the second act, which, by the way, are very ungracious characters to play, were rendered by F. B. Clive; we thought he did them wonderfully well, for the time in which he had to get them up, though we have seen him in parts which suit him infinitely better. As regards his pathos, we found him fall into the mistake so common to most amateurs; instead of doing it naturally, he became "preachy," which is a fault to be battled against, but then his stage-management, which in both pieces was so good, must have made him feel rather too tired to be acting on the first night "up to form."

C. Carthew Yorstoun, as the French Serjeant, Horatius Cocles Bricabrac, and in the 2nd act as the Dealer in antiques, showed his knowledge of French, and amused us much by his acting; his "make-up" being almost faultless. Most of the small parts exhibited careful rehearsing. C. A. Smith, as Junius Brutus, short though the character was, showed us that he is by no means a tiro in the Dramatic Art; he also "under-read" S. T. Winkley's part, and gave it very well at the dress rehearsal. G. C. Herbert distinguished himself wonderfully in Isaac's part, and caught very happily the cringing subtlety of the renegade Jew's nature. Lastly, but by no means least, we must say a few words about W. S. Stayner's two Linas. As the mother in the 1st act, he brought out very tenderly her love for her husband and baby, and her horror at the cruel death of the Marquis; but, again, we noticed the slightest tendency to become "preachy" and forced. As the spoilt daughter, he was exceedingly good, being both easy and graceful, and showing his complete mastery over all the little tricks of action and manner common to a young lady of fashion. His "make-up" in both scenes was capital.

In conclusion, the Club is to be congratulated on the entire performance; they certainly possess Dramatic capability: and we were especially glad to see that the authorities gave their consent and patronage to the performance, as we are of opinion that such evenings, when judiciously managed, may be full of instruction and harmless amusement.