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The Secretaries of College Societies are requested to send in their notices for the Chronicle before the end of the seventh week of each Term.

Contributions for the next number should be sent in at an early date to one of the Editors (Dr Donald MacAlister, Mr J. R. Tanner, C. H. Heath, F. N. Schiller, J. Windsor, A. H. Bagley).

N.B.—Contributors of anonymous articles or letters will please send their names to *one* of the Editors who need not communicate them further.

[*The Editors will be grateful to any Subscriber who will furnish them with Nos. 20 and 72, which are wanting to complete the editorial copy.*]



FOUNDERS AND BENEFACTORS OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

(Continued from Vol. XIV. page 290.)

TIMES of depression are fruitful in changes, sometimes in important reforms. And the middle of last century was a time of great depression in the College. The number of entries, which had long been declining, reached the lowest limit of which we have any record. To what extent this condition of affairs contributed to the changes that ensued, and to the events which characterised the history of the College in the latter half of the century, is not always obvious, but the sequence deserves notice.

No additional buildings were erected, but some of the old ones were defaced. Had funds permitted most of our red brick walls were to have been Italianised, like the S. side of the First Court.

The relations between Tutor and pupil entered upon a new phase. Hitherto all, or nearly all, the Fellows had received pupils, who were for the most part 'pensioned' upon them, living with them in the same chambers. The introduction of the modern system led to the greater independence of the pupil, his further separation from his Tutor, and the withdrawal from the bulk of the Fellows of personal responsibility and care, which was henceforth concentrated upon two or three of the more prominent members of the Body.

In connexion with the foregoing changes we place the letting of second floor rooms by a separate tenancy from those immediately below them, and the construction of independent access to those of the First Court. We have been unable to discover precisely when the requisite structural alterations were made. They may have been part of that large plan of Dr. Powell's, now so universally condemned because its prominent features are the stone facing, sash windows, and other incongruities of the First Court.

Dr. Powell instituted at St. John's a system of regular College Examinations, which he strenuously urged, and long urged in vain, the rest of the University to adopt.

The Benefactions of this period were few.

* †ROBERT LAMBERT, D.D., left the College £300, and such of his books as were wanting in the Library.

His legacy of £300 was added to the fund for the purchase of Advowsons. He also left £100 to the University.

The son of the Rev. Josh. Lambert, also of this College, he was born at Beverley and educated at the Grammar School there, of which his father was Master; admitted here 21 Ap. 1693, æt. 16, he was elected scholar the same year and Fellow in 1699. Besides lecturing at different times in Greek, Hebrew, Mathematics and Divinity, he was 13 years Dean and 7 years Bursar before being elected Master. Perhaps it is to him we owe the arrangement of the List of Benefactors in three divisions. He made the copy now in the Bursar's custody, which, with another made from it in 1838, was used in the terminal Commemoration Services until 1860. He seems to have been most painstaking in his attention to all departments of College business. His beautiful handwriting may be seen in numerous papers, and in marginal notes on others' MSS in the College Treasury.

During the short period, less than 8 years, of his Mastership he was twice Vice-Chancellor. On the second occasion, 1729, he gained the office only by one vote, 84 against 83. His opponent, Dr. Mawson, of Corpus, 'stood in the Liberal interest and got a Bishopric (Llandaff), Dr. Lambert got nothing' except the honour the Tories obtained for him of having a public commencement during his year of office. Dr. Lambert died suddenly, 24 Jan. 1734-5, and was buried in the College Chapel. There is a half-length portrait of him in the Lodge.

* The mark (†) is prefixed to some names to indicate that they have not been of late years included in the list read at the Annual Commemoration on May 6.

†RICHARD HOLMES, of Lowther, clerk, gave in 1735 £100 for a poor scholar.

The son of Jas. Holmes, he was educated at Sedbergh, admitted here, æt. 16, in June, 1672, as a sizar, B.A. 1675, M.A. 1679.

The Benefaction belongs to Sedbergh School, and the Scholar who enjoyed it was formerly obliged to come to St. John's, but that condition has been since removed.

†FELICIA JONES in 1738 founded an Exhibition of £16 per annum.

In accordance with the will of her late husband, Robert Jones, of Gray's Inn, she left a rent of £16 per an. upon her estate at Longdon-upon-Tern in Shropshire in trust to their kinsman, Ed. Green, of the Middle Temple, to choose a scholar of some school in Shropshire, giving preference to their kindred. He appointed John Lloyd, of Shrewsbury School, in 1739, and Samuel Dickenson, of Newport School, in 1752.

Robert Jones' will is dated Dec. 1730: his widow's Jan. 1731. One, Robert Jones, son of Thos. J., attorney, of Wellington, Salop, was admitted here, May 20, 1681, æt. 16.

†THOMAS BAKER, B.D., ejected Fellow, who died in 1740, bequeathed to the Library a valuable collection of books.

His family history has been already given in the Note on his elder brother, George Baker. He was elected Scholar in 1676, and Ashton Fellow in 1680. For a short time he was Hebrew Lecturer, but otherwise does not appear to have taken an active part in College work. He was pre-eminently a scholar and a student, his time and energies being devoted mainly to historical and antiquarian research. We have seen that he declined Bp. Watson's offer to make him his private Chaplain. He is said to have done this in anticipation of a similar offer from the Bp. of Durham, which came to him and was accepted shortly after. The Bp. also gave him the living of Long Newton, near Durham, in 1687. The year following he incurred his patron's displeasure by refusing to read King James' declaration of Liberty of Conscience. Two years later he resigned his living rather than take oaths to William and Mary, and returned to College and to literary work. He was ejected from his Fellowship in 1716 for refusing the new oaths to George I. He was still permitted to reside in College, yet, although treated with great consideration by the authorities and almost idolised by the College, he never overcame altogether the feeling of resentment at what he deemed the wrong done to him, and used ever afterwards to append to his name the title 'socius ejectus.' The MSS which he left behind as a storehouse of information for historians and antiquarians fill forty volumes, of which twenty-three are in the British Museum and the remainder in the University Library. The first volume, containing a History of St. John's, is

the only one drawn up for publication. It has been carefully edited with copious notes and additions by Prof. Mayor. A complete Catalogue and Index to the other volumes has been printed. So numerous were the books Mr. Baker bequeathed to the Library that the smaller cases had to be raised to receive them, only two nearest the door, on which the catalogues are placed, remain to show the original height of the others. The value of many of the books is enhanced by the frequent annotations in his clear and somewhat peculiar handwriting.

Baker died in his rooms in College, 2 July 1740, aged 84. He was probably the last survivor of the non-juring Fellows. He was buried in the College Chapel near the monument of his patron, Mr. Ashton. A statue of him has been placed in one of the niches on the North side of the New Chapel. His arms are represented in the W. window of the lower Library and in a window in the Hall, and there are portraits of him in the Lodge, the Hall and the Combination Room.

JOHN NEWCOME, D.D., 27th Master, and Dean of Rochester, who died in 1765, founded two exhibitions and an annual prize for Moral Philosophy, gave above 60 rare books to the Library, and bequeathed the advowson of Minting in Lincolnshire.

J. N. was born 1683, the son of a baker, at Grantham, Lincs., educated at the Free Grammar School there, admitted a Sizar 1700, was 4th Wrangler 1704-5, Fellow 1707. He lectured in College, chiefly in Mathematics. For several years he was Sacrist. When Dr. Jenkin died he was one of five candidates for the Mastership. The issue really lay between Dr. Lambert and Dr. Baker. The decision had ultimately to be made by the Seniors. Dr. Baker, counting upon Newcome's vote, believed his election secure. Newcome, however, voted the other way, and Dr. Lambert was elected. Dr. Jenkin had been Lady Margaret Professor, and Dr. Lambert not being a candidate for the office, Dr. Newcome was elected. He shortly afterwards married and went to reside in the town, taking his name off the College Boards. After Dr. Lambert's short prefecture a remarkable contest ensued for the Mastership. The principal candidates were the President, Ph. Williams, who was also Public Orator and Rector of Starston, and Caleb Parnham, the Dean. Both were Tutors of great influence. They obtained 15 votes each, 8 other Fellows, afterwards known as the *flying squadron*, supporting Dr. Newcome. For some time neither party seemed disposed to yield. At last Williams retired in favour of Newcome; Parnham also retired, and although an effort was made to keep out Newcome by bringing forward L. Chappelow, nephew of the late Master, Professor of Arabic and Rector of Hormead, Newcome was elected by 20 votes to 17. Newcome was a strong Whig, and, the Fellows being mainly Tories, he found his office for some time one of considerable difficulty. Cole, the historian, and others who hated Newcome's politics, have no scruple in charging him with the grossest duplicity, time-serving and cunning. They report him to have been most ambitious of being raised to the Episcopal Bench through the influence of

his patron, the Duke of Newcastle, sometime Chancellor of the University. He did succeed in obtaining in 1744, in addition to his Mastership and Professorship, the Deanery of Rochester. He also held the living of Offord Cluny. Cole admits that he was a painstaking Professor. That office was sometimes considered a valuable sinecure, but Dr. Newcome, during the early years of his tenure at least, had much to do on account of the failing strength of the Regius Professor, Dr. Rd. Bentley.

During Dr. Newcome's mastership the admissions to the College reached the lowest limit of which we have any record. To estimate the proper significance of this fact it would be necessary to compare the records of other Colleges, and to examine the state of the Church and of the country generally. The most ruinous influences in this respect are wars and home disorders. And when a College continues long the field of active political partisanship its proper work must necessarily suffer. The decline in numbers was continued, not begun, under Dr. Newcome. After the Restoration the entries averaged about 70. During Dr. Gower's Mastership they sank to 50, and for a short period after the Revolution they barely reached 40. The numbers became 53 under Dr. Jenkin, 44 under Dr. Lambert, 36 under Dr. Newcome, being frequently below 30 during Dr. N's later years. A dearth of benefactions is also noticeable about this time. Dr. Newcome's own bequests were considerable. The Vicarage of Minting, with the impropriate Rectory attached to it, he left to the College after his death. He himself seems to have appointed to it Andrew Alvis, who held it with his Fellowship until he accepted Gt. Snoring in 1762. He next appointed Ed. Beadon, the Vicar of Higham, who died in 1811, when the first College Incumbent was appointed. Dr. N. left a house in Cambridge to found the Moral Philosophy Prize, and an estate, 'his interest in the impropriate Rectory of Bourn,' charged with the payment of two Exhibitions of £20 per an. to scholars from Grantham School. He also left £500 to the University Library, and a collection of 700 books to form a Library at Grantham.

Dr. N. died at his Lodge, Jan. 10, 1765, and was buried in the College Chapel, where his tombstone and epitaph may be seen. There is a portrait of him in the Lodge.

WILLIAM SAMUEL POWELL, D.D., 28th Master, gave in 1774 £500 towards the alterations in the South side of the First Court.

W. S. P., son of Rev. Fras. P., was born and educated at Colchester, admitted here 1734, elected scholar 1735, Fellow 1740. In 1741 he became Tutor to the Hon. Chas. Townshend, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose father presented him to the Rectories of Collkirk and Stibbard. Next year he returned to College, where he was made Lecturer, Examiner and soon Principal Tutor. In 1761 he went to reside in town, and the year following quitted his Fellowship. Nevertheless, on Dr. Newcome's death, he was unanimously elected to succeed him as Master. Thenceforth he devoted himself with all the energy of his nature to the

welfare of the College. He vacated his Norfolk living to accept the Rectory of Freshwater, and in 1766 was made Archdeacon of Colchester. In addition to these emoluments he had recently inherited an estate in Essex. Being a bachelor of regular habits and simple tastes he was able to use his wealth to the honour of the College in the princely manner of fulfilling public duties and privately in aiding studious and indigent scholars. His influence soon became paramount throughout the College. In most respects it was admirably exerted. Soon after entering upon the Mastership he instituted the periodical College Examinations, which are now universal, but which for a long time gave a name and reputation to the College. Numerous records in the Treasury shew how carefully he examined, and sought to make improvements in, all departments of College business. The Bursar's accounts, for example, had been kept on the same plan almost from the foundation of the College. The system was antiquated and often delusive. It was completely changed, and a more methodical and intelligible one introduced. Unfortunately the undertaking with which his memory is most closely associated will be generally condemned. It is to his influence and generosity that we owe the trans-formation of the South side of the First Court. It is little consolation to know that other Colleges likewise suffered from the prevailing fashion for Italianising our architecture, and from the popularity of the designs of Mr. Essex. Even some who objected to the alterations did so not because they disliked the plans themselves as on account of the cost, and from fear that the improved appearance of one part of the building would disgrace the rest. The original architecture, which corresponded with the E. side, was hidden under a facing of stone, and destroyed by the introduction of sash windows, &c. The second-floor rooms were improved by raising the walls, as may be seen by a glance at the new courses of brick-work, visible in the back lane. Walls with fireplaces were carried through the middle of the building, and all the arrangements of the rooms completely changed. Lack of funds happily prevented further extension of the mischief.

Dr. Powell died, Jan. 19, 1775, and, on the anniversary of his election to the Mastership, was buried in the Chapel, where his tombstone and epitaph may still be seen.

†GEORGE OSBALDISTON, Esq., M.A., gave £300.

His Father, the Rev. John Wickins, Fellow 1731 to 1743, was one of the *flying squadron* who brought forward Dr. Newcome for the Mastership. He became Rector of Petworth, Sussex, and married Philadelphia, niece of Bp. Osbaldiston, of Carlisle and London, and Fountayne Wentworth Osbaldiston, M.P. for Scarborough, &c. Many of this family were members of the College, besides those above mentioned. On the death of F. W. O., in 1770, the estates devolved upon Geo. Wickins, who had just entered the College as a pensioner. He took the name of Osbaldiston, and re-entered as a Fellow Commoner 3 July 1770. In 1773 he proceeded M.A. per literas regias.

†JOHN GREEN, Bp. of Lincoln, bequeathed £100, of which £50 was to be spent in books, and founded an exhibition.

The exhibition was for a scholar of Beverley School, to be tenable either at St. John's or Corpus C. Coll.

J. G. was born and educated at Beverley, admitted in 1724, æt. 17, elected Scholar the same year and Fellow in 1731. He was a Liberal in politics, and one of the *flying squadron* who supported Dr. Newcome. On the second election however Green unaccountably turned round and voted for Prof. Chappelow. He was for several years Bursar, holding that office at the same time as he held the livings of Hinxton and Burrough Green. In 1749 he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity. Shortly afterwards the College presented him to the Rectory of Barrow, in Suffolk. The circumstances connected with this presentation are remarkable. According to the will of Mr. John Boughton, the donor, the living was to be offered to the Senior Divine being a Fellow. The College first offered it to Michael Burton, B.D. Thereupon Dr. Rutherford appealed to the Visitor, claiming that the donor's will gave him precedence over Burton on account of his D.D. degree. The Visitor decided in his favour. Then Green, who was intermediate to the other two in standing, and though Regius Professor was only a B.D., appealed to the Court of Chancery. The Court decided that the ruling of the Visitor was null and void, his intervention not being in respect to any part of the College Statutes, but in respect to a clause in a will which the Visitor interpreted to be contrary to Statute. The Court declined to interpret the clause in the will. The whole proceedings produced the singular result that the controverted clause remained uninterpreted, and the living was given to one who was not the senior Divine either in standing or in degree. Burton was afterwards presented to Staplehurst. Rutherford went to Brinkley, and afterwards succeeded Green as Regius Professor. Although Rutherford gave a bond of £50 to the College that he would reside at Brinkley, he held that living with his Professorship and with the living of Somersham, which is attached to the Professorship.

Dr. Green was rapidly promoted. He became Master of Corpus in 1750, Dean of Lincoln, with a Canonry added, in 1756; Bp. of Lincoln in 1761. He resigned his Mastership in 1764. In 1771 he was appointed to a Canonry at St. Paul's, which he was allowed to hold with his Bishopric on account of the smallness of the revenues of that see. He was remarkable as the only Bishop who, in 1772, voted for the Bill for the Relief of Dissenters. He died at Bath, 25 Ap. 1779, and was buried at Buckden, Hunts., where the Bps. of Lincoln had a palace, and where there is a monument to his memory. There is at Corpus a small likeness of him in wax.

Besides the scholarship above mentioned Bp. Green left other bequests to the town and Grammar School of Beverley. To Corpus he bequeathed a considerable estate, upon which is charged the cost of the six silver cups which are given annually in that College for success in the College and University Examinations. To St. John's he gave a pair of silver sconces for the Combination Room, and in conjunction with Dr. Heberden, another of

the *flying squadron*, a silver inkstand; and bequeathed £100 as already stated.

His arms are in the great window of the Library.

JOHN TAYLOR, D.D., Rector of Staplehurst, Kent, sometime Fellow, bequeathed £700 in 1784.

The son of Robt. T., of Cockram, near Lancaster, he was educated at Sedbergh, and entered the College June 9, 1724, æt. 17. He was B.A. 1727, Fellow 1729, Senior 1747, University Librarian 1731 to 1734. He was also for some years Senior Bursar, and was presented to Staplehurst in 1759. There were two other Fellows of the same name, one of whom was for many years contemporary with our benefactor.

With the benefaction was purchased '£1000 in 3 per cent. bank annuities to be spent in beautifying the College and carrying out the plan of the late Master, Dr. Powell.' A later note, in Dr. Craven's handwriting, states that 'the £1100 reduced annuities of Mr. Osbaldiston's and Dr. Gisborne's donations and the £1000, 3 per cents. of Dr. Taylor's were invested in the 4 per cents. and make the chief part of the Capital of £2338 16s. 7d.' From this and an order in the Conclusion book, 22 Jan. 1776, with reference to Mr. Osbaldiston's benefaction, we conclude that after the abandonment of Dr. Powell's scheme, the funds left for beautifying the College were allowed to accumulate to form a building fund.

Dr. Taylor died, Dec. 30, 1784. His will was made May 8, 1784.

JOHN HULSE left stipends for two Scholars.

J. H. was born 15 March nineteen children. In his childhood he suffered grievous neglect, to which is ascribed much of the feebleness of his physical and mental constitution in after life. When his Grandfather learnt how he was treated he took him to reside with him at Elworth Hall, sent him to the Grammar School at the adjacent town of Congleton, thence removed him to Stockport, and eventually brought him to St. John's in Sept. 1724. Here he was Ashton Scholar, obtained a prize in College for a Latin Ode, and graduated as 11th Wrangler in the first Tripas in 1728-9.

He was most unhappy in his home relationships. When his parents married, the whole of the family estates at Elworth, Clive, and Bradwall, together with his mother's dowry, a share in a salt-mine worth from £10000 to £20000, were settled upon his mother and her eldest son. His father succeeded to the property shortly after our benefactor entered the College. Very soon he sent for his son and obtained his consent to the sale of part of the estate. But when he sent to him a second time for the same purpose his son refused compliance. A rupture ensued, in consequence of which John had to support himself in College mainly by his Scholarship and Exhibitions. He did not proceed beyond the B.A. degree. In 1732 he was ordained to a small curacy at Yoxall. He afterwards served the curacy of Goostry near Sandbach until his father's death in 1753, when he succeeded to the property, relinquished active clerical work, and went to reside at

Elworth Hall. There he led a secluded life. His only son died at the age of 22. He seems to have held no communications with his brothers and sisters. In continual ill health, suffering from a painful disorder and incapable of the active duties of his profession, he brooded over the infidelity and atheism of the age, and conceived and elaborated in his solitude the scheme with which his name will ever be associated in the University, of devoting his wealth to promote Essays, Sermons, and Lectures to counteract the evils he deplored. His will, an extraordinary document of 400 pages, occupied much of his attention during his later years. He did not neglect his relations. Like himself, the survivors were childless, and to them and to his favourite servants he left life interests in his property. Afterwards the bulk of it endowed the Hulsean Prize and the offices of Christian Advocate and Hulsean Lecturer. He wished the Hulsean Lecturer to deliver twenty sermons annually, but, as this was found impracticable, the Court of Chancery reduced the number to eight. In connexion with the appointments of Advocate and Lecturer he imposed the curious condition that if the person chosen to either office should neglect or not discharge his duties satisfactorily he should forfeit his salary for that year, which should in that case be equally divided between the six senior Fellows of St. John's.

To St. John's he left, after the death of his brothers, £30 each to two Scholarships.

Mr Hulse died Dec. 14, 1790, at the age of 82, and was buried at Middlewich.

Much of the above information is taken from the Preface to Dr. Parkinson's first series of Hulsean Lectures.

THOMAS GISBORNE, M.D., President of the Royal College of Physicians of London, Senior Fellow, gave £400 and bequeathed many books to the Library.

The son of the Rev. Jas. G., of Staveley, Derbs., he was admitted June 28, 1744, æt. 18, B.A. 1747, M.A. 1750, M.D. 1751. He held a Beresford Fellowship from 1753 until his death in 1806.

He was Fellow of the Royal and Astronomical Societies, and Physician to the King and Royal Family.

He gave £400 during his lifetime towards the alterations in the First Court. By his will, dated 8 Feb. 1804, he left 'of his Books in London all such as shall be deemed in the opinion of Dr. Budd purely Medical to the Library of the College of Physicians, London, all the rest to the Library of St. John's College.' He possessed also many books at his house in Derbyshire, and at both places collections of Prints, some bound together in the manner of books, others in portfolios, some loose, some with explanatory letterpress, others without. Counsel's opinion being taken we were advised that we had no claim to the books in Derbyshire nor to prints, unless they were bound together as books and accompanied by letterpress. Some of those specified in the 'opinion' as part of the bequest are not to be found in the Library.

His arms have been placed in the great window of the Library.

JOHN MAINWARING, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, sometime Fellow, who died in 1807, bequeathed £120 to purchase theological books.

The son of Gilbert M., of Drayton Manor, Staffs., he was educated at Marlborough Grammar School and at Tamworth, and admitted here June 5, 1742, æt. 18. He graduated 1745, and was elected Fellow 1748, Coll. Preacher 1750, Senior 1768. In 1787 he accepted the Sinecure Rectory of Aberdaron. The year following he was appointed Lady Margaret Professor. He was also presented by Lord Weymouth to the Rectory of Church Stretton, Salop.

Professor Mainwaring was a man of great taste and refinement, fond of painting, sculpture and music. The Rectory grounds at Church Stretton, in the midst of beautiful scenery, were much admired. Dr. Powell, the Master, as a token of his admiration left the Professor £200 to be spent upon beautifying them still further.

The Professor was accustomed to take his turn regularly in preaching before the University, although he dreaded it beforehand on account of his asthma, and usually suffered afterwards from the effort. His audiences were large and attentive, although his sermons were but very imperfectly heard. His practice was to print them after their delivery.

He died at Cambridge, April 1807, æt. 72.

WILLIAM WILSON, B.D., Rector of Moreton, Essex, sometime Fellow, gave £200, the interest of which was to be paid to the best readers of the lessons in Chapel.

He was of Lancashire, the son of Joseph Wilson, Mercer, educated at Hawkshead, admitted 3 July 1770, B.A. 1774, M.A. 1777, Fellow 1777. In 1796 he accepted Moreton, which he retained until his death in 1822. In 1817 he gave £150, to which he added £50 in 1821, to found two Reading Prizes. In accordance with Mr. Wilson's wishes the money was invested, and an order made that the interest should be employed in the purchase of books to be given to the best readers of the Lessons, who from their general regularity and good conduct are deserving of encouragement.

In 1816 Mr. Wilson gave £100 to found a Declamation Prize at Hawkshead School, where he was educated. He was also a benefactor to the parish of Moreton, and bequeathed £1300 to it.

(To be continued).

A. F. TORRY.



AFRICAN EXPERIENCES.

FIVE years ago the writer of the present paper formed one of a party of six missionaries sent out by the Church Missionary Society to Eastern Equatorial Africa, and here he presents for the readers of the *Eagle* some of his experiences in that land of laughter and of tears.

Zanzibar was the point of departure for the interior, and the route selected was that followed by the travellers Speke and Stanley on their famous journeys, the Victoria Nyanza being the destination to which we were proceeding. We left Zanzibar in an Arab dhow, which is not a very luxurious method of travelling by water, and after five or six hours' sail we reached the mainland. Our outfit consisted of tents, beds, blankets, pots, pans, medicines, clothes, boots, buckets, baths, plates, knives, spoons, tinned provisions, guns, &c., besides Zanzibar barter goods. All these articles had to be carried by porters, either coast-men called Wangwana or natives from the interior. The latter are hired with a certain amount of cloth, the former are paid in dollars, at the rate of about five dollars per month, together with their food. The road or track is a narrow beaten footpath, wide enough only for one to pass, and winding wonderfully round every obstruction on and on from camp to camp and from village to village until the desired destination is reached. The character of the scenery is varied enough, consisting of park-like and mountainous country, while rivers or rather rivulets swollen in

time of rain to rushing torrents are met with at intervals. These with interminable scrubby forests and endless plains pretty well describe what you may expect to see on a journey in Africa. After a day's waiting we turned our backs upon the sea, our men in a long line took up their loads, and the tramp to the Nyanza was begun.

Varied were the adventures and amusing were some of the incidents of the journey. For example, take an attack of robbers—*Scene*—African forest; long line of dusky figures moving slowly along bearing burdens on their heads; four or five white men walking far on in front. Suddenly from the forest emerge eight or nine robbers shaking their spears and gesticulating; robbers I say, but possibly peaceable denizens of that region. However, Smith and Robinson and Jones and Brown decide that they are and must be robbers, and that if they are not they ought to be, and must therefore be summarily dealt with. Smith is carrying a carbine; so is Brown. Brown raises his weapon and wildly lets fly. Smith has his slung by a strap and is just going to bring it into action when it goes off of its own accord, and with no little effect, for the bullet strikes Brown's carbine and makes a neat dent in the barrel. Robinson and Jones also fire a volley, and the ferocious robbers fly and are seen no more. I had no part in this glorious victory, so I can afford to speak lightly of it. Brown remarked that as soon as they saw "the white man" the robbers fled. When we reached our camp and were at our dinner of course the adventure was the engrossing topic of conversation, and Brown again ventured the remark that the robbers fled as soon as they saw the white man. Now a man naturally turns a little paler on meeting the wild banditti of central Africa for the first time face to face, and therefore Robinson's reply—"Yes, indeed they did see a *white* man when they saw you"—was perhaps a little severe,

not to say uncalled for. The emphasis which he chose to put on the adjective 'white' was suggestive, to say the least of it.

All African travellers have adventures with lions, or if they have not they ought to have, so we were no exceptions to this salutary rule. Our leader, an Irishman, of course went behind, this being in an African caravan the post of danger, responsibility, and honour. (A caravan, by the way, is not a van, with curtained windows in the sides, drawn by a horse, but, as here used, a body of porters with their loads.) One night we six determined to take advantage of the moon to make a night march. Our leader was to follow with the main body next morning; so off we went, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, with Smith led the way, while the great hunter of the party brought up the rear with me. It is a weird place an African forest at night, with its awful silence only broken by the ceaseless chirping of a kind of cricket. The silver moonlight on the trees made it look like fairyland, and the dark shadows seemed like shapes of awful monsters. We were beguiling the time by talking, when suddenly the silence of the forest was broken by the ringing report of a rifle, and then another, and then quite a fusillade. "More robbers," we thought, and rushing forward soon came on the strangest of scenes. An excited little band shouting and gesticulating in the foreground; in the back ground dark and gloomy trees, in the branches of which were perched still more gloomy shapes. Were they some dreadful goblins of the forest? and were those others perched beside them pale spectres from another world? and why were they there? Such questions had they arisen would soon have been answered by our hearing the prolonged growling of an angry lion not many paces off. Our mighty hunter seized his gun and boldly advanced. Jones, tightly grasping his umbrella, followed to do or die with his beloved leader.

Simultaneously a fussy porter took the mighty hunter by the coat-tails, imploring him not to risk his life. At the same time my boy, black Bob Ridley, rushed forward and wildly fired a random shot. A scene of confusion followed—the mighty hunter had an inward struggle; but he would not risk his brethren's lives, and so decided to leave the lord of the forest to enjoy his supper in peace. Meanwhile the spectres descended from the tree in the form of men. We were about to resume our journey when Brown, who liked a joke and apparently wished to see Smith jump, bellowed in his ear "Smith, the lion!" I think I heard Smith murmuring something about Brown's being a fool. After a while we sat down to rest at a safe distance, and Jones, who did not know that Robinson had been in the tree with Smith, began to talk in a most shockingly flippant way about Smith's getting up the tree to escape the lion; Robinson met the remarks with a dignity bordering on coldness, and merely observed that they had gone there in order to get a convenient spot from which to fire on the brute below.

And so we travelled day after day and week after week, through the territory now annexed by Germany, through Ugogo and Unyamwezi, the country of the moon, where one more incident of an amusing nature occurred, until at last we reached the Nyanza. One night it looked like rain, so I begged of our gallant leader Dermot to come and share my tent, which he did, as he had not brought his own tent with him. He turned in, and I had just dozed off to sleep when I was awakened by a loud shout. I sprang up, and in the dim light I saw Dermot sitting up in bed. "Ashe," he cried in an excited voice, "an enormous leopard!" "Where, where is it?" I said, expecting to see the monster at the foot of my bed, and wildly I fumbled for a small revolver which I had secreted somewhere under my head. It was

like a nightmare. The pistol was mixed with blankets and would not disentangle itself. Dermot went on to describe how vividly he had seen the brute, and how large it was. Black boy Tom, who was sleeping outside, appeared at this juncture and told us that the monster in question, though not a leopard, was a *punda*. I need not particularise and say what a *punda* is—however, on second thoughts I think I will translate the word, for that fellow Robinson will perhaps air his learning some day and say it was only a *donkey* that frightened us. We had a few of these long-eared animals with us, and one had been taking a quiet walk round and had given us a look up. He was secured; but some kind of a beast came up and munched and crunched bones outside the tent: what it was or what bones it was crunching I never found out. I think from its quiet and annoying persistency it must have been a cat.

A few more days were supposed to bring us to the mighty Nyanza. As we neared the inland ocean we became intensely excited, and visions of the vast expanse of blue water were constantly in our minds. At last we arrived at the village which we were told was by the Nyanza, yet no Nyanza did we see. We were weary and tired with the long march, but so eager were we to see the longed-for lake that we set off with guides who promised to take us to the water. After walking three or four miles, they said "there it is!" pointing in the direction of what appeared from the distance like a nicely-kept cricket field, and calmly told us that that was the Nyanza. It was rather a shock to us to find that we had only reached the far end of a narrow arm of the lake; but we had to make the best of it and return. However, when we did eventually reach the open water, the glorious view of the illimitable expanse, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, more than fulfilled our widest expectations.

Of course various adventures befell us on the Nyanza, and, at any rate, when nothing else of an exciting nature happens, the monotony is usually broken by the going off by accident of somebody's gun. Robinson's boy had put his loaded and capped gun down beside him and close to where I was, in a canoe, and then as he was fumbling about for something it went off. Happily it was pointing away from me, and only smashed a chair and riddled a rug. After this Robinson gave strict orders that his people should not have their guns loaded. Shortly after this we were at a native village and Robinson was amusing a crowd of open-mouthed Bazinja by showing them the mechanism of a revolver. The delighted audience so pleased the exhibitor by their manifest appreciation of the performance that he told his boy to bring another revolver, and then with a pistol in each hand he pretended to fire upon an imaginary foe. Click, click, click, went the hammer as the empty barrels went round, till at number four there was a loud report, and a bullet whistled by the head of a delighted little boy. This was the climax and the applause was terrific, the native Bazinja thinking this to be a necessary part of the fun. Robinson, however, had thought the revolver empty, and was struck with horror when he saw how nearly he had killed his delighted little admirer. It was well he missed the boy, as, if he had killed him, it might have proved a very awkward and expensive entertainment for us all. Jones was a man who imagined that he knew a thing or two about medicine, and so he soon got a reputation among the caravan porters. He dosed people with Eno's fruit salt, which they seemed to take with great satisfaction: they liked to see it fizz. One day a patient arrived wanting "*darwa*," or medicine, so Jones got out his Eno and an iron cup, and prepared the foaming draught; but, contrary to his usual experience, the patient drew back putting

out his hands in a deprecating way. Jones was exceedingly angry at his stupidity as all the fizziness was subsiding, so he pressed the medicine on his unwilling patient, who perforce swallowed it. Then Jones was willing to hear his explanation of his evident antipathy to the treatment prescribed. The explanation was satisfactory and convincing: it was the man's wife, and not himself, for whom the medicine was required. Smith went in more for dental surgery; he had a pair of universal tooth-drawers, which he was burning to make use of. A kind fate threw a patient in his way. Kind was the fate for Smith, but whether the patient thought so may possibly be questioned. However, he came, and Smith examined the ailing tooth and promptly decided that immediate extraction was the only remedy. He brought out his universal extractors, and then, with agonised determination written on his countenance, he nerved himself for a mighty effort. A second sufficed to remove the tooth, and a look of momentary triumph lighted Smith's quiet face as he surveyed his extractors clasping the liberated tooth. That look of triumph was rapidly exchanged for one of consternation as he more closely surveyed the instrument of his art and found that he had not only extracted the ailing tooth, but two more into the bargain, besides a portion of adhering gum. Smith now appeared at his greatest. He quietly got some powdered alum to staunch the bleeding, and gave his patient no hint that he had accomplished any more than his original intention. The patient was accordingly more than satisfied, and went away no doubt sounding Smith's praises for his surprising skill in dentistry.....

It happened from different causes, such as sickness and the exigencies of the various missions, that I was the only man who reached Buganda in M'tesa's country, where there were already two missionaries. But my sojourn there was so fraught with sadness,

and my experiences were so tragical, that it would be utterly incongruous to include it in a paper which deals entirely with the comic side of African travel. If my readers will bear with me, on some future occasion I may perhaps speak more of missionary experiences on the Victoria Nyanza.

R. P. ASHE.

[The incidents here recorded are all absolutely true, but the names are fictitious and the incidents connected with them are shuffled up so that the participators cannot be identified.]



BARNES'S POEMS OF RURAL LIFE.

BOOK-REVIEWER lately recommended to the readers of his journal the perusal of either *King Solomon's Mines* or *She* (I forget which) for the beguilement of cares or weariness. A sign of the times, perhaps, this; but wide of the mark, surely, in healthy days. Given, imagined details after the manner of Poe, quasi-scientific effects after Jules Verne, adventurers' difficulties and expedients after Defoe, blood of man and of beast profusely spilled, until, as Lamb once said, "it affects us no more than its representative, the paint of the property-man in the theatre," with some fantasies of an imagination explained perhaps by its East Anglian origin, and we have a hash as far removed as possible from the wholesome literature that could soothe, purify, and restore us in our leisure hours. How different in every way from the mental villeggiatura, the true country holiday, that can be had by beguiling our interval hours with the books of two members of our own college, who have shown us, in their several ways, something of the realities of Nature and Mind in England's country places. One of these, Dr Jessopp, is still with us, prosing of the Arcady he delights to study, and of his book I should like to say something in a future number if editorial exigencies allow. The other, William Barnes, B.D., sang in the dialect of Dorset, and is now himself one of the "Vaïces that be gone." An obituary notice of him appeared in Number lxxxi. of the *Eagle*, and

his poems have long had great reputation, so that I have neither to give any account of the poet, nor to introduce the book, but may at once begin to turn over his pages, with prejudice, as one might the letters of a newly-made but well-recommended acquaintance.

The complete edition (1879), under the title *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*, contains three "collections" of poems, 331 pieces in all. The dialect does not cause formidable difficulty; the variations from standard pronunciation are simple and fairly well capable of being represented by letters and marks, and the peculiar words are few. For knowledge of the twangs, burrs, and sibilations, the opportunity of listening to the genuine thing must be waited for. Meanwhile it is better to read them aloud, even if to oneself, than to trust the eye alone.

In his poems Barnes confined himself strictly to rural life; here is the poet, not the archaeologist or philologist known in his other books and papers. There is no straying into history or abstract thought, the moralising is elementary, the imagination kept in close contact with actualities, while no subtle analysis of the heart is attempted, but he expresses the primitive modes of feeling proper to the rustic Man. And the character of the poetry corresponds; no artificiality, no allusiveness, it flows on clear, plain, simple, strong. To appreciate the difference between simplicity and artificiality in poetry, no more forcible contrast could be found than between a poem of Barnes and the *Idyl of Dorset* of Professor Palgrave in his *Visions of England*.

The primary element of Barnes's poetry is, as was to be expected, the direct unquestioned joyfulness of life in the open air; we are in touch with Mother Earth; we live among green trees and gay fields, with birds and bees, and all the animal life of the farm and the lane; among the fruits of the orchard

and the garden, and the crops of the meadow and the plough-land. We are in immediate relation to the great events of the changing year; spring and summer and winter concern and interest us exceedingly; while the passing of day into evening and of evening into night is ever before us as outward event and touches us still closer by the accompanying alternations of toil, leisure, and sleep. Here is the true refreshment offered for the jaded mind and the body used overmuch as its servant: to be persuaded again that the trees be company, that there's sweet music in the wind, that sunny woodlands invite us to ramble through them, and that after being merry in the summer's haymaking, we can be friends with the snow and frost and winds of the bracing days of winter in their turn.

A rural pleasure very notable to those who are thinking about the strain of life in our day is the joy in the occupation by which daily bread is earned. How different does this appear in Barnes from what would be found in a book of poems about London back-street life! What is there in the returning day, in the round of the year's work, of the tailor or the engine-fitter, the office-clerk or the small shopkeeper, that can cause the man to sing as one rejoicing in the very putting forth of effort, as well as in the work accomplished, like this?

Zoo yesterday in afternoon

We set, in eärnest, ev'ry woone

A-haulèn o' the corn.

What mechanic, or town-labourer, sings like the Shepherd of the Farm lovingly enumerating his various offices, or like the Carter lifting up his voice, not to weep, but to exult

O, I be a carter, wi' my whip

A-smackèn loud, as by my zide,

Up over hill, an' down the dip

The heavy lwoad do slowly ride.

Is it to be the lot of the future Englishman that only when his work is done with he can rejoice and be glad? In these songs the peasant of Dorset is far from praising only rest from labour and the amusements of the hour when work has ceased:

Tis merry ov a zummer's day
When vo'k be out a-meäkèn hay:

that is, merriment and work actually live together for him. True, the mowing and the pitching and the stacking give back-aches, but there is a jovial feeling that he is engaged in the great functions in which Man and Nature work together, and so the Harvest-home is a triumph and the stack of golden corn a trophy raised by soldiers who loved to campaign.

Another elementary pleasure on which Barnes fondly dwells is the joy of possessing solid and material things. Hear the small farmer and his wife contemplating their possessions:

How happy uncle us'd to be
O' zummertime, when aunt an' he
O' Zunday evenèns, eärm in eärm,
Did walk about their tiny farm.

The small shop-keeper looking over his favourable ledger in his back-parlour in Walworth may be enjoying an equal satisfaction, but the abstract character of his property, the *Dr* and *Cr* of it, make it seem sordid and selfish in comparison with the yeoman's

My lofty elem trees do screen
My brown-ruf'd house
* * * * *
And I do walk along a rank
Ov apple-trees, or by a bank,
Or zit upon a bar or plank,
To zee how things do grow.

Barnes has a few pieces indicating appreciation of the particular passion for owning land, for possessing

a piece of the soil and all that thereon is; but he is not so vehement about this as was Charles Kingsley, for instance, when he told one who was coming to Eversley as his curate, but who had just received the offer of a benefice of less money value than the curacy, to accept the latter, for it was a prime good for a man 'to get hold of the land!' Nor does Barnes say anything that goes home so unforgettably as the extract from Michelet (quoted by J. S. Mill), who tells of the land calling from its peasant owner "a look full of passion, of heart, of devotion."

Many great changes were coming over agricultural life during the years when these poems were being written, and Barnes takes note in his way of not a few. The enclosure of Commons finds complaint; the absorption of the delightful strips of green along the sides of the roads is resented; there is a dialogue in praise of allotments, especially if near the cottages; a piece upon the throwing together of small farms, and several allusions to what was evidently a sore point with the yeomen-farmers; the introduction of machines is lamented, in so far as it involved loss of employment for hand-labour; the rumbling of the stage-coach wheels is hardly replaced by the rushing of the less homely trains; while such minor points are grumbled over as the replacement of the old open hearths by register-grates, of pewter plates by earthenware, and of good old English oak by mahogany in the furniture. There does not appear to be any reference to some of the other great changes, and we miss especially the expression of rural opinion upon the widening of the parish-bound horizon occasioned by the railway system, with its far-reaching results in the emigration from the rural districts of the most spirited of the young men and the handsomest of the girls. Franchise, ballot, wages and profits, are brought forward in a dialogue, and the Anti-Corn-Law agitation is discussed, but this not so impressively as would be

expected by readers of the life of Cobden and of the records of the Free Trade movement in town and country. Perhaps Dorset saw less of them than other parts did; certainly it has usually been the stock-example of a country lagging behind the times.

Among traits of more individually human interest Barnes paints with a good deal of manifest sympathy the love of boisterous fun: taking sometimes the shape of horseplay, and practical jokes; sometimes of give-and-take dialogue, wit-combats of a homely and rough quality. And we are not surprised to learn that the pieces most in demand at parish entertainments in Dorsetshire to-day are those of this type, such as the dialogue between Sam and Bob on the perilous topic of *The Best Man in the Field*. But though there is rudeness there is not vulgarity; a spirit of equity underlies it all. If Poll sews up Tom's coat and 'stan's an' laughs' at his struggles it is in order to be 'upzides wi' him;' if the chimney is stopped up with a faggot on its top during a party this is simply a neighbour's protest against having been omitted from the list of guests. Turn and turn about is the principle of both mischievous prank and biting gibe.

Barnes's treatment of Nature is not that of the landscape-painter, not in breadths and tracts with atmospheres, but in individualised scenes, and in her offspring. Hence we do not secure any such well-defined and vivid impression of Dorsetshire as a country of our imagination as is accomplished for us by Mr Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath (*Return of the Native*); and nothing like the thorough possession of the sensible imagination which is achieved by George Sand in her idylls of the Berri country, *Fadette* and *La Mare au Diable*.

Two features of his poetry remind us that Barnes sang when an older man than most poets whose sphere is country life and simple feeling. There is, first,

a constant harking back to the days of childhood and early youth, to the time when Nature is with us much and counts for a large part of experience; as if he felt that when writing he had left her somewhat, and must look to his earlier life for the full freshness of her joys. The *Girt woak tree* is liked so well for its memories; the friend is told plainly

But tidden, John, vor all that you
Be now, that I do like yer zoo
But what you wer vor years agoo.

And

'Tis touchèn vor to treäce, John,
Wold times drough ev'ry pleäce, John.

While the next lines go further still, pointing to some sorrow having intervened between the golden days of youth and the days when the poems were written:

But that can't touch woone's heart so much
As zome wold long-lost feäce, John.

But, further, we observe it in the character of his love-songs. Their spirit is maturer than we are wont to find. The permanent qualities of character, the significances of the heart in relation with fuller life, are discerned; it is not the mere lustihead of youth, exuberant but often volatile. His admiration is for womanhood, or its promise, rather than for maiden graces: his lover looks forward to 'the wife-brightened vire.' There is some loss in this, but there is also gain. If we do not feel that the whole poet is absorbed in his present passion we feel that there is more in him yet to be absorbed, and that, so linked, Love and Life will grow together as time passes on.

There are some thoroughly merry and youthful pieces, too, light-hearted songs of love for girlhood. Grave questions as to 'what colour Jenny's ribbon should be'; the 'bit o' sly coortèn' between John and Fanny; miffs to be made up, and fair milkmaids

to be praised above their peers; and here and there we meet some touches of the mastering kind that finds exemplar in Burns's 'Ye may be this ye may be that,' but—

Ye are na Mary Morison,
such as the splendid elevation of the Maid vor my
Bride, above comparison when it is said that

A queen to be stately, must walk wi' her face.

The moralising is, as said above, within the limits of rural life: the simple truths that help the Rustic to be wise and good. People may come and go, but 'Rivers don't gie out, John'; praise of contentment; plea for faithfulness in love—

Zoo never win a mäiden's heart
But hers that is to be thy bride;

happiness with the lowly: gratitude to parents in their declining years; and other simple notes of well-ordered life.

Is there any religion in these Dorsetshire poems? Not much, *formally*. What appears is the natural religion that has benefited from Christianity but knows not (or understands not) specific doctrine or specific history. Faith such as this—

We mid be sure that God above
If we be true when he do prove
Our stedvast faith an' thankful love,
Wull do vor us what mid be best,
An' teäke us into endless rest,
As sleep do come wi' the dew.

Easter and Christmas are represented as being mainly valued as secular feasts, when Jim puts on a new frock coat 'blue wi' yollow buttons all o' brass,' or families gather 'smilèn in woone another's feäce'; even 'happy Zunday' is the day of rest more than of worship, and where it is said that it is 'the day that's all our own to spend wi' God' it is added 'an

wi' an e'thly friend.' It might be thought that the poet was insensible to these aspects of life, but there is an exquisite piece upon public worship, 'Vo'k a-comèñ into Church,' and we know that Barnes was a conscientious and earnest preacher and took holy orders in the maturity of his life. Nor is it simply that the Catechism of the Church, or the solemn gravity of her only authorised Liturgy, fails to find an echo in domestic life or everyday thinking, for we do not find that the ruder teaching and simpler worship of Methodist or Baptist is represented here either. But, as Dr Jessopp will raise this same question, we may ask his opinion upon it later on, and let this suffice us here.

A word as to the lyric qualities of the poems. The defect is a lack of dramatic force; many of the pure songs have no plan; seldom is there a climax, and in some there is a decided bathos. For instance, in a poem of memory, after writing on friendship and love he returns to such a triviality as birdsnesting. Apart from this defect his success is distinguished. He has in high measure the gift of spirited rhythm; the words are bound into successions of cadences clear and sweet, the sense of music is awakened by them, the sentiment accords, the heart stirs, and the reader sings with the poet. Many of them call aloud for musical settings, but whether they obtain them or not they make melody for themselves. Space does not allow of quotations, I would just mention as favourites of my own: *The Evenèn Star o' Zummer*, *Come out to the Parrock Come out to the Tree*, *When vust the breakèn day is red*, *The Mäid vor my bride*, *The Church and happy Zunday*, *Zunday Woodlands*, *The Bells o' Alderburnham*, and *The Mill by Cloty Stour*.

It is too much to say of Barnes that he has made an Ayr of Dorset, but he gives to town-dwellers a glimpse into rural England with just enough flavour of locality and personality about it to fix his poetry

in its own corner of our memories. Enough of his feelings and thoughts have been infused into the Nature and the People he knew to win him the garland of the Poet, though not quite that of the king-poets who have poured themselves wholly with wealth of passion into their world and so have created new worlds for us. But one praise, not claimed by all of these highest, is due to Barnes. In his poetry he is the minister of purity and innocence in enjoyment of the world of sense. As there comes to us, blithely and freely, his singing of the Nature he loved so well, we perceive in things sensible a beauty and a worth not all their own, while in his country-folk we discern in simple human nature the rudiments of the spiritual and the presage of a life higher than is seen.

A. CALDECOTT.



SOME MEMORIES OF MY "VAC."

OF Cambridge during term none, save the versatile *Reviewer*, cares to speak. We are all on terms of easy if unequal familiarity with it; no one wants a shilling guide and every one gets his bills; there are many pit-falls, but there are no anxieties. We are all members of a vast social club, meeting at definite periods in the year, and enjoying a well-earned repose after the engrossing cares of town or country life. The in-door entertainment is as varied as the out-door—a happy provision in a capricious climate: you may qualify for a Special or a Tripos on a rainy day, or hit your friend to "leg" for three on a dry one. But these are vain repetitions: there is nothing esoteric about them; you hear them in the street; you see them in the *Reporter*; you even discuss them with your landlady, but you never whisper them in secret. But what of Cambridge in the "vac"? The Master of the Rolls was questioned, but in vain; the title conveyed no impression to the mind of my bookseller; the *Pall Mall* had never thought of it. It was a rare idea, but there were the usual preliminaries—nothing is without them: if you must dress to go to a ball, you must undress to go to bed—however, they were soon satisfied. To the unwary it may be profitable to throw out a hint—you must never occupy the same set of rooms both in "term" and in "vac": it is not dangerous to the health, but it is bad form and never forgiven; if you are in lodgings you must move into the Club, or *vice-versâ*. With me it was not *vice-versâ*, so I required a permit: it was given with ungrudging

hand, perhaps with a pious hope of its utility, certainly with many admonitions. It suffices to say that I was subsequently found in X New Court, consigned to the hospitality of the aged but genial lessor thereof; he received me caressingly and made me his confidant. He was a man of taste, with the most refined sensibilities, but his want of a technical education had handicapped him: he had desires which found no adequate expression, he had expressions which did not meet his desires. There was a missing link, and my superior knowledge supplied it. A long and varied experience had taught me a useful art. I knew how to ingratiate myself with anybody's grocer—my host could never manage his own. To this superior knowledge I added a willingness to please, which brings me many grateful recollections. The relations established between my host and myself were not economical but they were cordial. His circle of friends was small but select, and I was kindly received. They never called me names, but they told me charming stories and sometimes asked me to lunch. This was the only fashionable way of passing the afternoon, and it moreover stimulated the Tripos faculty. No coincidence could have been happier, but our destinies were evil and we were in advance of our time. The Tripos we had rigorously disciplined our faculties for was not yet set: the works of Black and Haggard were not classics; and for some occult reason Aristotle's Philosophy was preferred to Bulwer's, and Plato's Republic to Mallock's! It is a horrible feeling to know that you are in advance of your time. I have travelled third class on a branch line of a suburban railway; as spare man I have rowed at a moment's notice in the junior trials; I have observed the transit of Venus through a broken window pane; I have even seen the Bridge of Sighs painted, but I never had such a sensation as being before one's time. Bills of Exchange payable at some distant day have a present equivalent: we had none, as no known

system of discount applied. Where were we? A crowd of suggestions offered themselves, all in sympathy with our feelings, but there was a more pertinent query—where ought we to be? It was put apologetically but its meaning was plain. Now an exeat is an exeat; you may put it in your pocket-book but it will never be negotiable; you may walk round it on stilts but it will never smile upon you; give it in at the butteries and it is never returned. I immediately entered into the spirit of it; my chattels were not numerous but indispensable; but this distinction was not observed save by myself. There were many to gather them and watch over them—they have my esteem and my token thereto. Little remained to be done: most transitions are easy—those of one's surroundings the easiest. You don't want a crucible and you do require a ticket. There is an unwonted reciprocity about it: you take it and it takes you, and you are never before your time.

Now that I look back on my adventurous sojourn and cast up the net results morally, physically, and financially, my feelings baffle description; disguise is impossible; remedies unknown. I have no desire to discourage the enterprise of my friends to whom the same "brilliant idea" may have occurred by recalling smoking chimneys, inartistic painters, the expensive vagaries of my "host," &c., but I feel sure that my enlarged experience would never tempt me to pass another Easter Vacation in Cambridge. There is no element of chance in it—failure is certain: you may challenge a crocodile to a three-mile handicap and win on the post; you may even climb the Himalayas on an unsafe bicycle without an insurance on your life, but you can never keep the "vac" with any degree of success—you may court it but you cannot attain it.

SCUD EAST.

[The Editors are prepared to offer a small prize for the best solution of the above.]



A JOHNIAN TRILOGY.

WHEN one of the manuscript volumes of that industrious antiquary, Thomas Hearne, now lying in the Bodleian at Oxford, Mr Macray has recently discovered the MS of two plays, 'The Pilgrimage to Parnassus' and 'The Return from Parnassus,' which were acted in our College—the former in 1598, the latter in 1599. There is also a third play, a sequel to 'The Return from Parnassus,' which was acted in 1602. This was twice printed in 1606; was reprinted in the last century; was included a few years ago in Mr W. Carew Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's *Select Plays*, and in 1879 obtained a place in Mr Arber's *English Scholar's Library*. Its amusing character and importance as an illustration of university life and manners also induced me to give an outline of it in the second volume of my *History of the University*, pp. 522-26. But the two earlier plays, which Mr Macray's research has brought to light, were printed last year for the first time, and along with the third play form a very elegant volume, which has appeared under the sanction of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press at Oxford. Professor Hales, of King's College, London, whose minute acquaintance with the English literature of this period is well known, has deemed the whole Trilogy so noteworthy as to make it the subject of an interesting article in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

The burden of these three plays is essentially the same—the career of the university student, with its aims, its hopes, its temptations, its disappointments, and its hardships. 'Parnassus' here represents the

'delectable mount,' the dwelling of the learned of the University of Cambridge. Philomusus and Studioso are two students setting out on their academic course, and pressing on through the land of logic and rhetoric, by the route of the ancient *trivium*. Their journey is described under the form of an allegory not unlike that of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Madido, the wine-god, disguised as a genial toper, seeks to lure the travellers to the wayside tavern, declaring that there is 'no true Helicon but a cup of brown bastard.' Stupido, who represents the growing intolerance and narrow-mindedness of the Puritan party, seeks to turn them aside from 'those vain arts of rhetoric, poetry, and philosophy,' 'more vain than a pair of organs or a morris dance!' 'Better let men study the Mar-prelate Tracts and the Genevan Catechism.' Amoretto, the voluptuary, tells them of the pleasures described in his favourite volume, the *Ars Amoris*:

'Why should you vainly spend your blooming age
In sad dull plodding on philosophers,
Which was ordained for wanton merriment?'

But the most dangerous tempter of all is the disappointed scholar himself, one Ingenioso, turning back from Parnassus, tormented with actual hunger and sick of philosophy. 'I talked,' he says, 'with a frende of mine that lately gave his horse a bottell of hays at the bottome of the hill, who toulde mee that Apollo had sente to Pluto (?Plutus) to borowe twentie nobles to paye his commons; he added further, that hee met comming down from the hill a companie of ragged vicars and forlorne schoolemaisters who as they walked scratched there unthrifitie elbows, and often put there handes into there unpeopled pockets, that had not beene possessed with faces this manie a day.'

Each temptation, however, is successfully resisted, the road of the *trivium* is safely traversed, until at last the two students, now commencing bachelors, arrive at the Muses' Hill itself.

The second play, *The Return* (part i), gives us the sequel. The students have gained their degrees, but no means of gaining a livelihood appear to be forthcoming. The disappointment which has befallen Ingenioso descends on their spirits also. 'Not,' says Professor Hales, 'that the land is not lovely, but even in it one must have something to live on, and they have nothing. One cannot subsist on delightful prospects or the music of falling waters, and when we next see them they are pale and emaciated; and, sad to say, are already bethinking them that they must flee from this land of their aspirations and their efforts, with what speed they may, if they would fain keep body and soul together. After a few days in the Land of Promise, to make for the wilderness again—verily, this is a tragical result, though treated in a lighter manner by our poet. For is there indeed a more tragical spectacle than such a shattering of the ideal life nobly conceived and nobly sought after? Just as the worshipper has after much grief and pain reached the shrine of his deity, and is kindling the incense, his golden god changes into clay and tumbles to pieces; or the walls of the temple crack and yawn and collapse; or the pilgrims find the expense of his liturgy too great for their resources! Alas for Philomusus and Studioso! They must leave their so hardily-won Paradise.'

The next scene accordingly introduces Philomusus, Studioso, and Ingenioso, along with a fourth student, named Luxurioso and somewhat of a scapegrace, all struggling on in various ways to earn a livelihood in the world. Philomusus gets a situation as a sexton, and appears in a black frieze coat, carrying a bunch of keys and a spade, his directions being to 'dig well and ring well.' He is soon, however, dismissed for negligence. In the days of his predecessor, the warden tells him, 'the chancell was kept in order, the church swept, and the bordes rubde that thou

mightest have seene your face in them, and for my parte I never used other lookinge glass.' But his main offence had been that he was too proud to whip the dogs out of church. Studioso turns private tutor in a family. Here again his lot is of the hardest. He fares the same as the household servants, and is ultimately dismissed because he would not allow 'one of the blew coates' to 'perch above' him at the 'latter dinner,'—a term corresponding not to 'second hall,' but to the less dignified repast at which the servants consumed what their superiors had left. 'My yonge maister,' adds poor Studioso, 'whome I taughte was verie forwarde to have mee gone, and toulde his mother he never learned in a greate booke since I came; my mistris with a shrill voice cride, "Those schollers are proude, those schollers are proude," and sent me packinge awaye.' Even yet more galling and humiliating, if possible, are the experiences of Ingenioso, who attaches himself to one Gullio, an arrant fool and impostor, who sets up as a literary patron. Ingenioso, however, fails to profit by his patron's liberality, but is called upon instead to listen to a series of pretentious criticisms of his own compositions.

The second part of *The Return* develops the plot of the first, and exhibits the unfortunate scholars still struggling with disappointment and distress; Ingenioso is last heard of on his way to the Isle of Dogs, while Philomusus and Studioso resolve on adopting a shepherd's life.

What these compositions serve more particularly to shew the reader in the present time is the fact that this golden age of Elizabeth, which we are apt to picture to ourselves as one of abnormal prosperity and opportunities in life, with its victories, its discoveries in foreign lands, its growing literature, and increasing wealth, was one in which young scholars fresh from the University were quite as much perplexed to find a career in life as in any subsequent age.

What these plays were designed to effect at the time of their composition can easily be inferred. It was hoped that the piteous experiences of the poor scholars might move the compassion of some of the audience; that some official, potent to influence the distribution of honours and of place at court, or some wealthy patron with a dozen livings in his pocket, might be induced to be more mindful of the rising talent of St John's. Happily, in the present day, the patron is almost as extinct as the dodo; and the student setting forth on his 'Return from Parnassus,' and pausing dubiously as he surveys the numerous routes (so largely multiplied since Ingenioso's day), feels that his best chances in the arena of professional life are derived from the knowledge he has gained, the habits he has formed, and the self-mastery acquired, during his pleasant sojourn at the foot of the Muses' Hill.

There is one slight slip at p. 60 which has already been noted elsewhere. Consiliodorus speaks of

'Rough Barbarisme, that in those ackhorns times
Commanded our whole ilande as his own.'

Here the editor suggests that 'ackhorns' is possibly for *Acheron's*! It may however be looked upon as quite certain (as Dr Sandys pointed out in the *Academy* a short time ago) that the word 'ackhorns' is simply an obsolete form of *acorns*, and that the author's reference is to that rude time in the history of the world when, according to the poet, men

Glandiferas inter curabant corpora quercus.¹

We must not bring this brief notice to a close without an expression of indebtedness to the sister University, for the pains and taste expended on these resuscitated compositions of one who was probably a member of our College, although his personality has so far eluded the most careful research of his latest Editor.

J. B. M.

¹ Lucretius, V 939; cf. Vergil, *Georg.* I 8; Ovid, *Met.* I 106.



ON IDLENESS AS A FINE ART.

IDLENESS in both its analytic and synthetic aspects, or in other words the science and art of doing nothing and doing it well, is a subject which seems not to have received the attention it merits. True we have among our number not a few able exponents of the art in its practice; but despite the facilities now offered in this University for so many new lines of study, this branch of a liberal education has not as yet been specifically recognised. The school indeed appears to be an esoteric one, and this must be the writer's excuse if, as an amateur, he has failed to grasp in their entirety principles which have not yet been presented to the public in definite shape.

With the ethical side of the subject we have been well familiarised, but there are other phases worthy of notice. The poet indeed has sung of his 'Castle of Indolence'; but why has no candid metaphysician given us the 'Confessions of a Lotos-eater'? when will some new Democritus, versed in curious research, compile an 'Anatomy of Idleness,' with its causes, 'congenite and adventitious,' its 'symptomes' and 'prognosticks'? The present remarks have no more ambitious object than to draw attention to a neglected branch of art; and so, with the choice of the historic, the philosophic, and the scientific methods, we prefer, as more in accord with the spirit of our subject, to follow no method at all. This will have the further advantage, that the writer—or the reader—may break off at any point, and lose nothing by so doing.

Let us begin by discarding prejudice. It is bootless to enquire whether some one else's life is worth living, that being a matter of which the subjective view must ever be the more important. The idle man is at least usually harmless, and this, in an age of busy-bodies, is no small item to set to his credit. Among a population of so many millions mostly—of the kind that rush in where angels fear to tread—it is refreshing to find here and there a man who carries out the principle of *laissez-faire* in his own conduct. If silence be golden, he who can refrain from the general *mêlée* must have some true metal in him. Now the idle man devotes so much energy to leaving undone the things which others think he ought to do, that he has little disposition to make serious errors in the other direction. To negotiate a breakfast until it extends to the luncheon hour; to decorate one's self with a hat of the latest style, and take out a small dog of home-made appearance for an afternoon walk; to sit at an open window on the Parade regarding the passers-by over the top of a rose-coloured newspaper; these surely are weaknesses which a censor less stern than the college tutor will easily pass over.

Idleness, however, to deserve the name of an art, must be much more than a mere negative state of inaction. Anyone can be lazy, but to exalt indolence into a ruling principle, to adopt it as a second nature, demands qualities not granted to all. We are told that 'it takes a wise man to be a fool,' and so—though the comparison is an odious one—true idleness is not to be acquired without long and steady application. It is only in a narrow and relative sense that the idle man can be said to do nothing. One who by diligent care has amassed a large store of idleness, finds ample opportunities for its exercise. He takes, however, a rather microscopic view of his immediate surroundings; the choice of a neck-tie or

the consummation of afternoon tea is an undertaking of moment, and he will not imperil its success by undue hurry. Altogether there is more in him than meets the eye. In his more sportive moods it may meet the ear, for our friend not seldom has musical aspirations, and the post-horn is one of his foibles. Withal he is genial, and would live at peace with all men: if he improvises a band of amateur Christy Minstrels in his rooms, he will enlist the sympathies of the reading-man beneath by borrowing his tea-tray for a tambourine.

He is something of a philosopher in his way, and does not thrust his philosophy in the way of others. His view of life is fatalistic. There is a certain amount of work which cannot be avoided, but why pry into the reasons for this unpleasantness? The easy theory of the early Fathers is sufficient. *Deus auctor, Diabolus interpolator*. The idle man enjoys what he can, and accepts the necessary evils, with only an occasional growl when nature at large seems to conspire to thwart his ease. He is rarely cynical, except to avoid being drawn into too active philanthropy. Bent on taking life *au naturel*, so far as is compatible with comfort, he is of necessity conservative, but he is not political, still less polemical: his voice is never heard at the Union, and he consigns to perdition the prowling button-holer who retails with comments the latest telegrams.

He is, however, a diligent student of the sporting papers; for it is a curious fact that the man who has least inclination to engage personally in active exercise is commonly the keenest critic of all field-sports, and shows a deep interest in their more speculative aspect. Of more solid literature he is perhaps a little shy, though he will give a vague adherence to a few standard authors. If he belongs to a Shakspeare Club, and takes the part of Portia or Imogene in a reading, the interesting heroine is too

often found lighting her pipe when her cue to speak arrives. It may be remarked that he usually owns a mahogany-coloured meerschaum, which demands as much care as a baby, and helps him to fill up a large part of his time. He is imbued with a wholesome fear of examinations and of all things remotely connected with them; but when the May Term arrives, which is to see his final ordeal, he begins to read. With a book under his arm, he betakes himself to the Backs, hires a Canadian canoe for the morning, and lies on his back in the sunshine with an air of deep abstraction which might belong to an astronomer plunged in scientific reverie or a faithful Buddhist enjoying the tranquility of Nirvana.

Your genuine idle man, however, is normally gregarious in his habits. It is not merely, as the scoffer may suggest, that his resources for amusement must be supplemented by those of others; but rather the cult in which he engages is essentially a social one. You can be lazy by yourself, but to be idle requires the countenance and aid of other idlers. A subtle freemasonry binds the brotherhood in common ties, and a chance outsider, who strays into their midst, feels at once the spirit of Idlesse that dominates there. There is an invincible horror of whatever may be regarded as 'shop'; discussion of anything more serious than a cricket-match is taboo; the conversation indeed savours rather of platitude, and is only occasionally redeemed by some dexterity in the use of slang, itself no mean art. Originality is not a strong point with the idle man. He is, however, ingenious in devices for killing his chief enemy—time. He sits up late at night apparently in order to enable him to rise late in the morning. He looks to the end of the Term before it has well begun, but he finds difficulty in getting through the vacation. He visits friends of like manners with himself: sometimes he goes to see his relatives, but on the whole he prefers 'Home, sweet Home,' with variations.

But enough of a character familiar to us all: let us return to the subject of Idleness regarded as a fine art. It would be impracticable, even if the writer were competent to the task, to lay down within the limits of a short article the canons of the art, to treat of the times and seasons, ways and means, places and methods. There is a time to work and a time to be idle, as the Preacher would have said if he had thought of it, and to seize the fleeting hour for idleness one must be ever on the watch. It must be admitted that in this favoured Cambridge we enjoy advantages altogether exceptional. There are so many things to leave undone, and so many bright examples of 'how not to do it,' that the humblest disciple of the art must feel encouraged and strengthened. Both companionship and emulation assist. Moreover, the general repose of our physical surroundings, the soothing effect of their mingled classic and pastoral beauties, all these conditions are in the true spirit of *dolce far niente*. There are some spots here which have probably always been quiet oases in the midst of a hurrying world. The saying is historic that, as one college was renowned as a place for study and another for eating, so a third was of all places the most desirable to sleep in. An honoured member of this last royal foundation, who was ready with pleas for most things, did not forget idleness among the rest; and he has condensed the philosophy of the subject into a single hedonistic sentence. '*Aut regem, aut fatuum, nasci oportere,*' says Erasmus, and we cannot all be kings.

In idleness there are many ways to the same goal, and the able specialist in one line should not look down on his brother idler who follows a different method. The type we have faintly outlined above is but one among several, though perhaps the most popular. If you are conscious of possessing taste, you can adorn your rooms with a pea-green dado

and "just exist beautifully." If you have leanings towards whist, you can take to you seven other spirits like yourself and form a club. But the relation of clubs of all kinds, either with or without blazers, to the subject in hand is too wide a topic to be even touched on here.

In conclusion, it cannot be too strongly urged that in this, as in other arts, the road to success lies in constant practice and the contemplation of good examples. Study the best models, so as, while avoiding servile imitation, to absorb the true spirit of the art; then by perseverance you will attain in time to the noble army of *dilettanti* and become a worthy member of that class whose useful functions in society I have endeavoured to set forth in the foregoing remarks.



JUBILATE.

Dedication to the Editors of the EAGLE.

THE *Author* in venturing before the Publick hopes that the exiguity of his *Merit* may be equalled—if that be not a presumptuous prayer—by the greatness of your *Clemency*. Your Lordships' fame for Learning, Piety, a judicious Patronage, and an open-handed Generosity bids him hope that his *Academic Muse*, in her first flight amid the rarer heights of Poësy, may find in you the *Winged Steed*, which shall subdue the *tri-formed Monster* of her own Shortcomings, the Publick Disdain, and the Rapacity of our modern *Sosii*; that the Mediocrity of her Charms may be forgotten in the Majesty of her Theme and the Splendour of her Patronage.

One Bird is best, the blind old Chian cried,
To shed for Fatherland the crimson tide.
One Bird is best, all Johnnians agree,
To hymn our Monarch and her Jubilee.
Th' Imperial Eagle, proud her sway to own,
Grovels recumbent 'neath th' Imperial throne.*

* Εἰς οὐρανὸς ἀριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πατρῆς. For the above rendering I am indebted to the College Examination *passim*.

But who am I such glories to rehearse
 And dim their brightness in a purblind verse?
 Like the gilt emblem on *New Buildings* seen
 I strive to soar above Earth's carpet green;
 Anon, eyes dazzled by such Majesty,
 Droop a lame pinion and forget to fly.
 Not mine to sing of *horrid War's* alarms,
 Not mine to sing the triumphs of our arms;
 Though few our Warriors, such their giant thews
 That *puny* Millions tremble in their shoes.
 Peaceful we check the *Muscovite* advance,
 With undrawn sword the godless hordes of *France*.
 Then, bold, prepared to conquer or to die,
 Mow down scorch'd *Soudan's* naked chivalry.
 Mine rather be to tell the peaceful years;
 The cornland swaying with her golden ears;
 The *thrice-blessed Agriculturists*, for they
 No Rent, no Tithes, no Taxes soon will pay;
 The March of Education through the Land,
 The learned *Ploughboy* and the lectured *Hand*.
 Yet still too vast the Theme appears for *me*,
 Still let me narrow my Phylactery.
Ambition's Ladder pointing to the Sky
 Lures mortals upward but to climb and die;
 So the *Batrachian* lost life's marshy good
 In vain attempts at bovine amplitude;
 And, striving still the larger joy to gain,
 Died of a cow in apoplectic pain.
 Then draw we closer still th' encircling ring,
 A son of *Cambridge* let me *Cambridge* sing.

Mark we the changes in our Ancient Town,
 While fifty summers pass o'er *England's* Crown.
 No *Girton* then far reared her modest head;
 No *Newnham* bolder marked the *Backs* with red;
 No *Ridley* nursed 'neath elms' umbrageous green
 The lisping Bishop and the prattling Dean.

No lost *iota* in proud *Selwyn's* scroll
 Watched like the *Pleiad* happier sisters roll.
 No slipp'ry *Asphalt* echoed to the feet,
 No plunging cab-horse rinked the public street.
 So amid *Arctic* ice the polar bear
 Shuffles ungainly to his polar lair;
 Horror uplifts the sailor's prickly hair. }
 No *Cambridge Locals* spread from town to town,
 And *Index Number* was a name unknown;
 Not yet had entered man's still guileless soul
Left-hand-top-corner's neatly punctured hole.
 And, worst of all, not yet aesthetic eyes
 With rapture marked a gamboge *Bridge of Sighs*.
 So have I seen o'er *Zankle's* storied straits
 A mellow saffron flood the Sunset gates;
Abruzzi's mountains the soft splendour own,
 And yellower grows white *Reggio's* dotted town:
 Such have I viewed an *Anglo-Indian* old,
 Whose lurid guineas paled their sallow gold.

Now all is changed; as Time's stream onward flows,
 Our Morals soften and our Learning grows.
 The *Theban* riddle is fulfilled in us,
 Nor need we more a modern *Edipus*.
 Four-foot we crawled weak infants on the floor;
 Two-footed next learned *Love's* delusive lore;
 Then, still progressive in great *Nature's* plan,
 Steps forth the glorious three-foot *Tripes Man*.
 The ancient tongues of Athens and of Rome
Now echo purely in their *Western* home;
Macaulay's schoolboy with new accent drones
 Great *Tully's* wisdom in great *Tully's* tones.
 Th' unconscious Organ must th' improvement share,
 And *Wōx-oomāhnāh* wings the heavenward prayer.
 No secrets now Imagination rack,
 No loves of *Algae* on the Tortoise' back;
 No *Lusitanian* caves their wealth amass,
 (Three celts, a rubbing of a Christian brass,)

But some bold *Briton* robs the treasure stored,
 And *Worts' Foundation* wins the splendid hoard.
Ornithorhynchus, named of *Paradox*,
 Claims his commodious if unsightly box,
 And, like the antique traveller, can own
An upper-chamber when he comes to town;
 Conscious display his *meroblastic* feat,
 While *Lightning* messages his prowess greet.
 Do softer thoughts steal on the Student's breast,
 The same kind friends assuage his heart's unrest,
 What time they mark with scarce dissembled pride
 A *Travelling Bachelor* and his *Travelling Bride*.
 Where cold *Sarmatia* spreads her cloak of snow,
 A son of *John's*—where will not *Johnians* go?—
 Essays t' unravel *Nature's* tangled skein,
 And trace their denizens from *Lake* to *Main*;
 The finny brood grow salt by slow degrees,
 And pickled salmon swim th' astounded seas.

If such the *Past*, what shall the *Future* see?
 Research and Learning, Peace and Harmony!
 Then bold *Biologists*—adventurous brood!—
 Crossing unscathed the intervening road,
Geology's fair self, no longer coy,
 Kind shall invite to *petrologic* joy.
 While they, full fain to roll the friendly log,
 Dissect again the vivisected dog.
 A loving ardour fans the mutual flame,
 Diverse their methods, but their end the same.
 So *Galatea*—biologic prize—
 Sighed into life and opened wond'ring eyes;
 The Sculptor found, as her sweet lips he kissed,
 Sermons in stones, and turned *Geologist*.
 [Where were ye, Nymphs? or by *Aonian* rill,
 In *Tempe's* vale or on the *Castle Hill*?
 When *Downing-siters* issued from their lair,
 And pealing *placets* hurtled through the air;

The others sinking down the stream of fate,
 Though *Nymphs* admire them nor the *Muses* hate,
 Like to some traveller in an *Arctic* night,
 Gaze on the glories of the *Northern Light*.]
 Astonied *Nature* marks the onward course,
 And *Cam* flows upward—slightly—to his source.
 The foes of *Cambridge* at the sight may grieve,
 Hebrew *Apella* listens to believe.
 If with such strides the *Age* shall still progress,
 Soon *Vice* her rugged front cowed shall repress,
 And *Virtue* reign in hideous nakedness.

sat iubilatumst: plaudite.

MON HABIT.

SOIS-MOI fidèle, ô pauvre habit que j'aime!

Ensemble nous devenons vieux ;

Depuis dix ans je te brosse moi-même,

Et Socrate n'eût pas fait mieux.

Quand le sort à ta mince étoffe

Livrerait de nouveaux combats,

Imite-moi, résiste en philosophe ;

Mon vieil ami, ne nous séparons pas.

Je me souviens, car j'ai bonne mémoire,

Du premier jour où je te mis ;

C'était ma fête, et pour comble de gloire,

Tu fus chanté par mes amis.

Ton indigence, qui m'honore,

Ne m'a point banni de leurs bras,

Tous ils sont prêts à nous fêter encore ;

Mon vieil ami, ne nous séparons pas.

T'ai-je imprégné des flots de musc et d'ambre,

Qu'un fat exhale en se mirant ?

M'a-t-on jamais vu dans une antichambre

T'exposer aux mépris d'un grand ?

Pour des rubans la France entière

Fut en proie à de longs débats ;

La fleur des champs brille à ta boutonnière ;

Mon vieil ami, ne nous séparons pas.

Ne crains plus tant ces jours de courses vaines,

Où notre destin fut pareil,

Ces jours mêlés de plaisirs et de peines,

Mêlés de pluie et de soleil ;

Je dois bientôt, il me le semble,

Mettre pour jamais habit bas,

Attends un peu, nous finirons emsemble,

Mon vieil ami, ne nous séparons pas.

BÉRANGER.

MY AULD COAT.

YE'LL clead me aye, my puir auld coat,

We're baith the waur o' wear ;

Ten lee-lang years I've tent ye weel,

A saunt could do nae mair.

Gin cauldfrife blasts sud try your wab

An' blaw as gin they'd tear't,

Haud oot like me, defy them a' :

Auld freen, we mauna pairt.

I min' when first I pit ye on,

I min' sic braw days lang—

The callants nipped and daffed, and syne

They hanseld ye wi' sang.

Noo tho' ye're thin, and I am puir,

They ken oor honest heart ;

We'll aye be welcome to their door :

Auld freen, we mauna pairt.

I ne'er hae strinkled ye wi' scents

Like dandies in their pride,

I ne'er hae boo'd your honest back

A lording's scorns to bide.

Owre stars and ribans folk may fecht—

There's fules in ilka airt—

Your muirland gowan's brawer gear :

Auld freen, we mauna pairt.

Fearna sic hairum-scairum days

As ance we spent thegither,

Whiles gladsome, and whiles unco wae,

Baith driech an' sinny weather.

Richt sune I maun pit aff for aye

My coat an' a', I'm feart ;

Jist bide a wee, we'll baith be dune :

Auld freen, we mauna pairt.

D. M.

OVERBOARD.

FAREWELL and for ever!—I ne'er shall redeem thee
by empty repinings and longings in vain;
and the voice of complaining full ill would beseem thee,
though I ne'er shall behold or embrace thee again.
Oh blithe was my song as from shore we departed,
and I flung my soul back to the glorious years
when the Hollander felt British tars lion-hearted,
and the Spanish Main swarmed with the bold
buccaneers.

But soon overcast was the sky of my scorning,
as I felt I should lose thee, though near to my heart;
and my spirit grew faint with a gloomy forewarning
that told me too surely we soon were to part.
Soon, soon were we sundered,—away the wave bore thee;
ah, the pang of that moment I skill not to tell!
but no life-buoy I flung and no hand I held o'er thee
to save thee or soothe thee or bid thee farewell.
Yet I loved thee right dearly as father loves daughter,
though a bachelor listless and lonely I be;
and I thought of the monsters that swim the sea-water,
and the eager-eyed fish that were ravening for thee.
Oh the joy and the comfort that fled with thy going,
thou nearer than wife and more cheering than wine!
yea, the dolour and dirge of thy wild overthrowing
should be sung by a lyre that is stronger than mine.
But Nature ordaineth naught wholly to perish;
and still, though around thee the chill waters roll,
immortal thou art, and the hope I will cherish
thou may'st bloom in the mackerel or slide in the sole.
But to me thou art lost, thou art vanished for ever;
for the lack of thy cheer I wax weaker and thinner:
I will make no more moan, but a nobler endeavour—
farewell, my lost lunch! I'll avenge thee at dinner.

COLLEGE BILL.

Obituary.

CECIL FREDERICK HOLMES, M.A.

In the person of C. F. Holmes, M.A., J.P., Senior Assistant-Master in Harrow School, who after a brief illness died at Harrow on the 25th of April last, at the comparatively early age of 58, the College has lost a second member of an able family. It was just forty years ago that Cecil Frederick Holmes first came to Cambridge from the famous school of Shrewsbury, whose old connexion with our College was then unimpaired, and where the classic muse found a congenial home under the fostering care of that great teacher who happily still survives to fill the chair of Greek. The son of a Professor of Bishop's College, Calcutta, Mr Holmes was born in India on the 31st July 1828, and on his father taking up his residence at Shrewsbury became a member of the school. He came to Cambridge in 1847. In college life each generation does its work and passes from us all too quickly, and if there are few amongst the residents who can look back upon the undergraduate days of the highly-gifted Arthur Holmes, there are yet fewer who have a personal recollection of the elder brother Cecil. It was the College of Dr Hymers and Mr Brumell to which the young freshman came, and at a time so distant that the flannels of the athlete had not yet replaced the student's cap and gown in the public streets, and married Fellows and stage-plays and dances in college halls were almost or quite unknown. And Mr Holmes was not the man to change with changing times; that which he was in 1847 he was in the main in 1887: a Churchman of the older type, the staunchest

of Conservatives, and tolerant of no new thing except the Primrose League.

He took his degree in 1851, being (bracketed) head of the Second Class in Classics and also a Junior Optime. It was not, however, at Cambridge but at Harrow that his life's work was to be done. For a short time he read at the University with a view to Holy Orders, but in 1852 he went to Harrow, and, being permanently appointed to an Assistant-Mastership by Dr Vaughan in 1853, he quitted Cambridge altogether, and soon identified himself with Harrow as few of even her most loyal sons have done. The career of an assistant-master of a large public school is one of those which are still fairly free from the taint of merely personal ambition; the other men in the boat may know who are doing the work and who the shirkers are, and of this the outside world may through them know a little; but in the main, whilst Bishopricks and Deaneries reward headmasters for success, or at least console them for the want of it, their assistants must be content to be of the number of the faithful who were never famous. With such a position, however, Mr Holmes was well content. He lived for Harrow, and it was enough for him. Some, coming from a school like Shrewsbury, then at the zenith of its fame, might well have been Salopians first, Harrovians afterwards: but not so Mr Holmes; he was, and from the first, an Harrovian of Harrovians. At the triennial dinner dear to all old Harrow boys, at the match at Lord's, on Speech-day, or at Wimbledon, no man more thoroughly represented Harrow. Of a pre-eminently social disposition his love for the school found one mode of its expression in a liberal hospitality, which however never interfered with the just demands of work; and to have been a Harrow boy was ever an unfailling claim to his consideration and regard. In 1885 a new Head-Master came to Harrow, who in point of years might have

been Mr Holmes' son, but few who heard his sermon will forget how Mr Welldon spoke in the School Chapel of the full and generous allegiance rendered to him by his older colleague.

In early years at Harrow he had sat at the feet of Mr Drury and of Mr Harris, and he like them was one of the older race of teachers, who, if somewhat narrower, yet perchance were not less thorough than their successors; men who made no profession of omniscience, who were in all their ways conservative, who valued training more than knowledge, who were severe on puppyism, on pretence, on shallowness. In other pupil-rooms boys learnt, and yet may learn—we hope not all at once—Geology, Geography, Modern History, Political Economy, Astronomy, Botany, the theory of Spinning, and the Habits of Primeval Man, but not in that of Mr Holmes. For five and thirty years—for so long did his work at Harrow last—it was his firm conviction, firm as his faith in Harrow, that when God created Greek and Latin, and Latin verses in particular, He in His wisdom gave to man an unsurpassable and a well-nigh sufficient pabulum for every schoolboy to the end of time.

From their birth in 1859 he was a warm friend of the Volunteers. He served himself for many years in the XVIII Middlesex, and older grown was ever ready with his guidance and support to aid the military efforts of the school. As year by year the boys from the various public schools compete with one another for the Ashburton Shield upon the arid turf at Wimbledon, not very many Harrow masters are to be found to animate their efforts by their presence and encouragement; but Mr Holmes was even better known at Wimbledon than he was at Lord's; the bright scene at the firing-point was incomplete without his carriage, which was but rarely absent.

The 28th of April last was a very solemn day at

Harrow. Well nigh a thousand mourners in the old Parish Church, whose well-known spire points heavenward from the summit of the hill, a thousand more outside, bore an emphatic witness to the loss they had sustained. Amongst the more immediate friends and near the massive primrose wreath and cross there chanced to be conspicuous three well-known old Harrovians: the one, the Earl of Bessborough, the very type of loyalty and love for Harrow; another, Lord George Hamilton, the Tory Secretary of State; another, and a former pupil, Major Eyre Crabbe, the nursing father of the last year's team at Wimbledon. There could not have been more fitting mourners. They represented at his grave the causes to which Mr Holmes's energies were at all times affectionately and unsparingly devoted.

THE REV JOHN HYMERS, D.D., F.R.S.

The recent death of Dr John Hymers calls for some words of remembrance of one of the oldest members of the College, whose influence during his residence on the success of the College and on the mathematical studies of the University was not small or transient.

Dr Hymers was born in July 1803 in the village of Ormesby, Cleveland. His father occupied a farm under Sir W. Pennyman. His mother was a daughter of the Rev John Parrington, Rector of Skelton in Cleveland. His first school was Witton-le-Wear, in the County of Durham, Mr Newby being then Master. He told the writer of this notice that he well recollected Mr Newby going down the street waving his hat and the newspaper containing the news of Waterloo. From Witton he went to Sedbergh, to the famous old school from which so many Johnian worthies have come, and which includes among its scholars the late Professor Sedgwick. At that time Dr Wilkinson was Master.

Mr Hymers gained a Sizarship at St John's in 1822, was Second Wrangler in 1826, and was elected Fellow in 1827. In the University he was Moderator in the years 1833 and 1834 and Lady Margaret's Preacher in 1841. He was appointed Assistant Tutor of the College in 1829, Tutor in 1832, and President in 1848.

He was well known as one of the ablest and most successful 'coaches' at Cambridge, for some time running neck and neck with the late Mr Hopkins. In the year 1832, for example, the second and third Wranglers were pupils of Dr Hymers, the first and fourth pupils of Mr Hopkins. Amongst other pupils we may mention the present Duke of Devonshire, our Chancellor, and the late Bishop Colenso. One of his former pupils writes as follows:

"My recollection of him is of a remarkably handsome man, very cool and clear-headed, very patient and painstaking with his pupils, perhaps a little cold and reserved in manner, so that although all his pupils liked and respected him, they were never very intimate. He was a man of varied attainments, and I can recollect, after an hour's hard work at mathematics, having discussions with him on Wordsworth's poetry and characters in Shakespeare's plays."

Dr Hymers was the author of several mathematical works. In 1830 he published his *Treatise on the Analytical Geometry of Three Dimensions*, a subject which up to that time had been but briefly taught in any English work. In 1837 he published his *Treatise on Conic Sections* and the *Theory of Plane Curves*, introducing what was then the new method of abridged notation. In the second edition of his *Integral Calculus* there is a short account of the theory of Elliptic Functions, then newly discovered by Jacobi. It is well to note that the subject was introduced to the studies of the University at this date, though it afterwards dropped out of the course till some fourteen years ago. Dr Hymers also pub-

lished works on Trigonometry, Theory of Equations, Differential Equations and Finite Differences; and he re-cast the *Treatise on Astronomy* written by the Rev W. Maddy. The value of these works lay not so much in their presenting the result of Dr Hymers' own researches as in their bringing into the reading of the University the methods and discoveries of continental mathematicians. His books have in the last thirty years given place to others, their disuse being partly hastened by his adopting, in conjunction with the late Professor Hallows Miller, a peculiar notation in the Differential and Integral Calculus.

Dr Hymers was, as we have seen, no narrow specialist, but a man of scholarly and cultivated habits, and he was widely read in classical authors. In his earlier vacations he travelled much on the continent, when travelling was not so easy or expeditious as at present. In those days a Fellow of the College required permission from the Master and Senior Fellows to travel abroad. The earliest permission of this kind relating to Dr Hymers seems to be one made 11th June 1830, when the following Order appears in the College 'Conclusion Book': "Agreed that Mr Palmer, Mr Hughes, Mr Taylor, Mr Hymers and Mr Pooley have leave to go abroad." Similar permissions were granted from time to time during his residence.

Dr Hymers was instrumental in getting the portrait of the Poet Wordsworth painted for the College. Last year he presented to the Library some papers relating to Wordsworth, among which is an autograph copy of the well-known sonnet addressed by the Poet to his portrait. This is now framed and hangs in the Library. He was connected by marriage with Wordsworth, his mother being a cousin of the poet's wife, and he was an occasional visitor at Rydal.

The College elected him to the Rectory of Brandsburton in Holderness in the year 1852, and there

Dr Hymers spent the remainder of his days. When he took the living he had no experience of parochial work, and as it had been sadly neglected he felt keenly the difficulty of his position and wished the College to allow him to resign the living and go back. Technical difficulties lay in the way and the conditions imposed by the College were such as he could not accept. He was for many years chairman of the Leven Bench of Magistrates, and well known in all the country round.

The writer of this notice spent a couple of days at Brandsburton Rectory last autumn. The Rector's conversation ran principally on Johnians and Johniana. He had kept up a constant correspondence with his old College friends, and his memory of College affairs reached back over a period of sixty years. It is greatly to be regretted that he made no record of his College life.

He enjoyed excellent health to the last, and was simple and regular in his habits. The following letter to Dr Churchill Babington, dated 14th February 1887 is of interest:

DEAR DR BABINGTON,

I am extremely obliged to you for your Catalogue of the Birds of Suffolk. I take great interest in your fine County, as I am well acquainted with many parts of it. I constantly visited Layham during the many years that Mr Hughes was Rector there. I am pleased to infer that you enjoy good health as you are so active both in literary and scientific pursuits. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am not much "galled by the Yoke of Time," and take exercise when the weather suits, both riding and driving.

Believe me yours very truly,

J. HYMERS.

Dr Hymers died on the 7th April last, at the age of 84. His will contained the following bequest: "I give and bequeath all the residue of my real and personal estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever to the

Mayor and Corporation of the Borough of Kingston-upon-Hull in the County of York, wherewith to found and endow a Grammar School in their town on the models of the Grammar Schools at Birmingham and Dulwich for the training of intelligence in whatever social rank of life it may be found amongst the vast and varied population of the town and port of Hull." It is said that this bequest would amount to a sum approaching £170,000. Unfortunately for Hull the will appears to have been unskillfully drawn, its provisions being apparently contrary to the Statute of Mortmain. It is said that the question of the validity of the bequest turns upon the words "found and endow." Had they been "found or endow" the Corporation might have endowed an existing school with the personalty, and so far as this went pleaded that they had brought no new land into Mortmain. It is however understood that Mr Robert Hymers, the heir-at-law, has spontaneously offered the Corporation a sum of £40,000 for the purpose of carrying out Dr Hymers' wishes.

R. F. S.

ARTHUR EDWARD FOSTER, SCHOLAR.

Arthur Edward Foster was admitted a member of the College on Jan. 22, 1883, and came up in October of the same year. In the May Term 1884 he steered the second L.M.B.C. boat. In June 1885 he was elected a Foundation Scholar. His mathematical career was often checked by illness; during the year 1885-6 consumptive symptoms became serious, and it was only with great difficulty that he lasted through the Tripos Examination of 1886. With fair health he would no doubt have taken a higher place than 8th Wrangler.

Such is the simple and honourable academic record of a frail and tender life cut off early. He was sent on sea voyages, then to Bournemouth, and last to the South of France. There he died on the 13th of March last. His friends will not easily forget his high intellectual power, joined to a gentle and affectionate disposition. One of the last acts of his undergraduate life was to go out at night in the wet for the purpose of getting a simple remedy for a friend suffering from a slight attack of illness.

W E HEITLAND.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term, 1887.

We have received from a high authority a note with reference to the paragraph on Bishop Pearson which appeared in last Term's Chronicle. The living of Blackburn, we learn, *was* offered to him by the Bishop of Manchester, and was accepted. It was arranged that Dr Pearson should enter on his duties early in March, but towards the end of December 1886 his health unhappily broke down and his physicians ordered him some months of absolute rest. In the circumstances he telegraphed to Dr Moorhouse resigning the living, which if not filled by March would have passed out of the latter's hands and the opportunity of securing the desired assistance of a coadjutor would have been lost. The last advices report some improvement in Dr Pearson's health, but the illness is still very serious, and we regret to add that other anxieties are doubtless retarding his recovery. It is said that the endowment of the see left by Bishop Tyrrell has by some pecuniary mischance been almost entirely lost.

The Rev William James Furneaux Vashon Baker (Fourth Classic 1875), Fellow of the College and late Master at Marlborough, has accepted the Rectory of Brandsburton, vacant by the death of Dr Hymers.

Professor Macalister has been elected President of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society for the ensuing academical year.

Mr Scott, our Senior Bursar, has been nominated Proctor for the ensuing year.

The University of Edinburgh has conferred on Professor A. W. Momerie, formerly Fellow of the College, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Mr Mathews, Professor of Mathematics in the University College of North Wales, has returned the dividend of his fellowship for the year, with the request that it may be devoted to the building of the new lecture-rooms.

Ds Lewis Erle Shore, Scholar of the College, has been appointed University Demonstrator of Physiology in the room of Ds H. D. Rolleston.

Edward Ernest Sikes, Minor Scholar, has been bracketed with two others for the second Bell Scholarship.

The Court of Aldermen of the City of London have appointed Mr Francis Hammond, M.A. (B.A. 1883) to be Head Master of the Market Harborough Grammar School.

The Rev J. F. Bateman, Rector of North and South Lopham, has been appointed Rural Dean of Rockland, Diocese of Norwich.

The Rev Joseph Nunn, M.A., formerly Scholar of the College, has recently been appointed to the Rural Deanery of Ardwick by the Lord Bishop of Manchester. Mr Nunn is said to be one of the most able educationalists in the North of England, and has twice been called to give evidence before the Educational Commissioners. He is the author of the scheme for Religious Education now used by the Manchester School Board, of which he was elected Chairman in 1886, having been a member of the same for some years previously.

D. Kikuchi B.A. (19th Wrangler 1877), Professor of Mathematics in Tokio University, Japan, is translating and editing for the Japanese Government a series of text-books of elementary geometry and algebra. He has already translated and published the *Syllabus of Plane Geometry* prepared by the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching, and Clifford's *Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*.

Mr Pendlebury has presented to the Library volumes 1 to 26 of Wiedemann's *Annalen der Physik und Chemie* (Neue Folge), thus making the Library copy of this useful serial complete to date from the commencement of the new series.

The relatives of the late W. A. Forbes, Fellow of the College, have presented his scientific books to the Philosophical Library.

The Library has recently acquired by purchase a volume of some interest. This is a copy of the first edition of the celebrated *Diversions of Purley* (Part i) published in 1786, which was formerly in the possession of the author,—'John Horne Tooke, A.M. late of St John's College, Cambridge,' as he describes himself on the title-page. The margins of not a few of the pages are covered with his own manuscript notes, with a view apparently to a second edition. Reid in his account of Tooke, entitled *Public Life of John Horne Tooke, Esq.*, says: 'He was sent to Cambridge and entered of St John's College in 1751. In addition to his former character he now added that of industry; his assiduity in the prosecution of his studies was laudable and exemplary. Even at that early period, he is supposed to have conceived his plan for the better construction of his native language, and from which he afterwards derived so much celebrity in his *Ἐπεὶ Περὶ Ἑλληνικῆς*.

While at Cambridge Mr Horne took the degree of A.M.; it was not a little remarkable that this was attempted to be withheld from him by Lord Mumford, a relative to the nobleman (Lord Temple) who afterwards opposed his sitting in the House of Commons' (p. 6). Tooke's singular Dedication is as follows:

TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE:

One of her grateful Sons—who always considers acts of voluntary justice towards himself as Favours,—dedicates this humble offering. And particularly to her chief ornament for virtue and talents, the Reverend Doctor Beadon, Master of Jesus College.

Although the philological learning of the *Diversions of Purley* is that of a past generation, it will hardly be questioned that the present volume has found its proper resting place on our library shelves, especially when we add that the copy formerly in the possession of the library has been missing for many years.

The Rev J. H. Lupton, Sur-Master of St Paul's School and formerly Fellow of the College, besides presenting the Library with a copy of his new *Life of Dean Colet*, founder of St Paul's School, has also given us another volume of more than ordinary interest, of which we find the following account in *Notes and Queries* (26 April 1875):

It is a copy of Julius Scaliger's *Poetices Libri Septem*, bought from the sale of the late bishop Sumner's library, and still in its original binding, having on the title-page the signature "Ric. Hoker." On the next page is written, "Ex dono Richardi Hookeri sua sponte benignissime inculcantis, A.D. 1581, Jan: 25." At the end, just under "Finis," there is written (but in a different hand) "Pallatio Episcopathorpo Edwini Eboracensis clamante ad coquinam. 1580. Augusti 27. Gla soli Deo." The place and date, Bishopthorpe, 1580, would seem to point to Edwin (afterwards Sir Edwin) Sandys as the one who finished "just as the dinner-bell was ringing." There are many marginal notes, but none of any particular interest. Readers for Dr Murray's great Dictionary may however be interested to hear of an old English word, "happer-catch," given as the equivalent of ἀκροχειρίδιον. There is also occasionally a rap given at Scaliger's self-conceit.

COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS.—On the sixth of May the annual College celebration was attended by a more than usually large number of distinguished Johnians and others, including Professor Adams, Professor Pritchard, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Sir John Gorst and Mr Rothery, together with Mr Raikes, M.P. (the Postmaster-General), Mr Walpole, M.P. (Deputy High Steward), Mr Henniker Heaton, M.P., and the Master of Trinity (Dr Butler). The Sermon in Chapel

was preached by the Rev J. H. Lupton, Sur-Master of St Paul's School, and was so much appreciated that he has been requested to publish it in full. We give a few extracts.

COMMEMORATION SERMON.

The bricks are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones: the sycamores are cut down, but we will change them into cedars.

Isaiah ix. 10.

"It must needs be with much diffidence," the preacher began, "that one who has been a scholar in this ancient home of learning rises in his place, on such an anniversary as this, to address the assembled members of it. There must needs come back upon him the thronging recollections of bygone days, when he first trod these studious courts as a learner. And as memory recalls the impressions of that earlier time, softened but not dimmed by the lapse of thirty years, the change from past to present will seem hardly real. The mind will seek instinctively to resume its once familiar habits and modes of thought. It will seem to feel once more the wholesome sense of conscious ignorance; to look up, with the honourable deference of youth, to those who occupy the teacher's seat, and to claim once more their inspiring help and encouragement."

After instancing some links of connexion, which made it not unfitting that one from the school of Whitaker, Gower, and Thomas Clarkson should be discharging this office, he continued:—

"Into what channel, then, may our thoughts be most profitably guided, as the result of this thankful commemoration? How shall we best gather up, and turn to good account, the reflections suggested by the long roll of benefactors whose names are about to be read? The lesson drawn from it and from all our observances this evening, as it seems to me, should be twofold. There should be a sense of devout gratitude to Almighty God for the progress, alike material and intellectual, which our College has been permitted to make; and there should be a steadfast resolve, with God's blessing, not to let that progress suffer any check or reversal in ourselves.

If I were to expatiate on the growth, material or otherwise, of St John's, during the three centuries and three quarters that have rolled over it, I should be but repeating some faint echoes of what you have heard from learned members of your own society. Words, indeed, are hardly needed on such a subject. The evidence is before your eyes. Look down from any little eminence on the courts of this College, as they stand ranged side by side, and the story they have to tell is plain to you in a moment. From that venerable first court, once a college complete in itself, with its hall and library and chapel, to the new fourth court of fair stonework, it has been one steady, continuous history of growth and expansion. And if the first volume of this history, so to speak, appear almost insignificant to us, compared with the full extent of the completed work, recall for a moment that still earlier time, when the humbler buildings of the old Hospital of St John occupied the site. Nay, revert in thought to the period more distant still, when even those buildings had not yet been raised. Six centuries ago, in 1275, the land on which they were in due time to be reared, is described as "a certain very poor and waste place of the Commonalty of the Town of Cambridge." From that "very poor and waste place" to the primitive Hospital of St John; from that to the stately pile of the Lady Margaret and Bishop Fisher; and from that again to the long-drawn series of courts and cloisters and cathedral-like chapel that we now behold,—has been a continuous development, an increase as *with the increase of God* that none can fail to recognise."

After showing that such an increase might not always be made in a right spirit, but in the boastful, self-confident spirit of Ephraim, referred to in the text, the preacher went on to declare the right principles on which extension should be carried out, adding:

"Oh! how glorious might be the future of this house of learning, exceeding even the glory of the past, if every member of it would respond to the call these mingled voices are giving him, and rise to newness of life and action, even as the outward fabric of these courts is being renovated from year to year. If I seem to dwell too much on the subject of change, forgive me, as one who has been long absent, and who cannot all at once feel at home in the altered scene. As I look down the long-drawn choir of this noble chapel, its lofty walls and panelled roof seem to vanish before me, and I see in its stead—what? What was on its site but twenty years ago? Here, down the very centre of the choir, ran a narrow lane; and where that northern wall now rises with its painted windows, were the backs of poor and dilapidated tenements. I am standing, I suppose, at this moment, within a very few feet of the spot where thirty years ago I occupied a chamber that would now be called—that has, in fact, with the others adjoining it, been called—unworthy of the College. In lieu of those chambers, with their sombre outlook, there has now risen a handsome pile, fair to the outward view, well-lighted and spacious and with every provision for health and comfort. And yet there was something in that ancient spot which nothing modern can replace. Who, that has lived there, can ever forget the antique arches of that winding passage, with its vault-like coolness in the sultriest day? Who can ever lose the feeling of having thus dwelt amid the shadows of the past, of having lived his little day of student-life in the ancient home of the Hospitallers of St John? They are gone, those ruinous but venerable walls; *the bricks therefore are fallen down, and we have built with hewn stones.* In our own lives, my brethren, let there be the same renewal, the same work of re-edification ever going on, not in the boastful spirit of Ephraim of old, but with the thoughtful reverence here shown."

The following books by members of the College have recently appeared—*Thor and his sway* (Henry Young, Liverpool), by Rev J. Sephton; *People, Places, and Peoples* (Fabb and Tyler), by Rev J. Foxley; *The Message of the Angel of the Sardis* (Macmillan), by Rev E. W. Bowling; *New methods for staining Bacteria* (Adlard), by E. Hanbury Hankin; *Irregularity of* Printing Co.), by H. S. Foxwell; *Life of Dean Colet, D.D.* (Bell and Sons), by Rev J. H. Lupton; *Turkish and English Lexicon Part IV* (American Mission, Constantinople), by Dr J. W. Redhouse; *Elementary Trigonometry* (Clarendon Press), by Rev T. Roach; *A modern Zoroastrian* (White), by Samuel Laing; *The Nature of Fever* (Macmillan), by Dr Donald MacAlister; *Essays and Addresses: an attempt to treat some religious questions in a scientific* Wilson.

THE NEW BUILDING.—Owing to the dreary delays, or rather standstill, between Christmas and Easter, there was no progress to chronicle last Term. Now however we are making advance at a moderate rate. The roof is tiled and the internal work—staircases, plastering, door-fittings, gas-pipes, etc.—is progressing surely if not very fast. We are exercised about the new Eagle Weathercock. The noble bird, all glorious in gold, carries his wings after a fashion that recalls the arm-action of Mr Stiggins when he discoursed to Mr Samuel Weller in the Fleet. This may or may not be the habitual

practice of eagles in real life; but it seems to impair their usefulness as weathercocks. Anyhow our new bird has a wonderful lack of decision in a light breeze, while in a strong one he inclines to present his broadside to the wind. We trust that this defect will be remedied. Now that the design of the whole building can be to some extent seen, we feel a right to be proud of its appearance, and are confident that it will rank as one of the best nineteenth century works in Cambridge.

The Clerk of the works (Mr Dalton) unhappily fell from a ladder on May 19, and broke his leg; he is now progressing favourably.

COINS.—Mr Heitland reports that donations have been received from Messrs Pendlebury, H. S. Foxwell, Brill, Stapley, and A. Macalister (jun). He hopes soon to begin a formal register of donations.

JOHNIANA.

On Friday, the 18th June, I went to a breakfast at the Combination Room, at which about fifty gentlemen were present, Dr Sandys taking the chair. After the more serious business of the morning's repast was over, Dr. MacAlister, at the call of the chairman, arose and proposed my welfare in a very complimentary way. I of course had to respond, and I did so in the words which came of their own accord to my lips. After my unpremeditated answer, which was kindly received, a young gentleman of the university, Mr. Heitland, read a short poem. I wish I dared quote more than the last two verses of these lines, which seemed to me, not unused to giving and receiving complimentary tributes, singularly happy, and were so considered by all who heard them... I need not say that I left the English Cambridge with a heart full of all grateful and kindly emotions.

Oliver Wendell Holmes: Our Hundred Days in Europe (Atlantic Monthly, May 1887).

The Evangelist St John my patron was:
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;
Right underneath, the College kitchens made
A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,
But hardly less industrious; with shrill notes
Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
Who never let the quarters, night or day,
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours
Twice over with a male and female voice.
Her pealing organ was my neighbour too;
And from my pillow, looking forth by light
Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

Wordsworth: The Prelude iii (1850).

In our missionaries, of this missionary age, there lives and preaches again the devotion of St Columbanus and St Boniface; and the grace of Christ that wrought mightily in Bishops Pattison and Steere and Hanington faints

not nor is weary in those whom you have just sent out from this University—Barry, Bickersteth, and the younger Selwyn. Think you that the heroic in Gordon ceased to beat when his pulse stood still in the ruins of Khartoum? or the dedicated scholarship of your own Palmer ceased to think, to read, to pray, as he fell down that Arabian cliff?

Dean Gott: University Sermon (Cambridge Review, May 4, 1887).

MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS, EASTER TERM, 1887.

THIRD EXAMINATION.

Part I.

Ds Rolleston

Part II.

Ds Goodman Ds Kerr
Ds Jones, H. R. Ds Shore

B.C. EXAMINATION.

Ds Hunt-Cooke Ds Rolleston

ADMITTED TO THE DEGREE OF M.D.

Mag W. A. Bond.

ADMITTED TO THE DEGREE OF B.C.

Mag W. A. Bond Ds Kerr

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The Bateman Pairs, rowed at the end of last Term, produced two entries, R. P. Roseveare and R. R. Hall, and A. C. Millard and L. H. K. Bushe-Fox; the former gained from the start, and won by 30 yards.

In making up the First Boat this Term Francis has had several difficulties to contend against: we hope the result of the races will prove that he has successfully overcome them. Various combinations have been tried, but the following will probably be the final arrangement of the crew:—

* J. Collin (*bow*)
2 R. H. Forster
*† 3 L. E. Wilson
*†§ 4 W. C. Fletcher
5 R. P. Roseveare
* 6 A. C. Millard
* 7 R. R. Hall
* L. H. K. Bushe-Fox (*stroke*)
A. Hill (*cox*)

* rowed in the First Boat in 1886.

† " " " " 1885.

§ " " " " 1884.

The new Swaddle is fast and suits the crew well, and is a vast improvement on the wretched ships built by Logan, which we have been doomed to use in past years.

The Second Boat has not suffered as in previous years from the changes in the First Boat, and in consequence has

been able to get well together; the following compose the crew:

P. E. Shaw (*bow*)
2 A. G. Cooke
3 T. P. Hartley
4 P. J. Fagan
5 E. Prescott
6 J. F. Tarleton
7 P. H. Brown
G. T. Lloyd (*stroke*)
W. H. Verity (*cox*)

CRICKET CLUB.

President: Mr W. F. Smith. *Captain:* J. S. G. Grenfell.
Treasurer: Mr F. L. Thompson. *Secretary:* W. G. Price.
Committee: H. Hanmer, H. S. Ware, W. H. Ainger.

Matches played 12. Won 3. Lost 2. Drawn 7.

Talking over our prospects at the beginning of the season, one would have said they were very promising, what with 8 old colours and some decidedly useful if not brilliant freshmen. Unfortunately it cannot be said that these anticipations have been altogether realised; examinations and other considerations have greatly handicapped the team, and few members have played regularly. The old colours are W. Greenstock, H. Hanmer, H. S. Ware, J. S. G. Grenfell, W. H. Ainger, F. N. Schiller, G. D. White and W. G. Price; of these Greenstock has been unable to play at all, and White, who seems to have quite lost his form this season, has not retained his place in the XI. For the vacancies there was considerable competition, which resulted in Barnett and Allen among the Seniors, and the following Freshmen—Moulton, Roughton and Walsh—finding places. The XI as a whole might have been good, could they have played together more often, though a little more smartness in the field and a good change-bowler would have been a great improvement. Individually, Barnett, who has made a distinct advance as a bat, Moulton, and Roughton are the best of the new colours, Moulton's bowling being decidedly useful; Roughton should develop into a good bat, though at present he is inclined to be rather too free. Of the old colours Schiller has on several occasions bowled exceedingly well, while the others have all in turn shown good form.

Fewer matches have been played than usual, chiefly owing to rain, and this will account in a great measure for some of the averages not being as high as might be expected.

A word of praise is due to Grenfell for his unceasing energy as Captain, in which post he has proved a great success.

Up to the present the Second XI has pursued an unbeaten career, having played 9 matches: won 6, drawn 3, lost none. Newnham's bowling has been one of the features of these

matches, and it is to be regretted that he has never come off when playing for the First XI.

St John's v Magdalene. This match, which was played on our ground on April 30th, resulted in a very easy victory for us. Magdalene went first to the wickets, but no one offered resistance to our bowling with the exception of E. A. Poole, who played a good and plucky innings of 31. We lost two wickets for 34, when Toppin and Sharman became partners, and completely mastered the bowling; after Toppin had retired for a freely hit 79 Hanmer came in, and together with Sharman played out time. Score:—Magdalene 77; St John's 239 for 3 wickets.

St John's v Assyrians. Played on our ground on May 3rd. The Assyrians brought a strong team, and moreover won the toss. However, we got on very well indeed until the fall of the 7th wicket, when W. M. O. Wilson—an old Johnian Captain—and J. B. Barton got together, and took the score from 108 to 170; then Jupiter Pluvius took pity on us and sent us to the pavilion. Score:—Assyrians 170 for 7 wickets.

St John's v Trinity. Played on the Trinity ground on May 5th. This should have been a two day's match, but owing to wet no play took place on the second day. As usual we lost the toss, and Trinity went in; however, with the exception of Ashfield and Wright, no one stayed long, and the innings closed for 101. We started disgracefully, 3 wickets being down with the score at zero, then Hanmer and Roughton hit freely, and at the close of the day's play we had lost 6 wickets for 62.

St John's v King's. Played on the St John's ground on May 9th. Contrary to custom we won the toss, and went to the wickets. Grenfell and Hanmer played well for their scores, 43 and 28 respectively, Grenfell playing an exceptionally good innings. Our bowling fared very badly against the batting of Ford and Studd, who made 104 without being parted. Score:—St John's 180; King's 104 without the loss of a wicket.

RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL CLUB.

At a general meeting held this term W. C. Kendall was elected Captain, and J. Backhouse Second Captain and Secretary for next season.

GENERAL ATHLETIC CLUB.

The success of the first year of the Club is now assured, and has already done its work in winning over many former objectors to the scheme. In addition to the purchase of a new light ship for the First Boat, we may count on a balance of close on £100 to act as a reserve fund. A general meeting is to be held this Term to revise the provisional rules which the Committee were authorised to prepare; and before the end of the Term special arrangements will be made for the Long

Vacation. We also hope to obtain some ash Tennis Courts for the use of members by next October, with a view to providing accommodation in the winter Terms for those who take part in neither Football nor Rowing. Starting our second year under such favourable circumstances, we must in no way relax our efforts, but devote them to the greater efficiency of the Club, to which end the Committee will always be ready to receive suggestions from members.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Twenty-one matches were arranged for this Term—but only twelve of these were played; the badness of the weather has to account in great measure for this unfortunate fact. The season has been a most successful one however, in spite of the rain. We have not lost a single match, while we have won eleven and drawn one. This being so it might seem unnecessary to make the usual complaint of Lawn Tennis Club Secretaries that the most representative team could never be obtained. But in fact our success was gained in the teeth of adverse circumstance—Brown has constantly had engagements elsewhere—Bushe-Fox has been devoting his energies to the L.M.B.C.—and Ainger has not often been available. On the other hand, Card, Windsor, and Scott have all played regularly, and have all improved on last year's form—and in Thompson the Club has found a player who is always useful and not seldom brilliant. The following table shows the work of the season:—

Monday,	April 25....	Trinity Hall	Won 8 rubbers to 1
Tuesday,	" 26....	Caius	" 9 " 0
Wednesday,	" 27....	Mayflies	" 5 " 4
Friday,	" 29....	Clare..	" 6 " 3
Saturday,	May 7....	King's	" 7 " 2
Monday,	" 9....	Peterhouse	" 5 " 4
Thursday,	" 12....	Selwyn	" 8 " 1
Saturday,	" 14....	Pembroke	" 7 " 2
Monday,	" 16....	Clare	" 9 " 0
Thursday,	" 19....	Christ's	" 7 " 2
Tuesday,	" 24....	Jesus	Draw 3 " 3
Tuesday,	" 31....	Emmanuel	Won 7 " 2

The Committee decided that the unprecedented success of the season fully warranted the inclusion of seven members in the representative team.

- W. H. Ainger has an easy style but is not quite severe enough, and is too fond of half volleying. Has not a good service.
- G. C. D. Brown is by far our best player. Has improved in volleying since last year and places well. Has a good service. Play rather uncertain.
- L. H. K. Bushe Fox has only played in the earlier matches. Plays a much better double than single game, as his volleying is much superior to his back play. Serves well sometimes.
- S. F. Card has improved since last year, especially in volleying, but his back-hand volleying is still weak. Service rather erratic. Plays a good uphill game, and never knows when he is beaten.
- A. O. Scott plays a steady game from the back of the court, hitting hard and placing down the side lines, but both service and back-hand are very weak. Cannot volley.

W. H. Thompson has a good stroke from the back of the court and can also volley fairly well, but is rather fond of the net. Can kill high balls and has a hard service.

J. Windsor has learned to volley and has a good cross-stroke from the back of the court, but cannot kill well. Service fair.

Card and Thompson played together in most of the matches and have a very fair record. In addition to the regular team, D. T. B. Field, G. E. Green and H. Simpson occasionally represented the College.

The ties are now in their semi-final stage, and a club handicap is in progress, which may possibly be concluded before the end of the Term if weather permits.

The thanks of the Club are due to the Council for granting permission to continue play on the courts till 7 p.m.; as this is the first season under the new *régime* of the General Athletic Club, it may not be out of place to add that the formation has had a decidedly beneficial effect upon the life of the Lawn Tennis Club, and that the courts have been used even more than in former years.

THE EAGLE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

At a Meeting of this Club, held in W. H. Ainger's rooms on Feb. 7th. the following were elected members:—H. C. Newbery, M. H. Hayward, H. C. Barraclough, G. W. Atlay, A. Munro, and H. Prescott.

A Meeting of the Club also took place on May 3, when F. H. Walsh, L. H. Nicholl, and A. R. Charters were elected, and the rules of the Club revised. At the same time it was decided that in addition to the usual Single and Double Ties, there should be Handicap 'Singles.'

W. H. Ainger has won the Singles for the second time; the other ties have not yet been played off.

C. U. R. V.

B (St John's Coll.) Company.

The College Company was well represented in the Colchester Camp detachment last Easter. Of the three commissioned officers two were members of B Company, Capt. Scott (commanding the detachment) and Lieut. Cousins, while Col.-Sergt. Knight and Sergt. Wright were the two Senior N.C.O's. Of the forty rank and file about a third were Johnians, who again set a good example to the other companies in the smartness of their hut and general turn out.

Several men also attended the Dover Review on Easter Monday.

At the Annual Inspection by the officer commanding the District (Col. Pearson), held at the beginning of this Term, the company paraded in very nearly full strength, and as No. 1 of the battalion acquitted itself very creditably, especially in marching past.

The Guard of Honour attending the Vice-Chancellor at the Jubilee Service at Great St Mary's on Whit Sunday was furnished to half its strength by B Company men, Lieut. Cousins and Col.-Sergt. Knight acting as Subaltern and Sergeant of the Guard.

The Company Cup was this Term again won by Corp. Hill. Sergeant W. A. Cousins has passed the Proficient Examination for Sergeants.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The following motions have been discussed since the last notice of the Society appeared:

March 5th:—"That suicide, far from being a crime, is in many cases most laudable." Proposed by J. R. Thomas, opposed by J. G. C. Mendis. Carried.

April 30th:—"That this house censures the system of tipping as highly immoral." Proposed by J. G. C. Mendis, opposed by A. M. Mond. Lost.

The evening of March 12th, was devoted to an impromptu debate, in which most of the members present took part.

The following are the officers for the May Term. *President*, R. H. Bigg; *Vice-President*, J. F. Howell; *Secretary*, A. W. Greenup; *Treasurer*, H. F. Baker; *Committee*, F. N. Schiller, A. M. Mond.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The following officers have been elected for the May Term.

President, F. F. Adeney; *Secretary*, E. B. Ward;

Treasurer, H. W. Macklin;

Committee, A. J. Judsen, W. N. Willis.

Papers have been read as follows:—

May 5.... "Law in the New Testament"H. H. Scullard.
 „ 12..... "Justification"Rev H. H. B. Ayles, B.A.
 „ 19..... "Monasticism"..... H. J. Warner, B.A.
 „ 26..... "MSS of New Testament" W. P. Legge.

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE MISSION.

The work of the College Mission is proceeding steadily and surely, and its influence continues to shew itself in many ways.

The Senior Secretary (Mr Whitaker) being away in America Mr Watson has undertaken his work till he returns.

F. W. Parker has resigned the office of Junior Secretary, and his place has been taken by E. B. Ward.

During the Easter Vacation there was quite a succession of Members of the College staying at the Mission.

Mr Ward was there in Holy Week.

R. P. Rosevcare was very energetic in arranging a concert, which was a decided success, the room being filled to overflowing.

Rev Mr Campbell of New South Wales was kind enough to give a lecture on 'Australia,' which was much appreciated.

It is hoped that a good many Members of the College will be able to visit Walworth during the coming Long Vacation. The Junior Secretary will be glad to hear of anyone willing to spend a week or more there.

We expect to be able to provide treats for the school children and others during the summer. Money for these is one of the most pressing needs. Mr Phillips will be glad to hear of anyone who is able to assist in this matter.

The Cricket Club at the Mission will be thankful to receive any old bats or other cricketing materials which can be spared. The Building Fund is progressing, but rather slowly.

A London Meeting is to be held in the Earl of Powis' house, Berkeley Square, on June 1 (see below). The Bishop of Rochester and several influential Johnians have promised to be present, and it is hoped this will greatly help to forward the work.

The site has been secured and the rights of existing tenants bought out so that building operations can be commenced at once as soon as the necessary funds have been raised.

The Bishop of Rochester presided at the annual meeting of the Rochester Diocesan Society on May 27. During his speech he said:—As to the work done by the college and school missions in South London each of the missions had a character of its own, each had made a special progress of its own. He should always be grateful to St John's College for having set the example in South London. St John's College had so far developed its work that it was on the point of building a church. The congregation had reached that period of religious development that they wished for a church. The building in which they now worshipped was to be pulled down and they had obtained a site—gratuitously presented by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—and he was to attend a meeting on the 1st of June to raise a fund to build the church as soon as possible.

A well-attended and enthusiastic meeting in aid of the Building Fund of the St John's College Mission in Walworth was held at the London house of Lord Powis on Wednesday, June 1st; Lord Powis was in the Chair. Letters expressing regret that they were unable to be present were read from the Marquis of Exeter, Archdeacon Gifford, Canon Rowsell, Canon Body, F. S. Powell, M.P., H. S. Rothery, and others.

The Bishop of Rochester, speaking of the work and progress of the Mission, said, no mission had less of the sensational element. It was not drum and trumpet, it was simple liturgical work—a work characterised by manful determined resolute steadiness. “Dogged” in a good sense described it. Devoutness was its key. He could not have believed till he had seen it that work on Church lines done in such a simple way could have been so successful. The work had now passed from the experimental to the permanent stage. A church was about to be built and it was wanted. The congregation was ready.

They asked for a church; they were sufficiently educated to value a church; they were praying for a church and would get one. To his dying day he should rejoice that the College had taken the Mission work in hand, and in his diocese their example had been widely followed by other colleges. They were constructing a bridge from the lowest to the highest. As a result it would be felt that the Christian Faith could do more for the poverty-stricken than any of the schemes put forth by politicians.

After the Rev F. Watson had traced the progress of the Mission in the College and Mr E. T. Hamilton had shewn how it was valued by the people of Walworth, the following resolution was proposed by Sir John Gorst, M.P., seconded by Rev W. A. Whitworth, and carried unanimously: “That this meeting rejoices in the progress which has been made by the Mission during the last three years, and commends the Building Fund to the hearty support of all Johnians.”

The Rev J. S. Hoare proposed, and Dr Merriman seconded, a resolution for the establishment of a London Committee in aid of the Building Scheme, and a provisional Committee, consisting of Revs W. A. Whitworth, A. T. Barnett, A. Caldecott, and the two Missioners, was appointed. Dr Merriman made the practical suggestion that all Johnian Incumbents should have an offertory for the Building Fund in their Churches, and it is hoped this suggestion will be generally carried out.

The Vice-Chancellor, in proposing a vote of thanks to Lord Powis for the use of his house and for presiding at the meeting, observed that the future historian would note that the characteristic of the University in the Victorian era was Extension—extension in the range of its studies, extension by means of the local lectures, and extension by means of Missions like that of St John's.

Hopes were expressed by the Bishop of Rochester and others that the building operations should not be put off till next year but should begin in October next. The Missioner is very anxious that this should be done. For many reasons delay is inadvisable, but the Committee will not be justified in building unless further subscriptions are quickly received. The Building Fund now amounts to £1400. £7000 is wanted altogether, but a considerable part of this sum will be provided by Diocesan and other Societies. With £600 more in hand a start would probably be made. The proposal has been made that the Church should be called The Church of the Lady Margaret. Subscriptions should be paid to the Building Fund of the St John's College Mission at Messrs Mortlocks, Cambridge; or to the Treasurer, Rev F. Watson, St John's College, Cambridge. Collecting cards can be obtained from the Treasurer, the Missioner, or from the Junior Secretary, E. B. Ward, G New Court, St John's.

THE LIBRARY.

Donations and Additions to the Library during
Quarter ending Lady Day, 1887.

Donations.

DONORS.

The Medical Directory for 1886. <i>Reference Table</i>	
Studies from the Morphological Laboratory in the University of Cambridge. Edited by Adam Sedgwick. Vol. II. 8vo. Lond. 1886. Xx. 24	
— Vol. III. Part I.	Dr. D. Mac Alister.
The Practitioner for January, February and March, 1887	
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Sargant (William Lucas). Social Innovators and their Schemes. 8vo. Lond. 1858. Ww. 37	
Crump (Arthur). Theory of Stock Exchange Speculation. 4th ed. 8vo. Lond. 1887. 1887. Ww. 34.5	
Mind. A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy. Edited by G. C. Robertson. Vols. I.—XI. (1876—1886). Ww. 24.25—36	Mr. H. S. Foxwell.
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- K. 8.40. Cooper (C. P.). On Chancery Reform—translated into French. 8vo. Paris, 1830.
- Z. 26.8. Migne's Patrologia Latina—Isidorus Hispalensis (Tom. II—IV).

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- Xx. 35. Lucas (Ed.). Recréations Mathématiques. 8vo. Paris, 1882.

The number of Volumes taken out of the Library between the 30th of May 1886 and the 30th May 1887 has been 1938. The number of Works presented during the same period is 133 or 195 Volumes; the Additions by purchase (exclusive of serial publications) amount to 142 Works, or 178 Volumes.