THE COLLEGE REGISTER OF ADMISSIONS

PART II.

(Continued from p. 168.)

2. UNDER the head of *Birthplace of Students* we will only note in passing the wide field from which we drew our students even then. All parts of the British Isles will be found contributing to the Admissions; one boy comes from the "insula vulgo dicta Barbadoes," two come from Jamaica "apud Indiam occidentalem," and two from New England. France also furnishes two or three. "On London Bridge," given as the birthplace of one who was admitted in 1707, reminds us that that bridge had houses on it until the middle of last century.

3. The subject of the *Schools* which fed the College would lead us too far afield if treated as it deserves. Let it here suffice to say that a glance at the Index shows that in Part II Sedbergh was far and away our chief supporter, then comes Beverley, then Eton, Pocklington, and Shrewsbury. The number of small village schools is noticeable; and many of the boys were bred at home "sub patris ferula": a phrase which sums up the old notion of efficient teaching*.

Here the patient Editor or Index-maker must be

* See, amongst others, Mullinger's *Univ. of Camb.*, where vol. I., p. 345, the mediaeval examination of a teacher in practical work is given: "Then shall the Bedell purvey for every master in Gramer a shrewde Boy, whom he shall bete openlye in the Scholys, &c. . . . Thus endyth the Acte in that Faculty." Bp. Bedell's schoolmaster "was very able and excellent in his faculty; but *accordingly* austere" . . . and made him deaf by beating him "off a pair of stairs." Pp. 3, 4 in Prof. Mayor's *Wm. Bedell.*

thanked for grouping the numerous schools under appropriate heads. For instance, the fourteen schools in Rutland (Oucham, Owkame, &c.), which occur throughout Parts I and II are conveniently treated as one, under "Oakham"; so also the eight Yorkshire schools called Sherbon, Shereburne, &c., are grouped under Sherburn in Part I, and under Sherburne in Part II; and the same treatment is given to the seven schools known as Sedbrig, Sedborough, &c. In all this the Index-maker has done wisely. Lest he be too much puffed up with the praise he so thoroughly deserves, let me point out a blemish or two in his Index. First, it is in some points too full and becomes a Concordance instead of an Index of facts. Let not the unwary statistician be led by p. 481 to conclude that one of our *alumni* migrated from St John's College, Cambridge—the mention of this College among the Schools that supported us is only a reference to a testimonial from Peterhouse, giving a B.A. "veniam removendi ad coll. S^ti^ Johannis." Next, let me point out some sins of omission: Why (on p. 489), under *Oxford*, has he omitted St John's College and attributed to St Edmund's Hall the two members (pp. 176 and 186) who came to us from our namesake? Why, in his Index to Part I, does he not mention among London Schools the "templum Sancti Clementis," at which were bred the two lads who came "de Strand in suburbiis Londini"? (Part I, p. 86, nos. 6, 7). If to these be added the less important omission (in Part II) of "schola audomarensis" as an alternative for "St Omer, France," I have given all the errors of any moment that I have found in this admirable compilation.

One instance must suffice to indicate the field of inquiry opened up by the list of Schools and schoolmasters—that of Little Thurlow and of Great Bradley in neighbouring Suffolk villages. Little Thurlow sent 15 boys to St John's between 1630 and 1715: during

20 years, however, (1670—90) the entries almost cease, and Great Bradley sends us 11 members, mostly in this interval. The School at Thurlow was founded and endowed (a neighbour tells me) by one of the Soame family* in the 16th century: within the last 50 years it has languished into a day school, and the endowment has been converted into scholarships. A considerable number of small endowed schools within a few miles' radius of this spot are now decaying or have lately ceased to exist. The existence of such schools perhaps accounts for the length of the *Schools* Index to the *Admissions*. The Rector of Great Bradley tells me that he can find no trace or tradition of the school there which sent us 11 freshmen. It seems reasonable to conclude that from some cause the Thurlow School was for these twenty years practically removed to Great Bradley†; perhaps on account of illness or (as I incline to think) on account of the removal of a popular master of Little Thurlow to the Rectory of Great Bradley, viz. Robert Billingsley, who was admitted at St John's 8th December 1646 (see Part I, p. 81, no. 17). He appears in the *Admissions* Part II as Master of Little Thurlow from April 1656 to December 1660, and Master of Great Bradley school from September 1662 to June 1675. He was Rector of Great Bradley from September 9, 1662, and was succeeded by T. W. Cox on May 15, 1675. Another Master of Great Bradley, 'Mr Harwood,' (p. 75, l. 35) appears as 'Mr Harrard' at Little Thurlow, (p. 128, l. 17): when he entered St John's in 1668 he was called Henry Harward, (p. 16, no. 44). This variation in spelling makes the

* The family sent several sons to St John's. One, Barnham Soam, (p. 70, no. 52), attained some eminence as a physician, according to Cooper's note.

† Even the Soames (who had endowed Thurlow School) send a son to Bradley: the former school must therefore have been under a cloud of some sort.

identification of persons and places difficult. The Index of *Persons* will perhaps in future parts do more towards identifying those mentioned in the *Admissions**; at present we must do this for ourselves. (For some help in identifying Billingsley and Harward respectively, see the Editor's note, p. lii, l. 11.)

4. On the *age* of students at admission something has already been said; it may be added the age is seldom given of those who migrated from other colleges. These formed a numerous class, for in those staid old times students moved about apparently quite as much as now.† The Index (if used with caution) will show the number who came to us during these 50 years from other Cambridge Colleges (about 50), from Oxford (about 50), from Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin (a smaller number). Of several of these the age can be learned from other sources, as perhaps, *e.g.* of "Francis Turner, M.A. of the 4th year, 'sacellanus domesticus illustrissimi principis Jacobi ducis Eboracensis,' rector of Therfeild; admitted fellow commoner, surety Dr Gunning, the Master, 8 May 1666 (afterwards Master of the college, 11 April 1670 *margin*)". Of others the record is tantalizing; *e.g.* who was the "Reverendus vir Edmundus Castell S.T.D et Arabicae linguae professor, admissus pensionarius major sponsore et fideiussore eius magistro collegii" and who examines a candidate for admission two years before his own entrance is recorded? (p. 37, no. 15, and p. 24, l. 19).

In spite of the average age at admission being much nearer to what it is at present than is generally supposed, and in spite of many being at entrance over 20, I follow the usage of writers of that period in using

* *e.g. Dominus* Saywell, pp. 2—33 and Wm. Saywell, Master of Jesus College, p. 132 ought to be identified with Part I, p. 143, no. 6.

† P. 135, no. 10 brings testimonials from Trinity, Cambridge, and Jesus College, Oxford, both of the same year as that in which he enters St John's, 1694. P. 156, no. 24 is described as "Gallus" born at Nancy, son of a Scot, "bred at London and Utrecht."

'boy' as a convenient synonym for person *in statu pupillari*.*

5. On the *date* of admission it may be observed that the college year began on July 9, and entries occur in every month without any apparent breach of continuity.

6. The proportion of the different classes of students can be seen from this summary:

	Fell. Com.	Pens.	Sizars	Total
1665—75 ..	54	295	364	713
1675—85 ..	55	192	308	555
1685—95 ..	14	177	210	401
1695—1705 ..	31	191	251	473
1705—1715 ..	31	204	269	504
	185	1059	1402	2646

The extreme fluctuations may be seen from the years 1671—72 (when the admissions were 13 f. c., 38 p., 39 s. = 90), and 1692—93 (when the numbers were 0 f. c., 18 p., 35 s. = 53). These statements must be qualified by the fact that a boy entering as sizar or pensioner sometimes changed into the rank above (when in some cases he changed his College Tutor also).

Each sizar is admitted for (*pro*) a Fellow or Fellow-commoner, to whom he is attached as servitor. Each Fellow or Tutor had, I suppose, several sizars allowed him: but I can make no exact statement as to the

* See Matt. Robinson's Life, p. 32—"One morning having been busy in his chamber with anatomising a dog, and coming to dinner into the college hall, a dog there smelling the steams of his murdered companion upon his clothes, accosted him with such an unusual bawling in the hall that all the boys fell a laughing, perceiving what he had been a doing, which put him to the blush." [Was not a dog's presence in hall "unusual" then?] Strype at St Catharine's writes to his mother, "At my first Coming I laid alone; but since, my Tutor desired me to let a very clear lad lay with me . . . till he can provide himself with a chamber." ["Clearness" of skin was important when many had the "itch" so "cruelly."] *Letters of Eminent Literary Men*, page 179.

manner of allotting the large body of sizars among the residents. Taking at hap-hazard the year 1683—84, out of the 24 sizars 20 are attached to 20 Fellows, while two Fellows have 2 sizars each. On p. 61, l. 27, we find one sizar admitted "pro reverendo in Christo patre domino episcopo Eliensi"; *i.e.* for the late Master Dr Peter Gunning. Was the Bishop in residence? or does *pro* here mean that the Bishop would pay the lad's College expenses*?

The sizar is often older than his Fellow-commoner: thus, "Mr Cecil sen." (in his 13th year) and "Mr Cecil jun." (in his 11th), have two lads of about 18 admitted *for* them.

When two boys enter together from the same school, (p. 52, nos. 5, 6), or from the same village, (p. 92, nos. 18, 19; p. 97, nos. 31, 33), their relation in college is probably a continuation of school or home life.

7. *College Tutor.* Although all resident Fellows (including B.A.'s), and the Master of the College also† could take pupils, yet the practice seems to have been much as now: two or three Fellows had the majority of the pupils, and occasionally one of the others took one or two stray students, with whom they had (in some cases) other ties. Taking the year 1702—3 as a sample, out of 54 freshmen Mr Bosvile has 30, Messrs Edmundson & Lambert 22, Mr Smales 1 (his younger brother)‡ and Mr Brome 1. (One of Mr Bosvile's pensioners (p. 166, no. 27) becomes a fellow-commoner under Mr Anstey six years later). The partnership between Mr Edmundson and Mr Lambert appears to be a unique instance. It began in February 170½ and ended in February 170⅞, so far as the *Admissions* show.

* P. 208, no. 20, is elected Fellow on the presentation of the Bishop of Ely; but that is another matter, and an irregularity among Admissions.

† Perhaps the Master became 'sponsor' only for the more eminent fellow-commoner graduates: see the cases of F. Turner, M.A. and Dr Castell (above mentioned).

‡ This is the only time Mr Smales's name occurs as College Tutor.

8. The last points to be noticed in the details of the *Admissions* are the particulars about the boys' *parents*. In a few cases instead of the father's name the uncle's is given, apparently because the latter is better known to the college or the world at large, or it may be because the uncle was the guardian to an orphan. (P. 211, no. 4, 'nepos praenobilis Baronis Griffin de Brabrooke': see also p. 184, no. 26).

The proportion in which the various social ranks contributed to our numbers is easily seen from the Index of *Trades*—a word to be taken in a very wide sense as equivalent to profession or *status*, seeing that Aldermen, Archdeacons, Barons, Bishops, Deans, Knights, and Viscounts are included, as well as Parish Clerks and the College Butler and Baker. The Index however properly confines itself to the occupation of parents of undergraduates: so that we do not find in it the Trinity College Butler, nor the "Guardianus" of Wadham, nor the "Gymnasiarch" of Glasgow, who, as signatories of certificates, are immortalised in the Index of Persons. The entry of 'Sizar' in this *Trades* Index is an error from this point of view, as seems also the omission of the title "e loci consuetudine baro"* which is added to 'esq' p. 110, l. 9.

The practice of latinising the English words denoting trade or occupation has given the Editors considerable trouble in attempting to reproduce the original. Sometimes only a guess can be made, as *quaestor homicidii* (? coroner.) Sometimes the vague Latin is left untranslated (especially in the case of the very numerous terms connected with law and justice)—among non-legal terms are *colonus*, and *mathematicus-mechanicus*†; sometimes the record is so caninely plain that it appeals to

* Does this mean Lord of the Manor? or is it an instance of a local barony like that in Part I, p. 95, l. 14? on which see the Editor's notes, Part I, p. xxxiii and Part II, p. xii.

† Does this mean mathematical instrument maker?

our understanding without translation, *e.g.* in *grocerus organista*, *stationarius*. The untranslated *sacerdos* deserves a note to itself. It occurs seven times (in three cases with the addition of 'deceased') and only in the first and second year of James II (1685—86). It does not seem to be a mere substitute for the more common *clericus* which occurs throughout the book and is not absent from these two years; but whether it is intended merely to denote the order above the diaconate, or whether it has any more recondite reference to Romish or Nonconformist movements of the times, I cannot say.

For the most part, however, the Latin word chosen depended merely on the whim or facility of the registrary of the time, as appears from the common trades of baker*, brewer, inn-keeper, tailor, shoemaker and the like, having from four to six different Latin words to represent each. The *Admissions* make us acquainted with some very curious Latin or Greek: *pandoxator*,† *byrsarius*, *aromatarius*, *pantopoles*, etc. Seldom does the Latin help us to understand the meaning of a common English word (*virgarius*, however, shows us that verger means a wand-carrier): more frequently it obscures the meaning. Is it from intention or from oversight that the Editor has rendered *Tabellarius* once 'auditor' and once 'registrar'? If it were not that the Latin is generally given, a like variety could be wished for in the rendering of some other words, *e.g. vitriarius*, for which only 'glazier' is given, whereas 'glass-worker' or 'glass-blower‡' might sometimes be intended. Sometimes the editor's translation corrects what appears

* *Panifex*, at first thought an error for *pannifex* (clothier) is later on translated 'baker.' The *Promptorium Parvulorum* (a 15th century Norfolk monk's Anglo-Lat. Dictionary) gives the word. The *panifex* on p. 43 lived in East Anglia.

† *Prompt. Parvul.* "Browne ale or other drynke, (bruyn, bruwyn, browyn, *al.*) Pandoxor." [Did the Lynn monk derive *brewing* from *brown*?]

‡ *Prompt. Parv.* "Glasse wryte. *Vitrarius*," (*sic*).

an error in the registrary's choice of a Latin word. For instance, who believes that a man in the little agricultural village of Thurlow, occupied himself in making ladies' fans or fly-flaps? (Part I, p. 14, l. 13, *flabellifex**). Nor do I believe that the boy meant to stuff his tutor with this notion of his father's occupation: he meant by fan-maker what a Suffolk lad would mean now if he used the word, namely a maker of winnowing fans.

Sometimes the Tutor was, luckily, unable to translate the English word; and so we have *Drisalter*, *feltmaker*, *inholder*, *maltster*, *wheelwright* and *yeoman* left in their proper perspicuity†.

It will be seen from a glance at the Indexes that some "trades" are confined to Part I or Part II, while those common to both parts contribute in more or less varying proportions in the two periods. Thus, to take the most frequently recurring terms, the entries under *clerk* and *gentleman* take $1\frac{1}{2}$ column of Index in the 50 years of Part II, esquire $\frac{3}{4}$ column, *husbandman* nearly a column, *yeoman* $\frac{1}{3}$ column, *rector* 9 lines, *vicar* 3 lines; in the 35 years of Part I *clerk* has nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ column, *gentleman* $1\frac{1}{6}$ column, *esquire* $\frac{3}{4}$ column, *husbandman* and *yeoman* more than $\frac{1}{2}$ column each, *rector* nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ column, *vicar* 12 lines. These and similar variations are no doubt partly due to social changes, but also partly, perhaps chiefly, to chance differences in the classification of successive registraries.

* Bentley would certainly have annotated: leg. *vannifex*, cod. *flabellifex*, qu. *flagellifex*? *Prompt Parv.* for "Fann" gives only *vannus*: but "Flappe, instrument to smyte wythe flyys. *Flabellum.*"

† I should like nevertheless to have had the 17th century Latin for 'Drisalter,' which means properly (I believe) a dealer in the chemicals used by cloth manufacturers. Ogilvie (*Student's Eng. Dict*, ed. 1871) used to tell us as school-boys that a dry salter was "a dealer in salted or dry meats, etc." I hope he knows better by this time, for he was more misleading than Bishop Wilberforce, who in answer to "What is a drysalter?" answered, "Tate and Brady's."

The "trade" of the father is not always an index to his wealth; the son of an *agricola** often enters as a pensioner, and the son of a *gentleman* or *clerk* as a sizar.

Many interesting topics and many questions therefrom arising remain untouched—as *e.g.* the chief causes of the great fluctuations in numbers from year to year and from decade to decade—but we must stop somewhere. Perhaps a few remarks should be added on the want of completeness and the frequent carelessness shown in the record, a carelessness that often makes the information given useless or misleading. In respect of every one of the details which the Register aims at preserving (and most of which have served as a thread on which to hang the foregoing remarks), false information is in many cases given. Not only are entries reduced by omission to the most meagre limits, but persons and places are done out of all recognition by perverse spelling or by perversion into so-called Latin, or information is so recorded as to be hopelessly ambiguous.† The "boys not yet rid of their provincial brogue" (Part I, p. vi) were surely not (*pace* the Editor) the sole or chief causes of this misleading irregularity. In most, if not in all cases, the boys could have given their Tutor all the information he wanted and could have told him how to spell it too. The fault lay rather with the Tutor, who was too careless or too much in a hurry for accuracy. Not that we would blame the old

* This term includes apparently all occupied on the land or in country pursuits, from the 'yeoman' and gentlemau farmer (p. 85, l. 2, we have the combination *agricola* and *gent.*) down to the labourer.

† *E.g.*, p. 195, no. 59, a boy from Pocklington school (Mr Foulks) is admitted sizar 'pro eodem.' The Editor interprets this to mean for a resident Fellow of the same name as the schoolmaster, correctly I suppose, though elsewhere it means for the same person as the previous sizar was admitted for; see also p. 208, no. 25. As examples of places obscured by spelling, 'Hearily' is supposed to be Alderley, 'Henchford,' Chelmsford (or could it be the hundred of Hinckford, as 'Isaach' for 'Isaack'?) It is in solving such puzzles as these that the help of Johnians in different localities is asked for by the Editors.

Johnian dons personally; rather would we thank them that living before the age of scientific accuracy and love of truth for its own sake they have left a record so full and so trustworthy in the main. No, the only moral to be drawn is that we show forth our gratitude for our own happier times by aiding the Editors of the *Admissions* to remove the errors and uncertainties and to supply the omissions that still remain therein. Any suggestions to this end " will be thankfully received by Mr Scott or Professor Mayor," p. viii.

WILLIAM WARREN.

Stoke-by-Clare.

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

You smiled, you spoke and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more
Nor hope I what I hoped before.
Yet let not this last wish be vain:
Deceive, deceive me once again!

W. S. LANDOR.

AD PUELLAM.

Ridenti tibi credidi et loquenti:
Decepit pariter loquela, risus:
Non iam spes alii foret superstes,
Non ipsi mihi sicut ante surgit:
Contingat tamen hoc mihi supremum,
Tu me decipe denuo, Neanthe!

S. S.

THE ENGLISH LAKES.*

A RED blush mounted to the Eastern sky
In joy at the bright coming of the day,
As blushes some fair maid, when she is ware
That her dear heart is near, and fondly love
Looks trembling from her eyes. The golden dawn,
That wakes the world with magic touch to life,
Stepped bravely forth, and dropped the vale of mist
That all but hid her beauty; then unbared
In radiant splendour, with the west wind's voice
Bade the sweet birds uplift their note of praise,
And hymn the glory of their lord, the sun.
And now the polished surface of the mere
Stood all ablaze, and glittered to the light,
The while the circling hills bent down their brows
To watch the sunlight in the shimmering deep
Gild their dim heads with gold, and still the brooks
Stole dimpling down through dells of green, like threads
Of whitest silver, murmuring as they went.
Around the silent tarns, that dreamless lay
In slumberous quiet, feeling not the kiss
Of lightest breeze, nor blast of wrathful gale,
The giant boulders stood, like sentinels
Bidden to guard the sleepers: e'en the hand
Of ruthless Time, that smites the fairest down,
For that it is most fair, hath smitten them
In vain; a long Eternity is theirs.

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* *Proxime accessit* for the Chancellor's English Medal, 1894.

'Tis autumn now, autumn in Grasmere vale,
Light is the air and clear, and peaceful rest
Dreams o'er the scene, as on that old-world day,
When shepherds sang their love in Arcady,
Vying in honeyed minstrelsy of song
For meed of goat or bowl, and grove to grove
Told but of Amaryllis ever fair.
Far as the eye can range, calm stillness reigns,
From where the hill-top with its robes of green
Looks down upon the tiny vale beneath
That nestles to its side, like some fair child
That nestles to his mother's knee, to where
Helvellyn rears aloft his cloud-loved head,
Crowned with a mighty diadem of moss,
And white no longer with December snow;
While ever and anon the restless mists
That flit about him, like uneasy souls,
Break and are gone. And oft the rustic folk,
Who marvelled when they saw them come and pass,
Would tell their children on a wintry day,
When loud the tempest roared, as though the voice
Of God spoke through the gale, and hurrying mists
Swept onward blindly, these were kinsmen's souls
Come from their graves to guard them through the night.

So still it is that e'en the soft love tale
Whispered by bird to bird in sheltered brake,
And blending with the voiceful rivulet,
Serves but to make the stillness yet more still;
And as the eye looks rapturously down,
And sees the mirrored glories of the sky
With mingled wealth of shadow and of light
Gleaming unaltered forth, and yet refined
By the blue deep, the soul would fain take wing,
And like the bird that singeth to the morn,
Rise with a song that is not all a song,

But hath in it the echo of a prayer
E'en to the gates of heaven. Wondrous thoughts
Well half-unfashioned to the brain, like dreams,
And fling a cloud of rapture over all,
While fancy lightly breathes her charms, and bids
The vanished gladness welcome to the heart.
Ah, life with all its care and tears and sin,
And terror and dismay that racks the soul,
Hath still some glorious moments, worth long years
That know no light, but wrapped in sunless gloom
Drag on and die. As fitful sunbeams cast
A look of love upon the snow-clad earth,
When glooms a winter morn, and fondly linger
Where sunk in sleep their darling violets lie,
And softly kiss them ere they steal away,
So there are moments, when there comes a gleam
As from another more than mortal world,
To light us on our way: so seems it now,
And far away the restless fret of life
Makes fitful moaning, like the weary wave
That ever sobs its sorrow to the deep.

Thus as I gaze, the veil that shrouds the past
Floats like a cloud away and all is light.
Here where the dove now answers to his mate,
The savage boar erst prowled with glistening tusk,
And the grey-coated wolf with eyes that glowed
Like spots of fire through the dim murk of night,
In lust for food slunk round the silent fold.
Here on a day there came with tramp of steeds
The conquering legions* of imperial Rome,
With arms aflame beneath the summer sun,
While the proud eagles stood above the host
By warriors fierce triumphantly upborne.

* In A.D. 121 Cumberland was conquered by the Romans, who built a wall from Newcastle along the borders of Northumberland to the Solway Firth.

And as they passed, the dwellers in the place
Flew to their arms, and donned their leathern shields,
And there did battle by the voiceful mere.
'Twas but as though a child should think to stem
With fort of sand the rushing of the tide;
They fought, and died, and all was peace again.
But oft in after time, the din of fight
Woke the wild echoes in the shuddering vale,
When fierce-eyed Pict or Dane with flowing locks
Came with long sweep of oars and swelling sail
In gaily painted barques across the foam;
And sword met sword, and buckler rang with steel,
And fire and ruin marked the path he trod.
Or when through one long day,* the surging wave
Of battle dashed against the mountain height,
Where that proud handful still embattled stood,
And all untaught to bear the tyrant's yoke
Dishonoured, chose to die and win a name
That shines beyond the darkness of the tomb.
And still there stands a pile of stones, where erst
They died, upon the slope of Dunmail Raise,
And each mute stone hath voice to tell the tale
With words that echo down the golden years.

But to my fancy all is changed again:
I seem to see the stern white-bearded priests
Clad in their robes as white as driven snow,
Scale the tall mountain ere the rising sun
Has tipped the peaks with gold, and kindle fire
For sacrifice of blood to Beäl's† might.
And dark the scene was as their deeds were dark,
For even now within some gloomy dell
Where all is fierce and wild, and the sad wind
Frets without end amid the ruined trees,

* In 945 when the Saxon King Edmund defeated the Cumberlanders in a decisive battle at Dunmail Raise, between Grasmere and Keswick.

† It is now known that the Druid worship in Cumberland resembled the worship of Baal, though the God the Druids worshipped was known as Beäl or Baltine.

And the black mists of night flit ceaselessly,
Like shadowy phantoms of another world,
The Druid altar* stands in circled rock.
And here of old the youth and maid alike
Passed through the flames to Beäl; when the plague
Swooped on the kine like ravening birds of prey,
The herdsmen drave them through the need-fire's† glow
To rid them of the taint that shadowed death.

But all things change and pass, the idle creeds
That vexed the world a moment with their cries
Are but as floating airs that scarce are felt.
'Tis only nature that is still the same,
The tender mother, old yet ever young,
That looks from out the deep-blue sky, and speaks
From every leaflet, every flower that blows
Her noble words of God and Truth and Love.

Here now is rest as full and deep and sweet
As in the churchyard where the Poet lies,
His life's task ended. Peaceful is his sleep,
But not more peaceful than the life, that passed
In converse sweet with Nature all the days;
Save when there came a cry‡ from o'er the sea
Boding a world of misery to men,
A voice of mingled triumph and despair
That thrilled the world, and shook it to its depths.
Ah how he loved each vale, each tarn, each brook,
The fleeting change of sky, the wistful breeze
That murmured through the yews and sycamores,
And then was gone; the flying cloud, the showers
That sped in robes of light or darkness veiled

* There are traces of such altars at Glenderaterra and Cumwhitton.

† The "need-fire," still so called, is derived from the Danish word "nôd" meaning cattle. English *neat* herd. In some parts of Cumberland the practice is still observed.

‡ The French Revolution, which irresistibly attracted Wordsworth to Paris.

From hill to hill, as grateful to the eye
As strains of joy and sadness to the ear;
The world of flowers, the tiny daisy's self
That raised its golden head, as though it knew
That there was one to whom it was most dear.
And oft he passed along the road, that winds
By Rydal water down to Windermere,
Where thousand thousand trees in armour green
With ordered lines of densely waving boughs,
Stand by the water's edge, as though to guard
Some sacred precinct from unhallowed tread.
Full oft he clomb the path to Grisdale Tarn
And saw the valleys deepen as he clomb,
And the tall mountains looming taller still,
While far below the waterfall flashed down
In dazzling whiteness, breaking into gems
Of lustrous foam, like diamonds of spray;
And higher still he clomb, and saw the woods
And brooks beneath him, dwindled till they seemed
A fairy world bright with its fairy rills.
Then higher yet to steep Helvellyn's top
Whence he beheld the ocean gleaming far
With gentle swell of waves, and in his heart
There woke a mighty joy, as when he saw
The host of clouds spread far their fleecy wings,
And dart, like things of life, across the vale
O'er steep Nab Scar, or when by Lyulph's Tower
He gazed upon the sun-lit daffodils,
That tossed their myriad golden heads like one,
As though in concert with the scarce heard voice
Of falling brook or distant cataract.

A life of peace 'midst friends that loved him dear;
And as they lived together still, so death
Could not divide them, but here side by side
They lie, and sleep their never wakening sleep.
Here 'neath the shadow which the grey tower casts
The Poet erst had lain, and listened oft

To the sweet cries of children at their play
By cottage doors, when on the vesper breeze
Was borne the lowing of the kine, and bleat
Of pasturing sheep, while by the rugged wall
The Rotha crept with tiny wave of foam.
There now he sleeps, and now the mournful stream,
Whose voice had meaning for his ear alone,
Glides sighing past, as though she fain would kiss
The flowers upon the grave of her lost love.

Such death as his is but a truer life:
His great soul, freed from the base chains of earth
Still dwells among us; oft there breathes a voice,
A soft low voice e'en from the silent grave,
That tells us how to live, and how to die.
Nature hath books for those who will but read,
And all things tell their tale, but not to those
Whose eyes are hooded, and whose soul is blind
To all the wondrous works that ever speak
The hand of God: but 'tis for them alone,
Whose heart meets Nature's heart with answering thrill,
That her sweet voice is fraught with meaning clear,
And fits them for the life that is to be.
And as the sun now sinking in the west
Sheds its last rays of gold, ere vanishing
Beyond the far faint hills, and heralds in
The dawn of night lit by the evening star,
So may our life's end be, so calm, so bright:
And through death's darkness may there be some gleam,
To guide us hence with light and love and hope,
Like yon bright star that glows o'er Grasmere wave.

A. J. CHOTZNER.

TOLD AT DITTON.

WELL, we *were* talking shop. I usually encourage it secretly, though many people whose judgment in other things I respect think it wrong. When a man who has read quite other books than your degree requires you to know is willing to talk about them, you learn a little of his work; and, more than this, you learn that there are things worth knowing not comprised in the subject of your tripos.

Now, I am a theological man, well able to discover differences and to make comfortable constructions, but of the particular logic of the lawyers I stand a chance of never knowing anything; so, he being a lawyer, I manœuvred him very tenderly on to his own particular rail and let him go.

I remember we were discussing the celebrated, but hitherto to me unknown, 'slop-smock case.' He told me how a man indicted for stealing a slop got off by shewing that he had taken not a slop but a smock:

'Balance of testimony called it a smock and the case fell through. However, the grand jury were in the next room and found a true bill for feloniously taking and carrying away a smock. Plea, *autrefois acquit* and ——'

'What's *autrefois acquit?*'

'Oh, it means "I've been tried once for this thing and acquitted," but, in order to get off on this plea, you must shew that you were really in jeopardy at the former trial. Now, if the thing was a smock, the man had not

been in jeopardy, because the indictment had said "slop." It seemed, then, that the plea was a bad one. Not a bit. He called a number of witnesses who swore that the article in question was a slop and ——.'

I never heard more of the story than that, for when he reached that point something very dreadful happened.

I saw his eyes start from their sockets and his jaw distinctly drop. This for an instant. Then he veiled his eyes and turned away his head, while a deep blush suffused his face and neck, and he gave me the impression of one who wished to sink into the earth, or in any other manner escape some particularly embarrassing presence. What was it? I looked in the direction indicated by his anguish and saw nothing. At least, I saw, in the far distance, the 'Bride's cake,' *then* the electric chimney, then a tiny cedar tree, then a railway, and lastly the buttercups at our feet. Living objects there were none, except a soaring lark and a Dorking hen, somewhat broody and just two years old*.

Seeing no material clue to my companion's consternation, I at once attributed it to some vision he had seen and, of course, felt quite excited about it, never having knowingly been in the presence of an apparition before.

'For Heaven's sake, come away,' he said, getting up and dragging at my arm. I followed him, as he turned his back shudderingly, yet politely, on the 'Bride's cake,' the chimney, and the cedar, and slunk rapidly towards Ditton. Not until we had gone half-a-mile did he begin to recover his faculties, and even then they seemed to return seriously impaired, for his first words, whispered fiercely into my ear as he convulsively clutched my arm, were, "I had one for lunch."'

'Had one for lunch,' I answered. 'Had what?'

* In order to be exact, I got these facts concerning the hen from its proprietor. Until then, I was not sure even that it was a hen at all.

'Hush,' he said, 'don't speak so loudly. I had a —— a'—he almost choked as he finished the sentence —'a chicken.'

'Why so did I. At least, that was what they called it, though it much resembled a very tough old ——.'

'Ough! stop,' he shouted, turning quite white; then halting and looking at me very sternly, 'You callous brute!'

There was a pause; each was too moved to speak for awhile. Then he resumed:

'You mean to say that, this very day, you ate a—a chicken and yet you are not ashamed to look that poor hen in the face?'

I saw it all now. It was the sight of that hen, coming forward in all her unconsciousness, innocence, and trust, that had upset my sensitive companion, who had so recently eaten of, perhaps, one of her sisters, though just possibly her grandfather.

As a theological student, I felt piqued at being considered by this common lay creature, nay callous lawyer, to be lacking in right feeling and proper shame. I rallied him on his ultra-sensitiveness and—may I be forgiven!—I called him a girl.

'Why how will you like badgering witnesses, as you are safe to be expected to do, when, no doubt, your humanitarian principles make you hesitate to shoot a rabbit?'

'*Hesitate!* I wouldn't shoot a rabbit to save my immortal soul. But then, I know the feelings of a hunted animal much better than you possibly can.'

So we sat down again and he told me his story.

'You know that last year I went partly round the world, and imitated a vast variety of Romans, in a great many places. Well, in Brazil, four or five of us once went into the woods and began to shoot a sort of coney that takes the place of rabbits there. We had seven or eight dogs to fetch them out of the bushes, while we

shot them in the open, and, at the time, I thought it great sport. After some time, we sent the dogs home and all lay down *sub tegmine fagi*, so to speak, and must have dozed off to sleep. At any rate, this is what *I* did, for I was awakened, roughly enough, by deafening grunts and squeals, that I soon found proceeded from a herd of peccari, that broke suddenly upon us. The whole party took to their heels, in every direction, and sought the shelter of the neighbouring bushes. In our hurry we did not miss our guns, but we soon learnt what had become of them.

The peccari soon found me out and, being unarmed, I deemed it expedient to remove to another station, for the tusks of these little animals soon reach an artery and they are not easily kept at bay. While I scuttled across an open glade, judge of my astonishment when I felt severe wounds all over my legs and learnt from the report of a gun that I had been shot. When I reached shelter, I peered out to see what madman had thus assaulted me.

A very large ape stood at the end of the ride, holding a smoking fowling-piece, into which he thrust a green cartridge, which another handed him from a belt he was carrying. The ape with the gun was chattering over his shoulder, with some others in the background, similarly armed. Evidently, he was explaining why he had failed to bag me. The others took a different view of the matter, and I remember noticing that a very dirty ape with a bald spot on his head was especially derisive. (It is strange how one notices trivial circumstances in moments of extreme peril.) I began to think that I should be safer up a tree, and accordingly I began, very stealthily, to climb an old and roomy specimen near me. Before I could do this, I had attracted the attention of several peccari and was compelled to desist. I dropped to the ground and fell on my back, and in an instant received a scar across the face from the sharp tusk of one of my assailants. Again I had to run, and, as I

crossed to the next cover, the bald-headed ape took a shot, but very wide of the mark.

I can tell you that it was very far from being a joke for me, though those thieves of apes seemed to enjoy it. A straight shot at twenty yards would mean death, and it is only owing to the very bad aim of the baboons that I am here to-day to tell the story. Especially badly did the bald-headed one shoot, which when I noticed, I always made a point of breaking from his end of the cover.

Meanwhile, shots from other directions told me that my companions were in jeopardy as great as mine. Presently, one of the apes, taking aim more recklessly than ever, fired full into the face of another ape, and to this circumstance I think we all owe our lives. The accident caused such excitement among the shooters, that the whole of our party were able to reassemble at the tree where all had been sleeping when the peccari burst upon us.

Very meekly, we made our way home—where we became the laughing-stock of the country. We did not tell our friends of the extremely unpleasant half-hour we spent in running about between the tusks of the swine and the guns of the baboons, but, if I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the agony of that time. I made a vow that I would never draw trigger on fellow-creature again, and that is the easiest vow to keep that I ever took.

'A few days later some settlers came across the thieves and recovered two of the guns. It was with extreme regret that I learnt that the bald-headed ape was slain in the encounter. He shot so badly that I cannot help thinking he let me off several times on purpose.'

For a long time I was silent. Then I hazarded the remark, 'All this is quite true?' I shall not forget the look that he gave me. At last his face cleared a little, and he said—

'I know it must sound strange to you, so I will give you proof. In my rooms I will shew you a cutting from a newspaper, telling how our guns were stolen while we slept, and also a kodak picture a friend was fortunate enough to secure, shewing a big ape making off with my favourite Purdy.'

These proofs he did shew me, that very night, and of this I am glad, for without them I should not have dared to offer this narrative to the Editors of the *Eagle*.

G. G. D.

VAIN HOPES.

VAIN were my hopes, and all my love was vain,
A flickering candle held against a gale,
Born, like a sudden meteor to fail
And leave behind a fiery track of pain.
My storm-tossed spirit never can regain
The old sweet calm, that proved, alas, so frail,
When, like the silver star of evening pale,
Bright love shone forth, but only shone to wane.

The day is done. The sunset's ruddy light
Fades from the fir-stems. Duller grow the skies.
But still the western heavens glimmer bright,
Where far within, though vanished from mine eyes,
Beyond the gleaming portals of the night,
Her spirit waits for mine in Paradise.

H. T.

THE DROWNING OF THORGILS.*

DROWN him, drown him in the lake,
Fell destroyer of the land,
Drown him for all Ireland's sake,
Quench the rafter-burning brand.

Sure a Viking loves the wave,
Loves the water fair to see!
Let it be the warrior's grave,
As it gave, so let it free.

Drown him with a mother's curse,
For the children he hath slain,
Drown him, we can do no worse,
Cannot pay him back each pain.

Drown him with a sweetheart's scream,
Drown him with a vengeful yell,
Let the flood above him gleam,
Send his cursed soul to hell.

.....

See, he grapples now with death,
Death he hath so often given.
See, the waters drown his breath,
See, his soul departs unshriven.

.....

Thorgils, fiend, our debt is paid,
Owel our vengeance shall complete;
Ne'er shalt thou in grave be laid,
Toss there. Ah! revenge is sweet.

R. O. P. T.

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* Thorgils (Turgesuls) is the most celebrated of the "land-leapers," Viking invaders of Ireland who, about the end of the 9th century, swept right across Ireland, plundering and destroying. The career of Thorgils was cut short in the manner above described. Loch Owel is in Westmeath.

CAMUS ET CAMILLI.

Romani...pueros nobiles et investes...Camillos appellant...flaminum* praeministros.

Macrobius.

IT was some time before they emerged from their temporary retirement, and began to stroll homewards along the towpath. But as the day was warm and the magnetism of the river as potent as ever, they decided to make the journey in "short pieces of paddling," as the Poet expressed it; in accordance with which resolution they called an easy at Grassy, sat down in an empty barge by the wharf, and lighted up their pipes again.

"Some day," said the Poet, kicking his heels against the side of the barge, "I intend to write a masterpiece about the Cam: but as yet I can't quite settle in what style to treat the subject. I might attempt it in the Grand or Historico-Classical style, bringing in Julius Caesar, and making him renounce the wish, imputed to him by Lucan, to discover the sources of the Nile, in favour of the more intricate problem of the direction of the Cam's flow, and then ——"

---

* *Note by the Philosopher.* This means "who are always calling on the Deans."

Note by the Poet. No, it doesn't. How could any one call on the dean "investis"?

Note by the Philosopher. "Investis" means "without surplice," stupid!

Note by the Poet. Wrong again! It means 'qui breves deremigare solet.' The true reading is evidently "flammarum praeministros," "bonfire-attendants."

Note by both. We reserve our dissertations until after the establishment of post-graduate degrees.

"Meddle not with Julius Caesar," interrupted the Philosopher: "remember the fate of the other Cinna."

"Well," said the Poet, "suppose I try it in the Lesser or Itinerario-topographical style—something after this manner—

First thrills the Little Bridge the expectant heart
With thoughts of needle and the eager start;
Next the Post Reach, and then the Little Ditch,
Where labouring oarsmen feel the incipient stitch;
To reach which goal oft madly strives the crew,
Ere ticks the stop-watch hand to eighty-two,
And from the towpath hears the dread refrain
"Just turn her, cox, and take her back again!"
Post Corner next where loud-tongued coaches roar
Stern admonitions unto two and four:
Then comes the Gut, where spurts the striving eight,
Where coxswains' shrilly tones ejaculate
The words of mystic import "Now you're straight!"
Next Grassy's bold protuberance we see,
Corner not well beloved of bow and three:
Then up Plough Reach the speedy ship doth run,
Where many a race is lost, and many won.
Now Ditton—stay! what power of speech have I
Wherewith to picture Ditton's galaxy?
The thousand beauties ranked beneath the trees,
The photographic "Now, keep steady, please!"
The ancient oars that cheer their College on,
The roomy barge, the tub-propelling don,"——

Then the Philosopher moved the closure and took the lead himself. "There are some branches of the aquatic art," he remarked, "concerning which we have not yet discoursed. Take the coxswain, for instance. Now the coxswain is a person for whom I often feel a large amount of sympathy. I once steered an eight myself—only once, and then for but two hundred yards; for at the end of that distance my boat, and all others within reasonable range, were dissolved into their constituent atoms, and I, like the original Palinurus, found myself

in the water. Still the experience gave me a great insight into the difficulties of a coxwain's position."

"Ah!" murmured the Poet:

"There once was a captain who steered,
But his second appearance is feared;
For two funnies, one whiff,
Three fours and a skiff
Are said to have quite disappeared."

The Philosopher took no notice of the interpolation, but resumed his discourse. "The only point in which a coxswain really scores an advantage lies in the fact that he is not obliged to train, and can accordingly jeer at those who are. But even this amusement is not without its dangers and should be but seldom indulged in, unless the coxswain be endowed with superlative nimbleness and given to early rising."

"An orthophoetosycophant, in fact," remarked the Poet, remembering the days when the Lent boat crews used to pull him out of bed.

"A judicious amount of training, too," continued the Philosopher, "would often be of no small advantage. What more pathetic sight is there than a coxswain who starts his career with not ill-founded hopes of winning distinction, and then begins to increase in bulk, his prospects sinking as his weight rises, till the vision of a 'blue' fades first to the less artistic white of a Trial Cap, and then sets altogether?"

"Yes," remarked the Poet; "this is the manner of it:

I once was a light little cox,
The smartest that ever was seen;
For I stood but five three in my socks,
And weighed barely seven thirteen:
The figures I give you are true,
And I coxed in a club Trial Eight;
And they said I was sure of my blue,
And I was—till I went up in weight.

The change was begun in the Vac.,
For I spared not the well-fatted calf;
And I found myself, when I came back,
Increased by a stone and a half.
Still they set me to cox a Lent crew,
But docked my allowance of prog,
Threw doubts on my chance of a blue,
And said I was fat as a hog.

Yet still there comes increase of weight,
My garments expansion require,
I project o'er each side of the eight,
And my buttons are fastened with wire.
They make me take runs in the Backs,
(Now my running is marvellous poor):
And their pointed allusions to "stacks"
Are very ill-natured, I'm sure.

O 'Varsity President, you
Are in need of an oarsman of weight:
Then give me, O give me my blue!
Next year 'twill, I fear, be too late.
For if in this way I enlarge,
Next year, I would have you to note,
Nought less than the bulkiest barge
Will be able to hold me and float!"

"Let us now pass on," said the Philosopher, "from the coxswain to the coach. For the coach is another person who engages my sympathy. I have often coached a boat myself, and for myself my sympathy is always prodigious: which may be termed the encouragement of home industries. However there are coaches and coaches, in every varying degree, from the bold, blatant, and bad-languaged, to the smooth, sententious, and serio-comic. Now the coach, though he may often give the crew a bad time of it, is not always able to reserve a correspondingly good time for himself: seeing these things go in direct and not inverse proportion. For the three requisites for enjoyable coaching are a fine day,

a good crew, and a horse of easy action and somewhat sedate habits. But when it is raining and blowing hard, when the crew takes more than two minutes over the Post Reach, with the rest of the course to match, and when the horse is inclined to give you your choice between the river and the ditch, then the language of ordinary conversation is wholly insufficient to describe the full unenviability of the coach's position."

"Quite so," said the Poet:

"It's somewhat unpleasant to row
In a boat that's unsteady and slow,
To be rated and baited
And horribly slated,
And told that your rowing's so-so,
You know,
That you'll have to do better or go.

But what of the man on the gee?
Not unalloyed pleasure has he:
Though it's skittles and beer
If you're able to cheer,
Yet when the crew's shocking to see,
Dear me!
It's quite the reverse of a spree.

When the crew's getting lazy and slack,
When they're losing their smartness and smack,
You would gladly throw bricks
When the stroke swears at six,
And six is inclined to talk back,
Good lack!
How their heads you could cheerfully crack!

Yet you'll find it will compensate when
They are swinging and shoving like men;
You will lose power of speech
As you see the crew reach
The Pike and Eel under nine ten,
Oh then—
What an impotent thing is the pen!"

"From the coach," resumed the Philosopher, "we may appropriately pass on to the coach's steed, or *gee*, as it is more commonly called. I have often read in the works of Mark Twain and others of a 'Mexican plug'; but why a horse should be called a plug was beyond my comprehension, until I saw a towpath gee, and discovered the origin and significance of the term: for the word 'plug' is a method of stating the value of the animal in tobacco, which, no doubt, formed the primitive currency in those countries. But of recent years, owing, no doubt, to the appreciation of tobacco at Cambridge, the name has come to be regarded as overrating the value of the beast, and has accordingly been dropped in favour of the more modern term of *gee*. This name—so say the best classical authorities—is derived from the Greek particle γε, which, except in the Greek Iambics of the modern undergraduate, means 'at any rate'; and by a judicious application of the well-known *lucus a non lucendo* principle we find that it refers to the animal's want of pace."

"Still," said the Poet, "just as misfortunes are said never to come singly, so we find that curiosities generally appear in couples. Hence the rider, or perhaps rather the rider's riding, is often a fitting adjunct to the horse. So we must not be too hard on him.

The towpath gee, the towpath gee,
That zoologic mystery!
His counterpart you'll never see
In any natural history:
A strangely put together beast,
(To judge by what I see of them):
He always boasts two legs at least,
And often musters three of them."

"Hence," interrupted the Philosopher, "the true origin of the word *tripos*: for in ancient times these animals were employed in ploughing." "Now

Heaven save us from these philologists," said the Poet. "Don't interrupt.

His pace is usually not
  Much faster than the river is;
His action, when he tries to trot,
  Exciting to the liver is.
He often takes to playing tricks,
  This equine curiosity;
He sometimes shies, he sometimes kicks
  With out-of-place ferocity.

Yet still I like him. Though he fall
  Or chuck me, what is that to me?
There's no such other beast in all
  Comparative anatomy.
Long may he flourish! For although
  Sarcastic critics are with him,
He somehow suits me; for, you know,
  My riding's on a par with him."

"We have now," said the Philosopher, "gone through almost the whole aquatic pantheon. However, before we leave the subject, let us speak of those whom people usually stigmatise as 'crocks.' I doubt whether there is a better or truer rowing man on the river than the good old-fashioned hopeless 'crock.' I have known many of them and have come to respect their very deficiencies. Year by year they row on without hope of advancement, or even of more success than an occasional scratch four or junior trial can give, ever cheerful and persevering in spite of the most discouraging circumstances. And where his club is concerned, the genuine crock is always as keen as if he assisted it to win the Grand Challenge Cup every morning before breakfast. Let us therefore give him some of the recognition that he deserves but seldom gets."

Then the Poet sang his praises as follows:

"Not in a strain of pungent ridicule
  I sing the humbler votaries of the oar,
Disturbers of the peace of Barnwell Pool,
  The butt of budding poets heretofore.
Others may mock their crabs, their clumsiness,
  Their splashing, digging, bucketing may chide;
The task is easy; yet must all confess
  He hath done something who hath only tried.
Men call them crocks: but, call them what you will,
They row more rightly oft than some that have more skill.

What craves the noble science of her son,
  Who to that title fitly would aspire?
Not strength alone, though measured by the ton,
  Nor only skill doth she of him require.
Nay, though of greatest potency be these
  Corporeal glories, lacks there something more;
Not only physical the qualities
  That go to making up the perfect oar:
And the worst crock that ever yet was seen
Is higher than a beast, is more than a machine.

And have these nothing, though their form be poor,
  If patriotic effort have its part
With pluck and perseverance? For, be sure,
  The gist of rowing lieth in the heart—
The sturdy heart that learneth how to bear
  An oarsman's troubles, that may feel the stings
Of disappointment, yet not know despair,
  But persevere in hope of better things:
Add also (O si adfuisset semper!)
The oarsman's greatest gift, unruffleable temper."

After this they rose and walked slowly along the towpath as far as Ditton, stopping again just at the beginning of the Long Reach.

"Many a tight race have I seen along here," said the Philosopher: "I rowed myself in one of the tightest of them too. It's a horrid experience to be chased from here to the finish with the gap between

your rudder and defeat varying from one foot to three. But if you come out of it successfully, it's a thing to be remembered for a lifetime."

"I have not forgotten the race you speak of," said the Poet. "How does this tally with your recollections?

'Twas just after Ditton was rounded,
That they came with a rush in the straight,
And loudly their rattles were sounded,
Portending our imminent fate;
And their men on the towpath were shouting,
Plunging madly through gravel and dirt,
And they thought they were in for an outing,
As they yelled to their stroke for a spurt.

And it came—like a rush of sea horses:
What hope to escape it had we?
In practice we'd done no fast courses;
All said we were slow as could be.
Aye, it came, like the waves o'er the shingle
Driven on by the flow of the tide;
It came, and it made our blood tingle,
It came, but it slackened and died.

It died, but with sudden reviving
Came again, and again it grew slack;
And on we went, somehow contriving
To stave off their direst attack.
For our stroke was as sturdy a hero
As ever won chaplet of bay,
And even when hope was at zero,
Still somehow he kept us away.

And once 'twas a matter of inches,
And often 'twas less than a yard;
But base is the oarsman that flinches,
Though fortune be never so hard:
So we struggled right home to the finish,
With a gap of a yard at the most,
But we suffered that not to diminish
Till, by George, we were safe past the post."

"Those were hard times," said the Philosopher as they continued their homeward walk. "Suppose we have something more cheerful to take us along. For rowing, like most other things, has its ups and downs, and, if you stick to it, you get compensation for these little annoyances in time. In fact, I doubt whether it's a good thing for a man to be very successful at the beginning of his career. A little wholesome adversity will keep his ideas on the subject of himself at the proper discount, and make his success all the sweeter, when it comes—and it will come if he deserves it."

"Well," said the Poet, "here's a ditty to remind you of some more of the old days:

When the crew's rowing well,
When the ship's going well,
Moving like creature alive,
When there is nought to do
Save what is sport to do,
Only to swing and to drive,
Then there's a pleasure, lads,
Passing all measure, lads,
Which to the heart it reveals,
Thing to be waited for,
Worth being slated for,
Only to know how it feels.

Even and long the stroke,
Clean, crisp, and strong the stroke,
Gripping the water right back;
Long, smooth, and straight the swing,
Steady as fate the swing,
Blades getting hold with a smack;
No dirty finishing
Rhythm diminishing,
Legs working hard as a horse;
Leaps to the lift the ship,
Steady and swift the ship,
Over the whole of the course.

Then though the days be dark,
Though hopes of bays be dark,
Stick to it "steady and true:"
Be your stroke long enough,
Be your faith strong enough,
And you will turn out a crew.
Then a good time will come,
Moments sublime will come,
Worth all the trouble bestowed,
Words benedictory,
Glory, and victory,
Then you'll have really rowed."

"I was just about to remark," began the Philosopher—

"*Sed iam satis est philosophatum*," interrupted the Poet: "it's getting nearly time for luncheon."

"*Tu poeta es prorsus ad eam rem unicus*," retorted the Philosopher.

R. H. F.

SOME CIGARETTE PAPERS.

I WENT into my friend Johnson's rooms the other day, and found him out. I don't mean found him out in the ordinary sense, I did that long ago, once and for all; what I mean here is that I found he was not in. Johnson is a very refined sort of person—refined people in these days always bear some *banal* name like Johnson, or Smith, or Boggs, the reason being, I think, that they cultivate refinement as a set-off against their names.

Having helped myself to the best cigarette I could find, I proceeded to investigate his waste-paper basket. Among the heap of deceased "comps." and unpaid bills it contained, I found a small cardboard cigarette box covered with little paragraphs written in lead-pencil.

I went away with the box and some more cigarettes. The cigarettes I have smoked, the notes are transcribed below, in the order of their occurrence on the box. I have endeavoured to discover some order in them, but have failed. I may mention that Johnson and order are not on speaking terms. The only order he ever has is a coal order, and that he promptly gives away.

* * * * * *

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have but my cigarette, and from the bore am free,
Angels alone that soar above enjoy such liberty.

* * * * * *

Cigarettes are productive of a most delightful egotism in conversation. They lead men to narrate the little incidents of their history in a most delightful manner—little incidents, scarcely stories, which make the narrator's personality so much clearer and so much more charming, drawing us closer together, fastening our friendship with yet another white bolt. They are not told in a boasting spirit—and here greatly lies the charm—but in illustration of the matter in hand, in perfect sincerity, and without a trace of self-assertiveness.

* * * * * *

I do not like the man who says *cig*. It is profane, it is irreverent, it is contemptuously familiar.

* * * * * *

The graceful sound of cigarette seems so fitting. The slender white-coated shaft has all the delicate grace of the word—this word and this work were made for one another. And contrast *cigarette* lisping gently from the lips with the rampant sound of *cigar* and the vulgar sound of *pipe*. One can imagine the fairest of of fair women saying, *cigarette*—but those other words!

* * * * * *

Who could imagine an angel with a pipe! But a cigarette would not soil even an angel's fingers. I myself have seen cigarettes in the fingers and between the lips of the visible angels of this world! the cigarettes seemed perfectly in place, and a shade more charming, a little hallowed. But to return to the invisible, I am sure my guardian angel indulges in cigarettes. I know she is kinder to me when I smoke them.

* * * * * *

The cigarette is the property of the refined man, cigars are too brutal, pipes too unclean. But between his white fingers, between his cultured lips, it finds its resting place, and there perishes in its rapture.

It does not load the air with heavy fumes, but sends up its own tiny column of dark blue smoke quickly towards the sky, while a slower, broader stream flows from the smoker's lips.

It looks at home among his books and papers—is its own garment not of paper too, paper refined to the last degree of thinness?

* * * * * *

I should define a Vandal as a person capable of writing a verse in which *cigarette* should be made to rhyme with *you bet*.

* * * * * *

If I were in search of a new religion, I should worship my cigarette, the little idol with its tiny inscription in letters of gold—not the cigarette my own hands have made, but the beauty that appears in full perfection from I know not where, like Minerva springing from the head of Jove. Out of the unknown this charmer comes to me finished, complete, robed in white for its martyr-death.

On our crusades we should bear it before us, embroidered in silver on a banner of cloth of gold (despite the pedantry of heralds), as we went forth conquering and to conquer.

And we should light up the darkest corner of the land with its red glow, and from the lowliest cottage and the greatest palace its sweet columns of incense should arise.

DE TROP.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM BARNES:

A NOTE.

IN the fourteenth volume of the *Eagle* (pp. 363, etc.) a brief opinion was given that there was something more than ordinary in the quality of the poetry of a member of the College then just deceased, William Barnes. Not much was said then, as the writer was quite aware that he might only be cherishing an Idol of the Cave in thinking so highly of the Dorsetshire poet. But last year appeared a small collection of essays by Mr Coventry Patmore*, in whom no such bias can be suspected, and this contains not only more than one most forcible expression of the poet-critic's opinion by way of *obiter dictum*, but also an Essay with the judicial title, *A Modern Classic, William Barnes.* In an Essay on *Distinction*, Mr Patmore speaks of Barnes along with Matthew Arnold, Newman, and Tennyson; and, further on, he refers to a saying of Mr G. S. Venables that there had been "no poet of such peculiar perfection since Horace": and to the "generous and courageous justice" done to him by Professor Palgrave. For himself, he says, referring to the dislike of "distinction" by the crowd and its favourite arbiters of literary taste, "Witness the fate of William Barnes, who, though far from being the deepest or most powerful, was by far the most uniformly 'distinguished' poet of our time."

* *Religio Poetæ, etc.* By Coventry Patmore. G. Bell & Sons, 1893.

In the Essay named, no. XIX of the collection, Mr Patmore explains what he means by a "Classic," and works up to the conclusion that it is he "in whose every verse poetic feeling breathes in words of unlaboured perfection." He elaborates this in reference to the Dorsetshire poems by bringing out the perfect attainment of their aim, and the absolutely natural, unlaboured quality of their art. This is no exaggeration or distortion of judgment such as would be involved in calling Barnes a poet of the first *magnitude*, or even the second, but it is claimed that he is a poet of the first *water*. It is claimed therefore that he should have "an abiding place among such minor classics as Herbert, Suckling, Herrick, Burns, and Blake"; and surpass him though every one of these may "in some point of wit, sweetness, subtlety, or force," he surpasses them all in "the sustained perfection of his art" and in "the lovely innocence which breathes from his songs of nature and natural affection." And, finally, Mr Patmore, shrinking from the vulgarity and disorganisation of present Art, concludes his Essay with the expression of his opinion that Barnes may be one of the last English poets likely to be regarded as a classic in the sense assigned.

There is no need for us to endorse every opinion expressed by Mr Patmore, either in its generality, or in its application to Barnes. But it may be permitted us to suggest to readers of the *Eagle* in search of a summer companion that they may, with every confidence of winning a source of permanent enjoyment, seek the friendship of this latest poet on our long roll.

A. C.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

I MUST plead guilty to having chosen the title of my paper before considering whether I had aught to say on the subject. But, perhaps, a title is not of much importance, indeed I have the support of the Master (of Brantwood), in choosing a title which is hardly akin to my subject-matter, for I have heard that country shepherds are sometimes surprised when they receive Mr Ruskin's work *On the Construction of Sheepfolds* as a gift likely to prove acceptable.

On proceeding to consider whether there *was* any relationship between literature and science, I found myself in difficulties. Looking about for a subject concerning which one might compare the utterances of the devotees of literature and of science, I fixed upon 'life' as being of interest to all of us. My search seemed to prove that the literary man looked upon things from an entirely different point of view to that taken by the labourer in the field of science, and that it would be hopeless on this line to attempt to trace any relationship between literature and science. Thus, whilst the poet speaks of life as "an empty dream," it is defined by the philosopher as "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences."

This was not encouraging.

After further consideration, I discovered an important relationship, hitherto overlooked. It is evident that literature is the rich relation who condescends to introduce poor science to the British Public. Therefore, we find that the infant is nourished with milk and Arabella B*ckl*y, the schoolboy dilutes his toffee with Gr*nt All*n, the middle-aged man takes his grog with a chapter of T*nd*ll, whilst the veteran is cheered into his grave by the edifying patter of Dr K*nns.

It is true that there have been great scientific men who were also literary; for instance, it is stated that the first sentence of Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, with one or two verbal changes, makes two lines of English heroic verse. But this is exceptional. Moreover, little pleasure is obtained by discussing what is good and perfect; let us rather consider the effusions of the tiro, for the pleasantest of all work is destructive criticism.

The aspiring literary youth, pure and simple, is one who has nothing to say, but an agreeable way of saying it; whilst the future writer of scientific monographs and epoch-making memoirs has usually something to communicate, but does not know how to do it. How awful then must be the products of the hybrid scientific-literary stripling! Let us examine a type.

The populariser of science is characterised mainly by his scorn for the unpopular, or, I should rather say, super-popular scientific genius. He serves up a hash consisting of some quasi-scientific knowledge, a description of scenery, and a certain amount of buffoonery. Notice his style.

"One sunny day, as I was wandering listlessly along the rolling chalk-downs of southern England, conscious through the medium of a freshening south-westerly breeze that the boundless ocean, though unseen, was yet not afar off, I diverted my glance from the magnifi-

cent mammilated mass of cumulus cloud that, rising dome above dome into the serene azure, was cut off sharply below as by a scythe, to the sweet short turf beneath my feet (turf so dear to the breeder of the race-horse and the judge of good mutton), when my eye was averted by the appearance of an insignificant flower, which anyone but a very close observer would have passed unheeded. The botanist, proud of his little lore, would have named it the *Herminium monorchis*, but let us use a good English name, and speak of the ball-footed bedpost plant."

(Here will follow an inaccurate description of the flower, its mode of fertilisation, a few patronising remarks on Darwin, and a concluding paragraph calling attention to the wisdom of Dame Nature—and of the writer.)

Very different is the style of the next author, who has a little knowledge of many sciences, and is hard on all. Listen to him crushing the geologist, as the most crawling of earthly worms:—

"And of scientists, to use one of the words which have sprung up around the false prophets of Nature, surely the most ignoble is the geologist. Ignoble not in his calling, but in his methods. For thrown amongst scenes that should purify, and amidst surroundings that should elevate, he wilfully rejects the pearl of great price, and wallows in the mire of ignorance. Him, alone amongst men, have I tried to instruct in vain. He has turned aside from the mighty crystal of the Matterhorn, and the perfect pellucidity of the agate, and devoted his time to palaeontology, and so since the days of J. D. Forbes, no geologist has rightly delineated mountain form, and none has taken up my challenge, and accounted, as I the humblest of students have done, for the variations of crystal-architecture in a mass of silver. Therefore geology, which with anatomy should share in the glory of being the science of the study of beauty (for the curve of the mountain-

slope and the curve of the girlish figure each contains the perfect embodiment of loveliness, that is of love), geology, I say, is of no account, and the geologist, who should be uplifted above his fellows, is abased; witness the words of the seer:

> 'Some drill and bore
> The solid earth, and from the strata there
> Extract a register, by which we learn
> That He who made it and revealed its date
> To Moses, was mistaken in its age.'

Notice the expression, "extract a register." Nothing of poetry, nothing of harmony, nothing of love,—naught is extracted save a meaningless collection of facts over which men cackle and dispute, as fowls on a dust-heap. Woe unto you geologists, who, for the sounding of hammer and tinkling of chisel, hear not the voice of Nature."

Many other ways of introducing science to the people might be noted, as for example that of the Extension Lecturer with his syllabus, lantern, and persuasive eloquence; but he deserves a paper to himself. I will end with one method of popularising science which has, I believe, a great future before it. It is the statement of scientific facts in doggerel rhyme. It has long been dear to us as an easy medium for conveying a requisite knowledge of Paley's *Evidences*, and has been otherwise utilised; but as a method of teaching science, it has not received the attention it deserves. As this is probably the most degrading mode of instructing the public in the truths of science, I need not apologise for quoting a short didactic effusion of my own, written for this purpose, and with this will bring my paper to a close.

PRE-HISTORIC PEEPS IN CAMBRIDGE.

> When Camus did once quickly travel,
> Instead of mud, he carried gravel,
> (Whilst now, in times of fiercest flood
> He carries nought but murky mud).

No gutter then through slimy flats
Did ooze surcharged with freight of cats;
A *river* flowing 'midst the hills
Received as tribute sparkling rills.
The hills resounded with the bellow
Of *Urus* challenging his fellow;
Aroused from slumber by the *Bos*,
Came forth the huge *Rhinoceros;*
The *Mammoth* with his gleaming tusk
Crashed through the foliage at dusk;
Whilst man, amongst this frightful horde
Was then, as now, Creation's lord;
Though some there are who would dispute
His claims as lord of fowl and brute.
'Tis true, the beasts on which he preyed
Received no thrust from metal blade—
Indeed man could not polish stone,
But splintered bits of flint and bone,
And, taking 'vantage of the cracks,
Made pre-historic spear and axe.
For details of his home and dress
(The latter scanty); evening mess
Of mammoth-pottage; love and hate;
His views concerning future state;
The ways in which his foes were smitten;
See Dawkins, *Early Man in Britain.*

X. TREME.

HAFIZ.

(Read at a meeting of "The Critics" on May 19, 1894.)

I.

I DO not know if my readers share the difficulty with myself of transporting thoughts, mental notes of the proportion of history, at a moment's notice, as Mr Anstey's theosophist said that he could his body, many thousand miles. I am alarmed to think with what untoward brevity all the most important cardinal-points of the world's ages fade into shocking indefiniteness, till one comes to believe that the story books with their 'in days of old' are really the best teachers of method for acquiring history, in preference to such painful masters of chronological exactitude, as, for example, the Welsh genealogists, who are proud to inscribe on the margin of their family-tree a remark that at this period the Flood happened.

And if history so plays the cheat, I confess that in geography I, for one, am no better. I do not mean that, with the subject well-prepared, it does not seem incredible not to know the number of miles from San Francisco to the Cape, but the merest divergence of interest will drive such knowledge away, and one feels inclined to reply to such enquiries with the Father of History that though one has been told, one would not willingly mention.

Things are worse when the subject so described can, in no human probability, become part of one's visual experiences. So that the laugh—to come to the matter

immediately in hand—is all with such men as Sir John Malcolm, or Professor Palmer, or Mr E. G. Browne of Pembroke, the first chapter of whose *Year among the Persians* is as good reading for a Cambridge man, whatever be his course of study, as, to my knowledge, can be found anywhere; or the Hon George Curzon, whose encyclopædic work on *Persia* does equal honour to a sister University. Listen to these 'travellers' tales,' to a page, and that an introductory one, taken at random from such writers as these:—"Resuming my journey at Teheran the opportunity will await us," it runs, "of seeing something of a Court whose splendour is said to have formerly rivalled that of the great Mogul, of a Government which is still, with the exception of China, the most oriental in the East, and of a city which unites the unswerving characteristics of an Asiatic capital with the borrowed trappings of Europe. Thence the high road—only ninety miles of which is a road in any known sense of the word—will lead us across the successive partitions of the great plateau, possessing a mean elevation of 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea, that occupies the heart of Persia; and whose manifold mountain ridges intervene, like the teeth of a saw, between the northern and southern seas. In the plains of greater or less extent lying at their base we shall find, in the shape of large but ruined cities, the visible records of faded magnificence, of unabashed misrule, and of internal decay. Kum, from behind its curtain of fanaticism and mystery, will reveal the glitter of the golden domes that overhang the resting place of saints and the sepulchre of kings. Isfahan, with its wreck of fallen palaces, its acres of wasted pleasaunce, its storeyed bridges, that once rang beneath the tread of a population numbered at 650,000, will tell a tale of deeper pathos, although in its shrill and jostling marts we may still observe evidence of mercantile activity and a prospering international trade. Shiraz, which once re-echoed the blithe anacreontics of Hafiz, and the more demure

philosophy of Sadi, preserves and cherishes the poets' graves; but its merry gardens, its dancing fountains, and its butterfly existence have gone the way of the singers who sang their praises, and are now only a shadow and a lament. In this neighbourhood, and in eloquent juxtaposition to these piles of modern ruin, occur at intervals the relics of a grander imagination and a more ancient past. Here on the plain still stands the white marble mausoleum that, in all probability, once held the gold coffin and the corpse of Cyrus. At no great distance the rifled sepulchre of Darius gapes from its chiselled hollow in the scarp of a vertical cliff. Opposite, the princely platform of Persepolis lifts its dwindling columns, and amid piles of *débris* displays the sculptured handiwork that graced the palace of Xerxes and the halls of Artaxerxes."*

It is something, when the secretaries of our India office can write like that. But the truth is, there is a fascination about the Far East, which has exerted itself over some of the greatest thinkers. It is so different from what has been described as our "multitudinous detail," our "secular stability and the vast average of comfort" of the West.† Goethe himself, just about the time that Europe was to undergo its final Napoleonic convulsion, the year before Waterloo, turned to the East for inspiration, and set about his *West-östliche Diwan:* and it bears the mark of the time, for Timur is Napoleon himself. Goethe was followed by Rückert and Platen. But it is a matter of national pride that in this the English had already anticipated them, in the pages of Forster. Goethe, I have said, was absorbed in the study by 1814—1815; we here may be forgiven for remembering that three years earlier a member of this college had landed in Shiraz. The pages of Emerson are replete with tributes to the genius of the East. Victor Hugo, though he attempted it in his *Orientales*, did not, if the ex-

* Curzon, *Persia*, I. 9, 10. † Emerson, *Persian Poetry*, p. 174.

pression in its double sense may be permitted, arrive so far. Nor must we omit Lamartine. The influence of the East may be found in Calderon and Brahms. In our own country Robert Browning did much, and Mr George Meredith in a book that some of us will forbear to characterize yields to the charm.

I hasten to set the minds of my readers at rest by stating at once that I have no intention of giving them even in the tersest phrases a sketch of Persian History. The painful student will find no less than 100 pages of the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia* devoted to that time and country. Most of us have sold our Xenophons, though Herodotus is still with us. But it will not, I think, be out of place to devote a few words to Shiraz, the city of Hafiz, and then without more ado we will ring up the curtain and begin.

The traveller who shall have passed through the Strait of Ormuz into the Persian Gulf will find himself taken 500 miles up the eastern coast to the Port of Bushire, if that can be called Port which is unworthy of the name,* and Bushire, which is separated by only 170 miles from Shiraz. But—and it is refreshing to come across any place that is not connected nowadays with every other by railway nor posting road—these 170 miles must be covered by caravan. They consist of a series of parallel ridges which from their character and steepness may almost be characterised as ladders, and which rise to a height of over 7,000 feet above the Persian Gulf. The island communication of Shiraz, it is consoling to think, is easier; and the 600 miles of road connecting Shiraz with Isfahan, Kashan, Kum, and Teheran may be managed, in Mr Curzon's words, as fast as spur, bridle, and horsehoof can forward the traveller.† The sea route which I have indicated is the one used by

* Curzon, i 46. † Ib. i 46—7.

all visitors coming from India and by all Indian and English merchandise going as far north as Isfahan.

Shiraz itself lies in a valley about ten miles in width by thirty in length:* Shiraz, of which Sadi has said that 'it turns aside the heart of the traveller from his native land.'† The Zerghun gateway consists of a fortification completely stretching across the pass from mountain to mountain, and in the upper storey of the gateway over the arch is a chamber containing, upon a desk, a colossal copy of the Koran said to weigh eight tons, of which it is popularly believed that if one leaf were removed it would equal in weight the entire volume.‡ From the gate to the city walls is now bare and desolate, though once very different. One hundred and twenty years ago the population stood at 50,000. It is now from 20,000 to 30,000 only. The histories relate that it was founded in A.D. 694, exactly 1,200 years ago; but it must really be much older. A legend of the Three Kings, who in Marco Polo's days were reputed to have started from here, is so good, that I am sorry I must not stop to repeat it. But Herbert speaks thus of the city, and is approved by its latest historian:

"Here art magick was first hatched; here Nimrod for some time lived; here Cyrus, the most excellent of Heathen Princes, was born; and here (all but his head, which was sent to Pisigard) intombed. Here the Great Macedonian glutted his avarice and Bacchism. Here the first Sibylla sung our Saviour's incarnation. Hence the Magi are thought to have set out towards Bethlehem, and here a series of 200 Kings have swayed their scepters."§ (1627).

As early as 1330 it was famous. Ibn Batuta speaks of the tomb here of Abn Abdullah, who wandered about Ceylon with a sanctity so well established that it was recognised by the elephants. The city grew and

* Ib. ii 95. † Ib. 93. ‡ Ib. 94. § Ib. 96.

grew, so that in later days the vain-glorious saying arose, 'When Shiraz was Shiraz, Cairo was one of its suburbs.' In 1474 the Italian Angiolello numbered its inhabitants at 200,000. Yet by 1668, thanks to inundation and earthquakes, the city was little better than a ruin. About 1770 it was entirely rebuilt of stone. The Kajars pulled all this down and rebuilt it again in mud. Though regarded as a princedom for a son of the Shah, the Shah himself has never visited Shiraz in all his long reign. Mr Curzon describes its Ark, and Old Palace, the audience chamber of which is now occupied by the Indo-European and Persian Telegraph office. Its bazaar is the finest in Persia. Shiraz wine and Shiraz tobacco, which are both so famous, are completely consumed, says Mr Curzon, at home; the tobacco sold as Shiraz elsewhere coming from other districts. Some old Shiraz wine which he drank, he tells us, was by far the best he tasted in Persia. Let my hearers not think that I am wandering far from my text. These Shirazi characteristics are, as we shall see, of importance. But to return to our wine: 'It is incredible,' says another traveller, 'to see what quantities they drink at a merry meeting, and how unconcerned the next day they appear, and brisk about their Business, and will quaff you thus a whole week together.'* Among natural products especially mentioned are moss-roses and the nightingale, which seems to be precisely similar to our English bird. The real life of Shiraz indeed was always chiefly in its gardens, an out-of-door life, a sort of perennial May Week. 'In all my life,' said Herbert in the 17th century, 'I never saw people more jocund and less quarrelsome."

Just one word on these gardens that Hafiz loved so much. 'From the outside, a square or oblong enclosure is visible, enclosed by a high mud wall,

* Ib. ii, 100—1.

over the top of which appears a dense bouquet of trees. The interior is thickly planted with lofty pyramidal cypresses, broad spreading chenawrs, tough elm, straight ash, knotty pines, fragrant masticks, kingly oaks, sweet myrtles, useful maples. They are planted down the sides of long alleys, admitting of no view but a vista, the surrounding plots being a jungle of bushes and shrubs. Water courses along in channels or is conducted into tanks. Sometimes the gardens rise in terraces to a pavilion at the summit, whose reflection in a pool below is regarded as a triumph of landscape gardening. There are no neat walks, or shaped flower-beds, or stretches of sward. All is tangled and untrimmed. Such beauty as arises from shade and the purling of water is all that a Persian requires. Here he comes with a party, or his family, or his friends; they establish themselves under the trees, and, with smoking, and tea-drinking and singing, wile away the idle hour.' In a typical one, such as I have described, the traveller comes upon the tomb of an English explorer—perhaps an ideal resting-place to some. In another you may come across 'closely-veiled Persian ladies, waddling along like bales of blue cotton set up on end' after spending an agreeable afternoon in the shade. †

One mile from the town in a north-easterly direction, just under the mountains, lies the tomb of Sadi, who, with the subject of my paper, shares the chiefest honours of this town. Nearer the city, and on the outskirts of its northern suburbs, in a cemetery crowded with Moslem graves, surrounded by a frail iron railing, visited by bands of admiring pilgrims, is the last resting-place—I take shelter behind the deliberate words of a man who is nowise given to exaggeration, the Indian statesman to whose most statesmanlike book I have alluded—'the resting-place of a national hero

* Ib. 103. † Ib. 105.

and the object of adoration to millions,'* the tomb of Hafiz.

What is the kernel, if such be the husk?

II.

It will be convenient to bear in mind five dates. The death of Mahomet took place in 632. Nearly 400 years later, in 1020, died Firdusi, 'the unhappy and sublime Michael Angelo of Persian history.' Not quite a hundred years later, in 1116, Nizami was born, and the date of his death brings us to A.D. 1200. Sadi died in 1292. The year of the birth of Hafiz is unknown, but he died either in 1388, or, as his tomb declares, in 1391. His boyhood therefore fell in the last years of Dante's life, and he succeeds Sadi by almost exactly a century. The 15th century is represented by Jami (1414—1492). There was one more poet, and then the seals were set.—Mahomet, Firdusi, Sadi, Hafiz, Jami.† It may be worth pointing out that Omar Khayyam comes between Firdusi and Sadi (1050—1123).

As little is known, it has well been said,‡ of the life of Hafiz, as is known of Shakespeare's. He seems to have lived in quiet retirement and literary ease. He studied poetry and theology, and mystic philosophy, and enrolled himself in an order of dervishes. He studied the Koran to such an extent that a college was specially founded for him in which he held the post of Professor, even as a prefecture for Horace: and it is from his devotion to the Koran, in fact, that he owes his *sobriquet*, for Hafiz merely means "one who remembers" and is technically applied to any person who has learned the Koran by heart. The restraints of asceticism were little to his taste, and his 'loose conduct and wine-bibbing propensities' drew on him the censure of his colleagues: with what result we shall see. Several

* *Ib.* 109. † *Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1892. ‡ *Macmillan's Magazine*, xxx. 252 (by Prof. Cowell).

monarchs during his lifetime invited him to go and see them; one in the South of India, and Hafiz actually set out. Crossing the Indus he passed through Lahore to Ormuz, and embarked on a vessel specially sent for him. He seems, however, to have been a bad sailor, and having invented an excuse for being put on shore,* Hafiz wrote an ode which is still preserved, and gave it to his friends to give to the Vazir. He himself had had enough of the sea and made the best of his way back to Shiraz. There are a few more anecdotes, true and apocryphal, nothing more.

Hafiz's poems are all ostensibly about love and wine. Sir W. Jones called him "the Anacreon of Persia." But all Persian poetry has a sufi or mystical character. It is the old question of the *Song of Songs*. As to the character, literal or mystical, of Hafiz's poetry, erudite Persians still dispute.† The subject is somewhat beyond the limits of this paper.‡

III.

The form of the *ghazal*, in which Hafiz wrote, is well known. It is an ode which must not exceed seventeen couplets and is usually compressed in seven or eight. The first two lines rhyme, and this rhyme recurs at the end of every alternate remaining one, the intermediate one being left free. The couplets are left free and need have no connexion. They are mere pearls on a string. But the last couplet always introduces the poet's name. The ghazals themselves are arranged alphabetically according to the initial

* *Encycl. Brit.* Ed. IX. But see also *Macmillan's Magazine, loc. cit.*, p. 253.

† Curzon. ii. 106.

‡ "What room for How and Why, when God is wise," says Hafiz. The most concise key to Oriental Mysticism, as far as I am aware, will be found in E. H. Palmer's Work, bearing that title (*Oriental Mysticism*, Cambridge, 1867).

letter, so forming a *Diwan*. Here is one ghazal that is both typical and perfect:

"If the hand of thy musk-scented tresses hath sinned against me, and if the dark mole of thy cheek hath been heartless to me, gone is gone!

If the lightning of love hath destroyed the harvest of the poor wool-garbed dervish, or if the tyranny of a mighty king hath injured the beggar, gone is gone!

If a heart hath been oppressed by the glance of the beloved who hath it in keeping, or if aught hath marred the concord between lover and loved one, gone is gone!

If complaints have been spread abroad by the tale-bearers, or if among comrades aught unfitting hath been spoken, gone is gone!

On the highway of love should be no heart-burning:—bring me wine! When aught that was impure has become pure again, gone is gone!

In the game of love, patience is needful: be strong, my heart! If there was heart-pain, if there was cruelty, gone is gone!

O preacher, be not eloquent on the backslidings of Hafiz, who hath escaped from the cloister. Who shall bind the foot of the freeman? Gone is gone."

Indeed Hafiz is no stickler for compromising measures. "If my heart draws me to the musk-scented grape," he says, "so be it! From austerity and hypocrisy cometh no sweet smell." Still more gracefully he pens his own independence, "I am the slave of his will," he says "who, under the azure vault is free from the colour of submission." And twice again he speaks; "Where do they sell the wine which overcometh the Sufi? for I am consumed with anger at the hypocrisy of the devotee!" "The flame of hypocrisy and deceit will consume the harvest of religion. O Hafiz! throw aside thy woollen garments and go thy ways." And Hafiz knows his own worth, and the value of the immortality he is conferring. "The poet," he says, "conveys your favours to the end of the

world: do not withold from him allowance and provision for the journey." "Hafiz, thou art a monarch in the kingdom of speech; every moment thou achievest victories in the plain of words." The last is more daring. "In the dawn there is a tumult around God's throne, and Wisdom calleth aloud, 'It is the angelic Choir which chanteth the verse of Hafiz.'"

A high place must be found, even by his worst detractors, for such of his verses as deal, without any question of interpretation, on religion. "Every gift of happiness which God hath bestowed on Hafiz," he says at the end of one ghazal, "hath been the reward of the nightly prayer and the morning supplication." "The bird of my heart is a sacred bird," he begins the next, "whose nest is the throne of God; tired of its cage of the body, it is weary of the way of the world."

"If once the bird of the soul flieth from this pit, it findeth its resting-place again only at the gate of that palace.

And when the bird of my heart soareth upward, its place is the tallest tree; for know that our falcon findeth rest only on the top of the throne....

In both worlds its home is the bower of highest sphere; its body is from the pit, but its soul is limited to no place."

"We are neither hypocritical revellers, nor the companions of the deceitful," he says in another ode. "He to whom no secrets are hidden is aware of this."

"We discharge all our duties, and do wrong to no man," he adds in Whitman's vein—"whatever we are told is unlawful, we say not that it is lawful."

"The heart is a screen behind which He hideth His love: His eye is the glass which reflecteth His face.

I who would not bend my head to both worlds, yield my neck to the yoke of His mercies....

"What should I do within that holy place wherein the wind is the screen of the shrine of His sanctity!"

We touch ground again in the next. "I was amazed," he says, "when I discovered last night cup

and jug beside Hafiz; but I said no word, for he used them in Sufi manner."

Into his attacks on the Sufis we need not follow him. It is ever the same reformer's cry—They practise not what they preach. "O Lord," he cries, "mount this band of braggarts on the backs of asses, for all this pride they have taken from their slaves and mules."

IV.

We shall do well to leave this line and follow Hafiz into his own province, for he is, of course, more especially a love-poet. "The court of Love is a great deal higher than wisdom," he writes. "The eyebrow of my beloved alone is my Mecca; what has this distracted heart to do with the Place of the Pilgrimage?"

"In the school of truth, in the presence of the masters of love, work unceasingly, my son, that thou mayest one day become a master. Wash thyself clean from the dross of the body, that thou mayest find the alchemy of love and be transformed into gold."

"We have never read the story of Alexander and Darius," he writes, "ask of us no tale but that of love and loyalty."

"Bow thyself down in adoration, O angel, at the door of the tavern of love, for therein is kneaded the clay from which mankind hath been moulded."

"My heavenly guide, help me in this sacred journey, for to the wilderness of love no end is visible."

"If others are glad and joyous in pleasure and delight, love for the beloved is the source of delight to us."

Hafiz can be incisive: "In form and face my beloved is the queen of the world. Would that she knew how to deal justice."

His agony at separation is heartrending. "I complain every moment of the hand of separation. I weep if the wind does not carry the sound of my sighing to you."

"What can I do save weep, because from thy absence I am in such case as I would have thy evil wishes to share.

Day and night I drink tears and blood. Why should I not, since I am far from thy sight? How could I be glad at heart?"

"I heard a sweet saying which was uttered by the old man of Canaan: 'No tongue can express the sorrow of separation from the beloved!'" (or, according to another translation, 'What meaneth the separation of friends.') "The words of the preacher proclaiming to the city the dread tale of the day of resurrection are but a description of the day of separation."

"Let no one," he cries at last, "be vexed like me, the afflicted one, by absence, for all my life has been passed in the pain of separation."*

And yet how buoyant he is!

"If from thy garden I gathered a handful of flowers, what matter? If before the glory of thy lamp I bent my looks to my feet, what matter?

O Lord, if I, a sun-stained man, rested a moment beneath the shadow of that tall cypress,† what matter?

O seal of Jamshid of mighty memories, if a gleam from thee should be cast upon my ring, what matter?

The devout man wooeth the favour of the King: if I value more the fascination of a fair image, what matter?

My life hath varied between wine and my beloved: if ill hath chanced to me from one or from the other, what matter?

The Master knew that I was a lover, and kept silence; and if Hafiz knoweth it likewise, what matter?"

Hafiz has a considerable fund of humour, though some perhaps may be unconsciously introduced into him by his translators. "I often put aside the cup," he writes once, "with the purpose of repentance, but the glance of the cupbearer does not encourage me."

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* About 50 tetrastichs are alone devoted to Separation. Hafiz-Bucknill, 326 *et ante.*

† The cypress is with the Orientals the type of independence. Hafiz-Bucknill, 68.

"My lamenting last night allowed no fowl or fish to sleep; but behold, that scornful one never unclosed her eyelids." "Hafiz," he cries in despair in another place, "finds it impossible to make a short song about thy tresses; the rhyme would stretch out to the day of judgment." "If the cypress become vexed before your stature," he adds in another mood, "do not be proud. The sense of tall folk has no reputation." "The tongue, the reed of Hafiz, will never reveal thy secret to the crowd as long as thy lover loseth not his head." "Perhaps the cupbearer hath bestowed on Hafiz more than his share, for the tassel of his turban is disordered."

The expressions of Hafiz are at least emphatic. "In that place, where they drink to the memory of her beauty, vile would be the reveller who should retain consciousness." Occasionally he outdoes himself. "O Hafiz," he writes, "it is well that in thy pursuit of union, thine eye may make an ocean of tears and thyself be swallowed up in it."

As strong in the soul of Hafiz must have been the craving for Friendship. "From the street of my friend bloweth the soft breeze of the Dawning Year, with whose help, if thou wishest it, thou mayest light the lamp of thine own heart." And Friendship, as it did with Giorgione, became imperceptibly commingled with Music. "I want a pleasant friend," he writes, "and music with an instrument, so that I may give out my grief with bass and treble tone." To his taste for Music I shall return: but the experiences of Hafiz in the Court of Friendship are worth note. It shows how deep in the human heart he sounded.

"My comrades," he says, "have so torn the covenant of friendship that thou wouldst imagine that friendship itself had never existed. I do not see friendship any more. When did friendship come to an end? What has become of the companions?

The water of life became darkened: where is auspicious-footed Khizr? Blood runs from the branch of the rose: what word of the wind of spring?

Thousands of roses blossom, and the song of not a single bird is heard. What has become of the nightingales?

It is years since a royal ruby came from the mine of humanity. What has become of the heat of the sun, and of the travail of the cloud and rain?

Love does not touch the lyre: is that harp burnt? No one has a lust for drunkenness: what has befallen wine-bibbers?

Who says that friends observe the due of friendship? What has become of the grateful? What has become of friends?

The ball of divine grace and munificence is thrown on the ground. No one appears in the field: what has become of the horsemen?

Hafiz! no one knows the secrets of God. Be silent. Why do you ask what happens in the whirl of time?"

It is not the first time that one has felt the resemblance of Hafiz to the writers of the Psalms.

"O comrade of my heart, from whom all remembrance of thy friends has passed away, may no day ever come in which I sit for a moment without thought of thee."

On reading such passages as these I find myself murmuring with A Kempis—"*Whosoever loves knows the cry of this voice.*"

I have alluded to Hafiz's taste for music. Two or three lines will suffice to illustrate it. "That the minstrels may tell thee of my desire for thee," he says, "I send thee my words and my ghazals, with music and with instruments." "What manner of song hath the master of music given forth, that he hath woven into his singing the voice of the beloved?" Hafiz's measures seem to have been summary, to say the least. "As the harp spoke much which was miserable, cut its chord, that it may not cry again."

"Do not grieve for the revolution of time, that it wheeled thus and thus. Touch the lute in peace."

Hafiz's feeling for landscape is no less worthy of remark. "The garden of Paradise is pleasant," he says, "but take heed that thou countest as gain the shade of the willow and the border of the field." "Every leaf in the field is a volume of a different kind: it were evil to thee if thou couldst be unmindful of them all." "Why should not the beggar deem himself a monarch to-day? his canopy the passing meadow, his palace *the skirt of the clouds*." "Sweet is the rose, and sweet the green border of the stream; alas, that this pleasure should be so fleet!" "Every rose which painteth the meadow is a sign of the beauty and odour of His beneficence. From the cheek of a cup-bearer, radiant as the moon, gather a rose; for around the edge of the garden the violet dawns." "We beheld the fresh dawn on thy cheek, and we came from the garden of Paradise seeking the grass of love."

What imagery it is! "The nightingale slew himself through jealousy, because the rose wooed the wind in the hour of dawn," he writes. "Thy small sweet mouth is, perhaps, the signet of Solomon, for the impression of the ring of its ruby lip keeps the world under its seal."

What a strange medley it is:—fatalism and prayer and blind adoration. Sentences come tumbling out, helter-skelter, something after this fashion, in rapidly turning over the book:

"Do not allow me to be buried in the dust on the day of my death; convey me to the tavern and throw me into the cask of wine." "Be content with what thou hast received, and smooth thy frowning forehead, for the door of choice is not open either to thee or me."

"How seek the way that leadeth to our wishes? By renouncing our wishes. The crown of excellence is renunciation."

"Grieve not, Hafiz, in the corner of poverty, and in the loneliness of dark nights while there remaineth to thee prayer and the reading of the Koran." "Stain the very prayer-carpet with wine, if the Host of the House command thee."

"Thou didst pass by in thy intoxication, and angels came forth to gaze at thee with the tumult of the day of resurrection."

"In this fantastic abode take nothing but the cup; in this House of Illusion do not play any game but love.

"In the dawn of morning I confided to the breeze the story of my longings; and it returned to me a response, 'Have faith in the compassion of the Lord.'"

V.

Of the touches in which we find, if the expression is permitted, the traces of Shakespeare, of Blake*, of Browning—to name three—I cannot speak at length. Nor can I dwell now on other shades in this short character-sketch, in order to show how deeply human, how wide-eyed he is. His liberalism, his optimism, his pessimism, his condensed thought; the real modesty of the man in the midst of his astounding apparent conceit; the modern feeling of so much of his verse, his ideals:—all these I must leave in one single hint.

Sir W. Jones called him as we saw the Anacreon of Persia. Prof. Palmer, writing in the *Eagle* in the sixties, with more truthfulness called him the Persian Horace. Emerson, in calling him the Poet's poet, has less happily invited a comparison with Spenser: but he is no Spenser. I confess that in all English literature I can find no satisfactory parallel, save,

* He writes, "The sun is wine and the moon the cup. Pour the sun into the moon."

perhaps, Herrick, and Herrick lacks the majesty—lacks so largely the pathos of Hafiz.*

I have chosen him for my subject because during the last few months, in fact ever since the new translation appeared, I have maintained that a book had at last arisen which was worthy of and demanded a home on the library shelf next to the tiny quarto volume of translations by Edward Fitzgerald from Omar Khayyam and Jami.†

I have left Hafiz; but a page from Sir J. Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia* will most aptly bring me to a close. "Hafiz has the singular good fortune of being praised alike by saints and sinners. His odes are sung by the young and the joyous, who, by taking them in the literal sense, find nothing but an excitement to pass the spring of life in the enjoyment of the world's luxuries; while the contemplative sage, considering this poet as a religious enthusiast, attaches a mystical meaning to every line, and repeats his odes as he would an orison. At the time of his death there were many who deemed his work sinful and impious. These went so far as to arrest the procession of his funeral.

* For independence of mind, for his outspoken language, for the point of view from which he regards life, for his combination of the scholar and the unbridled man of passion, I may be forgiven if I see a kinship indeed with one, and that Landor.

"I strove with none, for none were worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

The lines might have been written by Hafiz.

I am indebted to Mr A. J. Chotzner for pointing out to me the resemblance of Hafiz to Herrick.

† The Translation to which I allude and from which all the greater part of the quotations given in this paper is drawn, is by Mr Justin H. McCarthy (Nutt, 1893). It costs merely a few shillings.

The somewhat startling resemblance of some of these translations to others privately published by the late Mr S. Robinson of Wilmslow, in a volume *Persian Poetry for English Readers*, calls for remark. It is only fair to Mr McCarthy to say that in nearly every case he has improved the translation, at least in point of literary style.

The dispute rose high, and the parties were likely to come to blows, when it was agreed that a *fâl*, or lot, should be taken from his book. If that were favourable to religion, his friends were to proceed; but if calculated to promote vice, they promised not to carry his body to the sacred ground appropriated for its reception.

The volume of odes was produced, and it was opened by a person whose eyes were bound. Seven pages were counted back, when the heaven-directed finger pointed to one of his inspired stanzas:

"Withdraw not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz:
Though immersed in sin he will rise into paradise."

The admirers of the poet shouted with delight, and those who had doubted joined in carrying his remains to a shrine near Shiraz, where, from that day to this, his tomb is visited by pilgrims of all classes and ages.

Traits such as these which I have named have gained for Hafiz from a recent writer the title of "the greatest of all Eastern Poets." Into such adjudication of claims I am neither competent nor willing to enter. To the greatness of Sadi I have paid my tribute elsewhere. Let us not be burdened with more words now. Jami himself shall step in with his name of Hafiz's praise—"The Tongue of the Unseen," he called him, on account of the spiritual knowledge displayed in his writings. Let us take leave of Hafiz and Sadi, laid in their eastern tombs. Sadi and Hafiz—No wonder that in Shiraz men still preserve their graves. No wonder that in the history of that city, their names are indissoluble from its own.

C. E. S.

THE SOJOURN OF HOME-CLERGY IN THE COLONIES.

THE Imperial Idea is in our midst: witness the eloquence of statesmen and the 'aëry domes and towers' of the Imperial Institute.

And what does this Idea imply? I answer, a Federated Empire, Free Trade throughout the whole English territory, and a Parliament which shall adequately represent the whole. The material inducement is increase—or, at least, maintenance—of Commerce: the spiritual basis is the Brotherhood of Englishmen, or rather (for this the Imperial Idea must come to acknowledge as its necessary root) the Brotherhood of all included within the bounds of the Empire.

What else than Brotherhood can give a real unity? Proclamations by the one sovereign, statues of her set up throughout her dominions, her image impressed on coins and postage-stamps, cordons of military force—these all do much for unity: but these will surely fail unless they are accompanied by evident tokens of goodwill, shown in (this being its necessary sphere) the friendly dealings of Englishmen with one another, though "broad seas" roll between, and of Englishmen with their fellow-subjects of every race.

Now to us who are thoughtful members of the Church the conviction comes that the only Gospel which shows care for a man completely—his spirit and his body—the thoroughly unselfish Gospel, is that of Christ, and that it is His Church upon which, above all, the duty falls of bringing the world into One True Fellowship.

The first step towards this grand end will be for the

Church to realise her mission. Can this 'first step' be taken as effectively in any other way as it can by the sojourn abroad of clergy who have been trained at home? The character of their home-training, it so happens—the very fact of their having come from home—will peculiarly fit them for this special work.

It is the hope of an old Johnian that members of the College who are—or hope to be—ordained will take these words to heart, and having had, as he had, three years (at least) of parochial experience at home, and being still young and prepared to rough it, try, as he did, a Colonial field. Their new experience they will find most valuable: the calls to "hardness" and wider responsibility are in themselves exhilarating physically and spiritually: the broader effects, if this plan of sojourn became general, would seem to be of the important nature just sketched out. There is nothing more delightful after the dialectic atmosphere of class-rooms and libraries, and (say) the unenchanting monotony of a mining village, than an open-air life—largely in the saddle—in a wide Australian district; the writer's was 100 miles long by 50 wide. The fine spring-days in the bush, the hearty greetings of the people, the well-attended services, the constant variety in traversing so wide an area, are now memories of delight—perhaps one might add, carry with them regrets that they are past. The sojourner in this case found it harder to return than to go! But his venture will lead to the end it was taken for, if it leads others to contribute their quota to this plan of sojourn.

The Imperial Idea is good: but the means of effecting what is best in it—the means of effecting a deeper and wider fellowship—is the Gospel of the Catholic Church. Above the 'aëry domes and towers' of the Imperial Institute there rise the bulwarks of the City of God.

W. M. TEAPE,
Late Priest-in-charge of the S.E. Mission, Diocese of Adelaide.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the 'Eagle.'

LAWFORD RECTORY,
MANNINGTREE,
May 24, 1894.

DEAR SIRS,

The last number of the *Eagle* contained an interesting account of the late Dean Merivale. The subjoined inscription in his handwriting is at the beginning of the Register of Baptisms of the Parish of Lawford, and may possibly be interesting to some of your readers.

HIC . PVTO . QVI . NOSTRI . DISTINGVET . FVNERA . PAGI
DVCTA . QVE . AB . ANTIQVIS . NOMINA . GENTIS . AVIS
VIX . DECIES . DECIMO . PERAGETVR . COMPVTVS . ANNO
AETATVM . ADNVMERANS . SINGVLA . FATA . TRIVM
RESPICE . FASTORVM . RECTOR . MONVMENTA . TVORVM
QVISQVIS . ES . ET . MEMORES . TV . MEMOR . INDE . NOTAS
NAM . QVE . TVVM . TITVLIS . NOMEN . MISCEBITVR . ISTIS
EXCIPIAT . VITAE . QVOD . LIBER . IPSE . VELIS.

C. M. Kal. Jan. MDCCCLXIII.

I am, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

E. K. GREEN.

Obituary.

The Honorable and Very Rev George Herbert.

We have to record the death of the Hon and Very Rev George Herbert M.A., Dean of Hereford, brother of the late Earl Powis, which occurred on March 15, after a short illness. He was born in 1825, and educated at Eton and St John's College, taking his degree in the year 1848. He took Holy Orders in 1850, and became Curate to the Rev T. L. Claughton, afterwards Bishop of St Albans, at Kidderminster. In 1855 he was appointed Vicar of Clun, in Shropshire, and in 1863 married Elizabeth Beatrice, daughter of Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart. He resigned the living of Clun on being appointed Dean of Hereford in the year 1867.

During his tenure of office as Dean, he took the greatest interest in everything that concerned the Cathedral, in its beauty, in all its services, its music, its teachings: and the Triennial Musical Festivals were warmly supported by him. He did all in his power to promote the welfare of the Cathedral School, and of St Ethelbert's Hospital, of which he was Master. He belonged to the Evangelical School himself, and was opposed to Ritualism; but he was very tolerant of the views of other parties in the Church; and the eminent preachers who frequently occupied the pulpit in the Cathedral by his invitation were by no means of one school of thought. He was an able and eloquent speaker, and will be much missed at various meetings in the City and elsewhere.

A most courteous, kind, hospitable, and faithful friend, he will be very long regretted by rich and poor alike.

S. S.

The Ven Brough Maltby M.A.

The death of the Ven Brough Maltby M.A., Archdeacon of Nottingham, occurred on Friday, March 30, at the vicarage, Farndon, near Newark. He had been ailing only about fourteen

days, and he succumbed to a sudden attack of syncope. The late Archdeacon was a scholar of St John's College, where he graduated in 1850, and was ordained the same year to Westbury, Salop; in 1851 he was appointed curate of Whatton, Notts, from which time until his death his connexion with Nottinghamshire remained unbroken. In 1864 he was preferred by the late Bishop Jackson to the vicarage of Farndon. In recognition of the keen interest which he had displayed in the educational affairs of the Lincoln diocese, of which Nottinghamshire then formed a part, he was collated by Bishop Jackson's successor, Bishop Wordsworth, to the prebendal stall of St Mary Creekpool in Lincoln Cathedral in 1871; a year before he had been appointed as Rural Dean of Newark. In 1871 he became secretary of the Notts Committee of the Diocesan Board of Education. On the death, in 1878, of Dr Mackenzie, Bishop-Suffragan and Archdeacon of Nottingham, Mr Maltby was appointed by Bishop Wordsworth to the archdeaconry. His charges were valuable contributions to the then burning questions of the day. The creation of the see of Southwell in 1884 led to important changes in diocesan arrangements, but did not affect Archdeacon Maltby's tenure of office. In the preliminary efforts which culminated in the foundation of the bishopric he took a leading part, and himself conducted the ceremony at Southwell Minster, in May 1884, of installing Dr Ridding as the first Bishop of the diocese. In the work of the diocesan conference and of its various committees he displayed a warm interest, contributing largely to its efficiency by his intimate knowledge of the county of Notts and his practical business powers. He was a member of the governing body of St Chad's College, Denstone, and in aiding the movement for the erection of the new College of St Cuthbert's, Worksop, as an off-shoot of the work at Denstone, he affo Canon Lowe and others invaluable support. At Farndon he was greatly esteemed by his parishioners. One of his latest works was the enlargement and complete restoration of the parish church. The late Archdeacon, who had been for some time a widower, married in January last Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr William Fordham, of Bunwell.

[See *Guardian*, April 4, 1894].

The Rev Arthur Malortie Hoare M.A.

Aequales once—*arcades ambo* I have not the conceit to say—but *aequales* once, at least in a sense, were the subject and the writer of this unexpected notice. The fact brings to mind again, freshly and vividly, how rapidly the band dwindles on either side the great dividing line, as the reinforcements pass ceaselessly on to join the ever increasing company on the other side. It is now many years since I met or saw A. M. Hoare, and, but that I had come to associate some idea of impaired health with the thought of him, I should have seen with more surprise, as well as pain, the announcement of his death on February 26, although he was already on the farther side of the appointed term of man's life.

In October 1840 we were freshmen together, he on Dr Hymers' side, myself on Mr Crick's. This leads me to correct a curious slip, evidently of memory, in a brief notice from him of the late Dean Merivale in the *Eagle*, where he says, "I was not on his side." Merivale was then on the staff on Dr Hymers' side, as Classical Lecturer, and freshmen were sometimes allowed to attend his lectures as more conducive to their interests than the treadmill proper of their year. A. M. Hoare was certainly therefore in Merivale's lecture-room, and I have a dim impression on the ἐκμαγεῖον of my memory that he was allowed to attend such lectures in the last term of his freshman's year, if not before. But, as it appears that he was acquainted with Merivale in other ways, the one recollection has very probably obliterated the other.

Arthur Hoare, having an elder brother in College, one year his senior, had the unquestionable pleasure and advantage of having spent most of the preceding Long Vacation in College rooms as a preparation for the ensuing terms. As his education had not been conducted at any public school, but at home under a private tutor, this was, especially to one of his joyous—not to say frolicsome—temperament, an additional benefit in more ways than one, and no doubt was of material assistance in gaining for him the distinction, somewhat rare and highly appreciated, of a Scholarship in his first term. In those days the Scholarship Examination was always early in the October term, when Questionists (then in their last term), Proper and Ordinary Sizars, and a sprinkling of other aspirants passed

through the doors—not very tightly closed—to the superior honours of the Foundation. So for a *freshman* to pass in, was to set him down at once as a marked man, and Arthur, with his freshness and buoyancy of face, figure and demeanour, and his incipient reputation (freshmen would speak of him as the *Scholarship man*) deserved to be, and was a marked man in his year. His playful tricks sometimes, among their witnesses as well as their victims, provoked feelings other than purely pleasurable—to say resentment would be too much, although I remember one young Stentor, after Hoare in his second term had sat for and missed the Bell Scholarship, roaring round the Second Court, "So-and-so has got the Bell! How Hoare must be sold!" The kitten had perhaps scratched him in play. Perhaps, too, the question of "side" came in.

He was not the only Cricketer whom the year produced for the Eleven, College or University, and perhaps it was not until after his B.A. degree that he became so highly distinguished and admired in that capacity. I do not remember his playing in more than the College Eleven till then. He was more "on the Piece" than "down the river" by predilection and circumstances. My own acquaintance with him was but slight at the time. We were on opposite "sides," and therefore did not meet in the lecture-room, while my chief business lay on the river, with a select band of those who were, and whom the world has been far from backward in honouring. G. W. Hemming, Q.C.; J. Wilberforce Stephen; William Thomson, ὁ πάνυ, of Peterhouse, now Lord Kelvin, with a few others—we formed the flotillas of skiffs in the pre-outrigger days. I did play in the College Eleven in my third, if not in my second year, but for various reasons the river had greater charms for me than the "Piece." I did not come much even then into his company, and what reading we did, doubtless diversified by bright gleams and flashes of idleness, was with different tutors. My classical friends, too, were for the most part out of College—the brilliant W. G. Clark, Maine, Keary, Wratislaw (all now, alas! gathered to the great company), H. A. Holden, Rendall, C. A. Bristed, Francis Galton, and others, *quos dicere longum est.*

Thus our respective courses may have indeed been ordained to run parallel so far, but in the Tripos of 1844 they met in the bracket where the recognised claims of the Alphabet gave me the accident of priority, however otherwise undeserved.

In the year after his degree, Arthur felt himself, no doubt, at greater liberty to cultivate Cricket, in which he was a great and very favourite ornament of the Piece. "Muster Hoare's in an' batting splendidly" or "Muster Hoare's long-stopping—never lets a ball pass" would be on many a townsman's tongue. There was an easy nonchalance about his quick and sure return of the ball, and a neat precision about his very effective batting, when once well set, which always made him a feature in a good match. I think he found great favour with the Town, as well as fear, for his prowess behind and between wickets. Fenner, the Cambridge "crack" and Captain of those days, had a great opinion of "Mr Hoare," nor could the great "Black Diamond," Cornell, the Town longstop, hold a candle to him, even in the Town's estimation.

I had been elected a Scholar *pro Domina Fundatrice*, to my pride, in October 1842. In 1847 the same day saw us elected Fellows; he, I think *pro Doctore Haly-tre-holme* (I seem to remember the Master's cadences), myself again *pro Domina Fundatrice*. In the intervening years, Hoare had kept up the fairly remarkable succession of Johnian winners by securing the Hulsean prize, against I do not know what competitor, but in succession to Davies, C. J. Ellicott, F. J. Gruggen, and Churchill Babington. He also won the Members' Prize (Bachelor's) in conjunction with the present Bishop of Worcester, who was gallantly and to his honour retrieving in many ways the trouble of the Schools, in the year below us. Hoare proceeded to Holy Orders on the title of his Fellowship shortly afterwards, somewhat earlier than did his *aequalis* who pens this brief account. He was marked in his devotion to the congenial studies and labours of his calling—not, as far as I remember, taking any distinct cure (indeed I think he was lecturer at the time), but rather assisting others. Work of this kind seemed very much on his mind. France (his great friend) blurted out one day, "There's Arthur Hoare always writing sermons—he'd far better be reading them." Whether from his constitution or from the effect of his work, he used not unfrequently to cause his friends some little, and not altogether unexpressed, anxiety as to his health and *stamina*; but in the latter part of his College days, which terminated somewhat before mine, he used to provide for fairly regular exercise by keeping a horse in those pleasant days when Fellows rode together, and horses

stood and dogs barked where now learned words are listened to. Trinity fellow-commoners would point to that horse—pretty deceiver!—as the best groomed horse in Cambridge. Arthur used to lend him to me to ride, and once he was nearly the death of me. I was not on his back: his mincing dilatory ways nearly maddened the brute which I was riding in his company, skirting Parker's Piece, and I received a slight shock which might have been severe. Even Arthur could hardly justify his horse's ways to himself or take undiluted pleasure in them.

From College, Hoare passed through the fate of matrimony to the pretty living of Calbourne, I.W. Through an arrangement between the Bishop and his father, the Archdeacon of Winchester, he was transferred to the more important living of Fawley, where he passed the remainder of his days. He was ardent in support of the S. P. G. and kindred causes, for it was our lot to have been in College when George Augustus Selwyn kindled enthusiasm, when Thomas Whytehead was more than a memory, and Colenso had not yet fallen from his pedestal.

Many a time have I cherished the hope of seeing him once again, in his own Rectory, but the lines, once parallel, had widely diverged, and many a time the hope disappeared in vacancy; and the last I heard of him was at no very long time since, from the cricket-comrade and steadfast bowler J. M. Lee, now Canon, who gave a cheerful account of him with a lively recollection of the merry days when we were young. Apart from his abilities and acquirements (and he had very decided tastes and acquirements artistic as well), I feel, although it is for others rather than myself to pay this tribute, that there was all through a high tone of character—a real kindliness, not the less real from an evident self-suppression—and a cultivated mind, which, apart from genuine religious feeling, must make a great loss, not easily to be replaced, to his relatives, friends and neighbours, even as he was always, even to comparative outsiders, a man of mark and of merit.

T. FIELD.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term 1894.

Following a custom which has now become almost an annual one, the Royal Society has elected to its Fellowship two members of the College. The new F.R.S.'s are Mr A. E. H. Love, Fellow and Mathematical Lecturer, and Mr W. Bateson, Fellow and Steward, and late Balfour Student in Animal Morphology. Among the Fellows of the College, there are now ten who are entitled to the distinction of the letters F.R.S. Trinity has nine.

Both the Smith's Prizes have this year been won by Johnians. This 'double event' has not fallen to the College since 1855, when J. Savage and Leonard Courtney were bracketed. The mathematicians who now have thus distinguished themselves are Ds S. S. Hough, Third Wrangler 1892, and First Class (div. 3) in Part II 1893; and Ds H. C. Pocklington, bracketed Fourth Wrangler, and First Class (div. 1) in Part II of the same year. The names are in alphabetical order. Ds Hough sent in an Essay *On the oscillations*
taining fluid. Ds Pocklington's Essay was *On the steady motion and small oscillations*

Prof. J. J. Sylvester, Honorary Fellow, has been elected one of the twelve foreign members of the Italian Scientific Academy called *Dei Quaranta.* The two other English members are Lord Kelvin and Professor Huxley.

Sir Thomas D. Gibson-Carmichael has been appointed by Lord Rosebery to the post of Chairman of the Lunacy Board for Scotland.

Professor Liveing, Fellow of the College, has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Agricultural Society, in recognition of his services to agricultural science and education.

Dr Donald MacAlister, Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed Linacre Lecturer of Physic.

Mr William Lee Warner (B.A. 1869) has been appointed to the office of Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department, vacated by Sir Mortimer Durand. He

filled at a previous stage of his career the office of Under-Secretary, so that he is not without experience. He is at present Secretary to the Governor of Bombay and the Official representative of that Presidency in the Viceroy's Council.

Mr George Eldon Manisty, of the Indian Civil Service, has been appointed to officiate as Accountant-General, Bengal.

Dr H. D. Rolleston, Fellow of the College, and formerly Editor of the *Eagle*, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London. Dr Rolleston has attained this honour at an unusually early age. His editorial colleagues offer him their hearty congratulations.

At a public meeting held in the Owens College on February 9, it was resolved to raise a "Marshall Memorial Fund" in honour of our late Fellow, Dr A. Milnes Marshall. The fund will be devoted to the maintenance of the Marshall Biological Library, presented to the Owens College by his family, and to the foundation of a gold medal for athletics, to be competed for by the College Students.

Mr H. H. S. Cunynghame (B.A. 1874), formerly Secretary to the Parnell Commission, has been appointed Assistant Under-Secretary to the Home Department.

The first of the two University Scholarships for Sacred Music, on the foundation of the late Mr John Stewart of Rannoch, awarded for the first time in the present term, has been gained by C. B. Rootham, of Bristol Grammar School, who was elected to a Sizarship for proficiency in Classics in December last, and begins residence at this College next October.

On April 7, at Colchester Castle, the long and valued services of the Rev Canon R. B. Mayor (B.A. 1842), formerly Fellow of the College, were suitably acknowledged by the presentation of a handsome testimonial, subscribed for by the residents within the Rural Deanery of St Osyth. Canon Mayor has for thirty years held the College Rectory of Frating-cum-Thorington, and for eighteen years has been Rural Dean. The latter position he has recently resigned, and the occasion was taken to mark—by the gift of an illuminated address, a massive piece of silver plate, and a gold bracelet for Mrs Mayor—the kindly feelings entertained by his parishioners and neighbours towards the Rector and his wife. The presentation was made by Mr Round M.P., and the accompanying speeches bore testimony to the good work, on behalf of the Church and of education, which Canon and Mrs Mayor had carried through during their long connexion with Frating and the adjoining parishes.

Mr J. Bass Mullinger, Librarian, has been elected a member of the Council of the Camden Society.

Dr D. MacAlister has been Council Visitor of the medical examinations of the Universities of Aberdeen and Glasgow.

Mr G. S. Turpin (B.A. 1887), D.Sc. London, formerly Scholar and Hutchinson Student, has been appointed Principal of the Huddersfield Technical School. There were 130 candidates for the post.

A good portrait of Dr A. S. Wilkins (Fifth Classic 1868), formerly Editor of the *Eagle*, is given in *The Owens College Magazine* for June 1894.

Mr Eliot Curwen (B.A. 1886, M.B. 1890), who has recently returned from work on the coast of Labrador in connexion with the Deep Sea Mission, is going out to China in August as a Medical Missionary, under the London Missionary Society. He will be in charge of the Hospital at Pekin.

From the Annual Report of the Museums and Lecture Rooms Syndicate, we learn that the University Collections have been enriched by certain important gifts made by Johnians. Mr G. D. Haviland has presented a magnificent series of *Termites*, collected by himself at Singapore; Mr W. W. Cordeaux, of the Queen's Bays, has forwarded many valuable zoological specimens from Northern India, including a lower jaw of the *Mastodon*; and Mr J. J. Lister, Mr W. Bateson, Mr F. V. Theobald, Mr H. H. Brindley, Mr S. B. Reid, Mr H. Woods, Mr A. P. Cameron, and Professsor A. Macalister are among the other donors who are specially mentioned.

Mr R. T. Wright has resigned his Law Lectureship in the College. Mr R. F. Scott has been appointed Director of Legal Studies.

Mr J. H. B. Masterman, Naden Divinity Student, has been appointed to lecture in Church History for the ensuing year.

The following University appointments of members of the College are recorded this term:—Mr J. B. Mullinger to be Lecturer on the History of Education; Dr J. Phillips to be an Examiner for the Third M.B. Examination; Mr H. Woods, an Elector to the Harkness Geological Scholarship; Dr L. E. Shore, a member of the Museums Syndicate; Professor Liveing and Mr P. Lake to be Examiners in Agricultural Science.

Dr J. E. Sandys, Tutor and Public Orator, has been appointed to represent the University at the Bicentenary Festival of the University of Halle-Wittenberg to be held in August next. Dr D. MacAlister, Tutor and Linacre Lecturer, has been appointed a delegate of the University to the International Congress of Hygiene, to be held at Budapest in September 1894.

Mr R. F. Scott, Senior Bursar, late Major C.U.R.V., has been elected a Vice-President of the County of Cambridge and Isle of Ely Rifle Association.

At the annual election to the Council of the College, held on June 2, Mr P. H. Mason, Professor Mayor, Professor Liveing, and Mr C. E. Graves were re-elected.

Mr H. C. Barstow (B.A. 1860) of the Inner Temple has been called to the Bar.

Mr E. E. Sikes has become Press Editor of the *Eagle* in place of Mr G. C. M. Smith, who has resigned after five years' invaluable service. A. J. Chotzner and C. R. McKee have been elected to serve on the Editorial Committee next term in the place of L. Horton-Smith, our present Treasurer, and H. A. Merriman, our present Secretary. J. M. Hardwich will be Secretary, and A. H. Thompson, Treasurer.

In the covers of a copy of Gregory Nazianzen, now in the College Library, have recently been found some fragments of a kind of Calendar or Official List of the University for the year 1633. It appears to have contained a list of the Professors, Public Orators, and Proctors from the commencement. An enumeration of degrees "in all sciences in the Universitie" is noteworthy as giving the Bachelors' Degrees in the following order—Law, Physick, Musick, Arts.

Mr R. F. Scott, Senior Bursar, has presented the Library with 15 volumes of Sir J. F. W. Herschel's original MSS, purchased at a sale of Messrs Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, November 1888. They comprise the following:

1. Scientific Miscellanies.
2. Supplement to Appendix to Lacroix.
3. Mathematical Papers.
4. On the Nautical Almanac. 8 pp.
5. On continued Products, Trigonometrical Series and Equations.
6. Scientific Papers.
7. Catalogues of double Stars. 3 parts.
8. Report on Meteorological Observations.
9. Consideration of various Points of Analysis contributed to Philosophical Transactions. 1814.
10. Contributions to Cambridge Philosophical Society.
11. Lacroix's Differential and Integral Calculus, translated, with Appendix and Notes, by Sir J. F. W. Herschel.
12. Report on the South African Infant School Association *
13. Original MSS of Reviews of (1) Works on Terrestrial Magnetism, (2) Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences.

The University has appointed our new Honorary Fellow, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, to be Select Preacher

* In connexion with the above, Miss A. M. Clerke's statement in the Dictionary of National Biography deserves to be quoted: "The excellent system of national education prevailing in the colony was initiated by Herschel."

on Sunday, July 22. This is the Sunday when there will be a considerable gathering of clergy in Cambridge in connexion with a series of theological lectures specially arranged for their benefit, after the example of Oxford in the Long Vacation of last year. The lecturers include Professor Gwatkin, Dr Jessopp, Dr Garrett, and Mr Caldecott (the Secretary).

The Rev W. Hart LL.D., Head-Master of Heversham Grammar School, found himself obliged to renounce the presentation of the College to the rectory of Black Notley, Essex, recorded in our last number. The College has transferred the presentation to the Rev Augustus Shears, M.A., formerly Scholar, 34th Wrangler in 1851. Mr Shears was for a few years a Missionary (S.P.G.) in Burmah, and since 1873 has been Vicar of Sileby, near Loughborough.

The Rev H. T. E. Barlow has declined the Missionary Bishopric of North Japan on the ground of health.

The Preachers in the College Chapel this Term have been Dr Watson; Dr H. Bailey, Honorary Canon of Canterbury, formerly Fellow; Mr G. Richardson, Second Master of Winchester, formerly Fellow, who preached the Commemoration Sermon; the Junior Dean; Bishop Pearson, formerly Fellow; and Mr Quirk, Canon of York, late Vicar of St Mary, Beverley, and now a near neighbour of the Mission as Vicar of St Paul's, Walworth.

In his Commemoration Sermon, preached in the College Chapel on May 6, the Rev G. Richardson, of Winchester, took as text St. John xi. 5. After referring to the general lessons to be drawn from the story of Mary and Martha, he said:

> We are assembled here to-day to commemorate our Foundress, Lady Margaret, her executor Bishop John Fisher, who in a very real sense may be called our Founder, and all the other benefactors who have added to the foundation, and made our great and beloved College what it now is; and I think that the subject I have chosen for our consideration is not inappropriate for the occasion. In his funeral sermon—the Moneth Minde of Lady Margaret—Bishop Fisher took this same gospel as his subject, and drew a parallel between her and Martha, shewing, to use his own words, "wherein this noble Prynce may well be lykned and compared unto the blessyd Woman Martha." And when we read the Bishop's description of her daily life, with the numerous religious observances in conformity with the strictest usages of the times, with her duties at Court and in public, with personal superintendence of her household, with her systematic devotion to the poor and sick, vis
>
> time, being "right studious in Bokes which she had in grete number, both in Eenglysh and Frenshe," of which latter she translated several into English, we must admit that, like Martha, she was in the best sense "careful and troubled about many things." She recognised fully the value of the gospel of little things; and her College—our College—has lived and grown on this principle. The College was started under very serious difficulties, and the original foundation was far short of what Lady Margaret meant it to be, or what Bishop Fisher strove to make it; but by little and little, through the munificence of benefactors, most of them members of the College, it has

increased as I imagine no other College in either University has increased. Our College is a standing witness to the power and importance of little things. We have received from the fathers who begat us a goodly heritage, which is in the hands of the present Members of the College to increase or to diminish, to ennoble or to defame; and it is by the united exercise of little services that the good work will be carried on. But it must also be remembered that in little things there is a like power for evil as for good, and that petty spites and jealousies, ill-tempered bickerings, and selfish isolation may be powerful enough to tarnish the fair fame even of a great institution like this. God grant that the present sons of Lady Margaret may be so worthy of their noble ancestry that the College may still go on from strength to strength, and that its glory and usefulness may for ever continue to increase.

The year that is past has been a mournful one for the College. The death-roll of those more intimately connected with the foundation is, I think, unusually great. I have counted ten names of Fellows and Ex-Fellows—two of them Honorary Fellows—who have gone to their long home, and many others distinguished in Church or State, in Literature or Science. The *Eagle* has made it unnecessary for me to say anything about those whose loss to-day we mourn, and I am sure that every Member of the College must feel grateful for the excellent obituary notices found in its columns. I may, however, I trust, be pardoned for recalling a few of the more distinguished names. I will commence with our two Deans, Dean Merivale, Honorary Fellow, the well-known Historian, and George Herbert, Dean of Hereford; Thomas James Rowsell, Canon of Westminster, a distinguished preacher; Charles Pritchard, Honorary Fellow and Savilian Professor in our sister University; the Rev Leonard Blomefield, Naturalist, the friend of Darwin, the father of the Linnæan Society; Sir Charles Peter Layard, a distinguished Colonial Administrator; the Rev Thomas Overton, Ex-Fellow; the Rev Arthur Malortie Hoare, Ex-Fellow, a model Parish Priest; the Rev John Mee Fuller, Ex-Fellow, no mean Theologian, and in his younger days a first-rate Cricketer. Nor must I forget to mention the Rev Anthony Bower, Ex-Fellow, the inventor of so many of those well-known problems, which in our younger days gave us so much pleasureable torture. All these had reached, and many had far exceeded, the ordinary limit of human life; they had finished their course full of years and honours, and to most here present they are but honoured names. There are, however, four more who have been cut down in life's prime, from whom much had been expected, because they had already done much, and risen high on the ladder of usefulness and distinction, and whose loss has not only been universally deplored, but to many here present is a deep personal sorrow, which is still fresh. The College is, indeed, poorer for the sad deaths of Charles Edmund Haskins, Arthur Milnes Marshall, Charles Alexander Maclean Pond, and Herbert Dukinfield Darbishire.

We join in common to-day all these, and many others I have not mentioned, with our Foundress, Lady Margaret, Bishop Fisher, and that noble Roll, unparalleled, I expect, in numbers of Benefactors, by whose benefits we have been, and are being, brought up to godliness and the studies of good learning, and with thankful hearts we turn to Almighty God and praise His Holy Name that for us these, and such as these, have lived and died.

A brass tablet to commemorate the late Mr H. D. Darbishire is to be placed in the College Chapel during the Vacation. Some forty of his friends and colleagues have joined in this tribute of esteem. The inscription is as follows:

IN . MEMORY . OF . THE
GENEROUS . NATURE . AND
GREAT . PHILOLOGICAL . GIFTS . OF
HERBERT . DUKINFIELD . DARBISHIRE.
FELLOW . OF . THE . COLLEGE
BORN . AT . BELFAST . 13TH . MAY . 1863
DIED . IN . COLLEGE . 18TH . JULY . 1893

The following books by members of the College are announced: *Church Work: its means and methods* (Macmillan), by the Rt Rev Dr Moorhouse; *The Protected Princes of India* (Macmillan), by W. Lee-Warner C.S.I.; *Biological Lectures and Addresses* (David Nutt), by the late Dr A. Milnes Marshall; *English Patent Practice* (Clowes), by H. H. S. Cunynghame; *The Christ has come* (Simpkin & Co.), by E. Hampden-Cook; *Aristophanes: The Wasps* (Pitt Press Series), by the Rev. C. E. Graves; *Creatures of other days* (Chapman and Hall), by the Rev N. L. Hutchinson; *The Pelasgi and their modern descendants* (Oriental University Institute), by the late Sir Patrick Colquhoun and Pasco Wassa Pasha; *A short Commentary on the Book of Lamentations*, by A. W. Greenup; *The Poems of John Byrom* (Chetham Society), by Dr A. S. Wilkins; *The Poems and Masques of Thomas Carew* (Reeves and Turner), by the Rev J. W. Ebsworth; *W. H. Widgery, Schoolmaster: selections from his writings*, (Hodder), by Professor W. H. Bennett; *Johnson's Life of Pope* and *Life of Swift* (Bell), by F. Ryland; *Harrow Octocentenary Tracts IV* (Macmillan), by the Rev W. D. Bushell.

The following ecclesiastical appointments are announced:

Name.	*B.A.*	*From*	*To be*
Stoddart, C. J., M.A.	(1868)	Form. C. Askern	P. C. Ostringham
Yeld, C., M.A.	(1865)	V. Exton, Oakham	V. St Mary, Grassendale, Liverpool
Keely, A. W. J., M.A.	(1877)	C. Huddersfield	V. St Paul, Huddersfield
Brewer, G. S.	(1880)	C. Aston	V. St Catharine, Nechells, Birmingham
Osborne, G., M.A.	(1868)	P. C. Carlton, Barnsley	V. St Michael, Sheffield
Brown, E. H.	(1883)	C. Merton, Surrey	V. Yaxley, Hunts.
Cocks C. M., M.A.	(1884)	C. Urchfont, Wilts	R. Sparham, Norfolk
Bevan, H. E. J., M.A.	(1878)	Gresham Professor	Exam. Chaplain to the Bishop of London
Daubeny, G. W.	(1880)	C. St Thomas, Westbourne Park	R. Knoddishall-with-Buxlowe, Suffolk
Fewtrell, E. A., M.A.	(1874)	C. Dovercourt	V. Dallington, Sussex
Brown, J. C.	(1885)	R. St John, Hull	V. St Paul, W. Brixton
Banham, H. F., M.D.	(1869)	C. St Peter, Islington	V. Tuddenham, St Martin, Suffolk
Wooley, A.D.	(1873)	C. Cranleigh	V. Westcott, Dorking
Davies, R. S., M.A.	(1885)	C. Thornhill Lees	V. Earlesheaton, Dewsbury
Hibburd, F. C., M.A.	(1881)	C. Pulham	V. Aldeby, Beccles
Saben, P., M.A.	(1879)	C. St Jude, Manningham	V. St Peter, Accrington
Wallis, F. W., M.A.	(1877)	R. Martin-Hussingtree	R. Hindlip, Worcester
Newton, Canon H., M.A.	(1864)	V. Redditch	R. D. of Bromsgrove
Poynder, A. J., M.A.	(1882)	C. St. Matthew, Bayswater	V. St Michael, Burleigh Street, Strand
Powell, R. G., M.A.	(1872)		Ass. Sec. Ch. Pastoral Aid Society
Shears, A., M.A.	(1851)	V. Sileby	R. Black Notley, Essex

Name.	*B.A.*	*From*	*To be*
Whitaker, Canon G. H., M.A.	(1867)		Exam. Chap. to Bishop of Truro
Burd, C., M.A.	(1856)	V. Shirley	R. D. of Solihull
Barham, J.	(1872)	C. Saxted	Lecturer at St Felix's Clergy House, Framlingham
McCririck, H.	(1890)	V. Wiveliscombe, Somerset	Sec. Nat. Soc. for Dunster Deanery
Walker, H. A.	(1887)	V. Chattisham, Ipswich	C.-in-Charge, St John the Evan., Park Hill, Bexley

The following members of the College were ordained at Trinity:

	Diocese.	*Parish.*
Kingsford, P. A.	London	Christ Church, Hackney
Walker, B. P.	Exeter	Marwood
Green, J. E., M.A.	Llandaff	St Mary, Cardiff
Judd, W. H., M.A.	Lincoln	Licensed Preacher
Aickin, G. E.	Oxford	Wargrave, Berks.
Appleford, H. H.	Oxford	St Giles, Reading
Long, B.	Oxford	Caversham

Two Naden Divinity Students were ordained by the Bishop of Oxford, B. Long and G. E. Aickin: Mr Aickin was the Gospeller at this Ordination. B. P. Walker goes to be Curate to an old Johnian, Mr Pryke, at Marwood; H. H. Appleford to another, Mr Farler, at Reading.

Tripos Examinations, June 1894.

Law Tripos Part I.

First Class.

2 Baily (*bracketed*)

Second Class.

7 Earl
10 Yusuf Ali

Third Class.

16 Davis, A. J.
25 Davis, C. N. T. (*bracketed*)

Moral Sciences Tripos Part I.

First Class.

Ds Green (*Political Economy*)

Second Class.

Ds Corbett

Mathematical Tripos

Part I.

Wranglers.

4 Leathem (*bracketed*)
13 Borchardt
20 { Hibbert-Ware / Webb
25 Werner (*bracketed*)
28 Newling

Senior Optimes.

33 { Edmunds / Leftwich
37 Hart
38 Raw
42 { Fearnley / Thatcher
46 Emslie

Junior Optimes.

72 { Killey / Rivers

Part II.

First Class.

Ds Dale (*div.* 3).

Admitted to the Degree of M.B.

Ds Cuff, A. W.
Ds Lees, B .H.
Mag Henry, C .D.
Mag Parry, T. W.

Third Examination for M.B. Easter Term 1894.

Surgery etc.	Ds Barraclough	Mag Parry
	Ds King, T. P.	
Medicine etc.	Ds Cameron, J. A.	

Lady Margaret Boat Club.

First Captain—A. P. Cameron. *Second Captain*—A. G. Butler. *Hon. Sec.*—W. H. Bonsey. *Treasurer*—R. P. Hadland. *First Lent Captain*—F. A. Rose. *Second Lent Captain*—C. G. Leftwich.

May Races.—The Crews were made up as follows:—

First Boat.	st.	lbs.
Bow C. G. Leftwich	10	1
2 A. G. Butler	11	2
3 A. J. Davis	10	10
4 A. P. Cameron	11	5
5 R. P. Hadland	12	9
6 R. Y. Bonsey	12	6
7 W. H. Bonsey	11	10
Stroke F. A. Rose	11	0
Cox A. F. Alcock	7	9

Second Boat.	st.	lbs.
Bow H. Whitman	11	2
2 A. C. Scoular	11	0
3 A. J. K. Thompson	11	9
4 C. C. Ellis	11	1
5 F. Lydall	12	8
6 W. McDougall	11	2
7 E. C. Taylor	10	9
Stroke W. A. Lamb	9	13
Cox J. D. Davies	8	7

Friday, June 8.

Second Division. The Second Boat, starting second in the Division, rowed a very plucky race in pursuit of the sandwich boat (First Trinity III). The latter, however, were much the heavier and stronger crew, and although our crew stuck to their work with great dash and gameness, they did not succeed in getting nearer to their opponents than three-quarters of a length. The following boat (Caius II) were "tailed" by a long distance.

First Division. The First Boat starting fourth had the misfortune to touch the bank at First Post Corner. Happily the mischance did not prove serious, and, although they lost some distance from Third Trinity, they rowed over well away from First Trinity II.

Saturday, June 9.

Second Division. The Second Boat's experiences were very similar to those of the preceding evening, though they scarcely came so near to the sandwich boat as in the first race.

First Division. The First Boat again rowed over well away from First Trinity II, though the latter gained slightly in the Long Reach.

Monday, June 11.

Second Division. The Second Boat, following their instructions, took matters easily, and allowed Caius II to gain on them considerably. This, however, was only on sufferance, and a good spurt at the end of the course put the starting distance between the boats again.

First Division. The First Boat again rowed over, but showed a much greater amount of smartness than in the first two races.

Tuesday, June 12.

Second Division. The Second Boat, starting second in the division, gained a length on Corpus by the Gut, and from that point went up to them at a somewhat slower rate, till a good spurt round Ditton secured their bump just past the corner.

First Division. The First Boat started badly, in consequence of which First Trinity II gained on them, and their advantage was increased by better steering at Grassy. Matters, however, were in no degree serious until, shortly before Ditton, Four's slide suddenly jammed when right forward, causing Four to twist his rigger and bringing the whole boat to a standstill, as the shock caused the break-down of other slides as well, and made further rowing impossible. This disaster allowed First Trinity II to row by and secure the bump.

The Second Boat rowed over in their tub ship at the bottom of the Division, there being two bumps in front of them.

Apart from the accident which caused the First Boat to lose a place on the last day of the races, the results of the term's rowing have been disappointing. No doubt this is greatly due to the various illnesses and accidents which have hampered the crew's practice, and to the examinations which came thick and fast during the four days of the races as well as the preceding fortnight. Still the crew was decidedly lacking in life and smartness, and in that long well-controlled swing forward and hard well-sustained leg-drive, that hard clean grip of the water, and long leg-supported finish, which must be attained by any crew that is to meet with real success. If these points are carefully attended to during the next year, from the beginning of the October term onwards, we trust that we shall regain the place lost in these races and more, especially as there is plenty of good material to work upon.

The Second Boat deserve much credit, as they rowed with great pluck and smartness. Their principal fault was a general shortness in the reach forward, and, when rowing hard, a tendency to clip the finish.

The best thanks of the Club are due to R. C. Lehmann and L. S. Simpson, First Trinity, for the trouble they kindly took in coaching the First Boat.

The Second Boat was coached by W. H. Bonsey.

First Boat.

Bow—A neat and useful man for the place: wants rather more length at both ends of the stroke.

Two—As useful a shover and ugly an oar as ever: wants more steadiness, a neater finish, and fewer examinations.

Three—Rows hard, but not in quite so good a style as formerly: should get a smarter grip and longer finish.

Four—Has been rather pulled to pieces, but is nevertheless a useful oar: should get a smarter grip, as he loses part of his slide before his blade gets hold of the water.

Five—A promising but rather rough oar: must get hold of it with straighter arms and use his legs at once and right through the stroke.

Six—Very promising: must swing the body more, grip with straighter arms and keep his blade covered longer at the finish.

Seven—Has been rather put back by having to be out of the crew for some time: rows neatly, but with not quite enough life: should swing more and hold the finish out longer when rowing.

Stroke—A good stroke: keeps it going well, but might reach out a trifle more; has an awkward habit at the finish of getting his body away from his hands instead of *vice versa*.

Cox—Steered well on the whole, but is not a sure hand at a corner.

Second Boat.

Bow—Wants more length, especially at the finish: in other respects rows well.

Two—A promising freshman: with more experience and leg drive should do well.

Three—Rough, but a good shover: should be steadier forward, especially with his slide, and so get a firmer grip.

Four—Is also inclined to bucket, and inclined to clip the finish: has come on wonderfully well this term and works hard.

Five—Another promising freshman: wants a little more length and leg drive, but has capabilities and prospects.

Six—Rowed well on rather short practice: a bit short, but is a useful and patriotic oar.

Seven—Promising freshman once more: wants rather more neatness and polish, but works well and sticks to it like a terrier.

Stroke—Stroked with dash and judgment, though rather short in the reach forward: a good and cunning oar, with unfathomed capabilities as regards a fast stroke.

Cox—Steered well.

F. J. Lowe Double Sculling Prize—(see *Eagle*, XVII, p. 570). Mr Lowe's bequest of £270 (£300 less legacy duty) has been dealt with as follows:

	£.	s.	d.
Munsey: Two pairs of silver challenge Sculls in rose-wood cases with silver plates.	9	10	0
Purchase of £256 3*s.* 7*d.* Cambridge Corporation 3 per cent. Stock.	260	10	0
	£270	0	0

The stock stands in the names of the Rev A. H. Prior, Mr R. H. Forster, and Mr John Collin.

Thus the income of the fund available for the presentation prizes will be a little over £7.

The first race for these sculls took place on May 15 over the Colquhoun Course. Only two pairs entered, viz. A. T. L. Rumbold and R. W. Broadrick (First Trinity), and A. S. Bell and R. P. Croft (Trinity Hall). The latter pair, starting from the first station, drew away at once and won easily by 120 yards in 7 min. 3 sec.

It is worthy of note that this time is considerably faster than the fastest recorded time for the Magdalene Pairs. We hope that this fact will cause a larger entry for the Sculls next year, and that such entry will include representatives of the L.M.B.C.

It is unfortunate that the nearness of examinations prevented our representatives, W. McDougall and S. B. Reid, from competing this year, as they had been going well in practice and were reported to be fast.

Cricket Club.

President—J. R. Tanner, M.A. *Treasurer*—G. C. M. Smith, M.A. *Captain*—G. P. K. Winlaw. *Secretary*—F. J. S. Moore. *Committee*—J. J. Robinson, W. Falcon, W. G. Wrangham, J. H. Metcalfe.

We have had a more successful year than we have experienced for many years; this is mostly due to the fact that Triposes did not interfere with the team much, owing to the number of second-year men in it. We greatly missed the services of J. J. Robinson, and only hope we shall be repaid by seeing him win his "Blue." We were fortunate in finding two freshmen to bear the brunt of the bowling, with no small success. Our best performance, without doubt, was our victory over Trinity.

Matches.

Played, 18. Won 4, lost 1, drawn 13.

April 30. *v.* Pembroke. Drawn. Pembroke 235 for 3 wickets (J. Du V. Brunton 83, G. S. Wilson 62). St John's 124 for 8 wickets (J. G. McCormick 30).

May 1 & 2. *v.* Jesus. Lost. Jesus 277 (T. N. Perkins 98) and 28 for 2 wickets, (F. E. Edwardes 4 wickets for 34). St John's 139 (G. P. K. Winlaw 35, H. Reeve 31) and 163 (F. J. S, Moore 35, J. H. Metcalfe 33).

May 3. *v.* Trinity. Won. Trinity 170 (H. Reeve 3 wickets for 22). St John's 182 for 4 wickets (F. J. S. Moore 85*).

May 5. *v.* Clare. Drawn. St John's 196 for 4 wickets (G. P. K. Winlaw 93*, J. J. Robinson 42). Clare 117 for 4 wickets.

May 7 & 8. *v.* Christ's. Won. St John's 170 (J. H. Metcalfe 72) and 167 for 3 wickets (G. P. K. Winlaw 84, W. Falcon 59). Christ's 95 and 103 (R. C. Schwartz 47, F. E. Edwardes 4 wickets for 20).

May 10 11 & 12. *v.* Emmanuel. Drawn. Emmanuel 328 (J. A. B. Anderson 98, C. Bland 49). St John's 73 for 1 wicket. Rain stopped play.

May 14. *v.* Exeter College, Oxford. Drawn. Exeter 213 for 7 wickets (F. A. Phillips 100, S. R. Hignell 78*). St John's 99 for 4 wickets (W. G. Wrangham 36*).

May 15. *v.* King's. Drawn. St John's 175. King's 78 for 3 wickets.

May 16. *v.* Selwyn. Drawn. St John's 33 for no wickets. Rain stopped play.

May 17 & 18. *v.* Trinity. Drawn. St John's 236 (J. H. Metcalfe 80, H. Reeve 54). Trinity 534 (J. S. Shearme 154*, W. Mortimer 72), (F. E. Edwardes 6 wickets for 102).

May 19. *v.* Jesus. Drawn. St John's 251 (J. F. S. Moore 135). Jesus 119 for 2 wickets (F. L. Hinde 50, T. N. Perkins 47*).

May 21 & 22. *v.* Caius. Drawn. Caius 85 (H. Reeve 6 wickets for 36) and 343 (F. E. Brunner 115). St John's 250 for 6 wickets (W. G. Wrangham 69, J. H. Metcalfe 45*) and 73 for 7 wickets.

May 24. *v.* Crusaders. Drawn. St John's 248 (C. D. Robinson 81). Crusaders 104 for 2 wickets (A. P. Whitwell 49*).

May 25. *v.* Magdalene. Won. Magdalene 178 (P. G. Hunter-Muskett 81, G. P. K. Winlaw 4 wickets for 39). St John's 251 for 4 wickets (C. D. Robinson 116).

May 26. *v.* Whitgift Wanderers. Drawn. Whitgift Wanderers 146 for 4 wickets (J. P. Harvey 55*, H. L. Turner 55). St John's 45 for 1 wicket.

May 28. *v.* Peterhouse. Won. Peterhouse 58 (H. Reeve 3 wickets for 1 run). St John's 122 for 3 wickets (W. G. Wrangham 56*, J. H. Metcalfe 52).

May 29. *v.* Trinity Hall. Drawn. Trinity Hall 17 for 1 wicket. Rain stopped play.

May 30. *v.* Pembroke. Drawn. St John's 197 for 4 wickets (J. H. Metcalfe 67, G. P. K. Winlaw 57). Pembroke 19 for 3 wickets (H. Reeve 3 wickets for no runs).

* Signifies not out.

The Eleven.

G. P. K. Winlaw.—Has scored fairly consistently throughout the season; a good bat with an effective cut; his bowling was not very successful this year.

J. J. Robinson—A fine all-round cricketer: it is only to be hoped that he may gain his Blue.

W. G. Wrangham—A greatly improved bat; has fallen off in bowling, but is still as good as ever in the field.

C. D. Robinson—A good bat with sound defence; has gained many more strokes and hits cleanly when set; good wicket-keeper.

F. J. S. Moore—A really good bat with any number of strokes; useful change bowler and good point.

W. Falcon—Has not shown his last year's form, though he improved towards the end of the season. Good field.

C. R. McKee—Has been very disappointing as a bat, but greatly improved in the field.

J. H. Metcalfe—Has been in great form, hitting clean and hard; a good field, but inclined to rush too hard at the ball.

H. Reeve—Has bowled exceedingly well at times, but bowls too much to leg and has had luck. A fair bat; slow in the field.

F. E. Edwardes—A really good bowler for a dozen overs; should not bowl so much at the wicket. Safe field in the slips; has not had much of a trial in batting.

J. G. McCormick—A somewhat shaky bat at starting, but has scored consistently. Very keen in the field.

K. Clarke—An uncertain bat with a very fine forward cut; should do better next year. Can bowl and is safe in the field.

Batting Averages.

Name.	No. of runs	Most in Innings	No. of Innings	Times not out	Aver.
J. H. Metcalfe	416	80	14	4	41·6
F. J. S. Moore	453	135	15	4	41·18
G. P. K. Winlaw	455	93*	18	3	30·33
C. D. Robinson	405	116	15	1	28·92
W. G. Wrangham	227	69	11	3	28·37
H. Reeve	136	54	8	3	27·2
J. J. Robinson	74	42	3	0	24·66
J. G. McCormick	271	34*	15	3	22·58
W. Falcon	157	59	11	2	17·44
K. Clarke	138	27	10	1	15·33
F. E. Edwardes	45	21	7	4	15
C. R. McKee	55	14	7	2	11

* Signifies not out.

Bowling Averages.

Name	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Aver.
H. Reeve	217·3	58	613	47	13·04
J. J. Robinson	66	19	196	10	19·6
F. E. Edwardes	206·4	40	651	28	23·25
F. J. S. Moore	118·3	22	349	12	29·08
K. Clarke	124	23	394	12	32·83

The Second XI have had rather bad luck in losing no less than three matches by less than 40 runs. Their record is: matches played 12, won 3, lost 5, drawn 4.

In 'Varsity Matches this term we have been represented by J. J. Robinson, who has taken part in all the matches that have taken place. C. D. Robinson and F. J. S. Moore played for the XVI *v.* the XI. K. Clarke played in the Freshmen's Match.

Rugby Union Football Club.

At a General Meeting held on Wednesday, May 30, the following officers were elected for the ensuing season:

Captain—W. Falcon. *Secretary*—C. D. Robinson.

Association Football Club.

The following officers have been elected for next season:

Captain—B. J. C. Warren. *Secretary*—H. Reeve.

Lawn Tennis Club.

Captain—C. O. S. Hatton. *Hon. Sec.*—B. J. C. Warren.

All our matches have been won with the exception of those against Trinity and the Hall, the latter of which was played with three of our team away, and only lost by 4—5.

We have won the Inter-Collegiate Challenge Cup for the first time, Hatton and Newling beating R. B. Scott and L. L. R. Hausburg (Trinity) in the Challenge round by three sets to love (6—3) (7—5) (6—4).

Hatton has been playing regularly for the 'Varsity, and has got his 'Grasshopper.' He has also won the 'Varsity Open Singles and in partnership with R. B. Scott (Trinity) the Doubles.

The following colours have been given: C. O. S. Hatton, J. Lupton, B. J. C. Warren, S. W. Newling, W. H. C. Chevalier, J. F. Skrimshire, M. W. Blyth.

Matches.

Matches played, 15. Won 13, lost 2.

Date.	*Club.*	*Result.*	*Points.*
April 25	Pembroke	Won	6—3.
,, 26	Christ's	Won	5—4.
,, 28	Emmanuel	Won	8—1.
May 2	Mayflies	Won	5—4.
,, 3	Corpus	Won	5—4.
,, 5	Jesus	Won	7—2.
,, 11	Christ's	Won	5—1.
,, 12	King's	Won	7—2.
,, 14	Caius	Won	9—0.
,, 15	Trinity Hall	Lost	4—5.
,, 18	Jesus	Won	6—3.
,, 25	Mayflies	Won	7—2.
June 1	King's	Won	6—3.
,, 2	Clare	Won	5—4.
,, 7	Trinity	Lost	1—8.

Eagle Lawn Tennis Club.

President—Mr R. F. Scott. *Treasurer*—G. P. K. Winlaw. *Secretary*—W. Falcon.

At a meeting of the above Club held on Wednesday, May 18, the following new members were elected:—W. P. Boas, R. Y. Bonsey, K. Clarke, J. G. McCormick, H. Reeve.

Lacrosse Club.

Captain—E. J. Kefford. *Hon. Treas.*—W. T. Leigh-Phillips.

A Meeting of the above Club was held this term in the Secretary's rooms. W. J. Leigh-Phillips was elected Captain for the ensuing season, and H. L. Gregory, Secretary. We are glad to say the Club is in a most flourishing condition and that one of its members, J. Lupton, has been elected Captain of the 'Varsity Lacrosse Club for the coming season. We wish both teams prosperity in the future.

Recruits will be heartily welcome and we hope will be numerous, as at present we have a very strong College team and shall be glad to keep up our old reputation.

Fives Club.

President—Mr H. R. Tottenham. *Captain*—L. Horton-Smith. *Secretary*—A. J. Tait. *Treasurer*—C. R. McKee. *Committee*—Mr Harker, J. Lupton, A. B. Maclachlan and G. W. Poynder.

The Club played three matches in town during the Easter vacation.

We beat St John's Hall, Highbury, by 125 points to 75, and Merchant Taylors' School by 105 to 99 (in Doubles), but we succumbed to St Paul's, being beaten by 132 points to 93.

In the Singles, which we found ourselves bound to play at Merchant Taylors' after the Doubles, we did not come off well. We had not expected to play Singles, and hence had not practised for them—these Singles we therefore omit. The record of matches before the vacation was—seven won, none lost, and a total of 888 points for us, 523 against us. The sum total for the whole season is nine matches won and one lost (all Doubles), and a record of 1211 points scored for us, 829 against us.

4th (Cambridge University) Volunteer Battalion The Suffolk Regiment.

B Company.

At the conclusion of last term the detachment proceeded to Aldershot. Fifteen members of the College accompanied the Corps, which got through a week's training in fine weather. Immediately on our arrival we were attached to the Public Schools Brigade for a sham fight with the regulars; and after the contest was over we marched past the Duke of Connaught, who kindly allowed us to take up a position opposite the saluting base and there watch the regulars—a magnificent spectacle. We had another field-day before we left, this time with the Field Service Training Corps; and after that a small engagement of our own. Sergeant McCormick was unfortunately

shot early in the day, but Corporal Cummings took command of the Johnian section and handled his men with remarkable sagacity and courage, while Privates Reid, D. P. Hadland, and Barnett rifled the bodies of some dead cyclists with heroic bravery. We came back to Cambridge having thoroughly enjoyed our taste of barrack-room life.

The Inspection was held this term and was very successful—especially the night parade in the Corn Exchange.

All Johnian Volunteers will be glad to know that Corporal R. Y. Bonsey was selected to be photographed as one of the "Types (of beauty) of the Volunteers."

Every member of the Corps must join in recruiting from the best of next term's Freshers.

Debating Society.

President—W. B. Allan. *Vice-President*—C. T. Powell. *Treasurer*—H. M. Schroder. *Secretary*—R. O. P. Taylor. *Auditor*—A. P. McNeile. *Committee*—T. Hay and W. A. Gardner.

The debates during the term have been as follows:

April 28—"That this House views the Government of Lord Rosebery with entire confidence, and wishes it a long tenure of office." Proposed by A. K. B. Yusuf-Ali, opposed by F. N. Mayers. Lost by 6 to 8.

May 5—"That the so-called comic song is entirely objectionable." Proposed by H. M. Schroder, opposed by G. T. Whiteley. Lost by 7 to 12.

May 12—"That indiscriminate charity is the curse of the country." Proposed by C. T. Powell, opposed by R. O. P. Taylor. Lost by 6 to 9.

May 19—"That this House would approve of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church." Proposed by A. J. Story, opposed by J. E. Purvis B.A. Lost by 6 to 19.

May 26—"That this House would welcome the establishment of Slavery." Proposed by W. B. Allan, opposed by T. Hay.

H. H. Davies moved as an amendment—"That this House would welcome the establishment of a luncheon bar in the Third Court." The amendment was carried by 10 to 4.

The average number of members present was 32, but on every question there seemed to be a marked disinclination to record a vote. The debate on Disestablishment was fiercely fought and produced some excellent speeches. A. J. Walker, (Hon. Sec. of the Musical Society) made a vigorous attempt to get the comic song condemned. The last debate of the term

was as usual a long one, bristling with points of order. We are sorry to have to record that three of our Ex-Presidents are going down this term, among them Peter Green, whose loss we shall feel most keenly.

Theological Society.

President—G. Watkinson. *Hon. Treas.*—J. S. Müller. *Hon. Sec.*—W. A. Gardner. *Committee*—C. C. Ellis and H. M. Schroder.

The meetings have been as follows:—On May 11 in C. C. Ellis' rooms: *Some thoughts on Inspiration*, Professor Lumby.

On May 18 in J. S. Müller's rooms: *Some questions and answers from the Ordinal*, Canon Slater.

On May 23 in R. O. P. Taylor's rooms, a Social meeting took place. A photo of the Society has been taken; the number of members this term was 25.

Musical Society.

President—Dr Sandys. *Treasurer*—Rev A. J. Stevens. *Secretary*—A. J. Walker. *Assistant Secretary*—H. Reeve. *Librarian*—C. T. Powell. *Committee*—A. J. Chotzner, J. M. Hardwich.

On Friday, April 27, the Society made a new departure by giving a Smoking Concert in the May Term. The chief items of interest were Beethoven's Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin (No. 5) in F, performed by the same friends from the Royal Academy of Music who played before us last term, and Mr Thomas' rendering of two Scotch songs by Stewart Macpherson. The interest of the programme was also increased by the fact that at this concert 'The Crotchets'—a quartette club founded towards the end of last term—made their first appearance. It is hoped that they will often thus favour the Musical Society.

The Annual Concert was held in the College Hall, by kind permission of the Master and Fellows, on Monday, June 11. The programme was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1 CANTATA ..... "May Day" ..... *Sir George Macfarren*

2 SONG ..... "Aufenthalt" ..... *Schubert*
A. J. WALKER.

3 RECITATIVE AND ARIA .... "Che Farò" ..... *Glück*
Miss DORA BARNARD.

4 SONGS ..... (*a*) "My heart and lute" (*b*) "Sing, Nightingale" } ..... *Halfdan Kjerulf*
Rev F. G. GIVEN-WILSON.

5 PIANOFORTE DUET .... "Am Springbrunnen" ..... *Schumann*
C. P. KEELING AND F. G. COLE.

PART II.

6 QUARTETTS ..... (*a*) "All things love thee" (*b*) "Summer Eve" } ..... *Hatton*
THE CROTCHETS.

7 ARIA (from *Samson*) .. "Honour and Arms" ..... *Handel*
C. T. Powell.

8 RECITATVE ..... "Nei trionfi d'Alessandro" ARIA ..... "Lusinghe più care" } ..... *Handel*
Miss KATE COVE.

9 SONG ..... "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me" .... *A. Somervell*
W. R. ELLIOTT.

10 CANTATA ..... "The Jackdaw of Rheims" ..... *George Fox*

Last year Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* formed the chief item in the programme. This year a short cantata was inserted in either part. The chorus and orchestra were quite equal to the occasion, and Sir George Macfarren's *May Day* and George Fox's *Jackdaw of Rheims* were both most successfully performed. Neither work reaches a very high artistic level—the *Jackdaw of Rheims* has no pretensions to that—but, as they were sung, they could not have been better. The final chorus of *May Day* was especially good, and the trebles took their high notes very well, with a success which was wanting in some parts of the *Jackdaw of Rheims*. Miss Kate Cove sang magnificently in both cantatas, while in the second Miss Dora Barnard, the Rev F. G. Given-Wilson and A. J. Walker sang solos.

It would be hard to say of the individual contributions which was best performed. Miss Dora Barnard sang *Che farò* from Gluck's *Orfeo*, and Miss Kate Cove charmed the audience with her wonderful rendering of an extremely difficult recitative and air from Handel's *Scipione*. Two more enjoyable songs could not have been heard, and the large audience, which filled the Hall from end to end, heard them in perfect silence and applauded rapturously. Miss Cove's encore song was extremely pretty, but was hard to listen to after her first song with its magnificent flights and runs. To those who heard *Lusinghe più care* for the first time, it must have revealed the lightest and most beautiful side of Handel's genius.

C. T. Powell sang the familiar *Honour and Arms* from *Samson* and surpassed himself in it. The song was well chosen and suits his voice admirably. All our solo talent was to the fore. A. J. Walker and the Rev F. G. Given-Wilson, a welcome figure and voice after a year's absence, sang in the first part, while W. R. Elliott and C. T. Powell took their places in the second. Comparisons are odious, and in this case are fortunately unnecessary. All four sang their very best.

From smoking concerts some of us were familiar with the Schumann duet which F. G. Cole and C. P. Keeling played so

well, but, for all that, it had lost none of its freshness, and was all too short. From smoking concerts, too, we knew of the quartette of Crotchets. Their performances in the Lecture Room have been delightful: in the Hall they were better than ever: it is quite impossible to praise their rendering of two of Hatton's glees too highly. Their choice was admirable: their performance justified the choice.

The *Eagle* last year declared that the concert held then was the most successful ever held. If such was the case, this year's concert was doubly successful. The Hall, with its red carpet and lavish floral decoration, has never looked better, the singing and playing has never been so good, and all thanks are due to the energetic Secretary and Committee for the way in which the whole concert was carried out. And the highest thanks and praise must be paid to the Conductor, Dr Garrett, for the immense pains which he took with regard to the concert, and in training the choir.

The College Ball.

By permission of the Master and Fellows a Ball was given in the College Hall on Tuesday, June 12. A special floor was laid by the universal provider, Mr Whiteley of Bayswater. Supper was served in the Combination Room. A tent for sitting out in was erected behind the Chapel Court, the walks of which were illuminated. The Hall was decorated with flowers, and our beautiful Combination Room looked even more charming than usual. About two hundred were present. The String Band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) supplied the music, and dancing was kept up till 4 a.m. The Master brought a large party from the Lodge. The number of gentlemen present slightly exceeded the number of ladies, so that the latter were always fully occupied. Ladies accustomed to the *blasé* men about town expressed their astonishment at the vigour they found at Cambridge. The Committee, whose names are given below, are much to be complimented on the general excellence of the arrangements.

The Rev P. H. Mason, *President.*

Mr R. F. Scott.	Mr C. O. S. Hatton (*Secretary*).
Dr L. E. Shore.	Mr G. P. K. Winlaw.
Mr A. Hill (*Secretary*)	Mr W. H. Bonsey.
Mr S. B. Reid.	Mr J. H. Metcalfe.
Mr J. J. Robinson.	Mr R. Y. Bonsey.
Mr. A. P. Cameron.	Mr J. G. McCormick.

A Steward's Breakfast of a decidedly festive character followed the departure of the ladies.

The Johnian Dinner, 1894.

The Johnian Dinner took place this year at the First Avenue Hotel, London, on Tuesday, April 17. Mr R. Horton-Smith, Q.C. was in the Chair. As will be seen from the list of those present, the gathering was the largest and most representative which has yet been held.

The Toast list was as follows:—*The Queen*; *The College*, proposed by the Chairman, replied to by Sir Francis Powell, Rev Dr T. G. Bonney, and Mr R. F. Scott; *The Lady Margaret Boat Club*, proposed by Mr L. H. K. Bushe-Fox, replied to by the First Captain, Mr A. P. Cameron, and Mr L. H. Edmunds; *The Chairman*, proposed by the Rev J. F. Bateman.

Music and songs from J. A. Whitaker, the Rev J. A. Beaumont, the Rev F. G. Given-Wilson, Mr E. J. Rapson, and others, and recitations by Mr H. T. Barnett added to the enjoyment of the evening.

Members of the College who would like to receive year by year notice of the date of the dinner are requested to send their names and addresses to one of the secretaries, namely:—Ernest Prescott, 70, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, W., and R. H. Forster, Members Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

The following is a list of those present:

Chairman—R. Horton Smith, Q.C.

R. E. Baker
A. B. Baldwin
H. T. Barnett
Rev J. F. Bateman
E. Beaumont
Rev J. A. Beaumont
Rev Prof Bonney
W. H. Bonsey
E. J. Brooks
P. H. Brown
G. J. M. Burnett
L. H. K. Bushe-Fox
S. Butler
J. H. Butterworth
Rev A. Caldecott
A. P. Cameron
Rev Canon Clarke
Rev J. S. Clementson
J. Coates
F. H. Colson
Rt Hon L. H. Courtney M.P.
Rev G. Crossley
G. E. Cruikshank
A. J. David
Rev H. L. Dawson
A. F. Douglas
L. H. Edmunds
Rev J. C. B. Fletcher
R. H. Forster
T. E. Forster
Rev F. G. Given-Wilson
T. L. Harrison
Col. J. Hartley
Rev. W. J. Harvey
J. A. Herbert
Rev E. Hill
Rev J. W. Horne
W. H. Hudleston
Prof W. H. H. Hudson
D. M. Kerly
R. H. Landor
Rev J. P. Langley
N. M. Leake
Ll. Lloyd
Rev W. S. F. Long
Rev J. H. Lupton
R. Marrack
Rev H. E. Mason
J. Massie
Rev J. J. Milne
Rev W. I. Phillips
H. F. Pooley
Sir F. S. Powell, Bart. M.P.
E. Prescott
E. J. Rapson
H. J. Roby, M.P.
Rev C. M. Roberts
S. O. Roberts
E. Rosher
Dr J. E. Sandys
Rev C. C. Scholefield
R. F. Scott
G. Silly
B. A. Smith
G. C. M. Smith
Rev H. Gibson Smith
Jason Smith
Rt Rev Bishop Speechly
Rev W. H. H. Steer
G. G. Tremlett
G. J. Turner
Rev A. T. Wallis
B. West
J. L. Whitaker
G. White
G. C. Whiteley
G. T. Whiteley
Aneurin Williams
Rev C. H. Wood
P. T. Wrigley

The College Mission in Walworth.

Senior Secretary—Rev A. Caldecott. *Senior Treasurer*—Dr Watson.
Junior Secretary—A. P. McNeile. *Junior Treasurer*—Peter Green.

During the Easter Vacation ten men visited the Mission at Walworth and assisted the work of the Missioners, exclusive of those who merely went down for the day. The Concert given on Easter Monday by A. J. Walker and friends was a great success, and largely attended. The Lectures given by the Master, Dr Rolleston, Mr Bourne (Head-master of King's College School), and Mr Caldecott last term were greatly appreciated by the people, and in the Annual Report which has just appeared the Missioners express a hope that such Lectures will be repeated in the future.

At the beginning of May Mr Wallis took Bishop Speechly's parochial duties for a fortnight, and during his absence the Rev W. H. Verity took his place at the Mission. Mr Wallis has been up in Cambridge twice during the term, and it is to be hoped that one result of his visits will be an increase in the numbers of visitors to Walworth during the coming Vacation. It cannot be too strongly urged that most material help can be given to the Mission, and most sincere interest in the Mission obtained, by frequent visits and by actual participation in the work that is being carried on by our Missioners.

The collection of old clothes is at present being carried on in the College. Reference to the Report will show that in the weekly sales of such clothes over £50 was realised last year. As we confer a boon upon the people by sending the clothes while we do not "pauperise" them by giving the same, we shall feel any falling off in the supply a great loss both to our exchequer and to our powers of doing good in Walworth.

The Parish Magazine has now established a firm footing in the district, and can be obtained by application to the Missioners or the Secretary; it contains a few local notes which are of great use in helping one to keep in touch with what is going on in Walworth.

It is to be hoped that as many as possible will come to the "Johnian gathering" mentioned in the Report, which takes place at the time of the Harvest Thanksgiving, *i.e.* early in October, before the date for returning to Cambridge.

The Report is now being circulated: any member of the College not receiving one is requested to apply for his copy to one of the Secretaries.

There is a statement in the Report that an old Johnian has given £50 to the reduction of the debt (£150) on the buildings. Another Johnian offers a further £50 if the whole is cleared off by Christmas. We hope our supporters will notice this.

Toynbee Hall.

28, Commercial Street, E. (near Aldgate Station).

Many members of the College would find a visit to Toynbee Hall of great interest, and if they have not seen it they should take the first opportunity of doing so. Men who are going down from Cambridge to reside in London are reminded of the advantages offered by Toynbee to all who prefer a sort of College life to life alone, and who are willing in some small way to help others. For full information they should apply to the Warden, the Rev Canon Barnett.

Lists of Occupants of Rooms in St John's College.

It is proposed to republish these lists in the Long Vacation with such corrections and additions as have come in. Any further correction should therefore be sent to Mr G. C. M. Smith, St John's College, without delay.

College Essay Prizes.

The following are the subjects for the College Essay Prizes:

For Students now in their First Year.		Bismarck.
,, ,, ,,	*Second Year.*	The development of the ideal of male and female character in the leading English novelists of the present century.
,, ,, ,,	*Third Year.*	The rights of majorities.

The Essays are to be sent to the Master not later than Saturday, October 13, 1894.

We are sure that all Subscribers to the *Eagle* will join with the Editors in tendering their very hearty thanks to Mr G. C. M. Smith for his great services to the magazine, and in expressing their deep regret at his resignation. During his five years of office, in addition to the heavy routine of the Press Editorship, he has found time for other work which calls equally for our gratitude. To take one instance of his devotion, the College owes to him the list of occupants of rooms, the preparation of which involved much labour and research. His interest in the history of the College deserves the thanks of past Johnians for strengthening the bond of sympathy between them, and uniting them to their College in closer ties than before; and of the present generation for thus connecting them with their predecessors. His own contributions have formed not his least valuable service; we hope that his retirement will cause no break in his literary connexion with the *Eagle*.

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