

THE EAGLE.

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

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IN MEMORIAM. W. H. MILLER.

ON the 20th May last, in the fulness of years, the most illustrious on our list of Fellows passed into his rest. No public ceremony marked his obsequies—in accordance with his wishes, in harmony with the unobtrusive simplicity of his character—his funeral was so private that only a very few friends, and they almost by chance, were able to pay the last honours at his grave. But no one who was present in the College Chapel on the following Sunday evening, while the solemn music of the Dead March pealed forth from the organ, and the whole congregation remained in their places till its last notes died away, can have failed to perceive, stranger though he might be, how many of us felt that in Professor Miller a great man was lost to our Israel. Still, to the younger among that audience his always unobtrusive life and his long illness may have made him little more than a name. It seems then all the more fit that one who had the privilege of knowing him should place in our College Magazine a brief record of his life's work and a brief testimony to the value of its lessons.

William Hallowes Miller was born at Velindre, near Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire. At this pretty spot, on the upper part of the strath of the Towey, his father, Captain Miller, had a few years previously fixed his residence. The associations of the family were essentially military. Captain Miller served through a part of the American War; his house was burnt by the rebels, and he was in other respects a heavy loser.

All the family papers were destroyed in this conflagration: but Captain Miller is believed to have been a descendant of a distinguished officer who was Adjutant-General to General Monk. He was twice married. Of his family by the first wife, two sons were killed in action—one in the act of leading a storming party; another, though crippled by wounds, lived to be a Lieutenant-Colonel, and to receive the distinction of C.B. His daughter also married an officer in the Artillery. Captain Miller, after his return to England, and comparatively late in life—for he was then full sixty years of age—married the daughter of a Welsh clergyman. On April 6, 1801, she became the mother of William Hallowes Miller, and died a few days after his birth.

After receiving his earlier education at private schools, he became a member of this College, at an age slightly more advanced than is usual, and in the year 1826 graduated in Mathematical Honours, being fifth Wrangler. This place he attained without availing himself of the aid of a Private Tutor. On April 6, 1829, he was elected a Fellow, and proceeded in due course to the degree of M.A. He was appointed a College lecturer in October, 1829, and a joint-Tutor in the following year. His first literary work was mathematical—a "Treatise on Hydrostatics," published in 1831, and followed a few years subsequently by one on "Hydrodynamics." The two were subsequently republished in one volume, and formed for many years the chief text-book on that subject in the Cambridge lecture-rooms. This treatise is conspicuous for its exactness and lucidity, though its terseness—a distinguishing feature in all the author's writings—makes it rather a difficult book for a student of only average ability. At this time, the Chair of Mineralogy in this University was occupied by Dr. Whewell, who, on his election to that office in the year 1828, had thrown himself energetically into its duties, and had especially

devoted himself to the study of crystallography. Miller was attracted to the same subject; and four years later, when Professor Whewell resigned, he used his influence to obtain the chair for his pupil. Thus, in the year 1832, Miller was elected to the post, which became the chief work of his long and laborious life.

In the year 1841, Professor Miller proceeded to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. To this temporary diversion from more congenial studies he was compelled by the statutes which at that time governed the College. These required that all the Fellows, after a certain time should be in Holy Orders, with the exception of four, two of whom were to be students of medicine. To one of these Fellowships Professor Miller was transferred in the year 1834; but it is needless to add that, though he complied with the requirements of the statute, he made no attempt to follow medicine as a profession. In 1844 he vacated his Fellowship at the College, by marriage, also in accordance with the statutes. However, thirty years afterwards he was again elected a Fellow of this College, under the statute (granted in 1860) empowering the Society to elect as Fellow any person eminent for science or learning, whether married or not. But Professor Miller's work was now drawing near its end. From his youth he had been a hard worker, and had lived perhaps almost too sparingly. He delivered his lectures as usual in the earlier part of 1876, but a change in the expression of his face began to be rather marked, which seemed to forebode a giving way of his robust constitution, and caused anxiety to his friends. Their fears were not groundless. In the October term of 1876 a short course of lectures which he had announced was interrupted by a slight stroke of paralysis. This proved the beginning of the end. He was never able to meet his class again, and the duties of the chair were henceforth discharged by a deputy. Very slowly,

but very surely, his vital powers declined—a torpor stealing alike over mind and body—till at last he fell asleep on the 20th May of the present year.

Professor Miller's name is inseparably connected with two important branches of scientific work. The first of these belongs, as might be expected, to mineralogy. "Crystallography," as it has been said, "was Miller's science. It had taken his first shape in the hands of Haüy in the decade of years before he was born, and in those of Weiss, of Mohs, and especially of Franz Ernst Neumann and of Grassmann, it had been receiving development during the years of Miller's youth and manhood." To this his predecessor, Professor Whewell, had contributed by an important memoir on the geometrical treatment of crystal forms, published in the "Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society." "Taking this memoir and Neumann's treatise of 1823 ('Beiträge zur Krystallonomie') as his starting point, Miller preceeded to develop a system of crystallography, which was not published till 1838, but which was the most important work of his life." His system represented the face of a crystal by a symbol composed of three numerals, or indices. Selecting three crystallographic axes, parallel respectively to possible edges of a crystal, and a face of that crystal making certain intercepts on these axes, and taking the three simplest whole numbers (a, b, c , suppose) whose ratio expressed the ratio of these intercepts, he expressed the ratio of the intercepts of any other face of the crystal, by multiplying a, b, c respectively by $\frac{1}{h}, \frac{1}{k}, \frac{1}{l}$ respectively, where h, k, l were integers, and formed the symbol of the new plane.

"The elegant way" (to continue the words of Professor Maskelyne, already quoted) "in which this mode of representing a face lent itself to yielding expressions for the relations between faces belonging to a zone (*i.e.*, faces that would intersect in edges

parallel to the same line) gave it a superiority over previous methods, due to its bringing the symbols of the crystallographer into a form similar to that employed in algebraic geometry. Miller's work consisted in working out into a beautiful system the indicial method of notation and calculation in crystallography, and obtaining expressions adapted for logarithmic calculations by processes of great elegance and simplicity. Miller's system, then, gave expressions for working all the problems that a crystal can present, and it gave them in a form that appealed at once to the sense of symmetry and appropriateness of the mathematician." He thus, as it has been well said, "placed the keystone into the arch of the science of crystallography," and the "future development of that science, there could be little doubt, will follow on the lines laid down by Miller."

Professor Miller's shorter communications on mineralogical and physical subjects are numerous and valuable, and, besides these, he published, in 1863, in addition to his original treatise a tract on crystallography. In 1852 a work also appeared entitled "A New Edition of the Elementary Introduction to Mineralogy, by the late William Phillips," by H. J. Brooke and W. H. Miller. It is, however, no disparagement to either the original author or his fellow editor to say that Professor Miller made this volume almost his own. "The publication of this severe little volume was an epoch in the science which it illustrated; it contained a mass of results obtained by Miller, with all his accuracy and all his patience through many years, and tabulated in his usual concise manner. It is a monument to Miller's name, though he almost expunged that name from it."

But Professor Miller's reputation does not rest only upon his work as a mineralogist, great though that was. His name is no less inseparably connected with the difficult and delicate experiments and investigations

connected with the restoration of the standards of measurement and weight, and with the subsequent labours of the International Metric Commission.

After the fire, which in 1843 consumed the Houses of Parliament, it was found that the standards of measurement and weight there preserved were hopelessly ruined, and a Commission was appointed to consider the questions connected with their restoration. Professor Miller was not, indeed, a member of that Commission, but it is well known that his friendly assistance contributed greatly to guide the Commission in some of their more important recommendations, especially in those which related to the means to be provided for contingent restoration of the standard of weight. In sections 3 and 5 of the Act 5th George IV, it was directed that "in case of the loss of the standard, the yard shall be restored by taking the length which shall bear a certain proportion to the length of the pendulum, vibrating seconds of mean time in the latitude of London, in a vacuum at the level of the sea; and that the pound shall be restored by taking the weight which bears a certain proportion to the weight of a cubic inch of water weighed in a certain manner." In their report, dated December 21, 1841, the Commissioners declined to recommend the adoption of these provisions, for reasons which are given therein, and advised that each standard should be restored from measures and from weights then existing, which had been most carefully compared with the original standards, stating also that they were "fully persuaded that, with reasonable precautions, it may always be possible to provide for the accurate restoration of standards by means of material copies, which have been carefully compared with them, more securely that by reference to experiments referring to natural constants."

In 1843, a Committee was appointed to superintend the construction of the new Parliamentary standards

of length and weight, of which Professor Miller was a member, and to him was confided the construction of the new standards of weight. In the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1856, he describes at length "The operations for restoring the value of the Old Standard of Weight; for constructing the New Standard of a different value; for constructing various derived Standards, and for establishing the relative value of the Kilogramme," a paper, which (to quote the words of the Astronomer Royal, endorsed by a former President of the Royal Society, Sir Edward Sabine) "will long be cited as a model of accuracy."

He was subsequently a member of a new Royal Commission for "examining into and reporting on the state of the secondary standards, and for considering every question which could affect the primary, secondary, and local standards."

In the year 1870 he was appointed a member of the Commission Internationale du Mètre. This led to various visits to Paris between the above year and 1874. More than one of his colleagues (M. M. Tresca and Descloiseaux among others) has expressed in the warmest terms his sense of the value of Professor Miller's services to that Commission. Perhaps there was no member whose opinions had greater weight deciding any intricate and difficult question.

His services to the Royal Society must not be forgotten in a sketch of his life, however brief. Elected a Fellow in the year 1838, he was appointed Foreign Secretary in 1856, a post for which he was eminently fitted by his accurate and extensive knowledge of French, German, and Italian, his methodical habits and unvarying courtesy, as well as by his extensive scientific knowledge.

Though for honours and rewards he cared less than most men, he had the pleasure of knowing that the work which he had done was not unacknowledged by his contemporaries. In addition to the honours

mentioned above, he received in 1865 the degree of LL.D. from the University of Dublin, and in 1876 that of D.C.L. from Oxford. In 1870 he was awarded a Royal Medal by the Royal Society. He was a Knight of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazare of Italy and of the Order of Leopold of Belgium. He was also an honorary member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Mineralogical Society of France, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a foreign member of the Mineralogical Society of St. Petersburg, of the Academy of Göttingen, and of Vienna, and a corresponding member of the Academies of Munich, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Turin, and of the Academy of Science, Paris.

To those who enjoyed Professor Miller's friendship three characteristics were conspicuous above all. One was the extent and the accuracy of his knowledge. Not only on those subjects to which he had more notably devoted himself, but on almost any question of physical science he was an authority. Younger men in Cambridge looked upon him as a kind of living encyclopædia, for their questions were at once met by answers clear, accurate, and concise. As one of the most competent judges now living in this University writes, "There was, I think, no person in Cambridge whose knowledge of natural philosophy on the whole exceeded, or even equalled, that of Professor Miller. He kept up his reading to an extent that was surprising."

Another was the simplicity of his disposition. Seldom has there been a man with so few wants. To all except himself he was generous; hospitable to his friends, he was almost Spartan in his own habits. This trait, combined with the remarkable inventiveness of his mind, is evidenced even in his laboratory. There the visitor is surprised to find the most homely odds and ends utilized in the construction of instruments capable of performing delicate measurements. "Give Pro-

fessor Miller," a friend has said, "some loose lenses, bits of glass tubing, laths, copper wire, and especially some pill-boxes, and he will make any instrument that he wants."

The third characteristic was the remarkable combination which he exhibited of independence of thought and freedom of opinion, with gentleness of temper and speech, with forbearance, courtesy, and respect for the opinion of others. His was not indeed that easy good nature sometimes found in those who have long lived in academic circles, which, born of an overfondness for peace and quietness, and a real dislike to inflicting pain or interrupting pleasant relations, at last so emasculates the character that it loses the power of generous indignation, and cannot be stirred to protest against neglect of duty or misdoing when these do not clash with outward decorum. Professor Miller's gentleness was not of this flaccid nature. He could be stirred by righteous indignation; and his words then, from their contrast with his ordinary utterances, seemed the more scathing. From another fault to which our academic life is apt to lead Professor Miller was also free—that of isolation. Many a student, as age steals upon him, becomes so immersed in his own pursuits as to forget the numbers of young men who throng this place to whom he has a message, if he would only speak it, over many of whom he might acquire a life enduring influence. Professor Miller, though caring little for society in the ordinary sense of the term, though not instantly winning his way with younger men as did Kingsley and Maurice, not only talked well and with a certain quaint humour, but also possessed a charm of manners, a dignity and simplicity of character, which when once the first barrier of reserve was passed, rendered him peculiarly attractive. No man was more generous than he of his time and his knowledge, and no student, however conscious of inferiority, whether in experience or

mental powers, need fear to apply to him for information, or to express an opinion in his presence. His words were sure to be received with courtesy, often with consideration beyond their deserts.

His life's course was tranquil and full of quiet happiness. A widow, son, and two daughters survive him. Until his last illness he enjoyed excellent health. Year after year was spent in the labours—to him a pleasure—which have been briefly noticed, with an occasional visit to the Continent, either for duty or for relaxation. He delighted especially in the scenery of the dolomite mountains of the Italian Tyrol, spending among them many hours of quiet enjoyment, while their magnificent outlines were recorded with rare fidelity by the accomplished companion of his life.

Professor Miller's work in science is destined to last for many a year to come. But I venture to think that the lesson of his life, though less conspicuous to the world, is likely to be no less enduring in its effects; for there is nothing so full of reproductive vitality as the example of an unselfish life. No one could enjoy the friendship of a man at once so gentle and so brave, so strong yet so forbearing, so zealous to gain learning yet so liberal in imparting it, without being rendered more conscious of his own deficiencies, and incited by the best of all stimulants to follow, at however great a distance, his example.

T. G. BONNEY.



A SONNET.

Our birth is but a Sleep and a Forgetting.—WORDSWORTH.

Sad, o'er yet sadder souls, the dim drear haze
 Draws thicker day by day, and angry heat
 Grows in our words who wrangle' of what is Meet
 And Holy, while the fated footstep strays
 Day by day farther down death-darkened ways—
 Ah! that for ever from the Old World our feet
 Should wander, and our hearts forget the sweet
 Murmurs and memories of Other Days!
 Howbeit, oftentimes some trumpet-bruit
 Or wind-waft echo' of softer silver-keys
 Swells out across our path, and holds us mute
 With wildered joy; like lorn Eurydice's
 When that first thrill of her Beloved's lute
 Wound thro' the Dark of the Lethaeon leas.

A. L. I.



L. & N. W. RAILWAY CUTTINGS.*

SCARABEE *versus* MISTLETOE.

WELL! of all the ungallant, boorish, clownish, unchivalrous, churlish, prosaic, impenetrably callous, unfathomably taciturn, incomprehensibly insensate, supernaturally unfeeling, obdurately unimpressionable, melancholily mysterious, unimpassionably misogynous fellows, I ever had the misfortune to come in contact with, Scarabaeus was the worst. I know well enough what college he hails from, but his real name I never discovered, for I never travelled with him before, and do most sincerely hope never to travel with him again.

What on earth the two girls took him to be, I can't for the life of me imagine, for really—but stop, I am anticipating.

“What, travel on a night like this, without a hot footpan, on the 24th of December with the thermometer almost down to zero!

Monstrous, outrageous, absurd, who ever heard of such a thing!

O who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

and is it to be expected that I should warm my cold feet with bare imagination of a footpan? **Monstrous,**

* All the L. & N. W. cuttings are cut out of the writer's personal experience, though some of the names as Scaraby, Philanty, &c. are fictitious.

I say! Hie, there! Porter! Por-r-ter, I say, Por-r-rter! Confound the fellow. Why doesn't he hear? Por-r-rter!! he ought to hear that. Ah, I thought he would—here he comes. What a seedy-looking bloke—quite yellow—looks almost like a Chinaman. I say, Porter, get us a hot footpan, will you? there's a good fellow—this one's quite cold. Eh! what! no more footpans! humbug—dонт' tell me—for goodness sake—look! the train's moving off—Be quick! I say, though, can't you really get us one? Happy thought—I tell you what—hush—listen—take this one and exchange it for the one in the next carriage—there look sharp—that's right! there's a bob for you. Cute dodge that, wasn't it? eh!”

“Ay, ay, Sir, we did 'em that time,” he cried, with a broad grin on his Mongolian phiz and tossing up the shilling, “and I wish as 'ow yer may;” but the rest of his words were lost in thin air, as by this time the train had left him yards behind.

Now really, thought I to myself, I call this superb—I have always prided myself on being full of resources and ready for any emergency, on possessing the far-reaching cunning of a Ulysses combined with a rare Themistoclean facility in acting on the spur of the moment, on the strength of which I expect to floor the problem-paper in my tripos. But never had I such good cause to be satisfied with myself as now. All the Pelasgian frauds of Laertes' son—*polymetis*, ‘Artful Dodger’ though he was—all the wiles of the perjured Sinon, by which the wooden horse was introduced into beleaguered Troy, were clumsy compared with the consummate art, the delicate finesse, which had procured the introduction of the footpan into this railway carriage; it was a master-stroke of annexation, and had Ulysses himself been in the next carriage, he would have been helpless against the lightning-like rapidity of my manœuvre. It was glorious! magnificent! superb! Hooroosh!!

Thus, inwardly congratulating myself on my suc-

cessful ruse, I turned to examine my fellow-travellers, the spectators of my brilliant *coup de main*.

There were two; one, a man of splendid physique, of altogether gigantic proportions, with a tanned weather-beaten face, and with the general appearance of a sea-faring man; the other, a much slenderer specimen of humanity, a dapper little dandy, whose black coat, black trowsers, black patent leather boots, black eyebrows, black eyes, glossy black hat, and well-greased black mustachios, left on my mind a general impression of shiny blackness, like a common or household beetle, for which reason, indeed, I have called him Scarabaeus, not knowing his real name.

Ah, I thought, they'll feel jolly cold before their journey's done without a footpan; why my feet are almost numbed with cold in spite of the hot water. Horrible suspicion! is it hot—Yes—No—Is it possible? good gracious! its as cold as ice!! Yes, it was too true. I had not indeed been "hoisted with my own petard," but there was no denying I had been frozen with my own footpan. I had in fact been done brown by that yellow-faced porter. Alas, the wily Ulysses and the perjured Sinon and the Arful Dodger are no match for a Heathen Chinee! To *go for him* was out of the question; but do not imagine that on making my astounding discovery, I started up or stamped or gave vent to "a great mouth-filling oath." Not so, I did indeed gently raise my feet from the frozen pan, that "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice," but it was only to turn to the shiny-black one, and say in the most courteous tones, "It—its very selfish of me to keep this footpan all to myself, won't you share it with me? Scaraby opened his eyes and grunted, which I took to mean "thank you," so I shoved the refrigerator nearer to him, and with ill-concealed satisfaction saw him plant his tiny Hessians firmly on the top.

Having thus won a mean sort of revenge by

securing a fellow-victim, I sought a more rational consolation in conversation with the giant who sat opposite to me. I was right in my conjecture that he was a man of the sea, he was in fact the captain and owner of a small trading vessel, and had been away for seven years in Australasia, where he had seen not a little fighting with Malays and savages, had twice by shipwreck lost his vessel and cargo and been compelled to begin life anew; he had, however, at last succeeded in laying up "a pretty pot of money," as he said, and was now returning to his wife, an Irish woman, and his children, whom he had left at Belfast. Such, as far as I can recollect it, was the outline of his yarn, and I would fain have questioned him more about his adventures, but he seemed to be disinclined for talking, and ever and anon a shade of melancholy settled on his storm-worn face.

So I left off questioning and took refuge in mental cogitations, speculating, among other things, on the history of this noble-looking yet sorrow-stricken sailor, and wondering withal whether Scarabee had any sensation in his feet, which were still placidly lying on the frozen footpan, or was the old philosopher wrong when he laid down "that the unnatural solidification of the animal liquids by cold is a pain?" but here the chain of my thoughts was broken by an Irish voice—we were now at Bedford station.

"Be quick, be quick wid ye, Nelly darlint. Now thin, take care o' the mistletoe, alanah."

"Here, this way!" cried the guard, opening the door of our carriage, "plenty of room in here, Miss; be quick and get in, the train's just off!"

To get in quickly was no easy matter; for one of the two girls carried a couple of bags and a large paper parcel, and the other had her arms filled with an enormous bunch of mistletoe and holly. However, with the assistance of the giant and myself they struggled in, laughing and panting, and proceeded

to dispose of their *impedimenta*. The mistletoe was very refractory and required the united efforts of all four (Scaraby of course moved not), to arrange it on the rack; indeed, there was so much of it, that, by means of sticks and umbrellas, we made it pass from one rack to the other, thus forming a mistletoe bower.

Scarabaeus, as I said, took no part in these operations, either because he disapproved of such unseasonable levity, or perhaps because his feet were glued to the frozen footpan. However, we got on very well without him.

Having arranged matters to our satisfaction we took our seats, the captain and I of course surrendering our corners to the fair visitants.

They were Irish, as I said before, and therefore they were merry; they were also both of them very pretty. I cannot of course recall all our conversation, nor perhaps if I could, would I choose to record it all; but I recollect that it was of a somewhat uproarious and very amusing character; among other things the paper parcel caused us much merriment, though I have quite forgotten why, as did also a certain "sweet William," as they called him, who was to meet them at the station, and the mention of whose name always sent them off into ringing peals of laughter, the reason whereof they refused to give us. They were evidently piqued at Scaraby's impassive demeanour—as indeed we all were, for his condemnatory silence grated against our merrier feelings, acting as he did the part of the death-reminding slave at a Roman's triumph or the warning skeleton at an Egyptian banquet. One of them made very obvious allusions to odd numbers being inconvenient, Christmas-tide making glum folks merry, and so on, all of which were entirely lost upon the impervious Stoic, so we had to make up our minds to disregard his malign influence and utterly ignore his presence. In fact, we made ourselves merry as befitted Christmas eve.

It was therefore no little disappointment to the giant and myself (Scaraby, of course, was utterly indifferent) when the time came for them to leave us, which they did at —— station. They tried, or pretended to try, to snatch down the mistletoe and jump out without assistance, but the gallant captain was too quick for them.

"Shure," cried the first, "an its jist glad I am to see ye haive the politheness to take yor hat off whan ye give a lathy the kiss; last Christmas, a young gentleman kist me with his hat on, an I told him that that jist would'nt do at all, at all, but that he owed me a forfeit, an shure if he didn't give me half-a-sovereign, so I told him he might kape his hat on as much as he liked at that rathe—and, may be, ye'd be liking a piece of the mistletoe to remember us by; there thin, there's a big paice for ye, sein yor sich a big man, an would the young gentleman like a piece too? There, there, that'll do now, I didn't mean *that*. Come along Nelly, me darlint, be quick an come outh wid ye, silly girl, what for wad ye be staying so long in there? Why, here's swate William lookin at ye."

Nelly, thus urged, gathered up all the mistletoe and holly in her arms and hurried out, but as she passed Scaraby, the spirit of mischief and revenge overcame her—for I do not believe it was accidental; at any rate, whether intentional or not, she managed to stumble over the footpan and thrust the mass of mistletoe and holly right into Scaraby's face, and the next moment flew out of the carriage. Reader, did you ever have a bunch of mistletoe thrust into your eyes by a pair of pretty hands and take no notice, or have your face scratched with holly and take no sweet revenge? But Scaraby, what did he? In the poet's pathetic words, "yet he neither spake nor moved."

Meanwhile, we were waving adieu with hands and

pocket-handkerchiefs, amid much laughter and good-byeing; and when our train at last moved off and they receded from our view, the captain and I fell back into our corners and burst into uncontrollable peals of laughter; partly at the girls, partly at Scarabaeus, partly at things in general; in fact, we were in such a laughing mood that the least thing now set us off.

"Now," cried the captain, as soon as he had somewhat recovered, "I say it does a man a world of good, the sight of such fresh bonny faces and such merry lasses—its worth while being away from home for three times seven years to have such a merry welcome back to the old country. I wonder who and what they are!

"I can tell you their names," I said laughing.

"Eh! well, and what may their names be?"

"The one sitting next me was Kathleen Malison, and I heard her call her sister Nelly."

"What!" shouted the giant, starting up to the carriage window, "All hands to shorten sail! starboard the— Ah! he cried, stopping abruptly, "if I didn't imagine for the moment that I was on board my ship and wanted to stop her. Are ye quite sure of their names, say em again."

"Kathleen Malison was written on the parcel, and the other one answered to the name of Nelly."

"Well, I do declare, of all the adventures I ever had if this ain't the most extraordinary. Oh dear! Oh dear! hah! hah! hah!" and then he went off again into his tremendous laugh, like an elephant's guffaw, that seemed to shake the whole carriage. It was some time before he subsided sufficiently for me to ask him the reason of his excitement.

"Why," he answered, "that same Kathleen and Nelly Malison *are my own daughters!* Well, I never! Hah! hah! hah! that 's rich! Who'd ever have thought of falling in with them here—I shall die of

laughing, hah! hah! hah! Oh dear! Oh dear!! Eh, youngster," he cried, "and what say you? I rather think you owe me an apology for going on so with my daughters, eh? I've caught you, haven't I? and the young rogues too! won't I have the laugh against them for travelling about in this way on Christmas eve. Hah! hah! hah!"

"Well," I at last ventured to suggest, "its just possible the laugh may be turned against you, captain, when they tell Mrs. Malison of your behaviour!"

"Whew!!! I never thought of that, hah! hah! hah! well, well, this is the strangest coincidence as ever I saw; Oh dear! Oh dear!" and so he continued shaking and roaring with laughter till we came to the next station, where he jumped out, in order to get the next train back to ———, in search of his errant daughters, and I too got out, for it was Bletchley, and I had to change into a north country train for Lichfield, and as I stepped out I trod, ever so lightly and quite by mistake, on Scaraby's toes, just to make sure that he was really dead. Good heavens! *he was alive!* and could swear too! so I fled to my train, and as I passed out of the station I saw Scaraby still sitting in the corner; and two platforms further off, and just starting in the opposite direction, I caught sight of the big captain waving to me, and a loud boisterous peal of laughter was borne to me through the noisy night.



JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

The famous name which heads this article will stir many different feelings in readers of different dispositions, but probably the feeling most general will be one of repugnance and disgust. Yet it was given to Jean-Jacques Rousseau to exert an influence on the destinies of mankind almost without parallel in modern history. With Rousseau as with Turner and many more, the contemptible personality of the man stands in strange contrast with the marvellous achievements of his mind. Rousseau's transcendent powers of sympathy, of imagination, and of expression, existed side by side with an animal nature, quite pitiable in its manifestations. These mixed characters which produce results so different from all that could have expected, will never cease to have an interest for posterity quite apart from that which attaches directly to their works.

We have not space to enlarge on the vicissitudes of Rousseau's life. Most of us have some pictures in our minds of the precocious boy brought up in Spartan Geneva, of his dreams, his errors, his timidity, which led him at last to run away from home, of his baptism as a Catholic, of his wandering life in Savoy and Switzerland, and his eventual settlement at Paris. There we see him nearly forty years of age, still unknown and with nothing written. Then we recall his acquaintance with Diderot, d'Alembert, and Voltaire, his sudden inspiration of the corrupting effects of civilization—from that day forward the moving idea of all his

philosophy—his abandonment of Catholicism, and then his books in rapid succession. And lastly, his complete break with his literary contemporaries, his persecution by the Church, and the miserable years of madness and suspicion, ending with his death in 1775. Even so, it is not an inviting life, and a closer inspection would hardly make it more pleasing. And yet this slow, awkward recluse, whose abilities had once been thought too slender for him to become a village Curé, this man, whose highest form of enjoyment was a sensuous reverie, who was the slave of bodily ailments and degrading passions, was the Apostle of the French Revolution! Even Voltaire, the universal genius, with his superhuman versatility and audacity, had less influence upon history. And why? Because Rousseau, unlike Voltaire, with all his faults had the constant courage of his opinions, and above all he had a genuine love for his fellow-men. And when all the powers of mind can effect nothing, it is still as true as it ever was, that '*charity never faileth.*'

It was in 1749, soon after Rousseau had settled in Paris, and when his mind was, no doubt, full of the contrast between the innocent pleasures of his old country life and the evils and luxury of a city, that the Academy of Dijon set as the question for the annual prize: 'Has the progress of the sciences and of literature tended to corrupt or to purify morals?' 'At the moment I read it, he says, I saw another world before me, and I became another man.' The essay which gained him the prize is the one known to us as the First Discourse. The argument depended upon Rousseau's great assumption of a stage in the oldest history of the race, when men who were without the rudiments of knowledge, followed in all their actions the good impulses of nature. It was easy to show that at the time he wrote, mankind corresponded very little to that old ideal. Physically

they were degenerate; and, morally considered, the artifices of a highly-wrought society were only used to dissemble the badness of men's hearts. The causes of this depravity Rousseau sought in history, and the superficial classical knowledge of the age supplied him with an answer. Had not the old empires been first enervated by luxury and the arts, and then been subjugated by some simpler barbarian race which had deliberately (so it seemed to Rousseau) preferred this old ignorance to the fatal civilization of their neighbours? Moreover, abstract truth was obviously difficult of attainment, and, when attained, was a thing less precious than virtue. It would seem, then, that the common estimation of the sciences and literature has been fundamentally wrong; and if we are wise, we shall pray God to deliver us from the fatal arts of our fathers and restore to us ignorance, innocence, and poverty, the only good things which can bring us happiness and which are precious in His sight.

In the Discourse upon Inequality the same forces are marshalled, but the ground occupied is wider, and the whole political structure is involved in the attack. More than half the treatise is occupied in a description of the state of nature, which at any rate reflects credit on the writer's imagination. According to him, in the first ages man lived in isolation, and maintained a solitary existence in spite of the natural forces and of the beasts of the forest. His desires were few and easily satisfied, and his general condition was as purely happy as that of the creatures around him. Many centuries passed before the human race emerged from these circumstances. But the accidents of climate and situation made some division of labour necessary: man became to some extent a social animal, and his faculties at the same time received a slight stimulus and development. At this point the acme of human happiness was reached. Alas, it could not long be enjoyed. The knowledge of the

arts of smelting and of tillage brought with it the acquisition of property, and therein lay the germ of all that was to follow. "The first man who having enclosed a piece of ground should think of saying, 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. How many crimes, wars, murders, miseries and horrors would not have been spared to the human race by one who, plucking up the stakes or filling in the trench, should have called out to his fellows, 'Beware of listening to this impostor; you are undone if you forget that the earth belongs to no one, and that its fruits are for all!' The struggle which arose between the right of the stronger man and of the earlier possessor, became the fruitful parent of murder and bloodshed; and the only possible end of it all was a contract between rich and poor, that the inequalities which were now established should be maintained by mutual consent. The necessary consequence of the acceptance of this theory of society was the belief that the whole order of things at the time of the publication of the Discourse was unnatural and anomalous.

But it is certain that Rouss of the effect which his phrases would have upon the popular mind. As has been said, his words went further than his thoughts: 'Il pensait alors comme beaucoup d'autres qu' entre la théorie et l'application, il restait de la place pour un Contrat Social, pour un compromis. Il ne prévoyait pas 93.'

The 'Social Contract' thus became in part a recantation of the 'Discourses'; but it was equally dangerous, because, like them, it took no account of the existing order of society. It was still implied that the state of Nature was the best conceivable; only on account of the hopelessness of attaining it, it was necessary to provide a second-best.

Its first words struck a chord which was not easily

forgotten, 'Man is born free and is everywhere in chains.' It remained for this treatise to bridge the gulf. The problem to be solved, was to find a system capable of being imposed on all nations alike, which, while it saved them from the degrading effects of civilization, still preserved the chief advantages of social life, and reconciled the freedom of the individual with his right to possess property. Rousseau found an answer in the voluntary subjection of each man's will and possessions to the general will, while every member was received as an indivisible part of the society. The entire body politic would thus become itself the sovereign, of which every citizen was a fractional part, and at the same time subject to the decisions of the whole. A law was the expression of the general will of the sovereign, every member having an equal voice and being unable to delegate his right. The government would be the minister of the sovereign, by whose will it existed. It naturally followed that for the government to act contrary to the wishes of the society or without consulting it, would be in the highest degree unwarrantable; and any government which did so would be immediately and justly dismissed by the power which appointed it. Finally, the sovereign would find it necessary to establish a purely civil religion. The creed would include a belief in a beneficent God, in a final judgment of the good and bad, and in the sanctity of the Social Contract and the laws. A refusal to accept these articles, which would be established solely in the interests of sociability, would be met with banishment; a rejection of them by one already in the community could only be punished with death.

Perhaps it will be well to say a few words on these early writings of Rousseau before approaching his other works. Nothing is more remarkable in them than the utter absence of the historical method. Rousseau's conception of the 'State of Nature' is a

mere product of imagination. There is no attempt to prove by experience the necessity of a single step in the whole story. Even the few illustrations from history are only introduced to embellish conclusions which have been arrived at by a different method, and they are chiefly chosen with very little propriety from the legendary lore of Rome. Again, when driven to purpose a remedy for the social and political evils of his day, Rousseau, in the same unhistoric spirit, has nothing to advise but a fresh start from the very beginning. A sentence from the 'Second Discourse,' in which he exposes what he considers the faults of the earliest social system, presents his own disposition in the clearest light.

'Ou raccommo-
dait sans cesse au bien qu'il eut fallu
commencer par nettoyer l'aire et écarter tous les vieux
matériaux, comme fit Lycurgue à Sparte, pour élever
ensuite un bon édifice.' This allusion to Lycurgus is
very characteristic both of Rousseau and his readers.
French society in that age was steeped in classicism,*
due in great part, no doubt, to the extinction of
national spirit under worn-out forms of government.
Thoughtful men turned from evils around them to those
old pictures of ideal simplicity and virtue, which
still charm us in the history of Rome and Sparta.
But if this was true generally, it was doubly true of
the citizen of Geneva, who had seen, moreover, in
his native institutions how potent an influence might
be exerted even by a modern lawgiver. He was,
therefore, following his own dearest inclinations as
well as those of his hearers, when he proclaimed
that liberty was to be achieved, not, as it had been
in England, by a gradual accommodation of the
constitution to satisfy new wants, but rather by a

* It is well authenticated that during the stormy debates of the Convention, a legislator inquired at the National Library for a copy of the laws given by Minos to the Cretans.

complete overthrow of the existing fabric and the rearing of a new one, after the manner of Lycurgus.

An unprejudiced person might remark on such a programme, or its fuller development in the 'Social Contract,' that, however well adapted for a small community, such as those of Greece or Switzerland, it was incapable of serving so vast and heterogeneous a people as the French. But Rousseau's readers were not in a state to listen to calm reason; they were at once fascinated by the brilliant prospect opened out to them; and they were soon too passionate to endure the sage moderation of Montesquieu. Events also favoured the unhistoric school. The growing hostility to England, whose institutions had been Montesquieu's ideal, and the sympathy for America in her struggle for the same visionary Rights of Man, made the author of the 'Discourse of Inequality,' and not him of the 'Esprit des Lois,' the guiding spirit of the Revolution. It is useless to mourn over facts; but one may well believe that France would have been spared much of her agony if she had made the other choice. The Revolution would have come, but it would have been achieved at a less cost, and European liberty would have felt an impetus and not a check.

The classical influence affected even the literary form of the 'Social Contract.' The age was satisfied with general terms and never inquired too minutely into the thing signified. This will explain how Rousseau was allowed to carry his theories from proposition to proposition without being confronted by the disagreeable logic of facts. Like other writers of the time he thought it beneath the dignity of literature to deal with the concrete or the individual, and treated of man in general, or the savage in general, just as the painters of the day depicted trees in general, and did not condescend to oaks and ashes. It was forgotten that such looseness of language is certain to cover looseness of thought.

But while an uncritical world was unable to detect the fallacies in Rousseau's logic, it attached a very living meaning to some of his phrases. Sovereignty of peoples, citizenship, equality, fraternity, it was in the production of ideas like these that the 'Social Contract' influenced history. Strictly defined and explained, they would have given fresh materials to the student; but left for the imagination to understand as it best could, they became to a great nation the symbols of a millennium at hand.

In the 'New Heloise,' Rousseau made his doctrines still more captivating by presenting them under a new form, no longer enforced by the logic of a treatise, but gradually insinuating themselves into the reader's affections in the varied adventures of a romance. The incidents of the story were few, and these were based partly on Richardson's 'Clarissa Harlowe'; its moral speeches, which people of that age never found out of place, were both numerous and long, but the 'New Heloise' owed its power neither to the one cause nor to the other. The secret of its success lay in its providing a new and enchanting ideal for an age which saw its old idols broken and looked in vain to the iconoclasts for new ones.

It was the misfortune of France that the institutions which served a good purpose in the Middle Ages—the Monarchy, the Nobility, the Church—had been allowed to remain out of the reach of reform. Time had brought new conquests in science, but they were disregarded by authority; it had created new political and social wants, and the privileged classes had neither the desire nor the machinery necessary to supply them. It was inevitable that rulers who had thus lost their *raison d'être* should sink into indolence and vice—no less inevitable that an awakening and indignant people should begin to question the divine right of a system which put the life, liberty, and property of the masses at the mercy of an effete aristocracy.

What then was the line taken by the reformers, the Encyclopaedists? With every power which has been given to the mind of man, they attacked the system under which such abuses had grown up. Denunciation, logic, above all satire, were used in turn with destructive effect. Everything in heaven or earth which had the crime of prescription, incurred their hostility; and there were few things, indeed, which deserved to hold their ground against the onslaught. But to the human heart, craving as it is its nature to do, for something to worship and to love, what had the philosophers to offer? What hope or comfort had they for the poor man who was ground to the earth by unrighteous exactions? It must be answered—none. In fact, the poor man was not included in the range of their speculations.

In such a dreary waste of dead and dying faiths, the 'New Heloise,' and still more 'Emile,' was as a refreshing stream. The readers of the novel—and they included all France—learnt with a delight, which to us is hardly conceivable, that there was still something left on earth which was not a lie. They felt a new joy within them at the spectacle of unselfish passion, touching repentance, loving duty to parents, and generous friendship. The second part of the 'New Heloise' had an influence of a different kind from the former. It was the glorification, not of natural emotion, but of domestic life. The sacredness of marriage was declared in terms of feeling and eloquence, which would drive the Encyclopaedists to exasperation. The pleasant description of a well-ordered household, the kind treatment of the servants, the regular division of the day, the love for the natural world everywhere visible—such touches as these gave France a new conception of a life of pleasure.

The 'Emile,' even more directly than the 'Heloise,' was an attempt to replace the unnatural life of the time with 'sweeter manners, purer laws.' Under

the form of a tale, it contains directions for the rearing and education of a child till it becomes in due time a good citizen, husband and father. Rousseau has now freed himself from the influence of Sparta and her harsh law-giver; the child is under no oppressive regulations, political or military, but grows up in the daily sight of loving parents and surrounded by all the pleasures of a happy home. The regulations which Rousseau makes for its subsequent education are most minute and remarkable, but we are unwillingly compelled to pass them over.

He touches a higher key when he teaches that man should be complete in himself, self-sufficing, much as Socrates used to say, that to have no needs at all was to be divine, and to have as few as possible was to be nearest to the divine. It follows, according to Rousseau, that the rich and powerful, who are the slaves of many desires, deserve our pity; and the state of the poor who are 'Stoics perforce' is the most enviable of all. "It is the common people," he says, "who compose the human race, what is not the people is hardly worth taking into account." This love for the millions was no piece of idle sentimentality with Rousseau, but a genuine part of his being. He had himself in his vagrant boyhood shared the poor man's crust, and sympathized with him in his cares; and those recollections were never effaced from his mind. 'Emile' contained much democratic teaching, but, more than this, the very existence of the treatise was due to the spirit of democracy. It is the characteristic of those who believe strongly in a future better than the present, that they should interest themselves in the young. Rousseau did this, and more; his treatise on education was distinguished from the many which had preceded it in being universal in its scope. It was not written for a princess or a young gentleman, but for every child in the land, and its object was not to teach the art of ruling,

or shining in society, but to produce good citizens and good men.

We must not pass quite unnoticed that part of 'Emile' which created most sensation at the time, viz. the Confession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar. Rousseau here more boldly than in the 'Heloise' declares his own religious position. While holding aloof both from the dominant Church, and from the witty philosophers who jibed at her mysteries, he solemnly attested his belief in God. The Savoyard Vicar takes Emile at sun-rise to the summit of a mountain overlooking the beautiful valley of the Po, and there reveals his belief:—"I perceive God," he says, "everywhere in His works; I feel Him in myself, I see Him universally around me. But when I fain would seek where He is, what He is, of what substance, He glides away from me and my troubled soul discerns nothing." It was the stretching out of the hands after a Divinity very far away, and to the straining eyes of the human worshipper 'dark with excess of light.' But it was still a true and lively faith, which was not without its influence on the history of mankind. On the one hand, it helped to weaken the still remaining faith in the Catholic Church, and under the direction of Robespierre and St. Just, had its day of ghastly triumph on the Feast of the Supreme Being. On the other hand, it checked the Atheism of the Encyclopaedists by turning men's hearts once more to the consolations of religion, and so Rousseau comes to be considered by modern opponents of Christianity as the most powerful of reactionaries.

One word more for the 'Confessions.' No man has ever thrown such a flood of light on the dark places of his inner life as Rousseau in this book. In his rôle of Apostle of Nature he scrupled not to present the only man he knew well, without drawing the veil over any particular, however foul or ridiculous it would appear. On this account the 'Confessions'

are in many places anything but pleasant reading. But there is every reason to think that Rousseau was actuated by no wish to parade the unseemly; but that, with the strictest regard for truth, he told the whole story and nothing beyond it. If this be granted, we need not be too severe in speaking of his sins. He was emphatically a creature of impulse, from whom the power of self-repression was almost absent, but his impulses were not flagrantly bad, and his keen sympathies and sensibility proved a powerful corrective. Apart from such passages as we have hinted at, the 'Confessions' show us much that is lovely and pleasant, and their style is irresistible.

We have thus imperfectly sketched some of the main features in Rousseau's writings. We have seen the attitude of France at the time, gazing with sad interest at the struggle between its historical rulers and their merciless critics, and at the same time seeing no hope of a change for the better from the victory of either. But Rousseau's glowing words supplied the ideal which was lacking. Henceforth there was some good in destroying the old, for here was a scheme of infallible efficacy to follow. Civilization was at length found out; a return nearer to the state of Nature could not fail to effect universal happiness. Alas, it was a dream which had a bitter awakening! It seemed that the citizen of Geneva was not a heaven-sent philosopher after all.

But it is easy to be wise after the event; and we must not bear too harshly on Jean-Jacques. If he did raise expectations, which could not be justified, still the main responsibility for the horrors of the French Revolution rests with very different people than the honest man who had at least felt the misfortunes of his country, and provided the best remedy in his power. And, if tempted to think scorn of our poor philosopher, let us never forget how much we owe him. The true brotherhood of mankind, the

respect for the workers in the state, the sacredness of family life, the delight in the beauties of nature—all these good things have received a new meaning from the writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

G. C. M. S.

THE MORAL LAW.

Two things fill me with awe: the starry Heavens without, and the Moral Law within.—IMMANUEL KANT.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God. . . .

The law of the Lord is perfect. . . .—Ps. xix. 1, 7.

OUTWARD I move in spirit thro' yon star-strewn
 Abysms beyond abysms, whose splendours wheel
 In awful silence round, albeit I feel
 A-throb about me some mysterious tune
 The dull ear misses still. . I am dazed, I swoon. .
 The stars sweep from me. . Slowly' earth's sounds
 unseal
 And *self*-ward turn mine eyes, and lo! there steal
 Faint gleamings forth of some strange Inner Noon.
 So, slowly, all my Being's abysses fill
 With grand lights, which from that one Centre flow;
 Then, when the Eternal RIGHT their Dark illumines,
Deep calls to Deep, till that *felt* Music's thrill
 Grows audible and the starry spaces glow
 With flash and stir of myriad Angel-plumes.

A. L. I.



THROUGH DALECARLIA.

WHERE on earth is Dalecarlia? will perhaps be asked by some who read this title; well, Dalecarlia (Swedish, Dalarne) is a province in the heart of Sweden, and if we are to believe the guide-book, is a country perfect in every respect. A short residence there will, however, soon convince the unbiassed traveller that even this paradise has its drawbacks. But first, how to get there. The pleasantest way in fine weather (and the most wretched in wet) is to go to Stockholm through the Gotha canal, and from Stockholm by railway to Falun, through the University town of Upsala, and then by steamers and carts (politely called diligences) into the heart of Dalecarlia. One word, in passing, about the Gotha Canal; this "triumph of engineering skill" is carried straight through the country, from the North Sea to the Baltic, joining several of the largest lakes of Sweden, and steamers run every other day from Gothenburg to Stockholm. On consulting tourists who have come by this route, half declare it to be the most pleasant journey they have ever made, whilst the other half say it is the most unpleasant. The canal is mentioned because it gives the ardent oarsman a chance of distinguishing himself. Fours and pairs on the Rhine, Danube, and larger rivers of France, have become common objects since the voyage of the "Water-Lily," but no one has yet rowed through Sweden, from the North Sea to the Baltic, and the

voyage can be completed by a triumphant entry into Stockholm, one of the most beautifully situated capitals of Europe. Of Dalecarlia itself, there is little to be said that cannot be learnt from Baedeker, Murray, and other faithful friends of the tourist, but there is much to learn of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the natives, who have preserved the characteristics of their ancestors, to a greater extent than the natives of any other Swedish province. The territory itself is essentially Swedish, that is, it consists of a gently undulating country, never rising into high hills, covered with pine forests, and sown broadcast with lakes of every size, around which cluster villages, and the only signs of cultivation to be observed. Any one who wishes to travel for health cannot do better than go there; the food is plain and excellent, the summer days long and warm, and the odour of the pine forests most invigorating. The scenery cannot be called grand, for there is a lack of variety about it, and the horizon generally appears as a nearly level line, unbroken by any high peaks; perhaps one of the most pleasing sights that exists, however, is that of the pine forest, stretching away for miles and miles until it loses itself as a blue haze in the distance; viewed from a grassy slope on a warm, sultry day, such a sight inspires the spectator with a quiet joy, nearly approaching to perfect bliss. At night, also, when the moon shimmers on the rippling surface of the lake, while the forests beyond look black and ghostly, and the weird wail of the waterfowl is heard from the distant morass, a feeling of solemnity is imparted to the mind of the solitary onlooker, parted by many leagues from any who are near and dear to him. Few who have seen Dalecarlia under these two conditions will call the scenery tame and uninteresting. Now for the drawbacks. In the first place, the Dalecarlian himself is somewhat "high game," probably from the fact that

water is so plentiful, and hence he has a contempt for using it; if any one doubts this statement, let him enter a church during service, when the native odour is rendered somewhat more aromatic, from the fact that every one—man, woman, or child—seems to consider it his or her bounden duty to chew garlic all the time; then again, at night, the traveller on entering his bed is soon rendered painfully aware that he is not its sole occupant, and in some cases may have to spend the whole night in waging warfare against the minute but irritating intruders; the carriages also are frequently springless, and the roads bad, but the jolting is rendered less severe by a wise provision of the Swedish Government, which makes it illegal to drive the horses at a faster rate than one Swedish mile (about seven English miles) in an hour and a half; even this law is unnecessary, for it is quite impossible to get more work out of the skeletons provided; a last, but very serious grievance, is the quality (or want of quality) of the various herbs sold under the name of tobacco, for smoke of some sort is not only a luxury here, but almost a necessity, in order to protect oneself against the bite of every winged insect imaginable.

On entering Dalecarlia, the first peculiarity to be observed is that of costumes,—these people are the only Swedes who have preserved their national costumes, and each parish has its own peculiar dress; that of Rattvik on Lake Siljan is the most remarkable, and, at the same time, the most picturesque. The men are clad in dark blue knickerbockers and long flowing coats of the same colour; they also wear leathern gaiters with red tassels affixed, and, finally, a wide-awake hat. The women wear a sort of "Bloomer" costume, the bodice ornamented with stripes of orange, green, and other colours, in front, red stockings, and a high-peaked cap, and as they ride astride on their horses, and smoke furiously out of short iron pipes,

with a mouth-piece formed of elk's horn, they present a truly martial appearance when one meets a group mounted on horseback.

The people are religious, not only in the observance of ceremonial, but in the acts of their every-day life, and crime is almost unknown; one may pass through a village in summer without finding a single inhabitant in it, all being away in the forests tending cattle, and yet every house is left with the door unfastened! Alcoholic drinks are rarely indulged in, for everyone is well satisfied with the abundance of rich milk obtainable. In some parts of the district, churches are few and far between, and the natives come distances of twenty or thirty miles on horseback to attend service. In one part, a settlement of Finns has no regular pastor attached to the church, but a pastor of a neighbouring parish rides through the forest, some seventy miles, once a year, to perform marriage and burial services. One of the principal sights of Dalecarlia is to see the people on Lake Siljan coming to church in their boats; these are long, pointed at either end, and capable of holding about one hundred and twenty people, of whom twenty are rowers. These boats, filled with natives in their brilliant costumes, form a very pleasing picture on a calm summer's day, and the sight has been compared, by one who has travelled in the South Pacific, to that presented by the South Sea Islanders in their canoes, when seen at a little distance.

Like all who are removed from the direct influence of modern civilisation, the Dalecarlians are very superstitious, but, as is usually the case, they are very loth to discuss their superstitions before strangers. A somewhat common custom is to stick the blade of a knife into the ground before entering the water whilst bathing; this is supposed to protect the bather from all harm whilst in the water. The two principal spirits are naturally connected with the two great

natural features of the country, viz. the pine-clad hills, and the lakes. The hill-spirit, which is of the fair sex, is of course kindly-disposed towards mankind; she appears to people in their sleep, and tells them where riches are hidden in the mountains. The chief of these spirits dwells at Falun, the centre of the mining district of Dalecarlia. The other spirit, that of the lakes, being male, is naturally more mischievous. He gives lessons in music to any one who will sacrifice a black lamb to him, the instrument used being a fiddle. The fiddler thus taught becomes perfect in a fortnight, but must never play the tune last taught, otherwise he will never be able to leave off until he falls down dead, and the people around will dance until their legs are worn away; this spell can be broken by someone entering who has not heard the beginning of the tune, and immediately severing the strings of the fiddle. These superstitions are of very ancient origin, and the substance of each is to be found in many countries, as seen by consulting that most amusing and interesting work, "British Goblins," by Wirt Sikes. Such superstitions are exceedingly useful to the archaeologist, and should be carefully sought after by all travellers.

The country, where cultivated, is divided into numerous small farms, divided amongst the peasantry, so that there are no landlords. Each farmer has to keep in repair part of the highway in his neighbourhood; also a certain number of farmers pay sufficient taxes to support a soldier, and to supply posting-horses. Hence, none of the peasantry are very rich, and, on the other hand, there are no paupers. Many of these peasants are of very good family, and there is no respect for differences of birth; indeed, the kings of Sweden set a very good example by mixing freely with the populace, and taking a lively interest in literature, science, and art. The Dalecarlians are exceedingly inquisitive, but, on the other hand, are

themselves very communicative, and in five minutes you learn whether your friend is married or single; if the former, the number and ages of his children, &c., whilst he is equally well posted up in your affairs. One very amusing instance of this inquisitiveness occurred to the writer, who was seriously asked by an old peasant whether he was a young or an old man; this worthy native, who had probably never seen an Englishman before, had been so struck with the descriptions of that nation, gathered from books and conversation, that he seemed to consider the Briton as a sort of evergreen.

The province has a fair proportion of representatives in the national assembly, some of whom are chosen from the peasantry, and many of the peasants also receive education at the University of Upsala, which is not very remote.

With the actual condition of the Dalecarlian peasantry, so like to the ideal conceived by the Irish peasants, it becomes of interest to us to enquire if the former are contented with their lot; we find that they are not so. With advancing civilisation, the restless demon—a desire for change—has entered into the thoughts of the populace; and large numbers, even of comparatively aged people, leave their prosperous farms to emigrate to other parts of Sweden, or even to America, where they generally find themselves totally unfitted for the “struggle for existence,” and die, regretting having left their native country. Happy will be the day for the Dalecarlian when he learns that

“His first, best country, ever is at home.”

Z.



A GHOST STORY.

“OH, papa! papa! do tell us a ghost story!” were the words that greeted me as I walked into my dining-room in search of a book. The exclamation was re-echoed by six or seven voices that seemed to proceed from six or seven young faces, on which the blazing fire threw a ruddy glow. “Oh, yes, papa, do!” echoed my youngest boy, and I could no longer resist; besides, the opportunity was a favourable one. It was one of those gusty nights in March, when the wind rushes round the house with weird shrieks, and the creaking of doors and swaying of the branches outside is now and then heard between the bursts of rain and hail that patter on the window-panes; a night on which a prayer involuntarily arises ‘for those in peril on the sea,’ and makes us shudder at the comparison between ourselves, seated cosily round the fire, and the wretched ill-clad tramp that, weary and footsore, plods on through mud and rain, often, alas! to reach a destination beyond the limits of the world. “Well, my children,” said I, looking down on the expectant faces around me, “I will tell you, as well as I can, a story of what happened to me about two years ago. I have never told it to any one before, and I had made up my mind never to relate it. But, before I begin, you must understand that I do not like to joke on so grave a matter; there

are certain things, you know well, in this world that have never yet been explained, and we, therefore, ought not to treat them lightly. I must first tell you a little tale which is really of no importance, but it will help me to bring in the subject more clearly. Well! I was sitting in my study one night in October after you had all gone to bed, smoking my pipe, as I usually do of an evening, reading a book—I forget now exactly what it was. My friend Toddie (a fox-terrier) was lying, as usual, with its nose resting on its front paws, to all appearance fast asleep, when suddenly it startled me by giving a loud snap. At first I thought it was only dreaming, as dogs very often do, but this time it ran to the door and made signs that it wanted to go out. I put down my book, opened the door and followed it to the kitchen; I then opened the back door and it went slowly out into the garden, then out at the gate and up the drive. I thought perhaps there was some tramp prowling about, so I walked on, Toddie every now and then looking behind to make sure I was following. It was a very dark night, a few stars shone dimly through the black clouds, and I had some difficulty in picking my way. Five minutes brought us to the top of the drive, and Toddie then turned to the left in the direction of the village of Milton. Scarcely had I gone fifty yards, when my dog rushed back with its tail between its legs, and I saw at some distance a white object perched in the air coming on ever so swiftly and increasing in size as it approached. In a moment it had reached me, and, as I stepped aside, it rushed by with a whirring sound, and I was rather annoyed to find I had been frightened by what was nothing more than a man dressed in white clothes, riding a bicycle!

Now I happened one night to be dining with Mr. Fenton, the clergyman at W———n, you all know him, and while we were talking together after

the ladies had left the room, I happened to mention this incident. "Well"! said he, "luckily it was nothing, but it strikes me you must be a man of undaunted nerve to venture out at all on such a dark night without a stick or, indeed, any means of defence." I laughed, and said there was nothing extraordinary in it, as there are few tramps about at this time of the year, and I don't believe in ghosts. "Don't you?" said he, "then you are the very man I want. You know," said he, "that I have changed my house, and come into this place at some inconvenience to myself. Well, I let my old parsonage to Mr. Smith, the farmer at K———, and a few days back he came and gave me notice, and, on my asking his reason, he solemnly declared the house was haunted. And," continued my friend, "I could not contradict him, the place is haunted, I know it; and, until now, I thought it was only my own imagination that had deceived me." I looked at my old friend in amazement; I could not well doubt the word of a man whom I had known well, and who had been my neighbour for twenty years, and that man, too, a parson. But, I suppose, something in my face shewed I did not quite believe him, for he jumped up, saying: "Well, I see you don't believe it. You say you do not believe in the supernatural; suppose you try. I shall be delighted if you can contradict the report, for I cannot let the place in consequence." Before we returned to the drawing-room it was settled that I should go over one night, and stay alone in the house from ten o'clock to midnight; "but," said I, "only on this condition, that you let it be known in the village that on a certain night I shall go there, armed with a knife and a revolver, for I thoroughly believe that some ill-disposed person in the village has played some trick upon you, and, by introducing himself at night, has caused you to fancy what you heard came from supernatural causes."

On a dark night, in the month of November, I found myself trudging over the damp fields, on a queer errand, certainly, for a parson. The house that was to contain me for a part of the night was an old thatched house, partially built of wood, and stood by the side of the river. You all of you know it as well as I do, so it needs no description. It always had a desolate appearance in its better days, and now, as I walked up the garden path, it appeared still more desolate from its deserted appearance. On each side of the drive, up to the front door, were huge laurel bushes, overgrown and untrimmed, that darkened the path I walked along. I peered anxiously into these to discover if I could see some sign of their having been lately disturbed, but in vain; they seemed too thickly interlaced to have given shelter to any mischief-loving spirit. Facing the front door was also a clump of laurels, which I carefully examined, and up one side of the house, about six feet from the lower windows, was a thick privet hedge. All this I noted carefully, so as not to be put off my guard. The rusty key, on turning the lock, set my teeth on edge, and the huge door creaked uneasily as it swung back on its hinges. On my left, as I entered, was the drawing-room, devoid of furniture; on my right, the dining-room, with three windows looking into the garden. It was a fine old room, panelled with oak up to the ceiling, and, in spite of the tarnished gildings and worm-eaten furniture, retained a noble appearance. The fireplace was large and entirely built of brick, and of a kind only seen in very old houses. There was very little furniture, and what remained the damp had saturated and spoilt. On ascending the old wooden staircase, every step of which groaned as I trod upon it, I discovered a room like to the one below, in which a fire had been lighted by my orders, and in this I had resolved to take my post. I carefully examined the remaining

rooms, looked into the court-yard, and having satisfied myself that I was alone, I placed my lamp on a round oaken table in front of the fire, made myself as comfortable as a straight, high-backed chair would allow, lit my pipe, and, having poured myself out a little whisky and water from my flask, began to read. I suppose I had been reading about an hour and a half without being disturbed, when I noticed my dog Toddie, who until now had been lying quietly in front of the fire at my feet, get up and look round restlessly; it then sat down again for a few moments, and then again it did not seem to be comfortable and tried to jump on my knees. I looked at the brute, and it was evidently overcome with terror, for its limbs shook; its tail was tightly pressed between its legs, and it kept glancing uneasily from me to the door. It was about this time that I became aware of a rumbling kind of sound that seemed to come from the room above me. I cannot exactly describe the sound I heard, but it seemed as if it might have been caused by rats in the act of rolling apples along the floor. Then, I remember, the noise seemed to come down the walls all round me, and at last it only came from the room below. I wondered at the time what it could be, but was not in the least alarmed, although the old clock on the chimney-piece had just struck the hour of midnight. No sooner had the sound of the last stroke ceased, than I distinctly heard in the room below a noise like the jingling of a bunch of keys, and then a thump, immediately followed by a shriek; a piercing shriek, like that of a little child. My hair stood on end; my first thought was to rush to the window, and as I did so I saw a bright light shining on the privet hedge below, evidently thrown from the dining-room window. I wavered for an instant, and then seizing my pruning-knife in one hand and my lamp in the other I positively flew down the stairs, threw the

dining-room door wide open, and beheld * * * nothing! I looked round, examined every corner and cupboard, but could find nothing; everything was in exactly the same order as I had left it. What could it have been? the voice of that child still rang in my ears, and the light I saw, distinctly came from the dining-room window. I waited some time longer hoping that something more would happen, and yet I secretly felt glad, when, a quarter of an hour later, on my way home, that I had seen and heard nothing more. The next day I walked over to W——n and faithfully related to my old friend what had happened to me. "There," said he, "now at least you must own that you are convinced of the existence of supernatural agency." But I was not so easily to be convinced, "and," said I, "mere sounds will not convince me; depend upon it I will get to the bottom of the mystery. Moreover, to prove my disbelief, I will go over some night again and see if my former experience be repeated."

The next time I went was a frosty night in December; and this time, although I would not own to being afraid, I shewed more than ordinary anxiety with regard to the weather—would it be cloudy or clear? for I had fixed the day when the moon would be full.

As I entered the garden my blood froze within me with horror; I can scarcely describe my feelings, or indeed what happened, but I became gradually aware of a *something* floating before me. It was not a tangible body, nor could I describe it as a cloud. I could not actually see it, but still I could not get over the knowledge that it was there. If comparison would avail I might, perhaps, compare it to the vibration caused by heat, which you have, no doubt, all seen rising from the earth on a hot summer's day, and yet this nothingness appeared to have a certain focus, which kept now approaching

till it seemed almost to touch me, now receding till my eyes were strained with following it, for it had over me that kind of attraction which a serpent has over its prey.

I must own that, as I entered the house, it was scarcely with the same feeling of confidence as before; the scene in the garden had somewhat unnerved me; however, I had declined to be convinced and I could not retract. I found the fire lighted as before; the furniture in the same position, but this time I took the precaution of double-locking the front door, and I also fastened the back door. I then examined the rooms and, as before, having found nothing, took up my position once more in my rather uncomfortable chair. This time my whisky and water was a trifle stronger than I usually indulged in. The hour of midnight passed, and not a sound disturbed the almost deathly stillness of the place. At about twenty five-minutes past I fairly laughed at myself for having been so frightened the last time. At half-past my dog Toddie again showed all its former symptoms; but this time it seemed even more frightened than before—its eyes were fixed on the door with a glassy stare, the pupils horribly dilated. It shivered miserably for some time and then sneaked to the farthest corner of the room, and sank down to all appearance dead. My feelings cannot easily be expressed. I knew a dog's instinct never erred, and with an oppressive feeling in my breast that seemed to stifle me, I awaited in silence for what I knew was to follow. Again I heard the same jingling of keys, this time louder than before; again I heard two or three successive blows, and then followed shriek after shriek so piercing that I nearly fell in an agony of terror. Making a dreadful effort, I seized my lamp, and knife in hand descended the creaking staircase, where the banisters seemed to be covered with a similar perspiration to that which moistened

my forehead. I pushed open the dining-room door and saw that the room was lighted up, not with the sickly pale light from the moon, but with a yellow light as if from a lamp. I entered slowly, my knees tottering beneath me, and beheld in the farthest corner of the room a lad dressed in common working clothes. He was in a crouching attitude, and seemed to have crossed his arms behind his head, as if in the act of warding off a blow. On looking more closely I saw, with unspeakable horror, that his hands were covered with blood and there was blood upon his clothes. I shrank back, and that movement revealed to me that the arms I had imagined protecting his head were only in their ordinary position, and that he held his head on his arm. I know not what frenzy took possession of me then; what demon of fury impelled me on; but I had something like that feeling which prompts one to cast oneself headlong down when looking from a monument. Convulsively clutching my pruning-knife, I first hurled my lamp away and then threw myself on what I knew to be no human form but an apparition. My knife struck the hard oak and closed on my hand, and, with a cry of horror and despair * * * I awoke!

D. C. F.



MY SEA VOYAGE.

I AM not about to record any very wonderful adventures on the briny "Neptune," nor can the experiences herein narrated be considered particularly exciting or original. My purpose is to describe briefly the events of a voyage such as many persons have undertaken, and many doubtless will undertake hereafter.

Ill-health rendering a thorough renovation immediately necessary, it was decided that a long sea voyage must be promptly taken, during which, from an atmosphere saturated with iodine, the invigorating principle might be imbibed through every pore.

Accordingly, on the evening of the 3rd of April last I found myself on board a merchant-steamer bound from Liverpool, *via* Lisbon, to Pernambuco, the chief city of Northern Brazil. The life on such a vessel was naturally to be of a different character from the ordinary life of a mail or passenger-ship, where the monotony of sea-life can be broken by whist parties and amateur theatricals. I was destined to undergo my new experiences without the sympathy of fellow-sufferers, and to find as much satisfaction in my own company as I conveniently could.

While the vessel steamed slowly down the Mersey and the buildings of Liverpool and Birkenhead on either hand began to be lost from sight, my first

reflexion was that I must resign myself to the unknown future; my second that the first was an easy reflection to make but not so easy to carry out.

I have recently read how everyone on setting sail commences a voluminous diary, and how this gradually dwindles away, until it ends in such entries as; "Rose—washed—went to bed." Being no exception to this rule, I began a journal immediately after leaving the land and by dint of incredible perseverance continued it during all the outward voyage, after which, alas! it met with an untimely end. The following are extracts from the pages of that veracious but blighted history.

April 3rd.—Saw my native land fade away into its congenial fog, and found myself literally and metaphorically at sea, waiting for the first symptoms of that penalty which all voyagers are expected to pay on admission to the untried element. As it was early in the year, darkness soon sent me below to the cabin, which is in the stern of the ship and therefore subject to the greatest oscillation. The steward is evidently watching me with a critical eye, and growing impatient at my procrastination. "How do you feel now, sir?" to which I reply that I am only sleepy; and proceed to "turn in" for the night. My berth, a den seven feet by five, contains a bed which is neither more nor less than a shelf, with a raised edge intended to prevent possible spills. This resting-place is euphoniously termed a bunk. Certain other shelves contain the many articles which one takes to sea, but cannot by any possibility make use of. On entering this apartment I am surprised and indignant at finding my head suddenly come in contact with the wall, and before I have recovered from this assault, my feet manifest a strange inclination to proceed independently of my volition. The following advice may possibly not be thrown away: when placed in a similar position, do not make matters worse by

uselessly placing your hand on the wounded part, but lose no time in holding on by the nearest thing that is handy. However, after acrobatic feats of which I should have deemed myself incapable, and having sustained only a few contusions, I triumphed, and lay rocked in a manner which roughly reminded me of certain wicker-work experiences twenty years ago.

April 4th.—Where am I? (This was not an original question). In a coffin? for the size and general internal appearance of my bunk were suggestive of such. But the swirl of the water past the port which dimly lighted my dormitorium soon reassured me, and with a repetition of the previous gymnastics I arrived on deck. Having learned (not without relation to the Little-Go) that equilibrium is preserved so long as the centre of gravity falls within the base, I concluded to enlarge the base, or in plainer words to walk with feet as wide apart as possible.

The weather was beautifully clear, the air was still, the quiet was intense. The only sound to be heard was the seething of the foam around the vessel's bows, and the occasional cry of a few white-breasted imperturbable sea-gulls, which were following the ship with some end in view that was not immediately obvious. I felt ridiculously happy in the enjoyment of the prospect. No land was in view, and the only objects to be seen over a bewildering expanse of green foam-crested waves, were a few distant vessels. Occasionally a dingy blotch on the horizon would represent a steamer proceeding to or from Ireland, while a tiny speck of white was the equivalent in perspective of many thousand square feet of canvas.

With a most ungainly gait, I took this opportunity of exploring the vessel, making myself acquainted with the names and purposes of the tackling, and learning to abbreviate the legitimate title of everything that could be abbreviated. (N.B. To mention the word *sail* in all its fulness is a crime.)

As I stood drinking in the fresh breezes and an appetite simultaneously, together with a considerable amount of spray which was not quite so delightful, the Captain pointed out a haze to the south-west, and informed me that wind might be expected. Towards noon the waves grew higher, and consequently the motion of the ship increased, and in a few minutes it was observed that "she was beginning to dance." In my uninitiated state, *she* appeared to be indulging in a valse of the insanest description, and, feeling exceedingly giddy, I more than once required to be informed in which direction I might reasonably expect to find my feet.

Dinner came, the soup was conquered, the joint was being carved, it probably did not take more than two minutes, but I have often spent a shorter two hours. The floor suddenly rose at an angle of 30°, and as suddenly retired from under our feet, and this continued incessantly. At one moment your *vis-à-vis* is looking down upon you, at the next you yourself are ascending. Meanwhile your head swims, and something or somebody beneath your vest appears to be tentatively tugging with a corkscrew. Minor accidents of dishes upset and plates unceremoniously retiring are beneath consideration.

But resolution and freedom from bile gained the day, and my equiventry (so to speak) was there and then finally established.

All this afternoon and evening were spent upon the bridge, for I preferred to risk the effects of rain and wind to those of incarceration. The hills about St. David's Head loomed in sight, and were passed in the evening; and before dark we had left behind the last vestige of our "tight little island," in the shape of the red and white lighthouse upon the Smalls rocks. Then, dripping with rain and almost frozen, I completed my first Sunday on board the "Warrior," by falling on my bunk in a state of abject misery. But Morpheus soon came to my aid.

April 5th.—In the Atlantic. A gale, rain, and most alarming waves, or, in nautical language, "dirty weather." Here I again offer advice to unseasoned voyagers. When feeling indisposed, keep as flatly extended on your back as possible, and do not attempt to rise. I did not leave my shelf all this day. While engaged in easing, so far as was possible, the motions of my powerless carcase, I had time to observe inanimate nature. A portmanteau, hitherto placidly reposing on a shelf opposite, appeared to become suddenly instinct with life, and gave a bound towards my embrace; missed, and fell short on the floor, where it swayed about until it suddenly fell foul of a protruding knee. A candle turned a somersault to the floor, broke its tallow back, and henceforth wagged its upper half, with the inclination of the ship. Such sights are not cheerful, nor was I, and accordingly I slept, dreaming of a certain Spartan boy, who suffered through concealing a wolf near his organs of digestion.

April 6th.—*De nihilo nil fit.* The weather still "dirty." Performance of yesterday: *actors*, the furniture; *spectators*, Ego.

I obtain a magnificent view of the Bay of Biscay through the port of my berth. This window is six inches in diameter and quite under water; but still I see as much of the Bay as I care to.

April 7th.—"A change comes o'er the spirit of my dream." I awake to find the ship comparatively at rest, and accordingly attain to the deck, after two days' imprisonment. The sun is shining gloriously; the sea has resumed its bright green colour, betokening the neighbourhood of land, and there is scarcely a ripple (at any rate over six feet in height) stirring the surface of the water. To the left, at a distance of about twelve miles, rise the rough hills of Cape Finisterre, and to the right a whale is merrily puffing up his jet of spray. All around is visible the smoke

of steamers, proceeding to or returning from India and Australia along this "Highway of the World." Porpoises are surrounding and preceding the ship, animals which, considering their obesity, are remarkably energetic; for when they perceive a vessel in the distance, on they come, literally galloping over the waves to join in the fun of racing it. Sometimes, however, their fun is spoiled by the arrival of a harpoon.

The captain encourages me with the remark that I am "getting my legs," a stage in development which I already imagined I had passed. I do not now so much admire the performances of flies upon a wall. A faint outline is all we can distinguish of the Spanish hills, as we are never near enough to the shore for our glasses to aid us much.

As we are to reach Lisbon to-morrow, I feel the conviction suddenly rush upon me that I must shave. Often when engaged in my ablutions I had suddenly been projected through the door and across the cabin, ultimately fetching up against the opposite side just in time to be projected back again. How then to shave? Fix one heel firmly against the door, stretch the other foot to its farthest extent, lean to leeward against the wall, and gain a bloodless victory.

(To be continued).



OUR CHRONICLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1880.

During the Long Vacation, on Friday, August 13th, our College was the scene of a brilliant reception given to the British Medical Association, on the occasion of their Annual Meeting. The company were received by the Master and by Dr. Humphry in the Combination Room; refreshments were served in the Hall; the grounds were illuminated with lanterns and coloured fire, while the river and the 'bridge of sighs' were lighted up with Chinese lamps, and a choral band sang old English music from a picturesquely lighted barge which floated slowly up and down the stream. The river was also enlivened with small boats decorated with lanterns, which glided backward and forward. The whole scene was one which will be long remembered by all who witnessed it. The number of visitors is understood to have exceeded 2,500.

The list of Preachers in the College Chapel during the past Term has been as follows:—Oct. 17th, the Master; Nov. 7th, Professor Mayor; 14th, Canon Harper; 21st, Mr. Wilson, Head Master of Clifton College; Dec. 5th, Mr. Freeman.

A portrait of the Duchess of Somerset, benefactress of the College, has been transferred from the Master's Lodge to the College Hall. A further instalment of *Our Portrait Pictures* is in type, and will appear in our next number.

The Master has been appointed a Member of the University Commission, in place of the late Lord Chief Justice of England.

Professor Liveing has been elected a Fellow of the College.

Professor Liveing and Mr. Charles Taylor have been elected Members of the Council of the Senate.

On Nov. 11th the Very Rev. B. M. Cowie, Dean of Manchester, who has recently been elected Prolocutor of Convocation in the province of York, was presented for the degree of D.D., *jure dignitatis*. Dr. Cowie, it will be remembered, was Senior Wrangler in 1839, the only year in which all the first four Wranglers have been members of a single College.

The Cobden Prize has been awarded to A. Caldecott, B.A. The subject was—"The influence of industrial progress, or the rate of interest, historically and practically considered."

The Seatonian Prize has been adjudged to the Rev. E. W. Bowling, M.A., formerly Fellow of the College. The subject of the poem was—"St. Paul and Felix."

After the appearance of our last number, Sir William Browne's Medals for the Greek and the Latin Ode were awarded to J. C. Moss; the Medal for the Greek Epigram was won by T. G. Tucker.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of one of our most promising Scholars, William Gimson. He was born in Cambridge, was educated at the Perse School and at Sedbergh School under Mr. Heppenstall, and entered St. John's as a Minor Scholar in 1878; he died at Fenton on Oct. 2nd, aged 21. Many of our readers are aware that he was the writer of the graceful poem called *The Vision of the Poets*, which appeared on pages 76 to 78 of the present volume.

Elected to Fellowships.—Rev. W. Warren, second in First Class of Moral Sciences Tripos, and first in Third Class Classical Tripos, 1877, Burney Prizeman, 1879. (2) H. R. Tottenham, Scholar of Trinity College, Porson Scholar, 1877, Craven Scholar, 1878, bracketed Senior Classic, and first Chancellor's Medallist, 1879. (3) W. A. Forbes, First Class Natural Sciences Tripos, 1879, Prosector to the Zoological Society. (4) Rev. A. Caldecott, second in the First Class Moral Sciences Tripos, 1879, Cobden Prizeman, 1880. (5) J. Larmor, Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, 1880, Professor at Queen's College, Galway.

Rules for Admission.—By order of the Master and Seniors, every candidate for admission must henceforth produce, in lieu of the 'M.A. certificate' (of manners and learning) hitherto accepted:—

(i) A certificate of *Character* in the following or some equivalent form:—*I hereby certify that I have known A. B. for the last _____ years, and that I believe him to be of good moral character.* C. D., (name, address, and profession).

(ii) Satisfactory evidence of *Attainments*; in the form of either a certificate from some Public Examining Body (e.g. the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Board, or the Local Examinations Board of either University), or a statement from the Head Master of his school, certifying that in his opinion the applicant is likely to pass the University Examinations in due course.

In default of the above evidence, the applicant is required to pass a College Examination in Classics and Mathematics, with a view to ascertaining whether he is likely to satisfy the requirements of the University Examinations. This Examination may be passed during the Minor Scholarship Examination, April 5—8, or on *Thursday*, January 27, or *Thursday*, June 9, or *Wednesday*, October 5. Further information may be obtained by applying to any of the Tutors (Rev. Dr. Parkinson, Mr. J. E. Sandys, or Rev. E. Hill).

Elected to Sizarships [17]:—W. E. Butcher, A. F. Cahusac, F. E. Chester, W. E. Facey, A. C. Gifford, N. A. Hardwich,

J. A. Herbert, J. T. Knight, J. A. Langley, J. F. Lomax, A. G. R. Pearce, C. H. M. Sanders, R. H. Semple, F. W. Tyler, E. H. R. Watts, F. A. Wells, W. R. Whiting.

Elected to limited Exhibitions:—A. E. Brett (Pocklington School); J. W. King (Uppingham); J. Haythornthwaite (Sedbergh); E. Hinchcliff (Oundle); F. E. Chester and J. B. Oldham (Manchester); B. Roscow and J. F. Lomax (Hereford); W. E. Butcher (Exeter).

M.A. Degrees, &c., conferred since last Number.—*May 27th*:—G. Parker, F. P. Wright, F. Marshall, C. H. Hatfield, J. Pope, J. S. Jones, H. A. Swann, H. F. Blackett (by proxy), E. F. Upward (LL.M.). *June 3rd*:—F. W. Harper, T. W. Bagshaw, R. F. Clarke, B. B. Slater. *June 17th*:—F. J. Ambridge (by proxy), H. Vyvyan, R. F. Winch, G. F. Reynolds, H. E. White, A. W. Workman, T. S. Tait, M. S. Brown, A. A. Vaudrey. *Oct. 14th*:—C. Addison, H. Hilary, J. W. Corbet, J. O. N. Barnes (M.A. and LL.M.). *Oct. 28th*:—J. Merriman (B.D.), J. Thomas, E. E. Sawyer, H. B. Cotterill (by proxy).

COLLEGE EXAMINATION, *June*, 1880.

Classics.

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Garland, C. H. Smith, G. C. M.	Moss Gimson	Stout Sandford Dodd Sherrington Scott, C. A. Rapson

Mathematics.

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
{ Alston Harker, G. J. T. <i>Wright's Prizemen.</i>	Yeo Parker Brill Harker, A. Ward, A. W. Gaskin Walker	Johnson, A. R. McAulay Newham Roberts, S. O. Hughes, F. S. Posnett

Law.

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Terry Barton	Peiris	—

Natural Sciences. (Alphabetically arranged.)

THIRD YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	SECOND YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>	FIRST YEAR. <i>First Class.</i>
Fleming Hart	Samways	Edmunds Love Roberts, T.

Theology.		FIRST YEAR.	
THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	First Class.	
Hutton, C. F.	Bennett Russell, J.		
<i>Prizemen.</i>		<i>Hebrew Prizes.</i>	
<i>English Essay.</i>		<i>3rd year.</i> Hutton	
1st year. } Hill, J. S.		<i>2nd year.</i> Bennett	
" } Smith, G. C. M.		" Chadwick	
Proxime accesserunt, Coppock Coulthard		" Russell, J.	
<i>2nd year.</i> Peiris			
<i>1st year.</i> No prize awarded.			
<i>Greek Testament Prize.</i>		<i>Reading Prizes.</i>	
<i>3rd year.</i> Coulthard		1. Fisher, W.	
<i>2nd year.</i> Bennett		2. Mackie	
" Rigby			
<i>Moral Philosophy Prize for Bachelors.</i>			
Ds Caldecott			
<i>Sir J. Herchel's Prize for Astronomy.</i>			
Alston			
<i>Foundation Scholars.</i>			
THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.	
Garland, C. H.	Bennett	Johnson, A. R.	
Hall, L.	Brill		
Harker, G. J. T.	Gimson		
Hill, J. S.	Harker, A.		
Smith, G. C. M.	Parker, J.		
Teny	Russell, J.		
Watson, G. W.	Samways		
Wetherell	Ward, A. W.		
	Yeo		
<i>Wright's Prizemen with £100 for the year.</i>			
<i>Mathematics.</i>		<i>Natural Science.</i>	
Yeo	Garland, C. H.	Fleming	
Johnson, A. R.	Moss		
	Stout		
<i>Hughes' Prizemen.</i>		Garland, C. H.	
Fleming			
<i>Proper Sizars.</i>			
Bennell	Love	Stout	
Horne	Newham	Walker	
Hughes, F. S.	Rapson		
<i>Exhibitioners.</i>			
£30.			
SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.		
Moss	McAulay		
Yeo	Stout		
£20.			
THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.	
Alston	Gimson	Dodd	
Garland, C. H.	Peiris	Johnson, A. R.	
Harker, G. J. T.	Tucker	Sandford, F.	
Hutton, C. F.	Weldon		
Smith, G. C. M.			
Whitehead, J. B.			
£14.			
SECOND YEAR.	Posnett		

£10.		FIRST YEAR.	
THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	Edmunds	
Coggin	Atmore	Hughes, F. S.	
Coulthard	Exham	Love	
Fleming	Gaskin	Newham	
Hart	Horne	Roberts, S. O.	
	Rigby	Roberts, T.	
	Walker		
<i>Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions.</i>			
McFarland, R. A. H. (Academical Institution, Belfast)		} £70 Minor	
Mathews, G. B. (University Hall and Ludlow)		} Scholarships.	
Christie, P. R. (Highgate School), £50 Exhibition for 3 years.			
Smith, H. W. (Tonbridge School), £40 Exhibition for 3 years.			
Hardman, W. M. (Felstead School), £30 Exhibition for 4 years.			
Hogg, R. W. (Durham School)		} £50 Minor Scholarships.	
Semple, R. H. (Academical Institution, Belfast)			
Clementson, F. W. (Newcastle-under-Lyme)		} £50 Exhibitions for 2 years.	
Pollock, L. A. (Merchant Taylors)			
Scott-Taylor, J. (City Middle Class, Cowper Street), Natural Science Exhibition.			

The Examination for *Sizarships and limited Exhibitions* for the year 1881 will be held on *Wednesday*, October 5th, at 9 a.m.

The Subject of Examination will be a *paper* in Arithmetic and Algebra,

	Euclid, Books I. II. III. IV.
and	Book V. Props. 1—4, 7—15, 20, 22.
<i>Viva voce</i>	Book VI. except Props. 27, 28, 29.
Examination	Book XI. Props. 1—21.
in	The <i>Prometheus Vinculus</i> of Aeschylus.
	The <i>Pro Lege Manilia</i> of Cicero.

A *paper* will also be set containing a passage of English Prose for translation into Latin Prose, a short passage from some Greek author (not named beforehand) for translation into English. This paper will include a few questions on the Classical subjects above mentioned. The names of Candidates for *Sizarships* and for the School Exhibitions must be sent to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination. Candidates for the School Exhibitions must send a Certificate from the School stating that they have the qualification prescribed for the particular Foundation.

Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions for the Year 1881.—In April, 1881, there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, together with one Exhibition of £40 per annum for four years, two Exhibitions of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships, three Exhibitions of £50 per annum for three years, one Exhibition of about £30 per annum for four years, and one of about £30 for three years, one Exhibition of £20 per annum for one year. These *thirteen* Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions will be open to students who have not commenced residence. The Examination of Candidates for the above-named Scholarships and Exhibitions will commence on *Tuesday*, April 5, at 9 a.m. The

Examination will consist of three Mathematical Papers, and four Classical Papers.

One of the above Exhibitions of £50 will be awarded to the best proficient in Hebrew Sanskrit Syriac or Arabic, if, after examination, it shall appear that a sufficiently qualified Candidate has presented himself. Candidates for this Exhibition must give notice of the subjects in which they desire to be examined not later than March 1, 1881.

The Candidates for the Natural Science Exhibition of £50 for three years will have a special Examination, commencing on *Thursday*, March 31, at 9 a.m.

The emoluments received from the College in respect of a Minor Scholarship, Open Exhibition, or Foundation Scholarship, or from an Open Exhibition conjoined with a Foundation Scholarship, are augmented so as to amount to not less than £100 for the year, in the case of a Student who obtains the first place in *Classics* or in *Mathematics* in the annual College Examination of his own year; or in the case of a Student of the third year, who in *Theology, Law, Moral Sciences, Natural Sciences* or *History*, is specially recommended by the Examiners.

The names of Candidates should be sent to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination. *Any one elected to a Minor Scholarship or Exhibition will vacate it if before coming into residence he should offer himself at another College for any similar emolument. All who are elected will be required to come into residence in October, 1881.*

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Although two years have elapsed since the old Musical Society ceased to exist, the love of Music has apparently not quite died out in the College; a new Society has been started during the present Term, mainly through the zeal and enterprise of S. T. Winkley, assisted by Dr. Garrett. A circular was drawn up, and copies were sent "to all the Freshmen, and a few of the second and third year, who were known or thought to take an especial interest in Music." The result was so surprisingly satisfactory, that on October 10th, four days after the work was begun, the first General Meeting of the Society was held, at which about forty men were present, and a Committee was elected, consisting of F. E. Ainger (Chairman and Librarian); R. B. Davies, (Treasurer); C. F. Whitfield, (Secretary); W. H. Dodd; T. C. Ward; C. E. Bell; and W. J. Harvey. On the following evening, the first rehearsal took place, under the direction of Dr. Garrett, the subject chosen for practice being Mendelssohn's 115th Psalm; since then, two of Bishop's compositions, "Merry boys away" and "Now by day's retiring lamp," have also been rehearsed.

The Society having made such a satisfactory beginning, it was determined to make its plans further known to the College, additional circulars were printed and sent round, and now, at the time of writing, over a hundred men have become Members.

There is some talk of giving a Chamber Concert next Term, but this is not finally settled; at all events it is certain that a first-class concert will be given in the May Term. In former years the Johnian Concert, in the May week, was one of the great attractions; why should not the same state of things come to pass again? May the Society's successful beginning prove a happy omen for its continued prosperity.

Performing Members.—Ainger, F. E., Andrews, E. C., Bell, C. E., Besch, J. G. L., Beaumont, P. M., Calvert, W., Chance, H. G., Clementson, J. S., Clive, F. B., Christie, P. R., Court, J. W., Davies, R. B., Dodd, W. H., Douglas, A. F., Fitzherbert, A., Gipps, H. F., Graham, F. W., Harvey, W. J., Heppenstall, F. W., Haythornthwaite, J., Hinchcliff, E., Holmes, B. E., Hughes, M., Hutton, C. W. N., Izon, J. H., Le Fanu, W. R., Livett, J. M. W., Looker, F., Mackie, E. C., Mellor, H. V., Mayor, W. P., Molesworth, E. H., Pagan, A., Pearce, A. G. R., Powning, J. F., Poynder, A. J., Penruddock, F. F., Powell, E., Prance, W. C., Raby, E. W., Rosher, E., Sherrington, W. S., Stephen, G. V., Sanders, C. H. M., Tully, J., Ward, T. C., Winkley, S. T., Whitfield, C. F.

Honorary Members.—Abraham, W., Alston, G. R., Barnett, R. S., Bishop, J. W., Carthew Yorstoun, C., Colman, J., Cordeaux, W. W., Clarke, J. W., Clarke, T., Cash, N., Carpmal, A., Edmunds, L. H., Fisher, F. W., Gill, R. P., Hibburd, F. C., Housley, J. W. B., King, J. W., Lewis, W. H., Mathews, G. B., Merrifield, J. H., Mountfield, D. W., Moss, J. C., Oldham, J. B., Roscow, B., Sandford, F., Smith, H. W., Singleton, F. W., Terry, F., Town, W. E., Thompson, F. L., Thompson, N. N., Thompson, W. N., Tanner, J. R., Tomlin, A. G., Vinter, W. F., Ward, G. W. C., Ware, W. W., Winans, D. K., Winter, J. H., Whiting, W. H., Whitehead, J. B., Williams, C. F. W. T., Yeo, J. S.

Further Members have been elected since the above lists were in type.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The attendance at the Meetings of the Debating Society has been very satisfactory so far this Term, and the Debates have been well sustained.

The following motions have been discussed:—

"In favour of the Abolition of Hereditary seats in the House of Lords," proposed by L. H. Edmunds.

"A vote of want of confidence in the Government," proposed by A. T. Barnett.

"A motion professing its hopefulness with regard to the Theatre as a place of Healthy Recreation," proposed by J. Russell.

The number of men who have joined the Society this Term is a little above the average, but it is hoped the Society will get a larger Proportion of the new Members of the College.

Owing to the resignation of A. Williams, a new Vice-President had to be appointed, and T. G. Tucker was unanimously elected to that Office.

Officers for October Term:—

President:—F. H. Colson.

Treasurer:—G. C. M. Smith.

Vice-President:—T. G. Tucker.

Secretary:—O. Rigby.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

At a Meeting held towards the end of the May Term the following Officers were elected:—

1st Captain:—P. G. Exham.

2nd Captain:—R. Spencer.

The following matches have been played :—

Trinity, played Oct. 19th.—After an exciting game, this match resulted in a draw, each side obtaining one goal.

Old Harrovians, played Oct. 23rd, and resulted in an easy victory for St. John's, by four goals to one.

The University, played Oct. 26th.—The University won by two goals to nothing, the College playing one man short throughout the game.

Old Etonians, played Nov. 2nd, (Inter-Collegiate Cup Tie).—This match was played on the King's and Clare ground, and was won by St. John's, by five goals to nothing.

CRICKET CLUB.

Judging by the small number of men who support this Club, Cricket is apparently not a very popular game—at any rate, not in comparison with Lawn Tennis—for ever since that most seductive of games appeared at Cambridge, the number of Cricketers at St. John's has been declining, and there are now so few members that at least six College Clubs have many more recruits from whom to pick their chosen Eleven. From a financial point of view, therefore, the condition of the Club can hardly be called flourishing, but its successes in the field have been great: for two May Terms in succession, our Eleven has escaped defeat; we say "escaped" advisedly, for on several occasions they only saved their laurels through the opportune intervention of Father Time. We fear, owing to the departure of several of the most useful members of the team, that next year it will not be our pleasant duty to chronicle such an unbroken series of victories, or rather of non-defeats, if we may be permitted to coin a word for the occasion. That these results were obtained through the good batting of the team rather than their bowling must be quite apparent to any one who has studied the statistics; for it is a fact, and a remarkable one, that for the last two seasons no completed innings of the Johnian Eleven has realized less than 168 runs. Again, no one investigating the said statistics could fail to observe that our indefatigable Secretary has twice reached his "century" and obtained the remarkable average of 80 runs per innings. The bowling needs no special comment; it always is the weak element in an eleven of amateurs, and our Eleven proved no exception; but it is only fair to state, on behalf of those gentlemen who bowled so untiringly and sometimes (alas!) so unsuccessfully, that when the Johnian ground is in conditon, as it certainly was last May, it is one of the most trying grounds in England to a bowler, especially to a fast one. The fielding was, perhaps, up to the average, but not brilliant, too many catches being dropped. In conclusion, we can only hope that fortune may continue to smile on our team, and that the number of members in the Club may next season be much larger than has lately been the case.

Officers :

Captain :—J. H. Payne *Hon. Sec.* :—P. G. Exham
2nd Captain :—H. Smith *Treasurer* :—F. D. Gaddum

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The Trial Eights are occupying the chief attention of this Term. There are two Senior and three Junior, a number which hitherto has never been reached, and which augurs well for the future prosperity of the Club. All the Crews are improving rapidly, and we may hope to have some good material for our 3rd and 4th boats in the Lent Races.

The two Seniors are composed as under :—

<i>Mayor's Crew.</i>	<i>Kingston's Crew.</i>
Davies, R. B. (<i>bow</i>)	Winkley, S. T. (<i>bow</i>)
2 Hinchcliff, E.	2 Ward, T. C.
3 Vinter, W. F.	3 Housley, W. R.
4 Edmunds, L. H.	4 Middlemiss, C. S.
5 Clarke, T.	5 Dodd, W. H.
6 Thompson, F. L.	6 Williams, A. F.
7 Knight, A. T.	7 Clementson, J. S.
Curtis, W. C. (<i>stroke</i>)	Eicke, K. M. (<i>stroke</i>)
Facey, W. E. (<i>cox</i>)	Muirhead, F. L. (<i>cox</i>)

In the Fours, the L.M.B.C. Crew, composed of A. H. Prior (*bow*), 2 A. F. Green, 3 W. Barton, J. Lister (*stroke*), were beaten on the second day after a good race by Jesus. Our men were not well together, as they had not practised together for more than a week before the Races.

The Pearson and Wright Sculls were won by W. P. Mayor, after a dead heat with L. H. Edmunds.

In the *Colquhouns* our two men, Barton and Mayor, were unfortunately drawn together on the first day. Barton, after easily beating F. Grafton, 3rd Trinity, on the second day, was in for the final, but defeated by thirty yards, after a splendid race, by Kieser, 1st Trinity, who rowed second to A. H. Prior, L.M.B.C., last year's winner.

A. F. Green is rowing 5 in one of the "Trials," and we hope to see him in the University Boat next Term.

The Officers for the present Term are as under :—

<i>President</i> :—Rev. A. F. Torry	<i>Secretary</i> :—E. Roshier
<i>1st Captain</i> :—W. P. Mayor	<i>3rd Captain</i> :—A. Hawkins
<i>2nd Captain</i> :—C. F. Whitfield	<i>4th Captain</i> :—G. M. Kingston
<i>Treasurer</i> :—W. H. Dodd	<i>5th Captain</i> :—J. H. Edwards

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

These Sports took place on Monday and Tuesday, November 8th and 9th. The noticeable feature of the year being the fact that the card was the "heaviest" ever known at Fenner's, so much so, in fact, that we had to extend the Meeting beyond the two days; the remaining two events being run off on the following Thursday. This was doubtless due to the reduction in the entrance fees and subscriptions, at the same time the funds show a considerable decrease as compared with those of last year; however, we hope, at any rate, that there will still be a slight balance.

The following is an abridged account of the programme :—

- 100 Yards.—A. Beverley 1, R. Thorman 2. Time 11 1-5 secs.
 Quarter-Mile.—C. E. Hopton 1, C. H. Newman 2. Time 56 1-5 secs.
 One Mile.—R. Hall 1, W. P. Mayor 2. Time 5 min. 2 2-5 secs.
 Two Miles.—R. Hall 1, W. P. Mayor 2. Time 10 min. 45 secs.
 Hurdles (120 yards).—A. Beverley 1, W. R. Le Fanu 2. Time 19 2-5 secs.
 High Jump.—J. H. Matthews and T. C. Ward (equal). Height 5ft.
 Long Jump.—J. H. Matthews 1 (18ft. 3in.), R. Thorman 2 (pen. 6in., 18ft. 8in.).
 Throwing the Hammer.—J. H. Kinipple (77ft. 3in.)
 Putting the Weight.—J. H. Kinipple (31ft. 2in.)
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—J. H. Powning (87 yds. 1ft.)
 120 Yards Handicap.—J. H. Matthews 1 (9 yds.), G. C. Herbert 2 (14 yds.)
 200 Yards Handicap.—J. H. Matthews 1 (17 yds.), R. Thorman 2 (12 yds.)
 350 Yards Handicap.—C. E. Hopton 1 (5 yds), C. P. Cory 2 (20 yds.)
 Half-Mile Handicap.—C. E. Hopton 1 (scratch), R. Hall 2 (scratch).
 Time 8min. 12 secs.
 100 Yards (for *bona fide* boating men).—J. H. Edwards 1. Time 11 1-5.
 Freshmen's Race (200 yards).—C. H. Newman 1.
 Consolation Race.—E. S. Chapman 1.
 Strangers' Race (300 yards).—J. W. Gregory 1 (scratch)

CALENDAR FOR 1881.

LENT TERM.

Entrance Examination	Thursday, Jan. 27.
Residence commences	Saturday, „ 29.
Lectures begin	Monday, „ 31.
Rehearsal Examination	{ Thursday, March 31.
	{ Friday, April 1.
Examination for Natural Science Exhibition	Thursday, March 31.
Examination for 13 Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions	April 5—8.
Entrance Examination	April 5—8.

EASTER TERM.

Residence commences	Monday, April 25.
Lectures begin	Wednesday, „ 27.
College Examination begins	Monday, May 30.
Entrance Examination	Thursday, June 9.

MICHAELMAS TERM.

Sizarship Examination	Wednesday, Oct. 5.
Entrance Examination	Wednesday, „ 5.
Freshmen come up	Friday, „ 7.
Other years come up	Monday, „ 10.
Lectures begin :	
For Freshmen	Tuesday, „ 11.
For other years	Wednesday, „ 12.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF SECOND YEAR [109].

Michaelmas Term, 1880.

Ackroyd, E., 1st court G	Lloyd, H. M., 32, Bridge Street
Allnut, H., 5, St. Clement's Lane	Love, E. F. J., 4, Round Church Street
Anthonsz, J. C., new court A	McAulay, F. S., new court F
Atkinson, R. W., 3rd court F	Mackintosh, A., 1st court I
Bateson, W., new court I	Mason, M. H. H., 3rd court C
Bell, A. L., 12, Park Street	Mellor, V. H., 67, Bridge Street
Bell, C. E. B., new court H	Merrikin, M., new court C
Brett, A. E., 60, Park Street	Mountfield, D. W., new court E
Brooksbank, H. A. M., 9, Portugal Place	Muirhead, F. L., new court G
Browne, A. Y., 50, Park Street	Newman, C. H., 29, Bridge Street
Burford, H., 33, Bridge Street	Newham, A., 3rd court F
Carthew-Yorston, C., new court F	Ormesher, J. E., Huntingdon road
Chapman, A. G., new court A	Pomnett, L. W., 2nd court E
Clark, G. W., new court H	Poynder, A. J., new court E
Clarke, T., 2nd court C	Powning, J. F., new court H
Clarke, W. J., 2nd court H	Ransome, H. A., 18, Magdalene Street
Cleaver, W. E., 3rd court C	Ransome, M. J., 18, Magdalene Street
Cleworth, T. E., 2nd court F	Rapson, E. J., 3rd court E
Clive, F., new court F	Rayson, J. B., 1st court K
Cordeaux, W. W., new court A	Roberts, S. O., new court H
Crossley, C. H., Laburnum House, Milton Road	Roberts, T., new court D
Curtis, W. C., 65, St. Andrew Street	Sanders, W. M., 3rd court D
Davies, R. B., 2nd court C	Sandford, F., new court B
Day, G. D., new court C	Sandoe, C. F., 1st court F
Dodd, W. H., new court E	Scott, A. C., 3rd court E
Edmunds, L. H., new court A	Scott, C. A., new court G
Ellis, G., 1st court H	Scott, J. B., 9, New Square
Eicke, K. M., 2nd court E	Shepherd, W. R., new court D
Fitz-Herbert, A., 2nd court K	Sherrington, W. S., new court B
Garland, N. H., 1st court A	Simkin, T. L. V., 20, Sussex Street
Gipps, H. F., new court D	Singleton, F. W., new court A
Graham, F. W., 2nd court M	Spencer, R., new court H
Greenstreet, W. J., 1a, Park Street	Stephens, H. W., 16, Portugal Place
Greenway, H. H., 8, Willow Walk	Stevens, A. O., new court C
Hall, R., new court H	Stopford, J. B., 2nd court E
Hammond, F., new court A	Stout, G. F., 12, Clarendon Street
Hardy, B. B., 3, Jesus Terrace	Swallow, G. W., 4, Clare Terrace
Haviland, J. H., 1st court I	Swaby, H., 4th court A
Heppenstall, F. W., 3rd court D	Tanner, J. R., 1st court F
Hinchliff, E., new court G	Thompson, W. N., 12, King Street
Holmes, B. E., new court E	Tomlin, A. G., 1, Arundel Villas, Station Road
Hopton, C. E., 60, Park Street	Vanderspar, E. H. A., 31, Thompson's Lane
Housley, J. W. B., 3rd court D	Vaughan, P., 5, New Square
Hughes, F. S., new court A	Vinter, W. F., new court B
Hughes, M., 8, Eastbourne Terrace	Ward, T. C., 3rd court F
Jackson, G. F., 18, Portugal Place	Wells, W., 22, King Street
Johnson, A. R., 3rd court C	Whitfield, C. F., new court A
Johnson, C. E., 2, Quay Side	Wilkinson, M. E., new court E
King, J. W., new court D	Winans, D. K., 4th court V
Kinipple, J. H., new court D	Winstone, A. B., new court G
Kinipple, W. R., new court D	Wiseman, J. G., 2, Portugal Place
Knight, A. T., new court H	Williams, C. F., 2nd court K
Knowles, E., 50, Bridge Street	Wolrige, A. F., Warren's Yard
Le Fanu, W. R., 2nd court M	
Lewis, W. H., 30, Trumpington Street	

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF FIRST YEAR [90].

Michaelmas Term, 1880.

- Andrew, J. R., 17, Sussex Street
 Andrews, E. C., 59, Park Street
 Barnett, R. S., new court I
 Bayliss, T. A., 22, King Street
 Beaumont, P. M., 4, Clare terrace,
 Castle Street
 Besch, J. G. Q., 19, Portugal Place
 Bishop, J. W., 67, Sidney Street
 Brown, F. H., 17, Sussex Street
 Butcher, W. E., 4, St. Clement's
 Passage
 Cahusac, A. F., 15, New Square
 Carpmal, A., new court B
 Chance, H. G., 2nd court K
 Chester, F. E., 31, Thompson's Lane
 Christie, P. R., 5, Portugal Place
 Clementson, F. W., 2nd court K
 Court, J. W., 2, Jordan's Yard
 Day, F., Belvoir Cottage, Trumpington
 Street
 Douglas, A. F., 39, Clarendon Street
 Facey, W. E., 4, Park Street
 Fisher, J. W., 2, Portugal Place
 Ford, J. H., 103 $\frac{1}{2}$, King Street
 Garne, W. H., 34 Thompson's Lane
 Gifford, A. C., 3rd court E
 Gill, R. P., 5, Park Street
 Goodman, R. N., 2nd court K
 Graham, J. H. S., 4, Clarendon Street
 Greaves, J. B., 29, Bridge Street
 Harding, S. C., 48, Bridge Street
 Hardman, W. M., 9, Jesus Lane
 Hardwich, N. A., 12, Park Street
 Harrison, H. L., 44, Bridge Street
 Haythornthwaite, J., St. 5, Clement's
 Passage
 Herbert, G. C., new court I
 Herbert, J. A., 4, Clarendon Street
 Hildyard, H. N., 9, Jesus Lane
 Hill, F., 1st court F
 Hogg, R. W., 20, Portugal Place
 Holden, R., 10, Victoria Street
 Holden, W., 10, Victoria Street
 Izon, J. H., new court A
 Jones, T. J., 1, Brunswick Place
 Knight, J. T., 1st court E
 Kroenig, C. S., 3, Short Street
 Langley, J. A., 4, Park Street
 Leighton, R. S., 15, Portugal Place
 Lewis, E. T., 1st court K
 Livett, J. J. W., 52, Hills Road
 Lomax, J. F., 11, Malcolm Street
 Looker, F., 25, King Street
 Lucas, R. N., 2, Jordan's Yard
 Lund, W. F., new court A
 McFarland, R. A. H., 1st court I
 Mathews, G. B., 5, Portugal Place
 Merrifield, J. H., 12, Sussex Street
 Morgan, G. E., 33, Thompson's Lane
 Odling, H. H., new court H
 Oldham, J. B., 31, Thompson's Lane
 Patten, F. W., 3, Warren's Yard
 Pearce, A. G. R., 7, Round Church
 Street
 Penruddock, F. F., 3rd court E
 Phillips, W. R., 1, St. Clement's
 Passage
 Pochin, P. G., 8, Short Street
 Pollock, L. A., new court D
 Powell, E., 8, Portugal Place
 Raby, E. W., 59, Park Street
 Rafique, M., 12, Park Street
 Ray, J. F., 65, King Street
 Roberts, R., 3rd court D
 Robson, C. T. Y., 3, Parker Street
 Roscow, B., 19, Portugal Place
 Sanders, C. H. M., Strange's Villas
 Sankey, E. H. O., new court H
 Semple, R. H., 2nd court O
 Smith, H. W., new court H
 Smith, N. H., 1, St. Clement's Passage
 Sowell, R. H., 1st court G
 Stephen, G. V., 33, Thompson's Lane
 Taylor, J. S., 2, Quay Side
 Theed, C. H., 3, Short Street
 Theed, E. A., 32, Thompson's Lane
 Town, W. E., 20, Portugal Place
 Tully, J., 9, Gifford Place, Green
 Street
 Tyler, F. W., 13, Willow Walk
 Ware, W. W., 1st court I
 Watts, E. H. R., 32, Thompson's
 Lane
 Wells, A. J., 62, Jesus Lane
 Wells, F. A., 2, Short Street
 Whiting, W. H., 24, Clarendon Street
 Wilkes, H. H., 38, Bridge Street
 Wilkinson, L., 2nd court K
 Williams, A. F., 18 Park Street

Removals for Lent Term, 1881—Andrew, J. R., new court I; Andrews, E. C., new court E; Butcher, W. E., 2nd court O; Douglas, A. F., 7, All Saints' Passage; Facey, W. E., 48, Bridge Street; Ford, J. H., new court H; Garne, W. H., 1st court I; Hardman, W. M., new court C; Hildyard, H. N., new court E; Knight, J. T., 1st court K; Knowles, E., new court G; Kroenig, C. S., new court F; Lomax, J. F., new court A; Ray, J. F., new court I; Rayson, J. B., 1st court H; Stephen, G. V., new court D; Tully, J., new court D.