

this matter will be fully considered before the next picnic, and that some expedient will be adopted to check what is, to use the mildest phrase, an unchivalrous spirit among those who should enjoy every opportunity for athletic distinction quite apart from any material reward. Having frankly spoken out on this point, it is pleasant to be able to add that some of the athletic performances were excellent, especially among the seniors, those of Gerow, H. Sancton, and of juniors, Payne, Berton, and W. Hare. The champion cup was deservedly carried off by Gerow, who worthily rivalled the feats of E. Ruel and J. McKean, his predecessors in that distinction.

ANOTHER event of the past month was the performance of the Oratorio Society in our Church, concerning which a few words of explanation are needful. Some months ago, while our present Sunday School was in course of construction, the request was made to the Vestry to grant the use of the Church for this purpose. It was replied that, owing to the temporary lack of any rooms other than the church, the request could not *then* be granted. When the renewed appeal reached the churchwardens recently, it was felt that it would be impossible to refuse with any courtesy, under the present circumstances. When the special nature and object of the performance were subsequently understood, although some reasonable objection was felt, it was yet deemed inadvisable to withdraw a sanction already formally given.

The performance of the Sacred Cantata, if not up to the highest mark of the Society, was exceeding creditable; the music itself being thoroughly ecclesiastical and devotional in tone and character. Of the "selections" it is only necessary to say that the organ solo was entirely unfitted for performance on such an occasion, and its insertion was a complete mistake, for which Mr. Wilson, who played at short notice on a strange instrument, must not be held responsible.

#### ACROSS THE CARPATHIANS.

The editors have decided that the present is to be a "holiday number," and they have commanded their contributors to keep this important fact in mind. In obedience to this injunction the present writer puts aside those recollections of London clerical days, the penning of which was doubtless of more interest to himself than to the reader, and turns to an earlier page of reminiscence, when a long vacation tour led him over some tracts of country little known even in these days of ubiquitous travel. From Cambridge to Vienna the way was comparatively well-known, but the Imperial City lies sufficiently beyond the orbit of colonial travellers to merit a passing word of description. Vienna was at that time (1871) passing into the modern stage of her existence, and it was only possible to trace the fading outlines of the old city, once surrounded by those strong fortifications against which the invading Turk had hurled himself until the rescue of Sobieski arrived. The ancient city in Europe was always fortified, and at a wide radius came the suburbs, separated by moat and walls from the central portion. These had all disappeared in Vienna, the ditches filled up, the

*glacis* built over, and forming the site of the new Kingstrasse, perhaps the most magnificent street in the world. The suburbs, once isolated villages, had amalgamated, and their original names were preserved only as municipal divisions. A memory of twenty years past does not recall more than the more vivid features, chief among which is the recollection of the splendid military bands, and Johann Strauss's orchestra in the Horticultural gardens, the military swimming bath in the Danube, so perfectly appointed, and such a supreme luxury in those broiling summer days; the University library (not so fully appreciated then as possibly later), and above all the merry humanity of the city, always mercurial and happy, the Viennese dialect itself so racy and characteristic, that it deserves to be a language of itself.

But I was eastward bound, and in due course took steamboat down the Danube towards the capital of Hungary. Not yet attaining its later width and volume, the river was nevertheless at this point a stately stream. Soon we passed the famous island of Lobau, scene of a crisis in Napoleon's history. It turned upon a narrow issue whether victory or defeat should be his, and defeat, in such a situation meant destruction. But the Archduke Charles, fortunately for the French army, was a general of the older school, methodical above all things, one who would have thought victory itself a blunder unless obtained *secundum artem*. Blucher, not to mention Wellington, would have done very differently; but the Austrian commander, after the barren honor of the undecided battle of Aspern, allowed the French to cross to the main-land, and then the fight at Wagram placed victory once more, though almost for the last time, on the side of the great conqueror.

Then at last the Hungarian frontier was reached; already around me on the steamboat the sounds of an unknown tongue had told me that I was beyond the limits where the languages learned at school could help me. The Hungarians, who but recently (1866) had obtained all their independence, made no allowances, or as little as possible for the ignorance of their language on the part of the western traveller. On the steamboat, indeed, notices in German as well as Magyar were affixed, but in the railways, at the smaller stations, a question in German frequently elicited a shake of the head and a voluble outflow of what seemed to be coagulated consonants. My readers, I trust, will draw no uncharitable conclusions if I mention that the only Magyar word I can now think of is "Bor," meaning *wine*. I learned it by seeing it very frequently over shop-doors in Pesh, and asking its meaning of a fellow traveller.

Presburg, the old city where kings of Hungary had been crowned for many centuries, came next in view, picturesquely situated on the left bank. More and more the musical Magyar predominated over German in the conversations around me on the steamboat deck. More and more the coloring assumed an Oriental type, and as the afternoon wore on, the scenery became bolder, and the windings of the river more romantic. I shall never forget the sudden appearance of the Cathedral of Gran, perched on the summit of a lofty hill, overlooking the Danube. Built upon the plan of St. Peter's