

have paid their subscriptions. Of the 1881 subscriptions, now due, one subscription has been paid in advance.

We know the difficulty and work involved upon the Honorary Treasurer, and the amount of correspondence and book-keeping involved in getting in subscriptions. It should not be forgotten that his arduous duties are purely honorary and it is only fair, therefore, that his time should be spared as much as possible. It should be remembered also that the revenue of the Society is funded, and that arrears of subscription entail consequently a loss. We could hardly recommend in the interests of the Society the harsh measures involved in such a rule as that adopted by the Edmundian Association which we have quoted, but a mild appeal to Members of the Society through the medium of our columns may, we trust, not be entirely without effect.

We have not, in this paper, attempted anything beyond a short review of the history and progress of the Gregorian Society. The general utility, organization and aims of this and kindred Societies will no doubt, at some future time, form ample matter for a dissertation which could scarcely fail to prove interesting and useful. At present much necessary information, both historical and for the purposes of comparison, is wanting.

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## BATHING PLACES—OLD AND NEW.

THE sensitive moralists of some of our journals and reviews have shewn a tendency to class the interest of the public in swimming exhibitions and competitions in that category of remotely contingent tendencies to degeneration, "signs of the times." The interest has shown itself among us. Without attempting to intimate its possible future development, we will content ourselves with pointing out the cause.

The accompanying etching of the "Petre Bathing Pond" can do little more than suggest the charms of the spot which claims so large a share of public attention during the summer months. The pavilion is seen, but its elaborate details and complete arrangement are scarcely distinguished. The richly coloured rockwork, now overgrown with ferns and mosses, which encloses it on three sides, could not be rendered by line alone. Over this rises a bank crowned with young trees and shrubs, whose reflections wave and tremble as the ripple passes over them, lending to the water a weird fascination which rivets the eye. On the fourth side, and



Bathing places - Old & new~



following down the little road which leads to the pond, is a noble row of beeches.

The convenience of position and accomodation would have been sufficient to account for our growing interest in aquatics; but when we add to this the charms of nature and art we may safely acquit ourselves of any morbid tendency in this modern development. This is not the only nor indeed the chief place where the generous donor has displayed his munificence and taste. But were it the only monument of his devotion to his Alma Mater it would be more than sufficient to commend him to the grateful remembrance of our own time and of the generations to come. Still, though the charm of the spot grows yearly as the artistic surroundings of the place harmonise more with the natural beauties, and as the stonework becomes more subdued and more varied in tone, the hand of time, armed with the frost of winter, has set its mark there. The costly row of tiles which framed the bath in such a warm and tasteful line of colour, repeated in the encircling water, has suffered very much, and will soon cease to be ornamental. It is contemplated supplying their place with an ornamental tile in terra-cotta, but in the meantime some practical experiences, which could give an idea of its durability in such circumstances are necessary.

The lower picture represents *an* old bathing place—Lucombe Pond. Although the title of *the* old bathing place might be better claimed by “Mother Gains’s”. It is not surprising that the latter is unknown to many of the present generation. Those who seek it out, fortified for the task by past reminiscences, will scarcely recognise an old haunt in it. The wood which sloped down to the water’s edge on the south side has suffered severely from the forester’s axe. The short underwood which we grazed with our feet as we leaped into the water, brushes our shoulders, as we make our way with difficulty along the narrow path; and when we get an occasional glimpse of the water between, we see that the reeds have grown almost to within arm’s length from the waters edge—Lucombe has more charms than its older companion; but they are charms which do not allure us into its depths. It is pleasant to gaze into its waters while the wind mutters a spell as it passes through the gloomy firs,—a spell which calls back old times and old faces and peoples the bank with bright memories of the past,—but as we are wakened from our reveries by the leaping of the fish, or the flight of the moor-hen, we exclaim “let us bathe when we get home.”