THE EAGLE.

THE year 1858 will form a most important epoch in the History of the University of Cambridge. During this year the reforms from within, and the reforms from without, will first assume a definite form and existence, and from the deliberation with which the former are being effected, and from the free discussion to which the latter have been and will be subjected, it may reasonably be hoped that the University will attain to a still higher degree of efficiency. The first and most obvious remark that is made by men who have left Cambridge ten or twenty years, is, that the reform is wholly uncalled for: a little more knowledge, and a little more reflection, will speedily modify such an assertion.—Precisely the same remarks are applicable to this innovation also, the starting up of this Periodical in St. John's College. It is wholly uncalled for; a mere whim; certain to fall through in a term or so; are some of the most tenderly expressed opinions with respect to "The Eagle," and the most considerate for the feelings of the unfortunate innovators, which we have heard from those who on the ground of its novelty cannot heartily approve of it; whose worst wish is that it may speedily die a natural death. To others it appears to strike at the foundation of all University morality;—that Undergraduates should write, and perhaps publish; that Undergraduates should think of writing any thing, except of course translations and bookwork, is a proposition subversive of all decency, and not to be viewed without horror. To both we would reply that the fact of its existence proves that there is at least an imaginary call for it; and the cordiality with which it has been welcomed by a large body of subscribers, and the promptitude with which contributions to its pages have been forthcoming, shew that, if it is a whim, it is a whim

shared by many. With regard to the probability of its continuance, a word or two may be said. "How long "do you think it will last, Mr. Editor?" is a question that has often been asked in the tone with which a very important and searching remark is usually made:—"well, "well! exitus acta probat; we shall see in a year or two." Now there is a dangerous plausibility in this, which may be thus exposed. It is assumed that *success* in a gross and material sense is our object; this being not a pecuniary speculation, the success, it is argued, must lie in its continuance; in the next place, by a very convenient sophism, success in this matter is made the test of its being right or wrong; convenient, because it saves the trouble of forming any opinion on the subject; a sophism, because an old and good practical proverb is wholly misapplied.

The objections of one or two obstructives are practically two-fold: first, you cannot write; secondly, you ought not to write; and these merit a separate consideration.

When a man has something to say, he will soon find without much trouble a way to say it: whence it appears that the inability to write proceeds from vacuity of the brain, or want of something to write about. Now if this is literally true, if in deed and in truth no man in St. John's College has anything he wants to say, this is surely very lamentable. Verily we should clothe ourselves in sackcloth and walk softly, instead of strutting about in caps and gowns, the external signs of a thoughtful Student. If this is indeed true,—

> Grace to boot!
> Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
> Your queen and I are devils,—

whispers Alma Mater in our ears in the words of Hermione; and we dare not disobey her: for indeed the extent to which such an assertion is true, suggests very unpleasant reflections on the nature, extent, and depth of our educational system, reflections on its expansive power or the want of it, reflections whether there is no ground for the charge of quackery against us, in our attempting to heal all mental diseases, to purify all intellectual veins, and strengthen all spiritual constitutions with one Universal Pill.

We pass on to the second point, which is of greater practical importance. "No more Senior Wranglers for "St. John's! our First Class men will become Second Class "men, our Wranglers will be Senior Optimes, Lady Margaret

"will weep over the degeneracy of her Sons." We cannot help feeling that all this is exaggerated; the frightful consequences are very imaginary; for there are numbers of men who have ample leisure even in term-time for the production of an essay; and surely none to whom the vacations do not bring the time and the peace of mind that an author longs for. On the vacations then we mainly rely; for nothing could be further removed from our wishes, than to interfere between a man and hi
to prejudice his college interests. It is in the full belief that this undertaking will provide a field for the energies of those for whom the ordinary reading possesses no charms, and open a Campus Martius for our lustier athletes to disport themselves upon, when disengaged from sterner conflicts, where instead of wearying themselves by their wrestlings, they will gain the suppleness and manysidedness which will ultimately prevail; in the belief too that this is no metaphor, but sound matter-of-fact, that we have set on foot a Magazine, and dared to give it the name of the mighty bird, the attendant on the Saint whose name we bear. If a man is disposed to waste his time, innumerable facilities for his so doing have been already thoughtfully provided; and undoubtedly we furnish one more facility; if any one wishes to avail himself of it, let him half finish a carelessly written essay on some ill digested subject with which he has no concern; but we utterly repudiate the notion that the writing of papers, notes, and poetry, is synonymous with wasting of time, if they give proofs of reflection and judgment. Assume the position that we are to give ourselves wholly and solely, body and soul, I had almost said, to the attainment of University honours, yet we can make our ground secure; adopt any other view of our life and position here, so it be a consistent and reasonable view, and we shall not fear to stand its test: but if exercise in careful writing on well considered subjects, which is perhaps the highest and healthiest exercise, difficult to beginners, yet which must be begun, and is the best test of talent and education, is of no value, we have no ground left to stand upon.

Here then we may cease this apologetic strain, and add one or two words in explanation of what we hope and intend, with the good will of our contributors, to accomplish.

We should like to see "the Society of the Eagle" established on the same footing as the Boat Clubs or Cricket

Clubs; its secretary weary with writing the names of contributors and subscribers. We wish to see the best men of every year consider their College honours incomplete, unless they can point to their initials in our pages; and at the same time to learn something of the unaccredited heroes who stand below them in the list. Many such there are, who pass on in silence and unrecognized, till their place here knoweth them no more; because, forsooth, they cannot swallow the Pill. We would fain elicit a respect for them while they are among us. We would see articles, grave and gay, come in from all the classes that compose our great society, resident here and elsewhere; recognize years hence the favourite social theories of a friend at the bar; the capital stories of old So and So of the Indian Service; the acute criticisms on poetry and art, which could come from none but our old friend, at his curacy in Yorkshire. We would see philosophy and criticism, art and science, poetry and prose, filling our pages, it being ever remembered by the younger portion of us, that, while their productions must have independent merit, they are not here as young cosmopolites, and that they must seek to interest the reader by being first interested themselves. We would also remind them of two things; first, that the object of reading poetry is not to write it; and secondly, that the object of writing poetry is not necessarily to publish it. On these accounts, as well as because poetry is much easier than prose to write, and of less value when written, in the case of most young authors, our censorship of it will be somewhat severe. Finally, we hope for some indulgence at first; our pens are new, and do not run fluently: we must be content with short flights till the Eagle's wings are strong. Only let us all pull together in this concern, with a strong pull and a steady swing, that the Eagle may be a rallying point and a watchword among us; something to fasten College spirit upon when here; something by which we can carry it down with us when we go away; the spirit of old Brookes; the spirit which cracks up its own as the best College in the best University in the best country in the world.

HOW FAR A POET MAY COPY FROM A PICTURE WITHOUT PLAGIARISM.

PLAGIARISM is the appropriation by one mind of ideas or language which are the peculiar property of another: the term 'language' being taken to include any mode of expression. Ideas may be appropriated without the language, and language without the ideas.

Plagiarism naturally and fairly divides into two classes, quite distinct,—Conscious and Unconscious. The first is at once immoral, and cuts deep into the root of all individuality: it establishes an intellectual communism which is not to be borne. But the second is by no means immoral: not even blame-worthy beyond a certain point. We blame an unconscious plagiarist in proportion to his want of care and watchfulness over his own mind, over his ideas and modes of expression: but on no other grounds. And if we go no further, we deal fairly with him; for he will not generally have much difficulty in discovering whether an idea be his own or acquired; whether a framed sentence be really framed by him, or out of the storehouse of his memory. If he has difficulty, likely enough the sentence or idea is only common place; in frequent use, and no one's in particular; of some common cinder-heap from which any one may mend his path.

Our inevitably passing over anything unwittingly plagiarized, when proper care has been taken to avoid the fault, seems a sufficient penalty: for almost all the injury an author inflicts is on himself. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that it does not follow that a thought is not original as far as one mind is concerned, because some other mind may also have entertained the same: and an author must be allowed an approximation to his full credit for an idea, in proportion as he may be supposed not to have been in any way influenced by its pre-existence.

It is however with conscious plagiarism that we have rather to do at this time.

Having once or twice met with instances of a poet describing from a painting, as for instance, Keats in "Endymion," from the "Bacchus and Ariadne," it has seemed to me an interesting point to investigate how far a poet may appropriate from a painting or a picture without plagiarism.

It does at first sight appear that an objection to the use of such investigation presents itself at the outset; which is this:—that the poetic faculty is essentially creative and imaginative; and that a poet of true genius—*a maker* the objector says emphatically, neither needs nor condescends to avail himself of the help of another. This idea is sublime enough, but not particularly precise; in fact will on near investigation be found to be incorrect. Because a painter uses colours, his picture is not the less regarded as his picture, nor considered less original, because dependent entirely on his availing himself of elements which he does not and cannot create. The sculptor's art is not to make the marble, but the statue; and his skill that regulates it into form and beauty is not the less *his* skill because the marble is appropriated. And so, the poet. If he represent a willow as weeping, the idea may be his own, but the willow is not: he has seen it, or been told of it; in short, has appropriated it. If he track a brook among its cresses for you, belike he has seen a brook, or heard of it, or seen a picture of it; it does not matter: he has appropriated the brook; as also the cresses. He combines in the kaleidoscope of his genius hill and dale, fountain and brook, piping winds and sea and fairies; and then you see strange pictures, and beauty-groups; and the fairies dance to the piping winds, "by rushy brook" and "pavëd fountain."

In his most etherial flights the poet must borrow from common facts about him; even to a fault, and to untruth. Thinking dim-seen and clouded glory better than no glory, he teaches you through perishable media, as far as may be. One of the highest, in his consciousness of this unavoidable imperfection, almost felt an apology to be necessary; or at least that a plausibility should be suggested, to balance somewhat the absurdity of his descriptions:—

> What if earth
> Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
> Each to other like more than on earth is thought.

He can only convey to us ideas of things in Heaven by clothing them in earthly garb; he knows how this must seem discordant; so he strikes the note of plausibility to reduce the whole to harmony.

Thus we grant that the poetic faculty *is* essentially creative and imaginative, and yet find that the poet not only condescends, but is necessitated, to avail himself of helps.

There is one branch of the poetic art, most closely connected with appropriation, which does not touch the immediate point before us: I mean Description. It will be allowed at once by every one that a description of a piece of painting or sculpture is not a plagiarism. Yet the poet consciously and deliberately copies in detail the whole of the piece: in fact is actually considered to be performing a meritorious work in so doing. How is this, and wherein does the merit consist?

The merit of such a work consists purely in the power shewn in the describing; in the clearness of vision and distinctness of expression manifested; but in the ideas, so far as appropriated, not at all. Many ideas, colligative or explanatory, are usually interwoven; many mental conclusions or suggestions of the poet are submitted. These will have their own peculiar merit from their own peculiar virtues, (for creative power, for instance) as is right they should: but such merit must not be confounded with that due to imitative power. And hence, from an inaccurate manner of speaking, and neglect of the above distinction, we generally give more praise and attribute more merit to a description than strictly belong to it as such.

To take a familiar passage in illustration:—

> The roar of waters! from the headlong height
> Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
> The fall of waters! rapid as the light
> The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
> The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
> And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
> Of their great agony, wrung out from this
> Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
> That gird the gulph around, in pitiless horror set,
> And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
> Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
> With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
> Is an eternal April to the ground,
> Making it all one emerald.—

Our impression upon reading this is 'what a splendid piece of description!' we regard it as such, and we praise it as such. Yet the maximum amount of nature described in it, as actually appearing, might have been put in six lines; and in itself would not have claimed much praise. That Velino pours from a great height, over a precipice, rapidly, with a noise which shakes the abyss, with foam which washes the surrounding rocks, and spray which rises very high, and slowly falls again, is a full statement of the phenomena nature presented to the poet. The rest is apt symbol and metaphor and comparison working upon our passions and imagination; pleasing us from a multitude of causes; from fear, terror, flattery of our knowledge; from affording pleasurable exercise of our powers by the mind's straining to follow in the poet's steps and conceive his conceptions. The speed of the falling water has to be quickened to that of light; the noise heightened to howling and hissing; the spray to be lifted to the skies; and then poured down with all the gentleness that is in our nature; its influence on the ground has to be made an April; that April to be made eternal; and the ground itself to be clothed with grass of a green beautiful as the emerald.

The above instance of description from nature answers our present purpose as well as any other from sculpture or painting. Thus far have we proceeded: we have shewn that much of a description so called is not description at all; that much of the merit attributed to it does not belong to it at all as description; and that in so far as it is mere imitation, without any exhibition of power in the execution, it is perfectly innocent of any merit whatever.

We now come to appropriation, strictly so called. Of this there seem to be two kinds; appropriation of fact, and appropriation of idea.

A fact, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is an event, a truth, a reality, perceived directly by or evolved from experience; established upon indisputable evidence; evidence allowed on all hands to carry conviction. But this is not what we mean by a fact in Art.

An artistic 'fact' is anything which has, may, or might have become matter of knowledge with any one independent of another's help; which is revealed, not by the volition of some individual mind, but from the circumstances of its own reality; which has something of truth and meaning, independent of any interpretation which may be put upon it; which would be, though any one particular mind

were not; which has its root in actual nature, not in the internal mind, or Art. An 'idea' is opposite to this. It is a peculiar distribution, combination, or harmonizing of facts; or a deduction from them; does not appear, but is the result of mental volition; has its root in the mind, or in Art; is, in short, some particular mind's interpretation of certain facts which that mind chooses to present to us.

Thus a beautiful or terrible combination of waterfalls is an idea; each waterfall, considered apart, a fact: supposing no subordinate idea to be put forth in some one waterfall. The chaste effect of some particular harmonizing of flowers is an idea; while each individual flower, or even a harmony of flowers, is a fact. Thus again, suppose a poet, who wishes to describe a winding brook, and has not much knowledge of how a brook does wind; to take up sketches of such a brook. He only appropriates facts, so long as he describes pictured windings which are copied from, or in accordance with, windings to be found in nature. But if he imitate any peculiar winding, or combination of windings, not to be so found, suggested by the painter as windings which would be very beautiful or otherwise; then he appropriates ideas. So, a man, the passion of grief, the passion of grief expressed in a man, are facts; but the passion of grief expressed in a particular way in a particular man, if the whole conception be not of ordinary experience, is an 'idea,' the property of the portrayer. The facts, however, remain facts, though now perhaps for the first time ascertained by any one from such portrayal.

There is a piece of mountain scenery by Auguste Bonheur which peculiarly illustrates the distinction we wish to make out. I describe from memory merely. A shepherd or some such, is driving cattle down the mountains, and is at the moment at a considerable elevation. The picture may be said to be a combination of numerous facts, with one 'idea.' The facts are, mountains, the nearer deep umber, the more remote of a subdued slate colour; large, grey, rude stones in the foreground; shaggy, wild cattle, with broad red patches; heather; dirty clouds; a shepherd, his blowing cloak; and many others of like nature. The 'idea' is bleakness. Each of these facts is, or may be, experienced; is independent; could not be altered from what it is by being combined otherwise. But the idea is the artist's only. In this his consummate art is exercised: while to have painted each item separately would have called forth but little. You have bleakness

everywhere: in the effect of each separate mountain; in the combination of all; in the ruggedness of the heather; the slaty grey; the dirty clouds; in the wildness of the cattle, and black, gloomy sky; in the very attitude of the animals, that of being precipitated down the mountain; and chief of all, in the blowing cloak, which, and which alone reveals the wild being and working of the wind.

It is evident that a poet might appropriate both the facts of a painter and the ideas. He might paint a grey stone, slaty hill, or heather; shepherd, blown cloak, or red heifer. Or he might combine these into bleakness. In what way now might he be guilty of plagiarism? In what does plagiarism consist?

After the distinctions we have endeavoured to establish, the evident conclusion need scarcely be stated. The truth lies uncovered. It is manifest that a poet may appropriate a painter's facts, but not his ideas.

As far as nature is concerned, though in strict truth all are plagiarists from her, it is customary to regard any notions of her relations, or perceptions of her meanings, in the light of discoveries. Still, when anything, originally hers, comes under the artistic definition of a fact, and so is something which nature speaks plainly to all, it is pretty much the same, whether the poet copy it from the painter or from nature herself; whether he take a suggestion from nature's lips, or whether he gather from one who heard her speak.

Thus Milton sings,—

> Towers and battlements it sees,
> Bosomed high in tufted trees.

This his eye caught from his own dwelling. But if he had seen it in a painter's sketch merely, even though such had not actually existed in the painter's range of actual experience, much less in the poet's own, would any one wish to detract from the merit of Milton's description; or say "this is a piece of plagiarism"? This idea would be a 'fact' in Art.

Again, suppose a poet to contemplate the "Huguenot" of Millais. It suggests to him a certain collision of duty and love. This bringing of duty and love into such collision is the main 'fact' of the painting. Now the poet may portray to us duty and love in collision without plagiarism; though he never entertained the idea before he saw the picture. Pretty nearly in the same way as he might have done so, if he had seen an actual parting like to this on the night

before the massacre. No one would be disposed to detract from the merit of his work, because the fact was suggested to him, not by nature, but through Art. For distinctness sake we may observe that the artistic idea of Millais' picture is not the collision of duty and love, so much as the particular intensifying of such which would be in the case presented. The deep faith of the Huguenot, the anticipated massacre, the parting, perhaps for ever, the great danger of the meeting now, the evident secrecy, and many other heightening circumstances, are all at work to make the picture what it is. And in this intensifying, as induced by such and such facts, drawn together in apt manner, lies all the originality the painter can claim.

A fact, then, is any one's, and so the poet may acquire a knowledge of it, and make use of it, and yet commit no robbery. But an idea is the painter-artist's own; shewn to the world to profit by; and the poet-artist must respect it. He may learn from it; delight in it; yea, publish it to others, as in duty bound, to the utmost of his power: only not appropriate it.

The poet cannot in strict truth say that another's idea is his own, provided he received it from that other, and did not also himself originate it for himself. This is patent to all. And truth is so sacred a thing, that unless he reverence it, what can all other worship be to him? For we give him credit for an earnest purpose; not a careless seeking for fame: we credit him with seeking to be, not merely to be thought to be; with longing to worship poesy with fit offering; to teach what he knows, has learnt, and by guided search discovered; that others may know also. But he will not honor poesy more by dishonoring truth: if he know not this, let him hasten to know it. Let him not think either that such a course is justified as tending to further knowledge. The very familiar law in common things shall chide him, 'not to do evil that good may come.' Or let him take counsel of a brother poet, who shall tell him from his high experience otherwise: that he must not expect true knowledge, knowledge which is good, to flow from him, if he teach or reveal it by falsehood, which is not good; that—

> Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters,
> That doat upon each other,
> Living together under the same roof,
> And never can be sundered without tears.

And on the other hand, loving truth well, let him not forget the importance of knowledge; nor be too scrupulous to appropriate facts provided for him. Any poet's experience of facts is so limited, that he must go upon the experience of others. He must be ever learning and gathering and storing up. He will discover no great truth without much hoarded truth to aid him. This may be gathered to no mean amount from the painter-artist's work. And in a hundred ways.

If he would describe some lonely river, rich and looming lusciously with hoary legend and tales of eld; yet cannot make it vivid as it should be from ignorance in him of fact; let him not describe a vague imperfect vision, expressing nothing; or from hatred of all vagueness, give up his work entirely, dreading lest he speak untruth: but let him take some pictured ruin from the "winding Rhine," and look at it till tales rise out of it: till ghostly gliding images move about in its deserted chambers, rustle its tapestry, peep at him through its ivy; thoughts and images suited to such place coming from its contemplation. And let him rear up out of it some castle of his own; crumble this turret; build up that; make new archways, and bolder oriels: though he could never have built up or made such, had he not seen oriels and archways, even as shewn in that same picture. This is no appropriation he need trouble himself to acknowledge.

Let him not suffer the snow-mountain to have too faint a glow in his sun-setting, because he never saw it where it glows; and can only measure it by those of his own land. But let him study well any available snow-mountain, which a brother artist painted as he saw it, in its crimson glory. And so in a thousand other things, of which these are imperfect instances.

Let him not shrink to be called plagiarist for this. If he only know his motive to be good, and serve truth with all his heart, then he may fairly venture to feel unsullied gladness for each new teaching or revelation he shall reveal or teach; for each new beauty he shall elicit for his fellows; be it an unseen sun-setting, or an unknown legendary river: though only rendered possible for him by such helps as we have noticed.

"O. B."

PALY'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE problems which, in some form or another, have occupied the attention of every Ethical Philosopher, and the attempted solutions to which underlie every system of Ethics are the following:

Why ought a man to do his duty? and what is that duty? or in other words, what is the full meaning and extent of the term 'obligation'?

The answers to these questions have been as might perhaps be anticipated both many and diverse; they have varied with the circumstances of the country and period, and with the nature of the mind of each thinker; and yet there may be clearly traced by the Ethical Student, amid this at first sight lawless confusion of systems, two distinct lines of thought; often indeed approaching one another and sometimes intersecting, but nevertheless always perceptibly distinct and originating respectively from the two great philosophers of the ancient world, Plato and Aristotle.

The Schools which have resulted have been called the Schools of Independent and Dependent Morality, though perhaps the *a priori* and *a posteriori* Schools would be a more accurate nomenclature;—their characteristic features may be broadly stated as follows: An inquirer of the former School endeavours to deduce the springs of action, and the principles that should actuate us, from the causes of those actions existing in ourselves and from our relations, *i.e.* from the nature of man and the conditions of his existence; while a follower of the latter would deduce them from the results of those actions and the exciting causes external to a man's self.

I propose to examine in the present paper the particular form which the *a posteriori*, or as it has also been termed, the Selfish System of Morality, assumes in the hands of Dr. Paley. I have chosen his work on Moral Philosophy in preference to any other based upon the same principles, not because it contains the most consistent, most thorough, or most philosophical investigation of them—it may or may not possess these characteristics—but because, being a College Text Book, and in fact the only work on Moral Philosophy put into our hands, it comes before us with greater claims on our attention, and to some extent challenges from every one examined in it an inquiry into the principles upon which it is based, and the results to which it leads.

The first step in the examination of any work must be to determine what was the author's own idea of its design and scope, what was the object which he intended it to fulfill.

This, omitting minor considerations, we find from the preface to have been in the present case of a two-fold nature. First to write a work which should answer more accurately than previous ones "the design of a system of Ethics, viz. "the direction of private consciences in the general conduct "of human life;" and secondly, to remedy a defect observable in many former writers, who "divide too much the Law of "Nature from the precepts of Revelation," to remedy this "by combining with the conclusion of reason upon each "article of human duty, the declarations of Scripture, when "they are to be had, as of coordinate authority, and as both "terminating in the same sanctions." In other words, he proposed to establish a system of Christian Ethics.

I will briefly consider each of these statements. "The "design of a system of Ethics is to direct private consciences "in the general conduct of human life." The meaning of this, as Paley nowhere explains the sense in which he uses the term conscience, and expressly declares his system to be independent of it, is not at first very evident. It certainly does not mean what, from the context, he appears to have intended by it, "the direction of private judgme "&c.," or "education of private consciences, &c.;" in other words, that the design of a system of Ethics is wholly practical. Further, though Paley was justified in ma this or anything else the object of his work, it cannot be accepted as a true definition of what ought to be the aim of a writer on Ethics. The Science of Ethics, like every other Science, must deal with principles; its object, as

every other Moralist has seen, is to investigate the principles according to which those act who act rightly. It will of course have its practical side, since a knowledge of the principles, according to which we ought to act, can scarcely fail to assist us in so acting, but this cannot be admitted as a full statement of its object.

We will now pass on to the next point, the relation of Ethics to Christianity, and the advantages possessed by a Christian over a Heathen Moralist. Since it was no part of the scheme of Christianity to unfold the moral nature of man, while it does contain declarations of the acts that ought to flow from it, it would seem as though the relation were no more than that Paley has stated. This however the following considerations will show not to be the case. A heathen Philosopher, when investigating the subject before us, had to rely almost entirely upon the powers of his intellect, with such support as he could derive from reflection upon himself and his experience of men; he had no test or standard by which he could measure the accuracy of his conclusions. He was moreover beset by the continually recurring questions:—Are the men around me, am I myself, fulfilling the object, living the lives for which we were created? Are we receding from or approaching nearer to a higher state, a more perfect Humanity?

Not so with a Philosopher of modern times. He knows that that standard of a perfect life, and realization of all the yearnings for a perfect manhood, revealed to us in the New Testament, which Aristotle's Ethics shew the want of, and which Plato loved to imagine, will afford him an unfailing test to which he can submit the conclusions of his reason; and by this test Paley's System also must stand or fall. It is Christ's Life, as well as his precepts, to which we can appeal as at once an example and a guide. He knows too that there is a perfection we are to strive to attain to, from which we have fallen.

So much for the preface, now for the work itself. Its plan may be stated as follows: that portion of the work which treats of Moral Philosophy, and with which alone I am now concerned, is divided into five books.

In the first, the Author defines and explains the meaning of the term Ethics (chapters i. ii. iii. and iv.); states and refutes the principle which he does not intend to follow (ch. v.); examines in a practical man
(ch. vi.); and defines Virtue (. vii. ; conc uding the book with

an appendix on the theory of Habits, on the objection to Christianity from its not determining how much Virtue is necessary to Salvation, and on our conduct when one alternative is doubtful, the other safe.

In the 2nd Book he examines the nature of Moral Obligation—in fact, answers the question why we ought to follow one line of conduct rather than another? In the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Books, he examines what it is we ought to do—what are our Duties,—under the several heads of Duties to others, Duties to ourselves, and Duties to God.

It will be evident, even from this rapid analysis of it, independently of his own statement in the Preface, that the purpose of the work was mainly practical, to examine the relation of Ethics to our daily life, rather than to discuss the principles upon which it rests; to dwell upon the duties themselves, rather than upon what constitutes them such. Still, as it would be impossible to enumerate all our duties, while by stating the law according to which we are to judge what are duties, and adding examples of its application, we may be assisted in fulfilling them; it must be after all upon the truth of its principles that the utility of such a work can alone depend. I shall accordingly, in my remarks upon it, confine myself entirely to the first two Books, and, as the most systematic and therefore most satisfactory method, follow in our Author's own steps, and merely comment where comment seems called for.

He defines Moral Philosophy to be "that Science which "teaches men their duty and the reasons of it." This is, however, as I have shown in my remarks upon the Preface, rather a definition of his own work than of Moral Philosophy. It is also too general. For Ethics, or its synonym Natural Law, treats not of the whole range of human duty, but only of that portion of it which results from our nature as men, prior to all formal revelation: in fact of what are called Moral Duties; the reasons for which, or that which renders them obligatory, must depend upon the constitution or circumstances of Man's Nature—that once determined, the duties follow of necessity. Hence Moral Philosophy might be more accurately defined to be the Science which investigates the Moral Nature of man and deduces from it the duties binding upon him.

The next three chapters serve only to draw out more clearly the use of the Science, and may be passed over without a remark.

This then brings us to the 5th Chapter, "On the Moral Sense." It opens with the following statement of the subject of dispute:—

Those who maintain the existence of a Moral Sense, or that "the perception of right and wrong is intuitive," affirm that an unexperienced, uneducated savage would decide in favour of gratitude and filial affection with the same certainty and truth that we do. Those who deny its existence affirm that he would not.

But this surely is

may have held the remarkable opinion, ascribed to the believers in a moral sense, but certainly the majority have not. Butler, for instance, upon whom Paley is said to have lectured at Christ's College, and whose opinions he ought at least to have known, says, distinctly, that "if Conscience had strength, as it has Right, it would govern the world"—evidently implying that the influence of Conscience upon us is not so perfect as it ought to be, or as it might be. It might in fact be asserted with equal truth, that, because men have the faculty of reading and writing, therefore Paley's savage would at once be able to read and write; indeed one cannot but wonder that the absurdity of supposing the experiment tried, did not suggest to him that it was equally absurd to suppose any thoughtful man would appeal to it, or admit the truth of such a statement.

If the conscience is a faculty, analogy would suggest the probability of its requiring, like all our other faculties, development, training, instruction, and not of its being as perfect in the baby or in the untrained wild-boy of the woods (who could not even walk until he was taught) as in the educated citizen.

Let us however hear the principle which Paley would substitute for that of a moral sense, and which will, he says, explain the general approbation of virtue, and of course therefore virtuous actions, without the assistance of any such principle:—

"Having experienced, in some instance, a particular con-
"duct to be beneficial to ourselves, or observed that it would
"be so, a sentiment of approbation rises up in our minds;
"which sentiment afterwards accompanies the idea or mention
"of the same conduct, although the private advantage which
"first excited it no longer exist.

"By these means the custom of approving certain actions
"*commenced:* and when once such a custom hath got footing
"in the world, it is no difficult thing to explain how it

"is transmitted and continued;" viz. from the influence of authority, by imitation, from habit or the influence of association.

As this theory, in itself by no means simple or self-evident, professes to be based on facts, I beg to propose to any supporter of it the following historical questions, to which I have a right to demand an answer before admitting the truth of the statement. You say that "by certain "means the custom of approving virtuous actions commenced, "and after a time got a footing in the world." I would ask, when did this custom commence, and where? Is it recorded what nation or man first commenced it, or what time elapsed before it gained a footing in the world? These difficulties, it may be remarked, cannot be solved by saying that the custom has been developed by civilization. For however far back we trace the course of history, we always find the same general principles of conduct, as gratitude, filial affection, truthfulness, honesty, &c., held up to admiration, although the particular application of them may have been in many cases, and perhaps still is, defective and erroneous. It is not the principles, but the application of them to our practice, which the advance of civilization tends to widen and improve.

But not only are the facts, upon which the theory is professedly based, unknown to us, but those that we do know contradict it. If men approve virtuous actions from authority, habit, imitation, or the influence of association, this approbation ought to increase as they grow older and these several influences become stronger and more matured; whereas experience proves the opposite to be the case, that the hearty love of all that is heroic, truthful, and self-denying, is far stronger in childhood and youthful manhood than it is after longer knowledge of the world has led men to weigh actions to some extent by their tendency rather than by their morality; in other words, that children and young men judge more correctly than those whom on this point they are supposed to imitate.

And after all the hypothesis does not explain the general approbation of virtuous actions, or the performance of those actions. What possible amount of authority, imitation, habit or association will explain the universal admiration of (to take a familiar instance) the leap of the Roman Curtius? How too can it be reconciled with the following proposition?—"That many professing to be original witnesses of the "Christian miracles passed their lives in labours, dangers,

"and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the "accounts which they received, *and solely in consequence* "*of their belief of those accounts:* and that they also sub-"mitted from the *same motives to new rules of conduct.*"

So much for the proposed theory. The objections to the original one it will be scarcely worth while to consider, as they are objections to his own exaggerated statement of it. But when he adds somewhat later in the Chapter, that "it is not a safe way of arguing, to assume certain prin-"ciples as so many dictates, impulses, and instincts of nature, "and then to draw conclusions from these principles as "to the rectitude or wrongness of actions, independent "of the tendency of such actions, or of any other con-"sideration whatever,"—a thesis which I imagine none will dispute—he appears to me wholly to misstate the relation which a belief in the intuitive perception of Right and Wrong stands in to a System of Morality. The relation of Conscience to the Science of Ethics is that of a guide to its fundamental principles, rather than of a proof of them. One who believes in a Conscience cannot fail also to believe in the existence, absolute and eternal, of a distinction between Right and Wrong, cannot fail to believe that there is somewhere a standard of reference for our actions to which, as the needle to the Pole, that *Law written in our hearts,* will, however dimmed and debased by neglect or sin, unfalteringly direct our wandering Wills, a standard which varies neither with time nor place, which stands apart from and is independent of the results of our actions and all attendant circumstances whatever. It was, I suspect, a disbelief in this which led Paley to doubt altogether the existence of a moral sense. Finally it may be added, that the result of the Chapter does in itself constitute a reductio ad absurdum; viz. "that the "question becomes in our system a question of pure curi-"osity," in other words, that the question whether God has implanted in us the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong is, in Paley's system, a question of pure curiosity; then most probably the system and not the question will in time "be dismissed to the consideration of those "who are more inquisitive than we are concerned to be," and will not be admitted as a safe or practical guide through the intricate paths of Ethical inquiry.

Chapter VI. Human Happiness. This chapter is mainly a practical one, being occupied with a discussion of what happiness does and does not consist in, and might be passed over

with a remark upon its general tendency, were it not for the following passage: "In inquiring what human happiness consists in, I will omit much usual declamation on the dignity "and capacity of our nature; the superiority of the soul to "the body, of the rational to the animal part of our constitution; upon the worthiness, refinement, and delicacy of some "satisfactions, or the uneasiness, grossness, and sensuality "of others; because I hold that pleasures differ in nothing "but in continuance or intensity: from a just computation "of which, confirmed by what we observe of the apparent "cheerfulness, tranquillity, and contentment of men of different tastes, tempers, stations and pursuits, every question "concerning human happiness must receive its decision." When reading the previous Chapter, I could not help suspecting, that Dr. Paley had not a very exalted idea of human nature, that, as he held our best actions and feelings to result from self-interest, imitation, habit, &c., qualities shared with us by every animal, he probably did not place us very much above them in the scale of creation; and that suspicion the remark just quoted certainly does not tend to diminish. I had always supposed, and I think the New Testament would confirm it, that man was superior to animals, because he possessed a mind, a rational principle within him, which can and ought to keep in subjection the animal propensities of his body, and therefore that the pleasures of the mind were more suitable to his nature than those of the body, were in every way superior to them; but this I find is mere declamation, because pleasures differ in nothing but in continuance or intensity; and consequently, that the pleasure of eating a good dinner may be on a par with, in some cases even superior to, that of reading a good book, seeing a fine picture, hearing of a noble deed; that the pleasure of giving is not of a higher kind than that of receiving, or that of being merciful than of gratifying revenge, unless indeed it be characterized by greater length or intensity, which is by no means necessarily the case. That I have not exaggerated or interpreted too literally the meaning of the passage is evident from its application in the remainder of the Chapter; the prevailing idea of which is that no reality can be asserted of, no practical importance attached to, any pleasure or pain, which arises from the rational and spiritual elements of our nature. From this point of view, the Chapter is an admirable one, from any other, miserably defective. I should perhaps scarcely be accused

even by our Christian Moralist of excessive credulity, if I were to say, that I had read and believed accounts of men, who were happy in this world, as far as men can be, and yet whose happiness did not depend upon the exercise of either their social affections or their faculties, upon the possession of health or the constitution of their habits, but which did depend upon, what has not as yet been even hinted at, the fact that they were doing their duty or conscious that they were striving to do it:—again, what man is there among us who cannot speak, from actual knowledge, of women whose whole lives have been one long self-sacrifice,—and this may be with failing health, and without those social relations, which Paley, from his quite needlessly expressed blame or pity for celibates, seems to consider a necessary constituent of happiness?—And yet these women have been happy in the highest and best sense of the word. It would however be folly to tarry longer on a theory, concerning which, the only difficulty is how any man could have ventured to propose it, and I will pass on to the Chapter on Virtue, which would in most systems of Morality strike the keynote of the whole, and form one of the most important Chapters in the work, but in the one before us might be omitted altogether without in the least affecting its unity or actual completeness. Virtue is defined to be "the "doing good to mankind, in obedience to the Will of "God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness." This is evidently the definition of an action or mode of action rather than of a quality of such actions; and as such is significant of Paley's unfitness for abstract investigation. It is also inconsistent with the division of Virtue into Duties, subsequently adopted by him, for it contains no reference to "duties to ourselves" or "duties to God;" and further, since it must be conscious obedience, that the definition may have any meaning, "the rule," viz. "the Will of God," assumes that Virtue was unknown among heathen nations;—in fact as a definition it is radically faulty; but it involves a still graver error, in the motive assigned to Virtue, the examination of which will however take place more suitably when discussing the 2nd Book, to which I hope to proceed in the next number.

[*To be continued.*]

ARION.

1.

I saw, as tho' it were a dream,
  Arion on his dolphin steed,
That, bright with ever-changing gleam,
  He led with reins of melody:
His robes of song in wavy flow
Roll'd round him, white as mountain snow,
  And, as their journey they did speed,
Behind the dolphin's glancing tail
There fell a silver-foaming trail
  Far back upon the sun-lit sea.

2.

The charmèd Ocean lay asleep,
  Smooth were the waves as upland lea,
And sea-nymphs oft would shyly peep
  In crimson sea-weed coronets
Above the surface of the sea,
  And in their pearly cabinets
All creatures of the depths that be
Were charm'd by that rare melody.

3.

And lo! the white cliffs, topp'd with green
  Stood out against the distant sky,
And sporting in the sunny sheen
Along the deep-blue space between
  He saw the snowy sea-gulls fly—
Then like a cataract, I ween,
  His music burst triumphantly.

4.

Then to a little stilly cove,
Blue sea beneath, blue sky above,
  Where rocky horns of chalky white
  Pierced thro' the herbage soft and bright,
With lyre in hand he leapt to land;
  The dolphin sought again the deep,
    The gleaming, rainbow-tinted sea,
  And he, he vanish'd round the steep,
    But still, a pictured scene, I see
  That sunny deep, and hear him sweep
    His chords of matchless harmony.

SKETCHES OF ALCESTER BY AN OLD ALCESTRIAN.

REMINISCENCES of school-boy life may appear to many a trivial subject, and yet there are few who do not look back with pleasure to such by-gone days, enjoy discussing them with an old schoolfellow, or comparing with their own the experiences of another school. In such conversation the first freshness of life seems to return with its own peculiar charm, and memories of the past lighten the graver realities of the present. With this idea were these pages written; and be it distinctly understood that the writer is describing no particular and individual school, but endeavouring to blend recollections of many, in part perhaps from personal observation, but equally so from the traditions of other places. The sketches are mere outlines; and he leaves the finishing touches to be added, not by the critic's pencil, but by the warmer imagination of a friendly Reader.

I.

"Alcester! pleasant Alcester! many is the happy hour "and many the fair prospect you have given me. Will "these hours ever be renewed, or these hopes fulfilled "when I leave your venerable walls where my last four "years have stolen away? Hei mihi! seven months gone "and my place will know me no more!"

So mused Ernest Raleigh as he lay on the slope of a hill which, like Colonus at bright old Athens, was ever sunny and ever sweet. It was a soft piece of turf terminating in a level plot, and an open space of ground, which stretched to the bank of the river Ald, and formed a sort of "Campus Martius" for the young athletes of Alcester. An old sycamore was waving over his head, and the October number of the Newcomes had fallen from his hand as he indulged in one of the dreamy reveries to which he was

somewhat addicted. Behind rose the grey school-buildings with their tower and pinnacles in clear relief against a cloudless sky: below, lively groups of boys were "disporting" themselves to their several hearts' content: there was the sharp crack of balls from the racket-court, and the ring of falling quoits; while far away on the river might be seen a lazy sculler or two dropping down with the current, or an eight shooting through the water to a long steady stroke, the oars gleaming for a moment on the feather, and the bodies going forward and back in a regular swing. In fact it was one of those days in early Autumn when one hardly believes Summer has departed, when it seems profanation to stay indoors, and the height of recklessness to lose a moment of the weather.

Raleigh had just resumed the interesting perusal of Clive Newcome's misfortunes, when up strolled Frederick Waters in an airy costume, devoid of coat and waistcoat, a racket in one hand, and a blue cap in the other, while his countenance looked a sort of human thermometer at 90° in the shade. "Hullo! Raleigh," he shouted, "beat 'em "gloriously, first game to ten, and second to seven, and "an't I hot just?" as he threw himself on the grass—('on the damp grass!' says maternal anxiety horrified beyond expression, 'why what a cold he must have caught!' but no! my dear madam, school-boys have powers of defying chills and laughing at digestions, little less than miraculous).

"Infatuated creature," replied his friend, "I'm sorry for you."

"Sorry, you great useless leviathan! what's the good of your thews and sinews if you lie here dosing, and dreaming, and dawdling over a novel the whole of this blessed afternoon?"

"To my mind," quoth Raleigh, "it is rather more agreeable to take mine ease with Thackeray for a companion and enjoy his happy touches of satire, than to go skipping about down below there, knocking balls to pieces with an implement just like the battledore my babyhood used to delight in; and what good you do yourself I don't see, unless it's an advantage to get desperately hot and precious stiff in the muscles."

"Ignorant fellow! never read Lord Bacon's remark on Tennis? it does not give you activity of limb, I suppose, nor yet 'a quick eye and a steady observation.'"

"I don't exactly perceive how these are to promote you classical perfections, but perhaps—"

"Oh! bother my classical perfections," said the irreverent Waters, "you talk like a confounded dictionary. I'm not going to a musty College, thank heaven; Emigration's the thing for me. Hurrah for New Zealand and the Bush!"

"'There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind'—"

"Oh! if you're going to do Locksley Hall, I'm off to calling-over, and perhaps your majesty had better do the same."

"Well I think I can gracefully condescend so far, especially as it wants about two seconds to the hour."

He was right, for next moment there was a 'kling-klang' four times repeated from the school clock, and followed by a series of tones each three notes lower, to intimate that another hour was gathered to its forefathers. The bell rang first sharply, then violently, then came to a spasmodic ending: our interlocutors rose and shook off the grass and the damp, our *κωφὰ πρόσωπα* from the play-grounds struggled into their various attires, and all rushed up to answer their names in the great Quadrangle.

Reader, if you are not already fatigued beyond all endurance, let us follow behind, and take a brief sketch of the two young men into whose characters we have already obtained some insight from the above conversation. Raleigh, you see, is tall, with a good though slight figure, somewhat spoiled by a general air of lassitude in his walk and carriage; he has fair hair, and eyes of a bluish grey, a face which would have been handsome, but for a certain weary expression, which detracted from its première fraicheur, while perhaps it added to its interest: a pleasant voice, a good smile, and that unruffled temper which generally accompanies a lazy disposition, made him friends wherever he went. As to intellectual acquirements his proficiency was great in languages, ancient and modern; he had a fair idea of science
of the day.

Now let us look at Waters: there you have him; a countenance animated and handsome, with that glow of health which constant exercise alone produces; rather below than above the middle height, but muscular enough for a young Hercules; always (to employ his own extraordinary language) "up to some lark or other, and equal to any amount of chaff;" clever, yet taking pains to spoil his abilities; tolerably well informed, yet affecting general

ignorance; and, in fine, having in his character many of those ingredients which constitute the "jolly good fellow," a fellow to wit whose goodness is apparent in a frank manner and an open face; who can sing a good song and tell a good story; who is great on the river and does wonders in the cricket field.

Lastly, a few words about Alcester school; it contained some two hundred members, but sent up only about fifteen annually to the two Universities, many of the Alcestrians preferring 'the military' to more peaceful professions. However, at Oxford as well as Cambridge, a brilliant series of well-earned honours had made their name formidable to competitors; an Alcester man was generally a good classic and an average mathematician with a smattering of other information, and a turn of mind somewhat too sociable to be over steady: the training and mode of life which produced these qualities we shall be able to judge of, as our sketches proceed.

The two friends had answered their names and were strolling in the Quadrangle before going into the house. Callings-over at Alcester were of a light, easy character; the Master who took them stood by and listened with his hands behind him, and one of the Prætors (as the first eight in the school were entitled) called over the list; boys lounged up to answer in various costumes, 'spotted like the pard,' and suggestive rather of cricket, boating, or whatever was in season, than of scholastic attire: there were no less th
quarter of an hour's grace was allowed before the gates of the school were shut. This interval they generally spent walking about in pairs, or "two-two-ing" as Ferrer (one of the Prætors) expressed it, in an idiotic riddle about strolls and penny trumpets. Survey we the Quadrangle. There is Raleigh, lending a kind ear to the artless talk of his protegée, little Chatfield, who is telling him what a lark they had to-day with old Dupuis the writing master, who took their form in Tipper's absence, and who didn't know the Greek for 'beautiful'—no really he didn't! and how that audacious Southwood actually took a sight at him, and asked after his mother! and then Chatfield wants to know if Hare and Hounds is great fun, and if he'll be able to keep up at that killing pace which he has heard of. Raleigh looks on him pleasantly from his blue eyes, and is all

but worshipped by his young pupil. There are Waters and Langley arm-in-arm, chatting about the cricket season just over, and what scores they got, and how they warmed those muffs from Chenley, which adventurous club had challenged them for the last match of the season. They marvel how strong Ferrer is coming out at Football, and when the first run of the "Royal Alcester Hunt!"—save the mark!—is to come off. And then Langley doesn't mind telling Waters that he was staying at—oh! such a jolly place in the holidays—where there was the prettiest girl he ever saw, a Miss ———, a 'regular *stunner*,' and a young officer of H.M. 102nd, awfully sweet upon her, but of course quite cut out when he, the accomplished Langley, tried his powers of fascination. Thus passes the time till the clock sings out the quarter, "the hour of "retiring," when Raleigh bids little Chatfield good night, and sends him off to his house, while he himself hooks his arm into Ferrer's and Langley's, and the trio march through the Hall into their Prætorium with the air of being lords of the Alcester creation beyond the shadow of a doubt.

II.

The Prætorium was a strange old place, and strongly suggested the idea of "rough and ready:" it was an oblong room, perhaps thirty feet by fifteen, and looked bare and cheerless enough to any stranger that might happen to inspect it during the holidays: in the half-year however the Prætors would lay down cocoa-nut matting over the floor, introduce a chair apiece, and one arm-chair to boot, for the occupation of which last, great battles took place daily and even hourly. Comfortless one could hardly call it, when its walls were ringing with voices, its floors rattling with footsteps, and its huge fires blazing in a way to dispel the opaquest of glooms. Two tables of 'the brave old oak' stood in the middle: the walls were covered on three sides with bookcases, and on the fourth with lockers to contain the properties of the illustrious occupants, the name of each being painted outside. Hats, books, and papers formed a glorious chaos on the table. Foils, gloves, and single sticks were arrayed over the mantlepiece, and, in the centre thereof, beamed from a print the benignant countenance of Dr. Chandos (the late Headmaster): a queer situation certainly for the venerable gentleman, especially as some

irreverent Millais had accurately delineated a pipe as supported by that smiling mouth, and a glass of 'something 'hot' among the theological works painted upon the table: the smoke in both cases was finished in the true Præ-Raphaelite style. Over the lockers was fixed a leaden bust, asserted by various authorities to be Socrates, Voltaire, or Porson, great uncertainty prevailing: anyhow it formed a favourite mark for taking shots at, and was to be highly congratulated on possessing a nature so unbreakable. At the end furthest from the door was a large bay-window looking out on the river, a pleasant enough recess to sit in if you had two or three rugs under you, otherwise the boards were but an uneasy couch: there was a view far over to the town, where lamps and lights were already twinkling, and the toll of a distant curfew hummed through the stillness of evening.

And now for the Prætors with four of whom we are slightly acquainted. The remaining four were Lyon, a burly looking fellow given to stolid observations, but not otherwise remarkable; Aytoun a hard headed and hard hearted Caledonian, who believed Euclid to be more interesting than any novel, and would have preferred a series of mathematical diagrams to the whole gallery of watercolours; Saville, a graceful and elegant boy possessed of an independent fortune, which he thought a good excuse (as many others do) for dispensing with intellectual acquirements; and lastly, McQueen who was very north country indeed, both in accent and manner, but as good-hearted and honest a fellow as ever breathed. The Captaincy of the school was held by Ernest Raleigh, as also the Presidency of the prætorium, a position which involved looking after the books, newspapers, &c. of the same, and taking the chair at the debating society. Langley was captain of the Cricket and Foot-ball Clubs, and Waters Master of the Hounds. These three distinguished persons sat at a table of their own, with Ferrer an extremely nice fellow, sensible enough to refuse all such public offices as being of rather more trouble than value; the Quartette accordingly laid down the law to their "co-mates and brothers" in a style to which despotism was quite a trifle.

The day on which our sketches commence happened to be a particularly busy one, which was doubtless the reason why Raleigh had spent the afternoon in reading the Newcomes, Waters in playing his great match at rackets, and Langley strolling about the town with Ferrer. In fact it

was a favourite maxim at Alcester "always to put off to the last minute what you can possibly avoid doing before." They were now making up for lost time with a vengeance; nothing could be heard but the constant scratch of pens, or muttered remarks of a strong nature on verses generally and that subject in particular, or interesting questions about genders and quantities, or the rush of leaves rapidly turned over.

Meanwhile the Junior table were variously employed. Aytoun of course had his Differential Calculus from which he was believed never to have parted, keeping it at night under his pillow in order to soothe his slumbers. Saville, having with great ease written the smallest allowable number of Elegiacs, while the morning lecture was going on, had composed an extempore sofa with two huge lexicons one form and the chimney-piece, thus gaining the double advantage of enjoying the luxuriant poetry of Alexander Smith, and excluding the smallest sight of the fire from Lyon and McQueen who were indulging in a peaceful game at chess.

"I say," said Waters at last, looking up from a chaos of books, with his hair all dishevelled from intense application, "here is a line in Tibullus so admirably adapted to "the subject that I'm blessed if I don't appropriate it. "D'ye think Cameron will be down on me?"

"No," quoth Ferrer, "the old boy won't twig it: I "copied a lot of Cicero in my theme last Monday and he "corrected it severely as being the worst Latinity he'd "seen. To be sure I altered the moods and tenses a bit, "to make it look like my own."

"Well," said Waters, "if he says anything I shall re-"mind him of what he told us the other day—'that we "'couldn't do better than *copy* Tibullus'—won't he be sold "neither?"

"Or quote the Critic," suggested Langley: "two great "minds hit on the same idea—only certainly Tibullus had "it first."

"Well, I declare some of Scrymgeour's verses in the "Classical album cut out the ancients a few. Did you ever "hear of Scrymgeour's extempore in old Chandos' time?"

"No! let's have it, old fellow."

"Why you see boating had begun just then, and the "revered Chandos set his antiquated face against the same. "So one day in School he gasps out, regularly choking with "rage, 'If the—ugh—men *will* go on—ugh—letting out "'boats to the boys—I'll,—I'll,—ugh—have 'em before the

"'magistrates.' In the twinkling of an eye Scrymgeour "shoves these two lines down on his desk—

"Si cupient homines pueris conducere cymbas
"Ante magistratus Chandos habebit eos!*

"*Conducere* was not exactly right of course, but the thing "went down wonderfully. There was a tremendous 'Pshaw!' "and the subject was dismissed."

The Anecdote was well received and would doubtless have been followed by another, but just then the bell rang for supper—there were *always* bells ringing at Alcester—and at the same moment Waters pulled away one of the Lexicons supporting Saville's couch. The unfortunate occupant rolled over on the floor and was covered by an avalanche of forms and rugs, not to speak of various books, mostly *his own*, dropping on the top of him. Aytoun fell into an ecstasy of laughing and coughing. Perhaps Waters expected the like demonstration from the chess-players and was disgusted at their preoccupied state, perhaps he was only in search of amusement; at any rate he aimed a Liddell and Scott in the right direction, and crash at one fell swoop, over went the board and the men!

Præceps immane ruinæ:

whereupon McQueen declared positively he should have given mate in two moves, and Lyon, who had much the best of the game, stolidly responded by a remark about "your eyes," of which the first part was happily inaudible.

Meanwhile the Quartette had walked into the hall and occupied the best places at table, leaving their friends to pick up the chessmen, and the disconsolate Saville to put himself generally to rights, and in particular to brush a furry garment familiarly known as "the cat-coat," but which really was "a super beavor, fur cuffs, velvet collar, lined," as his tailor would subsequently inform him to the tune of £3. 3*s*.

Φ.

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* A true story communicated to us by a member of Shrewsbury School.

DEATH-SONGS.

(UHLAND).

I. THE SERENADE.

What pleasant sounds come to me,
And wake me from my sleep?
O mother, look, who can they be
That under the window creep?

"I cannot hear or see them;
O, gently slumber on:
They bring thee no songs at night now,
My poor and sickly one."

It is no earthly music
That makes my heart so light;
But angels that sing, and call to me,
O mother mine, good night.

II. THE ORGAN.

"Yet once again, good neighbour mine,
This organ play to me!
It thrilleth me; it quick'neth me
With holy melody!"

The sick man begged; the neighbour played;
So played he ne'er before;
So pure and grand, he knoweth not
His own weak playing more.

It is a strange, a blessed sound,
Vibrating from his hand:
He stops in fear; no friend is here,
But in the spirit-land.

III. THE THROSTLE.

"I will never go into the garden,
But lie the summer long;
And hear the happy throstle ever,
That out of the bushes sang."

Some one caught the bird for the child;
It sits in its prison there;
But its little head droops, it will not sing
Those pleasant songs for her.

In pity and pain she looks, she weeps,
She looks beseechingly;
One clear song gushes; its bright eye flashes;
It flashes only to die.

SHAKSPEARE AND SHAKSPEARE SOCIETIES.

Reade him therefore; and againe and againe; And then if you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him.—*Pref. to Shak.*, 2nd fol. ed.

"AND here I have occasion to mention divers Societies "among the Students, at the which if any man marvel, "I do him to wit that I speak of nothing which my own "eyes have not beheld. For each College hath its boat "or boats, manned from certain Clubs or Societies within "the College, and that not after the manner of a ferry for "convenience of others, but for the pleasurable exercise "therefrom derived; the lads wear bright and particoloured "dresses, as do the women; but that it is no women's "work ye may hence gather; for they chase one another "in races, the one boat behind the other, by reason of the "narrowness of the Cam, after the fashion of geese on "a common, and labour if by any means they can attain "to touching the boat which they do thus blindly pursue. "And I have seen lads unable to sit down, the reason "whereof is the soreness of their bodies induced by the "violent rowing; at the which they do not repine. There "is also a great Debating Society, hight the Union, where "lads do gravely discuss the businesses of the nation; "also there are lesser Debating Societies, both public and "private, which differ not much in kind from the Union. "But of the Societies within the Colleges I will next speak, "of which there is wonderful variety. For the lads combine, "six or ten together, to read the works of those who have "greatly written, such as Master William Shakspeare, "Master T. Carlyle, Master Alfred Tennyson; the hour "being eight of the clock on Saturday evenings: others "do meet to read divers authors according as they list; "others to eat heavy suppers, where they do drink much

"wine and beer, whereby the chapel seeth them not on "the Sunday morning; there are moreover Anti-Proctorial "Societies, and one cleped a T. P. Society, of which it "is not easy to gather the object: a Tripe and Trotter "Club is known to me by name only. There are "many others also, such as German Societies, and "Natural Philosophy Societies, in the former whereof the "lads smoke, talk and drink after the German fashion, "and in the latter they do transcribe essays from books, "for their mutual edification. Of the Cricket and Religious "Societies I will next speak."……

I have thought it advisable to give this extract in full from the very curious MS. hitherto unprinted, which bears the title "Fuller's Dream of Cambridge in the 19th Century," as being probably new to the reader, though a small part of it only bears upon the subject immediately before us.

These Societies form a very curious and not unimportant subject for reflection, as regards both their origin and the relation in which they stand to our great Society: for they form not the least important of the instruments of a University education. If any able boating man, some future Bishop of New Zealand for instance, would write for *The Eagle* a paper on College Boating Societies, their capacities, conduct, and influences, he would do a good deed. Of Shakspearians alone is the writer of this paper at all competent to speak, and to these our attention will now be confined.

Shakspeare is more adapted for reading in such Societies than any other author; the most cursory reader can scarcely go away empty handed, and the most faithful and patient student will never cease to dig up fresh jewels from his inexhaustible mine; and standing in the position of the representative of English literature, of whom no man dare be ignorant, he is also one of whom we may be content to learn in reverence, without venturing on profane, and therefore injurious criticism. Hence there has been a continual succession of Shakspeare Societies in the College for many years: there have been those in which elocution alone was studied, and possibly with some results; others hav

in some a play is the subject of a term's discussion, in others a play must by law be read every week; in this Society each man, without any attempt at acting, reads the part of a particular character assigned to him, and is the Othello or the "gulled gentleman" of the evening; in that each man reads a whole scene preparatory to its

discussion. We propose therefore to investigate more particularly with respect to these Societies, what are the objects which they propose to attain, with some remarks on the collateral questions, how far they are consistent with College work, and how they may be best constituted.

Now if elocution is the object of these evening readings, the gain may be fairly weighed: it is (or is not) an appreciable and marketable per-centage on the outlay of labour, and as such does not lie within our aim. If the supper forms the main part of the entertainment in any such Societies, with these we have nothing to do. If the object is to talk about Shakspeare and literature, the less that is said of such the better. "Read not to find talk "and discourse," said Bacon, "but to weigh and consider." But there are those in which Shakspeare is *studied*, fairly worked at like the Agamemnon, with minuter criticism, discussed on more general grounds as a poet and artist. "What! work at Shakspeare like old Æschylus! I thought "poetry was a relaxation, not a study; at least I used to "think so when I read Scott and Byron on the grass; "latterly I confess I have not thought much about it either "way." Quisquis es, O modo quem ex adverso dicere feci, let us bring this question fairly to an issue. We assume then that there is something to be gained by studying Shakspeare, something worth the labour, and something which reading together assists us in obtaining.

Now the first of these assumptions is strictly such, and admits of no proof that could convince an unbeliever in it: for the truth of it is perpetually experimental, and presupposes certain qualities in the reader, without which no study would be profitable. Hence only some readers of Shakspeare even appreciate him; on many, after years of faithful reading, the deeper truths on his pages begin to dawn, and what they enjoyed for the stories, the fun, the exquisite diction, and the pretty conceits, as boys, discloses to them in their manhood the profoundest philosophy and poetry. The passage of St. Augustine, quoted in Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, is peculiarly applicable to our poet. Sic accipite, ut mereamini intelligere; fides enim debet præcedere intellectum, ut sit intellectus fidei præmium. Golden words, which if rightly received would hush many an ignorant and shallow scoff at other writers besides Shakspeare.

But it is necessary to say something more distinct and definite in answer to the question, What do you expect

to gain by *studying* Shakspeare? "It is a trivial grammar-"school text, but worthy a wise man's consideration."

And first, whatever pleasure and profit a mere reader will obtain, will flow in seven-fold on the student. His marvellous English, his oft quoted lines, his quaintest conceits, his most loved speeches, are not made less dear to the student. Whatever refinement of taste, vigour of imagination, reverence for the pure and true, is gained by the reader, will be the more certain and more abundant reward of the student. And thus it may be affirmed that he loses nothing but the novelty of the incident.

But this is not all; there is much in every poem which deserves the name, from which the mere reader is necessarily excluded. The obscurities in the allusions and style of writing require some attention, and these are considerably increased when one of the older poets is the subject of study; yet these form but a small part of the difficulties to be encountered; in the modern poets these consist in the fragmentary appearance of many of their writings, and in the rapid transitions, which obscure their unity as a whole: and in the nature of the subjects discussed, which are rather the conceptions of the individual, than those external and universal subjects which have formed the basis of the poetry of every nation in the youthful days of its literature. Where the personality of the poet is felt, the difficulty is always increased. For to enter into and judge the poem fairly, one must endeavour to lose one's individuality and to take the poet's standing point, to read it as he would have read it, with no attempt at criticism upon it till one is fairly imbued with the spirit of the poem, perceives its unity, comprehends all that was intended, feels all that was felt, by the poet himself. Then, and not till then, is the reader qualified to pass any opinion upon the merits or demerits of the poem. But this transformation is an active exercise of some of the highest mental powers: imagination is no mere passive submission to the guidance of a poet mid the flowers of his fancy, but the active following of him, the following of a man of greater activity, of more rapid steps than one's own, into strange places and bewildering combinations of objects. Sometimes he wanders on calmly and gently, and a child may follow him; and anon he soars, with so sudden a flight that a careless eye loses sight of him, and with so powerful a wing that none but a poet can keep him in view. And if these are the difficulties in the modern poets, there are kindred difficulties

in Shakspeare; and to these the student must direct his attention. The personality of Shakspeare is so vague that it is hopeless to endeavour to assume his point of view; his plays must be contemplated as pictures, of which it is the object of the admirer to detect and single out the grand central idea, and to shew how every figure, and every tint combine to illustrate and enforce it. A child may admire the colours, a man may judge of the fidelity in the drawing, an artist alone of the grouping and effect of the whole, with anything like an intelligent appreciation. So the field of the highest criticism of Shakspeare is occupied by the central idea, the plot, the grouping of the characters with their endless contrasts and combinations, and the cooperation of every character in every scene of every act to the heightening and establishment of the unity of the whole. Here then is the work before the earnest student: he will get little help towards it from others, unless he have recourse to Germany, whose critics make it their boast and not without reason that they have done more for Shakspeare than his own nation; Coleridge indeed, and Henry Reed whom a too early death hurried away from his loving labours, have done not a little towards founding the higher criticism, but as original critical writers are generally placed in a lower rank than Tieck, Schlegel, Schelling, and Ulrici. But without troubling the Germans he will find plenty to occupy him in Shakspeare alone, and his conclusions, as well as his method of investigation, will gain in the compactness and firmness that attend on originality alone.

But again, a dramatic poet is one who manifests in execution the eternal laws of the Creator. I am now on higher ground, but can only look around me as I pass. If this is in any degree true, without defining what is meant by poetic inspiration, and merely presuming that something is meant, the conclusion is inseparable, he is worthy of all study. For the aim of all study, of all life, is to know ourselves, and to know God: this is the only foundation for our various studies here, and for our various pursuits hereafter: this alone gives a unity to the individual life, and a meaning to the great society of which we are members. Men cry Lo! here is truth, or Lo! there: the goal is far distant, our horizon is narrow, and we run after truth in every direction. How priceless to such wanderers is the keen eye of the seer! Who can afford to despise his guiding finger. "Whom God hath endued with principal gifts to "aspire unto knowledge by; whose exercises and labours,

"and divine studies he hath so blest that the World for "their great and rare skill that way hath them in singular "admiration; may we reject even their judgment likewise, "as being utterly of no moment." (*Eccl. Pol.*, Bk. II.)

Our personal experience is limited to a small field, and a few years; and the laws that govern the world seem inextricably confused in their operations; who will assist us to obtain a more comprehensive view? With this object we ransack history, with this we study physical science, and with this object we turn to our great metaphysical writers and poets; and from them we gain the experience of nations, and of nature, and the results of the profoundest observation on individual character. Nor is this a fictitious and unreal gain; it is not the substitution of other men's experience in the place of our own; it is the teaching by example how to systematize that experience for ourselves; nor does its healthy pursuit tend to make us evade the great struggles of the inner life which every man must sometime fight out for himself, nor to deceive us into the belief that they are past, which is the tendency of many of the religious works and memoirs of the present day: but to shew us of what nature our own flesh and blood is, what it is capable of doing, daring, and suffering, and by this to excite our noblest longings and sympathies. In the ordinary routine of life the daily development of character is imperceptible; but let a time of excitement come on, let the strongest passions rage in fierce conflict, let love or jealousy, ambition or revenge burn within the breast, and an hour may see a mighty change wrought. These are the occasions that a dramatic poet will seize; on these he turns his potent camera, and straightway we see in operation the laws by which we and all men are governed. If this then is the field in which a poet works, these the subjects of his visions; if a poet is in any way distinguished from ordinary mortality, if his poems are the result of a wider experience, a more comprehending intellect than our own, he must deserve and require study.—These *are* worthy objects of study, if not the worthiest, and not to be attained by arm-chair reading.

Again, dramatic poetry is as a visible History; and the study of History is allowed to be of the first importance: yet it is of no value except in those points which it shares with poetry. Of inconceivably small value is it to know who succeeded Darius, or when Morgarten was fought; and these facts, and such as these, are the peculiar property

of history. The truth of the events of history recommends them to our attention; and we see the same events transfigured and combined in poetry.

The study of a life too is among the noblest of studies. If one might work for a few years at the history, intellectual, spiritual, and external, of one great man, of Luther, Cromwell, Goethe, Shakspeare, to know him in his words and works; to love him not blindly, and learn from in silence, how well spent would be the time. To know Shakspeare indeed perfectly from his works is almost hopeless: he appears in more forms than Proteus, and in none can we bind him, and say, Here is Shakspeare. Yet much may be done even here, in the way rather of speculation than of study: one may bring the closest powers of observations to discover with which of his creations he may be best identified; and in which he has outstepped his range of internal and external experience; Timon and Falstaff shall alike tell of his melancholy humours; the *in*humanity of Iago no less than the loving Cordelia shall attest the gentle Shakspeare; and all shall speak of his true manhood; nor will it be an unprofitable occupation to blend together his merry and brave Prince Hal, and his retiring and philosophic Hamlet to make one consistent William Shakspeare.

This is indeed a subject of no small compass; one might go on to speak of the strengthened powers of imagination, of observation, and reflection on the things around us; of the new and fruitful ideas that spring up; of the beauty of the creations that we have made our own, of their ennobling influence on man's selfish nature; of the cement that we gain, the cement of the moral feelings by which the stones of the intellect are built up and consolidated into the temple of Wisdom: and much would be left unsaid; yet the question proposed has been answered, and the real pleasure and profit to be obtained has been pointed out. Much of it is wholly incommunicable. Who can pretend to describe his impressions on reading Lear, I will not say for the first, but for the twentieth time. What words can paint, what gestures represent his superhuman grandeur, the volcanic explosions of his wrath and sorrow, mingled with the ever-flowing sweet and tender stream of his affection for his lost Cordelia. Who can pretend to describe Lear in the greatness of his indignation, Lear in the impotence of his rage; and to lay down the law which his wandering powers of reasoning follow. I read it, and am Lear; Cordelia is my daughter; Goneril my serpent child; and by terror and pity, as Aristotle hath it, my passions are purified.

There is an objection to this treatment of the subject which may be noticed; it has been a question of profit and loss; we have been swayed by the most mercenary motives, instead of poetic enthusiasm, and we may be reminded of Archimedes' reply to the mercenary student of mathematics.

Willst du nur Früchte von ihr, die kann auch die Sterbliche zeugen
Wer um die Göttin freit, suche in ihr nicht das Weib.—*Sch.*

I admit it cordially, I wish the objector a clear conscience, and wish Archimedes' advice may be widely taken. But the reason for this treatment is scarcely less obvious: this was precisely the point to be established. Let us have no freemasonry among the students of Shakspeare.

This discussion has occupied so large a space, that a few reflections on the second head must suffice. It is true that not many will be vigorous students of anything, who are not vigorous in the regular course of College and University reading: it is also not to be denied that this study will occupy time which might otherwise be employed, and will furnish subjects of reflection for the hours of recreation, when the mind might be lying fallow, to gain strength for the next crop. On the other hand must be placed what is gained in intellectual freshness, and growth, and vigour, by the change of study, and the study itself; a study which forms the complement and the antidote to scientific studies, and by the ever-recurring arguments and discussions, compensates for the loss of the disputations in the schools; and in the consciousness of an expanding mind, which will amply compensate for the little loss of time; a loss so little, that if a degree is injured by it, it surely deserves to be so injured. But in point of fact this is not the question: it really is, how shall we dispose of our Saturday Evenings in the most pleasant manner. Saturday Evenings have from time immemorial been rescued from Moloch, and consecrated to humanity in the form of tea fights, whist parties, chess, suppers, readings or such diversions: and without undervaluing any of the others, we have been expressing our preference, and the grounds of our preference for the last.

One word more on the constitution of such societies. Let half-a-dozen men, of about the same standing, who thoroughly respect one another, meet and read Shakspeare together next Saturday Evening; let one be great in classics and æsthetics; another in mathematics and common sense;

one in editions and various readings; another in literature and German; and two in nothing to serve as ballast; and I will guarantee them a pleasant and profitable evening: let them know something of the play beforehand, and not go too slowly, or too fast, over the scenes; and they will learn sometimes how men with precisely the same facts before them will hold opposite conclusions, from which no arguments will dislodge them at the time, though each has argued so well, that at the end of a month it shall appear that each has convinced the other, (and the same is a valuable lesson); sometimes how they erred toto cœlo in their judgment of an expression, a scene or the whole play; and sometimes how a word of their own, flying straight to the mark, will disperse a mob of half starved arguments: let their criticism of the poet be reverential, of his critics severe, of his commentators (if possible) grave, of one another polite; let them spend two or three hours in such diversion, (they will seem no longer than one hour in lecture), and then let them shut up the tomes, and let chat, jokes, and the pewter be passed round. And after a year let one of them write for *The Eagle* a number of "Noctes Shaksperianæ" to thank us for our recipe.

ON ENGLISH COMPOSITION, AND OTHER MATTERS.

I SIT down scarcely knowing how to grasp my own meaning, and give it a tangible shape in words; and yet it is concerning this very expression of our thoughts in words that I wish to speak. As I muse things fall more into their proper places, and, little fit for the task as my confession pronounces me to be, I will try to make clear that which is in my mind.

I think then that the style of our authors of a couple of hundred years ago was more terse and masculine than that of those of the present day, possessing both more of the graphic element, and more vigour, straightforwardness, and conciseness. Most readers will have anticipated me in admitting that a man should be clear of his meaning before he endeavours to give to it any kind of utterance, and that having made up his mind what to say, the less thought he takes how to say it, more than briefly, pointedly, and plainly, the better: for instance, Bacon tells us "Men "fear death as children fear to go in the dark;" he does not say, what I can imagine a last century writer to have said, "A feeling somewhat analogous to the dread with "which children are affected upon entering a dark room, "is that which most men entertain at the contemplation of "death." Jeremy Taylor says, "Tell them it is as much "intemperance to weep too much as to laugh too much;" he does not say, "All men will acknowledge that laughing "admits of intemperance, but some men may at first sight "hesitate to allow that a similar imputation may be at times "attached to weeping."

I incline to believe that as irons support the ricketty child, whilst they impede the healthy one, so rules, for the most part, are but useful to the weaker among us. Our greatest masters in language, whether prose or verse, in painting, music, architecture, or the like, have been

those who preceded the rule, and whose excellence gave rise thereto; men who preceded, I should rather say, not the rule, but the discovery of the rule, men whose intuitive perception led them to the right practice. We cannot imagine Homer to have studied rules, and the infant genius of those giants of their art, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, who composed at the ages of seven, five, and ten, must certainly have been unfettered by them: to the less brilliantly endowed however, they have a use as being compendious safeguards against error. Let me then lay down as the best of all rules for writing, "forgetfulness "of self, and carefulness of the matter in hand." No simile is out of place that illustrates the subject; in fact a simile as shewing the symmetry of this world's arrangement, is always, if a fair one, interesting; every simile is amiss that leads the mind from the contemplation of its object to the contemplation of its author. This will apply equally to the heaping up of unnecessary illustrations: it is as great a fault to supply the reader with too many as with too few; having given him at most two, it is better to let him read slowly and think out the rest for himself, than to surfeit him with an abundance of explanation. Hood says well,

> And thus upon the public mind intrude it;
> As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
> No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it.

A book that is worth reading will be worth reading thoughtfully, and there are but few good books, save certain novels, that it is well to read in an arm-chair. Most will bear standing to. At the present time we seem to lack the impassiveness and impartiality which was so marked among the writings of our forefathers, we are seldom content with the simple narration of fact, but must rush off into an almost declamatory description of them; my meaning will be plain to all who have studied Thucydides. The dignity of his simplicity is, I think, marred by those who put in the accessories which seem thought necessary in all present histories. How few writers of the present day would not, instead of *νὺξ γὰρ ἐπεγένετο τῷ ἔργῳ*, rather write "Night fell upon this horrid scene of bloodshed."*

* This was called to my attention by a distinguished Greek Scholar of this University.

This is somewhat a matter of taste, but I think I shall find some to agree with me in preferring for plain narration (of course I exclude oratory) the unadorned gravity of Thucydides. There are indeed some writers of the present day who seem returning to the statement of facts rather than their adornment, but these are not the most generally admired. This simplicity however to be truly effective must be unstudied; it will not do to write with affected terseness, a charge which I think may be fairly preferred against Tacitus; such a style if ever effective must be so from excess of artifice and not from that artlessness of simplicity which I should wish to see prevalent among us.

Neither again is it well to write and go over the ground again with the pruning knife, though this fault is better than the other; to take care of the matter, and let the words take care of themselves, is the best safeguard.

To this I shall be answered "Yes, but is not a diamond "cut and polished a more beautiful object than when "rough?" I grant it, and more valuable, inasmuch as it has run chance of spoliation in the cutting, but I maintain that the thinking man, the man whose thoughts are great and worth the consideration of others, will "deal in pro-"prieties," and will from the mine of his thoughts produce ready cut diamonds, or rather will cut them there spontaneously, ere ever they see the light of day.

There are a few points still which it were well we should consider. We are all too apt when we sit down to study a subject to have already formed our opinion, and to weave all matter to the warp of our preconceived judgment, to fall in with the received idea, and, with biassed minds, unconsciously to follow in the wake of public opinion, while professing to lead it. To the best of my belief half the dogmatism of those we daily meet is in consequence of the unwitting practices of this self-deception. Simply let us not talk about what we do not understand, save as learners, and we shall not by writing mislead others.

There is no shame in being obliged to others for opinions, the shame is not being honest enough to acknowledge it: I would have no one omit to put down a useful thought because it was not his own, provided it tended to the better expression of his matter, and he did not conceal its source; let him however set out the borrowed capital to interest. One word more and I have done. With regard to our subject, the best rule is not to write concerning that about which we cannot at our present age know anything

save by a process which is commonly called cram: on all such matters there are abler writers than ourselves; the men, in fact, from whom we cram. Never let us hunt after a subject, unless we have something which we feel urged on to say, it is better to say nothing; who are so ridiculous as those who talk for the sake of talking, save only those who write for the sake of writing? but there are subjects which all young men think about. Who can take a walk in our streets and not think? the most trivial incident has ramifications, to whose guidance if we surrender our thoughts, we are ofttimes led upon a gold mine unawares, and no man whether old or young is worse for reading the ingenuous and unaffected statement of a young man's thoughts. There are some things in which experience blunts the mental vision, as well as others in which it sharpens it. The former are best described by younger men, our province is not to lead public opinion, is not in fact to ape our seniors, and transport ourselves from our proper sphere, it is rather to shew ourselves as we are, to throw our thoughts before the public as they rise without requiring it to imagine that we are right and others wrong, but hoping for the forbearance which I must beg the reader to concede to myself, and trusting to the genuineness and vigour of our design to attract it may be more than a passing attention.

I am aware that I have digressed from the original purpose of my essay, but I hope for pardon, if, believing the digression to be of more value than the original matter, I have not checked my pen, but let it run on even as my heart directed it.

CELLARIUS.

NOTE ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF CERTAIN WORDS IN SHAKSPEARE.

THE origin of the surreptitious quarto editions of some of the plays of Shakspeare is yet an unsolved problem. The most plausible theories respecting it are that they were supplied by some of the inferior actors, and hurried into the market, or that they were printed from notes taken during the acting. The decision of the question must rest on the internal evidence derived from minute examination of the separate quartos, and if the latter is in any case the true solution of the difficulty, it cannot fail to be detected. On this I hope to enter in a future number, and have stated thus much because the latter theory, or a collateral one that the quartos were orally dictated, is incidently supported by some of the following passages which I select for a different object.

It is to be presumed that the pronunciation of words, as well as the spelling, has materially changed in the last two centuries and a half; and this change must often make a pun fall very flat, and occasionally completely hide it from the reader of the present day. I am not aware of any authority we have on the subject of the pronunciation of words in the reign of Elizabeth, so that the following are mere surmises, and rest solely on the evidence that the passages themselves furnish: which will be limited to a very few, extracted solely from Shakspeare, which turn on such words as *speak*, *eager*, &c., which I imagine were then pronounced with what is now the Irish accent, as *spake*, *aiger*.

The first passage I shall quote is from King Henry IV., Pt. II., Act. I., Sc. II.

Attend. Give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fals. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave thou wert better be hanged.

Now I challenge any but the most forced interpretation of Falstaff's reply except upon the supposition that *leave* was pronounced *lave*, in the double sense of permission, and of belongings *left*, in the most general sense, as it is used by the older English, and the Scotch poets.

The support given to the above mentioned theory of the origin of the quartos by various readings in them of words which have, on this supposition, the same sound, is obvious, especially where a common word, wholly inapplicable, is substituted for a rarer one which was not recognized; a very common mistake, as every one who has tried short-hand reporting knows.

In Love's Labour Lost we find *break* and *speak* rhyming, and in the same scene a various reading of the same words. So in Othello "the drugs that *weaken* (or *waken*) motion," a passage which has tried the commentators, and produced a vast amount of not very edifying discussion. It is not improbable that the puzzling word *bating* has crept into Juliet's much tormented speech in Act. III., Sc. II. from its similarity of sound with *beating*. The passage is this—

> Come, civil night...
> Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks
> With thy black mantle; &c.

the reading as it stands at present seems to require a very harsh Greek construction, which is entirely foreign to the English.

One more passage to the same effect. The reading which is, I believe, generally adopted in Hamlet, Act. II., Sc. v. is the following,—which is the quarto reading with reduced spelling;

> With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial
> Which... doth posset
> And curd, like eager droppings into milk
> The thin and wholesome blood: ...

What on earth is meant by "eager droppings"? How can the reading have arisen? I turn to the 2nd folio Edition—

> With Juyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl...
> And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
> And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
> The thin and wholsome blood: ...

The "aygre (or aigre) droppings" are intelligible enough, and on this hypothesis alone can the quarto reading be explained.

There are many jokes that have been lost by the modern pronunciation; but the truth of conjectures on such points is very doubtful. For instance, it is scarcely likely that Bottom meant a pun on *tear* in Mid. Night's Dream, Act. I., Sc. III.; and doubtful whether we derive any new pleasure from the similarity of sound of *fear* and fair in Banquo's speech in Macbeth, Act. I., Sc. III.; and I can imagine a Theban not perceiving the new point given to Moth's song in Love's Labour Lost, Act. I., Sc. II., but we cannot afford to lose Falstaff's excellent quibble on raisins and blackberries, so entirely in character with the jolly old knight. It is the well known passage in King Henry IV., Pt. I., Act. II., Sc. IV.

> *P. Hen.* Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?
> *Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.
> *Fals.* What! upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

These examples will, I hope, be sufficient to illustrate my meaning; and will perhaps elicit a few notes from others on the same or collateral subjects. The internal evidence for the origin of the quarto editions of Shakspeare is especially a subject full of interest.

"W."

TENNYSON.

To those who have not met with the early Edition of Tennyson's Poems, the following description of statues of Elijah and Olympias, which found place in a note to the Palace of Art, in the edition of 1833, but have since been omitted, may be both new and interesting:

One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps
With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked and said,
'Come cry aloud—he sleeps.'

Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak windborne
Behind, his forehead heavenly-bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light.

One was Olympias: the floating snake
Rolled round her ancles, round her waist
Knotted, and folded once about her neck,
Her perfect lips to taste

Round by the shoulder moved: she seeming blythe
Declined her head: on every side
The Dragon curves melted and mingled with
The woman's youthful pride

Of rounded limbs.

The following stanzas also "expressive of the joy where-"with the soul contemplated the results of astronomical "experiments" were contained in a later note to the same poem, and were not inserted in the text only because the poet thought it already too long.

"In the centre of the four quadrangles rose an immense tower—

Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced thro' the mystic dome,

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns, and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
That marvellous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
Whereof the one more bright

Is circled by the other, &c.

"M."

ADVICE TO A MODERN HISTORIAN.

A CONSIDERABLE change has, since the last century, taken place in our ideas respecting the proper character of History. Our forefathers would have considered it vain to expect, and unreasonable to require, a strict and undeviating impartiality. They were content to set the prejudices of one side against the prejudices of the other, and to strike the balance between them. For a man to be without opinions on matters of the greatest importance to his countrymen, would have seemed to them unpatriotic indifference; to dissemble them, pusillanimous dishonesty. A man, who pretended to such a character, would have been reminded of the law of the Athenians, which forbad any man to be a mere spectator in the contests of his countrymen.

Nor, independently of such considerations, would they have conceived that a history constructed on such principles was likely to possess any high degree of literary excellence. The greatest writers, they would have reasoned, those, whose colours are still fresh, and whose lines are still clearly marked, often seem almost fascinated with the characters that they have contemplated. Can we indeed expect vivid images from the dull pencil of an impartial uniformity? Could a painter, who cared not for the appearances of nature, depict a lovely landscape? Or could a sculptor, with no ideas of beauty, have designed the Venus de Medicis? We should laugh at such absurd suppositions. Can we then believe, that a man can gain a clear insight into another's mind and heart, and yet neither love nor hate, admire nor despise? Or that a writer who strives to convey to our minds the ideas, which exist in his own, can fail to infuse into his page some part of the feelings which occupy his heart? And, if he did, what should we gain? We are, it seems, to address the historian in this strain; the form, that you have seen, may be beautiful beyond conception, but it is not that, that we

wish to see: remove the colour from the cheeks, the glance from the eye, the symmetry from the figure, and shew us the bare and naked skeleton. Such would probably have been the sentiments not only of the ordinary mass of mankind, but even of the wiser portion of them. They would not have been deemed unstatesmenlike by statesmen, nor unphilosophical by philosophers. And certainly it would at first sight appear, that there is much to be said in favour of these ideas. For let us consider what we mean by such a term as impartial, when we apply it to history. It is plain, that we do not mean something wholly independent of our thoughts, that we do not refer to a quality which would exist, even although no one believed that it did. We do not mean such a history as would be written by a man supposed to possess unlimited genius, and to be entirely devoid of any bias or prejudice. For if so, impartial is the same with just, or true. An impartial view becomes the same as a just view of any period, or sequence of events. But the very fact that we use two different expressions shews that we intend by them two different things. And although men of one party will naturally consider, that historians of their own opinions have taken the justest view of events, yet, while they will think their histories to be better than any others, they will hardly apply to them the term impartial. An impartial history can in short mean nothing else than a history generally acknowledged to be impartial. It must be one to which all parties can appeal, whose authority all will acknowledge.

Let us now see how far our ideas of the scope and object of history agree with this definition. A celebrated writer of the last century defines history as Philosophy teaching by examples. Could one, who entertained this idea, fail to point out the nature of the examples that he adduced? Could he fail to indicate which were examples of things to be imitated, which of things to be avoided? But this he certainly could not do without drawing upon himself the animadversions of opponents, and from partizans the imputation of partizanship. Such a work therefore will not stand the test, that we have proposed. The conceptions of another may have been of a higher nature. To encourage us to imitate examples of Christian fortitude, and virtue; to hold up to our view patterns by which we may regulate our own conduct; to place before us the lives and actions of men who in their time were good and true, which, if we will but lift our eyes to them, may serve to

heal us of that degeneration of the heart, that moral insensibility, those low and false views of the motives of our fellow-creatures, which a continued implication in the world's business seldom fails to engender; such may have seemed to him the province assigned to History. And a noble view it undoubtedly is. In commerce, in trade, in public affairs, and in professional life, we see more knaves than honest men; and of the latter we see only the worst side. Moreover, continual engagement in pursuits, which though they *may* benefit mankind, we undertake because they benefit *us*, tends in no small degree to concentrate our thoughts on ourselves, and our own gratifications. To prevent such effects, the better sort of men in all stations have betaken themselves from the noise of the camp, the acrimonies of the senate, or the drudgery of the counting-house,—from all the dry and dusty paths of the present, to the green pastures and still waters of the past. Every time of life there finds its model, every ill its medicine. But for history to be so used, the characters must be well, and fully delineated. And could one who strove to embody these principles, and to give force and efficacy to them fail to meet with characters that had been unjustly vilified or unjustly praised? Could he shrink from plucking the mask from successful villany? or would he deem hypocrisy the less hypocrisy, because it had deceived whole generations? As he would think a Martyr's crown a nobler emblem than the highest earthly bauble, would he not be roused to indignation, if he should be induced to believe, that a party had without any regard to truth or to decency degraded that holy name to the vilest of mankind? Or if he believed, that facts barely chronicled, and unaccompanied by any reference to the time in which they happened would give a totally erroneous impression of one whose character he loved and admired, could he fail to add the needful explanations? to relate the exigencies which justified, or the difficulties which extenuated them? And what chance would such a History have of being deemed impartial?

Such arguments would we think have been urged in the last century. They are of course ridiculous, and though they might have deceived our forefathers, their sophistry will easily be detected by their wise children of this learned and enlightened age. The views that we hold are sounder and the course which we adopt more economical. Men who aim at compassing the whole extent of human knowledge have no leisure to read two or three different histories.

If we must read one, we wish it to be but one. And we therefore cry out as eagerly as the Romanists for the supporting hand of some infallible guide.

But if we place more confidence in our historian, so ought we to scrutinize his credentials with the greater caution. It becomes therefore of the utmost importance to lay down some rules which may aid us in our examination. This then shall be our object in the subsequent part of this essay.

It is obvious in the first place, that our attention must be directed to such external influences as are most likely to affect the judgment. Of the internal conformation of any man's mind, we can know nothing on which we can rely. Perhaps no one believes himself incapable of forming a correct judgment; certainly, no one would acknowledge himself to labour under such a defect. A man's own assertions are therefore of no weight. 'Not guilty' is the plea, which he will be sure to make if accused of any party bias. Nor will a man's known honesty lessen the force of this conclusion. The most upright may easily deceive himself in such a matter. It is on the historian's previous intellectual habits and culture, that our estimation of his powers must be based.

It must be remembered too, that, although mental indifference is the first point which must be secured, a modern historian stands in need of other qualities almost equally essential. Indefatigable perseverance, and endless research is now expected of every writer who presumes to lay his thoughts before the public. Does a man write on the extension of the franchise? He must be acquainted, or pretend to be acquainted, with all learning, ancient and mediæval, that the most pedantic antiquarian can even conceive as having any relation to the question. Principles deduced by the clear light of common sense, and the aid of such an ordinary knowledge of history as most educated gentlemen possess will scarcely secure him even a hearing. He must, if he wishes to be read, commence with the time of King Edward the Confessor, write a prolonged dissertation on the Wittenagemot, deduce it from the customs of the ancient Germans, as recorded by Tacitus and other ancient writers, interlard his pages with unintelligible French, and still more unintelligible Latin, and present to the astonished eye of the bewildered reader tremendous foot-notes, referring to *Dug. Orig. Judic.* III. 9. *Mag. Ch. Ch. de Forr. Les termes de la Ley. Bract.* XVIII. 1. *Cro. Eliz.* III. 5.

Repp. II. *Case of the Fellows of Mag. Coll.* With so many guides to direct him, how can the reader fail to determine, whether the qualification for the freehold voters should be exalted to 50*s.* or debased to 20*s.*? But if diligence of so extraordinary a nature be required from the writer of a mere ephemeral pamphlet, or political diatribe, it is a hundred-fold more essential to the writer of history. To this recommendation indeed all historians lay claim. The toil, that they have undergone in quest of new matter, the courtesy of the officials at Paris, the rudeness of the subordinate officers at Berlin, the vain search for an important MSS., the fears, the perils, and the hair-breadth escapes of the sincere seeker after historic truth, is the matter which the preface contains. Improved engines, we are told, have been employed on old mines; and many valuable veins hitherto concealed have been for the first time brought to light. No quotation has been taken at second-hand, no fact on trust. Nay, if we mistake not, one historian has gone so far as to render the public an account of the number of hours, which he every day devoted to his task, and to excuse himself for not accomplishing more in the evening, on the ground that the candle-light was injurious to his eyes. Surely our country has reason to be proud of exertions such as these! Surely we ought to be deeply grateful for the fruits of such untiring energy!

Valuable, however, as such labour is, it will be useless, unless accompanied by an unswerving impartiality. The historian must ever bear in mind, that his office is purely objective. Truth, which is merely subjective, he must reject: his search must be for that which is objective.

One so constituted, or so trained, as to keep his eyes steadily fixed on these objects, is, it will be allowed, seldom to be found. Those too who would willingly endeavour to bring themselves into the required condition may fail through the want of rules and principles to direct them. There may be others, whose diffidence would lead them to assay the material of their mind, before they commence to coin and utter it, and who may not be provided with the means necessary for accomplishing their purpose. To meet the requirements of such persons, we will endeavour to enunciate a few practical rules. Imperfect, and incomplete they will necessarily be, but they may not be entirely useless. Because distance-marks are not placed along the roads at intervals of 10 yards, it would not therefore be an improvement to pull up the mile-stones. If any one shall feel

conscious that his mental formation coincides with the type that we shall delineate, let him by all means commence a work, which few but he are able to perform. Most gladly shall he hail the arrival of the rightful owner, who will hold as his own possession, what others have only taken upon lease. To him, then, who aims at perfection we would offer our advice in some such terms as these. First as to mental training. Read nothing which can excite the imagination, or move the heart. For you let Milton to no purpose have been touched with fire from God's own altar, let Shakespeare 'warble his native woodnotes wild' unheard by you; let the wisdom of Bacon, the smoothness of Addison, and the sonorous eloquence of Burke be to you as though they were not. For such trifles you will have no time. Your life must be spent in perusing, and reperusing the Saxon Chronicle, in collating the Doomsday book, and in grubbing amongst the musty parchments in the Chapel of the Rolls.

When you commence to write let the impassive quiescence, which such conduct will naturally produce be clearly visible. Take this for your principle so to write, that men may doubt whether what they read is really the work of a human being, or the production of some newly-invented fact-recording machine. Let nothing move you to tears, or rouse you to indignation. Fling aside the various lessons, which history will almost obtrude upon you. Avoid deducing any truth, which will be unpalatable, or paradoxical. Right principles may be marked by a train of light, wrong principles by a trail of blood. But shut your eyes to all such indications, and let them not disturb the even tenor of an impartial narrative. Shed no tears for the unfortunate Charles, or his more unfortunate grandmother. Feel no pity for the murdered Huguenots, or for the authors of that horrid massacre. If in spite of all your efforts your own sentiments will sometimes break forth, bear this in mind, that to differ from every one else is always the mark of a superior and impartial disposition. Prove therefore this awful crime to have been an act of exemplary virtue, and hold up its contrivers as examples of earnest, though mistaken, piety. Look on with indifference at the struggles by which Society passed from its Mediæval to its Modern form: see without pity nation after nation contend for a freedom that they cannot preserve; their strength consumed by fruitless efforts, their hearts wearied by hopes deferred, and themselves at length crushed beneath the irresistible weight of military despotism. Nor let it call forth any sound of joy, that your own country's liberties were not shipwrecked in those tremendous storms, that though when the waters subsided every where else were to be seen fragments of free constitutions, and the ruins of noble laws, the flood which covered the highest mountains of the Continent, did not reach to our island. Such expressions of feeling will be out of place in an impartial Historian. In short though you will call your book a history, let it really be a ledger.

THE RETURN,

(*from Catullus.*)

GEM of all isles and capes that sleep
In either realm of Neptune's rule,
Pillowed or on the glassy pool,
Or the broad bosom of the deep;

So blithe and glad to thee I fly,
That half-incredulous I find
The plains of Asia left behind,
And thee, sweet scene of safety, nigh.

How blest to set our cares at ease!
What time the mind throws off her load,
And we regain our own abode,
Worn out with toil beyond the seas,

When on the longed-for couch at last
We sink to sleep in strange delight—
That moment will alone requite
For all the labours of the past.

Hail, lovely spot! thy master greet
In concert with the rippling foam,
Ye joys that lurk around his home,
Come all, and laugh a welcome sweet!

"T. G."

GRAPPLING.

READER! have you ever had a good day's grappling? There's nothing in the world like it, believe me. Angling indeed! a worm at one end, and a fool at the other, as cynical old Sam said. Boating perhaps—nonsense!—a mere superficial amusement. Cricketing, you suggest—tush! the elder sister of marbles. Grappling must be at least as old as the creation; I have not consulted the Talmud, or I have little doubt we should read of Adam's grappling the feeders of the Hiddekel; or the MSS. of the Rolls Office, or I would tell how Caractacus and Vortigern spent their Eostre Monday up to their knees in a beck. Grappling! why angling is nothing to it. If old Isaak had known what the feeling is of a live trout under a stone at the tips of his fingers, he would have flung his rod into the Dove, and set off at a brisk walk for the hills and becks of bonny Cumberland. Angling is all very well for philosophic youth, (Paley was exceedingly fond of it, and he *was* a philosopher), and for stout old gentlemen in drab coats and gaiters; but give me grappling. A Southron, poor fellow, cannot expect to know much about such things; when we go to London sight-seeing we submit to be lionized, and treated like children: a man may tell us the way to St. Paul's, and the price of a Hansom per mile without fear of retaliation; but let him beware; if he jump into our cab and talk about fishing and sports, we turn and sternly ask our poor Cockney, what is grappling? Why bless us! he looks pale and glances out of the window for a policeman—we don't mean to hurt you, little 'un, grappling is nothing more than tickling trout. Nothing more—"only that and nothing more;" you have it all in one word. What the Pope's eye is to lovers of mutton, Exeter Hall to the musicians, the *Eagle* to the lovers of light and instructive reading, that is grappling to your lover of nature, and manly sports.

I have never even put finger into a brook since leaving those dear old becks in the North; it seems profanation of my skill and skin to dip my pickers and stealers into a slow Dutchman of a ditch, crawling over chalk or limestone or mud. What is the use of grappling a stream between neatly kept grass banks, with here and there a bridge and a mill, or, it may be, a village and sheepwash, and such abominations to the grappler, and never a hollow bank, or a stone that Ajax Telamon could not play marbles with. And I never will dip finger into a brook (except for purposes of ablution, potation, &c.) till I can find such another as Gray and Dick Metcalfe and I with our fags grappled three years ago last Easter Monday. We were then scholar-lads, as the bucolics called us, at the Fellside Grammar School, and Easter Monday had been from time immemorial devoted, as the first day of the season, to grappling. Fear not, ye tender-hearted, when you read of our fags: not Tom Brown, (though he has written a preface about it) not you would object to such fagging as this: weeks and weeks beforehand had Toby and little Gray and Jim Tostle-tree sidled into our sitting-room, to know if they might carry coats for us on this day, and Gray had run after breakfast to the turnpike every blessed morning for a month to put himself in training for it. They knew what grappling was, and what fagging was too, for in the reign before Gray's there had been sharp work among them as tradition said. However they lived to tell the tale.

Houghillbeck tumbles into the Rother at a most charming spot about six miles from the school. There is a slight bend in the river, which is there rather deep, and flows silently between two gradually steepening banks of red and brown pudding-stone, clothed with luxuriant moss, and crowned with tall ferns and ash trees, which almost intertwine their branches over the still stream: higher up, and just within sight is a long bank of shingle athwart the current, over which the water sparkles in the sun, and makes melodious music; and just at the bend foams down the gully it has worn, the Houghill beck. "Here is a spot to dream of "sunny hair and eyes, and float away in the memory of bygone "wanderings by brookside, &c.," says our spooney friend. "Glorious place for flyfishing," says the practical man, "and that ledge just above the surface of the water, what "a station for a nooser!" Verily ye are both quite right; of the two, Spooney has the best of it; but we came here for grappling; and if all the Naiades and Nymphs

were to sport in the sparkling stream, and woo us with speech and song, we would just tell them it was a very fine day but rather windy.

Rob Thwaites, who had joined us on coming out of morning school, and Toby looked rather puffed; for we have run these six miles in something like fifty minutes, from which is to be subtracted precisely the number of seconds that are required to drink a cup of coffee and cut a huge hunch of bread for breakfast. Gray and I are old hands, so Thwaites and Dick watch us preparing ourselves for the sport. We leisurely divest ourselves of cap, coat, (waistcoat and neckcloth had been left behind in a locker of course), shirt, flannel, and then begin at the other end, and doff shoes and stockings, till we stand, like pure gold, in bags. However, shoes go on again, while the fags take charge of the clothes, and put watches, knives and halfpence into their pockets; and we step slowly and carefully into the cold stream.

"What? got one already?" shouts Dick, as Gray sings out "look sharp, Jim! Here's one" and flings a writhing glistening trout high up on the bank, "that's quick work." In two or three minutes the line is formed, and steady work goes on: "Two, three, four; I have got half a dozen," says Toby, who has the honour of stringing them on the bank. "And I have not caught one" says Thwaites; "have you, Mecca?" "No!" says Dick, despondingly.

"What on earth are you after, Gray?" No answer; as indeed might be expected. Look at him! Full length on the stones, with the wavelets breaking on his ribs and neck; his head almost out of sight under the bank and the water, and his arm reaching into the very bowels of the earth! Still thrusting his arm in and in. Stay, here he comes—no! in again for a moment; till he backs, like a terrier, stern first out of a hole, and jumps up on one knee, with a splendid trout flapping alternately his nose and chin, held fast by the gills in the ἕρκος ὀδόντων, and another looking resigned to his fate in his hand. "Bravo! Gray; you are a stumper!" "Yes; that is a pretty "considerable bite," says Gray, as he pitches them on to the bank; "how many have you caught?" "Only two," I reply, "but one is a splendid fish; caught him under the "great Troutstone by the wooden bridge."

We have no time to look about us, or we are now in glorious country: magnificent heath hills (with such grouse) in the back ground, and a blue sky with light clouds

driving high before a south wind behind them, and broken high banks in front, with furze, and fern, and foxglove rising from the green strip which flanks the brook; and a few trees to the left, where a decent looking farm-house attracts our attention for a moment: to the right is an open bit of grass land with an old horse, and a steep earth bank with furze at the top about thirty yards off. Whiz! "who "on earth flung that stone?" "Mind your eye! there comes "another;" and sure enough one comes rising from behind the aforesaid hedge, and plunges into the river close by Dick's head. "I *say*, come on," cries Dick, and we charge the hedge: Thwaites keeps the rear safe, and protects the fags; for he is a cautious party. We are over the hedge in half a second, and right among five great awkward cubs who look not a little astonished: and now mind your peepers, you Thebans, for Dick is a crusher. Two or three taps on the head are enough however, and four run off and discharge ἔπεα πτερόεντα, like the Parthians, in their flight: one young Samson remains. "Now, young 'un! "were you throwing stones?" "Hauns aff! or I'll knock "your face in two twos?" "Were you throwing stones, "young un?" says Dick again, "na! what's the use? ye're "braw laddies eneugh," replies Samson slowly: "ha' ye "taken many?" "Pretty average," says Gray; "so you "did'nt pelt us." "Na! I did'nt." "Well give us your "fist," says Dick, "you an't half a bad fellow after all;" and they shake hands as if each was trying to dislocate the other's shoulder; "come to our sports after the cricket "match in May, and try a wrestle will you: there are "prizes no end, and all free and fair." "I know," says Samson, "why, mun, I wrostled last Michaelmas with t' "little tight lad; Smith, they call him, that's gone south to "make a parson or some such of himself;" "By Jove! so you "did," cries Dick, "I'd forgotten you: you were in the last "couple with Smith to be sure, and precious hard work he "had with you:" "Na! na! he's a fine lad; a fine tight lad; "he'll throw everybody down south that gives him a chance; "but I'll come and try a fall with you." "All right," replies Dick, "and good luck to you:" so we jog back again, and Dick shews Thwaites the great red and white mark on his shoulders that young Palæmon's fist made.

We are now right up among the mountains in the shadow of Tawny Longback, and are filling up the third dozen. Thwaites has caught a couple, but crushed off the head of one against a stone. Dick has caught five, and

a miserable eel—a Tartar to catch with one's hands. "Here's "a grand one," murmurs Thwaites as he kneels, head on one side and pressed against the bank, and arms and hand groping among the roots of a sycamore tree that stood on the bank: "here's a grand one, if I can but get it. By "Jove—here he is—a thumper; look out Toby!" and up mounts a fat old frog into the air, and splits on falling to mother earth. Gray laughs, and Toby laughs, and drops the fish to laugh, and we all laugh at Thwaites' disconsolate and disgusted face. "Better luck next time, "old fellow! But was'nt it a thumper, that's all?" and we bend down again.

Suddenly there is a sound of voices, and just above, where a little path leads down the burnside and crosses on stepping-stones, three young lassies walk trippingly down, and laugh and chat quite unconscious of our presence. The first lassie suddenly sees Gray, and screams with a most becoming fright at such a white Indian. "Don't be alarmed," says Gray, "we are not water rats," as he eyes the first maiden very tenderly, a pretty child who had seen some ten summers pass over her flaxen head; the bonnet hangs negligently behind upon a little scarlet cloak, and is perfectly charming. "These stones are not quite safe, so I shall carry "you across;" off she sets like a fawn, and off he runs after her; it is all in vain; she has not run ten steps up the bank before Gray has seized the laughing little flirt, and bears her off in triumph; and when he set her down on the opposite bank, he stoops down perhaps to whisper something, for she runs off, and declares he is a naughty boy, and she'll never go to school that way again; and stands at the top of the bank, and looks a real little beauty. The others resist all offers of Mecca and Thwaites; who, somehow, have not got the knack of doing that sort of thing like Gray.

We have gone up the beck now about five miles, hedges have disappeared, and we are in the region of stone walls; the water is tumbling over great stones, and in the dubs there are splendid dark trout, for this is one of the Black becks, a "winefaced water." Thwaites thinks four dozen is as many as we shall know what to do with, and that it is time to set off home; however we grapple the stream to its very fount, groping under the banks and the great smooth stones till our fingers are so cold as scarcely to tell a stone from a fish. Flop, flop—"there's a glorious one gone," cries Dick, "my fingers were so cold, but he's gone up "stream;" "here you are," shouts Gray, and scoops out on

to the bank the identical trout with his hand, just at the top of a small waterfall which the fish had barely cleared, "that's "great luck; you see it was staggered by the current."

Oh! the delight of feeling a flap at your fingers ends under a stone, and groping about delicately, very delicately, till you just feel his tail in the farthest corner, and follow up along his body till you can get no further for the stones, between which he has hidden his head like an ostrich. Be patient, my dear fellow! you are sure to have him; tickle gently and he will back out, all slippery and cold into your hand, then firmly grasp him till one finger is safe in his gill, and draw him out and pitch him to Toby on the bank, and then you have done what Meg Dods would say, "is the first step towards cooking trout."

However, it is a quarter to one o'clock, and we have seven miles to go over fell and field and road before two p.m. so we adonize on the bank, and dispose of a couple of dry biscuits and the contents of a flask of whiskey, after which Dick proposes a race home, which Thwaites thinks is no fun. It would be long to tell of our run,—Thwaites falls into the rear with Toby and Jim; Willy and Allan Gray, Dick, and I keep on ahead; and Dick and Willy alarm an old lady in her cottage by the side of the path, by a sudden request for a drink of water. The old lady brings a great bowl of buttermilk, watches Dick pour it down slippingly, and then eyes Gray. "Well! y'ar a fine pair!" "Ay?" says he. "Are ye brithers?" "Yes," says Gray, "brither scholars." "Well! *y'ar* a fine pair! are ye twins?" "Pretty nearly," says Dick, laughing. "Well! Y'AR a fine pair!" so we pat her little granddaughter on the head, thank the old lady, and set off again.

We have not run far when Dick suddenly begins to limp, and complains of lameness in his left foot. We are very sorry, and little Allan offers to stay with him and cut dinner, but Dick won't let him, and sits looking very melancholy on the bank, and picking primroses, till we are out of sight. On we trot, thinking what poor Dick will do with himself, when horsehoofs are heard close behind us, and up he comes, riding as hard as he can ride, without saddle or bridle, or anything but a rough branch which he brandishes in his hand, and which descends on Powney's flanks, whack! whack! and passes us triumphantly 'mid a volley of laughing abuse of him for a crafty fox. So Dick gets home in state, and we meet Powney walking back looking rather warm, at five minutes to two in the afternoon of Easter Monday, 1855.

PALEY'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Book II.

Que mon nom soit flétri, pourvu que la France soit libre.—
Danton.

I HAD originally intended to commence this division of my subject by analysing, as fairly and completely as I could, the argument on Moral Obligation; that my readers might have clearly before them at the outset the results at which Paley arrived, and the steps by which he reached them: but, on attempting to do so, I found his treatment of the question so hopelessly confused, that I relinquished the attempt in despair — and must content myself with faithfully setting forth what appears to me to be the general connection of the principles upon which he rests the practical portion of his system, and with referring the reader to the work itself to examine the accuracy of my summary.

These principles are as follows: *The desire of gain or fear of loss is the only motive which can be sufficiently violent to make a man feel 'obliged' to do one action rather than another. The motive then of every action, good or bad, is private happiness;*
of a right action being that it is consistent with the Will of God. Hence private happiness is the motive to all right doing, the Will of God the rule; and Virtue, or the habit of acting rightly, is the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the Will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness. Further, since God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures, the method of determining his Will concerning any action is to inquire into its tendency to promote or diminish the general happiness; in other words, actions are to be estimated by their tendency: it is expediency alone that constitutes moral obligation. To calculate this tendency with respect to each action would however be impossible, and on closer examination will be found not necessary; for whatever

reason there is to expect rewards and punishments at the hand of God, the same reason is there to believe that he will proceed in the distribution of them by general rules, and it is to these general rules that every question of right or wrong must ultimately be referred. For instance, the obligation to perform promises is deduced from the general rule, that confidence in promises is essential to the conduct of human life; and fornication is sinful because it tends, if generally permitted,
is a beneficial institution.

These then are the principles of Paley's System of Moral Philosophy, and few, I should think, could rise from their perusal without a doubt whether they knew anything of the race of Beings the Reverend Philosopher had been treating of — whether it could be possible that this was gravely proposed, as an analysis of the motives of men of the same nature and with the same general objects in view as the Holy Apostles and Martyrs of our Faith, as the youthful David before Goliath, as the heroic band at Thermopylæ, or as our honored fellow-countrymen at Balaklava — whether this could really be alike the Christian and the philosophical explanation of a son's loving, honoring and succouring his parents; of a citizen's courting death for his country's sake; of a mother's life of love and self-sacrifice for her children. Still fewer would, I trust, admit the truth of principles, which so evidently contradict all the best feelings of our nature, and destroy so many of our most treasured words,—even though enunciated by a former Tutor of our Sister College, a reverend dignitary of the Church— or supported by far stronger and more unanswerable arguments than I hope to be able to show that they are.

My examination of this part of the subject will naturally fall into the two divisions adopted by Paley himself.

First then, the motive: "Private happiness is or ought to "be the motive of every action." It is no trifling objection to this, that, as I have already suggested, it wholly destroys or at least changes the meaning of such words as gratitude, love, patriotism, friendship, disinterestedness — no trifling objection to the minds of those who believe that the experience of a people is recorded in its language—that the words of a nation, like the furrows on an old man's cheek, are strokes of the signature of Time; for a system with which these, the symbols of a people's faith, cannot be reconciled, does in effect deny the principles which have found their unconscious utterance in them, and which, to

have so influenced our daily speech, must lie deep-rooted in our nature.

As an illustration of this, let me remind the reader that with Paley *duty* ceases to be something *due*, becomes in fact merely an intelligent prudence, and also that all reference to the word *ought* is omitted, perhaps wisely, in the book on Moral Obligation; but it is still more significant that when, in the 3rd Chapter, he compares the claims for his vote of a person who has a small place at his disposal, with those of one on whom his fortune depended, he does not appear to contemplate, what is however a conceivable supposition, that he *ought* under certain circumstances to give it to the one who could make him least return. And yet this defective illustration is the only appearance of an argument in favor of his principle.

Let us however look at it from another point of view. If private happiness has been the motive to every right action, the desire for it must have been present to the mind at the time of performing the action. This, which is implied in the word motive, enables me to test its truth by a well-known instance—the parable of the good Samaritan. The Samaritan knew, we will suppose, that it was God's will that he should succour the distressed, relieve the unfortunate; he must then, since his action was a right one and is held up to us as a model, have so acted because he hoped it would increase his happiness. But what says St. Luke? "That a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, "came where he (the robbed and wounded traveller) was, "and when he saw him he had compassion on him, &c." He does not say, though he gives the motive of the action, that the Samaritan thought within himself—here is an opportunity of fulfilling the Will of God, and of increasing my own happiness; but, that he had compassion—*i.e.* that he loved this sufferer because he was a fellow-man, and the love was called forth into feeling and action when he saw him in pain and distress. Assuredly the Samaritan's happiness was increased by so doing, but he as certainly did not do it to increase his happiness.

Again, if the desire for private happiness is the motive which ought to actuate men, it must have been the motive which actuated the Perfect Man. And yet so says not the New Testament: whilst it does speak of a work which Christ came on earth to perform, of a duty to fulfil; and which he fulfilled not for his own glory, but for the glory of his and our Father in Heaven.

If the selfish principle failed in the former case, does it not do so much more, is it not seen to be Unchristian in the present?

Further, supposing we admit that "the desire of gain "or fear of loss is the motive of every action," does Paley's deduction necessarily follow: "that, since everlasting happi- "ness is the highest gain, the desire for it must be the "motive to every right action?" Is he justified in calling everlasting happiness a *private* gain in the same sense that he does human happiness? Is he not by so doing really taking advantage of a confusion between the terms which he himself has introduced? Does not the principle so stated involve the assumption that everlasting happiness is of the same nature as human happiness, and merely an indefinite extension of it?—If this be so, surely I need not examine the question further, every page of the New Testament will refute it. But if, separating it entirely from Paley's principles, we attach to the term everlasting happiness, or, as I should prefer to call it, to avoid ambiguity, Eternal Life, any notion not dependent upon his definition of happiness, and at all warranted by Revelation, then the proposition will require a more careful consideration, for it does, as thus stated, embody a large element of Truth, the presence of which explains, as I believe, the hold the Selfish System has retained on many, who would reject with indignation both its general principles and its logical conclusions.

In the first place then, I find the general teaching of the New Testament to be, that Eternal Life will be the reward of those who do that which is lawful and right, who live in purity and godliness here on Earth, which certainly would lead one to infer that a right action must have a meaning totally distinct from its reward, that to act rightly and lawfully cannot be the same as acting for the sake of Eternal Life. Moreover, still arguing on Christian principles, from which alone, as distinct from Ethical principles, this motive is deduced, I should say that since the two great commandments are 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy 'God,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour,' from obedience to them ought every action to spring, and not from any Selfish aim, for, however great the reward to be attained by so acting, to act for its sake would be selfish.* Again,

* "The purest motive of human action is the love of God."—Dr. Paley, Sermon III.

the motive to an action ought certainly to have some reference to the object of it, and in like manner the moving principle of man's life, or of the aggregate of his actions to his object on earth, in other words, to the work he has to do in the world—his duty—and not to something which will in another life result from doing that duty.

Still, if we attach a more definite conception to the term Eternal Life, and say, that it is the state of perfection of man's nature, when his will, being at unity with itself and not as now torn by two rival principles, is also at unity with the Will of its Creator, then indeed it is evident, that since we can have no higher or truer aim than that implied in the petition 'Thy Will be done,' the desire of Eternal Life, so interpreted, is in fact *the* motive which ought to actuate us; but it is equally evident that in admitting this we have widely departed from the principles of the Philosophy before us—for its very statement implies an abnegation of Self: moreover, I have, in so doing, really passed on to the remaining division of any subject, the *rule* of Human actions.

After having been obliged to differ from Dr. Paley on so many of the fundamental questions of morality, it was quite cheering to find, on advancing to an examination of his rule of human actions, that I could heartily agree with at all events the first proposition he laid down on that subject. That the Will of God ought to be the rule of all our actions, is the rule of all right ones, is a conclusion in which all Philosophers, Heathen as well as Christian, would, I believe, ultimately be found to agree;—but here unfortunately agreement ends; and in his answer to the next question that arises, how is this rule to be applied to any particular instance, how am I to know whether I am or am not obeying it, whether my actions are right or wrong, our author again, as too often before, parts company with the great and wise of all nations and times, and deserts for a narrower, lower track, the broad and noble one upon which he had so auspiciously entered.

If the reader will turn to Chapters IV. V. and VI. of Book II. or to my summary of their contents, he will find that Paley's principles upon this subject are contained in the three following propositions:

God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures.

God's will with respect to any action is to be determined by examining its tendency to promote or diminish the general happiness.

It is the utility alone of any action which constitutes moral obligation; whatever is expedient is right.

The Chapter devoted to the first is a striking illustration of the characteristic excellencies and defects of the entire work. From Paley's particular point of view one can scarcely conceive a more felicitous, or, on the whole, more admirable treatment of the subject; while, considered as a general statement, it is so one-sided and partial as to be really false. That God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures, is a proposition to which every one feels inclined promptly to assent, and rightly; but in what sense? Certainly not in that in which Paley has evidently interpreted it, to which alone his illustrations apply, and in which alone his deductions from it bear upon the subject, viz. that God wills and wishes his creatures to experience more pleasure than pain; rather would it be more generally understood to mean, that God wills and wishes the ultimate good of his creatures, or in other words, that 'God will have all men to be saved 'and to come to the knowledge of the Truth.' And if we believe in the entire Truth of this last—if also we believe that to lose all one holds dearest on earth, friends, fame, health, happiness, life itself, is as nothing when compared with the fulfilment of our duty,—if we at all believe in the chastening influences of sorrow, and that, whatever might have been the case had sin not entered the world, men do, by drinking deep of trouble, misery and despair, attain to a Faith in their Creator, a sympathy with their fellows and a knowledge of themselves which far outweigh any sacrifice they could voluntarily offer up, and which as Christians we cannot but believe to be the results of an education to which God has been pleased to submit them—if, I say, we believe these things, we cannot accept Paley's interpretation as a complete expression of the Truth.

But even if the principle were true to a greater extent than it really is, I know not what there is in it which justifies us in detaching it from others as of paramount importance, or what authority we have for venturing to deduce from it alone a practical system of Morality. Is not the fact that all things tend ultimately to good, that 'Sin itself is but the cloudy 'porch oft opening on the Sun,' an instance of the Divine Economy which pervades the Universe, rather than a law we can safely take as a moral guide? Because the internal arrangements of a School or Factory are so wisely ordered, that the work can be performed with the least possible amount of pain and inconvenience, no one surely would conclude

that the pupils or operatives ought to determine their master's will concerning any action by examining its tendency to promote or diminish the general happiness. And yet this is what the Utilitarian principle does really assert. For what are the actual facts of the case? Are they not as follows? That the world is a School, in which we are the School-boys, having each some particular work to perform, which, both in itself and in the discipline which it involves, may serve to lead us to perfection, and to prepare us for that higher state to which our whole School-life is but a preparation; and that the Creator has, according to the needs of our various natures, and for the performance of this work and the better training of our faculties, apportioned to some chastisement, to others comfort, to some wealth, to others poverty, to some mental to others physical vigour, to none perfect happiness. But to assert that, because the teeth are made to eat with not to ache, fire to warm not to destroy, therefore God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures, is to say that happiness consists in eating, warmth, &c., and to attach an importance and duration to these transitory aids, which neither Scripture nor experience warrants us in doing.

At the same time let me not be misunderstood. I accept most heartily as an important truth the principle which underlies Paley's rule; that every right action does tend entirely to the good of mankind; that everything evil, however apparently beneficial, does do harm of which we can estimate neither the consequences nor the influence; further, admitting this, I see no reason why we should not determine the morality of an action by its consequences, if we possessed a faculty by which we could judge them. But the truth is, we have no such faculty; as will be at once evident, if we consider not only how various are the influences at work upon us, and how different are their effects upon different minds, but also that all things really work for good in the world, the effect of evil being checked by that of good; and that the immediate consequences of many right actions are apparently evil, and the remote consequences of evil ones good. How, for instance, could we, on strictly Utilitarian principles, condemn Jacob's deceit or the sin of Joseph's brethren? How could we so distinguish the actual consequences of any action in the world's history, as to decide with certainty whether it has been on the whole productive of happiness or unhappiness?

It is then because the introduction of the word happiness so narrows the truth in it as to render it false, that I cannot accept Paley's criterion as a moral guide, and it is because we

are not able to determine whether *an action will be expedient on the whole, at the long run, in all its effects collateral and remote, as well as in those which are immediate and direct*, that I believe the rule, however interpreted, to be utterly useless and unsafe.

This last difficulty, arising from the limitation of our faculties, Paley himself seems to have in part perceived; for he bases the obligation of particular duties not upon the general principle of utility, but upon certain general rules deduced from it; and it is to these that he refers those actions which are morally wrong but apparently expedient, thus evading all difficulties that a too consistent adherence to his principle might lead him into. But these general rules themselves rest upon no secure foundation, for the truth of them really depends upon that of two propositions which Paley does not prove, and which do not appear to be universally true, viz. that similar consequences follow similar actions, and that an action, which if generally permitted would be inexpedient, must necessarily be so in any individual instance. Indeed, he does not himself appear to have been quite satisfied of the universality of his test, for he qualifies it by saying, that 'it 'is for *the most part* a salutary caution not to violate a general 'rule for the sake of any particular good consequence we may 'expect, the advantage *seldom* compensating for the violation 'of the rule.' But who is to decide what are the cases to which his principle does not apply, or what principle is then to take its place are questions he omits to answer. And yet this is called Philosophy, and this a treatise which, if not theoretically perfect, may yet be relied upon as a practical guide.

If any reader should still be in doubt about the truth of the principles I have been examining, let him apply one simple but practical test, and he can scarcely fail to be convinced. Let him conceive a man educated from his earliest childhood on the principles of Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy. Suppose him taught that self-interest has been the motive to every virtuous, every apparently self-denying action that has ever been performed, and to explain the admiration for such actions by the same reference to Self; suppose him taught, as soon as he begins to experience the power of human passion and the presence of an individual will, that pleasures differ in nothing but in their intensity and continuance; that private happiness is to be the motive to his every action, its effect on the happiness of mankind the rule; in other words, that, with regard to the motive, he is to consider himself as the centre of the Universe, to which all is to

be referred: with regard to the rule, as a mere unit in a great scheme, which has for its object the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and then let the reader judge whether one so educated is likely to come very near to the New Testament standard of a perfect Man, to fulfil in purity and holiness and justice, the duties of a son, brother, citizen, husband, and father; and whether the conviction, that sensual pleasures endure but for a time and, if too much indulged in, cease to gratify, will keep him from sin, as surely as a belief, that man has a conscience, whose dictates he is bound to heed.

One word, before I conclude, on the general object of this paper. The absence of any statement of positive principles will I am afraid be an objection to many. And certainly it would have been more satisfactory, at least to the writer, to have first laid down sound principles, and then to have shown Paley's inconsistency with them. But this was not what I proposed, which was far more to gather up and express the thoughts which would suggest themselves to every careful student of Paley, who does not separate the recollections of his childhood, and the lessons he was then taught, from the studies of his manhood; who has learnt to love and reverence the great men of the past; and who, while admitting the fact of man's fall, has learnt, whether from books, from reflection, or from experience, that we are not all evil, not wholly given up to Self—to do this, far more than to lay down principles, which few perhaps would care to read, and still fewer agree with.

PHASELUS ILLE.

I.

Aquatic Muse, cheer up, girl, come!
What *is* the use of looking glum?
What though last year without avail,
Thou bad'st our gallant crew, All hail!
Shrinkest thou still at thoughts of that,
And dread of wily Ouseburn Mat?
Thy goose is not yet cook'd, my jewel,
Though all Newcastle pile the fuel:
So, come—a cheerful brow display,
For now another crew demands another lay.

II.

Pearson is studying morals—
Snow's got his *fibula* broke—
Both of them rest on their laurels,—
Whom shall we have for a stroke?

Over the water to Magdalene!
Rowers are there in infinity:
Men, who without any dawdling,
Migrated thither from Trinity.

III.

If Oxford's a lion, as some people say,
We've found here a JACKAL to show him the way;
And, to light him along in the rear of our craft,
We've kindly established some gig-lamps abaft.

IV.

Oh! Scotland may boast of her bairns,
Nurtured on Cheviot or Grampian;
But *fairer* than *bairns* of those mountains and cairns,
Is Benjamin Caunt, our big champion.

V.

For the next we've a stalwart young Welshman employ'd,
And without any doubt is our courage *a-Lloy'd*,
Let us hope that the foe, when his energy fails,
Will acknowledge that he is defeated—by *wails*.

VI.

But whom have we got here to row number Five?
'Tis Cambria's last minstrel still up and alive;
For when oar's rapid music grows faster and sharper,
O who is so pleased as our President's HARPER?
And to cleave through the waters their strength so avails,
That our Five and our Six are both "very like *whales*."

VII.

Well, talk of strength, we'll show you even more,
If you inspect our mighty number Four;
He'll lift more weight than any other one can,
Will DUNCAN—
He has the strength of an entire barrack,
Has DARROCH.

VIII.

The next my Muse must look sedate on,
A chaplain from the house of Clayton;
I don't mean from the mart of oysters,
But from old Gonville's sainted cloisters,
Whose energy, with skill directed
To perfect style, should be respected—
I'd like to whip until they blubber,
Those naughty boys who call him LUBBER.

IX.

Next, our SMITH in the fire of his spirits so glowing,
Goes hammer and tongs at the science of rowing:
Yet amidst all his labours, he'll keep his back straighter
Than other more powerful men do,
That's why he's called *Archy*—(you'll need a translator)
"Quasi lucus a non perlucendo."

X.

Would you HAVE ART a noble work to grace,
Of course you'd put it in the foremost place:
So we have done—we've one more reason yet,
That first of all rows Lady Margaret.

But here peeps private spirit out,
Which should at once give place:
A public work we set about—
A public foe we face.

So should our crew be in one tether
Yoked by the goddess Pax,
That all their hearts may swing together,
As well as all their backs.

Aye! so we are in one accord,
No cares intestine cark us:
We know no harsh or angry word,
No *railing* besides *Barker's*.

XI.

Now, Miss Muse, moralizing is all very fine,
But pray let me tell you 'tis not in your line:
No wonder that thus you've been tacking and veering,
For all through your course you've had nobody steering.
Now there's one little maxim I'd have you to know,
Since without it you'll be at a loss,—
"Train up a CREEPER the way he should go,
"And he'll never depart from his course."

THEOGNIS.

ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF CERTAIN WORDS IN ENGLISH.

IN the last number of *The Eagle*, there appeared an article signed "W," in which the author endeavoured to show that words such as 'eager,' 'reason,' &c. were formerly pronounced *aiger*, *rason*, &c. One of the passages adduced in support of this theory, was—

> With juice of cursed Hebenon in a viol,
> Which . . . . doth posset
> And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
> The thin and wholesome blood.

"W" proposes to adopt the folio reading *aygre*, instead of eager. His view is that the unusual word *aygre* (sour) has been confounded by some careless hearer with the more usual word *eager*, which then had the same pronunciation, and that the error has thus crept into the text; and he asserts that on this hypothesis alone can the quarto reading be explained. He seems to have been unaware that *aigre* and *eager* are the same word. The derivation of this word is the French 'aigre,' which has the meanings—sour, sharp, quick, impetuous. The root of this word, the Latin *acer*, and the Greek ὀξύς, though not etymologically connected, have both the same range of meanings. The word *eager*, therefore, in the above passage is easily intelligible as meaning *sour*, without resorting to the hypothesis of a distinct word *aigre*.*

* Compare

> It is a nipping and an eager air.—Act. I. sc. IV.

Here the word *eager* must have the meaning *piercing, sharp*, &c.

With W's opinion that the diphthong *ea* was formerly pronounced as *a*, and not *e*, I am inclined to agree. And it is extremely probable at first sight that such should be the case, when we recollect that most of these words are derived from the French, in which language the corresponding words have that pronunciation. Instances of this are—reason (Eng.), *raison* (Fr.), season, *saison*; eagle, *aigle*; eager, *aigre*; meagre, *maigre*; clear, *clair*; pleasure, *plaisir*; ease, *aise*, &c.

It seems likely that these words, on their first introduction into the English language, should retain their French pronunciation. It would also be most naturally thought that they would likewise retain their French spelling: and then there would appear to be no obvious reason why the pronunciation should not remain as in French. I venture however to propose a theory to account for this change of pronunciation.

The vowel *e* has in French the sound of the English *a*. Now if it can be made to appear that in early French these words were spelt with *e* instead of *ai*, and that they retained this spelling when first introduced into English, we see at once a very obvious cause of their retaining at first the French sound of *e*, and of their afterwards losing it for the English sound of this letter.

I proceed to adduce passages from an early English and from an early French author in support of this theory. The English author I have chosen is Chaucer, and, as Norman-French was for some time after the Conquest in common use among the higher classes in this country, I have selected as the source of my French quotations, "Le "Roman de Rou et des ducs de Normandie," a Norman poem, written in the early part of the 12th century.

The following passages are from the "Roman de Rou":—

> Richart fu bien guardé une lunge sezon. 3081

Here we have *sezon* for *saison* (season). We also find *méson* for *maison*, a word of precisely the same form; as in—

> Quant Osmont vit li gards de la méson torner. 3160

Again,

> En Dex me fi, 12654
> Kar il fet d'el tot son pleisir,
> E ço k' il velt fet avenir.

Here *pleisir* is for *plaisir* (pleasure). We also notice *fet* for *fait*. In Norman-French *ai* is replaced by *e* in all the tenses of the verb *faire*. The participle *fait*, in

Norman-French *fet*, is the origin of the English word *feat*.*

N'ose issir de la vile par cler ne par oscur. 3049

Here *cler* is for *clair*, clear.

Mez fièble sui, mal maint me sent. 618

Here we find *fièble* for *faible*, feeble. Mez also is for *mais*.

Tant jut è tant juna ke mult fu aflébiz. 3134

Here we see *é* for *ai* in *affaibli*, enfeebled.

Many more instances might be brought forward, but it is needless to do so. They are of constant occurrence, while *ai* is but rarely found. It would seem, therefore, that *ai* in French was nearly always replaced by *e* or *ei* in Norman-French.

I now turn to Chaucer. I find—

"And though men dradden never for to die, 15483
Yet see men wel by reson douteles
That idelnesse is rote of slogardie."

"Of Sapience, and for hire thewes clere." 16569

"And plesant was his absolution. 222
He was an esy man to give penance."

"Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne hevinesse 8308
In all the lond, that she ne coude appese
And wisely bring hem all in hertes ese."—
Canterbury Tales.

"Bread 216
Kneden with eisell,† strong and egre,
And thereto she was leane and megre."—
Romaunt of the Rose.

"Of this rote also springeth a seed of grace, which seed is moder of sikernesse,‡ and this seed is eger and hote."—
Persones Tale.

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* *Fet* (plural *fez*) frequently occurs in the sense of *feat*, for instance,

Ki firent livres è escriz
Des nobles fez è des bons diz.....
Roman de Rou. 11.

We find in Chaucer *fete*, in the sense of *work*, a word evidently derived from *fait* or *fet*, as in

"Not only this Grisildis thurgh here wit
Coude all the fete of wifly homlinesse. &c."—
Canterbury Tales. 8304

† Eisell, *vinegar.*
‡ Sikernesse, *security.*

In these passages we have reason, pleasant, easy, eager, meagre, &c., spelt with *e* instead of *ea*.

The above quotations must suffice. I will merely add, as confirming the opinions I have expressed above, that in Norman-French *e* or *ei* is constantly used for *ai*, and not only in words that have passed into English, and that in early English *e* is found in nearly every word in which *ea* is now used, and not merely in words derived from the French.

This fact seems to shew that the *a* was indiscriminately inserted in all such words at some later date.

In conclusion, I will point out one or two points of interest connected with this subject which seem deserving of further enquiry. At what time and for what purpose was the *a* inserted in these words? Had words derived from the Saxon, which are now spelt with *ea*, and were formerly spelt with *e*, the sound of *a*? Is it possible that the *a* was inserted to guide or correct the changing pronunciation? These questions I leave for the present. At some future time I may return to them, or others may be induced to take them up.

"F."

AN IDYL.

LAST Long, when Frank and I were in the South
Beside the Channel, one sweet afternoon
While on a flowery ledge amid the cliffs
We lay, our elbows deep in thyme, and watch'd
The lazy ripple of the summer sea,
I ask'd him, "Tell me now the song you made
That day when on a certain hill you sat,
And read about the 'swallow flying South,'
With many a glance into the vale below."
So I, and urged my plea until at last
I gain'd my point, and smiling, he began.

"O happy, happy brooklet hastening down
From upland fountain to embrace her bower,
O tell her, happy brooklet, if she stay
To cast a glance upon thee, when she sees
Her fair face in thy mirror, say, O say
There is a heart that mirrors her as true;
But tell her that the wing of Time is swift,
O tell her that he passeth by like thee!

"O happy, happy shades, O twinkling leaves
That flutter all about her, as my heart
Flutters when I behold her; happy leaves,
O whisper to her as ye shade her there,
Breaking the ardent sunbeams, say to her,
That life without the shadow of sweet Love
Is dry and weary; tell her Love waits now
To shade her in the shadow of his wings.

"O happy, happy breeze, that from these hills
Blowest, and from green murmur-haunted gloom
Of linden grove and alley to her bower
Bearest sweet odours, haste! about her hair
Flutter and dance, and breathe upon her lips
The kisses that I send by thee, and bring
O bring ere long, far sweeter than thy breath,
Her kisses back again, sweet breeze, to me!"

So Frank; then laughing rose, and led the way
Along the lofty cliffs, whereon we went
With lengthening shadows: gently blew the breeze
O'er the broad bay, and, ere we reach'd the port,
The summer sun went down behind the hills.

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

FEW points connected with education have been the subject of fiercer debate, than the right of the Classics to engross so large a portion as they do of the training of the upper classes. Not to mention the disputes between Humanists and Philanthropists in Germany, and the tirades of French ecclesiastics against the pernicious influence of a heathen literature: we have many signs amongst ourselves, that if Classical Studies are to maintain their old position in this country, they must be defended on more valid grounds than have usually been advanced in their favour. It may be that much of the suspicion with which they are viewed deserves no more attention than a schoolboy's protest against his Latin Grammar, or Euclid, but we can hardly flatter ourselves that this is the case when we find traitors within our camp, editors of Aristotle, decrying Classical education as "the last idol of the Middle Classes,"* and when an authority like the Master of Trinity asserts, that the tendency of merely Classical Study is to make the student irrational.† In these circumstances it is no longer safe for us to put our trust in a blind conservatism or in any of that vague declamation about cultivation of taste which forms the common place upon the subject. Nay, even supposing that the strong and growing feeling entertained by influential classes in this country against Classical education, had been nothing but unreasoning prejudice; it would still have been the duty of every man who believed in their utility to do his best to clear away misconceptions to which they might be liable. But there are certain grounds of the feelings to which I allude, which I believe to be

* Congreve's Edition of Aristotle's Politics, p. ix.
† Of a Liberal Education, p. 107, 2nd Edn.

represented with tolerable fairness in the following statement.

Classical education is an heir-loom from times when the knowledge of facts and of laws was less extended and less profound than it was even amongst the Ancients; but we have now a far greater accumulation of facts, and these have been far better classified and explained by the application of inductive methods of which they were ignorant. The Teutonic and Christian elements of our modern civilization have so modified the nature of society and man's view of his own position, that the maxims and wisdom of a previous period are now of little value: they are the fruits of the childhood of the world compared with those of its ripe manhood. And again, how can a medley of unconnected bits of knowledge ever vie as an educational instrument with a science which is built up by a continuous train of reasoning, and enforces long attention and concentration of thought? Or viewing the question in a more special light, why study the sign rather than the thing signified; the laws of human speech rather than the laws of the Moral and Physical universe? A knowledge of the former may gratify curiosity, but knowledge of the latter has given man whatever dominion he possesses over himself and over nature.

Without attempting any direct answer to these objections, I hope I may be able to shew in the course of my observations, that a knowledge of Classics does really demand a very thorough acquaintance with logical method and with the laws of the human mind, and that it also leads up to and embraces in itself all subjects of the deepest human interest.

The primary tangible result of Classical training, as shewn in a Cambridge first-class man, is a power of turning English into Latin and Greek, prose and verse, of a particular style; and again, of translating into English, Latin and Greek authors of a particular period, together with a sufficient knowledge of the life and history of these nations to explain any allusions which may occur in such authors. That this requires memory, accuracy, and a certain command of language all will allow; what more is required in those who attain the highest standard, or rather what is contained in the pattern of the scholar which all aim at so far as they are scholars at all, and which each approaches more nearly as he is more worthy of the name, I shall now do my best to explain.

The root and foundation of our scholarship is a knowledge of the laws of language; this which has been thrown in our teeth by adversaries, appears to me its most admirable characteristic; this gives to us what is perhaps wanting elsewhere, a firm basis on which to rest our more general criticism: it is as it were the fixed centre from which we may sweep the whole field of thought. Written speech is the immediate object upon which we have to operate. In order to understand this, we have to investigate a twofold symbolism; that of letters standing for sound, that of sound standing for thought. Omitting the consideration of the first, though it embraces many highly interesting problems, historical and philosophical, as may be seen from Dr. Donaldson's New Cratylus, or Professor Max Müller's treatise on a Missionary Alphabet; I confine my attention to the second symbolism, of sound standing for thought. Here as in all partially inductive sciences, we come upon a mass of facts suggesting infinite problems: our science has to find a reason for the former and an answer to the latter. We may pursue a double method: starting with the definition "Language is the expression of that which "passes in the mind by means of the organs of speech;" we may go on to examine these organs, classify the sounds which they are capable of producing, and thus obtain our physiological data for a scheme of language *a priori;* we have an arrangement that is of all possible articulate sounds exhibiting their natural resemblances or differences. Similarly we may obtain our psychological data; we classify the objects and the modes of thought, and determine the laws by which one thought suggests another. Nor is this all which the student of language borrows from the sciences of psychology and physiology. He learns from them what are the natural accompaniments of the normal state of the typical man, but he also learns how these may be modified by circumstances. The organs of speech are liable to various affections, each of which has a tendency to deflect language from its primitive standard. Similarly and to a far greater extent the mental faculties are liable to be stunted or perverted under unfavourable conditions.

So far the workings of mind and body are considered separately, but supposing our classification of sounds and thoughts to be each in itself complete, how are we to bring the two into connection? Why is any sound tied to one mental act rather than to another? To a certain extent we may here also employ the *a priori* argument. Since man is to use speech as a token

common to himself and to others, when he wishes to recall any object to another by speech, he must employ some sound which is associated with that object in the mind of each; *e.g.* the exclamation which nature forces from both at the presence of the object, or imitative words ("onomatopœias" as they are called) such as the word cuckoo to recall the bird which produces that sound. And this principle of natural association operates very widely; sound imitates sound, but sound of a certain quality may also imitate in a more subtle manner anything which possesses that quality in a marked degree. And the greater ease or difficulty in pronunciation as well as the actual quality of the sound produced, may cause a sound to stand for a corresponding attribute. Here however it is still more evident than in the two former cases (where the physiological and psychological data were considered separately) that the extreme complexity of the causes at work, prevents our arriving at any results which shall agree with the facts by this deductive method. We must have recourse therefore to the second process alluded to above.

Taking any book, we find it made up of sentences of various kinds, but with certain uniformities running through them all. We are able to distinguish certain classes of words according to their formal uses; and we discover certain laws which govern the combinations and orders of these "parts of speech." Further we may frequently trace these laws to psychological principles, and so fasten them to the results already obtained by the deductive process, in one consistent scheme. Supposing now we turn to any other language, we shall find our principal laws still holding good, but many of the subordinate are broken through, others being substituted in their place, for which we have again to account. We are thus led inductively to the belief in one universal syntax, the natural product of the human mind, which has undergone various modifications, as that mind has passed from its normal state under the various influences of education. And this department of our science will be complete when not only the universal but each particular syntax shall have been traced back to its origin in human nature.

But induction has more than this to do. We find each language to be made up of groups of words, each group consisting of modifications of a certain sound and a certain thought; we get down to the simplest form both of the sound and of the thought which have appeared thus variously modified, and we attach the one to the other, styling it the crude-form or base. Again, observing these constant

forms, we are able to arrange them into fresh groups from which we may obtain a still more highly generalized form, (which we style a root) and repeating the same process in other languages, we may compare our results together, and thus discover manifold tokens of what we had been led to expect on *a priori* ground, that all present varieties of language are merely deflexions from an original utterance which was common to all men. To complete this branch of our science we require not only a reconstruction of that original language, with an understanding of the reason why each sound was attached to each thought; but we must be able to explain upon physiological or psychological grounds how this original language was changed in each case.

So far we have been engaged with the discussion of syntax and etymology, the former comprising the rational or logical and the passionate or rhetorical* arrangement of words, the latter involving a knowledge of roots and inflexions. There remains still a third division of our subject, dealing not with the laws which regulate the combinations of words, nor the laws which regulate the modifications of separate words; but with the laws according to which the objects of thought have been particularized or generalized in separate words. Not that it is possible in fact to divide the two last. It is frequently necessary to know the meaning in order to be satisfied that certain sounds are historically allied, as it is necessary to know what are the allied sounds before we can feel sure that we have the central meaning of any word. But the problem of this third or lexicographical part of the science is the appropriation of thought by speech. It must teach us how far the significations of words in the same or different languages coincide with one another and with the truth. And this branch will only be complete when we have an exact knowledge of the history of each word as well as of the relation which it bears to the synonyms in its own or in foreign languages; and the causes of these must be shown from the nature of the mind and the influences by which it has been affected.

I have thus endeavoured to represent as shortly as I was able, the method of reasoning which must be employed in order to acquire that knowledge of language which lies

* To this division (corresponding to what is sometimes called ornamental syntax) we should assign prosody which treats of the rhythms of verse.

at the base of Classical Scholarship. It may be objected that the view here taken of the science of language is imaginary, or that it is at any rate very different from that to which we are accustomed in Cambridge. I answer that it is not imaginary in any other sense than the science of Geology is so. It is a progressive science advancing towards the goal which I have ventured to describe. Possibly our data or our faculties are not sufficient to admit of that goal ever being attained, but there can be no doubt that we may approach infinitely nearer to it than we are at present, and it is well to look forward to it when we are inclined to rest contented with what we have already done. The second objection may be partially granted. A Cambridge first-class man need not consciously have made use of these inductive and deductive methods of reasoning; but it was by these that a Buttmann and a Hermann were enabled to substitute principles for rules, and when the scholar reads such a note as that of the latter on πρὶν followed by the subjunctive, he is really learning to connect facts with psychological laws. We must confess however, [nor will this weaken the argument in favour of Classical education generally] that language has not been studied here as systematically as it should have been. We develope a certain instinctive knowledge of Greek and Latin syntax, a certain instinctive subtlety with regard to the use of words, and we burden the memory with some hundred derivations which are sufficiently ascertained and not too easy to be asked in examinations. But might not all this be done in a more scientific manner? Might there not be a more systematic reference of the syntactical rules of the two languages to the laws of universal syntax? Might we not require, not merely that words should be used correctly, but that their agreements and differences should be accurately estimated and explained? Not merely that the particular derivation should be right, but that it should be referred back to general laws of derivation? We should not then have to blush for the absurdities which have never ceased to be put forward on this subject even by sound scholars: absurdities, owing to which a science which is at least as surely based and as interesting as geology, working out the same kind of palæological problems, has come to be regarded by many as mere ingenious quibbling. It is not perhaps to be desired that men should meddle much with Sanscrit or Comparative Philology before they take their degree, but surely it is most desirable that they should

take a general interest in the subject and look forward to it as an important field in which they may themselves hereafter become workers. For this is the fault to which I would chiefly draw attention. Scholars are willing to look upon their own science in the same confined way as their opponents, and many seem scarcely aware of the enormous unexplored territory lying before us, for the conquest of which we are specially furnished and equipt, and which we have no right to relinquish to foreigners on the convenient plea that practical life is the province of Englishmen. Practical life often means nothing more than mental indolence, and we are disloyal to our College and University if we allow this to creep over us without a struggle.

I leave for another paper the consideration of the *matter*, as opposed to the *language* of Classical authors. There is only one more point upon which it seems natural to touch here, and that is the history of the science of language. We have histories of Astronomy, of Mathematics, of Geology, of Medicine; but I know of no book in English which traces the progress of Grammar from its early dawn in Plato up to the present time. Yet there can be no doubt that an acquaintance with the chief theories which have been held with regard to points of syntax or etymology, might be very useful as a guide or a warning to present students, and that the remembrance of successes gradually achieved by former labourers might afford great encouragement to those upon whom the responsibility of knowledge has now devolved.

JOSEPH B. MAYOR.

NOTE ON THE ORIGIN OF THE QUARTO EDITIONS OF OTHELLO.

Some by Stenography drew
The Plot, put in it Print, scarce one Word true.—
THOS. HEYWOOD.

THE
TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO THE MOORE OF VENICE.

As it hath been diuerse times acted at the Globe, and at the Blackfriers, by his Maiesties Servants.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

This is the title of the first edition of Othello: it appeared in 1622, in small 4to. The lower part of the title page is torn away in the copy of the British Museum (644, c. 33). The following address, on the next page, is worthy of being transcribed entire.

The Stationer to the Reader.

To set forth a booke without an Epistle were like to the old English Prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, and the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee. To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend without intreaty; and I am the bolder because the Author's name is sufficient to vent the worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement; I have ventered to print this Play, and leave it to the generall censure.

Yours,
Thomas Walkley.

THERE were separate editions of several of the plays in Shakspeare's lifetime, but whence they were obtained has been a puzzling problem. The first great edition of Shakspeare was published in folio, by two of his brother actors, in 1623, and allusion is made in the preface to the "diuerse,

"stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by "the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors." If there were any external evidence to decide the question of the origin, we may be certain that it would not have escaped the researches of Mr. J. O. Halliwell and others; it remains therefore that the separate plays be examined with a view to this point alone, to see whether internal evidence can be obtained which may throw some light on the subject. It must be understood that what is true of one Quarto need not be true of all, so that what may be inferred from the following notes on Othello cannot be invalidated by arguments drawn from other plays.

The following then is a list of various particulars, consisting of various readings, &c. and notes on the Quarto and Folio Editions above alluded to, and upon the induction from them the whole argument depends. Some may appear trivial, and would be so if they stood alone; and others may seem pressed too far; I have however thought it right to give, where it could be done briefly, the grounds for my conclusions. I wish therefore the reader to observe in these particulars whether he can detect anything characteristic, which may not be attributed to the chance errors of the Copyist or the Printer.

The Quarto does not generally notice any divisions between the scenes, and gives the *exeunt* alone, which is precisely what might be expected, where the scenery is not changed. Again we do not find such notices as *Venice.* A street.—*The same.* *Another* street.—A room in the *Palace.*—A room in the *Castle.*—A *seaport* town in *Cyprus;* obviously because the particulars given by the italics could not easily be gathered from observation, for how could a spectator in the theatre know that it was Cyprus, or a seaport town. (A forest, an open plain, thunder and lightning, and similar directions are occasionally noticed in the Quartos).

We find however certain stage directions expressed much more fully, and in a certain objective manner, if I may be allowed the expression, which points out what struck the eye of the observer rather than what was intended by the poet, and is a strong argument in favour of the hypothesis. I have selected the following instances from Othello (this peculiarity is common to several of the Quartos) which will exemplify my meaning.

Act. 1. Sc. 1. (Folio) Enter Brabantio.
Act. 1. Sc. 1. (Quarto) .....*at a window.*

Act. I. Sc. I. (Folio) Enter Brabantio with Servants and Torches.
Act. I. Sc. I. (Quarto) Enter Barbantio *in his nightgowne*, and Servants with Torches.
Act. I. Sc. II. (Folio)
For the sea's worth. But looke what lights come yond?
Enter Cassio and certain officers with torches.
Act. I. Sc. II. (Quarto)
For the sea's worth. *Enter Cassio with lights, officers, and torches.*
But looke what lights come yonder.
Act. I. Sc. II. (Folio) *Enter Brab. & Rod. with officers and torches.*
Act. I. Sc. II. (Quarto) and others with *lights and weapons.*

I put lights in italics as being the first impression of an eye witness, while torches is a subsequent conclusion so to speak: precisely as a "great water" in the Morte d'Arthur is a more picturesque expression than a 'great lake,' as is noticed by Mr. Brimley in his review of Tennyson's *Poems*, in the Cambridge Essays for 1855.

Again, Act. I. Sc. III. (Folio) Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.
Act. I. Sc. III. (Quarto) Enter Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights and attendants.

The stage directions, it may be observed, in the modern editions of Knight and others, are compounded of the two. This one appears as follows:

The Duke and Senators sitting; Officers attending.

Act. II. Sc. II. (Folio) Enter Othello's herald with a Proclamation.
Act. II. Sc. II. (Quarto) Enter a gentleman reading a Proclamation. The man does not carry a chalked board about him to tell the world that he is Othello's herald, or even a herald at all, so he is simply and courteously recorded as a gentleman.
Act. IV. Sc. I. (Folio) Falls, in a Traunce.
Act. IV. Sc. I. (Quarto) He fals down.

Act. V. Sc. I. Enter Othello *at a distance* is the Folio direction: the words in italics are omitted by the Quarto here, and whereever else they occur in the Folio, a fact of some significance as bearing on the present question.

Some of the remarks on the acting found in the Quarto are not thought worthy of mention in the Folio,* such as that in Act. II. Sc. III.

* There is a very curious mistake in Measure for Measure, Act. II. Sc. III. which has no parallel in Othello, where *enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson* is the Folio stage direction, Jacke Wilson being, as Halliwell tells us, rather a famous character of the day; his name being inadvertently put down instead of the name of the character he was personating.

Iago. Not I for this fair island.—After which supply. *Helpe, helpe within.*
Act. V. Sc. I. Enter Iago *with a light.*
Act. V. Sc. II. *Oth.* Oh! oh! oh! (*Oth.* fals on the bed) which explains Emilia's words—Nay, lay thee down, and roar.

It must be admitted, I think, that these variations in the stage directions alone go far to establish the probability of the hypothesis stated in our last number; viz. that while the Folio is the authorized edition of the plays as they were to be read, and handed down to posterity, the Quarto editions were at least in some cases compiled from notes taken during the acting, with perhaps the assistance of one of the incomplete copies used by the actors.

There are some other kinds of variations however which equally confirm our hypothesis, and tend in some cases to prove that one of the actor's copies was made use of. One of the characteristics of the Quarto is that the stage directions are almost always printed a line or two before their proper places, where in fact the actors really come on the stage but are concealed by some of the side scenery: occasionally this causes the greatest confusion, it being absolutely necessary for the actors that the characters should be off the stage after the Quarto has said "enter."

For instance, Othello is on the stage during the latter half of Iago's speech in Act. III. Sc. III., and Cassio similarly in Act. IV. Sc. I., and Emilia during the last seven lines of the conversation between Othello and Desdemona in Act. IV. Sc. II. At the end of this scene there is a remarkable instance of confusion arising from the same cause. The scene in the Folio ends with Iago's words, "And you shall be "satisfied," after which *exeunt* and *scœna tertia*, but in the Quarto the passage appears as follows:

The night grows to wast; about it.
Enter Oth. Desd. Lod. Emil. and Attendants.
Rod. I will heare further reason for this.
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Ex. Iago and Rod.*
Lod. I do beseech you....

There is also considerable confusion in Act. V. Sc. II. from the same cause.

Again, notices of the by play are almost universally neglected. There are no *asides*, and very few notices of the action such as that quoted above, *Oth. fals on the bed—he fals down.* For example in Act. II. Sc. III. such notices as *Striking Roderigo—staying him.—They fight.—Aside to*

Roderigo who goes out.—Bell rings—are all omitted. So in Act. III. Sc. III. *Othello puts the handkerchief from him—drops it—Iago snatches it*—are all taken from the Folios. None also of the asides in Act. IV. Sc. I. are noticed which renders the scene quite unintelligible; and the stage directions in Act. V. Sc. I. are nearly all omitted. Some of the passages read thus:

Cas. I will make proof of thine.
Rod. O I am slaine. [*Enter Othello.*
Cas. I am maimed for ever! Help! ho! murther, murther.
Oth. The voice of Cassio.....

Who would guess that it was Iago that wounded Cassio? The following passage is almost equally obscured from the same cause.

Rod. O helpe me here.
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave, O villaine.
Rod. O dambd Iago, O inhumaine dog—o, o, o.
Iago. Kill him i' the dark?

It must however be observed that not all of the stage directions, which appear in the ordinary modern editions, are found in the first folio.

With regard to the various readings properly so called, it would require a very much fuller discussion than would be acceptable in these pages, before any conclusion would have even the semblance of support from them; a great multitude of particulars are before us, and the process of induction would be tedious and uncertain. Nor would it be very satisfactory to select a number of striking instances from several plays. The various readings may be divided for convenience (if any one cares to go over the same ground) into (i) absurd mistakes owing to similarity in sound, such as *Qu.* for *cue*, *Pilate* for *pilot*, both in Othello;* (ii) mistakes

* In the line in Romeo and Juliet, Act. III. Sc. III.

Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks,

Beating was suggested as a reading for bating, and an account of how the mistake may have originated was attempted. It has since been suggested that the meaning is *abating*. Veil my timid blood which has fled from my cheeks, i.e. veil my paleness: which I leave to the general censure, like Thomas Walkley. Steevens explains the passage by saying that bating is a term of falconry for fluttering; but gives no authority. Will some one explain the passage, and give authorities?

in which the passage was imperfectly heard, such as the following in Act V. Sc. II.

(Folio) *Desd.* What my lord?
Oth. That he hath used thee.
Desd. How? unlawfully.
(Quarto) *Oth.* Thar he hath.....vds death.....

(iii) The substitution of common for rarer words, even when the mistake is not rendered easy by similarity of sound.

Thus 'must be be-lee'd' appear as must be led; 'does tire the ingener,' as 'does beare all excellency,' 'relume,' as returne.

(iv) Such changes as 'God bu'y' for 'God be with you,' which is the Folio reading in Act I. Sc. III., in defiance of metre, while the Quarto follows the sound.

And (v) Various readings which do not seem to countenance any hypothesis, or the reverse, such as Act II. Sc. I. "Every minute is expectancy of more arrivance," where the Folio reads most unmusically *arrivancy*.

Thus 'doffts' is the Quarto reading for '*dafts*' in Act IV. Sc. II., and seems clearer. There are some changes too in the persons who speak particular lines. In the following instance the Quarto has, I think, the superior reading though it has not generally been adopted. Act III. Sc. III.

(Folio) *Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion,
Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dreame.

In the Quarto the last line is spoken by Iago.* This part of the note must be acknowledged to be unsatisfactory; but as it could not be rendered so in reasonable compass,

* Errors of this nature may easily be accounted for; and hence even conjectural emendations are here admissible. The following has been suggested and seems worthy of attention.

Oth. Act IV. Sc. I.

The ordinary reading gives the following speech to Cassio on Bianca's entrance. "'Tis such another fitchew! marry a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?"

A little consideration will shew that Cassio could not say this, for it was Bianca herself that he had been speaking of. Nor could Iago, for the same reason: but give the words, "'Tis such another fitchew! marry a perfumed one," to Othello, and the meaning comes out clearly enough. He thought they had been speaking of Desdemona; and his indignation and contempt breaks out at the sight of Bianca, tricked out in her finery.

our readers will, we hope, say with Othello, "'Tis better as it is." Nor would it be possible to communicate to others by a simple list of particulars, that degree of conviction which attends on the comparison of the books themselves: it is as in physical science, he who hits upon a law, and proceeds to a variety of experiments to test it by, attains to a moral certainty of its truth which his pages of demonstration and assertion can never force upon his readers. So that if these curiosities only interest the reader for the moment, but fail to excite him to extend the investigation; and if these conclusions can give amusement, but cannot demand assent, there is no cause for surprise; nor shall I on that account think that the few hours were thrown away which were spent on this note in the luxurious reading-room of the British Museum.

"W."

TAKING HEART.

We rowed together when the dusk
  Was falling on the river-tide,
A river in a fenny land,
  And marshy reeds beside:

And shadows of the pollard ash
  Fell o'er us as we glided on,
And silence like a mother took
  The spirit of each one.

The dashing of the measured oar
  Made music in the fading light,
And had an earnest symboling
  That girded us with might.

It spake as it were one of us,
  With thrilling voice—though seeming weak,
And so took echo in our hearts
  As if ourselves did speak.

It said, "Oh, brothers, in a life
  Of struggle that awaiteth us;
That cometh on our boyhood time
  Like as this twilight close;

"That maketh all things dim to us,
  And but regrets, that were our joys;
That sayeth, brace your spirit up
  To be no more a boy's:—

"Oh, brother, brother men," it said,
  "May hearts and hands together go;
So better shall we do the right,
  So better bear the woe."

We rested on our oars awhile,
  The water-ripple died away,
We looked:—one solitary star
  Was throbbing in the gray.

We listened in a quiet trance:
  There was no sound of anything,
Save in the reeds a very light
  And gentle whispering.

Until at length, ah, beautiful!
  Came to us from a village by,
Came to us on a chilly wind
  A chimèd melody.

A melancholy vesper chime;
  So very sweet, so very sad;
And such a lullèd lingering
  Of mellow sound it had!

A second time, and once again,
  Upon the twilight did it pass;
Then like a feather seemed to fall,
  And settle on the grass.

And such a touch of childish things
  And thoughts came with it over us;
And visions of each fading flower
  That in the child-wood grows;

So many dreams we cherished once,
  And wove into a strange romance,
Of beauty and of fairy lands,
  And love and dalliance.

So many thoughts, so many things,
  To us who thought of manhood's will;
No marvel that a shadow fell
  Upon our spirits still.

How many white hands beckoning
  Far off, did seem to call us back!
How many clouds lay gathered thick
  About the onward track!

Even a moment lingered we,
  In sorrow for the days of yore,
In moodiness and much regret,
  A moment, and no more.

Then with a sudden grasp we took
  The waiting oar, "how dark the night!"
So "ready, all," so "pull on all,"
  "God grant we steer aright."

"S."

A FEW MORE WORDS ON "THE EAGLE."

Mr. Editor,

I propose to address to you a few remarks by way of appendix to the introductory paper which appeared in your first number. I am induced to do so, at the risk of being called presumptuous for encroaching uninvited on the editorial province, because I have heard many complain, that that paper does not set forth with sufficient prominence the advantages they hoped would result from the establishment of a Johnian Magazine, and does not contain any reference to the necessary conditions for securing them.

The influence such a Periodical as the present is likely to exercise upon our composition, upon our power of expressing accurately what we wish to say, is sufficiently obvious, and much has already been said concerning it; but is facility in writing the only advantage to be gained from it? is it even, taken by itself, an advantage at all? Certainly not—and if it did not seem probable that the evil of appearing in print at so early an age would be balanced by many more solid advantages, I for one certainly would not have subscribed to it, or in any way endeavoured to support it. There is a tendency in all to read superficially, to consider in the light of a relaxation everything that does not bear directly upon their special work, and to estimate the amount gained by the amount read. This tendency the "Eagle" will, I believe, to some extent counteract; for every one who writes for it must, whether he has done so before or not, read carefully, slowly, thoughtfully, in order that what he writes may be worth reading. When then we consider to how limited an extent Literature, History and the Sciences of Mind are recognized objects of study among us, the Junior Members of this University, I cannot but hope and believe that our Magazine may thus exercise an influence of which we cannot well calculate the advantages to be reaped in future years. If, from a desire to write for it, any Undergraduate is induced to read thoroughly even one great work, I am sure that to him the "Eagle" will have been a very good friend.

Further—the subjects discussed in its pages will naturally be again discussed in Hall, in our rooms, in our walks; and

the papers will in this way be submitted to a franker but at the same time a kinder criticism than we are ever likely to meet with hereafter. Many will thus have errors pointed out to them, whether in style or speculative tendencies, which, if allowed to grow up unheeded, could not perhaps in later years be rooted out, but which they will now, when detected in their very germ, be able to guard against and avoid. Neither need these benefits end with those who write. The critics, as well as the authors, cannot fail to gain much from the discussion and probing of principles which must inevitably arise; even though the amount of information conveyed should not be very great.

Again—there is a tendency among us—I appeal to the experience of any Undergraduate—to attach a disproportionate value to the material advantages which result from study; to look upon Learning, not as better than House and Land, but as the means for obtaining them. I can conceive no temptation more dangerous than this, no feeling which is so opposed to all healthy working, and which, if not struggled against, will so effectually tend to destroy the benefit derivable from College life and three years of hearty study; in a word, no principle which we, as Students and future professional men, are so peculiarly called upon to protest against as this, involving as it does the love of money, the besetting sin of the age. May not the "Eagle" greatly assist us in resisting this, may it not serve to remind us that there are other problems besides those of Mathematics, and that while we must not neglect the studies which our Alma Mater has enjoined as the best foundation for higher ones, neither must we forget that in a few years we shall be working as Clergymen, Teachers, Lawyers, &c., and that we cannot afford to spend all our Student life in laying the foundation, lest the Winter should set in before the edifice can be raised upon it.

But this is not all—The Magazine is not purely an Undergraduate one. It is to be supported by Members of St. John's College; an extension which will, I hope, in many ways increase its efficiency and beneficial influence.

I have heard it remarked by many, that there has been a perceptible increase of unity among Johnians during the last few years, that the sharper boundaries of sets, schools, and years appear to be gradually disappearing. I hope that in this direction also the "Eagle" may be an instrument of good among us, that it may be the common ground on which all may meet as Fellow-workers, Fellow-Johnians, and that it

may draw together many who would otherwise perhaps in our large Society be widely separated. I see no reason why any member of St. John's College should consider himself exempted from an occasional contribution to its pages. I know not why "the Social Theorist at the bar, old So and "So of the Indian service, or our poetic friend at his curacy "in Yorkshire," should not for at least two or three years after Degree-Day send us papers on their new experiences or new reading, as much as the resident Fellows and Undergraduates of our Society.

"But my good fellow," whispers a kind friend, who tries to be a well-wisher; "These visions have been seen before, "this is not the first Magazine that has been started by Un- "dergraduates, others have been as sanguine as you are, and "as they were disappointed, so also, I fear, will you."

This fear, I admit, is not wholly without foundation. There have been, it is true, Magazines enough professing to be University ones; they failed because they were not what they pretended to be, because they were Universal, and not University. They possessed no characteristics which could distinguish them as University Magazines, they could in no sense be said to represent the Members of the University; in fact they were started by a clique, and died with the clique.

Such is not the case with the present. It is essentially a College, a Johnian Magazine; this is its characteristic feature; from Johnians alone will contributions be received; Johnians alone have you asked to subscribe. You will of course be pleased to receive any one as a subscriber—it is no hole and corner concern—but as Editors you have done nothing to advertise it or extend it beyond the walls of the College. It appeals therefore to a limited number; it competes with nothing; it stands on its own peculiar footing.

Again—it was not started by a clique, its present Editors do not form a clique; and, if I understand rightly, you are now making arrangements to prevent, as far as you can, its ever being managed by a clique.

And now, before I conclude, let me add a word or two on the subjects to be treated of in your pages. For the purpose of illustration you will perhaps excuse me if I refer to the first number. I have heard it complained in one quarter that that number was too light, in another that it was too heavy. I have rejoiced to think that general criticism of this kind you could not heed, that you could not attempt to remedy one without increasing the other objection. I

have also heard it said, that the subjects were unsuitable to the youthful pens which handled them. I am rejoiced to know that you cannot remedy this, that any attempt to dictate to the contributors must inevitably be unsuccessful.

Let us however examine it more in detail. The writer of the paper on Art discusses a problem which he expressly states to be a practical one, one which forced itself on his attention in the course of his studies, one which he felt obliged to solve. In the second paper, Paley's Moral Philosophy is examined because it is a *College* subject. The Third is a narration of School experiences. The article on Shakspere Societies expresses the desire of a Student to find out the real meaning, the advantages and mode of working of a Society to which he himself belongs, and of which there are many around him. The suitability of the next no one will question. The two notes are the result, the one of careful reading, the other of the Library. I cannot imagine any set of Articles which could better illustrate what I wish to say, or form a better commentary on the advice in the Introductory article, that the writers must first be interested themselves before they can interest their readers. A publisher, I can well suppose, would call them unsuitable—not "taking" subjects; one too, who would make the fact that it is Johnian subservient to its being a Periodical, might regret the special nature of some of the papers. I cannot agree with either—and I believe that if every contributor will write naturally on subjects that arise naturally, will write without bombast or affectation of any kind on what he has seen, heard, done, read or thought, the Eagle will be productive of unmixed good. And if the result is in some cases that the articles are not to subscribers of the most attractive nature, they will feel, I am sure, with non-rowing members of the Boat-Clubs, that they are supporting a beneficial institution at a very small expense to themselves, that they are doing their best to make College life as real and valuable to all as it can be.

With best wishes then for your success, with the hope that the "Eagle" may do all that I have ventured to anticipate, that it may help to make us enter more thoroughly into the Spirit of St. John's, to realize more vividly than we have hitherto done, that we are Members of a Society, and that it may help to knit us more closely together as Brother Scholars,

I am, Mr. Editor,

With unfeigned respect,

A JOHNIAN.

SKETCHES OF ALCESTER, BY AN OLD ALCESTRIAN.

THE writer of these pages has been accused, in many quarters, of sketching Alcester exclusively from his own school-days at Shrewsbury. This he begs entirely to disclaim; and any old Salopian, who takes the trouble to look at these outlines, will bear him witness, when he assures the reader that there is but very little detail which can be twisted into a reminiscence at all, that the School is perfectly Utopian, and its refined institutions absolutely imaginary.

III.

I question if there ever was a darker room than that old Hall at Alcester; the window-tax must have pressed heavily on the nation in the days of its Royal founder, or surely the architect would have allowed more than two of those charming mullioned casements to enlighten such a long, low structure of panels and beams. In vain had the walls been painted a dazzling white, just picked out with a line of brown where they joined the trebly whitewashed ceiling; the question of "finding the way to one's mouth," still remained an abstruse problem, especially of a winter afternoon. All around there was plenty of amateur carving, where the grain of the oak peeped out from the layers of paint, and many a name had been there inscribed in days long past, which has since found a place in the annals of Britain, or stands under "storied "urn and animated bust" beneath the fretted roof of Westminster: warrior, statesman, and poet have passed to their long repose, but the letters they traced in their boyhood have a still imperishable existence, though the eyes that gazed on them have closed, and the hands that formed them are cold: such thoughts must ever have recurred to the moralist as often as his glance has rested on the memorial walls of our Public Schools, fostering nurses as they have ever been of all that is good and great in England, old or young.

These reflections seldom troubled our friends the prætors as they took their seats at table. Despite its three hundred years (and the Alcester tercentenary had been celebrated some little time before our sketches commence) yet the School

was essentially a modern one as far as regarded the refinements or quasi-refinements of social life. They had bid a long farewell to the steel forks, and delf, and coarse table cloths, and general 'Black-Monday' institutions of their ancestors of fifty years ago, and the Head-Master, holding the opinion that those who lived like Hottentots would imbibe such a tone of scholarship and manners as might exist in South Africa, had given every facility in his own house to enable the boys to live like gentlemen: and here the Sketcher taketh occasion to marvel wherefore our forefathers considered "discomfort" so essential an element of School discipline, and yet more wherefore there is still somewhat of such barbarism lingering on in certain of modern public Schools. Considering the average expense of a boy's education, it would be unworthy to suppose that the roughness of his training is based on principles of economy; it must be therefore with a view to his improvement, whether physical, mental or moral. As far as physical advantage goes, it is true that some will derive much benefit and others but little harm; young constitutions as a rule are pretty tough and can stand a good deal of atmosphere, chilly or close, bare, dusty boards, draughts that ventilate not, food that is almost coarse in its plainness—what need to continue a grumbler's catalogue? Many, nay most, will thrive under these circumstances, like plants that only flourish with a northerly aspect, and a good deal of nonsense will be taken out of them thereby, whatever amount of coarseness be superadded. But how is it we hear of not a few who are "too delicate to go to school," and must therefore be nurtured at home under the auspices of a private tutor. Advantages of the former would surely not be thrown away for any trifling scruple; why then should the mode of life be such as to be absolutely dangerous to a weak constitution?

True mental and moral improvement are of course closely connected, and how either of these are to be promoted by what is technically termed "roughing it" is another problem. "A certain savage freedom of life is more conducive to "philosophy," says a pleasant author of the day:* little indeed the *philosophy* which a school-boy has to do with; this is rather too exalted a view to take of our subject.

Again, there is an attractive romance in the idea of genius triumphing over worldly discomforts, and who could not gaze

* James Hannay in his charming novel "Singleton Fontenoy."

for hours on that marvellous picture of the immortal Chatterton, destined to win his laurel at last, though alas! the light be fallen in its socket and the flower cankered in the bud? Here again the flight of imagination is too high, the genius' of which we treat are too much in the nascent state to admit of the comparison. It takes but little to distract a school-boy from his reading, and drive him into the open air wherein he revels; in doors he finds everything distasteful, his book peculiarly so, and he leaves it accordingly for as long as he can safely manage. Perhaps, however, he is high in the school, and too conscientious or too ambitious to do so: he "sticks to it" and succeeds, but he succeeds *in spite* of obstacles. Would not a little more actual comfort make school-days more profitable as well as more pleasant? The most powerful of Satirists has told the same tale of the most elegant of Latin poets.*

"I send my boy to school" says a stern Paterfamilias "to make a *man* of him." Certainly, my dear Sir, and I hope a gentleman and a scholar to boot. Your boy has reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, lived a little too long in the atmosphere of domestic refinement, is a trifle effeminate, 'a muff' if you will: you send him to the most ultra-Spartan school you can hear of. In a year or two when he is spending his holidays at home, you observe with pleasure how much more manly and athletic he is become, how little he cares about standing in a draught; or getting his feet wet, about going to bed late and getting up early, how little the delicacies of your table attract his attention, and so forth. Perhaps his manners are not quite so polite as they used to be, and his tone might be a trifle more respectful to his mother and yourself, or more gentle to his sisters: you half suspect he has a predilection for beer and tobacco, and his language may be pretty guarded in your presence, but if you heard him conversing to his school-fellows you might be more than astonished. And yet he has had the best educational and moral training at school, been under one of the best of head-masters, has learned a good deal of various improving subjects, and what is more, *remembers* some of them. Why then is he coarser at present than you like to see him? his companions you suppose have spoiled him. Or is it that they, like him, have adapted their manners to their mode of life? I do not say that it is so; but external circumstances have a powerful

* Juv. Sat. VII. vv. 53—73.

effect upon young characters, and impressions from without are very easily received. A few years of University training, or a little mixing with society, will doubtless leave him as refined as previously; but even if the coarseness can be rubbed off so easily, what need was there for it ever to have been contracted? What need for 'a Schoolboy' to be synonymous with something rough and uncultured, something that gentlemen describe as 'a bore,' and ladies as 'odious?' The experiment of making their in-door life a little more refined and comfortable has succeeded so well in so many places, that we cannot but wonder why the practice has not become universal. Hence a truce to our problems which do not aspire for a moment to the title of an argument.

Well we may be sure the prætors themselves were ready enough to carry out Dr. Cameron's views in the matter, and took a laudable pride in the appearance of their table with its spotless cloth, its well-rubbed silver, its gleaming glass, its neat dinner-service, which was white with a border of brown, the School crest (a wyfern *volant*, with a garter motto "Fides et ingenii vena") being stamped in the centre of the plates. There were three tables in hall, and three 'messes' accordingly to occupy them; needless to say that the prætors sat nearest the fire in winter, and furthest from it in summer; that Raleigh and Waters had the two best places, while Lyon had to seat himself half on one form and half on another, so that when his kind friends chose to pull the two ends like a huge cracker-bonbon, he perforce verified a proverb about 'two stools' and 'coming to the ground.' Each mess had its president on whom devolved the ordering of dinner, and (shades of Arnold and Butler!) there was either fish or soup daily, to act as a preface to the joints, which were followed in their turn by unexceptionable pastry and even an occasional jelly—this part of the entertainment was as much admired by Saville as it was despised by Waters, the latter reserving himself for Stilton and celery, or cresses when in season. The beer was unexceptionable; neither thick nor sweet, but as clear, sound, and 'balmy' as Dick Swiveller could have wished it. Mighty Beer! pride of England and admiration of the Continent! I quote from an author whom ladies adore and gentlemen depreciate. "Beer! what an ocean in a drop, an Elysium in a draught! What concentrated joy and woe is there in bright or blighted Beer!"*

* Vide "Crystals from Sydenham," contribution of M. T.; *possibly* a parody.

Very nice all this for a week or so, by the end of which time these ornaments of the social board would all be broken! A simple rule prevented such a wholesale catastrophe, every boy being responsible for his own breakages, the damage was deducted from his weekly allowance: most of them had come to years of juvenile discretion, or, to use the ordinary phrase, "knew how to behave," and into the bargain two of the assistant masters dined in Hall; one at each of the Junior tables, and set an example of carving which proved a profitable lesson to the youngsters; so the prætors had all a smattering of that very needful though much-neglected accomplishment (to judge at least from the mangling of joints generally displayed where Undergraduates have been 'refreshing,')* and with young Saville the practice amounted almost to a science.

But then the expense! That was Dr. Cameron's affair, and as there had been no extended scale of changes since his succession, it is to be presumed there was no extra pressure upon him. In fact some older members of the school had a wonderful legend to the effect, that the never-to-be-equalled Soyer had once paid a visit to Alcester, and been closeted for two hours with the Doctor; at the end of which time the aforesaid old Alcestrian happening to be passing through the house had heard a scrap of conversation, "do it well for from one shilling to eighteenpence a head:" and that sum per diem is how much per half-year? answer, oh aspirant to a first class in the Previous Examination!

All this time the prætors have been engaged in supper and conversation; tea was the liquid, bread and butter the solid, cold meat or eggs could be had from the kitchens if sent for; and the fags, who were technically called 'serfs,'

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* A thought here strikes me, and the thought is sad,
The carving for the most part is but bad;
See the torn turkey and the mangled goose;
See the hacked surloin and the scatter'd juice!
Ah! can the college well its charge fulfil,
That thus neglects the *petit-maître's* skill?
The tutor proves each pupil on the books;
Why not give equal license to the cooks?
* * * *
So the slow freshman on a crust should starve,
Till practice taught him nobler food to carve:
Then Granta's sons a useful fame would know
And shame in skill each dinner-table beau.
The College, by U. I. *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1849.

made themselves very useful in such errands, and were active enough, with the certain prospect of a licking in the event of failing to please. We just catch the hum of voices: how learnedly they talk of political matters (the majority taking ultra-conservative views); how readily and sagaciously they settle the Crimean difficulties, how familiarly they speak of great men they have never met, and theatrical personages they have never seen off the stage, of hotels whose outside is all they are acquainted with, and clubs whose very situation is to them a mystery. How profoundly they argue till, as is the end of all argument, each side becomes more deeply prejudiced for its own opinion. How they grumble about their work and their discipline, and yet are ready to maintain to strangers that Alcester is the jolliest place in the world, and that they would'nt be anywhere else, no! not if they were paid for it.

The evening wears on; supper is finished; the Muse receives addresses once more: many ideas, all of course most novel and brilliant, are framed into lines the most harmonious. At ten o'clock prayers are read in the Hall by Dr. Cameron, after which Lyon retires to his peaceful couch, being a man of much sleep, and receives a friendly recommendation from Waters to put on his night-cap and not forget his gruel! Saville having studied Alexander Smith till he has merged into a state which the polite call sentimental and the colloquial 'spoony'—(*favete linguis!* the word grates upon our ears) goes and sits before the hall fire with McQueen, the junior boys having already retired, and marvellous tales they tell one another in low murmurs of their *bonnes fortunes* and *succès*. The Quartette continue steadily working.

Eleven o'clock strikes. Thomas rushes violently into the prætorium, stabs one gas-pipe with a key, digging the murderous weapon into the aperture and thrusting it mercilessly round: he then plunges at the other, but is stopped by a contact with Langley's foot, and all but goes over.

"Hold on there," says Langley, "where do you expect "*to die when you go to*, Thomas, if you put out the lights "such a pace."

"Carn't say, Sir, exactually, but its gone eleven, and the "Doctor may happen to be a surweying the premizes in a "minute."

"Oh! let him come," said Aytoun, "I don't care: wouldn't "stir for ten Doctors."

A slight noise was here heard at the front entrance, the nearest to the head-master's house; the bold speaker immediately jumped over the table, and fled precipitately through the back entrance up to the bed-rooms, to the intense amusement of McQueen who popped in just in time to see him disappear, being "lightly, lightly clad," and seeking for a towel. "Plucky fellow that Aytoun!" said Raleigh, quietly, as he shut up his writing-case, leaving his composition to be finished in the morning; Ferrers and Langley did the same. Waters could not at any price resign his morning walk, and being too correct a disciplinarian to burn a light, after the proper time, in any room whatever—where it could be seen, that is—retired into the cool recesses of the *impluvium* or "wash-room" with the end of a candle to read there till midnight.

He finds McQueen laving his ambrosial person like "a "new Ulysses" at the court of another Alcinous, and having cautioned him, under pain of "being put up the chimney" not to shed one drop of water in that direction, he sets to work in a most edifying manner. Morpheus at last begins to get the better of him, however his verses are finished and his first lecture nearly prepared. He extinguishes the light and steals up to the room which he shares with Raleigh; subdued snores are heard around, and a faint murmur of conversation in the room above; gradually this ceases. The end of Waters' candle has dropped on the floor, from a hole under the bed creeps out a grey old rat, "long-backed, long-tailed with "whiskered snout," he executes a *pas de fascination* round the composite, abstracts the same between his teeth, and retires to consume it in the bosom of his family; sportive mice scamper about the room and play at hide-and-seek in the curtains. A venerable spider commences an elaborate piece of *crochet* in a secluded corner. The School clock strikes ONE.

THE WOODBINE.

CONSIDERABLE doubt hangs over the word 'woodbine,' as to whether it is used for 'honeysuckle,' 'convolvulus,' or both. It may not be uninteresting to examine the point as fully as possible.

First, to avoid unnecessary confusion, one thing should be set right. Shakspere has this passage:—

> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.—
> *Mids. Night's Dream*, Act II. Scene II.

Any one, who has read Milton, might argue that, since 'eglantine' means 'honeysuckle,' 'woodbine' must be something different. Milton's passage is this:—

> Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine.—
> *L'Allegro*, 478.

There can be little doubt but that Milton means the honeysuckle by 'twisted eglantine.' But it is equally certain that he was in error. 'Eglantine' is the sweet-briar; and always was. A few lines will prove this:—

> The fragrant eglantine did spread
> His prickling arms.—*Faerie Queene.*

> From this bleeding hand of mine,
> Take this sprig of eglantine;
> Which, tho' sweet unto your smell,
> Yet the fretful briar will tell, &c."—*Herrick.*

> The *leaf* of eglantine, whom not to slander,
> Outsweeten'd not thy breath.—*Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

The last is decisive. The fragrance of the honeysuckle dwells in the flower only.

In the next place it is certain that in modern poetry 'woodbine' is synonymous with 'honeysuckle.'

> *Clumps* of woodbine taking the soft wind
> Upon their summer thrones.—*Keats.*

'Clumps' is not applicable to the convolvulus.

> And the woodbine *spices* are wafted abroad,
> And the musk of the roses blown.—*Maud.*

And as many more as you like, but let these suffice.

And now the question arises, "is this true of the old "poets?" They shall speak for themselves as much as possible.

In the first place we find passages which seem to answer the question affirmatively. One old book, a 'dictionarie,' says:—

> An herbe called woodbyne, which beareth the honeysuckle.—
> *Elyot's Dict.* 1559.

and another:

> Woodbinde or honisuckle, &c.

On the other hand conflicting testimony may be found:—

> The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine,
> The *honisuckle* and the daffadill.—*Taylor.*

However many passages we examine, this difficulty remains; the words seem to be interchangeable, yet the ideas connected with them evidently are not identically the same.

We will attempt a solution of the difficulty.

As far as the word itself is concerned, it is evident that it might be correctly applied to any plants whose natural tendency is to climb or cling about other plants. We proceed to examine how far this use has been made of it.

Steevens says "the term has been applied to a variety "of plants, even to the ivy." Now this may be so; I am not prepared to deny it; but in the absence of any proof at the hands of Steevens, I feel strongly urged to doubt it. For consider how much confusion has been introduced from its application to two plants only, supposing this assumption, for the moment, to solve the difficulty in hand, and then we shall see clearly the great disadvantage of an indiscriminate application.

Though it is conceivable, from the nature of the term, that it might come to be applied to more than one plant; as, in a similar way, the term 'cuckoo-flower' has been; yet it would scarcely be used as a distinctive name for more than one or two at the most.

Steevens only brings forward one passage in defence of his statement:—

And as the running woodbind, spread her arms
To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace.—(A.D. 1600).

This, he says, means the ivy. But does it mean the ivy? Is 'running' more applicable to ivy than to the convolvulus? Or does the idea of choking suit the ivy better than the convolvulus? It may mean ivy; but I should hesitate to found a theory on this single uncertain instance.

However it would seem clear that the name 'woodbine' was applied to two plants at least, the bindweed, or convolvulus, and the honeysuckle.

That the convolvulus was so called, does not seem to admit of much doubt. We have Gifford's testimony distinctly, with this additional argument for the truth of it, that—

In many of our counties the woodbine is still the name for the great convolvulus.

I am sorry I have no definite passage to bring forward which of itself will prove this point, but there are many which more or less imply the fact contended for.

For instance, a passage above quoted:—

The woodbine, primrose, and the cowslip fine,
The honisuckle and the daffadil.

Here 'woodbine' is *not* the honeysuckle; and I think any one, except readers devoted to Steevens, who are sure to interpret it 'ivy,' will admit that convolvulus is intended.

Then the passage in Shakspere—

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist—

means convolvulus by 'woodbine,' according to the interpretation given below; though we can lay no firm foundation on a disputed passage.

The following lines, quoted by Gifford, expressing as they do this very idea of the convolvulus enfolding honeysuckle, afford a pregnant illustration of our point.—

—Behold!
How the *blue bindweed* doth itself enfold
With honeysuckle.—*Ben Jonson.*

The '*blue* bindweed' is the garden convolvulus, but that does not matter.

On the other hand we find:—

Woodbinde or honisuckle climeth up aloft, having long, slender, *woodie stalkes*, parted into divers branches, &c.

I have quoted enough of this passage to shew the identity with the honeysuckle; the convolvulus has no 'stalkes,' and its stems are not 'woodie.'

The 'woodbine' of the following must be the honeysuckle:—

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly bud.—
Spenser; Virg. Gnat.

The convolvulus cannot be said to have twigs.

And again:—

The primrose placing first, because that in the spring
It is the first appears, then only flourishing:
The azur'd harebell next, with them they neatly mixed,
T'allay whose luscious smell, they woodbine placed betwixt.—
Drayton Polyolbion, 15.

And,—

Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine.—
Mids. Night's Dream, ii. 2.

In both of these passages a strong smell is attributed to the woodbine, and so it must be the honeysuckle, which possesses such a strong smell, whereas the convolvulus does not.

In the extract from Drayton I suppose a new strong scent overpowers the others somewhat. If, as some might think, some flower of no scent must allay the luciousness, then it must be the 'convolvulus,' and the passage goes over to the other side.

This one point then, is distinctly made out; that the name 'woodbine' is applied in old writers both to bindweed, or convolvulus, and to honeysuckle.

It would appear further, though not so clearly, that when the binding, twining nature of these plants is all the writer wishes to call attention to, he would generally use the common term 'woodbine,' which expresses this property: but when he wants to note the flower, he uses the peculiar name. Thus we understand the expression of the old 'dictionarie':—

An herbe called woodbyne, which beareth the honeysuckle.

The flower has to be mentioned to define the plant fully.

And so Shakspere, "Much Ado about Nothing," iii. 1, speaks of—

The pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter.

And, a few lines lower, calls the same bower "the woodbine coverture."

It only remains to discuss one passage which has been a great stumbling block to learned editors; who, unfortunately, always consider the text to be corrupt, when they cannot understand it; and, still more unfortunately, will persist in making "judicious emendations."

This is the passage:—

> So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle.
> Gently entwist, the female ivy so
> Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.—
>
> *Mids. Night's Dream*, iv. 1.

i.e., reading naturally, "so the woodbine entwists the honeysuckle, and the ivy enrings the elm."

Many interpretations have been given of this. Most make "the sweet honeysuckle" to be put in apposition with "the woodbine," and so synonymous; inserting commas after 'woodbine' and 'honeysuckle.' One editor, 'eruditissimus,' seeing acutely into things, does not like th honeysuckle to spread its fingers on 'the vacant air;' it must have something to entwist, he says. He therefore considers that Shakspere wrote:—

> So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
> Gently entwist the maple; ivy so
> Enwrings, &c.

That a semicolon should jump two words is not worth a thought. But for the rest. After such obtrusiveness in a semicolon, who can wonder at a letter taking liberties. Accordingly the 'p' drops out of 'maple;' takes itself off unconditionally: gives no account of itself. The next editor, so eruditissimus supposes, instead of dragging for the 'p,' cannot doubt for a moment but that 'male,' the remains of 'maple,' was originally written by Shakspere 'female'; the 'fe' has dropped out. Accordingly, gently lifting the semicolon into a place of safety, this imaginary 'next editor' gives the passage to the world in the corrupt state from which our friend has rescued it.

Oh, spirit of Shakspere, consider our good eruditissimus; wilt thou not prepare for him a bower in the blessed islands, where he may dwell for ever with that kindred editorial spirit who thus 'emended' a line of thine:—

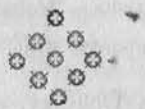
> Where is the Earl of Wiltshire, *where's he got.*

Other editors are less ingenious. The general solution is to insert the commas, and refer 'entwist' to the elm.

But this will not do. Setting aside the harshness, it interferes with the figure in the last part, where the female ivy is represented as putting rings on the fingers of the elm, in accordance with the ancient ceremony. It also quite spoils the poetic symmetry of the sentence. Besides, examine the context, and the fitness of the original reading will at once appear. Titania, the delicate airy-light queen of fairies, who sleeps in the blue-bells, is embracing the rough, course Athenian weaver. She says she will be his bride. She, the delicate convolvulus, will wind around him, the rough, woody-stalked honeysuckle. She, the female ivy, will wed him, the elm, with his rude, unpolished bark. What could be more apt and beautiful? Who could wish it altered!

And now this note of mine shall end. I scarcely hope to have quite cleared up the point: but the passages are here: let every one judge for himself.

"A."



QUERIES.

1. THE words 'vaded' and 'faded' have a scarcely perceptible difference of meaning in ordinary passages where they occur, and yet are certainly distinct words. For instance, we find one rhyming with the other in the same verse in Spenser.

If they had a difference of meaning originally, what was it—and how was it gradually lost?

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2. Had Shakspere any share in the creation of Robin Goodfellow, or Puck?

---

3. The God of Love, *blind* as a stone.—*Chaucer.*

It is remarkable that no trace of such a notion has been found in any ancient Latin or Greek Poet; nor has it been ascertained at what period or by whom this delineation of the God of Love was first given.—*Malone.*

Can any one disprove this, or throw any light upon it in any way?

The passage from Chaucer, quoted above, is said to be the oldest extant English allusion to Cupid's blindness. It occurs in his Translation of the Roman de la Rose, but not in the French original.

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4. Can any one supply me with passages in which 'woodbine' is evidently used for 'convolvulus'? "A."

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5. Can any one inform me where the expression—"A nose as red as a canker" may be found? "K."

ANGLO-SAXON POETRY.

"Non dubitàri debet, quin fuerint ante Homerum poetæ."

WHEN fourteen hundred years ago the North poured forth its countless undisciplined tribes from the forests of Germany and the shores of the Baltic in irresistible numbers, to overwhelm the South in one wide deluge of blood and fire, it was then, while the worn out civilization of the old world was being ruthlessly swept away, that this great English nation had its birth. "We were born," says Arnold, "when the white horse of the Saxon was triumphant from the Tweed to the Tamar." Here it is that our history properly commences. If we would gain a clear and connected view of the growth of our constitution and literature, we must go back to the time when our forefathers left the banks of the Elbe, bringing with them the germs of a language and institutions, which, transplanted to this genial soil, should here, in after times, so marvellously develop themselves. Worthy of earnest attention are those rude ancestors of ours, who laid so deeply and firmly the foundation of England's future greatness: sterling metal was that, which could resist the fierce fires of the Dane and the Norman, and come out purer and brighter.

Now History in general affords such a superficial view of the life of a nation as will little satisfy the thoughtful Student, whose aim is to get at its inner life, at the secret motive springs of the external actions. And here it is that most writers of history have, until very recently, fallen short. They contented themselves with presenting to us little more than a chronicle of battles with accounts of a few conspicuous individuals, who seem, like Homer's heroes, to have been the sole actors; but of the powerful elements which are ever at work in the mass of the nation, secretly influencing and directing its course, of these they scarce afforded a glimpse, till by some sudden eruption their presence and force was made unmistakeably evident.

A very interesting subject would it be to endeavour to trace from the beginning the causes which have conduced to give to the constitution and language of England such an undoubted superiority, and to find some explanation of the fact, that the inhabitants of an island so small should have so widely extended their language and power. What a curious and intimate connection may be noticed between the language and character of a people! Fancy, if you can, a stern Roman of the old Republic using the soft accents of modern Italy, or an inhabitant of the banks of the Rhine expressing himself in the polished speech of ancient Athens. Thus the tongue of the old Saxons, strong, expressive, and almost devoid of ornament, corresponded closely with their character. Language, the vehicle of our ideas, re-acts in its turn upon them, and no where is this so clearly seen as in the early history of a people.

But to come to our subject. The early literature of the Saxons, like that of every nation, is chiefly in verse. In those simple days man, unfettered by the restraints of civilized life, acted according to his passions and impulses. Life and the language of life was essentially poetic. "The old Britons," says Thierry, "lived and breathed in song," and this is no less true of the people that succeeded them. A striking example of this is the speech of the chief in the council of king Edwin, given in the Saxon Chronicle, and so exquisitely paraphrased by a modern poet.*

Among the bleak misty hills far away on the horizon the stream of English poetry has its birth. There over uncultured moorlands it runs purling, eddying on, a bright, wild child of nature, reflecting in its crystal stream little but the gray rocks on its banks and the blue sky above. Thence it flows rippling down the vale, now lost to sight in a deep rocky bed, anon reappearing, winding through bright green meadows, scattering freshness and fertility around. Till after receiving numberless rills from all sides, it rolls on, a deep broad tide of song, to lose itself in the distant ocean of eternal harmony.

It is then to the bard we turn for a correct insight into the manners, the character, and even the history of those remote times. And here we are particularly fortunate in possessing such comparatively abundant remains of the literature of our forefathers, amply sufficient to contradict the ordinary

* Wordsworth, Ecclesiastical Sonnets, 16.

notion that they were a race of mere piratical barbarians, all connection with whom it would be well to disown. "We want," it has been well remarked, "neither the heroic song in which the poet told the venerable traditions of the forewold to the chieftains assembled on the mead-bench, nor the equally noble poems in which his successors sang the truths and legends of Christianity."* While in prose, either in Saxon or Latin, are to be found treatises on every branch of science then known. But very nearly had we lost most of these interesting relics, and been left to exclaim with Cicero,

> Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt,
> —— quos olim Fauni, vatesque canebant,
> Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat,
> Nec dicti studiosus erat?

Single Manuscripts only, and those often in a very illegible and fragmentary condition, exist of most of the chief poems.

By virtue of his divine art the poet in t ose ays occupied a prominent place; he was the only educator, holding up to admiration and imitation the rude virtues of departed, and it may be, fabulous heroes, or celebrating in verse triumphs newly obtained. It was a book of Saxon ballads which first induced Alfred to learn to read; the chief part of the mental and moral training of youth consisted in repeating and committing them to memory. The poet too was then the only historian, on his lays we are chiefly dependent for all the knowledge we possess of the movements of those ante-historic times. To him also the language owed its form and development: this is an influence which poets in all ages exert, but especially while a language is still plastic and easily moulded. Those men, who among the Saxons obtain
name of poet,† wandered about, like the ancient Greek Rhapsodists, chanting their compositions to the accompaniment of a primitive harp, welcomed alike in the hall of the noble and the hut of the peasant.

For a faithful picture of their manners we are indebted to an old song left us by one of themselves, in which he gives an account of his travels and the nations he had visited, nations whose very names have perished from the page of

* Wright's Essay on Anglo-Saxon Literature.
† Scop from Scapan, to make, to form.

history, or rather never found a place there. Towards the conclusion he sings,—

> Thus north and south where'ere they roam,
> The sons of song still find a home ;
> Speak unreproved their wants, and raise
> Their voice in lays of grateful praise.

And further on—

> The time would fail me should I sing
> Of every thane and every king,
> That in my wanderings far and long
> Has loved my harp and paid my song.

With the "mead-cup" and the "glee-beams" of the harp our ancestors sought to while away the long winter-nights. These songs were stored up in memory and transmitted from one minstrel to another, receiving additions from time to time, till there was formed a considerable body of National poetry. It was not till long after the introduction of Christianity that they were committed to writing, and then such was the zeal of the new converts, that they carefully weeded out every allusion to their old Mythology and Pagan customs. Thus whatever remnants have come down to us may well be conceived to be in a far different state from that in which they were left by their authors ; and thus it is too that the names of the old poets have suffered the fate of those of the great architects of the middle ages.

In their simple lays we cannot expect to meet with the polished diction and refined style which have been the growth of centuries, the old poet, unrestrained by rigid rules of art, sang as his own feelings and his insight into nature directed him. His songs, like the knotted, gnarled limbs of his forest oak, were rough, irregular, and admitting scarce any extraneous ornament; and so often truer to nature than more refined verse. Saxon poetry is distinguished from prose chiefly by a certain grandeur of style, and brevity of expression, the ideas being rather hinted at than fully worked out; while through the whole runs a pretty regular alliteration. This recurrence of similar sounds seems to have supplied with them the place of rhyme, which was not introduced till a much later date. We may remark also the constant use of Periphrasis and Metaphor, in which may often be discerned traits of a true poetic genius. Thus, waves are "the daughters of ocean ;" arrows, "the winged serpents of Hilda" (the war-goddess); the old warrior, "after abiding many

winters, departs on his way" (to Valhalla). And over the whole is thrown a gorgeous colouring of ever-varied epithet.

The metres made use of are of two kinds; a shorter of two feet for the ordinary narrative, and a longer of three or four when greater dignity is affected, but these are often found capriciously intermixed. A redundant syllable at the beginning or end is freely admitted, as the length of the line, intended to be perfect to the ear rather than the eye, was determined by accent only; thus, in losing the pronunciation we have lost the life and soul of the verse. The lines are connected together two and two by the alliteration, three recurrences of the same initial letter being usual, two in the first and one in the second, but two such recurrences were deemed sufficient. The quotation of a few lines will cut short this tedious explanation; they are from the poem of Judith, a fragment which "leads us to form a high opinion of the poetic powers of our ancestors."

Stopon cyne-rofe	Marched on royally
Secgas and gesithas ;	The warriors and their leaders ;
Foron to gefeohte	Fared forth to the fight
Forth on gerihte	Straight forwards
Hœleth under helmum	The Heroes beneath their helms
Of thœre haligan byrig	From the holy city
On thœt dœgred sylf :	At the very day-break :
Dynedan scildas,	Resounded their shields,
Hlude hlummon ;	Loud they clashed ;
Thœs se hlanca gefeah	So that the lank wolf
Wulf in walde ;	Rejoiced in the forest ;
And se wanna hrefn,	The wan raven too,
Wœl-gifra fugel.	The bird greedy of slaughter.

The earliest undoubted specimen of Anglo-Saxon poetry is the short hymn of Cœdmon which, together with the story relating to its production, has been preserved by King Alfred in his translation of Bede. Whatever truth may underlie the legend, it proves at any rate that the metrical art had long been familiar to our ancestors. A remarkably literal translation has been given by Conybeare in his Illustrations of Saxon poetry. The words in italics are not in the original.

> Now should we *all* heaven's guardian king exalt,
> The power and counsels of *our* Maker's will,
> Father of glorious works, eternal Lord.
> He from of old stablished the origin

Of every *varied* wonder. First he shaped,
For *us* the sons of earth, heaven's canopy,
Holy Creator. Next this middle realm,
This earth, the *bounteous* guardian of mankind,
The everlasting Lord, for mortals framed,
Ruler omnipotent.

But to a period far antecedent we must refer the poem of Beowulf, notwithstanding the ingenious conjecture of its last learned editor. This being the oldest composition extant in any Teutonic tongue, and the precursor of those metrical romances so common in the middle ages, it can scarce fail to interest not only the antiquarian but the general reader, even had it no intrinsic merits of its own. It, or at least the first cast of it, would seem to have been brought over by the earliest Saxon settlers: then it passed through the hands of different minstrels in succession, till in Christian times those numerous allusions to a purer faith found their way into it, replacing the wild stories of the old Northern Mythology. Well is it for the hero of the poem that the names of tribes and chiefs, occurring in authentic history, are so mixed up in it, or his very existence would have been denied: but his conflicts with the Grendel and fire-dragon are creations of the poet's fancy; or rather his real adventures are so thickly overlaid with the marvellous, that the facts which lie beneath are not easily discovered. Let not such tales be regarded as the mere offspring of an ignorant and superstitious imagination; the philosophic mind of Bacon saw deeper than this. In his famous passage on poetry he says, "Because the acts and events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical." In all ages men have felt a yearning after "a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness than can be found in the nature of things." Accordingly the poet makes his hero the impersonation of courage, generosity, and fidelity, encountering and overcoming enemies natural and supernatural. Thus those wondrous legends, with which the early literature of every people abounds, helped to cherish in them the sparks of virtue and public-morality.

A brief sketch of this long and remarkable poem may not be uninteresting. It opens with an Episode, which leads us back into a very remote antiquity, relating how the old chief Scyld, the founder of the race, was after death launched in his war-ship on the ocean, to drift at

the will of the winds and waves, a fitting end to the life of a bold sea-king. The vessel and its contents are thus described:

Where in the harbour
The viking's sea-chariot,
Deck'd by the hoar frost,
Floated all ice-fringed;
Sad at heart bore they
Their chieftain beloved,
The giver of bracelets,
And placed by the mast.
Piled on his bosom lay
War-boards and hand-glaives,
Hoard-treasures many,
Brought from far distant shores.
High o'er his head waved
A banner all gold-wrought,
"Let the flood bear him
"Forth to the ocean."

It then passes on hastily to the principal subject. Hrothgar, a successor of Scyld, prince of Jutland, builds a spacious palace, called by the poet Heorot, which, quite in accordance with modern customs, he inaugurates with a banquet. The song, without which the feast would have been incomplete, is particularly noticed. The royal gleeman, who, like Iopas, "could recount the origin of men from days of yore,"

Told how the mighty
Allfather created
Earth's plain in beauty bright,
Circled by ocean;
Sang how the sun and moon,
Joyous in victory,
Beamed forth to gladden
With light a new world.
Over its bare breast
Spread then the Maker
A bright varied mantle
Of grass, leaf, and flower.

The joy in the mead-hall arouses the malice of the Grendel, who with his mother inhabits the depths of a neighbouring fen, which the poet thus graphically describes:

Where 'neath the nesses mists
Mountain streams, storm-bred
Headlong leap thundering
Down from the hills,—
Hills through whose deep clefts
Hoarse winds sweep bellowing.
Near lies a gloomy mere,
Over which hoary rocks,
Crown'd with thick pine-woods,
Cast a dim twilight.
Often the angry wave,
Raised by fierce tempests,
Dashes its foamy crest
Up to the welkin;
Thick grows the murky air,
And heaven sheds briny tears.

The night following this "fell wretch," finding all buried in sleep after their feast, carries off and devours thirty nobles. So great is then the fear of the "grim death-shade, who holds in perpetual night the misty moors," that for twelve winters the palace stands empty. When this reaches the ears of Beowulf, nephew of Hygelac, king of the south of Sweden, he determines to go to the aid

of Hrothgar, and, choosing out fifteen companions, sets forth. Their voyage is thus described:

Over the sail-road,
Urged by a fair wind,
Speeds on their foamy-neck'd
Bark like a sea-bird.
Scarce had the morrow's sun
Glided the wave-crests,
Ere they descry the blue
Hills to the southward,
Ocean-cliffs glistening,
Bold headlands of Hertha.*

Soon to a calm bay
They guided their ringed prow,
Blithely the heroes then
Leaped to the sandy beach,
Moored fast the good ship,
And shook their hard mail-nets.
To God they gave hearty thanks
For that the wave-paths
Smoothed he before them.

Thus, having arrived in the kingdom of Hrothgar, and answered the challenge of the Scylding's warder who kept watch on the sea shore, they march on to Heorot:

Bright shone their byrnies†
And gleamed in the sun-light
Up the broad stone-varied
Street as they passéd.

Loudly the ring'd-iron,
Hoary, hard hand-locked,
Sang in their war-gear.

When they make known to the king the object of their voyage, they are received and entertained with great rejoicing. In the account of the feast, which takes up above five hundred lines, we are presented with a lively picture of the manners of the times. After a bench is cleared for the sons of the Goths, the king's cup-bearers present the ornamented ale-cups filled with sweet sparkling liquor, while at times the glee-man sings serene in Heorot, and the chiefs relate their various adventures. After a while the king retires and leaves his guests in possession of the hall. As soon as all but Beowulf are asleep, Grendel appears, and in a trice seizes one of the warriors; the chief then attacks him, and finding him proof against all weapons, after a severe struggle tears his arm from his shoulder, and sends him fleeing in agony to his "fen under the misty hills." In the morning, crowds come from far and near to see the tokens of the desperate fray, and are unsparing in their praises of the hero. In celebration of this joyful event, the feast is renewed and gifts freely distributed. And what invests the whole story with a singular air of reality is that there still exists a short fragment of the very song

* The country of the Hrethmen in north of Jutland.
† Corselets, usually covered with iron chain-work.

which the royal bard is represented singing. When the lay was sung, the minstrel's song, pastime rose again, the cup-bearers gave wine from curious vessels. As murky night, the shadow covering of mortals, comes on, they separate, and Beowulf leaves his companions to occupy the hall as b While they are sleeping in fancied security, the mother of Grendel, bent on avenging the fate of her son, rushes in and bears away Æschere, the favourite thane of Hrothgar. The lament of the king for his faithful counsellor is very pathetic, but too long to be introduced here. Our hero now determines alone to seek the retreat of the monster and slay her or perish in the attempt. Arrayed in mail wondrously framed by weapon-smiths in days of yore, and armed with a famous sword, he fares forth on his expedition; and passing by untrodden paths through deep rocky gorges, precipitous cliffs, and nicker-houses* many, he suddenly comes on the dark lake. Into this he fearlessly plunges, and encounters the monster at the bottom. His good sword proves useless in the conflict, and he is all but overpowered, when he sees over the waves hang beautiful an old enchanted sword; with this he slays the fiend, and carries off the head as a trophy. The magic sword through the hot venomous gore is all melted like ice, when the frost's band the Father relaxes, unwinds the wave-ropes. His safe escape overjoys his comrades who despair of seeing him again. Beowulf then returns laden with glory and gifts to his own country, where, after the death of Hygelac in an expedition against the Frisians, he is chosen king. The last cantos r
a fire-dragon, which he destroys, but himself perishes from his wounds. After his death, his people raise to his memory a mound high and broad, by wave-farers widely to be seen.

Such are the scanty remains of the heathen muse of our country. Not long were these sons of Woden left to grope in pagan darkness, the light of Christian truth soon dawned on them: eagerly they listened to the strange words of the missionary, which took so deep a hold of their wild hearts, that ere long they sent forth earnest, self-denying men to spread the faith among their brethren whom they had left in their homes beyond the sea. The love of song was still powerful in them; and now, instead of celebrating the heroes of Valhalla, they tuned their harps to sacred lays; by these

* Nickers, water-dæmons.

the truth was probably more widely spread than by the preaching of the Christians. Thus Cœdmon (A.D. 680) composed poems on scripture subjects. The Milton of his day, he seems to have proposed to himself much the same task, "to justify the ways of God to man." Many of the ideas of the two poets remarkably correspond; but in Cœdmon they are abruptly expressed, or merely hinted at, while in Milton they gradually unfold themselves in all the majesty of his diction, to the music of his deep word-thunder. A literal translation of a few lines will make this evident. Relating the rebellion and fall of Satan and his angels, he writes, (Canto I.)—

He began to upheave strife
Against the Ruler
Of the highest Heaven,
That sits on the holy throne.
He raised himself against his Master;
He sought inflaming speeches,
And began vain-glorious words.
He would not serve God,
He said he was his equal
In light and brightness.

. . . . . .

Then he spake words
Darkened with iniquity;
That he in the north part
Of heaven's kingdom
A home and high seat
Would possess.

In the same canto the abode of the rebel army after their overthrow is thus described—

He formed for those false ones
An exile home,
Furnished with perpetual night,
With sulphur charged;
With fire filled throughout,
And cold intense.

Here the Arch-fiend harangues his comrades, and after dissuading them from open war, goes on to say,—

God hath now devised a world,
Where he hath wrought man
After his own likeness,

With whom he will re-people
The kingdom of heaven with pure souls.
Therefore must we strive zealously,
That we on Adam and his Sons
Our wrongs may repair.

. . . . . .

We cannot ever obtain
That the mighty God's mind we weaken;
Let us avert it now from the children of men.

The expedition of Satan to discover the new world is thus given in Canto VII.—

The apostate from God
Began himself to equip;
On his head his helmet set,
Bound it full strongly and clasped it firm;
Wheeled up from thence,
Departed thro' the gates of hell,
Dashing aside the fire
With his friends might.
Then he journeyed on,
Till on earth's realms
Adam, the creature of God's hand,
He found new formed.

These short passages will afford a tolerably correct idea of the work of the old monk. That he was a poet in the true sense of the word is evident, but his style soon becomes wearisome from its monotony.

Next we come to the honoured name of Alfred, whose unconquerable energy, sound wisdom, and manly piety, marked their impress so deeply, not only on his own, but on each succeeding age. His friend and biographer Asser tells how attentively he listened to (die noctuque solers auditor), and treasured up in his memory the lays of his fatherland. The story of his visit to the Danish camp testifies to his skill as a musician. Although by his many translations he did much for the diffusion of knowledge and cultivation of a more correct taste among his countrymen, yet in original poetic composition he seems, as far as we can judge from the specimens which are found scattered up and down in his translation of Boethius, to have been but little successful. A literal translation of a few lines will doubtless interest those who respect him as a soldier and lawgiver. From Boethius, Bk. III.—

In his mind
Let every man
Be rightly noble:
For every one,
That is by all
His vices subdued,
First abandons
His life's object
And true nobility:
For this will
The Almighty God
Unnoble him.

O children of men
Over the world,
Each one of the free!
Seek for those riches,
Of which we have spoken.
He that now is
Straitly bound
With useless love
Of this wide world,
Let him seek speedily
Full freedom,
That he may advance
To the riches of the soul's wisdom.

With these quotations from the royal poet it will be necessary to take leave of the subject for the present; a future number may afford an opportunity of tracing on the progress of Poetry and the rise of the English Romances and Ballads.

A COLLEGE MEMORY.

I PACED beneath the ancient chestnut trees,
That grace our College walks, in solitude;
And listened to the whispers of the breeze,
As round my path the yellow leaves it strewed.
Mild was its breath, which sparing where it could,
Took but the leaves that were prepared to die;
And bore them gently to their rest, as would
A mother bear her babe when sleep was nigh,
And ever as they fell, it heaved a heavy sigh.

I paced those walks again, at Eventide,
But now the trees were desolate and bare,
For e'en the whispering breeze itself had died,
And Nature shuddered in a mute despair;
But lo! uprising thro' the darkening air,
The Evening star shed forth its welcome beam,
And cast upon the world a smile so rare,
That Death more beautiful than Life did seem,
Since on so dark an hour Love shed so bright a gleam.

"T. A."

CONSTANCE.

(See Chaucer, "The Man of Lawes Tale.")

I.

UNMANN'D, at mercy of the main,
Where'er the wild wind's will may be,
With sails outspread to storm and rain
The vessel speeds across the sea;
And there upon the deck forlorn
At noon and night, at eve and morn
She sits: from white brows downward roll'd
Thick falls on shoulders snowy-fair
The blackness of her clustering hair,
With starry light of gems and gold;
And still, thro' lashes dark, her gaze
Falls on the lonely, boundless sea,
And still with claspèd hands she prays
"Ah miserere Domine!"

II.

'Tis even—time that tells of rest—
And deeply o'er the waters close
The shadows, and the golden west
Fades fast into a dim repose:
Bright Hesper thro' the fleecy bars
Of cloud forth gazes, and the stars
Look very quiet in the sky,
As one by one in darkening blue
They peer; and with the falling dew
Day's last faint glimmer seems to die.
Calm-eyed the heavens behold her weep—
"Alone, alone upon the sea—
"Ah, fold me, fold me in thy sleep!
"Ah miserere Domine!"

III.

So weeping prayeth she, but soon
  Where darkly with the eastern sky
Mingles the deep, the full orb'd moon
  Sends light as tho' the morn were nigh;
Then rises softly with a glow
That flings a glory all below,
  Trembling along the rippled main.
She moves her tresses from her face
With tear-dew'd hands, and pensive grace
  Breathes from her countenance again;
She feels the presence of a hope,
  Yet sighs, as calmly o'er the sea
The moon mounts up the starry slope—
  "Ah miserere Domine!"

IV.

Then slowly wanes the mournful night
  Till morning kindles in the skies,
And in the flush of deepening light
  The moon aloft grows pale and dies.
The breezes, freshen'd to a gale,
Sweep rustling thro' the worn-out sail,
  And upwards in the rosy air
The white-wing'd sea-gulls wheel and play;
Yet, while the sea and heaven are gay,
  She only feels a dull despair:—
"Ah when will all my wanderings cease!
  "Alone upon the lonely sea—
"Is there no mercy, no release?
  "Ah miserere Domine!"

V.

But lo! a coast, some welcome isle,
  A faint low sea-line dimly gray;
She looks, and hopes—it stays awhile,
  Then fades, a transient cloud, away.
And then she weeps, nor in her grief
Finds any comfort or relief,
  Save in her tears that freely shower:
And now the morning-time is past,
For lo! the shadow of the mast
  Is shorten'd to the noontide hour.
She murmurs, while about her head
  The hot noon burns, and all the sea
With flashing, blinding light is spread—
  "Ah miserere Domine!"

VI.

But even comes again; the breeze
  Blows coolly round her burning brow;
Rustles the sail like autumn trees,
  The water ripples round the prow,
And fast the vessel speeds, and night
Mounts up behind retiring light,
  Till, when the moon has climb'd on high,
She sees a coast along the west,
A land with many a mountain crest
  Drawn darkly on the midnight sky.
Her pallid lips are moved in prayer,
  She looketh forward earnestly;
"Ah surely now the time draws near,
  "Ah miserere Domine!"

VII.

Landward the vessel bends its flight
  And swerves into a quiet bay,
Where all unfolded to her sight
  With tower and spire a city lay
Upon a wooded slope reclined,
And darkly-wooded hills behind
  Swept upward; all was calm and still:
Silent beneath the moonlight there
The city shone exceeding fair,
  Only the torrent from the hill
Sent thro' the night a dreaming sigh:—
  "Ah would that this my rest might be!
"Ah bear me thither tho' I die,
  "Ah, miserere Domine!"

VIII.

But slowly, to her utter woe,
  The ship bears out to sea again;
And fades all sight of land, and so
  Forlorn about the lonesome main,
And still thro' every changing form
Of changeful ocean, wintry storm
  Or summer eve's tranquillity,
Or when whole weeks the dim skies weep
Their streaming waters o'er the deep,
  She saileth—still with tear and sigh
Her form is wasted, still forlorn
  She prays amid the lonely sea
By day and night, at eve and morn,
  "Ah, miserere Domine!"

OUR LIFE BOAT.

THERE is not a finer, or a more awful sight in nature than a storm at sea! Waves dashing mountains high, like great snow clad Alps, and the wind moaning and screaming like an evil spirit burst from its chains!

Nowhere are there fiercer storms than those we have at Ornby! I dare say you have never seen Ornby; more the pity! It is a very out of the way place in Norfolk, twenty-six miles from a railroad, and five from even a stage-coach, but it will well repay a visit. And if ever you should chance to fancy a drive over some of the finest ground in Norfolk, pay four shillings and come down by the coach to Caseton; Caseton is one of the smartest watering places any where, and you will stand but a bad chance of getting a bed unless you write some days before. Ornby is five miles from Caseton, and of course you must come over and pay it a visit. The first thing that you do on getting there, must be to have a look at our Life Boat; you won't find such another any where.

Old Tim at the corner keeps the key, and you have only to praise the boat to bring tears into the honest old fellow's eyes. You might go a very long way before you would see a handsomer old man than Tim, with his long silvery hair, and clear blue eye. Tim is the Captain of the boat, and has the charge of the keys, and the crew; he is over seventy-six now; but almost as strong and hearty as ever, and it will do you good to have a chat with him; he will tell you all about the boat, and every storm it has been out in since it was built.

There was a time when we had no Life Boat at Ornby, and used to see ships go down and the crew clinging to the shrouds and riggings, "God help them!" without being able to do anything to rescue them. Sometimes so near were the ships to our cliffs, that through the dashing of the waves and the roaring of the thunder, we could distinguish the screams of the wretched crew, as one by one they relinquished

their hold of the riggings, and yielded themselves to the angry waves.

"Oh, its a dreadful thing to see ones fellow creatures go "down before ones eyes without being able to do any thing to "help them!" So thought the honest fishermen at Ornby; and so thought the good lady that lived close by! So one day, she gave out after a violent storm, that she would have a Life Boat built and present it to Ornby. The boat was to be made to suit the tastes of the fishermen, and to be made by the village boat-builder. It was an undertaking of no little importance for our village builders, and took a considerable time. After church every Sunday, you might see groups of important looking fishermen and wondering children looking at the great skeleton of a boat in the building yard! Well, before the Winter had set in the boat was finished; it was no longer the wierd skeleton of a boat that it was a month back, but looked quite fat and comfortable with its great black honest sides and cork rims.

On the 15th of November, 18—, our boat was launched, and went out for its trial cruise. It was a grand day that for Ornby, and a proud day for any one who had the luck to get a seat in the boat. Every body turned out to see it; the shore and cliffs were crowded with fishermen, their wives and children; the boat was perfection; there was a nice high sea and the wind blowing from the north-east. "There "never was such a boat," every body said, and they were not far wrong either. Well, the boat was drawn up for the first time to its house, like the great horse through the walls of Troy, 'mid crowds of enthusiastic admirers; every little child felt he had a share in it, and if he could but get a push at the boat or a pull at the rope, felt as proud as old Tim himself, who was to have the charge of the keys and the boat itself. There was some talk about the management, "who was to go in case of a storm, whether there was to be "any pay?" "Money! who mentioned money?" was the universal cry, "Do you think that any of us would dare to "risk our lives for money? we will go out trusting in the Lord, "and to save human life, not for money." So it was soon all settled, the boat was to belong to the village, and was to be mann'd with volunteers, there was to be no pay, they would not even have it mentioned.

Well, they had not long to wait before they had a chance of testing the boat in earnest! Winter had well set in, there had been several rough nights, yet all the ships had kept well out from the shore. Since the establishment of our boat,

two watchers were sent out every stormy night, to alarm the village in case of distress.

The 18th of December was as bright a day for the time of year as one could well expect; and the sun was so warm that it felt more like Spring than December; but as the afternoon grew late, the clouds became darker and darker, and began to look rather ominous; the wind too had turned round to the north-east, the most dangerous quarter for our coast; and the old fisherman who stood on the cliff with the telescope, gave out that it was his idea "that it would not "be such a fine night as it had been day."

The wind kept on rising all the evening, and at about half-past seven there was a very heavy sea, and it was blowing great guns from the north-east. At half-past eight, when most of the fishermen put out their candles and go to bed, the gale was still increasing and every one prophesied an ugly night. Several ships, tempted by the fineness of the weather, had ventured rather near the shore, but they had not been seen for some time, and it was hoped that they were by this time all well off from land.

Old Tim failing to get a second watcher, was out himself, and at about eleven o'clock was walking up and down the Shark's-tooth cliff, with his long white hair streaming behind him; he had just finished his fourth pipe, and was about to begin his fifth, when he heard a sound like a distant gun. "I dare say it was only the wind," said he, and went on filling his pipe. "But no, there it is again! and there is "the ship as plain as a pike staff! she'll strike on the rocks "before we can get the boat out, if we get it out at all, "for there's a fearful sea! Well, here's off as fast my old "legs will carry me." So off starts Old Tim breaking his favourite old clay pipe in his hurry. In five minutes the whole village was as excited as a swarm of bees. Lights flashing all over the place; men holloaing, women and children screaming, as louder than ever the wind howled, and the waves dashed on the rocky beach. Down crashes the Life Boat a hundred broad shoulders pushing as if life depended on it; so it does! for the ship perhaps in ten minutes will be on the rocks, and then Heaven help the crew! Down rattles the boat, and every body is on the beach by this time, save two or three bedridden old women. What a motley group they are, men, women, and children, half dress'd, scarce able to stand the wind is so strong; and the spray comes splashing over them like a snow storm.

"Who's going," shouts out Old Tim with a voice as loud as a trumpet. A hundred voices, as loud as his answer, "I am." "Can't take you all, lads," says Old Tim, as proud as ever a captain of a man-of-war, "Can't take you all! "Perhaps we shall not be able to get the boat out at all! "Can't take you all! only fifteen! You lads must be "ready with ropes and blankets, it will be your turn next! "Now lads, off with her; God preserve us all! for its a fearful "night;" and he lays hold of the rudder.

Once, twice, thrice, and eighty shoulders push harder than ever, and in half a minute the boat rides proudly over the waves, and the crew pull as strong and steadily as if they had been used to nothing else all their lives.

On! on! dashes the ship, every one can see her now! She is not more than four hundred yards from the rocks! and if she strikes she must go down and the crew with her! And now the attention of the people on the cliffs is divided between the Life Boat and the Collier, for such the old fisherman with the telescope pronounces it to be.

Oh its an awful time of suspense! the poor women stand shaking with fear and cold, every eye is bent on the brave boat, and every soul breathes a prayer for her, and her brave little crew. And now a cloud comes over the moon! You can't see an inch before you, but at intervals the light at the bows of the unfortunate ship as she dashes on to destruction shines through the darkness. "She must "be on the rocks in less than a minute," says the old man with the telescope, and sure enough in less than a minute she is!—you can see nothing!—but you hear a scream!—oh God! such a scream!—and the light disappears! In another minute through the tattered clouds the moon shines out brighter than ever, and there are the masts of the Collier, and on the rigging three human forms just visible. Oh if they can but hold on five minutes longer. The brave boat struggles on through the great mountains of waves, seen for a moment, and then quite out of sight, till it re-appears perched on another ridge. "Well steered Tim!" "well rowed Ornby Lads!" "One more stroke and you'll "be up to them!" and so they are! All three are safe in the boat, thank Heavens! all are saved. And then such a shout! men, women, and children, all together; they must have heard it all across the water, and seem to pull with redoubled energies. On, on they come, nearer and nearer! "Well rowed Ornby Lads! well steered Old Tim!" Three precious souls! "well done our boat!"

Thank Heavens they are all safe on shore! the three

poor creatures are covered up with blankets and taken to the Mariners' Public-house, where there is a bright roaring fire, dry clothes, and all sorts of comforts, and not before they are needed, for its rather trying work clinging to a mast in such a sea. And then there is such a scene on the shore, such cheering and shaking of hands, and crying; men who have not spoken for years grasp each others hands! men who have not prayed for years fall down on their knees and thank God that their brave sons are returned safe to them again! And old widow Jones, who had stood calmly watching the boat all the time it was being dashed about with her only son William in it, without ever a tear, now that it is once more safe on land, rushes down breathless and throws herself weeping on the shoulders of her son! Ah, how proud she is of him as she walks up with him, holding his great rough honest hand in hers!

I'm running on longer than I ought, but I can't help dwelling on that first proud joyful night when our boat went out for the first time on its mission of mercy. The scene is as vividly before me as if it were but yesterday. Old widow Jones and all those rough brave men, with their long wet hair, fearing nothing, and yet as gentle and kind as the highest ladies of the land! You ought to have seen them kissing and hugging their children, some of them actually crying!

Since then the Ornby boat has been out many a time, and on many an awful night, but none of them are remembered with such pride and pleasure as the first night in 18—.

Most of those who went out on that first memorable night, have been succeeded by their sons; but still old Tim remains almost as hale as ever, his hair may be somewhat whiter, and his arm somewhat weaker, but his heart is as brave as ever, and he will have just the same pleasure in showing you our boat as he had twenty years ago. Last time I went to see it there was a rim of blue round its black sides. Old Tim pointed to it; "she's gone," says he, "the good lady that gave us the boat; and the "poor old boat is in mourning for her. We have never "lost a life out of this boat since it was built, that's near "twenty years ago, and it has saved fifty lives. We do "not trust in ourselves, but put our trust in the Lord; "she's a fine boat for all that;" and he brushed away a tear, and patted the boat affectionately on its sides.

"P. R."

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED NAIAD.

CRUEL and stern unto me, O might of the pitiless Winter,
Ever of old hast thou been, and I hate thee now as aforetime—
Round me arise the dark caves, and above are the bars of the crystal
Glistening bright in the Sun that darts his arrows to mock me,—
Mock me because in the Summer I shunned his ardent embraces,
Rather choosing to lurk in the cool sequestered recesses,
Sporting amid the shells and the flowers that bloom 'neath the water.

God of the silver bow! Not now would I fly thy caresses:—
Truly a maiden's heart sometimes is hard to the wooer,
Yet is it softened by sorrow and bends in the hour of affliction.
Wherefore hurl from thine hand a tempest angry and sudden—
Loosen the wintry bolts and drive to the Thracian caverns
Far off, girt with snow, the blustering armies of Winter.

Never in vain should sue the lovely. Methinks I am lovely—
Oft have I seen the Fauns behind the sheltering beeches
Peep amid Dryads coy, and wonder has held them beholding:
And I remember too when Artemis came to the fountain
Bending to taste the wave, for she was aweary with hunting,—
How that her face was fair, and well the quiver became her,
Well the huntress-shoon and the spoils of the panther around her;
Yet methought, as I lay in the tangled sedges and watched her,
Mine was a face as bright and a form as fair to beholders.

Oh, how sweet is the Spring—the Spring so long in returning,—
When from yonder crag, that, girt with a diadem hoary,
Now stands silent, stern, leap down the glad waters careering,
Bright, rejoicing in freedom, and melody rings in their wild course.

Sweet is the Summer too,—for then in the heat of the noontide
Gently tinkling lingers the wave in the clefts of the smooth stones,
Gently tinkling lulls me to dream in ambrosial slumbers.

Dear no less to my heart is the season of fruit-laden Autumn:—
Then do I love to watch if perchance may fall from the ruddy
Boughs the bursting plum or the brown and clustering filbert,
Dropped by the squirrel that sits on the topmost spray of the hazel.

Then, when all is still, and over the crest of the mountain
Half by a white cloud veiled the pale and sorrowful moon climbs,
Pensive I sit, and think she is pale because in the valley
Lies untouched by her love,—unmoved by the kiss of a Goddess,
He who, a mortal, has wakened desire in a bosom immortal.

Gladsome days,—sweet nights! oh, when to the sorrowing Naiad
Will ye again return?—for lo! I am weary with waiting—
Weary and lonely and chill, a sad disconsolate captive.
Surely, vainly do men complain of death, that his arrow
Bitterly strikes, for I, who never may feel it, would gladly
Welcome the bitterest arrow that ever flew from his quiver.

"Σ."

OUR COLLEGE CHAPEL.

"Society becomes possible by religion."—*Sartor Resartus.*

THERE are, I believe, few words in our University Vocabulary which will, in years to come, when the hard struggle of life has damped our ardour and increased our cares; when the memories of the past have become dearer, as the duties of the present have become more anxious, and our hopes of the future less sanguine—few words which will recall so vividly the days of our Undergraduate Life; from the hour when, as nervous, hopeful freshmen, we first took our humble seat in Chapel, to the Sunday after Tripos Day, when, with an excusable pride in our bachelor's hood, we worshipped for the last time as Students within the familiar walls; few words over which we shall linger so fondly, and yet perhaps regretfully, as those which I have placed at the head of this paper. The Hall, the Lecture-Room, the Senate-House will have each its attendant train of recollections. They will be of pleasures, of intellectual prowess, of individual triumphs or disasters. But the College Chapel, in which all distinctions cease, in which the expectant Wrangler worships side by side with the less fortunate Junior Op, will alone be indissolubly identified with College Life, and will stand out in clear distinctness as the outward and visible sign of that Unity and Fellowship which is implied in the very name of College. These words will perhaps call to the minds of most, recollections of opportunities thrown away and of resolutions broken; but they will also remind us of the holy influences of the service, of the sense of a want which characterized the first few days of every Vacation, of the realization of our brotherhood which crept over us when we met together within its walls for the first time after the death of a fellow-student, and of its purifying power during the heat and excitement of a competitive examination.

These thoughts have been in part suggested by reading a passage which directly contradicts them. Many have objected to the system of compulsory attendance at College Chapel. It has been the favourite mark of attack of all who dislike our University discipline. They could not, I believe, help feeling that it was the root and foundation of the whole; that unless they could overthrow that, they could scarcely succeed in destroying the superstructure. But the poet Wordsworth, a member of the College in which I am now writing, stands conspicuous among University Men in being able—when recalling in riper years the scenes and experiences of his youth—to record the opinions contained in the following lines, as expressing his judgment and experience of our College discipline:—

> Let Folly and False-seeming . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . parade among the Schools at will,
> But spare the House of God. Was ever known
> The witless shepherd who persists to drive
> A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
> A weight must surely hang on days begun
> And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
> Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the Spirit
> Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
> At home in pious service, to your bells
> Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
> Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
> And your officious doings bring disgrace
> On the plain steeples of our English Church,
> Whose worship 'mid remotest village trees
> Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at hand
> In daily sight of this irreverence,
> Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
> Loses her just authority, falls beneath
> Collateral suspicion, else unknown.

Whatever weight may be attached to these lines, none should accrue from the fact that their author was a University Man. No reader of the Prelude will, I think, hesitate to admit that one who kept aloof so systematically from the influences of the place, who separated himself so much from the discipline and course of study of the University, as Wordsworth did, could not possibly have entered into the spirit of its institutions, or be qualified to pass judgment upon them.

I propose however to consider in the present paper the

general question here raised. Now that University Reform is occupying so large a share of public attention, it may not be amiss for us, who perhaps are most interested in it, to examine on what principle so important an institution as the College Chapel rests; whether it is one of the Landmarks which define our University Education, or whether it is an accident of the system which it were well in these enlightened times at once to remove. I am the more induced to do this, because there has been started, within the last twenty years, an institution, having as its object the education of young men, and called by its founders a College, which does not possess a Chapel, and does not admit that worship is a feature in Education with which it is at all concerned.*

Before considering the objections, I will endeavour to point out the principle involved; and to state the reasons which led our ancestors almost to identify the Chapel with the College; which would at all events have rendered them unable to conceive them separated.

Of course I do not mean that these reasons presented themselves to the minds of our ancestors in the logical, self-conscious way in which I must set them before the reader. Our Colleges arose according to a natural law of development. Their founders would no more have questioned the absolute necessity of the College Chapel, than they would have hesitated to assert, had the distinction occurred to them, that Education, and not Instruction, was the object for which they were founded. All that I can pretend to do is to show that the Chapel was a legitimate step in this process of development, not an interruption of it; to point out the reasons which would have led to the same result, had it ever crossed their minds to consider it. Not, on the other hand, that I would assert that they did not reflect about it, that these reasons did not occur to them; all I wish the reader to understand is that I do not put them forward as historically true.

I have already said that Education, and not Instruction, was the object for which the Colleges are founded. To educate themselves or others is the reason why men reside in Colleges.

The important features in Education which now concern us, are: First, that it is a spiritual not a material process, ethical even rather than intellectual. To educate a man is not merely to teach him—this, for want of a more accurate

* University College, London.

term, may be called instruction—not merely to cultivate or develop the faculties of his mind and body; these, when worthily pursued, are indeed aids, and important ones; still, only aids to that which is the primary end of all education, to awaken to life and action his spiritual nature, to free his spirit from its natural subjection to sensuous and visible things, to train it to the study and contemplation of the invisible and eternal. The Student is the witness to mankind that there is a world distinct from, and more real than, the world of sense around us. He is the priest of the invisible, the interpreter of the visible.

I need scarcely say that I do not here use Student as synonymous with Undergraduate. In fact there is no necessary connection between them. An undergraduate, merely because he is an undergraduate, is not therefore a Student. At the same time there ought to be no antithesis. I fear however that it is possible to follow out completely the University system, as at present interpreted by the Colleges, and yet not have much of the Student about one at the end. But if every Professional Man ought to be a Student in the highest sense of the term, as having to do with the spiritual part of men, surely it is desirable that of us who are about to become Professional men this should not be true.*

Secondly, Education is in no sense a selfish aim. It cannot be attained by leading an isolated, selfish life; cannot be enjoyed by considering it as a private personal gain. This might be the case with Instruction, it cannot with Education. A man may live for the sole purpose of developing his intellectual and æsthetical faculties; he may to this devote his every energy; but if for this he ignores all other feelings, impulses and strivings; if for this, "in "self-worship wrapped alone," he obliterates all sense of duty

* Have any of my readers ever considered what is implied in the fact of our wearing the surplice in Chapel? I know not why we do, but I know what it helped to teach me. I had, until I came to College, always looked upon the wearing of the surplice as the privilege, if you will, of members of the priesthood, of those who belonged to what is considered especially the sacred profession. But I found here that all Students, whatever might be their future profession, wore the surplice on certain occasions. I concluded, not very logically perhaps, that it would seem as though all professions were really sacred; that a calling was requisite for every profession, as much as for the priesthood. And I believe I was right.

and relation to others—he will not be educating, he will be destroying himself. He will be drawing out one side only, while allowing the other to decay. Man is not all intellect, any more than all animal. It is only in healthful intercourse with his fellows that he can hope to educate himself.

Bearing these points then in mind, viz., what Education is, and what is the condition necessary to its attainment, it will be at once evident that a College cannot be a mere assemblage of men working individually with the same object. They must work together; they must constitute a Society. Every Member of it must feel that he is a Member of a Society; one of a number of elements which must be united in an entire whole, that each may fulfil its object.

What then is the principle which can give coherence to these discordant elements, which can render permanent an institution composed of such fluctuating material? There must be some principle, some common bond of union. No set of men ever yet remained united without it. No great physical work even could be performed unless the labourers were united by a common principle, the principle of obedience to a fixed Head. For this principle, be it remembered, originates far more from the fact that it alone can harmonize their working, can make each feel that the labour he is contributing is not antagonistic to the labour of any other, but is necessary to give completeness and symmetry to the whole; far more from this than from the relation between master and workman, as wage-payer and wage-receiver; as may be seen in our boat-races, cricket-matches, &c., where, though the relation does not exist, it is still found necessary to awaken the principle.

What then is the principle that can hold a College together?

It must be universal, that every Student may acknowledge it; spiritual, because the duties, privileges and temptations of the Student as such are spiritual; and eternal, for the work is 'separate from time.'

It must then be the principle of a common faith, of faith in the same Lord and Ruler of all.

But the Student, from the very nature of his work, from his familiarity with spiritual things, is in continual danger of questioning their reality: because he has to do with the facts of the inner life of the Universe, with laws, and with the symbols by which these laws are made perceptible

to the understanding, he is especially liable to the temptation of looking upon these symbols as themselves the realities and not merely as signs; of considering the investigation of laws as consisting merely in the facile use of symbols; in a word, of doubting the very basis of his work, the principle of his existence as a Student. He must therefore be continually reminded of it, as the labourer of the necessity of obedience. There must be some form or ceremony by which the fact and its importance may be continually kept before him, some mode by which he may acknowledge his belief in it, and gain strength to his belief. There must be worship.*

Should any reader find difficulty in admitting the application of this to ourselves, because it has been already said that Undergraduates are not necessarily Students in the nobler sense of the word, it may perhaps be sufficient to suggest that there are various degrees of Studenthood; and that one Student as such differs from another, not in intellectual power, this only measures his success, but in the distinctness with which he grasps the idea of the Student, with which he realizes the meaning of his work, and in the determination with which he adheres to it. Assuming it to be possible as an extreme case that an Undergraduate could enter upon his work here as a Student, with the conscious purpose of not striving to be a Student, but only of endeavouring to sell his talents and industry in the dearest market; he could not by so doing release himself from the temptations and responsibilities of one who undertakes the work of a Student. By considering himself as a trader, he cannot get the immunity of one.

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* "But how then" it may perhaps be said "do you explain the existence and beneficial working of societies within the College?" In the same way that I do the existence of the College within the Church. And so far from considering them as incompatible with the well-working of the College, I believe them very materially to assist in extending and intensifying the advantages of residence, by knitting men still more closely together; provided always that there is nothing in these societies which is opposed either to the object of residence, or to the principle of union. But for this very reason, all Colleges, as well as societies, which are based upon narrower principles than those of the Church, all of which the connecting link is a narrower form of the Church's Creed, do seem to me, however praiseworthy may be their object, fraught with danger, as tending to lessen the force of the bond uniting all, and increasing the danger of disunion.

So far all that I have said is true for men of every creed, for the Heathen as for the Christian, for the Dissenter as for the Churchman. The particular form this worship should assume would be a question for each founder to decide. There could be no doubt with ours. As Christians and members of a particular Church, it was a necessity for them that the worship should be Christian, and according to the principles of that Church. It may be called narrow, bigoted, in the present day. They could then, we now, unite on no other grounds. It seemed to follow in logical sequence from the necessity of worship at all. And provided the College is a place of Education, I see not how their decision can be shaken. If however a Student is to be merely a repository of useful knowledge which the College is to supply, or if a University is a knowledge-mart where Students are to expose their wares for sale to the highest bidder; where no studies are recognized but such as pay; but such as will increase the wealth or influence of the Student; let those defend the College Chapel who can; I cannot. It appears to me then a contradiction and an absurdity.

Further, if what I have said be applicable, wherever men are congregated together for purposes of study, how much more so is it in our own case here in Cambridge, where the majority are youths who come here as men, having just left school as boys; at an age therefore when an increase of freedom is sure to be accompanied by a great increase of temptation; and when it is of the utmost importance that principles should take the place of laws, moral strength of mere passive obedience.

And yet, sound as I believe this reasoning to be, there is an objection urged which we dare not shirk, and which if true, renders all I have said as nothing.

If our attendance at Chapel is a mere form; if our worship is hypocrisy; if to the majority of Undergraduates the Chapel is the representative of an enormous sham, the cause of a daily lie; however great may be the sacrifice, we dare not retain it. It is too hard in these days to see truthfully, to speak truthfully, to act truthfully, in the daily occurrences of life, for us to increase the danger and temptation by habituating ourselves to falsehood in so solemn a matter as worship.

"Your whole system of attendance at chapel" (we may suppose an objector saying) "is a remnant of the corrupt "and effete monastic system, the relic of a time when, with "the quibbles of the Schoolmen, and the forms of the

"Romanists, you were able to impose on the minds of a "priest-ridden, ignorant people. But this is all changed "now. We are wiser than our forefathers. Under pressure "from without, you have been obliged somewhat to improve "your education; you must now in the same way be com- "pelled to reform the absurdities of your discipline. Fore- "most among these is the compulsory attendance at College "Chapel. This may once have had a meaning; it has none "now. You yourselves admit, at least practically, that it has "none, that it is a mere matter of form. Every Student is "required, so says Dean or Tutor, to keep a certain number "of Chapels each week. He will be punished for not doing "so, as for any other breach of University discipline. "Nothing is said about worship; the absurdity of so doing "would at once condemn it. A chapel has to be kept, not "worship performed. As soon as you are out of your pupil- "age, you will revenge yourself by keeping no more than "decency requires: you have had enough of it as an under- "graduate. The effects of this are the common talk of all "who know anything of the University. The Chapel must "be kept like the Lecture; but the former is the greater "bore. A man must prepare, keep himself sober, for the "Lecture; he may rush off to Chapel fresh from his wine "or his novel, bent only on making up the complement. "It is the mark of an experienced hand to know how few "will content the Dean. It is a mockery and a lie. And "even were it not so, the time has past for these narrow forms. "We do not now believe that any church contains all truth. "The Universities belong to the nation, not to the small "section of it who will subscribe certain articles. You have "no doubt found it profitable to prejudice the minds of those "under you in favor of the tenets of your sect, and to keep "the emoluments and advantages of the University for those "of your own way of thinking; but we who attach some "meaning to worship, who would have our children candidly "inquire into religious questions, unbiassed by motives of "interest or the influence of the past, and who have thus by "our conscientious scruples been shut out from your Col- "leges, will now appeal to the nation, to see whether you also "must not bend to the spirit of the age, and open your doors "to all."

Most of my readers must, I think, have heard or read something of this kind. I have endeavoured not to shrink from its full statement in any way. Of many of the state- ments in it I have nothing to say. They may, or may not, in

certain cases be true: they bear evident traces of the jaundiced eye and the bitter tongue. I admit however that we do go to Chapel, as we go to Lecture. Rightly or wrongly, we do look upon daily worship as a part of our daily life, not as an unnatural interruption of it. This may be ascribed to habit; it matters not: the result is the same.

"But you do not go to Chapel to worship. You have to "be driven to it. The continual recurrence of the form of "worship must deaden your minds to all holy influences."

I protest most earnestly against the assumption of infallibility involved in this and all such statements. To me this judgment savours much of the bigotry and want of charity, the objector professes so much to dread. He might with as much justice assert that, because men must choose some profession that they may live, and many choose the ministry, therefore all are driven into it from none but mercenary motives. Let Him who alone knows the heart be left to judge it. To me no congregation seems so devout and attentive as that assembled daily in the College Chapel. Passing over this however, and turning to the spirit of the objection; I ask, "and if it be true, what then?" Is it peculiar to College? Is it not a fact recognized by all, that the continual recurrence of the seasons of the Church does tend to blind us to their significance and importance? Or, if hero-worship is the only worship recognized by the objector, can he deny that the habitual reading of History, and learning it when young, has blinded him to the lessons in the lives of his heroes; that he requires periodically a Carlyle to awaken in him a recognition of those lessons? Is it not true that men may attend a course of lectures on the most momentous subjects, and yet not realize that they have any real connection with their own lives?* Do we not require sickness and adversity to remind us of the blessings of health and prosperity, and of the gratitude we ought to feel for them? Wherein then do the effects of daily worship differ from these? Grant the necessity of worship at all, and the fact alleged ceases to be an objection. And if we have to be driven to Chapel; is that anything novel or wrong? Is it anything new that young men have to be compelled to do that which they ought to do? Is it not well that we should be obliged to feel in ourselves this ever present contradiction? We ought to worship sincerely and

* Maurice's Lectures on Education.

truly; we know we ought to do so; and yet there is that within us which wills it not, which avoids doing so. We are continually inclined to consider as a mere form, to go through like machines, what we know ought to be most living and real. I believe it is a very important thing that we should feel this.*

There still remains one more objection to consider, that founded on a theory concerning the functions of the University. The answer to it is really involved in what I have already said. For, granting that the Universities, as National Institutions, ought to be open to all, whatever their Creed; how does it affect the constitution of the Colleges? If, as I have endeavoured to show, daily worship must be an integral feature in every place devoted to study, the only inference from the objection is, that those who dislike our form of worship should have a college of their own, not that they should destroy the efficiency of ours. Further, considering our youth, it appears especially desirable that everything like religious controversy should be discouraged at College, as sure only to lead to dogmatism and flippancy. That this would be impossible in a College open to men of every Creed is evident enough, even if experience had not shown its truth.

* Maurice's Lectures on Education.

I have already made one reference to this work; I cannot make another without adding, what indeed every one who knows it will have observed, that these references give but a very inadequate idea of how much I am indebted to it. I can say most gratefully that I have learnt more from it than I in any way know how to express. There is one other work to which I am anxious to acknowledge my gratitude. Fichte's Lectures on the Nature of the Scholar; translated by Wm. Smith, J. Chapman, London. The best commentary on this is Fichte's own life; in which may be seen how nobly he endeavoured to work out in himself the lessons he taught to others. I am especially glad to be able to make this acknowledgment to Fichte, because in a work now much used in the College, (Bp. Fitzgerald's Edition of Butler) he is spoken of in terms I do not understand. When Bp. Fitzgerald calls Fichte stupid, methinks the epithet rebounds, it at all events gives rise to curious speculations as to the nature of his lectures at Dublin as Professor of Moral Philosophy. I have not made these references with any idea of thus exhausting my acknowledgments. It will only be an illustration of much that I have said, if I add that I am as much indebted to my Fellow-Students as to either.

I have shown then, I think, that the very idea of Education requires that worship should be as prominent a feature in a Student's life as study; that the objection to it, from its being compulsory is superficial, because it is not to be expected, however much desired, that young men can, unaided, always come off victorious in their struggles with the laziness of the flesh and the temptations of their youth; and finally, that though grateful for the warning involved, we cannot destroy our College Chapel, because attendance there may become mere matter of form; for this is a danger which besets us in every direction, in the ordinary courtesies of life, in all worship.

I can scarcely hope to have satisfactorily solved all the difficulties with which this question is beset. I shall be contented if I have suggested to any the direction in which solutions may be found: for my own part I have no hesitation in appealing to the general experience and consciences of my readers as the truest witness in my favor.

In conclusion I may perhaps be allowed to remind them, that I have throughout this paper abstained from even alluding to the highest grounds on which the importance and necessity of our daily College service may be best made evident; and this for many reasons, but chiefly because the Chapel itself seems preferable to a Magazine for enlarging on such topics.

A SHORT ESSAY ON THE ART OF WRITING 'VALENTINES' AND ALBUM POETRY.

BEFORE another Number of "*The Eagle*" appears, Valentine's day with its gratified hopes, or realised fears, will have come and gone; another Levée-Day of King Hymen will have passed, and those who have not taken this opportunity of being presented in due form will have to wait till some other opportunity of paying their court offers itself. I trust that I am not mistaken in my view of *The Eagle*, when I say, that I believe its tendencies to be matrimonial: that though liberally supported by the Deans and Fellows of this College, it does not bind itself to advocate celibacy. Such being the case, I consider it my duty to warn all my young friends not to let Valentine's Day find them unprepared with a Poetical Epistle to the honour of their Ladye Faire. 'But,' some one will say, 'I am no Poet;' very likely. Few men are. But most Corydons can write verses sufficiently well to please the ear and excite the interest of their Phillises. I alas! am past the age fitted for these amusements; in fact, I am the eldest Junior Fellow of Celibacy Hall. But should these words of mine dissuade any of my youthful readers from remaining Bachelors after they are Masters of Arts, especially should these words induce our oldest Senior Fellow the Rev. Cœlebs Soundsnoozer to take unto himself a wife, I shall not have written in vain. But to proceed to the object of this article. Few men who know me will believe me when I tell them that I once was a perfect adept in all the cunning stratagems of love. Yes, it is so. I often hear men pass me and say, "ah! poor Diddler—"never the same man since Miss Jones refused him, because "he had red hair." (True, Miss J. *did* say she had an objection to auburn hair ever since the loss of 'a dear spaniel,' and that my hair was unfortunately auburn I cannot deny; but that is neither here or there.) I am not I own

the man I was. But time was when no man's voice was sweeter than mine in the gilded saloon, no whisper softer than mine, as I spoke the language of the Flowers in the kitchen-garden, and above all (for this was the secret of my success) no hand

> More skilled than mine,
> To write the tender Valentine,
> Or fill the Album's page.
>
> (Cf. Diddler's *Poems*, vol. XLIV. p. 253.)

'Hei mihi præteritos!' what boots it more to tell. I loved? aye, but too well! But I loved ambition more! and what was my ambition? to be a fellow of my college—an honour which I now hold, a happy man outwardly; but who shall tell

> How many tendrils of divinest love,
> That might have blossomed in my canker'd breast,
> Are rudely rooted up and live no more?
>
> (Diddler's *Poems*, vol. XI. p. 703.)

The reader will see by this time that I was born a Poet, and I have no doubt will excuse my frequent wanderings from my subject for the simple reason that I am a Poet, an 'Alastor,' 'Natures own Child not tied by Rules of Art,' &c. To be brief; my object in writing is merely to give all my readers two pieces of advice.

(i.) To beware of a blighted fate such as mine.

(ii.) To ensure their success in Love by writing verses in Albums, and in Valentines; and to trust to this mode of attack in preference to all others.

'The Valentine' is an admirable method of attacking the affections. For instance, what could be more irresistible than my verses to Henrietta E——? though alas! the only reward I received at the hands of the beautiful Henrietta was to be told that I was 'a good hand at Nonsense Verses'!! I smothered my feelings, for who could feel angry with so much loveliness? Would only that she had had more taste! I give the verses as a specimen; perhaps they are in too lively a strain. I have since discovered that the 'Melancholy Dodge' answers best; but they were written in my youth. Here they are:

To Henrietta.

> Alas! I find 'tis hard to meet
> With rhymes in writing a love-letter;
> But harder still to find as sweet
> A Girl as charming Henrietta.
>
> Of all that wound with Cupid's darts,
> And hold their slaves in Love's soft fetter,
> There's none that wins so many hearts
> As airy, fairy, Henrietta.
>
> I once alas! was fancy-free;
> One day unhappily I met her,
> And who unmov'd by love could see
> The face, the grace of Henrietta?
>
> I saw! I lov'd! without delay
> With all love's wiles did I beset her,
> She frowned, nor would my pangs allay
> My teazing, pleasing Henrietta.
>
> Her eyes are soft yet brightly gleam,
> Her form a goddess's, nay better;
> Aye on her lips doth gladness beam,
> Smiling, beguiling Henrietta.
>
> And yet for me no smile she wears;
> Her eyes for me had never yet a
> Fond look, though all my hopes and fears
> Are centred in my Henrietta.
>
> If she would smile upon my love,
> I'd love, I'd cheer, I'd soothe and pet her;
> But ah! what prayers can ever move
> A beauty proud as Henrietta?
>
> Would she but throw her lot with mine,
> No fears should vex, no care should fret her,
> Then take me for your Valentine
> My love, my life, my Henrietta!
>
> (*Feb.* 14, 1838.)

After this long specimen of 'the Valentine,' I must hasten on to discuss 'Album verses.' These should, as a rule, be light, pretty and unintelligible: they should contain a vast number of similes. I think 'Album verses' may be divided into two Classes, the 'Tender and Pathetic,' and 'the Ingenious.' Of these the former class ought not to be over-done. There should be no 'wild despair;' even that 'last infirmity of noble minds.' 'Self-destruction' should not so much as be named. In fact τὸ πρέπον must be observed, and the nerves of the fair recipient spared. 'The Heart's 'Agony:' 'The Blighted Breast:' et hoc genus omne must never intrude into the Album. Nothing but what is soft and tender should be seen in this flower-garden of the Muses. If you have only a taste for 'the Morbid'

write anonymously, for the same principle which influenced the Greek Tragedians to cause Medea's children to be murdered behind the scenes should prevent you from parading your woes openly. I now proceed to give a specimen of 'The Tender and Pathetic Album Poem.' I think it will be considered Tender, I trust it will be found Pathetic; abounding in similes and sufficiently unintelligible, it certainly is. The reader will see that it was written 'in 'the Highlands, &c.' However, as a matter of conscience, I must inform him that the verses were *really* written in Pimlico, but it was necessary to add a topographical interest to the Lines, a deceit for which I trust the Reader will pardon me.

Lines written in the Highlands of Scotland while I was resting under a Pine tree.

Where'er my wandering footsteps turn,
My thoughts for ever fly to thee;
Thy voice is in the flowing burn,
Thy form is in the graceful tree.

For thou art statelier than the pine,
That o'er me casts its solemn shade:
Nor murmureth so sweet as thine
The streamlet's voice adown the glade.

I think of thee when shadows creep
Across the mountain's dusky side;
When the wild water-spirits sleep
And scarce is heard the rippling tide.

Delicious murmurs lull my ear,
Dreams visit me from fairy land,
I taste a whisper'd fragrance near,
And feel the magic of a hand.

Oh! Harriet, why art thou away?
All nature speaks of love and thee;
And shall I never see the day
When I shall feel thou lovest me?

What can be more light and pretty than verse I.? What more full of similes than verse II.? more unintelligible than verses III. and IV.? and more tender and pathetic than verse V.?

I now hasten on to discuss 'the Ingenious Album Poem,' and here I have to repeat my former advice, 'Ne quid nimis.' Start with a subject that promises but ill, and manage to extract from this barren subject two or three

ingenious ideas and the object is gained. In the verses which I give as a specimen I think I succeeded in this. A lady, the fair Jemima Jones, had told me to write some complimentary verses in her Album, in which she was to be compared to *an Album* or anything else upon the table. She left me to accomplish this task; smilingly telling me that if I wrote "a good exercise" she should consider me a greater poet than *Smith*, and that if I could find a rhyme for 'Album' she would dance a quadrille with me that evening. She left me in despair: for a long time the nearest rhyme to Album that I could think of was *Stallbaum*, till at length the accusative case of "Balbus" suggested itself. I sat down and wrote; here is the result.

When first my Muse sweet girl you tasked
To write within your Album:
I felt as puzzled as when asked
At school the case of "Balbum."
But when those charms divine I viewed
With love and trepidation;
I wrote; I sang, my heart imbued
With fervent inspiration.
For who with Album, pen and ink,
While on those charms he gazes,
Would hesitate to sing like wink-
-ing thy unrivalled praises?
Thy eye is grayer than the quill,
With which I now am writing;
Thy brow is fairer than this sil-
-ver ink-pot so inviting:
Thy hand is softer than the calf
Which forms thy Album's cover;
More black than ink those locks by half
Which captivate thy lover.
But when I sing thy mental charms
I falter and I blunder;
My burning love my pen disarms,
I sigh in silent wonder.
Yet though my love no words express
Believe thy humble Rhymer,
While thus my feelings I confess,
I love but thee Jemima!

And now concluding my remarks, I wish my readers, one and all, a merry Christmas, a happy New Year, and last, not least, a pleasant Valentine's day.

"DUODECIMO DIDDLER."

SULPICIA.

Tibullus Eleg. IV. ii.

SULPICIA est tibi culta tuis, Mars magne, Calendis,
Spectatum e coelo, si sapis, ipse veni.
Hoc Venus ignoscet: at tu, violente, caveto
Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.
Illius ex oculis, quum vult exurere Divos,
Accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor:
Illam quidquit agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor:
Seu solvit crines, fusis decet esse capillis;
Seu compsit, comptis est veneranda comis:
Urit, seu Tyriâ voluit procedere pallâ;
Urit, seu niveâ candida veste venit:
Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.
Sola puellarum digna est cui mollia caris
Vellera det sucis bis madefacta Tyros;
Possideatque metit quidquid bene olentibus arvis
Cultor adoratæ dives Arabs segetis,
Et quascunque niger rubro de littore conchas
Proximus Eöïs colligit Indus equis.
Hane vos, Pierides, festis cantate Calendis,
Et testudineâ, Phœbe superbe, lyrâ.
Hoc solemne sacrum multos celebretur in annos:
Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.

SULPICIA.

Tibullus Eleg. IV. ii.

ON thy Calends hath my Ladye robed to pay thee honour due;
Come, if thou be wise, great Mavors, come thyself her charms to view!

Venus will excuse the treason; but do thou, rude chief, beware,
Lest thine arms fall in dishonour, while thou gazest on the fair!

In her eyes, whene'er her pleasure wills the hearts of gods to fire,
Lamps, a pretty pair, are burning, ever lit by young Desire:

Whatsoe'er the maid be doing, wheresoe'er her steps she bends,
Perfect grace is shed around her, perfect grace in stealth attends:

If she leave her tresses flowing, grace o'er flowing locks is poured,
If she braid them, in her braidings is she meet to be adored;

Every heart is fired to see her, walk she robed in purple bright,
Every heart is fired to see her, come she dressed in snowy white:

So Vertumnus, blest Immortal, in Olympus' heavenly hall,
Hath a thousand varied dresses, and the thousand grace him all.

Unto her alone of maidens meet it is that Tyre produce
Precious gifts of softest fleeces, doubly dyed in costly juice;

Her's alone be all the perfumes, which on scented meadows wide,
Tills and reaps the wealthy Arab, at his fragrant harvest tide;

All the shells the dusky Indian, on the Erythrean shore,
Neighbour of the steeds of Eos, heaps in many a shining store.

Her upon your festal Calends, sing ye, bright Pierid quire!
Sing her praises, haughty Phœbus, on thy tortoise-fashioned lyre!

Through the course of future ages let the annual rite be done:
Never maiden was more worthy to be numbered with thine own.

TENNYSON.

AMONG the occasional aids, which are sometimes accessible to the student of literature, few will prove so valuable in helping him to realize fully the ideas that were working in the mind of the author, or will enable him to watch so closely the operation of the laws of the poetic or philosophic faculty, as the corrections and alterations introduced into successive editions. In proof of this it would be sufficient to refer a doubtful reader to Hare's Guesses at Truth, Vol. II., where the alterations in some of Wordsworth's Poems are discussed with a delicate minuteness which it is to be wished reviewers generally had endeavoured to imitate;—this would be sufficient were it not that a still more satisfactory course is open to me,—I can give him an opportunity of testing it for himself.

In 1837, Lord Northampton edited and Murray published a collection of original Poems called the Tribute, which contained,—besides contributions from Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, W. S. Landor, Trench, Monckton Milnes, Henry Taylor, Dr. Whewell, Sir W. Hamilton, Rev. C. T. Tennyson, Dean Milman, Lord J. Russell, Alford and many others,—some stanzas by Alfred Tennyson, Esq., which have lately been republished, with various alterations, omissions and additions, as § XXVI. of Maud.*

I subjoin the lines which have been altered, as they appeared in this Edition, and also the verses that have been omitted, referring the reader to the last Edition to see the nature of the alterations. Those words only which are italicized vary in the two Editions.† I may add, that this will also be a favourable opportunity for testing the accuracy of what has always appeared to me to be the exaggeration of a wholesome Truth in the volume before referred to, viz. that

* The profits resulting from this work were for the benefit of the family of a then recently deceased clergyman.

† In numbering the lines and verses, I have followed the Edition of 1856.

when a poem is once completed any attempt at improvement is sure to fail.*

Verse I. line 1. "*Oh!* that 'twere possible,"
Verse II. line 3. "*Of the land* that gave me birth,"
Verse III. line 3. "Ah *God!* that it were possible"
Verse V. lines 2 and 3 not in the original Edition, and the word "doze" (line 4) was misprinted "dose."
line 6. "For the meeting of *to-morrow*,"

In place of verses VI. and VII. was the following:

"Do I hear the pleasant ditty,
That I heard her chant of old?
But I wake—my dream is fled.
Without knowledge, without pity—
In the shuddering dawn behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold."

With a single alteration in the positions of lines 4 and 5, which have been interchanged, the last five lines have been retained as the conclusion of verse VII.

Verse VIII. This verse originally followed verse XIII. and was as follows:

"Get thee hence, nor come again
Pass and cease to move about—
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Mix not memory with doubt.
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without."

The only alteration being a different arrangement of the lines.

Verse X. line 3. "It *crosseth* here, it *crosseth* there."

Verse XII. followed verse VIII. in the Edition of 1837, lines 2 and 6 have been added.

* If, as these stanzas lead me to believe, the general plan of 'Maud' was conceived, and to some extent executed at the time they were first published, if they were in 1837 extracted from Maud, and not in 1855 inserted in it, one cannot but wish that the existence of the 'Tribute' had been known to the reviewers of that Poem, they might then perhaps have hesitated before criticizing so harshly what on this supposition must have been no hasty offspring of the Poet's brain, but one carefully meditated and long matured.

Verse XIII. line 1. "*Then* the broad light glares and beats,"
line 2. "And the *sunk eye* flits and fleets,"
line 4. "I loathe the squares and streets," (1837)
"And I loathe the squares and streets," (1856)
line 8. "*To* some still cavern deep,"
line 9. "*And* to weep, and weep and weep"

The poem originally concluded with the four following verses which have been omitted in the reprint.

"But she tarries in her place,
And I paint the beauteous face
Of the maiden, that I lost,
In my inner eyes again,
Lest my heart be overborne
By the thing I hold in scorn,
By a dull mechanic ghost
And a juggle of the brain.

"I can shadow forth my bride
As I knew her fair and kind,
As I woo'd her for my wife;
She is lovely by my side
In the silence of my life—
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

"'Tis a phantom fair and good;
I can call it to my side,
So to guard my life from ill,
Tho' its ghastly sister glide
And be moved around me still
With the waving of the blood,
That is moved not of the will.

"Let it pass, the dreary brow,
Let the dismal face go by.
Will it lead me to the grave?
Then I lose it: it will fly:
Can it overlast the nerves?
Can it overlive the eye?
But the other, like a star,
Thro' the channel windeth far
Till it fade and fail and die,
To its Archetype that waits,
Clad in light by golden gates—
Clad in light the Spirit waits
To embrace me in the sky."

ST. JOHN'S IN 1642.

July 27, 1642.

GOOD MOTHER,

I received your letter Thursday was sennight to my very great comfort. Indeed, mother, the times be troublous, so that it pleaseth me not a little to hear you doe so well; the more because even now I doe keep my chamber, being sick, and soe not able to attend unto my academical exercises as heretofore. My chamber fellow (or rather one of my chamber fellows, for there be three of us) one Mr. John Bullock, hath done me many kindnesses while I lie here, and hath removed me out of the old court into the new, where there is a fair aspect and pleasant air, insomuch that I am now almost well. I lie now with Mr. Anthony Walker a scholer; for, because of the new court which was built now fourty years agone, some of the scholers were able to have roomes of their own, in order of seniority; and so hath Mr. Walker. Before, I lay with Mr. John Bullock and one other, under Mr. Christopher Serne, a fellow, there being three hundred in the first court in the old time, and even yet it is crowded over much. And now, mother, I bethought me, while I lay sick, how that you had written unto me in your last letter, not knowing so much as the name of the college in which I am, which thing seeming both strange and unbefittinge hath incited me to write unto you shortly the ways of our living and manner of our house, to the intent that when you have read this letter (which I see not opportunity to send at this present) you may know somewhat the more particularly how your son fareth.

You must know then that our house is named after the Holy Apostle and Evangelist St. John, and doth consist of two courts, one new, the other old, which last doth excell the other as much in strength and solidness as in fairness of prospect and freshness of air it is inferiour. Behind, on the west side of the house as you go forth from the new court, there runneth the river, with various turnings delightsome to

the eye, and betwixt the river and gate standeth an umbrageous walnut-tree, whereunto I do oftentimes resort, and with some prime students of our house, I do use disputations in the scholerlike Latine, which alas daily groweth more contemned and of all despised, to the neglect of all true and antique knowledge. Or else, if lighter learning please us, some Englishe booke of wit and wisdom furnisheth matter for sober and improvinge converse—but of this hereafter, now I return to our house. You go across the bridge, and before you lie sondry fish-ponds well filled and ready for the angler, which divertisement I do much affect, not forgetting the saying that our worthy president Mr. Senhouse did oftentimes use 'Ex piscatione nihil mali,' which is to say 'There cometh no hurt from angling.' On the left hand lieth the tennis court down upon the bank of the river, between which and the said fish-ponds runneth westward a long walk planted evenly with trees, the which being as yet young and small will yet, I doubt not, hereafter attain unto the full stature of the tall walnut-tree. On the left hand of the long walk, at the extremity thereof, lieth the bowling-ground, which boundeth our limits towards the west, where the fellowes and gentlemen are wont not only to play at bowls, but also to run, pitch the bar, leap, and other like sports. With such passe-times do even our learned masters and batchelours recreate their minds, thus lightening the toils of study, and following the auncient poet Flaccus, who saith 'dulce est desipere in loco' which is, Englished, 'sport is in season sweet.' Else, if the air be chill, we disport ourselves in a spacious fielde near Queene's college called Sheepe's-greene, in the which many of us, for the most part batchelours and sophisters (though they tell me twenty years agone it was otherwise, when Sir Symmonds D'Ewes was in our house, who did with other gentlemen use to resort thither) doe play a match at foot-balle contending against the Trinitarian faction, which now doth bear the bell, though in former times it was not so. Again if the weather be hot, we cool ourselves by going into the river at a place called Clarke's delight not far from Queene's College: some also of our house use the game of nine-holes or loggets, but this not often, as scarcely befitting to students. Both the foot-balling and the bathing the statutes allow not, but as in many other matters, so in this, what the law forbiddeth, the custom concedeth, insomuch that both these sports are by all notwithstanding practised. If it chance raine or snow, the game of shovel-board engageth me in my hours of diversion, or else some Englishe booke, as

I said, either Guicciardini's histories translated, or Spencer's Fairie Queene, which last I like much, and doe intend to reade not perfunctorily as heretofore, but orderly with care and diligently, so as to make it mine own.

Yet, let it not, I pray you, honoured Mother, seeme to you that our student life is a life of sport, so as that Momus driveth out the Muses; rather be these same sports so many lacquies or servants, in waiting on our nine mistresses, and by their ministeries tending and strengthening the same. Tedious indeed would it be, were I, as I have narrated my diversions, so also to narrate my studies, how by this, I have read Seton's logick exactly, also parte of Molinæus and Keckermann, that is, of ethicks and philosophy; but of the ancients, Florus, also Macrobius, and Gellius' Attick Nights, which last I am even now reading; how I attend chapel morning and evening and the common places thereat, with the catechizings on Saturdays and Sundays, the disputations in the schools and the clerum at St. Marie's. Specially it behoves me to commemorate the publick lectures, whereat I take large and plentiful notes, and the lectures in our own house, of which one of the Greek lectures, had at four in the morning in imitation of the custome of the worthy Mr. Bois, is replete with all sound and useful learning, insomuch that some of the fellowes also attend at the same. At five of the morning we repair to the chapel, where, as I have before said, after service cometh the commonplace, in which exercise very much more zeal is shewed in our house than in others, for that our deane, the better to shame those idle ones who did neglect their duty, used oftentimes to commonplace for them when they were absent, which begat so vehement a zeal and emulation as that in the other faction also the deane did the same, to the great incitation and stimulation of all students. After prayers, a turn or two in the grounds, then our morning draught, and so to our book till eleven, at which hour we dine, saving only during the season of Sturbridge faire we dine at nine. After dinner, wholesome recreation till two or three, then to our books again (only on Saturdays and Sundays we repair to the chapel, there to be catechized) till it be time to repair again to the chapel for evening prayers at five, after which we sup in the hall at six, except only on Friday and on fast-days; though indeed the precision sort goe to their tutors even on Friday, and get of them supper money to spend in the towne, twice as much as the college alloweth on the other dayes of the weeke; then to our tutors' chambers, at the which we use to declaim and

other the like exercitations whereat the master doth sometimes attend; then prayers, and soe to bed at half after eight.

Thus have I described unto you our daily circle of duties, not forgetting aught as I think, except how on four days of the weeke we goe at nine in the morning to the Academical Lectures instead of our private studies. Surely such a life seemeth of a nature to breed content: and soe it should, but for my daily displeasure and annoyance when I look on these evil times, and the triumph of these wolves in sheepe's clothinge, how with their own private prayers and sniflinge riminge psalmerie, they do supplant that sacred liturgie which the church hath ordained, trampling ignorantly on all holy things. To see how in the chapel of Trinity, few if any doe weare surplices; some pray sittinge, some kneeling, some standing, some bow at the name of Jesus, some bow not, so as that the whole service is performed in a manner hodg-podg. Likewise they have whom they call dry or mute choristers, and these many, who sing not at all, and come to chapel when they list, or come not when they list not, with surplices sometimes, other times without, casually, and matters stand no whit otherwise at King's College. Moreover, when they be assembled into the chapel, the reader beginneth oftentimes at "Wherefore I pray you," instead of "Dearly beloved brethren;" and the students also they sitt all round the altar, with their surplices (if they have any) and their song-bookes exceeding meane and unbefittinge. Still, if in their publick devotions they be thus lax, in their private doubtless (which to them seem far holier) they be otherwise; for Mr. Bullock told me that when he went through the court of Trinity between eight and nine of the night, just before the locking of the gates (for it was summer time, being at the beginning of this moneth during which season the gates be locked at nine instead of eight) he did heare the students in their tutors' roomes, singing lustily to the top of their voices some ramblinge riminge psalme, and stopping awhile to hearken unto the noyse of their conventicling, clean forgot himself when the clock did strike nine (so long did these private prayers continue) and was thereby obliged to lie that night with a friend in Trinity. So pleasant is the air of their tutor's private chamber, compared with a chapel consecrated to the divine service. But what shall I say of that "pure house of Emmanuel," which hath the chapel runninge from north to south, the very neste of Brownists and hereticks, flourishing excellently well in this schismatick air. In

summ, all is heresie, nor doth aught else please those who call themselves the godly. But in our house it standeth otherwise; for here at least the church hath her ordinances respected, and in place of men's own private conceptions, vented forth in heat and frenzy, sometimes moreover sudden, and not so much as thought of before, the publick prayers are decently read, which blessing, as it is to us comfortable, so it is to the precise faction a thing to envy and snarl at, insomuch that they hold in great hatred our reverend and honoured master Dr. Beale, who hath adorned and embellished our chapel, before left bare by his predecessors, and made the same fit for the orderlie performance of divine service. For whereas beforetime the east end of our chapel was wholly unadorned, now Dr. Beale hath covered the same with hangings concerning the life of our Saviour, and the ceiling with paintings to the full cost of one hundred pounds; likewise the altar hath he covered with a faire cloth of silver, and all round placed rails and tapers in seemly guise, concluding and setting off the whole, by filling the large east window with stained glass where there was none before—so that you would hardly know the chapel again—all this to the great fury of the schismaticks. To crowne all, over above the altar is a dove and glory, which for my parte I like much, though some, and they of a different sort from the confiders, doe take exceptions thereat, and as for the confiders themselves, they can scarce restrain their venom to merely words. But time it is I should conclude this already too long letter. Pray you when you write, tell me how things stand with His Most Sacred Majesty, for it is like the people in London know concerning that matter more than we doe. I heare indeed, and believe it to be true, that his Majesty hath sent to us a request that we should to the best of our abilities contribute to his support, and to that intent hath offered if we please to borrow from us our plate, to be hereafter returned exactly according to weight, which offer, I doubt not, our heads will accept with all loyalty: only one Oliver Cromwell, burgess of our towne, spyeth and watcheth all we doe like a cat doth mice; but indeed it is whispered that one Mr. Barnaby Oley, president of Clare Hall, hath undertaken to convey away the plate, and I partly believe it, for I see him oftentimes in our house conferring as he walketh with our master in the grounds.

I purpose to send this letter as soon as may be, by an honest woman, my laundresse, who goeth to London presently;

one thing, mother, I would you could doe for me. You know how in my last letter I besought you that I might have sent unto me by the carrier a new suit, to wear the same at the majora comitia in the beginning of this moneth, which indeed came not at all: so as that not only did my clothes then looke exceeding meane as compared with the rest, but also I am even now appointed to read the bible daily in the hall during this weeke at dinner time, and this in my old suit, which vexeth me much.

Sept. 2nd, 1642.

Truly Mother it was ill for me that I came here; broken is the fountain of the Muses; gone are all my orderly studys, my sweete and pleasant recreations; there is no longer any law here but the law of violence. But indeed to leave lamentation, whereof, it is like, I shall have enough and to spare, I will tell you shortly how things stand with us. Yesterday was sennight, at half after five in the morning, while we were at our devotions in the chapel, and Mr. William Lacy, being a batchelour of divinity, was just entering on his common-place, we heard a noyse of heavy footsteps in the outward chapel, and presently comes in, with great clatter of sword against heel, a small sneaking captain, Jordan by name, having many godly soldiers at his tail, who did violently wrest down our Master from his seat where he sat, and drag him out of the chapel, some reviling at us who wore surplices, others with scoffs and gibes pointing to our idols (so they called them) over the altar. In fine, we broke up, and going hastily and confusedly out into the court, saw there other array of soldiers standing round about the chapel, and in the midst of the soldiers the white hairs of our master as he was being thrust forth out of his own college gate. I hear also that Dr. Sterne of Jesus College hath been ejected in like manner, with Dr. Martin of Queene's, and that all three together have been led, as it were in triumph, through Bartholomew fair in London in the midst of the rabble—and this because they chose to obey God rather than man, contributing, as in duty bound, to the support of their true and rightful king. Nor is this all, but with Dr. Beale goe twenty-nine of our fellowes (Mr. William Bullock, my tutor, uncle to John Bullock, being of their number) insomuch that our hall and chapel be deserts, and as for our lectures they are like to be scant enough, until out of their favour the schismaticks

send us of their American day-lecturers to fill up the old places. Indeed, from the time when our master was expulsed, no common place, nor lecture, neither academicall nor peculiar to our house, nor even private study has been possible for us, of which this is the reason. For three days after the late godly reforming of our house, the further purifaction thereof was continued by these means, viz., 1st. By shott of gun and pistol through our windows (forsooth to cleanse and purify this Boeotian air by the fumes of gun-powder) by which Mr. Anthony Walker for one was not only sore affrighted, but also had his shutts damaged and much glass in his windows broken. 2nd. By the taking violently of several auncient coynes from out our house. 3rd. By the breaking open of our bursar's door and the thieving therefrom the sum of five hundred pounds. 4th. By the administration to each and every of us an oath 'ex offishio' as they call it, (which we poor scholars do use to name 'ex officio') by the which oath we are bounden under the paine of being expulsed, to tell all sort of report and accusation to the detriment of our house and the members of the same, a thing clean contrary to our statutes. 5th. By the following noble surprise and stratagem of war which was after this manner. On Wednesday last, at about eleven of the clock in the night-time, when we were all in our beds, comes a sound of voices as of men demanding to be allowed entrance at the gate, and then suddenly a noyse of hornes and trumpets and iron heels upon the stones, with great shouting and clamour, whereat I leapt up forth from my bed, waking thereby John Bullock, who, as I said, slept with me, and together we looked out of our window (for you must know we had omitted to make fast the shutts) and there saw many soldiers, some rushing hither and thither about the old court, (for I had returned to my old chamber in that court when I recovered from my sickness) others standing round some prisoners whom they had, having drawn swords in their hands; and presently came a thumping and bouncing at our door, which when we opened, there stood before us the aforesaid Captain Jordan, he too with a drawn sword, having two men holding torches in their hands behind him; who did bid us 'arise, get up quickly,' and when we besought him for some little time that we might at least take with us a little clothing and some few bookes, with many 'yea verily's' and much godly talke about 'the sword of the Lord,' he drove us perforce out of our chamber, so that we fled forth, not

having so much as wherewith to cover us, and, for my bookes, I have none but Spencer's Fairie Queene, an Englishe book of poems, which I did catch up secretly from under my pillow where I had put it, mistaking it for my Seton, as I now find, to my great trouble and vexation. This night, I lay in Mr. William Bullock's chamber in the other court, and in the morning, when I woke up, we found a guard set at the gate between the two courts, and that our old court is to be a jayle for their malignants whom they have caught. As for me, even my bedding is gone, my bookes also, which cost me in sixty shillings, and all my apparel and furniture, and this all with no recompence nor compensation other than scoffs and churlish jestings.

Painful would it be both for me and you, pain without use, were I to tell you at large, how they do intend further to oppress us scholers, so that they purpose hereafter not so much as to allow us to goe out of the towne, except first some confider promise for us that we are even as he is: how they be for breaking down our bridge and defiling our chapels, or how—a present evil, John Bullock hath been by them thrown into prison, for that he is not old enough to sign their covenant. Truly this is a godly purification, truly a work of the Lord, a sweet-smelling savour. What to do I know not: one thing I know, that there is not any longer any home for me here, so that in no long time, if God help me, you will see the face of

Your loving mourning Son,

CHRYSOSTOME TALLEKIRKE.

To his honoured mother Mrs. Hester Tallekirke, who liveth in Pope's-head Lane, London, these I pray deliver.

FRAGMENTS OF A LETTER FROM ATHENS.

I WONDER no reading parties take up their quarters at Athens; I can conceive no more suitable place. Greece is easy of access; and at Athens you are cheaply and comfortably lodged. The slight increase of expense, owing to its distance, will be amply repaid by the increase of zest and interest in reading, which must follow, from understanding better the position of the writer or speaker, and being able to see the force of his allusions to climate, topography, manners and customs, in a way, which no amount of notes or Smith's dictionaries could render so intelligible. I suppose a day would be spent something like this: Rising with the sun, you have the cool of the morning for a ride to Phyle or Eleusis, or a scramble up Lycabethus, or a sober walk to the old Academy, and the hill of the sacred Colonus. Reading I suppose would follow, with dinner about 4 P.M. In the evening, nothing could be better than a stroll to the Acropolis, Pnyx, or some such place, not forgetting, if you are a smoker, your Τσιγάρκαρτον. You will thus always enjoy the Grecian sunsets, which alone are worth going the whole way to see. Nothing can be imagined finer than a good sunset as seen from the Parthenon, when the sun dips behind Helicon bathed in a flood of gold. Seated on a "massy stone, the marble column's yet unshaken base," the eye glances around, and notices how intensely purple Mount Hymettus is growing, till it becomes almost black, while a beautiful rose tint suffuses Pentelicus, with the quarry in its side, which supplied the marble for the temples, looking as if the mountain had been struck by a cannon ball as big as the dome of St. Paul's. And then to the north-west, the three distinct ridges of Ægaleos, Corydallus, and Cithæron, each one equally distinct in outline, but presenting different hues as the shades of evening steal over the country. But to the west the view is the most striking; the whole of the

Saronic gulf lies spread out before the beholder: Salamis lies almost under the sloping rays of the sun, with the celebrated straits and the site of Xerxes' throne all clear and intelligible; beyond appears the Acrocorinthus as distinct as if distant six, instead of sixty miles,—lower down the gulf, Ægina stands out most prominently with its peaked mountain, no longer an eyesore as it was to Pericles. In a direction a little southward of Ægina, the summit of Parnon in Laconia peeps out, disclosing to Athens a slight glimpse of its ancient enemy, whilst to the right of the island is Arachne less distant, less lofty, though more pointed, the last of the line of beacon heights which transmitted the news of the fall of Troy to victorious Greece.

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The protection of Athens was its walls, the Acropolis was only that citadel, without which scarcely any Greek town existed. It consists of an oblong of solid limestone, about one thousand one hundred feet in length, by four hundred and fifty in breadth, and rising nearly abruptly out of the plain to a height of three hundred feet. At the west stood, or rather stand, the Propylœa, the pride of ancient Athens, and the envy of its enemies. "O men of Thebes," says Epaminondas, "you must uproot those Propylœa and plant them in front of the Cadmean Citadel." About five hundred yards due west of the Acropolis is the Pnyx, situated on a slope, facing a point somewhat north of the Acropolis. In the dip between lies the Agora, which is bounded on the north by the Areopagus. We are now in what a "Classic" would call the most interesting spot in the world, and certainly what greatly enhances its interest is that with the slightest glance at book or plan you can see "what's what," without the aid of a guide, who spits out words at so much the score, without any regard to their meaning. No houses are permitted to defile this classic spot, which now seems to be consecrated to Ceres, if one may judge from the wheat stubble on the ground. Let us now examine, what an Irishman might term, the Public buildings of the city, the Pnyx and Areopagus, the Parliament House and Westminster Hall of the Athenians. Running up the slope we are soon in the Pnyx. It is somewhat in the shape of a weak bow with the string slightly drawn out. Along the string of the bow, there is a curtain of red-limestone about

twelve feet high, the rock having been excavated and carried down to bank up the lower side of the Pnyx. Where the fingers would touch the string of the bow stands the ancient *βῆμα*, a square mass of the old rock, with steps on either side, and seats in front for the Prytanes. Of course one's first impulse is to rush up the steps of the *βῆμα* and address one's friend as *ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι*, and ask him to go to the most distant part of the place, and so find out how useful Demosthenes must have found his sea-side rehearsals, when he used to try and drown the noise of the waves with his voice. Descending from the Pnyx into the Agora, we find some steps, cut out of the solid rock, which lead up to the Areopagus. Here again no one can fail to be struck with the simplicity of Athenian Public life, which performed the most important legislative and judicial duties under the open sky. The top of the Areopagus has evidently been shaped into seats, but they are now entirely *defaced*, chiefly perhaps by earthquakes, which have cracked the whole rock in all directions. What a string of associations connected with this spot must rush through the mind of any one seated in this ancient court of judicature. Here was the legendary trial of Mars—here was Orestes confronted as a matricide by the furies, whose shrine is below, formed by a broken crag of the Areopagus—here too was the bloody code of Draco enforced. But there are associations connected with this spot of a far different character, and of a far higher interest. It was to the summit of this very Mars-Hill and up those very steps that St. Paul was hurried, to vindicate his sweeping charges against a religion which had raised all those temples around him, the ornaments of the city, and the pride of its inhabitants. Here, as he stood, he had—the Acropolis within a stone's-throw—the Agora before him, containing the altar dedicated to the twelve Gods, and filled with the frivolous populace, "telling or hearing some new thing"—beneath, the shrine of the Eumenides, whilst at his back was the temple of Theseus, the deified founder of the state. Eloquent as his oration must appear to all, it can be appreciated thoroughly only by those, who clearly understand what prospect met the Apostle's eyes, or better by those who have stood where he stood, and have seen what he saw.

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ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

ON THE WORDS "VADE" AND "FADE."

THE word "Fade" is said to be derived from the French word "fade" *insipid*, the root of which is the Latin fatuus. The word occurs in precisely this sense—

Tar-water, being made in an earthen vessel unglazed, or that hath lost part of its glazing, may extract (as it is a strong menstruum) from the clay, a *fade* sweetishness offensive to the palate.—
Bp. Berkely: Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water.

And again, in the sense of *dirty*—

Of proud wymmen wuld y telle
But they are so wrothe and felle
Of these that are so foule and fade
That mak hem feyrere than God hem made.—
MS. Harl. 1701, f. 22.

"Vade" (which Johnson calls "a word useful in poetry, but not received") is derived from the Latin *Vadere*, and means to *pass away*, to *vanish*, *disappear*, *escape*.

The following instances may be quoted—

As one would saie, that when he departed, the onelie shield, defense, and comfort of the commonwealth was *vaded* and gone.—
Holinshed Chron. Rich. II. an 1199.

. . . . . Like sunny beames
That in a cloud their light did long time stay
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the azure aire shoote forth their persant streames.—
Faerie Queene, B. III. c. 9, XX.

"Vade" however seems frequently to be used merely as equivalent to *fade* in the ordinary acceptation of that word; as for example—

All as a slope and like the grasse,
Whose bewty sone doth vade.
MS. Ashmole, 802.

. . . . his summer leaves all vaded.—
Richard II. Act I. Sc. 2.

That if God dooe with so great pruydence clothe a blade euen commōly growing euerie where, and anon after to vade and perish awaye, and such a blade as this daie is freash and greene in the field, and the next morow when it is dried vp is cast into y^e furnace mouth to be burned, how much more will he not suffer you to be vnclothed, O ye of litel faith.—
Udal. Luke, c. 12.

"Fade" too seems sometimes used where we might expect "vade," as in—

He standes amazed how he thence should fade.—
Faerie Queene, B. I. c. 5. XV.

and perhaps we may add—

It faded on the crowing of the cock.—
Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 1.

However that the words are not synonymous is evident from the following passages—

Likewise the Earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore;
However gay their blossome or their blade,
Doe flouresh now, they into dust shall vade.—
Faerie Queene, B. V. c. 2, XL.

At last, not able to beare so great a weight,
Her power, disperst, through all the world did vade;
To shew that all in the end to nought shall fade.—
Ruins of Rome, XX.

..... Beauties freshest greene
When spring of youth is spent, will vade, as it had neuer been
The barren fields, which whilom flower'd as they would neuer fade,
Inricht with Summer's golden gifts which now been all decay'd
Did shew in state there was no trust, in wealth no certaine stay,
One stormie blast of frowning chance could blow them all away.—
Mirrour for Magistrates, p. 556.

It seems to me, from comparing these passages, that *fade* denotes a more gradual decay or disappearance than that signified by *vade*. *Vade* seems to have the sense of entire disappearance which is not the case with *fade*. Thus the leaves of a tree are said to be *faded* when they are withered, but still on the tree, but they are *vaded* when they have not only withered but fallen off the tree. Others may perhaps have some further information to offer on this subject.

"F."

NOTE ON THE WORD 'BATE.'

MORE than one suggestion has been offered in *The Eagle* concerning the meaning of the word 'bating' in Juliet's speech,

Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks.

In the Second Number, Steevens' explanation, that the word was a term in falconry, was mentioned, but passed over as if a last resource. That it ought not to be so regarded, the following passages, from Nares' Glossary, will amply prove.

1. That with the wind
Bated like eagles having newly bathed.—1 *Hen.* IV. IV. I.

2. No sooner are we able to prey for ourselves, but they brail and *hood* us so with sour awe of parents, that we dare not offer to *bate* at our desire.—*Albumazar. O Play.* VII. 179.

3. Afterwards go leisurely against the wind, then *unhood* her, and before she *bate*, or find any check in her eye, whistle her off from your fist fairly and softly.—*Gentle Recreat.* 8vo. p. 26.

4. Wherein I would to God that I was *hooded*, that I saw less; or that I could perform more: for now I am like a hawk that *bates*, when I see occasion of service; but cannot fly because I am ty'd to another's fist.—*Bacon*, Letter II.

Here we have the word applied four times to birds, and three times to hawks; in each case it is manifest that it means 'to flutter the wings,' and in the three last 'to 'flutter the wings at the sight of prey.' Observe too the intimate connection between the terms 'hood' and 'bate.'

Do not Juliet's words thus explained bear a much more beautiful and definite meaning than if she only begged the Night to 'hide her blushes?'

The word 'unmanned' was also applied to hawks, though I have only the following passage from Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd' to adduce:

A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmanned.*

This certainly makes the lady's diction less unrefined than it must appear to those who have no faith in Steevens.

ON CUPID'S BLINDNESS.

THE notion that the representation of Cupid as blind is not to be found in the Greek and Latin writers, is of old standing. Cælius Rhodiginus (tutor of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, who calls him the Varro of his age), in his *Lectiones Antiquæ* (lib. XVI. cap. 25, col. 760, in the edition of 1599), after quoting from Theocritus (*Idyll.* X.; given below), says that some denied that it could be found in the writings of the ancients,—id eo adnotavi libentius, quòd male feriatos audio nonnullos palam hoc inficiari, tanquam pullato tantum circulo receptum, nec à veterum ullo sancitum. A verse quoted by Proclus (*Comm. in Alcibiadem I.*), found among the Orphic fragments, is, however, clear and decisive in this matter; it runs thus,

Ποιμαίνων πραπίδεσσιν ἀνόμματον ὠκὺν ἔρωτα.

Next there is the passage of Theocritus, Idyll. x. 19, 20, referred to above,

Μωμᾶσθαι μ' ἄρχῃ τύ· τυφλὸς δ' οὐκ αὐτὸς ὁ Πλοῦτος,
Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὠφρόντιστος Ἔρως· μηδὲν μέγα μυθεῦ.

There is also an anonymous verse; in common use, as Lilius Gyraldus remarks in his *Syntagma de Düs:*

Cæcus et alatus, nudus puer et pharetratus.

Here, perhaps, the line of Virgil (*Georg.* III. 210.), may be quoted,

Quàm Venerem et cæci stimulos avertere amoris.

Servius, in his note on this passage, interprets "cæci amoris" to mean "latentis Cupidinis"; and though Heyne says "*cæci amoris*, occulti, clam per venas et ossa sævientis," yet there have not been wanting some who have explained the words as used by metonymy, or transferring the epithet cæcus, from the object in which the passion resides to the passion itself; thus Julius Pomponius Sabinus (or Pomponius Lætus), a commentator on Virgil in the fifteenth century,—"cæci amoris, quia facit homines cæcos." In this latter view the verse would almost prove the present point; at any rate it may shew how easy it would be to pass to personification with such an attribute annexed, taking into account "Venerem" in the beginning of the line.

The Scholiast on the passage of Theocritus, after discussing the case of Plutus and the word ἀφρόντιστος, makes the following remarks;—Σημείωσαι ὅτι δύο οἱ παλαιοὶ τυφλὰ φασὶ, τὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ τὸν πλοῦτον. Ὁ γὰρ ἐρῶν, ἔστιν ὅτε ἐρᾷ γυναικὸς δυσειδοῦς, ἥτις δοκεῖ αὐτῷ καλλίστη εἶναι, ὅπερ ἐστὶ τυφλότης, ὥστε ὁ ἔρως τυφλός· ἤγουν, τυφλοποιός· ποιεῖ γὰρ τοὺς ἐρῶντας τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ ἡγεῖσθαι, ὡσαύτως καὶ ὁ πλοῦτος τυφλός, παρέρχεται γὰρ τοὺς καλοὺς καὶ κοσμίους, καὶ δίδωσιν ἑαυτὸν τοῖς κακίστοις καὶ βδελυροῖς.

With these remarks of the Scholiast we may compare Theocritus, Idyll. VI. vv. 18, 19,

ἢ γὰρ ἔρωτι
Πολλάκις, ὦ Πολύφαμε, τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ πέφανται.

The scholium on this is;—*ὄντως πολλάκις, ὦ Πολύφημε, ὑπ' ἔρωτος τὰ μὴ εὔμορφα εὔμορφα φαίνονται· διὸ μὴ θαύμαζε εἰ ἐρᾷ σου ἡ Γαλάτεια ἀμόρφου ὄντος, τοιοῦτος γὰρ ὁ ἔρως, ἀποβιάζει τὴν διάνοιαν τῶν ἐρώντων.*

A passage of Plato may be produced in illustration; it will be found in the *De Legibus*, lib. v, p. 732,—*τυφλοῦται γὰρ περὶ τὸ φιλούμενον ὁ φιλῶν.* The Scholiast comments thus;—*Παροιμία, ἐπὶ τῶν διὰ φιλίαν μηδένα λόγον ποιουμένων τ' ἀληθοῦς.* These words then are set down as forming a common saying; and, indeed, they are quoted five times by Plutarch with slight variations, by Galen, (see Plutarch, *de capienda ex inimicis utilitate*, &c., and Wyttenbach's note on p. 48, E.); the Author of the Etymologicum Magnum, s.v. *ἔρως*, gives—*τυφλὸς γὰρ ὁ ἐρῶν περὶ τὸν ἐρώμενον*: Plato himself may, perhaps, not have been the first to use the saying.

A similar sentiment may also be found in the treatise of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, *περὶ τῶν Θουκυδίδου ἰδιωμάτων*—*Ὅμοιόν τι πάσχοντες τοῖς κεκρατημένοις ὑφ' οἵας δή τινος ὄψεως ἔρωτι, μὴ πολὺ ἀπέχοντι μανίας· ἐκεῖνοί τε γὰρ πάσας τὰς ἀρετὰς, ὁπόσαι γίνονται περὶ μορφὰς εὐπρεπεῖς, ταῖς καταδεδουλωμέναις αὐτοὺς προσεῖναι νομίζουσι, καὶ τοὺς ἐξονειδίζειν ἐπιχειροῦντας, εἴ τις περὶ αὐτὰς ὑπάρχει σῖνος, ὡς βασκάνους καὶ συκοφάντας προβέβληνται· οὗτοί τε ὑπὸ τῆς μιᾶς ταύτης ἀρετῆς κεκαρωμένοι τὴν διάνοιαν, ἅπαντα καὶ τὰ μὴ προσόντα τῷ συγγραφεῖ μαρτυροῦσιν· ἃ γὰρ ἕκαστος εἶναι βούλεται περὶ τὸ φιλούμενόν τε καὶ θαυμαζόμενον ὑφ' ἑαυτοῦ, ταῦτα οἴεται.*

By investing such ideas as these with personal attributes, the representation of Cupid now considered may have arisen; so that nothing precise can be said respecting the author, or the time of its first employment; other passages are met with which shew that it may, possibly, have occurred to many; for instance, the fragment of Archilochus,

Τοῖος γὰρ φιλότητος ἔρως ὑπὸ καρδίην ἐλυσθεὶς
πολλὴν κατ' ἀχλὺν ὀμμάτων ἔχευε,
κλέψας ἐκ στηθέων ἁπαλὰς φρένας.

Euripides, in a fragment of the Andromeda,

Σὺ δ', ὦ θεῶν τύραννε καὶ νθρώπων Ἔρως,
ἢ μὴ δίδασκε τὰ κακὰ φαίνεσθαι καλὰ,
ἢ τοῖς ἐρῶσιν εὐμενὴς παρίστασο.

We may also compare the phrase *cœcus amor* which is frequently found.

However, Cupid (or Eros) is also said to have very bright eyes; Moschus, Idyll. I. vv. 7, 8,

ὄμματα δ' αὐτῶ
Δριμύλα καὶ φλογόεντα.

Thus, we find him pictured in opposite manners, not only as respects the eyes, but also in other matters, more so perhaps than any other of the dii gentium: J. J. Scaliger, in his commentary on the Catalecta ascribed to Virgil (p. 1297 in Masvich's Virgil), remarks, that it is only the more recent poets who have ascribed wings to him, the more ancient having nothing of the kind; also, that some have even depicted him as bearded, as in the piece entitled *αἱ πτέρυγες ἔρωτος*, found among the *carmina figurata* in the Greek Anthology,—*δάσκια βέβριθα λάχνᾳ γένεια*, the readings vary, but *δάσκια γένεια* is found in all copies; but, though the form itself of this little poem shews the wings, yet it is here the earlier Eros,—*οὔτι γε Κύπριδος παῖς.*

This note has already extended far beyond the limits which the subject, or my treatment of it, deserves: in closing it, however, it may not be amiss to quote a few verses from a fragment of the Phædrus of Alexis, preserved by Athenæus, lib. XIII. p. 562; as they seem to afford some illustration of the diversity alluded to above: they are,

Καί μοι δοκοῦσιν ἀγνοεῖν οἱ ζωγράφοι
τὸν Ἔρωτα, συντομώτατον δ' εἰπεῖν, ὅσοι
τοῦ δαίμονος τούτου ποιοῦσιν εἰκόνας.
Ἔστιν γὰρ οὔτε θῆλυς οὔτ' ἄῤῥην· πάλιν
οὔτε θεὸς οὔτ' ἄνθρωπος, οὔτ' ἀβέλτερος
οὔτ' αὖθις ἔμφρων, ἀλλὰ συννενημένος
πανταχόθεν, ἑνὶ τύπῳ τε πόλλ' εἴδη φέρων.
. . . . . .
Καὶ ταῦτ' ἐγὼ, μὰ τὴν Ἀθηνᾶν καὶ θεοὺς,
οὐκ οἶδ' ὅ τι ἐστὶν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔχει γέ τι
τοιοῦτον, ἐγγύς τ' εἰμὶ τοὐνόματος.

"G. de A. DECURIO."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Nec fonte labra prolui caballino,
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, repente ut laureatus exirem.

A SUBSCRIBER and earnest well-wisher to "Aquila" humbly begs permission of the Committee of Editors to address a few words, through the medium of their pages, to the enlightened circle of Contributors whose compositions appear therein. Let him at once declare himself no "critic"—he is neither profound Mathematician nor brilliant Classic; has never "washed his lips at Hobson's Conduit, nor slept "on the two-headed Gog-Magogs," with a view to a distinguished place in either Tripos. He is merely that much to be despised character—a GENERAL READER. For Magazine literature he professes an admiration; in Blackwood he revels; for Fraser, Bentley, and the *genus omne leviorum*, can he find a place on his shelves. It is needless then to describe how delighted he felt on hearing last Lent Term, that his own old College was about to produce a Periodical, such as he hoped to rank among the other friends to his hours of idleness.

The Number, that Lent Term Number, was duly forwarded, and seized upon with becoming eagerness: but, O Domina nostra Margareta! what had we there? this a friend for an idle hour? why, except the leading article, which seemed rather "a hit," except some schoolboy sketches, whose sole merit was their lightness, and three elegant stanzas, marred only by one or two somewhat puerile lines, and entitled "Arion," there was not a word your correspondent could read. What can be the merit or interest of moral and didactic essays composed at an age when you have yet everything to learn? Paley reviewed forsooth, the old dotard! Shakespeare, the beloved, to be criticised; rules for English composition—and what? some rejected stanzas of Tennyson reprinted, and a version of Uhland's Death Songs, whereof it is hard to determine whether it be meant for Prose or Verse—Aquila! Aquila! this was not to be expected of *you*; however, a first Number is but a slight criterion, so let us turn to the second.

No, alas! no: it is the same story again. More Paley, more Shakespeare; more elaborate writing combined with elaborate dullness. There was a paper on Classics indeed, the name of whose author, being frankly printed at the end, spoke enough for that: your correspondent bows with due respect to that author, and is sorry he is not sufficiently conversant with grammar to enjoy this article as it ought to be enjoyed. Quod superest, there were two school-boy stories this time, of middling goodness only, the Alcestrian becoming less bearable when

he tries to be instructive: in the poetry there was an elegant translation from Catullus, a capital imitation of Tennyson, and a diluted specimen of Longfellow. A little suspicion is to be gathered from the last article: viz., that the Editors probably lacked a page or two to complete the Number; else, why not refer the reader to the requisite parts in the Encycl. Metr. or elsewhere, instead of printing a whole chapter of reference like "Woodbine."

However, this abuse is not criticism, and will be received only with silent contempt by those to whom it is addressed. Yet, believe me, "from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." A few words, in conclusion, to those whom he gladly calls friends and brothers—the Undergraduate contributors: let a humble supplication and entreaty move their hearts. "In manner," says the caustic Dean, "in language, in style, in all things, the chief excellence is SIMPLICITY." Beloved Contributors allow this to guide you in the choice of subjects: your power of writing is quite apparent, but your power of concocting moral essays, improving Shakespeare through reference to Quartos, reforming Public Schools by satirical remarks, is not altogether so clear. If you content yourself with telling us what you really understand, or have personally experienced, you will at least be natural, nay more entertaining and instructive. What genial set of men do you ever meet, reading men or otherwise, in any College rooms, without there being always much that is amusing in the conversation, often much that is improving to boot. Well then, when you are writing, just imagine you are talking to the most agreeable circle of people you ever met: if you must instruct, strive to entertain likewise, to refresh the mind as well as improve it: to avoid what is ponderous unless you can make it palatable. Are you a fashionable man? "Resplendent "swell!

Are you a man of science? favour us with such specimens thereof as found in pleasant Household Words. Are you well read in History? tell us of individual characters whose names every body knows, and knows very little more about them. Do you read English? tell us of readable works, that we may get them and enjoy them likewise. These are mere hints strung together at random, and might be prolonged to infinity: or you can yourselves prolong them if you take the trouble. As to Poetry—beware of copying Longfellow! weak poetry is *corruptio optimi*—something you may be sorry for in after years—at least the Laureate of our own day shudders now at the mention of his first public effusion.

Little mercy does your correspondent expect after such a tirade as the above: well merited indignation he certainly deserves, whether couched in severe censure or contemptuous silence. Yet hopes he to find a sympathy in more than one congenial soul, spirits who like himself are not too proud to "quaff a glass of crusted 58, filching a "portion from the solid evening, recumbent now in self-adjusting arm "chair, now at the soft head of venerable sofa." Wrapped in this luxurious ease, and the wreaths of cloud-compelling meerschaum, he is fortified to await the result of the train he has laid, and the slowly burning match that is smouldering nearer and ever nearer to the powder. Happily being at a safe distance of fifty miles, he can profess a dignified contempt for all *personal* attacks—save the *Garotter's* from the next street.

'J.'

Though far from endorsing all the remarks of 'J,' the Editors will feel themselves much indebted to him, if the effect of communication should be to widen the circle of their contributors, and make it more generally understood, (since it seems to be still doubtful) that genius and learning are not indispensable qualifications for admission to their pages. Their gratitude to their friendly censor will be still further heightened, if it shall appear that the sombre courts of our old college have been concealing some mute inglorious Thackeray, some Dickens guiltless of Little Dorrit, who have only waited for this summons to charm the readers of *The Eagle* with a new Pickwick or Vanity Fair.

They cannot, however, plead guilty to the charge of burking light literature—they have endeavoured to cater for the lovers of Blackwood, Bentley, and Co., with the best articles of the kind which presented themselves; it seems from 'J's' complaint without any great success. On the other hand, they cannot consent to inscribe over their portals, "Let none but wits enter." They would beg to remind their subscribers, and 'J.' amongst them, that the object proposed in the original prospectus was not simply to encourage a gay and lively style in the writers, or to procure amusement for the readers, but mainly to induce both readers and writers to think seriously on subjects which are not immediately connected with the College or University course. But the question whether grave or gay is to prevail, must be decided not by the Editors, but by the Contributors; the Editors can only promise to judge impartially of the articles sent to them, and admit those which appear to be best of their kind.

As 'J's' paper seemed to concern the old rather than the present Editors, it was handed to one of the former, whose somewhat vehement recalcitration is given below.

Ille ego qui quondam——at nunc horrentia Martis.

"Mankind may be divided for facility of reference," said a reverend Senior Wrangler, "into two classes; those who have read Geometry "of three dimensions, and those who have not." We shall adopt a similarly exhaustive division of men.

Men are of two kinds, *the light* and *the heavy*. *The light* includes the outrageously light, and the elegantly light: the moderately heavy and the outrageously heavy compose the second genus. 'J.' is of the elegantly light species. His letter is pleasing and graceful: every line of it displays elegance of mind and taste; the easy refinement of the gentlemanly scholar; "the just-enough-and-no-more" style of conversation; and that inimitable touch-and-go-lightly way of treating a subject that makes his favourite periodicals so popular among the

species whom we have labelled "*elegantly light, per first class express with care,*" for their transit through the world.

'J.' being of this species, to reason with him would of course be quite unfair. We shall not pull his criticism to pieces; nor charge him with inconsistency or injustice in his remarks on our pages; nor explain to him that we could not dictate to our contributors, and that we must sooner or later represent impartially the writing portion of our community. We will only suggest to him that if St. John's is one of your touch-and-go-lightly school, *The Eagle* will shew it: if moderately heavy, *The Eagle* will be so too. For the *general reader* we cannot write, but the *general writer* is not inadequately represented.

We are to write says 'J.' of what we know and understand, and then we shall be entertaining. Just so. Accordingly, one man writes on *Paley*, another on *School Life*, one on *Woodbine*, a fourth on *Grappling*; those being the subjects on which their thoughts most ran at that time. Sir, we have done exactly what you desire. The real ground of your complaint is, that men do not all think on the same subjects, that we are not all *elegantly light;* that some men always endeavour "to improve the shining hour," and see in everything a sphere of fresh labour and responsibility. 'J.' cannot but think that an article which cost the writer some trouble is an unnatural offspring, and will not recognize the special predilections of men. "That odd looking man in the coat, my dear 'J,' has promised "us an article." "Impossible, my dear fellow; what! with those "trowsers." "He knows more, I assure you, of the History of the "Drama in mediæval Russia than any man in ———" "Ah! that's "where he got his hat from, I suppose."

We have not so high an opinion of the conversation of Cambridge men, as 'J.' seems to have: and however sparkling at the time, it would be at best like flat soda-water when in print. A magazine which aims at no higher standard will surely sink lower. Was 'J.' a contributor to the "Dejeuner?" or would he have his dear old college degrade itself by printing such stuff, and then calling it a Johnian Magazine? The conversation of most men is very thin and frivolous, without the recommendation of being witty; and even intellectual men do not generally converse on theories and æsthetics. A country clergyman was invited to the fellow's table in Trinity, and was prepared for a conversation worthy of that illustrious body, and had studiously prepared what he thought likely subjects. Dinner passed away, and the cooking had been fully discussed. Very strange, thought he, but when we are in the combination room surely these great men will come out. They adjourned, and the talk turned mainly on the wine; there was a small pause: now or never; and he turned to the reverend gentleman on his left, and exclaimed, "What are your opinions, Sir, on the "subject of the Elect Angels." "Don't know at all," was the reply, "will you try some claret?"

'J' is the type of a certain class of general readers, and of University-men. His conversation is doubtless sparkling, larded perhaps, like his writing, somewhat too thickly with little classicalities, but easy withal and never oppressive. He looks on the world as Horace did in his most genial hours, gliding into manhood in sofa-reclining perusal of "the man whose name is as Ebony," too refined to fall into the vulgarity of earnestness, or excess in anything, delighting in his cushions and his meerschaum, his Quarterly and his Catullus, his Bentley and his beer. Paley is an old dotard; Cæsar fatigued himself very unnecessarily:

his philosophy consists in the *nil admirari* of the elegant man of the world, combined with the axiom that no emergency can justify a man in taking off his coat. He half respects, more than half pities the unfortunate men who read, think, and write from a sense of duty; who assert incomprehensible propositions, such as "That the Eagle "is an Educational Magazine:" "That there is such a thing as a Johnian "Spirit, of which Aquila ought to be the embodiment;" and, "That "this spirit is one of *hard work*: to the boats on the river, to the "questionists in the Senate-House, to the College in the University, "to its members in after life, the Johnian Spirit says, 'You are a man "'and must work; there are plenty of butterflies.'" 'J.' is we fear of the butterfly species; and we have little doubt he thanks his stars that he is. So be it; but how dare *he* appeal to Domina Margareta? Look at her in our hall! what is she on her knees for day and night? Did she found a College on the banks of the Cam for butterflies?

'J.' is a lover of periodical literature. Of course he is: but did he never hear unaccountable men complain of what they called the universal levity and want of earnestness in his favourite magazines? This touch-and-go-lightly, untwine-your-cravat style of article is eminently characteristic of an age in which it seems at length to have been satisfactorily demonstrated that the world is a joke, an utter joke from beginning to end and all the way round.

'J.' smokes on his sofa and reads Blackwood; or sits in his 'patent-'self-adjuster' and writes us a letter, seeing every now and then how it looks through the bottom of his pewter, and thinks himself doubtless the spokesman of a large and influential class of men in St. John's. "Bother these stupid fellows with their morals and their quartos, I don't "care to read them:—I wonder whether they'll put this in." This a man! with his gently-old-fellow notions! Awake man! the world is no patent-self-adjuster like your arm-chair. The world is an oyster, not a muffin and crumpet; you can't open it with your finger and thumb.

Such is life however—we are not all made in the same mould; it would be a stupid world if we were. We will tolerate and play with 'J.'; and 'J.' will not take the trouble then surely to be intolerant of us. Queer mortals some men seem, (don't they 'J.'?) they give themselves a world of trouble; they will not take it easy, nor even as easy as ever they can, but strive and toil to get *hold* of something; they dig for hard ore under the meadows where 'J.' disports himself at his ease on a flowery bed, with his dog and his Horace, his verses and his gloves, draws portraits of Celestina in the smoke of his long meerschaum, feebly dissuading the grubbers from their labour, or languidly murmuring his 'suave mari,' till suddenly the ground gives way, and flowers and meerschaum, 'J.' and gloves vanish smiling from our view.

AN OLD EDITOR.

THE ORMBY BELLS.

A Tale.

Chapter I.

"DING, ding, dong! ding, ding, dong!" what a merry peal of bells! How they echo and ring up the quaint old gabled street of Ormby; rather out of time perhaps; and the last bell seems rather cracked, and has taken to give convulsed *dangs*, instead of the dignified *dongs* that one would expect from the bass bell of such an important place as Ormby; but nevertheless all the fishermen agree that they never heard the bells sound merrier than they did that day, and the three old jackdaws, whose ancestors have held possession and undisturbed enjoyment of the funny little Norman window, half way up the tower, seem to think so too, and join in with their "caw, caw, caw," trying if possible to beat the bells in noise, but it is no good, and after half-an-hour they give it up, and fly away to see some friends in the old ruined lighthouse, on the edge of the cliff, as their own house in the Norman window is now perfectly unendurable. There had not been such a bell-ringing in their recollection before.

"Ding, ding, dang! ding, ding, dang!" louder than ever. I do believe they will have the old tower down!

I was at that time the Churchwarden of the parish, and so just dropped in to see how they were going on. There they were, two to each bell, one lot just exhausted lying panting on the floor, and another batch, coats and waistcoats off, going in for it as if their lives depended on it.

"Hallo," said I, seeing that there were only apparently two bell ropes being pulled, "what's become of the rope of the big bell? it was ringing just now, and a right unmusical noise it was making too, that's certain, and sure enough it's ringing now, I can hear it above all the others

with its confounded unmusical '*Dang;*' why lads you must have rung it so hard, it has not got off the swing yet."

"Why you see, Sir," said Tom Boyd, leaving off for a moment, "we broke the rope, being more used to work a sail rope than this church tackle, so Dick Harris volunteered to go up and strike the bell with a hatchet, and that accounts like for the dang danging it makes, but it would never have done to have had only two bells the day that Bill Norman was married. Would it, Sir?" And without waiting for an answer, off they started again harder and more out of time than ever.

Bill Norman was the handsomest and bravest fisherman in Ormby. He was the favourite of young and old. Every thing he tried seemed to succeed. Norman's boat was sure to come home fullest of fish, and Norman's hand was always the first to defend the weak, and help the distressed. If it can be called a fault he was almost too liberal. I remember two years ago, when the herring fishing almost totally failed and there was very great distress among the fishermen's families, Bill Norman drew the hundred pounds that an old Uncle had left him from the Savings Bank, and distributed it in equal shares among his half-starved companions. "Take it," says he, "and pay me next year, if you have a good fishing. I can trust my money as well in the hands of Ormby fishermen as in the hands of the banker."

The next year was as successful for the fishermen, as the preceding was unfortunate; and Norman got every farthing of his money paid back. And oh! how grateful all the poor people were to him! "Why," as he said to me sometime afterwards, "Why, Sir, I can assure you that I almost felt ashamed of myself, and thought that I had done a selfish action, they made such a fuss about me, I am sure I never was so happy in all my life and after all, though I might have had to wait a year or so, my money was as safe there as in the bank. Who ever heard of an Ormby man being dishonest?"

No wonder then, when it was rumoured that Norman was going to take unto himself a wife, that there was a great deal of curiosity and excitement in Ormby. Many an old woman who had experienced his kindness offered up a prayer for his happiness, and many an old man hobbled out on his stick to Norman's house to congratulate him. But who the fair damsel was, no one knew for certain, Some said it was the housemaid at the Hall. Others went

so far as to say it was Ellen Bede, the pretty Lady's maid and confidante of Lady Bowers; the latter on the whole seemed to be the most likely of the two.

Ellen had been heard to remark to her mistress one day as she was arranging her ladyship's hair, "that it was not often one met with such a handsome young fellow as Mr. Norman." "I hope that when you leave me Ellen," said her mistress, "it will be for some one higher than a fisherman. I think, considering your good looks and the £200. you will have from me, it will be quite throwing yourself away if you marry below a butler, or who knows but some well-to-do farmer may not take a fancy to you." "Me marry Norman," said Miss Bede, with a shake of her ringlets, and an application of the brushes which made her ladyship shake. "Me marry a fisherman, catch me at it?"

Here the conversation ended, and Lady Bowers went down to dinner, and Ellen to her private appartment, where no other servants but the housekeeper and Cruets the butler were allowed to enter.

In this retreat then sat down Miss Bede, surrounded by her mistress' gowns. "After all," said she to herself, "Norman is much better than Cruets, or even than Mr. Whitechoker, Lord Folly's gentleman as they call him; Cruet cares for nothing else than port wine, and Whitechoker but to imitate his master and dress up in his old clothes. I am really tired of this sort of life, I hate the very sight of my mistress's hair, and the silly nonsense I have to listen to in the housekeeper's room, what do I care for what Sir John Fop, or Lady Trinkets said at dinner. Now there is something fresh and genuine in Norman, although he is a fisherman, he's worth a hundred Cruets. I wonder if he really cares a bit about me. I dare say he doesn't, and thinks that I care for nothing but smart gowns. I do though, and I'm tired of this silly unsatisfactory life," and so saying she sat down and fairly burst into tears.

Poor little Ellen really cared a great deal more about Norman than she liked to own to herself, and there was never a night that she heard the winds moaning and screaming outside her window, but she thought of him, how perhaps he might be tossing about on the angry waves which she could hear dashing and roaring against the rocky cliffs.

Ellen was not such a light silly little thing as at first one might imagine, there was a great deal of good in her

and she had as warm a heart as she had a pretty little face. She might be a little conceited and have rather high ideas of herself, but after all that was not much to be wondered at, considering what a favourite she was with her mistress and that she was the toast of half the butlers and coachmen in the county. But take her on the whole, Ellen was "as winsome a wee thing" as one often meets with. No wonder then that Norman, who was but mortal and used constantly to meet her at his uncle's at the farm, fell in love with her. Now Norman was a man who never did things by halves, so of course when he fell in love, he fell desperately in love. Poor honest Norman, so good and handsome, yet so humble and thinking so little of himself, for a long time he scarce thought himself worthy to speak to such a beautiful little fairy as he thought Ellen, but at last he got over his shyness, and used to walk home with her. On one occasion he had the boldness to offer his arm to her, which was not refused, and they walked home to the Castle, her arm linked in his.

But as yet he had never dared to breathe a word of his love, once or twice he was just going to begin, but was seized with such a palpitation of his heart, that his huge muscular frame trembled like an aspen leaf.

Three days after her conversation with her mistress, Ellen was walking on the cliffs enjoying the glorious sunset and the fresh sea-air, when her attention was attracted by the form of some one rapidly approaching her. There could be no mistaking him for a minute,—'twas Norman who had seen her from the shore, and hastened up to the spot where she was walking. They talked together for some time of the fishing, and of the great boat Norman was having built, which was the pride and wonder of the whole village.

"Would you be angry with me Ellen, Miss Bede I mean, if I were to name the boat after you?" said Norman. "No, not I," answered Ellen with a blush, "certainly not, but it is getting late, and I must wish you good night Mr. Norman," and giving him her pretty little hand, which Norman seemed loathe to part with, she turned on her way home. Norman followed. "Ellen," he said, in a voice scarce audible with emotion, "if I may call my boat Ellen, may I call you Ellen, yes Ellen, dearest Ellen, I love you more than I can tell you; I am but a poor rough fisherman, and you are far too good for me; but oh! if a life of devotion could repay you for choosing such a rough fellow as

I am," and he caught hold of her hand, (often afterwards did he wonder at his audacity) somehow or other the hand was not withdrawn. "Ellen," he again repeated, "can you love me?" She only uttered one little word, but that word made Norman happier than anything else in the world could have done.

The sun by this time had set, and left a bright fiery threatening glow on the horizon, but all was bright, clear, and joyous in the minds of Ellen and Norman as they walked home together to the Castle. He was not so shy about offering his arm this time as he was before.

Norman was quite beside himself with joy, the very next day he started to Caxton, to buy furniture for his house, such a profusion of things he got, the brightest of red curtains, a tea set combining all the colours of the rainbow, a new sofa, and five or six pictures of storms in the handsomest of gold frames. Besides these articles of furniture, he sunk no little of his capital in a silk gown for his Ellen as he called her, and new blue cloth trousers and waistcoat for himself and a jacket with buttons half as large as soup-plates.

Lady Bowers, who was now as much for the match as she was once against it, insisted that the marriage should take place from the Castle, and gave orders that a grand wedding feast should be given in her Hall to all the servants, and a large party of the Ormby fishermen; so no wonder that the bells were ringing, and every one in Ormby was happy.

The wedding went off to perfection, seldom had the old Church of Ormby witnessed such a handsome pair. Norman in his new suit of dark blue cloth, and Ellen in the prettiest of white gowns and bonnets, presents of Lady Bowers.

Chapter II.

It was a cold stormy night, late in the Autumn, the wind was howling and screaming out of doors and the hail rattled against the windows.

Norman and Ellen were sitting over a bright sparkling fire in their cheerful little room, the pictures of the storms in their bright gold frames, perfectly flashed as the light of the fire fell upon them. A large black cat was purring on the rug and a large black kettle singing on the fire.

Ellen was at work and Norman sitting opposite smoking his pipe.

"William dear," said Ellen, laying down her work, "to-morrow will be our wedding day; we have been very happy, have we not?" "Ah! that we have Ellen," said Norman, "almost too happy I think sometimes to last. I often wonder Ellen what would become of you if any thing were to happen to me."

"Don't talk like that," said Ellen, taking hold of his huge great hand, "don't talk like that. Oh, how the wind blows, the shutters seem almost as if they'd come in; how glad I am I've got you safe at home."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a loud rapping at the door. "Come in," cried Ellen. And a square thick set man entered. "How do, Mistress Ellen? How do, Norman?" he said. "Rough night this, very. I'll take a cup of tea with you to-night, Norman." "Always glad to see you Long when you like to come," said Norman. "I was just wondering if your son was back from that ship that signalled for him the day before yesterday."

"Yes, thank heavens! he's back," said the pilot, "or he would have been fishes' food before now, you've not heard the story then, aye? sad one, very; could scarce believe it, unless I knew it for certain."

"Ah! do tell it Mr. Long, here's your tea. William, put on some more wood, and get Mr. Long a pipe, he always tells a story best over his tobacco," said Ellen.

"Well," said Long, filling his pipe, "you must know that last Sunday forenoon, a ship which we had been observing for some time through our glasses, as it was nearing the Hardwick sands, signalled for a pilot—it was John's turn, so down he took his boat and off he started, there was something curious about the ship, she seemed but half-manned. The Captain of the schooner—a dark, gloomy looking man, was hanging over the bulwarks, and with an oath asked him 'why he did not come quicker.' He said, 'considering the state of the tide, he had come as quick as he could.'

"Without another word, he laid hold of the rope they let down to him, and swung himself up into the ship.

"'Halloa,' said he to the man at the helm, 'what an awful smell you have on board.'

"'You may well say that,' said the man, 'it's a lucky thing your boat's out of hail, or I calculate you would not care to remain long with us, we are nothing but a floating churchyard. When we left the Crimea, our crew consisted of eighteen; seven of them are dead already and two more have taken the fever.' And sure enough, just as he was

speaking, up rushes a poor wretch, half black in the face, screaming, and throwing his arms over his head.

"'Down stairs, double quick,' said the Captain, 'unless you want your brains blown out; why can't you die in peace, and not disturb the only seven men we have in the ship worth anything, they have enough to do looking after the ship, without looking after a whining cur like you, you are all bound to me till the end of your voyage, you knew what my cargo was before you settled.' 'What is your cargo?' said John to one of the men. 'Bones,' said he, 'see here,' and he opened one of the hatches—'bones from the Crimea, camel's bones and horses bones, the captain says—but its the belief of the crew that they are mostly human bones, and that the plague we have on board is a punishment for the sacrilege he has committed. We are bound for Shields and our cargo's for manure.' 'Well,' says my son to the captain, who came up just at this moment, 'I'm bound to take you safe round the sands to Barton, but as you intend to anchor off Hardwick to-night, I should prefer sleeping on shore, to this floating charnel-house of yours, so as here's the harbour boat coming out, I shall wish you good night captain. At half-past six I shall be out again, though I'd sooner be free of my engagement than have £50. down.' So saying he got into the boat and came to shore.

"Early next morning there was a great excitement in Hardwick, a schooner had been run down by the screw steamer Etna, and all hands lost, no one knew the name of the vessel: so up got my son, and down to the beach with his glass. It was the Roderic sure enough; down she had gone, bones, crew, and all. Lord, have mercy upon them! My son has scarce recovered the shock yet; he says, it seems for all the world like an ugly dream."*

"What a dreadful story!" said Ellen, who had sat listening, as pale as a sheet all the time—"what a dreadful tale, one would scarce believe it if one had read it in a book.

"No," said Long, finishing his cup of tea, "but its as true as Gospel, every bit of it. The ship's name was Roderic, and she was bound to Shields from the Crimea. But, partner," said Long, "I was just coming to have a talk with you about your fishing voyage the day after to-morrow, not to frighten that pretty little wife of yours with dreadful stories. I suppose you'll have to take as many as seven

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* This actually occurred off Lowestoft in January, 1859.

with you to man the Ellen? she's a wonderfully fine boat, and wont disgrace her name, I hope."

"Ah!" said Norman, "we must take nine at least: the nets are all ready, and I told them all to be down at day-break on Wednesday." "Why William, you're not going so soon surely," said Ellen, "you never told me a word about it, and to-morrow is our wedding-day; what a sad one it will be." "Yes, dear, I must," said Norman, "I did not tell you of it before, nor should I have told you now, if our friend Long had not let it out. We shall be out for more than a month, which is far longer than I have ever been away since I married you; so I thought I would not give you time to fret about it, and did not intend to say anything about it to you till the night before."

"But it is such rough dangerous weather," pleaded poor little Ellen, with tears in her eyes. "Ah! I dare say it will be quite calm to-morrow, and the Ellen can stand a deal of sea, if any boat can. Do you remember two years ago, when I asked you to let me call it the Ellen?" said Norman, rising and kissing his wife.

The next day was a sad one for Ellen, though she had plenty to do in mending holes and sewing buttons on her husband's great rough shirts and trowsers—she had an undefined dread hanging over her mind, some dark and indistinct presentiment that all was not so bright for her in the future as it had been in the last two years.

Wednesday came. The sea had quite calmed down, and the wind which had been blowing so hard for the last three days had subsided into a gentle breeze from the south-east.

Norman was up at five. He had wished Ellen good bye over night, and had hoped to have got off without disturbing her in the morning, as she was far from being strong.

All the nets and provisions had been sent on board the evening before, and everything was ready at half-past six for starting. Although it was only just day-break, there was a considerable number of men and women on the beach to see the boat sail. It was the largest boat in the village, and as Norman was the most popular person in the place, the expedition caused no little interest among the inhabitants of Ormby.

Norman had just shaken hands with two or three of his friends on the beach, and was preparing to step into the little crab boat which was to take him out to 'the Ellen,' which was riding proudly at anchor some four hundred yards out, when he saw a little form (which he at once knew to be his wife's)

wrapped up in a cloak, hurrying down the cliff. "Poor little woman," he said, as he went up and embraced her, "I was in hopes we should have got off before you woke, and spared you the pain of a second parting, good bye love; be a brave little woman and take care of yourself till I come back, four or five weeks will soon pass:" and so saying he gave her a hasty kiss, and turned off before she had time to answer him.

This was the first separation, for any length of time, which Ellen had ever had from her husband. Since his marriage he had never been absent more than a night or two at a time. He had given up fishing a good deal, and had taken to boat-building on his own account, which business he had been enabled to set up with the money he had saved himself, and the little fortune his wife had brought him. The voyage he had just started on was the 'Ellen's' first trip. She was a boat considerably larger than the ordinary herring boats, and had taken some time building, and no little money; and now, being at last completed, Norman took great interest in her first voyage, and determined to go himself.

Chapter III.

"Dong, dong, dong!" The bell rings very slowly now, the three old jack-daws seem to like it better though than the merry peal that rang just two years ago; they give three or four hoarse caws and fall asleep again. "Dong, dong, dong!" o'er hill and dale, up the old gabled street, and far over the calm bright sea, that lies so quietly and lazily sleeping under the rising sun as if nothing in the world could disturb it.

"Dong, dong, dong!" past Norman's house, with the pretty little porch with the red five-fingered ivy climbing up it—past four other houses, where there are four pale widow's weeping, sounds the old bell, slowly this time, and very sadly.

There is no merry group of fishing lads this time in the belfry—only old Squires the sexton, who knows better how to toll for a funeral than to ring for a marriage! "Dong, dong, dong! Six graves," the bell seems to say to him, "more burial fees in one day than are generally got in three months."

Ring on old man—the bell will soon ring for you; but it is not for such poor shrivelled specimens of humanity as you that the bell tolls now, but for some of the bravest and best

men in Ormby. "Dong, dong, dong!" there are four pale widows in Ormby to-day and seventeen fatherless children. The melancholy music sounds clearly in the cold frosty morning air. Old bed-ridden men and women raise themselves on their poor shakey elbows, and wonder when the bell will ring for them. The bell sounds clearly and sadly through the rooms, where the little fatherless children quietly sleep as if nothing had happened. And the sun rises brighter than it has for weeks, as if to mock the sorrow in Ormby. It makes the roofs of the houses glitter like silver, as it lights up the bright hoar frost on them. It peeps mockingly into the windows, where the four poor pale widows sit weeping alone; it peeps into the four rooms upstairs, where the four cold clammy corpses lie, with their swollen faces, and hair still dripping with the cold sea water.

There are five more corpses somewhere rolling about in that beautiful treacherous sea, that shines so brightly under the morning sun, and laughs with its little joyous breakers.

There are five corpses yet to be found, Norman's among them, and they found part of the boat, but not its handsome young master, who left Ormby but yesterday so full of life and hope.

There are sad little groups of fishermen all about the place, talking in low voices.

"There's another body just washed up," cried a man coming up from the beach. "Whose?"—"Norman's?" "No, not Norman's," says the man, "poor Bill Reynolds, they picked him up down Horncastle way;" and just at that moment down rushed a poor woman, half frantic with grief and threw herself on the body the men were bringing up, and uttering, "O my husband, my dear, dear husband," fell down in a swoon. They carried them both to their house, husband and wife; and the bell burst out afresh with its melancholy music, as it did as each fresh body was washed ashore.

But where was Ellen all this while? the pretty little laughing bride of just two years back; the loved and loving wife of poor Norman. Where was she?

In her little room she sits with her hands before her face, her bright brown hair falling loosely over her shoulders, half stunned with grief, and her beautiful pale face so rigid that she looks more like a statue than a living being. The news had reached her about four hours since. At three o'clock she heard the bell and started up from her troubled sleep. She had just been dreaming that she had been holding her husband in her arms, and instead of returning the embrace, he turned cold and clammy like a corpse. Hearing the bell, she started up, and going to the window, looked out into the street, where she saw a group of men, talking in low hurried tones to each other. When they heard her open the window, they turned away as if they feared to meet her gaze. "What is it?" cried she. "God support you ma'am," said an old seaman, "but the Ellen is gone down, and we fear all hands are lost!" She only heard the first few words, but she knew the rest; senseless she fell to the floor, where some women coming in soon after found her; for some time it was feared that life was extinct, but at last she began gradually to recover.

"Where is he," at length she said, "O! let me see him." "Keep quiet, my dear, that's a poor dear creature, he has not been found yet," said old widow Jones, who was busying herself about the room. "O! then he's still tossing about in the cold cruel sea." "Oh! my husband, my dear brave good husband!" cried Ellen, bursting into an agony of tears, "shall I never see you again!"

Before three more suns had set, all the bodies had been washed up, or picked up by the boats, but Norman's.

Monday was the day fixed for the funerals, and the bell began by times; there were eight fresh dug graves in the old Church yard; there had not been so many open together since the plague, which raged in Ormby so fiercely in 1665.

It was a cold dark morning, and had been raining hard ever since seven o'clock. Every man in the village that had such a thing as a black coat, put it on, and those who had not, got some black crape and tied it round their hats or arms. And every woman in Ormby who had such a thing as a black gown put it on that sad morning. Old widow Jones, whose son had been drowned, pulls out the old gown that she had worn at her husband's funeral twenty years ago. It did not fit her as it had done then; twenty years had made some difference in her figure, she was a stout and hearty woman then, but grief, poverty, and old age had made her little better than a skeleton; and the old black gown hangs loosely on her poor shrivelled palsied form, as she goes to have one more look at her only son Richard, before the village undertaker comes from the next house (where she can hear him hammering at the lid of Johnson's coffin, the father of six children) to fasten up her son's. "Poor Richard! he looks very handsome still," said she, "a dear kind son to his poor old mother,—but

she'll soon follow him," and the poor old woman bent to give him one more kiss, as the undertaker entered and closed down the lid.

At eleven o'clock the melancholy procession started, it began at the farther end of the village. There was but one coffin at first and a lone mother leading two little children, but the further it went the larger it grew, and there were soon eight coffins, attended by their band of mourners, and slowly and sadly they went, as the bell tolled and the tramp of the bearers echoed up the old street. There were but few of the inhabitants of Ormby who were absent, and there were few who had not to grieve for some friend or relation. Two and two they came up the old street, round the corner of the cliff (where three masterless boats were lying high and dry), past the light-house, till they come to the Church gates. Here the clergyman met them, and again they proceed, and the tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp of the mourners sounds up the aisle, as the bell ceases to toll, and the coffins are borne into the Church.

There is a dead silence, only broken by an occasional half smothered sob, and the service begins; it is soon over and the earth rattles with a hollow clink on the eight coffins. The widows and the fatherless children, and sonless old women return to weep alone in their own lonely cottages.

From day-break till quite late in the evening, Ellen paced up and down on the sands. "Have you found him yet?" she said to every one she met. "I must find him, I cannot bear that he should be tossing about unburied in the sea;" and, without raising her eyes, she would continue her melancholy search. The people thought that she had gone mad, and tried to persuade her to keep quiet in her own cottage. But it was no good, morning and evening found her on the shore the same. Sometimes she would stop for a minute and listen, as if she heard something, but it was only the moaning of the waves, or the shriek of a sea gull, and with a despairing face she would resume her gloomy watch. For more than a week she watched each wave, but it brought not what she sought. On the second, she was too weak to leave the house; her delicate form seemed quite worn out with her constant watch, and she had a cough which shook and jarred her through and through. At about seven o'clock in the evening of this day, the bell burst out afresh with its melancholy toll, another body had been picked up about fifteen miles out at sea, spliced to a mast. It was Norman's!

They could not bring it into the house, so they placed it in the little chamber under the Church Tower until the next day, when it should be burried.

Ellen had just left her bed and had come down for an hour or two. "Is it his?" she asked when she heard the bell begin. And on being told it was, and that it had been taken to the little chamber in the tower, she asked in a calmer and more composed voice, than she had spoken in since the wreck, "but why not bring him to his own house?" On being told that this was impossible, she said, "then I must go to him." "Keep quiet, dear heart," said the nurse, "it will be your death going out such a cold windy night as this, keep quiet, there's a poor dear creature." But in vain. Ellen by this time had wrapped her cloak around her, and saying, "I shall be back soon," tottered off to the Church.

After some time, as she did not return, the nurse feeling uneasy followed her. The Church was quite dark, but in the little room under the tower, a small lamp was burning, throwing a dim light on the remains of the once handsome Norman. At a little distance, sitting on some cold boards, was Ellen, her eyes rivetted on the body of her husband; she seemed scarce to breathe, and her face as pale and rigid as a piece of white marble. As the nurse entered she calmly arose and went home.

The next day Norman was buried. Ellen was one of the few in Ormby who did not attend; the horrors of the last night seemed to have been too much for her, and brought on an illness from which she never recovered.

"I was dreaming the other night," she said to the doctor a few days before her death, "and I fancied I saw my husband floating in the blue sea, and that I sprang into the water after him, and we both sunk together. There were bright red sea-weeds and huge monsters of fish floating round us; and then I fancied that the blue sea turned to blue sky, and that the red sea-weeds were red fringed clouds, that the fish were angels, and that the sound of the waves was the sound of their harps, and that we were gradually floating to heaven."

In the church yard of Ormby, beneath the old yew tree, there are two graves, with a little garden round them, which the young men and girls of Ormby delight to plant with their prettiest flowers.

Here lies Norman, and his little wife Ellen sleeps by his side.

"P. R."

A BALLAD.

I.

I CANNOT rest o' the night, Mother,
For my heart is cold and wan:
I fear the return o' light, Mother,
Since my own true love is gone.
O winsome aye was his face, Mother,
And tender his bright blue eye;
But his beauty and manly grace, Mother,
Beneath the dark earth do lie.

II.

They tell me that I am young, Mother,
That joy will return once more;
But sorrow my heart has wrung, Mother,
And I feel the wound full sore.
The tree at the root when frost-bitten
Will flourish never again,
And the woe that my life hath smitten
Hath frozen each inmost vein.

III.

Whene'er the moon's shining clear, Mother,
I think o' my lover that's gone;
Heaven seem'd to draw very near, Mother,
As above us in glory it shone.
Ah! whither hath fled all my gladness?
Ah! would from life I could fly!
That laying me down in my sadness
I might kiss thee, my Mother, and die!

"ψ."

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

(*Continued.*)

IN a paper which appeared in a late number of the *Eagle*, I endeavoured to shew, in the first place, that "Classics" rested upon a really scientific basis; that the science of language was no medley of conventional rules gathered from the opinions of learned men, but real objective truth obtained by logical methods: and, secondly, that this science was progressive, and offered boundless scope to the most laborious and ambitious of the pioneers of knowledge. Nor is the interest of these investigations confined to the philologer alone: they supply the most authentic facts for the early history of our race, and afford a sure touchstone for the testing of psychological theories. So far however I may be thought to have been rather defending Classics in the abstract, describing an ideal case in which the builder proceeds step by step till the whole edifice of science stands complete before him, than pointing out the effect of classical study upon the student himself; and it may be asked what advantage will he gain by the study of Classics viewed merely as an application of the principles of language? If he gets up the book-work of the subject, *i.e.* if he endeavours to master the theory as a whole, and so far as he does so, his case will approach to the ideal described; but if he contents himself with endeavouring to master special difficulties as they meet him in his reading, it appears to me that the benefits which he will thus obtain may be shortly stated as follows.* In the first place, the attention is necessarily drawn to the meaning of words, their history and differences, and that not in one but in three languages; the

* For a fuller investigation I may refer to one of the *Cambridge Essays* for 1855.

importance of this will be obvious to readers of Coleridge or Trench or J. S. Mill.* Secondly, their variety of inflexions enabled the Ancients and especially the Greeks to mark finer shades of meaning than our modern stiffness admits of; and the subtlety of thought which is produced by close observation of these differences, is further trained by the freer use of connecting particles in both languages, where in English the sentences would be simply placed side by side, without an attempt to show why one should precede another. Thirdly, the inflexional character of their language also enabled the Greeks to employ a more involved structure than is possible for us, and it requires much patient attention and clearness of thought to unravel those twisted skeins, which we meet with in Demosthenes or Thucydides, and discover the relations of the subordinate clauses to each other and to the principal clause. Müller thus speaks of the structure of the Thucydidean sentence: 'In Thucydides there are two species of periods, which are both of them equally characteristic of his style. In one of them, which may be termed the descending period, the action or result is placed first, and is immediately followed by the causes or motives expressed by causal sentences or participles, which are again confirmed by similar forms of speech. The other form, the ascending period, begins with the primary circumstances developing from them all sorts of consequences or reflexions referring to them, and concludes often after a long chain of consequences with the result, the determination, or the action itself. Both descriptions of periods produce a feeling of difficulty and require to be read twice in order to be understood clearly and in all respects; it is possible to make them more immediately intelligible, more convenient and pleasant to read, by breaking them up into the smaller clauses suggested by the pauses in the sentence; but then we shall be forced to confess that when the difficulty is once overcome, the form chosen by Thucydides conveys the strongest impression of a unity of thought and a combined working of every part to produce one result.'

The three points just mentioned correspond generally to the triple division given in my former paper, under the heads of lexicography, etymology, and syntax. In each department the student is obliged to be constantly on the watch for the least shadow of analogy and ready to profit

* See the excellent chapters on language in his system of Logic.

by it, he is always liable to be called upon to give rules for his facts and principles for his rules; and the general result to which all three should contribute is to give a man a mastery over his thoughts and save him from superstitious adherence to a single form of expression. Of minor importance is the good derived from the study of prosody, but no doubt one who has been trained in the Greek and Latin metres is so far better fitted to appreciate the beauties of rhythmical composition, whether in prose or verse.

Thus much for language: and now shall we require any further teaching to enable us to penetrate through the crust of language to the matter stored up within? Is there anything intervening which requires to be understood before we are in full possession of the thought which the speaker intended to convey to us? I use the word thought here, because whatever sensation, emotion, volition, or intuition it may be desired to communicate from one mind to another, all must pass through the crucible of the understanding to begin with. Thus, to take the simplest case, a man sees a comet, the picture of it impresses itself on his mind; but how is he by means of words to give this picture to one who has not seen it? It can be only done indirectly by referring to some general conception already possessed by the other, and then paring this down till it is narrow enough to fit the picture and nothing but the picture: but as to the actual delineation of the picture in the hearer's mind, that must be the work of his own imagination acting upon the conception thus given. It is thought alone then which is directly conveyed by speech: but every thought may be approached from different sides, and admits of various divisions; it rests with the speaker in what connexion he shall offer the different parts of his subject to the hearer. Again, when this is determined he has still to choose his words, constructions, rhythms, &c., *i.e.* the outward expression of his thoughts. The arrangement of thought constitutes composition, the choice of expression, style, and the rules for both are given by rhetoric. It appears therefore that if we proceed methodically from the knowledge of language to that of the subject matter, the first thing which will call for investigation is style, which determines how given thoughts should be expressed in the particular case with reference to speaker, subject, and hearer; while grammar teaches in the abstract how thought may be expressed by speech.

The *practical* importance of style in order to produce pleasure, persuasion, or instruction need not be dilated

on, and from Cicero's time it has always been held that nothing facilitates the attainment of a good style more than the practice of translation from one language into another. Translation from Greek and Latin is especially useful in this respect, not only as we may thus imbibe something of the energetic brevity of the one, and the infinite variety and adaptibility of the other, but because the idiomatic differences of the ancient languages call forth more activity of thought on the part of the translator. It is by no means an easy task to break up long periodic sentences and transpose the order which an inflexional language admits of without losing much of the connectedness and pointedness of the original. And if these are the difficulties of style which attend a translation from an ancient author, a still more thorough acquaintance with the idiom and phraseology is needed in the composer.

But besides this more laborious exercise of the mind there is a peculiar advantage to be gained from the study of the great ancient masters. Many of our best modern authors seem haunted by a feverish self-consciousness, which is entirely absent in the classical writers of Greece and Rome. And here it is I suppose that we may detect the secret of that cultivated taste which is frequently spoken of as the main result of classical training: vulgarity and affectation of style ought to be impossible to the reader of Herodotus and Demosthenes, of Livy and Cicero. Here, however, I must insert a caution which I should wish to be kept in view throughout this paper, that in speaking of the effects of classical study it is not denied that there are exceptions on both sides; there are those who have a natural taste and facility in writing which appears to render training superfluous, there are others who remain awkward in spite of every advantage of education; all that is here asserted is that this study is best adapted to perfect the naturally good and counteract natural awkwardness.

But the consideration of style is not only important as regards our own practice, it gives us a further insight into the character of the writer and the readers for whom he wrote. Contrast, for instance, the curt speech of the Spartan Sthenelaidas in Thucydides,* with that of the more cosmopolitan Archidamus; or the truly Roman letter of the proconsul Metellus with the reply of the half-Greek Cicero.† We may learn more of national character from

* I. 80, 86. † Cic. ad Fam. v. 1, 2.

such specimens than from many pages of Grote or Merivale. And so, if we consider, is it not mainly from their style that we gain our conception of the men, as we compare Plato with Aristotle, Livy with Tacitus? No doubt much may be learnt here from a close examination of the details of the subject: thus Boyes in his illustrations of Æschylus has pointed out how the maritime character of the Athenians shows itself in the similies of their poets. He who reads simply in order to get to the thought of the writer without any regard to the medium through which it is conveyed, is like one who looks at a painting only to learn what is its subject, passing over colour, form, and composition, and thus deprives himself of much pure enjoyment, at the same time that he is guilty of injustice to the painter. Who will say how much of the pleasure derived from poetry is to be attributed to the 'curiosa felicitas' of the poet's style, the exactness and neatness with which the thought is presented, the various associations with which it is bound up by means of simile and metaphor, the keynote struck in our own feelings by unusualness of word or ruggedness of structure?

The second branch of rhetoric is composition, the art of arranging thoughts so as to produce the strongest effect upon the reader. This art is cultivated to a certain extent in the theme-writing which is encouraged by the College and University, and most scholars will have learnt something of the theory both of style and composition from Aristotle's Rhetoric. In former times this was apparently a more important element in the regular course of study than it is now; we have a rhetoric lecturer in College, and Waterland in his outline for the student introduces Cambray on Eloquence and Vossius's Rhetoric under the head of Classics. But after all, the best way of learning to divide a subject naturally and arrange its different parts so as to facilitate the comprehension of the whole, is to observe the method of the greatest masters of the art, and with this object no exercise can be more useful than the analysis of a dialogue of Plato, or a speech of Demosthenes or Cicero.

Thus equipt then with the rules of language, of style, and of composition we are prepared to approach the mass of ancient literature and extract from it the knowledge of those who wrote and are written of there. What manner of men were they who 2000 years ago could rival our modern civilization, who have supplied us with so much of our laws, our language, our philosophy, nay even of the form of our theology; who have impregnated our whole life, so that every

action, every word, every thought seems plagiarised from these giants of old, is in some way or other coloured by what they thought and said and did? So Dr. Whewell says, "The Greek and Roman classics form the intellectual ancestors of all the intellectual minds of modern times, and we must be well acquainted with their language, their thoughts, their forms of composition, their beauties, in order that we may have our share of that inheritance by which men belong to the intellectual aristocracy of mankind."

Now we may look upon the Greek and Latin literatures as wholes, each possessing an organic unity in itself and showing as it were in a panorama the gradual development of the national character. Bernhardy has pointed out the peculiar importance of Greek literature as typical of all others, free on the one hand from the stagnation of the aboriginal Asiatic, and on the other being itself sprung from the soil and exhibiting that natural growth which its own overpowering influence prevented in the other European nations. To this therefore we may at present confine our attention.

If we examine the oldest Greek literature we shall find that it consists in great part of poetical stories about gods and heroes, of mythes and of legends. This mythology is the sole relic which has come down to us from pre-historic times and the root of the later intellectual activity of Greece. It embodies the fading records of primaeval tradition and symbolizes as it were the future history of the race: and yet it is only in our own day that the subject has been carefully investigated, we are only now beginning to analyse the mass of mythological tradition which has come down to us; to assign this portion to one tribe, that to another; to determine the most genuine form of the original mythe and investigate its sources, whether borrowed immediately from Phœnicia and the East, or the lingering remnant of patriarchal revelation, or the effect of natural phenomena upon the yet untutored imagination, or arising from an exaggerated reverence for the dead, or the necessary result of the personifying tendency of the earlier language. These and other questions of the like kind the English reader will find discussed in Keightley's *Mythology* or Professor Max Müller's *Essay on Comparative Mythology*; for most minds they are sufficiently fascinating in themselves, but the use which has been made of the theory of the mythe in order to weaken the historical truth of the Old and New Testament must give an additional interest to the study for those who are especially called upon

to weigh the evidences of the Christian Religion. The legend embraces that part of mythology which professes to describe the achievements of men. Assuming for the most part some fact of history to begin with, it proceeds to adorn it with the clustering flowers of romance, till it requires the insight of a Niebuhr to penetrate to the underlying basis of truth. And thus the legends of Greece and Rome merit peculiar attention not only from the singular beauty of many of them or because they have supplied subjects to the noblest of poets, but because they have been made examples of the methods of historical criticism in the hands of Grote and Niebuhr.

As we watch the progress of Greek literature we see the main trunk of mythology throwing off its separate branches of history, poetry, and philosophy, we see the Greek mind gradually attaining to a distinct and appropriate representation of fact, feeling, and thought in all their various combinations. The interest which once attached to stories of heroes and monsters is gradually diverted to the actions of certain representative men, and finally finds its fittest nourishment in the development of the common national life, while the wonders which pleased a simpler race are now cast aside as 'poeticis magis decora fabulis.' Poetry is the branch which proceeds most directly from the original stem: whether Epic, Lyric, or Dramatic, the poetry of Greece still finds its favourite theme in the old mythology; even Comedy, which might seem to stand furthest from religious sentiment or reverence for the past, being formally consecrated to the God, however much it may really have helped to uproot the foundations of all belief. And, lastly, Philosophy and her daughter Science are at first merely interpretations or developments of those genealogies of Gods by which the personifying tendency of the original race realized to itself the series of physical causes and effects. So Thales pondering on that line of Homer,* and seeing that the land was surrounded (borne up, as he thought) by water, that water was needful for the sustenance of animal and vegetable life of every kind, arrived at his theory that water was the one true element, the first form of all things, and originated philosophy by asking how the one element produced the variety of the universe. Heraclitus too strove to add authority to his theory of the fiery, the moist, and the dry, of ceaseless flux governed by eternal law, by an

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* Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν. Il. xiv. 302.

appeal to the mythe of Dionysus and the prophecy of the Sibyl, to the name of Zeus and the dark conception of necessity; if we are not rather to suppose that these first suggested the theory.

Thus the science of causes passes from the theological to the metaphysical stage, though even in Plato and Aristotle we may perceive traces of its origin, sometimes introduced by way of playful illustration, at others perhaps as screening unpopular doctrines under a decent veil of orthodoxy.

The three elements of the old mythology were fused into one by religion. It can hardly be said that this finds a distinct expression for itself in the Greek as in the Jewish literature, yet it appears, crops out, as the phrase is, in writers of every kind and period, and many treatises have been written upon the religious ideas of the ancients in general, or of special authors, as Plato, Thucydides, Tacitus. The questions which force themselves upon the Classical student, in reference to this subject are, how far may we trace a development of the moral sense from the earliest to the latest period of heathen Greece, with what natural feelings was it most closely intertwined (as with the feeling of parental authority in Rome), how was this affected by the established religion of the time, was it corrupted and debased till it could no longer discern between good and evil, or did it burst out into indignant defiance of the gloomy spectre which darkened heaven and worked such misery on earth, or taking a middle course did it endeavour to reconcile its own intuitions with the traditional teaching by bold excision and free interpretation, or finally leaving doubts and difficulties on one side did it bend itself mainly to practical work, while still availing itself of every channel offered by that religion to the exercise of devout and reverential feelings? Through each and all of these phases we know that the moral sense past; in Plato and the later Stoics we know that it made its nearest approach to a perfect system of natural religion, anticipating in some points the divine morality of the Gospel. What has of later times gone by the name of natural religion has always been affected by the propinquity of the stronger light of revelation, generally borrowing from it truths which reason had never made known, but sometimes in its hostile antagonism abjuring doctrines which ancient prescription had made its own. It is from the Greek Philosophers that we may best learn what unaided reason can do and what it cannot do, and there we find it wanting in the great conception of

human weakness and human sin; we find that sin, even in its most odious form, is looked upon as a fit subject for playful allusions even by the most Christian of heathens, the "divine Plato;" and as the religion of reason is imperfect in its noblest representatives, so the comedians and satirists show us what religion was among the mass of the people. Thus much we may learn even from books, but if we would fully comprehend the religion of Greece, we must not confine ourselves to these; we must see how it manifested itself in arts, in sculpture and music and architecture, in sacrifices and festivities.

To return however to our subject, the development of Greek literature; if we would know why lyric poetry succeeded epic and dramatic succeeded lyric; why oratory prevailed at one age and criticism at another, we must know the varying influences which swayed the national mind. We must estimate the Greek character as we find it given in Homer, and consider how far this may be explained by known attributes of the Indo-European family; how far by climate, geographical position, and the mode of life consequent on these; we must observe changes, internal and external, social, constitutional, political; we must watch the framing of laws, and the growth of customs, and learn to feel ourselves at home in the whole region of Greek antiquities. And thus penetrating into the life of the nation, we shall have advanced a further and this time a gigantic step, not from grammar to style, or from style to literary development, but from this last to the history of the nation in its widest sense, watching the genius of Greece as it gathers shape out of the mists of mythology, and declares itself more plainly in action or in speech. Thus trained our ideal classic will read the writers of antiquity as they were read by contemporaries, no careless allusion of Aristophanes, no lightest breath of Socratic irony will escape him, he will stand with the eager crowd and catch up the words of Pericles before they fall from his lips, and his heart will bleed and burn as he gazes with Tacitus on the cruel profligacy of imperial Rome.

And now need we ask what is the educational use of this training? Every age is accustomed to exaggerate its own importance, and never was the conviction more needed than now that those who went before us were men and not a superior kind of brutes. Material improvements and scientific discoveries have taken such strides of late, that we are too much amazed at our own wisdom or good fortune to be

able to spare a thought for the patient workers who opened the road to the Canaan they were not to enjoy. Shakespeare, it is true, is the fashion; but is it very uncharitable to doubt whether he is more than the fashion, admired as reflecting credit on the admirer, with a generation which shrinks from all that requires deep thought or deep feeling, whose favourite sciences are the most outward, the most removed from man, whose favourite literary recreations are the frivolities which appear one day to be forgotten the next? Never were Bp. Butler's cautions more needed, that with many men "no time is spent with less thought than that which is spent in reading," and that "it is possible to indulge a ludicrous turn of mind so far as even to impair the faculties of reason."

Niebuhr used to prophesy a return of barbarism for Europe, and indeed there seems some reason for his fears, if this *ἀπαιδευσία*, this underbred shallowness of mind continues to gain ground among us, growing with the growth of our cheap literature, till every thing is debased to the standard of the least thoughtful and least educated of our population. The progress of the race is the principle which is put forward; it is supposed that the latest birth of time must comprehend all that has been possessed by previous ages. But the man does not preserve all that the boy once had—

> The youth who daily further from the East
> Must travel, still is nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended,
> At length the man perceives it die away
> And fade into the light of common day.

And Wordsworth's sorrowful regrets form the boast of the Comtian, who has exchanged the 'theological' for the 'positive' epoch. The fact is that as people are now satisfied with knowing that the earth goes round the sun, and do not take the trouble to watch the starry heaven moving round and the planets cutting their paths across it, so in philosophy every thing is assumed now and we do not enter thoroughly into the grounds of this or that belief, as in old times while it was still doubtful. In his new work on "Liberty," J. S. Mill writes thus, p. 79: "The loss of so important an aid to the intelligent and living apprehension of a truth as is afforded by the necessity of explaining it to, or defending it against opponents, though not sufficient to outweigh,

is no trifling drawback from the benefit of its universal recognition." And he refers to the "Socratic Dialectics so magnificently exemplified in the dialogues of Plato," as a contrivance for making the difficulties of the question "as present to the learners consciousness, as if they were pressed upon him by a dissentient champion, eager for his conversion."

But grant for a moment that no truth has been lost, that no aspect of truth is seen by us less clearly than by previous ages; still the effort to pass out of our own circle and our own time, to sympathize with another generation and become conscious of the living union which subsists between the most remote of the human family, cannot but be most valuable as supplying us with fresh subjects of interest, and kindling our imagination, while it softens our prejudices, and teaches us moderation and experience by proxy. And this study of the past is of still greater importance to those who believe that each age and each nation had its special lesson to teach, its appointed part to bear in the great drama of humanity. That Grecian History offers lessons of peculiar significance to our own times, is pointed out by Arnold in the preface to the third volume of his Thucydides. "The state of Greece," he says, "from Pericles to Alexander affords a political lesson perhaps more applicable to our own times, than any other portion of history which can be named anterior to the eighteenth century." The whole paragraph on this subject is well worth reading.

Nor is it only the *resemblance* of Grecian history to our own which makes it deserving of our study, it gains an additional importance from the very contrasts between the Greeks and ourselves. We want to observe the highest type of man as he is when uninfluenced by Christianity or Romanism or Protestantism, we want to examine the simpler framework of ancient society before we philosophize about the complex principles which sway us now: even with regard to the workings of the human heart, much which is hidden by modern reserve may be learnt from the less self-conscious and more unabashed Greek. And if we confine our attention to external events, we do not find that facts lose their interest in proportion to their remoteness, we cannot but feel that there was more at stake in the Persian wars of Greece, and the Punic and Gallic and Germanic of Rome, than in any modern wars since the final repulse of the Saracens and Turks. However our later wars had ended, Christianity and European civilization

would have still survived; but if Rome or Greece had fallen, in all human probability the world at large would have known nothing higher than the semi-barbarism of India or China.

After dwelling so long upon the advantages to be gained from a general acquaintance with Greek History and Greek Literature, I have no time to spend upon individual writers, and surely there is no need for me to offer proofs that to be made familiar with the thoughts of great men is one of the best means of education. Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles and Thucydides and Plato and Aristotle; these are names which have been every where held in honour for more than two thousand years; if there is anything which can teach us to feel nobly and think wisely, it is to read and re-read the writings, to live as it were in the society, of such men as these. I do not deny that there are some modern writers as great, perhaps greater, but the reading of these has never been made an integral part of any great system of education, and till this is done, I believe that were it simply for the reasons just alleged there is no training for head and heart which can pretend to vie with Classics.

In thus sketching out the field of Classical study I have omitted all mention of some of the accessories of our science, such as Palæography and Numismatics and the rules of textual criticism, but, before I conclude a paper already too long, I must add a few words respecting the use of scholarship, as furnishing the key to the Christian revelation. The following passage, taken from Sir W. Hamilton exhibits the necessity of Scholarship from this point of view, in terms which may appear almost exaggerated:—

"Interpretation is not only the most extensive and arduous, but the most important function of the Theologian. .... The interpretation of the sacred books supposes a profound and extensive knowledge of the languages of antiquity, not merely in their words, but in their spirit: and an intimate familiarity with the historical circumstances of the period which can only be acquired through a comprehensive study of the contemporary authors. It is thus evident that no country can possess a theology without possessing philological erudition, and that if it possesses philological erudition it possesses the one necessary condition of theology."

I have spoken thus strongly of the benefits to be derived from Classical studies pursued in the right way, because I fully believe that they may, and in many cases do, produce that beneficial effect. But, much as I applaud candidates for Classical Honours, I am afraid I must own that it is possible for a man to take a First Class, and yet miss a large part of the good which I hold he ought to have obtained. As the proverb says, you may lead a horse to the well, but you can't make him drink; and so you may bring a man face to face with subjects of the deepest interest and yet he may turn away and choose to see nothing but the labour of acquiring a vocabulary. I have known a case, I hope unique, of a classical man of more than ordinary powers deliberately preferring a page of Liddell and Scott to a page of Plato. Of course, a case so extreme becomes a caricature, but I fear it bears considerable resemblance to a not uncommon original. And is it not almost the exception to find a man who endeavours to give life and reality to the past by a constant reference to present experience? Are there not many who look upon Plato and Thucydides as nothing more than words, connected by grammatical laws indeed and desirable to be treasured up for use, but destitute of any meaning which might help to solve the difficulties of life around them, or even to bring before their minds the fact, that there existed at such and such times counterparts to our Liberals and Conservatives, to our Orthodox and Heterodox; that the world was made up then, as now, of dreamy enthusiasts and sharp men of business, of earnest workers and fashionable loungers; that, in short, there lies before them one of the most eventful pages of that divine revelation of history which has been handed down to us for our guidance and our warning?

On the other hand, as there are Classical men who thus fling away their birthright, so there are some who may have been deterred from the Tripos by a deficient vocabulary or an objection to verse-writing, who may yet have had their sympathies widened and their tastes raised by an attentive study of the ancient master-pieces. Even without a knowledge of the original languages, much may be learnt by the use of good translations, such as those by Wright and by Davies and Vaughan of certain dialogues of Plato: and I cannot see why an educated man who may not have the advantage of being able to read Greek or Latin with fluency, should feel any greater reluctance to make the acquaintance of an ancient writer through the medium of a translation, than he would have to reading Cervantes or Mansoni in an English dress, if ignorant of Spanish or Italian.

JOSEPH B. MAYOR.

CAMOENS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FIRST PARTING FROM CATERINA.

SWELLED a wave on time's broad main,
Rose, and swelled, and ebbed again;
Hangs a link on memory's chain
Dear as treasured gold:
Five bright Suns had gilt the day,
Five soft Vespers blush'd away,
Five pale Moons had shed their ray,
Five—the tale is told.

Came a meeting, gay yet kind,
Where each spirit seemed to find
That unknown for which it pined
Oft in visions lone:
Came a throb of blissful pain,
As, in softly dying strain,
Lull'd to rest the weary brain
Music's melting tone.

Oh! the dreamy bliss to rove
Through some maze of shadowy grove,
Whispering murmurs, half of love,
In a timid ear:
Gazing on the peerless maid,
Yet to tell her *all* afraid,
Though to leave it half unsaid
Seemed the greater fear.

Bliss in sooth to sit beside,
And her graceful thoughts to guide
Through some page where fancy's pride
Weaves its wild romance;
Oh! what pulses would not warm,
When they felt her fairy form
Circled by one happy arm,
Gliding through the dance!

Parted!—'tis a bitter word—
And my tale—untold!—unheard!—
Life's fair page with tears is blurr'd
At the weary thought:
Whispers Hope with flattering art,
"Joyed they meet, who sorrowed part;"—
In its dull suspense the heart
Hears—but answers not.

THE BACHELORS' BALL.

CHAPTER I.

'TWAS the time of the Bachelors' Ball at Cambridge. Throughout the live long day an unwonted animation had been visible in the streets of that usually quiet town. There was not a bed to be had at "The Bull"; "The Lion" had long since closed its hospitable mouth: and even had "The Hoop" been equal in dimensions to our modern Crinolines it would not have sufficed to accommodate the wonderful influx of visitors. Cabs rattled over "the King's Parade," in a manner torturing alike to the nerves of their occupants and the ears of passers by. Occasionally one met tall dignified men, rejoicing in immense red whiskers and moustaches, whose appearance shewed them to be, if University men at all, no longer "in statu pupillari." On passing a group of these formidable invaders, Jones would nudge Smith and whisper to him, that "the tall fellow with the beard and rainbow tie, was none else than Slogger who rowed "five" in the 'Varsity in 18—," upon which Smith would answer with a "by Jove!" and an adoring stare at Slogger. From all this it was evident that the attendance at the Ball was to be "unprecedented."

At a window commanding a view of the Parade, might be seen the graceful figure of a young man, who had evidently seen not more than three-and-twenty summers. Tall and powerfully built, he had all those personal attractions which fall to the lot of the happy heroes of Mr. James's thrilling novels. Yet was there something of melancholy, notwithstanding, in the young man's appearance: the foaming flagon of Buttery ale stood untasted by his side: his "cutty" seemed to work on the "consume your own smoke" principle, and drooped languidly in his mouth; the whole appearance in fact of our Hero as he perused a List of the Candidates who had passed for the ordinary degree, betokened a mental anguish, which I hope no reader of this

periodical will ever feel. The Novelist must not disguise facts: Horatio de Cochleare had been plucked!

An untasted dinner, frequent revokes at whist, a sleepless night and a head-ache in the morning were some of the least of the sufferings of De Cochleare after reading the list of yesterday. That he the heir of the Spoonlington estates, the pride of his county and the glory of his "set," that he should of all people have met with so foul a disgrace! and at a time too when all seemed so smiling, when Fortune, Ambition, Love—— but no! the thought was too much for him, and seizing the quart tankard by his side, he drained it at a draught, and surveying himself in the crystal mirror at the bottom, he whispered to himself, as a bitter smile stole across his pale features, "Ah! not such a bad looking fellow after all!"

Starting from a revery of several minutes, he rose, and advancing languidly to the table began to open and read a letter, which had hitherto been lying there unnoticed. "Ah!" said he, with a sigh, "a letter from my good aunt: what a blow this pluck of mine will be to poor ——!" and he rang the bell and ordered "a quart more beer," and sat down to read his letter.

As we have a perfect right to know the contents of all our hero's letters, there is no violation of confidence in our laying before our readers the one just opened by him.

Muffington Hall,
January, 18—.

"My dear Horatio,

"I write in a hurry to say that your Uncle, "myself, and Louisa intend coming up for Degree-day and "staying for the Ball. Will you get us tickets for the latter, "and join our party? We shall be proud of your company "now that you are (for I do not suppose you have been "plucked!) a B.A.; Louisa sends her love, and says she "expects to see you a Senior Wrangler *at least*. All well, "except bad colds. In haste,

"Your affectionate aunt,
"SERAPHINA MUFFINGTON."

Horatio de Cochleare having read his letter through three or four times, as well as the five Postscripts, which we think it unnecessary to add, put his hand suddenly to his brow and staggered to a chair. Then sighing to himself "well here's a pretty go," he left the room to negotiate the tickets, and then went to the Station to welcome the fair travellers.

Chapter II.

It is now time that we give the reader a brief account of our hero's previous life:—

Born of the illustrious house of De Cochleare, the eldest of three sons, and heir to the great Spoonlington Estate, to make use of a poetical metaphor, he seemed to have been born with "a silver spoon in his mouth." Alas! poor youth, "the silver spoon" of thy boyhood availed thee not now, when not even "the wooden spoon" fell to thy lot. Brought up in the enjoyment of all the happiness that rank and opulence could confer, Horatio knew not a care till in his fifteenth year he met his fair cousin Louisa Muffington. It was a case of "veni, vidi, vici" at once. Nor were the parents on either side adverse to a union which would join "lands broad and rich (the lands of Spoonlington and Muffington) and two persons not ill suited in years and intellect." From this moment, the chief object of Horatio's hopes was—Louisa! At the same time other ambitious projects fired his soul. The private tutor with whom he read had discovered in him "Classical powers of a very high order, and an aptitude for mathematics which gave promise of the highest possible distinction." Henceforth, to be Senior Wrangler was with him an object only secondary in importance to winning the heart of his fair Cousin.

Years passed by, and the boy of fifteen had grown into the youth of twenty; yet, still the objects of his ambition were the same—Louisa, and the first place in the Mathematical Tripos.

He was now an Undergraduate at Cambridge, "reading double." True, Fortune had not as yet smiled on him: for on closer acquaintance he found that the Goddess Mathesis was not so easily to be won, and that the Muses of Parnassus would not listen to the vows of one who pronounced *jamdūdum* as though it were *jamdŭdum*. Worn out by study he determined to relieve his mind by the noble pastime of rowing. But here again he was unsuccessful. For how was he to "do some work" while his heart was far away with Louisa? How was he to "take her round" at Grassy, when in fancy he was taking Louisa round in the whirling waltz? How was he to "mind his oar" at the Railway Bridge, when in the midst of a sonnet in honour of his Cousin? But if in all these pursuits Horatio's success was equivocal; no one disputed his right to be called a Poet. Twice did he obtain the medal for English verse; and his simile taken from the

moon was acknowledged to be the newest and best that had been made for the last five years. Such had been the life of our hero up to the time when he went in for his degree; the result of the examination we have already stated, it is one too painful to dwell on. We therefore conclude this chapter abruptly, and hasten on to our next in which we hope to find Horatio more successful.

Chapter III.

Whatever may be said or preached against "the Bachelors' Ball," no thoughtful man of sense will deny that it is one of the most useful of our University Institutions. How many vacant Fellowships does it produce! What a corrective is it to our celibate system! Here the proud intellect of the Senior Wrangler, the poetic taste of the Senior Classic, and the milder attainments of the Poll man are all on a level, all alike bask in the divine light of woman's beauty. Are you of "light fantastic toe?" where can you find a better arena for display than the Bachelors' Ball? Are you a lover of the Muses? seek the Bachelors' Ball, and there feed your poetic fancy, there let τὸ καλὸν enter into your soul and fill it with images of grace and loveliness!

Believe me my (ah! would that I could say "*fair!*") reader, the only opponents of the Ball are Senior Fellows of Colleges, who having for a long time warded off the arrows of the little blind god, still feel how insecure is the tenure on which they hold their fellowships. Once let them enter the Bachelors' Ball, and they know that ere long matrimony will be their lot. Fortunately the majority of mankind and of University men are not afraid of such a fate as this, and therefore we may feel confident that the Ball will safely survive the ill-timed and interested attacks occasionally made upon it. All honour to those gentlemen who, regardless of their own time and trouble, by their admirable arrangements enable us all to enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content at the Bachelors' Ball.

It was with thoughts such as these that Horatio entered that noble Hall,* which is so grand an ornament to our

* It is with unfeigned regret that we have heard a report to the effect, that our magnificent and commodious Town Hall is to be pulled down, and a more modern structure raised on the same site. Can aught surpass the vandalism of the nineteenth century? When shall we learn to respect edifices hallowed as is our Town Hall by the hand of Time, and the Genius of Antiquity?

Town: and as he danced his first dance with his fair cousin Louisa, led away by the inspiring music of "the Gonville and Caius Quadrilles" and thinking only of the fair form by his side, he almost came to the conclusion that some happiness might *possibly* revisit the breast of a plucked man. Needless is it to relate how stoically he admitted to his fond relations that he had failed to obtain his degree, partly owing to his ill health, and partly owing to the well-known partiality of the examiners and the general unfairness of the papers. Needless is it to relate with how sweet a grace the fair Louisa wished him "better luck next time." How his first quadrille was "most delightful"; how his first waltz was "heavenly," and how after the third he could dance no more, but how on one of those sofas placed so conveniently by the managers of the Ball, he poured forth those feelings of love which for the last four hours had been pent within his breast. How, to cut a long story short, before the end of the year, you might have seen in the *Morning Post* the following paragraph:—

"Marriage in High Life.

"On Wednesday the 24th inst. the marriage of Horatio "de Cochleare, Esq., eldest son and heir of Sir Horatio "de Cochleare, bart., of Spoonlington Hall in the County "of ——, to Louisa, only daughter of Digby Muffington, "Esq., of Muffington Hall, was celebrated in St. George's "Hanover Square. Mr. De Cochleare was educated at "—— College, Cambridge, where he gave early proof of "those high intellectual powers, which we understand he "will soon be called upon to exercise for the good of his "country in Parliament."

Horatio de Cochleare is now a married man, blest with a sweet wife and a fine family, his name stands high among the Statesmen of Europe, but when asked for the secret of his success, he never fails to attribute all his happiness and greatness to "the Bachelors' Ball" at Cambridge.

Ψ.

THE FIRST TROUBLE.

I STRAY'D by the walls of an old village church,
Gleaming grey through the laurel and silvery birch;
And a winterly music came sighing along,
As the dark winds of evening breath'd their last song
To the dying December day.

Oh! how chang'd was the scene from the sunny spring tide,
When I stood on that tower with Ann by my side;
When my hand stay'd her steps on the shelving roof,
And I listen'd entranc'd to her gentle reproof
For not heeding what round me lay.

Full fair was the view in that woodland spot,
With its budding green leaves—but I mark'd it not;
The horizon held only that face to me,
And, while gazing on it, what cared I to see
How the branches stood bathed in light?

I felt not the breeze, but I knew it was there,
For it kiss'd the low waves of her rippling hair;
I saw not the trees, but I knew they were nigh,
As I follow'd the glance of her travelling eye,
And could tell where its ken would alight.

Oh! woe to the hour, when I found that the breast,
I had fondly deem'd mine, held another as guest;
When in wondering pity one look she bestow'd,
As on some fragile thing she had crush'd in her road,
Then pass'd unconcernedly by.

I press'd my hot brow to a tombstone cold,
As the thoughts of that hour o'er my memory roll'd;
Till the moonbeams had silver'd the battlements hoar,
And I felt a strange hush o'er my spirit pour,
Like the calm of that moonlit sky.

And I pray'd that on me, when all time-worn and grey,
As then on that tow'r, a still radiance might play,
And teach, it might be, to some breaking heart,
Through the storms of affliction to bear up its part,
Till it rested as peacefully.

"SATURN."

A VISIT TO A WELSH COAL-PIT.

THE ideas which most people are accustomed to associate with the name of a coal-pit are, I think, anything but agreeable; they figure to themselves a dark dirty pit underground, something like a coal-hole on a large scale, with the addition of a little more dirt and obscurity than may generally be found in a well-regulated private establishment. Well, to some extent they are no doubt perfectly right; dark it is, and dirty—very dirty—much dirtier than they would probably consider at all desirable. Have you ever been down a coal-pit? No, you tell me, and what is more you don't intend to; you thank God that you were not born a collier, and do not at all see why you should reduce yourself to the level of one, and go burrowing under ground like a mole, with the additional attraction of the chance of being reduced to your ultimate atoms by the explosion of the fire damp. At all events such would probably be the sentiments of your loving mother, if her darling Harry or Willie were to think of undertaking such a mad scheme. Still, however natural may be such a maternal remonstrance, it is always interesting to see for oneself the way in which so many thousands of our fellow-countrymen spend the greater part of their lives, and by which they earn their daily bread, and the thoughts which will necessarily arise from comparing their mode of life with our own more fortunate lot, are certainly not without their value to ourselves. However this may be, *curiosity* is common to us all, broad cloth and crinoline alike; and if curiosity was sufficient to lead Ida Pfeiffer round the world, I need scarcely be ashamed of having allowed it to lead me down a coal-pit.

I was staying during the last vacation in the ancient town of Cardiff, which, although but a short while ago almost unknown to gazetteers, has recently risen into con-

siderable importance as a sea-port town; and fortunately for my purpose I was well acquainted with the Government Inspector of Coal Mines for the district, who on learning my desire, at once offered to take me with him down a pit, and coach me up in the way in which they are worked and ventilated. I very readily accepted his offer, and a day was fixed for visiting the Gadlys colliery, which was one of the largest in that neighbourhood. The railway which took us to the town of Aberdare, near which the pit was situated, passed through one of those beautiful vallies which are so common in Glamorganshire; the appearance of a number of these has, however, considerably altered in the last few years; the quiet angler who formerly sauntered with his rod and line along the banks of Rhondda or of Cynon thought little of the mineral wealth over which he walked; the valley, with its grassy fields and lazy cattle, diversified by an occasional farm-house, or quiet country-church, with the grand old hills on either side over which the mountain sheep bounded like chamois, seemed to him doubtless as pretty a place as any sprouting Tennyson could well desire in which to write a love-lorn sonnet to a Welsh milk-maid. Now, however, the scene is changed; the sheep and the fields and the cattle are still there—probably the milk-maid also; but on all sides may be seen dirty chimneys vomiting forth their smoke under the clear blue sky, with ugly sheds around them, from which issue sounds of panting engines, which seem to work for ever like modern Danaids without getting a whit nearer the end of their labours. Our sonnet-writing friend would, I have no doubt, tell you that this is sheer desecration of the beauties of Nature; if so, put him to write poetry in December, without any fire; if he uses the coal he must be content to endure the chimneys.

On our arrival at Aberdare, our first care was to make ourselves as much like colliers as possible, by the aid of a couple of suits, which we had provided for the purpose of offering some resistance to the wet and dirt we knew we should have to encounter underground, a coal-pit not being exactly the proper place for lavender-kids or fashionable 'continuations.' Having done this, we proceeded to the pit. I now found the advantage of my companion's official character; a government inspector has power, and we were in consequence received by the manager with all due deference. The first thing to be done was to examine the plan of the workings, and the course taken by the

ventilating current of air, after which we descended the pit and began to make observations for ourselves.

Now to write an elaborate description of the nature of coal-pits and of the manner in which they are worked, would be a task of no small difficulty for myself, and possibly if accomplished, the result would be but little attractive to the majority of my readers. I will therefore spare them a long technical description, which they might find somewhat hard of digestion, and confine myself to my own experiences, giving them rather the hasty impressions of a foreigner than the full information of a native. To be brief, then; a coal-pit worked in the manner of the one I visited on this occasion consists of a series of narrow lanes called dip-head levels, which are driven out in an accurately horizontal direction from the bottoms of the shafts. These form the main streets of the subterranean; out of them branch other lanes called headings, and into the last open the passages in which the coal is actually cut, and which go by the name of stalls. It was of course in one of these levels that we found ourselves on arriving at the bottom of the shaft, and to one like myself, for whom the scene possessed the charm of novelty, the general effect was highly picturesque; the sudden change from the light above to the darkness of the pit, the faint light thrown by a few candles on the grimy faces of the colliers, and of some little imps* who were standing by their loaded trams, the at-first oppressive consciousness of the mass of earth above, and of the gloomy passages which seem to lead into the very bowels of the earth, all contribute to produce a striking impression when viewed for the first time, and forcibly remind one of some of the conceptions of Dantè or of Milton. It must not, however, be supposed, from my description, that a coal-pit is a silent, dismal abyss, where nothing is to be heard but the solemn sound of your own footstep splashing through the mire; it is cheerful enough in its own way, especially near the bottom of the shaft; the rattling of the trams, and the cries of the men urging on the horses (of which there are always a number in the pit), shew that there is plenty of work being done, and fill the place with the sounds of honest industry. Having rested for a minute or two in order to accustom our eyes to

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* There is a regulation that no boys under ten years of age shall be admitted to work in a coal-pit; but this is not uncommonly evaded.

the darkness, we proceeded onwards under the guidance of one of the overseers, each carrying a Davy lamp to enable us to steer as clear as possible of the mud and pools of water with which the ground was plentifully covered; it was not, however, yet necessary to put the tops on our lamps, for the explosive fire damp is never found very near the bottom of the shaft, and there is consequently no danger in carrying a naked light. We pursued our walk through the pit for some three or four hours, and while my companion was examining those parts of the arrangements which he wished more particularly to inspect, or interrogating the men in guttural Welsh, of which he seemed to be a complete master, I had plenty to do in looking at the various objects of interest which presented themselves. It was a strange sight, when in the middle of our walk we would come suddenly upon some solitary man with his single light, working in the corner of a distant stall, and hacking away at the solid wall before him; and strange to think, that while the sun is shining, and the birds are singing under God's blue heaven above, he crouches there day after day, week after week, aye, and year after year, hacking away at the same dull black wall which rises ever before him; and sad to think what must be his mental condition and that of thousands of others like him, who must work on while bone and sinew last, or they and their children starve. What to him are the pleasures of the intellect, the charms of literature, of history, and of science?—he cannot even read. I might bring forward many instances of the deplorable ignorance of these men both in Wales and in the North—that for example of the collier, who said in answer to one of our Home-Missionaries after a careful consideration for a moment or two, "No, he could'nt say as how he knew anybody of the name of Jesus, but perhaps *he worked in the next pit!* But it is easier to moralize on a state of things, the existence of which we all know and regret, than to propose a practical remedy. Something has been done in the way of education, and much more we may hope will be; the sooner the better, for no one can doubt that a festering mass of ignorance and brutality, such as may still be met with in some parts of *merry* England, must be fraught with danger to the well-being, if not the very existence of any civilized community. There are, however, bright exceptions even amid the darkness of a coal-pit; there is many an honest, hearty man who does his duty to himself and to his family in the fear of God—all honour to him for it; despise him not as you rattle along in your dog-cart over the ground under

which he works, or as you stand in your comfortable room with your coat-tails under your arms warming yourself before the coal which he has cut;—there may be something to learn even from a collier.

As you have allowed me to lead you down a coal-pit, it is necessary that I should say a few words concerning the manner in which they are ventilated, as this is perhaps the most important subject connected with their management. We know that it is not always the easiest thing in the world to keep the air pure in workshops and factories above ground, and the difficulty is of course much increased at a distance of perhaps two or three hundred yards below the surface, especially when we consider the gas exuding from the coal, which, unless it be driven off by an artificial current of air, will soon make its presence felt by one of those fearful explosions of which we occasionally hear. It may seem to the uninitiated almost impossible to establish this artificial current at so great a depth: the way in which the object is attained is as follows. The shafts of a colliery are divided into two classes, upcast and downcast shafts, and at the bottom of each of the upcast shafts a furnace is kept constantly burning. This of course heats the air, and causes it to ascend; the cold air rushes down the corresponding downcast shaft to fill up the vacuum, and thus produces the required current; the expedient is an old one, having been used in mines in the 16th century;* and with due care it answers very well. If, however, there be any neglect or carelessness, the foul air immediately accumulates and explodes on contact with a naked light. This is especially the case in the old workings; one of those to which we came on this occasion my friend suspected might contain gas, and having taken the precaution of putting the tops on our Davy lamps we went in to examine it. The result shewed that he was right, and on elevating the lamp we had the satisfaction of seeing that it was only owing to the invention of Sir Humphry Davy that we were not blown off to infinity. Of course I expressed, as in duty bound, a profound admiration for the glorious triumph of science, and mildly suggested the advisability of moving a little further off. It is satisfactory, no doubt, to place your head under a steam-hammer which descends with terrific force and is stopped to a nicety at about the extremity

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* See Rodolphus Agricola de Re Metallicâ.

of your whiskers, but I think it is far *more* satisfactory to take it away again.

There are many other interesting things connected with a coal-pit to which I have not yet alluded; but a due regard to the patience of my readers will, I fear, prevent me from enlarging upon them: I trust that I have said enough to awaken their curiosity upon the subject: should this be the case, I can only, in conclusion, recommend them to descend a pit upon their first opportunity, and examine it for themselves. I can promise them that when after a few hours spent underground they emerge once more, wet and dirty, into the light of day, they will not regret the time which they have spent in the Birth Place of the Black Diamond.

"ENOD."

FANCY.

1.

I rode across the hills
When the summer-morn was fair,
And came and saw from the breezy ridge
Her valley beneath me there:—
Her valley, and all beyond
Mountain and meadow and valley and wood
Rolling wave-like in glory from where I stood
To the line of the moorlands bare.

2.

And there were the village roofs,
And over them rose the spire,
Gleaming up in the morning sun
Like a heavenward flame of fire;
And my blood ran fuller and faster
In all its ebbings and swells,
As Fancy caught a glimmer of white,
And the clash of bridal bells.

UNIVERSITY ENGLISH.

"I MAY read," said the afflicted Dean of Christ Church as he vainly sought for rest on his sick couch, "my physician says I may read light literature." One of Scott's novels was handed him. "Pshaw, what stuff for a sick man! I want *light* reading! give me a Greek Lexicon!"

Perhaps, reader, I need not tell *you* that the story is a true one. You may be one of Alma Mater's most promising sons; your mind may be already so saturated with Mathematics or Greek dialects, and so regardless of all other subjects and objects as to have closely assimilated to that of the learned Dean. Perhaps you are one to whom the story seems too strange for belief, and you will say that *if* it be true, the Dean must have been either more or less than man.

But by far the greatest probability is that you will not class under either of these heads. You may indeed be a happy D^{s} Senior, or a high Double First, yet you will not consider the Dean's state of mind to be that to which all learned minds should approximate: and on the other hand you may be, at present at least, guiltless of having misunderstandings with Newton, or of mutilating Homer's remains, and yet you will neither discredit the story nor denounce the worthy Dean as inhuman.

Let us step back a little in our history and take a view of our Heads of Houses and Fellows as they existed some dozen generations ago, and try if by any stretch of imagination we can connect them with the Masters and Seniors of our time. I fancy they differed even in form from our "Dons." Square built, thick-set men with graceless gait and heavy tread, whose every movement seemed regulated by the slow stroke of St. Mary's clock, men with "beard of formal cut," that cut being such as would make a modern moustache stand on its end, men who spoke barbarous Latin with a still more barbarous provincial brogue, who grinned

from ear to ear at the most wretched pun or abortive attempt at a "quaint conceit" but never, never gave loose to a light-hearted fit of ringing laughter;—such seem to me to be the men who were spoken of as "Ye Fellowes of Cantebrigge, learned in Latine and Logicke."

Our Latin improved when bluff Harry endeavoured to establish his rule over men's intellects, and under Elizabeth we overcame our dread of "heretical Greek," but English was left to itself. Hear a combination-room discourse, when the pedantic Scot swayed the badly united sceptres of St. Andrew and St. George, as his favourite prototype Solomon did those of Israel and Judah.

"As I walked out this morning, Master Farmer, about five of the clocke, I lighted on two younge men near Trompingtone coming to Cambridge. The one was mounted on a sorry horse, and his fellowe did trudge beside him in clouted brogues. Now, as ye wot, our Master hath changed the time to break-faste from half-past five to half-past six, I hasted not to returne, and thus I spake the striplings, 'Good morrow, sirs, young clerkes as I suppose'; and they said 'yea'; right glad that they were cleped clerkes. 'And you are from the North,' said I to him that rode, 'your speech saieth so'; he answered, 'Sir, ye say sooth, I much admire your cunning.' Then said he that strode, 'and I am a Welshman fro Comberlande; it chanced to us to joint-lodge in one taverne three nights agone and we have joint-travailled from then; my fellowe carrieth my wallet on the horse, and would grant to me to ride behind, but there is to the beaste need of strengthe, poor jade, scant can he carry himself.' Then did I admire and said, 'Sir, there be that in your wordes and utterance, which agreeth not with our speeche in these partes.'

"After a while I turned to him that rode, 'Sir, your bridle is of straunge device, it is of hempe, even that part which is in the beaste's mouth.' I trow not of another ilk,' quothe he, 'howbeit it is ycleped a haulter.' 'Nay,' quoth the forayne, 'now do you mis-stand each other. There be two fashions, the bridle, whereof the part in the horse's head is iron, and the collar, whereof no part doth go through the beaste's head, but goeth round the head or neck only, wherewith to lead the beast, and differeth from the drag-collar wherewith the beaste doth draw draftes.'

"This have I said Master Farmer, to do you to wit what a tonge of Babel our English tonge be, insomuch that the speeche of one parte is not understanded in another. Were it not well if a doctor should discourse of English in the schools as we now do of Latine?"

To this Master Farmer responds with becoming indignation, "Opus dignissimum sane, ad verba puerulorum dirigenda descendere! Ad hoc putasne domus nostras fundatas esse, ad docendos rusticos quomodo inter se elegantissime loquerentur, et quomodo equis canibusque perspicacissime jubeant? Nonne est Latina lingua thesaurus opimus theologiæ, et historiæ, et artium, et scientiarum omnium? Est ars longa, vita brevis; visne igitur vitam decurtare artes vilissimas discendo? Et de hoc ipso quod adducis, de intelligenter loquendo, nonne facilius est unam linguam quam quadraginta dialectus discere? Et quis hoc officio fungeretur, vel ad quam normam conformares linguam nostram? Num ad tuam, qui mecum loquens his vocibus usus es "clouted brogues" quarum nec significatio nec sonus mihi est notus? Desine, satis est lingua Anglicana ad usum tabernariorum et rusticorum, nos vero universalem linguam et artes immortales discere oportet."

The juniors look wondering applause, at this thunderburst of Latine and Logicke and sage erudition, and the castigated sufferer mentally vows that he will never again introduce the subject.

Master Farmer's estimate of the relative values of Latin and English outlived his time, perhaps there are some who still maintain it. It certainly was not defunct when our friend the Christ Church Dean was an infant prodigy. He was fed no doubt with unadulterated Homer, Pindar and Anacreon, moistened now and then with a dissertation on the prepositions, and when he was of an age at which most boys would be plucked if required to distinguish veal from venison, his delicate palate would be disgusted if a dish of Greek were seasoned with a compound of περι, instead of αμφι. Looking back as he did with scorn on the coarse Roman roots adulterated with the barbarous garbage of the monks whereon his scholastic progenitors battened, he felt that he was feeding on the true manna and nectar, which would raise him to a god-like stature and strength.

With him, English was the speech to express the wants of his lower nature, the medium of communication with his servants; Greek was the language of his heart and intellect. English was a serviceable surtout and top-boots, good for wet weather and walking over the farm; Greek was the neat, easy-fitting evening dress, in Greek he chatted and laughed, in Greek he danced and sang, in Greek he sat down to "the

feast of reason and the flow of soul." A slow, obtuse, unwieldy housekeeper was his mother tongue to him; Greek was the coy and queenly beauty, such as Phidias would have died to petrify, the thing of light and life and love, of grace and intelligence which entranced and captivated his soul. Well might he say, "Give me a Greek Lexicon!"

But, meanwhile that part of England which was outside University walls (which, I hope University men will allow me to state, was no inconsiderable part), had become other than it was when Master Farmer discoursed so learnedly in Latin. It had increased and multiplied, and was replenishing the earth and subduing it. The ever-heaving ocean of commerce had softened and ground down the many dialects of Jutes and Angles which stood in its way, flinty and angular-like repulsive rocks. They had been split and worn and scattered by its roll and flow, and now formed one level beach of soft rich sand. But in all this the Universities had no hand. A language had been formed and perfected, and a literature was arising with which they had nothing whatever *directly* to do, (*indirectly* the greater part of the Latin element of our language comes from the Universities). English was as far as possible ignored. Newton and Bacon wrote in Latin, and the English of the Professors written and spoken was cast in a Latin mould. Thousands had gone forth from the Universities to teach the Saxon multitudes, but the language of the teachers was less pure, less idiomatic, less forcible than that of the taught. There was a difference of language which the rustic supposed to result from difference of feeling and want of sympathy. Illiterate (unsophisticated?) men gained the affections of the people, and the tinker Bunyan had more followers than the Archbishop Laud. This is borne witness to in religion by the prevalence of dissent; and in literature, by the outcast Saxon offshoot in America sending us first a Lindley Murray to teach us how to speak, and now a Webster to tell us what to say.

But the learned bodies cared for none of these things. They walked indeed on the fair English beach, and sometimes left there the impress of their feet, but it never occurred to them that a little of the leaven of the Schools, a little of the learning and fervour which the Universities often devoted to trifles, would have fused all that Saxon sand into one vitreous mass of translucent crystal, making it the clearest medium which the world has ever seen or shall see.

But they had their reasons for acting as they did. In the first place, they thought that Master Farmer's opinions were right in the main, though perhaps his conclusions were not legitimately deducible from his premises; and secondly, they argued that as the Students had been nurtured in English and would converse in it alone after leaving the University, *that* part of their education was least liable to be deficient, and that it was best to keep men, while at the University, to those necessary studies which they would have no other opportunity of acquiring.

Let us not hastily and irreverently impugn the judgments of honest and sensible men, who anxiously consulted our interests, who loved their Alma Mater, and whose bodies mingle with the dust within the sacred walls of our College Chapels. They had their prejudices, we also have ours; if an English Tripos were established to-morrow there are few who would not "pooh! pooh!" it, and there are none who would not think its highest honours spurious, beside the Wranglers and First Class men of the two standard Triposes. Let us not be eager to run off chuckling to the "Times" to amuse the world with the inaccuracies of our Seniors. To use the style of a century ago, too homely and honest for the present squeamish generation, "let us not harbour an indecent haste to point out the scanty covering of our parent, remembering the curse of Ham."

University English may be bad, but if *ours* be bad, we have only ourselves to blame, the remedy is in our own hands,—the "Eagle" is that remedy.

The laws of nature are fixed, so are the laws of classic composition, so are the laws of the human mind. Such being the case, the Mathematics and Classics will be read at Cambridge till the end of time, for they are the best exercise for the mind. But with respect to men's private reading and exercises, it would be well if they changed to suit the wants of an ever-changing world. Let then those who have just come up, who bring, as it were, the latest news from the external world be not backward to state and discuss their views in the "Eagle." There simple truth, there the results of experience or deep thought, there modest common sense will always be welcome.

"W. M. T."

NOCTURNE.

WHAT are those stars above us
That beam so softly down,
Like golden jewels sparkling
In some bright seraph's crown.

Are they but blooming flowerets,
The darlings of the skies,
That in some heavenly meadow
With purest fragrance rise?

Or are they gentle tear drops
Of pity and of love,
Of cherubin and seraphin
That dwell in worlds above?

Are they the saints in glory
That once on earth did tread,
And now look down upon us
From the mansions of the dead?

Or do they, rolling onward,
Their harps melodious raise,
And sing to God above them
One long grand hymn of praise.

No; they are something nobler,
Those little orbs of night,
Those fiery drops of splendour,
Those dewy gems of light.

Each one of them is teeming
With pleasure, light, and love,
And shadows forth the glory
Of its great God above.

Round each one stars are circling
In never-ending course,
Which weave a chain of brightness
Around their shining source.

And each one too is circling
Around some distant star,
That in more radiant glory
Burns downward from afar.

Thus roll they on for ever,
The guardians of the night,
The foot-prints of Jehovah,
Lamps of the Infinite.

"ENOD."

UNCLE JOE

WHAT an admirable century is the nineteenth! so good, so pious, so charitable! Such were the thoughts that flitted through the writer's brains as he perused a not very ancient article of the *Times*, in which that periodical endeavoured with all the force that Times-article-writing could muster, to inculcate on us that we are indeed too good and charitable to know how good and charitable we are, and, while it calls upon us to hug ourselves in the thought of the recent subscriptions for the poor, and in true John-Bull fashion to count up our charity-founded churches, hospitals, schools, dispensaries, lying-in-hospitals, and workhouses, forbids us under penalty of being thought to hold opinions contrary to the *Times*, ever again to doubt our own charity. True, most true, oh! spiritual periodical, voice of the nation of England! most true it is that we are a charitable people. And when I reflected on my own younger days, and thought on the many shillings which had been given me in church to put into the plate, and the pennies which I had in like manner deputy-like bestowed on crossing-sweepers with twisted or no legs, I came to the conclusion that I too was a charitable individual of a charitable nation; suppressing, I must confess, certain uncomfortable reminiscences of occasional calculations as to how many marbles said shillings or pence would have procured, and one not unsuccessful stratagem by which I contrived to abstract one-half of a charitable donation, investing the same in sugar candy; for which feat I had indistinct ideas of having received my first whipping. With these complacent feelings, I turned to discuss my coffee which was getting cold, and a letter from my Uncle Joseph as yet unopened and unread, owing to the superior attractions of the *Times*. Charitable reader, I am going to insert this letter. Therefore also, if it seem good to you, I will lay before you a few particulars relating to my worthy uncle, to one who wants to understand the following letter, not altogether useless.

My uncle Joe then is a gentleman of limited means: in short, not to mince matters, possesses an independent fortune of £300. a year, which it is his object in life to make to appear four, five, or any other number of hundreds greater than the aforesaid three: under these circumstances, I need scarcely say that my uncle is guiltless of marriage. The last ten years he has spent in wandering about on the continent and elsewhere, for the sake of better effecting the object of his existence in happy districts where for 7500 francs per annum, Smith may find himself called "*Milor*." For private reasons I shall not say what Chancery suit it was which, with its golden hopes, induced my poor uncle to quit his charming life abroad and rush to his former detestation, expensive, dirty, disagreeable London. This is not our concern. Suffice it that in his last letter to me, after describing innumerable onslaughts made on him by lodging-house keepers, who wore widow's weeds, and having seen better times, and had their misfortunes, used to charge twice the ordinary prices for "furnished apartments to let," he had once more "enquired within," and this time with a satisfactory result. In the West End of London, leading out of Haregrove Square into Little-Philadelphia-lane, there is a small street, containing about thirty houses, which vary in respectability inversely as the numbers on the doors. In other words, numbers one and three consider themselves in the square; number two can see a little bit of the square laburnum tree, and of course therefore cannot be said to live in a street with *his* prospect; numbers four, five, ... fifteen are in the highest degree respectable; thenceforth the respectability decreases till we reach number twenty-five when it becomes zero, and subsequently a negative quantity, yielding to the baneful influence of Little-Philadelphia-lane. Here then, at number fifteen, in lodgings of the highest respectability, had my uncle unpacked his little Lares and Penates and stuck them up on the mantle-piece, and from number fifteen accordingly I expected I should have received the following letter. What then was my astonishment when I saw at the top of the letter—

Paris,

"My dear Frederic,

"Possibly you are surprised at seeing whence this letter is dated, but you will be surprised no longer when you read further. You are aware, my dear boy, that with a view to superintending in person the case of —— *versus* ——

I lately took most respectable lodgings in a highly fashionable part of London, and that I renewed some most agreeable acquaintances with the rector of the parish and several other gentlemen who reside in the neighbouring square. Well, I had not lived any great length of time in —— street, when I began to find myself gradually annoyed by begging advertisements relating to schools, hospitals, dispensaries, work-houses, poor-houses, and a variety of other charitable institutions which I never heard of before the last twenty years. This was the more annoying because my good landlady, in other respects a very amiable and worthy woman, was herself interested in what she called "the good cause." The consequences are obvious. On my breakfast-table every morning was laid an appeal in behalf of a consumption-hospital; in the folds of the "*Times*" lurked a pathetic entreaty in favour of a dispensary, illustrated with two or three remarkable cures; at dinner, as being applicable to the occasion, were presented to me short treatises on the advantages of Sunday-School festivals; and when I lit my afternoon pipe, as a preparation for my customary siesta, I found that I had devoted to that sacred purpose a short account of a neighbouring flannel-society, beginning with "Are you a Christian?" and ending with "Subscriptions will be received by J. Smith, Esq." Smith, indeed, why, if *he* asks me, I must give, I can't think of refusing *him;* and yet, sir, there was the time when a gentleman might be a gentleman, and yet never give a farthing to these plaguy innovations, these flannel-societies, and dispensaries, and what not; but, deuce take it, a gentleman must give now, if he's to be respectable: it's the fashion, a humbugging fashion, if you will, nothing like the old let-alone fashion of my times, but still, the fashion; and so old Joe has to swim along with the tide; and bleed as he swims; yes, bleed sir,—but I am anticipating. When I found, last Monday, these pestilential begging-papers come in faster and faster, so that my pipe was no longer equal to the work of destruction, I gave them in a heap to my landlady's little Tom to make cocked hats and boats with, according to the boy's own ingenious and, I must say, original taste. The consequence of this rash act of mine was, that as I descended the stairs for the purpose of going out to dine with the before-mentioned J. Smith, I heard a huge squealing arise from down stairs, and looking through the open door, saw Tom with a Prayer-book in his hand standing in the corner, from which he was

forbidden to stir till he had learnt all that piece about "to keep my hands from picking and stealing." On his head a large cocked-hat with CHURCH-BUILDING-SOCIETY in large letters thereon imprinted bore plain witness to the cause of his sufferings. On seeing me Mrs. Robinson came out, her lap full of fragments of charitable documents, and lifting up the finger of scorn at poor little Tom, exclaimed 'Drat the little villain, sir, who'd have thought it; a heathen should 'nt have had the heart to do it, much less one as has had Christian godfathers and godmothers.' I blush to say it, I remained silent; I said no word for Tom: Mrs. Robinson's reproof went to my heart, and I left the house in sorrowful silence. When I reached Smith's (it's only a few doors off, in fact, we are almost in the square) I found a very pleasant assemblage of friends, the Rector and two other old College-chums, who with myself and Smith, and of course Mrs. Smith, made up the party. The dinner was a pleasant one, passed off as pleasant dinners do; nothing very extraordinary, but still no stiffness or awkwardness, everything very comfortable. At about half-past nine, Smith's countenance began to assume a slightly solemn aspect; he and the rector in the corner; frequent conferences (excuse the disjointed sentences, Fred, I'm getting tired), Mrs. Smith began to look on me with a mysterious blandness, missed one or two of my best jokes, and at last, when I asked her whether she had been lately to the Princess', said 'Oh yes Mr. ——, I trust—I am sure you will not fail us.' I stared, and she proceeded. 'I know my dear John may calculate on your zealous assistance, now as ever; they are going to build a new infant-school, you know; such a pretty style of architecture.' Hereupon Smith addressed the company, saying that he had invited his friends together on this eventful night, not only for the purpose of enjoying, for indeed it was an enjoyment, the pleasure of their company, but also that they might co-operate, as he knew they would, in the good work which was in hand. He pointed out to them the liberal manner in which Messrs. *A, B, C,* on the other side of the square had supported the undertaking, and he trusted, nay more, he would say he knew, that we would not be left behind. Mr. Smith then offered a subscription list, which he produced from his pocket, to the Rector, who wrote down a name and amount: his example was followed by Mr. Smith and my two fellow victims. Now it was my turn; with a firm step and easy gait, I strode toward the fatal document, as though I were walking to my wedding, not a subscription list: good heavens! sir, what an amount did I see! how many sunny trips near sunny Marseilles; how many bottles of good vin de Bordeaux; how many light and excellent French dinners: how much of all that is good and fair might not have been procured anywhere out of subscription-signing England, for the amount which I saw before me! How I wished I had been a woman, that I might have fainted! 'Ah, Mr. —— you can't really write with that horrid pen, pray take this,' said my hostess, handing me a quill with her own fair fingers. Two seconds more and I was a lost man. I had done sacrifice to the great respectable Juggernaut who treads on the necks of us free Englishmen. I don't care one fig for the little infants; or, if I do, I had rather they should stay at home with their mothers than come and get their little brains turned topsy-turvy by school-learning which their fathers and grandfathers did very well without—and yet there was my name down on the list—Joseph ——, Esq. £20. I had tried to resist Juggernaut, and he had been too strong for old Joe, rolling over him, and cracking his old bones to shivers. In fine, sir, I went into the house a Christian, I came out a Juggernautist. From henceforth I had no freedom; Mr. A., Mr. B., and Mr. C., from the square, all called on me, thanked me for my great liberality and begged to recommend to me certain cases which they were sure I had only to know, &c. The pestilential missives again poured in: little Tom scowled at me; my landlady triumphed; and, to crown all, a week had scarcely elapsed when they began to pull down three houses opposite number fifteen to build their infant school: and in return for my giving them £20. made my life miserable and my ears deaf. On the day before yesterday, Mr. D., whom I had not yet seen, called in behalf of the Plumb-Pudding-and-Goose Institution. I took my resolution that moment; and begging him to wait for a few minutes, as I was just on the point of stepping out, took my hat, walked down stairs, and here I am at Paris, where the motto is, 'every one for himself,' and there are none of these accursed subscription-lists to worry a man out of his existence. You will perceive from the above account of my misadventures, that your request for ten pounds cannot at present be answered by

Your affectionate Uncle,

"JOSEPH ——."

Charitable reader, my uncle was a humbug. He himself admits it: but before you proceed to condemn him, before

you say "he *is* a humbug," had you not better—for surely justice as well as charity begins at home—say "I am a humbug," or at all events, "am I not a humbug?" Fear not, reader, I myself will respond to your Juggernautic chant, while we bow before our common idol, and will sing in return, "we are all humbugs." That is to say, humbugs relative, not absolute. Can you, who—at least in all probability—think and talk so lightly of the charity of our ancestors, a charity unfostered by letters in the *Times*, by speeches, resolutions, and printed subscription lists; a charity which could not be dropped conveniently down the conducting-pipe of some provident society to come out at the other end metamorphosed, without trouble or thought of yours, into bread and clothing for starving women and children whom you, it may be, never thought about, much less saw, can you, I say, look back on no charitable doles which pick-pocket fashion has wrested from you, while you, artful hypocrite, could scarce conceal your writhings, or summon up the minimum amount of deception required by respectability? I have no doubt you can: and if so, most charitable reader, why blame my uncle? Most of you have had, perhaps, sufficient experience to take honours in the art of subscription-signing: as for my poor uncle, he would have been plucked for his little-go. For, simple fellow, he never could possibly persuade himself afterwards that he had been really charitable: he always would persist in looking on Juggernaut as a god of plunder, of booty, an Anglican Hermes in sheep's clothing, and rejected the crowns of commendations showered on him by his friends, not considering that they are the fillets and coronets which it becomes the victim to wear as he is led to the sacrificial altar of the god. And yet, my poor uncle, to have paid, as it were, your entrance-fee, and after all to miss the advantages of a Juggernautic education, does seem too hard! Well, for my part, I intend henceforth to wage determined war against humbug of every description; for what else has abstracted my good uncle's money, what else cut short his charitable purposes toward me, and what else now forces me to sign myself,

Yours in distress,
"FREDERIC ——?"

A WORKHOUSE TALE.*

Silly old woman,
Why are you weeping?
Late grows the night,
All around are sleeping.
Sadly the moon shines,
On the windows splattering
Fast fall the rain drops.
Hark, the cold blast scattering
All the few autumn leaves
That are left remaining
From the cold November
And its stormy raining.

Tell me, old woman,
Are you not contented?
We find you clothing,
Warm, but not expensive:
We find you victuals,
Coarse, but not unwholesome:
We pay up poor rates;
Are you not contented.
Ladies come and read to you,
Dressed in their silk gowns,
So condescending:
Tell you that God loves
All to be humble;
So He does—that's why
Every Sunday morning
Each fair one kneeling,

* This very irregular little ballad is founded on a tale told, I think, by Monro.

Damaging her silk gown,
Owns that she is a
Miserable sinner;
Orders out her carriage,
Drives home to dinner.
If they are wretched,
Dress'd in their silk gowns
Living amidst plenty,
Followed by servants
Bowing and scraping,
Wretched must you be,
Silly old woman!
Clad in your grey gown,
Badge of your workhouse,
Mark of your poorness,
Silly old woman!

Why are you crying?
Have you not blankets?
Have you not clothing?
Have you not pastors
And spiritual Masters?
This is your workhouse,
Kept by your parish;
Tell me, old woman,
Why are you crying?

I beg your pardon, Sir,
Didn't see you coming;
Yes, I am silly,
Worn out, and tired,
Tired of living,
Weary and world worn;
'Twas but a trifle
That made me weep so;
Ought not to mind it:
I have borne trials
More than my share, Sir,
Seldom have wept, though,
Yes, Sir, I'm thankful
To you and the ladies.
The roof keeps the rain out:
The clothes keep the cold out;
Yes, Sir, I'm thankful.
But a few years more
My life is over,
No longer shall I
Trouble the parish

But for a coffin.
'Twas but a trifle
That made me weep, Sir;
But you must know, Sir,
I was not always
Such a poor, wretched,
Friendless old woman.
Once on a time, Sir,
Not twenty years back,
I kept a dairy.
William, my only son,
Used to live with me;
Dearly I lov'd him:
Twice on each Sunday
Both of us together,
Down to the old Church
Used to walk together.
Under the Yew-tree
Lay my dear husband;
Will never past his grave
Scarce without saying—
"Mother, though he's gone
(Pointing to his green grave)
I am left, thank God,
For your help and comfort."
Then I was happy,
Now I am a homeless,
Friendless old woman.
Down to our village
Came a troop of soldiers
Dress'd in their red coats,
Will got enlisted,
Left his poor mother
Half-broken hearted.
Soon the wars broke out,
William, my sweet lad,
In the first battle,
Fell with his comrades;
Then for the first time
I felt alone, Sir,
In the cold winter
When the rain patter'd
Hard on my windows,
No longer William
Sat by the fireside,
No longer William
Read me my Bible:
Dim had my eyes grown,

Couldn't see no longer;
Used to sit for hours
Thinking of William
How he left his mother,
Then I used to think how
Much he used to love me.
Sorrows come together,
Soon my two cows died:
Could not pay my year's rent;
Every thing was then sold
All but a little mug,
"William, from his father,"
Painted upon it,
It was the mug which
Every Sunday evening
He used to drink from;
'Twas not worth selling,
So they let me keep it.
Penniless and homeless,
Widow'd and sonless,
Weary and world-worn,
Longing for dying,
I was left alone, Sir—
Well, then, at last I
Came to the workhouse;
Little did I think that
I should ever come to
Be a parish pauper.
Well, Sir, the mug which
Used to be my William's,
I had about me,
'Twas but a trifle,
Yet I loved it more than
All the world together—
It was the only thing
Which was my own now,
It was the only thing
Left of my poor son's;
'Twas but a trifle,
And I don't know, Sir,
But my cup of tea, Sir,
Always seem'd warmer
Out of that little mug,
"William," written on it,
"From his dear father"—
Sweet recollections
Used to cling around it,—
Days long pass'd away,

No more to come back;
When my dear Will's mug
Over the chimney,
Used to be hung up,
While the fire sparkled
Bright up the chimney,
In my own cottage,
Where, in the corner,
Sat my dear husband
Reading his Bible,
Whilst the bright fire light
Flash'd on his glasses,
Oh! those were glad days!
Then was I happy!
Now I'm a wretched,
Friendless old woman,
Tired of living,
Longing for dying!
'Twas but a trifle,
Ought not to mind it.—
Well, then the small mug,
"Will," written on it,
"From his dear father."
Only thing in the world
I could call my own, Sir:
As I was sitting
Drinking my tea, Sir,
With the other paupers,
Out of my own mug,
Up comes the Master,
Snatches my little mug,
"Will," written on it,
"From his dear father;"
Would you believe it,
Brake it before my eyes,
Saying—"old woman,
No parish pauper,
By the regulations,
Can be allow'd to have
Property however small;"
It was my own mug,
"William," written on it,
"From his dear father."

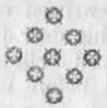
Silly old woman,
  Cease from your crying,
Soon in your coffin
  You will be lying.

Silly old woman,
  Why are you weeping?
Soon in your green grave
  You will be sleeping.

Silly old woman,
  Cease from your mourning,
Though man is cruel,
  Brighter days are dawning.

Silly old woman,
  Angels are around you,
In this cold ward room
  Spirits now surround you.

"P. R."



A CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

I PROPOSE to write a Chapter of English History from 1794 to the present time, illustrated from the Equation and Problem Papers of this College.

If it be true as is asserted by Philosophers, and as there seems no reason to doubt, that the effects of all our minutest actions are infinite both in time and space, that each movement we make, each word we utter, produces an ever-widening, ever-extending sphere of influence which comprehends within its expanding range the remotest star, the furthest recesses of unexplored space, that this influence once excited can never be annihilated, never absorbed, but must exist, for good or for evil to all time: surely we must expect that the great actions, the great events of the last sixty years have not failed to leave behind some foot-prints on the sands of time as they passed into the ocean of infinity, and where are we so likely to find these traces as in the immediate neighbourhood of the exciting cause. I propose to shew this in the case of the Equation and Problem Papers.

There was nothing in the early history of these papers to indicate their future greatness. Simple and rustic in their nature they speak to us of the manners of a time when Quadratic Equations and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were alike unknown. The first three specimens relate to a flock of sheep, a flock of geese and turkeys, whose driver to distinguish his own and to remember their number, resorts to the barbarous expedient of plucking feathers from their tails, and a comparison of income by two countrymen by means of the squares, products, and fourth powers of their daily wages.

In 1801, however, we are introduced to a new and brighter scene. Jovial and jocund were the days of old. Feasting and merriment still held their benign sway within

the walls of our ancient metropolis. Still as of yore did the Lord Mayor with his attendant Aldermen proceed on swan-hopping excursions up the silvery (?) Thames: still was turtle devoured and wine quaffed on these festive occasions: still did the loving cup circulate freely among the assembled guests. One of such scenes is presented to our view in the second Problem of this year. We see the City barge, the Maria Wood, proceeding on her way with her gallant array of ladies and gentlemen, her trained expert band of bargemen, her store of turtles and of wine. Every countenance is joyous, every heart light, (the river did not smell then) all gave themselves up to the festivities of the day—save one. Who is that in the corner absorbed in contemplation, seemingly immersed in abstruse calculations? Who is it but the great Senior Wrangler, fellow of St. John's, Chaplain most probably to the Lord Mayor or one of the Sheriffs. He notices indeed the drawing of each cork—it is but to register its number. He scrutinizes the turtles—he is only counting them. He gazes at the bargemen—he is counting them. He looks round on the assembly—he is counting them. The result is before us. All doubtless who were present on that festive day have long passed away, but a faithful chronicler was there, and this problem still remains as an imperishable record to all future time of that swan-hopping excursion; and now that the Maria Wood is devoted to the hammer, and these excursions have been discontinued, generations yet to come will gaze with silent regret at the faithful picture here pourtrayed of days that are no more, and will sigh to think that of all the old customs discarded in this age of economy and reform, this at least should not have been spared, and many a Johnian freshman as he pores in the silence of the night over these mysterious problems, will pause awhile from his absorbing and exciting study to meditate over these scenes of yore, and perchance to drop a tear over the memories of days that have passed never to return.

But the time of which we are now writing were troublous times. Nor was the time of that French Revolution which awoke Europe from her sleep of centuries, which raised up new dynasties and overthrew ancient monarchies, about which poets have sung, orators declaimed, historians written, and mathematicians invented problems. It is now but just beginning. England is not yet involved in the dreadful struggle. We hear as it were at first only the sullen

rumblings of the distant thunder, and catch a few faint flickerings of the far-off lightning, but ere long we are overtaken by the approaching storm, and battles and sieges, marches and countermarches, appear year after year in our Problem Papers. Thus in 1798 the militia is called out, in 1803 a company of merchants fit out a privateer, which in 1808 appears in chace of a trader. In 1804 and 1811 the evolutions of soldiers; in 1809 the cannon balls used in an engagement; in 1814 the scarcity and mortality in a besieged garrison; in 1815, the review of an army, form respectively the subjects of problems. But in 1816, 'grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front,' Peace descending from on high, and covering Europe with her fostering wings, calms the tempest with her benign influence, and starts a sailing packet from Dover to Calais; and from this time forth war disappears from the scene, till in 1831 another French Revolution calls for the pen of the chronicler, and till in 1841 and 1846 occur two faint allusions to the Indian war, and the expedition to the Sutlej, faint as befits their remoteness.

But turning from foreign politics to domestic concerns, our problems throw no less light on these than on the former. Questions of social improvement, of public festivities, of general distress, of domestic disturbance, of political tumult, all in turn engross the general attention and leave their indelible impress on this collection. Thus, to mention a few. In 1810 we are presented with a scene of public rejoicing on the occasion of a late jubilee; we hear, as it were, the loyal acclamations of a happy and contented people on the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of George III. And again in 1812 we are told that the preceding winter had been one of great distress. Nor does the political and moral improvement of the people fail to find its due place. In 1809, it is the enclosure of waste lands; in 1816, sanitary improvements and the institution of savings banks to which our attention is called. But with the return of peace, invention was stimulated, and useful arts received an impulse which entirely changed the face of the problems. The papers of this time bear remarkable testimony to this fact. The first step in this direction was the forming of canals, accordingly we find in 1818 a canal is started; but this was soon effaced by greater advances. In 1816 we saw a sailing packet going on its way from Dover to Calais: but in 1821 it is no longer a sailing packet but a steam boat. And the change in our means of internal communication is equally marked.

In 1811, 1820, 1822, 1829, and 1839 the rivalry and performances of stage coaches are brought under our notice, but in 1842 the Birmingham Railway is seen in full work and henceforth stage coaches are seen no more:—their place is occupied by railroads, as in 1848 and 1849. Other things of a similar nature occur about this time. In 1849, it is a telegraph; in 1826 and 1853, it is gas; in 1828, it is the erection of the Thames Tunnel; in 1831, a balloon ascent, which is brought under our notice. The spirit of speculation so rife some few years back is not forgotten. The griefs of the Spanish Bondholders are celebrated in 1823; and the rise and fall of Bubble Companies are duly chronicled in 1841 and 1846. The commercial panic of 1826 is not forgotten, nor are the Luddite riots of 1813, or those on the Reform Bill in 1831, the passing of the latter measure finds its record in 1832 and also in 1835, as does the Tithes Commutation Act in 1838.

Turn we now to our university and college, these are not neglected. In 1851 we find (if we take the trouble of solving the first Problem) that the sum of £16. is divided every week among our resident fellows. In 1821 the building of the observatory; and in 1827, of our new court afforded scope to the ingenuity of the examiners and a puzzle to the minds of the Freshmen, as did the election of a Chancellor of the University in 1847.

Nor is one of the most noble and elevating of our College pursuits passed over in silence. In 1827 the University Boat Club was first started, and our Mathematicians were not behind the age. All the more usual events of the boat-races are faithfully delineated for us. In 1830 it is the enthusiasm of a bump, in 1831 the interest accompanying a sculling-match, in 1837 the submersion of a ferry-boat by a sudden influx of eager passengers, and in 1856 the excitement of a time-race that are severally recorded. Cricket is only once mentioned in 1837.

And lastly, in more modern times, the last but not the least of our Sadlerian Lecturers has been the first to recognize the value of this collection as a medium of immortality. Only last year, we saw a problem which will perpetuate the memory of his shortness of breath and his elevated and skylike dwelling, will inspire with due veneration the minds of freshmen yet unborn, and impress more vividly on them the old proverb, "Most haste is worst speed."

To conclude. There are other topics of a kindred nature on which I might enlarge, but I forbear, and leave these as fertile fields for future investigators, assuring the patient and attentive student, that they will amply repay the labour and time spent in the pursuit, that they will afford as it were rich mines of precious metal, of which I have only broken the surface. In the meantime, if I have succeeded in shewing that in the most unlikely spots grow flowers unseen by the careless traveller, that even a mathematical problem may furnish a full storehouse to the historical student, providing him with unfailing indications of popular feeling and of general opinions; above all, if I have said aught which may increase the reverence and affectionate ardour with which Freshmen regard these papers, supplying them with new and nobler motives for their earnest and thoughtful study of them, I shall not have written in vain.

And lastly, I will presume to say a word to our present Lecturer on Lady Sadler's Foundation, with all the respect and deference due to his exalted station. Under the fostering care of, at first, the Greek Lecturer,* and in more modern times the Sadlerian Lecturer, these problems have arrived at their present pitch of excellence. Let it be his care, as befits the last of that illustrious line, to use worthily the noble heritage bequeathed to him by his predecessors. Let him either sing in mournful strains, sweetly and sadly as the expiring swan, the disastrous perversion of this princely gift, or rather let him surround with a brighter halo of glory and more brilliant coruscations of splendour the setting of that sun, which may, it is to be hoped, rise again under as fair auspices on the day which shall usher in the new dispensation.

"Q. E. F."

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* It was formerly part of the duty of the Greek Lecturer to set these papers.

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE morn was dim with clouded mistiness,
And a dull distance indistinct and gray,
And on the churchyard turf the dews still press
The green blades earthward with a heavy sway;
But all the dimness and the cloudiness
Noontide is melting silently away;
The redbreasts all about in chorus sing
Beneath the blueness of the brighten'd day;
A quiet sound of insect murmuring
Blends with the dewy voice of distant floods,
And oh! so sweetly the calm sunshine broods
O'er the still graveyard and green elms that move
Gently above it in the low wind's breath,
That all the motionless abode of Death
Seems girt with presence of eternal Love.

NOTE.

TO the passages cited in my former note, it may perhaps be as well to add one from Albricus: in his *Commentariolum de Imaginibus Deorum*, Cap. V., he says "Haic (*i.e.* Veneri) et Cupido filius suus alatus et cœcus assistebat." The book is a description, in 23 chapters, of the manner in which some of the heathen deities and heroes were represented; thus, in the beginning of Cap. I., "Saturnus.... pingebatur, ut homo senex, &c." With respect to the Author, Muncker says (in the preface to the second volume of his *Mythographi Latini*, Amstel. 1681), "Albricus, sive is Alfricus est, qui Anglus fuisse, et annis abhinc sexcentis vel septingentis floruisse videtur." He also says that the book is now incomplete; and though an unmutilated copy was known to be extant (in manuscript) up to his time, it could not then be found on search being made for it. Hence Muncker has to content himself with saying, *οἴχεται ἄρ' ἐκεῖνος, καὶ ἠφάνισεν ἑαυτὸν εἰς οὐτοπιάν.*

G. DE A. DECURIO.

OUR TOUR.

AS the vacation is near, and many may find themselves with three weeks' time on their hand, five and twenty pounds in their pockets, and the map of Europe before them; perhaps the following sketch of what can be effected with such money and in such time, may not come amiss to those, who like ourselves a couple of years ago, are in doubt how to enjoy themselves most effectually after a term's hard reading.

To some probably the tour we decided upon may seem too hurried, and the fatigue too great for too little profit; still even to these it may happen that a portion of the following pages may be useful. Indeed, the tour was scarcely conceived at first in its full extent, originally we had intended devoting ourselves entirely to the French architecture of Normandy and Brittany. Then we grew ambitious, and stretched our imaginations to Paris. Then the longing for a snowy mountain waxed, and the love of French Gothic waned, and we determined to explore the French Alps. Then we thought that we must just step over them and take a peep into Italy, and so disdaining to return by the road we had already travelled, we would cut off the north-west corner of Italy, and cross the Alps again into Switzerland, where of course we must see the cream of what was to be seen; and then thinking it possible that our three weeks, and our five and twenty pounds might be looking foolish, we would return, viâ Strasburg to Paris, and so to Cambridge. This plan we eventually carried into execution, spending not a penny more money, nor an hour's more time, and despite the declarations which met us on all sides that we could never achieve anything like all we had intended, I hope to be able to shew how we did achieve it, and how any one else may do the like if he has a mind.

A person with a good deal of energy might do much more than this; we, ourselves, had at one time entertained thoughts of going to Rome for two days, and thence to Naples, walking over the Monte St. Angelo from Castellamare to Amalfi, (which for my own part I cherish with fond affection, as being far the most lovely thing that I have ever seen,) and then returning as with a nunc dimittis, and I still think it would have been very possible; but on the whole, such a journey would not have been so well, for the long tedious road between Marseilles and Paris would have twice been traversed by us, to say nothing of the sea journey between Marseilles and Civita Vecchia. However, no more of what might have been, let us proceed to what was.

If on Tuesday, June 9, you leave London bridge at six o'clock in the morning, you will get (viâ Newhaven) to Dieppe at a fifteen minutes past three. If on landing you go to the Hotel Victoria, you will find good accommodation and a table d' hôte at five o'clock; you can then go and admire the town which will not be worth admiring, but which will fill you with pleasure on account of the novelty and freshness of everything you meet; whether it is the old bonnetless, short-petticoated women walking arm and arm with their grandsons, whether the church with its quaint sculpture of the entombment of our Lord, and the sad votive candles ever guttering in front of it, or whether the plain evidence that meets one at every touch and turn, that one is among people who live out of doors very much more than ourselves, or what not—all will be charming, and if you are yourself in high spirits and health, full of anticipation and well inclined to be pleased with all you see, Dieppe will appear a very charming place, and one which a year or two hence you will fancy that you would like to revisit. But now we must leave it at forty-five minutes past seven, and at twelve o'clock on Tuesday night we shall find ourselves in Paris. We drive off to the Hôtel de Normandie in the Rue St. Honorè, 290, (I think) stroll out and get a cup of coffee, and return to bed at one o'clock.

The next day we spent in Paris, and of it no account need be given, save perhaps the reader may be advised to ascend the arc de triomphe, and not to waste his time in looking at Napoleon's hats and coats and shoes in the Louvre; to eschew all the picture rooms save the one with the Murillos, and the great gallery, and to dine at the Diners de Paris. If he asks leave to wash his hands before dining there, he will observe a little astonishment among the waiters at the barbarian cleanliness of the English, and be shown into a little room, where a diminutive bowl will be proffered to him, of which more anon; let him first (as we did) wash or rather sprinkle his face as best he can, and then we will tell him after dinner what we generally do with the bowls in question. I forget how many things they gave us, but I am sure many more than would be pleasant to read, nor do I remember any circumstance connected with the dinner, save that on occasion of one of the courses, the waiter perceiving a little perplexity on my part as to how I should manage an artichoke served à la Française, feelingly removed my knife and fork from my hand and cut it up himself into six mouthfuls, returning me the whole with a sigh of gratitude for the escape of the artichoke from a barbarous and unnatural end; and then after dinner they brought us little tumblers of warm lavender scent and water to wash our mouths out, and the little bowls to spit into; but enough of eating, we must have some more coffee at a cafè on the Boulevards, watch the carriages and the people and the dresses and the sunshine and all the pomps and vanities which the Boulevards have not yet renounced; return to the inn, fetch our knapsacks, and be off to the chemin de fer de Lyons by forty-five minutes past seven, our train leaves at five minutes past eight, and we are booked to Grenoble. All night long the train speeds towards the south. We leave Sens with its grey cathedral solemnly towering in the moonlight a mile on the left. (How few remember, that to the architect William of Sens we owe Canterbury Cathedral.) Fontainebleau is on the right, station after station wakes up our dosing senses, while ever in our ears are ringing as through the dim light we gaze on the surrounding country, "the pastures of Switzerland and the poplar valleys of France."

It is still dark—as dark that is as the Midsummer night will allow it to be, when we are aware that we have entered on a tunnel; a long tunnel, very long,—I fancy there must be high hills above it; for I remember that some few years ago when I was travelling up from Marseilles to Paris in mid-winter, all the way from Avignon (between which place and Chalons the railway was not completed,) there had been a dense frozen fog; on neither hand could anything beyond the road be descried, while every bush and tree was coated with a thick and steadily increasing fringe of silver hoar frost, for the night and day, and half day that it took us to reach this tunnel, all was the same,—bitter cold dense fog and ever silently increasing hoar-frost: but on emerging from

it, the whole scene was completely changed; the air was clear, the sun shining brightly, no hoar-frost and only a few patches of fast melting snow, everything in fact betokening a thaw of some days duration. Another thing I know about this tunnel which makes me regard it with veneration as a boundary line in countries, namely, that on every high ground after this tunnel on clear days, Mont Blanc may be seen. True, it is only very rarely seen, but I have known those who have seen it; and accordingly touch my companion on the side, and say, "we are within sight of the Alps;" a few miles further on and we are at Dijon. It is still very early morning, I think about three o'clock, but we feel as if we were already at the Alps, and keep looking anxiously out for them, though we well know that it is a moral impossibility that we should see them for some hours at the least. Indian corn comes in after Dijon—the oleanders begin to come out of their tubs—the peach trees, apricots, and nectarines unnail themselves from the walls, and stand alone in the open fields. The vineyards are still scrubby, but the practised eye readily detects with each hour some slight token that we are nearer the sun than we were, or at any rate, farther from the north pole. We don't stay long at Dijon nor at Chalons, at Lyons we have an hour to wait; breakfast off a basin of cafè au lait, and a huge hunch of bread, get a miserable wash, compared with which the spittoons of the Diners de Paris were luxurious, and return in time to proceed to St. Rambert, whence the railroad branches off to Grenoble. It is very beautiful between Lyons and St. Rambert. The mulberry trees shew the silkworm to be a denizen of the country, while the fields are dazzlingly brilliant with poppies and salvias; on the other side of the Rhone rise high cloud-capped hills, but towards the Alps we strain our eyes in vain.

At St. Rambert the railroad to Grenoble branches off at right angles to the main line, it was then only complete as far as Rives, now it is continued the whole way to Grenoble; by which the reader will save some two or three hours, but miss a beautiful ride from Rives to Grenoble by the road. The valley bears the name of Grésinvavdan. It is very rich and luxuriant, the vineyards are more Italian, the fig-trees larger than we have yet seen them, patches of snow whiten the higher hills, and we feel that we are at last indeed among the outskirts of the Alps themselves. I am told that we should have stayed at Voreppe, seen the Grande Chartreuse, (for which see Murray) and then gone on to Grenoble, but we were pressed for time and could not do everything. At

Grenoble we arrived about two o'clock, washed comfortably at last and then dined; during dinner a calèche was preparing to drive us on to Bourg d' Oysans, a place some six or seven and thirty miles farther on, and by thirty minutes past three we find ourselves reclining easily within it, and digesting dinner with the assistance of a little packet, for which we paid one-and-fourpence at the well-known shop of Mr. Bacon, Market-square, Cambridge. It is very charming. The air is sweet, warm, and sunny, there has been bad weather for some days here, but it is clearing up; the clouds are lifting themselves hour by hour, we are evidently going to have a pleasant spell of fine weather. The calèche jolts a little, and the horse is decidedly shabby, both quâ horse and quâ harness, but our moustaches are growing, and our general appearance is in keeping. The wine was very pleasant at Grenoble, and we have a pound of ripe cherries between us; so, on the whole, we would not change with his Royal Highness Prince Albert or all the Royal Family, and jolt on through the long straight poplar avenue that colonnades the road above the level swamp and beneath the hills, and turning a sharp angle enter Vizille—a wretched place, only memorable because from this point we begin definitely, though slowly, to enter the hills and ascend by the side of the Romanche through the valley, which that river either made or found—who knows or cares? But we do know very well that we are driving up a very exquisitely beautiful valley, that the Romanche takes longer leaps from rock to rock than she did, that the hills have closed in upon us, that we see more snow each time the valley opens, that the villages get scantier, and that at last a great giant iceberg walls up the way in front, and we feast our eyes on the long desired sight till after that the setting sun has tinged it purple, (a sure sign of a fine day,) its ghastly pallor shows us that the night is upon us. It is cold, and we are not sorry at half-past nine to find ourselves at Bourg d' Oysans, where there is a very fair inn kept by one Martin; we get a comfortable supper of eggs and go to bed fairly tired.

This we must remind the reader is Thursday night, on Tuesday morning we left London, spent one day in Paris, and are now sleeping among the Alps, sharpish work, but very satisfactory, and a prelude to better things bye and bye. The next day we made rather a mistake, instead of going straight on to Briançon we went up a valley towards Mont Petrous (a mountain nearly 14,000 feet high,) intending to cross a high pass above La Bérarde down to Brian-

çon, but when we got to St. Christophe we were told the pass would not be open till August, so returned and slept a second night at Bourg d' Oysans. The valley, however, was all that could be desired, mingled sun and shadow, tumbling river, rich wood, and mountain pastures, precipices all around, and snow-clad summits continually unfolding themselves; Murray is right in calling the valley above Venôs a scene of savage sterility. At Venôs, in the poorest of hostelries was a tuneless cracked old instrument, half piano, half harpsichord; how it ever found its way there we were at a loss to conceive, and an irrelevant clock that struck seven times by fits and starts at its own convenience during our one o'clock dinner; we returned to Bourg d' Oysans at seven, and were in bed by nine.

Saturday, June 13.

Having found that a conveyance to Briançon was beyond our finances, and that they would not take us any distance at a reasonable charge, we determined to walk the whole fifty miles in the day, and accordingly left Bourg d' Oysans at a few minutes before five in the morning. The clouds were floating half-way down the mountains, sauntering listlessly over the uplands, but they soon begun to rise, and before seven o'clock the sky was cloudless; along the road were passing hundreds of people (though it was only five in the morning) in detachments of from two to nine, with cattle, sheep, pigs, and goats; picturesque enough but miserably lean and gaunt: we leave them to proceed to the fair, and after a three miles level walk through a straight poplar avenue, commence ascending far above the Romanche; all day long we slowly ascend, stopping occasionally to refresh ourselves with vin ordinaire and water, but making steady way in the main, though heavily weighted and under a broiling sun, at one we reach La Grave, which is opposite the Mont de Lens, a most superb mountain. The whole scene equal to anything in Switzerland, as far as the mountains go. The Mont de Lens is opposite the windows, seeming little more than a stone's throw off, and causing my companion (whose name I will, with his permission, Italianise into that of the famous composer Giuseppe Verdi) to think it a mere nothing to mount to the top of those sugared pinnacles which he will not believe are many miles distant in reality. After dinner we trudge on, the scenery constantly improving, the snow drawing down to us, and the Romanche dwindling hourly; we reach the top of the col de Lautaret, which Murray must describe; I can only

say that it is first class scenery. The flowers are splendid, acres and acres of wild narcissus, the Alpine cowslip, gentians, large purple and yellow anemones, soldanellas, and the whole kith and kin of the high Alpine pasture flowers; great banks of snow lie on each side of the road, and probably will continue to do so till the middle of July, while all around are glaciers and precipices innumerable.

We only got as far as Monestier after all, for reaching that town at half-past eight, and finding that Briançon was still eight miles further on, we preferred resting there at the miserable but cheap and honest Hôtel de l' Europe; had we gone on a little farther we should have found a much better one, but we were tired with our forty-two miles walk, and after a hasty supper and a quiet pipe, over which we watch the last twilight on the Alps above Briançon, we turn in very tired but very much charmed.

Sunday morning was the clearest and freshest morning that ever tourists could wish for, the grass crisply frozen, (for we are some three or four thousand feet above the sea) the glaciers descending to a level but little higher than the road; a fine range of Alps in fr
the road winding down past a new river (for we have long lost the Romanche) towards the town, which is some six or seven miles distant.

It was a fête—the fête du bon Dieu, celebrated annually on this day throughout all this part of the country;—in all the villages there were little shrines erected, adorned with strings of blue corncockle, narcissus heads, and poppies, bunches of green, pink, and white calico, moss and fir tr
branches, and in the midst of these tastefully arranged bowers was an image of the virgin and her son, with whatever other saints the place was possessed of.

At Briançon, which we reached (in a trap) at eight o'clock, these demonstrations were more imposing, but less pleasing, the soldiers too were being drilled and exercised, and the whole scene was one of the greatest animation, such as Frenchmen know how to exhibit on the morning of a gala day.

Leaving our trap at Br
at the Hôtel de la Paix, we walked up a very lonely valley towards S. Servière. I dare not say how many hours we wended our way up the brawling torrent without meeting a soul or seeing a human habitation, it was fearfully hot too, and we longed for vin ordinaire; S. Servière seemed as though it never would come—still the same rugged

precipices, snow-clad heights, brawling torrent and stony road, butterflies beautiful and innumerable, flowers to match, sky cloudless. At last we are there—through the town, or rather village, the river rushes furiously, the dismantled houses and gaping walls affording palpable traces of the fearful inundations of the previous year, not a house near the river was sound, many quite uninhabitable, and more such as I am sure few of us would like to inhabit. However, it is S. Servière such as it is, and we hope for our vin ordinaire; but alas!—not a human being, man, woman, or child, is to be seen, the houses are all closed, the noon-day quiet holds the hill with a vengeance, unbroken, save by the ceaseless roar of the river.

While we were pondering what this loneliness could mean, and wherefore we were unable to make an entrance even into the little auberge that professed to lôge à pied et à cheval, a kind of low wail or chaunt begun to make itself heard from the other side of the river; wild and strange yet full of a music of its own, it took my friend and myself so much by surprise that we almost thought for the moment that we had trespassed on to the forbidden ground of some fairy people who lived alone here, high amid the sequestered vallies where mortal steps were rare, but on going to the corner of the street we were undeceived indeed, but most pleasureably surprised by the pretty spectacle that presented itself.

For from the church opposite first were pouring forth a string of young girls clad in their Sunday's best, then followed the youths, as in duty bound, then came a few monks or friars, or some such folk, carrying the virgin, then the men of the place, then the women and lesser children, all singing after their own rough fashion; the effect was electrical, for in a few minutes the procession reached us, and dispersing itself far and wide, filled the town with as much life as it had before been lonely. It was like a sudden introduction of the whole company on to the theatre after the stage has been left empty for a minute, and to us was doubly welcome as affording us some hope of our wine.

"Vous êtes Piedmontais, monsieur," said one to me. I denied the accusation. "Alors vous êtes Allemands." I again denied and said we were English, whereon they opened their eyes wide and said, "Anglais,—mais c'est une autre chose," and seemed much pleased, for the alliance was then still in full favour. It caused them a little disappointment that we were Protestants, but they were pleased at being able to tell us

that there was a Protestant minister higher up the valley which we said would "do us a great deal of pleasure."

The vin ordinaire was execrable—they only however charged us nine sous for it, and on our giving half-a-franc and thinking ourselves exceedingly stingy for not giving a whole one, they shouted out "voilà les Anglais, voilà la generositè des Anglais," with evident sincerity. I thought to myself, that the less we English corrupted the primitive simplicity of these good folks, the better; it was really refreshing to find several people protesting about one's generosity for having paid a half-penny more for a bottle of wine than was expected; at Monestier we asked whether many English came there, and they told us yes, a great many, there had been fifteen there last year, but I should imagine that scarcely fifteen could travel up past S. Servière, and yet the English character be so little known as to be still evidently popular.

I don't know what o'clock it was when we left S. Servière; middle-day I should imagine—we left the river however on our left, and began to ascend a mountain pass called Izoard, as far as I could make out, but will not pledge myself to have caught the name correctly; it was more lonely than ever—very high; much more snow on the top than on the previous day over the col de Lautaret, the path scarcely distinguishable, indeed quite lost in many places, very beautiful but not so much so as the col de Lautaret, and better on descending towards Queyras than on ascending; from the summit of the pass the view of the several Alpine chains about is very fine, but from the entire absence of trees of any kind it is more rugged and barren than I altogether liked; going down towards Queyras we found the letters S. I. C. marked on a rock, evidently with the spike of an alpine-stock,—we wondered whether they stood for St. John's College.

We reach Queyras at about four very tired, for yesterday's work was heavy, and refresh ourselves with a huge omelette and some good Provence wine.

Reader: don't go into that auberge, carry up provision from Briançon, or at any rate carry the means of eating it: they have only two knives in the place, one for the landlord and one for the landlady; these are clasp knives, and they carry them in their pockets; I used the landlady's, my companion had the other; the room was very like a cow-house—dark, wooden, and smelling strongly of manure; outside I saw that one of the beams supporting a huge

projecting balcony that ran round the house was resting on a capital of white marble—a Lombard capital that had evidently seen better days, they could not tell us whence it came. Meat they have none, so we gorge ourselves with omelette, and at half-past five trudge on, for we have a long way to go yet, and no alternative but to proceed.

Abries is the name of the place we stopped at that night, it was pitch dark when we reached it, and the whole town was gone to bed, by great good luck we found a cafè still open, (the inn was shut up for the night) and there we lodged. I dare not say how many miles we had walked, but we were still plucky: and having prevailed at last on the landlord to allow us clean sheets on our beds instead of the dirty ones he and his wife had been sleeping on since Christmas, and making the best of the solitary decanter and pie dish which was all the washing implements we were allowed, (not a toothmug even extra) we had coffee and bread and brandy for supper, and retired at about eleven to the soundest sleep in spite of our somewhat humble accommodation. If nasty, at any rate it was cheap; they charged us a franc a piece for our suppers, beds, and two cigars; we went to the inn to breakfast, where though the accommodation was somewhat better, the charge was most extortionate. Murray is quite right in saying the travellers should bargain beforehand at this inn (chez Richard): I think they charged us five francs for the most ordinary breakfast. From this place we started at about nine, and took a guide as far as the top of the col de la Croix Haute, having too nearly lost our way yesterday; the paths have not been traversed much yet, and the mule and sheep droppings are but scanty indicators of the direction of paths of which the winds and rain have obliterated all other traces.

The col de la Croix Haute is rightly named, it was very high, but not so hard to ascend until we reached the snow—on the Italian side it is terribly steep, from the French side however the slope is more gradual,—the snow was deeper at the top of this pass than on either of the two previous days; in many places we sank deep in, but had no real difficulty in crossing; on the Italian side the snow was gone and the path soon became clear enough, so we sent our guide to the right about and trudged on alone.

A sad disappointment however awaited us, for instead of the clear air that we had heretofore enjoyed, the clouds were rolling up from the valley, and we entirely lost the magnificent view of the plains of Lombardy which we ought

to have seen: this was our first mishap, and we bore it heroically. A lunch may be had at Prali, and there the Italian tongue will be heard for the first time.

We must have both looked very questionable personages, for I remember that a man present asked me for a cigar; I gave him two, and he proffered a sous in return as a matter of course.

Shortly below Prali the clouds drew off, or rather we reached a lower level, so that they were above us, and now the walnut and the chesnut, the oak and the beech have driven away the pines of the other side, (not that there were many of them) soon too the vineyards come in, the Indian corn again flourishes everywhere, the cherries grow ripe as we descend, and in an hour or two we felt to our great joy that we were fairly in Italy.

The descent is steep beyond compare, for La Tour which we reached by four o'clock is quite on the plain, very much on a level with Turin, (I do not remember any descent between the two) and the pass cannot be much under the eight thousand feet.

Passports are asked at Bobbio, but the very sight of the English name was at that time sufficient to cause the passport to be returned unscrutinised.

La Tour is a Protestant place, or at any rate chiefly so, indeed all the way from S. Servière we have been among people half Protestant and half Romanist; these were the Waldenses of the middle ages, they are handsome, particularly the young women, and I should fancy an honest simple race enough but not over clean.

As a proof that we were in Italy we happened while waiting for table d'hôte, to be leaning over the balcony that ran round the house and passed our bed-room door, when a man and a girl came out with two large pails in their hands, and we watched them proceed to a cart with a barrel in it, which was in a corner of the yard, we had been wondering what was in the barrel and were glad to see them commence tapping it, when lo! out spouted the blood red wine with which they actually half filled their pails before they left the spot. This was as Italy should be. After dinner too, as we stroll in the showy Italian sort of piazza near the inn, the florid music which fills the whole square, accompanied by a female voice of some pretensions, again thoroughly Italianises the scene and when she struck up our English national anthem (with such a bass accompaniment!) nothing could be imagined more incongruous.

Sleeping at La Tour at the hotel kept by M. Gai, (which is very good, clean and cheap) we left next morning, *i.e.* Tuesday, June 16, at four by diligence for Pimerolo, thence by rail to Turin where we spent the day. It was wet and we saw no vestiges of the Alps.

Turin is a very handsome city, very regularly built, the streets running nearly all parallel to and at right angles with each other; there are no suburbs, and the consequence is that at the end of every street one sees the country; the Alps surround the city like a horse-shoe and hence many of the streets seem actually walled in with a snowy mountain. Nowhere are the Alps seen to greater advantage than from Turin. I speak from the experience, not of the journey I am describing but of a previous one. From the Superga the view is magnificent, but from the hospital for soldiers just above the Po on the eastern side of the city the view is very similar, and the city seen to greater advantage. The Po is a fine river, but very muddy, not like the Ticino which has the advantage of getting washed in the Lago Maggiore. On the whole Turin is well worth seeing. Leaving it however on Wednesday morning we arrived at Arona about half-past eleven: the country between the two places is flat, but rich and well cultivated: much rice is grown and in consequence the whole country easily capable of being laid under water, a thing which I should imagine the Piedmontese would not be slow to avail themselves of; we ought to have had the Alps as a background to the view, but they were still veiled. It was here that a countryman seeing me with one or two funny little pipes which I had bought in Turin asked me if I was a fabricante di pipi—a pipe-maker.

By the time that we were at Arona the sun had appeared, and the clouds were gone; here too we determined to halt for half-a-day, neither of us being quite the thing, so after a visit to the colossal statue of San Carlo, which is very fine and imposing, we laid ourselves down under the shade of some chestnut trees above the lake, and enjoyed the extreme beauty of everything around us, until we fell fast asleep, and yet even in sleep we seemed to retain a consciousness of the unsurpassable beauty of the scene. After dinner (we were stopping at the Hôtel de la Poste, a very nice inn indeed) we took a boat and went across the lake to Angera, a little town just opposite; it was in the Austrian territory, but they made no delay about admitting us; the reason of our excursion was, that we might go and explore the old castle there, which is seated on an inconsiderable eminence

above the lake. It affords an excellent example of Italian domestic Gothic of the middle ages; San Carlo was born and resided here, and indeed if saintliness were to depend upon beauty of natural scenery, no wonder at his having been a saint.

The castle is only tenanted by an old man who keeps the place; we found him cooking his supper over a small crackling fire of sticks which he had lighted in the main hall; his feeble old voice chirps about San Carlo this and San Carlo that as we go from room to room. We have no carpets here—plain honest brick floors—the chairs indeed have once been covered with velvet, but they are now so worn that one can scarcely detect that they have been so, the tables warped and worm eaten, the few, that is, that remained there, the shutters cracked and dry with the sun and summer of so many hundred years—no renaissance work here—yet for all that there was something about it which made it to me the only really pleasurable nobleman's mansion that I have ever been over; the view from the top is superb, and then the row home to Arona, the twinkling lights softly gleaming in the lake, the bells jangling from the tall and gaudy campaniles, the stillness of the summer night—so warm and yet so refreshing on the water—hush—there are some people singing—how sweetly their voices are borne to us upon the slight breath of wind that alone is stirring: oh, it is a cruel thing to think of war in connexion with such a spot as this, and yet from this very Angera to this very Arona it is that the Austrians have been crossing to commence their attack on Sardinia. I fear these next summer nights will not be broken with the voice of much singing and that we shall have to hush for the roaring of cannon.

I never knew before how melodiously frogs can croak—there is a sweet rich guttural about some of these that I never heard in England: before going to bed, I remember particularly one amorous batrachian courting malgrè sa maman regaled us with a lusciously deep rich croak, that served as a good accompaniment for the shrill whizzing sound of the cigales.

My space is getting short, but fortunately we are getting on to ground better known; I will, therefore, content myself with sketching out the remain
reader to Murray for descriptions.

We left Arona with regret on Thursday morning (June 18), took steamer to the Isola Bella, which is an

example of how far human extravagance and folly can sp a rock, which had it been left alone would have been very beautiful, and thence by a little boat went to Baveno; thence we took diligence for Domo d'Ossola; the weather clouded towards evening and big rain drops beginning to descend we thought it better to proceed at once by the same diligence over the Simplon; we did not care to walk the pass in wet, therefore leaving Domo d'Ossola, at ten o'clock that night, we arrived at Iscla, about two the weather clearing we saw the gorge of Gondo; and walked a good way up the pass in the early morning by the diligence; breakfasted at Simplon at four o'clock in the morning, and without waiting a moment, as soon as we got out at Brieg set off for Visp, which we reached at twelve on foot; we washed and dressed there, dined and advanced to Leuk, and thence up the most exquisitely beautiful road to Leukerbad which we reached at about eight o'clock after a very fatiguing day. The Hôtel de la France is clean and cheap. Next morning we left at half-past five and crossing the Gemmi got to Frutigen at half-past one, took an open trap after dinner and drove to Interlaken which we reached on the Saturday night at eight o'clock, the weather first rate; Sunday we rested at Interlaken; on Monday we assailed the Wengen Alp, but the weather being pouring wet we halted on the top and spent the night there, being rewarded by the most transcendant evening view of the Jungfrau, Eigher and Monch in the clear cold air seen through a thin veil of semi-transparent cloud that was continually scudding across them.

Next morning early we descended to Grindelwald, thence past the upper glacier under the Wetterhorn over the Scheideck to Rosenlaui, where we dined and saw the glacier, after dinner descending the valley we visited the falls of Reichenbach (which the reader need not do if he means to see those of the Aar at Handek) and leaving Meyringen on our left we recommenced an ascent of the valley of the Aar, sleeping at Guttanen about ten miles further on.

Next day, *i. e.* Wednesday, June 24, leaving Guttanen very early, passing the falls of Handek, which are first rate, we reached the hospice at nine; had some wine there and crawled on through the snow and up the rocks to the summit of the pass—here we met an an old lady, in a blue ugly, with a pair of green spectacles, carried in a chaise à porteur; she had taken it into her head in her old age that she would like to see a little of the world, and here she was. We had seen her lady's maid at the hospice, concerning whom we were

told that she was "bien sage" and did not scream at the precipices; on the top of the Gemmi too, at half-past seven in the morning, we had met a somewhat similar lady walking alone with a blue parasol over the snow, about half an hour after we met some porters carrying her luggage, and found that she was an invalid lady of Bern who was walking over to the baths at Leukerbad for the benefit of her health—we scarcely thought there could be much occasion—leaving these two good ladies then, let us descend the Grimsel to the bottom of the glacier of the Rhone, and then ascend the Furca—a stiff pull—we got there by two o'clock, dined (Italian is spoken here again) and finally reached Hospenhal at half-past five after a very long day.

On Thursday walking down to Amstegg and taking a trap to Fluelen, we then embarked on board a steamer and had a most enjoyable ride to Lucerne where we slept; Friday to Basle by rail, walking over the Hanenstein and getting a magnificent panorama (alas! a final one) of the Alps, and from Basle to Strasburg where we ascended the cathedral as far as they would let us without special permission from a power they called Mary, and then by the night train to Paris where we arrived Saturday morning at ten.

Left Paris on Sunday afternoon, slept at Dieppe; left Dieppe Monday morning, got to London at three o'clock or thereabouts, and might have reached Cambridge that night had we been so disposed; next day came safely home to dear old St. John's, cash in hand 7*d.*

From my window in the cool of the summer twilight I look on the umbrageous chestnuts that droop into the river, Trinity library rears its stately proportions on the left—opposite is the bridge—over that, on the right, the thick dark foliage is blackening almost into sombreness as the night draws on. Immediately beneath are the arched cloisters resounding with the solitary footfall of meditative student, and suggesting grateful retirement. I say to myself then as I sit in my open window—that for a continuance, I would rather have this than any scene I have visited during the whole of our most enjoyed tour—and fetch down a Thucydides for I must go to Shilleto at nine o'clock to-morrow.

"CELLARIUS."

THE SLEEPERS;

A Legend of Richmond Castle.

I STOOD in spirit on the twilight hills
About whose rocky bases day and night
The hoarse Swale murmurs evermore, and saw
The shadows darken round the hoary Keep,
And thought upon the tales of chivalry,
Of Arthur and his knights, and Guinevere;
And musing thus amid the museful shade
Of thickly-falling twilight, in my brain
Rose the wild story of its time-worn tower.
For unto one at even wandering there,
There came a stranger knight, strangely array'd,
More like a vision than a living man,
Who hail'd him courteously, and led him down
Thro' an old portal muffled up in briars,
Down broken flights of steps, and on thro' gloom
Of dripping crypts and vaulted corridors,
That rang with strange dim echoes, as their feet
Trampled along the floors, until they came
To where, between two pillars arch'd above
With massive mouldings, was a dark old door.
They stay'd; and while the youth's heart in his breast
Flutter'd, like a caged bird against its bars,
The stranger knight reach'd down a key to ope
The portal: wide it flew before his touch;
And to him lingering fearfully, as came
A soften'd light pour'd upward thro' the crypt,
The knight in deep-toned voice spake "Enter in."
He enter'd, but as unto one that wakes
In sunshine, fell the light upon his eyes
Dazzling his vision, yet he saw ere long,
Slowly reveal'd unto his wandering sight,
A hall of fairy glories; and he gazed
Till one by one along the dim saloons

Grew gradual into shape reclining forms;
Vision of byegone ages! knights array'd
In armour, and beside them mighty shields
Jewell'd and richly blazon'd, and that shew'd
By many a dint the tale of wars gone by:
And ladies, angel-forms, the beautiful
Of whom old tales keep record: chiefest she
Whose beauty, high-enthroned in Camelot,
When all the meadow rang with tournament,
Shower'd smiles and conquest; round her perfect face
From snowy brows was pour'd on either side
Profusely all her wealth of golden hair;
But on her eyelids, that with sumptuous fringe
Swept her warm cheeks, and on her ripest lips
Lay sleepy light and motionless repose.
And all about were many ladies more,
And knights, and aged men, upon whose brows
Gray-hair'd, the wisdom of the council-hall
Sat in the sleeping wrinkles, calm and sure.
And so the youth unconscious stood and gazed,
And would have gazed, when suddenly the knight
That brought him thither turn'd, and from his belt
Loosen'd the sword, and o'er his shoulder drew
The bugle in its spangled baldric hung,
Starr'd like some constellation of the skies
With pearl and diamond, and in low deep tones
That woke him musing, even as thunder wakes
With sudden voice the ears of one that looks,
Heart-charm'd, upon a lake among the hills,
Spake such like words as these: "Such lot as thine
Since the old days departed as a dream
Hath never come to mortal, thus to view
These wonders; but far more remains; for this
Take courage, either from this sheath to draw
This sword, undrawn for ages! or to blow
One blast on this; choose then at once, nor fear."
So saying he held out in either hand
The bugle and the sword—O who hath seen
So fair a sword since Bedivere out-flung
Excalibur across the lake, that eve
When Arthur fell with all his chivalry?
He paused, and then at sudden laid one hand
Half-down the sheath, upon a rim of pearl
Swollen with rubies, and the other firm
On the cold gems that glitter'd on the hilt,
Set in red gold; and held his breath, and strove
With one swift jerk to draw it—half it came
And flash'd, and quiver'd, and throughout the hall

Ran a faint noise of motion, as when doves
About a roof whirl, and alight again;
And lo! the lady's eyes on whom he glanced
Moved, as to open, whereat all at once
A sudden tremor ran thro' all his limbs
With quicken'd pulses, and the half-drawn sword
Blazing fell backward in its sheath again.
And then he look'd, and saw that strange knight's eyes
Glare full upon him, while his brow was knit
In scornful anger, and with proud-curved lips
He spake, "O coward! craven hearted boy!
Know that this foolishness of thine hath lost
High honour, such as ages have not seen
And will not; but of aught that might have been
To know thou art unworthy; out, begone!"
So spake he, flush'd with anger and disdain;
And he, the trembling youth, he knew not how,
Fled thro' the porch, along the corridors,
And up the ruin'd stairs; nor ever stay'd
To look or listen, till beyond the gate
He issued out upon the hill, and saw
The moonlight waning in a gleam of morn.

EPITAPHS.

I DELIGHT in churchyards. If there is an old cathedral anywhere, older than any other cathedral, I, for one, have wandered thro' it often; thro' every aisle and corner; up the towers, and round the roof.

But there is one thing of which I wish to speak. When you linger in long aisles or solemn chapelries, or lean against the tombs in willow-shadows, you read over all the tales written on the tablets and stones with curious interest. This I have done a hundred times. And I confess that I have been continually surprised and offended by their absurdity and profaneness. The eulogies of the great, the vapid platitudes of ordinary worthies, the ludicrous epitaphs of the poor, are alike offensive to delicate taste and true feeling. No *heart* could dictate them, one would think. I cannot bear them. I read them, and my anger burns hot. My patience loses itself completely in the direction of the four winds.

I want to chit-chat a little about this nuisance, and what I conceive to be the remedy.

Setting aside the profanation of sacred edifices, I could pass over the great marble inanities of unheard-of lords and ladies, who protrude their astonishing virtues so unblushingly upon our notice. For, you see, they have left nothing behind them worth remembering, nothing "good" which well-meaning friends can say about them. So we may easily suppose the relicts of these people to find a paltry satisfaction in marble blocks and long Latin eulogies. Rob them not, these mourning relatives! Let them not be left utterly desolate: for in poor case they certainly are. This is setting aside the profanation.

But when Stoney, under strange diabolic influences, chisels abominable ribaldries and trivialities on the graves of sensible people, who did their work here, and died in a becoming manner, then I wax exceeding wroth. And who could help it? Look here:—

> Here lies Joan Kitchen, when her glass was spent
> She kicked up her heels and away she went.

I remember being shocked at that when a mere boy. Doubtless it is not meant that she died in a drunken fit. Surely, would not Joan Kitchen, if she could, stealing at dead of night to Stoney's bed, lean to him with white lips and pleading, beseeching eyes, seeming to say, "come and chisel it off. I cannot rest?" Or if speech were permitted, what would she say? "O man of Stone, have pity! I was quiet in my life. I lived as a maiden should. I died in peace. And now thou hast put this curse upon me. I am come out of my grave. I cannot rest. My good fame is blasted; my name made a mockery. O man of Stone, have pity! chisel it off!"

I say such inscriptions are an insult to the memory of the dead; which they, poor helpless ones, if they could, would scratch off with their long-grown nails.

And then again, many, which seem to us all right, probably do not at all fit the subject. Tho' we can quite conceive the possibility of a serio-comic friskiness like that of the following; I doubt much if the owner be fairly represented:—

> Here lies I. There's an end to my woes;
> And my soul and body at aise is;
> With the tip o' my nose and the tips o' my toes
> Turned up to the roots o' the daisies.

There is a simple pathos about the daisy part which goes well with the woes; but the flippant element seems discordant.

You will say, these ludicrous and profane inscriptions are only found on the graves of the very poor and ignorant. Perhaps it may be so, tho' I doubt it much. Further I believe they are almost always meant seriously; and written from a wish to honour the dead and to keep memorial of them.

But be that as it may, the prosy sing-song nursery rhymes of the middle classes are no better in their kind; and frequently conceal beneath their seriousness something

infinitely more ludicrous. There is little to choose between them.

Come to the simple grave of some poet or author, known to fame. Linger on the spot; look at the grass. And your thoughts come swift and natural, and your melancholy is touched with light from Heaven. Look now at his inscription! read it. You involuntarily draw back from it, and reject it in your heart for its empty sound and studied folly.

Take the monument of Sterne in illustration:

> Alas, poor Yorick!
> Near to this place lies the body
> of
> The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A.M.
> Died Sept. 13, 1768,
> aged 53 years.
> Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.

'Well,' you say, 'this is all right.' Well, reader, perhaps it is. But this is not all. First follow twelve stupid lines in the rhyming couplet of Pope; which I omit. And then, O ye gentle spirits! these words:—

> This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by his brother masons; for altho' he did not live to be a member of the society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square; *they rejoice in the opportunity of perpetuating his high and unimpeachable character to after ages.*

For my part, I like simplicity. And to be on the safe side, give me just the name, birth, and death. Or perhaps only the name. For time, is it not a conceit of ours? If we remember the dead, is it not as yesterday when they moved about us? And if we forget them, is not the gulf as it were ages?

Yea, if we be strangers, to whom the name is nothing, does not a wave of grass, or a lichen-spotted cypress, tell the tale best of all?

These perhaps are mere fancies; tho' I could find support for them.

Westminster Abbey has many memorials of great ones, and not great; but there is no inscription in Westminster Abbey that can compare with this:—

"O RARE BEN JONSON."

Not a date or age or anything, but only that: and your heart is thrilled within you, as you stand in the Poets' corner.

There is nothing to draw away attention from the essential fact; nothing to exercise the mechanical mind upon: and so the soul is touched.

But come with me. Over the water to a little island, between England and America, but much nearer England; a little island that had a king once, but has no longer; redolent of herrings; remnant of whose greatness still survives in a curious and uncertain device still extant upon farthings: noted for cats. Come with me.

Here, hid in trees, is a little hill, with an old church upon it: and the hill is thick with graves. But the dead far exceed the graves. A new graveyard on an opposite hill would hint as much: also the old sexton's pregnant remark, "no more folks is to be put here." You are conscious of the judiciousness of this regulation, in more ways than one. Giant Death has been here. Hear him say with Samson, "Heaps upon heaps, I have slain a thousand men."

Of this church you may safely take a sketch: so quaint is it. Also near the porch are some very ancient stones, described in all guide books, which I scorned to consult. I shall not tell the name of the kirk, lest you should hunt them up in some shilling nuisance. I will help to keep their secret.

But what I brought you here for was to read a few inscriptions. What do you think of this:—

The grave of Ann Clark.

or this:—

Rob Kelly was buried here.

No Latin, mark! plain, simple English. I conceive that Rob Kelly could not sleep if he thought his name was Robertus Kelleius. How could he, innocent soul!

Many a grave here has only a piece of slate with just initials; many and many a grave here has no name at all. Yet these were not beasts or dogs, but simple-hearted; men, women and children: good souls many a one, each in his own style; whom the world forgot; who were great, but not recorded, save of the rank grass; whose memory survives in Heaven.

I am sure you would like to hear of two brothers, who always remained brothers; who gave a helping hand, each to each, and jogged along together; sharing life's vicissitudes, of joy or sorrow; who "retired independent" to this

place. Perhaps you expect to find such an inscription as this:—

"In this tomb are deposited
the mortal remains of
William Curphy,
Of this Parish. He was born the 8th of May, 1809,
and died June 10, 1840, at the early age of 31.
He was universally loved in life, and
deeply regretted in death, by all who knew him.

Also of
Matthew Curphy,
brother of the aforesaid William Curphy.
Between these two brothers an unspotted
friendship continued thro' life."

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives."
2 Sam. i. 23.

"Weep not for we who's buried here,
For we was friends in life;
Weep not for we, nor shed no tear,
For we was man and wife."

The like is not to be found here. I doubt not but Stoney will transfer it to his pocket-book, and take the earliest opportunity of pressing it into the service. But in this Kirk-yard is none such.

Come and read what we have. Ye that know the pathos of silence, stand on this green heap, and read this bit of slate at the head:—

William Curphy and Mat.

There it is; nothing more.

Now I shall bring you back to England, to a Cemetery in Bath, which I myself have not seen, as yet, but a friend of mine has.

A little garden plot, one foot by two, little flowers about it; a marble coping round it; and just one word on the marble coping:—

"JOHNNY."

We will say "farewell" here. Only speak to your friends of this matter. So that when you leave them at last, you may lie in your grave in peace, "the smile have time for growing in your eyes," and your spirit rest.

"C."

LINES.*

WHO now, in sweetly-plaintive strain,
Reveals the seat of inward pain?
Who now upon thy cheek's soft bloom
Distils the sweetness of perfume?
Ah! hapless youth, and yet to prove
How treach'rous are the paths of Love!
He never thinks of storms to come—
Yet not a sign to warn him home!
Little he dreams of chafing seas;
Little he dreads the fickle breeze!
But, fondly trustful, hopes to find
Thee ever lovely, ever kind.
How oft, I ween, will he deplore
His fondest hopes are hopes no more!
How oft in tears he'll mourn the day,
When first he sail'd Love's treach'rous bay!
The sky was clear, the sea was calm,
And not a breath to raise alarm;
The sails are furl'd, he softly glides
Adown the bosom of the tides;
Winds sudden rise, and tempest-toss'd
The youth laments his fortunes lost;
Down sinks the boat, and strives the wave
To wash him to an early grave;
Struggling he gains the wish'd-for shore,
And inly vows to love no more!
I too have sail'd this stormy sea,
A victim to vain phantasy;
But now, far wiser grown, I know
What grief the cares of love bestow;
Ah! now it is that, danger gone,
I thank the gods for kindness shown;—
The gods—who ever wish to show
The safest way for men to go;
Grateful I feel I gain'd the shore,
That all the cares of love are o'er;
Now I reflect, as well I may,
My fault was of a byegone day;
My former hopes are lost in air—
My future hopes are—not the fair!

"THASIN."

* The ideas contained in these lines are in great measure suggested by Hor. Od. I. v.

JULIA.

An Ode.

WHEN the Cambridge flower-show ended,
And the flowers and guests were gone,
As the evening shades descended,
Roamed a man forlorn alone.

Sage beside the River slow
Sat a Don renowned for lore
And in accents soft and low
To the elms his love did pour.

"Julia, if my learned eyes
Gaze upon thy matchless face:
'Tis because I feel there lies
Magic in thy lovely grace.

"I will marry! write that threat
In the ink I daily waste:
Marry—Pay each College debt,
College Ale no more will taste.

"Granta, far and wide renowned,
Frowns upon the married state;
In her views she'll soon come round,
Hark! Reform is at the gate.

"Other fellows shall arise,
Proud to own a husband's name:
Proud to own their infants' cries,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From our ancient College walls,
Armed with trumpets, noisy things,
Shall astound us by their squalls.

"Sounds no wrangler yet has heard,
Our posterity shall fright:
E'en 'the Eagle,' valiant bird,
Shall betake itself to flight."

Such the thoughts that through him whirl'd
Pensively reclining there:
Smiling, as his fingers curl'd
His divinely-glowing hair.

He, with all a lover's pride,
Felt his manly bosom glow,
Sought the Bull, besought the Bride,
All she said was "No, Sir, No!"

Julia, pitiless as cold,
Lo the vengeance due from Heaven!
College Livings he doth hold;
Single bliss to thee is given.

"ψ."

THE OTHER LODGER.

IN looking over the Ordnance Maps of the Counties of England, I have somehow or other been unable to find the little village of Purbridge. How, or why this is, I will not presume to say; whether the science of Geography be at fault, or the insignificance of that tiny cluster of cottages hid it from Government survey, remains to be determined. Still, there it was that I got up an extempore home, for a few weeks of recreation one Long Vacation, and exchanged the pursuit of coy Mathematics for the music of the deep blue waves.

It was certainly a beautiful spot, and when I think of it, I feel poetical all over. The neatly built village with its fisherman population, the coolness of my cheery little room looking out over

"the faintest sheen,
Of low white walls upon the village green,"

its seclusion, and its calmness were pleasing to me, who sought for rest and quiet. There too, the eye could roam at pleasure over the grand open sea, or wander on and on until it was fain to rest for a moment or two on one of the sails which dotted the horizon, and seemed to glance and sparkle like diamonds in the light of the sun.

I lodged in a house not far from the beach, with,—to all appearance,—a worthy couple, who rejoiced in the name of Trout. Trout himself was a burly fellow, captain and proprietor of a small skiff; he always addressed me as "yer honor," and religiously tarred his trousers in true boatman-like fashion. His better-half was very respectable and obliging; indeed, a very model landlady, if I may except her uncontrolable tendency to tears, an arrangement I always considered unnecessary in such a naturally briny locality. This habit rather annoyed me at first. An appeal for eggs for breakfast generally produced emotion; mustard for my steak at dinner, at least a few sighs and a sob; water-cresses for

tea, a flood of tears and distress beyond measure. But after a day or two I became used to this, and indeed at last fancied that these lacrymose spring and ebb-tides imparted an agreeable coolness and sea-sidy flavour to the atmosphere. "Bless your 'eart, yer honor," said Trout to me one day, touching his spouse, "she does draw an uncommon deal of water, but give her plenty of sail" (a playful allusion to pockethandkerchiefs) "and few can do her number of knots per hour."

One real disadvantage, however, soon manifested itself. I was constantly awaked in the middle of the night by heavy footsteps going up and down stairs, and by strange noises in the room over me, as though a bookcase were waltzing with a chest of drawers, or a detachment of pavers at work by the job. The first night I grinned and bore it; the next I growled and bore it; the third I became desperate, and in the morning demanded an explanation. Mrs. Trout seemed considerably embarrassed, drew forth a handkerchief and wept. She at last began to speak, slightly inarticulate at first, poor woman; but she got over my unkindness at last, and assured me that "He would'nt hurt a unborn babe." Further enquiry elicited the fact, that the "he" was another lodger, endowed with all the attributes of an angel,—if my landlady was to be believed,—with the exception of the wings. Who the babe unborn might be, is still a mystery. As might be expected, I expressed myself strongly on the domestic proceedings of the other lodger, and suggested for his benefit a trifle more attention to the natural phenomena of day and night, and "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

"Well, sir," expostulated Mrs. Trout, "he *is* 'centric, sir; and I told him this morning, Mr. Biggs, says I; Well, Mrs. Trout, says he; says I, now really sir you must take care of them dear boxes of yours, and keep 'em more still like. And I made bold to tell him, sir, that you was a nice quiet young gentleman as was worth your weight in gold, and that you was always a reading of poetry."

Here the good lady was quite overcome, and being flooded with tears, and having used up handkerchief, apron, and sleeves, vanished, I suppose, for fresh "sail."

Lest the reader should lie under a misapprehension, it may perhaps be desirable to correct Mrs. Trout on the matter of the poetry "I was always a-reading." The fact is, she could not read; and the Epic in question was a book of Logarithmic Tables, which she had seen in my hand.

Whoever this Mr. Biggs was, (for strange to say, I had never seen him,) he was quiet enough the next night; indeed, had Mr. Biggs become suddenly inanimate and been placed in a glass-case, he could not have behaved in a more exemplary manner. The chest of drawers and bookcase dismissed their dancing-master, and the brigade of pavers were discharged.

Want of society soon brought me over to Alexander Selkirk's view of Solitude, and led me too to ask "the Sages," as a personal favour for the charms they "had seen in its face." I thought then how wisely the Poet, who admired Solitude, begged a benevolent public

> To give him still a friend in his retreat,
> That he might whisper, Solitude is sweet.

And, thus it was that, after a little while, I felt so amicably disposed towards my fellow-lodger, that I strongly desired to see him, and, if advisable, to strike up an acquaintance. Both Mr. and Mrs. Trout seemed to object to this. Mr. Biggs (they said) wished to be alone; he never went out but at night; he did not care who lodged under him; he could not come and breakfast with me; he could not look in on me at any time; and, finally, Mr. Biggs was ill in bed.

All this mystery puzzled me. In a few days this man became an ideality which haunted me, a perfect nightmare. He had nothing substantial about him but luggage, and this was constantly being carried up and down the stairs. What he lived on I could not discover, for never by any chance did I see provisions go up to him, if I may except a large cask, which contained in my temperate view sufficient beer,—if beer it was,—to intoxicate a small garrison of artillery. Fancy constructed for him a dietary involving all possible combinations of beer hot, beer cold, beer spiced, copus, and caudle; but, after all, this style of living presented such a bilious aspect, that I was obliged to abandon the hypothesis. This was not all;—though very ill, Mr. Biggs would see nobody, not even a doctor. Could it be some mortal disease beyond the reach of human skill? Impossible, in these days of Holloway's Pills, or if the pills could do nothing, still there was the Ointment. I began to feel anxious, so I went up one day and knocked at his door, but no voice invited me in, and the bolt was drawn inside. At last I abandoned all hope of seeing him, and contented myself with building airy castles as to who and what he might be. I have often wondered since, how I could possibly have spent those days of relaxation without Mr. Biggs; my speculations upon that man were the very joy of my heart. Sometimes I inclined

to believe him a spy of the French government; at other times, a student of Nature, silent, abstracted; but this idea I soon rejected, for unless he was writing a full and exact history of the owl and bat tribes, such a supposition was quite untenable. At length, in sheer desperation I gave the matter up, and tried to banish Biggs from my mind.

Meanwhile a fortnight passed by; still Biggs was what he had always been,—an ideality, and his luggage a disagreeable reality. One day the thought struck me, that perhaps either from necessity, from fancy, or a romantic turn of mind, he went out shut up in one of those everlasting black boxes. It was just possible that he might be a refugee, or some one to whom careful concealment was important, but, as even refugees occasionally need fresh air, he might use his box as a palanquin, being a contrivance at once ingenious and elegant. I resolved to test the truth of this supposition. That very night Mr. Biggs' luggage went for its usual constitutional, and after it had blundered past my door, and under the special patronage of Trout's tarred trousers, emerged into the darkness of night, I cautiously followed. From the care and tenderness with which Trout handled his burden, I became more than ever convinced that I had indeed discovered at least one of Mr. Biggs' little ways. It was a very dark night, and I had some trouble to keep Trout in sight without betraying myself. He made for the beach, through some winding foot-paths carefully constructed so as to throw the traveller on his head every four or five steps he took. The curve described by my apex as I stumbled along was of such a painfully complicated character, and the danger of a repeal of the union between my head and shoulders so imminent, that I began to envy Biggs his style of conveyance as a real luxury, especially if the box was nicely fitted up inside, and the arrangements of the breathing department satisfactory. The sea was at length reached, and there stood Trout's skiff moored beside a wharf-shaped rock. Two men were on board who (impressed, as I thought, with Biggs' dignity, or awed by the stillness of the night) spoke in whispers, and very little of that. Was it possible that Biggs,—if Biggs it was,—was going for a cruise that time of night? The idea was so absurd that I laughed aloud, and immediately a heavy thump on the head from a neighbouring benefactor (Trout, I believe) produced a beautiful illumination within me, and before the gas was turned off I became senseless, my last sensation being a strong smell of cigars.

When I came to myself I was lying upon my bed, and

Mrs. Trout wiping her eyes in the distance. My thoughts were very confused, but one notion predominated, and that was, that Biggs had assaulted me. This idea Mrs. Trout confirmed, evidently catching at it as a means of getting out of a difficulty; but she reckoned without her host. The music of the "invisible's" black box meandering up the stairs, brought back the Biggs' infatuation strong upon me, and this combined with an impulse to avenge my wrongs, rendered me deaf to my landlady's entreaties; so leaping from my bed, with three bounds I reached the mysterious chamber. The black box was in the middle of the room, Trout on his knees before it, taking out packet after packet of cigars, a keg of whiskey, and other contraband goods. The place was simply a store-room, Mr. Trout a convicted smuggler, and Biggs a nonentity. The whole truth rushed upon me, and so did Trout. In perfect disregard of all the treatises on etiquette I have ever heard of, he seized me by the collar, and was about to turn my vertical into the horizontal, when a third party made his appearance. The stranger was a coast-guard; and before the slightest allusion could be made to Mr. John Robinson, or any other proverbial personage likely to be of assistance, we were both arrested as smugglers, and the cigars and other property of the imaginary Biggs confiscated in the Queen's name. As we descended the stairs, Mrs. Trout stood in the doorway, weeping into the counterpane of my bed, and sobbing out "that she never thought 'twould come to this."

I made out a clear case to the magistrates, and was at once released. Trout was completely at fault, and subsequently went into retirement under the immediate patronage of the Government.

"λαβυρίνθειός τις."

SONG.

ARM! arm! ye men of England! the battle hour is nigh,
The hour when ye must conquer, or vanquished, nobly die.
Beware of boasting counsel, beware of long delay,
And leave not till to-morrow, what should be done to-day.

The foeman standeth ready, in grim and fierce array,
And leaders vainly hinder the hands they cannot stay;
Along the whole horizon the war-clouds gather fast;
To scatter them, brave Britons, be ye not found the last.

Go, deck the expanse of ocean with British men-of-war,
And let your squadrons cover the plains both wide and far;
Let no one now look backward; haste on to meet the foe,
And let each heart with courage within each bosom glow.

Remember, that if victors, old England will rejoice,
And cheer each noble effort with all her heart and voice:
And, if ye fall, remember, she never will forget
Those sons that for her freedom their fate have bravely met.

Go, gallant hearts, 'tis England, your own dear native land,
For whom against the foeman ye will combat hand to hand:
Arm! arm! ye men of England! the battle hour is nigh,
The hour when ye must conquer, or vanquished, nobly die.

"J. W. W."

NOTES ON FICHTE.

The Nature and Vocation of the Scholar.

Welche wohl bleibt von allen den Philosophieen?
Ich weiss nicht;
Aber die Philosophie, hoff'ich, soll ewig bestehen.

Those who occupy themselves with Mathematics to the neglect of Philosophy, are like the wooers of Penelope, who, unable to obtain the mistress, contented themselves with the maids.

THERE is no doubt that a certain element in our literature, commonly and correctly ascribed to the influence of German thought and German writers, has of late grown into great and increasing importance. It is curious to observe how nearly all the writers of the present age, who exercise any influence in the regions of thought among young men, are more or less conversant with German philosophy and modes of thought. It influences especially our poetry; perhaps because that is necessarily a truer reflex of the present in each individual, than a work which draws its material from the past. Cambridge has felt the influence but slightly; all her training is opposed to it. Strange that the University devoted to science should be opposed to philosophy? But is it not so? Is there a theology in Cambridge? Are there principles which belong to the present and not to the past? Her theology, politics, and principles are alike hereditary, and are but ill adapted to form leaders of men, men who can enter into and solve the great social, religious, and philosophical problems peculiar to the present age.

To make philosophy attractive even to a cultivated English mind it should be prepared expressly with that view. It must be written by an Englishman who completely com-

prehends his subject, gets clearly round and grasps it; and not by a German, who dives deeper perhaps into the ocean, but comes back without a specimen of what he found there, that is appreciable by an Englishman. I know not how therefore to persuade others to try a book which I myself found of inestimable value—Fichte's 'Nature and Vocation of the Scholar.' It was recommended to me by the author of a paper in *The Eagle*, No. III., and I tried it; and I hope others will do the same.

The life of Fichte is an admirable study. The principle at the root of all his heroism, all his tenderness, and all his philosophy is so simple, that it seems as if all men could be equally great; so pure and spiritual, that men would almost cease to be men if they could but once apprehend it, and it became the fundamental principle of their lives. He felt and knew the spiritual life within him; he saw and knew that it exists in every one; deadened it may be, but not dead; overgrown by the pleasures of sense, the frivolities and indulgences of the intellect; and to the education of this, to the calling it forth into a distinct consciousness, and into the grand ruling principle of thought and action, did he devote those unequalled powers of argument and eloquence, of meditation and enthusiasm, of love and truth, and, above all, the example and testimony of a most noble and heroic life. A truly great man was Fichte; great in head and heart; great in spirit, in will, in intellect; so great, that the unspeakable tenderness of his character is the more admirable. Yet who but a simply great man could have written those letters to Johanna Rahn, which tell of unfathomable though clear depths of purity and greatness and love.

Such too was his philosophy. Never did any one so completely live his own philosophy. To give even a sketch of his system, with its relation to those which preceded and those which followed it, is out of my power; and would be here out of place. Those who care to see the subject briefly handled by an able though severe judge, may refer to Sir Wm. Hamilton's Essay on Cousin?* The Lectures on the Nature and Vocation of the Scholar are intelligible (though they require the stiffest and closest read-

* He brings an ingenious argument against Fichte's principles, and refers to it triumphantly as completely overthrowing them; but a closer examination will prove that he assumes the very point at issue.

ing) without any previous knowledge of his system; and this is the work which I would so earnestly recommend. Nor indeed am I about to give the analysis of these lectures which I have prepared. In the first place it *would* not, and *could* not, do justice to the original, and in the next place it would be exceedingly dull reading.

On opening the first lecture we find that "the scholar is that man who from the learned culture of his age has attained to the possession of the attainable portion of the *Divine Idea*. The Student is obtaining glimpses at the same."

Here we strike the keynote of Fichte's system.

What is the Divine Idea?

First, what is *culture?* Culture, with Fichte, means the acquisition of skill in eradicating certain tendencies which arise from the influence of external things on the character; and partly in modifying them so as to bring them into harmony with our ideas; which is the true *summum bonum*, or the highest vocation of man. The object of culture then is to lead men to truth and the Divine Idea. If it fails to do so, it is, in so far as it professes to make scholars of them, worthless.

But what is this Divine Idea?

The only absolute Being is the Being of God. The only absolute Life is the Life of God. The universe is the manifestation of God in so far as He can be revealed in any manifestation; but the Life of God must be manifested in Life, and therefore we judge that Human Life is the manifestation of the Divine Life. Human Life then, as it ought to be, has its origin in God; and speaking anthropologically we say that it is the Idea of God in the creation of things.

This is an epitome of Lecture 2, omitting such parts (relating to the position of experience) as have no immediate reference to the question What is the Divine Idea? Now the question is answered—is the answer intelligible? Certainly not. It could not possibly be made so. What then is the use of giving it? I will endeavour to indicate an answer to this question that shall be intelligible.

Ideas are incommunicable by words. A startling assertion perhaps, but true. A strictly speaking new idea, to which no idea similar in kind is already possessed, is incommunicable. This will be readily perceived by an example. Conceive a man from his birth incapable of hearing musical sounds so as to distinguish them. It would be impossible to give him by description any conception of the fullness and

majesty of the Hallelujah chorus. He would find nothing in his own mental experience similar to your description, and would therefore, unless more charitable than most men deficient in any faculty, consider you guilty of giving reins to a lively imagination, of exaggeration, or of absolute lying, according to the degree of his confidence in your probity. Consider how a child learns his own language; how a man learns a new science by comparing the technical terms with what are more familiar to his mind; and how utterly puzzled he is when he can find no such connection. What is a salt? The combination of an acid and an alkali? Very good; now what is an acid? an acid is that which by its combination with an alkali forms a salt. An alkali may be similarly defined. Here are three new terms, we will suppose; new ideas proved incommunicable by words.

What then is the use of writing about the Divine Idea if it is incommunicable in words? Precisely the same as in educating a man at all. Education enables a man to use his own powers with effect; it gives him none. A superficial knowledge may be imparted with no more effort on the part of the recipient than is required* in cramming Norfolk Turkeys.

The reader of Fichte, on his first introduction to this kind of philosophical reading, asks himself "What does this mean?" by which he really says, "By what other name do I know this? How may I connect it with what I have?" Should a careful reading and minute attention not inform him; he dives into the lowest depths of his consciousness, deeper and deeper, into the depths of his being, and rests not till he sees, dimly at first, a trace of the idea. It is as yet wholly inexpressible, and uncertain in outline, but he never lets it slip from his contemplation, till he has made it a part of his conscious knowledge. Now what have the *words* done? Have they conveyed to him the idea? Nay; but they have enabled him to ascertain whether he possesses the idea: they have called it into subjective existence.

Now supposing that the reader of Fichte does not comprehend him at first, which is highly probable, he will either reflect that Fichte professes to be writing after years of thought on the most abstruse of subjects, wholly removed from objects of sense, and occupied entirely in the spiritual

* From the Turkeys of course. The labour of the crammer is considerable; of the crammee very small.

part of man; and will infer that he will inevitably require deep reflection in order to follow him; and resolve to bestow it: or, impatient of the difficulty, he will fling the book aside and pronounce it *nonsense*. For there is nothing that men are so unwilling to admit, as that any train of reflection, written in English, and not technical language, can be at the same time unintelligible to them, and intelligible and clear to others. Did you ever meet a man of sufficient candour to admit that Tennyson's In Memoriam was in the main 'not to be understood,' without following it up by the assertion that it was all nonsense?

The preceding pages have illustrated the manner in which the study of works like Fichte's extends our self-knowledge; and have accounted for so much of the necessary difficulty which we encounter on first studying them, as is peculiar to metaphysical writings. They have therefore been devoted solely to the *intellectual developement* that attends the study of such works in general, and nothing has been said of the moral and philosophical worth of these Lectures in particular. This is of course a wholly separate subject; and I shall add a few remarks on it before concluding this paper.

The lectures were announced under the title "De Moribus Eruditorum;" words which convey a less accurate notion of the lectures than the English title. They are not intended as a guide to the formation of scholastic habits, or to the choice of any branch of science as a special study, nor are they in any way *immediately practical*. They are intended to influence the student practically by the formation in him of noble aspirations and high principles, rather than by dogmatically laying down a system of training to which he is to submit himself. They are a description of the naturè of the scholar, considered as an Ideal, and from his nature is deduced his duty. The 'Mores' of the scholar must not be thought to mean merely his morality, much less the formation of what we call character by rule and precept: and hence it is, that the book is not *immediately* practical. Therefore any one who reads these lectures with the hope of ascertaining how he may, by submitting to the culture of the age, attain to the Divine Idea, will be disappointed. The place of culture has been defined above—it is the pioneer that clears away the obstructions, and enables the reason to act unfettered and free.

This is a statement rather of what the lectures do not, than of what they do contain. No analysis of their contents would be intelligible, for the lectures are condensed to the

utmost. The only analysis I can give, is that they are the statement of Fichte's conception of the ideal scholar and student, from which are deduced or deducible the great principles which should guide his conduct.

The consideration of the Divine Idea has a separate interest attaching to it. As a purely metaphysical conception it is valuable, as a distinct statement of a truth of which men in all ages have had glimmerings, or views more or less distinct. To discuss this, would be to enter on its historical value.

More especially is it interesting, as the point of meeting between the profound speculations of reason that rise from man to God, and the mysteries of revealed truth that descend from God to man. Viewed by the light of revealed truth, the Divine Idea may be clearly seen; first expressed and then obscured in the creation and fall of man, and finally manifested in that 'express image of His Person' which it pleased Him to grant to the world, which 'by wisdom knew not God.' To discuss this would be to enter on its moral and religious as well as philosophical value.

To handle these questions would require ample reading, unbroken leisure, and profound reflection. A sciolist can start questions which a wise man can hardly answer. But what has been said may tempt others to explore for themselves that mine of thought, from which even I, who have descended but a few feet below the surface, have brought up some jewels.

"W."

THE CRETIN;*

I.

HARD by the mountain
Lay the poor Crétin.—
Like a great fountain
Spouting up heav'nward,
Misty and gloomy,
Far in the distance
Rose a vast iceberg.—
Past dash'd a chariot,
In it three travellers,
"Help the poor Crétin!
"Weary and dying,
"See here I'm lying!"—
Past dash'd the strangers.—
"'Tis but a Crétin,
Heed not his crying."

II.

Then the poor Crétin
Turn'd to the Pine Tree—
"Pride of the forest,
"Waving your weird arms
"Cover'd with hoar frost,
"Help the poor Crétin!
"Weary and dying,
"See here I'm lying!"
Answer'd the Pine Tree
Nothing but sighing.

III.

Then the poor Crétin
Turn'd to the mountain.—
"Giant so hoary,
"List to my story

* The Crétin is an imbecile person, the child of goitred parents, so common in Switzerland and other mountainous countries.

"Friend of my childhood
"Weary and dying,
"See here I'm lying!
"Man will not hear me—"
Then in displeasure,
Far in the distance
Growl'd the great mountain,
Avalanche heaving
Far down the valley!

IV.

Then the poor Crétin
Turn'd to the flower—
"Sweet little treasure
"Thou then art weeping,
"Bright in thy blue eye,
"Glistens a tear drop
"Weary and dying,
"See here I'm lying,
"Help the poor Crétin!

V.

Then the sweet flower
Rais'd its bright blue eyes,
Pointing to heavenwards
Forth from the dark clouds
Broke out the bright sun—
Then said the Crétin,
"*There* would I follow!"

VI.

High up the mountain
The snow-drift descending,
Clad in his white robe
Bright as an angel,
Took the poor Crétin
Home to his Maker.
No longer crying,
"Weary and dying,
"Here I am lying!"
Lies the poor Crétin.

"P. R."

NOTE ON THE VERSIFICATION OF SHAKSPERE.

THE investigation of the laws of the mechanism of verse, although of very minor importance compared with the consideration of the subject matter,—of those grand ideas and deep truths which the poet, as the expositor of external nature and of internal feelings and passions, comes forth to make known, and of which his verse serves only as the garb or ornament, yet deserves a little more attention than is commonly bestowed on it. As not only before the eye of the true poet are there certain ideal forms, but also in his ear there rings a mysterious melody, attuned to the subject in hand, now, it may be, but faintly heard, and anon bursting forth in a full peal of harmony, so if the reader would fully comprehend and enjoy the subject, he must not only strive to conjure up faint outlines at least of that which was more vividly presented to the eye of his author, but must endeavour to catch the echoes of that music to the time of which his thoughts moved on. It is true, that when listening to the melodious and varied strains of a great Poet, and striving to obtain a glimpse of the wondrous images called up by him, we care little to stop and trace out the means by which these mighty effects are produced, yet to the due appreciation of every work of art, after viewing the general effect of the whole, an examination into the details is also requisite. We enjoy the music of an instrument no less from knowing how the sound is produced, or the beauty of a picture from being acquainted with the manner in which the colours are applied.

From a careful study of the compositions of the best masters, we may deduce certain general rules of versification, but we must be prepared to find these occasionally broken through, or apparently so, by the poet who is not fettered by superficial rules, but obeys those laws which lie deep in the nature of his language.

On opening a play of Shakspere, the first remark would be, that it is written in the Heroic, unrhymed, or blank verse, each line containing for the most part ten syllables, every even syllable receiving the stress or accent. This is the normal form of the verse; but if it were strictly adhered to, it would soon become insufferably monotonous, it is in occasionally deviating from this standard, so as to seem to neglect and lose it, while still keeping it ever present to the ear and feeling, that the metrical art of the Dramatic Poet consists. While we can scarce go so far as to assert with Coleridge that Shakspere's blank verse was absolutely a new creation, when we consider how recently this form of verse had been introduced, and how little its capabilities had been developed, we cannot but confess, that here also is left the stamp of a mighty mind.

There can be little doubt that the Heroic line is derived through the old French and Italian poets, from the Latin Trimeter Catalectic accent being substituted, according to the genius of modern languages, for quantity. This appears from a comparison of the Italian Hendecasyllable, which when introduced into English was obliged to adapt itself to the monosyllabic character of our language and dismiss in general its final unaccented syllable. As early as the days of Chaucer, it became the staple measure for epic and didactic subjects, but the older poets, not having attained the art of giving variety and elegance by modulation, endeavoured to make up for it by the poor equivalent of rhyme, indeed, this was for a long time considered so indispensable, that almost anything was reckoned a verse, provided it had the requisite jingle at the end.

This kind of verse was early appropriated to dramatic composition for which it seems in its nature admirably adapted. What Horace says of the Iambic measure—

> Hunc socci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,
> Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
> Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.—

seeming even more applicable to the English blank verse, which so happily suits the genius of our language, as on the one hand to be so little removed from the style of ordinary discourse, that some tact is often required on the part of the reader to prevent it from sinking into mere prose, and on the other to be capable of the highest flights and of being made the vehicle of expressing the most sublime poetic ideas.

We will go on to deduce a few of the general laws of this kind of verse, such as will not necessitate the introduction of a multitude of quotations, but may be illustrated from almost any page of the poet. This verse then in its usual form consists of five measures of two syllables each with the accent on the latter of the two, but for the sake of variety an accent on the former may be substituted, provided it be not done in two successive feet. When the accent thus falls on the first syllable of a line it gives a vigorous start, and is the natural expression of excited feeling. After a perfect line of ten syllables an unaccented syllable may be added, thus making up the original Hendecasyllable, sometimes even two such are found appended, several of these heavy lines in succession have a remarkable effect, which is wholly reversed by the introduction of a rhyming termination, giving them a ludicrous turn, the last two syllables forming the rhyme. Supernumerary syllables may be supposed a slight echo or reverberation of the last measure, thus in Henry VI.—

> Lay down your weapons, get you to your cottages.

In the place of a single unaccented syllable two such may be introduced, the effect of which may be compared to a shake in music, thus in the line—

> At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps—

we have two such instances unless we suppose that an elision takes place. As after a pause in the middle of a verse a syllable may be ommitted, the time being made up by the pause, so the liberty permitted at the end of a line of appending an extra unaccented syllable is found sometimes after a pause in the early part, as in "All's well that ends well."

> So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness.

The short broken lines interspersed in the ordinary blank verse are not to be considered irregularities, they belong to Shakspere's system of versification; but lines of eight or nine syllables seldom occur, being at variance with the general rhythm of the poetry. It would be an uninteresting and almost endless task to go on to discuss the minor details, such as the changes of the accentuation of words, the differences of pronunciation and so forth, but there are two or three points more requiring a notice. Although Shakspere discarded the use of rhyme in general, he uses it as an appro-

priate termination to a scene, the reduplication of similar sounds giving a sort of finish to the whole. In the earlier plays the rhythm is comparatively strict, in the latter much more free, the verse seeming to vary with the subject, at one time moving along with regular measured pace, at another hurrying on with a rapidity to keep pace with the excited feelings of the speaker. Even the irregularities of the versification are expressive and by no means capricious, a pause or a broken line corresponds to a transition in thought or feeling. Often a few lines or even a whole scene differing little from or actually in prose, like the calm before a storm serves to prepare us for some great effort, some passage in which the action and the verse alike stand out in bold contrast with that by which it is introduced: the deepest tragic passion finds its proper expression in the highest poetic inspiration.

A DAY DREAM.

LIFE is like a flowing river,
Flowing onward to the sea,
Flowing onward, flowing ever,
On into eternity.

Adverse winds our course endanger,
And by storms of passion tost,
Our frail bark is well-nigh shattered;
And our hopes in darkness lost.

Then once more in sun-lit splendour,
Peacefully the waters roll,
And some softly-breathing Zephyr
Sheds rich perfumes o'er the soul.

While arise within our bosoms
Purer, holier sensations,
And the soul is softly pillowed
On love's first faint undulations.

Till the Zephyr blowing stronger,
Gathering impulse from above,
Bursts upon the raptured fancy
In a full warm breeze of love.

And some kindred spirit-vessel,
Floating onward to the sea,
Floats along with ours for ever,
On into eternity.

"ENOD."

NOW AND THEN.

Roaming through the silent forest, climbing up the mountain wild,
Days long past rise up before me till I am again a child,

And I track the ever-widening current of my boyish life
On from innocence and gladness, onward into care and strife.

And a wild impetuous longing comes upon my sorrowing heart,
Loathing of a world of sadness, longing, longing to depart,

As upon the lonely traveller wandering through an Eastern land,
When the fiery vault around him burns above the burning sand.

Dreary seems the hollow world,—a world from which all truth has fled,
Where the Few roll on in splendour, where the Many want for bread.

Where our toiling struggling brothers, men for whom a God has died,
Crush'd by tyrants, void of knowledge, fall uncared-for side by side.

Where the strong man sells his ebbing life-blood for his daily food,
For the earth is ruled by Money, nor is Virtue understood.

Where the glittering child of fashion, in her wealth and beauty blest,
Dances on in careless gladness, little recking for the rest.

While the poor down-trodden work-girl yields before the golden spell,
And the tempters sin-bought money drags her beauty-curst to hell.

Truth is but a fond illusion, life is nought but empty show,
And our God sits calm above us smiling at a world of woe.

Then a still and gentle whisper from my inner spirit came,
'God is God: He never changeth: Truth is not an idle name.

"Look above thee, look around thee, look on mountain, lake and wood,
"How *they* lie in peaceful beauty since He first said 'All is good.'

"What though now the care-worn peoples' struggle sadly on the Earth,
"They shall have a great Hereafter, they shall have another birth.

"Up and tell the toiling nations of the Great, the Good, the True;
"Tell them of the coming Judgement;—here is work for thee to do.

"For the phœnix-earth triumphant from its ashes shall arise,
"And the just unite upon it in a love that never dies."

"ENOD."

GOING HOME.

O day of joy, that out of sorrow,
And sorrowing days, art seen afar;
And shinest like a guiding star,
And dost from hope sweet lustre borrow.

How wilt thou bring to me the bliss
Of friendly eyes and voices sweet;
And my own home, that waiting is;
And merry faces me to meet.

And touches soft of hands that give,
Of lips that speak, a welcome true;
That will go ringing, while you live,
For aye, for aye, sweet tunes in you.

O day of joy, O light that gleamest
Across the mist of sorrowing days;
That leadest me thro' gloomiest ways,
And evermore a haven seemest.

"A."

END OF VOL. I.

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