



THE EAGLE.

REMINISCENCES OF MAURITIUS;
THE FEVER OF 1867, AND THE HURRICANE OF 1868.

A FEW years ago, you would not easily have lighted upon a brighter or more charming spot than the sunny "Isle of France." Now it is, for the time, about as cheerful as Cayenne.

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I went out, overland—P. and O—in 1863. The pleasant voyage comprised a peep at Gibraltar, Malta, and Alexandria; a longer stay at Cairo, with its rich bazaars and neighbouring objects of interest, its splendid asses and proportionately magnificent mosquitoes; at Suez, too, and the canal; then ten days' forced residence in the seething harbour, amidst the arid rocks and beneath the burning sky of Aden, famous for its hill-tanks and for its savage, naked, red-haired Somaules, who dive after coins by the side of your ship all day long, fearless of sharks, or clamour and quarrel on the beach round some unlucky passenger. One sang me his war-song and death-cry, high up in the solitary recesses of the hills among the tanks, in exchange for "God save the Queen" and "Home, sweet Home."

A little later in the voyage we anchored for a short time at Mahé, the chief of the Seychelles group, a most picturesque dependency of Mauritius, about a thousand miles to the north.

We reached our destination on the 6th of January 1864, after a voyage of forty-seven days from port to port, having been delayed a fortnight by various unimportant breakdowns; and were heartily welcomed by our friends, whom our non-arrival had made very anxious.

The appearance of Mauritius, as you approach its shores, is calculated to produce very favourable impressions. A panorama of grotesquely outlined hills, forest-clad till near the summits, stretches itself before you; and a snowy circle of coral-reef and breakers girdles the island, off which keep watch three or four islet satellites at various distances.

The well-named Ponce, or thumb-shaped mountain, and the famous Pièter Both, are conspicuous points. Port Louis lies at the foot of the former, two of its spurs forming the harbour. The latter, with its logan-stone-like summit, consisting of a huge rock neatly poised, but immovable, upon a single point, and towering above all surrounding things, offers to adventurous young Englishmen and Créoles an object of aspiration not altogether beneath the notice of an Alpine Club.

The sea surfing up upon the reef contrasts with it strangely by the intensity of its blue. The sky is of marvellous softness and purity, the air tremulous with heat. Light, fleecy, silvery clouds wreath round the mountain tops like gauzy veils; and cane-fields, climbing nearly half-way up, clothe their sides and shoulders like emerald robes wrapped round the bust of some swarthy beauty.

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No lack of life and gaiety ashore. A war-ship lies probably in the harbour. Two or three gallant regiments and a full complement of civilians are stationed here and there. Plenty of hospitality is always forthcoming on the part of wealthy officials, merchants, bankers, and planters. The ease and friendliness of

social intercourse struck me at once; and my first evenings were delightfully spent in the company of kind friends and entertainers. We dined amidst what to me, a stranger, seemed almost fairy scenes. The apartment was a latticed verandah, festooned with gorgeous and sweet smelling creepers, twining in and out of the open trellis-work, and perfuming the balmy breeze that fanned us. Soft footed, muslin robed Indian servants had plucked some of the brightest blossoms and freshest sprays, and had most tastefully decorated the room therewith, shredding a few into the finger-glasses and huge hanging lamp globes.

Since the introduction of thousands of coolies to labour in the place of the emancipated slaves, everything has taken an oriental cast. This, superinduced upon the mixed French and English customs of the colony, and its Créole and African surrounding, gives rise to a kaleidoscopic variety far from unpleasing, and long continuing to afford the relief and freshness of novel impressions.

The town, too, as I passed through, presented a curious and interesting spectacle. What variety of complexion, form, and costume! There Indians from North and South Hindostan, blazing in their favourite crimson and yellow, and covered with jewels and bangles of gold, silver, or baser metal. There are Parsees and Persians; Chinese with pigtail, and blue flapping trowser; Malegaches under wide brimmed hats of fine plaited bleached grass; Africans in plenty, with nondescript garments; and black or tawny Créole women, with striped kerchiefs quaintly wrapped round their heads. Everywhere the eye falls upon such a motley group; and the ear receives a jargon of unknown sounds.

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As I was rapidly driven up towards the hills by my friend C, I soon felt the lungs expand with fresh air, pure and cool; and I slept that night with open

window, in a delicious climate nearly a thousand feet above the sea. The colony was very gay. I had other things to do. But there were parties and dinners and picnics, croquet and archery soirées, constantly going on. There, as ever, our brave soldiers carried off the palm of victory; doubtless deserved, and certainly won, fair looks, sweet smiles, and merry glances.

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But all that has now changed (1867-68). The regiments have suffered like the rest of us. No one has much spirit for pleasure seeking. Indeed, an approach to festivity is an offence. Who could banquet or dance over 40,000 graves? Many soldiers were ordered off to the Cape to get a mouthful of wholesome air; and some civilians, fortunate enough to get away, fled there too, or to Australia or England. Sadly pale and worn those look who are left behind; and the fever leaves a deep mark upon the victims it seizes, who walk about looking more dead than alive.

In 1867 the epidemic broke out furiously and fatally. The early hot months were fearfully portentous. All who could, deserted those low lying regions where it exercised its baleful sway. Such precautions were taken as moderate activity could improvise. Nevertheless, by the end of May nearly a tenth of the population had been carried off. About this period, turn where you will, the sable garb of mourning meets the eye. I drive down the street leading from the hills through the suburbs of the town; and in half-a-mile's length of it I have passed ten, twelve, *seventeen* funerals—raising my hat, after the manner of the country, as many times in token of respect for that solemn presence. Half—two-thirds, probably—of the houses here are closed, marked with chalk upon the doors and windows, or whitewashed all over; many empty, deserted, condemned. More than once has it happened that some one, stepping by chance or charity within such a tenement, has found, maybe, two or three dead, one dying,

and no manner of help whatever. The Superintendent of Police, who has at last succumbed, had harrowing tales to tell of sights he had come across in the discharge of his duty. No one was more faithful; and his death has been followed by the deepest and most widespread regret. Interments take place by fives and tens, in deep pits dug side by side, and filled in quickly with coral lime. In spite of this, the air in the vicinity breathes deadly infection. Sometimes, at this period, so great is the pressure of the melancholy work, that a coffin or shroud cannot be procured for the body; and it is hastily wrapped in a coarse bag and buried, perhaps, without any ceremony whatever, or attendance on the part of friends. I seized, every now and then, some rare opportunity of leisure to go to the cemetery and read prayers over the graves of several at a time who had been thus consigned to their last resting-place a day or two before, during my absence on similar duty elsewhere.

No very decided or comprehensive account has, so far as I know, yet been rendered of this fearful visitation. It is of a low, intermittent form, and prostrates its victims in most cases by the persistent repetition of its attacks. During them the patient usually passes through a cold, sickly, shivering fit, with or without cramps or actual vomiting, into a paroxysm of hot fever, more or less violent, and sometimes attended by delirium; and finally shakes off the fit, if he does so, in a strong exhausting perspiration. The recurrence of this may go on for months, or almost years; and often establishes dysentery and liver disease, whilst the spleen becomes enormously enlarged. The vital powers of the strongest scarcely escape being at last subdued; and the complaint issues in complete cachexy, perhaps dropsy and death. The fever was seldom caught by personal contact, but easily disseminated locally. Anti-periodics and ammoniacal preparations were the chief remedies. Quinine, un-

fortunately, became for a time very scarce indeed, reaching so high a price that I have myself given six shillings for a single dose. Speculators were found, it is sad to say, when this drug was most required to save life, base enough to secure large additional profits by driving the sale at auction, or even withholding it for a further rise. Good air, cleanliness, and generous diet are the best preventives and restoratives. Dirt, bad drainage, careless and unwholesome habits of life, alternations of semi-starvation and excess, were doubtless principal causes of the rapid propagation of the seeds of mortality, whencesoever derived, amongst a population every way predisposed by constitution and circumstances of life, and especially reduced in vigour by the moist heats of the preceding summer succeeding considerable inundations a season or two before.

The Créoles of the lower classes are, as a rule, careless, extravagant livers. The Indians have plenty of money, but are great misers; and will allow themselves for food nothing but rice, with some trifling curried adjunct or a mere spoonful of vegetable. Their lodgings, also, are for the most part miserably insufficient; and, until the law lately took the matter in hand, cows, goats, and fowls often shared with them the overcrowded and filthy huts. With frames indifferently built up, as they could scarcely fail to be, persons of this class, though, to look at, active and healthy, speedily succumbed to the disease.

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During the worst time of it all my duties caused me to spend the greater part of the day in the very thick of the disease, at the village of Pailles, which is situated in a marshy and unhealthy plain just outside the town, at the foot of the Moka hills, where the Madagascar winds set full in. When a hurricane afterwards blew down this unhealthy village, already more than half emptied of inhabitants by the fever, I waited upon the Chief Inspector of Police to see if I could persuade

him to burn or clear away the ruins, which were all of wood, mud, and straw, and loaded with infection. Such work is much in the power of the Police in a colony like Mauritius. But it was not thought that the law afforded power to do what was best in this case. So the poor creatures began, without interference, to erect their miserable plague-cages again, as closely packed and more wretched than before. Perhaps it could not be helped. At the time when the fever began to rage this village contained about 3000 people of the humblest class (almost all well-to-do persons having gone elsewhere); and of these 3000 I suppose not 1000 altogether escaped.

My habit was at this time to drive down in the morning from my house, perhaps with the District Inspector of Police or some other resident of Moka, where we enjoyed comparatively good air and health, or perhaps alone. I then went about, riding or walking, under a pith hat, with a calico curtain to it, followed by two or three Indians to carry relief to sufferers in their houses, or to pick up, as we came across them in houses, on the roads, or on the banks of the ditches, the sick, the dying, or the dead. Or, perhaps, I would be occupied in assisting to extemporize a hospital; or in distributing provisions for five or six hours at a stretch to a crowd of three or four hundred fever stricken Indians and Créoles, not of the cleanest or most orderly. I have even mounted guard at the Police-Station; where I have, perhaps, arrived to superintend work of the kind I have been describing, and have found every constable on his back with fever, and not a single healthy person within call for a mile.

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It is well-nigh impossible for those who have never witnessed a similar calamity to form a true idea of the desolation and misery which prevail.

Fortunately, all classes and creeds united heartily to render assistance. Two sisters of charity, with their

lay-helpers (colonial girls), worked most admirably in the temporary hospitals where I took my turn of superintendence; and we had no difficulty in labouring together at such a task and time. The majority of the village was heathen; and, of the rest, the Roman Catholics far out-numbered those of our communion. But all came alike, when from my little chapel, the only one in the place or near, the bell was rung to announce my arrival. The mixed multitude of sorrowful folk would then bring their dead into the church, and place the coffins across the backs of the seats, sit or lie down on the grass outside under the shade, or come in and join to the extent of their ability in the brief, simple service in French, which, if there were no burials to be performed, generally preceded the investigation of their cases, and the administration of relief. There was much need of help for them; for the epidemic necessarily brought hunger and nakedness in its train. The rich came nobly forward to contribute; and the assistance sent from England was most opportune and welcome. My own share of money for distribution of food and clothing amounted to nearly three hundred pounds. A committee of gentlemen was formed for the district. They visited the hospitals in rotation, and superintended the whole system of relief, being in communication with the poor-relief board, and with the board of health. None worked harder or more cheerfully than the Procureur-general of the Colony, whom we lost a year ago through the effects of an accident, and whom all classes equally lamented. The Governor and his Lady more than once visited our hospitals. But it was a long time before this apparatus could be got into order. As is usual, in such cases, there was a good deal of nonsense and delay; and thus many lives were sacrificed.

Yet the particular district I am writing of was the most favoured of all. It comprised the residences of the most important people in the island; and, except

at this one village, it was the least severely handled by the fever. Travelling, occasionally, in other directions, where work of a more general character called me every now and then, I could not help feeling that upon the whole we were comparatively well off; although nowhere, perhaps, was the disease more virulent, or the scourge more fatal in its effects, than in the one spot I have described.

The local authorities seemed helpless, the general population quite 'demoralised,' and the desolation was complete in those districts where an abundance of good European influence—such as we enjoyed in Port Louis, Moka, and Plaines Wilhems—was not brought to bear. The condition of the sugar-estates was pitiable indeed. The mills were converted into lazarettoes and dead-houses; and the fields relapsed into jungle.

The plague, for so it may justly be called, appears to be dying slowly out; but it must be some time before the colony can regain its former healthful reputation. It were much to be wished that science and law could co-operate; and, profiting by so terrible an experience, put the place in something approximating to tolerable sanitary conditions.

Hitherto, the great hurricane of 1868, about which, if these jottings are found to possess any interest, we may in another paper have something to say, seems to have done most good—a temporary benefit, however, only—in this direction. For nothing adequate to the emergency appears to have been attempted for the place by man.

July, 1869.

A. D. M.



VICTORIA PYRRHICA.

Fresh from the fray—but not with wreath
Of glory on his brow;
Fresh from a late-confronted death
Which haunts him even now.

But not the less of triumph tells
A forecast in his face,
Where is a sunshine that repels
The shadow of disgrace.

For why? A moment's faltering lost
The battle all but won:
The foe was loth to count his cost
At setting of the sun.

Another field as dearly gained
Will end the weary war,
The victor's prize a laurel stained
With his own streaming gore.

Therefore a fire is in his eye
At thought of strife to come:
Defeat alike and victory
Will seal the foeman's doom.



FROM LONDON TO SADOWA.

LETTER II.

DEAR MATHEMATICUS,

An Oxford man being asked his reason why he objected to the present premier as a Member for the University, replied, "He was so d—d intellectual." I fear he would have the same fault to find with the whole German nation. Their being so intellectual is often very painful to an ordinary mortal, like the Englishman. A friend of mine the other day entered into a conversation with a German on board an Elbe steamer. He discovered the German could speak English fluently, so he asked him if he had been to England. The answer was in the affirmative. He then asked him if he did not hurry to London the moment he landed on British soil. "No," replied the German, indignantly, "I went to Stratford-on-Avon." My friend felt the rebuke, but he did not dare to confess to the German that he had never been to Stratford-on-Avon. The conversation went on, and in the course of it, my friend discovered that the German had been to Nottinghamshire; he asked him if he had gone on a visit to Nottingham. "No," replied the learned foreigner, and added, "do you not know what place a German would go to Nottinghamshire to visit." My friend had to confess with shame that he did not. "Newstead Abbey, of course, sir," was the answer.

Those who fight for the rights of women, and

demand loudly that every profession should be thrown open to them, will, I have no doubt be delighted to hear that the women do all the work in Germany. It is the women who plough, who sow, and who reap. Women carry heavy loads on their backs, which does not improve their figure, but the loss of beauty and grace is but a small matter compared to the proud privilege of being equal to, and even greater than man.

The great trait in the German character is slowness: even the railway travelling is slow. I found this to my trouble and annoyance in my journey from Dresden to Prague. I was sorry to leave Dresden, its pleasant environments and picturesque gardens. With sadness I paid my last visit to the solitary chamber in which is enshrined the greatest and most beautiful of paintings. I gazed with reverence upon the Divine face, and leaving I was consoled with the thought that by my frequent visits to that chamber I had possessed myself of a property, which I could only lose when memory and mind themselves were gone.

Great is the difference between Dresden and Prague. It seemed like coming from order to chaos. It is difficult to describe the style of architecture that prevails; but the old picturesque streets and quaint buildings have a beauty of their own, which is hard to sketch in words. The great feature of the town is the number of its statues, every corner, every square contains at least one; I cannot say they were fine works of art, but they were better than the monstrosities which disgrace our own Capital. The old bridge is lined on each side with statues, in the centre is one S. Johanko Von Nepomuk, the patron saint of the city. From this bridge he was hurled into the broad river by the order of the King, because he would not disclose the Queen's confession.

I paid a visit to the Headschin, the ancient palace of the Bohemian Kings, and gazed out of the window of the Council Chamber from which the indignant

Bohemian Counts hurled the Austrian delegates. Legend says, that they prayed to the Virgin, who caught the skirts of their robes and saved their lives; practical folks are of opinion, that a dust heap at the bottom had a good deal to do with it.

The old cathedral interested us; we were shown the iron ring which S. Wencelsus, the victim of fratricidal treachery, grasped in his death agony. There was nothing to admire in the Cathedral. I care not for wax dolls with tawdry finery, nor Calvaries, with wounds splashed with red ochre. Pity I do feel for the poor devotees kneeling before them, but whatever my feelings are on the subject, I take great pains to conceal them when abroad, for I strongly object to the public manner in which my countrymen and countrywomen display their scorn, for we should remember that—

“Doomed as we are our native dust,
To wet with many a bitter tear;
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar—to deride the fane,
Where patient sufferers bend in trust,
To win a happier sphere.”

After leaving the Cathedral, our guide asked us if we would like to visit a Convent. From boyhood Convents had always been connected in my mind with dark dungeons and clattering of chains, and so with eager curiosity I asked to be taken there. We were shewn over the establishment by an elderly well-informed lady. For the convent there is an hospital for a hundred poor women: the nuns make up the medicines, prescribe for and nurse the patients. I left the Convent, convinced that religious enthusiasm when it takes this form, is better than tea, toasts, blankets, and incipient flirtation with the curate.

After leaving the convent our guide wished to take us the round of picture galleries, museums, and other lions of Prague. Much to the good man's astonishment

I refused. I had not come to Prague "to do it," or in other words to cram up a certain chapter of Murray headed Prague. I had only a few hours to spare, and in that time I knew I could not thoroughly see one picture gallery, and therefore I could not enjoy it. Two or three picture galleries and a museum would have given me intellectual indigestion. Cramming the mind seems to me as great a sin as cramming the stomach. Oh, how I pity my countrymen and countrywomen, when I see them rushing from gallery to gallery, church to church, Murray in hand. A fortnight on the Continent, and they must have the most for their money; they come home trying to believe they have enjoyed themselves. The good they have gained, physical or intellectual, is nil.

Having dismissed the guide we made our way to some gardens overlooking the city, and sat down on a bench and enjoyed the view. At our feet flowed the broad Moldau, and, stretching along its banks, the city; above all, on a rising eminence of ground, towered the old cathedral and imperial palace. It was dusk before we left our pleasant seat and walked down to the city.

The evening was devoted to seeing the Bohemian drama. The piece seemed to be a heart-rending tragedy, but being ignorant of the Bohemian dialect, I cannot give you a good account of it. In two acts I understood two sentences. In the first I learnt *the hero* was going out to shoot a hare, in the second that he had succeeded in doing so.

Next morning we left Prague for the battle field. When we arrived at the station of Pardubitz, we took a carriage, and drove to Sadowa. Our route lay through the most fertile country. Men and women were reaping the golden corn in those very fields in which three short years ago Death had reaped so plentiful a harvest. The crosses on the road side, and a few monuments with the inscription, "For God and

their Country," were all that was left to remind us of one of the most decisive battles of the world. Soon there came in view the now historical spire of the village church of Chlum. It was the taking of the hill of Chlum that turned the scale of the battle of Kineggatz. Three times did Von Benedik in person head the troops which attempted to retake it; but the valour of the Austrians was of no avail against the murderous fire of the needle-gun. Each time they attempted to ascend the hill, they were mowed down. Then did the poor old General exclaim, "All is lost but life, and would to God that were too"; and on the field of battle he tried to find a soldier's grave.

We ascended the hill, and from the top could see the village of Sadowa lying a mile-and-a-half below us. The village is but a collection of wooden cottages surrounded by orchards. As I stood on the ridge, and saw stretching far away wide plains of ripening corn, and green meadows with silvery streams winding through them, and hamlets surrounded with orchards, I tried to picture to myself this very scene on the third of July, 1866. These very plains covered with glorious legions of horse and foot; and their peaceful stillness broken by the loud roar of the cannon. In that wood below, in which there is not a living thing stirring, was the fiercest hand to hand fight from tree to tree. Near that little white stream did the lancers of Uhlan charge the iron horsemen of Austria, and these waters were stained with the blood of many a brave soldier.

These very cornfields, slopes, and dells and hill sides, which I now saw bathed in the rich glow of sunset, had been covered with the slain—the pride and might of Austria shattered and laid low, "wrapt in the pale winding-sheet of general terms, the greatest tragedies of history evoke no vivid images in our mind, and it is only by a great effort of genius that our historian can galvanize them into life."

Such is the frailty of our nature that we are more

moved by the tears of some captive princess, by some trifling biographical incident that has floated down the stream of history, than by the sorrows of all the countless multitudes who perished beneath the sword of a Tamerlane, a Bajazet, or a Jenghis Khan.

Standing on a great battle field, one can in some degree realize the horrors of war, but it is the scene of deeds of self-sacrifice so transcendent, and at the same time so dramatic, that in spite of all its horror and crime, it awakens the most passionate moral enthusiasm. That which invests war, in spite of all the evils that attend it with a certain moral grandeur, is the heroic self-sacrifice it elicits.

Yours, &c.

F.



ABSENCE.

FROM THE ARABIC OF BAHÁ'EDDIN OF EGYPT.

Thou art the loved one I adore
None else hath any charms for me,
Yet men and angels chide me sore
For loving

A mutual promise binds us both,
Thou knowest if I speak aright,
With mutual hands our solemn troth
We twain did plight.

Ah! would I knew the moment blest
When thou shalt hear my whispered vow;
With thoughts of love and thee my breast
Is brimming now.

Alas! thou madest all too brief
The record of our converse sweet;
But it shall fill full many a leaf
When next we meet.

But oh beware! lest we betray
The secret of our hopes and fears,
For I have heard the people say
That "walls have ears,"*

* This proverb is also an Arabic one—
"Fehum yaqúlúna 'lil hítáni azánu."

Have pity on my doleful mood,
 My patience thou hast tempted sore;
 Like thee I am but flesh and blood
 And can no more.

At losing thee sick unto death
 I toss upon my restless bed,
 With fevered pulse and gasping breath
 And aching head.

That horror of a sleepless night
 To whom shall I for succour call,
 When sleep, if proverbs speak aright,
 Is Lord of all?

My wearied orbs are hot and dry
 With gazing after thy fair face,
 Oh! when shall my poor longing eye
 Such thirst efface?

I only crave an easy boon,
 Perchance it may remembered be;
 For shame have I to importune
 So urgently.

They say thou dost reproach me, love,
 Yet would I might my fault divine!
 Say on—my life is God's above,
 My honour thine.

Let thy dear image hovering nigh
 A watch upon my actions keep,
 'Twill tell thee if I close an eye
 By night in sleep.

The balmy breeze that lightly blows
 Shall bear a loving word from me;
 Speed to her Zephyr! Heaven knows
 I envy thee!

Speed on and my beloved one greet,
 (Her name thou mayest well divine),
 And tell her that her anger's heat
 Has kindled mine.

Nay! gentle gale speak not a word
 Of anger, for I feel it not;—
 'Twas falsehood, let what thou hast heard
 Be straight forgot.

Great Heaven! perish every thought
 Of wrath against so loved a maid;
 Nay, if her sword my life blood sought
 I'd kiss the blade.

The pain she giveth I prefer
 To joy from others;—by my truth
 The injury that comes from her
 Is kindly ruth.

Each day I send my envoys there,
 But bootless do they aye return;
 Each day brings forth some gloomier care
 For me to learn.

And now I bid the very wind
 To speed my loving message on;
 As though I might its fury bind
 Like Solomon.



LETTER FROM CAIRO.

MY DEAR —

At Cairo I realized what I had failed to do thoroughly at Alexandria, that I was actually in the East; the crowded unpaved road, the noisy crowd dressed in every variety of costume which we are accustomed to associate with dramatic pictures of Blue-Beard, 1*d.* plain and 2*d.* coloured, the constant yell of Ya Mo-hh-amm—mud, &c., and the solemn *Essalaam Alaikum* all round, left no doubt upon my mind that I was really in Cairo, and not (as the strings of camels led me to suppose at first) taking part in a circus procession along a dusty street. Dust, yes, long before I got to the comfortable New Hotel in the Frank quarter, just opposite the Ezbekiya, I had become perfectly familiar with this ophthalmia producing plague of Egypt, and I had not sat down to lunch many minutes, ere I was equally alive to the pestilential persistence of flies and felt that had I been in Pharoah's place, I could then and there have paid the passage of every son of Israel to New York or elsewhere. Feeling somewhat lonely, I went down to the Bab-el-Hadid where the S——'s live, and inquired for them, but was told they were out. A second visit about an hour after was equally unfortunate, but as I was coming back, amongst a little knot of Syrians drinking coffee in the Ezbekiyeh, I discovered the forms of both brothers as large as life and (in their cordial greeting of me) quite as natural. I had scarcely, congratulations over, grasped the hot fingán

(coffee cup), or began my first choking-cough over a *shisha* (narghíleh), before I found myself at a Crystal Palace entertainment with nothing to pay for it. For immediately there appeared a troupe of performing Arabs, who stood upon each others heads, hung by their eye-lids upon their mutual finger-nails, somersaults with drawn daggers fixed against their sides, and in fact, conducted themselves in a most dangerous and gratifying manner. Amongst them too, was the funny man who went wildly at his somersaults, but always fell with a heavy bump upon the small of his own back or on the head of a byestander, and who, in the exuberance of his spirits, seized a casual little boy by the feet and swung him round and round, distributing with centrifugal liberality the contents of the youngster's skirts, which consisted of some hundreds of apples and other promiscuous dainties. At about 10 o'clock I sought my hotel, the lad Abdallah preceding me through a short cut, bearing a lantern to guide my feet in the way, and halloaing out to the foot-passengers to get out of the Khawájah's path. Just before this I took a stroll round the Ezbekieh, and listened at a Caffè to some Arab songs, very pretty and very monotonous withal. You may imagine the sensations with which I beheld this dramatized representation of the Arabian Nights, saw real Arabs playing on real Canoons, Kemenghis, and Nais, and heard real enthusiastic turbaned Moslems shout in solemn and approving chorus All-llah, at every cadence of the tune. One dusky connoisseur, in his great joy made a hissing noise through his teeth, and ever and anon he patted his hands to the time of the music, and shouted yah allah, wah allah, in the most earnest and idiotic way I ever saw. The next morning I spent with S——, and after lunch thought I would ride down to the Khan el Khalíli, or Persian and Turkish Bazaar, to enquire after the whereabouts of my friend Ali Rizá Effendi. I told the donkey boy to stop at the mosque *El Azhar*,

that I might see what it was like before visiting it; and here my knowledge of Arabic saved me from what might have been an unpleasant adventure, and brought me out with flying colours. I will tell you how it happened. Seeing a large door, I walked up to it without noticing that I had actually passed the sacred precincts of the outer court without taking off my boots! I was of course immediately surrounded by a horrified crowd of "the Faithful," to whom I explained my mistake, with the addition of the deprecatory *istagh fir ullah*. One young fanatic in the crowd cried out *anta Muslim*, "are you a Muslim?" and I rebuked him sternly and decisively with the remark *lā tukaffir un-nās!* "Do not accuse men of being Káfirs," this not only had the desired effect of turning the tide in my favour, but was repeated in a tone of conviction by the surrounding crowd, and the sceptical youth was ignominiously expelled from the assembly amidst a shower of blows, whilst I was courteously asked to step inside. I however declined, alleging conscientious scruples, which consisted really in an indisposition to entrust my boots with them at the door. A young and respectable looking Egyptian (from his blackish skin, I think he was from the Saíd) offered to conduct me to the Khan el Khalílí, which he did, discoursing pleasantly all the way. He had witnessed the occurrence, and offered me a piece of advice; it was, to look out for the donkey boy, and when I found him, to administer unto him a severe beating about the head. I thanked him, and said I would think about it. Arrived at the Khan el Khalílí, I was not long in finding some Persians, who gave me the information I desired, though the eliciting it entailed a half-an-hour's chat and compliments, with the accompaniment of smoke and coffee upon the shop front. As I came home, I saw an excited female soundly rating a man whom she declared to be her husband; he denied the soft impeachment, and administered several sounding cuffs in

the ribs, on which, and on a police-officer coming up, she went away owning herself mistaken! / Another amusing sight which I saw the same afternoon, was a man with performing monkeys, which drilled, turned somersaults, and handled a live snake. The same day (Sunday) I had an interview with Abdallah Pasha, an Englishman, who has been in Cairo many years, and was a great swell under the previous Viceroys. He received me very courteously and in the oriental style, with coffee and pipes, handed by black boys, as is most fit. This evening too, as I returned to my hotel, I witnessed a performance of a Zikr by some dervishes. The munshid, or "singer," chants some verses of the Koran, and sentences in praise of God or Mohammed, while the other performers shout alláh-ah, álláh, állah, állah...h, &c. until they are considerably more than hoarse, and bob their heads about like excited Mandarins; the whole affair concludes with the prayer for Mohammed. After it was over, one of the dervishes appeared to have had a "call" to do a little extra *inshad* on his own account, so he began to chant "*ash-shamsu wal kamaru musakhkharátin bi dumúthihi*;" now the passage, as I remembered it, concludes with *bi amrihi*, and he was accordingly called to order, and had to try back; but as he got into a worse mess than ever, he was promptly repressed, and substituted the inspiration of *tambak* for that of religious enthusiasm. On Monday morning I went to see the English Mission Schools, and was very much pleased with the progress of the boys; at S——'s request I examined some of the little fellows in English reading and Arabic Grammar.

Here at lunch I tasted Lentil soup, the national food of Egypt, and from the top of their new house I caught my first glimpse of the pyramids. By this time I had established a perpetual donkey boy, a nice willing fellow, with a fast-going untiring little beast. Ali vows that no one shall ride his donkey while I am

in Egypt, and is ever on the look out for me at the hotel door. The other day, hearing that I had walked down to S——'s, he was horrified at the fatigue to which the Khawága was being exposed, and I met him as I came back shouting and screaming, and asking every one after me. I am now quite proficient in the etiquette of Cairo's crowded and picturesque streets, and as I trot along on my bran new *steed*, I shout out *ya bint, ya rágul, ya Khawágah*, as the case may be, varied with the more particular directions of yamínek shumálek, &c., and sometimes if determination be needed, I sternly yell Ahh—séb howa—Abook!

Sometimes I wear my white hat, but I find the fez much more comfortable, as I do not get so pestered with *good donkey, sare*, from ragged young proprietors, who would, I suppose, have me ride about Cairo a la Ducrow, astride of several. There is a queer smell about all Eastern cities, which is most perceptible at night—it is not very bad, but proceeds from the dried bones of animals cast outside the walls, and picked by the dogs and jackals of the place. I have been twice to the citadel to see the mosque of Mehemet Ali, the scene of the slaughter of the Memlooks; you get a most magnificent view of Cairo from the lofty terraces, with the desert and the Pyramids of Ghiza and Sakkára behind. There is a young conjuror (quite a boy) who does some very clever sleight-of-hand tricks in front of the hotel, and we have quite a tribe of snake charmers, with great ugly looking cobras, swelling out their hoods and biting futilely at their master's naked legs. The beasts are quite harmless, having been deprived of their fangs; but they are not nice to see, neither is it an appetizing sight to see the exhibitor hold a rattlesnake in his mouth for safe custody, when his hands are full. On Wednesday evening I went to a Moslem wedding, the bride was the daughter of the Sheikh el Hârah, the head man of the quarter. I did not of course see her, but

Mrs. S—— told me she was very pretty, but looked worn out with the fatiguing and absurd ceremonies. I saw the wedding procession too in the day time, but found it difficult to persuade myself, that the little pillar of red shawls which was being paraded about, was really the happy bride. The entertainment consisted of music and songs by the "Almas" or singing women. The prima donna of Egypt *Almâz* was there, and sang from behind a curtain at a window of the Hareem looking over the court. She is fat (I am told), but rather nice looking, and between each ditty regales herself with some narcotic drug smoked out of a chibouk. We did not hear her at her best, as she will not put forth all her strength at first, but waits till past midnight for the grand display. Her voice is mellow and full, and she manages to throw a great deal of pathos and feeling into the love-songs which she sings. We, together with the more distinguished guests were accommodated in a nice large room, beautifully spread with Turkey carpets, but the rest had to crowd the court yard, and a tremendous row they made. The street outside was all illuminated, and sweetmeats and joking was the order of the day. The next morning I spent in buying materials for my Oriental dress, which is to win the hearts of the sheikhs in Gebel-et-Toor. I have got a dark but pretty blue cloth for the jacket and *bags*, which are to be profusely ornamented with braid, a yellow silk waistcoat, and a silk scarf which would rouse the envy of a Spanish dancer. The tailor (*K'hatyât*) is now at work on it, and I am to have it home on Thursday. It was on the afternoon of this day, that I paid my first visit to the inside of the Alazhâr Mosque. I shall not give you a description of it here, as I want to write it more in detail. I discoursed while there with several of the sheikhs, who were pleased to express their admiration of the enlightenment of their Frank visitor, and one of them who came to the door with

me, patted me on the back, and exclaimed fervently—*Inshallah tislīm un qarīb!* with which I as fervently remarked to *myself* that, thank God, I shall do nothing of the sort. However, everybody was very civil, and my friend the Sheikh would'nt let me give the doorkeepers any *bachshish*, to their great sorrow. On Friday, October the 30th, I went to see the Pyramids.

In order to avoid the heat of the day, I and a young Englishman who was staying here got up at half-past three o'clock, and after a cup of coffee set off accompanied by a guide and my donkey boy Ali, for the Pyramids of Ghiza. Nothing more quaint or romantic can be conceived than our *asinalcade* by moonlight through the straggling streets of Old Cairo, then deserted, save by a few stragglers who saluted us as we passed with *Nihārak Said*, "good morning to you," and addressed Ali and the guide, who being true believers, were of course more important personages with *Assalam Alaikum*. From every minaret rang the clear voice of the Muezzin, warning the hushed city that "prayer is better than sleep," and the subdued blue light that fell upon the hundred domes of Cairo, and lit up the white walls of the palace of the Walidah Pasha, threw into deeper shade the goblin forms of the prickly-pear-tree that bordered the path, producing a wierd fairy-like effect, that is altogether indescribable. Thus we trotted quietly on to the banks of the great sea, as the Cairones call the Nile, and embarked, donkeys and all, in a dirty trim built boat, for the pretty village of Ghiza, on the other side. While we were yet in the centre of the yellow sluggish flood, a pale rosy light appeared upon the horizon, and as though some unseen hand had suddenly withdrawn the veil, a bright but misty morning light revealed the clustering palm-groves and the gardens that skirt the banks of the Nile. Emerged at last from the narrow lanes, we came upon the open road that leads straight to the desert, and there looking

grey and ghost-like in the morning mist, stood the three Pyramids of Ghiza, while further still behind them and like a spirit semblance of themselves, were the scarcely less monstrous stony mounds of Sakkara, and behind all, the desert, the vast uneven waste of arid sand. The fearful desolation of this last, is rendered still more apparent by the contrast with the half-cultivated land and scattered palm-groves, which reach up to its very edge. After a mile or so past half-submerged fields, where the *shadūf* (original instruments) was still briefly at work, we came at last to the point where the canal intersects, or rather abruptly terminates the road.

Until this moment the huge triangles had not seemed to grow larger as we neared them, for they appeared to scorn to change to the eye like common buildings, and stood there looking solemnly conscious of their own eternal vastness. At this point there is a quaint bridge, or rather a series of brick walls built across the canal, which are transformed into a bridge by placing rough beams across, when any great personage brings his carriage to the spot. We, however, went over in a boat leaving our donkeys in charge of Ali, and after a few minutes' row, set our feet for the first time upon the actual tangible, uncomfortable sand of the desert. A few minutes brought us to the base of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, and then began a series of haulings, pullings, jumpings, and scramblings up huge blocks of stone, which ultimately eventuated in my being dragged breathless up the last few courses of masonry, and set upon the top of Shofa's (Cheop's) mysterious and mistaken pile. Here my Arab guides began to discourse eloquently about the hardship of the money which would be paid to the sheikh, being divided amongst 30 men, and suggested the propriety of individual *bakshish* for themselves. But I solemnly drank water from the proffered *dórag*, and bade them trouble me not now as we would pay all below. They

then entreated us to allow them to carve our names upon the summit, but we preferred leaving that method of immortalizing our names to makers of washing-powder or rival bootmakers. We however did allow a sturdy young Arab to run down one Pyramid and up another in 10 minutes for our delectation, a performance for which they demanded 3s. from each of us, but I offered them a shilling and flatly refused to listen to any other terms. When I had sufficiently recovered my breath to look around, I realized a similar scene to the beautiful picture of Elijah Walton's in the Fitzwilliam Museum, save that instead of the after glow of sunset, the early rays of the morning sun shed wondrous streaks of golden light across the sands as it peeped from among the clouds that had not yet quite dispersed.

Presently we recommenced our descent, and after being jumped from stone to stone by two stalwart Arabs as a baby is jumped off a doorstep, we sat down to rest upon two huge blocks at the bottom. After this, a dirty Arab boy brought us dirty coffee in dirty cups; but we drank it, for we are familiar with dirt now. A little rest, and then in again to the inside of the Pyramid which is entered from an aperture some way up the side. You slip down a granite shaft, are hauled up a slippery crag, creep along a slippery slanting chimney bent almost double; then, find yourself in a high narrow passage, and creeping through a little door, stand in the centre of the black granite heart of the Great Pyramid, and beside the huge sarcophagus of the now forgotten king for whom it was built. The walls hereof are ornamented (of course) with visitors' names, some in humble candle smoke, others wrought with glaring paint, but principally those of pious Muslims who wish to inform the world—or that small portion of it which gets inside this mysterious hole—that Heaven has brought them there to testify that Mohammed, &c.

Though what they found in this black shiny den to confirm their belief in Mohammed's prophetic office, is more than I could discover. Next we penetrated into a little chamber at the entrance, and on our way to which an Arab made (on the consideration of a florin) a perilous ascent up the 40 feet high wall into the chambers above and did not break his neck, which I considered mean. To see the huge bats flying out, as he invaded their domain, was a wierd sight. After this we settled with the sheikh, turned a deaf ear as long as we could to the noisy, screaming crowd, who yelled for bakhshish; and when they got too pertinacious, I beat them off with their own weapons, and, yelling volubly at them, I put to them some pretty parables, such as the injustice of the labourers pressing for pay when the master builder had been paid for all, and such like. It is astonishing how talkee-talkee goes down with the Oriental; they not only acknowledged the justice of my remarks, but left us to quarrel amongst themselves for the 2s. they had previously received. Our next visit was to that great, dull, dreadful sphinx, who seems to curl her lip scornfully at the stupidity of the Arabs, who call her Pharoah. Close by is a tomb or temple just below the surface of the ground, and built of huge unwrought granite blocks, a few minutes walk further on brought us to the catacombs where many a hieroglyphic still remains to mark the spot where, perchance, some eye-witness to the Exodus was laid by sorrowing friends; but now their place knows them no more, and country gapers at the British Museum laugh at the funny pictures painted on poor Potiphar's coffin-lid. Tired, but pleased, and saddened with our short sojourn in this grim city of the ancient dead, we trotted briskly back to Ghiza.

Here the scene was far different to that which we had beheld on passing through by the early morning's light; now as we sat upon the Mastabah of a Turkish

Caffè, and waited for our boat, we saw every phase of Egyptian village-life in all its noisy, squalid, optical reality. Yet the half-blind, dirty creatures seemed happy withal, and I came to the conclusion that good spirits and bad living are not incompatible after all. A pleasant sail across the now glaring surface of the Nile beneath a burning sun, a rush to shore amongst hundreds of boats filled with a shrieking, laughing crowd, brought us to the other side, where we awaited the landing of our donkeys, and were of course assailed on all hands by importunate cries of *Bakhshish yá Khawágah*. 'Ala shán ay? I asked a sturdy young beggar "What for?" "Because I am so poor," he replied. "Then," said I, "*Yuhannin*," "may God pity you"; and as no beggar can stand that solemn but decisive reply, he disappeared. The art of pious repartee, as applied to beggars, is a very useful one, and I have now the whole vocabulary at my tongue's end; and many a piastre it saves me, to say nothing of ridding me of unpleasant neighbours, for be it known every Egyptian *is a host in himself*. Therefore I am profuse in such sorrowing ejaculations as "Heaven show thee grace," "My malady is written in the book of fate," &c.; and if it all fails, I have recourse to the sharp command "Arga" (get back), "Oh, Father of Satan," or "little mother of bitterness," as the case may be. A long but pleasant ride through a park *Funaina*, which would have been very pretty had not the palm trees and cacti been inches thick with dust, brought us back to our Hotel and grateful lunch.

HAJJI.



TO ROSE.

"WITHOUT a thorn there blooms no rose,"—
'Tis thus the time-worn saying goes,
Which never will to us be true
Since we've a thornless Rose in you.

Thou wast a glimpse of soft blue sky
Between the clouds, beyond the wind,
Dear child; O take this little wreath
With sweet forget-me-nots entwined.

LILIAN.

PART I.

SPRING'S VOICES.

I.

Where a long-drawn waving valley
Sinketh down a shoreward slope
Nestle hollows gay and flowery,—
There the childhood of her hope,
And the maidenhood and girlhood
Glided peacefully away.
Twenty years of early living,
Still expanding for the day
When the Fairy Prince in wonder
Came and touched the golden gate,
Passed the portals wide asunder,
Brought the rose of life and fate.

II.

Swallows were building beneath the eaves,
 Nightingales warbling thro' the green leaves;
 Under the windless ivy boughs
 Ever more sweetly at evening's drowse
 Trilling, trilling are duly heard
 The fast clear notes of the cuckoo-bird;
 Ever and aye on the noonday hush
 Stealeth the lay of the mellow thrush;
 Deep in the woods a startled cry
 Clearly from pheasant breaks, o'erhead
 Chaunteth the cushat cheerily
 In myrtle bower engarlanded;
 All in the springtime again 'tis heard
 Calling and answer of bird and bird—
 Love, love, love, where thee they greet,
 There shall the sparrow's chirp more sweet
 Carol than nightingale's love ladened lay
 Out from the heart of the breathing may.

III.

O tenderly wake Love's home-sweet thoughts!
 Springing up all of themselves, as the flower
 We cannot tell how, in what hidden hour
 Upsprings; so fairly and delicate grown
 Out from herself and herself alone
 The tender veins of thought uprise,
 And work their sweet charm before our eyes.

That charm, 'tis a rose that from briery spray
 Plucked to engarland some long summer day,—
 Love still imparting a fragrant decay,—
 Softly at even we buried away.

Sport with thy rosebuds by porch and by bower,
 Crowning, uncrowning, in springtide's own hour,
 Child of the earth, yet ne'er vex thee to know
 That which Time's opening leaves may show.

IV.

Let Love's day,
 As it may,
 Brightly and pleasantly pass away;—
 Soft and slow,
 Sing they so,
 To a few chords soft and low:

"Did you love together
 All the tender May?—
 In the wood, bird answered bird
 Day after day.

"'Neath the skies of Summer
 Did your love wax strong?—
 Birds warbled in the wood
 All Summer long.

"'Neath the storms of Autumn
 Did you bend together?—
 Birds crouched silent in the wood
 All the Autumn weather.

"'Neath the snows of Winter
 Did you lie together?—
 Birds from out the wood, they say,
 One wintry day
 Flew far away—
 Did you fly together?

V.

Suddenly, swiftly, a rushing wind
 Passed from the north wide over the hill,
 Keen and relentless, before, behind,
 And for a moment their heart grew chill—

"Ah, what hast thou done, my love, my love!

Ah, dearest!" the maid did say;

"Ah, what hast thou done, my gentle love,
 That thou must away and away?

"Yet stay," she said, "again one kiss,

One kiss to help the lone years thro'"—

"O not for evermore!" he cried,

"And time dreams on o'er waters wide,

"And I shall home to you."

For Francis he must rise and go
 Across the spreading foam;
 Two empty-handed years shall flow
 While time rolls swiftly on;
 And he will home to win his bride,
 The fairy Lilian.

VI.

They sat and watched the sun away,—
 The waves leap'd flinging on the rocks,
 The sands spread shining round the bay,
 The birds flew scattering wide in flocks.

They sat the sun out,—then they rose,
 Each clasped a hand that each felt cold,
 The mist-wreaths veiled the afterglows,
 They turned—the world looked grey and old.

And o'er the hills' empurpled pale
 They passed into the night of tears,
 The moon still driving off her veil,—
 A night of vague, vast, mist-wrapt fears.

PART II.

LIFE'S WATERS.—I.

Floating down the Stream.

VII.

Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river,
 Downward and onward and forward for ever,
 Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river.

Shall you look twice on it? never, O never!
 River, nay rivers, they flow down for ever—
 Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river.

And so, I deem,
 In the rushing stream,
 Faint seemed the past as some foolish dream;
 For blythe and free
 Beyond the sea
 In a land of sunny daughters,
 In lotus-bower
 He quaffed of the flower
 Which whoso tasted by streaming tide
 Forgat him straightway of all beside,
 Of his home *beyond* the waters.

VIII.

O, wherefore should he build the wandering bark
For the wild, wild paths of the ocean dark?

For Marian's tresses blow bright, they say,
And Janet hath glances more fair than the day,
And with Kate the round
Of the dance is crowned,
And Margaret singeth to rhapsody;—
For to maidens belong
Both dance and song,
And music and minstrelsy,
Dance, song, music, and minstrelsy.
Then wherefore should he build the wandering bark
For the wild, wild paths of the ocean dark?

IX.

THE MAIDENS' SONG.

"If you'll walk on the Sunside as far as 'twill go,
"For you and for you will the violets blow;
"For you will the primroses courtship make
"With the springtime and sunshine and May;
"To you will the lilies ride over the lake,
"While the daffodils bloom round the bay;
"In the wood all day long will the ring-doves coo,
"And the thorn-bush to roses break;
"The garden will teem with spices for you,
"And the rainbow keep watch over all for your sake."

Chorus.

"Where the narciss is fairest of all to see,
"And the crocus in golden gleaming,
"And the umbrage pale of the olive tree
"Like mist-wreath in moonlight streaming."

X.

And O, those lulling numbers
Ring sweetly down the stream—
One face i' the cold blue waters
Is fading like a dream;
In the waters of the brooklet
On her way to join the sea,
That murmured late so fretfully,
Now prattle glad and free
Between the sun-bright lilies
With glossy full-fed leaves,
Tall blossom-flags, and rushes
In softly pressing sheaves;—
It broadens and it deepens
In gushing swelling tide,
Like dreams the rich meads flying
The mellow banks beside;
It hath joined the clear-voiced river
In current deep and strong,
The waters gather, gather,
As the full tide rolls along,
Still onward and unceasing
By sandy bar and keel—
To the rapids downward, downward,
See the rushing waters reel
And plunging, twisting, turning
In hoary foaming tract,—
Ho! the waves are leaping, flinging,
O'er the roaring cataract!

LIFE'S WATERS.—2.

Waiting by the River.

XI.

Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river,
Downward and onward and forward for ever;
Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river.

Shall you look twice on it? never, O never!
River, nay rivers, they flow down for ever—
Rapidly, rapidly runneth the river.

But beside the farther shore
As he found and left her, there
Stayed the lone one, evermore
Fading in the shadowy air.

The sea, the wide, wide sea is still
With no glad ship-sail whitening,
And bare and lone the high-crowned hill
In the lone sunshine brightening.

Adown its long-drawn heathery sides
Weary and waste the pathway glides,
And faintly and far glow the Isles of the Blest
'Mid the sun-drunken waves of the far-gleaming West.

XII.

The Eastern windows opened she wide,
And heard the song of the restless tide;
But o'er the wild paths of ocean dark
Wandering home there came no bark.

Then to the casements of the West
She turned, where the waters flow soft to rest;
And if one had floated in with the tide
He had found a gentle yet weary bride.

LILIAN'S SONG.

"The river followeth on, it knows not whither,
In a sweet awaying;
With restful flowing and with wakeful slumber,
All strife staying.

"Dream not that it forgets its natal mountains,
Its maiden May;
That it forgets the downward-flinging fountains
Of youth's day.

"Rushes press and cluster, whispering, quivering,
Listening night and day;
It pursues its wistless, wistless wandering
Toward some fond far-away.

XIII.

So did seven long years roll over,
So life's lonesomeness was passed,
So she left the quiet valley,
All her sorrows coming fast;—
Seven long, hard, years,
With toils and tears,
With faint far hopes and crowding fears,
With human sighs and suffering,
With weariness and wayfaring,
And the grave at last.

PART III.

LOVE'S REST.

XIV.

"She said "In Death there is no fear,
 "And wherefore should ye be afraid?
 "For perfect Love doth Fear cast out,
 "And love in Death is perfect made.
 "O stretch thine hand, O drink thou deep
 "Of Love that thirsts to make life sweet
 "In dreamy cold and barren heat.
 "O stream of life! O flowing time!
 "Eternal, yet but half sublime;
 "And thrice three thousand years away
 "From bliss, from rest, from calm, they say."

 "One rest hath Life's unresting ocean,
 "The contradictory rest of motion,—
 "When wave meets wave and forms a crest
 "Of momentary mutual rest;
 "When heart meets heart in thrilling chime
 "Whose echoes ring thro' distant time,—
 "Ring, but untuned they rise and fall o'er earth and
 sky and sea,
 "For the harmony of the lyre and the bell is the world's
 harmony."

XV.

"There is no fear in Death!" she said,
 "No fear in Death for me;
 "Its dewy finger thrills," she said,
 "Its touch is light and free;
 "Its holy, placid tones," she said,
 "Call cool o'er land and lea."

"O bid the earth lie light!" she said,
 "All lightsome let it be;
 "Nor lay me deep, tho' low," she said,
 "Beneath the spreading tree;
 "And take this casket small," she said,
 "And bury it low with me."

There was no hurry in her hand,
 Her tones were light and free;
 They saw that life was wearying
 And so they let her be;
 And when they folded her away
 They sang full pleasantly:—

XVI.

"Deep and away
 Thro' the leaves now,
 At the close of the day
 Thou hast dropt from the bough.

"Thou hast spun the long web
 That was set thee to spin—
 Now rest for a moment,
 And then pass within.

"Thou toiledst a thorny
 And wearisome way—
 But to-morrow, to-morrow,
 When waking, how gay!

"Thou wilt laugh, and thy voice shall be loosened
 in song,
 Thou wilt stretch out thine hands and be free—
 'I have found my heart's Love! I have found my heart's
 Love!
 'I'll ne'er leave Him, He ne'er will leave me!'"

XVII.

So wings the Soul escaping to her star,
 Beyond the land of day-dreams, gleaming far—
 No jarring clamour, no dull silence there,
 No frowning clouds above the calm sweet air;
 No shade, but only shadows softly fall
 From bright-bloomed bowers with sunshine round
 them all.

Peace to the charmed Form; as Death
 Findeth, so he leaveth—there
 Slept her last look, sleeping now,
 Lay the bands of clinging hair.

So fades the light of morning bright
 From off some snow-clad hill,
 Yet coldly white and pure to sight
 It gleams like marble still;
 In wan sad hour faint droops the flower,
 A thousand roses die,
 While glittering far the silvery star
 Unchanging shines on high.

XVIII.

O the linden-tree waves, and blooms the bay tree
 As it bloomed in the days that used to be,
 And the song of the bird
 Up and down it is heard
 In the long-drawn nave of the wood;
 But of the Singers we loved the best
 One is away, and one is at rest—
 Flown from out of the wood.

Now all is hushed, and all is still,
 And over them all spreads rest and peace;
 Ah, rest indeed!—but up the lone hill
 Who comes slow as the shades increase?
 Only a man with a steady stride,
 Only a voice that bitterly cried
 O'er the wild winds as a knell of fate
 Whose echoes fell back—"Too late: too late."

XIX.

O the linden-tree waves, and blooms the bay tree
 As it bloomed in the days that used to be,
 And the song of the bird
 Up and down it is heard
 In the long-drawn nave of the wood;
 But of the Singers we loved the best
 One is away and one is at rest—
 Flown from out of the wood.

Yet where the soft-bloomed hyacinths blow,
 And the murmuring bee roves to and fro
 In the drowsy noontide air;
 Yet where those wondrous lilies bright
 Gleam in their silvery bands by night—
 Saw ye no phantom there?

A Spirit blooms by the old bay tree,
 A Spirit sighs on the night air free,
 Swayed by the passing breeze;
 And under the stars two Spirits rove
 Home toward the dusking linden-grove
 Shaded with spreading trees;—
 There, when the leaves were swayed and stirred
 Slender and sighing tones were heard
 Joining in strains like these:

“Of a whispering Stream
 The heart doth dream,
 But far, and O far her waters seem;—
 Ebbing, flowing,
 Coming, going;
 Nothing fixed, but all endeavour,—
 Passing, passing on for ever.

“Passingness hath passed away;
 But the Stream streams on, they say,
 On for ever, on for aye.”



SPRINGBOKS ON TREK.

KEISKAMMA Hoek is one of the most lovely spots in South Africa. It lies in a deep and well wooded valley of the Amatola mountains, surrounded on all sides by towering peaks, which seem to rise one upon another until they culminate in the grand heights of the Thomas mountain. Through the midst of the vale, overshadowed by dark clusters of yellow-wood trees and willows, flashes the mountain stream, which, swelled by numerous tributaries from the Amatolas, gradually broadens into the great Keiskamma river.

The country is well stocked with game. Various kinds of antelopes are to be found in the bush. Leopards, wild cats, and other animals abound. The riverside trees are thickly hung with pendent nests of the ‘green sprew,’ and flocks of screaming parrots are ever darting from branch to branch, their brilliant plumage glancing and glittering in the sun.

It was in this ‘earthly Paradise’ that my lot was cast during the year 185—. I was quartered, with a few fellow officers, at the military post near the ‘Hoek,’ and for the first few weeks lived a life of true enjoyment. Few days passed during which we did not make a circuit through the neighbouring bush, and add some fresh trophy to our collection of ‘horns and hides.’ But in time even this began to pall upon us, and we determined to institute a hunting expedition on a grander scale than we had before conceived.

Accordingly, we sent word to several of the Fingo

'locations,' and fixed a day for a 'drive,' ordering about a hundred of the most distinguished hunters to assemble at the military post at the appointed time. It was decided that we should take a couple of 'tent' waggons and a full supply of provisions, and form an encampment on the 'Bontebok flats,' which lay on the other side of the Thomas mountain.

These 'flats,' or plains, derive their name from the 'bontebok,' a species of antelope, which, however, has now entirely disappeared from those parts. The 'springbok,' an antelope so called from its wonderful powers of jumping, is found on the flats in great abundance; and besides springbok, there are many other kinds of bucks, including wildebeeste, hartebeeste, and others. Ostriches, and even lions, are also to be seen there at times. It was therefore with no small interest that we looked forward to the expedition, and great were the preparations which occupied us during the intervening days.

On the day in question, I awoke at a very early hour, and after swallowing my cup of coffee, turned out of bed and began to dress with all haste. In the midst of my ablutions my curiosity was excited by a great confusion and noise which was taking place in the courtyard; and stepping out into my 'stoep' or verandah, I beheld a strange sight—so strange, indeed, that the reader must pardon a short digression while I try to depict the scene.

In the middle of the court stood our two 'tent' waggons, and twelve yoke of oxen were being 'spanned' to each. Hottentot and Malay drivers, with curious peaked straw hats, and costumes of varied hues, were belabouring the poor animals with their immense whips of bamboo, and 'sjamboks' made of hippopotamus' hide, at the same time uttering the most unearthly yells and imprecations. 'Hur'r't ye schelm!' 'Hur'rt, trek ye donder blitz England!' 'Hur'rt,—ek sal ye slann,—hur'r't Blaubok!' Such and many more

were the curses heaped upon the heads of the wretched animals, while their flanks were being lashed by a bastinado of the merciless sjambok, in order to enforce their submission to the yoke.

Beside the waggons was assembled a group of about two hundred natives, Fingos, Kafirs, and Hottentots, of varied and motley appearance. The greater portion of these were the hunters, or rather beaters, who were to accompany us, and who were for the most part in strict hunting apparel. If I were to try to describe this apparel, the attempt would be futile, for it consisted in simply nothing at all. No, I am wrong. Some of them had beads strung round their waists, and some copper rings on their arms and legs—*sed praterrea nihil*. So much for the dress of the mass. But some of the grandees, proprietors it may be of a few head of cattle, and probably of not a few head of wives, were clothed in a manner suitable to their rank and dignity.

Cast off European clothing of all kinds, old hats, old and tattered trowsers, tail coats, regimentals, top-boots, and bright coloured handkerchiefs, figured in the most lavish, inconvenient, and fantastic profusion. One old chief I particularly noticed. On his head he wore a tiara of cowrie shells, which stood out in fine relief against his jet-black wool; two blue crane feathers waved above: his 'kaross' was made of the finest lynx skin, and fell gracefully about his tall figure, giving him almost a majestic appearance. But the whole effect was spoilt and rendered ludicrous by a huge pair of military top-riding-boots, which lay in gigantic coils about his ankles and calves, and seriously impeded his locomotion. The absolute uselessness of these incumbrances was apparent from the fact that he had taken the precaution to cut out the soles, in order to walk with greater ease. Oh vanity! art thou more ridiculous in the poor Kafir chieftain, or in the tight-laced high-heeled beauty who waddles

painfully along Regent Street, or Brighton parade? But let us return.

We were soon ready to start, and when on the point of setting out a ceremony was performed, which was supposed to have a propitious influence on our day's sport. A native wrapped himself up in a blanket and threw himself on the ground, intending thereby to personify a wounded antelope. I cannot say that the representation was much more illusive than the man who personifies 'Wall' or the Moon in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. However, he was immediately set upon by a body of yelling men and yelping curs, of whom there were at least two hundred present, and stabbed to death by numerous 'assegais.' Every man present seemed to feel himself bound to give the poor fellow a poke in the ribs with his spear or knobkerry—indeed it seemed a very seasonable opportunity for paying off without suspicion, or fear of resentment, any old grudge. When I say that the man was stabbed to death, I speak metaphorically. I will not further retard the course of my story by describing the lovely scenery that opened before us as our long train wound up the valley of the Keiskamma, or the grand panorama which lay beneath us, white with the morning mists, when we had reached the lofty pass at the summit of the Thomas mountain. Suffice it to say, that before mid-day we had pitched our camp, and 'outspanned' our cattle, near the St. John's river on the Bontebok flats. We immediately made preparations for a 'drive.' A line of natives was formed, extending for about a mile, and spread itself over the undulating country at the foot of the mountains, with the object of driving all the game through a narrow passage between the river and some precipitous 'krantzies.' We had previously hastened forwards and taken up a station in a position commanding the pass. As the line approached our excitement increased. We imagined that we heard the mimosa bushes and

long grass snapping and crackling under the tread of large game. We were already in fancy firing into a dense line of animals; and we distinctly saw more than one antelope, precursors doubtless of a mighty host, leaping through the underwood towards us. 'Only blauboks,' whispered my companion, 'do not shoot yet.' So we let them pass, and waited. A few minutes afterwards a black face peered through the bushes, and one of our drivers stepped into sight, followed soon by several others, who with loud exclamations of disgust informed us that they had not started a single head of game except some paltry blauboks and hares. The whole country seemed to have been deserted. We were furious, and swore that we would get the rascally niggers well thrashed for deceiving us in such a manner.

It was growing late, and as there was no time for another drive before nightfall we dismissed the men, and with vexation of spirit turned our horses' heads towards the open plain, hoping to meet with a few solitary springboks. We separated, and rode forward, keeping some distance apart, and acting independently of one another; for the only chance of success in the open depended on surprising a herd in one of the little dells or 'kloofs,' with which the flats are scored in all directions. I was ascending with drooping spirits from one of these, after a fruitless search, when suddenly a scene was presented to my eyes, which I shall never forget. The whole country before me for miles, as far as I could see, was alive with an innumerable multitude of game. Onwards they surged towards me. Thousands upon thousands, in dense array, raising thick masses of dust, trampling one another down in their impetuous advance, rolled onwards towards me like a mighty flood of waters. Onwards, ever onwards they surged; and as the foremost ranks drew near, I saw that the mass consisted of 'sprinboks,' but amid them, borne along helplessly

by the irresistible torrent, I observed other game of various kinds. Here the tall, flexible neck and pointed head of a giraffe might be seen towering above the moving sea of antelopes, while the poor creature struggled vainly to stem the resistless stream; there an ostrich, with outspread wings flapping vehemently, but all powerless to escape. And as I gazed on this wonderful spectacle the dense host approached ever nearer. Onwards they surged like a thick thundercloud rolling along a mountain steep—onwards, ever onwards.—No stay, no check; incessantly they pressed forward; and should any for one instant halt or fall, he was carried headlong, or trampled down and trodden to death by the merciless sharp hoofs of the onward pouring multitudes. Nearer and nearer they came. Louder and ever louder arose the thunder of the countless feet. Fifty yards barely separated us. Rapt astonishment gave place at length to a sense of danger, and I seized the bridle to turn my horse's head. But it was in vain. With stiffened quivering limbs he stood transfixed with terror: his glazed eye, his dilated nostril, his short quick snorts of fear—all assured me that it would be impossible to make him move. In the extremity of desperation I buried my spurs deeply in his sides. In an instant he reared, striking out wildly with his front legs, and with a sharp neigh fell over backwards.

I was prepared for this, and just escaped being crushed by the fall. The first idea that occurred to me was that I must take to my heels as quickly as I could, for the bucks were now within thirty yards, and there was no time to be lost. A few seconds shewed me the impossibility of flight, for I found that I was being gained upon with terrible rapidity.

Onwards they rolled, like a mighty billow sweeping towards the land, ever lifting higher its toppling crest, until with a terrific thunder it burst upon the shore. How could I escape? In the agony of my despair

I sank upon my knees and cried to God to save me—to have mercy upon my poor widowed mother, if not upon me. In a moment, as it were, flashed across my mind, vivid and swift as lightning, the incidents of my past life. Scenes of my childhood, long forgotten; scenes of a later and less innocent age; faces of dear friends; and that face dearest of all, with its deep earnest eyes of love, and its sweet calm smile—the face of my mother: all these were presented to me in an instant, with a vividness which has left its burning imprint in my mind to this day. Oh! the deep agony of despair! who can know what it means, until he is brought face to face with death?

Nearer and nearer they came; and a cloud of thick stifling dust rose as they trod, and darkened the sky. And I bowed my head to the ground and awaited death, knowing that it was impossible to escape through any vain efforts to stem their irresistible force. And now I felt the earth tremble with the trampling of their feet. I knew that they were upon me. I felt their hot breath, and the suffocating dust, as the deep array rushed down upon me,—and with a great leap sprang far over my head.

I was saved. I had by the greatest good fortune placed myself in the midst of an old waggon road; and, as I well knew, no springbok would tread on such treacherous ground, but would cross it at a single bound.

Blinded and suffocated with dust and the rank smell of the antelopes, I lay there; while over me a perpetual stream of bounding springboks formed a vaulted roof. I must have remained in this position for above an hour, when I could endure it no longer and fainted away. The next object that met my eyes was the great golden moon staring at me from the dark star-spangled heaven, while I lay in the midst of the plain on the dewy grass. It was with some difficulty that I made my way to our encampment, through which

I found that the springboks had passed, overturning and trampling everything to pieces. All of the men had taken refuge on the heights, and had returned, except one of my brother officers, whom we almost gave up for lost. On the next day, however, he returned. He had been overtaken by the whelming host, and had been carried along on his horse in the midst of the herd for the whole night. As daylight dawned, and he was beginning to lose all hope, he perceived that the dense body was beginning to separate; and within an hour the only sign of this mighty multitude was a few scattered herds of springboks grazing on the green slopes of the Amatolas.

H. B. C.



TO MEMORY.

I.

O pensive Treasurer of the happy past,
Whose sunshine is the light of bygone years,
Whose down-droopt eyes, for ever backward cast,
Are mellow'd with the mist of tender tears—
Sweet Memory! oft in solitary hours,
And chiefest at this season, when the blight
Of autumn settles on the fading bowers,
Thou hast unlock'd for me thy choicest store:
Again I woo thee; while the hearth grows bright
Amid the deepening twilight, come once more!

II.

It is sweet summer in the human heart
When thou and Hope are sisters; welcomely
We greet thee, when the joy from which we part
Is but the earnest of what is to be.
I trust that summer-time is mine as yet,
Tho' the year hath its autumn; wherefore bring
No heavy-folded cloud of dim regret,
Nor sombrous drip of cinerary boughs,
But come, all sunny with the smile of spring,
The bloomy myrtle twined about thy brows.

III.

And yet I do not bid thee travel far
To fetch thy gleanings from the golden ways
I roam'd on under childhood's dawning star,
Or the bright promise of my boyish days;
I do, but ask thee for the past delights
The year that is hath given thee; bring again
The balmy mornings and the moonlit nights,
And those sweet summer joys within thy call—
Days in the woods, and by the rolling main—
Thy joys, but also Hope's—the crown of all!



HOW I BECAME LADY THORBURY.

I HAD a letter this morning from my cousin, George Isleworth, of your College: you shall read it.

DEAREST CISSY,

I was asked the other day to write an article for the *Eagle*—that's a Magazine published at our College once a term—and rashly promised to do so. Now I had a general impression that I had only to take a sheet of paper, mend a pen, and sit down at my writing-desk, and the only difficulty I should find would be in choosing among the thousand and one subjects that would instantly suggest themselves to my mind: and that, the subject chosen, my pen would fly over the aforesaid paper, and presto! a brilliant article would be ready to adorn the pages of the *Eagle*, and reflect no small lustre on your humble servant. But whether it was that so many subjects jostled each other at the gate of my brain, that not one ever fairly forced its way in, or whether all my original ideas had been anticipated by others, certain it is that, although I have three times taken a sheet of paper, mended a pen, and sat down before my writing-desk, I have not yet been able to produce a single line of any kind. In this strait I have just bethought myself of the story of your marriage and the Anti-what's-his-name which led to it. Will you give me permission to tell the story, or, better still, write it yourself? I have not forgotten the famous "Essay on Selfishness" you read before the Ladies' Mutual-interchange-of-information Society at Hawksbury. Everybody remarked, if you remember, what a wonderfully fine literary taste that essay showed. Please write at once, and be sure to enclose the manuscript.

How are Everard and the baby? Has the latter any sign of hair on its head yet? I was told yesterday of a man who was born bald, and has never grown a hair all his life through. I shouldn't wonder if your baby is in the same case.

Ever, dearest Cissy,

Your affectionate Cousin,

GEORGE ISLEWORTH.

That was the letter, and here is the story of my courtship and marriage.

It does not happen to every woman to be indebted for a husband to Dr. de Bosch's Anti-Odontodyne. It happened to me.

My cousin Virginia and I were brought up together from childhood. We learnt our alphabet together, we went out of short frocks together, we "finished" at the same London school, we came out at the same ball. Our homes were two miles apart: but it was so common for us both to be found at one house, that many who lived in the immediate neighbourhood would address me by my cousin's name and my cousin by mine. In other respects too Fortune had treated us with striking impartiality. Virginia was dark: I was fair: but I believe our personal attractions were about equally balanced: at all events when we summed up the events of a ball, one could seldom boast of having had more eligible partners than the other. We were both only daughters, and our pecuniary expectations, in neither case inconsiderable, were as nearly as possible the same.

Yet with all these advantages, we had both celebrated our twenty-fifth birthdays (they fell in the same month) and were still unmarried. It was not that we had had no opportunity of changing our state: we had each had five suitors at our feet: but we had never once hesitated for a moment to reject these aspirants: and singularly enough, the rejection was in every case fully approved by our parents, and our reasons invariably identical.

My father's estate was separated from my uncle's, through a great part of its extent, by a long strip of land which formed part of the great estate of Thorbury. The late baronet, Sir Frederick Thorbury, died about a year before I was born, leaving an only son Everard, an infant six months old. The poor little baronet was a weakly and ailing child. When the time came for him to cut his teeth, he almost suc-

cumbed in the fierce struggle that ensued, spite of all the help which nature could give him: and as he grew up the seclusion and sedentary habits entailed by his feeble health made permanent the shy and retiring disposition which was to some extent inherent in him.

Now it so happened that Virginia and I were christened on the same day: and from the church the party assembled on the occasion adjourned to a luncheon at my father's house. At this luncheon somebody, in a speech intended to be humorous, first invoked every blessing on the heads of the two children, our unconscious selves: and then concluded by proposing the health of the future Lady Thorbury.

"Lady Cecilia Thorbury!" cried my father, raising his glass.

"Lady *Virginia* Thorbury!" retorted my uncle.

"Well," said my father, "we won't quarrel about it, George: of course you will naturally be a little disappointed when Cecilia becomes Lady Thorbury: so I hereby promise to make over to you £1000 on the wedding-day."

"I shall remember your promise," said my uncle, "and I will do as much for you the day Virginia becomes my lady; I will place £1000 to your credit at Coutts'."

Thenceforward it was a standing joke between the brothers to speak of my Lady Cecilia or my Lady Virginia, as the case might be.

Meanwhile, Sir Everard's guardians had decided that he was not strong enough to fight his way at a public school, and had sent him to a private tutor in a distant county; and as he spent the holidays with one or other of the said guardians, and had only visited Thorbury a dozen times in as many years, the random prophecy of which I have spoken, seemed anything but likely to meet with fulfilment. But after Sir Everard, who was now at Christ Church, Oxford, had attained

his majority, he began to spend his vacations more and more at Thorbury, and to take a languid interest in the field sports for which our county is famous. He was still, however, bashful in the extreme, and for a long time evaded all proffered hospitality. At length an accident brought him into closer relations with our family. A virulent form of typhus fever made its appearance among the servants at Thorbury, just at a time when Sir Everard happened to be temporarily disabled by a fall received in skating. Sir Everard's medical man, who was also ours, considered it highly dangerous for him to remain at the Hall: but on the other hand, his broken leg made it impossible for him to be moved to any great distance. In this dilemma Doctor Sherborne asked my father to give Sir Everard an invitation to stay a short time with us. This my father very willingly did; and Sir Everard, sorely against his own will, was constrained by the Doctor's urgent representations to allow himself to be transported, one cold December day, a close prisoner to our house. Here we did all we could to relieve the monotony of his confinement: and gradually his reserve thawed so far that he would occasionally originate a remark even to Virginia or me—for Virginia was at this time spending one of her long periodical visits with us:—while to my father he would talk with comparative freedom, though he generally lapsed into an embarrassed silence the moment my cousin or I entered the room. His recovery was rapid, and in six weeks time, he was able to leave for Oxford: but from this time we saw a good deal of him in the vacations, and people began to rally Virginia and me on Sir Everard's admiration. The perplexing thing was that we ourselves in talking over the subject, as we often did (for we were too much attached to each other to have any petty jealousies between us), could never make up our minds which of us he preferred. One day he would be devoted to me, another he would

be inseparable from Virginia; and if, as sometimes happened, he chanced to be placed between us, his evident bewilderment and the distraction of his ever-shifting glances were almost too absurd. His bashful manner, however, was rapidly wearing away; and if he could but have married both of us, I think he would probably have mustered courage to make the proposal in a very short time after he first made our acquaintance.

As it was the years rolled on, and, as I have said, my twenty-fifth birthday was past and gone, and I had just refused the last of the aforementioned offers—a most eligible one: but, the very day before it was made, Sir Everard had spent the day with us and had never shewn me such marked attention. I was, therefore, I own, a little vexed when, some ten days afterwards I read in a letter from Virginia, that she too had received attentions, “which I am sure my dearest Cissy, if you had been present, you could but have construed in one way: I really believe he is coming to the point at last; and I am certain you will feel it almost as much a relief as I shall, shall you not, darling?” Strange to say, I could not quite echo this last prediction from the depths of my heart.

I was not sorry when, the next day, my father asked me if I had any shopping to do in town; he was going up for the day, and would take me with him. I at once accepted his offer, and we left by the ten o'clock train. Just before we started, my aunt, a sister of my mother's, who was staying with us, asked me to bring down a bottle of Doctor de Bosch's Anti-Odontodyne, her sovereign specific for the toothache. I gave her a careless promise, which I as lightly forgot when I reached town. I had made my purchases, and my father and I were on our way to the station in a cab, when, by some strange coincidence, my eye happened to light upon the words Anti-Odontodyne, printed in gigantic letters on a dead wall. Thus

reminded, I stopped the cab at the next druggist's shop, and bought a bottle of the precious elixir. We arrived in good time at the station, and took our seats in an empty compartment; but just as the bell had rung our door was violently thrown open, and a porter crying, “Room here, sir,” ushered in Sir Everard himself! He was so evidently pleased to find himself in our company that I could not find it in my heart to bear malice, especially as his manner was more than usually warm, and his air of devotion manifestly genuine and unassumed. I should rather have said that it was so at first. For after a time his tone became constrained, and he gradually fell into a profound silence, turning himself away from me and gazing intently out of the window. This was succeeded by perplexing symptoms of restlessness, and at last, when the shock of a passing train had made him turn his face for a moment, I was alarmed to see that it was white as a sheet, and contracted with an expression of intense agony. My father too had caught the look: and crossing over said hurriedly “Good heavens, Sir Everard, what is the matter?”

Sir Everard groaned: and hid his face in his hands, but instantly recovering himself and looking up, he said,

“A paroxysm of neuralgia, that is all: but you must forgive me, the pain is absolutely intolerable.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before I had seized my satchel, snatched my aunt's bottle, and poured out a dose of the Anti-Odontodyne into the cup of my small sherry-flask.

“Drink it,” I said, even laying my hand upon his arm in my excitement: “drink it.”

He obeyed mechanically

The result was instantaneous.

Every trace of pain died out from his face, and a wild rapture of intoxicated joy took its place.

A moment more and I found myself clasped to his heart, and kisses raining down upon my lips.

"I love you, Cecilia" he said; "I have always loved you, my preserver!"

This did not last long. My father had risen with an angry flush upon his cheek. Sir Everard saw it, and a hot and painful blush showed his awakening consciousness of the *faux pas* he had made. But suddenly his brow cleared: a bright thought struck him.

"I have been impetuous, sir," he said; "you must forgive me. I do love your daughter, and I cannot do better than ask her, in the presence of her father, to be my wife."

I will not dwell on the conclusion of the scene. Suffice it to say that my father was even more easily mollified than I was (and I was not *very* implacable); on one point only was he firm even to obstinacy. He would not allow his own selfish—if paternal—feeling, or any foolish coyness on my part to stand in the way of Sir Everard's happiness. He knew what his own feelings were, when he was in Sir Everard's place, and he insisted that the marriage should be fixed—*for that day fortnight!*

And on that day fortnight my father paid £1000 to my uncle's account at Coutts'.

T. M.



PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE philosopher who reads the character of a man from his exterior is always an undue share of ridicule from those ignorant of his science. Very few consider that they are in reality phrenologists in a raw, inexperienced condition. One day a lady called my attention to a woman walking before us in a street, and remarked: "That woman will go mad"; and on my asking how she knew, she answered that "the person in question shewed the whole of the sole of her foot in walking, which was a sure sign of tendency to insanity." Here was a case of what most would call superstition; it was perhaps founded on fact: but, I am afraid, never strengthened by corroboration. Anyhow it was an endeavour to connect the exterior and interior, and to imply by the motions of the meaner members the workings of the delicate organs of the brain.

In this science there are theories which we may consider satisfactorily proved; I mean those which, suggested by presumptive reasoning, are entirely agreeable with experience. For instance, it would be natural to expect that a very obese man would be slow in ideas and habits; and in consequence of the corroborative testimony of facts, we may take it as a rule.

In the formation of some rules however, our only guide is varied experience. Even from our infancy we conceive likes and dislikes from appearance; and although, as we increase in years, we become more decided in such matters, it is still evident that the taste for judging others by outward marks is not altogether

an acquired one. We ought then in fairness to our neighbours to be as clear as possible upon the subject of phrenology in its widest application, so as not to condemn by hasty opinions. The germs of this science are scattered universally; and not by the superstitious and ignorant only is its power acknowledged, but by the deepest thinkers of all ages. It is unnecessary to quote; from the Bible downwards we find the same idea repeated. The great argument against such a science is that "it is absurd to suppose either that the mind can determine the shape of any part of the body, or that the form or size of the body, or of any part of it, can affect the character of the mind." In the first place, however, it is unreasonable to stigmatize either notion as absurd; for it is evident to all how a change of character in a man is generally marked by a change of feature or, at least, expression.

But there is no dilemma here. Granting the absurdity of both ideas, the foundation of the science remains unshaken. The body and mind are not related as cause and effect, or *vice versa*, but are connected by a common origin; and their resemblances are thus the result of a unity of design.

Of particular indicators of mental qualities, *the head* deserves chief attention as being most intimately connected with the brain. For this reason its peculiarities ought to be held of greater import than those of other parts of the frame.

The brain is divided into three parts, to which correspond on the exterior, the forehead, the mid-head, and the hind-head. With the first of these is connected the intelligence; with the second, the feelings; and with the last, the will. By the direction of the nerves we connect these, too, with the nose, the eye, the ear, respectively.

The shape of the skull may be most relied upon as an indicator by reason of its power to resist change, its early development, and its natural protection; at

least, in civilized countries, where it is not esteemed necessary to compress it in a state of immaturity between two flat boards, as the custom is among some tribes of North America. Enormity, whether on the side of largeness or smallness is a bad sign: but a moderately large head, well formed, shows great mental capacity. According to our connection of the different parts of the head and brain, a largely developed forehead is symbolical of intellect—it is the head of the philosopher. A marked elevation of the mid-head indicates that the feelings of its owner predominate over the other faculties; such a head is usually found among zealous and what are called warm-hearted men. The third class of head, where the mass is very much collected in the hinder part, belongs pre-eminently to our own country. There may be considerable intellect, but it is not necessarily of a very high order; great depth of feeling is not usually marked, but the grand characteristic is strong will and fixedness of purpose, a determination towards success which supplies in a measure want of the most subtle ability. The popular dial of the mind is the forehead; and from the formation of this part all, more or less, form their conclusions. What we admire in a woman, what we always expect in a child, we dislike in a man: I mean that uninterrupted smoothness and simplicity which disclose a mind, a feeble nature, or immature growth.

Now, of smooth foreheads there are two kinds; one overhanging the face with a regular arch, the other flat from the brow to the hair. The former is the more childlike, and combines simplicity with want of intellect; frequently, too, it is the mark of benevolence. The flat sort has usually a worse meaning; it shews a total want of understanding, and being often joined with a large development of the rest of the head, denotes an obstinate ignorance, and criminal propensities. Still worse, is the forehead, which combines smoothness or flatness with narrowness in the upper part.

Good foreheads are those which are distinctly marked, not with abrupt irregularities, but with gradual undulations. Of these undulations, the one in the upper part signifies a sharp intellect of great analysing power. Those in the lower part are the most intimately connected with the eyes. Animals of keen sight have these ridges of great prominence. They belong to keen observers of the world in general; they are greatly developed in the shrewd man of business, and not unfrequently in the deep mathematician. Passing down to the regions of the temples, we find many heads quite flat in this part; in others we may observe a marked elevation tending towards the ear. This denotes appreciation of sound. Such formations are to be found in great musicians for the most part, as in Beethoven and Mendelssohn for instance; whereas the poet, in whom depth of feeling usually is the distinctive quality, has the corresponding fulness of the mid-head, with a continuation also towards the ear.

Some derive symbols of character from *the hair*; reasonably to a certain extent: but it is at best a fallacious test.

The idea seems rational; for most good judges of a horse are influenced to some extent by his colour. Hair, however, is greatly altered by climate and other circumstances. Red hair usually denotes a strongly defined character, very good or very bad; and, as the chestnut colour in a horse, is a sign of hot temper. Baldness often accompanies power of mind, as the Turkish proverb says, "Long hair little brain"; but nothing can be argued from greyiness.

We judge a man chiefly by the expression of his face. But this is constantly changing, and usually betrays merely the momentary condition of his mind. The tests of character are his features. These all have their meaning, the eye being considered by men in general as the most expressive. A beautiful eye will redeem almost any face from ugliness; and with this

feature good even a stupid man is attractive. It is related rather to the feelings than to the intellect or will; it is the feature through which our tears flow.

Eyes set too near or too far apart are decidedly animal; in one case resembling our relatives the apes, in the other the horse or cow.

As for colour, the dark blue and the black are met with in the delicate refined person; light blue and grey eyes in the rough and hardy; hazel eyes shew a clever, vivacious temperament.

About the nose, now, we cannot go so far as the writer of *Notes on Noses*; but it is a very telling feature.

Too thick a nose is sensual, too meagre denotes a pinched mind. The broad one is clever, if it does not run too much to flatness; more meaning is it still if slightly bifid at the end. The 'nez retroussée,' or the snub, is pleasant, good-humoured, and lively. There are so many shapes besides, most men have such a decided character of proboscis, that in being more precise we might be personal.

Among its varied duties the mouth, framed for eating, speaking, singing, and as some assert, for kissing, is still feature of note. There are not many varieties: a large mouth is not a bad sign, nor is a small, generally; but thick lips are certainly not intellectual nor ornamental; thin ones are better in appearance, but too often shew a nasty temper behind them.

Chins are of three classes: the prominent, the perpendicular, and the retreating. The first is the one which we usually assign to our Transatlantic brethren, and we invariably couple it with shrewd sagacity and energy of mind. The perpendicular chin belongs to the man of comprehension and retentive mind, the reflective man. The last sort gives an idea of utter vacancy.

Physiognomists go on to symbolise the rest of the body, giving especial attention to the hand and foot.

But the whole body of a man, and particularly those parts, are so liable to change and modification from employment and other causes, that it is hard to draw conclusions.

The arguments in favour of this science in general are, that every one is acquainted with some of its elements, it has been empirically brought to a fair stage on the road to perfection, and from its daily application it is useful.



THE LIVING HERO.

Is it hard to tread in his footsteps?—
 To mark where his dim robes wave?—
 Like him to watch and to weary?—
 To seek and to find and to save?

Is it high—too high for attaining
 This track of his forward feet?
 Has the virtue gone forth of his presence
 Lost some of its fervent heat?

Shall we sigh for the days long perished?
 How swift was the battle then,
 If a man would strike and be stricken
 In the service of kings of men?

But now it is long, it is lonely,
 There is no more spear or sword—
 But hands outstretched and aspiring,
 And a watch in the dark for a word?

Shall we open our windows eastward,
 And give the great Sun our love,
 And bury our sins and our searchings
 In the silver rifts above?

Behold! these know not forgiveness,
 They have neither toiled nor spun,—
 Shall the soaring strength of the godlike
 Lament for an Eden gone?

Their path in the highway of Heaven
 Unerring is set to remain,—
 Shall a spirit, though scathed be its pinions,
 Lay hopeful hands on a chain?

Let us all rise up together,
 Let no man cover his face,
 Let none speak a word to other,
 Let us have no resting-place.

Through the curses and sobs of our brothers,
 Though God seem at fault for a plan;
 Yet if we would find God for ever,
 We must rise and follow a Man.



WHAT THE SIGNALMAN TOLD ME.

“**C**OLD work here, surely, now winter is coming on?”

The signalman turned round at the sound of a human voice, and shewed me his face. A rough, honest look enough, with eyes that told of smoke, and fire, and dust, and cold wet winds. In that cheerless place there was no lack of the latter, as I could feel for myself. Great red cliffs, seamed and scarred all over with the anger of many winters, broke precipitously down to the shore, leaving just room enough between their base and the chafing waves for the Line, that shot out from the black tunnel on the right, and skirting the little bay, passed through the seaside town on its further side into the deep country again. A massive wall protected the work of man from the fury of the Atlantic rollers; and just beyond the signalman's hut, a rough footpath ran down the steep cliff, and crossed the railway to a flight of steps, by which it descended the wall to the shore beneath; where there lay, high and dry, a solitary fishing-boat.

“Yes, sir,” he answered slowly, though with no reserve in his manner, “’tis a dreary place enough at night: and you’d say so the sooner, if you’d spent as many hours here together as I have.”

“You had an accident here last week, I hear?”

“An accident there was, sir; and though I ain’t over and above tender mostly, yet I shan’t get over that sight as easy as I wish. ’Twasnt so much that I knew the man—I’ve known others who died quicker, often;—

but to see James Sudden lie there like that—He died next day, sir.”

“Did you see him after the accident?” I asked.

“I did, sir, and ’twas a bad sight. ’Tis but a short story, sir, if you’re minded to hear it: and there’s no good in my hiding it now.”

The signalman looked at his watch, and finding he had plenty of time before the next train was due, told me what follows.

“He lived up yonder, sir;—there’s no light there now, but it isn’t too dark to make out the hut on the top of the cliff—and he’d lived there five years or more. ’Tis two years since I was first put here, and, off and on, I’ve been here ever since. James Sudden was his name; his living he got as he could—fishing mostly, letting out his boat, and odd jobs. And often and often, when I was new to the place, I used to see him land at those steps, and cross the Line by the footpath, being the shortest way up to his home. I used to bid him ‘good-night’ after a bit, and though he’d give it back soon enough, he never said much to me, or anybody else. Surly and ill-tempered he was, even with his mates; and when he’d been drinking, and that wasn’t seldom, few cared to meddle with him.

“He had a wife, though; and all reckoned she’d a hard time of it with Jim Sudden, though few thought ’twas as bad as the truth. She never saw him come up yon path in the evening, without knowing pretty well whatever bad luck or crosses he’d met with in the day, ’twas her back would suffer for it in the long run. Like most women, what with being afraid, and not wishing to get him into trouble, either, she told little of it, and always said in the village ’twas only in his cups he’d strike her. Like enough, too; and that wasn’t saying much, for he’d drink, as I said before, as often as he’d money to pay for it; and many a time, when the night was pretty quiet, I’ve heard him cursing and shouting at her up yonder.

“Well, ’twas last March year, and he’d been drinking more, and harder on his wife than ever, that she went off. That’s what Jim Sudden said, I mean: she’d left him, he told his mates, and gone to look for her own people, or to rot in the union or the gaol, he finished, with a curse on his tongue. What I’d seen and heard myself, and am going to tell you now, might have made me think something was wrong; but I’d my own wife and children to keep, and little enough to do it on; and that took up all my time, without meddling with other folks matters. ’Twas just before Sudden said she’d gone, that I was on for night duty here, and it being a wet season, I’d orders to keep a sharp look-out, lest any of the sandstone in the cliff should slip down, and block the Line here in front of the tunnel. High spring-tides too, would send the waves splashing in over the wall, and sometimes I’ve seen the line a foot deep in water, and had to feel the rail with a stick to make sure ’twas there. Five or six times a night I always walked from here to the tunnel and back again, to be ready for the next train due. And one night I’d just been down there, and turned into my hut to get the signal right, when I thought I heard a scream up above, and soon I made out what seemed like footsteps on the path that led down from Sudden’s hut. Running quick they sounded, and as soon as I’d turned the signal light on (for the 12.20 was just due) I ran out to try and see what was up. ’Twas a pitch dark night, and the tide so high that I knew Sudden’s boat must be afloat, or pretty near it, and as I ran towards the steps, I could have sworn I heard the oars rattling against the thowles; but though I strained my eyes through the dark, I wasn’t nigh enough to see anything. Just then I heard the train coming in at the other end of the tunnel, and I was forced to run back and show the light as it passed. As soon as ever I could, I went back, and looked again for Sudden’s boat, but I could see nothing

there, nor hear anybody either for that matter. When daylight broke I saw the boat was gone, sure enough; and when my mate came to take my place, and send me off to bed, I just went round to the hut to tell Jim Sudden what I'd heard the night before.

"Early as it was, he was out of bed; and as soon as ever I knocked at the door, he came out to me, looking for all the world as if he'd been standing inside waiting for some one to come. I told him what I'd got to say, and took little enough by my pains. 'Twas his steps I'd heard, he said; he'd been down when the tide was making to look after his boat, and found her afloat and gone already. For 'twas the highest tide there'd been for months, and he he'd been drinking in the afternoon, and clean forgot the boat and tide too. As to the sound of oars, I must have dreamt it, he told me; he'd walked along the shore a bit to try and get sight of the boat again, and come home the other way, when he found 'twas no good. Next day the boat was brought in by some of the fishermen, they'd found her drifting bottom upmost, some two miles out. The oars were gone, of course, and all there was loose in the boat beside.

"I told you, sir, this was just the time when Sudden's wife disappeared. He stayed on himself, and lived a year or more on the top of the cliff, in the old hut. And if I'd seen little of him before, I saw less now; for he never came the old way home after this, but just left his boat at the other steps, and went home round the cliff; though 'twas a good bit farther than the path across the line, and a rough dirty road, too.

"And now, sir, if you're not tired of listening, I'm coming to the end of my story,—the accident last week that you were asking about.

"'Twas nigh seven o'clock last Tuesday, and I'd just come on duty for the night. My mate had gone, and I was standing here by the wall looking at the sea, and thinking 'twas likely to turn out an ugly night,

when I saw Jim Sudden run his boat ashore just here at the old place, and haul her up out of the tide's reach. I'd never seen him land there before, as far as I remembered, since the night I told you of, and I wondered a little what brought him there now; but put it down to the rough cold night and his hurry to get out of the way of the wind and rain. The seven o'clock express was just due; and as I went to the signals, I saw him coming up the steps to cross the line, and get home by the old footpath. He was walking slowly; and just as he got on the rails he turned round, and looked behind him steadily, as if to make sure his boat was out of harm's way. I heard the train coming, and shouted out to him to get out of the road. He wasn't scarce fifty yards off, and must have heard me; but he never moved, nor looked one way or the other, but straight before him at the tide, which was coming up strong, and threatening to wash the wall before it turned. I shouted again as loud as I could, but 'twas no use. The train was almost on him, and before ever he looked round, the engine caught him, and I turned faint like, and hid my eyes.

"He wasn't dead when we reached him, though there was no need of any doctor to tell us he must be soon. We carried him up, as best we could, to his own hut, which was the nearest shelter, and one of us fetched a doctor from the town. One of the neighbours, who'd known his wife before she went off, came in for the night, and we all thought when we left him there'd be no life left by morning.

"My time was pretty well up, and I was looking for the day signalman to come and take my place about daybreak, when the neighbour's little boy came running down the path with a message for me. Sudden wasn't dead yet, he said, and wanted to see me; the woman thought he'd something on his mind, and couldn't die quiet without telling it. Of course I said I'd come when I could, though I wondered a bit what he could

have to say to me of all men; and as soon as ever my mate came, I went up the rock to the cottage.

"Sudden was lying on a rough kind of bed by the fire, with his eyes closed and his head all bandaged up, so that I thought at first sight 'twas a corpse lying there, laid out for burial. 'Twasn't long, though; for he opened his eyes directly, and there came that kind of eager look into them, that you see sometimes when a child comes to you in pain. He signed for me to come close to him, and send the woman out of hearing, which I did, though sore against her will; and then I put my ear down close to his mouth, for he was sinking fast, and could scarce speak above a whisper: his chest was all smashed in, and choked his very voice. 'That night,' said he, 'thou knows't which I mean—'when thou heard the boat go off—'twas her—and I'm 'her murderer. I couldn't die without telling thee. 'I'd come home mad with drink, and she crossed me, 'and I up and beat her about till she was 'most covered 'with blood, and the clothes half off her back. And 'she ran out at the door, screaming like, and I after 'her... and she got down to the boat mad with fright, 'and shoved her out, fearing lest I was behind. 'Twas 'that thou heard—but 'twas a bad night, and the boat 'bottom up next day... Lord have mercy on me...'

"And that was all I heard, sir, for the rattle in his throat came on, and I thought he was gone. The woman ran up to him, and we held him up a bit, but 'twas too late to try and do any thing for him; and when he got quiet, and we tried to lay him down, I saw the jaw fall, and I knew this time 'twas Death."

As the signalman ended, we heard the whistle of the train entering the tunnel, and I drew back, my nerves quite unstrung by his story, close under the shadow of the rock. Before I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, the great fiery wheels shot past, and in another minute the train was winding round the cliff, half a mile away.



PERFECTION.

NIGHT faileth, and the day comes on apace;
Woe, woe is me, that dare not lift mine eyes,
Nor see the light break: yet methinks I know
How the first wavelet ripples o'er the sky
Flooding the rifted clouds with amber tide.
And ever, as it brightens, through the grove
Gliding from tree to tree, the herald breeze
Rustles the dewy foliage: the white mist,
Enwreath'd around the tassell'd pine-branches,
Is melting. Hist! was it the throstle's note?
Or doth sad Philomel, embower'd nigh,
Sob her last plaining to the sullen night,
Full fain to lure the darkness back again?
Doth her full-throated warbling still entrance
The laggard gloom? Nay, for I surely feel
The morning's breath pour round me. Lo, the sun
Leaps forth in panoply and o'er the lands
Javelins his shafts: the mountain heights are fired,
And truant shades fleet fearfully, and dip
Into the westering night: each umber'd pool
Is turned to gold. O, beautiful is morn!
I see a loveliness in everything,
But on the earth I find not perfectness.
A beauty lives in all, but as an orb
Marr'd of its perfect roundure: dyingly
An echo flutters through the cave of earth,
Yet dies not ever; on its craggy walls
Fantastic shadows creep, and beauteous shapes,
That flood the soul with longing to fall down

And worship a vain nothingness as god.
 O day, O night, why are ye beautiful?
 I may not love ye: nor the midnight sky
 Thick with innumerable cluster'd stars;
 The glimmer of grey evening in the woods,
 The changing shadows, distant gleams of light
 O'er the green ridges of the sea, the clouds
 That float like foam on sunset's scarlet flood,
 Or lifted from the blue Aegean hang
 Their fleecy curtain over Sunium,
 Or roll their thundrous phalanx down the steep
 Of Delphi or Cithaeron, caught and torn
 On crested pine and jutting precipice.
 O vine-clad vales, and distant mountain slopes
 In trembling haze of olive groves, or dark
 Against the yellow morning—or at night,
 Amid the rushing of the summer storm,
 Have I not watched your heights, flash after flash,
 Drawn black athwart the gleaming heaven?—Ah me!
 Shadows and nothingness! Ye fade and change
 With nice proportion of a tint or curve.
 Hath beauty breathed on you a fragrancy
 That dieth as she passes? Doth her voice
 Speak in the thunder, and the whispering wind,
 The tinkling runnel, and the ocean surf
 Raging in deep sea-caverns? Yet they sink
 To silence, as the waves that rise and fall
 Upon an ever onward rolling tide.
 What though the liquid tones of harmony
 Thrill through the very soul, and interlink
 Spirit with matter? May not note on note
 Clashing jar harsh discordance? Is all nought
 But number or a fit proportion? Nay,
 Is beauty but the indiscernible,
 The all-pervading unit, one in all?
 Doth beauty mingle with material things,
 Essence with substance, or that fine element
 Which men call soul—as in a crystal vase

Water with purple-curling Lesbian?
 I know not: but I worship her as god.
 And therefore have I graven me a stone,
 A thing of marble, soulless, passionless,
 And set it up and cling about its feet:
 Even as men bow down to images,
 Not worshipping the idol but the god,
 Nor praying unto it but god through it.
 But lest that I should see and worship it,
 Calling it queen and god, I will no more
 Uplift mine eyes, but bow, as I have bow'd
 Through the long watches of unslumbering gloom,
 While o'er the sky 'mid thronging isles of light
 Floated night's silver pinnace silently.

And now I pray for nought but swiftest death,
 And well I know that death is nigh at hand,
 For seeing that my hands may handle not
 Nor mine eyes see the perfect, I will die,
 And dying know it in its perfectness.
 O foam-born goddess, Aphrodite, hear!
 Could'st thou not touch his image into life
 Who prayed to thee of old, Pygmalion?
 —What say I? Do I pray to thee?—Avaunt!
 I spurn thee, and thy brood of harlotry.
 Nay, strike mine eyes. I reckon not. Helen is vile!
 Hear'st thou Stesichorus? Helen is vile! is vile!
 No palinode I chaunt to such as she.
 False vile unlovely love, I loathe, I hate thee.
 Ah! thou fond swain of Ida, wonder not
 Reaping thy bitter harvest. Fool! thou liest.
 She is not fairest. She? Hell is more fair.
 Foam-born? Yea, the salt frothing—venomous
 Sea-adder—putrid scum rotted to life,
 As slimy Nile slugs spawned by the sun's hot breath,
 Thou dost not hear: either thou revellest
 With Ares—hist! the Limper!—ha, methinks,
 Thou hear'st—or dost thou toy some wanton youth

In Paphian vale, or where th' Idalian groves
 Cluster their deep Let thine arm
 Enthral him round: loosen the glittering rain
 About thy snowy breasts—it quencheth not
 The fire of those deep passionate eyes, that flash
 As lightning flashes, through the golden shower,
 Searing his soul's young plumage. He shall never,
 Amid the clash of thronging chariot-wheels,
 Led heavenward by the twelve star-deities,
 Soar to th' empyrean apse, nor see again
 Forms of unutterable perfectness.
 See, the black pale-eyed horse—his teeth are set
 Upon the bit: his nostrils are afire:
 He snorts, he paws the ground the curb!
 Let the sharp iron bite him! Back!—The reins
 Snap, and
 Yea, de
 Than when their cold grey ash in bitter spite
 Kindled on Psyche. False usurping queen,
 That sittest on the silver throne of love,
 Psyche is far more beautiful than thou.
 Is she not pure? By heaven,
 Than all the beauty of the d
 That I might cast me down before her feet,
 And call her perfect, sweetest sister-god.
 Day hath unfurled on high his glittering flag,
 And ere the swarthy horde of shadows come
 Upon their endless trail, from grove to grove
 Stealing with panther tread—ere they return,
 My hands shall stiffen round these marble feet,
 My lips chill on the stone. Thus, thus 'tis meet;
 A soulless suppliant to a soulless god.

I will not lift mine eyes nor see the day,
 Lest that the glare distract my eyeless sight
 Straining to pierce this darkness. Lo! a form,
 That gathers in
 Yet shapeless, substance reft of accident.

It looms and vanishes: a wondrous gleam
 Throbs ever through the stormy rack. Behold!
 A rent disparts it. Gods! what is't I see?
 Or is it but a wreath of billowy cloud
 In forms itself in likeness of a man?
 What phantasy is this that mocketh me?
 What means this face of agony? this brow
 Girt round with cruel thorns?—A bloody dew
 Falls on his pallid face in beads of gore.
 Nay, look not on me so! Thy piteous eyes
 Pierce me. I dare not see thee. Turn aside
 The anguish of thy gaze. I know thee not.
 What wilt thou?—See! the dripping blood! it falls
 Staining the pallor of thy countenance.
 Art thou the Perfect? Wherefore woundest thou
 Thy brow with agonizing thorns? Roll back,
 Roll back the Sundered veil. I dare not meet
 Those tender piercing eyes of pity. Lo!
 The shape dislimns and melts, and all is night,
 And surging clouds of blackness. Now I know
 That death is near: wherefore, O dying hands,
 Lock your tight grasp—nay closer, closer yet.
 Cleave to the marble feet. Ah! now, my queen,
 I have thee, for I feel thee. Is't not sure?
 Is this not certain? No wild phantasy,
 No dream. My hands can handle, and my lips
 Press the hard stone. O Gods! she moves, she lives!
 And dare mine eyes not see her? Yea, they shall,
 Thus, thus—O blotted night! O night of death!
 O, utter blinding darkness! Where art thou?
 My queen, my god, where art thou? O death, death!

H. B. C.

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THE RACES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

TRAVELLERS are unanimous in the deliberate opinion that the Africans are difficult to write about. Most of them give up the task as hopeless. The people are without histories or traditions, without arts or sciences, many of them without governments properly so called, with no knowledge of anything higher or better than themselves, having no wants beyond those of to-day, food, and ease. Many of them don't desire even clothes, or amusement; they live as the brutes, herding together, and seem to wish to die as the brutes, and be buried by the vultures.

It appears to be exceedingly doubtful among what people these Africans are to be classed.

Prichard the ethnologist says: "All men are of *one* race; to trace the gradations is now, in many cases, impossible; in others it is being gradually done, and the results may be hoped for centuries hence: meanwhile we must grope about in the dark for a time.

"Bunsen could have cleared up a great deal of this by his great knowledge of the North Indian races who spoke Sanscrit; but his death was published before his books, and the offices which he held must hold him in people's minds for a few moments, while the fame of centuries which he carried away with him ungained, must slumber till some other mighty mind rouses it."

Since we cannot now have the assistance of Chevalier Bunsen, we must wait until the facts are slowly opened out by less able men.

It is not my intention to treat of the coast tribes at

all. They are too full of interest in themselves for me even to touch upon them.

Those tribes which all across North Africa "from Egypt to Senegambia shew every stage of deviation clearly marked; each tribe distinct, with distinct language"; changing from the sharp featured Egyptian to the most typical negro.

The many mixed Moorish nations of Sahara, the great desert, consisting of races compounded of Turks and natives, or of Arabs and natives.

The Negroes of Guinea along the ivory coast, gold coast, and slave coast, those truest negroes, with the woolliest heads, thickest lips, broadest noses, most awkward-looking legs and feet in the world, and with their wonderful empires and Mahometan religion; of which the now well-known, frightful kingdom of Dahomey is a fair specimen. The Bushmen of the South, with yellow skin, and accurate knowledge of bird and beast; the Bakwains, and Bakalahari of the Kalahari desert.

The Zulu Caffres, who make better farmers than Englishmen do, and always undersell them when they have a fair field and no favour. The mixed race of Zanzibar, where it is said an ethnologist might study the peculiarities of every nation. The natives and Gallas of Abyssinia. And the Arabs who reach up to Egypt along the Red Sea coast. Every one of these has a special interest of its own, and each would require a volume.

We hear a good deal about the lofty aspirations of those nations which are raised "one step above the brutes." I ask, where are the nations that are *not* raised one step above the brutes? What people is there which, as a nation, as a body, has *no* idea of a future state, no notion of a GOD, a Being who first created all things around them! I deny that any people so degraded exists. Certainly we have no proof that the miserable creatures in Australia and Central

Africa, have any fixed ideas about GOD, or Eternity, or Providence; but we have no clear evidence that they have *not*.

Our *excuse* for the opinion we hold is our imperfect evidence; white men have been, and have mixed with the natives, and have seen no traces of religion.

But if a townsman goes into a lane in England, and mixes with a tribe of gypsies, will he find traces of religion among them? If he talks with them daily for months, will they shew him anything of their own language, or peculiar habits? No! To a Gitana alone can these things be known; and an ordinary observer would come away from them the 50th time, considering them the same brown-skinned, unorganized set he at first imagined them.

And still for centuries these people have kept up their exclusive peculiarities of language, laws, manners, and organization in the midst of us.

Africa has many animals peculiar to itself; and many vegetables are found only here. Here we find the vastest brutes on the globe; the great African elephant, the hippopotamus, the white and the black rhinoceros, the buffalo, the giraffe, the gnu, many antelopes and cattle, the ostrich, and the vulture. Many large beetles and ants—ants which make hills 6, 8, and 10 feet high; comparing these with the *length* of the ants which build them, or with the ordinary ant-hills known to us, the feat is greater than for men to have built the Great Pyramid, and comparing them with the *height*

Judging from analogy we might reasonably expect to find man in a noble state; instead of which we find Africa, and particularly Central Africa, the weakest part of the globe. There appear to be no signs of ancient civilizations, no histories or traditions that point to bygone greatness, no vestiges of aught but slavery and war, famine and misery. In this sketch of the people of Central Africa I have proposed to myself to

arrange my matter under four heads; treating first of their ideas of GOD and Eternity; secondly of their wars; thirdly, of their hunting; fourthly, of their manners and customs.

Three or four traditions are all our accounts supply; one of these is held by the reigning kings of Unyoro, and is that "*they* were once half white and half black, with hair on the white side straight, and on the black side frizzly." Another held by the same people seems to point to a Galla or Abyssinian origin, which is, that their princes came out of Uwita, that is, were Omwita or Mombas. And one very remarkable tradition is mentioned by Oldendorf, that one tribe (Amnia) "call their Ruling Spirit Borriborri, they imagine that he has a wife Sankomaago, a son Sankomham, and that this son is the mediator between Man and the Supreme Deity; they suppose that deposed gods became mortals, and afterwards maleficent spirits." Livingstone says, that "information of any remarkable event is often transmitted in the native names, and they even retain a *tradition* which looks like the story of Solomon and the harlots, but there is not in the whole country a name like Tom Earthquake, or Sam Shaketheground. They have a tradition which may refer to the building of the tower of Babel; but it ends in the bold builders getting their crowns cracked by the fall of the scaffolding; and that they came out of a cave in company with the beasts, a cave named 'Loey,' and they all point to it in one direction, viz. N.N.E." This is the way Armenia lies.

Central Africa is divided into many petty kingdoms, of the ar which seem to be collected into districts under a paramount chief; but these appear for the most part to be without organization.

IDEAS OF GOD AND OF ETERNITY.

Among the interior tribes the idea of a God, or even of Eternity, seems to be entirely wanting. This is well

illustrated by a conversation between Baker and a chief of the Latookas. Baker's own words are:—

“I asked him why those slain in battle were allowed to remain unburied. He said, it had always been the custom, he could not explain it.

‘But,’ I replied, ‘why should you disturb the bones of those whom you have already buried, and expose them on the outskirts of the town?’

‘It was the custom of our forefathers, therefore we continue to observe it.’

‘Have you no belief in an existence after death? Is not some idea expressed in the act of exhuming the bones after the flesh is decayed?’

Comm. ‘Existence *after* death! How can that be? Can a dead man get out of his grave, unless we dig him out?’

‘Do you think man is like a beast, that dies and is ended?’

Comm. ‘Certainly; an ox is stronger than a man, he dies, but his bones last longer, they are bigger. A man's bones break quickly—he is weak.’

‘Is not a man superior to an ox? Has he not a mind to direct his actions?’

Comm. ‘Some men are not so clever as an ox. Men must sow corn to obtain food; but the ox, and wild animals, can procure it without sowing.’

‘Do you not know that there is a spirit within you more than flesh? Do you not dream and wander in thought to distant places in your sleep? Nevertheless, your body rests in one spot. How do you account for this?’

Comm. (*laughing*) ‘Well, how do you account for it? It is a thing I cannot understand; it occurs to me every night.’

‘The mind is independent of the body; the body can be fettered, but the mind is uncontrollable; the body will die and become dust, or be eaten by vultures, but the spirit will exist for ever.’

Comm. ‘Where will the spirit live?’

Where does fire live? Cannot you produce a fire by rubbing two sticks together, yet you *see* not the fire in the wood. Which is the stronger, the small stick that first produces the fire, or the fire itself? So is the spirit the element within the body, as the element of fire exists in the stick; the element being superior to the substance.’

Comm. ‘Ha! Can you explain what we frequently see at night when lost in the wilderness? I have seen a distant fire; upon approaching, the fire has vanished, and I have been unable to trace the cause or to find the spot.’

‘Have you no idea of the existence of spirits superior to either man or beast? Have you no fear except from bodily causes?’

Comm. ‘I am afraid of elephants, and other animals, when in the jungle at night, but of nothing else.’

‘Then you believe in nothing; neither in a good nor evil spirit! And you believe that when you die it will be the end of body and spirit; that there is no distinction between man and beast; both disappear and end, at death?’

Comm. ‘Of course they do.’

‘Do you see no difference in good and bad actions?’

Comm. ‘Yes, there are good and bad in men and beasts.’

‘Do you think that a good man and a bad must share the same fate, and alike die, and end?’

Comm. ‘Yes, what else can they do? How can they help dying? Good and bad all die.’

‘Their bodies perish, but their spirits remain; the good in happiness, the bad in misery. If you have no belief in a future state, *why should a man be good?* Why should he not be bad if he can prosper by wickedness?’

Comm. ‘Most people are bad; if they are strong they take from the weak. The good people are all weak, they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad.’

Some corn had been taken out of a sack for the horses, and a few grains were lying scattered on the ground. I tried the beautiful metaphor of St. Paul as an example of a future state. Making a small hole with my finger in the ground, I placed a grain within it; 'That,' I said 'represents you when you die, that grain will decay, but from it will rise the plant that will produce a reappearance of the original form.'

Comm. 'Exactly so; that I understand. But the *original* grain does not rise again, it rots, like the dead man, and is ended; the fruit produced is not the same grain that we buried, but the production of that grain: so it is with man,—I die, and decay, and am ended; but my children grow up, like the fruit of the grain. Some men have no children, and some grains perish without fruit; then all are ended.'

I was obliged to change the subject of conversation. In this wild, naked savage there was not even a superstition upon which to found a religious feeling; there was a belief in matter; and to his understanding all was material. It was extraordinary to find so much clearness of perception combined with such complete obtuseness to anything ideal."

This chief Commoro, Baker pronounces to be the most common sense native he ever met; and if the grave, deliberate opinion of a common sense man was this, what must have been that of the ordinary men, empty of thought!

Still one chief (Selole, chief of the Batongas, towards the western coast,) shewed some conception of resurrection by saying of Livingstone, whom he supposed to be an Italian coming to avenge the murder of a trader named Simaens, that he was "Siriātomba risen from the dead."

The chiefs of this part take upon themselves an office something like that of a priesthood, and the people imagine that they can propitiate the Deity through them. All Africans have an unbounded faith

in charms; the great chief of this district, Mburuma, once when Livingstone had severely wounded an elephant and lost it, would have sprinkled the ground with a handful of meal which was to ensure his finding the elephant speedily.

Sorcery and magic are closely connected with their belief in supernatural things.

Katchiba, the old chief of Latooka, holds his authority as general rainmaker and sorcerer. When Baker reached Farajoke he was met by the chief and several of his people, leading a goat, which was presented to him, and killed immediately as an offering, close to the feet of his horse. "The chief carried a fowl, holding it by the legs, with its head downwards. He approached Baker's horse, stroked his forefeet with the fowl, made a circle round him by dragging it on the ground; then he stroked Baker's own feet, and waved the bird round his head, and round the horse's head; the horse shewing his appreciation of the ceremony by lashing out behind, to the great discomfiture of the natives. The fowl did not appear to have enjoyed itself during the operation, but the knife put an end to its troubles. And the traveller was then conducted to the village."

When Baker left Obbo Katchiba, the king, gave his brother, who acted as guide, power to control the elements as deputy rainmaker during the journey. "With great solemnity Katchiba broke a branch from a tree, and spat upon the leaves in several places; this branch, thus blessed with holy water, was laid upon the ground, and a fowl was dragged round it by the chief; the horses were then operated upon in the same manner as at Farajoke. This ceremony completed, he handed the branch to his brother (the guide), and he suspended a whistle of antelope's horn by a string round his neck. All the natives wore similar whistles, which were simply small horns which they blew either to attract or drive away the rain, at the option of the

whistler." Baker himself obtained the reputation of being a great rainmaker. For seeing some clouds gathering daily in the afternoon, when rain was much wanted, he whistled very loudly on his fingers, and three or four days after they had a shower.

Sechele, the chief of the Bakwains, was a rainmaker, and Dr. Livingstone gives a list of their rain-making preparations, which sounds marvellously like the witches hell-broth. "Charcoal of burnt bats, jackal's livers, baboons' or lions' hearts, the hairy calculi from the bowels of old cows, serpent's skins, and vertebræ, and every kind of bulb and root to be found in the country."

It is worth noticing that the Sorcerer Katchiba was so successful in his tactics that his whole country was obedient to him, his wives were very numerous, he had one hundred and sixteen children living, and since his own sons ruled most of the towns, and petty dependencies, the Government was simply a family affair.

The Bakwains or Bechuana, and the Makololo have great faith in gun-medicine, without which they deem it impossible to shoot straight; Sechele gave a large price for a bit of sulphur, which is their favourite gun-medicine, and also "gave some elephant's tusks worth £30 for another medicine which was to make him invulnerable to musket-balls. Livingstone recommended that this should be tested by experiment. A calf was anointed with it, and tied to a tree; it was shot, and Sechele remarked that it was 'pleasanter to be deceived than undeceived.'"

These people were quite unable to comprehend fully the nature of a gun, although Livingstone frequently tried to teach them; and although they possessed a great number of waggons, they never could mend one if it broke down.

Idolatry is not very prevalent; and Livingstone says that those who have idols are not so virtuous as those who have not.

In Londa, idols are common. The most common idol is an ugly thing they call a lion; "it is a good deal like an alligator, it is formed of grass and plastered over with soft clay, it has two cowrie shells inserted for eyes, and numbers of bristles from an elephant's tail stuck about the neck (representing the mane I suppose). They usually stand under a shed, and the Balondas beat drums before them all night in case of sickness." "Every village has its idols near it, so that when you come to an idol in the wood, you may be certain you are within a mile of human habitations." The people themselves acknowledged that the wood itself could not hear, or help them, but they said the owners had medicines by which it could be made to hear, and give responses, so that if an enemy were approaching they would have full information. And if their idol did not give them victory in battle, they were not angry with it, or offended, or unbelieving; they only thought that the idol of their enemy was stronger than theirs, and had proved uncontrollable.

In the deep forests by every village you see idols intended to represent men or lions. In the absence of a professional carver they set up a crooked stick for an idol, and besmeared it with medicine; or they simply put a small pot of medicine under a little shed, or had miniature huts with little mounds of earth in them. But in the darker recesses were human faces, cut in the bark of trees, and the outline of these, with beards, closely resembled those seen on the Egyptian monuments. One village had the head of an ox for an object of worship.

The tribes in the extreme south hold in veneration various animals; one tribe a lion, another a serpent, another a fish, another a monkey.

In many places little heaps of sticks, or of stones, are raised cairn fashion, each passer by adding to the heap as he passes.

The Balonda can never live at the place where a favourite wife has died, either from the recollection of former happiness, or from a superstitious dread of the departed, for they believe that the dead hover about the place of sepulture, they desert gardens, fruit, huts, and let them all go to ruin. This prevents the possibility of permanent towns.

The only holiday universally observed is on the first appearance of the new moon, then the chiefs retire into privacy, sometimes for several days, and look into their magic horns, filled with magic powder, to see if any evil is to be apprehended.

The bodies of some chiefs are embalmed. This is done among the Waganda, by drying the corpse over the mouth of a jar heated by fire from below. The lower jaw is cut out and preserved, worked over with beads; the umbilical cords are preserved from birth; and at death are buried. On the death of great officers, their finger bones and hair are preserved; and their families guard their tombs. Upon the death of a chief, the successor is chosen from his family by his head men; and at his coronation, to prevent quarrelling for the kingdom, all his brothers except two are killed.

WARS.

In their wars the Africans have little art, and less craft or caution. When they wish to assemble their armies, secretly or otherwise, they beat the nogara, or great drum; if they retreat and abandon their villages before an enemy, they set fire to the huts, and so make the fact patent.

Their chief weapon is the lance. Some tribes have bows, these are kept always strung, consequently the arrows fly no distance, are easily avoided, and do little execution. Most of the men carry clubs and knives.

Their shields are usually oblong-shaped, those most

esteemed are made of giraffe skin, which is light and very tough, thus combining the two requisites of a good shield. Those of the Balonda are made of reeds.

Many tribes use arrows with iron heads, well barbed and poisoned. One poison used is the entrails of a caterpillar, (N'gwa), the effect of which is astonishing: when a man is wounded with it, the agony is so great, that he shrieks aloud for his mother's breast as if he were a child again, or rushes from human habitations a raging maniac. Another poison is the juice of the tree euphorbia, (*Euarborescens*), this the natives mix with the waters of a spring where zebras come for drink, and the whole herd will die within two miles of the water. Another is the milky juice from the root of a tree, this yields a resin which is smeared upon the barbs of arrows, like the celebrated Wourali poison of South America. Their arrows are very skilfully barbed, and their lances, and harpoons beautifully made by native blacksmiths, who use a large stone for an anvil and smaller ones for hammers. Their bellows are curious, "they consist of two pots about a foot deep; from the bottom of each is an earthenware pipe two feet long, the points of which are in the charcoal fire. The mouths of the pots are covered with pliable leather, loose and well greased, in the centre of each leather is an upright stick about four feet long, and the bellows-blower works these sticks rapidly up and down, and thus produces a strong blast." The iron they work is of excellent quality; Livingstone says of a tribe near the Zambesi, that they consider English iron as "rotten," and he has seen a javelin of their own iron curled up like the proboscis of a butterfly, and afterwards straightened while *cold* with two stones.

The villages are usually fenced with bamboo stakes; and to prevent the cattle being carried off speedily, the branch streets are often made so narrow that only one cow can pass along at once, and since several thousand head of cattle are often kept in one village

during the night, it would be impossible to drive off this, their chief wealth, in a short time.

Like all savages the Africans have war-dances. These are for the most part mimic fighting, accompanied by drumming, the drums beaten in accurate time, sometimes the drums are supplemented by instruments of the reed kind like flageolets, clarionets, or horns.

The warriors paint their bodies in patterns with red ochre and white pipeclay, clothing themselves in a coat of grease, and decorating their heads with cowrie shells and plumes of ostrich feathers. An escort with which Kamrasi (King of Unyoro) provided Baker, was called by him the "Devil's own;" they wore leopard or white monkey skins, had cows' tails strapped on behind, and antelopes' horns fitted upon their heads, while their chins were ornamented with beards, made of the bushy ends of cows' tails sewed together. Baker says they only wanted hoofs to illustrate perfectly his first ideas as a child, of devils—black, with spears, tails, and horns.

These sort of troops are bold and daring enough when successful, but under defeat are cowardly, cringing, and treacherous to a degree.

Prisoners of war (women and children) are almost invariably made slaves, and distributed as prizes amongst the bravest, or most successful warriors.

HUNTING.

The natives of central Africa hunt chiefly in company. A whole district will rise together, fire the grass, beat drums, and shout, to drive all the game in the district into a small circle, and then set on with their spears to kill as many as they can. Large game they take in pit-falls. For elephants "the position chosen for a pit is in the vicinity of a drinking-place, and the natives shew a great amount of cunning in felling trees along the usual run of the elephants, and sometimes cutting a pit across the path, so as to direct

them into the path of snares. The pits are artfully made, narrow at the bottom, so that the huge foot of the animal gets wedged fast in; shoulder deep, with two feet fixed, extrication is impossible, and the struggle is ended with the lance.

In neighbourhoods where elephants are plentiful, the natives get into the trees, and as an elephant passes underneath they plunge a lance into its back between the shoulders; the lance used for this purpose has a long heavy shaft, and a sharp blade of iron two feet long, the handle striking against the trees acts as a lever, and works the blade within the poor brute, cutting such wounds that he soon drops from exhaustion." They also use poisoned arrows for large game, lions, elephants, &c.

The people on the shores of the Albert Nyanza lake spear the hippopotamus from canoes, with large harpoons, shaped exactly like those used by the Hamran Arabs of Abyssinia, with one barb. They attach an immense float of the light ambatch wood to the harpoon, by a line beautifully made of plantain fibre. These people catch enormous monsters in the lake, and use large, well-barbed hooks, and beautifully made lines, all of the fibre of plantains. They had, as Baker expresses it, "a most killing way of fishing with the hook and line for heavy fish." They wound their line round a large piece of ambatch wood, and lightly fixed this upon the point of a long bamboo pole. When a large fish took the bait, his first rush unhitched the ambatch-float from the pole, and revolving upon the water, the float paid out the line required. A long row of these bamboo self-acting rods were set daily, and carefully watched until night, during the night they were allowed to take care of themselves.

There are several varieties of fish, weighing 200lbs. each, in the lake.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Some of their manners and customs are very

curious. When a chief dies, among the tribes in the south, a number of servants are slaughtered, to be his companions in the other world.

Among the Latookas "should a man fall in battle, the body is allowed to remain where it fell, and is devoured by the vultures and hyenas; but should he die a natural death, he is buried in a shallow grave within a few feet of his own door, in the little courtyard that surrounds each dwelling. Funeral dances are kept up for several weeks, and then the body is exhumed. The bones are cleaned, deposited in an earthenware jar, and carried to a spot near the town, which is considered as a cemetery."

Many tribes have funeral dances. Baker describes one of these, he says:—"The dancers wore either leopard, or the black and white monkey skins, suspended from their shoulders, a leather round their waist, covering a large iron bell, which was strapped upon the loins of each dancer, like a woman's old-fashioned bustle: this they rung to the tune of the dance by jerking their posteriors in a most absurd manner; about a dozen large ostrich feathers adorned their helmets. A large crowd got up in this way created an indescribable hubbub, heightened by the blowing of horns and the beating of several nogaras of various notes. Every dancer wore an antelope's horn suspended by a string round his neck, which he blew occasionally in the height of his excitement. Crowds of men rushed about in a sort of 'galop infernal' brandishing their lances and iron-headed maces, the women kept outside the line, dancing a slow stupid step, and screaming a wild chaunt, while a long string of young girls and small children, their heads and necks rubbed with red ochre and grease, and prettily ornamented with strings of beads round their loins, kept a very good line, beating time with their feet, and jingling the numerous iron rings which adorned their ankles. One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd

with a gourd full of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering the black men like millers. This woman was immensely fat, and had passed the bloom of youth, but notwithstanding her unweildy state she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance, and absorbed in the excitement of the dance."

Among the Baris, a people further north, when a member of a family dies he is buried in the yard; a few ox-horns and skulls are suspended on a pole above the spot, and the top of the pole is ornamented with a bunch of cock's feathers.

In Angola the height of ambition is to give a friend an expensive funeral.

The negroes of Londa indulge in a great amount of drum beating at funerals, from the notion that the Barimo, or Spirits, can be drummed to sleep. The Balonda seem to think the spirits of the dead hover about the place of sepulture; the Ambassador of King Matiamoo once said to Livingstone "We do not go up to GOD, as you do; we are put into the ground."

The drums the Africans use are usually carved from one piece of wood, and covered with the skin of an antelope pegged on; they frequently have a small hole at the side, which is covered with spider's web. At Mtesa's court in Uganda, the court band consisted of reed instruments, long hand-drums, brass bells, and a copper kettledrum; the court band of King Rumanika at Karague, consisted of one large drum, several small ones, an instrument of the harp kind, and reed instruments, which, Speke says, were made telescope fashion. Old King Katchiba the sorcerer appears to be about the only musician who had any idea of a *tune*, but all the Africans keep admirable *time* in their performances. The royal band precedes the king in his excursions, and at Mtesa's all his women, pages, guards, and officers preceded him too, wherever he gave the order to go they made straight for, whatever was in the way,

fences, huts, anything, they threw down, and trampled over, that his majesty's royal pace might not be impeded. The king walked with a curious waddling step, the traditional step of his race, intended to imitate the step of a lion; and he always had a little white dog with him.

Throughout the courts the great type of beauty among princesses is *fatness*. Rumanika had five wives so obese that without assistance they could not stand, all his sisters were similarly fat, this state is produced by feeding them continually on curdled milk, attendants stand over the children with a rod, and force them to keep on drinking it.

The salaams at some of the ceremonies were very astonishing. Rumanika and his people of Karague shook hands in true English style; the salaam of the natives of Madi is a fatiguing operation when any number of introductions are made; each native seizes both hands, and raises both arms to their full stretch above the head. Some of the White Nile tribes salaam by drumming their sides with their elbows. At King Mtesa's court in Uganda, those who spoke to the king threw themselves on the ground, and floundered about like fishes on land, uttering a word which sounded like "N'yanzig, n'yanzig." At Kamrasi's in Unyoro they crawled on their hands and knees, and touched the ground with their foreheads. In Londa they rub a little sand, and if they want to be very polite, ashes or pipe-clay, upon the upper part of their arms and chest. Others touch the ground with one cheek after another, and clap their hands.

Very few of the African tribes are clean feeders. The Makkarikas (200 miles west of Gondokoro), the Wilyanwantu, and the N'yam N'yams are cannibals; they "bury cows, but eat men;" and instead of butter with their porridge, they smear it with the fat of fried human flesh.

Several tribes in making a brotherhood cement the

agreement by drinking blood from one another's arms; and one of the White Nile tribes mentioned by Baker, (the Aliab), bleed their cows about once a month, and boil the blood for food.

This is done with pig's blood in England. The animal food in most general use is goat's flesh and beef. Where large game abounds the people eat elephants, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, antelope, &c., and where large game is not procureable, they feed on moles, mice, and other small animals. Some tribes are expert at entrapping fish. In various parts rice and wheat are cultivated, also millet, sesame, yams, manioc, maize, beans, sweet potatoes, &c.

In Obbo, Baker says, "there are many good wild-fruits, including one very similar to a walnut in its green shell; the flesh of this fruit has a remarkably fine flavour. The nut is roasted, and when ground and boiled a fat or butter is skimmed from the surface of the water; this is much prized by the natives for anointing their bodies; it is also eaten." Livingstone tells us that a very superior kind of salad oil is obtained from the seeds of cucumbers.

Many of the fruits of Africa are curious, and grow in prodigious quantities. The moshuka has a fruit like a small apple, tasting like a pear; the maneko, about the size of a walnut, has a horny rind split into five pieces, it contains a glutinous matter sweet as sugar. Palms abound. The castor oil plant is common. The mogametsa is a bean with a little pulp round it, tasting like sponge-cake. Most of these fruits, under cultivation, would improve vastly.

Mhuruma's people only ate their corn after it was sprouted, by steeping in water.

Rice is never seen far into the interior.

Many tribes are not a whit more particular in their choice of animal food than vultures are, and Baker remarks that "however putrid flesh may be, it never seems to do them any harm. But they live in such a

filthy, brutish state, never working, and never making provision for another day, that they would rather eat putrid flesh than trouble to kill fresh meat. Many of them eagerly drink the warm blood as it gushes out of a wounded animal."

They cook upon the embers, covering up the fire with an earthenware cover. Their meal is ground in a hollow stone with a pestle of quartz or granite, and as their mortar is usually of soft stone the meal has a tolerable amount of grit in it.

Nearly all the nations smoke tobacco. The same tobacco that is used in England. And they smoke it in the same way, out of a pipe with a clay head and reed stem, each tribe having its own special form of pipe. Leaves are also dried, pounded, and used as in Scotland for snuffing; delightful process! The Batoka smoke mutokwane; this increases their degraded appearance; they are very dark in colour, owing probably to the combination of heat and moisture in which they dwell; the pernicious weed which they smoke "produces a kind of frenzy, a violent fit of coughing follows a couple of puffs of smoke. They take a mouthful of water, and squirt it and the smoke out of their mouth together; it has a different effect on different people. To some everything appears as if viewed through a telescope, while to others things are magnified, and in passing over a straw they will lift up their feet as if stepping over a tree." Mutokwane is the plant *cannabis sativa*, or common hemp.

By way of dress a good many tribes wear bark cloths and animal's skins, but the most general rule is for the unmarried women to be quite nude, and the men to clothe the shoulders and dress their hair. Some tribes dress their hair so elaborately that several years are required to complete their head-dress; as the wool grows it is woven with twine into a close felt; this is gradually worked up into some form. The Latookas work it into a helmet, the Lira tribe into a flat piece like

a beaver's tail, the Shooas into a thick heavy mass reaching to their shoulders. The felt is covered with beads, and finished off with cowries, or with a sewn edge, and sometimes plastered with grease, pipe-clay, or ordinary clay; and the result must be the most uncomfortable, inconvenient thing conceivable.

The women take little or no trouble about their hair; many are shaven.

Throughout Africa polygamy is recognized, and common; in many places wives are property, just as cows are, and can be bought for cattle, but for no other commodity.

RESULTS.

On the whole it appears we may come to this conclusion:—The tribes of Central Africa are capable of much improvement.

All the travellers are unanimous in the opinion that the first step necessary is to suppress the slave-trade. The natives have dealt in slaves among themselves for ages, not only the coast tribes, but those of the impenetrable interior; these are usually prisoners of war, women and children. But since this accursed traffic in human beings is destructive of all the higher attributes of humanity, the abolition of the trade must be the preliminary step of advancement: following upon this commerce may come, and commerce will be accompanied by civilization.

The climate of the interior is healthy, and the air and temperature pleasant; the difficulty is to get there; the tribes of the coast are unfriendly, and the coast lands enjoy such a climate as no European can live in.

The absence of history or traditions forbids us to propound any theories except that the present races are the aboriginal natives of the soil, races as old as the plants with which they thatch their miserable huts. These huts are all one shape, circular; are supported upon an immense number of poles, ten times as many

as are necessary, not one in the whole country is furnished with a window, and few of them have doors higher than two or three feet.

Uganda and Unyoro shew the most signs of civilization, they are side by side, and probably owe their condition to their being ruled over by a race from Abyssinia. Most of the people live without hope, and shew very little intelligence or invention. The great chiefs ride upon mens' shoulders; there are no beasts of draught or burden, no domestic animals save the dog; they make no use of the elephant, or ox, except for food. They all till the ground only a few inches deep with a simple hoe (albeit carefully and well made of excellent iron), this same instrument is used all over the country. These things seem to shew that the people are unable to raise themselves one step above their present level, and the absence of any evidence of remains of former magnificence or intelligence, seems to tell us that their present state is the level at which the whole race has been since it was first planted there. There are no roads or buildings, no vestiges of letters or inscriptions, or even of hieroglyphics of any age.

Still the Africans are not mere brutes. Their children, as it appears, shew as great intelligence and strength of body and limb at two years old as ours do at three; after that age they are apt to learn, and have many good qualities, but these qualities are not developed. There seems to be great hope that under suitable treatment and careful intelligent government, the negro would become, and remain, a man among men, instead of being, as he frequently seems now to be, only an animal among wild animals.

W. L. WILSON.



THE GLACIERS OF GUNVERSDAHL (JUSTEDAL).

IN these days of competitive examinations everybody of course knows everything; but as there is no rule without an exception, and Glaciers—to judge from most allusions to them in the so called ‘best authors,’ appear to be selected as one of the subjects where ignorance is more than pardonable, I may be forgiven if I commence my story—which after all, is rather of the ‘needy knife-grinder’s sort,’ by a word of topography. In the science of Glacier nomenclature, there appears to be three stages; one wherein the Glaciers are wholly nameless—another, wherein they are lumped together under the title of some district or mountain chain—and the last, when each down to the smallest has its own appellation; stages perhaps answering to the prehistoric, mythic, and historic period in the chronicle of our own race. The Alps in general are in the last of these stages, where the careful anxiety with which the proper name is ascertained for every dirty patch of frozen snow reminds one sometimes of the accurate chronicling of small beer in some modern historians, or the species splitting tendencies of certain naturalists. Norway, as far as I can ascertain, is passing from the second to the third stage; accordingly the Justedal Glaciers denote a range of flattish snow-fields, some of the ice streams from which already bear distinctive names. The general direction of the chain, if so irregular a mountain group can bear that name, is from N.E. to S.W.; it is about fifty English miles long and of

varying breadth, lying between lat. 61° and 62° , and draining on the one side into the Nord, on the other into the Sogne Fjord. A large part of this great snow plateau, for in the Alps it would almost bear that name, lies between four and six thousand feet above the sea. Several of its most important ice streams descend into the Justedal, a long valley which joins the principal arm of the Sogne Fjord, not far from its head, and accordingly gives its name to the whole snow field.

Among the many drawbacks on travel in Norway, as compared with more frequented regions, not the least is the difficulty of getting from place to place by water (often the only mean of transit), if once you desert the regular line. True you can almost everywhere make your way by what is called *baad skyds*, that is by hiring an open boat with a sufficient crew, and proceeding either by sail or oar from station to station, but so far as my experience goes it is generally a most disagreeable way of journeying. It would be very hot and glaring with much sun—not that we were ever thus annoyed last summer—it can be bitterly cold—the boats are often dirty and inconvenient, progress is generally slow, and often not a little dangerous, owing to the sudden squalls, about which the boatmen are not always sufficiently careful. If then you determine not to subject yourself to the slow martyrdom of travelling through a country, often very monotonous, at from two to four miles an hour, with aching back and cramped legs, you will find that the steamers appear to run exactly like the trains on opposition lines in England, and that they secure your having plenty of time for doing justice to the beauties of the country, by stranding you for a day or two at each change, not always in the most interesting spots. Hence on our arrival from the north at Bergen, we found that two days' waiting would take us to almost any part of the Sogne Fjord, except the

one which we desired to visit; but that by making all speed over-land from the nearest station to the Justedal, we might just get back to Marifjæren (where the valley comes down to the Fjord) in time to catch the only steamer which touches there.

Accordingly we had a long journey, on one of our few fine days, up that dreariest of dreary valleys, the Sogne Fjord. This is much what the Rhone valley would be if its sides were a good deal flattened, rounded, and scrubbed bare of vegetation, and its bed filled with water. Then after a morning spent in coasting up and down tributary glens, some of which are really fine, we were dropped at Sogndal, whence by cross-roads, we hoped to reach before evening some place in the Justedal. Of course it was raining. Bad as our climate is, bad as that of the Alps often is, Norway weather struck me as far worse. Four figures under dripping mackintoshes made their way to the post-house, and endeavoured as far as their limited stock of Norse allowed to make their wants known to the postmaster. No horse till to-morrow morning, was the reply, and then followed a long explanation, very little of which was intelligible. This was a complete checkmate, for, as I said, we had just time to visit the Justedal, and catch the next steamer, missing which would entail I am afraid to say how many hours rowing. Two of our quartette, whose destination was different from our own, determined to shoulder their knapsacks and push on as far as possible. In our case this was out of the question, for, even if we could have made some arrangement for our heavier baggage, my fellow-traveller, W—, who had rather overworked himself in the north, would have probably knocked up by the way.

Attempts at coming to an understanding having utterly broken down, a new light was thrown upon the scene by the arrival of a Mr. Foss, who, much to our astonishment, spoke excellent English: subsequently he proved to be a native of the place, who after spending

some fifteen or twenty years in various parts of the globe, principally in the States and the English colonies, had now settled down again in this quiet corner of the earth, as a store and post-office keeper, and a generally important personage among his own people. After explaining how an unexpected affluence of strangers that morning had drained the neighbourhood of horses, he proceeded to console us with the news of glaciers up the valley behind Sogndal. The result of our conference with him and a courteous officer of the Norwegian survey who had just returned from this district, was, that we determined to substitute these for the Justedal Glaciers proper, not the least of their attractions being that they were unknown to tourists, and that the valley leading to them was asserted to be unusually beautiful. This done, we rambled out, and in the interval of showers examined the neighbourhood.

The village, like most in Norway, offered nothing of interest, the houses being generally built of wood and modelled after a packing-case; but the river terraces on either side of the valley behind were among the finest that I have seen in Norway. Generally they were grass grown, but I managed to find one or two partial sections. At these places they consisted of apparently unstratified sand, containing rolled pebbles of gneiss, slate, and quartzite upon which in my rather brief search I could not detect any scratches. The clear stream which drains the valley foams along over gneiss rocks, and in one place tumbles down a broken ledge or cliff in a picturesque though low cascade. W.— made a sketch of this, while I investigated the terraces. This done we crossed the stream by a slight bridge to the church, which is built of wood and tells better for the energy than for the taste of the villagers; for it is a large, new, but very unpicturesque structure. It stands on the flat top of one of the terraces, which must be about 80 feet high, with a slope of not less than 50°. There were plenty of fair-sized birch trees

near, and the vegetation was tolerably rich, but flowers were not abundant, the only noteworthy one being a *Catchfly* resembling much our old fashioned garden plant *Lychnis viscaria*.

Next morning rain again; but as there appeared some hopes of a change for the better we ordered round our steeds, a couple of stout Norway ponies. Each drew a country cart, a vehicle as strong as it is uncomfortable, built after a pattern unknown to England, so I will try to describe it. A pair of low stout wheels support a sort of tray; thus far it might be a coarse copy of a luggage-porter's cart. From the front part of this tray rise two wooden bearers, sloping back at an angle of 45° or so, and carrying the seat. This arrangement obviously suggests that, if an unusually sharp jerk came, you would be shot from your seat like a pellet from a spoon. Each of these wonderful machines was attended by a lad to drive it, so having arranged our traps, and furnished a subject of general interest to the vacuous section of the village, we set off about 7 A.M. Our good friend Mr. Foss had fortunately succeeded in retaining for us as guide, a peasant of the upper valley, Johannes Gunversdahl by name, a stalwart fellow who had already walked on ahead to settle some business of his own, and was presently overtaken by us.

The rain continued to fall, though not heavily, for most of our drive; but the effects of rolling mists and cloud wreaths on the hill sides were often very grand. The road was simply the worst I have ever seen. I have been fairly jolted on a good many Alpine byways; I had already been driven in a carriage and pair near Trondhjem, down a place which would have justified instant resignation on the part of an English coachman with proper professional feelings, but that was a *route imperiale* to this. First it took a long pull up hill; this though tedious was tolerable; then after passing a village it went, as is the custom of a Norway

road, up and down, without the smallest attempt at engineering, the gradient being whatever the hill side chanced to be, up to about one in one—as it seemed. A very few of the steepest bits of descent were indeed walked down cautiously, but generally, on coming to the brow of a declivity, the guide jumped into the tray behind, the driver shook the reins, and made a kissing noise with his mouth, whereat away the pony “went over mud and stones till our hair whistled in the wind,” and we were carried with the rush half-way up the next slope. By wedging my back against the seat and feet against the rim of the tray, I managed to fix myself pretty securely during this process, though I had to set my teeth hard lest they should be broken by involuntary gnashing. W— however did not fare so well. It would be a gross personal slander to call him tall, hence his legs dangled; and in these passages he was bumped about his seat like a pea on a hot shovel, in imminent danger of being shot out of the catapult; until at last his driver, who fortunately was a sturdy youth of some eighteen years, clipped him with one arm, and so held him fast.

It was certainly a fine drive; the valley was in many parts tolerably wide and open, with much rich cultivated land, and a clear stream running along the bed. Above were woods and rocks; and occasionally we passed lovely bits of foreground, grass and boulders, with brushwood and luxuriant ferns. After about three hours and a-half of jolting, we reached a lake occupying the whole bed of the valley. Here we left the ponies in charge of the younger lad, and after getting out a boat, were rowed along it by W—’s driver and our guide. The lake must be some three miles long, and generally rather more than a quarter broad; but it did not appear very deep. The slopes around are far less desolate than we had been accustomed to see in Norway, so that altogether it justified Mr. Foss’ recommendation. The rain gradually ceased as we rowed

along, and on nearing the upper end of the lake, gleams of sunshine began to appear.

Its head is near the junction of two valleys, down which separate glaciers have evidently once descended; these have left great piles of moraine to mark their track. On the boggy slope leading up towards the left-hand valley, and a few score yards from the lake stands a farm-house, to which we made our way. It was but a very humble place, although a room or two had recently been added to it as guest-chambers. W— took possession of one of these, which was moderately clean, and had the advantage of a sort of open verandah commanding a view of the lake. There was but one slight objection, that the stairs up to it came through a wholly unprotected aperture, so that if W— in the ardour of his work forgot himself and stepped back to examine an effect, there was a fair chance of the drawing being advertised as a “last work,—“unfinished.” I quartered myself in a large room containing two beds, which was also to be used as our *salon*; this had an all pervading odour of mustiness; and no wonder, for the quantity of spare garments suspended round its walls gave it the air and the atmosphere of an ‘old clo’ shop. The resources of the establishment did not go much beyond *flatbrod*, what in the north of England one would call oat-cake; and *gammle ost*, cheese in an advanced stage of decomposition, a dish, which though endurable in Norway, would at home bring a man to a pitch of indigestion, that could only be alleviated by concocting sarcastic epigrams on his dearest friends.

After an arid repast on these delicacies eked out by some bread drier than the native pine, and washed down with that substitute for beer, which I am thankful to think must be a beverage peculiarly Scandinavian—for I have never met with it elsewhere, and sincerely hope I never may—we parted for a while; I, with Johannes, to visit the glacier in the valley behind the

house; W— to be rowed about the lake by the host, and make as many sketches as time and weather would allow. His driver elected to follow us.

I am afraid, if anything had gone wrong, I should have got hard measure from a jury of the Alpine Club; so completely were we transgressing all precedents in this expedition. Here was I, after eleven years of mountain experience, starting to ascend a glacier at noon, without a rope, and without an alpenstock. Let me plead that the former was needless, and as a substitute for the latter I had a stout birch sapling, sharpened a little at the thin end, which really answered very well on snow.

The clouds were now rolling rapidly off the mountains, which were for the most part rounded fells capped with snow fields; and as we walked through the fields we saw that the lake extends about half a mile up the other arm of the valley, which, as I was told, again bifurcates some distance further up, one glen containing a glacier, the other leading to a pass over the fjeld to a neighbouring valley.

The arm which we ascended was wild and picturesque; the craggy sides and the stony bed were often thickly clothed with brushwood—birch, alder, and sallow; a grey species of the last being most abundant in the highest part. Ferns were plentiful. I noticed the Oak and Beech ferns, the Male and Broad Buckler ferns, the Lady fern, and even the Brake, together with very many beautiful mosses. As far as my limited experience goes, walking up a valley in Norway is far more toilsome than in the Alps, and this one is no exception; there is hardly any path, and the frequent streamlets rendering the ground very boggy, you must jump here and there from stone to stone, now splashing in a bog, now slipping on a root. After about three-quarters of an hour's quick though rough walking, we gained a rocky mound, part of an old moraine, whence we obtained a fine view of the glacier. The upper

part of the valley is enclosed by snow fields, the largest of which are right and left of a col at its head; and from it and them descend the glacier which we had come to visit. Though picturesquely situated, it would not be thought much of in Switzerland, for it is of no great size, and is for the greater part rather a steep snow slope or bank of *névé* than true glacier ice, which only appears quite at the end; below this were some old snow beds resting on screes. I was more reminded of some parts of the *Ätztaler* Alps, where the mountains rarely rise above from ten to eleven thousand feet than of any other region. They, however, have on the whole the advantage in the comparison.

After a short halt here, spent in sketching, we again set off at a sharp pace up the valley, which became more and more boggy, by reason of the countless rills that splashed down the rocks or stole through moss-covered channels from the snowfields above. The vegetation shewed more and more the influence of a northern climate. The birches grew with sharp serpent-like writhings of trunk and bough, till at last they trailed upon the slopes like the *latschen* on a Tyrol mountain side. A large white ranunculus and a few less conspicuous flowers enlivened the slopes which even now were only beginning to be green with sprouting ferns. Whether these were the Lady fern or the far rarer Alpine Polypody, I could not in their immature state positively ascertain, but I think the latter. The head of the valley is wild and gloomy. A few stunted bushes linger here and there on the lower parts of the mountains. The steep screes below the ice come down into a milky lakelet, where the glacier waters cast down their burden of silt, and by so doing have formed a marshy delta at the upper end. Patches of last winter's snow, often soiled and dull, dapple the dank hill sides among the scanty herbage and curling fronds of growing fern; and the remains of spring avalanches slope steeply down to the water, in

which fragments broken from the over-hanging craglets of ice are floating about, or lie grounded at the lower end. We kept high up on the right bank of the valley above the lake, and at last, after a stiff pull up a snow slope, reached a grassy knoll about level with the end of the glacier. This is divided into two short arms; the one on our side being apparently only frozen snow, the other glacier ice steep and crevassed. We addressed ourselves to the former, and in about half an hour reached a ridge of ice-worn rock which forms the groin that now parts them. Along the crest of this runs a small but well marked moraine, once the common boundary of the two ice streams, now high and dry many yards above them. After a short rest here, we turned our faces to the upper snow fields, which are rather steep, with occasional narrow, but long and deep crevasses. These however presented no difficulty, though they sometimes, by opening to a width of six or eight feet, rendered necessary a slight detour, and a little care in walking along above their upper lips.

Bearing away to the right we gradually rounded the head of the glen, mounting steadily upwards at a good pace. The proverb *plus doucement on monte plus vite on arrive au sommet*, was wholly neglected, because time was short, the weather threatening and the summit not very distant. I must confess however that the breach of law was very nearly bringing its due penalty; the effects, which guide-book writers attribute to the rarity of the air, became very remarkable: and I discovered that a month spent in a steamer, or in knocking about in out-of-the-way places, where it was day all night long—if the bovine phrase be permitted—and consequently one kept all manner of hours, or rather did not keep them at all; sketching at midnight or cock-crow, and sleeping after breakfast; eating hugely of gigantic crustacea for supper, and indulging in the innumerable ‘fixings’ of a Scandinavian morning meal, with an occasional Lent of fish and flatbrod, had not been

the best of training for a forced march up a steep snow slope. Nay, had it not been that the clouds encouragingly kept just clear of the summit of the pass, and one felt a certain objection to being beaten by a third-class glacier and an unprofessional guide—for Johannes strode on as if stockfish and flatbrod gave the highest possible supply of muscle fibrine,—I own I should have philosophized on the game and candle, and ordered a retreat. Obstinacy however gained the day, and after one or two momentary halts, we reached the summit. Three hours quick walking had brought us thither from the farm; but at the ordinary Alpine pace it would take nearer four. The neighbouring mountains (which, with more time it would have been an easy matter to ascend), and the floating clouds shut out most of the view, the only noteworthy thing being the unmistakable traces of a bear, which had preceded us in the excursion. A short descent on the other side gives a wider prospect, and by a rough solitary scramble up some broken rocks to the right, I got one still more extended, flushing three ptarmigan on my way. Behind me the flat snow-fields of the Justedal group and dark fells mottled with white loomed out through rolling mists. Below lay the Fjærland arm of the Sogne Fjord, a deep blue mirror in a sloping frame of green pastures, down which we looked, along a reach of the main valley, towards the southern shore near Vik. Further still were ranges of high bleak snowy fells, which separate the glens of the Runsdal Elv from the wider channel of the Sogne Fjord. One glimpse also I had, and only one, through the clouds to the west, of a fine snowy mass, with steep glaciers streaming down its sides; a bluff, I think, at the extreme south of the Justedal *massif*. I would gladly have sketched it, but in another minute the clouds closed over it. The glen at the head of which we stood led steeply down towards the Fjærlands Fjord; on this side there was no glacier, only a few easy snow

slopes. Here, at I suppose about four thousand feet above the sea, the aspect of nature corresponded with that at more than double the elevation in the Alps, except that she was even wilder and more savage. No coloured stars of gentian, campion, or androsace, no drooping soldanelle or pale ranunculus, softened the grey heaps of gneissic blocks; the skeleton forms of the reindeer lichen whitening their sides, and spongy mosses clustered into tiny bogs in each depression were the only signs of life. Here, as on other mountains of Norway, I felt a sense of utter lonesomeness, which one realizes but seldom, even in the highest regions of the Alps. These rolling monotonous mountains, dark rounded rocks blotched with irregular unsightly patches of snow, ending not in aspiring peaks but in trackless undulating domes, these stunted birches in the valleys instead of stately pines, these wet desolate slopes instead of the emerald green alps dotted with brown chalets, would make solitude among the fjelds to me intolerable.

The gathering mists warned us not to linger long; so returning once more to the col we hastened down our track, and raced the clouds homewards, coming in now and then for a brief shower, but on the whole escaping unwetted. When within about a mile of the farm, I turned aside for a few minutes to a *sæter* to get a bowl of milk, which was most welcome, as even the *gammle ost* had long been assimilated, as well as one or two biscuits which had been pocketed in case of need. The *sæter* had a general resemblance to a Swiss *chalet*; being perhaps if possible a trifle dirtier; it was divided into two rooms, one for living, the other for the stores of milk and cheese. What they had was cheerfully offered; I got a bowl of excellent milk, and my men, after carefully taking down a pile of shallow tubs full of a yellowish curd in various stages, placed one of the lowest in the heap on the table, and fell to with a horn spoon apiece. I really forget what they called the compound, and am not cunning enough in cheese-

making to know its English name; but they seemed to like it, absorbed a good many cubic inches each, and then, after carefully licking their spoons clean, replaced them on the shelf. It's so nice to see tidy habits!

We reached the farm about half-past six, where I found W— in the verandah, protected by an outwork ingeniously constructed with an old door, and engaged in giving the last touches to a water colour sketch, wholly unruffled by the fact that I was a good half-hour late for dinner. This presently made its appearance, after the host had pottered in and out of the room a great many times, with a big pipe pendant from his mouth, which appeared an inseparable companion. From a certain tremulousness of hand and dazed manner, I should say that he either suffered from ague or took much spirituous precaution against it. It is hardly worth while recording the *menu* of the dinner; in fact had it not been for a pot of Liebeg and a tin of preserved meat from our own stores, there would have been a good deal of 'make believe' about it. As for the night, my experience resulted in discovering that the odour of old clothes is more persistent than that of tobacco, and the Scandinavian flea no less active than his Alpine brother.

We left early next morning with our usual accompaniment of rain. A pair of redshanks which we had noticed the day before, were still flying about the landing place and uttering their plaintive cry. At the other end of the lake, Johannes and the lad caught and harnessed the ponies, which were grazing near. We then settled our accounts with him, according to the arrangements made before starting; and dropped him a little lower down the valley at his own cottage. As my driver had gone home the evening before, I was obliged to be my own charioteer; and a good part of the road being down hill, we went at a tearing pace. I had never driven before on a Norway road,

there seemed however nothing to do but let the pony have his head, and follow the leader. They say Norway ponies never come down; if mine had done so in some places I should have illustrated the theory of projectiles, in a way more satisfactory to others than to myself. As it was one strain kept ringing in my ears as we hurried down, "Rattle his bones over the stones, only a pauper nobody owns." It was perhaps some consolation that W— was evidently suffering yet more acutely than myself.

During our descent I had another opportunity of examining the river terraces. They extend some two miles English up the valley, the most elevated—which can hardly be less than six hundred feet above the sea—terminating at the foot of an old moraine which extends right across the valley. About three other sets can be distinguished, but they are somewhat irregular, not always corresponding in height on opposite sides of the valley, and sometimes interrupted and at different levels on the same side. In two separate sections I observed stratified layers of fine sand, which projected from the face of the bank in miniature reefs. The terraces were largely composed of pebbles, the smaller rounded, the larger subangular. One, perhaps the third from the top, exhibited a very interesting feature. The road here runs along the edge of a steep bank, some five feet high; below this is a level field, across which rises a corresponding bank, leading to a wide plateau, which again falls steeply down for several yards towards the river. This plateau had evidently been an island between two arms of the stream, when its volume had formerly been greater; at last one arm had been deserted by the water, which had gone on cutting its way down towards its present channel. Further on is a well marked bay, now a field, enclosed by a cliff about eight feet high, along the edge of which runs the road. The village itself is built on a slope or low terrace, which has once

been the seaward end of the delta. The rock on which all this debris rests appears to be ice worn. The history therefore of the valley is the same as that of many others in Norway. When the great ice streams, which once descended the Scandinavian Fjords, and sent off bergs to scatter boulders over the submerged hills of eastern England, were slowly shrinking back towards their present limits, the land must have lain several hundred feet below its present level, and a delta was then formed by the glacier streams which poured into every arm of the Fjord. As it rose slowly and with occasional pauses, the torrents cut deep into the incoherent mass, and bore large portions of it down to a lower level; these deposits too were in their turn partially removed, till at last the terraces were left as we now see them, to show what vast effects rivers and ice, those great levellers in the economy of Nature, can bring about in the course of ages.

So ended a very interesting excursion, and if any reader feels disposed to follow our steps up the Gunversdahl, or to explore the other arm of the valley—Fruhdahl by name—let me advise him to stay a few days at Sogndal, where he will find very passable accommodation, and let him take counsel of our kind friend Mr. Foss, who, to an intimate knowledge of the country unites the most courteous willingness to assist any stranger who may be in need of help. Though, as compared with the Alps, the glaciers at the head of the Sogndal are small, the expedition (which could be made in a single long day from the village) is a very interesting one, with much varied and fine scenery, and some parts of the drive from Sogndal to Solvorn (where we met the steamer) are among the most beautiful that I have seen in Norway.



TENACES PROPOSITI VIROS.

To the Air "Hearts of Oak."

Now long live our heroes, for heroes they are,
Who fought against Fate and still shunned not the war;
Nine times in our bosoms did hope glimmer bright,
Nine times did it set in calamity's night.
Oars of Cam, Granta's sons, honour be to your name!

When luck was at zero,

Each was a hero,

And worthy a niche in the temple of Fame.

Once more through the clouds, the dark clouds, of our
doubt,

That hope, dimmer grown, like a star struggled out;
They followed, our heroes, that star for their guide,
And vanquished the Fortune they long had defied.
Oars of Cam, Granta's sons, honour be to your name!

When luck was at zero,

Each was a hero,

And worthy a niche in the temple of Fame.

For Goldie was true gold, and Strachan was strong,
And Phelps never faltered, and Lowe kept it long,
And Spencer was steady, and Dale ne'er distressed,
And Ridley and Randolph were worthy the rest.
Oars of Cam, Granta's sons, honour be to your name!

When luck was at zero,

Each was a hero,

And worthy a niche in the temple of Fame.

Then forward, my men, reach well out to your oars:
He conquers at last who with Destiny wars;
We left the dark Past with Dark Blue in the rear,
When Cambridge led Oxford to Mortlake this year.
Oars of Cam, Granta's sons, honour be to your name!

When luck was at zero,

Each was a hero,

And worthy a niche in the temple of Fame.

T. M.



THE SCHAFLOCH.

NEVERY few of the myriad tourists, who annually stream through the Alps to gaze and occasionally wander upon their glaciers, would be able, if questioned, to give any account of a *glacière*, unless it were as an artificial structure intimately connected with the manufacture of cooling drinks. Still these ice-caves are well worth a visit. It is indeed true that the majority lie rather out of the beaten track; and so demand from the visitor some little sacrifice of time or of personal comfort; seven of those known to exist in the neighbourhood of the Alps are dotted about the Jura; three lie near together on the slopes of Mount Parmelan, near the lake of Annecy; others are in the same Savoy district, while one lies far to the south in Dauphinè on the sunny slopes near Die. There is however one—and it is the only one in Switzerland proper—which is within a day's excursion from two great tourists' resting places, Thun and Interlachen, and can be reached without any particular difficulty.

There are two things for which I have an insatiable appetite, going up mountains and into caves. Both, I am assured by my friends, are equally irrational; mountains are a snare; caves a delusion. I have had it demonstrated scores of times by the most unanswerable logic that the former are always troublesome, sometimes dangerous to ascend; that by all the canons of art so good a view cannot be had from the top as from the bottom of a mountain; that the region of

snow, ice, and rock must be infinitely more monotonous than the varying tints of cornfield, meadow, and forest; that the press, headed by the *Times*, has declared against Alpine climbing—and the newspapers of course are always right—so that if I break my neck the Thunderer will 'write me down an ass' for my epitaph. Well I have listened respectfully, as I hope my custom is, to this excellent advice; nay, I have often, when shivering under a boulder in a hopeless snow storm, hair and beard a mass of icicles, or groping in a thick fog from one shaky bit of rock to another, wondered "what I was doing in that galley," and more than half promised to myself that this should be positively the last appearance above ten thousand feet. Still *redditus tandem terris* I don't consecrate my alpenstock to Phœbus, and with the morning light find that *deteriora sequor*, 'I go into bad places,' is still my motto. My other infatuation, being naturally less obtrusive, escapes detection more easily; but I doubt not it would be crushed with yet heavier arguments; caves are generally dirty, always stuffy; apt to be haunted by unclean birds, beasts, reptiles; and therefore can't be worth even the farthing candle, with which you grease your fingers, and do not light up the walls. Very true: but still instinct, stronger than reason, tells one that the final cause of mountains is to be ascended and caves to be explored. If this be not an objective truth, it is to me a subjective one; and that, according to the best modern philosophy, is quite sufficient. So I expect that I shall continue to scramble up mountains and into caves as long as my legs will carry me.

Now as regards this particular cave. It has at any rate the advantage of singularity—for there are very few such in Europe, or indeed, so far as is known, in the world. Mr. Browne, in his book on Ice Caves, (which contains a great deal of information with some very amusing writing), enumerates about thirty, several

of that number being insignificant, and these were all of which he could obtain any information. Moreover, as I have already said, it can be reached without much trouble; it does not require a long *détour* or a night in a chalet among creeping things innumerable, or any derangement of one's plans. Thun and Interlachen are both places, where anyone travelling with a party of the weaker sex is almost sure to halt for a while, and even the solitary wanderer, who abhors well dressed *crotins* and shakes cockney dust off his feet, will find a visit to this cave only adds a few hours to the journey between these two places. If the cave prove a disappointment, if its scientific aspect charm him not, and he scorn all the 'ologies, still he will have, as will be hereafter shown, a lovely walk for his pains.

A visit to the Schafloch had been for some years on my list of *agenda*, but from one cause or another, I had always been unable to bring it into my annual tours. Last July I found myself at Interlachen, and had so arranged matters as to have a day to spare for the excursion. The weather appeared likely to be propitious; indeed too propitious, for the heat in north Switzerland was greater than I have ever felt before, and was usually almost intolerable for some hours in the middle of the day at any place less than three thousand feet above the sea. A boat leaves Neuhaus for Thun about five in the morning, and had I been wise I should have gone by this; but finding that no one else happened to be quitting the hotel so early, I suffered myself to be overpersuaded by the *garçon*, and let the house rest till a more reasonable hour. Interlachen is separated by a long stretch of dusty road from Neuhaus, whence the steamer departs; so that breakfast before starting, or a carriage, or both are desirable. These mean turning some half-dozen hard worked servants out of bed an hour or two earlier than their wonted time; and the need seemed hardly sufficient to justify

this. The alternative of walking fasting to the steamer would unfortunately, in my case, produce a headache for the day. I therefore did not leave Neuhaus till about a quarter past nine on a brilliant morning.

As all who have journeyed along the lake of Thun will remember, the scenery of its north bank changes considerably in proceeding from west to east. Near that picturesque town are vine-clad slopes terminating in rounded hills, part of the broad fringe of conglomerate which forms the outworks of the Alpine fortress. Though these are scarped here and there into lofty precipices or rise into commanding bastions, like the Rigi above the lake of Lucerne, jagged crests and sharp sky lines are wholly absent, and cornfields or plantations frequently extend to their very summits. About half way up the lake a rapid change takes place in the scenery; bold and sometimes broken ridges, narrow valleys often enclosed by cliffs, steep slopes of grass or pinewood rising wave-like over the rolling hills, and descending precipitously into the lake,—all shew that we have reached the inner zone of limestone, and are intersecting the parallel mountain lines which rear themselves in increasing grandeur, till that crystalline citadel is reached whose snow-clad towers so long defied the foot of man.

The outermost ridge in this limestone district is called from a neighbouring village the Sigriswyl Grat. Its western face is principally a steep slope of grass and forest, its eastern descends in somewhat formidable precipices to a narrow glen, the Justisthal. One of the principal points in this ridge, like a hundred others in Switzerland, bears the name of Rothhorn, and among its cliffs, high up above the Justisthal, the Schafloch is situated. Any one who prefers to walk from Interlachen by the north shore of the lake (a route by no means without interest, as the Justisthal figures much in local hagiology) can reach the cave from that valley by a steep and rugged path. As however,

the commercial advantages of so wild a glen do not seem sufficient to tempt the steamer to halt at Merlingen (the little village at its outlet), even those who come from Interlachen will find the path from Gonten, the nearest landing place on the side of Thun, the most convenient mode of ascent. This passes over the southern end of the 'grat,' locally called the Ralligfluh, and reaches the cave by a track high above the Justisthal.

The water, as we quitted Neuhaus, glittered like a mirror in the brilliant sunshine; and the peaks of the Schreckhorn rising 'dim with excess of light,' above a lovely middle distance of crag and forest, formed, as we were crossing from one shore of the lake to the other, a picture not easily forgotten. About an hour after starting, the usual broad bottomed ferry-boat put me ashore at Gonten, a little village nestled among gardens and orchards. A hairy, and slightly unintelligible being, punted me to the landing place; and on learning my designs on the ice cave presented himself as the most experienced guide in the district, the man who knew the Schafloch winter and summer. Hard by is a decent auberge, so we adjourned thither to arrange matters; a process of some difficulty. Mr. Browne asserts that the men of Gonten do not speak—"they merely grunt, and each interprets the grunt as he will." I suppose the school-master has been abroad since he went there, for they have made some progress towards articulate speech; but have as yet only got as far as a patois bearing rather less resemblance to German than Tim Bobbin's Dialogue does to Macaulay's English. I have a theory however—and it has been confirmed by experience—that, if you only know a language imperfectly, a patois, unless it be something outrageous, does not bother you much more than the 'undefiled well'; so that we got on somehow, and when a hopeless *nexus* arose, the *Kellnerin*, more in the habit of communicating with the outer world, was appealed to as a *Dea ex machina*. The

hitch turned out to be that, although he would have liked the job, he had an engagement at home; still he volunteered to find a man who would give me satisfaction. Before my *chopine* of wine was out, he returned with another man, less hairy but more intelligible, and in a very short time some bread, and cheese and wine with a couple of candles were packed in a knapsack, and we were off through the village.

From the balcony of the inn there is a fine view of the peaks about the Gemmi Pass, and every step you take up the slopes behind the village widens the prospect. The heat however was overpowering; the steep dusty path ran under glaring vineyard walls which made the air feel like that of a furnace; and when at times we followed byways over the fields, the earth seemed as if it were baking. For the only time in my life I thought the sun would beat me; a white handkerchief tied over my head gave but little relief. I began to turn sick and faint, and more than once threw myself down for a moment under the shadow of a chance tree. Just as I felt utterly exhausted, we approached a farmhouse, in front of which a spreading cherry-tree cast a welcome shade. My guide remarked, "They make kirschwasser here, it is very good with lemon and cold water." Happy thought! Another minute, we are 'strewed as to our limbs under a green' cherry-tree, an interchange of patois takes place between guide and gudewife, who emerges from the smoky kitchen, like Hebe from a cloud, with a *chopine* of lemon-coloured syrup and a jug of water. A tentative sip, and all uneasy doubts as to a possible *amari aliquid* in the form of wormwood were banished; it was genuine nectar. In the glowing words of an eminent physicist, "With a concentration of purp which I had rarely before exerted, I drew the fluid into me. Thrice I returned to the attack before that insatiate thirst gave way. The effect was astonishing.

The liquid appeared to lubricate every atom of my body, and its fragrance to permeate my brain. I felt a growth of strength at once commence within me; all anxiety as to physical power, with reference to the work in hand, soon vanished."

Thus cheered, but not inebriated, we went our way. The sun was still very powerful, but our increasing elevation began to tell in an occasional puff of cooler air. A change too was evidently impending in the weather;—the Oberland giants still stood glittering in the sun, but behind their western peaks, though no clouds were yet visible, the southern sky was thickening into a leaden sheet of vapour. A storm was evidently brewing, but we both thought that we were safe for some hours. This however proved to be a mistake; before long distant growls began to be audible, as though the tutelary beast of Bern were bestirring himself in his head-quarters; the snow peaks turned a livid yellow, and then melted away in the inky vapour; not as if enveloped in clouds, but as though the air itself became turbid; and scarce had we breasted the steep slopes of pasture on the open alps, when distant flashes began to twinkle behind the Niesen pyramid and over the head of the Kanderthal. The storm was evidently advancing with unprecedented rapidity. We press on faster, hoping at least to gain the shelter of the cave before it burst. We overtake two shepherds, who are toiling up the zigzag path, and quick as is our pace, they and our guide gasp out an animated conversation in patois, which for unintelligibility beats that of Gonten hollow. The forest is near, where shade will be abundant; but before we reach it, the sun fades away into the mist. The lightning begins to play about the summit of the Niesen, but we yet hope that the storm may pause before it cross the lake. Vain expectation! before the crest of the Ralligfluh is gained, big drops fall singly on the stones, like the opening notes of the Hailstone

chorus, shewing that the movement 'fire ran along the ground' is not far distant. We strain every nerve to gain at least a chalet just on the other side of the crest, but when we are yet a few dozen yards below the summit, in the very worst situation, the storm bursts upon us with a crash of thunder and a volley of hail. It scatters us like the discharge of a mitrailleuse; each rushes to the nearest shelter. The peasants esconce themselves under fir trees; I seek in vain for an overhanging rock. A storm on a lofty ridge is a serious matter; and the memory of a monument seen but a few days before on the Schilthorn, does not tend to reassure one. At last I find a crevice into which I can wedge my back; it affords but little cover from the rain, but is less dangerous than the treacherous protection of a towering pine; so dropping my ice-axe some distance below, I pass a bad quarter of an hour, while the lightning flashes in disagreeable proximity. Then comes a lull, and we make a bolt for the chalet; reaching it just as the storm recommences. Here we are in comparative safety, but as the rain a deluge, the prospect of reaching the Schafloch does not seem a very bright one. Three lads from Berne are also sheltering here; but having wisely come by an earlier boat, they had already visited the cave, and had thus escaped the broiling heat below.

However, in about an hour the rain abates, and the distant peaks, lighted by broken gleams of sunshine, begin to emerge from the vapours. Hope revives, and as soon as the rain has diminished to a drizzle we are off. A short ascent over the pastures takes us on to some broken ground slightly below the actual crest of the Ralligfluh, over which we hasten along a narrow track that ran in and out among broken rocks. Here, did time permit, one would gladly linger; for among the reefs of *schrattenkalk* the turf is dappled with Alpine flowers, and the rhododendron thickets are all aglow with their tufted blossoms, while mountain ferns

and mosses flourish in unchecked luxuriance down deep and narrow fissures. *Vorwärts* is the word; and now we clamber over a fence, and look down the cliffs into the Justisthal. Here my guide turns, and, observing that the path is henceforth somewhat bad, repeats to me the German equivalent of "Most haste, worst speed." Remarking that, as I have occasionally been on a mountain before, I am aware of the fact, and have no desire to experiment on the velocity of a falling body, I request him to lead the way. The descent—which is for no great distance—is really easy to any one accustomed to climbing, and the subsequent path, though narrow, would only be trying to a bad head. Still, as for all he knew, I might have been a novice, he was quite right in administering a caution. The cliffs overhanging the Justisthal are composed of nearly horizontal strata of limestone, with thin shaly partings. The former are for the most part a yard or more thick, so that the cliff rises in a vertical wall; but as the courses of masonry become thinner below, its foundation is weathered into a series of ledges, which form a slope of moderate inclination. The track runs along one of the widest of these ledges; and while there are not many places where a slip would be very serious, there is in these no excuse for making it.

In about an hour after leaving the chalet we arrived at the entrance of the cave, which is reached by a short scramble. It is a fine natural doorway, which at the time I guessed to be about twenty feet high and thirty wide.* For a short distance it runs nearly at the same level perpendicularly to the face of the cliff, then, after a slight southerly deflection, it curves rapidly round towards the north, and the floor begins to descend. The roof maintains nearly the same level, so that the height of the cave increases considerably. Huge blocks, evidently fallen from above, are piled

* Mr. Browne gives its measurements as 25 feet high and 33 wide. Its height above the sea is 5840 feet.

upon the floor. The outer part, where it is less obstructed, serves as a refuge for sheep in bad weather, whence its name. After lighting our candles we scrambled on, and soon came to small patches of ice; not lying in level pools, but forming stalagmitic incrustations on the fallen blocks; being evidently formed by water dropping from the roof and freezing as it reached the floor. A little further on, where the light of day has faded away, ice occurs in large quantities. It streams down the rocky walls in transparent sheets, and hangs in clustering stalactites from the roof. Beneath these, stalagmitic masses rise up from the floor, which in one case had united with the pendants above, so as to form a column of purest ice a foot or so in diameter. Before reaching them, ice appears more and more frequently, not only on, but among the debris scattered on the ground, until at last it occupies all the floor of the cavern. Its surface is tolerably level, shelving slightly on the whole towards the left-hand side of the cavern, and rising occasionally into a low undulation or protuberance. Water lay here and there in shallow pools, and the whole surface was exceedingly slippery and generally damp. Hence *point de zèle* was a valuable motto; and neglect of it more than once nearly brought me into a sitting posture. In these undulations, and in the various masses adjoining the walls and roof, the prismatic structure which is so common in ice caves was very conspicuous; but it struck me as being rather less regular than in the *glacières* which I had seen near Annecy, where the prisms were often beautifully hexagonal. Their direction and arrangement were such as to accord with the theory, that the structure is at right angles to the surface of freezing, and is produced by contraction, being developed only—or at any rate for the most part—during a process of slow disintegration. Although it is at present difficult to assign the precise physical cause of this contraction, I am convinced that

the structure is as much due to it, as are the columns in basalt, and the cracks in drying mud.

On the left-hand side of the cave there was for some distance a sort of small *bergschrand* between the rocky wall and the ice, but it was only a foot or two wide, and, as far as I could see, did not extend very far down. Passing on, we came to a break on the level floor of the cave; the whole mass of ice suddenly shelving down at a tolerably steep inclination, and apparently plunging into the bowels of the earth. As we leaned over the edge, and attempted to illuminate the dark void beyond with our feeble candles, it did not require much imagination to picture all kinds of horrors below;—deep abysses beneath the treacherous slope, where corpses might fester far out of reach; dark bournes from which is very truth no traveller might return. Here however as often, the horrors of the situation are wholly illusory, and the adventurous traveller who first cut his way down the slope found a level plain below. On the present occasion there was no need even to cut steps; for just on the left-hand side of the slope were some notches, by which our predecessors had descended. These led to a large projecting mass of rock, from which we scrambled down some scree, between the wall of the cave and the ice-fall, till we reached its base. As far as I remember, this disappears under a bank of small angular fragments of stone which covers the floor of the cave and shelves gently down, until the ice re-appears from beneath, and again extends in a level plain from wall to wall. On this too water lay about in small pools. Here also sheets and stalactites of ice hung thickly from the walls and roof, similar to those in the upper part of the cave; but I observed that these did not clearly exhibit the prismatic structure, and that generally, when chopped with my axe, they broke with the ordinary conchoidal fracture. This lake of ice does not extend to the end of the cave, but is separated from it by a few yards of rocky debris,

small but angular, shewing no signs of being water worn.

The cave did not gradually die away, narrowing into a fissure, but terminated almost abruptly, more like an incomplete tunnel; the roof close to the end being perhaps a dozen feet from the stone-strewn floor. No doubt it could be traced some distance from this, were the debris cleared away; and the sudden lowering in the roof may be due to a fault, or to some change in the texture of the rock. Time did not allow me to examine into this; owing to the delay caused by the thunder storm, I was obliged to hurry over many points, which I would gladly have investigated carefully. Among these was the temperature of the cave, which evidently fell as we penetrated into it. I had only time for one observation, which I took within a few feet of the end. Here my thermometer descended to -2° centigrade, a result which it seems a little difficult to reconcile with the presence of water at no great distance, and with my own sensations. I certainly thought that the general temperature of the air in that neighbourhood was rather above than below zero. As however M. Soret's observations shewed that the decrease in temperature in the cave is not uniform, it is possible that the temperature in this spot might have been slightly exceptional; and the infrequency of the prismatic structure in the ice, in this neighbourhood, is certainly a point in favour of the reading of the thermometer. The general temperature, according to M. Soret, varied from 0°C. to 2.37°C. ; and Mr. Browne, who quotes him, says that his own observations gave for it nearer 33°F. than 32° . I had not time to measure the temperature at the mouth of the cave; but, notwithstanding the storm, the afternoon was still rather warm; so that there was nothing exceptional in the condition of the outer air. Probably ordinary fluctuations produce little effect on the air deep within the cave, for I did not notice any draught.

During our stay in the cave the raincloud had drawn off, and when we emerged the afternoon sun was shining brightly on the mountains. While you stand within the entrance the snowy peak of the Jungfrau is seen as in a frame; a picture so lovely as by itself alone to repay one for the trouble of the journey. We could not, however, linger long to gaze. It was now four o'clock, and my guide could be with difficulty induced to promise that we should catch the last steamer, which was due at Gonten soon after six. Missing this was not to be thought of. I had no fancy for trying the rugged path to Interlachen late in the evening, in a second edition of the storm, which though now visiting the lowlands might again drift back; moreover I had a relation waiting for me there whom my absence would have alarmed. So dismissing the idea of descending straight into the Justisthal, I told him that we *must* catch the boat, and that he might go as fast as he could. Accordingly, we raced over the narrow ledges, scrambled up the rock, threaded the wilderness of *Schrattenkalk*, crossed the alps, and gained the ridge of the Ralligfluh in about half an hour from the cave, if I remember rightly. Here as we paused a minute to glance over the lovely view before us, which took in about the whole of the Bernese chain from the Eiger westward, he assumed a more cheerful aspect and declared his mind now at rest as to the steamer. He seemed however determined to risk nothing, so away we went down the slope, running down the zigzags or occasionally seeking a shorter path, during one of which my feet slipped up on the wet clay; I 'collided' with it, and rose up again looking like a brickmaker. In a very much less time than we had taken to ascend, we reached the more level alps below, where stood, near some chalets, a gigantic *wettertanne*, the grandest fir that I had ever seen. In a few minutes we were again among the cultivated fields, through which we rapidly descended; the soil, so parched in the morning, being

now refreshed and fragrant after the rain; and much sooner than I had thought it possible reached the village. The views for the whole way down are very fine, though of course they become less extensive as you descend. As a glance at a map would shew, the part of the Oberland which is best seen, is the range extending westward from the Jungfrau to near the Oldenhorn.

Our rapid descent had brought us home some three quarters of an hour before the time when the steamer was due; so I sat in the balcony and sketched, while my guide quenched his thirst and enlarged to a select audience upon the marvels of the cave and the capabilities of his Herr. I have often remarked that the pace at which Englishmen can go excites the astonishment of the natives in unfrequented places. I believe the reason is that the German travellers, of whom perhaps they see rather more than of the English, though often men of great endurance, cannot put on any pace, and would speedily knock up if they attempted it. By the time I had finished the boat was seen approaching; in a few minutes she lay up at a little pier by the inn garden; I was quickly on board, and speeding over the lake. The evening continued fine, though the clouds hung about until we reached Interlachen.

β.



GRANTA VICTRIX.

LET penny-a-liner's columns pour
Of turgid efflorescence,
Describe in language that would floor
Our Cayleys, Rouths, and Besants,
How Oxford oars as levers move,
While Cambridge Mathematics,
Though excellent in theory, prove
Unstable in Aquatics.

Our muse, a maiden ne'er renowned
For pride, or self-reliance,
Knows little of the depths profound
Of Telegraphic science:
But now her peace she cannot hold
And like a true Camena,
With look half-blushing and half-bold,
Descends into the arena.

Sing who was he that steered to win,
In spite of nine disasters,
And proved that men who ne'er give in
Must in the end be masters?
No warrior stern by land or sea,
With spurs, cocked hat, and sword on,
Has weightier work than fell to thee,
Our gallant little Gordon.

Who when old Cam was almost dead,
His glory almost mouldy,
Replaced the laurels on his head?
Sweet Echo answers—"Goldie."

Who was our Seven of mighty brawn
 As valiant as a lion?
 Who *could* he be but strapping Strachan,
 Australia's vigorous scion?

Who rowed more fierce than lioness,
 Bereft of all her whelps?
 A thousand light-blue voices bless
 The magic name of "Phelps."
 Who was our Five? Herculean Lowe,
 (Not he of the Exchequer),
 So strong, that he with ease could row
 A race in a three-decker.

Cam sighed—"When *shall* I win a race"?
 Fair Granta whispered—"When, Sir,
 You see at Four, his proper place,
 My Faerie-queen-like Spencer."
 'Tis distance robes the mountain pale
 In azure tints of bright hue,
 'More than a distance' lends to Dale,
 His well-earned double light-blue.

Proud Oxford burnt in days of old
 Ridley the Cambridge Martyr,
 But this year in our Ridley bold
 Proud Oxford caught a Tartar.
 And Randolph rowed as well besemed
 His school renowned in story,
 And like old Nelson only dreamed
 Of Westminster and glory.

These men of weight rowed strong and straight,
 And led from start to finish;
 Their slow and steady thirty-eight
 No spurts could e'er diminish:
 Till Darbyshire, not given to lose,
 Sees Cambridge rowing past him;
 And Goldie steps into his shoes;
 Long may their leather last him!

Glory be theirs who've won full well
 The love of Alma Mater,
 The smiles of every light-blue Belle,
 The shouts of every Pater!
 Unlimited was each man's store
 Of courage, strength, and fettle,
 From Goldie downwards every oar
 Was ore of precious metal.

Then fare-ye-well till this time year,
 Ye heroes stout and strapping,
 And then beware, forgive my fear,
 Lest Oxford find you napping;
 And, oh! when o'er your work ye bend,
 'Mid shouts of light-blue's winning,
 If ye would triumph in the end,
 Remember the beginning!

* * * *

P.S. The Muse true to her sex,
 Less to be blamed than pitied,
 A Post-script is obliged to annex
 To state a point omitted.
 When Granta glorying in success
 With Camus pours her orisons;
 One name she gratefully must bless,
 That name is mighty Morrison's.

ARCULUS.



“THE MODERN BUDDHIST.”*

THE author of this work has not extracted from the Siamese original any history of Buddha at any length, such as we find it among the Brahmins; and probably for the reason that there was none. For the Buddhists themselves have no detailed account of his life that they can rely upon, as the original author of the work here translated seems to imply in several places; nor indeed of his teaching, for instance, our Siamese philosopher deliberately says that the Traiphoom, which purports to be the teaching of Buddha on cosmography was a forgery, being a compilation of the popular ideas on the subject made by Buddhist monks to satisfy the demands of a king who wished to know the truth on the subject, and accordingly asked them what Buddha had said about it: “And they, knowing the omniscience of Buddha, and fearing that if they had said that he had never taught cosmography, people would say, ‘your Lord is ignorant and admired without reason,’ took the ancient Scriptures and various expressions in the Soodras, and parables and fables and proverbs, and connecting them together into a book, the Traiphoom, produced it as the teaching of Buddha.”

The fact is, says our author, that Buddha knew the truth, but the knowledge being opposed to the ideas afterwards embodied in the Traiphoom which everybody then believed in, he said nothing about it: “For if he had attacked their old traditions he would have stirred up enmity, and lost all the time he had

for teaching living beings. Had the Lord Buddha taught cosmography as it is in the Traiphoom, he would not have been omniscient, but by refraining from a subject of which men of science were certain eventually to discover the truth, he shewed his omniscience.”

To return, however, to the history of Buddha. We find among the Brahmins an acknowledgment of his divinity as an avatar, or incarnation of divine wisdom; and a history of him as such. In the first place, Buddha was a negro—or rather he was what we should now call a negro if we saw him. His statues in the oldest temples of Asia are black as jet, with the flat face, thick lips, and curly hair of the negro; in some cases the stone is black, in others, which is more to the purpose, it has been blackened, and that this is not the effect of accident is pretty evident from his teeth and the whites of his eyes being white and his lips red. Buddha has many different names, sixteen altogether; three of the chief ones are Buddha, Gautama, Saman. The last two of these are often found together as Samana Kodom; some of the more singular names attributed to him are Dagon; Poden, which is identified by Sir W. Jones with Woden; Tara-nath, which has been identified with the Keltic Taranis; Esa, which has been identified with the Gallic Hesus. So that this singular Avatar seems to have spread his influence over all the world. The history given of him in Brahminical records is as follows, and is believed in by the mass of his followers, though intellectual Buddhists, like our author, disbelieve all the supernatural part of it, with the exception of his becoming divine, omnipotent, and omniscient, which they argue is not supernatural. Buddha descended from a celestial mansion into the womb of his mother, Maya, or Maha-maja, Queen Maya, wife of Soutadanna, king of Megaddha, in the north of Hindostan; his mother conceived him without defilement, and brought him forth without pain. He was born at the foot of a tree and he did not touch

* *The Modern Buddhist*, by H. ALABASTER.

the earth, for Brahma sought to receive him in a vase of pure gold, and Gods, or kings the incarnations of Gods, assisted at his birth. The Mouns and Pundits, prophets, divine men, recognised in this wonderful infant all the characters of the divinity, and he had scarcely seen the day before he was hailed as Devata Deva, God of Gods. Before he was called by his name Buddha, or Wisdom, he made early and great progress in the sciences. His beauty as well as his wisdom was more than human, and when he went abroad crowds assembled to admire him. After a certain time he left the palace of his father and retired into the desert, where he commenced his divine mission. There he ordained himself priest and shaved his head with his own hands; and there he changed his name to Gautama. After various trials he came out of them all triumphant, and after certain temptations or penitences which he submitted to in the desert were finished, he declared to his disciples that the time was now come to announce to the world the light of the true faith; the Gods themselves descending from heaven to invite him to propagate his doctrines. He is described by his followers as a God of Pity, the Guardian or Saviour of mankind, the Anchor of Salvation, and he was charged to prepare the world for the day of judgment.

Buddha passed his infancy in innocent sports, yet he is often called or described as an artificer. In his manhood he had severe contests with evil spirits, finally he was put to death, descended into hell and re-ascended into heaven. This is a sufficiently favourable account of Buddha to make one think that the Brahmins were worshippers of him. But between the Buddhists and the Brahmins there exists the greatest conceivable enmity; the latter accuse the former of being Atheists and Schismatics, and will hold no communication with them, believing themselves to be made unclean and to require purification even if they step within the shadow of a Buddhist. The difficulty

at once arises how are we to reconcile this reverence for a great teacher with intolerance for those who profess his religion. We shall find a probable solution in the Hindoo Trinity and the name of Buddha. The etymology of this name is unknown to the Hindoos themselves. In the Pali of Ceylon, to which the original author of this book refers as the source of knowledge concerning Buddha, it means universal knowledge, wisdom. Some Hindoo authors have thought it to be a general name for a philosopher, by others it is supposed to be a generic word, like Deva, but applicable to a sage or philosopher. Two things at all events are universally agreed to by all who have written concerning him: the first is that he is found at last to resolve himself into the Sun, either as the Sun itself or as the higher principle of which the Sun is the image or emblem; the second is that the word Buddha means wisdom. If we now turn to the Hindoo Trinity as described in this book, we find that our Siamese author says, "Brahminism is the most ancient known religion held by numbers of men to this day, though with many varieties of belief. Its fundamental doctrine was, that the world was created by Tao Maha Phrom; that is, Brahma, who divided his nature into two parts, Isuen (Vishnu), Lord of the Earth and rewarder of the good, and Narai (Siva), Lord of the Ocean, and punisher of the wicked. The Brahmins believed in blood sacrifice, which they offered before idols with six hands and three faces, representing three Gods in one. Sometimes they made separate images of the three and called them the father, son, and spirit; all three being one, and the son being that part of the deity which at various times is born in the earth as a man, the avatar of God."

Since Buddha, then, was confessedly a chief Avatar, he must have been an incarnation of the second person of the Hindoo Trinity, namely, Vishnu. We are also told that Buddha was the incarnation of the first

emanation from the divine nature. Therefore Buddha must have been an incarnation of the first emanation from Visnu, that is, an incarnation of the first attribute of Visnu, for Visnu had ten incarnations as Visnu, or God himself. Then there followed an emanation from him, that is, the manifestation of the first of his attributes, which also had ten incarnations; and this, the Brahmins say, was Buddha.

It may seem too refined a process for ages so long ago—this giving of an incarnate existence to an abstract notion, or all solitary attribute, but there is a very ancient inscription in a temple at Gharipuri, which aforesaid inscription may be seen in Mackenzie's collection in the India House, I believe, though I have not seen it; and which shews pretty clearly that these abstract notions of God were possessed, at all events, by the priests; after which, to give them a name and an existence in human form has never been found difficult. It is an enumeration of the attributes of the supreme and comprehensive deity Brahm, whose nature is threefold; each nature being subdivided into several attributes afterwards. It runs thus, beginning with the threefold nature or trinity of the Hindoos:

Brahma	Power	Creation	Matter	The Past	Earth
Visnu	Wisdom	Preservation	Spirit	The Present	Water
Siva	Justice	Destruction	Time	The Future	Fire

Here the first characteristic attribute or emanation from Visnu is *Wisdom*. The Brahmins say that the incarnation of this attribute was Buddha. It seems, then, that Buddha was the name of the incarnation of wisdom. This added to the fact that the word itself in Pali has come to mean "universal knowledge," makes it very probable, as some of the educated Hindoos say that Buddha is a name that may be applied to any philosopher or sage, after the appellation had once become well known as a name of the highest wisdom. Indeed it is more than probable—for there were no less than fourteen persons all called by the name of Buddha, and all professors of wisdom. It is impossible

that the Buddha, acknowledged and revered by the Brahmins, should have taught this religion that they so heartily detest. At the same time there must have been some great philosopher whose teaching his disciples have followed, until as now their number amounts to 365,000,000, or one third of the human race. Apparently the only way of accounting for it, is to suppose that this philosopher was called Buddha, either on account of his extraordinary wisdom, or because he declared that his teaching was really that of the Avatar Buddha; and his disciples, in order to make him appear greater, and from the confusion which must have been the result of propagating orally a history of him and his doctrines for 450 years, as is said to have been the case, adapted to him many of the events related of the Avatar. It seems, then, either that the Buddha of the Buddhists is entirely a different person from the Buddha of the Brahmins; or if he is the same that the doctrines which the Buddhists possess distinct from the Brahmins were not taught by him, in which latter case it is hard to see why they were called Buddhists at all.

It is worth while in passing to notice a curious coincidence between this Hindoo Trinity and the Trinity of the Jewish Kabala. In both cases wisdom is said to have been the first emanation from the divine nature. Hence it has been seriously maintained by some writers who translate the first words of Genesis as meaning "by wisdom" instead of "in the beginning," that the book aforesaid is partly a Buddhistic treatise. They look upon it as a collection of treatises probably of different nations: the first treatise ends with the third verse of the second chapter, the second with the last verse of the fourth; they also adduce to strengthen their theory the apparent abstinence from animal food until after the flood.

Having come to the conclusion, then, that the person from whom the distinctive doctrines of the Buddhists

are derived, those doctrines for which they have been so hated, and are still, by the Brahmins, can hardly have been the teaching of the Brahminical Buddha, but probably of some philosopher posterior to him; it is still an interesting subject of inquiry what these doctrines are. This book is chiefly occupied with the statement of them and of the comments of the learned Siamese upon them. He apparently does not recognise any teaching as Buddha's except what he can reconcile with his own reason; though how far he may be guided in his selection by a determination to believe that Buddha was omniscient, and therefore could not have taught anything that would ever become unreasonable, it is of course impossible to say. The book contains also criticisms by the author on other things chiefly connected with the natural sciences. The whole tone of his criticism is particularly matter of fact; nothing is to be believed except what can be proved: he will have nothing to do with anything ideal, but takes men and things as he finds them, one unanswerable objection to a theory invalidates it completely, in his mind, for all purposes of action upon it. No amount of marks of design in the world would suffice to persuade him of the existence of a creative and watchful Providence; when confronted with an unexplained instance of apparent failure on the part of that Providence, "Some think that the world was created by Allah for the use and advantage of man, but I cannot believe it when I think of the terrible rocks on which ships are wrecked and of fiery mountains which are certainly not an advantage to man. The Brahmins and other believers in God the Creator say that He makes the rain fall that men may cultivate their fields and live. I cannot say whether God does this or not, for it seems to me that if he did He would of his great mercy and love make it fall equally all over the earth, so that men might live and eat in security. But this is not the case; in some places no rain falls for years together,

and the people have to drink brackish water," &c. His reply, which has been already quoted in this paper to an imaginary antagonist denying the omniscience of Buddha, because he did not teach cosmography, forms perhaps the neatest answer possible to those who object to spiritual revelation on the grounds that those whom the believers therein follow did not teach natural revelation.

There are also some amusing anecdotes in this book of the author's encounters with the missionaries, who seem to have found him rather an awkward person to deal with. One comes away with the impression that the missionaries were somewhat stupid rather than anything else. On one occasion when one of them was declaring that God created everything, "I said," remarks our author, "does God create a stone in the bladder?" "Yes, everything—God creates everything." "Then," said I, "God creates in man that which will cause his death, and you medical missionaries remove it and restore him to health; are you not opposing God in so doing?" When I had said this the missionary became angry, and saying I was hard to teach, left me. Now, to say nothing of the reverend gentleman's admission that God created the stone without any qualification, it seems not to argue a very acute perception of the case to grow angry and fail to see that owing to his unqualified admission he had given the Buddhist the idea that God deliberately created the stone with a view to causing the man's death. If he had replied that, inasmuch as God created the substance and the machinery by which the stone was produced, he did really create the stone; and that he created men with reason sufficient to enable them to avoid getting diseases of the kind or entailing such as the consequence of their unreasonableness upon their children, the Buddhist would probably have replied, that if God had really created men and watched over them with a beneficent eye: he would have taken care that all

should use their wisdom justly. Would he not have shown equal compassion and goodness to all and not allowed inequalities? Then I should have believed in a creating God; but, as it is, it seems nothing but a game at dolls. When the Buddhist, asked why innocent infants should die young—and being told that it was the mercy of God taking them to heaven—asked further, How should God take a liking to unloveable, shapeless, and even unborn children. He received the reply that “if any spoke on this wise in European countries he would be put in prison.” It was an aggravating question certainly, and somewhat captious, but hardly deserved so sweeping or rash a condemnation. The only charitable thing is to suppose the missionary had been absent from his European countries for many years.

This brings us to the difference between Buddhism and most other religions known. Our Buddhist remarks that “there are philosophers who say that all known sects may be classed under two religions only, the Brahmanyang and the Samanyang. All those who pray for assistance to Brahma, Indra, God the Creator, Angels, Devils, Parents, or other intercessors, or possible benefactors,—all who believe in the existence of any being who can help them, and in the efficacy of prayer, are Brahmanyang; while all who believe that they must depend solely on the inevitable results of their own acts, that good and evil are consequences of preceding causes, and that merit and demerit are the regulators of existence, and who therefore do not pray to any to help them, and all those who profess to know nothing of what will happen after death, and all those who disbelieve in a future existence, are Samanyang.” Buddhists indeed have a belief in existence after death and a theory of what will happen in a future existence, which theory is founded on the supposition that the law of the universe is perfect justice; and the manifestations thereof are regulated by a sort of necessity

called Kam, which men have created by acts of merit or demerit.

“Buddhists believe that every act, word, or thought has its consequence, which will appear sooner or later in the present or in some future state. Evil acts will produce evil consequences, that is may cause a man misfortune in this world, or an evil birth in hell, or as an animal in some future existence. Good acts, etc., will produce good consequences; prosperity in this world, or birth in heaven, or in a high position in the world in some future state. When we say every act, etc., has its effect, we must make the exception that where several acts, etc., are of such a nature that their result will be the same in kind, and due at the same time, then only one of the said acts, etc., will produce an effect, and the others will be neutralized, or become ‘Ahosikam.’ Sometimes even single acts may become effectless or ‘Ahosikam,’ as will be explained further on.

“There is no God who judges of these acts, etc., and awards recompense or punishment, but the reward or punishment is simply the inevitable effect of Kam, which works out its own results.”

As in every religion its idea of the law of the universe in so far as it influences human beings, is the most interesting part of it to us; it will be best to conclude, with giving a short analysis of that law as conceived by the Buddhists. A man according to them has three states of existence; in the first two of which he has only one birth and death, in the third several. In his first existence he acquires merit and demerit; that is, he acquires Kam, meritorious or demeritorious; which will take effect partly in this existence, partly in the second existence, and partly in the third. Some acts will have their effect in this existence, others in the second, and others in the third. They are divided into classes accordingly. But as there is only one life in each of the first two existences, and as the effect

of acts which is due in those first two existences is put an end to by death; it is a matter for decision, how soon in either of these two existences that effect ought to come, be it good or bad. Acts are therefore divided into four classes according to their gravity or lightness; important acts will have their effects soon, and less important ones later, perhaps not at all, for the life on which they have to act may terminate. Having now determined in what existence and at what time of that existence the effect of an act is to take place, it must also be determined what is to be the nature of that effect; what acts deserve what *kind* of effect. Accordingly acts are again divided into four classes according to their gravity, the most important class of which is so strong as to oppose violently all the effect of other acts and destroy it. In the third existence the regulation of time is not so important as the effect of acts which occur in this is sure of being realised, there being any number of lives therein. This is an analysis of the account given by one of the canonical books. The best comment on them is that of the authors.

"These Kam we have discoursed about have no substance, and we cannot see where they exist, nor when they are about to have effect do they come crying, 'I am the Kam, named So-and-so, come to give fruits to such a one.' This I have only adverted to for comparison, with the belief of some that there is a creating God who causes existences. Those who so believe cannot see the Creator better than others see the Kam. It is a matter for the consideration of the wise, whether we should say there is a creating God, the Lord and Master of the world, or should say that it is Kam which fashions and causes existences. Neither has a visible form. If we believe that Kam is the cause, the creator, the arranger, we can get hold of the end of the thread, and understand that the happiness and misery of living beings is all caused

by natural sequence. But if we assert that a creating God is the dispenser of happiness and misery, we must believe that He is everywhere, and at all times watching and trying, and deciding what punishments are due to the countless multitude of men. Is this credible? Moreover, we are told that the Creator made animals to be food for man; these animals enjoy happiness and suffer misery, like as human beings do. How can we then say that the Creator does not grant them justice, and give them also a future state of reward and punishment?"

"The fact of the matter is this. The Hindoos who live in countries adjoining the Mahometan countries believe that in heaven every male has tens and hundreds of thousands of female attendants, according to what their teachers of old taught them concerning the riches of heaven, and their idea is akin to that of the Mahometans. The Mahometans had held out great inducements, representing the pleasures that would result from their religion; and the Hindoo teachers, fearing that their people might be excited by this most promising new doctrine, themselves introduced it into their own teaching. At least, this is my impression on the subject. But if we must speak out the truth as to these matters, we must say that the world of heaven is but similar to the world of man, only differing in the greater amount of happiness there enjoyed. Angels there are in high places with all the apparel and train of their dignity, and others of lower station with less surroundings. All take up that position which is due to their previous merits and demerits. Buddha censured concupiscence; Buddha never spoke in praise of heaven; he taught but one thing as worthy of praise, 'the extinction of sorrow.' All this incoherent account of heaven is but the teaching of later writers, who have preached the luxuries and rich pleasures of heaven in hopes thereby to attract men into the paths of holiness, and the attainment of sanctity."



AN ANCIENT ARABIC PRIZE POEM.

NO people have cultivated the art of poetry so extensively or so enthusiastically as the Arabs. With them it was not merely a passion, it was a necessity, for, as their own proverb has it: "The records of the Arabs are the verses of their bards." What the ballad was in preserving the memory of the Scottish border wars, such was the Eclogue in perpetuating the history and traditions of the various tribes of the Arabian Peninsula. The peculiar construction of their language and the richness of its vocabulary afforded remarkable facilities for the metrical expression of ideas, and accordingly the art of *Mundāzirah*, or Poetic disputation, in which two rival chieftains advanced their respective claims to pre-eminence in extemporary verse, was brought to the highest perfection among them. Towards the end of the sixth century, an annual fair was established at a town called Ocadh, with the special object of encouraging poetical talent, and poets from every part of Arabia were in the habit of attending it and courting the criticism of their assembled fellow countrymen. The successful compositions were inscribed in letters of gold and suspended, by way of challenge, on the doors of the Kaābeh or temple at Mecca, from which circumstance they acquired the name of *Moūllacāt* or "Suspended." Seven of the most celebrated of these Prize poems have been handed down to us, a translation of one of which is here presented to the reader. It is the composition of 'Antārāh, the son of Moawiyah

ibn Sheddād, who lived shortly before the appearance of Mohammed. His mother was a slave, but the extraordinary valour and ability which he displayed induced his father to give him his freedom. The imagery of the poem, though vigorous, is, as we might expect, often extremely rude and erratic, passing with sudden transition from a gentle pastoral utterance to the fierce breathings of battle and revenge; at one time dwelling fondly on the image of a beloved maiden, at another conjuring up with grim delight the image of a slaughtered foe. I have given it, as far as possible, in its native simplicity, without seeking by suppression or embellishment to adapt it to modern European taste.

The Argument.

[The poet hesitates to begin upon a hackneyed theme. He apostrophizes the spot where his mistress' camp had formerly stood; laments the difficulties in the way of their union, arising from the enmity of their respective tribes. Describes his first meeting with her, and the consternation which he then felt at the prospect of her departure. Dwells upon her charms with some quaint and pleasing imagery, and contrasts her life of ease with his own life of danger and toil. At length he determines to follow her on a fleet she-camel, comparing it for swiftness to an ostrich, of which bird he introduces a humorous description. Reverting to his mistress, he impresses upon her his own virtues and nobility, concluding his self-recommendation with a proud boast of his own valorous exploits. This leads him to describe two single combats, in each of which he had slain a mighty hero. The bravery and nobility of his antagonists he enlarges upon with a view of enhancing the description of his own warlike prowess. Again remembering his mistress, he alludes briefly to the circumstances of his first enquiry after her, but almost immediately resumes the narrative of his own

valorous exploits, glorying in the importance with which his services are regarded by his tribe, of whom he is always the chosen champion. The description of a charge affords him opportunity for a pathetic allusion to his wounded horse. He comes at last to the subject of his poem, which is a vow of dire vengeance against two young men who have offended him, concluding with a cruel exultation over the fate of their father, who had fallen by his hand].

Have then the poets left a theme unsung?
Dost thou then recognize thy love's abode?

Home of my Ablah! dear for her dear sake!
Would that thy stones Jewá could speak to me.
Here have I often made my camel kneel,
Whose stately bulk, a very tower of strength,
Shall comfort me in my forlorn estate.
Ah! Ablah dwells in lone Jewá, our tribe
In Hazn and far Samán have pitched their tents.
Hail! prince of deserts, for since she hath gone,
Thy solitude is desolate indeed.

She made her dwelling in the foemans' land,
Who roar against me with a lion's rage;
And now midst dangers I must seek my love.

I loved her 'ere I knew it, and my hand
Was raised the while to shed her kinsmen's blood!
I loved thee Ablah,—by thy father's life
That love has cost me many a bitter pang,
That thou the daughter of a hated race,
Should'st be my heart's most loved and honoured guest!
But thou hast left me, and thy kinsmen's herds
Feed in Oneizah, and in Gheilam mine.

'Ere thou did'st leave me, I beheld thy steeds
All stalled and saddled through the livelong night;
Yet never dreamt I that the time drew nigh,
Till thy milch camels, lacking other food,

Cropped the unsavoury Khimkhim grains that grew
In rank luxuriance about the camp.
Full two and forty camels pastured there,
Black as the feathers of a raven's wing.

'Twas then her beauties first enslaved thy heart,
Those glittering pearls and ruby lips, whose kiss
Was sweeter far than honey to the taste.
As when the merchant opes a precious box
Of perfume, such an odour from her breath
Came towards thee, harbinger of her approach.

Or like an untouched meadow where the rain
Hath fallen freshly on the fragrant herbs,
That carpet all its pure untrodden soil.
A meadow where the frequent rain drops fall,
Like coins of silver in the quiet pools,
And irrigate it with perpetual streams;
A meadow where the sportive insects hum,
Like listless toppers singing o'er their cups,
And ply their forelegs like a man who tries
With maiméd hand to use the flint and steel.

My Ablah sitteth night and day at ease
On downy cushions, while my nightly seat
Is on the hard back of my bridled steed.
My cushion is the saddle deftly set
Across the withers of a noble horse
With sturdy legs, plump shoulders, broad of girth.

I have a camel of the Sheddan breed
Shall bear me fleetly to my loved one's side;
A camel which like some devoted beast
Has purchased swiftness at the sacrifice
Of all the joys which motherhood can bring.
With lashing tail she journeys through the night,
With stately gait, and makes the trembling hills
Resound beneath the clattering of her hoofs.
So speeds the crop-eared nimbly-stepping bird,

Whom broods of ostriches of smaller growth
 Are trailing after at the even tide
 As Yemen camels their barbarian hind.
 He leads the troop, and rears aloft his crest
 As men raise canopies o'er new made brides;
 He seeks his eggs in Zi'l Osheirahs vale,
 And with his small head and his scanty plumes
 Presents the figure of a slave boy dressed
 In furry tunic all too short of skirt.
 My camel drinks at Duhradeina's wells,
 But turns and flees from Deilam's hostile stream.
 She swerves and sways as though she turned away
 From some fierce wild cat clinging to her flank,
 Large headed, purring, prowling in the night;
 Whene'er she turns her head to beat him off,
 He straight assails her with his claws and teeth
 And when she kneels by Er Ridá, she seems
 To kneel on crackling rushes, such a sound
 The sun-baked mud gives forth beneath the weight.
 The swarthy drops (like treacle or like pitch,
 All bubbling in a cauldron on the fire)
 Start round her ears, as swift she scours the plain,
 Proud as a stallion envied by the herd.

Think not the barrier of a flimsy veil
 Can shield thee Ablah from my fond regards,
 When stalwart knights have found a steel cuirass
 Of none effect against my furious thrust.

Speak only of me as you find me,—I
 Am very gentle if I be not wronged,
 But if they wrong me, my revenge is sure;
 Like gall and wormwood is the taste thereof.

I quaff the wine cup when the sun goes down,
 Old wine that costs me many a shining coin,
 And oft replenish from the stoppered jug
 My crystal goblet curiously wrought.
 In such carousing do I waste my wealth,

Yet is mine honour an exhaustless store.
 If flushed with wine I make a liberal gift,
 My sober moments ratify the boon,
 For mine thou knowest is a generous soul.

Where'er descending falls my flashing blade,
 Low lies the husband of some noble dame,
 And like the whistling of a cloven lip,
 The life blood gurgles from his ghastly wound,
 And spurtles round him in a crimson shower.

But if my valour needeth warranty,
 Go ask the hero horsemen of thy tribe,
 Ask them how fares it, when I once bestride
 My steed, whom every lance by turns assails,
 Now rushing singly to defy the host,
 Now plunging headlong where the bowmen crowd.
 Each glad survivor of the fierce affray
 Will tell thee truly how I love the fight,
 How little care I have to share the spoils.

The fiercest warrior armed cap à piñ,—
 No craven coward he to yield or fly,
 But one whose onslaught e'en the bravest dread,—
 Assails me; grasping in my quick right hand
 A lance, in fashion like a weaver's beam;
 I pierce his armour, run him through and through,
 And read this lesson to the wondering hosts:—
 "That spears respect not birth or bravery!"
 I leave his carcase for the beasts to rend,
 To munch his fingers and his comely wrists.

There came a noble champion from the ranks
 To win him glory and defend his right—
 And, lo! I pierced him through his coat of mail;
 For all he was the hero of his clan,
 To whose accustomed hand came nought amiss,
 The warrior's weapon or the gambler's dice,
 To tear the standard from its bearer's grasp,

Or make the vinter haul his sign-board down,
 (For such a guest would leave him nought to sell),
 Ah! when he saw me from my horse alight,
 And knew 'twas I had taken up his gage,
 His lips were parted—but he did not *smile*!
 I watched him lying at the close of day,
 And 'twas not *henna* made that ruddy stain
 Which tinged his fingers and his manly brow.
 Poor lad! his garments had not ill become
 A poplar tree; the sandals which he wore
 Were tanned, in token of his royal birth;
 I ween his mother had not two such boys!
 And yet I speared him, following up the thrust
 With keen-edged sword of glittering Indian steel.

Sweet lamb! how fair a booty would'st thou be
 Were it but given me to call thee mine.
 I called a little maiden from our tents
 And bade her run and bring me back the news,
 And thus she spake to me on her return:
 "I saw the foemen lulled by treacherous ease,
 "And whoso wills it his that lamb shall be.
 "Her neck is comelier than the graceful fawn's,
 "Her form is fairer than the young gazelle's!"

They tell me such an one requites my boons
 With base ingratitude, it may be so:—
 Ingratitude will on itself recoil.

I mind the precepts which my uncle gave,
 I mind his counsels when I seek the field
 Where many a lip with quivering terror curls.
 I mind his counsels in the battle's whirl
 Where cries for mercy only serve the more
 To swell the volume of the deafening din.

My comrades placed me in the foremost rank
 To shield their bodies from the hostile spears;
 I shrank not then, or if I seemed to pause

'Twas but the press of the retreating hosts
 That stopped my courser in his wild career.
 And when I saw their rallying squadrons form,
 I sought fresh triumphs in a fresh attack.
 "Ho, 'Antarah to the rescue!" was the cry,
 While spears were pointed at my charger's breast
 Like cords that draw a bucket from the well.
 I urged him forward charging on the spears
 Till wounds had woven him a bloody vest;
 Then turned he towards me with his tearful eyes,
 And neighing plaintively bewailed his hurt.
 Poor beast, he well nigh gave his anguish words;
 He would have spoken but he knew not how!
 Then came a clamour that revived my soul,
 Our warriors shouting, "On! brave Antarah, on!"
 Stern visaged horsemen o'er the plain careered
 On prancing chargers of the goodliest breed.
 And now—A camel bears me where I list
 And turns obsequious at my least command.

I only tremble lest my death befall
 Ere I have wreaked my vengeance on the brood
 Of Dhemdhem, curs who dare asperse my fame
 Whilst I restrain me from reviling them.
 The pair have vowed that they will have my blood,
 They threaten loudly—when I am not by!
 Well let them threaten, *but I left their sire*
A feast for vultures and for beasts of prey.

E. H. P.



STANZAS.

DEEM it not vanity
That moveth me:
Although the nightingale
In lonely wood and vale
Poureth all heedlessly her wild complaint,
Nor knoweth if the flowers,
Filling with fragrance faint
Her nightly bowers,
Droop trembling at her amorous sad tale;
For as the wind
Moving amid a lute,
Wakens soft notes and deep from every silent string,
Thus doth she sing,
When heaven breathes thro' her, though her soul be mute,
Nor knows she any rapture of the mind.

Deem it not foolishness
If words express,
But falteringly what the soul only knows;
Or if the mystery
Revealed to me
In every smallest leaf and flower that blows,
Is far more clear and deep
In utter speechlessness,

When words and thoughts alike are laid asleep:
For in the bird
Singing unconsciously,
The very tones of beauty's voice are heard;
And if her song for thought
Be too bewildering,
How shall I hope that ought
In utterance can tell of what I sing.

H. B. C.



AD EUNDEM.

“**T**O night,” said Charley Procter, “I intend to try and reduce my theory to practice.”

Charley Procter, the most intimate friend I had in my old college set, had languished on a fellowship and lectureship at Cambridge ever since he took his degree, ten years ago ; not because the life especially suited him, but simply because it afforded him a decent way of living without compelling him to strike into something new, and, as he said, “begin his grind all over again.” At the end of these ten years, the usual old uncle died, and left Charley Procter, very much to his surprise, a comfortable little estate in Norfolk, with an equally comfortable income of some three or four thousand a year, upon which Charley gracefully resigned his fellowship, and turned his attention seriously, being a man of domestic tastes, to the important subject of connubial bliss. In this state of mind he went to spend Christmas in Surrey with another uncle, who had always conducted himself towards his nephew in as praiseworthy a manner as the first, and had so constantly, ever since Charley’s boyhood, thrown his house open to him in his vacations, that Charley Procter, if he had called any place his home besides his college rooms, would certainly have so designated that hospitable roof ; under which, at the time mentioned, was gathered a tolerably large collection of specimens of human nature, including Charley’s multitudinous cousins, and myself, to whom, as sole auditor and confidant, he addressed the above remark.

"Do you remember, Smith," said Procter in answer to the sympathetic and slightly inquisitive expression I felt it my duty to assume, knowing that the speaker was about to unburden his bosom of her load, and pour it into my appreciative ears, "do you remember reading in some magazine or other of the Senior Wrangler who applied the result of his college experience to the process of choosing a wife?"

"I remember something of the sort," I replied; "just run over the particulars, will you?"

"Well," he returned, "he merely adapted the plan of the Tripos to his necessities, by giving each candidate so many marks for good looks, so many for money, so many for family, so many for disposition, etcetera, etcetera, and adding up the totals. There was a Problem Paper, too, if I remember right, for which he gave fifty marks; and this simply depended upon how much he liked the girl in question, and how much she seemed to like him."

"A good deal was left to the examiner," I remarked.

"Yes," said Procter, "there were certainly several flaws in the system; but I am convinced the idea was a good one. If you make up your mind that the girl who combines all these advantages in the highest degree will make you the best wife, you can certainly discover which girl does so by a rigid analysis like this, better than by merely trusting to your general discernment, which may easily err from prejudice, excited feelings, opportunity, and the like."

"I remember all about the case you mention now," I interrupted him by saying, "and surely, unless I am mistaken, the experimenter bracketed two young ladies at the top of the First Class, and ended by eloping with one of the 'apostles'!"

"Yes, yes," said Procter fretfully, "but that was merely a trick of fiction, to satisfy the popular taste, which delights in a surprise, and can never bear that

anything should run to its natural and proper conclusion."

"Very true," said I, "for example, I have heard that in the days when executions were commoner at Newgate than they are now, the admiring mob were most thoroughly delighted with the spectacle, when (as sometimes happened) the rope broke before the man was quite hung."

"If you are going to turn the whole matter into ridicule, Smith," said Procter, rather sulkily, "it is no good explaining to you what my ideas are."

"My dear fellow," I answered eagerly, "I apologize at once, and have no doubt that you have some way of removing every element of absurdity from the system. Pray go on."

"Well," returned he, somewhat appeased, "with regard to what he called his Problem Paper, I think that this point is entitled to have more weight in the decision; and this, I fancy, can best be done by allowing a certain time (say a year) for development, so as to enable the candidates more nearly to approach the maximum. In fact, under my management, this part of the examination would bear a closer analogy to the 'Set Subjects,' now being introduced into the Classical Tripos."

"Philogyny," I said half aloud, "substituted for Philology."

"The part of my theory which I wish to test to-night," proceeded Procter without noticing the interruption, "is the introduction of a previous examination at the commencement of the year I have mentioned, answering in many respects to the Cambridge Little-Go. At the ball to-night I shall be able to form a rough estimation of the merits and specialities of several candidates, and shall 'pluck' those who fall below the standard altogether."

"May I ask," said I, "if all the young ladies present are to be considered as candidates for honour?"

"All will, of course," answered Procter, "have a chance of getting through the 'Previous,' but those few who will be in the race at the end will alone take up 'Extras;' by which I mean to express that I intend to dance chiefly, if not entirely, with those few candidates from whom I anticipate greater things. I shall thus be able to test, more closely than I can in other cases, their conversation, their modesty, their appetite, their 'wind,' and so on.

"Do you object," I asked, "to letting me know the names of a few of those who are to be thus distinguished?"

"Not at all," he answered, "you shall have them all. To begin with, there is one you know very well, Alice Ryde. She will have a little money, quite enough; is certainly pretty and 'taking'—I rather like that extreme facility for blushing, myself; but she is an awful little flirt, and I've serious doubts about the result of the Problem paper, or, as I prefer to call it, the paper on set subjects."

Alice Ryde was my pet and especial weakness, and I cordially hoped Charley Procter's doubts might be fully realized.

"Then," he continued, "there's my cousin Lucy. She's intellectual enough, I believe, but doesn't show to advantage; she's so awfully quiet and reserved. She's pretty, too, in her way; but I doubt whether that style lasts; and I'm really not sure that she cares much for me yet, though she might pull up a great deal there in a year."

"You're sufficiently fond of her already," I hinted inquiringly.

"I'm not sure," said Procter; "anyhow, a year might alter that either way; it's easier to forget set subjects than to read them up, particularly when acquired in a matter of course way (as in the present instance), something like lectures at College."

I came to the conclusion that Charley Procter's cousinly weakness was not ineradicable.

"Thirdly," said he, "there's Mrs. Cary. She's been married before, certainly; but I've not made up my mind whether that experience will tell for or against; she's quite young, and very pretty and fascinating, isn't she? and I really think has some knowledge of her set subjects already."

I could not deny that Mrs. Cary was young, pretty, and fascinating, and though I might have reminded Procter that several others were equally so (or, at any rate, one), I refrained from interfering with his estimate, and saw some chance of my pet weakness, Alice, being left to me a little longer.

"Well," he continued, "besides these, and Carry Holmes—she talks very well, and has got a splendid figure and good hair; but I can't say I like such a big nose—and Ellen Moore (she'd have been perfect if Providence had made her ten years younger, and not quite so thin), I don't think there's anybody else very particular. But you must clearly understand that this is only the Previous Examination, and that the final classing cannot come off for a year at least. I don't think I should be justified in adopting a theory like this, and then allowing myself to give way to a mere momentary and fallible fancy, probably due as much to the state of my digestion as anything else."

"So that I can take it for granted your conversation will not contain anything very special to-night," I said; "and if I can catch anything of it at supper or 'en passant,' I may do so without compunction."

"Quite so," said Charley Procter, with a little hesitation, but boldly sacrificing his delicacy and self-distrust to his principles; "and I'll let you know the result, as far as I can, to-morrow. And now I think it's time for us both to 'clean' for dinner.

* * * * *

The ball was going off splendidly, and I had been introduced to three beautiful young strangers, who one and all agreed that the music was delightful, the claret cup a little too sweet, and the ball-room a great deal too warm, when the last consideration, aided by a little sulky disappointment at having only been able hitherto to secure two round dances with my "pet weakness," induced me to retire for purposes of refrigeration and reflection to the shades of the conservatory into which the larger room most conveniently opened. I was standing in a dark corner near the entrance, leaning against the sill of an open window, when a couple passed by me without noticing my presence, so engrossed were they with their own conversation; and I easily recognized Charley Procter with one of his candidates, to wit, pretty Mrs. Cary, in whose society I had a very strong idea that Procter would allow "prejudice, excitement, opportunity, and the like," to drive his theoretical principles to the winds. Remembering the permission I had enticed Procter into giving me, I did not at once endeavour to escape, when the two dropped into seats very near me, though from the darkness and my proximity to the door I could have done so if I had wished. Mrs. Cary opened fire with a harmless remark at once; so harmless did it sound, that all my scruples about eaves-dropping vanished into air.

"What a very pleasant evening this has been, Mr. Procter!"

"Very," said Charley, "but I always have a feeling when I am enjoying myself as I am now that I shall undergo something disagreeable soon to make up for it."

"What a fatalist you must be!" was the answer; "I should not have thought your experiences of life had been so unpleasant."

"Well," said Procter, "I don't know that they have, really; but I feel as if they had, at the present

moment; so much depends upon the state of mind in which one looks at these things."

Charley Procter was evidently going to examine his candidate *vivâ voce* in metaphysics, and I felt more and more sure that I had a right to listen. I was soon undeceived by the turn the conversation took.

"And you really fancy, Mr. Procter, that you are going to meet with unhappiness of some sort, because—because you are enjoying yourself to-night?"

"The fact is," Procter began, "that I don't feel as if I ever should meet with much more happiness, unless—unless—in fact—"and here he came to a standstill.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cary in an encouraging tone, that betokened sweet sympathy, awakened interest, and anxiety to prevent the speaker from feeling the pause too awkward, and giving it up in despair.

My conscience would not let me stay and listen any longer, now that matters had reached this crisis, and I stole away without disturbing the *tête-à-tête*, quite sure that Mrs. Cary's complicated and sympathetic "Yes!" would soon resolve itself into its simple affirmative form.

I do not know that it is necessary, for the due comprehension of this story, to describe very fully the rest of the evening, or to say very much about my own proceedings after the shameful act of eaves-dropping into which I had been led. Suffice it to say, that half-an-hour afterwards I again visited the cooling shades from which I had so hastily retreated, "not unaccompanied;" by which classical idiom I mean to express the fact that my companion was all I could wish, and that I took the opportunity of telling her so. But before I had completed any confession—indeed, on our very entrance to the conservatory—a meeting took place which enabled me to form a still sounder judgement on the unsystematic and inconsistent way in which Charley Procter was

conducting his examination. For the candidate and examiner were still earnestly engaged in *vivæ voce*, and looked up with some slight degree of confusion as we entered. The gentler sex, however, show far more presence of mind on such occasions than we do, and my partner (with a guilty presentiment of the real object with which we had retired from public life) thought it necessary to congratulate Charley's candidate on their mutual escape from the hot room and blazing lights where the less favoured and profane crowd were still keeping up their noisy orgies. If, however, the temperature of the conservatory was in reality much lower than that of the ball-room, it had evidently not had yet very much effect upon one at least of the couple before us, for Mrs. Cary's cheeks, as she raised her face to answer the common-place my partner had ventured upon to relieve the awkward silence, were burning in the most suspicious and suggestive manner, nor did she show any indication of being sufficiently refreshed to face the world again. And thinking that it would not be a bad way of introducing the subject I wished, I ventured to remark to my partner, as we passed on, that we could none of us tell what an evening, much less a day, might bring forth. I found I was right in my conjecture next morning. Procter rather avoided me, as if he had an awkward report to make of the result of his experiment. But I felt I had a right to ask him how matters had progressed, and fastened upon him just before lunch.

"Is the Little-go List to be out to-day, Procter?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, reluctantly, "I think you ought to know something that's happened: everybody in the house will hear it to night;—Emily Cary is so evidently superior to all the rest, that I thought I might as well lose no time, so I asked her at once, without going through the form of classing the others."

"You don't say so," said I; "how? when? where?"

"O," said he, "just before supper." We had been waltzing together. . . . "And when the dance was o'er, and arm-in-arm, the full heart beating 'gainst the elbow warm,' as Ben Gaultier has it," I remarked, "prejudice, excitement, opportunity, and all that, ran away with your good resolutions. I congratulate you, my friend, with all my heart; but don't you think there's something slightly inconsistent in your conduct, after insisting (as you did yesterday) upon the necessity of letting a year at least elapse between the Previous, as you called it, and finally conferring the degree?"

"Not at all," he replied warmly, "not at all. You know Emily was married before, though only for a short time; and I think I am quite justified in taking that into consideration, instead of any further bother about waiting and classing. In fact, in marrying her, I shall only be following the example of the University, which does not hesitate, in certain cases, if the candidate has already graduated elsewhere, to admit such a person at once, without requiring any further examination, 'Ad Eundem.'"



“LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL.”

Even so—’tis with thee as with other Springs,
That come to love, to wither, and to die;
Thyself the last of all thy gracious things,
Thou mayst not strive nor cry.

Mutely thou diedst, yet not without reprove
In sudden sunshine, or when this year’s bird
Sang, hoping against hope, fain to believe
His winter note unheard.

Fondly we hoped upon thy first fair day
Thou wert the Spring immortal that should be—
The still stone eagles on the old gateway
Were wiser far than we.

Methinks we are conquered, thou and I to-day,
Not yesterday, I heard thy hard-drawn breath;
Nor when thy death-blow fell can any say
I woke and knew thy death.

One day I think for thee all nature grieves,
One day like this in each of all the years,
When trees are still, and now and then the leaves
Fall from them like great tears!



MY APPARITION.—A TALE OF HORROR.

A VERY young lady of my acquaintance has just written to me and demanded of me a categorical answer to the question, “Do you believe in Apparitions?” Well, as I am so strictly interrogated, I must admit, though I know that in this sceptical and materialistic age the admission will cause me to be the object of much laughter, that I do believe in apparitions, nay, what’s more, that I have even seen an apparition. Why an apparition should have shewn itself to me, I cannot conceive; I have nothing very heavy on my conscience—nothing heavier than most young men about Town have—and I never heard as yet that any ancestor of mine ever did anyone any unrequited wrong, to be visited on the heads of his innocent descendants; nor am I a likely subject to imagine an apparition. My digestion is still, thank heaven, pretty good; and I can devour, without feeling any the worse, the toasted cheese with which I am in the habit of supplementing my modest dinner of “small steak and mashed” at the Cock Alehouse, at Temple Bar, and I can drink with tolerable safety my modicum of the fine strong port which the Benchers of the Honourable Society of Lincoln’s Inn supply to their Members in hall. I do not know that I have ever slept in a haunted room, and I have never been belated in the Black Forest, or in any worse place than a Scotch moor. Spite of all this, I have

seen an apparition, an apparition too that no one else has ever seen, so that I have been most singularly favoured.

Years ago, when I was young and in my second year at Cambridge, a time so long ago that then we actually did know a little about rowing at that University, and took winning the "Varsity boat race" as nothing out of the common; well, the Christmas in that year I received an invitation to break my home journey North by staying all night at the house of an old school-fellow, who was then at the neighbouring College of St. Henry's. I was an undergrad. at the great mathematical College of St. Margaret, and my preparation for Christmas consisted in cramming various mathematical subjects into my mind as hard as I could, and then being turned into the College hall and driven out of my senses by an examination paper in hydrostatics, and then turned into the Great Combination Room and badgered with a paper in Newton, and finally reduced to imbecility by a *viva voce* torture in the Little Combination Room, where I was utterly unable to convince the Examiners that they had taken a wrong view of what would be visible through a Galileo's telescope when shut up. Having got done with these detestable amusements, and spent a sleepless night, during which Newton sat on my stomach and propounded questions about oblate planets and their satellites, and Galileo surveyed me through a most fearful looking telescope of great unachromatic powers, or else blew on me with Smeaton's air pump, I joined my friend at breakfast, and of course indulged in that dish so peculiar to Cambridge and so unknown elsewhere, a fried sole smothered in the contents of a pot of the hottest pickles known to Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell. At last we got started northwards, had the usual difficulty at Ely and Peterborough about changing carriages and shifting luggage, and finally leaving the main line, travelled upon a little line belonging chiefly to Quakers,

who prohibit the sale of anything stronger than ginger beer at its refreshment rooms, much to my friend's disgust, who was a man who looked well after his creature comforts. Our journey terminated at a very quiet little country village, where we left our train and were met by my friend's sister, who embraced him affectionately, an operation he submitted to tolerably patiently, and then addressing her for the first time he said, "Fan, have you got a good cheese at home now; the one you had when I last left was beastly; and what's for dinner?" Being satisfied on these points, he presented me to the young lady, and we all walked up to the Rectory, our destination; an old-fashioned building with gardens running down to the river, and its ground plan so curiously arranged that, as I was informed, during the time of the late Rector, the only road from the kitchen to the dining-room was through the open air. The season was very severe, frost and snow were predominant everywhere, and the animals in a wandering menagerie weatherbound on the village green uttered dismal howls under the unwonted cold, from which they were suffering severely. A very old and ivy-covered church stood close to the Rectory, but, owing to the darkness, I could not make out much of the scene.

We had a dinner that satisfied and pleased even my critical friend, and the new cheese received his highest commendation; the Rector's wine was good, though he was that *rara avis in terris* a radical Rector, and the old gentleman told us anecdotes of the days when he was a Fellow of St. Henry's, high in University office, and the only Radical almost in Cambridge. The evening passed very pleasantly; we had a little music, and my friend and I were then left, after the retiring of the rest of the family, to enjoy our vesper-tinal pipes, not without a modest modicum of "hot with." We discussed politics—my friend was a

Radical and I was a Tory; we discussed religion—my friend was half a Scotchman; and we discussed mathematics—we both were mathematical men. At last we parted, my friend shewing me to my room—a large and gloomy room, panelled in old oak, and with a very enormous four-post bed with scarlet hangings in the middle of it, a bed that quite appalled me by its size. I felt afraid I should get lost therein, and never find myself again. A bright fire burned cheerfully in the grate, and after preparing myself for bed, and putting out the candle, I sat down in front of the fire, and toasted my legs thereat. There I sat for long and meditated, now on this thing, now on that, at one time whether I should beat in the College Examination just over my particular abhorrence the hard reading man next door to me at Cambridge, who used to ask me to tea and jam and discussion of mathematics, and then whether I should again meet that bright being who was staying near my home last year. (P.S.—The bright being is now the mother of no one knows how many children, and I am a bachelor and briefless in Lincoln's Inn, stomachy and bald).

The Church clock struck one. I jumped up and walked towards my bed, when, oh horror unutterable, a figure clad all in white attire walked, as true as I am a luckless and a briefless sinner, out of the opposite corner of the room right straight for where I was. I was horrified *obstupui steteruntque comæ*; my knees trembled, *vox faucibus hæsit*; and I was, I am not ashamed to say, in the most abject fright. Involuntarily my eyes fell downwards. The apparition had legs; legs that were bare; legs that were substantial; legs that were red and mottled. I recognized my own dear supporters, my pride when I wear knickerbockers, and bounded wildly into bed: *solvuntur risu tabulæ*; at least, I nearly shook the bed down by laughing.

The apparition was my own reflection as I passed between the bright fire and an unnoticed cheval looking-glass.

R. S. F.



THE DEATH OF SAPPHO.

ALL around her and beneath her lay the sadness of
the deep,
Leaden-hued with long-drawn billows rocking in un-
quiet sleep,
Very far it lay below her—scarce the sea-birds seemed
to stir,
As like smallest specks they circled midway in the
viewless air.
Very earnest was her blue eye, when the dying sun-
light rolled
Sickly gleams that played and flickered o'er her locks
of shadowy gold;
Then her voice rose weird and solemn, and her fingers
swept the lyre,
Waking, to her touch responsive, strains of old poetic
fire.
Master mine, O Phœbus, hear me! hear me, earth
and sea and sky,
Listen to the words I utter, latest utterance ere I die;
Swiftest Echo, bear them onward e'en to cruel Phaon's
ears,
He who scorned my burning passion, mocked my
sighs and prayers and tears;
Tell him, it may hap the message e'en his steely heart
may move,
That for his dear sake I perish, and the sake of virgin
love.

Should remorse change scorn to pity, let him stand
where now I stand,
Perish as I soon shall perish, join me in the spirit-
land.
But a mist is creeping landwards, settling like a
funeral pall,
Mystic voices throng the darkness, spectral phantoms,
hark, they call!
Dearest father, I am coming. How the billows roar
and swell!
Farewell all my sweet companions; O my island-
home, farewell!
Still the music seemed to linger; she was gone—
one long wild leap,
One swift rush adown the cliff-face, one low plashing
in the deep,
And the waves closed o'er the maiden who had
thrilled the isles of Greece;
Sappho's voice was hushed in silence. Pray we,
may her end be peace!

HYLAS.



A VISIT TO AMERICA.

AMERICA is in sight, says the steward, and there true enough it is, a long low strip of sandy shore, extending for many miles along the horizon. Such is the first spot on American land that an Old World traveller from Liverpool to New York sees on approaching the New, and such it appeared to me at daybreak on the sixth of September, as the "City of London" steamed along with a fresh breeze and all canvas set. The pilot had been taken on board the night before, and all knew they would be on land once more by noon. What excitement! What news shall we have of the war each passenger asked as he came on deck? Germans returning to America after a visit to their own country, anxiously speculating on where their armies would be; bishops returning from the Council laden with "blessings" for their flocks; an opera troupe from Berlin going to revive the love of the Fatherland among their brothers in the New World, all looking anxiously for the first papers from shore. And when off Sandy Hook the longed-for sheets arrive, and each German hears the news of the surrender at Sedan, their exultation knows no bounds, and with one common impulse they join in singing their National Anthem.

Onward we go. Now the shore gradually rises into wooded slopes, while here and there clusters of villas nestle among the trees, and shew we are approaching

the greatest of American cities. Before us lies the slopes of Staten Island, whose sides are terraced to the water's edge. Quickly leaving this behind, the steamer passes through the narrows, and then for the first time the stranger sees New York. The harbour there disclosed vies with that of the far-famed Rio; to the right lies Long Island, while on its shores in the distance you see the many spires of Brooklyn; to the left you are reminded of an English lake, gently rising banks, terraced gardens with handsome residences, while along the shore the numerous piers shew signs of ample communication with the city. And there itself the city lies, directly in front, with its forests of masts extending up both sides, while the marble domes of some of the buildings sparkle in the rising sun. Now you catch a glimpse of the orchards of New Jersey, while far behind you see a noble range of mountains forming a splendid background to a lovely scene.

But what are these curious things coming? Can they be the boats? Two and three storeys high, with verandahs round each floor, while an engine works in the open air above. They have not screws, nor paddles; how do they go? you ask an American, whose acquaintance you have made on board. The paddles are underneath, he says, attached to a small boat, while this wonderful verandahed building stands on a wide platform far exceeding its support in size. All American river steamers are built on this plan, getting as high in some cases as four storeys, and providing accommodation for as many as five thousand passengers on one boat.

The steamer quickly casts anchor, and then comes the bustle of landing and passing the customs. At last you are in the New World, the land of liberty and equality. The words of their greatest poet, written in the days of America's sorest trial, recur to your mind:—

Oh, strange new land, that yet wast never young,
 Whose youth from thee by griping need was wrung,
 Brown foundling of the woods, whose baby-bed
 Was prowled round by the Indian's crackling tread;
 And who grew'st strong through shifts, and wants, and pains,
 Nursed by stern men with empires in their brains;
 Who saw in vision their young Ishmael slain,
 With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane.
 Thou skilled by Freedom and by great events
 To pitch new States as Old-World men pitch tents;
 Thou, taught by fate to know Jehovah's plan,
 That man's devices can't unmake a man.
 And whose free latch-string never was drawn in
 Against the poorest child of Adam's kin—
 The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
 In fearful haste thy murdered corpse away.

The City of New York is built on an island about fourteen miles long by three broad, formed by the Hudson or North River, as it is there called, and the East River. One of the great attractions of all American cities, Boston excepted, is the extreme width of the streets, and their being planted with rows of trees, giving a most agreeable shade and air of coolness in that hot climate. The streets are also planned at right angles to one another, those in one direction being called avenues, and the other direction streets, thus much assisting passengers in finding any locality. Any traveller who goes there with the expectation of having certain fixed sights to see, such as picture-galleries, churches, &c., and with the intention of "doing" an American city, as so many do the Continental ones, will find himself grievously mistaken. The sights are the country, the people, and what a people with indomitable perseverance and pushing energy have been able to accomplish in a century.

The interest of New York centres in Broadway, which intersects the city from end to end. This noble street extends for two miles and a-half in a straight

line, and then turning to the left follows the Hudson River till it ends in the Central Park. A stranger on first going down Broadway, or any of the other leading streets, is struck by the marvellous lightness of all the stone buildings, by the immense amount of window-room they are able to have, far exceeding what would be considered safe for European buildings. On closer examination he finds that, what at first sight he took to be brown or grey stone, is, in fact, entirely iron cast so as to represent cut-stone. The cost of these is found to be less than that of stone buildings, and their advantages for the purposes of commerce infinitely superior, on account of the far greater amount of light. The effect of these light stores when intermixed with the white marble and red-stone of which the other buildings are constructed, and relieved by the double line of trees, is most pleasing, especially when contrasted with the narrow and irregular streets of most European towns. Those who are acquainted with Munich no doubt remember the pleasing effect the Maximilian Strasse, bordered by its stately buildings, has after the irregular streets of most other German towns. Such another street is Broadway, only magnified in every direction, and teeming with a population as dense as that of the most crowded London thoroughfares.

At the termination of Broadway, or, rather at the point beyond which New York has not yet extended—for the whole island is planned for the city—is situated the Central Park. It is the dream of enthusiastic New Yorkers that in a very few years the whole island will be one city, and then the park will be where its name implies. Covering an area double that of the London parks put together, the natural inequalities of the ground have been so well utilized as to form a park incomparably superior to that of any other city, except Baltimore, can show. Trees and shrubs have been brought from all parts of the world,

and instead of a flat meadow with a few old stumps and a drive round it, the drives pass along shady avenues and by the sides of artificial lakes, and here New York turns out in the afternoon.

The most convenient way to the park is down the 5th Avenue, the only one whose sanctity has not been invaded by the street cars. This avenue and the streets opening out of it form the West End of the city, and consequently it has been saved from the rails, which are so disagreeable to those driving in other parts. A novel method of paving has been adopted throughout this part of the city; instead of stone or macadam, blocks of wood are used, cut across the grain. It has been found to answer exceedingly well in those streets, which are free from heavy traffic, deadening the sound, and being very smooth and clean. A little way up the 5th Avenue is the 5th Avenue Hotel, one of those on a truly American scale, accommodating over twelve hundred guests, and in which hundreds of families permanently live. The whole groundfloor is devoted to the general public, who in the evening turn it into a second exchange. You are saved the trouble of the stairs, which in such a house would be prodigious, by elevators, which are ascending and descending all day long. In the Hotel is a Theatre, a not uncommon accompaniment of an American Hotel, while the outside of the basement is let for shops. Not much farther up the avenue is the marble palace of A. T. Stewart, the Merchant Prince of the States, a palace, all the carving for which was brought from Rome, and which would be an ornament to any capital. It is a curious thing that throughout the States—a dirty or soot-begrimed building is never seen; notwithstanding the amount of coal burnt the marble remains as white as the day it was cut.

About two miles farther up lies the Park, one boundary of which this avenue forms. The popular taste for driving has there run to extravagance. So

general is this mania for driving among New Yorkers, that with a large and increasing class social condition bases itself upon horseflesh. Riding, however, throughout the Northern States, is totally ignored. Six and eight-in-hands with flaming harness fill the roads and monopolize their devotion, while spurs and saddles are curiosities in shop-windows. Even in the rural districts it is little more in vogue than in the cities. An American farmer never walks out to traverse a distance of only a mile, but it is the buggy that is hitched up, and not the horse saddled. This it was that gave the Southern cavalry so decided a superiority in the late war. It is a striking proof of their abject worship of utility, that they have so long cherished the trotter to the detriment of his nobler brother.

The means of locomotion in New York are perfect. Down every avenue, except the 5th, a double line of rails, and in many instances as many as four lines are laid, and upon these the cars are constantly running. These cars—not close boxes like those that disgrace our metropolis—drawn by two horses, go about twelve miles an hour, and similar cars run in connection with these down all the principal streets. On account of the excellency and convenience of these cars, cabs are unknown in the city, and all luggage is conveyed by express companies, who succeed in delivering it at its destination as quickly as the owner can reach it himself. All waggons and other vehicles that have to convey heavy loads have their wheels so made as to run on the tracks also, thus causing a great saving of labour to the horses.

Just out of Wall-street (the Lombard-street of New York) there is the Gold-room, where daily the small amount of specie in the country is sold for greenbacks. Perhaps it may be unknown to many of my readers that since the American war there has neither been gold or silver in general circulation. The place of this coinage is supplied by notes, not representing

so much gold in the Bank or Treasury, but simply promises on the part of the United States Government to pay so much in gold to the holder of that note after the lapse of a fixed number of years. The general value at present of a dollar in gold being about 1.15 in greenbacks, though this is constantly changing, and the change is so rapid, that it necessitates telegraphic communication between the Gold-room and all the principal warehouses and banks, and is a cause of constant difficulties.

In America, as in England, one section of female society is dissatisfied with the political status, and "a large and influential meeting" of the irrepressible female being advertised, I shall venture to take my reader to hear the stars of female oratory. Long arrays of empty benches greet us as we enter; the hour has been badly selected; few there are at present to meet the gaze of the fair and furious maidens. This was hard on the woman's suffrage, for it was the second decade, the twentieth anniversary of the first blast from the female trumpet, the initial wail of the disenfranchised woman. The hall, however, soon began to fill with ardent supporters of the strong-minded females. Mrs. Pauline Davis, a worthy and eminent petticoat pioneer in the cause of woman's right to snub and worry the life out of weak-minded man, took the chair. She was supported in her trying position by a bevy of females of decorous mien and determined aspect, ladies to whom it was hopeless for an impressioned admirer to whisper a word of endearment; awful in their assertion of rights to do all that men declined to perform. To the members of the other sex the ladies' ruffles and aspiring chignons raised their dreadful forms in anger; every rustle of a silk dress sent a thrill through panting breasts, while the shrill cry of "Hear, hear," and the subdued expressions of "Bully for you," which at times during the meeting shot out from the several set lips of the

fair reformers, sank into their souls. Never since the clarion tones of Mrs. Pauline Wright Davis' matchless voice affrighted the male denizens of Syracuse N.Y. twenty years ago was mortal man in such a predicament. He could not smile, for that facial movement would be considered as unseemly irreverence; he dared not frown, lest he should be placed on the black books of the watchful sisters; he could not laugh without incurring the risk of an immediate and decisive interviewing by a host of insinuating advocates of the rights of woman. To his great relief, at last, Mrs. Pauline Wright Davis, in the midst of a great flutter of silks and flourish of hair and ribbons, announced that the attack on the position of the enemy was about to commence.

Mrs. Davis threw a hurried glance at the ceiling, looked steadily forward for half-a-minute, sweetly smiled at the blooming maidens by her side, tucked up her dress, put her right foot forward, used her handkerchief twice, and then delivered herself of a short sketch of the various plans for securing woman's rights, which had been in operation during the last twenty years. After numerous other advocates had urged their various pleas, the meeting closed by pronouncing "unanimously" in favour of the rights of woman.

Intimately connected with New York, though in different States, are the two cities of Brooklyn and New Jersey, the former in Long Island and the latter in the State of the same name. Neither of these are, at present, united by bridges to New York, though a suspension bridge has been commenced, which, when complete, will join Brooklyn with the former.

In Brooklyn is situated the beautiful Greenwood Cemetery, which might well form a model for those of our own land. Here the Americans almost vie with the ancients in their attempts to perpetuate their names by the magnificence of their mausoleums.

J. E. JOHNSON.



THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE WILDERNESS.

IT is now just a year ago since I found myself bound a second time for the East.

If Suez society had gazed with amazement at the unusually extensive caravan with which the Sinai Expedition left that place the previous year, they were absolutely aghast at the equipment with which I and my companion committed ourselves to the mercy of the Wilderness, and there were not wanting those who, as they saw our little boat-load of boxes and Bedawin push off for the Asiatic side of the canal, regarded us in the light of harmless lunatics, and considered our expedition as little better than suicide.

But there were unknown deserts to explore, strange and possibly hostile tribes to encounter, and we judged it best to dispense with all unnecessary baggage; and as we could work much better on foot, riding camels would have been a mere useless expense.

Instead of the twenty or thirty camels which travellers generally require for a trip to Sinai, we took four, which carried all our stores and camp furniture.

A Dragoman, of course, we did not require, as we were both familiar with Arabic, and since we numbered the arts of frying bacon and wiping plates amongst our numerous accomplishments, a servant was at once voted unnecessary and a bore.

In fact, we started quite unattended except by the camel drivers, and performed our journey alone and on foot.

Our dress consisted of a Syrian suit of brown Holland similar to that worn by the Turkish soldiery; a thick felt cap and striped handkerchief worn over a shaven head, a dagger and revolver stuck in a red shawl round our waist, and a gun completed the costume, and I am willing to believe the verdict pronounced by a high authority, when three months later we entered Jerusalem somewhat the worse for wear, that two more disreputable figures have seldom been seen in that holy city.

But before asking the reader to accompany us upon our journey, I will say a few preliminary words about the Great and Terrible Wilderness which was to form the scene of our explorations.

Tradition and history alike prove that the scenes of the Exodus took place in that desert region, called by the very appropriate name of Arabia Petræa, or the Stony. This includes the Sinaitic Peninsula and the Bâdîet et Tîh (literally signifying the desert of the wanderings), as well as some portion of Idumæa and Moab.

Sinai is a triangular peninsula, situated between the two arms of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez, and the Gulf of Akabah. A strip of flat Desert fringes the country round, and the centre is occupied by a great mountain mass, consisting of two formations—granite and sandstone. These granite mountains are divided into three great clusters, of which the western group has Serbal for its highest point, the south-eastern culminates in the magnificent peak of Umm Shomer, and the centre one contains Jebel Caterina, the highest point in the Peninsula, and Jebel Musa, the most important, inasmuch as it is, in all human probability, the mountain from which the Law was proclaimed.

The ordinary road from the convent to Akabah crosses a sandy plain in the north-east corner of the Peninsula, and in the centre of this is a large rock, where travellers are wont to halt for the sake of the shade

which it affords, and where they look upon one of the dreariest prospects in the whole desert.

The neighbourhood is, however, really one of the most interesting, for a few hours short of this lie the remains of an Israelitish camp, and a short distance further on is Hazeroth, the second permanent encampment of the children of Israel after their departure from Sinai.

When making a previous excursion to Hazeroth we came across some curious stone remains, and, on asking the Arabs what they might be, were told that they were the remains of the camp of a large Hajj caravan, which had lost its way at this point and wandered off into the Tih.

Now, the word Hajj is applied by the Mohammedans to the great caravan of pilgrims, which yearly crosses the desert to Mecca, and it may seem an anachronism to suppose that there exists any connection between this and the story of the Exodus of the Israelites. There are, however, several reasons for arriving at such a conclusion.

Firstly, the Mohammedan caravan would not, under any circumstances, have passed by this road, and the story must, therefore, apply to quite another set of Pilgrims.

Secondly, the word used by the Arabs in the legend, signifying "they lost their way," is identical with that used in the Bible to express the wanderings of the Israelites.

Thirdly, the word Hajj points conclusively to the children of Israel, for it is borrowed by the Mohammedans from the Bible, and the earliest use of it is in the passage of Exodus where Moses begs of Pharaoh to let the people go to "sacrifice in the wilderness;" the original Hebrew having the word *Hagg*, which is absolutely identical with the *Hajj* of the Arabic.

Again, the remains are evidently of the highest

antiquity, and differ essentially from those of any camp which I have seen in any other part of the desert.

It is a curious fact, that if you ask twenty different Arabs to relate one of their national legends, they will all do so in precisely the same words, showing with what wonderful precision oral tradition is handed down from generation to generation among them.

All these circumstances, taken in conjunction with the strange and significant story attaching to the spot, leave very little doubt upon my mind that the remains which we discovered were really and truly those of an Israelitish camp.

They are situated exactly half way between Sinai and Hazeroth, and here we know was Kibroth Hattaavah, where Israel was fed with the miraculous flight of quails, and where "while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague."

As if to place the identity beyond question, there existed outside the camp an immense number of tombs—the very Kibroth Hattaavah, or "Graves of gluttony," of which the Bible speaks.

Truly God hath not left himself without a witness, for "the very stones cry out," and bear testimony to the truth of His Holy Word.

Ain Hudherah (Hazeroth), though lying very near to the ordinary travellers' route, was never seen by Europeans until the Members of the Expedition and myself visited the spot. But if the pilgrim knew that the uninviting cleft in the white rocks before him looked down on Hazeroth he would turn aside and gaze upon what is, without exception, the most beautiful and romantic landscape in the desert.

Advancing towards the cleft, as we did at the close of the day, all was bare, barren, and desolate; and a violent sandstorm obscuring all the mountains to the south-west made it drearier still. Great and pleasant

then was our surprise when, on reaching the cliff, we gazed for the first time on Hazeroth. Through a steep and rugged gorge with almost perpendicular sides we looked down on a wady bed that winds along between fantastic sandstone rocks, now rising in the semblance of mighty walls or terraced palaces, now jutting out in pointed ridges—rocky promontories in a sandy sea. Beyond lay a perfect forest of mountain peaks and chains. But the greatest charm of the landscape was its rich and varied colouring; the sandstone, save where some huge block has fallen away and displayed the dazzling whiteness of the stone beneath, is weathered to a dull red or violet hue, through which run streaks of the brightest scarlet and yellow mixed with the darkest violet tints; here and there a hill or huge dyke of green stone, or a rock of rosy granite, contrasts or blends harmoniously with the rest; and in the midst, beneath a lofty cliff nestles the palm grove of Hazeroth. This picture framed, in the jagged cleft and lit up by the evening sun, with the varied tints and shades upon its mountain background, and the awful stillness that might be seen as Egypt's darkness could be felt, was such a landscape as none but the Great Artist's hand could have designed.

For a little more than a day's journey past Ain Hudherah we kept a northerly course, and crossing the water-shed of a fine broad wady struck the main valley, Wady el Ain, at the foot of a lofty picturesque mountain, the name of which, Jebel 'Arádeh, is etymologically the same as Haradeh, one of the unidentified stations of the Israelites. Here we met with the Haiwatt Arabs for the first time. They are, if anything, poorer than the Sinai Bedawin, and wanting in the intelligence and cheerful contentment which distinguishes the latter race. Indeed, with some rare exceptions, the various tribes which we encountered after this point were in a descending scale of ignorance and superstition, and their one prevailing idea was that

we had come for no other purpose than to stop their rain supply. One old woman roundly abused us for the late drought, and, pointing to her half-starved goats, asked if we weren't ashamed of ourselves? They believe that the weather office is entirely under the control of the Christians. Another instance of their mental degradation was their refusal to sell us a lamb for eighteenpence, which munificent sum we offered them; they demanded two shillings, and, after a long discussion, we were obliged to part without coming to terms.

We entered the Tih by a pass previously unknown, over Jebel el 'Ejmeh; it is called "The Pass of the Water-drawer" (Nagb el Mirád), from some wells which lie nearly at the foot of the mountain, and from which we drew our supply. In addition to the ammonia, with which the goats of centuries had impregnated the water, it contained naturally a strong solution of Epsom salts; but there was no other watering-place between that and Nakhl, and we were compelled to live on the nasty mixture for nearly a week. The want of water is one of the most serious drawbacks to desert exploration—we ourselves suffered considerably from it at times—and I have on several occasions been compelled to go three weeks without so much as washing my hands.

The desert of Et Tih is a limestone plateau of irregular surface, the southern portion of which projects wedge-wise into the Sinaitic Peninsula. It is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean Sea and the Mountains of Judah; on the west by the Isthmus of Suez; and on the east by the Arabah, that large valley or depression which runs between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea.

The north-eastern portion is occupied by a second mountain plateau, terminating in precipitous escarpments towards the south, and which, though intersected by numerous broad wadies, runs northwards without any break to a point within a few miles of Beersheba.

The rest of the district consists of an arid rolling plain, relieved, however, by a few isolated groups of mountains and low plateaux.

This, though crossed by the Hajj, or Pilgrim route to Mecca, and frequently traversed by travellers who prefer to approach Palestine by the "Long Desert," has been but very imperfectly described and never systematically explored, while the whole of the mountain district was absolutely unknown. And yet, this country is of the highest interest to Biblical students, for across that white unpromising waste lay the road down into Egypt on which Jacob travelled to visit his long-lost son, and along the same way the Virgin Mother fled with her wondrous Child; here, as the name still reminds us, the children of Israel wandered; and that hilly plateau on the north-east was the home and pasture ground of the Patriarchs, the Negeb of Scripture, a word which in the English version is translated "South Country."

The first glimpse of the scene of our future wanderings was anything but cheerful or prepossessing; as far as the dead level of the country would allow the eye to reach, there was nothing to be seen but round featureless hills, each exactly like its neighbour and divided by small winding valleys. For a whole day's journey we proceeded amidst the same monotonous scenery, when presently the valley began to widen out and ultimately disappeared in the large open plain, low limestone ridges taking the place of the rounded hills through which we had been passing. The prospect was a most melancholy one, and to make it more inspiring we found that none of our Arabs knew the way, and one of the Terabín Bedawín whom we had brought with us as a guide confessed himself utterly at fault. We seemed in a fair way to emulate the Israelites and wander in that great and Terrible Wilderness for an indefinite period, and in addition to these drawbacks, our Arabs who had been on the

shortest of commons for some time were getting exhausted for want of food, and the camels could scarcely carry their loads from day to day.

At this juncture we fortunately fell in with our first specimen of the Tiyáhah Arabs, who showed us where we might find water the next day and himself conducted us to Nakhl.

This is a wretched square fort in the middle of a glaring white desert, where a few miserable soldiers are maintained by the Egyptian Government for the protection of the Caravan of Pilgrims which annually passes by that road on the way to Mecca. We soon found that so long as we stayed at Nakhl we could not hope for any peace or quietness. The denizens of the fort and little mud village attached to it have absolutely nothing to do but to quarrel with one another, and the advent of a stranger is hailed with joy as a relief to the monotony of this pursuit. There was not a living creature amongst them from the military governor to the mangiest Arab cur, who did not spend the greater part of his day before our tent, hoping by perseverance, to beg, borrow, or steal something from us.

Presently after our arrival Mislih Sheikh of all the Tiyáhah came down with his brother, and the two honoured us with their company until long past midnight.

The conversation was not inspiring, and it seemed as if our explorations were likely to come to an untimely end; every part of the country which we expressed a wish to visit was in the hands of some hostile tribe, and whichever way we went we must be infallibly robbed and murdered.

However, the difficulties at last vanished one by one, and the sheikhs went so far as to promise that as a special favour they would take us somewhere, a concession for which (they declared) no pecuniary expression of gratitude on our part could possibly repay them; and, having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, we

undressed and went to bed, as a delicate hint to our guests to retire. The next day terms were agreed upon, the contract signed, and after a little delay we were fairly started with our Tiyáhah guides.

The Tiyáhah are a large and powerful tribe of Arabs inhabiting the whole central portion of the desert of the Tih; their country produces scarcely any grain, and they are accordingly compelled to purchase all the necessaries of life from Gaza or some of the border villages of Palestine. Their camels furnish them with their only means of subsistence, as they are employed in conveying the Hajj Pilgrims across the desert to Akabah on their way from Egypt to Mecca, and they have also the right of conducting those travellers who select the long desert route to Palestine. Such of them as are not fortunate enough to participate in this traffic, live almost entirely on the milk of their camels and goats, occasionally selling one of the former, if this resource fail from drought or other causes.

In many other parts of the Desert milk forms the sole article of diet obtainable by the Arabs, and I have heard a well authenticated case of a Bedawí who had not tasted solid food or water for three years.

So long, therefore, as he can find pasturage for his herds the Arab cares little for the proximity of a water spring to his camp, but he watches with the greatest anxiety for the few and scanty showers of rain, without which he is in actual danger of starvation, and we may pardon him if he even conceive a jealous suspicion of such proceedings as geographical or astronomical observations. A compass, sextant, or theodolite he naturally regards as an uncanny and magical instrument, and neither his soil nor his sky are sufficiently tractable as it is to warrant him in allowing them to be tampered with.

The ancient Arabs prided themselves on three things: eloquence, hospitality, and robbery. From the Tiyáhah tribe the two first have entirely disappeared;

but, in the last they are unrivalled still, and once at least in every year they make a raid upon some of their neighbours and carry off their cattle.

In these expeditions they often travel as far as the Syrian desert around Palmyra, a distance of more than twenty days' journey.

Things have but little changed in the Wilderness since the messenger came into the tent of Job and said: "The Chaldæans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels and have carried them away: yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword."

Before leaving England a Syrian friend had put into my hands a poetical version of the Book of Job, which he had himself recently composed in the Arabic language. I one day read a portion of this to our Sheikh Suleimán, and having once had a taste of it he would implore me night after night to read it aloud to him, for the vivid pictures of the trials of that grand old Sheikh of Uz enlisted all his Bedawí sympathies, and the easy rhythm and choice language in which they were clothed captivated his ear. Might not some of our missionary societies learn a lesson from this, for many a Muslim who would shudder at the sin of reading the book of the Nazarenes would yield to the soft influence of song.

Suleimán constantly besought me to teach him to read; now I am a strong advocate for education, and it was hard to refuse him, but one reflection made me obdurate—I *knew he would ask me for the book.*

One day as we were striking camp, and the Arabs were engaged in adjusting the camel loads, I came up to the fire for the purpose of lighting my pipe. What was my amazement, when on turning over the ashes I found a potato—our potato—quietly roasting there. Watching unobserved I presently saw Selim quietly abstract the delicacy and wrap it in his mantle for future surreptitious consumption, and immediately taxed him with the theft. Now the Bedawin, although

professional robbers, have a wholesome aversion from pilfering, and Selim being thus caught in the act, there was the greatest consternation in the camp.

Suleimán's pious horror was a sight to see, and in spite of our intercession, Selim was formally beaten before going to bed, and ever after when a difficulty arose, we ungenerously brought up the subject, and the stolen potato gained us the victory.

Rough and rude our guides certainly were, but when once we had started they proved as cheery and trusty companions as we could have wished.

If I were to give a detailed description of our walk across the desert, the narrative would, I am afraid, appear to the reader as monotonous as the reality did to us. Day by day we toiled over flat white gravel plains, and although the sight of a few scanty shrubs, or the slightest indication of life were to us incidents worthy of noting down, I could hardly hope that such an entry as the following which I find in my journal would appear strikingly sensational: "Monday.—Walked six hours, saw two beetles and a crow."

I will therefore mention briefly some of the most interesting places which we saw or discovered. The first of these was 'Ain Gadís, which, being literally interpreted, signifies the "Fountain of the Holy One."

The name of Gadís is in meaning and etymology exactly equivalent to the Kadesh of the Bible, and the identification of this site is, perhaps, more important than that of any other in the region, as it forms the key to the movements of the Children of Israel after leaving Hazeroth for the scene of their forty years' wanderings.

The spring which bears the suggestive name of Gadís is situated at that particular part of the mountain plateau where this falls to a lower level, and, as we found on subsequently passing through it, is more open, less hilly, and more easily approached from the direction of Akabah. It is thus situated at what I

should call one of the natural boundary lines of the country.

I will explain what I mean by this statement:

From Northern Syria to Sinai southwards the country seems to have certain natural divisions marked by the comparative fertility of the soil of each. In Syria at the present day we have a well-watered and productive soil; in Palestine after the Hermon district the soil is much more barren, but shows traces of greater fertility in former times; south of the mountains of Judah, to the point immediately below which our Kadesh is situated, the country, though now little more than a barren waste, presents signs of a most extensive cultivation, reaching down to even a comparatively modern period.

This is, undoubtedly, the Negeb, or South Country of Scripture, and Ain Gadís may be considered as situated almost at the frontier of this district.

At the time of the Exodus it must have borne the same relation to the then fertile region of the Negeb which that now barren tract at the present day bears to Palestine.

Now, the spies went up from Kadesh and returned bringing with them grapes from Eshkol, and this latter site is generally assumed to be identical with Wády el Khalíl, or the valley of Hebron.

But Hebron is at least four days' journey from 'Ain Gadís, and grapes and figs could not have been brought so far in that hot climate without spoiling—to say nothing of the cautious manner in which, in their character of spies, Caleb and his companions must have passed through the country. If, then, Kadesh is at 'Ain Gadís, as we suppose, the grape bearing Eshkol must be near the same place; and it is a curious fact, that among the most striking characteristics of the Negeb are miles of country—hill sides and valleys—covered with small stone heaps, swept in regular swathes, and called by the Arabs to this day *teleilát el'anab*, or "grape mounds."

Most Biblical Geographers have placed Kadesh much closer to the southern border of Palestine, near the passes of Sufâh and Figreh, and immediately below the mountains of Judæa; but, in that case, the Israelites would have been confined in a *cul-de-sac*, with the Canaanites, Amorites, Edomites, and Moabites completely hemming them in—whereas, in the neighbourhood of 'Ain Gadís they would have had nothing but the wilderness around them, and certainly no very hostile peoples in their rear. Now, I believe, that a good general like Moses would not have chosen a bad position for so important a camp; and I am, therefore confirmed in my belief that the Ain Gadís which we saw is actually the Kadesh of the Bible.

In a large plain at the foot of the mountain plateau, to which I have already alluded, we found another ancient site, before unknown; this was a large town containing three churches and a tower, but now utterly deserted. It is called Sebaita, a name that at once suggests the *Zephath* of the Bible. *Zephath* signifies a Watch-tower; and it is a noteworthy fact, that about three and a half miles distant from the town we discovered a fortress built on very ancient foundations, and situated on the brow of a steep hill that overlooks the entire plain. Its name is El Meshrifeh, and the meaning of the word, as well as the position of the fort, exactly corresponds to that of *Zephath*, "a Watch-tower." In Judges i. 17 we find it thus spoken of: "And Judah went with Simeon his brother, and they slew the Canaanites that inhabited Zephath, and utterly destroyed it, and the name of the city was called Hormah." From this passage *Zephath* and *Hormah* are generally thought to be one and the same, but I should rather consider that the city, to which the Israelites gave the name of *Hormah* after they had conquered it, was called the city of the *Zephath*, from its proximity to the watch-tower, and that in the town

of Sebaita, and the fort of El Meshrifeh we have the two places mentioned in the book of Judges.

A circumstance which gives a great additional interest to this spot is, that the Israelites, we are told, when they attempted to force a passage into the hill country of the Amorites were driven back and defeated at a pass in the mountains near Hormah.

Now, the fort of El Meshrifeh commands the only pass by which the plain where Sebaita, or Hormah stands can be approached, and we may thus trace the movements of the wandering Hosts of Israel after their encampment at Kadesh, the position of which I have already identified.

Reheibeh and Shutneh, the Rehoboth and Sitneh where Isaac dug his wells: (Gen. xxvi. 21, 22.) Khalasah, once a flourishing town, where Venus was worshipped with all the licentious pomp of the Pagan ritual: Saadí, an extensive ruin whose history has perished and whose very existence was unknown till we lit by chance upon the site: these, and many others I must dismiss without more than this passing word, and come at once to a spot which witnessed some of the earliest scenes of Bible history—I mean the well of Beersheba, dug by Abraham the Father of the Faithful himself. The name which he gave it still clings to the spot; the Bedawin, to whom the Scriptures are unknown, still point with pride to the great work which their father Ibrahim achieved, and as they draw water from it for their flocks, the ropes that let the buckets down still glide along the same deep furrows in the masonry which mayhap the ropes of the Patriarch's servants first began.

Strange and solemn are the thoughts which a journey like this inspires. The word of God had declared long ages ago that the land of the Canaanites, and the Amalekites, and the Amorites should become a desolate waste; that "The cities of the Negeb should be shut up, and there should be none to open them." And

here around us we saw the literal fulfilment of the dreadful curse. Wells of solid masonry, fields and gardens compassed round about with goodly walls, every sign of human industry was there, but now, only the empty names and stony skeleton of civilization remained to tell of what it once had been.

There stood the ancient towns, still called too by their ancient names, but not a living thing was to be seen save when the lizard glided o'er the crumbling wall, or startled screech owls flitted through the lonely street.

From Beersheba we went up to Jerusalem to refit, and after a short delay returned once more to the Negeb, or South country, but this time taking the route through the heart of the unexplored mountain country to the Arabah, and so on to Petra.

This journey was by no means an easy one; the country was most dreary and desolate; our only supply of water was taken from holes in the rock where the last season's rains had collected, and the Arabs were, to say the least of it, troublesome.

We had determined to visit the ruins of 'Abdeh the ancient Eboda, a Roman station on the road from Ghaza to Arabia Felix, and after much difficulty in obtaining information as to its position, had encamped in a valley at the foot of the mountains where the ruins were said to stand.

While we were preparing to make the excursion, the chief men of the Azázimeh tribe of Arabs came down much incensed at our intrusion, and declared that we should not see the ruins, peremptorily bidding us to go back the way we came while our lives were yet safe. However, we were determined not to have our journey for nothing, and on the following morning set out up the valley, attended by our two Jehalin camel drivers, and taking with us the sketch books, photographic and measuring instruments necessary for the exploration of the deserted city. As we got near the foot

of the pass we heard the loud report of guns firing above us, and in clear determined tones the Arab war-song rang in our ears. Still we plodded steadily on, but as we commenced the ascent, about a dozen armed Arabs suddenly appeared and nimbly scaling the mountain side, took possession of the pass, and while some began throwing stones over the edge, others presented their guns at us, and the Sheikh, with his bare arm raised in a tragic attitude, treated us to a grandiloquent address, and threatened us with summary annihilation.

Now, we knew that Arabs are never anxious to commence a fight, and bring upon themselves the dread consequence of the blood feud, so we sat down and, holding our guns in readiness, smoked our pipes quietly, and answered all their threats with quiet chaff.

At last there came a lull, and we sent up one of our Arabs to treat for peace, but he was met with drawn swords and literally thrust down the pass closely followed by a large stone.

Matters were now getting serious; the Arabs lit a beacon fire on the top of the pass, screamed out in frantic tones, *Hallat el gom*, "war is proclaimed"—as a signal for their neighbours and friends to rush up to the attack. It was time to interfere, so I made them a pretty speech, telling them that our intentions were quite peaceful, and expressing my surprise at being treated in such a manner by people whose guests we had become. A long altercation ensued, and peace was ultimately concluded on condition of our paying the sum of eight shillings, they on their part undertaking to conduct us over the ruins, carry our instruments, and lend us all the assistance we might require.

When we were nearing Petra we heard the unwelcome news that the surrounding Arab tribes were at war, and that the place was entirely closed to travellers, one party who had come down to Akabah

to make the attempt having been compelled to return without success.

Trusting, however, to the small and unpretending nature of our cortege, and to our experience of Arab character and manners, we kept to our proposed route, and reached the pass leading into Petra without attracting observation.

Arrived here, we took the opportunity of ascending Mount Hor and visiting the tomb of Aaron upon the summit, which we reached without discovery. Once there, however, we were seen by a shepherd lad, who was feeding his flocks upon the mountain, and who immediately shouted out to give the alarm. His cry was answered by a gun in the wady below, and in a few minutes the rocks around re-echoed with the firing of alarm guns, and an ominous din was heard coming from the direction of Petra itself. We judged it time to descend, as our being surprised on the mountain would inevitably have led to serious consequences; and, having stayed long enough to boil the thermometer and allow my companion to finish a sketch of the tomb and the magnificent view of mountain scenery which surrounds it, we came down the steep sides of Mount Hor rather quicker than I ever descended a mountain either before or since.

On reaching the valley we were met by a party of about thirty Fellahin, all armed to the teeth, and shouting their war cry furiously. We had no easy work to pacify them, but once inside Petra we determined to see all that was to be seen, and accordingly stayed more than a week. A set of more thorough ruffians than the inhabitants of Petra it has never been my misfortune to meet; they are a branch of the Khaibari tribe, Jews who long ago settled at Mecca, where they now occupy their leisure in robbing pilgrims. They are believed, on good authority, to be the descendants of those Rechabites who are mentioned in the book of Jeremiah xxxv. 2 :

“They said, we will drink no wine for Jonadab the son of Rechab, our father commanded us, saying, ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever. Neither shall ye build houses, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, but all your days ye shall dwell in tents; that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers.”

This precept, which is in effect that they should assimilate their mode of life to that of the Arabs amongst whom they dwell, they have obeyed to the present day, for they drink no wine and dwell in tents. We encamped in the very midst of them, and, although we were allowed to visit the ruins as much as we pleased, they gave us so much trouble that it has always been a marvel to me how we escaped being stripped of everything we had and murdered.

For two days we were snowed up with these delightful companions and could not leave our tent; to add to our discomfort there was no fuel to be had, and we could make no fire. However, we put on all our clothes—three shirts and several coats and waistcoats apiece, and passed the time in bed, making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Our only consolation was that our Rechabite neighbours suffered more than we did, for they had only one shirt apiece, and not, indeed, always that. I am afraid we were very uncharitable, for, as a chorus of groans and chattering of teeth went on around us, we felt an intense satisfaction in the thought that they were too much engrossed with their own misery to worry us, and we posted up our journals and smoked our pipes quite merrily.

We left Petra under the escort of some ‘Ammarin Arabs, who endeavoured to extort money from us by leaving us without camels, food, or water, in a part of the country which we did not know, and on one occasion brought down a party of their friends to waylay and rob us at a mountain pass. The Governor-General of Syria, Ráshid Pasha, has sent

down troops to call these gentry to account, and most obligingly promised us that he would hang our Sheikh and his brother—a mark of attention which we promised them on leaving.

The journey from Petra to Moab was a very exciting one; the Arab tribes around us were at war; murders were of daily occurrence, and often when camping for the night we could not even light our fire after sunset, lest the blaze should reveal our resting-place, and bring down upon us a band of marauders. One day while we were staying with the Sheikh of the Beni Hamideh Arabs at Shihán, the Ancient Sihon in Moab, two strange Bedawin came to the encampment, and we had the pleasure of listening to a council of war. A neighbouring chief had a little before treacherously murdered forty men, and had, moreover, stolen our host's donkey; the latter was in itself almost enough to form a *casus belli*, and hostilities had in effect been carried on for some time between the two tribes. The messengers we saw had come to make proposals of peace; our host, with all an Arab's frankness, forgave the murders on the spot—the murdered men were not of his tribe—and the three embraced with every mark of affection and esteem. But presently the question of the donkey was brought forward, Sheikh Ahmed demanded restitution and compensation, and the negotiations were ultimately broken off.

Moab is a large flat plateau descending in abrupt cliffs on its western side into the Dead Sea and Jordan Valley. A more than usual interest has been awakened in that country by the finding of the celebrated Moabite stone. It is, a large slab of black basalt inscribed with a long record of the prowess of a certain Mesha King of Moab, in which he boasts of his successes against Israel, and there is no doubt but that this is the same Mesha, the story of whose rebellion is told at length in II Kings III. 4-27.

We visited the spot, Dhibán (the ancient Dibon), where the monument was found, and where it was unfortunately broken by the Arabs, owing to the mismanagement of its first discoverers who did not know how to treat with the Bedawin. The passage I have referred to, speaks of the author of the Dhibán stone thus: "And Mesha, King of Moab, was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the King of Israel an hundred thousand lambs and an hundred thousand rams with the wool." This is another instance of the wonderful accuracy of the Bible in its descriptive details, for Moab, with its extensive grass covered uplands is even now an essentially sheep breeding country, although the "fenced cities and folds for sheep," of which mention is made in the book of Numbers (XXXII. 36) are all in ruins. But in its palmier days when those rich pastures were covered with flocks, we can well understand how the most appropriate title that could be given to the King of such a country was that he "was a sheep-master."

When in Moab we heard strange accounts of an extraordinary statue by the shores of the Dead Sea, called "Lot's Wife," and determined to visit it. After a fatiguing walk, and having to sleep in the open air without any covering, and no other food than a small piece of bread, we reached the spot, and found the "statue" to consist of a tall natural rock, which did, however, bear a striking resemblance to an Arab woman carrying her child on her shoulder. It is of stone, not of salt, and cannot, of course, be the real Lot's Wife mentioned in the Bible, but it was curious and instructive to find the story still lingering upon the spot where Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed.

A few days more, and our wanderings in the Wilderness were at an end. We stood upon the heights of Mount Nebo, where Moses, the aged law-giver of Israel, gazed for the first time on the promised land, and looked

his last upon the world. The hills of Palestine rose up before us, at our feet the Jordan meandered along its noble valley to the calm blue waters of the Dead Sea, and as we meditated on the scene, the solemn words of Deuteronomy (xxxiv. 4) came to our mind with a reality they had never before assumed: "This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed; I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes."

HAIJI.



A TRAGEDY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

"Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere Delta."—PERSIUS.

It was a young Examiner, scarce thirty were his
years,
His name our University loves, honours, and reveres:
He pondered o'er some papers, and a tear stood in
his eye;
He split his quill upon the desk, and raised a bitter
cry—
"O why has Fortune struck me down with this un-
earthly blow?
"Why doom'd me to examine in my lov'd one's
Little-go?
"O Love and Duty, sisters twain, in diverse ways ye
pull;
"I dare not 'pass,' I scarce can 'pluck:' my cup of
woe is full.
"O that I ever should have lived this dismal day
to see!"
He knit his brow, and nerved his hand, and wrote
the fatal D.

* * * *

It was a lovely maiden down in Hertford's lovely
shire;
Before her, on a reading-desk, lay many a well-filled
quire:

The lamp of genius lit her eyes; her years were
 twenty-two;
 Her brow was high, her cheek was pale, her bearing
 somewhat blue:
 She pondered o'er a folio, and laboured to divine
 The mysteries of "*x*" and "*y*," and many a magic sign:
 Yet now and then she raised her eye, and ceased
 awhile to ponder,
 And seem'd as though inclined to allow her thoughts
 elsewhere to wander.
 A step was heard, she closed her book; her heart
 beat high and fast,
 As through the court and up the stairs a manly figure
 passed.
 One moment more the opening door disclosed unto
 her view
 Her own beloved Examiner, her friend and lover
 true.
 "Tell me, my own Rixator, is it First or Second
 Class?"
 His firm frame shook, he scarce could speak, he only
 sigh'd "Alas!"
 She gazed upon him with an air serenely calm and
 proud--
 "Nay, tell me all, I fear it not"—he murmured sadly
 "Ploughed."
 She clasped her hands, she closed her eyes as fell
 the word of doom,
 Full five times round in silence did she pace her
 little room;
 Then calmly sat before her books, and sigh'd "Rixator
 dear,
 "Give me the list of subjects to be studied for next
 year."
 "My own brave Mathematica, my pupil and my
 pride,
 "My persevering Student whom I destine for my
 bride;

"Love struggled hard with Duty, while the Lover
 marked you B;
 "In the end the stern Examiner prevailed and gave
 you D.
 "Mine was the hand that dealt the blow! Alas,
 against my will
 "I plucked you in Arithmetic—and can'st thou love
 me still?
 She gazed upon him and her eye was full of love
 and pride—
 "Nay these are but the trials, Love, by which true
 love is tried.
 "I never knew your value true, until you marked
 me D:
 "D stands for dear, and dear to me you evermore
 shall be."
 * * * * *
 A year had passed, and she had passed, for morning,
 noon, and night,
 Her Euclid and her Barnard Smith had been her
 sole delight.
 Soon "Baccalaurea Artium" was added to her name,
 And Hitchin's groves, and Granta's courts resounded
 with her fame;
 And when Rixator hurried down one day by the
 express,
 And asked if she would have him, I believe she answered
 "Yes."
 For now they live together, and a wiser, happier pair,
 More learned and more loving, can scarce be found
 elsewhere:
 And they teach their children Euclid, and their babies
 all can speak
 French and German in their cradles, and at five can
 write good Greek;
 And he is a Professor and she Professoress.
 And they never cease the Little-go in gratitude to
 bless.

When love could not the Lover from the path of
 duty sway,
 And no amount of plucking could his Student fair
 dismay.

MORAL :

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, if in love you would
 have luck,
 In wooing, as in warfare, trust in nothing else than
 pluck.

ARCULUS.



A VOICE FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY.

I AM a patriotic man, otherwise would my ink remain unshed. I am a modest man, else would patriotism have exhausted it long ago. I have a right to be modest; if I had not, my name would not have been among the alphabeticals years ago. That modesty to which I now lay claim must even then have been apparent. I never sought to know whether, if priority in merit instead of in the alphabet had been the rule, my name would not have headed the list. The virtuous always have their detractors; mine would say that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and that it was a happier case for a man to dream on of being first than to know he was last. In spite of their insinuations, however, I again say I am a modest man. How is it then that I presume to sit down to write for *The Eagle*? Do not its subscribers number among them 307 Fellows of the College and Masters of Arts? Are there not among them men of might to wield the pen? Is there not a shrinking at the thought of exciting disdain among editors of high degree? All this is true, and more. But, though your modest correspondent would not write for glory, or in presumption, yet patriotism would not suffer him to have it said in Gath that *The Eagle* was coming to grief, if his efforts could assist in keeping her on the wing, be the flight ever so little above ground. Whatever I write, it may at any rate stir up some more able and more lazy subscriber to

exert himself to contribute an article now and then, if only to save us all from trash. What shall I write? is the perplexing question. My imagination does not soar with eagle flight; it creeps on the ground. I am not up in the-ologies—I am not a poet by birth; and the result of my placing two hundred lines of rhyme in the letter-box of the Vice-chancellor seemed to confirm the truth of the adage respecting the possibility of becoming a poet in any other way. I never saw a Ghost. I was never at the top of Mont Blanc, or at the bottom of a coal-pit. I will not tell the readers of *The Eagle* how I once got lost on the Wiltshire Downs at night, returning from a day's shooting in company with a Londoner—how it was his fault entirely—how we wandered over the snow in a thick fog for hours—how cold we were, and how hungry—how we drank mushroom catsup, which the keeper's wife had sent by me for my aunt—how nasty it was—how we fired signals of distress—and at last viewing the light in the cottage window, as benighted travellers are wont to do, went to ask our way home, and found ourselves just outside the gate we sought. I will not tell how once, when I was in the communion rails of a Sunday night, the beadle came up to say that there was a young woman at the church door with the news that there were thieves inside my house—how I, walking deliberately thither after service was over, found the house filled with a hundred or more honest men looking for dishonesty up the chimneys, down in the cellar, and in the beds; while others, bearing flaming torches of newspaper, sought for it under the garden wall, expecting, no doubt, to come upon a group of burglars coolly dividing the booty there. They shall not hear these things, nor many others of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and they return inexperienced to their graves. But, being a parson, and afflicted with improvement of the occasion on the brain, I will venture a few remarks on the manners and customs of the

natives of this quarter of the globe where I am now a fixture, and which is, not without sufficient (not to say, good) reason, called the "Black Country." Few fledglings from the nest of Alma Mater take their flight in this direction, except they belong to the cleric species. And, to a great extent, for the information of such of this kind as are not yet ready for the wing, I proffer my remarks. Some may thus happily be prevented from choosing this as a sphere of labour; others may discover that it would be the right place for them, the right men. Imprimis, let everyone banish from his mind for ever the idea of coming here, in whose creed the doctrine of cleanliness holds a very high place; unless you can afford to wear a clean collar and tie every day of your life, you can't be clean here. Summer or winter, if you open your window for a breath of refreshing air, the zephyrs will bear on their wings flakes of soot, which will spoil a clean man's temper for the day. If you pull a twig off a tree (there are curiosities which we call trees here), or rest your hand on a wall or a gate, it will be as black (more or less) as if you had polished it on the bottom of a kettle. A friend from a short distance walking up and down my garden one day plucked ever and anon, as we conversed, the leaves of a black currant tree, and crushed and rubbed them in his hand; he refused afterwards to believe that his palm had contracted its colour in this manner, till convinced by a new trial. If you can't laugh at such things, stay away, or unhappiness will be your lot. Next let it be noted, that this particular district is most rigidly to be eschewed by all who are not willing to work, and work hard. There are as many different varieties of the species parson hereabouts as elsewhere; but whether they be high, low, broad, or narrow, they achieve success or not, according to their willingness to work. Your modest correspondent was an idle man at college, and he does not regret the idleness of that time (innocent

idleness it was, if such a thing there be) because of an alphabetical result, or of an impecuniary result, or a result affecting prestige, half so much as he does on account of the difficulty of unlearning the practice of idleness. His motto is, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." My undergraduate friends, if ever you intend to work hard in your lives, form the habit while you are where you are; and if you don't work hard, which is a maxim not perhaps incumbent on all, work methodically. If you only read an hour a day (many are they who wish they had done as much) make a habit of sitting down and doing that reading at a fixed hour, and let nothing turn you from it; you will then form a habit of having a time for everything and everything in its time, which will hereafter prevent many heart-aches. Again, let me beseech you not to come here if you can't dispense with a touching of the hat, or a curtesy from the working classes. A familiar nod, on the part of the masculine of this species, and a recognition graduated therefrom to the graceful and condescending bend on the part of the feminine, and, perhaps, the grasp of a hand, black from the forge or white from the kneading-trough—these are the greetings you will get, if you get any at all, and these you will have to make the best of. Some few retain the old, rural fashion; but when I meet with them, I am inclined to suspect the users of intending to pay me a visit which will lighten my pockets. You must be ready to respond to them as heartily as they greet you, or you won't do for a Black Country parson. You mustn't come here expecting to be looked up to because you wear a black coat, for many of the working men wear as good an one as you; nor because you have £100 or £120 a year, for many of them get as much or more than you, and they know it. I know of nothing that will draw forth the respect of those among the working classes, whose respect is worth having, except good hard work. Don't set foot here if you

believe in church-rates, nor if you have any doubts, which you don't keep within your teeth, as to the right of any man to be a dissenter if he likes. You may be one of those who claim a monopoly of spiritual dispensation for themselves, as the successors of the apostles; if you are, then by working hard, and persevering, you will get a "following," but you will never attach the people as a body to the church. Keep away from this quarter if you haven't a manly bearing, a clear voice (the louder the better), and the will never to spare it either in reading or preaching. The voice is one of the first requisites to be thought of. If you can't match the primitive methodist in loudness of voice, you must equal, if not excel, him in downrightness of expression. You must call things—even things disagreeable to ears polite—by their real names, or you won't have a collier, or a boatman, or a forgerman, in your church; they will go elsewhere—to some place where no attention is paid to the injunction "Oh! breathe not his name," and where the destination of misguided travellers is not considered, "a place which shall be nameless." If you mean to come here, you must make up your mind to be fond of tea-parties. Tea-parties are indispensable; and you must be ready to make a speech thereat—a speech of wit and wisdom combined. You must not be horrified if the odour of rum is discernible during tea. Rum is the cream of the Black Country; and somebody or other among the guests is sure to bring a bottle of cream in his or her pocket, and slyly dispense it among the nearest of the company, to the discomfiture of Cowper. Don't come here unless you can endure without offence things that would make the country parson-squire's hair stand on end, and rile up lilac-kidded and frock-coated dignities into inexpressible paroxysms of self-important wrath. Your correspondent was uniting a happy couple in the bonds of matrimony. The bridegroom steadily refused to repeat after him the prescribed form of

espousals. When requested to do so, he merely nodded his head; and even the expressed desire of the bride herself failed to extract more from him. At last he was told that the ceremony could not proceed unless he complied with the injunction. Another attempt—"Now, say this after me," "I, John, take thee, Mary" No response such as required; but, with a grave wink of the right eye, and a nod of the head to the right side, he said, in the most confidential and conciliating manner, "It's all right, gaffer." This was taken as fulfilling the spirit of the law. Don't come here if you object to having tea or supper with your grocer, and can't make yourself quite at home by the fireside of your linendraper, or listen with a meek and quiet spirit to his daughter performing or singing at the piano. But if you want to get well acquainted with all the details of parish work; if you want good hearty people to deal with; if you want to come to a place where life and vigour responding to effort will encourage you in your work, then you have only to apply to me, and if I happen to want a curate at the time, and your views and mine agree, I shall be happy to engage with you; and, if not, I am pretty sure to be able to introduce you to someone else who would be glad to do so.



LA VITA NUOVA.

O MY love, my love she is fair,
And her beauty rare
Is a fragrant rose
Cast on the crystals of drifted snows.

O my love, my love she is fair,
And her golden hair
It falleth, it falleth, in glittering showers;
And her breath is the breath of sweet spring-flowers.

And her soft blue eyes are of tender hue,
But the flame of her eyes it pierceth through,
As the flame of a bolt in the cloudless blue.

As faint sweet music fall her words,
But their echo it pierceth as bitter swords;
And her laughter it chimes as a silver bell,
But the undertone is a distant knell.

O my love she is fair.

The soft dim twilight of a beechen grove;
No sound was there the utter calm to move,
Save the sad moaning of a grey-wing'd dove.

[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And all the trees in goodly rows were set,
And over-head the long grey branches met
To weave against the sky their leafy net.

[O my love, my love she is fair.]

And under-foot the grass was soft and green,
 And here and there the beechen trunks between
 Bright plots of flowers and fragrant shrubs were seen.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

As in some mystic grove of faërie
 A thin blue mist was drawn from tree to tree,
 And through the leaves a wind breath'd languidly.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

Or as a dream of some fair paradise
 Too beautiful for ought but dreaming eyes,
 A land that none beholdeth ere he dies.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

And through the trees I wander'd wondering
 How unto every sight and sound would cling
 The memory of some forgotten thing.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

For every winding glade and pleasance green
 And every tree and flower and stone had been
 Before, as in some scarce remember'd scene.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

Nay, e'en that utter silence, and the dove
 That nestled in the beechen leaves above,
 The scent of daffodils and wild fox-glove.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

That twisted bough with lichens plaster'd o'er;
 Ay, even so that beechnut fell before
 And scatter'd on the ground its polished core.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

And ere I passed each leafy avenue
 That opened into distant glades, I knew
 The loveliness of all the coming view.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

And ever more a dread fell over me
 Of something that should happen presently,
 Nor could I clearly tell what it might be.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

For all my mind was filled with memories,
 As thronging visions of the past will rise
 Before a man that instant ere he dies.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

And through the silence of the grove there came
 The echo as it were of some dear name,
 That grasped my fluttering heart with utter shame.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

Nor could I lift my eyes from off the ground,
 But stood as if some dreamy trance had wound
 Its spell about me at that soft sweet sound.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

A deeper silence fell on all that place,
 And tremblingly I strove to veil my face,
 And the great wave of sorrow rose apace.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

For well I knew that one drew nigh to me,
 And shame fell o'er my eyes, nor dare I see
 The radiance of her stainless purity.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

And as the noise of falling rain her feet
 Came softly through the flowers and grasses sweet,
 And all my soul rose up her steps to greet.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

Yet that sore load of bitter shame did lie
 Too grievous, and I prayed that I might die
 As through the bending flowers her feet drew nigh.
 [O my love, my love she is fair.]

But on my burning heart came falling light
Her sweet calm words, as when the snowflakes white
Come softly falling through the silent night.

[O my love, my love she is fair.]

"O love—for even yet I am thine own,
Nor dost thou truly love but me alone,
Nor as thou prayedst is thy heart as stone.

[O my love, my love she is fair.]

"And I—my love it changeth not to thee;
I am thy **Beatricè**, even she
To whom thy soul was vowed so utterly."

[O my love, my love she is fair.]

Then fell deep silence; and my lips were fain
To utter a loud bitter cry of pain:
But near me breath'd that sweet sad voice again.

[O my love, my love she is fair.]

"Wilt thou not speak, O love? Doth misery
For what hath been so sorely lie on thee,
That it must slay all hope of what shall be?"

[O my love, my love she is fair.]

As o'er hot glittering sands a noontide swell
Comes sweeping, and the bright cool ripples well
Round weed and stone, and fill each thirsty shell.

[O my love, my love she is fair.]

So swept across my burning heart the tide
Of long forgotten love; and by my side
She stood for whom all other love had died.

[O my love, my love she was fair.]



THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

IT will have been seen in the *Chronicle* how largely St. John's was represented in the several branches of the Eclipse Expedition: it is fitting therefore that some account of their proceedings should appear in the *Eagle*.

This expedition may well be called the unfortunate expedition; to the difficulties caused by mismanagement at head-quarters at home, were added those of unkind skies abroad. Nevertheless, it was more successful than it deserved to be. Owing to the prudent policy of scattering the observers, tolerably fine weather was obtained at one station, and there was secured the best photograph of the Corona that has yet been taken. From the observations made at this station, combined with what may be gleaned from some of the others, at which the clouds only impeded and did not prevent the view, considerable addition to our knowledge has been gained.

The expedition was divided into two main branches. One went overland to Sicily; these, strange to say, were shipwrecked. The other went by sea to Spain and Africa, having weathered the Professor's storm on the way. Each branch was still further subdivided: the Sicilian made four parties, who observed at Syracuse, Catania, Mt. Etna, and Augusta respectively. One party in Africa at Oran, and two in Spain, whose head-quarters were Cadiz and Gibraltar, formed the other branch of the expedition. Many of these parties

threw off smaller groups of observers to various points around their principal stations, so as still further to separate from one another, and extend, as it were in skirmishing order, along the line of totality; and besides the English, there were Spaniards, Italians, and Americans. To the excellent equipment of the latter much of the success that was attained is due. The mighty nations of France and Germany were too busily employed, in retarding the progress of humanity, and throwing back the advance of civilisation, to have any energy to spare for the cause of scientific truth. One Frenchman in Africa, who had escaped from Paris in a balloon, was the only representative of his country. One German was heard of in Sicily, a moral philosopher drinking the eclipse into his soul, a somewhat mythical personage, the report of whose observations has not yet come to hand.

The sea party assembled in the afternoon of the 5th of December, on board H. M. S. *Urgent*, in Portsmouth Harbour: soon the huge packing cases were safely stowed away in the forepart of the main deck, and the company settled into little groups, in the saloon or on the poop, cheerfully chatting, discussing the proposed observations, or listening to the agreeable chaff of the Third Lieutenant.

We, who formed this party, were destined to become acquainted with the various peculiarities of the *Urgent*. One of them is that she is never in a hurry. Those who retired at night in the hope of finding themselves in mid ocean next morning were (but ought not to have been) disappointed at finding that we were still alongside the quay. The morning was foggy, and the *Urgent* can't go out in a fog. The fog didn't get much better, but the time got much later, late enough apparently for the *Urgent*, and out of the harbour we went. Surely we are off now. Not a bit of it. The *Urgent* must be swung at Spithead to correct her compasses. So swung she

was, and this took nearly all day. Then the safety valve had to be repaired, after that the boiler. In twenty-four hours from the time we had gone on board we had travelled about three miles. We were, however, at last fairly off, and were not long in making a further discovery of the *Urgent's* peculiarities. She rolls. There is no mistake about it. Everybody knew she rolled. The scientific correspondent said so. The admiral said so. But the admiral rather likes rolling. Some of us do not. Moreover the sea became rough. The *Urgent* rolled more. We liked it less. And this went on for several days. We got across the Bay of Biscay, and were off Cape Finisterre. And the sea became very rough indeed, and the wind blew a gale, and the rolling was worse than ever, and H. M. S. *Captain* had gone down just about this spot only a short time ago. So the scientific correspondent put on his trowsers, and went on deck, prepared to go down in the performance of his duty, measuring the height of the wave that was to engulf him. And we poor land lubbers lying down below, what did we think about it? Were we afraid she would go down? Alas! we were afraid she wouldn't.

However, gales have an end, and so must the talk about them: we refer any one who wants further information to the *Times* of Jan. 18. It may be imagined that all this tossing about did not accelerate our progress, but we were destined to still further delay. On the afternoon of the 12th, as we were nearing Cadiz, and hoping to arrive there that evening, a fine bright white lighthouse appeared on our port bow: in spite of the assurance of the master, who knew that he was going right, and that this, not being in our course, could not be Cadiz, the ship's course was altered in the direction of this lighthouse, which eventually turned out to be Chipiona. The effect of this little excursion was that we did not arrive outside Cadiz till after dark, and were not permitted to enter

the harbour, and consequently had to ride outside all night. Nor was this all. The next morning, when we did get in to the harbour, we were put in quarantine, and no one allowed to land till two o'clock. In consequence of all these vexatious delays, avoidable and unavoidable, it was not till the eighth day after going on board that we landed at Cadiz.

Cadiz is undoubtedly a fine town, the tall white houses looked very imposing from the sea. Their flat tops gave it an oriental appearance. The streets are very narrow, and the houses lofty. It is almost an island, and it occupies almost the whole of it. Hence it has not much possibility of extension, except vertically. The vivid coloured ornamentation on the houses, often light blue or emerald green, shone brilliantly in the sun, and gave it a very foreign aspect. The streets are long and straight. The vista down each of them, broken as it is by every variety of balcony, or oriel window, or of projecting screen of ornamental iron work, has a most beautiful effect, and one quite new to the writer.

Not only on the houses, but in the costumes of the people, the vivid colour called forcible attention to the fact that we were in a strange country. In this respect the poorer classes had a manifest advantage over the upper. The market women would have a shawl and a skirt of gay colour: their respectable customers were in sombre black. The men usually wore a crimson waistband, and often a coloured waistcoat or other garment: their superiors were generally muffled in a dark cloak; of this however a small piece of gaudy lining was allowed to appear over the shoulder.

Another beautiful feature of Cadiz is the number of public squares and promenades; this is perhaps somewhat French in style; they are places when evidently in summer bands play, and the folk sit and chat and flirt under the shade of palm trees, or pimento trees,

amid statuary which, although exposed to the air, is nevertheless white.

There is life too in Cadiz. It is a port and has communication with the outer world. There are shops and a market, where the country people bring in their provisions for sale, and in disposing of them make such a clatter that, although unintelligible, it gives the idea that a brisk and active business is going on.

In praising Cadiz, I have said all the good I can for Spain. In general, the country has a blighted aspect. Bad roads, infrequent and unpunctual railway communication, testify to the paucity of internal commerce. It is infested by beggars. It is not free from brigands. One of the Gibraltar party was attacked at night by two men, and stripped of everything but his shirt; his life was on the point of being taken; happily the appearance of a light round a corner, just at the critical moment, caused the thieves to run away, carrying away with them however their booty. One of the Cadiz party had about £15 stolen from him, in an office where he was changing money, within a few hours of landing. Almost the first thing we heard was a threat to make soup of the new King. It was while we were in the country that they murdered their Prime Minister. Two of us went late at night to make experiments at our observatory, we were taken for burglars, and received with firearms.

All this points to an unhappy state of the country. And the reason is not far to seek. It has been cursed with an aristocracy, who have fostered the idea that it is disgraceful to work, and with that priestly system which all experience has shewn crushes a nation and prevents its advancement. The wretched Spaniard will rather beg than work, and begging is so profitable a trade, that, amid a nation of beggars, a man cannot be found to perform a slight service, such for instance as carrying a basket a mile or two, except at an exorbitant rate. Is there not a lesson here for us?

May we not learn, not only the evil of indiscriminate almsgiving, for on that point, in England at least, we are all agreed, but also the possible evil consequence of that system of pauperization, so destructive to the self-dependence of the people, which is organised in our present poor laws. The 'haughty Spaniard' of the novel and of the theatre sinks, when you come to meet him, into an abject beggar, or else a man so muffled up in his cloak as to give the idea that he is afraid to meet your eye. May no such reproach be ever cast against the Briton of whom it is our wont to boast that he 'never will be a slave.'

In Seville we have a town of greater pretension than Cadiz, but not of greater beauty; the streets are wider, and there are fine public buildings, but the ordinary houses are tamer; we miss the effective colour of the fronts, and the flat tops of the houses. In the principal street—a narrow one—there is no distinction of pavement and road, not that it is all road, but it is all pavement, a carriage going along it is an obvious intruder, as much out of place as a velocipede in the "Wilderness." It can go there, and does sometimes, but not very often, and we feel instinctively that the Junior Bursar ought to come and turn it out. Seville has the character and importance of a provincial capital; there is a fair amount of traffic in the streets, chiefly on foot, and there is some evidence of a resident gentry; there is a life of pleasure in Seville in which the influence of France may be discerned, as that of England in the life of business at Cadiz. There is business also in Seville, but not much; one large tobacco manufactory, and some potteries, were all that were prominent beyond the necessary industries for a city of 120,000 people. The vast Cathedral, mighty in grandeur and gloom, contains specimens of stained glass of various ages, styles, and merit, and many pictures, some of which might be fine ones if we could see them: but the Alcazar was the most striking

feature to an English visitor. Like, but inferior, to the Alhambra, which I did not see, it was a magnificent palace, and might be so again, enriched with all the splendour which colour and carved tracing can give it; polished marble and fretted stone, panels of inlaid wood on the doors, a covering of variegated tiles on the walls, beautiful in form, and matchless in colour, gave it a luxuriousness of decoration, for which we must go back to the dream of childhood, when excited by the Arabian Nights, to find a parallel.

And this was the work of the Moors; then the Moors must have been a mighty people, and the Spaniards who conquered the Moors must have been once mightier. We have a proof in this very magnificence of the degeneracy of Spain.

If in Seville, a thoroughly Spanish town, we are so forcibly reminded of the once great Moorish people, what shall we say of Cordova? A town deader than the deadest Cathedral town in England, it is a very tomb of the Moors. The streets average about 10 feet wide, diminishing in places to 6 or 7; they are not straight, but wind and twist in a manner that makes the town a mere labyrinth of stone and brick; one wanders on and on, and round and round, thinking that one will soon come to the principal street, but it does not appear; we had a compass to steer by, and yet almost lost ourselves. Two of us spent almost a whole day wandering about in this way, peering into the courtyards of the houses, many of which bore evident traces of their former occupiers; sometimes round two or three sides of the court were monolithic granite columns, supporting arches, in which here and there the true Moorish type was retained; here a carved capital, there some old tile-work, gave indications of a grandeur which has now long passed away. But not wholly passed away; the Mosque remains. This is a forest of monoliths, of every variety of stone and marble, arranged in rows at right angles, an army of columns;

each is connected with each of the four adjacent ones by a horseshoe arch, and above these arches is another tier of similar arches. From every point of view one sees in four directions long avenues of these arches, and looking in an intermediate direction the eye is bewildered by the maze of columns and arches. On several are traces of the old surface ornamentation, which, if it were continued over the whole, must have given it, when lit up, an appearance gorgeous beyond description. The parts best preserved are a chamber called the Villa Viciosa, and the Mih-râb, or Holy of Holies, where the marble floor is worn in a groove by the knees, as they say, of the pilgrims who used to crawl round it seven times. It is a small circular dome, entered through a horseshoe arch, and profusely enriched within and without with Mosaic and carving and colour and Arabic inscriptions from the Koran.

In the middle of all these rows of columns, where perhaps formerly a mighty dome may have been, there has been placed a Roman Catholic Church, almost of Cathedral proportions, and in the Renaissance style. In itself it is a fine building, but it is so utterly incongruous with its surroundings that one regrets its presence. In it the services are conducted, but apparently they are thinly attended.

At Cordova we came in for a bullfight. A most excellent description of a similar fight at Madrid appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January. It is unnecessary therefore to repeat one here. It will be sufficient to say that the one referred to exactly describes what we saw. I may perhaps add a confirmation of the writer's account of its demoralizing influence from the experience of one of our party. At the first sight of its horrible and disgusting features he became evidently uncomfortable, was covered with a cold perspiration, and wished to know where the way out was. We saw this gradually give way to an eager

excitement, under which the sense of the sufferings of the animals was lost, and there replaced it almost a savage hope that perhaps one of the men might fall a victim to the bull they were enraging. And this is the national sport of Spain.

But we have been digressing: the visits to Seville and Cordova were not made till after the Eclipse. We must pick up our narrative after the landing at Cadiz, leaving the Urgent to continue her journey to Gibraltar and Oran with the other parties. Our chief lost no time, but went immediately to consult the Spanish Astronomers at San Fernando as to the choice of a station, and on the following day he inspected several that were recommended, and selected one of them, San Antonio by name. This, which became our observatory, was a vineyard on the other side of the bay, about three miles from Puerto de Santa Maria in the direction of Jerez (or Xeres), and much nearer the central line, *i.e.* the path of the centre of the Moon's shadow, than Cadiz.

There was a sufficiently spacious courtyard for the instruments by day, and an unoccupied house in which to dispose of them at night, and a roomy stable for the boxes and packing cases. It was dark on the evening of Thursday, 15th December, before we arrived there, and not till the morning of Friday could we unpack. In this operation Lord Lindsay kindly lent us most efficient aid. He came over on purpose in drenching rain from La Maria Louisa, a vineyard about five miles west of Jerez, where he had stationed himself with a complete party of observers, which he had himself equipped. His position and Jerez, where were the Americans, were about equidistant from us, the distance being about six miles. The Spaniards from San Fernando sent a party to San Lucar, a town at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, about ten miles north-east of Lord Lindsay's position. Thus there were plenty of observers in the neighbourhood.

The details of our proceedings for the next few days would not be interesting. Each of us had an instrument which was the object of his tenderest attentions ; fitting, cleaning, adjusting, practising, this was our daily work. One day, after the night adventure previously alluded to, two of us walked over to Jerez to see the Americans ; on this occasion we made an acquaintance with the state of the roads, that we have no desire to renew. The rain had converted the clay soil into a sloppy, sticky, slippery pudding, we had the utmost difficulty in getting along, and accomplished the distance—six or seven miles—in about three hours. After refreshment internally, and scraping externally, we found our way to the American station. We were most cordially received, and were much interested to see all their excellent arrangements and equipment. The contrast between the forethought and care with which they had provided for everything, and the hasty makeshift nature of our preparations, was anything but gratifying to our national pride.

The weather was uniformly bad till the 21st December. This was really a fine day, like a bright day in June in England, when a sea-bath was most enjoyable. All were in good hopes for the morrow. When the morrow came all was cloudy ; however, the clouds were not uniformly dense, thinner patches here and there permitted the Sun to be seen, and through one of them a fair view of the Eclipse was observed.

The Eclipse began in Spain as in England, with a little notch cut out of the Sun's surface by the advancing Moon, and for all the time except about three minutes, during part of which the Sun was totally obscured, there was no considerable difference between the phenomenon observed at home and abroad. During the 'totality,' however, the phenomena are strikingly different from what they are before or after ; and it was for the sake of these short moments that so much preparation was made. What is seen then can be seen

at no other time, and gives us information which can be primarily obtained in no other way.

The light became gradually less as the Sun was more and more obscured, and this diminution went on with ever increasing rapidity as the Sun narrowed to a thin crescent. To the observer with a telescope the corona already appeared, showing the hitherto invisible disc of the moon beyond the Sun as a dark object in the sky. The crescent soon diminishes to a fine line, then to a series of golden drops called Baily's beads, due to the last remnant of the Sun shining through the irregularities in the Moon's edge ; these disappear, as the dark edge of the shadow shudders past in the air at the rate of twenty miles a minute, veiling earth and heaven with a ghostly curtain rapidly drawn across by unseen spirit hands. A cold gloomy darkness has in a moment, with the last twinkling of Baily's beads, been spread like a shroud over the landscape. By us indeed, in consequence of the clouded state of our sky, the full effect of this sudden darkness was not experienced. The clouds sent us considerable light, a secondary illumination due to reflection from clouds beyond the shadow ; it was, therefore, actually not so dark during totality as it might have been ; and also it did not seem so dark on account of the previous dulness ; the effect of contrast was lost. Had the atmospheric circumstances been favourable, the bright blaze of a mid-day Sun would have been succeeded by utter darkness, and even the minutest stars would have shone with all the brilliance of a clear moonless midnight ; as it was, only a few planets appeared ; Venus, Mercury, and Saturn were seen by various observers.

There was something indescribable in the gloom as we saw it, it was not intense enough for the darkness of night, and it was quite unlike twilight ; it was the darkness of a Total Eclipse, and must be felt to be appreciated.

In the midst of all this gloom, there stands in the

sky that which all our preparations had been made to observe. Where the bright Sun was there is now a black object—the Moon—to the eye intensely black, not so, however, in the telescope. One observer described it to be of a dark olive green colour, and of a velvety texture. It was dark, but a bright light surrounded it. This was the CORONA. This was what we came to see. We were there to put such questions to Nature that her answers might tell us how and from whence this light came to us. Did it shine by its own light? or by reflexion of the Sun's rays? and was it connected with the Earth? or the Moon? or the Sun? Leaving these questions to the men of science, let us look as general but attentive observers at the phenomenon itself.

The light surrounding the Moon is not all Corona; outside the Moon, but known from other evidence to belong to the Sun, is an irregular rim of reddish-yellow light, called the SIERRA, from which the well-known red flames or prominences protrude; they stand conspicuously, as little lumps of fire, at intervals on the dark edge of the Moon. Visible clearly to the eye during a Total Eclipse, no telescope can shew them at any other time; when the spectroscope however has dispersed the glare of the light from the Sun's bright face or photosphere, they may be seen and studied, and they are now to the initiated quite familiar objects.

Outside these is the Corona, which several of the observers thought was divided into two portions, whereof the inner irregularly skirted the Sierra and the prominences, running close up to the Moon where the prominences were absent, and was of a small breadth, but uniform brightness, and of a pearly or milk-white colour. Beyond this was an outer portion of similar light, not of uniform brightness, but fading off gradually into the cloud, and this is sometimes seen lengthened out into streamers extending far into space. Whether these details of the Corona have any real existence,

or are merely subjective effects, remains a matter to be established by further evidence; it may, perhaps, have been due to the clouds that no streamers were seen at San Antonio on the present occasion. There is no doubt, however, that the Corona is brightest near the Moon, and fades off gradually. As to its extent, very different reports are received from the different stations, arising from their different states of cloud; to the writer the greatest extension, which was in the north-westerly direction, was to about three-quarters of the Moon's diameter from her limb. The Corona was by no means of uniform breadth round the Moon, but had, roughly speaking, a square or four-cornered aspect. It was broken by irregularities in parts, and notably by one decided V-shaped gap, which was observed at the three stations—San Antonio, Jerez, and La Maria Louisa in Spain, and also appears in the photographs taken at Jerez and at Syracuse; in this photograph from Sicily there are also two other very marked gaps, of which indications can be traced in the American picture. The similarity of these photographs has gone far to dispose of the belief in the atmospheric origin of the Corona.

I have indicated the general appearance of the phenomenon of a Total Eclipse, as it might appear to an observer gifted with quick eyesight, or armed with a telescope, and who has nothing to do but to look about him. He must, however, be very alert, for in a little more than two minutes the beads which have disappeared reappear on the other side of the Moon, the curtain of gloom is spirited away as rapidly as it came, the beads unite and form a thin line, soon to widen into a crescent and obliterate all trace of the glory that has been so briefly revealed. The Moon, however, loth to part with her unaccustomed splendour, clings to the faintest trace of the Corona for, perhaps, half a minute, and then all is gone.

And what have we learnt about the Corona during these two minutes?

We have learnt something about its shape which only perplexes us. If it belonged to an atmosphere either of Earth, Moon, or Sun, we should expect it to be circular. Why then these four cornered extensions? why these singular gaps? We have not learnt its shape so accurately as to leave nothing more to be desired: there is sufficient discordance in the drawings and photographs to show that much of its apparent shape depends on the clouds or haze, much too has probably its origin in the eye of the observer. No doubt, when all the reports are collected, something more definite may be gathered from a consideration of them all, but there is equally no doubt that much must still be left to be determined on another, and let us hope, more favourable occasion.

A great number of the observers were deputed to make observations on the polarization of the light from the Corona. It is probable that many readers of *The Eagle* may not know what polarization is; as it would be unsuitable to introduce a technical explanation here, it may suffice merely to say that polarization is a quality of light which is induced, more or less perfectly, in various ways, such as by ordinary reflection, or refraction, or by passage through a doubly refracting crystal, but which is never present in light as it issues from a self-luminous source. The absence of this quality would therefore indicate that the Corona was self-luminous, and its presence would suggest that the light was reflected, this being a very natural supposition on other grounds, for there exists a very obvious source of light—the obscured Sun—and we only need the existence of matter suitably placed to reflect its light to us even during the period of a Total Eclipse.

These observations have not been able to establish much; partly because they are peculiarly liable to error in consequence of instrumental defects, and because they were especially interfered with by the clouds and haze which enveloped most of the stations. The

atmosphere and the clouds, not being self-luminous, send us a considerable quantity of polarized light, which, coming from the same direction as that of the Corona, is mingled with it, and masks it.

On another occasion, if satisfactory results from polarization observations are to be hoped for, more pains must be taken beforehand to correct instrumental errors, and the clerk of the weather must be especially retained to drive away even the thinnest cloud.

The most important of the scientific results have been obtained, as might have been expected, from the spectroscope. This instrument reveals the nature of the original source of any light presented to it, and enables us to study the particular kinds of light, each in detail separated from the others. At former Eclipses by means of it the nature of the prominences was discovered, that they consist largely of hot vapour, hydrogen, glowing with its own red light. On the present occasion the existence of a thin absorptive shell of vapour, between the photosphere and the Sierra, has been established; this, not so bright as the photosphere, absorbs certain kinds of the Sun's light, and gives rise ordinarily to the dark interruptions of the solar spectrum, which are known as Fraunhofer's lines. When the bright body of the Sun was eclipsed, this shell was for a second or two uneclipsed, and still visible; compared with the dazzling brilliancy of the Sun, its light is ordinarily inappreciable, but for these moments it shone brightly; and since it is an optical law that vapourous bodies give out just the same kind of light that they are capable of absorbing, Fraunhofer's lines were suddenly reversed, showing bright where before they had been dark.

The result as to the nature of the Corona, as is usually the case with new knowledge, shews how much more there is beyond yet to be ascertained. It appears to consist partly of hydrogen, cooler than that of the prominences, yet hot enough to glow with its own

light, and also of another substance not yet certainly identified as belonging to this Earth, which may be iron, but which possibly is a new thing altogether. It is of a green colour, and appears to exist also in the Aurora Borealis and in the Zodiacal light. Its further investigation challenges the skill of our chemists and spectroscopists. Who can tell to what their researches may lead?

The Eclipse being over, we lost no time in repacking our instruments, and took our last walk across the three miles of country separating us from Puerto de Santa Maria. This walk, with which during our week's training we had become so familiar, passed first through a vineyard,—a dismal place enough in winter; then over an aloe hedge,—the hedges are all either aloes or cactus, and are tolerably awkward to cross at a new place; then it passed along side of an orange grove and an olive-yard,—this was the prettiest feature of it; then across a swamp; then along a dull high road, leading to the miserable looking town in which we were lodged. From this we were glad to be off to Seville and Cordova as above described. On our return to Cadiz we found, the Urgent late, as usual, and had to wait two days for her.

In describing Cadiz and Seville I have omitted the pictures. Spain is the country of Murillo and Velasquez, and the Seville gallery is especially rich in Murillo. Not having any artistic knowledge I hesitate to speak, about them, but to me it appeared that I might have seen as pleasing Spanish pictures without going out of England. The pictures in the Loan collection, which I saw on my return, were as beautiful and as interesting as any I saw in Spain; the beggar-boys and flower-girl at Dulwich surpass, in my estimation, the immaculate Madonnas and the chubby cherubs of the Seville gallery. That I did not see Madrid is, however, a reason for suspending my judgment on Spanish pictures, and I ought not to presume to make any further mention of

the matter; but while we are waiting for the Urgent at Cadiz, and looking again at Murillo's last work, the Marriage of St. Catharine, it seems appropriate to introduce the subject. We saw a really beautiful picture of little boys ascribed to Murillo in the collection of a picture-dealer, it had been ordered, we were told, by a Russian nobleman. We also admired the white-robed monks, by Zurbaran, in the Cadiz Museum. By Zurbaran, too, there are several impressive monks at Seville.

The journey home was similar to the journey out: the Urgent rolled as before. The sea was, however, not quite so rough; and the journey did not last quite so long. Moreover, we were used to the ship, and knew better how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances. On arriving in the Channel, we were gratified with a calm instead of the usual chopping sea, and the Urgent steamed merrily up, and for once was not behind time. We all got well, and spent the last night on board cheerfully together, passing by an easy transition from a theological discussion to comic songs. In these it must be confessed the Cambridge contingent did not shew well to the front. Our deficiency, however, was amply supplied by our friend the Third Lieutenant.

The early risers, on the morning of Jan. 5th, reported snow on the Isle of Wight: this gave us the first intimation of the severe winter we had avoided: we were soon in Portsmouth Harbour, and the English Eclipse Expedition to Spain, of December, 1870, became a thing of the past.



NONSENSE; (BUT NOT UNWHOLESOME).

A YOUNG boy wandered far away,
From flower to flower thro' gardens gay,
Chasing the wilding bee for aye
In idle fond pursuit.

Beyond the lawn, beyond the lea,
With deer besporting, gentle, free;
Beyond the old pomegranate tree,
With gnarled and twisted root.

The fervent sun shone bright and fair,
No breezes winnowed the warm air
In sleepy stillness bathed rare,
About the beechen-tree;

The cooing of a dove-like bird
That died away he only heard;
Amid the sultry air there stirred
A solitary bee.

A murmuring bee, still roving wide
Above the bluebells' azure tide,
That gleamed in countless bands beside
A forest weird and wild;
With fragrance strange, with fragrance rare,
They loaded all the sultry air,—
A drowsiness stole o'er him there,
Stole o'er the wandering child.

Till in the hyacinthine air
A flower rose upward, strange and rare,—
A flower!—sure a lady fair!

O! 'twas a wondrous sight!
Green was her mantle floating free,
Her yellow boddice soft to see,
In hue-like honied nectary
Of trumpet-blossom bright.

A crown of dew-drops bound her hair,
Whose tresses, fine as gossamer,
Adown her shoulders fell;
Her fair fond eyes did still rejoice
Bright-glancing, her melodious voice
Chimed like a crystal bell.

"Aurelio! what doest thou here?"
She said, in slender tones and clear,
"Come, wilt away with me?"
And as she floated gently by
Soft angel-faces from the sky
Grouped, lovelier far to see.

"In Elfin-land securely play
"The merry milk-white lambs; all day,
"Mid flowery hollows nestling, gay
"The sportive roebucks rove;
"A band of angel-children sings
"In lily-fields, with gauzy wings,—
"Sweetly their childish laughter rings
"Throughout the linden grove!

"The mild-eyed doe from greensward bright
"Trips to the darksome woods at night,
"Beneath the green leaves' silvan flight
"In softest covert slumbering light;
"The children evermore

"Beside the cool refreshing stream,
 "Veiled by the moon's calm rayful beam,
 "In heart's content do rest, and dream
 "Upon a mossy shore."

Merrily O the idle child
 Stretched forth his bonny arms and smiled ;
 Then drooped them by his side :
 "Where is my mother?" cried the boy
 "Nay! nay!" the lady, arch and coy,
 In sighing tones replied.

"Thy mother, little one, is dead.
 "I seem to see her weedy bed
 "Beside the salt sea-mere."
 "How durst thou say my mother's dead!"
 "Ah child! a whole round year," she said,
 "Thou hast been sleeping here"

"Thy mother wandered day by day
 "And sought thee, till a narrow bay
 "She reached, and down her limbs did lay
 "A-weary on the shore."
 "Then take me to her narrow bay!
 "If so thou can'st, away! away!"
 In angry tones the boy did say,
 With sorrow waxing sore.

The lady stayed not to reply,
 But with a stern and flashing eye
 She tipped her shining wand
 Upon his shoulder light;—and lo!
 They stood beside the sea's full flow,
 And heard the waves beyond.

A wild and melancholy sky,
 Where dappled birds shrieked wheeling by,
 And low mounds stretching hideously
 Full many a corse did shroud ;

While east, west, north, on ev'ry hand,
 O'erpowering all the yellow strand,
 There gloomed o'er that polluted land
 A low dense thund'rous cloud.

On sped the lady tall, and lo!
 From cypress wood advancing slow
 A funeral-train they met;
 The black plumes nodding on severe,
 The limbs stretched stiffly o'er the bier
 With clinging sea-weed wet.

And next he saw a wan white hand,
 But yet might scarcely understand,
 And tapers grouped in spectral band
 About the solemn bier;
 While many a nymph in sorrow's spell
 Flung oft her weedy coronal,
 And blew shrill notes thro' winding shell,
 Attuning it for wild farewell,
 Or chaunted high and clear.

Loud shrieked the boy, and from her brow
 Had snatched the lady's crown I trow,
 Her dewdrop crown, but even now
 She faded from the earth;
 While all the sea-nymphs at the sound
 With wanton dance laughed reeling round,
 They made the hollow rocks resound
 A-tinkling with their mirth.

The bending groups, the winding shore,
 Swam thro' his tears, and evermore
 Around did reeling pass;
 Till sudden on the rocky ledge
 He slipped, and o'er the watery edge—
 A plash! a cry! alas.....

A touch! a kiss!—"Ah, mother dear,
 "And art thou really, really here!
 "Nor stretched upon that weedy bier!"

Soft t

A tremulous laugh, a little cry,—
 "The sun in heaven is shining high!
 "Sweet boy why didst thou leave us? why?"
 "We sought thee long in vain

"By porch and bower." "Ah, all the day
 "I've wandered, mother, far away;
 "The hyacinths in clusters gay

"Waved in a countless stream
 "Beside the forest, and there came
 "With shining wand a wond'rous dame,
 "Taller than thou or nurse, like flame
 "Her gauzy wings did beam."

"What dame?" the queen cried arch and coy,
 "Thou hast been dreaming, my sweet boy,—
 "Slept in the sunshine's dazzling joy;
 "O 'twas a sunny dream!"



AN ESSAY ON THE NATIONAL USES OF PERSONAL ECCENTRICITY.

Ἐλεύθερος πᾶς ἐνὶ δεδούλωται, νόμῳ
 Δυσὶν δὲ δούλος, καὶ νόμῳ καὶ δεσπότῃ.

MENANDER, *Fragm.*

PERHAPS there is nothing so surprising as the way in which people conform to the customs of the society in which they live. With most people the conformity may almost be said to be unconscious. They are trained to particular habits in youth, and these they often retain till old age without ever taking the trouble to ask themselves why they do so, or to compare their own habits and customs with those of other societies. Often indeed there is a feeling that it would be impious to do so. They formed the habits before they could reason for themselves, and the authority of King Nomos has confirmed them in them. There are, too, those who dissent in their own mind, but conform in all practice either from fear of social ostracism or from mere weakness of character. And they do this, too, to customs which are actually disagreeable to them. Such is conformity to the custom of crushing ladies' feet in China, and conformity in England to a similar custom which has a more disastrous effect. Soon people get to conform to the custom, however painful at first, even with pleasure. That which at first seems strange to them becomes a second nature, and as sympathy is pleasant they find pleasure in

doing as others do. To many the fact that their fathers have done a thing is sufficient reason for their doing the same thing all their lives. Montaigne tells an amusing story, (taken from Aristotle,) which is almost a parable. "He," he says, "that was seen to beat his father and reprov'd for doing so made answer, 'that it was the custom of their family and that his father had beaten his grandfather and his grandfather his great grandfather.' 'And this,' says he, pointing to his son, 'when he comes of age will beat me.'" "And," adds Montaigne, "the father whose son was dragging him along the streets commanded him to stop at a certain door, for he himself, he said, had dragged his father no further, that being the limit of the hereditary insolence which the sons used to practise on the fathers in their family."

The aggregate of customs accumulates slowly, and society scarcely notices the increased weight when a new one is added. So national customs, sentiments, fashions, and points of view are handed on from generation to generation.

There have, however, been at most times and in most nations certain persons who, either from native force of intellect or from an acquired belief in a special mission, have refused to conform unthinkingly to the usages and customs of the society around them. These are the eccentric men in the nation. Their eccentricity may assume various forms, it may be ethical, political, religious, or æsthetical, and conspicuous examples may be taken in all these spheres.

One of the earliest, as well as in many respects one of the best, examples of eccentricity is to be found in Socrates. In his eccentricity and refusal to conform to the customs around him, merely because they existed, we may find a type of all dissent. "You, Polus," says Socrates, "bring against me the authority of the multitude as well as that of the most dis-

tinguished citizens, all of whom agree in upholding your view. But I, one man standing here alone, do not agree with you. And I engage to compel you, my one respondent, to agree with me."

The national uses of such eccentricity form the subject of the present essay. In the various spheres of life, the special uses of eccentricity may be particularly pointed out. But it may be said generally that the chief use of eccentricity is to lead individuals to scrutinize for themselves the customs in the midst of which they find themselves, and thus to lead them to think of principles and purposes. The result of such scrutiny is the discovery of new and improved courses of action and customs, and the clear apprehension of the *raison d'être* of old ones. The existing custom or opinion may be vicious or false, in which case dissent will at least call attention to its defects if it does not directly suggest a better mode. Or it may be beneficial or true, in which case conflict with dissenting error will only make its usefulness appear more clearly. Further there remains to be mentioned the advantage gained by the increase of individual strength of character. And lastly, the minor but considerable advantages accruing from the avoidance of monotony and common-place. This seems to have been in Milton's mind when, after inveighing in the *Areopagitica* against evils of this kind, he concludes, "How goodly, and how to be wished were such an obedient unanimity as this, and what a fine conformity would it starch us all into? Doubtless as staunch and solid a piece of framework as any January could freeze together."

The authority of King Nomos is exercised to worst purpose for national well-being in preventing the acceptance of new ideas and often to the hindrance of their receiving due consideration. We need not look far in our own country and time in order to discover such interference. For example, there can

be no doubt that there is a "spurious delicacy," as Mr. Mill has aptly termed it, which would prevent the discussion of many important social questions, and that this is very injurious in preventing the diffusion of that knowledge which is necessary for right action in many social matters. For example, with regard to the laws of population, there can be no doubt that popular feeling is in the majority of cases entirely on the wrong side. Many people seem to think it a reproach to a married man not to have children whether he can afford to provide for their proper support and education or not; at least this is mostly an after-thought. So, too, with regard to many physiological laws which science has discovered to us, there can be little doubt that by a knowledge of these much of the disease and deformity which is so prevalent, especially in our large towns, can and ought to be prevented; and yet, considering the reluctance which most people who have not realized their importance have even to consider such matters, there seems a sorry chance of any material improvement. I have purposely taken these instances because they seem to me to be cases in which the influence of conventional ideas is particularly strong and efficacious. But the power of custom may be seen in thousands of other and less important matters, such as affairs of dress and etiquette—the wearing of a particular hat, or the adoption of a peculiar form of salutation. And these social matters are not fraught with merely trivial, but with serious consequences. Our ponderous social ceremonial, with all the extravagance and unproductive expenditure which it entails, produces not only the more serious consequences of extravagance and waste and habits the reverse of "plain living and high thinking," but it also is fatal to the more genuine pleasures of social life. And in our social exactions we are little more tolerant than the Chinese, with their "ceremonies

transmitted from time immemorial." The necessity of 'doing as other people do,' of giving expensive entertainments, is one which those who desire good society in the metropolis can now scarcely dispense with. A dissenter needs to bear constantly in mind the stirring lines—

'Hereditary bondsman, knowest thou not
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow.'

And to take another example, there can be little doubt, I think, that the greatest obstacle that those who wish to enlarge the sphere and duties of women in England have to meet with is the influence of convention and custom. Whether or not women's suffrage would be a wise measure it is certain that the majority of popular arguments against it are merely an advance of the claims of custom.

In matters connected with religious opinion there is, as might be expected, a still stronger feeling of repugnance to dissent. But on the whole, perhaps, more progress has been made in mere tolerance at least, in this sphere than any other. In most social matters the conformists do not recognize the right of the individual to scrutinise for himself their creed and reject it if disapproved of by his rational faculties. Indeed they often seem perfectly shocked when an instance of the kind comes before them. The eccentric person has to suffer inconvenience in many ways, and indeed is in danger, especially when he dies, of being declared a lunatic by a court of law.

But how is this to be accounted for? Men, it is has been said, are like sheep, they mostly follow the bell-wether. But why? Why should a man, conscious of the same rational faculties as his fellow creatures, blindly follow their lead in customs and fashions often entailing personal inconvenience to himself? Many answers may be given to such a question. It may be said that he does it for fear

of the social stigma, from desire of society, from modesty, mistrusting his own power of judgment, from mere weakness, or from hope of gain. But why should such social stigma attach to eccentric action?

It appears to me that it is because people have not yet grasped the fact that ultimately it must be the individual or rather some individual judgment which decides. You cannot, it has been well remarked, escape from the region of individual judgments, more or fewer in number. It is the old Protagorean doctrine of *homo mensura*, man a measure of truth to himself, that we want. How far he is so to others depends on the estimation in which he is held. When we call a man wise, we mean that he is so in our estimation. So it is with belief in some external authority; we must determine for ourselves what authority to believe in. One man says the Pope is his guide; he has decided to take the Pope's judgment instead of his own. Another says, the Church is his only guide, but he made for himself the judgment that the Church was to guide him, rather than the Pope or his own reason. "The infallible measure," it has been well said, "which you undertake to provide must be found in some person or persons if it can be found at all, in some person or persons selected by yourself, that is, in the last result, yourself."

It appears to me that if this doctrine were rightly understood it would do much to dissipate the dislike of eccentricity which at present prevails. But no doubt the feeling of wounded pride, the feeling that the person who acts differently to ourselves is not paying due regard to our opinion, goes far with many people. So too, it may be, does envy, if his experiment prove successful. It has been said that people generally say three things in regard to any new theory or doctrine; firstly, that it is not true; secondly, that it is contrary to religion; and thirdly, that they knew it before. People are afraid of eccentricity, too, because

they are conscious of not having thought out for themselves the reasons for their own conduct. They have conformed to the customs around them unthinkingly, and they do not like to suppose that they may be mistaken. But perhaps the most influential cause of their intolerance of eccentricity, and especially dislike to the equality of dissent with orthodoxy in religion, is the feeling of reluctance to allow error to have a fair fight with truth. Milton has remarked this of his time, and certainly it is no less true of ours. This feeling is often at the bottom of the dislike that people have to concurrent endowment, they will not endure the thought of 'endowing error.' They seem to ignore the fact that they endow truth too, and that if truth is stronger than error—as surely by its very nature it must be—truth will prevail.

I have now pointed out some of the uses to society of personal eccentricity and considered the causes of the hostility of society towards eccentrics. But if we come to consider the matter more closely in the persons themselves we see the evils as well as the benefits of a state of society in which eccentricity is encouraged brought out more prominently. Nothing can be more obnoxious than that impudent self-assertion and conceited charlatanism which merely seeks to attract notice and make itself conspicuous. Instances are not unfrequent in which persons seem to think that acting differently from others is a manifestation of superiority. It appears to me that such a quality is better called vanity or conceit than eccentricity. A really great man would conform in many unessential matters for the sake of harmony. And it is to be remarked that this spirit is not by any means necessarily that of the eccentric person. No doubt eccentricity suffers for such quackery, but it is not rightly responsible for it. But perhaps people would be more tolerant even of such characters than they are if they thought of the evils which attach

to conventionalism. Moral cowardice and servility may be well matched against conceit, however odious conceit may be. And in many cases eccentricity is ridiculed on account of the want of discretion on the part of the dissenter as to the assertion of his dissent. To take an example, a dissenter from the use of ritual at a church service may be quite right in his ideas of the best form of ritual, but he is not wise if he destroys the sense of unity by adopting for himself a different form from that of the rest of the congregation. At such a time the sense of unity is all in all, and anything which tends to introduce the sense of individuality mistimed. This is one of the many examples which might be adduced, in which the eccentric person would do well, I take it, to think before asserting his dissent.

It is said that those who are eccentric are merely selfish, that they ought to have more respect for the feelings of others and give way to the majority of those around them. It is forgotten that if this doctrine were logically developed it would deprive men of their liberty to act on their convictions in all matters. The difference is also forgotten between those things which are essential to good manners, and those which are only incidentally so. There are some things, such as personal cleanliness and decency, which are naturally pleasing to men and essential to refined society. No one would complain of the influence of custom in such matters. But there are some things, such as conformity to particular creed, be it ethical, political, or religious, or the wearing of a particular dress, in which no one can suppose that conformity is natural to all civilized men. So, too, with regard to the respect due to the feelings of others. It must be necessary to hurt the feelings of others when you assert that your belief is contrary to theirs. But it is forgotten that if this had never been done the greatest reformatations in the world would never have

been accomplished. The mere fact that you stand alone cannot be sufficient reason for keeping silence. If Adam Smith had been silenced by the clamour and abuse which his opinions raised, the mercantile system might have continued till this day. No doubt to assert opinions violently and without care and thought is a fault. This is what, in criticism, Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the "note of provinciality," which does not persuade, but makes war. And no doubt to decide the proper occasions when a man should give way is one of the most difficult tasks of casuistry. There is the obligation to do what he thinks right, conflicting with that of avoiding, if possible, hurting the feelings of others. St. Paul seems to have fully seen the difficulty. "If meat cause my brother to offend I will eat no meat;" and again, "why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?" Prof. Jowett, commenting on this, thinks that a man may be "all things to all men," if he does so, so as to avoid misconstruction. But no doubt it is there that the difficulty lies. People who are not firm and thorough in their eccentricity will be thought to be mere hypocrites, especially by those among whom they are eccentric, who will therefore be prejudiced against them. It appears to me, however, that a man should give way to others in practice in matters that he deems unessential to right conduct, but not on what he deems essential, and that he himself must decide what is essential and what is not.

But, on the other hand, in estimating the good which accrues to society from personal eccentricity, it has well been said that conformity to custom merely as custom, however good or bad that custom may be, does not tend to develop those qualities which are the distinctive endowment of man, and which tend to make him useful to his kind. "He," says Mr. Mill, "who lets the world or his own particular portion of it choose his plan of life for him, has no need of

any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation." Not only for the sake of progress and the introduction of salutary reforms is it useful that men should criticise usages for themselves. This indeed may not necessarily be the result of such criticism. But it is well that men should conform to customs thinkingly and as rational creatures, if they do conform. And it is thus that a man develops the qualities of self-dependence and self-control and gains strength of character.

We see the uses of eccentricity perhaps best by looking at countries and societies which are most in want of it, or rather most deficient in it. Of nations, China, that nation of a "fossilized people," naturally suggests itself. Here, by their intricate traditional ceremonial, and elaborate system of paternal government, individuality is utterly crushed out. The results produced are such as might be expected; stationariness and love of ease, although from having been early provided with many excellent customs, these evils are not so conspicuous as they otherwise would be. If Montesquieu's remark "*Heureux le peuple dont l'histoire est ennuyeuse*" were true, the Chinese are certainly the happiest of nations. Such of their maxims as "*Better a dog in peace than a man in anarchy,*" well express the tenor of their lives. But those who believe that in struggles with difficulty and self-sacrifice for noble ends is to be found the highest happiness, will rather think with our own poet—

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Many other instances may be taken in which the development of individuality is interfered with in societies, as, for example, the regular clergy, workmen where labour is minutely divided, and the army. With regard to the first-named it is, in the opinion of many persons much to be regretted that there is not

more scope allowed for individuality. There can be no doubt that the effect of a system of tests, however necessary, is to discourage original thought. The tendency again, of the minute division of labour is to degrade men into mere machines, but from recent writers on the subject it would appear that more attention is being given to the avoidance of this in many large manufactories. In the army, where discipline and organisation are of the first importance, there can be no doubt that the evil is a necessary one. In many of the schemes for the arrangement of society we see individuality regarded as a thing to be discouraged, conspicuously so in that of Auguste Comte. He speaks, for instance, of positive science as "*a necessity which already puts liberty of conscience out of the question.*" And again, while admiring the old Catholic maxim "*In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity,*" he remarks aptly enough that it all depends on how that unity is obtained, and says, "*it ought to be obtained by free discussion in the first instance;*" but why "*in the first instance*" only? How can truth—especially scientific truth—suffer by perpetual free discussion? No doubt in legislation it is necessary to disregard the opinions of some minority, or, as Comte says, organization would be impossible, but liberty ought to be given to the minority to hold and propagate their views as freely as they can by all legitimate means. And I do not see how it is to be expected, as the Comtists tacitly assume, that people should give their assent to truths of positive science, without a much higher and more general education than exists at present. Are the citizens to be expected to be acquainted with truths of positive science as they are with the laws of their state?

But when we return to our own country we can see very distinctly the evil effects of conventionalism on individual character in our own time. Goldsmith's

description of Englishmen in the "Traveller" is sadly untrue now. He seems to see danger of exactly the opposite class of evils to those from which we now suffer, when he says—

"The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown."

More applicable to the sickly conventionalism of the present day would be his description of France—

"For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought."

In no sphere is this evil effect more manifest than in that of religion. Men seem to fear unsettling their minds more than anything else. The consequence is that, that which tends to produce strong and powerful minds—speculation on the highest subjects—is discouraged. And besides this great evil, there arises even between intimate friends a reticence which is not merely unpleasant, but injurious to the apprehension of truth. Men keep their doubts and difficulties to themselves when often a little discussion would remove them, and so the course of truth is hindered and doubts confirmed. Men fear that if they begin to think out for themselves the grounds of customary opinion, they may come to conclusions different from those of other people. The consequence is a panic-stricken pietism which clings to that which it mistrusts, and a multitude of half-convictions. Surely even a few whole and real convictions are better than this! Shelley has well said—

"What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone."

And we often see in history the spectacle of great men standing alone misunderstood and not appreciated by their time. Such a man in politics was Milton. And yet the highest happiness of all belongs to such men, the consciousness of having acted up to their best light, of having pleased God if not man. And who can decide whether a man is acting up to his best light or not except the individual himself? Surely society cannot fathom "the abysmal deeps of personality," and if this is so, surely inconvenience ought not to attach to eccentric action when it is not injurious to others.

Society can never know what it loses by the tyranny of convention. We frequently see men of the greatest intellectual power struggling with themselves to stifle their convictions. And yet it is only by giving them full-play and by self-culture that a man becomes a useful member of society. "A person," says Mr. Mill, "whose desires and impulses are his own—are the expression of his own nature as it has been developed and modified by his own culture—is said to have a character. One whose desires and impulses are not his own, has not a character, no more than a steam-engine has a character." "Individuality," says Vinet in his essays, "consists in willing to be self, in order to be something."

There is another use which may be mentioned which eccentricity serves, and that is to promote the sense of individual moral responsibility which seems everywhere now so low. The natural result of a slavish conformity to society is to destroy this, and to shift the feeling of responsibility to society from self.

A man need not spurn the aid of others, or reject the lessons which the experience of civil society teaches, because he does not blindly conform to customs around him. It is conduct such as this which brings eccentricity into contempt, and obscures

its uses. But it is for the individual himself to criticise that experience and adopt it for himself only so far as he esteems it good for him to do so.

The uses I have pointed out have been and are served by eccentricity, though people may affect to be blind to them. The struggle with custom, in manners and fashion at least, has generally been single-handed. Whether it will be so in the future it is difficult to say. Doubtless now the rapid increase of clubs and philosophical societies seems to point the other way.

In conclusion, I repeat that I believe the present tendency of society to conventionalism and to the exclusion of eccentricity is much to be regretted, and is one of the greatest evils of the time. Not only is it chiefly so because it prevents progress and the adoption of better customs, but because it weakens individual character. To discuss at any length the limits of the interference of society is beyond the scope of the present essay. Mr. Mill seems to me to have taken a true ground in his essay "on Liberty," where he states that society ought only to interfere with the individual for self-protection. But in the fuller discussion of this there were many points of difficulty which Mr. Mill does not seem to me altogether to clear up, as for instance in the question of the advisability of preventing the utterance of opinion likely to damage society by the promotion of immorality, and those opinions, which simply by their offensiveness, are likely to provoke a breach of the peace. A similar difficulty arises with regard to vaccination. But for reasons, most of which I have had occasion to adduce in the course of this essay, it appears to me that a larger toleration to the expression of these opinions should be given than many recent writers—Mr. Frederic Harrison among the number—have accorded. Of course, that a man should be made free is not in itself sufficient. Unless

we put it in his power to know what is best to do, freedom of action is worse than useless. It is because a more universal education and an enfranchised and enlarged culture are possible that I have advocated that greater freedom should be allowed to the expression of personal opinion.

D. L. B.



THE MAY TERM.

Mille venit variis florum Dea nexa coronis:
Scena joci morem liberioris habet.

OV. FAST. IV. 945, 946.

I WISH that the May Term were over,
That its wearisome pleasures were o'er,
And I were reclining in clover
On the downs by a wave-beaten shore:
For fathers and mothers by dozens,
And sisters, a host without end,
Are bringing up numberless cousins,
Who have each a particular friend.

I'm not yet confirmed in misogyny—
They are all very well in their way—
But my heart is as hard as mahogany,
When I think of the ladies in May.
I shudder at each railway-whistle,
Like a very much victimized lamb;
For I know that the carriages bristle
With ladies invading the Cam.

Last week, as in due preparation
For reading I sported my door,
With surprise and no small indignation,
I picked up this note on the floor—
'Dear E. we are coming to see you,
'So get us some lunch if you can;
'We shall take you to Grassy, as Jehu.—
'Your affectionate friend, Mary Ann.'

Affectionate friend! I'm disgusted
With proofs of affection like these,
I'm growing 'old, tawny and crusted,'
Tho' my nature is easy to please.
An Englishman's home is his castle,
So I think that my friend Mary Ann
Should respect, tho' she deem him her vassal,
The rooms of a young Cambridge man.

In the days of our fathers how pleasant
The May Term up here must have been!
No chignons distracting were present,
And scarcely a bonnet was seen.
As their boats paddled round Grassy Corner
No ladies examined the crews,
Or exclaimed with the voice of the scorner—
'Look, *how* Mr. Arculus screws!'

But now there are ladies in College,
There are ladies in Chapels and Halls,
No doubt 'tis a pure love of knowledge
That brings them within our old walls;
For they talk about Goldie's 'beginning';
Know the meaning of 'finish' and 'scratch',
And will bet even gloves on our winning
The Boat Race, Athletics, or Match.

There's nothing but music and dancing,
Bands playing on each College green,
And bright eyes are merrily glancing
Where nothing but books should be seen.
They tell of a grave Dean a fable
That reproving an idle young man
He faltered, for on his own table
He detected in horror—a fan!

Through Libraries, Kitchens, Museums,
These Prussian-like Amazons rush,
Over manuscripts, joints, mausoleums,
With equal intensity gush.

Then making their due 'requisition,'
 From 'the lions' awhile they refrain,
 And repose in the perfect fruition
 Of ices, cold fowl, and champagne.

Mr. Editor, make some suggestion
 By which all these troubles shall cease—
 Leave us time for our mental digestion
 And pursuing our studies in peace.
 Above all if my name you should guess, Sir,
 Keep it quite to yourself, if you can,
 For I dread, more than words can express, Sir,
 My affectionate friend, Mary Ann.

ARCULUS.



ON THE BRIDGE.

ON the bridge of the 'Marseilles' steamer, crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven in the first days of August last year. Lounging on the boards, or leaning over the hand-rail, were five or six of the passengers, including myself and the captain of the packet. It was as fine a day as any in all that splendid summer, and the sea was smooth enough to allow even those most susceptible of sea-sickness to forget their gloomy anticipations, and indulge in the luxury of scenting the salt warm air with tobacco. The captain himself was smoking, a cigar having been offered him by the most remarkable looking of the five or six above-mentioned passengers. This was a man somewhere between thirty and forty years old, with most of his face hidden by a mass of light brown hair, a broad forehead, and light grey eyes shaded by a pair of spectacles. Altogether, evidently not the style of man who could stroll in peace along the Paris boulevards at that time, without encountering awkward and pressing questions regarding his nationality. Now that he was clear of the land of revolutions and street émeutes, and saw the French coast growing every minute less and less distinct in our wake, he did not attempt to disguise the fact that to such enquiries he would have found some difficulty in giving a satisfactory answer, and gloried immensely in one or two narrow escapes already experienced on that hostile shore.

"Yes," said he, "it is quite time we all got off *that* coast. I had business which made me wish to stay as long as it was safe, but a man must look out a little after his own flesh and blood, and I can tell you *my* flesh and blood might have been disarranged pretty considerably if I'd kept on there any longer."

"Dieppe was safe enough, I should think," observed another of the passengers, apparently a country clergyman who had just come off his summer tour, and was inclined to think that danger dwelt, as Tennyson says, only 'on silver horns, or in the white ravine, or dropt upon the glittering firths of ice'—Dieppe was safe enough, surely?"

"Safe!" replied the German, with a look of supreme contempt. "What d'ye think they had in the 'Vigie' of Dieppe, a dirty little sheet of paper with nothing in it in most summers except the programmes of the Casino, or Etablissement, as they call it? Why there was a notice calling upon all patriots to look out in the streets for men with fair beards and blue hair, 'canaille des Prussiens' they called them, and take care they didn't find the place a tempting one to stop in. Assault, arrest, and murder, that's what they meant."

The clergyman looked thoroughly suppressed, and there was a pause, until another of the passengers suggested to the German that as he spoke the English language so perfectly, he might have passed himself off as a Briton.

"I did that," he answered, "in Paris, but even then the place got too hot for me. And it was only half a lie, too; for I've been as much in England as Germany since I was twelve, or rather in America, that's where I've been for the last ten years, and picked up the language I talk. And as for fancying danger without reason, sir (this was addressed to his already subdued foe), I've seen enough of the real

article out there to know it again, I tell you. It's about this time last year that I had the tightest fit for it I've had yet, or look to have again." "What was that?" exclaimed two or three voices together. The German looked round with a superior smile upon his audience, and seeing that they were really disposed to drink in whatever he might tell them, proceeded as follows.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "I'll tell you the story, if you care to hear it, and you shall judge for yourselves. I was out far west, doing business for a New York firm, at a young settlement called Louisville. There wasn't much there in the way of County Courts or assizes or police, you may guess, the only thing of the sort was what they called a Watch Committee, and that meant five or six men who went about with their revolvers ready cocked, and a big bowie down the backs of their necks, to settle difficulties. If the rowdy didn't like the settling, or settled one or two of the committee by accident, they'd hang him according to law next morning, and that's the way justice worked there. Well, I had to stay a month or six weeks in this beautiful place, and took a couple of rooms as near my business as I could, from a man and his wife who seemed tolerably hard up, and were glad of my dollars. The woman was well enough, and did her best to make me comfortable, but she was a poor weak creature, and got awfully kicked about by her husband. He was as red a rowdy as any in the settlement, called Rider, and I was cautioned against trusting him too far by several men with whom I dealt. But I thought little enough of it, and told them I thought he had not much to gain by shewing up rough before me, and besides, he had his wife to bully in the house, if he ever wanted casual recreation.

Well, gentlemen, I had been about a fortnight in Louisville, and though I had seen plenty and heard

plenty of rows, and grown quite accustomed to being woke up in the middle of the night by a pistol-shot or two, washed down with a little groaning and a good deal of blasphemy, just under my window, yet hitherto I'd kept clear of all scrapes myself; and as I found my lodgings suited me, and Rider my landlord, hadn't yet given me any personal trouble, I didn't think of changing till I cleared off for good, which I hoped to do in a month at longest. But willing or not, I was pulled into a row before I left, and I'll tell you what it was in as few words as I can.

There was a young fellow called Ritchie, Scotch I think, who had come over to Louisville on some engineering business, and had set up a small office at the other end of the town. We'd come across each other pretty often, and as I liked what I saw of him—and it doesn't take long to get intimate in America—we were thick friends in a very little time, and would sooner come to each other for help or advice than to any other man we knew there. Ritchie wanted both help and advice badly enough that evening he came last to my lodgings; not that he wanted pluck, poor fellow, but he was young and inexperienced, and though a good business man, had as little prudence or self-restraint in some matters as a baby. It seemed, from what he told me, that he'd been drinking the night before at a well-known bar in the place, when a man called Slaver in the town (though of course that wasn't his right name) came in; and after a bit of talk with some young green lads who were in the place, began playing cards with them, only for a dollar or two, he said, just to pass away the time. Well, by the time Ritchie, who was standing behind him, had seen him pull half a dozen cards out of his sleeve just at the time they were wanted, he thought it was time to speak, and so asked the young fellows out loud if they knew the man they were playing with.

Slaver jumped up with an oath at this, and wanted to know what the double blank that was to him, and if he didn't mind his blanked self, he'd find a bit of metal in his blank, blank, blanked body. Ritchie answered that it was as much to him, or as little, as to anyone else who was looking on, but as he had happened to see a card—; but before he got any further Slaver's revolver went off, and tumbled over the glass of the chandelier just above his head—Ritchie said he felt the whiz of the bullet sting his scalp, it was so close a shave—but before the rowdy could try another shot, Ritchie got close up to him, and caught him just between the eyes with his fist, sending him right backwards among a heap of broken glasses and chairs. By the time he was ready to get up again, five or six of the men in the room got hold of him, and took away his revolver and bowie knife. However, that didn't stop his bad language, and Ritchie said his cursing was something awful, telling Ritchie he shouldn't live another week, so he'd better write home at once to let his friends know. Well, he laughed at this at the time, and got home safely; but he couldn't help thinking of it in the morning, and had made up his mind to come and ask me about it when he left his office. But he told me he felt a shiver run down him when the first thing he saw, coming out of his office, was Slaver himself, with another rowdy, whose name he didn't know, though he had seen his face before in the town. They were plainly looking out for him, and meant to dog him home (the road to which lay through a lonely part) and get hold of him on the way. So far they had been baulked by Ritchie's coming to my lodgings instead of going straight home, but they had followed at a distance, he said, all the way, and he had no doubt were somewhere outside as he spoke. Well, gentlemen, this was a pretty awkward predicament, it seemed to me. I told you there was no regular police system there, and even if

we could have got hold of the man, you might as well blow a little tobacco smoke in a man's face as accuse him of nothing more than felonious intent, or even attempt, in Louisville; and yet Ritchie and I knew that if those roughs could find him in the dark, or in a tolerably lonely place even in broad day, they'd shoot him down as sure as heaven, and probably get off scot-free into the bargain. After thinking a little, I loaded a pair of revolvers I always travelled with, took one myself and gave Ritchie the other, and said I'd see him safe home that night, at any rate. I would have put him up on my sofa, but from his description I had a strong suspicion that the other man he had seen with Slaver was my estimable landlord himself; and if so, I thought the sooner we got clear of the place the better for both of us.

Well, we started together pretty soon, after a glass of brandy to steady our nerves, in case there should be any shooting. We kept a sharp look out, and had our revolvers pretty handy, I can tell you; but we had gone a quarter-of-a-mile or more, and were getting over-confident, before we came across our friends. They were loafing about the door of a bar, evidently waiting for Ritchie to pass, and, as I expected, I saw that my worthy landlord was Slaver's companion.

They let us pass without saying a word, and had plainly not counted upon the possibility of my accompanying Ritchie home. Apparently they hesitated a little at first, and I heard Rider's voice, loud and thickened with drinking, urging something on his more prudent associate. Whatever it was he said, he carried his point, and looking cautiously back when we had put a hundred yards between us, I made out that they were steadily keeping in our track.

It was getting dark by this time, and we had got the worst and most lonely half of the distance before us, but I was pretty confident they would let us alone

as long as we were two together, and were only following us on the chance of our separating. Ritchie thought the same; and after another quarter-of-a-mile, when we were getting pretty near his lodgings, and had lost sight of the men behind us, we took it for granted they were tired off, and had dropped the business for that night.

"All right now, old man," said Ritchie to me, carelessly, as we turned a sharp corner in the road, and came in sight of the lights in the house we were making for.

As if the words had been the signal for which they were waiting, two figures jumped up from behind the bushes that lined the road, and two flashes just before us showed for a second the big red beard of my late host, Rider, and the scowling features of the man they called Slaver. I felt a red-hot iron run through my left shoulder, and poor Ritchie, just crying out "They've killed me, by heaven," rolled over into the little ditch. Minutes pass quicker doing than telling, gentlemen, and I had taken a sight on Slaver with my revolver almost before I knew that poor Ritchie was hurt. I knew I hit him, for he dropped his six-shooter, but it wasn't enough to stop him, and he made off after Rider, who bolted as soon as he saw my pistol flash. Rowdies of his kidney always prefer being behind the barrel when gunpowder's burning.

Poor Ritchie was still breathing, when I bent over him, but he was badly hit in the lungs, and I saw it was all over. I just made out that he wanted me to write to his mother, and then he finished speaking for good. I tried to lift him and carry him to his lodgings, but found my left shoulder quite useless, so gave it up and had to go for help.

They carried the poor fellow's body in, and then I borrowed a horse and went off to rouse all the Watch Committee whose names and homes I knew. In an hour's time there were thirty or forty men together,

and we agreed without wasting time to split up into parties of threes or four and scour the country to prevent the murderers getting off. Four of the chief committee, including all its most energetic members, went with me, and swore they'd put as many bullets in the bloodhounds' bodies as the years of poor Ritchie's life. I can tell you I never thought of the bullet in my shoulder, gentlemen, though I was laid up for three months afterwards with it, but rode on as if I was the avenger of blood himself. And we hadn't to go far before half of our business was done. "There he goes, by ——," sang out the leading man, and three of us were off our horses and at the throat of a dark figure that was crouching in the shadow at the edge of the road before he had time to make a struggle to get off. It was Slaver, I saw plainly enough by the light of our lanterns. He was hit in the thigh by my bullet, and was bleeding fast: if it hadn't been for that, he would have been far enough off, no doubt. Rider had left him, of course, when he saw his own safety lay the other way, and the miserable devil whined and prayed for mercy till it made us all actually sick to hear him. "Gentlemen," said the foremost of the Committee, "it's not worth while dragging this carcase back to the town, and waiting for the others to try him. You say he fired one of the shots, Mr. Brenner?"

"I'll swear it," I answered.

"You're all satisfied he's guilty, gentlemen?"

"Yes, yes," cried all, impatiently.

"Here goes then," said the first speaker, and drawing his revolver as he spoke, he coolly pressed the muzzle against the forehead of the shrieking wretch, and pulled the trigger.

We rode back that night only half satisfied, for all our efforts to catch Rider were ineffectual. Nor were the other searchers more successful, and I had to be content with having seen my friend's death partially,

at least, avenged. But six months later I read an account in an Orleans paper of a rowdy who was lynched on board one of the river steamers for cheating at cards, and the description of the red beard, small black eyes, and almost hairless head, was too accurate for me to doubt that the unlucky individual in question was any other than my missing landlord. That's all, gentlemen, and as we shall be in Newhaven harbour in half-an-hour, and I see the captain wants the bridge cleared to get the luggage up, I think I'll go below.



AN ME LUDIT AMABILIS INSANIA?

As swift as a swallow whose wing
Doth glance in sunset sky,
When Summer first whispers to Spring,
"Thou, even thou, must die;"

As sweet as the rose-scented breath
That, like an incense, streams
Around her, as sick unto death
Spring faints in Summer's gleams;

So swift and so sweet sped the hours
In that enchanted clime,
Where softer than sunshine on flowers
Still fell the feet of Time.

Who recks of the moments that fly
When stealing o'er the soul
Now low and now peeling high
The organ-echoes roll?

But oft through the rapture of sound
Some notes of sorrow fall
On senses that awed and spell-bound
The joys of Heaven recall,

And vaguely an imminent change
Is like a shadow shed
On thoughts o'er the limitless range
Of fancy lately led:

Nor rarely when wrapt in the veil
Of golden-tinted haze
Each glen and each bowery dale
Slept calm in tempered blaze;

Or when the far cataract's call
Clear-ringing in keen air
Made song in the spirits of all
The blest who sojourned there;

Not rarely the heart of the hills
Grew black with sudden wing
Of tempest with passionate thrills
Of thunder quivering:

And far overhead in the height
Would wax the brooding cloud
And fringed with a sulphurous light
The purple vault enshroud:

Till bursting with hurricane might
From many a mountain-cave
The wind in precipitate flight
The tempest-demons drave:

A moment their agony-shriek
Reverberated far
From ramparted ridge and from peak
From answering cliff and scar;

Then over the precipice-pale,
The limit of our ken,
The tumult would pass from the vale
And peace return again.

T. M.



AN EPISODE.

ON Wednesday, the 24th of May, 1872, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, returned precipitately to his little house, No. 19, in the Königstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the oldest quarter of Hamburg. Martha, our cook, might well be amazed, for she had scarcely put the meat down before the fire, and opening the dining-room door, she exclaimed, in tones of horror, "The Herr Lidenbrock back already?" I consoled her, however, with the assurance that my uncle could not expect his dinner, impatient as he was, two hours before the time; and, at her earnest request, promised to explain matters to the formidable master. Suddenly the door of his study, which he had just entered, re-opened, and in an impatient voice he called to me, "Axel, come here." I slowly ascended the stairs, pondering how I should reconcile him to the fact of his own inopportuneness, when he again thrust his head forth, and repeated his summons in a still more angry tone. I should here mention that my uncle was professor at the Johannæum, and, though far from a bad man in his own character, he would occasionally lose himself in the enthusiasm of the professor; and at such times his eccentricity, resulting from a lifetime spent in the passionate pursuit of one set of ideas, would assume a form which, to the

spectators, would have appeared terrible had it not appeared ridiculous. He never failed to lose his temper two or three times during a lecture. His anger had no connection with his pupils; their industry, their attention, their success, were details with which he never troubled himself. He was a "subjective" professor, as German philosophers phrase it, who studied for his own benefit and not that of others. In a word, he was an egotistical savant, a miser of erudition. But he had an unfortunate impediment in his speech, which was always aggravated by the nervousness attendant on public speaking; a failing much to be regretted in an orator. Consequently, while lecturing at the Johannæum he would frequently stop short, and be seen engaged in a terrific contest with some refractory word; his lips would writhe in the vain effort to form the required sound, and generally compromised matters by forming a word less scientific, perhaps, but more emphatic, and it was to be feared only too familiar. But surely a man, and even a geologist, may be excused some slight errors, however skilled in pronunciation he may be, when he has to deal with such problems of elocution as rhombohedral crystallisations, retinasphaltic resins, ghelenites, fangasites, molybdates of lead, tungstates of manganese, and cretaceous titanates of barium. I am afraid that an encounter with such dangerous polysyllables as these was the chief attraction to the really numerous audience who attended his lectures, and whose open laughter shewed that their good taste was not superior to that which is ordinarily to be found among Germans. In justice to the professor, I must say that he was a most distinguished man, and the name Lidenbrock had attained a reputation throughout Europe. He published at Leipzig an *Exhaustive Treatise on Crystallography*, in folio, with illustrations; and if the sale of the books was but scanty, this, of course, was due to the limited circle to which such a transcendent work could appeal,

and the want of appreciation for which everyone who has tried the experiment knows the vulgar herd to be remarkable. Such then was the personage who summoned me so impatiently. In appearance he was tall, lean, of an iron constitution, and a youthful bloom, which deducted twenty years from his seventy. His large blue eyes flashed restlessly beneath spectacles of vast size; his nose was long and sharp. To the last feature the malicious attributed the properties of a lightning conductor; this, however, was a gross calumny, though it must be confessed that, as a cloud compeller, my uncle might have fairly rivalled Zeus himself. I entered his study, and this room also deserves a word of description, for it was a museum in itself. How many hours of delightful labour have I spent there! for I had the blood of a true mineralogist in my veins, and was no unworthy nephew of such an uncle. How often, instead of playing with other boys of my own age, have I pored over the graphytes, the anthracites, the lignites! What bitumens, resins and organic salts were there! What metals, from gold to iron, whose relative value was as nothing compared to their absolute value as scientific specimens! What stones sufficient to rebuild our whole house! But my thoughts as I entered the room that day were busy with my uncle alone. He was sitting in his arm-chair of Utrecht velvet, lost in admiration of a book which he held in his hand. "What a book!" he was exclaiming. I should mention that he was also a true bibliomaniac; nothing was so valuable in his eyes as a book that was not to be found elsewhere, or was at least illegible—such was the volume now before him. He then explained to me that he had discovered this wondrous work while rummaging the book store of Helvetius, the Jew. Feeling bound to make some remark, I asked, with an interest too vehement to be other than assumed, "What was the title of this marvellous production?" "This," replied my uncle, with animation, "is the Heims-Kringla

of Snorro Turleson, the famous Icelandic author of the twelfth century; written in Runic characters, said to have been invented by Odin himself." As he spoke he opened the book, when there fell from it an old creased parchment, which appeared to have been enclosed from time immemorial in its leaves. This, too, was covered with Runic characters similar to those of the book. My uncle snatched it up hastily, perused it with an expression of eagerness, which gradually faded to one of utter bewilderment. "Certainly it is an old Icelandic document," he muttered, "and these are the regular letters, but what does it mean? what words can these be?" Clearly my uncle, though a scholar of polyglottic accomplishments, was puzzled for once. He was still frowning at the impassive document, when Martha chose this inopportune moment to announce dinner. The furious professor replied by consigning the dinner and all connected with it to the hangman. I, however, was of quite another stomach, and following the servant, who fled precipitately from the room, I partook so heartily of the meal, that before I was aware of it I had eaten my uncle's share as well as my own. "What!" said Martha, in amazement, "the Herr Lidenbrock not at table! Something serious is coming," she added, with a mystic shake of the head. The most serious thing that I expected was a terrific scene when my uncle found his dinner devoured. I was in the midst of the dainties of dessert when his voice summoned me, and bounding up the stairs I found him still frowning over the parchment. "There is some secret here," he exclaimed, "and I will discover it, or else —;" a wrathful gesture filled up his sentence. "Sit down," he continued, "and write what I dictate, namely, each letter of our alphabet which corresponds to the old Icelandic letters here. And as you value your life, beware of mistakes." Accordingly I wrote; and the result was the following incomprehensible combination:

mm . r n l l s	E s r e u e l	s e e c J d e
s g t s s m f	u n t e i e f	n i e d r k e
kt , s a m n	a t r a t e S	s a o d r r n
e m t n a e l	n u a e c t	r r i l s a
A t v a a r	· n s c r o	i e a a b s
c c d r m i	e e u t u l	f r a n t u
d t , i a c	o s e i b o	K e d i i g

In vain did the professor pore over this puzzle; solution seemed as far off as ever. Beyond the fact that it was clearly a cryptograph of some sort, nothing could be decided. Again he compared the characters on the parchment with those in the book; and presently pronounced that the former was the more recent of the two by two hundred years. "For," said he, "the first letter is a double m, which was not added to the Icelandic alphabet till the fourteenth century; so there are two hundred years between them. Some owner of the book must have traced these letters; perhaps his name is on the title-page." And a careful examination of the book was rewarded by the discovery of a few faint lines of ink in one corner. The moment became exciting; he tore off his spectacles, seized a magnifying glass, and presently exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, "Arne Saknussem! An Icelandic alchemist of the sixteenth century; one of those who, like Bacon and Paracelsus, were the giants of scientific discovery. Doubtless some dark and astounding invention is concealed in this cryptograph; and I will take neither food nor rest till I have discovered it, nor shall you." "Well," thought I, "it's lucky I have dined for two." "Now," he continued, "first to discover the language in which it is written; and that is easy, for observe, there are 132 letters, including 79 consonants and 53 vowels: this proves that it is a Southern language, for the Northern idioms contain a far greater proportion of consonants. Now Saknussem was a learned man, and would choose the language commonly used by the savants of the middle ages,

namely, Latin. Latin, accordingly, I judge this to be." I started, for my soul revolted against the notion of these outlandish words belonging to the mellifluous language of Cicero and Virgil. "Yes," added my uncle, "Latin; but Latin in a knot of entanglement." "I should think so," I muttered; "and if you disentangle it, my uncle, you will be a clever man." "In the next place," he went on, "to find the key. Have you this key, Axel?" I made no reply, for my eye had wandered to a charming picture which hung on the wall, the portrait of Graüben. She was my uncle's ward, and just then was away at Altona; a fact which caused me no little melancholy, for, unknown to my uncle, we were betrothed, and loved each other with all the patience and tranquillity of Germans. How often had we studied together (for she was a maiden of a serious and studious mind)! How many sweet hours had we spent in probing the deepest questions of geology; while I envied the lot of the insensible stones which her lovely hands manipulated! How many a delicious walk had we enjoyed by the banks of the Elbe, as we wandered in sweet converse through sequestered spots till evening fell, and bidding good-night to the swans floating amid the large white water-lilies, we returned by the steam-packet to our home. A violent blow on the table, inflicted by the fist of my uncle, recalled me from my dream to the stern realities of life. "I have an idea," he exclaimed. "Now, Axel, write down on paper any phrase you please, but instead of writing the letters horizontally, write them vertically, so as to form five or six columns. I did so as follows:

I y d n t a
l o a g l ü
o u r l e b
v m l i G e
e y i t r n

"Very well," said he, without looking at the paper. "Now arrange these words in a horizontal line." This

was the result : Iyndta, loaglu, ourleb, vmliGe, eyitrn. "Excellent," he exclaimed, glancing at the line. "This is just like the old document, vowels and consonants grouped together at random, forming separate and meaningless words. Now in order to read the sentence, of which I am ignorant, I have only to place in order the first letters of each word, then the second and so on." And my uncle, to his astonishment and equally to mine, read out, "I love you, my darling little Graüben." "Hein," ejaculated the professor. It was too true, in my lovesick awkwardness I had written this phrase unconsciously. "Oh ! you love Graüben, do you ?" said he. "Yes that is No," I stammered. "You love Graüben," repeated the professor, mechanically. "Well then, let us apply my process to the document before us." And the man of science, to whom 'affairs of the heart' were as a sealed book, was once more, luckily for me, absorbed in his puzzle. And now on the brink of his crowning discovery, my uncle became much agitated ; with flashing eyes, trembling fingers, and a voice which quavered in its deep solemnity, he dictated to me the following series : mmessunkaSennA.icefdoK.segnittam urtnecertserrette,rotaivsadua,ednecsedsadnelacartniiiluJ siratracSarbmutabledmekmeretarcsilucoIsleffenSnI. I finished, and waited not without emotion for some grand Latin sentence which my uncle would produce from these letters, unintelligible to me ; but I started up in terror, as a violent blow of his fist made the table quiver, the ink spout from the inkstand, and the pens leap wildly in the air. And shouting, "That's nonsense ! that's nonsense !" he flew down the stairs, and out into the street ; while Martha, who had come out with the intention of making one more effort in behalf of dinner, returned to her kitchen, groaning in despair.

(To be continued.)



CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

UPON looking back upon the past history of Christianity, we find that in instances without number it has been the forerunner or companion of civilization. Through many ages Faith and Culture were firm allies: shoulder to shoulder they waged long unceasing war against the various agencies that were antagonistic to the progress of the human race. The grandest movements for the raising of the fallen, and the recovery to a higher life of that which seemed to be hopelessly lost, have been begun, continued, and ended in the name of Christ. "Christianity," says one who has studied well its social bearings, "has carried civilization along with it wherever it has gone."

Those who are acquainted with the tone adopted in certain prominent organs of what claims to be a highly civilized public opinion may perhaps regard a few suggestions upon the present attitude of these two powers as not altogether out of place. There are those among our popular teachers and leaders who would have us look upon the Church—the living organ of Christian influence—as a piece of antique furniture, which it is time to replace by inventions of modern device. Every reader, clerical or lay, must admit that it is important for us to have a clear understanding as to our own reply to this suggestion. Are our efforts for the improvement of our country and our race to be limited to an increase

of co-operation in pursuit of material comfort, or are they to reach forth to a higher end, inspired by a loftier hope of a closer union of men? If the writer can help anyone to a satisfactory answer to this question, this short paper will not have been written in vain.

It will help to clear the way for us if we can ascertain the nature of the past connexion between Christianity and Civilization. Was it merely a casual alliance, or was there a real bond of union between them as cause and effect? If it was only a casual alliance, then of course it is quite possible that the two social forces may cease to co-operate for the benefit of mankind; they may take divergent paths; there may even be antagonism between the two. International treaties, we know, do not last for ever. Is the relation between Christianity and true Civilization such that their ancient friendship can ever give place to a new-born enmity? Civilization is, I suppose, the name that we give to that whole process which converts a people from the life and manners of the savage state to the condition in which due value is assigned to the arts, to learning, and to those various appliances which render life in a highly organized community wherein each is in a manner dependent upon all, both possible and pleasant.

Now, are there any elements in Christianity which *naturally* facilitate such a process as this? Historians, who have d instance, Dean Milman and Mr. Lecky, have united in giving an affirmative answer to this question. Perhaps, under their guidance, I may be allowed to indicate how, in one or two special points, Christianity has proved itself efficient as an agent of genuine social reforms, for it is only by the like influences that we can hope to see a Christian regeneration of society.

In early times Christianity had immense power as an associating principle. It blended rival races by uniting

them in a common faith and a common worship; it put them on the same spiritual level. They could meet together in the faith that God was the Maker, Christ the Redeemer, of them both. Thus it served as a bond to make Europe almost one commonwealth. It diffused itself through all classes—it was the little leaven that leavened the whole lump of law and custom.

Now if I were asked the great political want of England just now, I think that I should answer—a sense of the unity of our national life—we want an associating principle. There is an element of disruption at work in society which threatens most serious consequences. The immense growth of the manufacturing and mining interests, the almost incredible rise of large towns, the great demand for labour and increased facilities of transit, have effected a striking change in the character of English civilization. I am myself very sceptical even as to the past existence of the model parish of the story book where squire, parson, and people all perform the duties of their respective spheres with cheerfulness and precision. Certainly parishes of that type are now-a-days few and far to seek. The changed relation of capital to labour, and the antagonism of class-interests, which this change apparently involves, have put the clergy into a new world. It is tolerably certain that if our ideal can only find its realisation in the parochial utopia just sketched, we shall never see even an approximation to it. If, however, our Christianity has sufficient vitality to meet the exigencies of modern life; if it means to us a something which has the elasticity of a spirit, and not the rigidity of a machine; if the Church of England is not too timid discreetly to adapt the old methods of work to new necessities; if her clergy and laity set themselves face to face with the great social questions of the day, such as those concerning education, pauperism, and the relation between employers and employed, in the faith that

no human interests are alien from Christ, the Head and King of humanity—I venture to think that we shall soon hear less of the antagonism between the two old allies; Christianity will once more be recognised as the true civilizer—the organizing power of society.

Now let us suppose a working man trying to estimate the influence of religion upon society. He will, if he be candid, acknowledge that it has prompted many kind words and kind works which have helped to make the earth brighter and better. He will recognise in the labours of the parish priest and his fellow-workers well-meant efforts for their neighbours' good. But when he proceeds to inquire what seems to be their judgment as to the relative importance of the great public questions of the day, he will probably—and perhaps not unfairly—pronounce them wanting in width. If he should chance to take up what is known as a religious newspaper, he would find an immense proportion of it occupied with the discussion of questions which he cannot regard as touching him at all—an immense apparatus of learning employed over the attempted settlement of points which are of as little practical importance to him and of less intellectual interest than those discussed in the nearest antiquarian society. For my part, I candidly acknowledge my thorough sympathy with such a man in his alienation from the Christian ministry of all denominations, if he should find that details of Church order form the chief topic of public interest in the eyes of the Churchman, while the Nonconformist is intent upon discriminating the precise shade of doctrinal colour which is perpetuated in the trust deed of his chapel, the most diligent students of such social phenomena as strikes and trades' unions being meanwhile, perhaps, not even professing Christians. For practical purposes we do not want just now a Christian Archæology, but a Christianized Political Economy—that is, an applica-

tion of Christian principles to the questions that really stir society. It is idle to suppose that the needs of the day will be met by cottage lectures on contentment. If that is all we have to give them, men will cheerfully resign their seats to their wives and betake themselves to other counsellors. The truly ecclesiastical interests are all those which concern the men and women for whom Christ died. "Christianity," Mr. Lecky tells us, "once moved over a chaotic society, and not merely alleviated the evils that convulsed it, but also reorganised it on a new basis by abolishing slavery, by creating charity, by inculcating self-sacrifice." That which has done this kind of work once can surely do it again, if those in whom its spirit dwells will but work in faith and hope. Otherwise, it may be, the Church of the future and the social order of the future will scarcely even be antagonistic—they may not cross each other's path. It will remain true that Christianity and Civilization can never be opposed; only those who think that the former has failed will be ready to try some other scheme for bringing the unruly elements into harmony.

Of all the problems that modern Civilization offers for a Christian Political Economy to solve, that of pauperism is one of the most difficult. It is both interesting and hopeful for the Christian politician to learn that hospitals and refuges for strangers, supported by private charity, were among the first-fruits of the faith of Christ on earth, and that the legal protection of children was one of the first changes made in the law when Christianity had become dominant. These are scraps from the true history of the Church of Christ—the history of a Christlike charity. We may fearlessly say that neither the Paganism of the past nor the Positivism of the present can urge any motive to active self-denying love at all to be compared with devout gratitude for God's great gift to the world. The widest and deepest

friendship towards man has found its home in the hearts of those who have striven to be the friends of God. Here indeed a serious difficulty occurs—how best to shew love to our neighbour. There is a well-meaning benevolence which only does him harm. We have yet much to learn as to the best manner of using both public and private money so as at once to alleviate and prevent distress. Let us not regard this as, in any narrow sense of the word, a *political* question. Who is so fit to grapple with it as one who believes that God's order is meant to triumph over man's disorder, and that the anomalies of earth are to be rectified according to the laws of a kingdom which is not of this world in origin, though in this world in the blessed influences of its renewing power?

A morality professedly purer than the Christian is proposed in the present day for the regulation of our lives. It is the morality of complete unselfishness—'to live for others' is its motto. It is unlike the morality of the Gospel in its omitting all reference to that love of God which is the very essence of vital Christianity. The advocates of this creedless code are prepared to re-constitute the outworn frame of society without any faith in Him, or reference to a future life. It is not by hard names that we shall meet these men best, but by showing the superiority of our position by the superiority of its practical results—by exhibiting to the world a fervent love of our brethren, inasmuch as they, with us, are members of a Divine family, and thus proving that the Christian Faith is a living, moving, absorbing energy—the mightiest agent in that true civilization which drives out all selfish interests and self-seeking aims, to make way for a pure, hearty, human sympathy, such as the Great Teacher called the loving our neighbour as ourselves.

A FEN PARSON.



A CHAIN.

Two primroses at Spring's young dawn
Upon the riverside,
All on the early, early morn
Their soft eyes opened wide.

Two children passed that early day,
Each with his gentle mother;
One pluck'd a flower he flung away,
One left it, for some other.

Two men beneath the self-same sky
Had each their choice to give;
They chose—the one to live to die,
The one to die to live.



FROM BRUSSELS TO SEDAN.

THE following consists of a few recollections of a trip made in September, 1870, a short reminiscence of what was to be seen on the field of Sedan three weeks after the fighting.

On the 23rd of September we arrived at Brussels—a party of four having landed on the morning of the same day at Antwerp from the London steamer. Our object was to push forward as soon as possible to the battle-fields around Sedan.

The same evening at our hotel we had some interesting conversation with some Englishmen who had just returned from Sedan and brought with them some Chassepôts and other relics. We learnt from them that our best way of getting there was to go by railway from Brussels to Libramont, a station in Belgian territory, and about twenty-two miles from Bouillion, a town close to the frontier. The distance between Libramont and Sedan was about thirty-two miles, which we should have to get over as best we could.

There was an ambulance in Brussels, and although we did not enter it, the sad sight of the poor fellows who were well enough to stand about its doors, and the convalescents hobbling about the streets, brought home to our minds the realities of the war forcibly enough. Indeed, everywhere we went we met with signs of the war. At Antwerp, the day before, we had seen several of the famed Turcos parading the streets with other French prisoners, a great many of

whom had been sent there after their capture at the frontier by the Belgian troops. These Turcos looked capable of any atrocities, and strutted about with a reckless, jaunty air, quite enjoying the curiosity they excited. The excitement of the war seemed to thrill everyone, and formed the only topic of conversation in the cafés and everywhere else.

Our train for Libramont left Brussels about 11.30 a.m. on the morning of the 24th. As there was a possibility of having 'to rough it' somewhat, we took no baggage with us except a comb and tooth-brush apiece.

At the Railway Station the sight of two blood-stained stretchers forewarned us of what scenes we were likely soon to witness. The distance to Libramont is about eighty miles, and as our train took four or five hours to do the journey, it was a tedious opportunity of viewing the country which was pretty in some places. About Namur we saw a good deal of the Belgian Armée de l'observation camped out. We reached Libramont a little after four o'clock, and found the Station quite a small one, but as the line was cut at the frontier, this became the nearest available Station to Sedan, and was therefore used as the dépôt for the stores which were sent from England to the Ambulances at Sedan. It was an interesting sight to see standing here a railway truck full of charpis which had been prepared in such liberal supply by so many English homes.

The road was perfectly strange to us; we accordingly adjourned to a small estaminet, near the Station, to consider our position. We learnt from the master of the house we were in that it was about twenty-two miles to Bouillion, and that again was about twelve miles from Sedan, and, moreover, that Bouillion was the only town between Libramont and Sedan. We made out from him, however, that there was a village called Bertrix on our road about twelve or thirteen

miles off, where we should be able to put up. We accordingly settled to make for this place now, and push on to Sedan the next morning. We found the road from Libramont a very monotonous one, straight as far as the eye could reach, and lined all the way with the usual fir trees; it passed through undulating country; in the hollows it was raised on a causeway above the land on either side. It was kept in excellent order, however, no doubt for military purposes, being so near the frontier. Every now and then we passed a military waggon or two, or a few soldiers belonging to the army of observation on the frontier. It began to get dark soon after we started, and then the road became more dreary than ever, so that we were glad when we met a peasant, who told us of the turn in the road, not far distant, to Bertrix, which lay about a mile off the main road.

It was about 9 p.m. when we got there, and being tired and hungry, we were glad enough to find out the Auberge of the village, which was more like a small farm-house than an inn. From the entrance door we stepped straight into what seemed to be the kitchen. On the opposite side of it were the doors of the only two 'parlours' the house boasted of, and between them was the staircase leading to the upper story. Filling up nearly all one side of this room was the fire-place with a huge wood fire blazing on the flat brick hearth. We were shown into one of the rooms leading out of the kitchen, and found three men sitting in it. Two of these were Prussian commissariat officers, the third a Belgian artillery officer. They were also waiting for dinner (or rather supper according to the time). The meal, even in this remote corner, consisted of five or six courses. One of the Prussians could speak English very well, and as we did a little French with the Belgian Officer, we had plenty of conversation during our repast. The Prussians had come to Bertrix to buy up cattle for the Army

quartered in Sedan. We turned out for a short time at about ten o'clock to have a look at the place we were in. Our hostelry stood at one corner of an irregularly-shaped kind of 'Place,' on one side of which was the Church. In the middle of this open space were the guns and ammunition waggons of a battery of artillery quartered in the village. A sentinel was pacing up and down in front of these, who desired us not to imperil his life by smoking within less than ten yards of the ammunition waggons. Whilst we were strolling about here we saw the Aurora Borealis, which was seen in England and elsewhere the same night, September 24th.

When we came into the house again we found the only accommodation for the night we could have was a very big bare room, in which were two small beds, one or two chairs, one small washhand-stand, and down the middle of the room a long narrow table. At one end of the room was a ladder-like staircase leading up through an open trap-door into the roof, through which, by the way, the wind sighed melodiously, and several bright stars were peeping.

At the other end of this spacious apartment was a door, on opening which we spied two men in bed, who were snoring lustily. Of course we could not grumble at our quarters, when we had been told that seven officers had slept in the same room, with the same accommodation, the week before; and there was no other inn in the village. As there were four of us, two had to sleep on the table in full uniform, and as we were tired the only inconvenience was feeling somewhat cold in the early morning.

The next morning, which was the 25th, we turned out pretty early, awakened by the *reveille*, which was sounded for the artillerymen billeted in the village; and after breakfast started off again soon after eight o'clock. We had now to make our way back again to the main road to Bouillion, and endeavoured to do so

by taking a road which, according to the opinion of some peasants, and from its direction, promised to save us ground, instead of returning by the way we had left the main road the night before. However, after some time, our new road seemed to deteriorate into a cart track across hills and through woods, so that we were glad, after about a couple of hours' wandering, to come upon a village named Auby, where we could get put right again as to our route. As we were entering the place, we fell in with a man with a horse and cart standing empty, and managed to strike a bargain with him for carting us right into Sedan. This was a piece of capital luck, so having engaged our man, we adjourned to the neighbouring 'estaminet' to await the arrival of our waggon. We here found the three officers of a company of Foot Chasseurs quartered in the village. We soon fraternised with them, and, of course, there was a general 'hob-nobbing' all round. They had a man in to shew us the action of the Albin rifle—the arm adopted by the Belgian Government; showed us relics from Sedan, and spoke very politely about the visit of the English Volunteers to Belgium in 1866. When we were finally packed away in our cart, two seated on a board across the stern, and two reclining on straw at the bottom, we bade an affectionate farewell to our friends, and as we drove off saluted them with 'Vivent les braves Belges,' to which one of them replied 'Hurrah for de English gentlemen.'

From Auby, till we regained the main road from Libramont to Bouillion, we passed through some very pretty scenery, especially at a spot called Belle Vue, where the Meuse winds in and out amongst some well-wooded hills. Here we had to send our cart some way round by a ford, whilst we made a short cut up a remarkably steep ascent, and met it again the other side of the hill.

The Meuse also flows through Bouillion, which

is a very pretty town beautifully, situated in the bottom of a valley. The Castle of Godfrey de Bouillion, whom Scott has made famous in *Quentin Durward*, overlooks the town from the brow of the hill just above the river. Although it is now used as barracks, and some modern building has been added, the old place looks very picturesque. On our way through the town we passed a train of ambulance waggons, standing in the streets, filled with wounded men from Sedan. We heard that the town was full of them, and that more were still continually passing through on their way to other places. Typhus fever was making fearful ravages amongst them, and the Church bell was tolling nearly all day.

About five miles beyond Bouillion we came to the frontier. All we found here was a picket of Prussian soldiers, who, having piled their arms in France, were smoking their pipes in Belgium, trying in vain to exchange sentiments with some countrymen. As the Prussian Government had done away with the necessity of passports in all French territory occupied by them, the soldiers took no notice of us as we passed. The actual frontier line was marked out by a row of posts about a hundred yards apart; the one by the road side was carefully labelled *La France, La Belgique*, on opposite sides.

We were now all eagerness to catch the first glimpse of any signs of fighting. We were on the road along which so many French had made such a stampede from the battle-field into Belgian territory. But in this direction Chapelle is the extreme verge of the actual battle-field, and this village is two or three miles from the frontier. We soon got there. The place itself did not seem knocked about; but it was now full of wounded, who seemed in every stage of recovery. There were some hobbling about, whilst others, who were too ill to walk,

were lying down on beds spread out for them in the front gardens of the houses or on the paths, enjoying the sunshine and fresh air and their cigars, and from the look of many of them they did not seem to have life enough left in them for enjoying anything else. All these men were French, the German wounded having been sent to their own homes as soon as they were well enough to be moved. In this village the mark of the Red Cross was on almost every house. The Church had been converted into a temporary hospital. When we came up to it we got down from our cart and stood at the door to look in. The Church was quite a small one, but we counted thirty-eight beds, each with an occupant, arranged in a double row. These filled up all the available space. Some of the sufferers' wounds were being dressed, and others were lying, to all appearances, quite dead. This sad sight helped one to realise the effects of the fearful fighting which had been raging so recently in this part of the country.

We now remounted our cart, and towards Givonne, our road leading us along a valley with the Meuse flowing along the bottom of it on our left, and hills rising up on our right. The country about here was thickly wooded in many places and very hilly, so that it must have been admirable for defensive purposes. We passed through Givonne without seeing much trace of damage, but just as we had passed through the village we saw the first grave in the cabbage garden of a small cottage. It was marked by the usual wooden cross. Afterwards we accidentally heard that the body of a Prussian officer lay here awaiting removal to Germany by the poor fellow's friends. A little further on lay the trunk of a tree cut clean through by a cannon shot. Now, as we began to ascend the heights of Givonne, we came upon ground where there had

evidently been fearful struggling. The Crown Prince, after he had crossed the Meuse at Deuberg, had worked round and attacked the French in flank upon these hills, and the fighting had been desperate. Remains of dead horses, knapsacks, &c.—*débris* of all kinds were strewn along the road and up the slope of the hill on our right. The land which had evidently been cultivated was trampled down till it was as hard as the road, and was scored with shot and shell marks. Trees and hedges were cut all to pieces. As we wished to push on to Sedan at once, and secure our quarters, we did not leave our cart now to explore the fields, but preferred to leave that till afterwards. Of course all the rest of the way along the road to Sedan the country bore innumerable signs of the recent fighting. There had been a great deal of rain soon after the battle, which had made the ground very soft, so that, in some places, there were plain marks to point out where large bodies of troops had been drawn up prior to being marched away from Sedan to other parts of the country. The ground was now quite dry again, but the marks remained. It was particularly easy to trace the course of the artillery from the deep ruts made by their wheels.

It was just about two p.m. when our Belgian carter pulled up before the guard house at one of the gates of Sedan, and told us he had fulfilled his engagement. So we dismissed him, and having had a good look at the Prussian Landwehr Guard at the gate, went into the town.

The fortifications of the place were quite past date; and as the town was completely commanded by the hills all round within easy gun range, it was utterly useless as a modern fortress. The town appeared to be a dirty one at the best of times; it certainly was so now; but, of course, there was every cause for this at the present time. There were very few marks

inside the town of shell or shot. The ambulances were still quite full of sick and wounded, and outside them, in some streets, the smell was sickening.

By far the most interesting sight in the town was the captured French guns and mitrailleuses. They were all parked together—more than five hundred of them—in long rows in a large open space near the Porte de Paris. The road which led out by this gate was raised on a causeway, and the meadows on either side of it had been flooded by the French, and now that the waters had subsided, great numbers of swords, rifles, busbies, knapsacks, cuirasses, &c., were disclosed. The soldiers had flung them away in desperation at the capitulation. The Prussians were fishing up a lot more out of the moat with drags.

When we had found an hotel and secured quarters, we set off to see Balan and Bazeilles, which lie on the same road out of Sedan, the first about half-a-mile, the latter rather more than a mile. We found Balan in a truly deplorable state; numbers of houses completely knocked to pieces, not one entirely untouched by shells or rifle bullets. In the middle of the village the street widens out considerably, leaving the houses on either side a good distance apart. One could see from the rubbish and *débris* strewn about this open space that there had been some very hot fighting at close quarters here. The houses on either side were pitted all over with bullet marks. At one end of this street was a Church, inside which the French had had a mitrailleuse in position with which they had raked the street, firing it through a great hole they had made for an embrasure in the west door. The marks of the fighting here certainly justified the report that six hundred dead lay in this one street after the battle.

Although the state of Balan led one to expect to see sad ruin in Bazeilles, still one was unprepared for the terrible condition it had been reduced to. Its

population had been about 2,900, so that it had been a small town. Many houses were built of stone, and were of good description. Now the whole place was a perfect wreck. We only saw one house with a roof on it. In several places, where people had been buried in the ruins of falling houses, the smell was almost unbearable. The houses were in every conceivable stage of ruin. Along one side of a street for a short distance they were entirely levelled. Others appeared quite honey-combed with shot holes. It was a wonder to see some still standing, considering the fearful way they were shattered. On the window-sill of a ruined house we passed, a poor cat was sitting apparently loth to leave its old home, though now it was the only member of the family remaining there. There were hardly any people in the place, except a few peasants searching about for anything worth picking up. On the way back to Sedan we passed again through Balan, this time keeping to the left, nearer the Meuse, at the back of the street we went through before. Here there were a great many graves, and some of the wooden crosses above them recorded the number of bodies they contained. Just in this one spot there were several in which from forty to fifty men had been covered in. What the fighting had been like here was shewn by the numbers of helmets, knapsacks, &c., scattered about, as well as by the bullets in the trunks of the trees. In one tree, a trifle bigger than a man's arm, were eight rifle bullets within a height of seven feet from the ground.

As the gates of Sedan were shut at 7 p.m. we had to cut short our explorations for the day, and hurry back, only just getting in, in time. Our hotel afforded a very decent table d'hôte, and, moreover, we had the privilege of dining in the same room with about twenty Prussian officers; like true Germans these gentlemen were totally unencumbered with any re-

finement of manner, in the matter of eating they would have shocked any City Alderman.

The next day we got under weigh in good time, as there was a long day's work before us. Just as we were going out of the town some ambulance waggons arrived bringing in freshly-wounded men. We were told they came from Steney, where there had been a sortie. As we passed the poor fellows were being lifted out on to stretchers. It was a sad sight, but the people of the town seemed too well used to it to take a great deal of notice. Along the road we passed more wounded men being brought in, these were in common country waggons; each cart had an ordinary white flag besides the usual red cross one, clearly shewing they had been under fire. The fields all about here were covered with graves. In one place we came upon a German bivouac ground. One could tell how they had managed for themselves. As they carried no tents with them shelter had been extemporised for the night by cutting down small trees and boughs from a pretty thick wood close by, and forming a makeshift kind of covering with them, whilst underneath dry ferns, leaves, or any available forage had been collected.

Long lines of these, with the remains of the bivouac fires, bottles, and other rubbish of all sorts, were strewn about just as they had been left. A little further on was what remained of a horse knocked to pieces by a shell. We now climbed up to the brow of a very steep hill just above the Meuse, where the Bavarian guns had been posted, which had played on Balan and Bazeilles. Nearly thirty guns had been in position here, the spot each had occupied being marked by scores of the cardboard heads of shell cases scattered around a little patch of bare earth where the ground had been slightly dug away to give a flat platform for the gun. From this hill one could see how completely Sedan lay at the mercy of the Germans

after the fighting of the 1st. The hills all round were just as commanding as the one we were on, and from them it would not have taken more than a few hours to have levelled everything in the shape of a building in the town. The railway bridge just below us was much marked with shot; it had been used by the Germans for crossing the river, but in doing so they had been fearfully malled by the fire of some mitrailleuses the French had placed a few hundred yards down the line. This railway line was now being used as a simple roadway. About 2 p.m. we returned to Sedan, and as we were entering the town met some empty ambulance waggons tearing out with five or six Prussian army surgeons galloping after them; a priest was seated in one of the waggons. They had, no doubt, received intelligence of their presence being needed somewhere in the neighbouring country.

Our plans were now to walk from Sedan to Bouillion by the same road we had come the day before, and on our way explore the ground at Givonne, over which we had passed in our cart. We found this part of the country more thickly strewn with marks of battle than any other we had seen, especially on the crest of the hill where there was a mitrailleuse battery of six embrasures, from which the French had fired down the slope to a wood, out of which the Germans emerged. Along the edge of this wood, and inside it, there were hundreds of knapsacks lying with cartouche-boxes, caps, helmets, epaulettes, gaiters, &c., enough to fill waggons. Indeed, all over this Givonne height the *débris* and signs of fighting were most abundant. Of course, graves were very plentiful. Arms were the only things not to be found, they had all been cleared off by the Germans some time before. The peasants, too, had hidden a great many, for in the village of Givonne we had no difficulty in buying them from the villagers for next to nothing, after first assuring them that we were not Germans, and promising

secrecy. The difficulty was to get the arms away, for the Prussians took them away from anyone who was found in possession of them, and the rule was just as strict the other side of the frontier. For some time a Chassepôt or needle gun could be conveyed away in a long wooden box, but the Belgian authorities soon got to know what a box of that shape meant, and forthwith stopped it. After this device failed the only way was to pay a peasant to bring them over the frontier in a country cart covered up with a good pile of innocent-looking hay or straw or some other 'staple commodity of the country.'

It is somewhat odd that every cartouche box or helmet we saw about the field had been stripped of its brass ornaments. The country people must have made a most diligent search for everything in the shape of metal, as there was not a scrap to be found on any accoutrements we came across. Of course all the knapsacks were empty. It is probable that the peasants made a pretty good harvest by what they picked up.

After leaving Givonne we tramped the same road through Chapelle we had rumbled along in our cart the day before, and ended the day by arriving at Bouillion in time for a late supper at the same hotel in which the Emperor Napoleon had slept on his way through Belgium to Wilhelmshöhe.

H. R. H.



AN EPISODE.

(Founded upon the French of Jules Verne).

(Continued).

MY first impulse, on finding myself alone, was to go at once to Graüben and give her an account of all that had happened, but, on second thoughts, several contingencies presented themselves to my mind which made it seem wiser to remain. The professor might return at any moment; he might summon me to assist him in playing the *Œdipus* to this more than sphinx-like riddle; and if I were not to be found, I shrank from contemplating what would ensue. Decidedly it was better to stay at home. It so happened that a mineralogist had just sent us a collection of greenstone specimens which he found some difficulty in classing. I set to work, arranged, labelled, and pigeon-holed the lot. But this occupation did not completely absorb me: my thoughts kept running incessantly on the mysterious parchment. My head seemed to swim, and I was oppressed by a vague feeling of alarm. I had a presentiment that some catastrophe was at hand. When my work was finished I lighted my long pipe, the bowl of which represented a Naiad in strictly classic garb, and throwing myself into the great arm chair, amused myself by watching the gradual transformation of my water nymph into a negress of the deepest dye. Where was my uncle? I pictured him to myself striding along the high road, muttering, gesticulating, prodding at the trees with his cane, furiously decapitating the thistles, and

disturbing the repose of many a musing stork. In what frame of mind would he return? in triumph or in despair? What could be that key upon the discovery of which, as I knew too well, rested all hope of peace for him or for his household? While occupied with these reflections I mechanically took into my hands the paper which was lying near me on the table, and endeavoured to piece together the letters which my uncle had dictated to me, so as to find, if possible, some gleam of information in such a chaos. But in vain! However arranged, whether in groups of two, three, four, five, or six, they presented no intelligible combination. In the first and third lines, it was true, appeared the English words 'ice' and 'sir;' the Latin words 'rota,' 'mutabile,' 'ira,' 'nec,' 'atra,' could also be distinguished; and here, thought I, is a confirmation of my uncle's theory as to the language of the old document; but on the other hand the word 'tabiled,' in the third line, had a decidedly Hebrew appearance about it; while the knowledge of philology, slight as it was, which I had gained from occasional glances into sundry massive paper-bound tomes belonging to my encyclopædic uncle, forbade me to doubt that the most casual collocation of the letters would produce some word for which a place might be found among the Gothic, Slavonic, Keltic, Old-Indian, Old-Umbrian, Old-Bactrian, Old-Bulgarian, and a variety of linguistic monstrosities of the tertiary (or some other) epoch. Bewildered by the variety of suppositions and overwhelmed by the immensity of speculations opened to my view, my brain seemed in a fume, the hundred and thirty-two letters danced before my eyes, and appeared as it were an infinite series of Indo-European roots strung together like onions on a string. I was the prey of a sort of hallucination; I felt suffocated; the very atmosphere seemed heavy with foreboding. I started up, seized the poker, and stirred the

smouldering embers on the grate into a vivid blaze; then grasping the paper, and turning the written side from me as if the hateful letters contained some deadly spell of mesmerism, I held it over the flames. In another moment it would have been ashes, but for one instant my glance rested on the back of the paper, attracted by a fascination that I was powerless to resist; and in that instant I saw something that sent a shock through my whole body, and rooted me to the spot. I closed my eyes and drew an inspiration like the first gasp of returning consciousness. Was it possible that I had seen several perfectly legible Latin words, which one after another, with the rapidity of thought, revealed themselves like a flash before my startled gaze — 'craterem' — 'Julii' — 'intra' — 'terrestre'? After a few seconds I opened my eyes: one more glance at the paper I still held with rigid hand, and not a doubt remained. I had discovered the key of the cryptograph. The Professor had been right in his theory of the language, right in his ingenious system of combining the letters: one step only had escaped him, and that step accident had disclosed to me. Now I breathed freely; I was myself once more; and, overpowered by curiosity, I laid the document before me on the table and proceeded eagerly to spell out its meaning, placing my finger on each letter successively, and pronouncing the whole sentence aloud. But what words were those? If I had been bewildered before, I was now horror-struck: "Is it possible?" I muttered. "Has this been done? Has mortal had the audacity to penetrate?" And then, as I considered the effect of such a communication on my uncle, a devotee, an enthusiast in the cause of geology, I started from my seat in sheer terror. "Never," I exclaimed; "never; he shall not rush madly into such an awful enterprise, and drag me a victim in his train." I resolved at once that he should never learn the secret from my lips; and

in order to prevent the possibility of some accident revealing to him the key in the same way as I had discovered it, the paper and the old parchment to boot should be committed to the flames. I seized them both with feverish hand; already I seemed to see the calf-skin crackling and writhing on the hearth; perishing in agony, its secret perishing with it for ever—when the study door opened, and in walked my uncle.

I had only just time to replace the documents on the table. Professor Lidenbrock appeared deep in thought: he had evidently scrutinized, analysed the matter, put in operation all the resources of his imagination during his walk, and returned to try some new combination. Taking his seat at his desk, he began, pen in hand to write down formulæ resembling an algebraical calculation. I followed his hurrying hand, and, indeed, all his movements, with nervous anxiety; the possession of the secret made me feel like a guilty criminal upon whom at any moment may burst the thundercloud of detection. For three long hours my uncle worked without uttering a word; without raising his head, erasing, correcting, reproducing, recommencing a thousand times. I knew well that if he succeeded in arranging the letters in all their possible combinations he must hit upon the right one; but I also knew that twenty letters alone can produce two quintillions four hundred and thirty-two quadrillions nine hundred and two trillions eight billions a hundred and sixty-six millions six hundred and forty thousand combinations. And as there were a hundred and thirty-two letters in the passage before him, it was pretty clear that even my uncle, with all his skill, energy, and perseverance would be unequal to such a task. Daylight faded, night came on, still the Professor was undaunted; regardless even of a pathetic appeal by Martha on behalf of supper, he remained at his post; he was there when I retired to my bedroom overpowered by slumber; he was still calculating and

scribbling when late next morning I entered the study. 'No rest, no pause;' his reddened eyelids, his pale and sunken cheeks, and dishevelled hair gave an unmistakeable sign of the exhausting struggle in which the indefatigable Professor had spent his night. I really felt quite sorry for him: such was the absorption of all his faculties in the one engrossing occupation that he even forgot to fly into a passion. It was in my power to restore him to a sound mind by one word. But I thrust aside the growing pity and reasoned with myself in these terms: "I am acting in the way which is most truly calculated to benefit my uncle. Were the secret once made known to him nothing would be able to stop him. In his ambition to surpass all other geologists he would risk anything and everything. The knowledge would cost him his life. Am I not right in withholding that knowledge?" Strong in this determination I folded my arms and waited. But an unforeseen circumstance considerably modified my resolution. In the course of the morning Martha would fain go forth to buy provisions, but on essaying to do so she found the door locked and the key gone. What was to be done? (Perhaps I should have mentioned that our house possessed no such luxury as a back door). Where was the key? Doubtless it was in my uncle's pocket. I had a lively recollection of an occasion not many years before, when he was engaged upon his great mineralogical classification and remained forty-eight hours without food, while all his household likewise had to conform to this scientific diet. For my own part I gained an experience of 'angina stomachi' more accurate than agreeable for a boy of sixteen, and no whit lacking in the healthy appetite with which that age is usually blessed. A similar prospect was now before me, and it will be easily understood that that was not my only reason for distress at finding all exit from the house debarred. Nevertheless I held out gallantly until two in the after-

noon; but as my frame was gradually etherealized by fasting and my soul became purged of the grosser and corporeal humours, true reason began to resume her sway over my intellect, and I considered, firstly, that I had greatly overrated the importance of the document, and that my uncle would put no confidence in it but regard it as a mere mystification; secondly, that if the worst came to the worst, and he should be bent on making the attempt, he might be forcibly detained as a lunatic; and thirdly, that in spite of my silence he might discover the key for himself, and what the better should I be then for my vows of abstinence? These arguments which I had spurned the previous night now appeared mightily convincing, and I was casting about for an opportunity of broaching the subject, not too abruptly, when the Professor suddenly rose, seized his hat, and prepared to go out. What! quit the house and leave us prisoners! That would never do. So, like Hamlet in the play, I exclaimed in a voice full of emotion, "My uncle!" He heard me not. "My uncle!" I repeated in a still louder tone. "Hein!" he ejaculated with a start. "Well you know, the key . . .," I said, hesitatingly. "What key? the key of the door?" "No; the key of the document." The Professor stared at me over his spectacles, and seemed to see something unusual in my expression, for he seized me by the arms, and without speaking looked inquiringly in my face. No method of interrogation could have been more simple. I nodded my head up and down. He shook his own from side to side with a sort of pitying look, as if he were dealing with an idiot. I made a second and stronger gesture in the affirmative; his eyes flashed, his fist clenched threateningly. This dumb show would have interested the most indifferent spectator. I was divided between fear of being stifled in his joyful embraces if I spoke, and fear of being felled to the earth if I remained silent. The latter seemed the worse alternative. "Why, the fact

is, you know, well, by accident, I discovered—" "What?" he exclaimed in a terrible voice. "There then," I said, presenting to him the paper on which I had written from his dictation. "It's nonsense," he replied, crushing the paper in his hand. "Begin at the end and read backwards." The words were hardly out of my mouth when he uttered a cry, or I should rather say a roar, of delight. "Ah, clever Saknussem," he cried, "so you wrote it backwards!" And as it were throwing himself upon the paper, with moist eyes and trembling voice he read the sentences that had so long baffled him. For the benefit of those of our readers who may not be acquainted with mediæval Latin we had perhaps better translate it, even at the risk of offending those who are.

"Descend into the crater of that Yokul of Sneffels which the shadow of Scartaris rests upon about the 1st of July, bold traveller, and thou shalt reach the centre of the earth. I have done it. Arne Saknussem."

On reading this my uncle started up as if he had accidentally come into contact with a Leyden jar. He was transported with delight, and filled with the spirit of enterprise. He strode to and fro; he snapped his bony fingers; he sent the chairs flying hither and thither; he tossed (most wonderful of all) his precious greenstones in the air, and caught them as they fell like a very mountebank; he struck and kicked in all directions. At length he sank tranquillised into his arm chair, and after a few moments of silence, "Axel," said he, "What time is it?" "Three o'clock," I replied. "Bless me! I must have eaten a very small dinner. I am strangely hungry. Let us eat; and then—" "Then?" I repeated. "You shall pack my portmanteau." "What?" I cried. "And your own," added the pitiless Professor as he entered the dining-room.



A CURATE'S COMPLAINT.

WHERE are they all departed,
The loved ones of my youth,
Those emblems white of purity,
Sweet innocence and truth?
When day-light drives the darkness,
When evening melts to night,
When noon-day suns burn brightest,
They come not to my sight.

I miss their pure embraces
Around my neck and throat,
The thousand winning graces
Whereon I used to dote.
I know I may find markets
Where love is bought and sold,
But no such love can equal
The tender ties of old.

My gentle washerwoman,
I know that you are true;
The least shade of suspicion
Can never fall on you.
Then fear me not, as fiercely
I fix on thee stern eyes,
And ask in terms emphatic,
'Where are my lost white ties'?

Each year I buy a dozen,
Yet scarce a year is gone,
Ere, looking in my wardrobe,
I find that I have none.
I don't believe in magic,
I know that you are true,
Yet say, my washerwoman,
What can those white ties do?

Does each with her own collar
To regions far elope,
Regions by starch untainted,
And innocent of soap?
I know not; but in future
I'll buy no more white ties,
But wear the stiff 'all-rounder'
Of Ritualistic guise.

ARCULUS.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

MANY members of the College who have resided within its courts will be able to recall from memory an impression of a sombre and perhaps unsightly wooden building which used to crown the tower between the second and third courts. This was the ancient Observatory of St. John's College, in Cambridge. It was built in the year 1767, at the expense of Mr. Dunthorne, who also furnished it with a clock, transit instrument, and two quadrants. After an existence of but eight years short of a century, its condition of decay required it to be cleared away as lumber, at the same time with the old grey tiles of the roofs of the courts before named.

The influence of its existence may possibly be traced in the careers of eminent men of science formerly students of St. John's, such as the late Sir J. F. W. Herschel and the Rev. Fearon Fallows, each in his turn Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, and amongst living men Professors Pritchard and Adams.

Before this Observatory ceased to be, at least two volumes of observations taken in it were published; the first in 1769, by the Rev. J. Ludlam, entitled, "*Astronomical Observations made in St. John's College, Cambridge, in the years 1767 and 1768, with an Account of several Astronomical Instruments.*" Ludlam's work explains the mode adopted to secure a steady floor for the support of the instruments. This was effected by means of a brick arch spanning the tower from north to south, and prevented from bulging out the

walls by stout oak tie-beams carrying cross-beams, against which the ends of the arch rested. The book contains also a very complete theory and description of the instruments and clocks* in use at that period. Of these the transit and clock were used throughout the whole existence of the Observatory with complete satisfaction to all the observers. At pages 139, 140, is a record of the transit of Venus as observed in this College and at Trinity College in the year 1761.

The second published set of observations contains those made between the years 1791—1826, by the Rev. Thomas Catton, tutor of the College. These observations were reduced under the direction of the present Astronomer Royal, and published at the expense of the Treasury Fund under control of the Royal Society, in Vol. XXII., *Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society*, 1854. Therein will be found numerous important extra-meridional observations, such as eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, occultations of stars and planets, transits of Mercury 1799 and 1802, and five eclipses of the Sun.

At the sale of Mr. Catton's effects in February, 1838, the College became the purchaser of Mr. Catton's large equatorial made by Dollond, having an object-glass of $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches clear aperture with a focal length of 46 inches. Another valuable instrument bought at the same time was a very completely fitted altazimuth by Cary, with a graduated altitude circle of 18 inches diameter, which can be read to every second of arc. Mr. Catton left by will to the College a smaller equatorial made by Dollond, and an 18-inch repeating circle made by Troughton.

A manuscript catalogue drawn up by Professor W. H. Miller, in April, 1838, shews the College to have been possessed of twelve instruments, inclusive of the clock. One of these, a well made quadrant, having

* e. g. The public clock at Trinity College, p. 135.

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a radius of about ten inches and used for adjusting the large equatorial, has, to the regret of the present writer, been lost sight of some time since 1860, when he remembers to have seen it in the Library. He would be very glad to be informed of its present locality through the Editors of *The Eagle*, by the person who happens to have it in his possession.

Readers of *The Eagle* will remember the use which was recently made of the larger College equatorial for the polariscope observations of the corona seen on the occasion of the solar eclipse visible in Spain last December. Some interest may attach itself to the following unpublished observation, of which the MS. record still exists. It is a transit of Mercury, and on the evidence of handwriting may, with great probability, be attributed to Dr. Isaac Pennington.

"Nov. 12, 1782.

Regulator Clock Slow	6 m.: 4 s. 5	
Equation of Time	15 m.: 32 s.	
Apparent Noon	xi h. 38 m. 22 s.	5 per clock.
Ingress.....	II: 51:	appt. time.
Ingress.....	II: 29:	per clock.
Egress	IV: 15:	appt. time.
Egress	III: 53:	per clock."

This observation is the more valuable, since clouds prevented Dr. Nevil Maskelyne from completing the observation at Greenwich. He remarks: "On the going off of a cloud I first saw Mercury with the 46-inch achromatic, magnifying 200 times, to make a considerable notch in the Sun's limb at 2 h. 49 m. 53 s. apparent time, and at 2 h. 54 m. 55 s. apparent time I first was certain of light appearing between the limbs of the Sun and Mercury."

The mean of Maskelyne's observations would give a time 2 h. 52 m. 24 s. somewhat later than the ingress of Mercury's centre. Allowing 24 s. East longitude of Cambridge, this differs from the Johnian record by 1 m. only.

The *Connaissance des Temps pour l' an 1782* contains at p. 7 a prediction of this transit, which, allowing for 8 m. 58 s. difference of longitude, predicts the ingress 1 m. 36 s. earlier, and the egress 1 m. 50 s. later than the Johnian observation. This may be due in part to errors in the tables of Mercury, or in part may be an effect of parallax. The French almanac gives the equation of time for the day as 15 m. 33 s., as is plainly required by the Johnian clock time of noon.

On a recent visit to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich the writer noticed within the enclosure a number of small circular buildings of wood, with conical zinc roofs. Inspection proved them to contain each a very compact and perfect transit-circle or altazimuth set up on a single brick column. These instruments are intended for the five British Stations situated in different parts of the world, and chosen for observation of the two next transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882. It is expected that those who are to take part in these important expeditions will make themselves familiar with the working of the instruments before leaving England.

It is evident that buildings of the character just referred to need be neither very solid nor expensive. If then, in the future, it should appear desirable to cherish the interest which is frequently excited by astronomical studies, with the object of rendering the persons in whom it is displayed capable of doing intelligent service, means might readily be devised for rendering the best class of instruments belonging to the old College Observatory again available on a more suitable site.



MR. WHYMPER'S ALPINE SCRAMBLES.

THE Alpine Club during the last few years has met with the usual fate of most institutions. By no means the barometer of popular favour has stood at 'set fair,' but rather has recorded 'changeable' for its general reading, as the breeze veered from the sunny south of approbation to the cold east of censure. At one time the Club has been patted on the back as fostering the spirit of adventure and pluck in contending against difficulties, supposed to be peculiarly characteristic of Englishmen; at another it has been scolded as encouraging fool-hardy exploits, productive often of fatal, rarely of profitable results. Pursy, middle-aged gentlemen, somewhat tight in the epigastric region, and much delighting, like the imaginative ploughboy, to be a 'riding in their chariots,' wonder how 'fellows can find any pleasure in scrambling up break-neck cliffs.' The numberless and nameless herd, whom either the *cacoëthes scribendi*, or the desire of turning an honest penny, condemns to catch at every opportunity for throwing off a newspaper letter or article, have broken out into a loud-voiced chorus upon the theme of every mishap; nay, even a high authority, himself a sincere lover of the Alps and held in respect by every mountaineer, has rebuked the members of the Club for treating the Alps as greased poles, and for being over fond of flourishing their ice axes in the faces of quieter folk.

Though many of these accusations are simply absurd, there has been perhaps occasionally a

foundation of truth in them. Pluck has sometimes pushed an expedition beyond the boundary of prudence, and the echoes among the 'silent pinnacles of aged snow' have been too rudely awakened by the triumphant yells of exuberant vitality. The Club, therefore, owes a debt of gratitude to those of its members who have proved that mountain climbing has not produced an atrophy of brain and hypertrophy of calf, and that the be-all and end-all of Alpine climbing is not attaining to the top of some particularly impracticable aiguille; spending a brief period there in trying to rival an amorous cat on a chimney-pot; and scrambling down again to tell other people that one has been up the *Pointe de Casse-cou* or the *Dummheit-horn*. It may point with some justifiable pride to more than one of the rather numerous volumes which bear on their title pages the names of its members, and contain either real contributions to science or valuable notes for future travellers. Not the least, as it is the latest among these, is a book from one who unites to undaunted courage and unusual skill in mountain work a rare gift of delineating by both pen and pencil the scenes which he loves. In a sumptuous volume, but under the unpretending title of 'Scrambles amongst the Alps in the years 1860-69,' Mr. Edward Whymper records a number of the most remarkable exploits in mountain climbing which have ever been performed, together with many very valuable remarks upon the most interesting phenomena of the Alpine regions. The work, as those who know the author are well aware, has been a labour of love for the last four or five years; no pains have been spared to make every part of it as complete as possible; and the wood-cuts, large and small, with which it is illustrated, are among the most successful examples in this art that we have ever seen; indeed, as applications of wood engraving to the delineation of Alpine scenery, they are unequalled; for they possess not only artistic

merit of the highest order, but also that far rarer one of being true to nature in all their essential details.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of photography, it is hardly too much to say that the majority of the efforts, which year by year adorn the walls of the Metropolitan exhibitions, are disgracefully faulty in some most important particulars. Not a few artists, even among those of high repute, seem to think it a matter of no importance whether the outlines delineated are correct, provided only the 'effect' be good. Though there is truth in mountain just as much as in animal form; though each kind of rock has its own texture, its own shape, structure, and outline; though in the mineral and the vegetable kingdom as in the animal, there is a right and a wrong in drawing; yet this most elementary fact is calmly set aside by R.A.'s. in *espe* and in *posse*, who come back summer after summer with a painted lie in their righthand to win the applause of ignorant critics and a gullible public. These are strong terms, but we venture to think not too strong. Did an artist make a blunder in the anatomy of a horse or a man, censure would be severe and gall would not fail in the critic's inkpot; should blame be less prompt because the fault is one which not everyone can detect, because to see peaks and mountains one must journey some hundreds of miles from Suffolk Street or Burlington House? The fact is, that to draw a thing you must *know* it, whether it be an ass or a lion, a hyssop or a cedar, a mole-hill or a mountain. It is because the herd of artists do not bear in mind this obvious truth, that they so dismally fail; it is because Mr. Whymper, and one yet more successful, Mr. Elijah Walton, do know the Alps, that they are able to draw them. Such defects as may be noticed in the former's work are due in the main to the material employed; the wooden block and the graver cannot reproduce in black and white all the truth of texture and the delicacy of effect

which can be rendered by the palette and the brush; and we suppose that a slight mannerism of execution and hardness of contrast are inevitable in all engraving. Were we disposed to blame, we might add that in one or two, but only one or two cases, the author appears rather too much affected by the not very wholesome influence of Gustave Doré and to incline somewhat to the sensational.

But we must pass on to the text. This follows in the main the course of Mr. Whymper's tours, with occasional digressions upon topics of special interest, such as the Fell railway and the great Alpine tunnel, the theories of Glacier ice and of Glacier erosion. The style is simple and clear, evidencing often much descriptive power and considerable humour, not without a certain grimness on occasions. Of the last, a brief extract from the first chapter will serve as an excellent example. "Half-an-hour "later I stood on the great west front (of Notre "Dame, Paris) by the side of the leering fiend which "for centuries has looked down upon the great city. "It looked over the Hotel Dieu to a small and "common-place building, around which there was "always a moving crowd. To that building I descended. It was filled with chattering women and "eager children, who were struggling to get a good "sight of three corpses which were exposed to view. "It was the Morgue. I quitted the place disgusted, "and overheard two women discussing the spectacle. "One of them concluded with 'But that it is droll;' "the other answered approvingly, 'But that it is "droll;' and the devil of Notre Dame looking down "upon them seemed to say, 'Yes, your climax—the "can-can, your end—not uncommonly that building; "it is droll, but that it is droll.'"

The main interest of the story will naturally centre about the Matterhorn; that towering pyramid of frowning crags whose apparently inaccessibility so long

fascinated the passing tourist, and lured the Alpine climber to the attack; which, through the awful tragedy that converted a day of triumph into mourning, is now the grandest monument to its victims. The Matterhorn drama,—for as the tale is told from the first uncertain efforts to the sudden catastrophe in the hour of apparent success, it runs almost the course of a Greek tragedy—occupies a considerable portion of the work; and it may interest our readers if we very briefly sketch the progress of the story. The mountain may be described as a rocky pyramid some 6000 feet high upon a polygonal base, which in general outline is roughly triangular. The two most prominent faces look eastward and southward, and are those which are respectively most conspicuous from Zermatt in Canton Vallais and Breil in Val Tour-nanche. The arête which is on the western side of the southern face is apparently less steep than the others and runs down to a lofty ridge which links the Matterhorn to the Dent d'Hérens, another great peak on the Italian side of the watershed. From this rocky curtain the actual peak of the Matterhorn rises like a bastion tower for more than 4000 feet, terminating in a huge block, some six hundred feet in height, which bears a rude resemblance to an ordinary ridge-roof cottage. The first attempts, naturally, were made from the S.W. ridge, for the precipitous western face was obviously hopeless; the southern was scarcely better, while the apparent steepness of the eastern face was far from encouraging. Two attacks had been made by this ridge, and two reconnaissances of the eastern face, before Mr. Whymper determined to try the mountain. In the former case a height of about 13000 feet had been attained by Professor Tyndall, in the latter, by Messrs. Parker, a point about a thousand feet lower.

Besides the natural difficulties of the peak Mr. Whymper found the not unusual one of guides. On

the first occasion, objecting to admit the principle that local guides must be regarded as Siamese twins and only go out in couples, he started for the attack with a man whom he had picked up on his journey. He slept out on the Col du Lion, the gap in the curtain wall at the base of the peak, but on the next morning was soon compelled to abandon the expedition, on account of the incompetence of his guide. In 1862 he was twice defeated, once owing to bad weather, a second time through the illness of a guide; on these occasions he was accompanied by Mr. Macdonald. Nothing daunted, about a fortnight later, he scrambled alone to his tent which had been left on the Col du Lion, to see how it had stood the test of some recent gales, and tempted by the fineness of the afternoon, spent the night in it. Next morning he climbed on in search of a higher eerie for his tent, and after finding one, scrambled onwards until he attained a height of nearly 13500 feet above the sea. Here, seeing that further progress would be practically impossible for a single man, he turned, after having reached alone a point considerably beyond where any one had previously been.

He regained the Col du Lion in safety, but unfortunately decided to leave his axe—which was a separate one—here in the tent, as it had incommoded him in climbing. On reaching an angle of rock at the top of a steep snow slope, he found that the heat of the morning had destroyed the steps which he had cut on the previous day; and while turning the corner slipped and fell. Below the rock was a great gully of snow, narrowing like a funnel towards an outlet some 200 feet below, where it terminated above a precipice. “The knapsack brought my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks about a dozen feet below; they caught something, and tumbled me off the edge, head over heels, into the gully; the bâton was dashed from my hands.

"and I whirled downwards in a series of bounds, "each longer than the last; now over ice, now into "rocks; striking my head four or five times each "time with increased force. The last bound sent "me spinning through the air, in a leap of fifty or "sixty feet, from one side of the gully to the other, "and I struck the rocks, luckily, with the whole of "my left side; they caught my clothes for a moment, "and I fell back on to the snow with motion arrested; "my head fortunately came the right side up and a "few frantic catches brought me to a halt in the neck "of the gully and on the verge of the precipice. "Bâton, hat, and veil skimmed by and disappeared, "and the crash of the rocks—which I had started—"as they fell on to the glacier, told how narrow "had been the escape from utter destruction. As "it was, I fell nearly 200 feet in seven or eight "bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me in one "gigantic leap of 800 feet on to the glacier below."

As it was, blood was pouring profusely from many cuts on the head. A lump of snow applied as a plaister, checked the flow somewhat, and enabled him to scramble up to a place of safety. The strain upon the nerves once relaxed, he fainted away and lay unconscious for considerably more than an hour. Then he went on, and after a dangerous descent in the dark, reached Breil. His wounds were rubbed with "hot wine (syn. vinegar) mixed with salt" and then left to nature; and in a few days he was able to move on again. The only permanent effect of the accident has been "the reduction of a naturally retentive memory to a very common-place one."

Even this narrow escape did not daunt Mr. Whymper, and six days later he returned to the attack with the two leading guides of the valley. On this occasion they were driven back from a height of about 13000 feet by a sudden change for the worse in the weather. Two days later, his guides having

deserted him, he returned with a porter only and gained a point somewhat in advance of that which he had previously reached, but had to turn back for want of a ladder. Circumstances, however, prevented him from again attacking the peak that year. Mr. Whymper tried to climb the Matterhorn from the same side in 1863, but was again defeated by the weather, after passing the night in a tent high up on the mountain, exposed to a thunderstorm and a violent gale. In the following year, after remarkable successes in Dauphiné, an unexpected recall to England prevented his attempting the mountain; but in 1865 after a brilliant campaign near Chamouni, during which he had scaled the Aiguille Verte and the Grandes Jorasses, he once more directed his steps towards the Matterhorn. A careful examination of the mountain had indicated that the apparently precipitous eastern face was much less steep than it appeared, and that the inward dip of the outcropping strata offered a better support for hand and foot than the contrary structure on the south-western ridge. This time he was accompanied by two of the best guides in the Alps, Almer and Michel Croz, and so was free from the Carrels of Val Tournanche, men who to undoubted mountaineering powers, united a considerable degree of arrogance and no small share of duplicity. His guides, however, were not quite persuaded that the route which he had proposed up the eastern face was the best possible, and an attempt was accordingly made to mount by some snow on the eastern part of the southern face, and then, by crossing diagonally over the eastern face, to follow its right-hand edge to the summit. But a furious canonade of falling stones drove them out of the gully up which their route lay, and this attempt also failed.

Three weeks later Mr. Whymper returned with Lord Francis Douglas, and found at Zermatt, the Rev. Charles Hudson, a member of our own College, and

one of the most skilful members of the Alpine Club, together with a pupil, Mr. Hadow, preparing for an attack on the mountain by the road which he had already proposed. They joined forces, and the four travellers, led by Michel Croz and two Zermatt guides, by name Taugwalder, father and son, started on the morning of July the 14th from a camping place, about 11000 feet above the sea, on the north-eastern side of the mountain. The work, though stiff, was not very difficult, and after about six hours climbing, during which they kept always very near to the right-hand ridge, they halted at the foot of the steepest part of the mountain, and a few hundred feet below the summit. Here the eastern face becomes an almost vertical precipice, and the party were obliged to pass over on to the northern side. On this part, though the slope was not very great—about 40°—great caution was needed, as it consisted of patches of hard snow upon smooth rocks which hardly rose above it, and were glazed with ice; exactly the place where a slip would be most dangerous. After about an hour and a-half of this work they regained the south-eastern ridge, and saw that their task was done. An easy snow slope led up to the summit, which was reached at 1.40 p.m.

They were aware that the Carrels (who had behaved with their usual duplicity) had started in force a day or two before to ascend the mountain from the Italian side. It was therefore, not without some misgivings, that they glanced along the rough ridge (about a hundred and twenty yards in extent) which forms the summit. The snow was untrodden, the victory was their own. Peering over the cliffs at the southern end, Mr. Whymper descried his rivals labouring onwards, more than 1200 feet below. By shouting loudly and hurling rocks down the crags he attracted their attention, and the Italians, seeing that the prize was snatched from them, beat a retreat. Mr. Whymper

expresses a wish that their leader J. A. Carrel could even then have enjoyed the pleasure of standing by his side, one of the first party upon the summit. For our own part we are not so charitable; as Carrel appears to us to have thoroughly merited the disappointment. From Mr. Whymper's account, he is shewn to be a thoroughly good climber and brave man, but unfortunately with a considerable cross of the knave.

As an hour passed all too quickly on the summit, and the descent was commenced. As they approached the most difficult part, the party were tied together in one long string, and by some strange and unaccountable fatality, the weakest rope in their possession formed the middle link of the chain. Michael Croz led, followed by Mr. Hadow, who, notwithstanding his pluck and determination, evidently did not possess the skill which was needed in a critical place like this. Hudson, better than many a guide, came next, then Lord Francis Douglas, the elder Taugwalder followed; Mr. Whymper and the younger guide brought up the rear. Suddenly Mr. Hadow slipped, knocking down Croz, who had been helping him, and was stooping at the moment to pick up his axe; their united weight successively jerked over Hudson and Douglas. The others stood firm, receiving the shock like one man, but as the rope ran taut it parted in front of old Taugwalder, and the four men sped rapidly down the slope towards the precipice.

"A few minutes later, a sharp-eyed lad ran into "the Monte Rosa Hotel to Seiler (the landlord), saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the "summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorn-gletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle "stories; he was right, nevertheless." It *was* an avalanche, not however of snow or rock, but of what a few moments before had been living men!

Here our notice must end; space will not allow of

our dwelling upon the perils that beset the return of the survivors, and those engaged in the recovery of three of the bodies—that of Lord Francis Douglas has never been found, or upon the investigation into the cause of the accident. With regard to this, one thing at any rate is evident. It was a grave error in judgment (for which Mr. Whymper is in no way responsible) to allow a comparatively inexperienced man to take part in so difficult an excursion. Mountaineering, like every other manly sport, requires practice; courage and strength alone are of little avail on a place of real difficulty. Nor can we dwell upon what, in a scientific sense, is the most valuable part of Mr. Whymper's book—his investigations into the structure and the erosive power of glaciers. Without accepting all the conclusions that he draws from his investigations on the first of these, we consider the result of great interest. The facts, derived from a very wide experience, which he brings to bear upon the second are worthy of most careful study, and, we think, will be formidable foes to those geologists who appear to look upon glaciers as the especial carving tools of nature. We recommend then the book most heartily to our readers. The lovers of art, of science, and of adventure, will all find much to interest them. They cannot fail, as they turn over its pages, to catch something of the fascination, which these giant peaks and glaciers can exert over the minds of those who have once known what it is to wander among their silent amphitheatres of crag and ice, or gaze from some commanding summit over a broken sea of mountain ranges, and glance from wide wastes of snow to slopes which are green with pasture and purple with forest, or to outspread plains all rich with the promise of the cornfield and the vineyard.

β.



A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NEARS the time of New Year's acclamation,
Trembling wait the ringers in the towers;
Catch the sound! O bend in meditation,
List the chiming of these earliest hours.

Boom the hour-strokes of the Old Year's falling,
'Tis the moment of the New Year's birth,
Few now heed the solemn midnight calling,
Rules her countless subjects, glorious mirth.

Tumultuous storms the clang of merry making,
Blending with the choir of chiming bells,
Drowning cries from many a heart that's aching,
Floating o'er the snow-clad hills and fells.

Heav'nward flies up faint a prayerful hymning,
Heart of man in commune with his God;
Stealing through the blue vault, onward winging,
Threading paths by angels only trod.

Closed this cycle of the tired year's wand'ring,
Closed this roll of human joy and pain,
Opes anew the sad unflinching reck'ning,
For the prize men sorely strive to gain.

J. S. W.



CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY ETIQUETTE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I WAS asked the other day by a friend of mine who is a freshman some questions, which I must confess I didn't see my way to answer satisfactorily. He, new to the customs of the place, had naturally made several blunders. The first custom which he described himself as coming to grief in was our custom of not shaking hands. "I went the other day," he said, "to wine with Mr. Scruples, and coming away I wished to bid him adieu, and proceeded to do so in what to me was the usual manner—I held out my hand. But it was not taken. "Good night, Sir," I said. "Good night," said he, and proceeded to talk to Jones, who was still there. This was repeated. I went away thinking I had offended him. Now, wouldn't it have been better if he had shaken hands, and told me it wasn't generally the custom, instead of leaving me in the state of doubt which he did? Of course I said I thought so, and unless I had known a similar case in my first term, I should have thought that this would generally have been done.

Now, sir, I don't wish for a moment to dispute the convenience of our present custom of not shaking hands, except at the first and last time of meeting in the term. The line must be drawn somewhere, and, perhaps, it is now drawn in the best place. The nuisance of having to shake hands with every friend you met everytime you met him would be simply

intolerable. But I must say, sir, that I think one is sometimes led to doubt whether this nuisance would not be more tolerable than the sufferance as a form of salutation of the ghastly grin which is so often substituted for it. Some men too (without any uncivil intentions, as experience has led me to believe) simply abstain from any recognition whatever, and "gorgonise you from head to foot with a stony British stare."

My friend's next question, however, was one to which, I confess, I was unable to give a direct answer. "I am told," he said, "that I am to cap the Master, my Tutor, my Dean, my Lecturers (though this last seems doubtful). But is it understood that I cap these and no others? Now, I met Mr. Careworn at Mr. Scruples's the other day. Next day he nodded to me. Ought I to have capped him? He seemed rather annoyed because I didn't, and the next day cut me. I, however, had only stuck to what I had been told, and as I hadn't connection with Mr. Careworn officially I didn't cap him. Then am I to cap my private tutor? Where is the line to be drawn?

I confess, Mr. Editor, that I felt inclined to say "Oh cap anyone you like; it doesn't matter; you had better cap than not if you have a doubt;" but I felt that this was rather shirking the difficulty than answering it. And I remember experiencing similar difficulties myself; in fact, I may say I do sometimes come across a similar difficulty now. Ought you to cease capping a don when you have ceased to have official connection with him? (even supposing the above to be an exhaustive enumeration of those you ever ought to cap). Now, there is Mr. Jolly, who was once a lecturer of mine. Well, during the last year or so, I have known him in another way, through a College society of which we are both members. It seems strange to cap him, especially as he doesn't seem to like it, and yet it seems too familiar to nod

to him. There is no doubt that one ought to avoid even the appearance of servility or of familiarity, yet how is one to decide the relative positions of capping and nodding to these two qualities?

This leads me, sir, to some other Cambridge customs of which I must say I can't understand the rationale. Why is it quite correct for a don to wear gloves and carry an umbrella, and quite out of the natural fitness of things for an undergraduate to do so? I don't ask this question, sir, because I think any undergraduate particularly wants to appear in such a costume, but because I should like to see any other ground than that of custom on which the phenomenon can be explained. And further, sir—and this is a point at which I must confess myself at a still greater loss—why on earth should undergraduates bolt their “hall” in twenty minutes or less, when I suppose no one of them when at home takes his dinner in less than an hour? The system adopted in our own hall of waiting till everyone at the table has done, only makes the race keener, as most men are anxious to avoid the unenviable distinction of being the last. I have seen two men watching each other's plates with anxious eyes, and lively betting going on amongst the spectators as to which would have finished last. Is this, sir, a wholesome or comfortable way for a gentleman to dine?

In conclusion, sir, I must barely allude to the difficulties which are connected with the etiquette of making calls. Every one knows the story of the undergraduate who, seeing a member of his college drowning on the Grantchester river, was heard to exclaim: “Alas! alas! Had I but have been introduced to him I could have saved his life!” A perhaps better authenticated story may be told of the undergraduate who when asked by another in hall to pass the mustard, replied, “People shouldn't speak to people if people have not been introduced to people.” With-

out, however, attempting to advocate the universal use of formal introduction, which would be at least as inconvenient as the custom of shaking hands, and would lead to far more unpleasant results, I think it might be better if the etiquette of making calls were better and more generally understood. How often is it supposed that you should meet your contemporary or junior before you are supposed to be at liberty to nod to him? And what are the limits to the custom of calling on men? It was, I thought, generally understood that you called on the men who came to your staircase. But this does not rid you of difficulty. I know a man who left a card on a new-comer to his staircase, and the new-comer left a card on him in return, so things were left *in statu quo*. Another case happened to me. I left a card on a freshman whom I had not seen when he came to my staircase. I then met him in the court, and as I didn't know him, I passed him. He thought I had cut him and consequently didn't return my call.

I do not mention these cases, sir, because I think that they urgently demand any answer, or because I think that if they remain unanswered (as I have no doubt most of them will) any man of even ordinary education and culture of feeling will be led into any very serious errors by them. I believe that similar difficulties to those to which I have alluded will arise in any artificially organised society, and even if a man has not been brought into contact with such ambiguities of behaviour previously, and so learnt to meet them, or rather to disregard them, he is not likely to compromise himself in any serious manner. But I think that it may not be undesirable to call attention to the fact that such ambiguities do exist, and such difficulties as I have indicated may arise.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

SCEPTICUS.

To the Editor of “The Eagle.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EAGLE.

SIR,

GREAT dissatisfaction seems to prevail with the dinner in Hall. Complaints have been made to the Secretary of the Dinner-Committee, and the only sensible result is that we pay a penny more. Perhaps few men really know where the fault lies. Some will tell you that it is easy to supply a dinner to a large number at 1s. 10d. a head, better than is supplied to us, and will quote instances of places in London where good plain dinners are supplied at even smaller cost; this is a point on which we cannot justly form an opinion, for we know not the circumstances connected with the supply of food either in our College or in these establishments.

Others complain of the hustle, and generally unrefined character of the proceedings in Hall, as well as of the food and by far the greatest part grumble at everything put on the table—good, bad, or indifferent. These impetuous youths need not be listened to, for they often choose a real good round of beef for their anathemas; in fact I have heard men abusing the bitter beer this term to such an extent, one would fancy they had once tasted something better. This will shew that all complaints are not to be listened to, for the bitter beer this term is really not at all bad.

The question is this—Is the dissatisfaction universal, and, if well founded, where does the fault lie, and how can it be remedied?

If the whole College in a body send up a petition to the effect that they desire better dinners for their money, the only way is, to ascertain whether any cook will undertake to supply such. Throw the whole concern open to competition, if it is not so already, and we shall have what we want. If it is at present open to competition, then the desired contract must be impracticable, in which case our only alternative is

to pay more; which is also our only alternative if no cook will contract as we wish.

If, however, the College be divided, some being content, some non-content, and a few indifferent, let the non-contents send a petition to the effect that, if they cannot have better dinners for their money, they may have separate tables where a really good dinner be supplied to them at a price and of a kind suited to the wishes of a majority of such non-contents. This plan, I think, seems practicable.

While all these complaints are being made, I think you will feel inclined to say to us, "How much it would add to the improvement of the proceedings in Hall if you would stand up respectfully while Grace is being read, instead of chattering and squeaking the forms," and I think you would be quite right. For it does seem disgraceful that men should make such a row about the hustle at dinner, and yet add to it by, at all events, not respecting the feelings of the more religious part of the community.

I hope this letter will have the effect of starting a subject which seems to require attention.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

H.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

MUCH interest has been lately aroused regarding the proper interpretation of the new University Tests Act with respect to the question of Compulsory Chapels; and it has been stated that Scholars and Exhibitioners are by it legally exempt from any penalties consequent on their refusing to attend them. As I believe that counsel's opinion has been applied for on the point, it would be rash to speak confidently on the subject, but it may not be useless to give our grounds for differing from the

above reading of the Act; since, if I should merely succeed in shewing reasonable grounds for a difference of opinion, I may possibly prevent rash and hasty ideas on the subject being adopted.

After defining the word "office" so as to include College Scholarships and Exhibitioners, Section 3 of the Act enacts that "No person shall be required. . . upon taking or holding, or to enable him to take or hold, any office in any of the said Universities [Oxford, Cambridge, &c.] . . . to subscribe any article or formulary of faith, or to make any declaration, or take any oath respecting his religious belief or profession, or to conform to any religious observance, *or to attend or abstain from attending any form of public worship*, or to belong to any specified church, sect, or denomination. . . ."

The parts I have omitted have no bearing whatever on our present question, viz. whether Scholars and Exhibitioners are exempted by the Act from compulsory attendance at the ordinary College services. The Act clearly directs that no such attendance is to be required from any man as a condition of his receiving or continuing to hold such office, and that he cannot be deprived of such office on the ground of non-attendance. This amounts to saying that, if this attendance had not been previously enforced upon him, it could not be enforced as a condition of his becoming, or continuing to be, a Scholar or Exhibitioner; *i.e.* his compulsory attendance, *qua* Scholar, is illegal. So much is clear, but this is not enough to establish his outward freedom. The question is, does the Act interfere with the attendance which may have been, and actually was, previously enforced upon him? Does it free him from his obligation, *qua* Undergraduate, to attend, and from the ordinary penalties, such as reprimands, gates, &c., in case of his non-attendance; which penalties do not at all interfere with his tenure of office?

I contend that there is nothing in the letter of the Section to make such an interpretation necessary, and that its possibility, however plausible *a priori*, is negatived by the canon of interpretation laid down in Section 4. This section enacts that "Nothing in this Act shall interfere with or affect, any further or otherwise than is hereby expressly enacted, the system of religious instruction, worship, and discipline, which now is or may hereafter be lawfully established in the said Universities respectively," &c.

The system, then, of Compulsory Chapels and its usual sanctions must concern Scholars and Exhibitioners equally with their brother Undergraduates, except so far as it and its penalties interfere with their holding such College office. But the usual penalties (including fines, even though these fines should exceed the amount of the Scholarship, provided they be levied equally on Scholars and non-Scholars) do not affect the man's position as a Scholar. We must conclude, then, that Scholars and Exhibitioners stand in precisely the same relation to Compulsory Chapels that they did before the passing of this Act; except that in no case could the extreme penalty of deprivation of their office be inflicted on them on the grounds of non-attendance; nor could they, nor any one else, be sent down on these grounds for such a time as would interfere with the taking of their degrees in the usual course.

I need hardly mention that there is nothing in the Act which could possibly be interpreted as an interference with the usual College discipline with regard to Chapels in respect of any man who is not a Scholar, if he be, as we have supposed throughout, a member of the Church of England.

I remain,

Dear Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

J.



ARITHMETICAL COMPOSITION.



THE College Lecture Rooms, which at first were devoted one to Classics and one to Mathematics, exclusively, are now used indiscriminately for both. A Classical man coming early to composition found himself the other day in the midst of Arithmetic.

This is the result :

En ! tres gallonas quintus vicesimus implet
(Mensuras Britonum reputo) sextarius ; aufert
Ter quoque sedeciens repletus, et amphora vini
Tantundem ; duodenoplices eadem æquiparabunt,
Judice mox Baccho, cyathi ; dic Œdipe, quot sint,
Amphora, sex cyathi, sextarius additus illis
Sedeciens, quando mensura Britannica pollet.

It may be inferred from the above that a question to the following effect must have been given. ‘XXV Sextarii are III gallons, XLVIII Sextarii or I^oLXXVI. Cyathi make I Amphora ; what British measure is equivalent to I Amphora XVI Sextarii VI Cyathi ?’



THE EAGLE.

GOODWILL AMONGST MEN.

BY A TOWN PARSON.

THE oracles committed unto the Church are of such universal application, that she has something to say to every measure which can be proposed for the good of the nation. She cannot abandon the Contagious Diseases Act to the judgement and discretion of a Social Science Congress. She cannot disregard the movement in favour of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, or leave teetotalism to be promoted in a spirit of rivalry to the Gospel. Nor can she assume a tone of indifference with respect to the secular instruction of England's children on the ground that their religious instruction is her own exclusive domain. And so, when class is losing sympathy with class, each engrossed with its own pursuits, the rich reclining in their luxury, the hearts of the middle classes hardened by money getting, and the lowest brutalised by lack of contact with anything that could elevate them, the Church must make it her own concern to investigate the cause of the mischief, and if she may to remedy it. But her concern with this question does not rest only on the general ground that she is concerned in every matter which affects the moral state of society. Her interest and her duty in the question are secured by a special call. She cares, indeed, for everything which con-

duces to the welfare of men, but the promotion of peace and good will amongst them is her special function.

All the ordinances of our religion seem designed to enforce the lesson of sympathy between man and man. Why not worship God in private? is a question often asked, and sometimes honestly asked. Why have public worship at all? And if we answer the question by citing God's plain commands, we may surely venture to add, without presumption, that one purpose in the divine ordinance is this—that man may remember that he does not stand alone; that he cannot live to himself; that he is not to be always asking 'What shall I do to be saved;' but he must remember that he has a lowly work of love to do for fellow-men for whom Christ died. I think what the two sacraments of the Gospel say to us. 'By one spirit are we all baptised into one body.' Baptism establishes this relationship amongst us, and forces upon us the inference that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another. But the other sacrament presses the lesson home to us even more forcibly. It is the sacrament of Holy Communion, participation in Christ, and union one with another through Him. How can we testify our union with the Body of Christ in this ordinance, and then go forth and fence ourselves round from our fellow members 'in the body' by the narrow prejudices of unsocial distinctions? If we are to engage in these holy ordinances, which are the very symbols of our brotherhood in Christ, and then go forth into the world and deny to our neighbour the office of a brother, there is something unreal and unpractical in our religion. If I am content to take my place beside a humble mechanic at the Lord's table, but should decline to sit beside him at an ordinary meal at any other table, my life is giving the lie to my religion, or, at least, my religion is separate from my life, an ornament to adorn it perchance, but not

the power which rules it. We want the spirit of Agnes Jones, who took her breakfast in the Liverpool Workhouse, 'at the head of the table, where nurses, probationers, assistants, and scourers are seated.'* Nay, more, we want the spirit of her Master and ours, who was not ashamed of the taunt, 'This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.'

Some would be disposed to laugh at me if I were to describe the state of Christian civilization at which, I think, we ought to aim. I am aware, that at present the mechanic and the scholar have so little in common that intimate associations between them would probably be disagreeable to both. I know also that among the lower classes there is at present a roughness, I am afraid I must almost call it a brutality, it is at least a lack of a sense of decency, which makes it almost impossible for us to introduce the working-man into our family gatherings. But is not this roughness really the effect, rather than the cause, of the separation of classes? Because we have treated the working-man as a beast of burden, therefore he has sometimes acquired habits more becoming a beast than a man. Because we have shut him out from civilizing influences, he has become uncivilized. But in the nature of things I do not see any reason why the carpenter, the painter, and the gardener should not be, each of them, as true a man and as fit a companion for his fellow-men as the accountant, or the speculator, or the gambler, or the idler. Or, if it be that some trades are so noxious that a man who is engaged in them must be debarred from civilization, let us abolish those trades altogether. If the scavenger, for instance, could never be an acceptable guest at a dinner table, let us do away with the business, own scavenging. I have no intention of advocating a rude equality among men. I do not wish to ignore distinctions which are real and true. But while I

* Life of A. E. Jones, p. 321.

recognize the existence of various classes in society, I desire to protest against the spirit in which one class practically denies to another class the fellowship of humanity. I do not want all to be one member, but I want all members to consider that they are one body, and to this end I would urge, that to no member should be committed an office so exalted or so degraded as would cut him off from sympathy with the rest. What Ruskin says of education, I would say of true religion.* It is of all differences not divinely appointed, an instant effacer and reconciler. Whatever is undivinely poor, it will make rich; whatever is undivinely maimed, and halt, and blind, it will make whole, and equal, and able to see. The blind and the lame are to it, as to David at the siege of the Tower of the Kings, 'hated of David's soul.' But there are other divinely appointed differences eternal as the everlasting hills, and as the strength of their ceaseless waters. And these it does not do away with; but measures, manifests, and employs.†

I do not want the distinctions of society to be broken down, but I want the lesson to be learned and acted on, that they are not barriers of humanity.

If we symbolize one thing in Church, and act another in our lives, we need not be surprised that working-men cry out against what they call the hypocrisy of the Church. If the meeting of low and high, rich and poor together symbolizes what is not a truth, we need not be surprised at the disposition to evade the lessons of public worship by establishing separate meeting houses—class services for rich and for poor.

If the upper classes are to be blamed for the present want of sympathy between themselves and their poorer

* Probably Mr. Ruskin means by "Education" nearly the same thing as I mean by "Religion." Those who talk most about education seem very apt to forget in what a degree they are indebted to the revelation of Christ for their ideas.

† Ruskin, "Time and Tide," p. 170.

brethren, they are not to be charged with lack of care, but with lack of knowledge. If they knew, they would care. When they know, they do care. If by any chance the minister of a poor parish can get a rich man to accompany him for half a day in visiting his people, his great trouble is to keep the generous hand from doing mischief by profuse and inconsiderate liberality. The happy residents in the suburbs know nothing of the state of the homes of the poorer classes massed together in our large towns. If they did but know, no power on earth would stop them from doing their utmost to remedy the evils that abound in them. If they did but come amongst us and open their eyes, our charitable organizations would no longer be cramped for want of money—the efficiency of our schools would no longer be impaired by petty economies—the minister would no longer be distracted by the thoughts of the Church's debts, nor would he be obliged to estimate accurately the cost of fire and gas before he could increase the number of services in the Church. But we want the rich to come among the poor, not that they may give, but that they may *do*, and that they may *feel*. It has been too long the custom to compound for personal service by a money payment. For the sake of the rich themselves, as well as for the sake of the poor, let us press for the personal performance of those kindly offices which would establish a good understanding between class and class.

The cruel effects of a lack of knowledge between employer and employed, or between landlord and tenant, come constantly under my observation. I have known many cases in which the agent of the unknown landlord has used towards the tenant a course of severity which one could scarcely think the landlord, if he could be reached, would sanction. People will do many things in the name of a stranger which no man caring for the name of a Christian would do in his own name. Again, I know a man who, because

he cannot read without spectacles, is debarred from reading at all, for he says, "If I begin to use glasses to read by, I shall have to use glasses to work by, and then I shall lose my employment." How so? "Because masters don't like to see a man in glasses, and a mate of mine got his discharge the other day for no other reason than this." Further, I know that the dock porters and others in Liverpool, who earn their bread, not by skill but by labour, are unable to get a living at all when the prime of life is past. However constant they may have been at their work, they do not get the consideration which is generally accorded to an old servant. If younger and stronger men are to be had, it is in vain for the older men to expect work even from the employers in whose service their best days have been spent. And all that is to be attributed to the fact that the real employer does not know his employés, on account of the universal intervention of gangers and lumpers, and middle men of every denomination.

But when I plead for a considerate sympathy between those who are thus connected, I am met with the objection that the letting of a house or the hiring of labour is a business transaction, in which we have no right to expect either party to consider anything but his own immediate interest. Now, I would not attempt to violate any of the canons of social economy; but I think, that in a matter like this, social economy can take care of itself. We know that if in the relationship between landlord and tenant we were to establish any custom that were altogether for the benefit of one party, the market price at which property would let would so adjust itself as to compensate for the one-sided advantage. But the sympathy that I should like to see between landlord and tenant would not be for the sake of one party only. If it did lead the landlord in some special instance to forbear to exercise his right to distrain or evict, it would lead

the tenant also to regard his landlord not exactly as a natural enemy whom it is fair to overreach if he can. Public opinion would protect the landlord. It would no longer be regarded as a noble exploit to remove goods by night because distraint is imminent. Social economy is not outraged by the fact that a master knowing and sympathising with his domestic servants will generally care for them in time of sickness, and will scarcely discharge them to the poor-house when they become too old to work. This is not in the bond by which the servant is engaged, but doubtless the fact that it is customary affects the rate of wages paid; and so social economy takes care of itself. The master knows his domestic servants. If he knew his labourers as well, the offices of Christian sympathy would be promoted on both sides, and shall we say that either party would be the worse off? Even if the master did lose a few pounds in the year, would he not have his reward?

I think the Church is very much to blame because she has allowed the duty of Christian sympathy between different classes to be well nigh forgotten. Nay more, she has too often endorsed the separation of classes by allowing it even within her own walls. A large square pew for the squire, a narrower pew for the squire's servants, some smaller imitations of the squire's square for the farmers, some open benches for the labourers! When this sort of thing in the country has contradicted even within the Church, the teaching of Holy Communion, need we wonder that the same teaching has been forgotten outside? 2000 seats in a large town Church hired out to anybody that could pay for them, and 400 sittings at the back of an upper gallery reserved 'for the use of the poor for ever.* When this has been allowed in the town, is it surprising that the poor do not believe in the sympathy of the rich? But not only the pew system

* These figures are not imaginary.

itself, but the expedients which have been adopted to patch up the deficiencies of the pew system, have had their mischievous effect in disjoining classes of society. The difficulty of accommodating poor people in a Church in which every sitting is worth a guinea a year, has been met by the establishment of separate services in schools and mission rooms, so that low and high do not even see one another in the worship of their common Father. Thus, public worship has been bereft of its power to impart the lesson of sympathy, and the Church, instead of calling low and high, rich and poor together, has too often practically taught the poor that they have nothing to do with the rich, and the rich that they have nothing to do with the poor. I am thankful that this evil seems less extensive than it once was, but I am sure that the Church will never do her duty as the messenger of peace and goodwill, until she becomes herself the *sphere* as well as the *symbol* of union. All classes in a parish should feel that the Church is their Church, and that within her walls they are always welcome. The services should not be arranged to suit the tastes of one class exclusively, but whatever services are needed for the people should be held in the people's Church. And in the counsels of the Church all should be heard. If there be an elected Council to advise the minister and churchwardens, the right to a place on the Council ought not to be measured by a man's wealth or supposed importance outside the Church. And the offices of the Church should not be confined to a class. The same churchwardens ought not to be elected as a matter of course, year after year, but the interest which attaches to such an office should be shared by as many as possible. And if the various organizations belonging to the Church are directed by separate committees, the high and the low ought to be trained to co-operate in these committees. One other institution I would mention as affording an

excellent opportunity for the union of those who otherwise would scarcely meet except in Church. I mean the parochial tea party—a real tea party, where all sit down together. There must be no reserved seats, and the rich people must not get their tea at home and then come to patronise the poor, but all must place themselves upon an equality, with a hearty desire to know and understand their neighbours. At one such tea party, which I organized, some dissatisfaction was expressed that no seats were reserved for what were called the more respectable people. At the next party we had to issue a few reserved tickets, but I am happy to say that at the third party, last week, not a single reserved ticket was bought, but all took sixpenny tickets alike, and I expect we shall never hear of a reserved seat again.

But the Church must lift up her voice in the pulpit against the injustice and the selfishness and the carelessness and the foolishness by which the antagonism of classes is generated. Why do we so seldom hear sermons on the duty of honesty, on the sin of what are called fair tricks of trade? Why does not the preacher expound the rights and the responsibilities which attach to the possession of property? Why does he not define the principles of commercial morality, and exhibit the true ground on which buying and selling must rest, and denounce the false ground on which men think that they are entitled to over-reach their neighbours if they can? It is the wrong that is inflicted by class upon class that alienates the one from the other, and classes will never be drawn together till we eradicate the source of the disease. And in all our preaching let us set forth sympathy and charity as virtues to be cultivated by all. Let us remind our hearers of their membership in the body of Christ, and say if one member suffers all the members suffer with it, or one member be honoured all the members rejoice with it.

October 24th, 1871.



FROM THE MASNAVÍ OF MOULÁNA JELÁL
ED DÍN RÚMÍ

(*The celebrated Persian Mystic*).

I. SLEEP.

OH GOD! our pathway is with snares beset;
And we, borne onward by our sensual greed,
Like birds are tangled in the fowler's net.
Again our spirits by Thy hand are freed;
Again, lust-lured into the toils we speed.—
We catch the mice that rob our threshing-floor
With traps and springes; but we take no heed
Though each day pilfers from our heavenly store,
And opportunities are lost for evermore.

The steel, once smitten, many a brilliant spark
Emits, and these the willing heart receives;
When, lo! the thief approaches in the dark
And puts the sparks out one by one, and leaves
The heart all un-illuminated. But the thieves
Are powerless, Lord! if only Thou art nigh.
If Thou art with us, Lord! no snare deceives,
And, though a thousand in our pathway lie,
Not one can e'er escape the Heaven-directed eye.

Thy hand of power doth every night set free
Unnumbered souls from their corporeal snares;
And prisoners taste the sweets of liberty,
And emperors shake off their imperial cares.

Such is the semblance which the mystic wears
"Asleep, yet waking"* to the eyes of men.
Each natural law a false construction bears;
The Hand that writes it is unseen, and then
The world ascribes the action to the moving Pen.

When deepest slumber doth the sense enfold,
Into the Desert of the Infinite
Men's spirits wander free and uncontrolled;
But when the Morning armèd for the fight
With golden buckler and with sword of light
Drives off his dusky foeman Night, the herd
Of souls return to their accustomed fold—
Then is the falconer's shrill whistle heard,
And to his master's hand returns the errant bird.

When morning's beams illumine all the earth,
And the Bright Eaglet plumes his radiant wings,
Then, like the Angel that presides at birth,†
"He who divideth Light from Darkness"‡ brings
The spirits back from their late wanderings.
But though he loose their bridles, He doth keep
The spirits tethered by mysterious strings
Each to its body.—Such a mystery deep
Lies in the thought of "Death and his twin brother
Sleep."

Thus doth He keep them free from every harm;
Like the Companions of the Cave§ they lie—
Or like the Ark of Noah, serene and calm
While life's fierce tempests pass unheeded by.
Ah! if no "seal were set upon thine eye"
Nor "on thine ear," thou mightest surely learn
That watchful Providence is ever nigh.
Did He not make their safety his concern
Ne'er would the Seven Sleepers to the world return.

* Coran. xviii. 17.

† Isráfíl ‡ Coran. vi. 96. § The seven sleepers of Ephesus.

It is not good to be too wide awake;

Hear what poor Laili to the Prince replies:

"Is it," he asked in wonder, "for *thy* sake

"Majnun distracted to the desert flies?"

"Ah!" said the maid, "thou hast not Majnun's eyes!"*

Nor is it good to trust too much to dreams,
For phantoms oft before the sleeper rise:

He clasps a form that like an angel seems,
And wakes to curse the fiends with which the
dreamland teems.

The bird is flying in the heaven above,

Its shadow flitteth on the earth beneath;

Like to the living substance doth it move.

Yet none but fools would ever waste their breath

In hunting shadows,—emptying out the sheath

That holds the precious arrows of their life,

Till they themselves shall fall a prey to death.

With such delusions is existence rife,
And he who hunts them finds nought else but bitter
strife.

2. NATURE'S GRATITUDE.

The sea is His; and lo! it giveth

To pearls when taught by His all-bounteous rain;

The earth is His also; and lo! the earth,

Warmed by His rays, doth render up again

Seeds that have long within its bosom lain.

Ah! that dull earth such gratitude should shew,

While man's great blessings are bestowed in vain!

That things inanimate should feel the glow,

And man alone be cold of all things here below!

* The loves of Laili and Majnun are celebrated throughout the East. The lady was anything but prepossessing in appearance, hence the Caliph's astonishment. The story is told in the Gulistan.

3. ASTROLOGY SPIRITUALIZED.

A man, whate'er the star may be

That reigns ascendant at his birth,

Moves ever in its company;

He follows nought but joy and mirth

When gentler Venus rules his life;

He seeks nought else but war and strife

If born when Mars controls the earth.

But there are Planets brighter far

Than those which meet the mortal eye,

Surpassing each material star,

Revolving in a purer sky;

Bright stars that wax not pale or dim,

That shine with God's own glorious light,

That dwell for evermore with Him,—

The fixed stars of the Infinite.

Before their pure and holy light

The powers of sin and darkness fly—

As when across the starless night

To guard the portals of the sky,

Is hurled the meteoric brand.

Their mild but genial rays inspire

No martial and inhuman fire;

But he upon whose soul they shine,

Though meek and lowly he appear,

Shall conquer in the power divine.

His light is ever bright and clear;

God holds him safe from harm and fear

Within the hollow of His hand.

Their light is like a rich largess

God scattereth from the skies above,

And eager mortals forward press

To catch it in the lap of love.

E. H. P.



THE STAINED GLASS IN THE CHAPEL OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

THE WEST WINDOW,

By Messrs. Clayton and Bell.

INSERTED by Bachelors and Undergraduates of the College in memory of the Foundress. It bears the following inscription: "Ad Honorem Dei et in Memoriam Dominæ Margaretæ Hanc Fenestram P.C. Juniores Hujusce Collegii Alumni. A. S. MDCCCLXIX."

This is an exceedingly beautiful window, meriting the attention of people of taste, artists, and connoisseurs; and proving, beyond a doubt, that with all the seeming defects of modern glass, the art of glass-painting has been perfectly revived, and that modern workers can produce objects of an order far superior to the best of the ancient examples. It would, perhaps, be going a little too far to say that this is the best window that has been inserted within the last ten years, but certainly it will be difficult to find a better among modern specimens, and among ancient examples nothing so good exists.

During sunset in the May Term is the best time to see the extraordinary splendour of the glass; the colours are wonderfully rich in the warm rays of the glowing sun—perfectly gorgeous. The bright flaming red of the ruby glass, contrasting with patches of fine blue and green, and the brilliancy of the sparkling white stars which stud the upper half of the ground,

are particularly noticeable. The colours harmonize well, almost perfectly, and this is no small thing to say for a modern stained glass window. The reticulation is complete, no glaring stretches arrest or attract the eye. The treatment is bold, full of vigour and originality.

It has the first great requisite of a good *window*, considerable transparency; and there is a majesty about the whole design and the details of it, and an accuracy and carefulness about the execution that stamp the work as of high merit, and honourable to the age in which it was produced.

The subject is "The Last Judgment," many of the ideas being taken from the grand West window at Fairford.

In the principal light of the head Christ appears, enthroned, sitting as Judge of the quick and the dead, the rainbow round about the throne.

In the single centre light there are two majestic figures of Archangels; one, the uppermost, the Recording Angel holding the open book, upon the right-hand page of which are the words

"Mors Æterna,"

and upon the left

"Vita Æterna;"

the other, the Archangel Michael as "Justice," bearing a splendid flame-bladed sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other. The sheath of this sword is a fine piece of work, and a common difficulty and mistake is cleverly overcome in shewing the blade of the weapon; very frequently, for the sake of keeping the reticulation of the composition uniform, a plain sword blade is cut up into two or three pieces and pierced with lead, but in this case the blade is composed of several pieces making flames running longitudinally, and no absurd effect is produced.

The window is in seven lights, a triplet on each side of the centre light.

The triplet on the right contains figures of seventeen Apostles, Saints, and Martyrs, with beneath them the Angelic Choir in two rows, and the entrance to the homes of the blest. That on the left has seventeen Old Testament Saints, with beneath them the place of torment of the cursed. In the heads of these triplets there are six openings which contain angels bearing the implements of the crucifixion:

The Cross.	The Pillar.
The Robe and Reed.	The Spear.
The Hammer and Nails.	The Crown of Thorns.

Above the Recording Angel in the centre light there are three smaller figures of Angels, with attributes, one bears a sceptre, another a lily, and the third a sword, symbols of power, mercy, and justice.

Round about the throne of Christ there are Seraphim with censers. The hands and one foot of our Lord shew the wound-prints, drop-shaped.

Among the Saints upon the right are recognizable:

The Virgin.	S. Thomas (by the ship).
S. Peter (by the keys).	S. James, the son of Alphæus.
S. Andrew (by the cross).	S. Simon (by the saw).
S. James (by the gourd).	S. Jude (by the axe).
S. John (by the chalice).	S. Matthias (by the square).
S. Philip (by the long cross).	S. Stephen (by the stones about the head).
S. Bartholomew (by the sword).	S. Luke (by the sword and club).

Among those on the left are:

John Baptist (holding his banner "Ecce Agnus Dei").	Moses (with the tables).
Noah (with the ark).	David (with his harp).
Abraham (with the knife).	Solomon (with a book).
Joseph (with the crook).	Isaiah (with the Agnus Dei).
	Ezra (with a book).

The scene beneath these Prophets, Kings, and Patriarchs is of a most hideous and revolting nature. Certain green people, more numerous than beautiful, are torturing the miserable wretches who come into

their power—they push them into the licking flames with long poles, they force them onwards to the furnace. The whole corner is livid with fire, and full of horrified faces and writhing figures. Great serpents twine about the wretches, avenging angels drive the newly-condemned in, while a choir of trumpeters drown the cries with clarion notes. Some of the condemned are only just realizing their own position, the expression of agony and horror is just forming upon their faces as they turn round and watch some of their friends going in the other direction across the river; some of those who are crossing the river appear to be in some doubt as to where they are going to, but angels upon the further bank beckon them on and welcome the new arrivals—among them are rich and poor, king and bishop, babe and mother, all ages and stations; flowers spring up in their path, and those across the stream, the saved, have a serene and quiet expression of countenance betokening their happy state. The happiness, peace, flowers, music, and greetings of this part contrast remarkably with the torment and confusion of the opposite corner.

The Angel Choir occupies an arcade between the happy scene and the Apostolic group. Each Angel's forehead is decorated with a beautiful white cross (as are also the five Angels of the centre light); are singing "Alleluia," "Alleluia," and playing upon instruments.

The style of the glass corresponds exactly with that of the Chapel. The Chapel is in the Early Decorated style of architecture of 1280, and the glass in the decorated style of glass painting of 1280—1380, for the style in glass was always a little *later* than the corresponding style in building, from the fact that the glass was usually inserted after the building was erected. In both building and glass this style is *perfected*, not *copied*; and this is the truest and noblest imitation; to imitate beauties and excellencies of the

ancients without reproducing and making immortal their defects; working upon their principles, but improving their drawing, colouring, harmony and arrangement. All the windows in the Chapel ought to be in small figures, without any very prominent parts, the work in them good and elaborate, like the work in the stone, but none glaring or intrusive, none taking the attention from the sister arts; the windows are simply decorations, subservient to the architecture of the building, parts of the great harmonious whole, and therefore to be toned and sobered down until they occupy their true position; this is admirably accomplished in the west window, no one part is more attractive to the eye than another, and the whole does not draw the attention at all from the beautiful tracery in which the glass is set, or from the other objects of beauty in the vicinity.

At the same time this window is not without defects. The first thing to look at in a *window* is its transparency, before even the general effect, and in that respect there are places in this one which are sadly deficient; several pieces of glass might, when the light is dull, be replaced with a piece of wood without any observable difference being made, for instance, the breast and shoulder of the great figure of Christ are depicted on opaque glass with white stars. Again, the heavy saddle-bars, which the openness of the tracery renders necessary in the upper part, interfere a good deal with the general effect; and the leads throughout might reasonably have been much smaller.

The Choir of Angels want but black faces to be a "Christy's troupe;" the instruments they play on are:

Timbrel.	Zethyr.	Pipe.	Drum.
Trumpet.	Cymbals.	Guitar.	Fiddle.
Cymbals.	Viol.	Banjo.	

The idea of tambourine (timbrel), violin, guitar, and banjo in the heavenly choir is too ridiculous.

The saw of S. Simon is in several pieces, each of a different shade of blue David's beard and that of S. Jude are of deep ruby glass; the shepherd king may have been of a very ruddy countenance, but we have no right to paint him with hair like a dahlia. There is a lack of majesty about the great figure of Christ, and the hands and feet are badly drawn, the toes are all of one size, so are the fingers and thumbs. And many of the faces are mild, smooth, expressionless, and pasty-looking, instead of energetic, and vigorous, and passion-marked; an hour's study of the East window of King's College Chapel would tend to improve the artist's taste in this particular; there the men are not like tailors' dolls, or the unblemished cuts in a journal of the fashions—they are expressive almost to grotesqueness; very few are so strongly marked in this window. Among the blest there is not one face which shews really in an eminent degree an expression of happiness. Granted it is a characteristic of the decorated style that the drawing was less vigorous than during the earlier period or the cinque cento but it still admits of delineation up to the point of naturalness.

One naked figure in the middle light is completely spoilt by being crossed again and again with broad lead lines.

But the excellencies far outnumber and outweigh the defects.

The materialism, which is a necessity upon the pictorial treatment of a subject of this nature, is not so objectionable as might at first sight appear, because much of it is to be put down to Symbolism. The green monsters for instance are not to be looked upon as devils in armour, but as intended to suggest to the mind, through the medium of the eye, infuriate demons, the ministers of Satan; so too the flames, and swords, and scales, the sceptres, robes, and musical instruments, the wings, and the open book, are all to

be arranged with the symbols put into the hands of the Apostolic men and Patriarchs as attributes or signs of something that could not otherwise be represented in glass.

This great window is to be viewed as a whole, and when allowances are made for the impossibility of such a gigantic work being now-a-days executed by any single artist, and for the peculiar difficulties of the material in which the work is executed, it will be found that here is a noble example of the art progress of this age, worthy of the fine Chapel of which it forms a part, and to be preserved with care by the College for ages.

W. L. W.



"A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

IO. ἄδην με πολύπλανοι πλάναι
γεγυμνάκασιν, οὐδ' ἔχω μαθεῖν....

PR. τὸ μὴ μαθεῖν σοι κρεῖσσον ἢ μαθεῖν τὰδε.

ÆSCH. PROM.

"The many-winding *planes*
Have bothered me enough, nor can I learn."
"Such things 'twere better you should never know."

It is a morn in Blacaster,
A morn of golden gloom;
A sunbeam struggles through the smoke,
And steals into a room,
In hopes to cheer the maidens drear,
Who there abide their doom.

The maidens drear what do they here,
What do they here, I pray?
They come from the East, they come from the West,
They come from far-away
To pale-faced Learning's sacred shrine—
Her votaries are they.

Her votaries they fain would be,
And so they bade adieu
To all their foolish girlhood willed
Before her voice they knew.

So leaves a little lark the green
To soar into the *blue*.

The little lark it happy is,
 It singeth in the gale;
 But ah! these maidens do not sing,
 Their cheeks are very pale,
 Pale as the snowdrop of the spring,
 Or the lily of the vale.

They bade adieu to false and true,
 They studied late and long,
 No care had they for idle play,
 They loved nor dance nor song,
 They deemed it right from morn till night
 To be their books among.

But now they sigh o'er days gone by
 For ever and for aye;
 And this is why they look so grave,
 The maidens once so gay—
 They dread the stern examiner,
 Who examines them to-day.

They wait his advent with suspense,
 He doth not tarry long;
 One moment more—then opes the door,
 He steps into the throng;
 The examiner himself steps in
 Amid the wistful throng.

The examiner, his eye is cold,
 His forehead calm and high,
 The wear and tear of cube and square
 Have made him very dry;
 He cannot laugh, he cannot frown,
 He cannot even sigh.

The maidens fear, they low revere;
 Pale Learning's priest is he;
 He bids them hie to their writing-desks,
 They obey right loyally;
 'Tis wondrous rare to see the fair
 Obey so loyally.

The examiner is very wise,
 Their wisdom he would test;
 To each he doth roll a paper scroll,
 And asketh for her best;
 The mournful girls all shake their curls,
 And bend to his request.

The mournful girls all shake their curls,
 And trying 'tis I trow
 To watch the sweet bewilderment
 That wrinkles each fair brow,
 That streaks with cruel lines of thought
 Each once-unruffled brow.

So have I seen a mountain lake;
 When skies are warm and true,
 All trustfully it looketh up
 With tender eyes of blue;
 But the gale comes, and the hail comes,
 And saddened is its hue.

The examiner is very stern,
 Small ruth his bosom knows;
 What careth he for gloom or glee!
 He rangeth them in rows;
 So have I seen a gardener
 Range flowerets in rows.

The gardener he goeth forth,
 He searcheth heath and hill
 To find the wayward wildflower;
 Then sore against its will
 He plants it in his garden-ground;
 It groweth wise and still.

The garden-flower is very grand,
 The people praise it well;
 But yet we love the wildling,
 That danceth in the dell;
 We love the little flower that loves
 The moorland and the dell.

The maidens stare into the air,—
 And into the air stare I;
 I hear two elves a-whispering,
 Their names are x and y ;
 I know full well they'll spoil my spell,
 They like not fantasy.

But blessings on each flower that grows
 In garden or in wild!
 This earth would very dull have been,
 If they had never smiled;
 They cheer us all both great and small,
 Old man and little child.

And blessings on our English girls!
 Just like the flowers they be;
 It is too bad to make them sad
 With Learning's mystery;
 So long as they are good and true
 And gentle,—what care we?

Δ.



SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MY BOYHOOD.

ALTHOUGH it may seem egotistical to write about one's-self and one's own experiences—in fact, presuming that these topics will be equally interesting to strangers—yet at least there can be nothing upon which a person is better qualified to give information, and seldom anything upon which one can write so graphically and realistically, as instanced by those portions of the story of David Copperfield borrowed from the life of its talented author.

With this apology for the seeming conceitedness of my title, I propose to make a few remarks in connexion with one phase of my boyish character.

I had always what is called an inquiring turn of mind, as evidenced by my favourite pursuits and recreations, such as poking about at the inside of a lock, or a piano, or a clock; spending hours over the investigation or practice of any sort of puzzle, and other hours over fairy tales, or "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment."

Words could hardly describe the delight I experienced upon coming across a new set of puzzles, or learning how to make magic squares, or finding a new "Tale from the German" in Eliza Cook's Journal; and after reading Edgar Allan Poe's clever story of the "Gold-beetle," I seemed to have entered upon a new world.

On this subject of cryptograms I have since read more in the late Mr. Babbage's amusing book of recollections and elsewhere, besides practising on my own account upon those mysterious communications which sometimes appear in the second column of the "Times."

One of these was the following :

ONE. hpu opuf—tibmm cf bu uif qmbdf obnfe
po uif uxfozgjstu pg uijt npoui—up tbwf ujnd nffu
bt tppo. bt zpv dbo—xsjuf.

This is so easy of solution that I think best to leave it as an exercise for the patience of those of my readers who have time to waste over it, warning them at the same time, that when solved the communication is sufficiently commonplace.

The well-known puzzle of the ivory rings afforded me weeks of amusement, and after discovering the one simple principle upon which any ring can be taken off or played on the bow, I investigated the theory fully on paper, laboriously writing down in full the 511 moves required for taking off 10 rings. If we remember that the second ring can always be taken off or put on simultaneously with the first, and reckon this operation as one move only, the formula giving the number of moves in taking off n rings will be found to be $2^{n-1} - \frac{1 + (-1)^n}{2}$.

On magic squares I spent no end of time, trying, with only partial success, to discover some general rule for making those with an even number of figures, having previously seen two very easy rules for making those with an odd number. After succeeding in making a perfect square with 4, 6, or 8 figures on a side, I would exultingly copy it out in a book with great neatness, and be happy for the next few days.

I may here remark upon the apparent relation between these numerical curiosities, and what are called "Knight's Tours," in chess.

This was first pointed out to me quite lately, since which time I have noticed other examples. The numbers representing the Knight's Tour form in these cases a magic square, perfect, excepting as to the diagonal rows. I have never yet seen one perfect in every respect.

The Knight's Tour just mentioned is here inserted. It will be seen that each number is within a knight's move of the two adjacent numbers, and also every row or column gives the sum 260.

1	30	47	52	5	28	43	54
48	51	2	29	44	53	6	27
31	46	49	4	25	8	55	42
50	3	32	45	56	41	26	7
33	62	15	20	9	24	39	58
16	19	34	61	40	57	10	23
63	14	17	36	21	12	59	38
18	35	64	13	60	37	22	11

Further, if we divide this square into four squares, each of these has the same properties; or, cutting it into 16 small squares, the sum of numbers forming each of these is 130. Lastly, by adding every other pair of numbers vertically, we get alternately the sums 49 and 81 throughout.

There is a magic square formed from 16 ordinary playing cards, which is so simple and perfect, that I shall venture upon introducing it here. The puzzle is to take the 4 lowest cards of each suit, and arrange them in a square, so that every row of 4 shall contain one card of each number and one card of each suit.

In the following arrangement the above condition is satisfied, not only by the rows, but by any set of 4 taken together with the least approach to symmetry. The letters c, h, s, d stand for clubs, hearts, spades, diamonds.

1 c	2 s	3 h	4 d
3 d	4 h	1 s	2 c
4 s	3 c	2 d	1 h
2 h	1 d	4 c	3 s.

Word-squares (or rows of letters which, read vertically or horizontally, spell the same words), of course, attracted some of my attention, though I never succeeded in making a good one.

The best specimen I have seen of this sort, is also the easiest solution of the world-famous problem of squaring the circle, if we except Mr. Punch's assertion, that it is solved nightly by the London policemen when they make their rounds of the squares.

This square is given below :

C	I	R	C	L	E
I	C	A	R	U	S
R	A	R	E	S	T
C	R	E	A	T	E
L	U	S	T	R	E
E	S	T	E	E	M.

I was rather amused the other day in Cambridge, at seeing some letter-locks exposed for sale in a shop-window, with the vaunting notice appended, that these were the only locks that *could not* be picked; whereas I have succeeded, by dint of sheer pluck and perseverance, in undoing such a lock with five wards, though I must confess that the burglary occupied several hours.

Having once seen in a paper a specimen of a short sentence containing every letter of the alphabet, I set to work to make some, and produced the following, which, if any reader is dissatisfied with, I advise him to try one himself.

"Six queen wasps, jerked off their legs, buzz very much"—43 letters.

"Quite five or six dozen pickle-jars, with my bag"—38 letters.

"King Ajax, quiz the war-cry even of biped males"—37 letters.

"Jack Digby exorcizes imps of evil who squint"—37 letters.

"A very bold joke—mix figs with prize quinces"—36 letters.

"How vexing if the bad czar jumps quickly"—33 letters.

There is one verse in the Bible containing every letter of the alphabet, but I have forgotten where it is, and it is not easy to find again. Ezra vii. 21 contains all but j.

I will now give an instance showing how a peculiar arrangement of numbers is more or less preserved after various operations upon the original number.

Take the number 12345679012345679.

Dividing by 11, we get 1122334455667789.

Dividing this by 91, we get 12333345666679.

Dividing this by 37, we get 3333336666667.

Turning now to a different path of science, I will mention a few curiosities found in investigating the laws of progression of the keys in music. In applying numerical calculations to this science, a flat must be, of course, considered of opposite sign to a sharp; and, moreover, any key may be considered at pleasure as having twelve sharps, more or less, than it really has, without the notes being altered (the name of the key only being changed).

To illustrate my meaning I will give one or two instances. In the diatonic scale of the key of C major we say there are no sharps, but if we consider it as the key of B sharp we shall find it has twelve sharps, the notes remaining unaltered except in name. Again, the key of D flat has five flats; adding twelve sharps

to this the result is seven sharps, in which case the key would be called that of C sharp.

With these preliminary conventions we shall find that by raising any key one semitone we get seven additional sharps, but by raising it seven semitones we get one additional sharp. Again, by raising any key one semitone we get five additional flats, but by raising it five semitones we get one additional flat.

It will readily be seen that this somewhat paradoxical result depends upon the fact that the squares of both five and seven leave a remainder one, when divided by twelve.

In the subjoined table these laws may be verified :

<i>Key.</i>	<i>Sharps.</i>	<i>Flats.</i>	<i>Signature.</i>	<i>Months.</i>
C	0	0	0 sharp	Jan.
Dflat	7	5	5 flat	Feb.
D	14, <i>i.e.</i> 2	10	2 sharp	March
Eflat	9	15, <i>i.e.</i> 3	3 flat	April
E	16, <i>i.e.</i> 4	8	4 sharp	May
Fshp.	11	13, <i>i.e.</i> 1	1 flat	June
F	18, <i>i.e.</i> 6	6	6 sharp	July
G	13, <i>i.e.</i> 1	11	1 sharp	August
Aflat	8	16, <i>i.e.</i> 4	4 flat	Sept.
A	15, <i>i.e.</i> 3	9	3 sharp	Oct.
Bflat	10	14, <i>i.e.</i> 2	2 flat	Nov.
B	17, <i>i.e.</i> 5	7	5 sharp	Dec.

By referring to the list of months in the right-hand

column, we see that every month of thirty-one days corresponds to a key which may be considered sharp, while the shorter months correspond to the flat keys.

I consider this a notable coincidence, as it will hardly be supposed that the man who invented the months had any thoughts of conforming to the laws of music.

Again, examining the column headed 'Signature,' we find that two adjacent numbers added together give 5 and 7 alternately; that the keys are symmetrically placed with respect to that of F sharp, or of C; and that sharps and flats alternate regularly throughout, if we consider that the keys of F sharp and of C may with equal fairness be reckoned either sharp or flat keys.

In looking back at my old note-books I find all sorts of tables of anagrams, reversible words, prime numbers, grotesque names (such as Derx, Kulp, Froy, Medex, Thres, Gue, and a hundred others, where the only puzzle is to know how their owners ever got them); street-cries set to music as actually heard; a geometrical figure composed of dots and lines, possessed of peculiar properties, and designated a magic pentagon; with various other puzzles, investigations, or extracts.

I will conclude with two very interesting puzzle-questions, the second being also very simple.

How can sixteen riflemen go out marching, four abreast, for five different days, so that no two men shall walk in the same row more than once?

Given an eight-pint pot full of beer, and also two empty pots, holding five and three pints respectively, to divide the beer into two exactly equal portions by pouring from one pot to another.



Εἶναι καὶ μὴ δοκεῖν.

A DREAM: I lived in ancient days
In Hellas, where Ægæan bays
Wind round the olive-wooded shore,
By columned temples crested o'er;
Or by the margin of the seas
That wash the gleaming Cyclades.

A grove—a lone cicala-thrill;
And plashing of a fountain rill
Through peristyle and corridor
Wafted along mosaic floor.
And through a dim and frescoed hall
I sought that waters ceaseless fall.

But ever shrilled more piercingly
That lone cicala's bitter cry.

A court—a Doric colonnade;
And near the stoa's marble shade
A fountain from a grottoed cell
Through ferns and clustered flowers fell.
Two sculptured nymphs amid the spray
Watched the white water-lilies sway.

But ever through the sunlit sky
That lone cicala's piercing cry
Thrilled bitter sadness through my soul:—
But on the rocky marge a scroll,
And written on its open page
The wisdom of the Attic sage.

Then fearfully I bent and read:
'To be and not to seem,' it said.
And down the stoa's echoing aisle
Light footsteps rustled, ceased awhile—
I turned, and through a midnight sky
Shivered that melancholy cry,
And, mournful as a storm-tolled bell
On ocean reefs, it rose and fell,
Till into heaven it seemed to fade away and die.

Such dreams are mine; and oftentime
I hear that solitary chime;
And once there came a voice that said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

H. B. C.



ON THE SEPARATION OF THE COLONIES FROM THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

AN ESSAY.*

"All Colonies so long as they receive no wrong from their Mother City, so long they honour her; but when they suffer injury from her they then become alienate: for they are not sent out to be the slaves of them that stay, but to be their equals." — *Thucydides; Hist. i. 234, Hobbes's Translation.*

NOTHING can be more painful than the discovery that one is in a false position. Such discoveries are frequently made in life; a man often discovers that he has stood in a false relation to a friend, and that it will be best for both of them that he should re-adjust his position. Such a discovery is made when a father discovers that he must cease to think of his son as a child *in potestate patris*, that he must place his relations with him on a new footing. And however painful it may seem to such an one to lose the power of control and old relationship which, it may be, has many pleasant associations for him, a wise father will readily and easily re-adjust his relations, while a foolish one may easily cause a quarrel, the end of which it would be difficult to foresee. And although as applied to ordinary life such observations may seem to be common-place, when we apply

* This Essay was written three years ago, and although many important events have occurred in connexion with the subject with which it attempts to deal, the writer does not consider them to be such as to lead him to make any considerable alteration in the opinions expressed in the Essay, and has thought it best to leave it almost entirely in its original form.

them to political life, the lesson which they teach is much less easily grasped. No conservatism is so strong as the conservatism of feeling, and when a political reformer attempts to re-adjust a present connexion to which strong emotions attach, he must expect to meet with virulent opposition. Englishmen regard the colonies of England if not with a paternal at least with a strong fraternal feeling, and many would as soon listen to one who would propose a dissolution of the tie which binds us to the colonies as they would listen to a proposition which would abolish domestic relationship.

The subject of the connexion of the colonies with the Mother Country is certainly not a popular one, although it has been discussed by some of our most eminent statesmen and political economists. And that it should not be popular is not extraordinary, for, besides the fact that it is not often forced upon popular attention, any agitation of the subject is easily met by the argument, 'let us first deal with our home difficulties, and then proceed to questions of foreign policy.' And if this is a valid argument in this case, never was there a time more inopportune for the discussion of colonial policy than the present. But it appears to me that this is not the case, and that it would be difficult to mention any subject in which delay may prove more pernicious. If, as I conceive, the colonies are ripe for independence, our indifference to the fact may cause a disruption, accompanied by circumstances which a far-sighted policy might have avoided, but the effect of which no regret can efface.

I shall endeavour to show that there is at the present day the utmost necessity for avoiding all unnecessary and wasteful expenditure; that our present connexion with the colonies necessitates such expenditure, and that, therefore, as far as the argument of expediency has weight, the present connexion is to be condemned. And further, I shall endeavour to

show that there is no moral reason why the present connexion should not cease to exist, but that, on the contrary, its dissolution would be fraught with the highest benefits to the colonies.

And firstly, that all unnecessary expenditure should be avoided. This seems at first sight to be the least important and most self-evident part of my argument. But, practically, I believe it to be the most important. Prove to men that the present connexion is the source of endless expense to us, instead of, as is popularly supposed, the source of endless wealth; show that the boasting about an empire 'on which the sun never sets' means nothing but 'apparent power,' and you are not much nearer than before to making them wish for change. For though they may sigh as they pay their taxes, their regret is but temporary; they are rather angry than otherwise at anyone who can be discontented in the midst of so much real prosperity. Recent events have shewn that they, as much as ever, dislike 'theorists' and 'thinkers.' They treat anyone who would discuss the question as they would treat anyone who would question the necessity of maintaining our naval supremacy. They boast of being 'practical,' and think people wicked knaves who would for a moment 'doubt that Britain rules the waves, and ask the price of glories.'

A man is led to wish for reform in two ways. Both result from his being able to realise the actual state of affairs around him. He may be made personally to suffer from the evil working of a system, as a pauper is made to feel the sting of poverty and hunger through a badly-arranged social system; or he may be led by study to sympathise with those who suffer. Now many people, and I think the majority of the voting classes, are not affected in either of these ways, for though, as I have said, they grumble at having to pay taxes at all, the majority have neither ability nor inclination to inquire into the possibility of their dimi-

nution. But it seems to me manifest that if any of the schemes for national improvement, for national education, and social and political well-being, which all parties alike agree in considering desirable, are to be carried out, there must be considerable retrenchment of our present expenditure. There is at least one work of which it appears to me people fail to see the importance—it is the reduction, if not the abolition, of our national debt. I suppose that no one will ever again attempt to defend this as a national benefit. Twenty-six millions and a half, or more than one-third of the annual revenue of the United Kingdom, are annually devoted to the payment of the interest of this gigantic curse. Surely if we are to compete with other nations, especially America, in our trade, this load must be lightened. The *Times* had a leading article the other day, wonder-struck at the fact that two millions were annually expended on our London charities. One seldom hears complaints at the National debt. Surely this is like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

It is a matter of fact, however little it is generally realised, that our colonies cost us on an average between three and four millions annually. Nor does this adequately represent our liabilities. It is our colonies that necessitate the maintenance of a large standing army and an increased navy. Besides this, we cannot estimate what the cost of defending the whole of our empire in time of war would be. And while a country is dependent on us we are bound to defend it. In the French Revolutionary war assaults on our colonies were part of the tactics of the enemy. An attack on Canada must be repelled with the forces of the empire. How many victories, and how many millions of money, would it take to wipe out the stain of one defeat of our forces by the Americans? And surely this might easily happen were Canada suddenly attacked. As it is (in the words of Lord Sheffield) we "have expended a far

larger sum in defending and retaining our colonies than the value of all the merchandise we ever sent them;" and for this we get no pecuniary return. In ancient times this was not the case. The dependencies of Rome rendered to the imperial city both tribute and military force; the dependencies of Spain rendered tribute. But since the rupture of our American colonies we have abandoned all right even to tax our colonies. Therefore, supposing that there is no moral obligation which prevents separation, the question for decision is,—do the political benefits which we derive from our connexion with the colonies outweigh the evil of an annual expenditure of four millions? Let us remember that a thing is bad when the evil predominates over the good, and therefore a policy may be attended with considerable benefit and yet be an evil policy. As in the life of the individual, so in the life of the nation, the most alluring is not always the most just policy. It would be foolish to deny that the effect produced by great size is to the ignorant imposing. But I have endeavoured to show that the expenditure on our part which this great size necessitates should be strictly scrutinised, and if it is found on the whole to be a disadvantageous expenditure, should be condemned. The defence of the present system, as pecuniarily advantageous, seems to have been generally abandoned; the ablest of its defenders, Mr. Herman Merivale, sneers at those who would wish for separation on purely economical grounds, and seems to think that there are important political benefits to be derived from the present connexion. It is, therefore, our duty to inquire into the nature of these benefits which are to counter-balance the effects of the enormous expenditure which they necessitate. What, in short, is the *raison d'être* of the present expenditure?

As far as I can ascertain, the answer seems to be, that if the present connexion were dissolved, our commerce would be injured; emigration would be retarded;

and, above all that, stript of our possessions, we should sink from our present position of a first-rate European power. Further, it is alleged that it is the duty of England to succour her colonies, and that she has no more right to repudiate this duty than a mother has to desert her children.

In the days of monopoly the reason for the connexion was manifest enough. But it is strange that though we have long seen the fallacy of a restricted commerce, we have not seen that this was the only excuse for keeping the colonies in subjection. Adam Smith pointed this out in words which in these days have lost none of their weight. 'The monopoly is the chief badge of their dependency,' he wrote; 'all expense is to support the monopoly' (*Wealth of Nations*. Bk. IV, chap. VII). The best answer to those who say that our commerce would be injured by separation, seems to be the extent of our commerce with the United States. Since our separation from them the increase of our commerce has been enormous. At present it is far greater than our trade with all our colonies put together. But even if this were not so, why should the colonies wish to destroy the trade? The advantages of trade are reciprocal. There can surely be no advantage to them in destroying a trade from which they derive as much benefit as we do. Surely too, we, less than any other nation, need artificial props to our trade, possessing as we do the means of manufacturing cheaper than any other nation in the world. Mr. Herman Merivale, in a paper read before the Royal Institution, tries to frighten us with the notion of hostile tariffs. But hostile tariffs already exist in Canada, and have the hostile tariffs of the United States ruined our trade with them?

So, too, with regard to emigration. It seems impossible to lay too much stress on the fact that the emigration to the United States is far greater than that to all our colonies put together. The year before

last (1867) it was five times as great. The total number of emigrants from Great Britain was then 195,953. Of these 15,503 were to the North American colonies, 14,466 to the Australian colonies and New Zealand, and 159,275 to the United States. Surely in the face of these statistics, which are not exceptional, it is absurd to say that emigrants would not go to the colonies if they were independent states. It may be that some do go to our colonies because they there get their taxes paid for them. The mayor of Montreal at a public dinner given to Viscount Monck, the then Governor General of Canada, certainly seems to hold out an inviting prospect; his words were, "that Canada might esteem herself a most fortunate community in being protected by one of the most powerful nations in the world, which sent them as many soldiers as might be required without rendering them liable in purse or person; that no matter how many redcoats might be required—and the more there might be the better they would be pleased to see them—it would not take one single sous out of their pockets."* Certainly when the emigrant has gone he ceases for ever to bear any share in the burden of our national debt. But the figures which I have given above prove that men are not afraid to emigrate to a country where they pay their own taxes, and that is sufficient for the point.

But, doubtless, the great stronghold of those who would uphold the present state of things is in the argument, that in giving up our extensive dominions we should lose weight in the councils of the world; that in parting with apparent power we should also part with real power. Now, surely, when we have convinced ourselves that it is apparent and not real power, we cannot expect our enemies to be long behind us in discovering this fact. It is all very well to frighten children with a sham ghost, but when they have discovered that it is a sham one, even

* See *Daily News*, July 23, 1862.

though they be children, they will laugh at you. But I conceive that the advancement of this argument arises partly from ignorance. Men are at a loss to conceive what is the real source of England's greatness, so they assign it to extensive dominion. Adam Smith points out (*Wealth of Nations*, Book IV., Chap VII.) that England was a great commercial nation long before her colonies were considerable. The real sources of England's commercial greatness are her insular position, her coal and metal mines, her favourable climate, her rich and fruitful soil, her enterprising and industrious citizens. There is the metal to make the machinery, the coal to set it and keep it at work, the sea at hand on which to ship the manufactures to foreign lands. While possessing alone of nations these singular advantages, 'apparent power' seems an unnecessary if not contemptible addition. Is it for this that the state is burdened? "When facts overturn all these arguments," says an eminent writer, "it is glory, national spirit, *prestige*. I give an agent an immense sum of money to invest for me. He tells me that he has bought me an estate. I ask to see the estate; he tells me that the money is laid out, not in an estate, but in houses. I ask to see the houses; he tells me that it is laid out, not in houses, but in railway shares. I ask for my scrip; he tells me that it is not in railway shares, but invested in the Funds. I ask for the transfer receipt; and he tells me that it is not invested in the Funds, but in something much better and nobler in *prestige*. I look in the French Dictionary for *prestige*, and find that it is "an illusion, a juggling trick, an imposture."

I cannot perceive any lack of sentiment in this. It appears to me, that the lack of sentiment is in those who fail to realise that the strength of England consists in something more grand, as well as more solid, than in *prestige*, and who would lay unjust burdens on our people. But it has been well said, that no

one but a cynic would despise sentiment, no one but a fool would build on it.

Historical examples are not wanting of the weakness which is inherent in uncontrollable size. It is needless to take the great example of the Roman empire. The decay of the mighty empire of Philip II. of Spain furnishes perhaps a more striking example. "He possessed," says an historian, "in Europe the kingdoms of Castille, Aragon, and Navarre; those of Naples and Sicily, Milan, Sardinia, Ronsillon, the Balearic Islands, the Low Countries, and Franche Comté; on the Western Coast of Africa he held the Canaries, Cape Verd, Oram, Bujeya, and Tunis; in Asia he held the Phillipines and a part of the Moluccas; in the New World, the immense kingdoms of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, and the provinces conquered in the last years of Charles V., besides Cuba, Hispaniola, and other islands and possessions. And his marriage with the Queen of England placed in his hands the power and resources of that kingdom. So that it might well be said, that the sun never set on the dominions of the King of Spain, and that at the least movement of that nation the whole world trembled." Surely this was the acme of "apparent" power. Yet it is needless to tell of its unreality. There is a saying of Napoleon's, "that the art of war is the art of being strongest at any given place, at any given time." It has well been asked how we are to be strongest at any given time, say, in Canada. Our immense empire has been compared to a spider's web. We must sustain the most distant filaments. Is it this that gives us moral weight in the councils of the world? If so the poet truly said—

"A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot decked with a pompous name
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know."

And next with regard to the argument that England has a duty to her colonies which prevents separation; that she stands to the colonies in the relation of mother to son, and can no more repudiate her obligation than a mother can desert her children. It appears to me that this is a striking example of how greatly men may confuse themselves with metaphor. If it means anything it must mean that the colonies have not only discovered the secret of perpetual youth but of perpetual childhood. Surely there must be a time in the life of nations as in the life of men, when the child is weaned from its mother, when it puts away childish things, even when it may, if need be, be called upon to succour its mother. But in the present connexion the advantage is entirely on the side of the child; nor does it appear likely that as long as the mother continues to supply the child with money, the child will learn to support itself. Is there not a time when the child must take upon itself the duties of the man? Who but a madman wishes that the United States were subject to us now? And again accepting the metaphor, has not the mother a duty to herself as well as her child? To drop metaphor, has not England a duty to her own citizens as well as to those of her colonies? Why should she pay the taxes of a country the vast majority of whose tax-payers are richer than her own?

No one seems to suppose that the colonies would contribute to our support in time of war. Adam Smith pointed out that all they owed to her was the duty to her as *Magna virum mater*, and this would be as binding were they independent. People point to their present loyalty, to their royal wedding presents, to their subscriptions at the time of the Lancashire distress. The colonies of Greece were thoroughly independent, yet they acknowledged by embassies and sacrifices their obligations to Argos and Corinth. And it is this very loyalty of which we ought to take advantage. Surely if we are to part, it is better to part

friends. And on the whole the loyalty of the colonial politicians seems to be of a very questionable kind. England to them is the permanent colonial under-secretary, the "Mr. Mother-country" of colonial satirists. At all events their affection seldom stirs them to action. Victoria alone* seems to have attempted self-defence to any considerable extent, and she seems to have regarded it as a work of supererogation, and to have petitioned for more help on this very account. And to a great extent we are, doubtless, bound to defend the colonies while they are dependent upon us, for we drag them into all our wars. Thus it has been pointed out, that had the *Trent* affair not been amicably settled, a probable consequence would have been an attack on Canada, and thus Canada would have suffered for a quarrel in which she had not the remotest concern, except as part of the empire. If the Americans attacked Canada it would be as its professed friends and liberators. I have alluded to the immense expense which the defence of our empire would require. And indeed the defence of the entire empire would, I take it, be an almost impossible task. Take the case of Canada alone. How could we defend it from this distance against the Americans close at hand, especially if we had another war on our hands at the time? "Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them," said Burke; "no contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance weakening government."

It might become necessary suddenly to centralise the forces as now scattered over our world-wide dominions. Indeed one of the chief reasons which the Duke of Wellington gave for his views on the importance of our colonial dominions was, that they enabled a minister to keep up a large standing army

* This was written before the recent events in New Zealand. The treatment of that Colony by the Government at that time seemed to point to a wish to quarrel with it.

beyond public notice. Now if at the time her help would be most urgently needed, England were to withdraw her forces, there would be some ground for the charge of unmotherly desertion. And yet this might be necessary, and indeed was evidently contemplated in the Duke of Wellington's statement.

So far I have chiefly dwelt on the advantages of separation to England. But surely there is another side of the question. Are not the colonies fit for self-government and independence, and if they are fit, must not their subjection be injurious to them?

When we contemplate the three centuries of our colonial history, and especially the progress of the last half-century, it seems impossible to think that our relations with the colonies can continue to exist in their present condition. In 1837-8, when we suspended the constitution of Lower Canada on account of an insurrection, the opinion of Lord Glenelg, the then colonial minister, shews the progress the colonies had then made towards independence. "Parliamentary legislation," he wrote, "on any subject of exclusively internal concern to any British Colony possessing a representative assembly is, as a general rule, unconstitutional. It is a right, the exercise of which is left for extreme cases, in which necessity at once creates and justifies the exception." It is difficult exactly to define the present connexion. It is not that of federal government, still less is it absolute government, like that of France in Algiers. It is now generally admitted that the power of the Crown to veto any bill passed by the Colonial Legislature has departed. When the Canadian Legislature laid a heavy protective duty on British goods the Colonial Secretary signified his dissent, and submitted. So, too, with regard to the proceedings of the same Legislature with regard to the Clergy Reserves. It passed an Act appropriating to secular purposes some land which the Imperial Legislature had reserved for the mainte-

nance of the Established Church. In Earl Grey's despatch to Lord Elgin on this subject, he says, "in coming to this conclusion we have been mainly influenced by the consideration that, great as in our judgment would be the advantages which would result from leaving undisturbed the present arrangement, by which a certain portion of the public lands of Canada is made available for the purpose of creating a fund for the religious instruction of the inhabitants of the province, still the question whether that arrangement is to be maintained is one so exclusively affecting the people of Canada, that its decision ought not to be withdrawn from the Provincial Legislature, to which it properly belongs, to regulate all matters concerning the domestic interests of the Provinces" (*Earl Grey on Col. Poly.*, pp. 252-3, et seq.). This seems to me to be an acknowledgment that the power of the Crown to veto had passed away.

But perhaps a more striking example of imperial impotence is recently afforded in the case of *Phillips v. Eyre*, decided last February (Feb. 1869) in the court of the Queen's Bench. The circumstances under which the action was brought are well known. It was an action against Mr. Eyre, the late Governor of Jamaica, for assault. An action had previously been brought in Jamaica. There the Legislature decided that the assault was committed, but, at the same time, passed an Act that all proceedings "civil or criminal, present or future," instituted against Mr. Eyre should be "discharged and made void," and that he "should be freed and indemnified both against the Crown and against all other persons." Therefore, when the action came on in the Imperial Court, Mr. Eyre pleaded this Act of Indemnity. On the other hand, it was urged that this was not valid, for when the assault was committed "a right of action accrues to the party injured and becomes a vested right—inasmuch as no authority except that

of the Imperial Legislature can take away the jurisdiction of the Queen's courts." The Lord Chief Justice in delivering judgment decided that the Act, though *ex post facto*, was valid. "Local Legislatures," he said, "having been established in our colonies with plenary powers of legislation, the same comity which obtains between nations should be extended to them by the tribunals of this country when their law conflicts with ours in respect of acts done within the ambit of their jurisdiction." Now if this be so, where is the Imperial power? It will be answered "in the veto of the Crown: the Crown, on the advice of a minister, responsible to Parliament, might have vetoed the Act of Indemnity." But, as I have said, it is acknowledged by even the warmest defenders of the present connexion that the power of the Crown to veto has gone. Particularly worthy of notice as a proof of this, is a speech of the Duke of Newcastle's at the Australian Anniversary Dinner, February 12, 1862, when he was then Secretary for the colonies. He owned that the power of the Crown, even to put down rebellion, was gone. He said he trusted "that the day will never come when the mother country will make an effort to retain her colonies by force." Surely then this is virtual independence. Not only has the colony a right to legislate for itself, but its laws are binding throughout the empire. The colony paralyses Imperial Law while it is fed by the Imperial Exchequer.

Some of our colonies are, doubtless, not at present ripe for self-government; for example, the West Indies and Ceylon. The case of India is not pertinent, as it is rather a dependency than a colony. But why are not the most advanced of our colonies—for example, New Zealand, New South Wales, Canada and British North America, Tasmania and Victoria, to take the most prominent instances—fit to govern themselves. They are no longer infant settlements, but flourishing states. Their constitutions, which are copies of ours,

generally consist of two councils, the one aristocratic appointed by the governor, corresponding to our House of Lords; the other, a representative assembly corresponding to our House of Commons, but more democratic; and a governor appointed by the Crown. The governor is salaried and pensioned by the Crown, and is generally, by virtue of his office, commander-in-chief of the forces of the colony. From the history of our colonies, some important political lessons may be obtained; for instance, from the attempt in New South Wales to merge the two chambers, the aristocratic and the democratic chamber, into one chamber one-third aristocratic and two-thirds democratic. In the colonies we may watch the working of manhood suffrage and the ballot. They have municipal institutions, a free press, civil and religious liberty. The character of the colonists seems to be very different from that which Goldsmith describes. He is no longer the miserable exile, who "casts a long look where England's glories shine." He seems to be more like the same writer's description of the Briton:

"Fierce in his native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control."

A practical illustration of this was given by the stubborn resistance which caused the American war. The colonies are, as Mr. Adderley has said, complete transmarine Englands.

The natural advantages of the colonies are also great. For instance, we are told of Tasmania that "the mineral resources are presumed to be large;" that "quantities of gold ore are found in many parts of the island;" that "iron and coal abound there."

In spite of this the trade of Tasmania is not large. But the cause of this it is not difficult to discover; Tasmania was a convict colony. But we have now seen the folly as well as the wickedness of this system of transportation, "a system begun in defiance of all

reason and persevered in defiance of all experience." It is indeed, to use the words of Bacon, "a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of the people, and wicked and condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation."

We still continue to transport to Western Australia. While this is the case, Western Australia must of course, be dependent.

Surely, too, there is a moral feebleness engendered in the colonies by the sense of dependence. The sense of dependence is fatal to the complete conception of their nationality. Professor Maurice in his recent lectures on *National Morality* has shewn how important it is that the citizen should think of his country as a separate state. We cannot expect them to make any noble efforts for self-defence while we continue to defend them. So, too, with statesmanship. Complaints are often made of the inferiority of statesmanship in the colonies. But I do not think we ought to wonder at this while they are dependent, and while we continue to send out at least their highest officers from England. It is true that there is in the colonies much more encouragement for statesmen than there was. Adam Smith seems to have thought that one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the dissolution of the connexion was the fact that it supplied the home minister with many valuable prizes. And it is notorious how greatly this power has been abused. There is a story of O'Connell that he told a friend of bad character that he could not get him a position at home, but he would get him one in the colonies. We have now surrendered the appointment to all officers under £200 a year, and to the others appoint persons recommended by the governor (Ersk. May's *Constit. Hist.* Vol. II.). Sir William Molesworth, in appointing Mr. Hinckes, a Canadian politician, to a West Indian government, initiated a still more en-

lightened policy, that of throwing open the service of government "in all its departments and in every part of the empire on perfectly equal terms, to the inhabitants of the colonies." But it may be doubted whether this of itself will ever be sufficient to raise the tone of colonial politics.

The governor of the colony might do a great deal of good in this respect, but Earl Grey points out (*Colonial Policy*, p. 41, Vol. I.) that it is impossible to secure the best men for the position. "The advantages of the appointment are not such," he writes, "as to lead to their being often accepted by persons who have distinguished themselves by the ability they have shown; so that the services of men who have filled other important offices, and who would therefore be preferred for such situations, cannot be commanded." All this, it appears to me, tends to shew the disadvantage to the colonies of the present connexion.

I have endeavoured to shew that the connexion between the colonies and the mother Country is productive of evil both to ourselves and to the colonies. It is, therefore, unnecessary for me to discuss at length the means by which the connexion can be maintained. The proposal which Adam Smith favoured, viz. that representatives from the colonies should be admitted into Imperial Parliament, seems now to be on all hands regarded as impossible. If it were carried out, colonial legislation must be abolished. Another scheme, and it appears to me the only feasible one, is that of Federal Government. This would be by a grand council, in which Great Britain and the Colonies would be equally represented, and which would decide all questions affecting the empire. There, are, doubtless, great advantages to be derived from the adoption of such a scheme. It renders, as Mr. Mill points out, war impossible among a number of otherwise independent communities; it prevents the colonies from becoming a source of additional aggressive strength

to any hostile power; it is a step towards universal peace. But the difficulties in the way of its being carried out seem to me insuperable. Most of the arguments which I have used above apply with full force here. There is the difficulty of quickly getting together a council summoned from the ends of the world, perhaps to decide a matter of instant importance. It is questionable whether such a council would be able to decide Imperial questions wisely. The different countries represented have not, as Mr. Mill says, a "sufficient habit of taking council together." Of course such a council would be superior to our own, as well as to all provincial Parliaments. "Let any Englishman ask himself," says Mr. Mill, "how he should like his destinies to depend upon a council of which one-third was British American and another third South African and Australian. Yet this must come if there were anything like fair and equal representation." Surely, too, the *prestige*, the sense of dominion, would be lost. England could not gain even "apparent" power by allying herself with a number of inferior nations. This scheme seems to me to present much more difficulty than the scheme for an European Parliament which is so much sneered at, and to be much less advantageous.

The conclusion, then, to which I arrive is, that it would be best for the colonies to form separate states. The separation should of course be gradual.

"So let the change which comes be free
To ingrove itself with that which flies."

To cut off all our supplies at once, without due notice, would be manifestly unjust. Unquestionably the statesman who first emancipates a colony will have done a bold and difficult thing; specially bold and specially difficult because of our ephemeral governments. But the task is pressing, "drifting" is dangerous. We might if necessary guarantee the

colonies for a short time against unprovoked assault. But, surrounded with the majesty of independence, they would have little cause to fear unprovoked assault. We should no longer drag them into our wars. Their respect for England would be as great as ever. Englishmen are as warmly received in America as in Canada. It has required the greatest caution to prevent quarrels in the past; a quarrel may cause a separation in anger. Let us not wait till the colonies are disaffected to emancipate them; rather let us make them independent when their affection is warmest, that the bond of friendship may be for ever sure. If it is true of the colonies of England that they are sent out not to be slaves but equals, let them be made equals now. Then it is easy to discern in the future "new majesties of mighty states." The true bond between England and her colonies is a moral one—it is the bond of religion, of science, of thought. Commerce, the telegraph, the steamship, have bound them to us by ties which it is impossible to sever. But these would be not less, but more secure, if the childish thralldom in which the colonies are held was for ever abolished. Surely England would not lose real greatness by becoming in reality, and not only in name, "The Mother of Free Nations."

D. L. B.



SOCIAL FLATTERY.

THE distinctive feature of civilized society seems to be the relations which every individual bears to a multitude of others of whom he never has either heard or will hear. This is obvious, and as a consequence we are often brought in contact with people with whom we have relations of an unknown character, I mean hitherto unknown to ourselves, as when we meet relatives whom we have never seen, or strangers at the invitation of a common acquaintance. Now the art of making yourself agreeable, if possible, comes more distinctly into play on such occasions than on any. The individual who most successfully acquires it is known as a clever talker. This, of course, is not as a rule the chief characteristic of a clever talker, but such a one must possess this quality before he can be said to be an adept. Now the main feature of such talk consists in flattery, and this kind of social flattery will form the subject of the following paper.

There are two ends which may be kept in view in conversation, according to varying circumstances; one, merely to please, inform, or improve yourself and your companion; the other, when you have some objective end in view, such as to gain some information of which you are desirous, in which case you are said to wheedle your man out of it, and this may be virtuous or vicious. But I shall first consider the art of social flattery for the first end only, namely the desire to interest and please. The whole science

of pleasing consists in making the individual, whoever it is, pleased with himself, and it is to this object that the flatterer addresses his efforts. The principal means by which this is to be achieved is to say something from which the person you are speaking to draws the inference desired, viz. that he or somebody whom he knows, his son or father, is, in your opinion, a mighty fine fellow. "*Ars celare artem.*" In this lies the success of your schemes. Still, simple, plain, outspoken flattery is rarely displeasing, unless there be a suspicion that it is insincere. But to produce its full effect the flattery must be more or less delicately veiled, according to the sensitive or obtuse character of the patient, so to term the subject of your designs. The ingenuity with which a man can extract something to his credit out of the most irrelevant, or even discreditable topics, is readily understood, and hence it happens that the most undisguised flattery gratifies the hearer. For, reasons he, though I know very well that A. B. is only trying to humbug me, still there must be something in it. No smoke without some fire; and, at least, he thinks it worth while to try and win my favour. Thus it is by no means difficult to practise the art successfully, since the patient is always willing, and will meet you more than halfway. However, the real thing is well insinuated, oblique, and apparently unconsciously done. Instances will occur to everyone; perhaps the writer may be excused if he mention one that struck him as successful, at least, so he flattered himself. A boy leaving school, in a 'valé' or farewell set of verses, had the following stanza, which possesses some merit:

"And must I leave thy well-known halls,
Thine ivied towers and holy walls,
Those walls wherein from day to day
Thy congregated children pray."

The writer had once heard one of these lines quoted, and a long time afterwards chanced to meet the boy's

mother, and the subject of valés being mentioned, he stated, though it rather exceeded the limits of the truth, that he had often heard this particular one quoted, which implied that it was of world-wide fame, a piece of flattery at which the lady in question beamed in smiles. It is necessary to know something of your friend's habits and connections before you can attempt to flatter him to any great extent, but the principles of the science admit of much wider application. When you merely speak to anybody in the streets to ask the way, there is a kind of address by which you may appear to feel respect for the man; you may contrive to make it out a great favour, so that he may reason to himself that he is very obliging and always willing to render any assistance to strangers that lies in his power, expecting nothing in return. What a disinterested man I must be, he says to himself. This process of argument will not, of course, be gone through consciously, but there will be a feeling of self-satisfaction in the man's mind while, as regards yourself, he will tell you the way cheerfully and possibly more precisely. Suppose, on the other hand, you ask as if you had a right to know, the Britisher straightway feels inclined to withhold the desired request and snub his impertinent interrupter. Can't I spend my time much better than in telling you your way? Of course, in practical life, a mean between this extreme politeness and rudeness is invariably preserved; you are told the way you want to go, and neither party, probably, thinks about the courtesy an instant longer, but it sufficiently makes appear what is meant by this kind of flattery. There is a difficulty sometimes, when one of the parties is old and the other young, to avoid the appearance of condescension. It is an intolerable bore to be asked questions about what you are doing by a person who, as you think, only asks because he thinks you will like to speak. Then the would-be

flatterer misses his mark from want of tact. When a person carries his thoughts visibly printed on his face the task is rendered more easy, for as you approach the remark you bear in mind there is as it were an index to guide you to knowing whether or no it is dangerous. In ordinary society if you go upon any system of this kind it is an extremely interesting and sometimes amusing occupation, as you note the varying quickness with which the real, that is the concealed, point of your observation is taken. A very peculiar effect is produced upon the ordinary rustic if you address him as an equal, and with great and studied politeness. As a rule, he appears equally puzzled and pleased with a lingering suspicion that he is being made a fool of, but, if a sharp-witted man, he readily understands the position, and will reply as you would wish, and is decidedly pleased at the opportunity of talking. Perhaps the easiest of all characters to flatter is one which is pompous and consequential, and rather stupid withal. For you have merely to lay some knotty point of behaviour or manners before him and the thing is done; his great object in life being to have deference paid to his opinions; and being too stupid to distinguish the deference that is genuine from that which is assumed, the flatterer at small cost gratifies his own passion for pleasing and the other's passion for consequence. So, again, conceited people are very easily pleased, though, unfortunately, still more easily displeased. With ordinary people, however, the opportunity is not very often offered of conveying a hint that the world thinks well of them or of their belongings, wherein, as has been said, the science of flattery consists. This consideration, viz. that it is the world's opinion which is in every case valued, will solve many problems of what one is to say under certain circumstances. If any man stands, say for a seat in Parliament to represent

a three-cornered constituency, and fully expects to be brought in head of the poll but gets the third place, if you think it necessary to mention the subject to him for any reason, you might possibly doubt for a moment whether to condole with him on not getting to the head of the poll as he expected, or congratulate him on his election; and many such cases might be instanced, but in all it is the safest plan to congratulate the man, though you may know that he is bitterly disappointed. For the object of ambition is to stand well with the world, and if you, an unprejudiced person, are thus impressed with the success of the man, the chances are, thinks he, that the world is impressed likewise. This is evidently false reasoning, but as it is not gone through, except unconsciously, so to speak, a pleasurable impression is produced in the unthinking mind, such as is the mind of most. Even if our friend had altogether lost his seat, he would probably be gratified, rather than displeased, if you congratulated him on getting so many votes as he had done. The best flattery operates like a pill, it is received without producing any immediate effect, but requires digestion, and then operates on the constitution or on the mind respectively without its operation being perceived. The second kind rather resembles a chocolate cream, in which the cream, whether of the remark or of the comestible, is not arrived at immediately, but, nevertheless, is consciously felt, and produces a pleasure that is of the sensual order. This sort is apt to degenerate into a mere neat compliment, and cannot be considered high art.

We may next consider flattery in its application to the recipient, but from what has been said above, it follows that the best directed is assimilated unconsciously. This is not, however, an invariable rule; it may be supposed that a person who habitually studies the tastes and feelings of others will observe when a piece of sugar is offered to himself; not that this

knowledge of the mode of action of the flattery he receives will diminish his pleasure in it, on the contrary; the ingenuity of the human mind, to which allusion was made above, is amply sufficient to obviate this. Additional pleasure may even be extracted in the matter, consisting of the amusement afforded by watching, as it were, the plots and intrigues of your own passions, those actors who act that drama in the theatre of your mind which you call your life, without diminishing your interest and enjoyment of their play. Self-analysis, however, is the most complicated affair possible, and you can never be sure of detecting flattery whenever a dose is administered to you. Let a paper be read on the atrocious conduct of the English nation and government in the introduction of negro slavery into America. Which of us would not consciously or unconsciously compare the conduct of our ancestors with that of ourselves in the matter of the slave trade to the great advantage of the latter, who, perhaps, are enjoying the fruits of their policy, while comfortably condemning its iniquity; ignorant the while of the efficiency or inefficiency of the act for putting an end to the truck system. In all depreciation of the age we live in, flattery is really intended; when we say "*Aetas parentum pejor avis tulit Nos nequiores, mox daturos Progeniem vitiosiore*," we secretly invert the meaning, and gather out of the eater meat and out of the satire sweetness; to this is due the complacency with which the English read *Battles of Dorking*, and attacks upon their customs in general, written by one of their own countrymen, at which they feel extremely nettled when written by foreigners, for these they know to be sincere. But to return to the cultivation of the art of flattery in general, this may be shewn to be in reality a virtue of no mean order, that is, when there is no ulterior object in view, for it is a clear gain to the happiness of the community, acting like oil to the wheels

of the social machine, making every member satisfied with himself and the appreciation he meets with. Secondly, it enforces upon its practiser the habit of thinking, and of not speaking at random, and of having regard to the sentiments of those with whom he is brought in contact. It enables such a one to anticipate the wishes of his neighbours, and few things are more gratifying than having the wishes of the mind anticipated and executed without a word being said. Such a one will readily apprehend a hint of any kind from habit of observation, another valuable social quality. The vice which is opposite to this virtue is a kind of bearishness; a bear will take no hint, is impervious to flattery, except the gross kind which few will offer to him, and never has any regard for the feelings of others, but rather prides himself upon his bluntness. This statement seems somewhat open to the charge of being a claptrap; the real character is, perhaps, more like a log than a bear, and is passively deficient rather than actively disagreeable. It is said that the English, as a nation, are noted for obtuseness of this kind, and this is a vice that the practice recommended in this paper promises to correct. Let us briefly consider now the second end for which flattery is useful, viz. that of gaining your object. When the fox told the crow he was a beautiful songster, it was rather a gross deception, and the crow was decidedly a fool to be taken in. Had the fox stated that he had heard the crow a mile off, this said bird might with more show of reason, have listened to the voice of the charmer and opened his mouth to caw again, in order to shew the fox he could do it again. An artful boy may frequently induce a friend to bear some heavy burden by declaring his own inability to do so. If he insinuate that his friend is unable to bear it, the artifice is too shallow and is generally seen through, but the former artifice is deeper and will often carry the point. Suppose that a man piques himself on

keeping time, say in a boat; you wish to induce him to vote at some election with yourself, and if he be unwilling, indirect flattery, by means of a metaphor, might be a powerful argument—Oh come along and vote with us, we must all pull together, you know!

Let us now just touch upon the opposite to flattery, satire, in order to fill up the picture by contrast. The art of making satirical observations consists also, though not so wholly as in the case of flattery, in doing the thing by means of inference, saying something that cannot be caught hold of and resented, but which yet implies that the subject of your allusion is deficient in wisdom or prudence. And it may be remarked that it is far easier to flatter than to produce a good sarcasm, for the former can be introduced without much difficulty when the materials are at hand, but for the latter not only must material be furnished, but it must be used to some definite opportunity. It is a well-known story, unnecessary to repeat, of the sarcasm or rather repartee, which is a thing of the same nature, invented by a man who had to wait eight years before he could find an opportunity of bringing it out; and, no doubt, many a good sarcasm has been invented which has never seen the light at all. There is an anecdote, be it new or stale, that Mr. John Bright was greatly vexed by some member of the great stupid party, and worked out at home a prodigiously sarcastic parallel to produce in the House, but when he delivered his speech, thinking this too severe, omitted it. Later, however, being greatly irritated by the same man, he rose in his seat at once and thundered out pat to the occasion his carefully-prepared parallel. Opportunity adds greatly to the effect of all flattery or satire, but can oftener be *made* for the former than for the latter. The best talker will most often contrive to introduce judicious and well-hidden flattery in his mode of speaking, sometimes merely by the choice of subjects to speak of.

TLIRYABAH.



UTILISATION OF CHURCHES.

BY A TOWN PARSON.

STRANGE notions are current about consecration. A foolish letter in a newspaper a few weeks ago represented the Church of England as believing that the efficacy of her rites and sacraments depended on the consecration of "bricks, stones, and mahogany." But it is scarcely necessary to observe that the object of the consecration of a building is not to enhance the efficacy of the functions performed therein.

The consecration is a simple setting apart of the building from all profane uses, and that with two objects.

1. To satisfy the loving instincts of those who contribute to the erection and maintenance of the Church, who desire to present it as a gift to God, a desire which would not be satisfied if the building were only sometimes to be used for religious and at other times for secular purposes.

2. To protect the worshipper from distracting associations and to suggest thoughts of holiness and of God. We can hardly go into any building without recurring in thought to the former occasions on which we were there. It would be very unhelpful to devotion if on entering a house of prayer there should be printed on our mind by the force of association, the memory of some comic scene enacted there, or of some unseemly dispute which took place there.

It is much better that our hearts should be at once drawn into communion with the Divine Spirit, by the remembrance that this is none other than the house of God, even His house of prayer. Our idea in having consecrated places of worship is not that God will be more ready to hear, but that we shall be more ready to pray. We do not think that our public worship will be more acceptable to God in virtue of the consecration of our place of assembly, except in so far as the consecration by its influence upon ourselves makes our worship more hearty, more devotional, and more intense.

But let me say that—

I do not believe in consecrating things to uselessness. I know a church in which an old altar table is standing on its end in a passage, because the churchwardens think that it would be an act of desecration to sell the slab of mahogany and apply the few pounds that it would fetch, to the improvement or decoration of the church. I think that the said piece of mahogany would be much more truly consecrated to the glory of God, if, instead of cumbering a corner, it furnished the means of making the house of God more comely.

One more remark I would make by way of preface and then I will proceed to some practical suggestions.

It is commonly thought to be contrary to the spirit of the prayer-book for a layman to speak in the church except in making the responses or reading the lessons. But I would call attention to the fact that the prayer-book prescribes the public catechising of children. It cannot be intended that the questions and answers are to be restricted to those of the church catechism. Where then will you draw the distinction between a catechising and an ordinary bible class, in which the conductor asks such questions as, Mr. A. what do you understand by the ninth verse? And if this be regarded as within the spirit of the term

catechising; you can hardly draw a line to exclude any sort of class for mutual religious instruction and deliberation, provided a clergyman is present to conduct it.

We are certainly advancing a step further when we suggest that churches might be used as sunday schools under lay teachers. But in so using them there are certain conditions to be observed, which I will mention presently. It seems best now to mention in order the different ways in which churches might be more used. I shall begin with the more distinctly *religious* uses of the building.

I. OPEN CHURCHES.

All churches might be made useful by being kept open all day for private reading and prayer. I was speaking to a leading dissenting minister in Liverpool on this subject a few weeks since. He agreed with me that it would be a great gain to thousands of the religiously disposed poor if they could find in every church or chapel a quiet place for devotion. He was deterred from trying the experiment, chiefly because the practice was regarded as Romish, but surely they must be very lukewarm protestants who would leave the Romanists in the sole enjoyment of any practice or custom which seemed good in itself. I will read on this point an extract from a letter written to me by a friend in Cambridge, who certainly has no bias in favour of what are called high church opinions.

"It gives me a very poor idea of the heartiness and realness of the christian religion to walk through a town on a week-day and see church after church shut and locked and 'kept for sundays,' as if all the religious duties of the week were to be crowded into that day, and the other six to be passed with scarcely a thought of God or a word of prayer. A church ought I think never to be locked; its own sacred

character will almost always preserve it from outrage without the additional security of bolts and bars, and an open church door may often deter a man from sin when the chilling aspect of doors locked and gates closed may seem to give him a sort of excuse and encouragement."

There are grave difficulties in the way of making many churches free, but all might easily be made open. Indeed it seems to me that there is no reason in the world why all the churches of this rural deanery should not unite in inviting people to make the house of God to be indeed to them the house of daily prayer.

II. DAILY SERVICES.

This leads me to speak of daily services: they should be short, homely, congregational, answering to the needs of those who cannot have family prayer at home. For the last five years I have observed the good effect of a short daily Evening Service in two Churches in Liverpool. The omission of the introductory exhortation, of one lesson and one canticle, and of all the prayers after the third collect, and the addition of a short address preceded and succeeded by a popular hymn, have been found to adapt the Prayer-book office of Evening Prayer to the wants of a busy multitude who would not come to a longer service, and who have not yet learned to appreciate a service, in which there are not at least a few words of counsel or encouragement from the living lips of a speaker. Sticklers for rubrick will, of course, disparage such a "mutilated evensong," and others, who have no objection to see a Church closed from Sunday to Sunday, will cry out against "unlawful services;" but as long as the Prayer-book prescribes a daily office, and custom tolerates that office being left unsaid, I am at a loss to perceive the iniquity of a middle course by which it is partly said.

As to the two Churches that I have referred to,

the more favourably situated has attracted for several years a daily evening congregation, averaging more than fifty worshippers, exclusive of Sundays and holydays, whilst an average of thirty a day has been found at the other, situated in an unfrequented street in the midst of a very poor and degraded

III. EXTRA-PRESCRIBED SERVICES.

Whatever religious services are needed for the people cannot be out of place in the people's church. Whether they be called prayer meetings or prophesyings, whether their chief object be worship or intercession or instruction or exhortation; whether they aim at the conversion of the godless or at the edification of the faithful, there ought to be no objection to their being held in the building consecrated to the glory of God.

Some people indeed think that the lower classes prefer meeting anywhere else rather than in the church; but, wherever the church is free to all alike and suitably arranged for the people, it is found upon experience that they will rather go to the church that they can call their own than to a room opened for them by the favour of someone; and I believe that the law gives more sanction than is generally supposed to what some would call irregular services in church.

"The Statute of 2nd and 3rd Edward VI. c. i. sec. 7. is as follows:—'Provided also, that it shall be lawful for all *men*, as well in Churches, Chapels, Oratories or other places, to use openly any Psalms or Prayer taken out of the Bible, at any due time, not letting or omitting thereby the Service or any part thereof mentioned in the said Book' (of Common Prayer)."

This seems to allow laymen as well as clerics to read psalms or prayer out of the Bible, so long as they do not interfere with any of the prescribed services. But it is not my object only to suggest

courses which are at present lawful, I think we may well take counsel as to the direction in which we ought to strive to promote legislation.

IV. LECTURES.

Lectures on moral and religious subjects might well be given in churches. Probably, lectures on Church History or on Missionary work would not seem to any to be out of place. Lectures on Political and Social Economy might be thrown into the form of sermons on texts of Scripture if desired, and would undoubtedly be very useful given after short weekday services.

It appears to me that the temperance movement would not have been separated from religion in the unfortunate way in which it is, if its progress had been promoted within the walls of our churches. Instead of temperance being set forth as one of the fruits of the spirit, teetotalism has become almost a rival religion to Christianity. Teetotalers make parodies of our sacred hymns and sing

Teetotal! O the joyful sound,
'Tis music in our ears,

whilst others condescend to inform us that they will reverse God's order and let works (of temperance) prepare the way for faith. I believe that all the Liverpool clergy have received a circular requesting them to deliver lectures in their churches on the subject of Total Abstinence in July. I hope they will take the matter up, that for once the town may hear the temperance question expounded in connexion with religion.

V. MEETINGS.

In holding meetings in church, caution must be used. Meetings to discuss subjects on which opinion is strongly divided, and perhaps all meetings at which

measures have to be determined by votes would be out of place. But meetings of district visitors and church workers for deliberation or for the arrangement of their work, meetings of Sunday school teachers to prepare their lessons together, meetings of church guilds not for secular business but for the admission of members and for prayer, all such meetings as these might properly and advantageously be held in the church, and the fact of their being held there will be some security that their religious character will be preserved.

VI. SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

I do not think the church ought to be used as a Sunday school, except under certain conditions; chiefly, there must be no compulsory attendance and no other punishment than exclusion. If children are obliged to attend, or if they are subject to punishment in attending, the church will be connected on their minds with disagreeable associations. But after Divine Worship itself I know no more fitting purpose to which a church can be devoted than the work of lovingly teaching the love of God to the hearts of children.

We often hear complaints that the children who leave our Sunday Schools do not become worshippers in church. I think that if the older boys instead of being kept in Sunday School with the children were formed into a voluntary Bible Class in the church, they would realize their connection with the church more fully and they would learn to love it more. At present they attend compulsory school as long as they can be compelled by their parents, and as soon as they arrive at an age at which they think they may judge for themselves, they hastily cast off that which they have learnt to regard as a symbol of subjection.

And here let me urge that in no case should

attendance at Church be made compulsory on children. I am sure that instead of marching the Sunday School in formal rank to Church, it is much better to let them go in voluntary groups, or not go, as they like. As a matter of fact nearly all will be found to go by choice. In this as in every other use of the church, we should teach our people from the very beginning that church is a privilege not a penalty, and that the greatest penalty that it is possible to inflict is ex-communication (*i.e.* exclusion from the services of the Church).

In all the extensions that I have suggested in the use of Churches, I have been guided by the principle laid down at the beginning, that nothing should be done to diminish the force of association which should suggest to us thoughts of holiness on entering God's house. At the same time I have borne in mind that other fact, that a consecration to uselessness cannot be an honour to any being or to any thing.

In conclusion I desire to add that what, in my opinion, we very much need is the power of employing laymen in most of the functions to which I have referred.

To me it seems mischievous, if not absurd, that in public services in a mission room anything should be lawful which is unlawful in the Church.

It suggests to the people two notions very detrimental to the national respect for the Church.

One is that our Churches are not—and are not intended to be—the Churches of the people.

The other notion is cognate: it is said that the Clergy do not believe themselves that the Prayer Book is suitable for the people. They are obliged by law to perform the services, but out of Church they do what they may not do in Church.

I think that if Scripture Readers may preach in a schoolroom they ought to be licensed to preach in

the Church by permission of the Clergy. We all do employ the laity for every lawful function, when we can only induce them to accept employment. In most parishes we know a few whom we should be glad to ask to speak now and then in Church (especially on a week night) to their fellow men, and perhaps if we might invite them to share the honourable office of the preacher, we should find them more ready than they are to fulfil other offices of less reputed honour.

May 8, 1871.

[The writer has not thought it necessary to recast this paper, which was originally read at a Ruridecanal Conference. He trusts that his readers will excuse the occurrence of a few local references as well as the use of language more adapted for an oral address than for an essay].

1871.

France—ever thou hast been the first to hurl

Loud menaces against barbarian foes,
'Sdaining thy rent and bloody flag to furl

In the last agony of battle-throes:—

'And now, although the Teuton horde no more,
From Rhineland to the far Atlantic shore,
Infest thy ravaged territories—lo,

The land is peopled with a deadlier foe:
Arise and smite the viper brood that battens on thy woe!

H. B. C.



AFTER THE MAY RACES.

'Tis o'er—th' enchanting sweet delight
Which lured us through one week of leisure,
And now fair day must yield to night,
And toil tread on the heels of pleasure;
For labour is man's common lot,
Delight a dream that stayeth not.

'Tis o'er; those forms of loveliness
We look for and may not behold,
Which whilom graced our loneliness,
And turned our iron age to gold,
Whose laughter winged with joyous mirth
Gave Paradise once more to earth.

They trod the courts where science dawns,
And soon they changed to sun-bright bowers;
With airy footsteps pressed our lawns,
Which swiftly seemed to spring with flowers;
And, bright before, yet brighter grew
For their sweet sake our skies of blue.

Ah! yes, methinks some far-off strain
May summon forth the happy tears,
Or e'en a breath of flowers remain,
Through all the long memorial years,
To cheer our sorrowful unrest,
And tell us that we once were blest.

After the May Races.

75

Then Granta gaily smiled I ween
Beneath the willow-kirtled shores,
As shot the swift-winged barks between
In flashing rivalry of oars,
And dimpled with a myriad gleam
Of rippling smiles her shadowy stream.

We joined the rush beside the river,
We heard the wild tumultuous cry,
We saw the water-circles quiver,
As strove each boat for victory;
And who would not for such a prize—
A loving glance from starlit eyes!

Once more, but now engarlanded
Like conqueror in his triumph's hour,
Where leafage floating overhead
Entwines itself in one bright bower,
Before our eyes the pageant passed,
A scene of beauty—'twas the last.

* * * * *

As birds of spring, whose serenades
Melodious sweet and plumage gay
Charm us awhile till summer fades,
Then hie to sunnier lands away,
So our fair visitants are gone,
'Tis winter, and we're left alone.

Farewell to them, nor long farewell,
Dreams' fancy tissues wont to bring
The gentle forms we loved so well
Before our longing gaze—a spring
Of happiness, that may not wane,
Until we see themselves again.

HYLAS.



ARTESIAN WELLS.

ARTESIAN Wells consist of a narrow shaft, a few inches in diameter, bored down, often to a great depth, till a supply of water is reached, which rises spontaneously to the surface. They have been known from very early times; the first were sunk in Europe about A.D. 1000, in Artois, a province of France, border from which the name is derived, but were known to the Chinese, probably, much earlier. The theory of such a well, like that of a natural spring, is that a geological stratum, which is highly permeable by water, most commonly the upper or lower greensand, forms beneath the surface at the point in question a basin-shaped depression in such a fashion that it outcrops at a higher level, while a stratum impervious to water, as, for example, clay, overlies it all along and prevents the water rising to the surface, but if a hole be bored through this overlying stratum the water will evidently rise in it to a height depending upon the head of water that forces it up. Further details on the geological part of the matter will be given anon; let us now consider the method of boring.

There are two systems—one universally used till comparatively lately, and still preferred in England; the other, introduced from China, is much simpler, and now obtains on the continent. The latter, called the Chinese system, consists of a cylindrical shell suspended by a rope, and holding an augur fastened to its lower end. There are two valves close to the

augur opening upwards into the shell; when the rope is lifted and suddenly let fall, the weight of the instrument and torsion of the rope cause the tool to fall with a twist, which jerks the loosened rock into the shell. This operation is repeated till the shell is full, when it is drawn up and emptied. With so simple a machine, different tools, of course, being used for different strata, it may be asked why this plan has not superseded all others? The objection to it is that the bore-hole is apt to become crooked, in which case the pipes, that are necessary for protecting the hole, cannot be put in, or with great difficulty. In rocky strata, or in places when the straightness of the hole is of little moment, this method may do very well.

The commoner and more complicated plan is as follows:—the boring tool, which varies according to the nature of the work to be done, is attached to a system of iron rods, which screw together in lengths of from ten to twenty feet. The circular motion is imparted by the workmen by handles, assisted, when necessary, by a jumping motion, which causes the borer to work for itself a hole in the ground. When the work has been severe the aid of horses or steam has been employed. It is plain that in this process a very great loss of time occurs, as each rod has to be unscrewed as it comes up, separately, for the purpose of emptying the boring tool. This system is now being employed by the New River Company at Hertford; they intend to procure water from the lower greensand.

When it has been resolved to make an Artesian boring, the first thing is to dig a well five or six feet in diameter to whatever depth may be considered convenient, say fifty feet, the depth being determined mainly by theoretical considerations as to how high the water will rise; this is to serve the purpose of a reservoir. If the water is expected to overflow the surface of the ground, the well would, perhaps, be

omitted. The next point to be decided is whether we will work from some point in the well itself or from the surface. If the well be of less than four feet diameter, and the workmen are at a point below the surface, it is hard to get sufficient leverage for any heavy labour; in that case we are driven to work from the surface, but, if possible, the other is better chiefly for two reasons, viz. that a saving of time is effected, because it will be unnecessary to unscrew more than every fifth rod, say, an advantage that in the other case is secured by erecting a high pair of shears, over which the rope from the windlass passes; and secondly, because there is less weight upon the windlass, which is always at the surface. Suppose, then, that it is decided to carry on the boring from a point in the well. First, to fix on the point at which to build the stage or floor from which the work is done; this should be as low as possible, but above the level to which the water is expected to rise. The floor is made of stout planks, with a hole in the centre a little larger than the boring rods, but not large enough to permit the passage of a small hook apparatus for holding the rods while they are being detached one from another and so preventing their falling back into the hole. From the bottom of the well, as distinguished from the bore hole, to above where the water will rise, say just beneath the boring stage, wooden trunks, strongly but temporarily secured, are fixed as guides for the boring tools, permanent pipes, &c. The permanent pipe to be inserted in the hole bored should be joined together and slung down the well, to be used as occasion may require. Thus, having bored, say, through the blue clay, the sooner the pipes follow the better, as the sand underneath is apt to blow up into the bore, or the clay to fall down and partly choke the hole. The pipes are made of cast or wrought iron; the lower ones of the series, the whole of which

are numbered, are perforated with small holes when the spring is a sand one, but when the water is to rise from chalk or rock no perforation is required, and the pipes are only requisite so far as the bore-hole will not stand without them. In many cases in and about London advantage is taken both of the main sand springs and the chalk springs also; perforated pipes are well driven in the former, smaller pipes and a smaller bore being continued down to the chalk. The circular motion of the boring rods is imparted, as has been said, by two handles. The vertical or percussive motion is procured by suspending the rods to the windlass by the intervention of a rope coiled two or three times round the axle, and so adjusted that when the workman pulls the loose end of the cord tight the friction may be sufficient to raise the rods on putting the windlass in motion. When the workman loosens the rope the coil becomes slack and the rods descend with a force proportional to their weight and depending upon the distance to which they have fallen. A regular percussive action is therefore gained by the attendant workman alternately tightening and letting go the free end of the rope while the windlass continues in uniform motion in one direction. This seems a remarkably neat mechanical contrivance.

Returning now to the principle which governs the supply of water in an Artesian well, it is to be observed that a cubic yard of pure sea sand will hold, in addition to the sand that would fill the same space if dry, nearly one-third of its volume of water, all of which it could part with when pumped from. All rocks contain more or less water, but chalk and the like will not give it up so readily an amount of the capillary attraction. In chalk, however, there are numbers of cracks and fissures, which may be full of water which will flow out without difficulty, though the action will, as has been said, be somewhat different from the way in which water will percolate

sand. Until geology became something like a science, it was an open question whether the water of springs came from the rainfall on distant hills or from some source in the interior of the earth, and wild theories were propounded to account for the water of the sea being forced up above the level of the sea; as for example, that the water penetrating the lower strata of the land arrived at a subterranean furnace which evaporated it, and it then rose towards the surface of the ground, but was condensed into liquid again and then formed springs by natural falling. It is well established that the strata are not horizontal, and consequently the rain-fall at a place may percolate through a permeable stratum, covered above and below by impermeable matter till it arrives at a point greatly below its source and at a less depth below the surface of the ground immediately above that point, under which circumstances our Artesian well is evidently a practicable undertaking. The first notable example of the success of geological reasoning of this kind was at Grenelle, near Paris. Numerous wells had been dry at Paris, and a supply of water obtained from the permeable sand beds above the chalk, and covered by the impermeable tertiary strata. At Grenelle, however, it was known by experiment that the permeable strata of the other parts of the basin were replaced by marl and clay, which intercepted the passage of the water, and therefore the engineer of the well, supported by two other men of science, of whom Arago was one, resolved to seek a supply by boring through the chalk into the subcretaceous strata or lower greensand, which were believed to form a continuous basin under Paris. At Elbœuf and at Rouen the chalk had actually been traversed, and the water had risen at the former locality to a height of 109 feet above the level of the sea. The surface of the ground at Grenelle is 104 feet above the level of the sea, and is nearer the

inland outcrop of the water-bearing greensand, for this point is the same as the lowest point of the valley of the Seine, which is above the greensand, and this point, Lusigny, near Troyes, to the south east of Paris, is about 300 feet above the level of Grenelle. It was inferred that, should they strike the lower greensand at Grenelle, the water would rise in the bore to a height considerably above the surface. On faith in these reasonings the boring was commenced, and after eight years of indefatigable labour, in spite of the sneers of the incredulous, was crowned with signal success. After traversing the series of strata, they came upon the spring at a depth of 1,800 feet below the surface. A supply of 800,000 gallons daily was obtained; the water rising to the level of 122 feet above the ground at Grenelle.

The water rises quite warm at the temperature of 80° Fahr., and is remarkably soft and pure; it is insufficiently aerated and has to run a considerable distance before being fit to drink. It is used for the municipal service of Paris. The pipes have occasionally to be taken out for the purpose of being cleansed from sand. The total cost was £14,500, including the expense of a double set of tubes and a large construction over the well; the first 1312 feet cost £4,000, but the whole could now be executed for about £10,000. The boring traversed 148 feet of tertiary strata, 1378 feet of chalk and 291 feet of greensand and gault; it was commenced with a diameter of 20 inches, reducing gradually to 8 inches at 1,771 feet, down to which it was lined with tubing, but below that it was not lined. The internal diameter of the tube in the narrowest portion was $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It was completed in the year 1841.

Another important boring was effected at Kissingen, in Bavaria, in the new red sand stone, for £6,666, the depth being 1878 feet. Probably the deepest spring yet tapped is that at Passy, which was reached after six

years' labour, in 1861, at a depth of 1,923 feet, when the water rose to the surface at the rate of 5,582,000 gallons per day, which has since diminished to 2,000,000 gallons per day. The expense of several borings in England, through chalk to an average depth of 1,000 feet, has been about £3,000 each. A well at Liverpool, called the Green Lane Well, is 185 feet deep. In the year 1850 it yielded 990,000 gallons per day; since which a boring 98 feet deep has been made from the bottom of it, increasing its yield to 2,413,000 gallons per day.

The water that supplies the fountains in Trafalgar Square is drawn from two wells—one in front of the National Gallery, 180 feet deep, 4 feet 6 inches in diameter; the other in Orange Street, of about the same depth, and 6 feet diameter; a horizontal driftway or tunnel, about 5 feet from the bottom of the shafts and 6 feet in diameter, connects the two. A boring was commenced at the bottom of each shaft, the total depth from the surface being 395 feet in the well by the National Gallery and 300 feet in the other. When the wells and tunnel are as full as possible they contain 122,000 gallons. The water is drawn from the chalk; the strata traversed are gravel, shifting sand, gravel, London clay 142 feet, thin layer of shells, plastic clay, greensand and chalk, the total depth to the chalk being 248 feet, and there are 147 feet of chalk traversed besides. About Cambridge there are many Artesian wells, one in the Geological Museum's yard, and one in the Fellows' Garden of this College. All these are from 130 feet to 150 feet in depth, bored through the gault to the greensand, at a cost of from £15 to £20 in all. About here there is no basin-shaped depression, but the strata slope upwards as you go from south-east to north-west; the outcrop of the greensand that holds this water is beyond Girton and Waterbeach, possibly as far as Ely, but it has been partly denuded in that direction.

The Algerian Government have been successful in procuring water from Artesian wells in the desert of Sahara; after a few weeks' labour a constant stream was produced at 78° Fahr., in one case of 144,000 gallons per day. The Arabs make settlements round these wells, which have thus a great civilizing effect.

As an example of the Chinese system of boring, an instance may be taken from the mines of Saarbruck. M. Sellon, the engineer, ventilated the mines by shafts sunk in this manner, 18 inches in diameter, and several hundred feet deep. Boring is constantly employed to ascertain the character of the ground, as, for example, by Sir C. Wren when laying the foundation of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Two diagrams, making the hydrostatic action of these wells perfectly clear, will be found in the end of Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*. It will be plain, from what has been said above, that it is impossible to predict with positive certainty that a boring will in a certain locality produce water, though it can sometimes be said with certainty that it would not. Geological faults will modify the action of the water bearing strata. For example, in a mine the works were stopped in one shaft by water at a depth of 90 fathoms or so, while in a shaft close to the former they penetrated down 200 fathoms without being stopped, owing to the existence of an impervious fault between the two. Very shortly after the completion of the great well at Grenelle, similar works were undertaken in England, but with unequal success. A well of 1054 feet was sunk at Chichester, down to the upper greensand, but what little water was obtained seemed to come from a higher level, on account of its low temperature. The boring at Southampton was abandoned at a depth of 1317 feet in the chalk marl, without securing any valuable supply of water. A great number of Artesian wells had meanwhile been sunk in the tertiary strata of both London and Hamp-

shire, which resulted in lowering the level at which the water stood in previously made wells, shewing that the supply was far from unlimited. At Highgate a boring was made, intending to go down to the lower greensand, but after traversing the tertiary strata, chalk, marl, and gault in regular geological succession, the lower greensand was found to be wanting. A similar failure was encountered at Harwich, where, as in a similar case at Calais, the bore came upon the transition rocks of a very early geological period without meeting the lower greensand at all. This was the more remarkable as it had afforded a supply of water at Stowmarket, a short distance from Harwich, where it was found in its usual geological position. Great practical experience of the various conditions of the loose strata, which modify the resistance, to be met with, is desirable in boring a shaft; on this account the boring of Artesian wells is strictly an empirical art, just as it is on account of the uncertainty as to the continuity of the underground strata.

TLIRYABAH.



BOAT SONG.

(*Cf.* THE LADY OF THE LAKE, Canto II. XIX.)

τρίτον τόδ' ἤδη τῶν τριῶν παλαισμάτων.—ÆSCH. EUM.

HAIL to our Stroke, for the third time victorious!

Long may old Putney his victories know!

Or, if are ended, his triumphs thrice-glorious!

Long may he teach us the right way to row!

Long may he coach our crews!

Long all our faults abuse!

Teach us to catch the beginning, and then

Pull the oar fairly through,

Plenty of work to do,

Using our legs and our stretchers like men!

'Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain:'

Tough as the oak, and as hard as the pine,

Lithe as a leopard, and firm as a mountain,

Fierce as a crocodile waiting to dine,

Goldie, triumphant thrice,

Grasped his oar in a vice,

Steadily rowing his calm thirty-eight:

Darbishire felt defeat;

Lesley was fairly beat;

Houblon succumbed before Goldie and fate.

Low was our lot when Etona the beautiful

Parted with Goldie and gave him to Cam:

"Take him," she cried, "he is manly, yet dutiful,

Bold as a lion, and meek as a lamb."

How he has done his work,

Never was known to shirk,

Deep is engraved in the tablets of fame:
 Fortune once on him frowned;
 Goldie soon brought her round,
 Cancelling years of disaster and shame.

Oft had we seen by the ait of old Chiswick
 Dark Blue on Light Blue relentless
 Oft had we swallowed (detestable physic!)
 Tears of disgust, disappointment, and pain:
 But now the age of gold,
 Oft by our bards foretold,
 Brightly has beamed through the cloud of dark blue:
 Cam, Eton, Putney, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 Three cheers for Goldie, and three for his Crew!

ARCULUS.



THE STAINED GLASS IN THE CHAPEL OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

II.

THE FIVE WINDOWS OF THE APSE.

By Messrs. Clayton and Bell.

INSERTED by Earl Powis, at a cost of £2000.
 They bear the following inscription:
 "In Majorem Dei Gloriam et in Honorem
 Divi Johannis Evangelistæ Fenestras hujus apsidis
 Vitreis ornari curavit Edvardus Jacobus Comes de
 Powis, LL.D., Summus Academiae Seneschallus.
 A. S. MDCCCLXIX."

The mixture of faults and excellencies in these windows is so near "half and half" that it is difficult to say in one word whether they are good or bad. Taking the first requisite as of the greatest importance, and looking whether they are transparent or not, the decision is strongly against them—they are bad; and yet they admit a great quantity of light, they are full of white glass. If we look for beauty, standing at the eagle say, we find very little, for the colours are so strong and deep that the design can scarcely be made out; a figure here and there is prominent, but many are lost, faces overpowered by a strong nimbus, or limbs visible enough, but the body to which they belong mingling with the indistinct mass of ground and foreground. And

if we move backwards and stand at the screen the effect is no better, but worse, for then the colours run one into the other and neither begin nor end; the *spotty* appearance, which is so objectionable, is very distinct; the impression of the "design," which is forced upon us, is—that the artist intended to reproduce on a larger scale, the *topmost lights of the hall windows*, and failed in transparency. And yet when we come close and examine the details we find very great beauty, colours admirably suited to one another, exactly toned to stand side by side, figures and inanimate objects and flowers very finely delineated filling up the whole of the space, &c., &c.; in fact, that the faults are most observable at a distance, and the beauties at close quarters. But some of the drawing is not what might have been expected of Messrs. Clayton and Bell. There are arms of a length suitable only for legs; there are hands made any shape, or no shape; and, most noticeable of all, there are lots of faces and forms which have no expression at all in them, mere stiff figures or flat faces, which may or may not express anything, and this is a fault that time will increase rather than diminish; the brown pigment will wear off in time, at any rate some of it, and then the faces will be little more than discs of greyish white glass. There is, however, one excellent point which may be mentioned here before entering into the details of the pictures, which is, that in spite of all the crowding and copying of conventionalities, the designs do illustrate admirably the texts, and sometimes in a strikingly original manner. The fourth window shews this as well as any: Nicodemus is there figured bringing the "mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight," and on account of the greatness of the parcel of spices, he has his pages with him to carry part of it, and they carry it in the conventional scent-jars, according to custom.

The Choir windows form one series, beginning at the Westernmost on the North side with the first Miracle at Cana of Galilee, and the Record of John Baptist "Ecce Agnus Dei," and proceeding with the New Testament history in regular order. The series culminates in these Five windows of the Apse, which represent the events of the first Good Friday, the Sabbath, and Easter Day, viz.:—the washing, anointing, agony, and betrayal of the eve of the dreadful day; the trials, mocking, and scourging upon the day; the pilgrimage to Calvary, crucifixion, commending Mary to S. John, and the descent from the cross; the quietness of the grave on the Sabbath, Joseph of Arimathæa begging the body, and the women and disciples mourning over it, the entombment, and preparations for embalming; the glorious resurrection upon Easter Day, the visit of Peter and John to the sepulchre, Mary Magdalene's visit and the appearance to her. As many of these subjects as can be are illustrations of texts from S. John's Gospel. It will be found that nineteen out of the twenty are of scenes referred to by S. John, the only exception being the agony in Gethsemane in the first window, so full of incident is his account.

A table of the subjects is given in *The Eagle* for June, 1869.

In the circle in the head of each window a half figure of Christ appears in one of His capacities; five of them.

And in the top of each light is a group of Adorers from the Church, gazing upwards, and singing their Te Deum Laudamus; ten of them.

In the middle of each light is shewn the principal fact of the text.

And at the bottom underneath it a scene, on a smaller scale, depicting some event bearing upon the principal scene.

I. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Patriarchs. | 4. Kings. |
| 2. Washing the Disciples' feet. | 5. The Agony. |
| (The hand and arm of Christ are stiff and ill-drawn, and the figures are crowded together in a most disorderly way). | (So little room is given for the three disciples who are asleep that they have to sit to it). |
| 3. Mary anointing the feet of Jesus. | 6. The Betrayal. |
| (The Mary is Magdalene, distinguished by her long flowing golden hair. But the locks are of a different shade of yellow from the hair of the head). | (The crowd of disciples stand stiff and stupid, in strange contrast with a single man of the mob who has fallen at Christ's words, "I am he," he lies writhing while they stand lifeless and immoveable). |

II. THE TRUE MANNA.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Prophets. | 4. Priests. |
| 2. Jesus before Caiaphas. | 5. Jesus before Pilate. |
| (Caiaphas is rending his clothes, tearing the outer robe down the breast, and exposing the under dress of scarlet). | (The bearded priests gesticulating violently). |
| 3. Jesus Bound. | 6. The Scourging. |
| (A rivulet runs at His feet). | (Our Lord is tied with His back to a pillar, a new rod is being bound together, to replace one which lies about in fragments). |

III. THE SPOTLESS LAMB.

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|--|---|
| 1. Apostles. | 4. Apostolic Men. |
| 2. The Crucifixion, "Consummatum est." | 5. The Descent from the Cross. |
| (The Virgin, S. John, Mary Magdalene, and the Centurion appear in this picture, and advantage has been taken of the opportunity to introduce the Eagle of S. John as the | (The Virgin, S. John, Mary Magdalene, Joseph of Arimathæa, and two disciples are figured. |
| | The form of the cross is the conventional one of art). |

- | | |
|---|---|
| Roman Eagle with which the shield of the Centurion is charged. | 6. "Et ex illa hora accepit eam discipulus in sua." |
| The armour of the warrior is, if I mistake not, some centuries before its date, and he has the long cross sword of a crusader). | (But for this inscription it would be hard to say what the picture suggests. S. John and the Virgin are entering a porch within eye-shot of the naked cross; the lily of the Virgin is introduced). |
| 3. Christ Bearing the Cross. | |

IV. CHRIST IN APOCALYPTIC VISION.

Rev. i. 12....

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Men Martyrs. | 4. Women Martyrs. |
| 2. Lamenting over the Body. | 5. Entombment. |
| (The colour of the body is the same as that of the faces of the three Maries). | (Here there is a perfect "multitude in a narrow place," three Maries, Joseph, S. John, Salome, and Nicodemus). |
| 3. Joseph Begging the Body. | 6. Nicodemus with his |
| (The Centurion is there telling Pilate that Jesus is dead). | pages bringing the spices. |

V. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Bishops and Doctors. | 4. Priests and Deacons. |
| 2. The Resurrection. | 5. Appearance to Mary |
| "Ego sum resurrectio et vita." | Magdalene. |
| (Christ holds the resurrection banner in His hand in every picture after the resurrection). | "Noli me tangere." |
| 3. S. S. Peter and John at the Sepulchre. | 6. Mary Magdalene and the two Angels at the Tomb. |

It is a good thing for these windows that some of them cannot be seen from a distance, it would lend no charm. The artist has arranged his effects for a near view, keeping all the figures small and drawing them delicately; the bad effect of the middle window is partly due to this, it is alone properly visible from a distance, and being intended for no such long view

loses by it. The leads, although unnecessarily broad, are not intrusive, every advantage is taken of shadow and outline to hide them, and very successfully, for the amount of lead made use of in these windows is immense, the network of lead is remarkably intricate; if this uniformity in the size of meshes adds at all to the repose of the piece no doubt it is a good point, but the temptation to be impatient at so childish a method is scarcely to be resisted when it goes the length of cutting a limb into three pieces, or dotting a light blue robe with white, in order to prevent a broad patch of blue, or a long white arm, from attracting undue attention; even the distraction of an intrusive patch is less unpleasant than the annoyance of a lead interrupting the line. The indispensable lead is always very much in the way in a glass picture; the wonder is that in these pictures, which have so much, it is not more annoying. A capital "wrinkle" is made use of here which is found in King's windows—where the mouth of the tomb is shewn, a large piece of dark glass occurs which is quite opaque; the ill effect of this is overcome by training a tendril across it, with a stalk and two or three leaves, in white glass; and once by allowing the bole of a tree to stand in front of it; at the same time the blackness of the cavern is more vividly shewn by the contrast. The very simple but effective device of putting a narrow line of white glass round the inside of each opening to mark out the design of the stonework distinctly is used in all the choir windows; these five have also a coloured border, which adds to the richness of the glass but reduces the scale of the figures. All the faces, except that of Judas, are made of white glass, or nearly white, which is, perhaps, the worst of all for shewing any features.

But the rules of the style under which the work is executed must be obeyed, and this necessity takes some of the responsibility off the artist's shoulders, still, he need not make his people all pale-faced

patients, with transparent heads and smooth faces, as empty as they are round. One piece of glass in the centre window deserves especial notice; the light ruby ground of the circle in which the Agnus Dei stands is as fine a piece as can be imagined—transparent, light, beautiful, brilliant, and yet soft and sober; it may be pronounced as nearly perfect as possible.

The conclusion to which a consideration of these windows irresistibly leads us is that they are not of the highest order, but nevertheless that they are far above the lowest—they suffer more from the workman than from the designer; the design is generally very good, but not always so, that absurd crowding of figures is a frequent and great fault, but they serve their main purpose of decoration admirably, and are in keeping with the magnificence of the building, and upon the whole are not unworthy of the honourable place which they occupy.

W. L. W.

April 3, 1872.



ART EDUCATION.

TO a stranger to England who visits our Royal Academy Exhibition in London, during the summer, there must be an opportunity for reflections of an interesting nature.

The crowds of people who throng the room, of all classes of society, prove what number there are who take a pleasure in works of art.

Now, I believe, the unfelt influence of paintings upon human taste and judgment to be incalculable.

By a kind of mental chemistry, with which we are as yet imperfectly acquainted, the pictures we see influence our minds and mould our feelings and morals. Occasionally this is quite evident. A well-composed historical picture has often revived an antique fashion, and one many years ago, of a lady in a red cloak, made Regent Street for a time like a geranium walk.

These results are evident to our eyes, and also the manner in which they came about, but it must be, that fresh modifications of the public mind are produced each year by the art brought out in the preceding. But not only does national art modify national taste—the art, the dress, the architecture, of a nation is almost always partially the outgrowth of the national character.

If we take a general view of the present schools of art in Germany, France, and England, we cannot fail to observe the peculiar solid English character, with its dash of grotesque and sometimes sorrowful humour.

The German resemblance to it, with its peculiar shade of difference, and the French philosophical vanity.

Thus it seems to be—a people, no less than an individual, is compelled to leave in each trivial act in each painting, each song, each building, a vestige of its character for posterity to read.

Now, upon looking at the walls of our academy, and excepting a few pictures of a certain stamp and of the highest class, it is my opinion that there is an extraordinary deficiency of refined education.

Watts, in his speech before the commission of the House of Commons, says, "It appears to me, to be nothing short of a phenomenon that English art should so little express the peculiar qualities of English character and history. The power and solid magnificence of English enterprise is almost without corresponding expression in English art.

If it be true that the mind of a painter influences his work, it is clear that in order to improve the morals of a people a painter must be good, and in order to elevate them he must be refined.

The latter, I think, is exactly the defect we find in English painters; they are truthful, morally good, and pure in conception, but trivial, and often—very often—tinged with vulgarity. This, I suspect, is at the bottom of the charges of crudity of colour that are so often brought against us. The French, with more elegant national taste than we, have refined until they have chased the colour from the canvass, and converted many of their figures into affected clothes-pegs.

In England, at present, our painters cannot be accused of a want of study of truth, and it is a hopeful sign of future progress, but this pursuit of truth appears to me to have led a large number of modern painters, and almost the whole of the critical press, into a great error.

I contend that to make a painter a reproducer of nature, and nothing more, is to degrade him nearly to the level of a photographic camera. Of what use is it for a painter to paint us a cottage and some figures, or a landscape and trees, when we can go out and see the works of a far greater painter, almost every day, unless he also mean to teach us some lessons about those trees and cottages—to make us look at them, and go away with fresh ideas?

Landseer, who has such a magical influence over the minds of lower animals, has shewn us the resemblance between our passions and sorrows and those of the brutes, and taught us to see in their faces a faint reflection of our own. Hogarth has sent us back to read the history of his times with a new insight into its morals.

The magnificent idealization of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir J. Reynolds, is calculated to improve our idea of the great actress. Could the scene itself, if we could view it, impress us with the great and glorious ideas that Turner has placed on canvass in "Crossing the Brook" or the "Temeraire."

Poets and painters go through the world with other eyes than common spectators, and they are to blame if they do not shew us what they see, if they do not, as it were lend us the glass from which the commonest objects take their glorious hues.

If there is nothing more in a picture than an exact faithful transcript of nature, I should feel inclined to ask why should this pains and labour be spent in producing what I may see far better for myself? For my part, I do not care to have all surrounding countries brought into my sitting-room. I prefer to view them myself under the open sky; and mere copying must always be defective, for colour never can precisely rival nature.

A great portion of artistic labour in our country is devoted to book illustrations. These are so popular

that they can hardly fail to have an enormous effect in diffusing a taste for drawing and for judging of drawing; and how must we regret the large portion of them that are worse than useless, that are spreading either a taste for false art—art that is untrue—while it reflects the mean mind of its creator, or, not less dangerous, art that contents itself with mere inert mediocrity, striving to teach no lesson, to serve no end, but only to procure a good demand.

The class of artists, swelled as it is to gigantic proportions by our present requirements, is an active national teacher. It has almost as much as that of poetry, the power either to elevate or to degrade.

Just as our poets complain that a prosaic exactitude fetters the poetry of the present day—that all is required to be possible and probable, and extravagance so pitilessly pursued, that many a noble flight of fancy is clipped in the wing—so, I believe, that our art is fettered in the same manner. An exacting public is too ready to cry "ridiculous" as soon as any painter attempts to portray ideas out of the common. It is not altogether so in poetry; we have, now and then, a few imitations of the style of the old poets which are not laughed at because rather quaint. And if a painter is illustrating Dante or Tennyson, it seems that a conventional leave is granted him to turn the order of the universe upside down for the nonce. But let a painter presume, like Blake, to see angels in trees, and his fate is sealed; he must be a firm man if he is not laughed out of it.

A true painting, I think, should be a representation not of nature but of the picture of nature that the artist would have if he shut his eyes for a few moments. He must study, well and truthfully; he cannot look too much nor attend too much to his perspective and to reality; but, for my part, I wish to see, if I can, what is painted on the mental retina of the artist, not what I can see for myself.

In olden days the idea of painting was different; men saw with their mind's eye both the outside and inside of a house, and did not scruple to paint it; nay, they even sometimes put the same figure in twice in different positions, for few fetters shackle thought. This, I think, was the secret of much that the old masters did.

If, then, we are to improve our national school of painting, before all it is necessary that we give our artists a refined education.

Let us take a glance at the position of art in Cambridge. We have here half our students mastering the greatest examples of ancient poetry, and, philologically, dissecting it fibre from fibre; we have excellent musical societies, and buildings loaded with architecture; we have copies of Greek sculpture, and a Slade Professor of Art to come down and lecture to a scanty audience now and then.

But I do not think, considering the funds at the disposal of the University, that enough is done. In order really to encourage painting it would be necessary to found Art Scholarships, to be given to promising young men recommended by the Royal Academy as likely one day to be among our leading artists.

They could hardly study painting so well as in London, but the benefit of a University education would be very great, and would influence all their future work.

The advantages would be mutual. There would be a great good to our University from the formation of an Art Studio, where those fond of painting could go and make the acquaintance of some young men who were going to make it a profession. It is required. The trash that is exhibited in the shop windows of Cambridge is a disgrace to us as a University.

It is not sufficient that we should have money to buy the services of a Scott when we wish to build

a grand chapel, any rich merchant can do that; we want the art among us here—our own. Our Universities ought to be examples to England for their taste and judgment in what is beautiful and graceful.

We have a noble endowment; it has been expended in building a magnificent Museum, containing a few good works and a large number of productions of very questionable merit. We have directed all our energies as yet to pulling down one staircase in order to build another, and intend to do the same with the cupola, and for this we are to pay £11,000.

In criticizing this expenditure, and in remarking how little we have done for the actual promotion of art, I cannot call it wise. The available funds are very considerable, they are an important trust. When the great and good works that Cambridge has already done, the encouragement she has already given to other branches of learning, are considered, it must be hoped that in this particular also she will not be deficient; that she will not only employ the money in beautifying the town, but will widen her sphere of usefulness and influence to circles where it is as yet unfelt, by taking some steps for the permanent improvement of art in England.*

* The present vexatious and unnecessary rules regarding the copying of pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum, which forbid the taking of even a pencil outline in a pocket-book even of some plaster cast, such as the famous Hercules, without sometimes a delay of a month, and many tedious formalities, might, for example, be modified.



FROM EDEN HEAVENWARDS.

"The Fall was a gigantic stride in the development of Humanity."
SCHILLER.

*Two Angels are looking down upon the cradle of a
sleeping infant.*

FIRST ANGEL.

THE spirits of evil are prayed away
And the dews of sleep descend:
The babe may slumber till break of day,
For heavenly guards attend.

Ah see! dear sister; the fresh sweet smile
Blooms forth from the calm within;
From a soul that fears not faithless guile,
That knows not care or sin.

SECOND ANGEL.

Yet the days will come, when the brow is sad
And the pure sweet peace is gone;
When the eyes can see but the mean and bad
In the faces they gaze upon.

FIRST ANGEL.

As soft as the rose-bud's blushing grace
As sweet as the blossoming bed,
Is the dainty bloom on the infant's face,
And the breath of the pillowed head.

From Eden Heavenwards.

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SECOND ANGEL.

The storm shall burst, and the tempest rave;
Its fury shall scatter the bloom;
And only the grass that decks the grave
Shall cover the flow'et's tomb.

FIRST ANGEL.

O sister, dear sister, why is it not given
To carry this blossom away,
In its fresh bright spring to the courts of heaven
To the kingdom of ceaseless day?

Here tempests wait it, and storms annoy,
And wanderings from the fold,
There Christ shall give it eternal joy
Firm-clasped in His love's strong hold.

SECOND ANGEL.

That cannot be given: the Father's home
Needs other than infant guests:
Tho' many a little one thither hath come,
And there in His bosom rests.

Not only a child He seeks: but a son
Who hath stood in the battle of life;
Who hath borne the burden, and through Him won
The wreath in the weary strife.

The elder brother hath shewn the way,
Through sorrow made perfect at last;
And the spirits resplendent in deathless day
Through life's long battle have past.

Then courage, dear sister: this babe so still
The fierceness of fight must prove,
Must share in His hope, His work, His will;
To be meet for a Father's love.



THE THREE DEGREES OF PROPORTION.

"Proportion consists in three terms at least."—EUCLID.

"WELL, Charlie! I will tell you all about it."

It was on the 27th of June, 1871, and I had just been to Lord's cricket-ground, witnessing the fatal demolition of the wickets representing our beloved University before the balls of that terrible young Oxonian, Butler.

I was just coming away, disappointed at the result of the match, and also at having met no old acquaintances, to speak of, when I suddenly tumbled upon Charlie Prentis, or rather, as I should say, the Rev. Charles Prentis, M.A., late Fellow of St. Boniface's College, Cambridge, who in old days used to be my greatest chum and walking companion, and whom I had not seen for some ten years.

We were both delighted at the meeting, and I got him to come home to dinner with me, at my mother's snug little house at Stoke Newington.

It was after dinner, when my mother and sisters had gone out for some evening engagement, and we two were having a quiet weed in the study, that we began to recount our several advances in life since we had left college, and that, my turn having now come, I gave account of myself somewhat after the following manner.

I daresay you remember how I came out in my Tripos—13th Wrangler, you know—and then I went

in for the Classical, hoping to meet with sufficient success in that line to tempt my college into rewarding me with a fellowship. But it was no go, for I only got a second-class, and our men had been so successful about that time, that I knew I had no chance. My sisters suggested that I should give a grand ball, having secured a number of attractive girls (themselves included, I presume), and invite thereto all the Fellows of my College, with a view to tempting them to disqualify themselves by matrimonial alliances, thereby creating vacancies for such as myself. But, doubting the practicability of this scheme, I manfully determined to go in for teaching, not feeling serious enough for the Church. I had gone on grinding at this for two or three years, in a rather small way, when my College at last gave a practical recognition of my fairly successful career by appointing me second master at Paxton Grammar School, of which, you know, they have the control.

The salary was good, but I found that it might be much increased by taking boarders to live with me. Accordingly, I adopted this plan, and secured a respectable gentlewoman as housekeeper, to manage my domestic affairs, look after the boys' clothes, and all that. But somehow the respectable lady didn't answer. None of the boys liked her, the servants hated her, she snubbed me openly and kept me under her thumb, and, worse than all, the housekeeping expenses were so inordinately large that I found I could save nothing.

One day I mentioned my difficulties to our headmaster, Dr. Larruper, whereupon he slapped me on the back, and said, "Jones, you want a wife! that's what it is. Look at me! I have no trouble of the sort. Mrs. Larruper takes all the responsibility upon herself, and manages much better than I should, as the account-books shew, if nothing else does."

"Ah! yes Doctor," said I, "but I don't suppose

there's another woman in the world like Mrs. Larruper." "Oh! yes, bless you, there are—plenty," replied the Doctor, who was a sensible man, and said what he thought, though it might sound like undervaluing his wife.

Pondering over the possibility of following the Doctor's advice, I came home to spend part of the Christmas vacation with my mother here.

Soon after my arrival, my sisters and I received an invitation from Mrs. Wilson to a quiet evening party, with a request to bring some music.

Mrs. Wilson was a widow lady whom we had known for years—she lived with two grown-up daughters, who were almost like sisters to me, so free and unrestrained had our intercourse always been.

As I had not much time to spend at home, I felt rather bored at the invitation, until my sister Lucy casually informed me that the three Misses Crace were going to be there. I had a vague recollection of having seen two of them there before, and of having been struck with their personal appearance on that occasion, so that the news dissipated my listlessness to a wonderful extent.

Well! you see, I went; and committed myself directly I got into the room, for, being near-sighted and having a bad memory for faces, I went up and shook hands with Miss Fanny Crace, the youngest and prettiest of the three, whereas it was only the other two, Marion and Emily, that I had seen before. But they were so much alike.

When I had had time to collect my senses after the whole display of female beauty, my mind settled down upon the Craces.

They were all nice-looking. Miss Fanny was a little pale, but clear in complexion, with beautiful dark auburn hair, and played the piano with great execution. Miss Emily was of somewhat fuller proportions and fresher colour than her sister Fanny; sang well, but

did not play much. Miss Marion was of somewhat fuller proportions than Miss Emily, had the freshest colour and the greatest show of good humour of the three; and neither played nor sang that evening.

I remembered a circus advertising some of their troupe as the "Bounding Brothers," and it struck me, upon seeing this fine trio of females, that they might not inaptly be similarly called the "Bouncing Sisters." Yet when, in the course of the evening, we extemporized a dance, and I was honoured with the arms of all three—not all at once, you know—I found that they were so agile as to deserve equally well the former epithet.

Among the gentlemen there were a Mr. Merritt, a delicate tenor with light hair and a repertoire of comic songs, and also a German gentleman, Herr Trotzleit, who amused me much during the evening by his awkward style of dancing.

Whether the dance were mazurka, waltz, polka, or galop, he adopted the same uniform method of getting over the ground, knowing only one step (if indeed he could be said to know that), and most persistently offering himself to all the ladies, to their evident distress.

Miss Fanny, especially, was so plainly dreading a repetition of the torture, that I asked her to dance a good many times—out of pure pity, you know.

Then the two younger sisters brought forward Henry Leslie's trio, "O memory," in which Miss Fanny asked me to take the third part, but everybody declared it would be too high for me, so that Mr. Merritt did it instead, at which I was madly jealous.

In short, I was smitten deeply by the charms of Miss Fanny, who had suited me exactly as a dancing partner, smiled graciously upon all my pleasantries, and accompanied me on the pianoforte in a favorite song of mine to perfection. I did not play at all myself, but was so fond of amusing myself by singing,

that I had always considered this last accomplishment as a chief requisite in a wife.

After handing Miss Fanny into her carriage (Mr. Merritt was partaking of a glass of stout at the time), I found the dance had no further attractions, and speedily retired, to spend the night in rapturous dreams.

But alas for my newly-awakened hopes! On calling next day at the Wilsons', and judiciously fishing for information about the Misses Crace, I was astounded to hear that Miss Fanny was engaged to the light-haired tenor, of whom she had taken hardly any notice all the evening. "O memory!" cried I (to myself, you know).

So there was no hope for me in that quarter. But after all, I remembered that my feelings had been pretty well divided between her and Miss Emily who sang so sweetly, and no doubt could play, too, at a scratch.

Most fortunately they had taken away my sister's fan in mistake for one of theirs, so that I had a good excuse for calling upon them at their house at Edmonton. I saw only the mother and Miss Emily, and the latter looked so nice—away from her sisters, and by the side of her mother—as to strengthen my already growing conviction that I might be happy yet.

Soon after this I had to return to my scholastic duties, leaving, however, a portion of my heart behind me, and, when February came, I determined to write Miss Emily a valentine. I thought it better not to send her an acrostic in Latin Elegiacs, as I had once before done to a lady, but wished to give her some opportunity of guessing whom it came from.

Accordingly, on the same principle as Mr. Sam Weller signed his amatory epistle with the name of his employer, I determined to place mine to the credit of the German gentleman, Herr Trotzleit.

This poetical effusion was as follows:—

My dear Miss Crace, you'd scarce believe
How much you've caused my heart to grieve.
Since I your beauty had to leave
After that dance on New Year's Eve.

There, Em'ly, (may I call you Emily?),
As I sat gazing on you dreamily,
I felt all fluttery and trem'le-y,
Like soft blancmange—excuse the simile.

You say that I can't dance? For shame!
I saw your sister making game
Because I danced them all the same,
The galop, the waltz, the what's-its-name.

But why should that my pleasure bound,
So long as I go round and round?
My limbs are strong, my lungs are sound—
In dance all minor cares are drowned.

You must have guessed where lay my taste,
When so expressively I placed
My arm around your taper waist.
Oh! let me not be now dis-Crace-d.

Should you accept my vows sincere,
At once inform your parents, dear;
Cold poverty you need not fear,
For I've six hundred pounds a year.

Then let us, with affection rife,
Be married. Thus, as man and wife,
"Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,"
We'll dance the long quadrille of life.

You'll be the mermaid, I the merman—
You Dorothea, I your Herman—
Although I'm what some people term an
Awkward little jumping German.

I felt sure she would know whom this came from, as we two had exchanged surreptitious smiles on the sorry figure cut by the gallant gentleman on that occasion.

But alas!

"Vain man to be thus confiding,
When so counter Fate's deciding,
All your boasted schemes deriding."

For, the following April, I received a letter from Miss Sophie Wilson, containing 'news that she thought might interest me,' to the effect that a grand double wedding had just taken place at Edmonton—Miss Fanny Crace was married to Mr. Merritt, the gentleman with the delicate tenor voice, and Miss Emily to the German gentleman I had met at their house. This latter affair was 'rather a hurried match, as Herr Trotzleit had only made the offer on the 20th February, after having paved the way for his addresses by sending her a funny valentine, which had charmed the recipient by its cleverness and unaffected candour.'

Fool that I was! I had been cutting my own throat (metaphorically speaking), and for some ten minutes was debating as to whether I should do so actually. But no! on second thoughts I decided that I would not deprive the world of my society for the present, as there was still a Miss Crace left.

This was the good-natured Miss Marion, who had, as well as I could make out, officiated at the aforementioned ceremony as a sort of double bridesmaid (for which office her ample proportions were probably considered especially to fit her).

But no one disputed that her heart was in the right place, while her fresh colour, lively manners, and robust, though graceful, appearance, shewed that her health was first-rate. I was told, moreover, that she was thoroughly domesticated; so that, after mature reflection, and additional trouble from my respectable gentlewoman housekeeper, I determined that, come what might, I would ask her hand, and prove to society that there were other people in the world quite as good as light-haired tenors or jumping Germans either.

I had had enough of valentines; besides which, I did not care to wait till the following February. So, when I next came home to Stoke Newington, I called at an early day upon the Wilsons, and making

a confidante of Miss Sophie, who heartily commended my choice, asked her to arrange an interview for me. For I was far too shy to call at the paternal mansion, where Marion was now left alone with her parents, to propose before their very faces the abstraction of their last remaining solace, the presumptive cushion-smoother of their approaching old age.

She promised to do the best she could for me, and within a few days I received a line from her (not on a half-penny card), stating that she had some reason to expect that Miss Marion would call at their house the next morning, about noon.

Need I tell you that I was up at six—that I donned my spiciest suit of clothes—that I purchased a sweet little flower for my button-hole—that I expended every art in persuading my somewhat thinning hair to stand out full and luxuriant—that I wore a hole in my mother's drawing-room carpet by pacing up and down the room—and that finally I reached Park Road so soon that I had to step into the cemetery for half-an-hour to cool down.

But as the hour struck, I went up to the door, and, knocking, expressed a desire to see Mrs. Wilson, fervently praying all the time that she might be out shopping, or in bed with the rheumatism, or something of the sort.

But no—she was at home, and I found her seated in the drawing-room with Marion, who was dressed in a duck of a bonnet, and a most fascinating fichu, looking as young, and fresh, and nice, and comfortable as ever.

She was agreeable to me, and joined with great spirit in the small-talk which usually enlivens morning-calls. We went on at this for some five minutes, when Mrs. Wilson was, providentially, called out of the room to see the carpenter, and, as both the girls were out for a walk, I was left alone with Miss Marion, and felt that my opportunity had now arrived.

"Miss Crace," said I, and something seemed to leap up my throat and nearly choke me, but I had no time to waste, and so went on, "Miss Crace, are you engaged?"

"What a funny question!" said she, good humouredly.

"Yes, but I mean it, Miss — Miss Marion!" I blurted out, "for I don't want the trouble of asking for your hand and heart, and all that, before I know whether the stock of comic tenors or little Germans is exhausted."

"What do you mean?" she cried, pretending to take offence, "do you mean to insult my brothers-in-law?"

"Oh, bother your brothers-in-law! I want to know whether you will have me for a husband, as I happen to be in want of a wife. And, really, you must make haste, for there's no knowing when Mrs. Wilson will be back."

"Well! but, indeed, sir, this proposal seems rather sudden. I have seen you—let's see—only four times."

"True," replied I, "it may seem sudden, but there's no helping it. In fact, I will tell you how the matter stands, and make a clean breast of it. When I met you and your sisters on New Year's Eve, I made up my mind that I must have one of you. Noticing that Miss Fanny played the pianoforte remarkably well, I thought that, *ceteris paribus*, she would be the best"—

"Oh, indeed!"

"But hearing the next morning that she was engaged, I then pitched upon Miss Emily."

"And why upon her?" she asked, with dignity somewhat ruffled.

"Oh! because—well! she sings very nicely, you know, and besides, I was always noted for my orderly habits—I like to do things in regular order."

"Ah! I see. Very exemplary, to be sure!"

"Yes, I gradually found myself falling deeply in love with her. 'Twas I—'twas my hand alone that penned the cruel shaft, in the shape of a valentine, destined (alas!) to be reflected against my own bosom, and to subvert my life's happiness," cried I, somewhat confusing my metaphors in this burst of eloquence.

"And so now, as I'm the next in order, you've come to me?"

"Precisely. I determined to have one of you, and the others are gone."

"So you must put up with me—I see. But what about your life's subverted happiness?"

"Oh! you can soon set that up again, if you will—by one word."

"Well! your's seems a very agile sort of character, turning topsy-turvy at pleasure."

"Yes, I never had any gravity to speak of," replied I, truthfully enough.

"But, to be serious," she went on, "you forget that I know very little of your worldly affairs. I have heard of your position at Paxton school. Have you any other employment?"

"I—no—that is, yes—I sometimes dabble in writing for the press, to earn an extra penny or two."

"Is it a high style of composition?" she asked.

"Well!" replied I, doubtfully, "I hardly know whether you would think it the highest style—I write for the comic papers. Perhaps you have noticed the series of articles headed 'Happy Deeds.'"

"What! you the author of those 'Happy Deeds'? Oh, how delightful! I have so often wished I could know that *dear* man. Yes, I will have you! I'll risk it."

"Oh, joy!" cried I, aloud, but at this moment the door opened and Mrs. Wilson returned. Feeling the situation was awkward, I borrowed a wrinkle from

the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, and went on, as if I had not noticed her entry:

"—— to see the little birds,
As plaintively from bough to bough
They hop, with hearts too full for words ——"

"Why! what are you two up to now?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, obligingly completing the stanza for me.

I turned to Marion, who was laughing too heartily to speak, and so I explained matters.

"My dear Mrs. Wilson, this is the happiest moment of my life. What need to hide our secret? Miss Grace has just consented to become Mrs. Popkin Jones!"

"Popkin Jones!" cried Marion, with horror, "No, never! You deceitful man, you never said a word about that!"

"Pardon me, adorable Marion," replied I, "in my joy I was forgetting myself. That is only a 'nom de plume' I have occasionally adopted. My real name," continued I, drawing myself up to my full height, "is Herbert Montague de Ponsonby Jones."

"Ah! that is rather better, but I've a great mind not to have you after all—it would serve you right—only I should be punishing myself at the same time."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Wilson.

Need I tell you, after all this, what a capital wife she has made me—in fact I often tell her, that she is worth her weight in gold. Herr Trotzleit has failed in business, which misfortune so preyed upon Emily's mind that she ran away with a big Scotchman; while, as for poor Fanny, she is supposed to be in a slow consumption.

But I have no more rows with respectable house-keepers—Marion manages everything beautifully, and is quite a mother to the boys, as well as to our own children and myself. She plays well enough to accompany me, and sings some of those simple ballads which one never tires of; she darns stockings beautifully, and makes nice pies, and, more than all—oh,

rare female accomplishment!—she understands arithmetic up to the rule of three.

She is perhaps a shade stouter than she was, but wears uncommonly well; and as for jealousy, I don't know what it means, for I'm sure no one could run away with my wife, if they tried ever so.

B. R.

TOO SOON.

THE air is soft, the mavis calls;
In vernal floods the sunshine falls:
Thou smilest, Spring, but ah, too soon
Before the year has lived a moon!
'Tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet, to feel
Once more thy breath about us steal,
And wake the vernal pulse that brings
A glowing hope of better things;
But even thy joy were bought too dear
By the sad ruin of the year.
Haste then away, nor tempt too long
The foe who sleeps but still is strong;
Haste! nor with lingering smile allure
Thy bright buds from their dreams secure,
Lest thy lost treasures to regain
Even Summer's self should glow in vain.

C.



TEMPORA MUTANTUR:

I KNOW of no sensations in this world at once so pleasurable and so painful, as those awakened by a visit to one's old school after an absence of some years; pleasurable, because we again explore the scenes and recall to mind the companions and pastimes of many happy hours, again behold old friends and familiar faces, and learn from their kindly greetings, that though lost to sight we are not entirely forgotten; painful, because we too often find, those old scenes and customs changed; those old friends dead or gone; our own peculiar places filled by strangers and ourselves mere nobodies, where we were wont to be first and chiefest. To a man of so conservative a turn of mind as myself the feeling of pain on such occasions considerably predominates. Alterations may have been made with the best intentions; may, I grant, fully answer the purpose, for which they were set on foot; yet they are alterations and as such they are always hateful to me. I know very well, that high and spacious dwelling rooms are more healthy than low and confined ones; that sleeping apartments are preferable in proportion to the small number of their occupants; that the Eton Latin Grammar and Greek Iambics are perhaps not the best training in the world for future cotton-lords or manufacturing chemists; yet the old system of teaching turned out many great good and successful men; those funny old halls with their low ceilings, narrow windows and odd nooks

and corners did their duty well enough, and I am right loath to see them altered.

It so happened that last year having a spare day or two after returning from the Continent and before settling to work again, I determined to run over to Birchborough and have a look at my old school, which I had not seen, since I left it as head boy several years previously. At that period Dr. Rodwell occupied the throne, an awful despot, before whose glance the stoutest heart in the school would quail; a sonorous voice had he, for rolling out passages of Homer or Æschylus; an arm too, strong to wield the birch, as many a luckless urchin could testify. But advancing age and thirty years of teaching had told on those once gigantic powers, and he is now comfortably settled in a country vicarage with the prospect of the next bishopric that falls vacant. His successor is a man of very different calibre; an able scholar, but a professor of the new-fashioned views which I abhor, and withal my senior by so few years, that I am disposed to regard him with a familiarity, which closely borders on contempt. The old slow-going trustees also have replaced by a new governing body, who talk of removing the school to another site. These changes, grievous in my eyes, formed my chief inducement for paying my visit, before such desecration could be perpetrated.

I do not care to own how my heart beat, the nearer we approached the town. As the train sped through the adjoining country, familiar objects kept flashing before my eyes; there lie the meadows, which always seemed so interminably long at "hare and hounds!" there is the level-crossing with the old gate-keeper, whom we used to drive wild with peas on our journeys home! there the river and the boat-houses! the cricket field with the boys playing! the school-tower peeping up among the trees! and here we are at last in the station, that station so dear to

us all as the half-year drew to a close, so hateful, when it received us back at the end of the holidays. How different the present scene from that, which presented itself when last I set foot on this platform. Then I was the hero of the hour, the cynosure of every eye, leaving the school as its head boy; surrounded by outstretched hands all eager for one last grasp of mine; and started on my journey amid the enthusiastic cheers of my comrades. Now I arrive, an ordinary and insignificant stranger, with no one to greet me but the porter, who takes my luggage and the 'bus-drivers touting for their several hotels. Such moments make a man feel old, hardened and misanthropical.

However, I am at once seized on by one of the aforesaid 'bus-drivers, and before many minutes have elapsed find myself sole occupant of the Green Dragon coffee-room, in the proud position of an "old fellow." "An old fellow!" what a glorious state we considered it when youngsters ourselves; how we admired and envied these same "old fellows!" what "swells" we thought them! nothing to do; no one to fag for; plenty of money; and the power of getting-up when they liked. Jones junior, who has spent his last shilling on cakes some weeks ago, whispers to his chum Smith tertius, all the great things he will do when he comes down as an old fellow; how he'll buy lots of things; not get up till twelve o'clock; and above all, pay off old Snorter "for that beastly imposition" he set him the other day. Such were my feelings once, my young friend; how different now! I'm an "old fellow," but I care for none of these things. I am most amicably disposed towards the Rev. S. Snorter, though, I've no doubt, he has set me many an imposition in my time; as for the cakes, which you regard as not far short of ambrosia, I should be sorry to touch anything so unwholesome; and I am inclined to believe that Master Jones, with

his inky fingers and five hundred lines, to whom half-a-crown would be a small fortune, is a far happier fellow than I with nothing to do and the power to call for what I will "at mine inn," and pay for it too. Ah! those "days that are no more;" we never value them properly until they are past beyond recall; 'tis the same all through life; we are ever looking forward and thus failing to enjoy to the full the pleasures of the moment; in childhood we long for our school-days to arrive; at school for college life; at college for the time when we shall earn our own bread, and then for such a period as shall enable us after our life's labour to retire to ease and rest; after that there only remains the final rest which awaits all men alike.

The head-master receives me, when I call, with great courtesy, nay I should say heartiness, when I consider that we are total strangers; and I am invited by him to luncheon. How strange are my feelings on entering the old house once again; can this be the dining-room? that room, which to my formerly inexperienced gaze, seemed a spacious and magnificent saloon; alas it has shrunk into a chamber of the most ordinary dimensions. The study too with its rows upon rows of books, its dim light and formidable array of birches; all its terrors are fled, its presiding genius gone, who used to sit like some Minos or Rhadamanthus glowering on his victims from the surrounding gloom. Nor do I feel greater qualms on entering its once awful shade than I should on stepping into a London Eating-House.

During our conversation at lunch, I am told of numerous alterations which are contemplated; the whole system of education is to be changed and the school divided into classical and modern sides; natural science and chemistry classes are to be started, and a laboratory built when the schools are moved. The mention of the last named circumstance, as an event

shortly to be expected, rouses me to action and I hotly deprecate the advisability of such a step. To think that the old walls with their crumbling stonework and mellow tints, their carved battlements and rich gables, their coats of arms and weather-beaten figures, hallowed as they are by a thousand endearing recollections, should be removed to make way for some glaring erection of free stone or variegated brick! such an act appears to me little short of sacrilege and the mere idea of it is hard to bear.

Sad at heart I stroll across the court to visit my old quarters; dinner is just over and the hall full of boys, some larking about and pelting each other with fragments of bread, others endeavouring to get up their afternoon lessons; the atmosphere is close and so strong an odour of boiled cabbage assails my nostrils, that I am almost brought over to those of my late adversary's views, which relate to the advantages of lofty and well ventilated apartments.

I am at first regarded with a fixed stare on the part of the inmates, then no further notice is paid me. I see inscribed on the walls around me numerous names, my own and friends' among them; those too of boys whom I only remember near the bottom of the school, and at that time not entitled to the honour of an inscription (for on that subject our code was very strict); doubtless they rose, became great in our little world, perhaps attained the highest distinctions and then passed away and are forgotten just as I am now. I see a boy go up to and open the locker where I used to keep my goods and chattels; I at once regard him as an intruder and (such is the force of association) am very near calling him back; yet that locker has probably had half-a-dozen owners since it was in my possession.

I saunter into the prefect's room and introduce myself to the head-boy; he receives me very graciously and expresses pleasure at making the acquaintance

of one whose name he has frequently heard; he then invites me to accompany him to the cricket field after school, which invitation I accept, and saunter out again. The bell rings, the boys run helter-skelter to their various forms, and I am again left alone; alone for two weary hours with my melancholy reflections, except when I occasionally accost some small boy, who comes out on the pretext of fetching a book, but in reality to escape being put on and turned in his construing. Poor little wretch! how he spins out the legal five minutes to its greatest possible dimensions! Yet how gladly would I change places with him, endure his master's frown, aye, and write the dreadful imposition too, if I could only enjoy again those years of happy carelessness, which he is allowing to slip away quite unappreciated.

At four o'clock my friend, the head boy, re-appears and we set out for the cricket-field. On our way we pass many well-remembered spots and I begin to hold forth enthusiastically to my companion on the exploits of former days; I point out the tremendous ditch which Walker jumped when he won the steeple-chase; the field where Robinson thrashed that big cad; and relate how so-and-so once hit a ball right over the pavilion, and whats-his-name ran that amazingly quick hundred yards. But, alas, I find that all these glories have passed away and are remembered no more; what do men of to-day care for so-and-so's great hit or whats-his-name's one hundred yards? the steeple-chase of ten years back is no longer a matter of interest; and other Robinsons and Walkers have arisen in the land, whose deeds of prowess eclipse those of my heroes; so my companion, as he listens to my tales with an air of polite condescension, probably sets me down in his heart as an interminable proser. And why should you not do so my young friend? my feelings were just the same, when Taylor came down some years ago and I as head-boy did

the honours of the place, as you are doing them for me to-day. How I laughed in my sleeve at what I considered his old-world stories and ideas; how immeasurably his superior I thought myself. Now I occupy the place which he did then, and you too will occupy it some day; so gather your rose-buds while you may; your sceptre like mine will soon pass away and your mark wear out, as mine is fast doing:

On our return I seek out the school-porter to borrow the chapel-keys from him. He is one of the few old-stagers who were here in my time and his greeting is a hearty one; he commits the keys to my care with many injunctions to return them before the hour for locking-up. I pass through the ante-chapel and sit down in the very seat which I occupied on my first day at school. The evening sun streams in a gorgeous flood through the painted glass of the windows above me, and the deep silence of the place is only broken by the distant hum of boys' voices and the cawing of the rooks overhead in the neighbouring elms. As I sit, all my school-days pass in rapid succession before my mind's eye; I think of my first appearance in this place, a timid and childish boy; how step by step I rose until I attained the highest position the school had to give; I think of the old doctor, as he used to appear every Sunday in the pulpit; of the farewell sermon, which he preached every summer, when the elder boys left us full of honours to strive for farther distinctions in the great world. How I had once deemed such a position as theirs unattainable. I think of one bright summer Sunday, when that sermon was preached to me, and, as I conjure up the scene I can almost hear the sonorous tones of the Doctor's grand old voice as he rolls out the well-known line of Milton's, with which he always terminated this address,

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

My heart is very sore and rebels within me when I think that now my place here is gone, my name and existence almost forgotten. Then my eye falls on many a name, rudely carved and scratched on the oaken benches or panels; and one by one the forms of my companions, men nobler and better than myself, rise up and seem to rebuke me for repining. What right have I to murmur when so many others, whose deserts are far greater than mine, have sunk or are sinking into the same oblivion? Should not my heart rather be filled with thankfulness for all the advantages I have enjoyed here? for the cherished memory of friends beloved and happy days which I can always preserve? should I not rather pray, that whatever changes may befall the dear old place, they may always be for her real and lasting good? At such thoughts my heart softens and I rise to leave the chapel a humbler and, I hope, a better man.

As I found no special inducement to tempt me to prolong my visit, I returned to town by the early train on the following morning.

SERMO.



HURRICANE IN MAURITIUS, 1868.

IN 1868, the island of Mauritius, which had been most severely visited by a plague of fever the preceding year, was very badly treated by hurricanes or cyclones.

Much property was lost; one planter was £7,000 poorer in the afternoon of the 12th March than he had been in the morning; so many of his buildings had been levelled, his mules killed, his sugar canes broken and laid. The whole crop that year realised scarcely a fourth of what had been anticipated; great depression ensued, and almost all useful movements, religious and secular, were arrested.

A year or so afterwards, I read in the newspapers an account given by a clergyman of the way in which he had been handled by the wind, on the Mendip hills; and people were disposed to be incredulous about it. It was as follows: "I halted a moment "to draw my plaid more tightly round my shoulders, "and then went forwards, after casting a glance "towards Shut Shelf and its clumps of pines. Flying "across them in my direction came a ribbony cloud, "seemingly about 200 feet long, and the same height "above the trees. It was coming, javelin-fashion, "full at my back, yet gyrating like a misty corkscrew. "I took no particular notice of it, as the flying mists "play strange pranks in these hills, and plodded on "towards Axbridge, thinking over my sermon. Suddenly, a rush and roar of wind arose from behind

"me. I was struck in the back with a sensation
 "as if two or three stout cudgels had been simul-
 "taneously laid across me; was shot forward at the
 "top of my speed like a stone from a catapult; ran,
 "or rather flew, in this fashion, for about 100 yards,
 "during the last twenty of which my feet scarcely
 "touched ground; and was finally hurled to the
 "earth with great violence, and rolled over half-a
 "dozen times by the same overmastering typhoon. In
 "a second or two more it had passed; and I sat
 "up in terrified bewilderment. I found myself on
 "some newly-laid stones, stunned, bleeding, bruised,
 "my coat sleeves torn to shreds, and myself be-
 "plastered from top to toe with mud. * * * I
 "staggered on to my legs, dazed, giddy, deadily sick."

I capped this experience at the time with a similar
 one of my own; here it is. "On January 3rd of last
 "year I was treated much in the same way as the
 "Rev. * * ; but came off rather worse. I had left
 "my carriage, which was not safe in the storm, as
 "we were passing a deep ravine along a chaussée;
 "when suddenly myself and several others were struck
 "by a column of air, which levelled the surrounding
 "huts, and hurled us up a very steep hill for a con-
 "siderable distance. An empty cart accompanied us
 "in disagreeable proximity during our forced ascent.
 "A large carriage in front was overturned; and my
 "own, a double pony carriage, drawn by strong Pegus,
 "was sent flying full pace up the hill. The driving
 "box, which, it is true, was a movable one, was
 "lifted out of its bearings, despite screw-nuts; the
 "coachman being on it all the while. It was landed
 "in a clump of trees; and recovered, bent about, the
 "next day but one. The driver was jerked out and
 "badly hurt. Some foot-passengers clung to the scrub
 "on the bank; but others, like myself, were knocked
 "down and more or less injured; one side of my coat
 "and trowsers was torn off; and I was so lacerated by

"the macadam and other things with which I came
 "in contact as I was driven along upon my face,
 "that I was lame and laid up for a month, and
 "shall always bear the scars. The blast was repeated
 "three or four times; and we only saved ourselves
 "from further mischief by lying flat in the mud on
 "our faces to let it pass. The air was full of flying
 "stones, sharp rain, and bits of wood. But within
 "a few yards of the column everything was com-
 "paratively quiet."

This hurricane, therefore, was but partial in its
 effects, and did not cause any serious damage.

* * * * *

Before I was well recovered from this accident,
 duty required me to be about again; and one day
 as I was driving down a bad hill in a high gig,
 my horse took fright; I was pitched out on my
 shoulder, and broke a collar-bone. Thus it happened
 that when the great hurricane of the 12th March
 came, which needed strength and nerve to encounter
 it, I was doubly a cripple; and I was otherwise shaken
 too by personal anxieties and domestic calamities.
 That morning all had warning from Port Louis ob-
 servatory to look out for bad weather; and, after a
 boisterous night, the storm began.

The first thing on such occasions is to shut up
 the house, literally. Every window is fitted with a
 strong inch-board shutter; and these and the doors
 receive, in iron cramps or shoulders, iron bars of a
 square inch section. Some such bars I afterwards
 saw, bent up into elbows by the wind playing upon
 the shutters. All crevices also about the house, and
 weak places round the roof, basement, or cellars,
 should be nailed up with planks. If the wind once
 finds its way into an enclosure, it will, under the
 enormous pressure, burst everything before it to get
 out. Before we were quite confined to the main

house, at about 10 o'clock A.M., the wind was so strong that the straw-thatched stables, servants' huts, and school were unroofed; and soon after they came bodily down: only the stone kitchen stood, and its rafters and tin roof had been lifted and twisted out of shape. All fences and palings had been levelled some time before.

We could not tell how our neighbours were faring; nor could they render assistance to us. Soon we were totally shut in from the little light of day there was, our candles flickering in the draught; and the impetuosity of the sudden blasts was such that it was most dangerous to uncloset a door or window-shutter even for a moment. To the best of my belief, the extra atmospheric pressure during 'a blow' was half a hundred weight to the square foot. Now the momentum with which, at a high velocity, the column of air producing this pressure would make its first impact, would test any fabric short of an armoured ship. If one did venture a rush outside to reconnoitre in the rear of a blast, not a yard in front could be seen for the blinding drift, and scudding leaves and twigs and stones and dirt, the whirling branches, tiles, and pieces of roof. Water, too, from the continuous and tremendous rain, was swashing and pouring in a big lake, and dashing in perilous and impassable torrents round about the house, and down into the neighbouring river and ravines.

When the 'dependances' came down, we had to take in for refuge our whole compound—about 25 Indians and Creoles (catechist, schoolmaster, servants and their families). The cow and goats we tethered up in the verandah to leeward. The carriage was half crushed beneath the debris of the coach-house; fortunately the ponies had just been sent away. These inconveniences lasted for about a fortnight, before we could find other lodgment for our household. During the storm the apartments were all more or

less flooded; and we sat up on chairs, without shoes or stockings.

About noon, the gale was at its height. With a rage and fury inconceivable, a steady, awful blast came on, roaring and crashing through the filhao forest, snapping the trees like grass stems before it. We heard it making for us up the ravine, a mile or two away. On it came. We *felt* the increasing pressure of the air as it neared us. Down sank the candles mysteriously, down, and down, and almost out. Dark and deadly still for a fraction of a second! A roar like thunder the garden's length away! An instant: and it was on us. The house was struck. Broadside fell the blow upon it like an avalanche. It yielded and reeled, shook to the foundation, quivered, and groaned, and shrieked, like a living thing. The beams worked and ground fearfully. The roof lifted. The ceiling parted several inches, and showed a pitchy sky. Down came the water, in a heap, through the aperture; and then it righted again. One might almost as well have been in an earthquake. Another and another blast succeeded at short intervals, and we feared the building *must* fall and bury us alive. Yet all *we* could do was to go round with hammer and nails, planks and ropes, patching up and caulking out the wind. As to leaving the house, it could not be thought of—for many of us were women and children—and there was no refuge within reach. The nearest houses were half-a-mile off, through flooded fields or swollen torrents. To go out under such circumstances would have been certain destruction.

God be praised, no lives were lost in our quarter.

This (noon) was the time when most harm was done; and that by the *same* deadly swoop of Typhon, the confounder, the destroyer, the blinding storm, whom Zeus himself found it so hard to quell. But the hurricane continued all that day and night, and

most. For three nights we could not retire to rest, but steal only snatches of wearied stupor rather than of repose. We could not get at our provisions, and so made but poor fare.

The terror and chaos of confusion outside it would be impossible to describe. Many thought the end of the world was come at last. No old inhabitant remembered such a storm. Certainly, there had been none comparable to it for 40 years; about which time ago it was said a hurricane had turned the Royal College round several inches on its base. I have seen houses of smaller dimensions so served. The entire roof, high pitched, of a very large house near us, blew right off, and fell upon the stables, 30 or 40 yards away, killing four horses and breaking a carriage. The family occupying this house were rescued by some neighbours and the police, who dragged them to a place of comparative security, along an avenue of stumps of trees, crouching and holding on as they went. Réduit, the Governor's country residence, built of stone, had one wing half destroyed. The Governor and his wife narrowly escaped death, having just in time left a room the roof of which fell in, bringing with it a stone chimney upon the table where they had been writing. Magnificent trees were strangely mangled and distorted, where left standing at all. The wreck of one of the largest in front of Réduit was quite a spectacle. Whole avenues fell; and the roads were in many places quite blocked up. Two very good stone churches were blown down; an iron one was crumpled up like an empty paper bag from a pastry-cook's; the roof blew off another stone church, and it had its windows stoven in, and its furniture, including pulpit, harmonium, and pews, all smashed. The greatest example, perhaps, of the power of the wind was afforded by a very fine iron railway viaduct, spanning Grand River Cascade. This was lifted

bodily off its columns and hurled into the bed of the river. of the next.

The cane fields were literally devastated. All the lands afterwards shewed one uniform leaden, muddy hue. Not a particle of vegetation remained where the wind had passed, and the trunks of trees were barked; the road-side banks also were scratched and scraped in long parallel lines by the grit and stones scudding through the air. In the harbour great damage was done to shipping; and a considerable island was cast up by the waves, a good distance from the shore. Every street and open space in town were filled with mud and débris, as were also the lower stories of the houses in many places. Great care was taken by the authorities speedily to remove all these accumulations; and, on the whole, the effect of the hurricane may be considered decidedly beneficial from a sanitary point of view. But, what with the fever which doubly decimated the island in 1867, and the severity of this disaster, the colony received such injuries in its commerce and finance, that it will be years before it can resume its former prosperous position.

ADAM.



THE DESTRUCTION OF CHICAGO BY FIRE.

οὐκ οἴκοι ἀλλ' ἄνδρες πόλις.

PROUD sweeps St. Lawrence to the Atlantic main,
Or where beneath Quebec's high citadel
He undivided rolls a broadening flood,
Or where meandering mid a thousand isles
He quits Ontario's blue expanse, and proud
Rides o'er his bosom many a white-winged bark,
That to the over-peopled older world
Bears store of golden grain, far-harvested
Mid ancient forests dark with oak and pine,
Where eager men with ceaseless industry
And toilsome axe laboriously ringing
Had cleared the virgin acres, thence conveyed
Adown some stream o'er-arched with wreathing boughs,
Or over prairie plains, that undulate
Boundless as Ocean, to the distant town,
Chicago's central mart. There, by the shore
Of Michigan, from midst the encircling plain
Had risen, as by sudden magic reared,
A thronging hive with busy murmurings,
That told of fruitful toil and hoarded wealth,
By potent Commerce sudden raised, than whom,
When hand in hand she walks with Industry,
No goddess with more sure enchantment wields
The power that wills great works and works its will.
She with her clarion voice had loudly called
Her eager vassals, where the weary waves
But lately washed a solitary shore

Save when some Indian shot his fragile skiff
Swift o'er the waters, as in summer heat
A darting swallow skims the level lake.
She called; and at her voice the silent mere
Quickened with life, and straight a thousand keels
Furrowed its bosom, and the shore till then
Desolate and drear echoed with hurrying crowd
Who traced the long-drawn street, or eager formed
Vast granary, harbour, house, pier, wharf, or dock,
Till, scarce a generation passed, arose
Growing with ceaseless growth the wondrous walls
By thrice ten myriads peopled. With such speed
Neath pine-clad Ida rose the Dardan towers
Reared for a faithless king by fabled gods;
Or with such power of old the Tyrian queen
Mid Libyan deserts planned her capital,
Imperial Carthage, long the chosen seat
Of Commerce, whence her laden argosies
Tempted the perilous sea, or to the East,
Or through the Western Gates to unknown lands
That border Ocean, and returning brought
The treasured wealth of distant emperies.
So grew she fostered by the arts of peace,
Till lust of conquest armed victorious Rome
Against her ramparts and self-kindled fire
Consumed alike her glory and her shame.
But not for her from forth the funeral pyre
Sprang with fresh force a newer nobler life,
Those queenly halls, those merchant palaces
No lasting fortune reared afresh, but now
The voyager skirting Afric's coast may view
A wind-swept* cape, where wandering Bedouins
By mouldering aqueduct or ruined arch
Encamp and reck not of the storied Past.

* Lamartine, *Voyage en Orient*. "L'œil ne voit rien qu'un promontoire nu, s'élevant sur une mer déserte... quelques aqueducs en ruines... une ville barbare auprès, où ces noms mêmes (Scipon, Annibal, Canton d'Utique) sont inconnus." 19 juillet 1832.

But thee, Chicago, brighter destinies
 Snatch from such dark oblivion, for thy walls
 Swift reared, swift ruined, and as swift restored
 Shall throb once more with pulsing energy,
 Once more through every coursing artery
 The eager life-stream freely circulate
 Till new-born vigour glow with healthier life.
 What tho' Calamity with sudden stroke
 Hath smitten to thy centre? Tho' her rage
 Arming its utmost force and leagued with fire
 Hath half consumed thee? Still remains unscathed
 The noble half, the unconquerable will,
 That shining brightest in the darkest hour
 Wrests tenfold splendour from adversity.
 For neither hostile hand, nor dark despair
 Kindled thy flames to mock a foeman's toil
 And balk a hated victor of his prey;
 Nor didst thou fall amid the maddening strife
 Of civil discord red with kindred blood,
 As when, but late, by Seine's empurpled stream
 A furious mob more furious from despair,
 Fired with unpitying hands the imperial halls,
 Where ancient pomp and pride of peerless power
 Had held their state, and to their splendid court
 Amassed the choicest ornaments of art.
 Not such thy ruin; not mid war and woe,
 When men against their fellows league with Death,
 Came thy destruction: but the twilight grey
 Was slowly waning into silent night;
 Hushed was the busy hum of toilsome men,
 Hushed was the city's roar, and all was peace,
 Such peace as well befits a Sabbath eve,
 When men should think on Him, whose sacrifice
 Left peace to be with all, rich legacy
 O'erlooked too often mid life's fitful storms,
 Yet often valued on the day of rest,
 And most of all, when darkness gathering slow
 His shadowy mantle o'er the landscape draws,

And solemn silence with its wondrous charm
 Steals o'er the senses, till the spirit feels
 That, somewhere, after turmoil there is peace.
 So lay the city in the lap of eve,
 But overhead the brightening stars appeared
 And glassed their sparkles in the crystal lake,
 While silence reigned supreme: as, when a storm
 Impends, the winds are hushed, the murmuring woods
 Forget their whispers, and the tuneful choir
 Astonished cease to shrill the wonted song.
 Then sudden peals the thunder, marshalling
 The clouds to battle, then the levin-bolt
 Fires all the empyrean, dealing death
 To man and beast, the rain in deluge vast
 Down-rushing floods the foaming torrent's bank.
 And with such contrast on that slumbering scene
 Burst hideous ruin's wild uproar, for, hark,
 On sudden clangs the loud alarum bell
 Startling the night; on sudden tongues of fire
 Spring from the dusky roofs and lick the sky,
 Then forward darting leap from house to house
 Still by destruction stronger to destroy:
 While from his prison with tempestuous rage
 The South wind bursts, and howling wings his way
 To fan the unpitying flames to fiercer wrath;
 They at his chiding thrice exasperate
 Uprear their blazing crests, and onward sweep
 With irresistible overwhelming force
 Right to the city's core, a fiery sea
 That roars and rages as it swirls along,
 Engulphing with insatiable waves
 Whole streets, whole districts: 'gainst the advancing
 tide
 Of flame, that billows neath the maddening wind,
 Can naught avail, but still with unchecked rage
 Spreads far and wide the desolating flood
 Through the long watches of that woeful night.
 Meanwhile Confusion reigns, and banished Sleep

Resigns her empire mid the tumult wild
 Of hurrying multitudes who choke the streets,
 And haste they scarce no whither, well content
 So but with life they 'scape the deadly foe
 That leaves them homeless; some more venturous
 Essay to curb the fire's impetuous course;
 Some, missing from their side a well-known form,
 With desperate courage face the flames, to save
 By daring death the life more loved than life:
 Here flees a mother clasping to her breast
 The babe that in such cradle knows no fear,
 There stalwart youth upstays the tottering limbs
 Of feeble age, and with kind care repays
 The care that reared it; some in mad alarm
 Confusion worse confound and tumult spread,
 While still the woeful night wears towards day.
 Day comes, and wears to noon, and noon to night,
 Yet coming brings no change: night, noon, and day
 Are all alike: paled by that hideous glare
 Day's torch owns conquest, lighted by those flames
 Darkness is brighter than the brightest noon.
 And still the fire rolls onward unrestrained,
 Still with fierce uproar cataracts of flame
 Spout from the molten furnace: overhead
 The smoke cloud piled in mass voluminous
 Hangs like a pall; beneath, the lake's broad breast
 Reflects unwonted splendour, lurid lights
 That dart and quiver on the dancing waves.
 Such is the sight when after stormy day
 Low o'er the Western waters sinks the sun;
 Then from the gathered night of clouds at length
 In tenfold majesty the fiery orb
 Kindles the sky with flame's unnumbered hues,
 That into hues unnumbered melt and change,
 Crimson to scarlet, scarlet into gold,
 Swifter than sight: then blazes all the West,
 Then all is light, save where some denser cloud
 Looms doubly dark from out his fringe of fire;

Beneath, the ocean from his glassy bed
 Mirrors the sky, his waves in restless rest
 And ceaseless change that ever seems the same
 Gleam glorious crested each with phantom fire.

Yet as the second night drew towards dawn
 And hope had all but perished, came at length
 From the moist South the much desired rain
 And stayed the flames: but when the morning broke,
 Lo, all the populous heart of that great town
 Was smouldering ashes, blackness everywhere
 And universal ruin met the eye,
 Where life had been and busy energy
 And happy homes. Now reft of home and hope
 Thousands can find no shelter but the sky,
 No refuge but despair. Yet hope still lives;
 For Charity, that binds all men in one,
 From furthest shores outstretching bounteous hands,
 Gives generous aid. And how shall they despair
 Who still have life? Still living still they wield
 The power again to do what they have done.
 For men not houses are a city's strength,
 And men tho' all be lost have manhood still,
 The deathless dauntless indestructible power
 By which Chicago with fresh life shall rise
 To nobler destinies than from no fall.

T. E. P.



A RECIPROCAL MISTAKE.

AS I was being driven the other day to the Station on my way home after paying a visit at the Elms, I beguiled the tediousness of the road by talking to my companion, the coachman, an old and highly respectable servant, who had been in my cousin's family for many years. Our conversation turning upon the great number of robberies that had lately been committed in London, I remarked, "I suppose you scarcely know what a robbery means down in the country."

"Oh yes, we do, Sir," rejoined he; "there have been several here in my time; but I can't rightly say I ever saw a robber myself, though I once thought I did. Perhaps," added he, with a quiet chuckle, "You would like to hear how it was."

I signified my assent, and the result was the following story, which I have endeavoured to repeat as nearly as possible in his own words.

"Well, Sir, what I'm going to tell you, happened a great many years ago, in your uncle's time, when the family was living at Ingmire Hall; it was one summer, Master and Missis had gone with the young ladies and Master Tom to the sea-side for the holidays, so there was no one left in the house but cook, she that's married to blacksmith Wilson, and Betsey, the housemaid, that's with us still. They were only silly, feckless things ever, indeed it would be hard to say which was the worse, frightened at their own shadows,

and fit to die with fear if they met a body unexpectedly round the corner; however, I oughtn't to be hard upon them, for I didn't show so very much pluck myself upon this occasion. My father was coachman then, it was before he got too deaf to hear if a carriage was coming behind, and I was stable-helper under him. He and my mother and I were living in a cottage joining on to the stable; so, as I said before, there was no one in the house at night but the maids. Several houses had been broken into in the neighbourhood about that time, as perhaps you may have heard Sir, but none of the thieves had been caught; so the women were dreadfully afraid that they'd be trying ours next, though for the matter of that there was not much for them to get, as Master had sent all the plate to the banker's, I'm told; but when folks are frightened, they can't be expected to think of such things.

A week or more passed, and though the girls were always fancying they heard something or other, and were so timid in the dark that they daren't but keep their candle burning all night, yet nothing came of it, and they began to get more accustomed to being alone. However, one night, and a fearful night it was I well remember, as black as the mare's back yonder, the wind howling and the rain coming down cats and dogs as they say; well that night father had gone upstairs to bed, and mother and I were just putting things a bit straight before following him, when we were startled by a sound of footsteps running hard along the path outside our house. We both stopped and looked at each other, but before we'd time to speak, there came a noise as if some one was fumbling at the door and couldn't open it. I ran and lifted up the latch, when in rushed cook and Betsey. Never shall I forget the appearance they presented; they were dripping wet with rain, their faces were as white as sheets, and their hair all tumbled

about with the speed at which they had come; their eyes seemed starting out of their heads with terror, and they kept looking round now and again as if they expected to see some one behind them.

Down comes father at the noise of the door opening, but though we all asked them what was to do, they were so scared and cried so much that it was ever so long before either of them could tell us. At last cook gets a bit more quiet and out it all comes. "We was going upstairs together," says she, "for Betsey is that timid, poor girl, that she can't abide to go by herself" (well thinks I there's not so much to choose between you, six of one and half a dozen of the other, but no matter); "when all of a sudden a rapping noise like a hammer at one of the bedroom windows. We stopped, for Betsey trembled so, she could scarcely stand; then there came a great crash like glass falling. Betsey gave a scream, and down we ran into the kitchen, and it wasn't until we'd bolted the door between us and the rest of the house that we stopped to think. 'Oh Jane!' says she, 'it's the robbers; they've broken a pane of glass to get in by, like they did at Mr. Hargreave's, and we shall all be murdered.' 'Betsey,' says I, 'I'm afeerd it is', for I was mortally frightened and I won't deny it; 'but what's to be done now? one of us must go and call Robert, and the other stay here.' But when it came to which of us was to do it, Betsey daren't go by herself nor stay by herself either; so we've both come, you see."

"Well cook," sobs Betsey, "you needn't to be so bold now, for you were just as bad as me before, and will be again, I make no doubt, when we go back."

"Never mind, girls," says my mother in her cheery way, "there's not so much boldness between the two of you that you need quarrel about it. But now who's to go back with them?"

"Why Samuel must go," replied my father, "and I'll stay and take care of you."

"Nay, father," says I, for I didn't half like the job, "you're the older and stronger, so you should go by rights, and I'll stay with mother."

"Samuel, my boy," says he, "you're afraid to go, that's what it is." This made me pretty mad, I can tell you, for father was only looking palish himself; so we should have come to words if mother hadn't stopped us by saying, "You'd better both of you go, and I'll take care of myself; why nobody would trouble themselves to hurt an old woman like me; and mind," says she, rather scornfully, "that *you* take good care of *yourselves*, you're both so bold, that I'm quite afraid you'll be coming to some harm." Now this was rather hard of mother, for father and I were bold enough at most times; but no man likes to run into danger when he can keep clear of it.

However, the upshot of the matter was that we took mother at her word and both set out. On we trudged, the women clinging tight to us and screaming with terror if so much as a wet bough or leaf touched them; nay cook had well nigh fainted right away, when a rose bush caught the back of her shawl, she making sure, that one of the robbers had got hold of her. So we arrived at the house all very wet and no one particularly eager for what was to come next.

"Well, cook," says I, "if there are robbers about, they needn't trouble to break any more glass, for you've left the door standing wide open for them." And so she had; but then she was so frightened, that I shouldn't have wondered at her doing anything.

Now, sir, to make you understand rightly what's coming, I should tell you that the Hall was a funny, rambling old spot, dark and lonesome, with long low rooms and odd nooks and corners here and there. It hadn't a regular back staircase nor a front one either, for the matter of that; both were used pretty

much alike, so that, as I've heard, when you were showing visitors into the drawing-room you would, may-be, meet the housemaid coming down with her pail and such-like. However, between these two sets of stairs on each floor there were passage-rooms, and this was what led to the circumstances I'm about to relate.

When we were all in the kitchen, we held what they call in the papers a council of war, and after some disputing it was determined that father and Betsey should go up one set of stairs to look for the robbers, while cook and I went up the other. So off we set, each with a good stout stick in his hand.

Aye, sir, it was a terrible job; I felt so nervous, that but for very shame I was ready to turn tail and run off home; things looked so queer and ghostly, for the moon had broken through the clouds and was throwing funny lights and shadows all over the walls and floors; the wind, too, howled so loud in the empty rooms, that my heart leaped into my mouth at the noise every time we opened a door. Still we saw no robbers; and as we were now nearly at the top of the house I began to take heart again and hope that it was a false alarm and merely the women's folly; when all of a sudden, cook, who was behind, starts forward and clutches me by the arm so tight that I could have screamed for pain. "Oh! Samuel," she whispers in a trembling voice, pointing at the same time to one of the bedrooms, "they're in there, I can hear their footsteps." So could I, and terribly frightened I was; my knees shook and a cold sweat broke out all over me; but fear had made me in a sort of way desperate, you see, sir, and I was determined to have a look what was really going on; so I lifted the latch and peeped cautiously in. The moment the door was open there came a great burst of wind, which nearly knocked me backwards and completely took away my breath; out went my candle,

and in the dim light I saw at the other end of the room a figure advancing towards me, with a lantern or candle in one hand and something in the other, which I took for a gun. For a moment my heart stopped beating, I stood staring like a man in a dream; then, I'm bound to confess, sir, my terror completely master'd me; I gave one yell, jumped round so quick as nearly to upset cook, and down we both rushed, or rather rolled, helter-skelter one over the other, she screeching all the while, and never stopped to look behind us until we reached the kitchen. The whole house seemed in an uproar; there was a confused tramping, tumbling noise on the other staircase, and before I could fasten the door, in ran father and Betsey looking so scared that I hardly knew them again. He draws the bolt and sinks into a chair, while she falls in a heap upon the floor.

"Samuel!" says he in a hoarse whisper, "we've seen them."

"So have we, father," I managed to gasp out, for what between fright and running I had very little breath left in me; "that is, I saw one; he had a light with him and a gun or something of the sort in his hand; he was coming into the spare bed-room at the top of the house by one door as I opened the other."

"Then we must both have seen the same one," replies my father, "for I saw my man in that room."

On this we all sat staring into the fire without uttering a word; an awful silence reigned through the house; not a sound was to be heard but the ticking of the clock and the crickets chirping among the cinders. How long this might have gone on I can't say; when, as I was considering what we must do next, a sudden thought struck me and I burst into a roar of laughter.

"What are you grinning about, you fool," says my father, "when we may all be murdered any minute?"

"I can't help it, father," I replied, "it is so funny; I don't believe that there are any robbers in the house at all."

"What do you mean," says he, quite savage, "when you said yourself you saw them?"

"Were you coming in at the door of the spare-room, father, when you saw your robber?"

"I was," he replied.

"And did his light go out all of a sudden?" continued I.

"Well, now you mention it, I remember that it did."

"Then I see it all," I joyfully cried; "'twas me that you saw coming in at the door with cook. The wind blew our candle out; and what I took for a robber was you coming in by the other door; so I was your robber and you mine." For a minute my father sat struck all of a heap, as it were; then he brings his hand down with a slap upon his thigh as though he'd got it at last, and exclaims, "Well! what a precious set of fools we have been, not to see this before; I never heard tell of such a thing in all my life, I really never did;" with that, from sheer delight, we set to laughing until our sides ached again.

"Samuel, my boy!" says my father solemnly, when he'd come round a bit, "never tell your mother about this, or we shan't hear the end of it for many a long day." And I never did.

Here my companion stopped, as though there was nothing more to tell. "But my good friend," I said, "you forget you have not yet informed me what the original noise was that frightened the maids; for I presume you don't still think it was robbers."

"It was never quite satisfactorily explained, sir. Certainly, when Betsey went upstairs the next morning, she found that one of the bedroom-windows had been left open, and the blind flapping about in the wind had knocked over the looking-glass, which was lying

on the floor smashed to bits. Some folk think it was this that they heard; but Betsey swears to this day that there *were* robbers in the house, but that they ran off when they heard us coming upstairs; however, as it was her carelessness in leaving the window open, which caused the whole disturbance, it's only natural that she should prefer that explanation."

SERMO.

SONNET.

DEAR friend, 'tis pleasant in our dreaming hours
To live our past joys o'er again; 'tis sweet
To feel, tho' in the flesh we may not meet,
That many a bygone summer still is ours.
Again we laugh thro' sunshine and thro' showers,
Again the heather springs beneath our feet,
We track the stream, or in the noontide heat
Rest in the shadow of manorial towers.
Happy the man whose idlesse, fairly won,
Is cheer'd by recollections such as these;
Happier, if still thro' all the smile of one
Whose form is part of all those memories
Be near him as he dreams in easy chair;
Who needs but look, and his life's life is there!

C



PICTURES IN THE EAST LONDON MUSEUM.

ALL who live near London, or who pay occasional visits to their friends there—for who has no London friends?—should, if possible, find time to visit this recently-opened Museum, which at present contains a most interesting loan collection of various articles of *vertu*, such as vases and cabinet work, and a gallery of over 700 pictures, by eminent masters; in addition to an economic department, explanatory of manufactures, and of the preparation and adulteration of natural products.

It is of the pictures that I now propose to speak, thinking that any account of comparatively unknown works by the great masters should be of interest to lovers of the art. I am afraid that many of my criticisms will be unorthodox, and themselves likely to provoke criticism, but I must say what I really think—not what the world says I ought to think. Hardly knowing what would be the fittest order, I have resolved to review the productions of the different schools in succession.

Among the representatives of the Spanish School are eleven fine specimens by Murillo, all upon sacred subjects. No less than nine of these contain a portrait of the Virgin Mary, and the uniformity of expression in her countenance in all of them is remarkable. She has a round face, and an apathetic, moony, sleepy look, as if she were beginning to find her sanctity rather wearisome. Probably the artist employed the same model

for all—his wife perhaps—deeming her of all women the nearest his ideal. (The same practice is adopted at the present day, I fancy, by D. M., the clever *Punch* artist, who further introduces two youthful scions of his house.)

Passing over some, to me, uninteresting portraits by Velasquez, I will notice the Italian and Venetian Schools. Among these we find specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, a formal picture of the “Virgin and Child;” Titian, “a Danae” and an “Europa;” Giulio Romano; Guido; and Canaletto, seventeen of the usual cold leaden-coloured views of Venice. I cannot avoid deprecating the narrow range of subjects chosen by this last-named artist. Nearly all the above are views of the Grand Canal, St. Mark’s Piazza, and the Doge’s Palace. It makes one think the poor man had never been outside his own town, if indeed his own house, and mistook that for the world, as Galatea mistakes the studio of Pygmalion, in the play.

Passing now to the Dutch and Flemish painters, we find eleven specimens of Rembrandt, comprising two portraits of himself and a fine large work representing the “Parable of the Unmerciful Servant.” Another bears the title “A Youthful Negro,” and it is interesting to see what a fine effect is produced, by the painter who, of all others, one might at first think should avoid painting negroes, considering his way of bringing forward the chief objects of interest by investing all others with an almost impenetrable gloom. (In this picture the negro’s head is darker than the background near it; in the portrait of a negress, by Horace Vernet, the reverse is the case.)

Rubens is likewise represented by eleven pictures, some of them mere sketches, and many, as it seems to me, open to objection; there is a coarse pastiness about them, and a blare of red and white. The “Rainbow Landscape” especially, though it attracts the notice of the passing artisans, is, to my mind, a

complete failure. The blue edge of the bow is dark, dirty, and opaque, and the bow is suddenly and completely hidden in parts by light clouds and trees, as if it were many miles off up in the sky; whereas, anyone who will notice a bright rainbow may see it is almost as plainly visible in front of trees as elsewhere.

Other representatives of this school are Berghem, Cuyp, Metz, Mieris, the two Ostades, Paul Potter, Teniers, G. Terburg, Vandyck, Wouvermans, &c., all of whom here shew well their respective styles and peculiarities. A nice little picture of Dutch soldiers gambling, by Teniers, is turned into an absurdity by the introduction of St. Peter's release from prison by the angel, in a back-room.

Similarly Mieris, that introducer of sculptured window panels and unnaturally-sharp-edged vegetables, has spoilt a picture of "Potiphar's Wife," by the grossest anachronisms. Among these are a polished walnut carved seat, with a crimson velvet cushion; damask curtains and tassel; a handsome chased metal cup and flagon on the table; and a King Charles's spaniel on the polished oak floor.

The number of French painters in this collection is very large, as might be expected from its being lent by one who has been styled the Mæcenas of Paris (Sir Richard Wallace).

A landscape and a coast-piece, by Claude, are in his usual manner (black trees, light distances, and solid waves). That fine painter, Paul Delaroche, has contributed fifteen works to this collection. Among these are two grand pictures, of the same size, and placed in symmetrical positions on one screen, with titles "Cardinal Richelieu on the Rhone" and "Cardinal Mazarin's Last Sickness." The latter introduces us to the Cardinal's bedchamber, where are assembled a number of gay lords and ladies, variously occupied with card-playing and scandal-whispering. A sup-

pliant courtier has just entered, and is making a profound bow, which, however, is lost upon the great man, he being engaged at the moment in looking at the whist hand of a beautiful young lady seated near him, who smilingly leans back in her chair to shew it him.

Another by the same artist, called "Idle Scholar," is a fanciful little study. A pouting, meagrely-dressed boy, of some four years old, is resisting his mother's endeavours to turn his attention to a large book, held open before him by another little meagrely-dressed boy of some three years old, whose good general demeanour should have a more potent effect on his recalcitrant senior.

There are six pictures by Ary Scheffer; among them a large one of "Francesca di Rimini," which is very similar in size and conception to the later work on the same subject by Gustave Doré; in each case Virgil and Dante are looking up from the right-hand lower corner, but the figures of Paolo and Francesca are floating along in opposite directions in the two pictures.

"Margaret at the Fountain," by the same artist, arrests the attention at once. Margaret, with her saintly face and blonde hair, gazes right through the spectator into vacancy; she is dressed in rather bright habiliments of scarlet, blue, and buff, and has one hand on her pitcher, which, in her reverie, she fails to notice is already brimming full; two other fair water-carriers are whispering together about her in the back-ground.

There are no fewer than 41 examples of Horace Vernet, all more or less worthy of notice, among which is a wonderfully brilliant picture in black and white, "Review by Bonaparte," though it is unfortunately suggestive of the *Illustrated London News*. The somewhat voluptuous female heads by Greuze recall those pictures in the International Exhibition by B. Amiconi; the faces attain their maximum breadth across the eyes, the eyes themselves being liquid and languishing, if not positively wicked. The most

beautiful face is one with the very inappropriate title of "Sorrow." A higher flight is attempted in "Broken Eggs," which enlists our sympathies at once. A pretty-looking girl sits on the floor beside the basket of eggs which has "had a great fall," spoiling her beauty by the look of cross resignation with which she awaits the storm even now bursting from the lips of a vixenish beldame. This old lady has just rushed in, but is coaxingly held back by a young man, who may have had more to do with the accident than he would care to confess. A youngster in the corner, in rudimentary trowsers, is making off with one of the broken eggs, evidently bent upon turning the misfortunes of others to his own advantage.

The three works by Rosa Bonheur are "The Waggon," a capital group of six horses, three abreast; "Roedeer," an example of what can be done without the use of gaudy colours, the deer here being not very different in tone from the dead brushwood behind them, and everything of a sober colour; and "Highland Sheep," which makes one almost wish that the artist would employ someone else to paint her landscapes, as the grass here seems to have the same woolly texture which is so skilfully represented on the sheep's backs. Here I cannot refrain from remarking that I think our own Cooper should study Rosa Bonheur's style, with a view to getting out of his marble-like manner, which makes his animals appear to be cut out and pasted against the background, or as though they were viewed through an ideal lens, which brought every object to an exact mathematical focus, destroying all the charm of nature's beautiful blendings.

Passing over some dozen pictures by Watteau, in his proverbial style, we come to the gems of Meissonier, that prince of delicate painters. He seems to know exactly the right point to go to in working out these small pictures. His favourite subjects are cavaliers,

musqueteers, and horses; men stopping to drink at road-side inns, and soldiers carousing or dice-playing. These are wonderfully brilliant, yet true to nature; every touch is correct, yet they have not that offensive introduction of minutiae, that painful cleanness of surface and sharpness of outline, which is so observable in many modern pictures, spoiling even, in my opinion, some of those by Frith and Millais. These pictures are generally appreciated, and, considering mere area of canvas, fetch more money, I believe, than the works of almost any other living painter.

Lastly, we come to the English School. Here we have thirteen pictures by Reynolds, among which may be mentioned "The Strawberry Girl" and "Love me, love my dog," which would make a good pair.

Of the "Strawberry Girl" it is said that the painter himself spoke of it as "one of the half-dozen of original things" he had produced. This young damsel is of quaint appearance, though common-place enough; she is clothed in a sticky-looking pinafore, has a large pottle of strawberries on her arm, and looks capable of herself consuming some "forty dozen on 'em," if they would let her. As for the fruit itself, my inexperienced eye would have taken it either for geraniums or red flannel. Miss Bowles, with her dog, in the other picture mentioned, shews, to my fancy, what the strawberry girl might have been if she had been properly brought up in a genteel family.

There are several pictures by Gainsborough and Wilkie; a good group of three cows under a tree, by Cooper; a "View in Rouen" (water-colour), by Samuel Prout; and an elegant picture by Frith, "A lady bearing wine on a salver."

Next there are four water-colours by Turner. "Grouse-shooting" and "Woodcock-shooting" are well-finished and effective pieces, but scarcely remind one of this painter's style so much as a "Landscape

near Richmond, Yorkshire," where a beautiful effect of sun-light shining over tree-tops and hazy distance is gained. All these are carefully finished; two of them being dated 1809 and 1813.

Finally, for three pictures in this collection we are indebted to Sir Edwin Landseer. One of these is a crayon drawing, "Portrait of a Lady;" another a "Highland Group," consisting of a Scotch shepherd and his "wee wifie," resting on a knoll by the side of a lake (or frith), with a white pony cropping the grass beside them—the open jaws making its head look unusually big about the mouth.

The third picture, "Humble Friend," can hardly ever have been surpassed even by the artist himself. This is a sort of companion to the well-known incarnation on canvas of "Dignity and Impudence." An immense lion-coloured dog, of bloodhound or mastiff breed, lies with head and front paws protruding from his kennel. The giant is dozing after the discussion of a good meal, of which scarcely more than a clean-picked bone is left lying on the ground before him. On the right, a scrubby little black and tan terrier, with damning patches of white about him, stands with uplifted paw, wondering why his *great* friend does not finish off the bone, and hesitating as to whether he dare whisk it away and finish it for him. Over the picture is written "Fed from the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table." One or two scratches about the big dog's nose shew that he hasn't been brought up in a parlour, and the little bit of flesh-colour over his nostrils, as well as the general texture of the hair of both dogs, are marvellously well done. Any enthusiast for art would feel himself richer for having seen this picture alone.

Among the Dutch collection I find I have omitted mentioning two good pictures by Gerard Dow, "Saint Anthony in Prayer" and a "Monk Reading by Candle-light;" also some by Jan Steen, among which is a

"Harpisichord Lesson." In this a young Dutch lady is seen, manfully endeavouring to conquer some difficult passage in the rudiments of music; her mouth is open and her whole soul seems strained into an effort to control her stiff unruly fingers, while the shabby old master, rude enough to keep his hat on, half gets up from his chair to point out what is faulty.

In this notice I may very likely have passed over some that are considered the finest works, and attached undue importance to others; yet I trust that what has been said may be not without interest, even to those of our members who are unable to visit the Bethnal Green Museum.

B. R.



LEAVING LUNE.

ADIEU sweet stream, my thirsty soul
Can drink thy cooling waters yet,
Too holy for a vain regret,
Too strong to yield to *my* control.

To dam the current of these tears,
And say that weakness is a sin,
Is but to keep them pent within,
And flood the banks of future years.

Hills! that like mighty monarchs rise,
But bend before the King of kings,
Ye bade me soar from baser things,
And by your reverence made me wise.

With all your breezy joy that fills
The drooping sails of hope to-day,
Oh! bear my spirit far away
To anchor on th' eternal hills.

The thoughtless and the common-place
Delight along thy glades to roam;
But learn no lesson nearer home,
Nor use such loving means of grace.

I blame them not. To count the cost
They seem to have the greater gain;
Calm life, sweet pleasure, and slight pain,
And yet to feel there's something lost!

Leaving Lune.

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Now sinks the sun in seas of gold,
In heaven an ev'ning hymn is sung;
Nestles the lark the grass among,
And wind the cattle from the wold.

O! God, Thy works excel our praise,
In wisdom hast Thou made the earth!
And filled with all Thy priceless worth
The measure of our little days!

Once more adieu to Flodden glades,
To Quernmore and to Clougha's Crest;
If life-retirement could be blest
I fain would seek thy sacred shades.

But since within the battle's strife
Our duty lies as soldiers true,
Receding hills, once more adieu!
All hail, the struggles of a life!

J. P. D.



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CONTINGENT AT THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

WERE I to attempt to write a full, true, and precise account of why and how we went to Wiltshire, what we did there, and what we thought of it and ourselves when we got back, I should probably exhaust the space of this magazine and the patience of its Editor, without the smallest chance of satisfying any or all of my comrades who might perhaps see this article; I must, therefore, premise that I only hope to jot down concisely what I myself saw and took part in, without pledging anyone else in the slightest degree to a share in my opinions or corroboration of my statements.

The best starting point for the narrative, at all events, will be the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, where we assembled at about 3 p.m., on the last Friday in August, for the purpose of receiving our arms and packing our kits. The latter, limited to 9 lbs., consisted in my own case of a spare pair of boots, two flannel shirts, pair of undress trousers, towel, extra stockings and handkerchiefs (the latter not included among military necessities), toothbrush, soap, comb, &c. These, with a knife, fork, and spoon in a patent cloth wrapper, were stowed in a canvas bag with the name of the Corps and the individual number printed on it, which was then left in the Hall to be conveyed among the regimental baggage to the scene of mimic war, while we ourselves were formed up and marched down to the Armoury for our weapons. I had forgotten to mention

the War Office great coats lent by a *Liberal* Government, which we were instructed to roll up and strap into the form of a horse collar and wear Prussian-wise over our left shoulders. After receiving our arms we dismissed for the night, with orders to parade at Somerset House next morning at, if I mistake not, 7 a.m.

Accordingly, at that or some other early hour, might be seen hurrying from all parts volunteers in heavy marching order, and in the uniform of the Inns of Court and Cambridge University to the Court-yard at Somerset House. After half-an-hour spent in properly dressing (not used in military sense) and sizing (so used) the men, we were formed into a half battalion, consisting of two Inns of Court Companies and the Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers, each of about the strength of 22 files, and marched to Waterloo Station, where we found waiting for us single companies of the London Scottish and the Artists. Drawn up on the platform and stowed away in our special, we quickly divested ourselves of our belts, coats, and other encumbrances, and made ourselves comfortable for our railway journey to Blandford *via* Southampton. This, with stoppages, took us five hours, and it was nearly 2 p.m. before we found ourselves in line outside Blandford Station. The sun had come out strong after a short shower, and it was warm work, with our great coats round us, to march the four miles uphill to our camp. At the top of the hill we were met by a band, very kindly sent out to meet us by the 50th, which played us in with high honour, but as the wind was from the rear, was unable to aid us in the matter of time of step.

Our arrival seemed to create some interest, and no small number of the regulars turned out to see us pass and criticise our appearance. The Oxford University Corps, who had joined us on our route, were leading; ourselves, No. 2; Inns of Court, 3 and 4; Artists, 15;

Hampshire, 6; Oxford City, 7; and London Scottish formed the rear of the battalion, about 400 strong. Our tents had been pitched for us, and after the duties had been told off, we were dismissed to them and to our dinners, which gave us a favourable impression of our chef, a well-known shot belonging to the Inns of Court, who worked one of Captain Tomkyn's stoves, so well-known in the "Vic's" camp at Wimbledon. That night Oxford furnished the quarter-guard, and the London Scottish the rear-guard; and I, for one, did not sleep so sound as not to hear their challenges ringing out at all hours of the night. I may here state that last post sounded every night at 9.15; lights out, 9.20; and that *veille* ranged between 4.30 and 6.30 a.m. The picket was composed of three men per company, with two sergeants and two corporals furnished in turn. To-night was my turn, but we were dismissed at lights out, and only told to hold ourselves in readiness in case we were wanted.

Next morning, Sunday, we turned out early and set to work at making ourselves at home to our duties. Boot-blackening and washing in one pail of water per tent (for water here was comparatively *plentiful*) are not quite in concert with our every-day life; but the novelty was upon us in all its freshness, and time passed merrily till the breakfast bugle sounded. After this the new guards—quarter-guard from Oxford city and rear-guard from ourselves—were marched off to relieve the old guards, and at 10 a.m. we assembled for Church parade. This was held about two miles from our tents, and gave us the first insight into the manner large masses of troops are handled. Of the service I can say but little, for the size of the square precluded much hearing, but the sermon was short, and, as far as I could tell, plain and practical. At the end rain began to fall, and compelled us to retire to and keep our tents for the rest of the day, thus preventing a little tent-

pitching and striking practice, which was on our programme. Towards evening it held up, and we were allowed (!) to dig trenches round our tents (the damage to a cropped clover-field rendering it advisable that the troops should not dig trenches unless heavy rain fell), thus shutting the stable-door after the steed was stolen.

Next morning was fixed for a field day, and, after a little manœuvring into line, we marched off and took up a position as if about to attack our own camp. We were placed in the second line, and heard firing, but could not make much out; we were afterwards told we had engaged an imaginary enemy. At the end of the day we were extended to relieve some skirmishers, and were then told to form up to march past before the Prince of Wales and Sir John Michell, our commander, on Blandford race-down. This we did, our battalion giving general satisfaction apparently, and the double company formed by the two Universities, in spite the difference of uniform, keeping up their credit. Not till the close of this ceremony were our men relieved, having then been on guard upwards of thirty-five hours, a stiffish time for new soldiers.

Next day the Southern army held two field-days, our corps being extended; but, on the approach of the enemy, 'cease firing' was sounded, and all went back, so no chance was given, as promised, of showing our aptitude, if any, for skirmishing. In the afternoon I was on the picket, and consequently only looked on while the tents were being struck and re-pitched, baggage packed and unpacked for instruction and exercise.

Wednesday saw us break up the camp at Blandford and advance against the enemy, whose march, we heard, had been rendered difficult by the rain and mud. We struck our tents and packed our baggage (in somewhat slovenly style, I fear; but the canvas

was wet and the tents new, and we ourselves fresh hands), and fell in, in heavy marching order. Our route, when we were fairly off, led us down a deep winding Dorsetshire ravine, and then through a thick wood, till we again joined the main column. We had marched quick, and had to wait a little time before we could regain our old position; having done which we marched along a good road to a village called Fontmell, about nine miles from Blandford; outside which, in a beautiful field of stubble, we marked out our camp and waited for our baggage. On the other side of the hedge ran a fine stream, cold from the chalk, where we replenished our water-bottles, and refreshed ourselves with a wash. Our baggage had gone by a longer route, but shortly after made its appearance, and the tents were run up and everything put in order smartly. and about 4 p.m. dinner was ready. This consisted (for the first time) of some very tough, half-cooked beef, impenetrable to either knife or tooth, and evoked some not undeserved complaints to the orderly officer of the day.

Over night we were directed to be ready to march at 7 a.m. on the morrow, and an early stir was necessary; again, a smart shower wetted everything as we were turning out, and rendered the stowage of our tents a work of labour (not to mention the pain of chafing the fingers between the wet canvas and the tent bags). When ready to march an order came that we were not to move off for another hour, so, as preparation for a long day, we were kept without shelter from the rain, in heavy marching order, standing about; during this hour several of us formed acquaintance with some of the privates and non-coms. of the 50th (the dirty half-hundred), raised abroad and never till this year stationed in England. The men were very sociable and friendly, but could scarcely comprehend that we were there from no compulsion; they admitted, however, that we were smarter at work

than they had expected, and we told them that they had not yet seen all we should show them, a prophecy fulfilled later on, as I hope to show. The march this day was sixteen or seventeen miles, and lay through Shaftesbury to Fonthill down, on arriving at which our company furnished the quarterguard (of which I was put in charge), strengthened on account of some woods, behind which lay the enemy's camp. Next morning I was arrested by mistake for the sergeant of rearguard on a charge of allowing water to be taken for other than cooking purposes; he was, however, subsequently acquitted. At about 8 a.m. the army paraded without packs, and marched out to give battle, leaving us poor guards in charge of the camp, I am therefore unable to give any but a hearsay account of this Battle of the Wiley. The wind prevented our hearing any firing, as it blew hard directly from us; but towards the afternoon reports got about that we had driven back the enemy, and the guards were to strike the camp and bring up the baggage, as the army would encamp on the field. This last was incorrect, and about 5 p.m. the forces returned in high spirits, our company having forded a stream before Sir John Michell's eyes, and been sent out with great success to skirmish in spite of an obnoxious general order to the contrary. We were relieved from our guard about 7 p.m., having been on about twenty-nine hours, another long guard for the same companies as it had fallen on before; however, we were commended for our vigilance and quickness in turning out to rounds by the *divisional* officer. Our camp at this place was on beautifully soft velvety grass, but was very deficient in water (no washing allowed).

Next day, Saturday, we were told we should camp on the field won the day before, about four miles off, and no ammunition was served out, so we commenced our march, expecting an easy day. To our

surprise we were marched off by a side-way route towards Salisbury, and when four or five miles out told we were to camp near Stonehenge, distant about eighteen miles. Further on we came upon a battery of Horse Artillery captured by the enemy, but not carried off, and an alarm of cavalry on our flanks caused a hasty order for our ammunition to be at once served out. Taking one file I was sent back to the rear for the company ammunition, and so quickly was it managed, that in less than ten minutes the battalion was supplied with 4,000 rounds from the cart, ten per man, afterwards increased to fifteen.

We were at Wilton turned off our line of march and brought by a side-road into the village of South Newton, just before reaching which we were greeted with a rattle of musketry, to which our artillery, skilfully posted on three spurs of a hill behind us, and the 16th Regiment sent out to skirmish, successfully replied. About the village the Wilts Volunteers were formed, and then our battalion was sent out. Oxford were in a valley, so the main attack fell on us, the Inns of Court and the Artists; the Scotchmen and others acting as supports. Up a hill, taking cover in deep turnips, we skirmished, and to everyone's satisfaction the red coats opposed to us fell back; on we pressed, pushing them before us, but on reaching the top of the hill we found some Dorsetshire men, I believe, waiting for us; we fell back as our ammunition was exhausted, to refill our pouches, the Inns of Court Companies, the 50th, and, later on, the Guards taking our place. Our artillery then came up, and we again went to the front, when the 'cease-fire' was sounded, and the umpires retired to consult. It was a beautiful battle, as the extent of country visible lay like a military map, and the lines of red showed well the dispositions of each army. After the decision had been given for us, in spite of an angry protest that Wilton was garrisoned, and that we

ought not to have come through it to turn Walpole's left, we were marched back seven more long miles to the scene of the old fight on the Wiley, where we encamped at quite dusk, thoroughly tired with twenty-three miles of route marching besides the battle. To the credit of the battalion scarce a man had fallen out during this trying day, a strong contrast to the regiments of Militia, Wilts. Volunteers, and Guards, for whom, however, their heavy bearskins and old-pattern knapsacks plead an excuse. The meat had turned with the thunder, and sufficient salt pork not being at hand, no dinner was issued on this day, and nothing but biscuits and cheese eaten in our battalion from 7 p.m. on Friday, till 8 a.m. on Sunday. N.B.—"Playing at soldiers."

Sunday was a day of rest, broken only by Church parade, after which General Michell addressed the army, complimenting them on having won all the honours, if not always complete victory, and thanking our brigade (Gen. Hardinge's, 50th, Wilts. Vol., 1st Prov. Bat., and 16th) for having, when expected not to finish our set march till 3 p.m., accomplished it and beaten the enemy by 2.30. There had been an idea among our regulars that we should retire on the Saturday, as the Wilts. and Dorset men were allowed to do, so our turning up as fresh as them on the Sunday opened their eyes. Camped on a very rough stubble field I was again in charge of the picket, and our company furnished the rearguard.

On Monday we were roused early, and retired behind our camping ground to a position where the Engineers had been digging some rifle-pits; into these we were turned, and we held them against battalion after battalion of regulars hurled at us, but ordered back. At last we advanced skirmishing to a bank, where we lay down and peppered into them till an umpire was called, who gave us the victory. On this day, and also, though less conspicuously, on Saturday,

our greater readiness in taking cover gave us an immense superiority in the umpire's decisions against regular troops, who advanced firing, standing and kneeling; while we doubled forward and lay down among turnips, and against banks, &c. On the other hand, however, our commanders of sections found it almost impossible to keep the men in hand owing to their eagerness. This battle was fought in heavy though intermittent rain, which cleared up when we commenced a five mile march to Treffont Magna, where we encamped on a close cropped clover field, very stony.

Next morning our battalion was marched off early, with the rest of the brigade, along a narrow valley, lined on one side by the Rifle Brigade extended, and within hearing of a sullen artillery fire. At the end of this lay a village, covering which our left half battalion were extended. Into this village we were marched, and through it rushed a regular stampede of Horse Artillery, Lancers, Hussars, &c. Directly we could file along we retired through it at the double, and were posted behind some hedges and banks, to guard the bridge over the Avon, and road. Along this our troops made their retreat, followed by line after line of the Northern Army, who, the military reporters say, were raked and enfiladed by our artillery on their flank. In front our fire and that of the Rifle Brigade checked their advance, and would probably in actual warfare have done so completely, for nothing but the bayonet could have turned us out of the orchards and osier beds in which we were posted. However, after a little time we retired, firing, up a hill, where our main army had meanwhile taken up an impregnable position between the enemy and London, and detached strong bodies to turn his left. When firing ceased we formed up in presence of the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge, who asked after our well-being, and were told by Sir John Michell that we were

completely successful, and had done very good service in holding the village, for which he thanked us, and said he should look for us on Thursday at the march past. We then marched eight or nine miles through Arnesbury, and encamped at Durrington, with both armies on stubble.

Wednesday was devoted to cleaning ourselves and our equipments. In the morning we had some practice at marching past, which was not very well done; but drill ordered for all volunteers and militia in the afternoon was excused at General Hardinge's request, on account of the reported efficiency of the battalion. In the afternoon I went over to Stonehenge, about two miles off.

Beacon-hill, the scene of the march past, was a long range breaking the dead level of Salisbury Plain, on the edge of which we now were, and an old digging for chalk furnished a natural background for the saluting point; in fact a more perfect arena could hardly be found in the world, and the thick close grass was smooth and velvety, yet afforded a good footing for both man and horse. To reach this point, however, we were taken a round of six miles of very dusty road, thus rendering completely valueless our labours of the preceding day. It was a long and tiring performance, but the sight of the cavalry of both armies in line was exceedingly grand and striking, and the view of the united forces must from the hill have been magnificent. In order to increase the strength of the company I was put in the ranks, so could not see how we marched, but thought hardly as well as at Blandford, but the papers found little or no fault. On returning to camp I had command of the rearguard; and the battalion received complimentary orders from our Brigadier, General Hardinge, and Colonel West.

On Friday morning the two Oxford companies left by an early train, and the guard turned out to present as they marched off. After being relieved we packed

our baggage for the last time, and marched at midday nine miles to Grateley station, the bands of the 50th and 16th playing us out for at least three miles. Some delay occurred in getting us into the train, but we ultimately reached London at 8 p.m. At Waterloo most of our men fell away like snow in spring, only a few marching down to the Temple, where we returned our arms, and exchanged the eleventh part of a tent, with a blanket and proportion of seven waterproof sheets for the luxuries of a hot bath and separate bedroom.

H. P.



CLIO FATIDICA.

“TELL me, Muse, what colour floateth round the
River’s ancient head :
Is it white and black, or white and blue, is it scarlet,
blue, or red ?”
Thus I prayed, and Clio answered, “Why, I thought
the whole world knew
That the red of Margareta had deposed the flag of
blue !
Babes unborn shall sing in rapture how, desiring
Close affinity,
Goldie, rowing nearly fifty, overlapped, and bumped
First Trinity.
I myself was at the Willows, and beheld the victory
won ;
Saw the victor’s final effort, and the deed of daring
done.
I myself took off my bonnet, and, forgetful of my
years,
Patting Goldie on the shoulder, gave him three times
thrice three cheers.
Ne’er, oh ! ne’er, shall be forgotten, the excitement of
that night ;
Aged Dons, deem’d stony-hearted, wept with rapture
at the sight :
E’en the Master of a College, as he saw them
overlap,
Shouted ‘Well rowed, Lady Margaret,’ and took off
his College cap ;

And a Doctor of Divinity, in his Academic garb,
 Sang a solemn song of triumph, as he lashed his
 gallant barb;
 Strong men swooned, and small boys whistled, sym-
 pathetic hounds did yell,
 Lovely maidens smiled their sweetest on the men
 who'd rowed so well:
 Goldie, Hibbert, Lang, and Bonsey, Sawyer, Burnside,
 Harris, Brooke;
 And the pride of knighthood, Bayard, who the right
 course ne'er forsook,
 But the sight which most rejoiced me was the well-
 known form aquatic
 Of a scholar famed for boating and for witticisms
 Attic.
 Proud, I ween, was Lady Margaret her Professor
 there to view,
 As with words of wit and wisdom he regaled the
 conquering crew.
 Proud, I ween, were Cam and Granta, as they saw
 once more afloat
 Their veteran *ψυχρολούτης*, in his "Funny" little boat.
 Much, I ween, their watery spirits did within their
 heart's rejoice,
 As they listened to the music of that deep and mellow
 voice.
 Ah! 'tis well, to sing of boating, when before my
 swimming eyes
 Baleful visions of the future, woes unutterable rise.
 All our palmy days are over; for the fairer, feebler sex
 Has determined every College in succession to annex;
 And before another decade has elapsed, our eyes
 shall see
 College Tutors wearing thimbles o'er convivial cups
 of tea.
 For 'golden-haired girl-graduates', with 'Dowagers
 for Dons,'
 Shall luxuriate in Trinity, and domineer in 'John's.'

Then instead of May Term races in the science grand
 of rowing,
 There'll be constant competition in the subtle art
 of sewing.
 Soon the modern undergraduate, with a feather in
 her hat,
 Shall parade the streets of Cambridge, followed by
 her faithful cat.
 From Parker's Piece and Fenner's shall be banished
 bat and wicket,
 For crotchet work and knitting shall supplant the
 game of cricket,
 Save whene'er a match at croquet once a Term is
 played at Girton
 By the Members of "the College" and the Moralists
 of Merton.
 Then no tandems shall be driven, and no more
 athletic sports,
 Save fancy balls and dances, shall appear in "Field"
 reports,
 And instead of 'pots' and 'pewters' to promote the
 art of walking,
 We shall have a silver medal for proficiency in
 talking.
 Lady scholars, to whom Latin is all Greek, shall
 wield the pen;
 Wranglers fair shall daily wrangle, who no Mathe-
 matics ken.
 O ye gallant, gallant heroes who the River's head
 have won,
 Little know ye what an era of confusion hath begun.
 I myself shall flee from Cambridge sick at heart and
 sorely vexed,
 Ere I see my University disestablished and unsexed."
 Thus she spake, and I endeavoured to console the
 weeping muse,
 "Dry your tears, beloved Clio, drive away this fit of
 blues.

Cease your soul with gloomy fancies and forebodings
to perplex;
You are doing gross injustice to the merits of your sex.
Know you not that things are changing, that the Earth
regains her youth,
Since Philosophers have brought to light the one
primeval truth?
Long have all things been misgoverned by the foolish
race of men,
Who 've monopolized sword, sceptre, mitre, ermine,
spade, and pen,
All the failures, all the follies that the weary world
bewails,
Have arisen, trust me, simply from the government
of males.
But a brighter age is dawning, in the circling of the
years
Lordly woman sees before her new 'ambitions,' new
careers;
For the world's regeneration instantaneously began,
When Philosophers discovered the inferior claims of
man.
With new honours Alma Mater shall eternally be
crowned,
When the Ladies march in triumph, and her learned
seat surround;
Then a nobler race of students, and of athletes shall
arise,
Students fair who thirst for knowledge, athletes true
who 'pots' despise.
It is well for thee, sweet Clio, at their harmless tastes
to sneer,
At their love of cats and croquet, their antipathy to
beer;
But so soon as every College has surrendered to the
fair,
Life up here will be perfection, we shall breathe
ambrosial air;

For the problem of past ages will be solved, and we
shall find
The superior powers of woman both in body and in
mind.
She shall teach us how to study, how to ride, and run,
and row,
How to box and play at cricket, how the heavy weight
to throw,
How to shoot the trembling pigeon, how the wily rat
to slay,
How at football and at racquets, how at whist and
chess to play,
How to drive the rapid tandem, how to jump, and how
to walk,
(For young women, trust me, Clio, can do something
more than talk)
How to climb the Alps in summer, how in winter time
to skate,
How to hold the deadly rifle, how a yacht to
navigate;
How to make the winning hazard with an effort sure
and strong,
How to play the maddening cornet, and to sing a
comic song;
How to 'utilize' Professors, how to purify the Cam,
How to brew a sherry cobbler, and to make red-
currant jam.
All the arts which now we practise in a desultory way
Shall be taught us to perfection, when we own the
Ladies' sway."
Thus I spake, and strove by speaking to assuage sweet
Clio's fears;
But she shook her head in sorrow, and departed
drowned in tears.

ARCULUS.



GERMAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

IT is a strange thing that members of the English Universities as a rule know little or nothing concerning their great rivals abroad; that many—I may say the majority of Englishmen, especially public school men—are ignorant of the German language, may perhaps account for this; but I fear insular pride has far more to do with it, coupled with the doctrine, “that unless ye come from Oxford or Cambridge ye cannot be ‘Varsity men.” The Universities in Germany are teaching and degree-granting bodies, in some cases examining centres as well, though, as a rule, the examinations for the degree are a mere form; in some there is an optional one by which higher testimonials may be obtained. There are no wearisome matriculations, little-goes, generals, or place-hunting triposes, through which the English student wades to his degree, to say nothing of compulsory College examinations and other burdens; but, free to follow his own chosen career, the German applies himself to one subject, and here lies the secret of his success in special branches of learning. The English Universities are a mixture of school and University; the mass of men require a higher school education, only a small number really are fit for Professors’ lectures, and this fault lies with our great and leading schools, which are very inferior to the Gymnasiums of Germany both in their range of subjects and method of teaching. I think one

sentence will explain all: “No German is considered educated, or even goes to school, without learning *thoroughly* French and English;” and this opens out to him an immense store-house of learning completely closed to the so-called well-educated Englishman. Having passed through his school, the German enters on his student’s life, that is, he takes lodgings in some University town, pays a nominal fee, has the rules read out to him, shakes hands solemnly with the Director, and so becomes inscribed. The terms are long, generally from October to August, with a week at Christmas, and perhaps three at Easter. His lectures, too, generally employ half his day; for two hours is the usual time allotted for a discourse, and though this seems a very wearisome proceeding, I can only say that in all the lectures I have ever attended, the time seemed to have gone without my knowing it. And here I may remark *en passant* that lecturers and professors in Germany are chosen for their powers of teaching and a thorough knowledge of their subject—not for having been a place higher in a stiff examination than someone else, and that an empty lecture-room leads to a new professor. Then to help him in his studies he has a fine library open to *every student all day*, and whence he can obtain books. Should he be a scientific man, fine collections and useful apparatus are at his disposal; cases are opened, and specimens may be freely handled; no flattening of noses against glass—that is purely a British custom. At Freiberg there are minerals which have been handled and examined by students ever since the days of the illustrious Werner, and they are quite as good as those in that national monument of red tape—the British Museum. The lectures generally begin at seven or eight in the morning, and go on to six or seven in the evening—an hour being free in the middle of the day for dinner.

The typical German student, I mean the creature with a long pipe, long hair, spectacles, small cap, strips of plaster all over the face, and a red nose, is a rare animal except in English books and pictures. The University men of Germany are of all sorts, just as here; the majority are lazy, or of mediocre abilities, only a few men in each University really work hard; but then there are so many seats of learning in Germany—I think nearly thirty, containing between twenty and thirty thousand students—that the minority would equal either of our Universities in size, and this is exclusive of the Polytechnics, a class of school almost entirely wanting in this country, and whence many a famous name has sprung.

The amusements of the student abroad are few; he has his gymnastic exercises, billiards, and fencing. In all German Universities there exist "Corps," *i.e.* small knots of men bound together in brotherhood to defend and help one another, and to maintain the honour of their body. There is great rivalry between these "Corps," and frequent "mensurs" or matches with the "schläger" or straight German sword. The body is protected, only the face and head being the objects of attack; much skill and practice is required, very slight injuries come from it, and altogether it is a harmless amusement. This is the "terrible duelling" we hear so much of in England. These clubs have their sets of rooms where they fence and meet to drink beer with their friends about once a week; this is called a "kneipe." The President sits at the head of the table and enforces the rules, which are very ancient and numerous. The proceedings are enlivened with songs; not of the "Champagne Charlie," and music hall type, but with the words by Schiller, Goethe, Arndt, and the music of Fincke, Beethoven, Himmel, and other first-rate authors. Sometimes the singing is very beautiful, especially when the formal "kneipe" is over, and each student sings in turn or

part-songs are given. I have never in my whole experience of German students heard a coarse or low-class song; on the contrary, some of the finest part-singing in the world, and most beautiful solos may be heard after the words "kneipe ex" are pronounced. The beer rules are very strict, and oblige a man to drink at least ten glasses during the evening. The students are divided into two ranks, the "Füchse" and the "Bürschen;" the former answering to our term "Freshman," the latter term comprises the men of more than one year's standing; the Bursch can make the Fuchs drink as much beer as he likes, and do many other things for him, but the Fuchs can always obtain redress from a council of Bürschen. As a rule they are far more polite in speaking to one another than we are in England, for the least expression of disparagement leads to a challenge; to call a man "a stupid fellow" is a serious matter; but this is dying out very much now. University men have many privileges: they may wear a sword; commissions are given them very easily; and, above all, when they get into a "row" and are condemned to imprisonment, they serve their term in their own private "Carcer," as it is called. This is generally a room somewhere in the University buildings, and is usually beautifully frescoed; here, with a barrel of beer and tobacco unlimited, the condemned enjoys himself and treats his friends, though often this is not allowed; but bribery and corruption will soon be as good in Germany as in England, thanks to American and British travellers, who spoil everybody and everything wherever they go, and are doing their best to make a trip abroad impossible to men of small means. Every person who is not inscribed on the books is called a "Philister," and they are very much looked down upon by the students, as being far below them in education and position; and this *is pretty true*, for most men go either to the Universities or the Polytechnics. The cost of

living is very low, and the fees merely nominal, for the Prussian government encourage education in every way, and scientific men head the list of honours in all professions. Under our system men like Humboldt are impossible to create; whoever in England heard of a scientific man becoming a cabinet minister? and yet in Germany this is not such a very rare thing. The every-day life of a student is very monotonous; he rises early and breakfasts off rolls and coffee; then, except dinner, he works all day, and in the evening sups with a lot of others in the students' "restaurant," for there is generally one particular house frequented by them; here, cards, beer, and tobacco pass some of the evening, and he either sits up and works or goes to bed early, and this goes on for nearly ten months in the year; this simple life, varied by an occasional visit to theatre or concert—for most of them are capital musicians—fills in his time completely, and enables him to get through work that would stagger men in this country. Under our system I wonder we ever turn out good men; under theirs, much as they do, I think more might yet be done. The English student is quicker than his German confrère, but he seems to lack the plodding, untiring work which marks the German. By this, of course, I mean the working bee, for there are just as many drones abroad as there are at home; these the workers call the "bummelers" or bummers (American), or the men who flaunt about and do nothing. The Americans have adopted their expressive term from the German students, and I have often noticed that a great many of their slang expressions are borrowed from the same source.

I hope in this slight sketch to have shown how utterly different are the ideas of a German and an Englishman as to what a University should be; here it far more resembles school life, for in Germany a man is entirely free; he has only to keep his terms—

a very little does that—and to learn as much as he can, and here he indeed possesses enormous advantages over us, for many reasons.

First and foremost stands the fact that no professor is appointed until he has distinguished himself in that particular branch which it will be his duty to work and lecture on; a man cannot take his degree and walk into a lectureship because he passes an examination or has a close fellowship, but he must go and begin as master in a school or as an assistant until his reputation as a teacher is made, then some University will call for him, even should he be a non-university man. In learning there is true free trade in Germany, the Universities will have the best men, and the highest bidder in honours wins; for a German scientific man cares little for money and lives in a most simple and quiet way. Then when he has got his lectureship he must keep it by work. If men do not attend his discourses and say, "I cannot learn from him—he is useless to me," he gets placed *en retraite*, as has just happened to a very celebrated man, who became lazy, and would only lecture occasionally; by these means the high standard of teaching is preserved. Next comes the fact that the subjects are so split up, that no man has one too large for him. For example, here in Cambridge we have one Professor of Geology, in Berlin they have a separate chair for each of the four divisions of that science; so for Law, one lecturer for each sub-division, down even to Mining Law. Next, the terms are longer, the lectures frequent, and of two hours' duration. Now, take for example a man here going in for any subject, he gets, say four hours' lectures per week, for at most six months in the year; in Germany he would get at least three per week of two hours each, from October till August, and these special and not general courses; the man who wants general courses must go back to the

Gymnasium or public school for them. Then he has a free library, and magnificent collections some of them are, with reading-rooms attached; where almost every nation is represented by its chief and latest works, filled with maps and plans; from this assemblage he can obtain books, etc., on loan without any trouble. The same munificence applies to scientific collections and apparatus. I have even seen men allowed to take rare and valuable things home with them for the purposes of study—not just back to his College, for there are none, but perhaps some way off by rail.

Perhaps those who read this will think I am dreaming; but what has been done already is a trifle to what will be later on. An immense revival of learning is spreading over Germany; the grant for education is doubled this year, and next to the army is the highest charge in the budget of the new Empire. New schools, especially for scientific purposes, are springing up in all directions; the new Polytechnic (applied science school) at Aix-la-Chapelle is a most splendid building, and others like it are in course of erection. Under the fostering care of Prince von Bismarck, who marked well what science has done for Germany, a sound scientific education is becoming the basis of knowledge, as tending to make men accurate and thoughtful. The mathematics (which after all are only a branch of science) taught in the “prima” of a Gymnasium, and the papers set in examination, would astonish a good many people here, and this year the standard is to be raised; as the Director of one of the Universities said to me, “We mean to raise the standard and cheapen or abolish fees altogether;” and on the first of October this year this was doubtless carried out in part. Then, too, examinations are to be instituted to confer high degrees, and to raise the “Ph. D.” out of the mud. I saw the proposed schedule for one of them, and can only describe it as three

triposes rolled into one; but then a man was expected to pass in only one subject with its branches, and that was bad enough. They always do all they can to prevent the acquirement of a superficial knowledge, and to drive a man deep into one special subject. The ages of men there is very much the same as here, though they appear to be older from the habits of letting their hair grow and of wearing spectacles. In conclusion, let me beg some of our wanderers to visit some of the leading Universities of the greatest nation of the day, and see how immeasurably superior they are to us in teaching and sound learning. There, too, they will see what are the antiquated fetters which hold us enthralled, and prevent our equalling, nay, surpassing them, even in this their great revival. But take my advice: under any circumstances, learn German thoroughly; for now, more than ever, the man who knows it not is blind to half the literature of the world.

VON HAHN.



IN MEMORIAM.

OUR College has to mourn the loss of one of the most brilliant of its younger Fellows, Mr. Thomas Moss, who died on the 13th of August, at Christ Church, Canterbury, New Zealand. His health had been failing for some time, and on the 23rd of October, 1871, by medical advice he sailed for Australia to try the effect of a long sea voyage. He parted from his friends cheerfully

which reached them from Melbourne, and afterwards from Tasmania, were most reassuring. He had been the life of his fellow-passengers during the writing several short plays, and being joint editor of a ship's newspaper, work for which his long experience as an editor of *The Eagle* had well qualified him. His own letters at this time were full of returning vigour and good spirits. His friends thought they might look forward to seeing him again among them in perfect health. In April he left Tasmania for New Zealand, and here the short-lived hope was blighted. Almost on his arrival he was attacked by low fever; congestion of the lungs followed; and although it is a consolation to know that he met with the greatest kindness and sympathy in his illness, no attention or skill could avail, and he passed away by a death as calm and gentle as had been his life.

He was born on the 18th of June, 1845, in Lincoln, at the Grammar School of which city he received his early education. In 1862, following in the steps of his eldest brother, the Rev. H. W. Moss, the present head-

master of Shrewsbury School, he became a pupil of Dr. Kennedy at Shrewsbury. His genius now seemed to spring at once into maturity. His verses, especially, from the very first, had a ring of true poetry in them, a charm and a spirit of their own, which others felt and admired, but could not catch or imitate. In the October Term of 1864, he came into residence at St. John's, having previously gained the 1st Classical Minor Scholarship, a prelude to a University career of unusual distinction. In his second year he gained the Craven Scholarship, beating all the men of his own standing. In the same year he won the Latin Ode and Greek Epigram: in his 3rd year the Porson Prize and the English verse. But already the fatal weakness had begun to show itself, and to the disappointment of his friends he was only 4th in the First Class of the Classical Tripos. In November of the same year, 1868, he was elected Fellow of the College; and after a short absence from Cambridge he returned to take private pupils. Throwing himself vigorously into the work he rose almost at once to the foremost rank in his profession, and not a few of the highest University distinctions were gained by his pupils.

He leaves behind him many friends, old companions of School and College days. Indeed no Johnian or Salopian ever failed to win from him the quiet welcome and ready hospitality which were characteristic of one who delighted in nothing more than in making others happy. To such many a kind act, many a touch of gentle humour, will be recalled by the sad news of his death.

The College loses in him a zealous and devoted servant, a scholar of exquisite taste and rare insight, whose great gifts she may well be proud of having fostered. His friends will miss the inspiring presence of one who moved among them with a high and noble ideal manifestly before him; his memory will remain to them, a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεὶ*, a pattern of stainless purity and childlike faith too rarely found united, as in him, with the activity of a subtle and highly-cultivated intellect.



HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE MAHOMEDAN DOMINION.

AKBAR.

GIBBON, in his history, makes the remark "that the appellation Great has been often bestowed and sometimes deserved. Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title has been indissolubly blended with the name." The same might be said, with equal or greater justice, of Akbar—the Greatest—a title which he received at his birth. Judged by the criterion of success as a conqueror, he ranks with Alexander, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great. He succeeded to an Empire which comprised the Punjaub and a few provinces, and he extended it from the Vale of Kashmere to the sea. In the government of those vast dominions of different races holding different creeds he displayed the most liberal and statesmanlike policy. To alleviate the condition of the masses was his great object, and he, an Eastern despot, extracted from his subjects no more than was necessary for the purposes of government. Reared in a faith whose chief tenet is to slay the unbeliever, he was the most tolerant of rulers. At a time when Queen Elizabeth represented the manifest danger of disturbing the national peace by a toleration of different religions, and the Acts of Supremacy and of Uniformity were passed and enforced by fines and imprisonments—at a time when

the streets of Paris flowed with blood shed by men on account of a religion whose chief tenet was "Peace on earth and good-will towards men"—Akbar determined to place all his subjects on a level without reference to race or religion.

Not only as a king, but as a man, Akbar deserves to be studied. We have many records of individual acts of heroism, and he displayed tenderness and gentleness—the best tests of a chivalrous nature—in the treatment of fallen foes. He must be placed in the ranks with Lucius Seneca and Marcus Aurelius as one of the earnest seekers after God. There is pathos in the Moslem King's eager earnest striving after the solution of the deepest problem that can engross the mind of mortal man, "What is Truth." There is a remark of Akbar's worthy to be remembered, and which gives us the key-note to his character. He could find, he once said, but one road to the attainment of his purpose, and that was the straight one—after all the easiest and the best.

The romance in the life of Akbar begins early. His father, Humayoon, the second sovereign of the Mogul line, fell in love with his mother while she was dancing before him at an entertainment given in the Seraglio. There was no coy wooing or long courtship, but, thanks to the simplicity of the Mahomedan ceremony, the wedding was performed that night. The dancing-girl had become an Empress; but she only enjoyed the title, for she had wedded one of those Sovereigns much to be pitied, Sovereigns without territory. Not in ruling over a splendid court were the first years of wedded life spent, but in enduring hardship in trying to recover the lost kingdom. In exile and in want in a small fort situated in the midst of a sandy desert, the Empress gave birth to the son who was destined to be the greatest of Asiatic Monarchs, and to be enrolled among the great ones of the world.

Akbar experienced in his youth the fickle caprices of fortune. Many a time did he fall into the hands of his father's enemies; and it is related by his biographer that once he was in a town which his father was besieging, and he was ordered to be exposed to the fire of the cannon, and his life was saved by the interposition of Providence exerted on his behalf. At the age of fourteen Akbar ascended the throne, and his first act was to appoint his tutor, General Beiram Khan, a man of great bravery and iron will, his Prime Minister. The new Minister proceeded without delay to march against the army of the chief of the rebels, routed it, and took the General prisoner. The illustrious captive was a Hindoo and an idolater, and the Prime Minister urged his young master to slay the infidel captive with his own hands, and so gain the proud title of Ghazy or Champion of the Faith. The boy burst into tears, and drawing his sword, touched the captive's head with it. Beiram Khan, seeing his reluctance to do the cruel act, at one blow with his sabre severed the captive's head from his body.

Beiram Khan was a gallant soldier, and by force of character he disciplined the rough masses which he commanded. But, being head of a military aristocracy, his ambitious nature caused him to discard the rôle of minister, and to play that of master. But Akbar determined to rule alone, and we find the boy of eighteen sending the following remarkable letter to the Minister:

"Till now," he wrote, "our mind has been taken up with our education and the amusements of youth, and it was our Royal will that you should regulate the affairs of our Empire; but it being our intention to govern our own people by our own judgment, let our well-wisher withdraw from all worldly concerns, and, retiring to Mecca, far removed from the toil of public life, spend the rest of his days in prayers."

The royal master's commands were at first obeyed, and Beiram Khan set out on his forced pilgrimage; but, unfortunately for himself, he suddenly changed his mind, and unfurled the standard of rebellion. His army was defeated, and the Minister had to seek safety in flight to the mountains. Weary of an exile's life, he entered the Emperor's camp, and throwing himself at his Sovereign's feet, implored forgiveness. This was readily granted by Akbar, who was as prompt in forgiving as he was in crushing a rebellion.

In this instance, he not only forgave but offered hi

should he prefer to remain at the Court his favour and protection, or an honourable escort to Mecca.

"The royal confidence once broken," the Minister said, "how can I wish to remain in thy presence. The clemency of the king is enough, and his forgiveness is more than a reward for my services." A pension of £5000 a year was settled on him, and Beiram Khan proceeded to Mecca. On his way there he was stabbed to the heart by a man whose father he had slain in battle. His widow and child returned to Court, where they were well provided for by the Emperor.

We will not detain the reader with any account of Akbar's wars and conquests. Wrapt in the pale winding-sheets of general terms the greatest tragedies of history evoke no broad images in our mind; and it is only by a great effort of genius that a historian can galvanize them into life. We love rather to remember those biographical incidents of heroism that have floated down the stream of history. We will give the reader one worthy of the best days of chivalry.

Akbar was once exposed to great danger by having on no armour during a fierce battle. The Emperor was equipping himself for battle when he saw a

young Rajpoot chieftain labouring under a suit of mail evidently too heavy for the stripling's limbs. He immediately gave him a lighter suit of his own in exchange, and then seeing another Rajpoot chieftain unprovided for, bade him put on the youth's armour. Between the clans of the two chieftains there was an old feud, so the proud boy, taking offence, threw off the Emperor's gift, and remarked he would rather go into battle unarmed. Akbar replied that he could not permit any of his followers to go to battle more unprotected than himself, and he also therefore proceeded to unarm.

When Akbar had reduced his rebellious vassals to submission, and had firmly established his authority, he turned his thoughts to the government of that Empire which he had created. One of his first measures was to repeal the poll-tax on everyone not a believer; and he abolished the tax on pilgrims, not, as he said, to encourage a vain superstition, but in order not to prevent anyone from worshipping his Maker in the mode most agreeable to his conscience.

He also did what we, who have ruled India for upwards of a century, have never done—he threw open to all his subjects every department of public employment. His vast kingdom he divided into fifteen Vice-royalties, and established regulations for every department of state.*

* In the fortieth year of the reign of Sultan Akbar (1596), his dominions consisted of 105 sircars (or provinces), subdivided into 2,737 khisbahs (or townships), the revenue of which he settled for ten years at the annual rate of 3 arribs, 62 cures, 98 lakhs, 55,246 dams (equal to 90,746,381 rupees, or about 11 millions sterling). The kingdom was then parcelled into twelve grand divisions, and each was committed to the government of a Soubahdar or Viceroy, upon which occasion the Sovereign of the world distributed 12 lakhs of beel. The names of the Subahs or Vice-royalties were Allahabad, Agra, Oude, Ajmere, Ahmedabad, Bahar, Bengal, Delhi, Kabul, Lahire, Moultan, and Maliva. When Akbar conquered Bezar, Candhesh, and Ahmednagur, they were formed into three Subahs, increasing the number to fifteen.—*Ayeen Akburi*.

The most important reform, and the one by which Akbar is best remembered, was that of the Revenue System.

In the old Hindoo village communities the produce of the soil was divided between the actual cultivator and the Zemindar or Petty Rajah. The conquering Moslem, on the other hand, claimed the soil as his own, and he only allowed the cultivator a part of the produce as a favour and not a right. Akbar commanded (1) all the land to be accurately measured; (2) the land to be divided into classes according to their fertility, and the amount which each begah (half-acre) of every class produced to be ascertained; (3) the average of the classes was taken as the amount of each begah in every village, and the proportion of that amount which the Government was to take was fixed at one-third; (4) the equivalent in money for the raw produce, which was fixed at the average value of the nineteen years preceding. A cultivator might pay in kind if he preferred. All minor taxes were abolished; extra fees and consideration to officers of Government were removed, and the system of farming out districts to individuals and contractors for revenue was entirely discontinued. This is the bare outline of the Revenue System framed by Akbar centuries before the world had been enlightened by Professors of Political Economy. Its chief value was that it tended to improve the condition and prosperity of the people. English administrators in India have failed to learn one great lesson from it. Under Akbar's settlement no *Land Tenures* were altered or interfered with in any way. They were accepted as they were found to exist among the people; and so long as an hereditary occupant paid the Government assessment he could not be outbid or removed from his possession.

Akbar devoted his attention to the internal administration of the kingdom. He established schools throughout the land, in which the Hindoo youths

might study the ancient Vedas, and the Moslem lads the Koran. To review thoroughly the various reforms—of the army, of justice, of police, and of general policy—would occupy too much space. We recommend everyone desirous of becoming acquainted with Indian subjects to study Mr. Gladwin's Translation of *The Ayeen Akbari*.

With all the barbaric splendour which has rendered the Court of the Moguls famous, Akbar was surrounded. We read of the king seated on his throne in a marble palace, surrounded by nobles, wearing high heron plumes and sparkling with diamonds like the firmament; of many hundred elephants, each richly caparisoned with cloth of gold, passing before him in companies, the leading elephant of each company with gold plates on its head and breast set with rubies and emeralds. The galaxy of the learned and brave which surrounded that throne gave it greater lustre than all the sparkling diamonds of Golconda.

The tastes of the Monarch were simple. Twice a day did he exhibit himself in public for the purpose of receiving petitions and administering justice; in the evening, when not occupied with the cares of State, he was entertained by philosophers and historians with wise discourses on past events. He was a generous patron of learning and science. Sanskrit lore received his attention.

Akbar's whole life was one eternal longing for more light. His graceful and refined mind must have revolted against the cruel sensual creed in which he was reared. He sent for Roman Catholic priests from the Portuguese Settlements to instruct him in Christianity, and he gazed with awe on the crucifix. That sacred symbol of self-sacrifice must have struck a chord in the heart of the Eastern despot, who had devoted his life to rectifying wrong and suffering. Akbar commands that his son should be instructed

in those memorials of love and sorrow—the Gospels; and that those lessons should not be begun in the usual form, in the name of God, but in the name of Jesus Christ. Akbar used, surrounded by the learned men of the Court, to listen with attention to controversies, in which Mussulman and Jew, Jesuit and Hindoo, all took part. An account of one of these debates is handed down to us. The Moslem doctors seem to have been worsted in the debate by the missionaries, for they lost their tempers, and had to be reprov'd for their violence by the Emperor, who expressed in his own opinion that God could only be adequately worshipped by following reason, and not yielding implicit faith to any alleged revelation.

Master Thomas Coryat, known as the leg-stretcher, from having used those appendages to carry him over the greater part of Europe and Asia, a friend of Ben Jonson's, and a corresponding member of that worshipful fraternity of Sireniacall gentlemen that meet the first Friday of every month at the sign of the Mermaid, in Bread Street, relates an anecdote characteristic of the Emperor. He never denied his mother anything till she demanded of him that our Bible might be hanged about an ass's neck and beaten about the town of Agra, "for that the Portugals having taken a ship of theirs at sea, in which was found the Alcoran, tyed it about the neck of a dogge and beat the same dogge about the town of Ormuz." But he denied her request, saying that, "though it were ill in the Portugals to do so to the Alcoran, it became not a king to requite ill with ill, for that contempt of any religion was contempt of God, and he would not be revenged of an innocent book."

The rebellion of his son Selim, afterwards Jehangir, and the death of his third son from intemperance, cast dark shades on the path of Akbar's life as it drew to its close. When the hour drew nigh that he, whose life was devoted to seeking the truth, should go to

the world of solved problems, he sent for his son Selim, whom he affectionately received and declared heir to the throne. Selim tells us that he desired that the chief nobles should be brought into his apartment, "for," said he, "I cannot bear that any ill-feeling should exist between you and those who for so many years have shared in my toils and been the associates of my glory." The rebellious son burst into tears and threw himself at his feet; but Akbar pointed to his favourite scimitar, and made signs to his son to bind it on in his presence. On October 13, 1605, death ended an illustrious reign of fifty-one years and some months, over an Empire which he had won, containing 150,000,000 human beings. A splendid mausoleum was erected to his memory in the neighbourhood of Agra, and there, to use the language of his son, all that was mortal of the renowned Akbar was consigned to heaven's treasury. The Jesuits record that he was white like a European, but his son Selim describes him as tall of stature, of a ruddy brown complexion, his eyes full and dark, and his eyebrows meeting, while his great breadth of chest and long sinewy arms gave him the strength of a lion.

As the traveller wanders through Agra he sees palaces and mosques of pure white marble, poems in stone, and the battlemented walls of red stone of the citadel. They remain fit monuments of the pure and great mind which erected them. The greatest of the Mogul kings, of whom it was said that he was affable and majestic, merciful and severe, loved and feared of his own, terrible to his enemies.

G. W. F.



ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

O ROBIN, by my garden gate,
Thy voice is loud and strong;
And hast thou found so soon a mate
To listen to thy song?

The snows are scarcely melted yet,
The frost is hard and keen;
The daisy's silver coronet
Still sleeps beneath the green.

Dear is thy voice that tells the grove
Of buds and blooms to be,
That fills the air with life and love,
And carols hope to me.

A sweet prophetic voice that oft
Hath cheer'd my heart of yore,
But never seem'd so dewy soft,
So full of bliss before.

For I have won to grace my nest
A help-meet of my own,
Whose dear warm heart by mine shall rest
Before thy brood be flown.

C.



A FEW DAYS IN NORTH ITALY.

I LEFT London last August with my friend K., of Trinity College, with the intention of going up the Rhine, and then sojourning in Switzerland. We travelled by the usual route to Cologne, through Brussels and Liège, at the latter of which I would recommend any tourist, not pressed for time, to stay a few days. It is a delightful combination of the past and the present, venerable churches from whose towers carillons of exquisite sweetness are ever sounding, pleasant boulevards and handsome streets; surrounded by lofty wooded hills, and with the broad sluggish Meuse flowing through it. Of Cologne (the metropolis of stench) and its famous Dom we need say nothing; nor is there any occasion to describe the voyage up the Rhine to Bingen, nor Heidelberg, nor Strasburg, at which we stayed a few hours in order to visit the Minster. The Suisse who shewed us the building was exceedingly bitter against the Germans and pointing out a remarkably unprepossessing negro in a painted window slily whispered 'Voilà le Prince Bismark'!

When we arrived at Lucerne we found the place inundated with English, German, and American visitors, so we went on as soon as possible to Engelberg (the Angel's Hill), a delightful valley on the south side of the lake containing a small village with two or three large hotels, and a monastery of great antiquity and interest, once the home of St. Anselm. We had intended to stay here some time, and occupy ourselves with climbing

the various peaks in the neighbourhood. a change of weather came on, and after being confined to the hotel for three days by incessant rain, an enforced inaction somewhat mitigated by the many pleasant acquaintances we made at the table d'hôte and in the *salle à fumer*, we resolved to go over the Surenen pass at once into the St. Gotthard, and by the latter to reach Italy. Ten hours of stiff laborious walking, each of us carrying a 20 lbs. knapsack, brought us to Amstaeg on the St. Gotthard. Two days after we arrived at Stresa on the Lago Maggiore. Here we stayed several days at a thoroughly Italian inn at which we were most royally entertained, though our very limited stock of Italian and our landlady's equally feeble proficiency in French made conversation rather difficult. We visited Isola Bella which we pronounced a miserable failure, despite the growing account of its beauties contained in the pages of Baedeker, whose raptures seem singularly misplaced; it is a tawdry and worthless show-place, and is decidedly not worth going to see.

On September 1 we started from Stresa with a Piedmontese guide, an old soldier, who had served in the Crimean war and under Garibaldi; he was a cheerful chatty fellow and talked French fluently. From Monte Motterone we had a glorious panorama of the Alps, extending from Monte Rosa to the Ortler Spitz 80 miles to the east. The plains of Lombardy were enveloped in mist, though earlier in the day the Appennines and even Monte Viso and the Cottian Alps are said to be visible. A rough descent of three hours took us to Orta, a charming town situate on a peninsula in a little lake of the same name. Though immortalized in the tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, it is now rather neglected by tourists; though we both agreed that the lake was far superior in beauty to the somewhat monotonous Maggiore. We then walked on, *via* Varallo,

to Alagna, a little German colony lying among the southern spurs of Monte Rosa. We had intended from here to go over the passes to Zermatt: but unfortunately I fell dead lame, and had to leave K. to go on by himself. I determined to go by Milan, Turin, and the Mont Cenis, to Geneva, where we arranged to meet again.

On arriving at Varallo about 1 p.m. I found that the diligence for Novara the nearest railway station did not leave till nine; so I spent the afternoon in visiting the Sacro Monte, which is the chief lion of the place. It is a steep rocky hill about 800 or 1000 feet high; on its broad summit are nearly 50 chapels filled with frescoes and painted groups of statuary representing scenes in the life of our Lord. Some of these are by Gaudenzio Ferrari and are very striking, but the majority of them are grotesque and even repulsive. Some of the painted statues are adorned with real clothes and even real *hair*, which produces an exceedingly life-like but rather bizarre effect. A number of peasants, clad in their picturesque national dress, were going the round of the chapels and repeating at each aves and paters. They went up to the Scala Santa, an imitation of the supposed original at Rome, on their knees, repeating at each step some prayers in a monotonous tone with much appearance of devotion. Being unhappily devoid of the religious fervour which seemed to make them indifferent to the likelihood of catching rheumatism through the repeated contact of their knees with the cold stone steps, I waited to seize an opportunity of ascending the staircase unobserved in the ordinary manner of two-legged beings. One seemed to be in a dream; all was so old-world, so unlike the present age of steam, march of intellect, and the Daily Telegraph. The cloudless blue sky overhead, the quaint and richly coloured chapels around, the green valley of the Riviera 1000 feet below, the monotonous hum

of voices, moving slowly from shrine to shrine, all seemed to me like the vision of a world that is past; for a few short minutes I felt transported back into the 'Ages of Faith.'

That night, however, a 'change came o'er the spirit of my dream.' From nine in the evening till six next morning I was sitting in the impèrial of a diligence, with two Italians redolent of garlic on each side of me. Every now and then I fell into a short uneasy slumber. From one of these naps I was rudely awakened by a violent jolt, followed by a profusion of oaths both loud and deep from my fellow-travellers. The diligence had run off the road in the darkness into a ditch by the side; however, the leisurely pace at which we were proceeding saved us from upset, and after sundry *Corpo di Bacco's* and other expletives, the driver succeeded in inducing the horses to drag the coach on to the road again. At Novara I took the first train to Milan. By the way I may remark that in some proper names, as Novara, Varese, Varallo, the natives give the *v* the sound of our English *w*, Nowara, &c. I have not seen this phonetic peculiarity noticed before; whether it has any bearing on the much-vexed question of the pronunciation of the Latin *v* I leave to philologists to determine.

Milan I found very full; the Art Exhibition was open, and the recent Autumn manœuvres of the Italian Army in the vicinity had brought an immense influx of visitors of every nationality to the city. Here I spent Sunday, the 8th of September, which being the Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. M., was marked by magnificent ceremonies in the glorious Duomo, that mountain of marble, to my mind, *pace* architectural purists, far surpassing in grandeur and imposing effect the Cathedral of Cologne. I was surprised, after all I had heard of the alienation of the stronger sex in

Italy from the church, to find that at least half of the vast congregation consisted of men, most of them too apparently very devout; though their habit of freely expectorating on the rich marble pavement is very disgusting to an Englishman. From Milan a long hot railway journey of six hours through the steaming plains of Lombardy, the intense flatness of which makes Cambridgeshire seem hilly by comparison, brought me to Turin, a city of the most uninteresting kind, with broad streets and boulevards in the latest French style—a style quite unsuitable to the Italian climate, as any one can see by comparing the shady coolness of the old quarters of Milan with the glare and heat of modernised Turin.

From hence I travelled by the international mail through the Mont Cenis: the atmosphere of the tunnel was quite free from any unpleasant odour, and indeed was refreshingly cool after the heat and dust of the journey in the open air. There are several smaller tunnels besides the great one, which is eight miles long and occupied 20 minutes in the transit. The railway is in every respect a marvel of engineering skill: immense labour has been expended on innumerable cuttings, embankments, and steep gradients. At Culoz in Savoy I changed into the Geneva train. On the frontier an irate official demanded my passport, and on my declaring that I had none, in a paroxysm of fury ordered me to get out of the train; but the utterance of the simple talisman "*Anglais*" produced an instantaneous change of demeanour, and with many bows and smiles I was told I might proceed on my way. The present French passport regulations are absurdly futile; any one who declares himself an Englishman may dispense with a passport, but persons of any other nationality are required to shew one properly viséd: so that there is really no check on any one who may not scruple to commit a slight violation of truth.

H. M. C.



THE STAINED GLASS IN THE CHAPEL OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

III.

THE TWO WINDOWS NEXT THE APSE.

By Messrs. Clayton and Bell.

THE one on the South side was put in by Hare Exhibitioners in memory of Sir Ralph Hare. It is inscribed as follows:

"In Piam Memoriam Radulphi Hare, Eq. Aur. P. C. Exhib. Sui. A. S. MDCCCLXIX."

That on the North by the friends of the Rev. A. V. Hadley, the late lamented Tutor. It bears a simple inscription:

"In Memoriam Augusti Vaughton Hadley, Socii et Tutoris."

These two windows have a special position and a special character of their own. They occupy a middle place between the Passion and the Life of our Lord on one side and the Passion and the Life of the Church on the other. The artist treats them in a way which corresponds with their position; he tones and prepares the transition from canopy and spire to a group in the head of each light by introducing twelve portraits in each window, on grounds framed in white.

In the Hare window the portraits are:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. S. Augustinus. | 7. S. Matthæus. |
| 2. „ Ambrosius. | 8. „ Marcus. |
| 3. „ Gregorius. | 9. „ Lucas. |
| 4. „ Hieronymus. | 10. „ Johannes. |
| 5. „ Paulus. | 11. „ Timotheus. |
| 6. „ Barnabas | 12. „ Stephanus. |

In the Hadley window the following:

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. S. Isaias. | 7. S. Amos. |
| 2. „ Jeremias. | 8. „ Obadias. |
| 3. „ Ezekiel. | 9. „ Jonas. |
| 4. „ Daniel. | 10. „ Michæas. |
| 5. „ Osee. | 11. „ Habacuc. |
| 6. „ Joel. | 12. „ Nahum. |

A legend tells the subject of the picture as in the Apse windows, and the events are closely connected with the events illustrated by that quintett, viz. in the South one:

The Commission to the Apostles, and the breathing upon them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, "Insufflavit et dixit eis accipite Spiritum Sanctum." In this scene 16 Disciples are shewn with Christ; probably they are the 11, S. S. Matthias and Justus, and the 3 Maries. Three Angels are shewn in the head, carrying branches and crying "Pax! Pax!" and underneath, as an Old Testament parallel to the chief scene (the investing of the 12 with authority by Christ Himself), comes the investiture of Aaron with the priestly robe, and consecration of him by Moses to his high office and authority. Sheep and a bullock appear in the background for the sacrifice, and a basket of loaves and a cruse of oil are at hand to be used in the solemn ceremony. The stars are already out, the mount is seen in the distance, and Moses and Aaron are both nimbed.

The corresponding pictures on the North side are;
The Last Supper.

Israel Gathering the Manna.

With 5 crowns and other emblems in the circles
in the window head.

The legend is "Nisi manducaveritis carnem filii hominis, et biberitis ejus sanguinem non habebitis vitam in vobis." Thus the mind is prepared to leave miracle scenes for the closer history of the awful and terrible day, and again to leave that in order to dwell with more ease and freedom upon the scattered scenes from the Apostolic history, which supply the subjects for the remaining windows along the South side of the Chapel; and the eye, too, is prepared for the change from small figures and crowded panels to more open work, larger scale, and greater breadth of treatment, which distinguish the side windows from those of the Apse.

There is a pleasing harmony and quietness about these two windows, and especially about the Northern one, which is very delightful; but it is well they cannot be seen from a distance, the effect would be utterly spoilt. These windows fail in several points through the timidity of the artist and the antagonism there must have been between him and the architect; the stonework cramps up his Angels into very small and uncomfortable compass; the wings stand up to fit the piercing, as if the designer had been angry at the architect for making such a shape in the head of a window. This occurs not once only, but several times.

There is a certain beauty, an undoubted beauty, in the West window, which here seems to be a fault, it is this: as a whole the Choir windows glow too much, they are fiercely warm; the splendid ruby, of which the makers are justly proud, is lavished mechanically on every window, robes, legs, cloudlands, grounds, horses, jars, books, flowerpots, all burn a

fierce red, until we get a great deal too much of it. The fire and glow of the West window is for sunset effect; but the setting sun does not shine much through the other windows, and in them the warmth of the glow might have been considerably lessened with great advantage.

In "The Supper" scene the amount of food provided appears to be very inadequate; a scanty supply of bread, very tiny tumblers of wine of a yellow colour, one bunch of purple grapes, and one chalice constitute the whole provision.

The Manna is shewn as absurdly the other way; instead of *being* upon the ground, small, like hoar frost, a tiny round thing like coriander seed, the poetic expression "He rained down Manna also upon them for to eat" is illustrated literally, and the Manna is snowing down upon the Israelites in great flakes.

Now, there is a remark in a guide book upon "Manna" scene in the windows of King's College Chapel which always tickles me, it is: "Many have expressed no small satisfaction at beholding the Manna," and the Manna there is like eggs raining down. The whiteness and sparkle of the glass is very beautiful, doubtless; but the idea is so ridiculous that lips instinctively curl at it, and the "no small satisfaction" is evaporated.

The figure of S. John in the principal scene is singularly stiff and uncomfortable, he is leaning his head upon the Lord's breast in a very wooden and unnatural way; and the room is decorated with some flowers in pots, which, instead of being brighter in colour than even flowers naturally are, are more worthy of tapestry than glass, as far as brightness is concerned. The men's dresses are much more brilliant, they look like woollen flowers of Europe, not natural ones of the East.

It is, I think, allowable to ridicule and criticize matters of this kind, when there is no sign of that

genius which has strength enough in itself to overpower all else in the production. In the East window in King's, although many things occur which are very ridiculous, yet excellencies *innumerable* completely outweigh all the German peculiarities. And what I say is not uttered maliciously, or with any feeling of discontent or desire to carp at the glass-painter; for with the whole of the glass I am well contented. It is a beautiful gallery, as a whole and as a series a success, full of teaching, symbol, and care, and with a great deal in it of amplification and suggestion. My remarks are intended to provoke examination, and my descriptions of these two windows to prepare for those of the glass pictures on the North and South sides of the Chapel.

W. L. W.

November 9, 1872.



SNOW.

WHEN the heavens lay under a leaden spell,
And the gloom in silver glory fell,
On a winter's eve I strayed alone
Where the branch to the breeze made moan;

My ear with hundredfold hearing fraught,
Touched by the wand of fancy, caught
The crystallly-tinkling whisperings low
Of the fast-falling flakes of snow:

"Pure and chaste, pale and chill,
Over the valley and over the hill,
Soft and loving over the lea,

We descend; but the sullen sea
With a moody and frowning face as we light,
And the darkling lakes and the floods' muddy might
The purity hate that we shed from on high,
Yet we kiss them, and kissing die.

O'er tilth and fallow a robe we throw
To shield them till tenderer breezes blow,
And with a wealth of sudden flowers
Bid glister the budless bowers.

White mid the blackness of the year,
Of hope that the world-worn heart may cheer
We silent sing; and the keener the blast
The longer, faith-like, we last.

So we live o'er the land till the genial rays
Of a new sun glance over happier days;
To the warmth we yield and willing die
'Neath the charm of charity."



A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

AMONG the hills of New Hampshire, before they rise into the loftier summits of Mounts Washington and Willard, whose wooded heights yield in gentle slopes to grassy and fertile valleys, there is a remarkable peak overhanging the surrounding country by several thousand feet, and closely resembling in its general outline the well-known Matterhorn. Ragged and barren to its base, it prepares the traveller for the legend whence it derives its name. Chicorua was a mighty chief, whose ambitious projects would fain have made him lord of all his kin. He had attained his power mainly by a superstition which attached to him. His birth had been attended by prodigies, and the medicine men decided he was a prophet of the Great Manitou. His career at first was one long triumph; but finally a coalition of several tribes was formed against him, and at their first success his own party abandoned him. He fled alone to this mountain, then as lofty as now, but well wooded and fertile. His enemies surrounded him and proceeded to set fire to the base of the mountain in order to ensure his death. Thrice an awful voice was heard as if to hold them, thrice they fell back dismayed; but their hate and fear of Chicorua was too great for them to suffer him to escape, now that he was in their power. Disregarding the portent they set the mountain in a blaze. Silently they waited, fearing some great calamity; nor were they allowed to wait long; the figure of Chicorua was seen to assume gigantic proportions on the summit.

His shadow darkened all the heavens, and in the fitful glare of the flaming forest his awful form was seen to bend over the valley with outstretched arms, and a portentous voice was heard "The curse of Chicorua be on this land."

As one stands looking on this desolate peak and listens to its magic history, it is a relief to gaze once more on the valley which is trying to push its way up the precipitous mountain sides. A long time ago, more than a hundred years, a Puritan family had built a log-house at the extremity of a tongue which the valley had protruded up a gorge in the mountain side. They earned a scanty livelihood by cutting timber and cultivating the morsel of land which their neighbours down in the village of Conway had neglected. Nobody knew why they had gone there and nobody cared to know, nor shall we be more curious than their neighbours. It is true they were perhaps more reserved than the rest, certainly more refined, but they wore as coarse spun linen and lived on as frugal fare; no one, too, was more loved and esteemed than old Dame Wallis, who, although the greatest gossip, was also the best nurse in Conway. But what chiefly assured them the good-will of all the village was the regularity with which they attended the Meeting-house and the good Old Testament names they all bore. "Not like that widow and her son down by the mill," the Elder's wife would say; "who, the Lord knows where they go to, are never to be seen on a Sabbath nor yet most other days." A grievous sin was this in the eyes of the good people of Conway; that any one should keep to themselves was bad enough, but that they should never come to chapel! And so the widow and her son were unanimously voted wicked people, people that must be shunned, people that must be looked down upon. Dame Wallis was very emphatic on this point, but she nevertheless thought that she could afford to patronize them; and

she must indeed have been of a very charitable disposition, for one day she declared her intention of going to see this widow. "Perhaps she may be ill," she said, "and perhaps I may be of use to her. She can do me no harm I am sure, and I may do her some good." And so the old lady trudged down to the cottage by the mill, full of good intentions and perhaps of curiosity as well.

She never told them at home of exactly what had happened, but she did work herself into a high religious indignation, and certainly became more excited than circumstances—as she narrated them—seemed to admit in her description of them when the family were assembled at supper-time; that they were sinners she had believed and had been prepared to forgive, but that they were Papists—no *that* she could never forgive; the widow had had the audacity to cross herself at something she a good Christian woman had said, and her son—she had never liked the look of him—had dared to tell her that she was paining his mother and making her ill, she who was the best nurse in the village. Oh! that young man had a bad face; at any rate she hoped that was the last time she or any member of her family had anything to do with them; and as to that young man.

"I always thought him a very good-looking young fellow, I'm sure," said her youngest son.

"Good looking, Rebecca! your brother thinks he's good looking," said Dame Wallis, appealingly to her daughter, putting down her knife and fork.

"Well, mother," answered Rebecca, "I think he looks very clever."

"I am sorry to see it," said Dame Wallis reproachfully, "very sorry to see it;" and her children then knew it were best to drop the subject.

Now Rebecca was the prettiest damsel in the village, and there was many a youth who would have gladly heard even such mild approval as this from

so fair lips; but all had failed as yet in winning the young girl's heart, though her good mother was for ever urging her to accept the last offer or encourage the renewal of an advantageous suit she had already rejected. The day after this last conversation, Rebecca was trudging down to the village, when whom should she see in front of her but this young Papist, sauntering slowly in the same direction; he heard her steps behind him and looked back—he caught her eye and saw she blushed; she evidently had slackened her pace in order not to pass him; it brought back to him the scene of the day before and he hurried on to his own home. Poor Harold! He had lost his Protestant father in England at an early age and had fallen into the hands of his mother's confessor—an excellent man but so engrossed in his religion that he deemed no one happy out of it. He persuaded Harold that he had a vocation, and the lad went over to France and began his period of probation under the Jesuit Fathers at St. Omer. When the first fervour of his religion had passed away, he looked with horror on the step he was about to take, tortured as much by the consciousness that he was claiming a privilege that he had no right to as by the conviction that his character was entirely unfitted for the reticence and quiet of a priest's life. Unmoved by his mother's protests and thoroughly ashamed of what he deemed to be his failure, he begged her to go with him into the far West that he might escape from the world which would calumniate him and pursue his father's occupation—farming—securing to himself peace at least, if not happiness. But peace was not so easily won; he had already become keenly alive to the social ostracism to which his religion had subjected both of them, and on this day that he was nearly overtaken by Rebecca, that little pause, that seeming dread to come too close to him, that tell-tale blush seemed to bring his isolation before

him with intolerable vividness. He walked rapidly home, and as he walked hot tears rolled down his cheeks, tears of sorrow for his invalid and lonely mother and tears of rage at this poor girl—rage, did I say? Yes, that kind of rage that is felt against one who has been gazed at, admired, almost loved, and who is discovered to share a general disapprobation and join in a general avoidance. And poor Rebecca, what had she done? She had been caught looking with an undue interest at a young man in a mountain path, had blushed as she ought to do, and had refused to overtake him as also she most certainly ought to have done. But we are not always the most reasonable when we are the most moved, and although Harold had often looked at her and thought how sweet and how good she must be, he now rashly decided that she was as bad as her mother, and this was saying a great deal for him.

One of Rebecca's daily duties was the picking of berries for the evening meal; she was one day occupied in this way and singing lightly among the bushes when she became suddenly aware that young Harold was lying on the ground just by her with a book open before him; she gave a little start and began stammering an apology—she hardly knew for what—but left her sentence unfinished, for he looked at her so sadly, so unpromisingly, that she could do little else than turn away and try to get off as soon as possible. After she had gone a few yards away she became conscious that he had risen and was approaching her, but she continued picking her berries more assiduously than ever. At last he said, "Are you so very much afraid of me?" But she only picked berries all the faster. Surely Dame Wallis herself could not have behaved more correctly. "Are you very much afraid of me?" he said again; this time she could not pretend not to have heard him, so she looked round at him for a moment and said, "Oh,

you are the son of the widow who lives down by the mill, aren't you?"

"Is that the name I go by? Well, what have you heard about me that is so dreadful?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca; then why are you in such terror lest somebody should pass this way, and find you alone with him, Miss Innocence. You might be alone with any other lad in the village at this time of day without being ashamed of it, but with this Papist!—

"But they do say all kinds of things about us," returned Harold, "Your mother not only told us so, but told us what they were and that she believed them; do you think as badly of us as she does?"

But Rebecca could only look down and blush; it must be remembered though that this was only the first time they had ever spoken together, she had stopped picking blackberries now and had almost forgotten to dread lest any one should pass that way. And so Harold continued and Rebecca soon found her tongue; she said but little this first time that they met, but as weeks passed on they met oftener and oftener, and Rebecca became less diffident, less fearful of her mother, more willing to be with Harold—at any cost. At last he persuaded her one day to visit his mother. The old lady's face lit up with joy when Rebecca entered, but after they had been together for a little, the old lady looked serious, and said, "You must not come here without your parent's consent," and Rebecca was obliged to confess that her family knew nothing of her visit; much less did they know of her meetings with Harold, but this Rebecca did not mention. She was persuaded, however, to tell her parents of her visit, cost what it might. When she left, Harold followed her to the door, and said, "And if they will not let you come to see my mother—?" But she only shook her head, laughed, and ran away, and Harold made up his mind that he would go and read in the same

place as usual the next day. But days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and not a sign of Rebecca did he see. He had heard them talking about the Wallis' family in the town, and gathered that they were in some danger from a threatened landslip above them, and that they were building another house out of the way of the separating mass; that Miss Rebecca was ill and Dame Wallis more cross with the workmen than was her wont; a thousand other little things, too, they gossiped about, but Harold's interest was confined to those words that Miss Rebecca was ill; his heart had bled enough to find himself separated from her, he had taxed her with at least want of courage, if not want of affection; and now he learned that she was on a bed of sickness, and himself perhaps the cause.

For more than a week he remained in suspense, hearing only occasionally now that Miss Rebecca was mending, now that the new house was nearly built. One night as he lay feverishly tossing on his bed, the harvest moon shining full into his room, he suddenly heard a low rumbling sound, which would have made him fear an earthquake had it not appeared to come from one particular spot, and that, the head of the valley above the Wallis' house. He put on what garments were near him and rushed out just in time to see indistinctly, but surely, an immense piece of the crag break into a thousand fragments and fall down the valley with crushing force directly over the spot where he knew Rebecca was sleeping. In an agony of mind he watched the torrent of rocks and debris rush down the gorge, and hardly had the great mass settled down before he began scrambling up towards the house he never yet had dared to approach. As he climbed slowly up, heedless of the huge rocks that every now and again came bounding down the hill, his hopes slowly sank; not a tree was left standing. What had been five minutes ago a fertile country was now a hideous waste. Slowly,

however, still he climbed on till suddenly straight up before him stood the house with a little patch of garden, in the midst of all the desolation. He first thought it was a dream, and rubbed his eyes to convince himself of the astounding fact—Yes, there it stood with the moon shining broadly on its window panes. With a breast full of gratitude he stood there gazing on it, decided now to go no further; but as he stood, he became oppressed by the uncanny silence which hung about the house—There was no figure stirring, no voice heard, no light seen, save that which now bathed as softly the scene of desolation as it had before the peaceful home and fertile acres. The ruin and death which were written in tossed and broken letters on the valley, seemed to have set their stamp upon that silent house. More despairing now than ever he advanced and perceived to what accident the preservation of the house was due; a large mass of the crag had stopped just behind the house and had divided the rest of the torrent into two parts, one flowing on either side of the building.* Wondering and dreading, fearing to shout, lest he should receive no answer, or lest on receiving one it should be to bid him begone, still he advanced until he reached the scrap of lawn which had been protected by the house. He stole softly over it and looked into the verandah; there he saw, stretched on the boards, in loose white attire, her long fair hair flowing off her face, a woman, just as she must have fallen had she been overcome by a swoon on rushing out of the door of the cottage. The ghostly light of the same placid moon revealed with horrible distinctness the features of Rebecca. Then Harold shouted out loud, shouted he knew not what, but the echo came back to him hollow and dead. He raised Rebecca in his

* Such a miraculous escape actually happened in the 'Notch' among the White Mountains of New England. The cottage of the Willy family is still one of the objects of interest to the tourist. The whole family were destroyed, whereas, had they remained in the house, no injury would have happened to them. Their bodies were found buried beneath the debris, some three hundred yards down the hill.

arms and laid her on a bench that stood on the verandah. He stood over her, not knowing what to do—and as he gazed she opened her eyes, saw him and cried out, ‘Harold!’ then looking around she asked, ‘what are you doing here? where are the rest? where have you taken me to?’ Harold tried to recall to her memory what had taken place by reminding her of the sound which had preceded the landslip. Then the whole truth came upon her. There had been a rush from the house at the first signs of the landslip, she had seen them all as they fled, heard the thunder of the avalanche of the rocks pouring down upon them, had been overcome in her endeavours to escape from it, and she alone had been saved of them all. The rocks which had swept away their orchards and their farm, had buried the bodies of her family also. She looked in Harold’s face for a moment and then burst into a flood of tears. And what could he do to stop them? what right had he there at all, he asked himself. Still he could not leave her there alone, so he waited till the first outburst of her grief should be over; waited, but still she wept. Then he thought that his presence might only make her grief the keener, for had not he been the cause of difference between mother and daughter? So he decided to leave her and send up the elder’s wife to the cottage; as he saw her sobbing convulsively, every sob more heartrending than the last, he felt that he could not hope to make up to her for what she had lost, and he slowly turned to go away. But at his first movement Rebecca looked up, her sobs almost ceased in the presence of the horror she felt at the prospect of being left alone in her desolation—and left alone—forsaken by him for whom she had suffered so much. ‘Harold,’ she said ‘you will not leave me. You will never leave me again.’ She had half risen now, and, as he advanced towards her with open arms, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and so he led her, still sobbing, to his own home.

E. K.



MY VISIT TO THE LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

IN September, 1866, I was invited to join some friends in a trip they were going to take from Auckland into the interior of N. Zealand. The inducements were (1) that we should visit the Hot Lake, supposed to be one of the great natural wonders of the country, and, (2) that on our way we should pass through some of the most beautiful parts of the Lake District.

We started, a party of four, from the Waitemata, or harbour of Auckland, about 6 p.m. on a fine *spring* day in *September*, and after steaming for about 100 miles down the coast, found ourselves anchored off Te Papa.

When I first landed here, early in 1864, the only inhabitants were the Missionary (Archdeacon Browne) and a couple of traders. Now the population could not have fallen short of 1000 (many of these, it is true, were military settlers placed here by Government); many stores were dotted about, evidencing trade and progress; one of the Colonial Banks had purchased a site for a branch, and, at a recent sale of town lots, the price of land had averaged considerably more than £200 per acre. It was generally said that this land was purchased from the natives for one heifer and some moral pocket-handkerchiefs some ten or fifteen years before.

After purchasing some tobacco and other articles for trade with the natives, and some groceries for

presentation to the friends we might meet on the journey, we crossed the harbour, and, by help of the native magistrate, managed to hire horses from the Maoris for our excursion. We were assured by their proprietors that each of our horses possessed some good quality—mine I soon found excelled in modesty—was so modest that he insisted, on all occasions, in letting the rest of the party take precedence. Words and blows were alike wasted.

We had ten miles to ride through flax swamps, and afterwards along the sea beach to Maketu, where we halted for the night.

I came in rather after the others and found tea over and the party quenching their thirst out of a bucket of beer; "beer in buckets" sounds rather like excess; but it was paucity of vessels and not abundance of beer that led to this.

Here we began to rough it; we were lodged in the trader's warehouse, which contained but one bed-place, usually occupied by his servant, who kindly resigned it in our favour. We gave this to the married man of the party, thinking that he was not so accustomed to a rough life as we were: after a friendly pipe we others composed ourselves to slumber on the floor as best we might.

I must say we felt rather ashamed of ourselves for turning the poor serving man out of his bed; but his master treated him so badly that I fear he had to put up with much worse usage than this. What increased our regret was the traces of refinement and politeness that were evident in his behaviour. He seemed to have known better days, and to feel his present position keenly.

I tried to show my interest in him and win his confidence; but he did not respond, and preferred to keep his secret to himself.

Poor fellow! I have no doubt he was one of the colonial failures who seem to drift into such out-of-the-

way places—men who have exhausted their resources and their friends' good nature, and then feel the difficulty of answering the question, "What shall I do? I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed." Such men gradually fall from one employment to another; until, for the sake of a morsel of bread, they are willing to take such a post as that in which we found this poor fellow. Hard toil and constant exposure soon complete the work that hope deferred has commenced, and they sink, by an untimely death, into an early, nameless grave.

We awoke next morning to find that a strong gale from the east had got up during the night and was now driving before it masses of fleecy clouds, ominous of rain.

This did not promise well; but, as we had a long march before us, there was no alternative and we were in the saddle betimes.

Maketu is a little harbour much used by the natives, from the thickly populated native districts around Lake Taupo. I ought not to leave Maketu without remarking that whitebait are here caught in abundance, and most delicious eating we found them.

We were now to journey along the road by which the natives in the interior reached Maketu—if road it could be called, which is not wide enough for two to walk abreast. When starting, our guide showed us in the distance a line of low round-topped hills called "The Ranges," which was the first difficulty we had to surmount. In our ignorance we considered these no difficulty; it seemed so easy to climb a steep ridge some few hundred feet high; but we soon changed our tone; we surmounted the first ascent only to find ourselves on the verge of a corresponding descent. Much rain had fallen, and the clay soil was so slippery that our horses could hardly keep their footing: we were compelled to dismount, and lead them to the bottom. Then followed a short ride round the base of some

more hills; then a large swamp compelled us to seek higher ground, and, as we ascended, we were better able to form some idea of our task. Before us a very land of hills; nothing but hills on all sides, not collecting into groups or ridges, but each standing alone like a pyramid. Hardly a tree visible; the whole country covered with the greenish grey of the bracken, relieved here and there by clumps of ti-ti bush, its pretty white flowers just coming into bloom. Down in the valleys wound green ribbons of verdure, marking where some hidden watercourse ran. The only striking feature of the landscape was large chasms or fissures (Americans call them guelches), where in bygone years a great subsidence of the surface, extending over many acres, seemed to have taken place. The rains of years had already smoothed the rugged marks of fracture, and carved the hills into steep and regular lines that reminded us of the bank and parapet of an artificial fortification. In these sheltered nooks flourished tree ferns, neku palms, and a variety of plants, whose brighter foliage formed a welcome contrast to the monotonous growth around.

For nearly ten miles our road must have passed through this district and very hard work we found it. At every steep descent our horses stopped instinctively, as a hint for us to dismount; and, as we carried haversacks or blankets slung round our bodies, the exertion of mounting and dismounting every twenty minutes was very tiresome.

This was, I have said, the high road from a thickly populated native district to the sea, and yet, strange to say, there was not a sign of habitation or cultivation, or any human presence whatever. For several centuries, according to their own traditions, the Maories have inhabited this island after eating off the original possessors; yet here, close to a seaport, and by the side of their most frequented roads, stretched vast tracts of fertile land which they never could and never

would have the least notion of using. Surely we should say, "let the great beehive England send to this empty country some of its surplus swarms to take the place of these idle drones." Yet at one time there was a strong party who discouraged anything like general immigration, and would have liked to keep all colonists away who did not come up to their standard. They would have liked to make the island a modern Utopia where the natives might have all the benefits of civilisation and none of its drawbacks, the printing press without bad books, bonnets without bobs, cakes without ale, in fact virtue without vice.

This kind of talk is pretty well silenced now; but it should not be forgotten that a society did exist, who as thoroughly believed in the cry "New Zealand for the Maories" as an Irishman does in "Ireland for the Irish."

It was past noon before we cleared the ranges: so, crossing a mountain stream, we halted in a beautiful turfy opening on the edge of a wide belt of forest. Magnificent trees shaded us from the sun, whilst close by trickled a little rill whose gentle murmurs were the only substitute for the song birds that would populate such a solitude in distant England. We now left the open country and plunged into the forest. Rain had been falling during the whole day and the ground was thoroughly soaked and slippery; the path, naturally rough and broken by the roots of the trees that crossed and interlaced in every direction, was now little more than a succession of puddles. Several times we came to a huge tree, fallen right across the track, and were compelled to cut a path through the underwood for ourselves; but in spite of these trials this was far away the pleasantest part of our day's journey. The path was bordered on each side by a beautiful margin of grass, varied by rich ferns, thick clumps of moss, and variegated lichen; behind these clumps of trees, bound together by supple

jack and other climbing plants, alternated with huge tree ferns and tall grasses; whilst the gloom of the deep recesses of the forest formed a fitting background to the whole.

At last, after some hours, the scene began to change, the trees became thinner, the view widened out, the ground fell rapidly, and we hoped we had got over this troublesome part of our journey.

We now began to hear frequent sounds of distant explosions like cannon firing, and caught glimpses of white clouds of steam rising over the hills; these marked the spots where hot springs burst from the ground, and we felt that we were really entering the volcanic district of N. Zealand. Suddenly our road wound round the shoulder of a hill, and there, extending some way up the sides of the valley that lay before us, we saw the clear calm waters of a beautiful lake.

As we had got considerably scattered in coming through the forest our guide called a halt, that we might all cross the lake together, and to rest our horses after their hard work.

It was some time before the married man turned up, and the rest were getting alarmed and thinking of turning back in search of him; however, he appeared at last, but appeared alone, "sans horse, sans pack, sans cloak, sans everything." In answer to urgent enquiries he replied, "Oh! my dear friends, my poor horse is quite exhausted, it really is no good going after him, and I have left him behind; I must get up behind one of you, and we shall get on very well, I daresay." This proposal was politely but firmly declined, and we returned for the missing animal, who had scrambled to the top of a knoll whence our companion had been unable to dislodge him. There he was, surveying the steep slippery sides of his retreat with a very "I don't like it" sort of expression. However, by dint of stones and strong language,

he was induced to take a few cautious steps; the cautious steps became rapid slides as he felt the steepness of the ground, and he soon found himself safe but breathless at the bottom. After this we placed the married man at the head of our party, and no further mishap occurred.

The next business was to cross the Lake with only a canoe for ferry-boat. Crossing a lake in this way is one of the incidents of N. Zealand travelling, and, though rather alarming at first, is in reality safe enough.

The saddles, packs, &c., are taken off and placed in the canoe; each traveller then gets in, holding his horse by a long halter. When everything is ready the canoe is pushed off gently; as it slides off into deep water the horses, reluctantly following, lose their footing one after another and have to swim in the wake of the canoe. It was now quite dark, and as our five horses groaned and snorted in the water alongside, each of us directing or encouraging them with shouts, and whilst the cranky canoe rolled from side to side, the scene was rather exciting. The leading horse proved but a slow swimmer, and at one time it seemed as though the others would overtake him and force him under water; this danger was happily averted, and we were soon on dry land again.

The colonial government had placed a native in charge of the ferry, who had apparently taken a cruise in a collier, and whenever he was the least excited swore freely, but without the least idea of the meaning of his words; like a parrot who has been taught English by a sailor.

One of the party suggested that the ferryman should take "*Idem semper*" as his motto, spelling *idem* with *a* instead of *e*.

We now found ourselves on a neck of land between two of the principal lakes, Rotorua and Rotuiti (the

greater and the less); it was too dark to see anything but the distant gleam of the water in the moonlight, and we were too tired to think of anything but our journey's end. At last we saw the welcome light in the settler's house, and soon after rode into the paddock and pulled up.

Nothing, beyond a couple of colts scudding about, was visible; nothing, beyond the furious barking of the house-dog, was audible. We had never seen the master of the house before, and were beginning to feel the awkwardness of knocking at the door of a perfect stranger at 9 p.m. and demanding food and shelter for the night.

The noise of the dogs, however, soon brought out our host, whose warm friendly greeting, when we mentioned the names of some common friends, soon dispelled all uncomfortable feeling.

Our host was an officer of the 18th Regt. (Royal Irish), who had settled down in this retired spot. Poor fellow! I little thought that I should live to see his name among the list of killed in one of the actions of the unfortunate war that broke out two years later.

Mr. Spencer, the Missionary of the district, was spending the day with our entertainer; so that he was only able to give one of us quarters in his house; the rest were lodged in a native wharè close at hand. I passed an uncomfortable night, as the place was full of smoke and fleas, and we were disturbed by a native dog sniffing about us. However, a dip in the lake next morning put everything to rights, and after a hearty breakfast we were soon ready for a fresh start.

For the first few miles we skirted Rotorua, on whose shores our entertainer had built his house. The flat meadows through which we rode would have been uninteresting had it not been for the fresh verdure and clear sky of early spring.

We soon left the lake (which I judged to be some 10 miles long, by 4 or 5 at the widest part), and turned into a ravine between two smooth steep hills; then passed through a belt of forest land, and came out on a steep rocky slope, which formed one side of a cup shaped lake, 2 or 3 miles in circumference. It is said to have no outlet or inlet for its waters, and certainly none could be seen. The driest or wettest seasons have no effect in depressing or raising its margin. The natives say that the surface is violently agitated before sudden changes from fine to stormy weather.

I think this was the most beautiful spot we passed in our journey; the steel-blue water, the steep hills covered with trees, the clear blue sky dotted with clouds, and, above all, the fresh brightness of the early spring-time, made up a scene of whose beauty I feel these words give a weak idea.

After passing this lake and sighting another in the distance, we rode for several miles along a very fair road by the side of a mountain stream, when suddenly our horses, who had begun to flag, pricked up their ears and broke into a hard trot. The cause of this spurt was apparent when about half-a-mile in advance, we caught sight of a comfortable looking house, in front of which our horses stopped as a matter of course. This was the Mission House built by the Missionary of the district. We were not now quite so much at a non-plus as on the previous evening, for the hospitable Missionary had pressed us to call at his house, and sent on a messenger.

Mr. Spencer had been stationed here for twenty-four years, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that the little settlement, with its neat parsonage and pretty church, reminded us of an English village.

This was the end of our ride; as the country became wild and impassable, we thought it best to make the rest of the journey by water. To hire a canoe and men

to work it was the next business; this took up time; indeed, if we had not had the influence of the Missionary to support us, we must have turned back and left our journey incomplete.

We were now in full view of the Tarawera Lake, on whose waters we were about to embark. This is considered the finest of the N. Zealand Lakes, though smaller than Lake Taupo. Lofty mountains surround it on all sides; those on the E. and W. meet in the deep bay formed by the Lake beneath the windows of the Mission House, but open out in the distance towards the south; in this direction the lake was bounded by a long line of bare grey cliffs sloping off into a mountain ridge of considerable height, the naked sides of the distant cliffs contrasting well with the waving forest close at hand.

I feel, even at this distance of time, a burst of undisguised satisfaction when I remember that I have seen this lake in its native grandeur. Few are the years that it shall so continue. As I thought of the tide of colonists that are creeping, or rather rushing up from the coast on all sides, no effort of the imagination was required to foresee the day when the beautiful shores of this silent lake shall be cut up into promising farms and eligible building sites, whilst, crowds of noisy settlers shall "molest the ancient solitary reign" that Nature has here so long maintained.

We now descended a steep path to the landing-place. In the shallow water round the margin, I noticed a great quantity of fern roots floating about; these we were told were traps for a kind of cray fish abounding in these lakes; they are rather larger than a good sized prawn, and we found them very excellent eating.

After paddling for four or five hours, the natives ran the canoe ashore in a sandy little nook at the foot of some tall cliffs. This is a much-frequented

spot, as a hot spring, supposed to possess medicinal virtues, flows into the Lake. The moment we landed, the Maoris rushed pell-mell into the hot bath, and we were not slow to follow their example when they had withdrawn and the water been sufficiently changed.

A cistern has been formed here, and the arrangements, though primitive, showed that the natives well understood how to enjoy a warm bath. Rough channels had been cut for turning the water into the cistern or away from it, and these could be opened or closed at pleasure by a few sods of turf: thus the temperature could be raised or lowered, and the depth of the bath regulated as completely as if it were fitted up with taps for hot and cold water, and with discharge and supply pipes.

After bathing we lighted a fire, and having served out a good ration of potatoes and pork to the natives began supper on our own account. However, we had hardly begun before it was clear something was wrong; the natives began to jabber to one another, and then to the guide, and at last they came to our end of the hut and made their humble petition. It appeared that the married man had taken the first bit of board that came handy as a substitute for a plate, and was cutting up his supper on it at that very moment. Now this bit of board was nothing less than a part of the hut of the grandfather of one of the Maories, and was tabooed or tabued, *i.e.* consecrated; and I don't know what dreadful mischief the troubled soul of this grandfather would bring upon any one rash enough to make use of the aforesaid board. The most imminent consequence was that no native would venture to paddle us any further. We were much surprised at this exhibition from Christian natives; but we made them bring us a more convenient board and quieted their prejudices by using it.

"Early" was our watchword next day, and, as Butler puts it,

"When like a lobster boiled, the sun
from black to red began to run,"

we were embarked on the last stage of our journey. The natives paddled quickly to the mouth of a small river, and Rotomihana, which we had come all this distance to see, was now only a short half-a-mile away. It was easy to note that some outlet of volcanic power of far greater force than any we had yet visited was close at hand. Along both sides of the river bank, steam rose in clouds, whilst down by the mouth of the stream numbers of boiling springs burst out of the ground; indeed, such a body of water flowed into the Tarawera from these springs (which are all impregnated with sulphur), that the water from the Lake itself was, at this spot, quite undrinkable. In one of these springs we dipped the basket containing our breakfast, and left it to take care of itself, and meanwhile busied ourselves in lightening the canoe.

After breakfast we re-embarked, and after a hard paddle of about half a mile, found ourselves on the waters of Rotomihana. This is a lake, three quarters of a mile in length, by a quarter of a mile in its widest part, and receives its name from the high temperature of its waters, the thermometer indicating a heat from 30° to 40° in the centre of the Lake, and of 26° at the sides.* It is formed chiefly by the hot springs that rise from beneath its waters, or burst forth from its banks; the numbers of these springs quite beat our calculating powers.

We rowed first of all to the Te Tarata or Pink Terrace, on the east side of the Lake. A strong fountain here rises from a basin 80 feet by 60, which lies about 80 feet above the Lake. It is filled to

* It has been pointed out to me that Hochstetter (whose figures I use) probably took the temperature with a Reamur or centigrade thermometer.

the brim with water, rising in the centre to the height of several feet. The spring is strongly impregnated with silica, and the overflow has in the lapse of time scooped out the side of the hill into a system of terraces white as marble. Each of these terraces has a small elevated rim, from which hang delicate stalactites; here and there, on the wider and broader steps, the rim has been raised by successive deposits, until the steps become water basins forming natural baths, whose temperatures vary with their distance from the spring.

The canoe next carried us to the Purple Terrace, a similar but more striking formation, on the other side, where another spring; called "Cloudy Atmosphere," runs into the Lake. There are 14 steps or terraces, each about 6 feet high, and from 60 to 80 yards in length, which rise from the Lake like a natural flight of steps; their sides cut truly and the edges clean as if they were artificial courses of masonry. Each step, thickly coated with silica (here slightly tinged with pink), seems formed of the most delicately tinted marble.

Climbing the terraces to the summit we found ourselves on a wide white platform sloping gradually inwards to the verge of a deep crater filled with steaming water of the deepest clearest blue.

In the midst of the clouds of steam that were constantly rising from the numerous springs, two distinct species of fern are found, which grow nowhere else in N. Zealand. We gathered specimens and found the fronds glistening with dew-drops, formed from the steam condensed against the fresh green leaves.

We landed for a few minutes on a low mud island in the middle of the Lake called (I think) the Kitchen. The place seems completely soaked and saturated with steam, so that the visitor is in constant danger of sinking over his ankles, or even deeper, in the boiling mass. The surface is furrowed in all directions with rifts and jets, from which issue volumes of steam.

The natives use this island as a cooking stove, and we found several of them stretched at full length on slabs of stone, enjoying the heat, and waiting until their provisions (which were buried in the hot mud of the island) should be fit for consumption.

Close to the Pink Terrace on the east side are many objects worthy of attention, if we had been able to spare the time. A path leads to the great Ngahapu Spring, which rises in a basin 30 by 40 feet. Out of another spring bursts a geyser, which rises to the height of 20 or 30 feet. Not far from this spring the traveller arrives at a hollow, called the Variable Water. The cavity resembles a crater, at the bottom of which is a coating of fine mud, thickly strewn with every variety of silicious stalactites. In one part is a deep pool of bubbling mud, which forms miniature mud volcanoes. There are twenty-five large hot springs about the Lake, in addition to innumerable smaller ones.

Hochstetter (Geology of N. Zealand), from whom I have condensed the preceding paragraph, considers Rotomihana to be only one point in a long rent in the earth's surface, 150 miles long by 17 miles wide, extending from Tongariro, a quiescent volcano in the interior, to "White's" Island in the Bay of Plenty.

We now made the best of our way to the Tarawera Lake on our homeward voyage. In a few hours we reached Mr. Spencer's house, where they showed us some beautiful petrifications obtained by dipping branches and leaves into the water on the terraces. After thanking them heartily for their kindness, we mounted our horses and travelled back to Ohenimotu, a large native village on Lake Rotorua.

It was abundantly evident that we were still within the area exposed to the action of subterranean heat: over large patches of land the fumes of sulphur had destroyed all vegetation; in other places we passed shallow well-like pools of turbid steaming water, stinking of sulphur.

The natives at Ohemmotu (which is almost the only Roman Catholic village in the North island) received us hospitably, for the excellent reason that we were the first visitors to the only native hostelry (hotel it cannot be called) that, as far as I know, exists in N. Zealand. So many tourists and others come this way, that the magistrate of the district thought such a place would pay, and suggested that the villagers should start this establishment on temperance principles. It was hardly ready for our reception, but was clean, and provisions were good and plentiful. On the wall hung a regular tariff of prices, and in the morning we were presented with a moderate bill, couched in very fair English. I was charged six shillings for bed and board during the day that I stopped there.

Events march quickly in the colonies. For instance, in 1858 this very village was singled out as one of the retired spots where the Maori might be seen in all the simplicity of the primitive savage unstained by contact with civilisation.

We spent some hours in wandering about the village, built on a remarkable and dangerous site, for the sake of the mineral springs that abound. I counted, within the limits of the settlement and in the immediate neighbourhood of the houses, no less than forty-three large holes (each some 20 feet round), which had been worn away by the action of boiling springs or clouds of steam, which in some of these spots rose into the air; in others, the imprisoned steam seems unable to force a passage, and the whole floor of the pit rises and falls, and breaks into waves as it alternately yields to and overcomes the pressure of the steam beneath. At times, a beautiful geyser bursts from the largest pit, and rises to the height of 20 feet: but this was inactive during my visit.

As the sides of these pits are steep, and the floors composed of soft boiling mud of great depth, it would

be impossible to save any one who slipped in; thus, even the Maoris (who would think nothing of smoking a pipe over a powder barrel) are compelled to be cautious, and take a fire-stick with them whenever they leave their homes after dark. As the people are of a sociable disposition, and fond of looking one another up, a constant succession of torchlight processions are seen flitting about in all parts of the village: sometimes meeting in groups of three or four; then again dispersing; and finally disappearing altogether, as the torchbearer's love of gossip was overpowered by his love of sleep.

Long after I had followed their example and turned in, the strange sounds that arose from the pits and fissures around kept me awake, whilst it was easy to fancy that the steam could be heard bubbling and working in the very earth beneath my bed.

Next morning we held quite a levée outside our lodging, and all sorts of native curiosities were brought for sale. They consisted of flax mats (which the natives weave very neatly), clubs of wood and bone, and ornaments of a peculiar kind of green jasper, which is the only precious stone known to the natives. This they grind into the shape of a young cucumber, which the proud possessor wears as an ear-ring. We soon became convinced that a man must "get up very early in the morning" to get the better of a Maori in trade, more especially as they insisted on being paid in hard cash; but we went on bargaining nevertheless, as we had nothing better to do. At last, about 3 p.m., we mounted and rode for a few miles along the Lake, to the home where we had already been so hospitably entertained.

During the remainder of the journey we simply retraced our steps, and as nothing occurred worthy of mention, it will be only necessary to say that next day we made a long march to Maketu, and three days later the whole party reached Auckland in safety.



CONSANGUINEUS LETHI SOPOR.

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."—*The Tempest.*

"**W**ELL! if this confounded moor goes on much longer, I shall have to give in, and make up my mind to passing the night among the heather; for it's my firm belief, that no such spot as the 'Hieland Laddie,' at Glenfalloch, exists on the face of this earth."

Such were the muttered ejaculations which escaped from the lips of your humble servant, as he plodded along a desolate road one evening toward the end of last summer; bearing ample testimony to the weary state of his limbs, and that hope of supper and bed deferred, which does in very truth make the heart sick.

I had that morning been deprived of the companionship of my cousin Launcelot, (with whom I was taking a pedestrian trip through the Highlands), owing to news received on the previous evening, which necessitated my immediate return to town; as the said news did not concern him, we had, after much argument and many vain regrets, determined to part company, he continuing his tour, while I made the best of my way Southwards to the nearest point, where I could catch a train for London. During the morning my route had lain through some of the most lovely scenery that the country affords; winding down narrow valleys, and by the margins of silent lochs, whose waters,

unruffled by the breezes, reflected in still magnificence the dark mountains, rugged crags, and leafy woods, which encircle them. The picturesqueness of the scene, enhanced as it was by the deep blue of the sky overhead, and the invigorating freshness of the morning air, tended in some measure to dispel the chagrin I felt at my interrupted pleasure, and the envy with which I could not help regarding my more fortunate comrade.

But after halting at midday for lunch at a miserable alehouse, the road I was travelling gradually became wild and open, growing more and more dreary every mile I advanced. Vast continuous tracts of moorland stretched before and on either side of me in hopeless sterility, the only objects of interest in this dismal landscape being the mountain peaks I had just quitted, which, lying to my rear, were of course invisible as I walked. Nay, even they lost, little by little, their characteristic features the farther I left them behind, and degenerated into mere indistinct masses, tame and lumpy. The actual path was for the most part flat, except where it rose here and there into long gradual slopes, which, though not to be dignified by the title of hills, were, from their monotony, infinitely more wearisome to the wayfarer, than a steep ascent would have been. The character of the surrounding country varied between green levels of treacherous morass and black peat-bogs, covered by that coarse and stunted species of heather, which is always to be found in such localities. The profoundest stillness reigned on all sides, save when broken occasionally by the curlew's shrill whoop or the bleating of the little black sheep, which somehow contrive, even amid such universal desolation as this, to pick up a scanty sustenance. To add to the misery of my position, the clouds, which had been gathering on the horizon early in the afternoon, now overspread the whole face of the sky in dark and ominous piles, and, from the drops of rain

which had already begun to fall, gave indisputable tokens of a thoroughly wet night.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered that I became each moment more and more anxious to reach Glenfalloch, the place where I had, by the aid of my tourist's map, determined to pass the night. Every traveller or shepherd (and they were not many) whom I chanced to see, I questioned on the distance from my proposed head-quarters; but their answers, when understood, were so irreconcilable, as to prove clearly to me, that the inaccuracy of the Scotch on such points had undergone no alteration for the better since the day, when Guy Mannering travelled the road to Kippletringan.*

My delight, therefore, may be imagined when, on surmounting one of the slopes before mentioned, I made out in a dip of the road about half a mile off a collection of houses, which I rightly conjectured to be Glenfalloch. Putting my best foot forward, I was not long in reaching the village, if village that can be called, which consisted of some dozen straggling hovels, built of loose stones, turf-thatched, and cemented with clay instead of mortar.

Among these I was at no loss to discover Mr. Saunders McDougal's hostelry; for though a poor-looking place enough, it was by far the best and most finished building in the hamlet. Over the door swung a weather-beaten sign-board, representing the "Highland Laddie," as he appeared when enjoying the strong waters of his native land, and bearing underneath the legend, "Good entertainment for man and beast;" while in the doorway stood his repre-

* "Kippletringan was distant at first a "gey bit;" then the "gey bit" was more accurately described as "aiblins three miles;" then the "three miles" diminished into "like a mile a bittock;" then extended themselves into "four mile or thereawa;" and lastly a female voice, having hushed a wailing infant, which the spokeswoman carried in her arms, assured Guy Mannering "It was a weary lang gate yet to Kippletringan, and unco heavy road for foot passengers."—*Guy Mannering*, p. 2.

sentative for the time being, the landlord, Saunders McDougal, watching with anxious eye the progress of the storm, which was on the point of breaking overhead.

He was a man of about fifty, as far as I could guess; a Scot of the recognized type; sandie-haired, lantern-jawed, and hard-featured, but with a twinkle in his ordinarily cold grey eye, which seemed to tell that he could make and appreciate a joke, when occasion offered. He was clad in the rough woollen material manufactured in those parts, wore a plaid over his shoulder, and a flat bonnet on his head. I afterwards learnt, that he combined the calling of shepherd with that of innkeeper, and I shrewdly suspect, did a little in the illicit distillery way, if the truth were known.

It must not be supposed, that all these observations were made at once, for at the moment I was more intent on securing the food and shelter, of which I stood so much in need, than on anything else.

"Can I have supper and a bed here to-night, my friend?" said I, opening the conversation.

"Nae, ye canna," was the surly rejoinder.

"Why, surely in so well-known an hotel as this you must have some place where I can sleep?" I replied, thinking to come over him with winning words.

"Nae, I hae na" was the answer, in a still more uncompromising tone; "my house is taen up wi' strangers a'ready, wha winna bide to be disturbed."

"But my good man," I cried in desperation, "what am I to do? its positively six hours since I've touched food: I've walked nearly thirty miles to day, and am quite tired out."

"Then I'm thinking ye maun just jog on again for a few mair: ye'll find gude accommodation eneugh at Davie Micklejohn's at Invershalloch; a douce honest man is Davie, and ane that winna see his guests wrang served."

"And how far may it be to Invershalloch?" I enquired.

"Ou, it's no that dooms far frae here; aiblins three mile Scots or thereawa, but it's no sic an easy road to find: ye maun gang straight forrard 'til ye come at four road-ends, mair be token ye'll see an auld finger-post, if it's not ower dark; tak the turn to the right, then ane to the left, and anither to the right; then haud on ower the moss 'til ye pass by a bit bourrock."

"Which I never shall do, my good man," I exclaimed, cutting short his long-winded directions; "why, what with your rights and lefts, and your bourrocks and finger posts, it would be midnight by the time I reached Invershalloch, always supposing I was lucky enough to hit such a road at all in the dark; besides, I should be wet to the skin before I got half way there. No, the long and short of the matter is, you must put me up yourself, as best you can: anything you have in the house to eat, and a shake-down by the fire side will do for me; heaven knows, I'm in no position to be fastidious."

"Aweel aweel," rejoined mine host with an ominous shake of the head, "a wilfu' man will hae his way, and if ye maun come in, ye maun: but remember it's yer ain doing, sae if ye dinna like it, it's neither beef nor brose o' mine." With this oracular response he led the way into a dark smoky kitchen, calling out at the same time to a bare-legged wench, who was scouring pans, "to pit a spunk o' fire i' the sma' parlour, and get a bit supper ready for the English gentleman."

The parlour alluded to, proved to be a den of the most limited dimensions, fully justifying the unpromising description of the premises given by their owner: the chimney, which appeared never to have known a fire for months back, persistently refused to draw, and soon filled the whole room with a thick and

smothering atmosphere, which would speedily have become unbearable, but for the draughts, which blew through the chinks in the door and windows; these however, while beneficial in so far as they served to dissipate the smoke, struck on my wet clothes with a chill, that was the reverse of pleasant, and made the solitary dip, which illuminated the apartment, gutter to such a degree as to fill me with serious apprehensions of being left in total darkness. But supper, which shortly made its appearance, far exceeded my expectations, a savoury mess of broiled salmon with cheese and crisp oat-cake, when washed down by a glass of excellent brandy, forming a repast at which many a man, less hungry than myself, would not have turned up his nose.

On the conclusion of my meal, as my fire, after several vain efforts to burn up, had abandoned the struggle and died out, I determined to go downstairs to the kitchen, dry my damp clothes, and, if possible, come to some better understanding with my entertainer touching my resting-place for the night. To the kitchen accordingly I repaired, and there found him seated on a rude settle in the chimney corner, engaged in discussing a pipe and huge beaker of steaming whiskey and water. Having ordered a similar compound on my own account, I lighted my pipe, and drawing up a stool in front of the fire, which crackled cheerily on the hearth, endeavoured to lead up to the subject nearest my heart. But no; my companion's mind seemed distraught and pre-occupied; and his answers to all my observations being confined to such cautious expressions of opinion as "ou aye," "is it een sae?" or "I winna say but ye may be right:" did not tend to promote conversation.

So I fell to mourning in silence over the cruel fate, which after a hard day's walking provided me with no better sleeping accommodation than an oak bench, a very nice thing I daresay in romance, but one which

in point of comfort has always seemed to me to lack the attractions of an ordinary mattress, and had been meditating for ten minutes or more on the apparent hopelessness of my position, when I was roused from my reverie by the voice of my companion addressing me as follows.

"Troth, I was e'en thinking I could find your honour a bed after a'."

"Then why, in the name of heaven," I exclaimed, "did you persist in telling me you had not got one?" for though relieved at any prospect of escape from the dreaded bench, I was provoked at what I considered the intolerable stupidity of the man; which, but for my firmness in remaining, would have condemned me to a five miles' walk in the pelting rain with no certainty of a bed at the end of it. "What on earth is it that you're driving at? if it's my money you want, speak out, for I'm ready to pay anything in reason for the comfort of a good nights' rest."

"Bide a wee, mon, bide a wee," said he solemnly waving me off with the stem of his pipe, "how het-bluided the callant is; it's no yer siller, that I'm speering after, but there's a wheen condeetions attached, whilk I misdoubt your honour wadna like sae weel when ye ken'd them."

"That's to be seen," I replied; "let's hear your conditions, for whatever they are they can't be harder than the boards I shall have to sleep on, in the event of my not accepting them."

On this with many tedious circumlocutions, which I would willingly spare my readers, he proceeded to make me the following proposal. "His house was taen up, as he tel't me afore, wi' an auld leddy and her muckle following, wha-filled ilka bed in it but ane." This bed, on investigation, proved to be in the room of the old lady, which was a double-bedded one; and, "as she wudna occupy abune ane o'em hersell, and was fast asleep in that lang syne, forbye that

she was something hard o'hearing at a' times, what suld hinder me frae doffing my claes by the chimney-neuk, and slipping up i' my smock into t' ither bed, whar I might bide still 'til she was gaen i' the morning, and naebody be onything the wiser."

This proposition, I must confess, startled me considerably at first, the "conditions" being so totally at variance with my preconceived notions of them: I thought of Mr. Pickwick and the middle-aged lady; I pictured to myself my horrible position, if discovered and dragged from my lurking-place by the justly indignant "following" of the "auld leddy" so outraged. But the idea of comfortable quarters, the pleasanter for being unexpected, speedily put my scruples to the rout, being assisted therein by the accompanying element of adventure, an argument which generally finds favour in the eyes of an Englishman.

So I closed with the offer, and began to "doff my claes" accordingly by the kitchen fire; during which process my host employed himself in pouring out and drinking "a sma' tass o' clow-gilliflower water, whilk," he informed me, "he took just to keep the cauld aff the stomach," at the same time recommending me to try a similar precautionary draught. On my politely refusing his proffered dram, we adjourned upstairs, he leading the way with a candle, I following in my night-shirt; and having previously deposited my outer garments in the room, where I had supped, proceeded softly to open the door of the old lady's bed-chamber. My conductor pointed to a large four-post bed, which was just discernible by the dim light from the window in the far corner of the room, as the one I was to occupy, and after wishing me a "gude night," to which he added an assurance that "I need na be afeerd o' waking the leddy, for she was unco deaf and wudna hear me," closed the door softly behind him and departed.

To the bed thus indicated I made my way as

swiftly and silently as I could, not however without a narrow escape of breaking my shins against the handle of a litter or stretcher of some sort, which stood at the foot of the other couch, for what purpose designed I did not discover until the following morning. But the noise I made in the collision, though considerable, did not seem to have the effect of wakening my companion; for though I listened for some seconds in anxious trepidation, not a sound was to be heard from her bed; so determining that my landlord must be right, and the old lady very deaf indeed, I crept into my own, drew the curtains closely round me, and endeavoured to compose myself to slumber. But the more I courted the fickle goddess, the more did she deny me her favours; the novelty of the adventure, combined with the suffocating atmosphere within the curtains of my prison, served to excite my brain to such a pitch of wakefulness, that it was not until I had tossed and tumbled for nearly two hours, and was reduced to a state of frenzy bordering on desperation, that nature at last asserted her claims and I fell into a profound sleep.

How long I remained in this happy state of oblivion, I cannot say, but I was eventually roused from it by the sound of heavy footsteps in the room, and men's voices conversing in suppressed whispers; for several minutes I was so confused as to be unable to realize my position, and by the time I had sufficiently recalled my scattered senses to know where I was and what it was all about, the sounds had ceased, and I was again left in silence. Putting my head cautiously between the curtains I peered all round, but it must have been still very early, for the dim light did not enable me to make any important discovery. "Never mind," thought I, "she's gone at any rate, and with her all fear of my being discovered;" with which comforting reflection I enveloped myself in the bed clothes, and slumbered peacefully.

I was awakened for the second time by the sun streaming through the window so powerfully, as to warn me, that the morning was far advanced. On opening my eyes I beheld Mr. Mc.Dougal himself standing by my bedside with a can of hot water in his hand, and a most comical expression on his face.

"I hope your honour sleepit weel and was na muckle disturbed wi' noises i' the night."

"Thank you," I replied, "I slept excellently; and as for noises, all I heard was your men removing the lady's luggage or something of the sort; and I assure you it didn't trouble me at all. I suppose she's started on her journey by this time."

"Ou aye, she's started, sure eneugh; but it's not mony mair journeys she'll be taking, puir body."

"Why, is the lady ill?"

"Nae, nae, she's no that ill, but the journey she's taen is ane whilk we maun a' travel ane day or ither," said he turning up the whites of his eyes.

"What do you mean, man?" I asked becoming more and more perplexed at his remarks and the mysterious tone in which they were uttered.

"Then I may as weel tell your honour that, whilk if ye'd ken'd yestereen, wad hae gar'd ye sleep less soundly; Od! but I'm thinking ye wad may be hae gien ilka bawbee i' your pouch to hae been as far awa frae that auld leddy, as ye are e'en now; it was hersell, mon, hersell that they were removing; she was mistress Mc. Cluskie, wha died sax days syne; they were fetching her frae Singleside to the auld kirk-yard at Inver-shalloch and she's twal feet or mair below ground i' the family vault by now; that's a'."

SERMO.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

KNOWING you to be a man of patriotic feeling in general, and at the present moment particularly anxious for the success of Cambridge on the 29th, I do not doubt that you eagerly devour all accounts given in the daily papers of the doings of our gallant crew at Putney; and that, barometer-like, your spirits rise and fall according as those accounts are favourable or the reverse. But only consider the names of our men by the light, which I will afford you, and you will at once accept the omen contained therein, and cast your unmanly doubts to the winds.

First for our bow: a close-fisted gentleman he is, when he gets the grip of an oar; and one who will be so close to the winning-post at the termination of the race, as to leave no room for anyone being closer.

Mr. Hoskyns' patronymic is not, I confess, suggestive of much, but that is the fault of his parents, not mine.

The next two names on our list, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Browne, are most reassuring; and had we only been fortunate enough to secure the services of the third member of that famous triumvirate, (I need hardly state that I refer to Mr. Jones), we might have looked forward with certainty to their again achieving the success, which has always hitherto attended their adventures. As it is, we are confident, that the two we possess will be one too many for Oxford.

Number 5 is Mr. Turnbull; and should he do what his name pledges him to, he will, doubtless, prove as genuine an article, and look as much at home at the

end of the course, as our old friend the "Bull in the Boat," well known to all frequenters of English Railway Stations.

To Mr. Read may be applied the words of the immortal bard of Avon,

"The reed is as the oak,"

for heart of oak he has already shewn himself to be, and, doubtless, will again. At any rate, we can safely affirm, that the Read, on which we lean, is no broken one

Should Mr. Benson, as we have every reason to expect, go as well and keep as correct time as one of his namesake's chronometers, that chronometer will probably have to record a turn of speed rarely equalled.

Of our stroke we can only predict, that our Rhodes will be the path to victory, at the same time prophesying, that he will turn out a very Colossus.

When we have promised Mr. Candy that, should he "to glory steer" next Saturday, so sweet a performance shall earn for him the prefix of "sugar" from the lips of every Cantab, we have done.

Good-bye, Mr. Editor, keep up your spirits, and lay all your spare cash on the Light Blue.

Yours ever,

SERMO PYTHICUS.



NOOR JEHAN.

EVERY reader of English poetry knows the name of Noor-Mahel (The Light of the Seraglio), on account of the incident in her life immortalised by the poet Moore. Every reader of Oriental literature knows her by her title of Noor Jehan, (The Light of the World). Poets have sung the praises of her voluptuous charms, painters have tried to reproduce them, and historians have filled volumes with the life of that Eastern Queen, whose beauty, courage, and rare talents, made her the chief power in a mighty Empire.

From the cradle to the grave there is around her life the halo of romance. A few hours after birth she was covered over with leaves and left by her parents on the roadside to perish—famine having overcome parental affection. A merchant, belonging to the caravan to which they were attached, saw the child as he passed by the road, and taking compassion on it resolved to adopt it as

The child's mother became its nurse, and by this means the merchant became acquainted with the history of the family, and when they reached India, the father, through his influence, received an appointment at the Court of the great Akbar.

The infant picked up by the road-side grows up, and, on account of her beauty, receives the title of

Mher-ul-Nissa, the Sun of Women. One day Selim, the Prince Royal, the magnificent son of Akbar, visits the father, and when the wine cup was passing round, the ladies, according to custom, were introduced in their veils. Mher-ul-Nissa is fired with the ambition to conquer the son of the Great Mogul. Her singing, and the poetry of her motion as she danced before him, enraptured the prince. As he gazed, lost in admiration, at that supple form and majestic gait, he tried to imagine what charms were hid beneath the veil. Then, as if by accident, it dropped, and Mher-ul-Nissa shone upon him in the full splendour of her beauty. Her delicate cheeks glowed with well figured confusion, her soft black eyes stole his heart away, and her ready wit secured the prize.

The Prince demanded her in marriage, but she is already betrothed to a Turkoman nobleman of great renown, and Akbar insisted that his son's passion should be no bar to the union. Mher-ul-Nissa is married to Shere Afkun, who wisely takes her away from the court into the province of Bengal. The husband, who stood between her and a throne, was one of the paladins of Eastern chivalry, and the deeds imputed to him are only to be paralleled in the pages of romance.

On the death of his father, Selim mounted the throne and assumed the modest titles Abulmozuffur Noureddeen; Mohammed Jehangir, or the Father of Victory; the Light of Religion; Mohammed the Conqueror of the World. He tells us in his memoirs he changed his name because it was liable to be confounded with that of the Cæsars of Rome. By Cæsars of Rome, the King no doubt meant Emperors of Turkey.

Jehangir, now that he was the Emperor, determined to gratify his guilty passion. He recalled Shere Afkun to the court, but his rival was too high-minded to yield his spouse to the King, and too powerful and

popular to be openly got rid of. Native historians relate the different stratagems he resorted to, to effect his object. Accounts differ as to how Shere Afkun met his death. The most creditable one is, that on his return to Bengal, on the occasion of a visit to the Viceroy of that province, the Turkoman noble, in a paroxysm of rage, at an insulting proposal to give up his wife, stabbed the governor to the heart, and was immediately dispatched by the attendants.

Noor Jehan was removed to Delhi, but disappointment awaited her there. Jehangir refused to see her, whether it was remorse—a quality he was not much acquainted with—or a new favourite that led him to this decision we know not. He ordered the worst apartments in the Seraglio to be set apart for her, and a small miserable pittance to be allotted for the maintenance of herself and her attendants. The woman's natural talents came to her rescue. She was endowed by nature with exquisite taste, and had acquired great skill in the art of painting. She now devoted her time in painting silks, in making pieces of embroidery and tapestry, and in the invention of ornaments to adorn her sex.

The handiwork of Noor Jehan became the rage and fashion among the ladies of the Court. The produce of the sale she devoted to adorning her apartments and her slaves. She herself dressed simply, but her attendants were clothed in the richest tissues and brocades. How well the widow in disgrace could write epigrammatic verses, how she could excel in painting, and how skilful she was in designing, became the great topic of conversation at Court, and her fame reached the ears of the monarch. His curiosity was aroused, and one day he entered her apartments unexpected and unattended. He had ordered her the worst apartments and he was astonished to find that she had made them the most

elegant and refined. Noor Jehan lay on an embroidered sofa, in a plain muslin dress.

O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork Nature.

Around her sat her slaves at work, robed in the costliest brocades. Slowly she rose and received the Emperor with the usual ceremony of touching first the ground and then the forehead with her hand. She spoke not a word, but with eyes fixed on the ground she stood before him. Jehangir gazed at the picture before him, lost in admiration at that superb shape and voluptuousness of mien, so impossible for fallen man to resist. There was power and majesty in her beauty and grace. For some minutes Jehangir did not recover from his confusion; then he sat down on the sofa, and asked Mher-ul-Nissa to sit down by his side. The first question he asked, "Why this difference between her appearance and her slaves?" She replied, "Those born to servitude must dress as it shall please those whom they serve. These are my servants, and I alleviate the bondage by every indulgence in my power; but I that am your slave, oh Emperor of the Moguls, must dress according to your pleasure and not my own." The clever sarcasm pleased Jehangir. He folded her in his arms, and his old love for her returned with greater force, and he ordered next day a magnificent festival to be prepared for the celebration of his nuptials with Mher-ul-Nissa. Her name was also changed by an edict into Noor Mahel, or the Light of the Seraglio. It was afterwards changed from Noor Mahel into that of Noor Jehan, or Light of the World. A new coinage was struck in her name, and the following poetical royal mandate was issued: "By order of the Emperor Jehangir gold acquires a hundred times its value by the name of the Empress Noor Jehan."

Over the Great Mogul Court and the Emperor the new

Empress held supreme sway. In the following terms does her Royal spouse write of her: "Of my unreserved confidence the Princess is in entire possession, and the whole fortune of my Empire has been consigned to this highly-esteemed family, the father being comptroller of my treasury, the son my generalissimo, and the daughter the inseparable companion of all my cares." By her taste, which she exercised to such advantage in the days of adversity, she improved the displays of that sumptuous Court. Sir Thomas Roe, who arrived four years after her marriage, and stayed two years, gives a quaint but interesting account of the Court life of Jehangir and the barbaric splendour.

The Emperor wished to know whether the presents sent to him from England would consist of jewels and precious stones. The Ambassador shrewdly replied that his master did not think of sending jewels to a Monarch so well supplied with them, but rather to send him what would be considered rarities in India, such as excellent artifices in painting, carving, &c. The Great Mogul was afterwards presented with two knives, two forks and six tumblers, and a portrait of Mr. Smith, Director of the East India Company. The Emperor wished to have a horse sent to him from England. The Ambassador hinted the great difficulty of bringing one so vast a distance; but Jehangir, with great common sense, suggested that if six were put on board one might survive.

We are sorry to find the Emperor opening Sir Thomas's packages, and saying that some embroidered cushions and a barber's case had taken his fancy, Sir Thomas would not be so cruel as to deprive him of them. Then there was a glass case, so mean and ordinary, Sir Thomas would not be so mean as to ask for it. The procession of this same Monarch is thus described: He was arrayed in cloth of gold; his sash was wreathed about with a chain of large pearls, rubies, and diamonds; his sword and buckler were

studded with great diamonds and rubies; about his neck he wore a triple chain of pearls, so great, says Roe, as I never saw; at his elbows, armlets set with diamonds; and on his wrist, three rows of diamonds of several sorts. A ring was on almost every finger; and buskins adorned with pearls on his feet. His head was covered with a Turban, adorned by a ruby as big as a walnut on one side, a diamond as large on the other, and in the centre an emerald, shaped like a heart, larger still. He drove in a coach, received from England, drawn by four horses, and driven by an English coachman, "as rich as any player, but more gaudy." Behind the royal carriage came three palanquins, plated with gold and bordered with rubies and emeralds and a fringe of large pearls a foot deep; Next followed a footman, bearing a footstool of gold; then an English coach, with Noor Jehan inside; after a country carriage, containing the Emperor's younger sons; and then about twenty spare elephants, with trappings "so rich that they braved the sun." Fifty more elephants bore the ladies of the harem, who were carried in cages like parakitoes; a train of noblemen on foot complete the procession. The way to the camp lay through a lane formed by two rows of elephants, everyone with a tower on his back, or clothed with velvet or cloth of gold.

Sir Thomas describes a drinking bout of the Emperor's, at which he was present. The Monarch, clad in diamonds, pearls, and rubies, sat before a table of gold, on which were placed the flagons of wine. Roe was presented with a cup of gold, with a stand and cover, set over with turquoises and rubies, which he was desired to drink off three times to the Emperor's health, and keep the cup as a present. The Ambassador supped the liquor, but found it the most potent stuff he had ever tasted, so that it made him sneeze; whereupon, the Monarch laughed, and said he might drink as much as he liked and no more. Jehangir then

threw a quantity of rubies and gold and silver almonds amongst the company, and a very edifying scramble then took place among the grandees. The drinking and romping continued, till at last his Majesty could no longer hold up his head, but lay down to sleep, and then the party broke up. Next morning, if any of his companions were incautious enough to allude to the night's debauch, the Monarch would insist on knowing where it took place and who were engaged in it. No one dare remind him of his own share in it, and he would proceed to pass sentence on the convicted culprits, some to be fined heavily, others to be whipped so severely that sometimes they died from the effects of the punishment. Roe speaks of him as a good-natured easy man, but we cannot endorse this opinion. One of his favourite pastimes was to witness the execution of criminals condemned to be trampled to death by elephants. Soon after his accession to the throne, on quelling an insurrection headed by one of his own sons, he caused seven hundred of the rebels to be impaled in a row, and then he made his son be led along the line of writhing victims to receive, as he grimly said, the homage of his servants.

In the year 1618, after a long and successful Premiership, Noor Jehan's father died, and his daughter proposed, as a proof of her affection, to perpetuate his memory in a monument of solid silver. The Imperial architect hinted that the material might not prove the most durable. "All ages," said he, "are full of avarice, and even the Empire of the house of Timur, like all sublunary things, is subject to revolution and change." She was convinced, and to the memory of her father erected a magnificent fabric of marble and stone, which to the present day bears the name of *Aclemad-ul-Dowlas*.

The Vizier was succeeded by his son Asaph Jah, and for many years brother and sister governed the country in consort, until diverse ambitions and domestic

complications separated them. Noor Jehan bore the Emperor no children; but she had one daughter, the offspring of her former marriage, who became the wife of Sharear, the fourth son of Jehangir. To secure the succession to her daughter's husband became the great object of the mother's life; but the Emperor's eldest son, Prince Khurran, had received the title of Shah Jehan, or King of the World, and had been nominated successor to the Emperor. Shah Jehan had espoused her brother's (Asaph Jah) daughter, Montaza Zemanu, the most exalted of her age. It was over her was erected that tomb unparalleled for beauty and purity—the Taj; the most gorgeous romance of wedded love.

Shah Jehan, knowing that the Empress was using all her skill and influence in plotting against his succession, raised a formidable rebellion, which, however, was crushed by the valour and generalship of Mohabut Khan. The successful commander suffered the fate of most successful commanders under a despotic government: instead of receiving reward for his services, he became an object of jealousy to the Empress. He was ordered to appear at Court to answer to a charge of malpractices in Bengal. He obeyed, but he proceeded to Court escorted by five hundred faithful Rajpoots. On reaching there he found the Emperor was in camp. When he drew near the camp he heard that his disgrace was determined upon; so he made up his mind to execute a bold scheme, no less a one than to gain possession of the Emperor's person. The Imperial army lay encamped on the banks of the river at the end of the bridge on the high road to Cabul. At dawn the advance guard began to move over the bridge, and was gradually followed by the remainder of the troops. The Emperor stayed in the old camp. When the greater portion of the army had crossed, Mohabut suddenly advanced with his Rajpoots, burnt the bridge, and dashing into camp took the Emperor prisoner. The Sultana managed to make her escape to the army

on the other side of the river. Next morning she led the Royal forces to the rescue of her husband. Long and bloody was the battle. But in all that mighty host there beat no stouter heart than hers. Placing herself at the head of her army she orders the elephant on which she was mounted to be driven into the stream. Fierce was the conflict that ranged around the animal. Her little grand-daughter seated in her lap was wounded, the driver slain, and at last the beast, maddened by its wounds, turns round and brings her safely back to the other side. She was safe, but the battle was lost; and Noor Jehan finding there was no hope of rescuing the Emperor, voluntarily joined him. Mohabut ordered her to be placed under close surveillance, and not to have access to her husband. He also persuaded the Jehangir to sign her death warrant. She was told her doom, and heard it without emotion. "Imperial Sovereigns," said she, "lose their right to life with their freedom; but permit me for once to see the Emperor, and to bathe with my tears the hand that has fixed the seal to the warrant of my death." He granted her request, and she was brought before her husband in his presence. Time had not destroyed her beauty, and it shone with additional lustre through her sorrow. She spoke not a word. Jehangir burst into tears. "Will you not spare this woman, Mohabut?" said the Emperor, "you see how she weeps." The conqueror made a chivalric reply, "The Emperor of the Moguls should never ask in vain." At a wave of his hand the guards retired, and she was restored to her former attendants.

She made use of her freedom to gain her husband's release, and by a cunning stratagem effected her object. She summoned all feudal contingents for muster, and so increased her own. She held a review of her troops, and so manœuvred them as to separate the Emperor from the Rajpoot guard by which he was attended, and to close around him. From that

moment he was free. This was the last great act in that chequered career.

Jehangir expired in 1627, in the sixtieth year of his age and the twenty-second of his reign, and was interred in the mausoleum he had prepared for himself at Lahore. After her widowhood Noor Jehan fixed her residence at Lahore, wore no colour but white, and withdrew from public life, finding some employment for her wealthy leisure in designing and building a magnificent tomb for herself adjoining her husband's.

G. W. F.



EXETASIS.

"ὁ ἀνεξέταστος βίος οὐ βιωτὸς ἀνθρώπῳ."—*Plat. Apolog. Socr.*

All hail to the perfect idea
By Plato and Socrates taught!
All hail to the one Panacea
For making man's miseries naught!
For pestilence, murder, and famine,
Our nostrum's a remedy sure:
Examine! Examine! Examine!
'Tis a perfect infallible cure.

While in juvenile minds, fresh and plastic,
Ideas are beginning to shoot,
Let a love of the art "Exetastic"
Be sown in their hearts, and take root.
Give them papers on "bricks," and require 'em
To know all about Noah's Ark:
"Who was Noah?" and "Who was King Hiram?"
Be *sure* every answer to mark.

When the boy has already his pony,
And rides across country to hounds,
Or shoots the wild partridge and cony,
The parent wise questions propounds:
"Come, tell me the history natural
Of the horse, and the rabbit and hare;"
And many more questions collateral
Are asked, and all marked with due care.

If you've girls, let 'em tell you what regions
 Silk, muslin, and cotton produce;
 And pose them with papers in legions
 On dolls—their invention and use.
 Or, if you distrust your own knowledge,
 Despatch them as students to Merton,
 Or else to the feminine college,
 Which frowns on the summit of Girton.

A new age is dawning serenely,
 An era of sweetness and light,
 For "Exetasis," graceful and queenly,
 Is routing the darkness of night.
 Fat Crambe, and fair Competition,
 The steps of the goddess attend,
 Proclaiming her glorious mission
 To examine mankind without end.

Prime Ministers bow down before her,
 Right glad that their school days are o'er;
 Professors in silence adore her,
 And lay at her feet all their lore:
 Examiners scattering papers,
 Beseech her their questions to bless;
 While, bearing funereal tapers,
 Pale candidates hurrying press.

Universities, Physic, and Science,
 The Law, and the Church, and the State,
 In the Goddess declare their affiance,
 Proclaim her "the Good and the Great."
 But at times, amid vows of devotion,
 From the hungry competitive crowd,
 Comes a voice, like a dirge from the ocean,
 The wail of the plucked and the ploughed.

But Exetasis, Juggernaut-fashion,
 Drives o'er the pale victims her coach;
 She utters no word of compassion,
 She breathes not a word of reproach.

Ah! happy are they whom she "passes!"
 Unhappy are they whom she ploughs!
 Thrice happy to whom in three classes
 She marks of high honour allows!

While thus the grim goddess advances,
 There gleams through the darkness a light,
 As when a swift ship gaily glances
 Through waves phosphorescent by night.
 Crass Ignorance flees from her splendour,
 With Indolence, Folly, and Sport;
 Pale Learning and Wisdom attend her,
 With Intellect, Culture, and Thought.

All hail to the glorious era,
 Which now on our darkness has beamed!
 No longer is now a chimera
 The dream which old Socrates dreamed:
 For Questions and Answers we cram in,
 Disgorged ere the cram we forget;
 Examine! Examine! Examine!
 And Earth will be purified yet.

ARCULUS.



EREWHON.

AMONG the most notable books of the past year were two works which excited a considerable amount of interest by the novelty of their speculations in ethics and politics, and by the slight esteem they bestowed on some of the most widely spread principles of modern civilization. They were "The Coming Race" and "Erewhon." It is on the latter we propose to offer a few remarks to the readers of the Eagle. As the Author is understood to be a member of our College, the book is surely an appropriate subject for notice in the College Magazine.

"Erewhon" is distinguished from the "Coming Race" by the greater prominence it gives to moral and religious questions as compared with political theories: and many of the established beliefs and accepted traditions of the present time. It is destructive rather than constructive: for the Erewhonian order of things is evidently not an ideal Utopia, but rather a caricature of the existing social fabric of modern Europe, and especially of England.

The most original and striking idea in the book is the inversion of the ordinary conceptions of disease and crime among the inhabitants of Erewhon. In Erewhon, it seems, men regard disease as we do crime, and *vice versa*; consistently health takes the place of moral virtue, and people are esteemed rather for possessing a good physique and freedom from bodily ailments than for being endowed with every moral excellence.

The people of Erewhon hold that a man's moral character is beyond his control, depending partly on the qualities he has inherited from his parents, and partly on the training he has received in childhood. Rather arbitrarily they refuse to extend this theory to physical qualities: regarding not only ailments which a man contracts by his own neglect or vicious indulgence, but also a bad constitution and sickly frame, as criminal, and deserving of punishment. This is brought out in one of the most amusing chapters of the book, in which an Erewhonian trial is described at length. The prisoner is charged with the heinous crime of pulmonary consumption—an offence till lately punishable with death. The judge, in pronouncing sentence, tells the prisoner that it is not his first offence, and that he had led a career of crime. "You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis last year: and I find that though now only twenty-three years old, you have been imprisoned no less than fourteen times for illnesses of a more or less hateful character. There is no question of how you came to be wicked: but only this, are you wicked or not? This has been decided in the affirmative, neither can I hesitate for a single moment to say that it has been decided justly. If you tell me that you had no hand in your parentage or education, and that it is therefore unjust to lay these things to your charge, I answer that whether your being in a consumption is your fault or no, it is a fault in you; and it is my duty to see that against such faults as this the Commonwealth shall be protected. You may say that is your misfortune to have been criminal; I answer that it is your crime to have been unfortunate." The consumptive criminal is sentenced to hard labour for life, with the merciful alleviation of two table-spoonsful of castor oil daily.

An equally undisguised satire on the nominal belief and actual practice of society is contained in the chapter on the musical banks and the Ydgrunites; the

former representing the churches, and the latter the worshippers of Ydgrun (Mrs. Grundy.)

Under the name of "Colleges of Unreason," the author makes an onslaught on Classical and Mathematical education; but though some of his remarks on this head are acute and forcible, the satire is on the whole somewhat heavy and trite: there is, too, a good deal of unfairness and exaggeration. The latter part of the book is mainly occupied with professed extracts from "The Book of the Machines," a work which caused the destruction of nearly all machinery in Erewhon some 500 years ago. The reasoning is subtle and ingenious, but protracted to a tedious length. What the import of the whole may be seems rather obscure. It appears to us that it is a perfectly serious application of the Darwinian theory of evolution to what we call inanimate things. The author ingeniously shows that a steam-engine possesses nearly all the signs of life that a man does; it takes food and consumes it by heat, it requires air and water, &c. This book produced such an impression in Erewhon, that in fear of the ultimate defeat and extermination of man in the struggle for existence by the fully developed "machine," it was resolved to nip the menaced evil in the bud, and by a universal destruction of machinery prevent the occurrence of such a lamentable result. But we speak with diffidence as to the author's meaning; for he says in a note to a later edition "none of my critics have understood the meaning of the chapter on the machines."



THE BOOK OF SUNDIALS.

"THE Book of Sundials collected by Mrs. Gatty" is an exhaustive compilation of this peculiar and interesting branch of literature, for it is to their mottoes that the attention of the authoress has been chiefly directed. Sundial mottoes have much solid morality in them, and in such small space that they have always attracted attention; pithy, terse, suggestive ejaculations about time, light, and eternity, they are all worth having and knowing; short and sensible, concentrated and pointed relics of the practical moralizing of our forefathers. What more beautiful notion can be found in any line than

"Horas non numero nisi serenas,"

which occurs on a dial at Cawder, near Glasgow? This motto is by no means rare, nor is it confined to one language, being found in Latin also at Sackville College, East Grinstead; at Aldeburgh, Leam, Frome, Farnworth, Arley, at Campo Dolcino, and near Venice; in English

"I only mark bright hours."

at Kiplin Hall; and again in the language understood of the people at Genoa

"Segno solo le ore serene."

There is a distinction to be noticed between the inscriptions on Sundials and those on bells: Church bell mottoes are frequently *long* and *rhyming*, those

on dials very seldom so, and unless it happens to be a very good one, a sundial motto never occurs more than once in a locality.

The scarcity of dials is singular, very few village churches or market-places have them now-a-days, and where they do occur many an opportunity is lost of cramming the moral pill down the people's throats for ages. It is amusing to see how the pill is frequently made a little more palatable by mild punning, or alliteration, or some such figure which catches both eye and ear, for instance :

"Fugit hora, ora :"

The hours flies, pray.

At Catterick and Gilling :

"Fugio, fuge :"

I fly, fly.

At Elleslie :

"Lex Dei, Lux Diei :

Lux umbra Dei :"

The law of God is the light of day ;

Light is the shadow of God.

At Rugby and Great Smeaton :

"Dies Deum Docet, Disce :"

The day teaches a God, learn.

At Barmston :

"Sine Sole Sileo :"

I am silent without the sun.

At Nice, Pino, and Alghers :

"Tempora Tempore Tempora :"

Moderate the times in time.

At Vian :

"Mox. Nox"

Soon night.

At Elsworth, and near Dennington, in Suffolk, and others, "Mox nox" is nearly that which Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott adopted in Greek, the former

upon the face of his watch, the latter on a pedestal dial near the house at Abbotsford.

"ἔρχεται γὰρ νύξ,"

In Mrs. Gatty's book it is not easy to say what she has missed, the collection is so very complete :

"Vide, audi, tace :"

See, hear, and say nothing ;

is not likely, however, to be a sundial motto, it is Masonic, and therefore it is not surprising that the position of it is not identified.

"Memento Mori :"

Remember to die,

occurs at Eaglescliff, as well as at Croft and Monthey.

"Sic transit gloria mundi :"

So passes the glory of the world,

is on a pillar dial at Burlington Quay, as well as at Fountains, Louth, Elleslie, S. Just, and Pomier.

"Hora Pars Vitæ :

An hour a part of life,

is on Skirbeck old Church, as well as at Brading.

"Watch, for ye know not the hour,"

occurs at Harvey, and at Ormesby (St. Margaret) Norfolk, as well as at Ecclesfield ; it is also inscribed upon the Clock of Burgh le Marsh Church.

"Pereunt et Imputantur"

is found at Thornhill, as well as at Gloucester, the Temple, All Souls, Oxford, Lincoln, Bamborough, Kilderick, Exeter (on the clock), Elleslie, and Rotherham.

"Semitam, per quam non revertar, ambulo,"

is not merely a reference to Job xvi. 22, but a quotation from the Vulgate (v. 23). It occurs at Lavagna.

"Learn to value the time"

is on a dial at Brighouse, with the date 1816, or something very much like it.

KAIPON ΓΝΩΘΙ:

Know the time,

is on the *South* transept, not North, at Ely. And

“Ut hora sic vita,”

at Old Ormesby in Yorkshire, is not on the Church, but upon the middle house of a row upon the main road-side.

The book is written rather as if it contained all that can be said upon the poetry, morals, and humanity of dials, but the alphabetical arrangement of mottoes and the disjointed notice of each makes it rather a burdensome task to wade through.

There are notices of 85 remarkable dials which have no inscription, some of them (as that of Ahaz) are historical, some in common use (as the pocket dials of the peasants of the Pyrenees, which are cylinders of wood, upon which a gnomon is fixed, according to the season), and some are erected upon the shortened mortuary cross in a churchyard here and there.

It is a peculiar thing that the motto, which is supposed to be the most hackneyed of all expressions of thought about time, viz., “Tempus fugit,” is seldom used; it occurs on Burlington Abbey Church, at Handsworth, Kirk Braddan, and Ossington, but the same thing is expressed in other words many times, *e.g.*

“Tempus volat.”

“Eheu, Fugaces!”

at Sedbury and Welwyn.

“Fugit hora,”

near great Ouseburn.

“Fugit, si stas,”

“Sic vita fugit,”

“Concito gradu,”

“Cito præterit ætas,” &c.

But one set of mottoes conveys a hint which shall incline to rest this poor rambling account of an ex-

cellent book upon a difficult subject, upon the happy completion of which all true lovers of patient work should congratulate Mrs. Gatty heartily; the set is:

“Allez vous,”

brought by a Dutch vessel to Dartmouth.

“Go about your business,”

at Kilnwick-on-the-Wolds.

“Begone about your business,”

at High Lane, near Disley, in Cheshire.

It seems exceedingly curious that sundials should have gone out of fashion, when they are so cheap, and work without attention, and when they offer such scope for ingenuity, and are so interesting as monuments of the skill and knowledge of their contrivers. That sand glasses and water clocks should die out is not surprising, but that sundials should follow them is a singular instance of the whimsical changes men make as they advance in civilization.

W. L. W.



A MOORLAND MORNING.

O SWEET it is upon the moors
This merry spring-tide morning
When Nature opens all her stores,
And in the sun's adorning
The hazy meadow-lands, ray-kiss'd,
Show colours soft and tender,
And dappled cloud and rolling mist
Are clad in royal splendour.

And hark! high up the spreading blue
A hundred larks are singing,
While woodlands flashing all in dew
With joyous song are ringing.
The deep-voiced blackbird calls; the thrush
Makes answer from the dingle,
And far and wide in general gush
Ten thousand voices mingle.

The crested lapwing walleth shrill
Amid the sunlit ether,
And from his mountain source the rill
Runs purling thro' the heather.
Sweet is the music that he makes
Far down the steep descending,
Loud-singing to the leafy brakes
A song that has no ending!

Here, where in hollows dark and deep
His utmost strength he musters
Some rocky bar to over-leap,
The primrose blooms in clusters;

Here too with fronds all green and fresh
The long ferns form a border,
And mosses hang in tangled mesh
Like tresses in disorder.

There, like a band of sunny gold
Stretch'd far away beyond us,
The furze-tufts, blooming bright, unfold
Their blossoms, and surround us
With waxen-scented odours sweet
That tempt the bees to plunder;
While, springing light beneath our feet
The heath buds freshly under.

There's something freer in the sight
Of this wild mountain Flora,
That earliest wins the dawning light
Of rosy-lipped Aurora,
Than in her richer sister's gleams
And hair of rainbow glories
Imprison'd 'mid the reeking steams
Of close conservatories.

O! one may roam with Nature here
And listen to the voices
Wherewith thro' all the varied year
She evermore rejoices,
Until each daily earth-born care
Seems lost in endless distance,
And all our senses breathe an air
Of glorified existence.

And if woe come, as come it must,
With tears and pain and sorrow,
Intruding on our daily trust
With bodings of to-morrow,
Where 'mid the petty thoughts of men
Shall present help be found us,
Like that which Nature's genial pen
Writes everywhere around us?

Happy who on her aid rely:
 Thro' labour and endurance
 She heavenward trains the steadfast eye
 To hope and calm assurance.
 The world may offer sweets that cloy,
 Deceived and still deceiving,
 Be ours the never-failing joy,
 Of loving, and believing!

C.



INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE subject of female education is rapidly rising into importance among the questions of the day. Whatever odium the Woman's Rights party may excite by laying unwelcome claim to the political suffrage, few will now be found to deny that, whether a right or not, education is a boon which it is wise to grant to the weaker as well as to the stronger sex.

It is natural that in a University, which is a place of education, the spreading movement for the improvement of women's education should be warmly supported. Let me enumerate the useful organisations which are growing up around us, so quietly as to be almost unobserved, but which are all doing good work, steadily devoted to this object.

The University in its corporate capacity has now for some years undertaken to examine girls at the Local Examinations, in exactly the same way as boys; and in addition, whole girls' schools are now submitted to the ordeal of an examination, conducted officially by members of the University. The chief good that has been effected by this has been to expose the shallowness of the instruction previously prevalent.

Nor does the University stop here; a large scheme of examination for grown women is fairly afloat. The number of candidates is at present about 200 a year. Imitating its provision for its sons, the University

requires these its daughters to pass a preliminary examination before proceeding to higher studies. The subjects of this Ladies' Little-Go are English and Arithmetic. It is scarcely necessary to say that harder questions are asked, and a higher standard maintained, in group A than in the Previous Examination. The other groups comprise Ancient and Modern Languages (B), Mathematics (C), Moral (D) and Natural (E) Sciences, and Art (F).

Besides these official acts of the University, the Women's Lectures in Cambridge are carried on by a staff of teachers acting under a numerous committee, largely composed of members of the University, some of whom occupy the most eminent positions, and several of whom belong to our own College. They are so sympathetically supported by residents as to have a sanction almost equal to that of the official approval of the Senate. These lectures are attended by about 100 ladies resident in Cambridge or the immediate vicinity, several of whom have come into residence especially for this object. Thus we have, practically, a female University growing up side by side with the male.

Nor is this University without a College: a portion of the old building, called the School of Pythagoras, with an adjunct which bears the appropriate name of Merton Hall, is used by the lady students as a residence. They already rival in numbers their sister College at Hitchin, which is itself soon to be moved into a grander building in our neighbourhood. At present, however, we may scarcely include Girton College among the list of Cambridge organisations.

Merton Hall is intended for ladies who reside here as students, like undergraduates, only for a few years; the ladies whose homes are in Cambridge, but who wish to have a quiet place for reading—everybody knows how work at home is interrupted by hundreds of little things—have a study and reading-room in a

central part of the town, where a library is kept for their use.

In addition to all that have been mentioned is the system of Correspondence Classes; this is of such a novel character that I propose to give a more detailed description of it. It is an organization which has arisen within the last two years to supply the wants of candidates for the women's examination. Many of these ladies live in small places where there are no suitable teachers, many are governesses who have not sufficient controul over their time to permit of their attending classes or receiving oral instruction. To such as these it offers an opportunity of assistance and guidance in their studies.

Although these classes have arisen out of the Women's Examination, the members of them are by no means exclusively candidates. In fact, some of the classes are distinctly not for the examination. To restrict teaching to preparation for an examination has long been a mistake among men. There is great fear lest the ladies may be led to imitate it by the force of example. It would be an unfortunate outcome of the activity of some of our educational reformers if the laudable effort to show that intellectual culture is not unfeminine were to lead to the maiming and weakening of that culture itself in the race for place in an examination. Hitherto however, happily, the Cambridge teaching both by lectures and correspondence has not been depressed to this level; and also at present the baneful influence of competition is but weakly felt, both because the classes are not arranged in order of merit, and because there is no published list of names.

What is novel in this plan of teaching is the fact that classes are conducted by correspondence. Often before has one individual helped and taught another by letters. But these are real classes: the students are all doing the same thing, they have the same

papers at the same time, and are reading the same books, just as any other class, the only difference is that they do not meet together in one and the same room.

The correspondence is supposed to go on at fortnightly intervals. What that practically means is this: the class has a paper of questions once a fortnight, but a paper often forms the subject of several communications. This paper is sent out by the teacher on a certain day, say a Thursday; by the following Thursday the most distant member of the class has sent back her solutions or answers; thus one week of the fortnight is gone. Sometime during the next week the teacher looks over the papers all together and returns them with comments; in the meanwhile the pupils are reading their books and preparing for the next paper.

The special difficulty of this mode of teaching is the want of opportunity of cross-examination—this is mitigated, to some extent, by the free use of post cards. There is also a special advantage which partly counterbalances it in the necessity of something originating from the student. In oral teaching a pupil is too often silent, and merely listens and answers, or does not answer, questions; by correspondence the pupil must answer and ask questions, and must ask definite ones. It is an exercise of no slight value in itself to ascertain so exactly what a difficulty is as to be able to put it into precise language.

These classes have grown rapidly, and the fear is now that they may become unwieldy on account of their great size. One class, which at the commencement in October, 1871, started with one pupil, increased before the end of the year to ten; in October, 1872, it began again with eighteen, and increased to thirty. This affords evidence that the plan is supplying a real want; but, like all other teaching, its success depends upon the way it is met by the taught.

The labour of the correspondence falls very heavily on the teacher; still it does not increase in the same ratio in which the number of the class increases. Printed papers, and even printed letters, are used for the larger classes. It is in the annotation of the written papers of the pupils that the most of the teacher's time is consumed, but even in this greater facility is acquired by greater experience. These comments must, however, in any case be very brief; the students must be capable of taking hints; detailed explanation is, of course, impossible. On this account ladies are urged not to join a class unless they cannot possibly get efficient oral teaching. The circular that is sent to them is purposely repulsive in tone. They are warned that they must be accustomed to and prepared for serious work; they must have an acquaintance with the rudiments of the subject; they must have sufficient intelligence to grapple with difficulties and application to carry out the directions of their teachers. Yet, in spite of this, they have joined in great numbers, and it must be confessed they satisfy all these requirements: they are thoroughly in earnest, they do large quantities of work, they are grappling with, and, what is more, overthrowing, difficulties.

One most potent deterring influence is the fee; it is the secret of the success of all these Cambridge movements that they are self-supporting. The fee for the correspondence is made high enough to keep off people who are not seriously at work, and to ensure that those who join shall be anxious to get an adequate return for their money. I have no doubt that the cause of the supposed inefficiency of College Lectures—if they are inefficient—will be found to be this, that an Undergraduate does not realise that he or his father has to pay for them. Coaches are not cut, and lecturers are, and a great deal of the reason consists in the different form in which the payment is made.

The ladies who do not attend lectures on anything they do not want to learn, and who pay for every course, never cut lectures.

The object of this paper is descriptive and not controversial; therefore, it is not proposed to enter into a discussion of any debated female questions. No one will venture to assert that to train the fingers to sew, however neatly, the toes to dance, however gracefully, the hair to fall over a chignon, however bewitchingly, and the tongue to gossip, however innocently, is a suitable and efficient feminine education. The teaching of English and Arithmetic is conceded to be useful by the most inveterate opponent of Woman's Rights. If it be the "Woman's Sphere," to make puddings and sew on buttons, to be a wife and a mother, no one will deny that she can manage her house, help her husband, and train her children better if her mind is cultivated than if not; and if there be women to whom this domestic sphere of usefulness is denied, who have to fight their own battles and earn their own living, filling social positions as important if not so popular as that of a wife and a mother, few will refuse sympathy with the efforts to call forth their faculties and strengthen their minds by substituting the solid for the frivolous in their education.

W. H.



AT THE SHOP DOOR.

IT is to me an amusing, and, in some degree, an interesting occupation of a lazy half-hour to watch the crowd of customers passing to and fro through the doors of a large shop. What those whom I see going in and out want to purchase, is of course no business of mine, yet the speculation will sometimes occur. Do these ladies want silks, flowers or laces? Are bonnets or dresses the object of to-day's quest? Are the contents of those dainty parcels which they carry destined to supply ornament or use? And then, every minute a waggon starts to carry off heavier purchases to their new owners. How widely in a day or two will the stock which now rest on the Shopkeeper's shelves have been dispersed! The sight sets me moralizing, perhaps on eccentricities of fashion and so forth, and I walk away to my work again.

In my present residence I have frequent opportunities of pursuing this dilatory kind of study on a more extended scale. For, if the English be indeed "a nation of shopkeepers," if England be really a huge shop, Liverpool certainly may claim the name and the fame, if fame it be, of being one of the principal doors. I have not the slightest ambition in the guidebook-compiling direction, and consequently do not intend to attempt a description of the miles of docks which stretch along both banks of the Mersey, and are filled with ships bearing the flags of

every country of the civilised world. Nor are blue-books more in my line. The columns of declared value of exports and imports, of the number and the registered tonnage of the ships which enter and leave the ports of the United Kingdom, and the like, are to most of us columns of figures in a newspaper, and nothing more. I am afraid to quote statistics from memory, for thousands are so easily changed into hundreds, or *vice versa*, that their truth, without page and line attached, is always problematical. In describing, therefore, for the benefit of some readers of the *Eagle*, an afternoon's stroll along only one quay, I shall suppose myself to be merely a chance visitor, with no previous knowledge of the extent and variety of the commerce of the port, shall simply put a name to what I saw that afternoon, and scrupulously abstain from giving any statistics whatever. Let me however, at the outset, make one exception to the second part of my rule. The importance of the questions lately raised by Mr. Plimsoll, with regard to the condition of our Merchant Seamen, and the ships they man, must be my excuse. I knew something about ships and sailors before I came to Liverpool, and can safely say that no part of which I have any knowledge, would come so creditably out of an investigation, such as Mr. Plimsoll's laudable pertinacity has secured, as the port of Liverpool. There are exceptions, of course there are; but they are *marked* exceptions. The overwhelming majority of Liverpool ships are well-built, well-found, well-manned, and abundantly provisioned.

But to our stroll. The part of the docks to which we are bound is the Branch, No. 1, of the Huskisson Dock, lying at what was a few year's ago the Northern, or seaward, limit of the chain. There are two ways of reaching it, omnibusses and railway. To avoid the distraction of passing two or three miles of masts and funnels, we choose the latter. The Station at

which we leave the train is only about 200 yards from our destination, but, as we pass quickly by, we cannot refuse to look for a moment at some of the Cunard and Inman Atlantic Steamships lying in their berths. As we pause to mark the red funnels of the one, and the white-banded blacks of the other, an odour, which is certainly not from "Araby the blest" assails our sense of smell. "Araby the blest" indeed—yet the contents of those dirty sacks go well with one of Arabia's productions, for that, my friend, is sugar. Crossing the road with care, to avoid being crushed by wheels like Juggernaut's, which are carrying huge logs of timber, we almost lose ourselves in a wilderness of cotton bales from America. Picking our way cunningly past these, and past huge piles of boxes, marked "Long cut Hams, New York City," "Lard, Cincinnati," "Bacon, &c.," and blue barrels which we know are a proof that some adventurous Yankee has "struck ile;" we reach a place of comparative quiet, and have time to look about us. Between two rows of substantially built sheds runs a wide road about 400 yards long, on which are laid lines of rail connected with the London and North Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways. The quays, beyond the sheds, on the right-hand are appropriated to American Steamers; those on the left to the steamers of a Company trading with Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz, and with Mediterranean ports, from Gibraltar, and Valencia to Alexandria Smyrna, and Constantinople. We turn leftwards, and examine first the imports, which are stacked in certain of the sheds or lying on the open roadway just clear of the rails. Here, if we had come at 4 a.m. on a Monday morning, instead of 3 p.m. on a Tuesday afternoon, we might have seen a sight well worth watching—the landing of Spanish cattle from Oporto. But we saw them pass our windows yesterday morning, beautiful, patient, widehorned creatures, with eyes which make

one understand the meaning of Homer's epithet, the "oxeyed" Hêrê. Now they are gone, and some of them it is probable in a fair way to share the fate of the many whom Homer's heroes slew and roasted. The first thing here to be seen is a big paralleliped of boxes of oranges and lemons, to which, as sundry small holes testify, some loafers have already been helping themselves. Near at hand is another pile of boxes of onions, the genuine Spanish. But from such small dear we soon turn away, for before us is an exhibition strange enough anywhere in February, but doubly strange on a hard granite paved road, about a score of men with forks and rakes, actually, to all appearance, making hay! As we come nearer, we find that the hay is *esparto*, imported, as we discover on enquiry (for we have English tongues in our heads, and there is scarcely a man here who will not give, if civilly asked, a civil answer) for use in the making of paper. Immediately beyond the *esparto* carts are rows of barrels, with weird-looking Arabic inscriptions on their ends. Deciphering, with difficulty, only a letter or two, we are about to give up the interpretation thereof as hopeless, when the sight of English characters, "Smyrna," and the smell of some oozing fluid convinces us that we are in the presence of olive oil. A little further on are other casks, which, we are assured, are filled with Levant wine. Without doubting the good faith of our informant, we mentally question the correctness of his information, and turn aside to look in at the open door of one of the import sheds. Bales of Egyptian cotton and of Leghorn hemp, and amorphous bundles of goat's hair from Constantinople; these, with heaps of maize, sufficient, as it seems to us, for all the pigs in Britain, we can understand, though the quantity puzzles us. For these sheds, it must be noted, are not warehouses; goods are retained in them only a few days, whether for shipment or for importation. What we cannot understand so clearly

if at all, is the fact that one shed, with a floor as large as our Library Court, and walls rather higher than an ordinary two-storied house, is crammed with— with what? acorn cups, surely, but what a size they have grown too! The stem and the small scales on the outside are plain to be seen, and on the inside is the unmistakeable mark which the departed acorn has left. This we are told is *Valonia*, and is used by the best leather preparers for tanning. For tanning also is used that yellowish brown dust, which is trying to escape from the bags in which it is packed. That is *Sumach*. Then, after passing two or three sheds which we do not now inspect, we come to a first attempt (as it evidently is in our eyes) at fortification. Sacks, filled hard with some easily moved matter, are piled more than breast high round an irregular quadrangle, and are doubled and even trebled at the angles into a rude resemblance to hornworks or gabions, or whatever the technical name may be. Shades of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim! Is it here then that your pious mimicry of the arts of war is continued? No. This is of peace, and plenty let me add. The sacks are full of wheat, and surround a heap of the precious grain, great enough to prove to us that there is now, as ages since there was, "corn in Egypt." At the end of the road, a steamer, just arrived from Catania, is discharging what seems an endless cargo of sulphur.

Turning away from the dust of the sulphur and the unfortunately suggestive smell, we pass through the nearest shed, and wend our way back, as best we can, under, over, and between, planks, stages, ropes, barrows, bales, boxes, *ad inf.*, to the point from which we started. We walk on a narrow quay between the sheds I have mentioned, and the ships which are loading alongside, two of which are to sail next tide, one to Alexandria, another to Trieste. We have thus an opportunity of seeing the exports. We stand therefore,

cautiously out of the way of the *stevedore's* (or loader's) *gang*, and keep our eyes open, wishing at the same time that we could close our ears, for any noise more confounding than that of four steam winches going at one time in one ship, it falls to the lot of few mortals to endure. Neatly squared bales, bound under a Bramah's press, like that which illustrates our Cambridge Hydrostatical treatises, with hoop iron, signify to us that Manchester is returning to the East, in the form of cotton goods, the raw material imported by Liverpool for her from India and Egypt. Bales of all sorts and sizes, containing; to enumerate a few only of the things we can be pretty sure about, hardware from Birmingham and Wolverhampton, lace from Nottingham, cloth from Leeds and Huddersfield, cutlery from Sheffield, linen from Belfast, follow each other in rapid succession along the stage, are slung, hoisted, and lowered, in almost less time than it takes to write the words, as if they were featherweights; though none probably weighs less than four or five cwt. Into another hold are being packed bars of railway iron, for a railway in course of construction in Italy, hundreds of boxes of tin plates to be made into sardine boxes, and, why or wherefore we don't know, untanned, but dry and odourless buffalo hides. About these same hides, by the way, we overhear a question and answer, which warn us not to put too implicit faith in all whom we may address, but rather to confine our enquiries to persons in authority. "Tim, what skins are these?" "Elephants," says the unsmiling Tim, and Dan, or whoever he was, shouldered two more with a grunt, and walked off satisfied. From one of the officers of the ship we learn that the hides are scarcely to be called exports, for they had been discharged not more than 24 hours before by a steamer from Genoa. "Why they send hides from Genoa here to be taken to Alexandria we don't know," he said, "and we certainly don't care; they

pay double freight, and we are only carriers, you know."

Watching our opportunities, we made a dive into one of the sheds, where, amid a chaos (to us, a cosmos to the workmen) of bales such as we had seen already, a new sight was presented. Very neatly piled into cubical heaps were thousands of pieces of oak, of uniform size and shape, about 4 feet 6 inches long, and as wide and thick as one's hand. These were waiting for shipment to Cadiz: they were staves, to be made there into wine casks, and filled at the bodegas in the sherry country. Close by these, the necessary fastenings lay in a rudimentary condition, in the form of goodly bundles of hoop-iron. Out again on the quay, and in front of another hatchway, we realize at last the size of the ship we see being loaded. On the floor of the hold are four or five of Clayton and Shuttleworth's thrashing machines, with an engine to drive them; above these are what look very much like a set of shelves ranged round the hold, but what are in reality the edges of the hatchway in the lower deck. On the shelf, as if put up there out of harm's way, we see, to our intense amazement, a whole train of six or eight railway carriages, full size. These steam winches have lifted them bodily from the quay, and swing them in as neatly and easily as if they were toy carriages packed on the shelves of a toy shop, and yet they call the engines that work them *donkey* engines. Oh, some people's ingratitude! Walking on, chewing the cud of many reflections, wondering among other things at the change which has passed on men's minds since the famous "*Robur et æs triplex*" ode was written, I (for I don't want any longer to be accompanied) did not take sufficient care of what was doing close to me, so, for my sins, a gust of wind brought to me a white cloud (would that *it* had exported rather!) of chloride of lime from a rather imperfectly closed barrel: mouth, eyes, and nose

were filled with a pungent unpleasantness. My idle saunter was exchanged for a brisk trot back to the station; weeping, coughing, and sneezing brought my explorations for that afternoon to an objectionable, but not untimely end.

J. P.

NOTE ON "MY VISIT TO THE LAKES OF N. ZEALAND."

THE formation of the terraces, described at page 237 of the last number as "having their sides cut truly and their edges as clean as if they were artificial courses of masonry," has exercised the minds of some readers, and certainly seems to require explanation; perhaps the following suggestion may be satisfactory:

The hill side, on which these terraces stand, is apparently of narrow bands of hard rock, alternating with broad ones of a softer substance. As the boiling water poured from the fountain into the lake the soft stone would be worn away, until all that was unprotected by the hard rock above would be carried into the lake below. The face of the hill would thus be worked into a flight of steps, which, when covered with silica, would present the remarkable aspect I have described.



THE REDBREAST.

TH' ethereal lark let others praise,
That floats, a speck of music in the sky;
Or nightingale, whose liquid plaints
Softens grim night, when night alone is nigh.

Or loud extol the 'wandering voice'
And dissyllabic herald of the spring;
But thee, thou ruby set in snow,
With winter's darling, be it mine to sing.

When the dark days rove o'er the land
And scare away the rest, thou bloom'st alone,
The snowdrop's rival, like a rose,
With wings for leaves, out of the coldness blown.

But gem nor flower the voice can claim
That cheery chirps when summer-song is past,
Quickening the dead and frozen grove,
Or merry mid the moaning of the blast.

For when autumnal strains are o'er,
And the spring songsters hid in silence lie,
'Twixt those and these the link art thou
In the long chain of Nature's melody.



PRACTICAL MOUNTAINEERING.

THE difficulties and dangers of this amusement are now fairly understood by most people, so many and so interesting have been the books lately published on the subject, some chiefly scientific and others simply accounts of dangers undergone and surmounted, beauties appreciated and curiosities discovered.

But I believe that little or nothing has been written (except somewhat feebly in guide-books) to enable a couple of tyros, intending to do some hard work, to set off with a clear idea of what it will cost them, what they ought to take with them, and many other little matters which will, I trust, be found in this sketch.

I will take my subjects in the following order; (1) luggage, (2) dress, (3) guides, (4) expenses, (5) remarks.

First, then, as to luggage. Under this head I will consider only those things necessary for a mountaineer who must pass through a few large towns on his way to the field of operations. If a man is going to spend any considerable time in the centres of civilisation, he must take things accordingly, for he will not care to walk about, or go to an evening party in Paris, Berlin, Hombourg, or Vienna, in the costume in which I am going to send him on to the mountains.

But I will allow him to take a small portmanteau as well as his knapsack (of which more presently). The former will contain a change of raiment, including

a black coat, linen, and ordinary boots, to enable him to appear to advantage at table d'hôte, in picture galleries, &c. Extra knickerbockers, stockings, and an extra flannel shirt or two will be all that is absolutely required.

Now as to the knapsack, I cannot do better than refer you to the *Field* newspaper of 3rd May, in which several experienced men have given their opinions in answer to a correspondent. I will give shortly the gist of them. Of knapsacks to be bought, that patented by Mr. White, procurable at Price's, 33, Great Mary-lebone Street, is the most highly spoken of—the price is 30s.; while a gentleman signing himself “Swiss Alpine Club,” (who might be personally consulted within less than 100 miles of this College) has some admirable drawings and suggestions for a knapsack, which one could get made without difficulty. If my reader has need of a knapsack for this summer or autumn, I advise him to have one made on those principles, and he can give us his experiences in our next number.

The knapsack must not be overloaded, and you will be surprised to find how little you can get on with. I will put the contents in the form of a list:

Extra flannel shirt and knickerbocker stockings.

Alpaca thin coat (black) for dining.

Small sponge bag, containing sponge, toilet brushes, and soap (in box).

*Slippers (strong).

A warm comforter, 3 handkerchiefs, 3 collars.

*Spectacles with wire sides.

*A linen mask for the face.

Zinc ointment and cotton wool for the feet.

Needles and thread.

Medicines, arnica. and chlorodyne.

Bootlaces.

To be strapped outside:

*Gaiters which cover the laces of your boots.

In your pocket you should have a small flask of cognac, a large knife with a corkscrew and a *compass.

The articles marked thus (*) can very conveniently be obtained at Carter's, 245, Oxford Street, “The Tourist's Emporium.”

Dress is the next thing to be considered. The neatest and most workmanlike is as follows: a "Norfolk shooting coat" with handy pockets, having flaps; a waistcoat, and flannel shirt underneath it; cloth knickerbockers; thick, ribbed, slightly elastic stockings; and boots of the best quality, of which more anon. The waistcoat will be in the knapsack when you are not intending to get to any great elevation.

Your hat should be a soft, grey one, which can be tied down over your ears with a handkerchief in a cold wind.

One important article, which can be called neither dress nor luggage, is the ice axe or Alpenstock. My little experience has taught me to carry an ice axe, for I don't like coming down a nude ice slope without one. If you take an ice axe, which I recommend, get it in London, at Carter's; if an Alpenstock, which is sufficient and less pretentious if you are not going to do much glacier work, buy a strong rough-looking one from a guide in Switzerland; do not be persuaded to buy one of those they sell at Geneva and Lucerne, which are no real use.

As to the boots, you cannot be too careful; a strong waterproof leather is necessary, the soles must be thick and broad to protect the feet from sharp stones, and the whole thing must fit easily and well over your thick stockings. Nails are necessary; these are best inserted abroad by the village shoemaker at your first starting point, he will put in exactly what you want within an hour.

From the above list of articles to be carried, you will see that the expense of the outfit (omitting the tailor's bill as an evil unhappily incidental to everyday life) is small.

If you carry more than I have mentioned you make your knapsacks heavy, which often entails the expense of an extra porter when you are doing a snow pass,

and this is no slight matter, as will appear later on. I was so impressed with this, that on setting out to do a "high level route," as it is often called, of snow passes, my brother and I got on for a fortnight with one knapsack between us, by dint of having things washed whenever we stopped a night at an hotel. This plan certainly entailed considerable discomfort at times, such as having to go to bed directly we arrived wet through at an hotel, as we had no change of outer garments; but, after all, such incidents have the spice of novelty, and add to the amusement and spirit of adventure of self-help and self-reliance, which are among the attractions and direct benefits of mountaineering.

To give an idea of the expenses of the actual excursions, I must quote a little from the tariff in force among the company of guides at Chamonix. There the prices are absurdly high, and many mountaineers keep as clear as possible of that district, leaving it to the American and English crowd of tourists, who have often to be carried part of the way in order to "do" their excursion or attain the summit, which is to stand as a monument of their strength and endurance, forsooth!

If one enquires at the Bureau du Guide-en-chef, at Chamonix, how many guides are necessary for your party on a certain excursion, he will tell you the utmost number he thinks he can induce you to take; thus, for Mont Blanc for two persons he will probably answer at once four guides and three porters, but when the weather is fit for the ascent two guides and two porters would be amply sufficient; and in the fine settled weather, early in September last year, I could have got a guide and porter to go alone with us, but this was at a time when there was a regular beaten track up the mountain, and the men had experience of our capabilities. The tariff charges are 100 fr. for a guide and 75 fr. for a porter, so that

with two of each you would pay 350 fr. or £14; add to this the expense for provisions and wine for two days, viz.: twelve bottles of wine, at 3 fr. each, and provisions for six, at 6 fr. each = 72 fr. or nearly £3. Thus, with a small gratuity to the guides and extras, your ascent will cost you about £9 each, which is about double what it ought to be in fair weather. Therefore, keep clear of Mont Blanc. Among the extras, by-the-bye, one item is amusing. When you return to Chamonix you hear guns fired *ad lib.*, and you think yourself no end of an hero, and are flattered by the kindly interest these promiscuous expenders of gunpowder must have in your safe return. Wait a little: you go to your room and have a delightful bath, and come down, feeling good friends with all the world and yourself in particular; to you comes a rusty-looking peasant to demand his recognised gratuity for firing in your honour. This makes you think of your other expenses, and your guides just then come up to be paid and also request a gratuity. Thus the gilding disappears gradually from your gingerbread, and you find that for the sake of doing this one mountain you have paid a sum which would have kept you in most places in Switzerland for ten days, if not so ambitious.

The "Col du Geant" is a magnificent pass from Chamonix to Courmayeur, on the east side of Mont Blanc. It presents no unusual difficulty, and is generally accomplished in ordinary weather in ten to twelve hours, but the tariff is 50 fr. for a guide and 30 fr. for a porter. The guide-en-chef said that we must have two of each; we stuck out for one of each, but were compelled to compromise by taking two guides and one porter. There was one knapsack and provision for one day to carry, which two could easily have done, but they brought up the cost of the excursion to £3. 10s. each.

Happily, things are different at Zermatt. For the

snow passes, of which there are plenty presenting all the usual difficulties, the average tariff is 25 fr. or 30 fr. The surrounding mountains vary much in difficulty and danger, and have each their separate figure. A man is not overpaid when he receives 100 fr. for conducting you safely to and bringing you down from the summit of the Matterhorn or Weisshorn, for they are very difficult and dangerous; but the Breithorn, noble as it looks on the Zermatt side, and perfect as is the view from its summit, presents no difficulty at all when attacked from the top of the Théodule Pass on the other side, so you can get a guide for 15 fr., and can go with one only if you have no knapsack to carry besides your provisions. By-the-bye, when on that line, do not let your guide persuade you to trust to the pavilion on the top of the Col Théodule for your provisions. This hut is among perpetual snow, and is the highest inhabited building in the world, and its prices emulate its position.

Before I end this, I must give you a few opinions from the works of our great Cambridge mountaineer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, which are the best I have read on the subject, but I must condense them. As to the danger of mountaineering, he puts before one that the danger lies, not so much in places, as in weather; the easiest place becomes dangerous when the cracks to which you may anchor yourself are obscured by powdery snow or filled with ice, when the wind is lowering your vital powers and every limb is numbed and feeble. I may add to this the danger of "time," for one ought to reach the summit of a mountain and to begin descending again by 9 a.m. at the latest, otherwise one may not get out of the avalanche and falling serac region before the sun has made them dangerous. One of my most beautiful, but most dangerous, experiences was among the "seracs" of the "Glacier du Géant," among which our guides lost their way, and we could

not get out from among them till noon, when they were falling all round us. I ought, perhaps, to explain what the "seracs" are: they are the tall peaks, pinnacles, points, and towers of broken ice, caused by the glacier in its ever-rolling current over a cliff, for glaciers roll on like rivers, some faster than others, and varying with the heat of the summer season. Some move onward at the rate of only half an inch a day, some as much as four inches.

Mr. Leslie Stephen also admonishes us as to the necessity of good guides and good rope. The latter must be kept taut to check a slip at the instant; it gives a feeling of security such as a railing would give us.

He considers it of very great importance also as extending the danger of the weakest to the strongest member of the party; there should exist a perfect 'solidarité.'

If a guide refuses to be roped to a gentleman because the gentleman is likely to pull him over a precipice, it is plain that neither can be justified in proceeding.

If anybody who is going abroad to Switzerland or the Tyrol wants a good route suggested to him, and does not know much about it, I shall be happy to oblige him through the Editors of *The Eagle*.

IPSE TYRO.



MONTE ROSA FROM MACUGNAGA.

IT was on July 22, 1872, that a party, consisting of William Martin Pendlebury, Richard Pendlebury, and myself, with Gabriel Spechtenhauser of Fend, commonly called *Gaber**, and the local guides, Ferdinand Imseng and Giovanni Oberto, started to attempt the Italian side of Monte Rosa from a point on the left bank of the Macugnaga glacier, called by Imseng, *Rücke Jägi*.†

We had been travelling for some weeks in the Eastern Alps, and had reached Chiavenna by way of the Disgrazia. Then, the party having disbanded, W. M. Pendlebury and myself, with Gaber, set off for Macugnaga, while R. Pendlebury agreed to rejoin us at Zermatt after a flying visit to Milan; but it so happened that he came up the Val d'Anzasca, and that on his way he fell in with one Ferdinand Imseng, a guide unknown to fame, whose ambition it was to ascend Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, and thus to accomplish a feat which mountaineers of greater experience had been unwilling to attempt. It was soon agreed, though with no votes to spare, that Imseng should have a trial, and, the weather being at length good, we arranged to start for 'Rücke Jägi' on the following day.

From the Monte Moro hotel, now kept by the brothers Oberto, Imseng pointed out the route by

* He was introduced to us, with Alois Ennemoser, by the Herr Curat Senn, and has travelled with one or more of us in the years 1870-72.

† This name was written down at Imseng's dictation.

which he proposed to ascend. The precipitous face of the mountain, running at first approximately from north to south, and then curling round to the east, was from this point full in view; the Nord End being to the extreme right, the Höchste Spitze next to the left, and the Zumstein Spitze further to the left and in the bend. The Höchste Spitze is described by Mr. Ball as a double tooth of rock, of which the eastern pinnacle is 24 feet lower than the western. The former pinnacle may be called the *Ost Spitze*; the latter is known as the *Allerhöchste Spitze*. The ridge which leads up to the Ost Spitze runs about east and west, and is seen endways from Macugnaga; but a good broadside view should be obtainable from the neighbourhood of the Cuna di Jazzi. Between the ridge in question and the Zumstein Spitze, is a snow Sattel, which overlooks the Grenz Gletscher, and may be called the *Grenz Sattel*. Imseng's plan was to mount the Grenz Sattel* and to attack the ridge of the Höchste Spitze from its southern side.

The necessary set off with Caspar Burgener as porter, and reached the place of bivouac in an afternoon stroll of four-and-a-half hours; the route being at first through Belvedere, then to the left up the broad and almost level moraine, and lastly to the right, along a ridge of the moraine and up some rocks at the base of the eastern slope, which we proposed to climb. It was not, however, without some controversy that we agreed to take up our station with no other shelter than a wall at our backs. Gaber in particular hankered after the chalets of Pedriolo, and disliked the prospect of passing the night 'under an icefall,' with an empty kettle and no fire; but Imseng, knowing the place, dismissed the last fear as groundless, and, urging the necessity of an early start in the morning, promptly led the way

* We did not, however, complete the ascent of the Sattel, but inclined a little to the right of it, and took to the rocks at their lowest point.

up the rocks on the right, which, though from below apparently bare, were found to be plentifully interspersed with shrivelled twigs of the Alpenrose. Of these, axes and fingers soon chopped or tore up an abundant supply. Then, after a reconnaissance, we set off again, Imseng with a small waggon-load of fuel scudding lightly along, and at length halting, some few minutes before 7 P.M., at a bleak but well-chosen spot on the mountain side.

No long time elapsed before we had set light to our roses and boiled some snow from a couloir which ran beneath. Then, *inter alia*, we had time to reflect on our prospects for the night and the following day. The ascent which we proposed to attempt had been declined a few days previously by Ulrich and Christian Lauener, and in 1867 by Christian Almer.* The veteran Lochmatter had also pronounced against it, and it was not surprising that Gaber, more or less backed by one of his Herren, should have felt qualms about following an unknown local guide into a region which some of the highest authorities on mountaineering had condemned as dangerous. But Imseng, nothing daunted, steadily maintained that his route was comparatively little swept by avalanches, and would be reasonably safe at an early hour in the morning. It has been thought, notwithstanding, that we showed a want of caution in undertaking the expedition; but it was natural that the positive statement of a man who knew the mountain, and had examined the proposed route† repeatedly from different points, should have been allowed to outweigh a very considerable amount of less definite testimony on the other side. At all events we might go to the end of the lower rocks, and then turn back if circumstances proved unfavourable.

* See '*Alpine Journal*,' Vol. I.

† In company, I think, with Alexander Burgener. I was told, in 1870, by Franz Burgener, that some guides proposed to make the ascent, and to ensure the popularity of the excursion by building a hut.

Soon, however, the fading of the light changed the current of our thoughts, and warned us that whatever might be in s

to find our present quarters of the coolest. We had had experience of châteaux in descending order of comfort, from the luxurious hay barn of Wexegg to the open cheese shed of Porcellizza, but a lower depth seemed now to be reserved for us under the séracs of Monte Rosa. The night, however, was passed more comfortably than we had any right to anticipate, the temperature being remarkably moderate for the situation. Lying with our backs to a low wall of rock, and our feet sloping towards the moraine of the Macugnaga Glacier, we settled down as best we could; a scientific member of the party speculating what would become of us if the laws of friction should be repealed during the night. Each Herr coiled himself up in a blanket, while the three guides and the porter, having only one between them, lay closely packed in the neighbourhood of the fire. Imseng, with no extra covering but a woollen nightcap, was quickly at his ease, and proved to our dissatisfaction that he was fast asleep: the rest appeared to sleep less soundly; but those who watched late had the consolation of seeing a bright moon shining upon a panorama of ice and snow which no visitor of Macugnaga will need to have described. About midnight Imseng woke with a slight shiver in time to save the last spark from extinction. This led to a general stir. Then, the fire having been made up, we once more composed ourselves till the guides aroused us by their preparations for breakfast, which was, after all, but a very scanty meal, owing to the difficulty of descending the rocks in the dark to procure snow.

At length, some time after 2 A.M., the breakfast was over, and everything seemed ready. We were on the point of putting on the rope and making our start while it was yet dark, when a deep roll from the

Zumstein announced that the avalanches were waking early. Gaber thereupon put in a final protest against proceeding, though he is not a man to turn back when an expedition is once fairly launched. 'Guide,' said he, 'what think you? I think it is very dangerous;' but Imseng, though with a shade less of confidence than overnight, still maintained that his route was safe. In the discussion which followed it was urged reasonably enough that the warmth of the night must have loosened the foundations of the séracs and increased the danger to be apprehended from avalanches. Even Imseng, as I learned long afterwards, shook his head and said that he did not *quite* know, when asked in an undertone by R. Pendlebury what he really thought of it. But in spite of all whispered doubts the party of progress remained steadily in the ascendant, and we determined, without too closely defining the meaning of our sage resolve, that we would go just as far as we could with safety go. Accordingly the rope was put on, and the start made some minutes before half-past two, in the following order: Imseng, R. Pendlebury, Oberto, W. M. Pendlebury, Gaber, and myself.

The first few steps were not encouraging. We groped slowly over the rocks to the couloir, where the leaders floundered into a mass of soft snow, which augured ill for the condition of the slopes above when they should have been exposed for a few hours to the action of the sun. Things, however, were not so bad as they seemed; the main part of the couloir was hard enough, and it was merely an accidental accumulation at a point near the edge which gave ground for apprehension. Passing the couloir we came upon rocks again, and then before long to a second couloir considerably broader than the first. Imseng now turned abruptly to the right, a straight up, while Gaber emphatically dissented, and urged the necessity of crossing. Being some distance

behind the leader, and not at once appreciating the situation, I assumed at first that the dispute was about an unimportant detail, and was afterwards led to conjecture that Imseng was bent upon trying a more direct ascent, of which he had held out hopes the evening before. But he was in reality actuated by overmuch caution rather than by rashness, for as the party advanced in accordance with Gaber's more prudent, though bolder, recommendation,* it became evident that we were flanked on the right by a strong battery of séracs. One by one we partially disappeared in a deep furrow, the trail of some huge ice-block which had plunged down the slope to the glacier beneath. Then advancing, unmolested as yet by the enemies we had most to fear, we found ourselves at the beginning of a long stretch of good and fairly interesting rocks.

Our course having hitherto lain almost horizontally along the side of the mountain and in the direction of the Zumstein, we now turned a few degrees to the right and commenced ascending the rocks, rather rapidly than otherwise; considering the size of the party. Our way was for a time safe and plain before us; and, as we struggled up the massive boulders, we shook off the stagnation of the night, growing more and more convinced at every step that Imseng was a true prophet. At length the rocks came to an end for a time, and we emerged upon a precipitous broken snow-slope, which was blocked along its further side, except at the upper corner, where there was a narrow gap looking toward the Zumstein, and surmounted by a small but rather threatening sérac. As we made for this point, going horizontally along the upper part

* The other course must have led us into difficulties. We have always found Gaber a bold and judicious guide, who can be trusted in trying circumstances. When we had been lost in a storm and partly frozen near the *arête* of the Ortler, it was mainly through his sagacity that we were enabled to complete the descent.

of the slope, an avalanche was observed to break away at some little distance below us. But our route was well chosen; and as we passed through the gap, cautiously though without difficulty, we could not help remarking the skill and judgment with which we had been led.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred between this and the first halt near the end of the lower rocks, a little before 5 A.M. At the start, and for some time afterwards, the slopes on our left, as they fell away in the darkness, had of necessity seemed more formidable than they really were; and almost the first thing that the dawn revealed was a thick cloud which threatened storm as it rolled over us from the valley. But soon the clear light showed us the true nature of the work before us; and long before the halt it had become evident that we had nothing to fear from the weather, except, perhaps, some excess of heat that we would gladly have dispensed with. At the halting-place, which we thought safe and well chosen, we passed a very pleasant five-and-twenty minutes. But the eyes of lookers-on are sometimes sharper, and their imaginations generally more lively, than those of persons actively employed; to one or other of which causes may perhaps be attributed a report afterwards current at Macugnaga, that we halted for breakfast under a dangerous cornice, which to the spectators who watched us from below seemed likely to make short work with us, and which actually fell on the third day after. It could, perhaps, be decided by a comparison of watches whether the reference in this rumour is to the first halt, or to a shorter one made from two to three hours after, or to a still later occasion when we halted to drink some wine under the shelter of one of the last séracs; but if, as I incline to suppose, the allusion is to the first and longest of these halts, I must confess that I doubt the accuracy of the report, although, on the other hand, it should not be too hastily denied.

that a spectator below may have had the advantage of us in more than one particular.

The halt being over, we proceeded in the general direction of the Sattel, with such deviations as the nature of the ground necessitated; but this part of the route for some hours has left so little impression upon me that I cannot describe it at all in detail. I remember only that we found enough of séracs and crevasses to keep us continually on the alert, and make us unconscious of the lapse of time. The snow, which at the commencement of the day had been hard enough to bring the axe into requisition, was now rapidly softening, and kept the leader fully employed at treading steps, which he did very effectually, perhaps even causing delay by making them better than they need have been. That we made slow progress is evident from the time which passed before the final rocks were reached, but that we were not idle may be gathered from the rate at which the hours flew by; and indeed there was more work in the expedition than had been apparent from below to practised eyes, or could have been inferred from an estimate of the verticle height to be climbed.

At length, when Imseng had done what might have passed muster for a good day's work, it was suggested that Gaber should change places with him. The change having been effected, we soon came to one of the most interesting portions of the route. Swerving a little to the right, we found ourselves at the edge of a monster crevasse which could be made out from Macugnaga; then, turning to the left, we walked for some distance along it in the direction of a promising bridge by which we hoped to cross. Before the bridge was an irregular mound, along the front of which we passed without much difficulty. Then, burrowing through the froth of snow on its further side, we crept slowly downward, leaving between us and the crevasse a frail barrier, on the outside of which our

right arms were at one point placed so as to overhang the brink. The next moment Gaber was at the bridge, promptly hacking at the cornice which covered its lower end. Imseng, for some reason, seemed to think this bridge impracticable, and proposed to go in quest of another; but the sound of the axe in front was the sole reply, for Gaber, though by nature a man of the rocks, is fast developing an acquired taste for crevasses, and it was no ordinary pleasure for him to lead us over the most voracious-looking Schrund that it has ever been his happiness to cross.

In the few minutes which had elapsed before the preparations for crossing were complete, I took the opportunity of observing the situation from my position in the rear, which enabled me to see underneath the bridge. The crevasse may have been nine or ten yards across. Its solid walls ran straight down till they were lost in the depths, except that at one point they inclined inwards, clamping between them a large block of ice, over which the bridge itself was formed, and which had doubtless fallen in the same avalanche that had piled up the mound behind us. The bridge proved trustworthy, and the abrupt slope immediately above was ascended without apparent risk; then we turned back some few degrees to the right, being driven by the nature of the ground to deviate a little from the direction of the Sattel which it was proposed to ascend. Before long, Gaber, still unreconciled to the expedition, was glad to resign the lead into the hands of Imseng, who once more went to the front, and continued there till the rope was taken off in the evening. The slope of the mountain was now considerable, and the snow, as Gaber afterwards described it, 'bad and hollow,' but there was nothing to suggest extraordinary risk so long as we went with caution, and looked well to every step. After a time, still going a little to the right of the Sattel, we came to a colossal sérac heavily fringed with icicles, under

which we proceeded to pass, turning considerably more to the right so as to face almost north. As Imseng laboured at the steps, we had leisure to examine the massive structure on our left; but I regret that I am unable to communicate any results of scientific importance, for a crack and a rattle put an untimely end to our observations. Imseng with a shout sprang forward, while the hindmost darted back, and R. Pendlebury, *in medio* but not *tutissimus*, with the rope taut on either side, received a smart rap on the head from a fragment of an icicle; W. M. Pendlebury was struck on the chest by a larger block, and although in the excitement of the moment the circumstance was almost unheeded, yet some days later an expanse of black and blue testified to the severity of the blow: Gaber escaped with a slight contusion above the ankle; I cannot answer for Oberto, but only the first man and the last were wholly out of the line of fire. Nevertheless, the alarm was a false one, for after this slight ebullition the sérac cooled down and suffered us to pursue our way in peace, though not altogether without a lurking suspicion that the mountain had perhaps not done its worst.

After this we plodded on for I cannot say how long, without seeming to encounter any difficulty. We looked upwards to the Sattel, and saw nothing to hinder us from reaching it. Whether the mountain was growing commonplace, or whether we were becoming hardened to anything short of the sensational, must remain an open question; but suffice it to say that everything was going well, and the idea of failure had vanished from our minds, at a moment when we were on the verge of the most alarming situation of the day. A sudden sliding of the surface through which we trod brought the whole party to an instantaneous halt. Each man planted himself in his steps, and looked on in silence, no sound being heard but the hiss of the snow as it skimmed down the steep

slopes on every side. Perhaps an avalanche was coming, perhaps not; we had no means of judging for the moment which of these contingencies was the more probable. And yet our feeling was one almost of indifference, for the reason doubtless that, although we may have been in some danger, we were absolutely free from perplexity, since nothing could now be more self-evident than that we must abandon the Sattel, and make with all care for the very lowest point of the rocks on its right. Accordingly, it was not long before we were again in motion. We had waited for a time to see what was coming, but the sliding went on without diminution, and at the same time, as I thought, without material increase. Gaber, however, remarking that it grew worse every instant, was anxious to be at once on the move, and recommended very judiciously that we should go some distance to the right, and then mount straight up in a line of still snow under cover of a sérac. He had singled out perhaps the only spot in the neighbourhood where the slope was undisturbed. The snow was in motion right and left, and some distance in front, but the current immediately above was turned by the sérac itself, and poured off in strong stream to the north. At the sérac we made a halt and drank some wine, feeling ourselves for the moment in a position of comparative security, and having, perhaps, an irrational confidence that somehow we must succeed now that we were almost within a stone's throw of the solid rocks. But, confidence or no confidence, the right course was to go on; for had not retreat likewise its risks, which we were in no mood to under-estimate? Earlier in the ascent we might well have been turned back by similar appearances; but with the rocks now close in front, and hours of softening snow behind, it was clear as the day that we must go forward, since it was no longer consistent with prudence to go back. Whether the situation was really

dangerous, we were unable to judge. But it was idle to speculate: the practical issue had to be tried: one stage more, and then the rock—perhaps. Accordingly we passed under the sérac to the south, and scrambled up its side; a piece of work which, under more favourable circumstances, might have been thought difficult. We then made for the last sérac, which lay midway between us and the lowest point of the final ridge, and from which a small crevasse ran down obliquely to the right, so as to separate us from the slope by which we were to reach the rocks. The snow here seemed better than below, but, the incline being greater, it was deemed right to use every precaution before we fully committed ourselves. Imseng was sent to the front for the first trial, and went to the full extent of his own rope, now uncoiled for the first time, while the main body of the party remained well placed below; Gaber next followed, changing places with R. Pendlebury;* then one by one, we stepped over the crevasse, till the last man had left his firm footing under the sérac, and the whole party was launched irrevocably upon the slope.

It was felt that the decisive moment was now at hand, and that in a brief space the fate of the expedition must be determined; but we gave our minds to the work before us, and wasted very little thought on possible consequences. The snow was not to be trifled with, but it bore the pressure put upon it, and showed no symptoms calculated to cause uneasiness; and, indeed, but for the recollection of what we had experienced below, it would scarcely have occurred to us at this point that there was any danger at all to be feared; but, as it was, we went with the utmost caution, fully resolved that up to the last step

* The order from this point to the summit was: Imseng, Gaber, Oberto, W. M. Pendlebury, R. Pendlebury, myself. After reaching the ridge, we used only our own rope, which was 100 feet in length.

no chance should be thrown away. I have a sufficiently lively recollection of the scene, but there is little that I could say by way of description which would not be better left to the imagination of the reader. The simple fact was that six men, joined by some fifty yards of cord, were nearing the end of a short steep snow-slope. A few steps, and the head of the column was hopefully near the goal. A few more, with growing confidence but undiminished care, and the last film of doubt was scattered by a subdued *Jodel* from Imseng, which announced that the rocks of the 'Vorspitze' were reached, and the day was won.

Up to this point, as we learned on the following day, our porter had been anxiously watching us in company with Lochmatter. Once they had lost sight of us, but we soon reappeared, and thenceforward remained in view until the rocks were reached.† The time must have passed slowly down below; but our own feeling was one of sheer amazement, when we found that five good hours had elapsed from the first halt, and eight hours, including one spent in halts, from the start, for our watches positively assured us that it was not far short of half-past ten.‡

After a few words of consultation among the guides we set off again, going at first to the north of the ridge, the opposite side to that which Imseng had intended to try. While we were still on the snow some one had foreboded that the rocks themselves might present insuperable difficulties, but Imseng pledged his word that success was certain if they

* Imseng's expression for the Ost Spitze.

† Burgener then returned to Macugnaga, and, starting at midnight, brought our knapsacks over the Weisssthor to the Riffel.

‡ We had expected to clear the snow much earlier, otherwise the expedition might have been abandoned. We lost time, doubtless, by letting one guide lead almost without intermission. The eastern slope of Monte Rosa, being fully exposed to the morning sun, became less safe towards midday; and for this reason the *descent* from Monte Rosa to Macugnaga is not, as a rule, to be recommended.

could once be reached. I had myself put the question both over night and in the morning, and had extracted from him the further assurance that, if the worst came to the worst, we might cross the Sattel and find an escape by the route of the Sesia Joch; but as for the rocks, he had seen them from above, and had no doubt whatever that they might be climbed. It so happened, however, that we did not approach them in the way that he had planned, nor do I think it likely that he had surveyed our actual route in detail; but we were more than nine hours of daylight to the good, which gave time enough, though none to spare.

For the first few steps the rocks were not steep, but they were interspersed with some patches of snow and ice. Afterwards they became steeper, and we ascended by a sort of gully, inclining a little to the north; the climbing being perhaps intermediate in difficulty to that in the Zermatt and Breuil ascents of the Matterhorn. Once only, as we were passing up, and along the face of a wall on the left, we came upon a weak point in the ledge, which, however, was easily detected. After a while we crossed over to a wall on the right, and there spent much time in quenching our thirst from a rock of more than average dampness. In this halt and another of like nature, some hour and a quarter or more may have been consumed; for we concluded a little prematurely that we could now afford to loiter. At one point, which I cannot precisely fix, we encountered an obstacle in the shape of a smooth inclined slab, which no one man alone would have found it an easy matter to surmount; accordingly Imseng was first pushed up, and the rope was then for once brought actually into use instead of being worn merely by way of precaution. The next thing that I remember is our arrival at a point on the backbone of the ridge, from which we looked down to the Grenz Sattel, on the left;

the Silber Sattel and the Nord End being to our right front.

Although we had now been for a long time on the rocks, some good work remained to be done before the ascent even of the eastern peak was accomplished—a peak which is of sufficient importance in the history of mountaineering to be called by a distinctive name, whether Ost Spitze or any other, since it was ascended from the Silber Sattel before the Allerhöchste Spitze had been reached, and is cut off from the true summit by a gap which was described as quite impassable. But we felt that the gap must now be passed, and passed it was, though with what degree of difficulty I can scarcely say, for the inclination to discriminate was fast evaporating. The complete ascent of the ridge was to occupy us for what remains of five hours when the duration of the long halts already mentioned is subtracted; and, whether because the time was long, or because we had expected it to be shorter, our freshness showed signs of wearing off before the summit-cross was seen over the left shoulder of the Ost Spitze; so that, without meaning any disrespect to the rocks, we began to whisper that we had had enough, considering that the sun had all day poured an unwelcome blaze upon us, after perversely refusing to show us a view from some half-score of peaks that we had climbed before. No vestige of doubt survived to make our toil interesting; there was nothing for it but to work on and long for the end. Upwards again over walls and towers and pinnacles—to which may some future chronicler do fuller justice—and down and outside projecting rocks, and round them to the right, and once more up, till at length the last impossibility way fairly vanquished, and the labour of thirteen hours was brought to a successful close.*

* The following new route up Monte Rosa may be suggested as worth trying:—Mount the Grenz Sattel from the Riffel, and complete the ascent from this point, according to Imseng's original plan.

The usual banquet followed, and does not need to be particularly described; but the champagne of victory had been left behind, for it was voted tempting fate to speak even with an 'If' of reaching the summit. The general view was good, excepting the extreme distance, and we could see down under a cloud to Macugnaga. By one half of the party the Matterhorn was now for the first time seen close at hand. As Imseng inspected it, he augured that there was still too much snow upon it; for it was the desire to ascend this peak that had brought us into the neighbourhood, although Monte Rosa had been taken by the way.

A little

hour, we started for the descent in the fresh tracks of a party from the Riffel. Below the Sattel the snow was extremely deep, and we were frequently reminded that there were crevasses under foot; but at length, after all delays, we came to the rocks of Auf der Platte, and our troubles were at an end. We reached the Riffel at about 8.30 P.M., or upwards of eighteen hours from the time of start. Imseng was giving me his autobiography—how that he was a Saas man, and related to the well-known mountaineering *curé* of that place, who was drowned three years before in the Mattmark Sea; had been settled for some time in Macugnaga; was twenty-seven years of age, though, by the way, he looked younger; was a *Fäger* by profession, but also worked in the mines—when our attention was arrested by an electric flash from the left, a signal from the Zermatt *cabane* to the lower world. Almost at the same instant we reached the hotel, already full to overflowing, and ordered dinner with a quiet mind, reflecting that a blanket and a doorstep would reproduce all the accommodation of 'Rücke Jägi;' but in due time it was announced that there was prepared for us 'das schönste Zimmer im ganzen Hause,' to wit the drawing-room, where we slept in dreamless state, till roused at six by the

general stir to see the first party of the season on their way to the summit of the Matterhorn.*

* Young Peter Taugwalder, having crossed the Matterhorn with us from Zermatt to Breuil (July 24 and 25) is now in a position to say whether the scene of the accident of 1865 is still traversed. Under his lead things went as well as could be desired. He showed a little anxiety before beginning the descent, but was soon reassured when he found that the last man, Gaber, was to be trusted.

C. T.

before 4 o'clock

ANTICIPATION,

Dim, dark, and dreary dawns the day,
Chill cloudy vapours climb the cliff,
Nor shows a single sail or skiff
About the billow-broken bay.
Yet wherefore does the muffled roar
The surging sea-surf makes aloof,
And winds that whistle round the roof
Serve but to make my spirit gay?
Thy coming casts a light before
That drives all thought of care away.

C.



HOW TO GET INFLUENCE.

PART I.—THE WRONG WAY.

I HAD been some six years in orders, when the increasing population of the parish, and the increasing age of the rector, induced him to give a title to another curate.

Wauters, my new colleague, was a very good fellow: but, like most young deacons, largely gifted with zeal, untempered by discretion, and, with the very best intentions, always getting into hot water. It was his fixed idea that a curate was a man of great importance: Estimating the value of his sermons by the difficulty he found in composing them, he fully expected to evangelise the nation before he had done. As for his present parish, it was a mere first-fruits of success that he expected to garner in a few years. Social influence, however, was his great hobby; and with the view of obtaining this influence he was always getting mixed up in the queerest company in his endeavour "to get hold of the laity"—that was his favourite phrase; "only get hold of them, mix with them, talk to them, let them feel the power of your mind, and it's astonishing the influence the church could obtain.

One day when he was holding forth upon the accustomed theme of "getting a hold upon the laity" I told him the story about "catching a Tartar:" he

remarked that it was a very clever story, without the least idea of making a personal application. A little common sense would have shewn him that hard headed, shrewd artisans, who used their votes and read newspapers, were not likely to be influenced by the ideas of a young man just entering upon life.

In his search after influence, and in imitation of a well-known clergyman, now gone to his rest, Wauters had been persuaded to have his name proposed at the next meeting of the Free Masons' Lodge that met in the town. I was trying to make him see that where Dr. K—, a man of great tact and talent, had succeeded, he might egregiously fail. I might as well have talked to the wind.

"Whatever possessed you to do it?" I said. "You get influence; why you could not influence a child." I was put out and perhaps spoke strongly.

"Oh! I assure you I am getting a great deal of influence. There's Mrs. Timson (the wife of the greatest sot in the place) told me the other day that her husband had been quite an altered character ever since I spoke seriously on the evil of drink: if he only could get decent clothes he would come to church regular." Wauters spoke as if Timson had previously considered drinking a virtue, and would leave it off when he knew that it was vicious; or as if my friend's sound but slightly commonplace arguments would reform a drunkard to whom ruined health and ragged children and desolate home appealed in vain. In the end the man got the clothes, and of course sold them and got drunk on the proceeds, in preference to reforming and coming to church.

But to return to Freemasonry. As a last chance I tried to take another view of the matter. "How will you bear the branding," I said, trying to look serious; "you are aware that one of the ceremonies of initiation is branding the naked flesh with a hot iron."

"Oh! well, you know, that did frighten me at

first; but Smith, who is going to propose my name, assured me that that ceremony is dispensed with in the case of the clergy." My efforts were vain, and Wauters was duly proposed, seconded, and elected as a Free and Accepted Mason.

Most of us believe that the great duty of a Freemason is to look solemn whenever the secrets of the Society are mentioned, and be as social as possible at the meetings; that the great secret is that there is no secret. But the new member was not a man to hide his light under a bushel, and was determined to make the most of his new position. To hear him you might think that the importance of Masonic business was at least equal to a State secret. I have known him produce quite a sensation at a dinner-party by getting up suddenly and holding a whispered conversation with his host, of which we could only catch such expressions as "very sorry to leave—must excuse me—lodge night—matters of deepest importance—must attend:" the whole delivered with great gravity, as if the fate of the Royal Family were in consideration, and Wauters himself was the only upholder of the principle of hereditary government.

Such constant care as this could not go unrewarded, and W. shortly became chaplain to the lodge. This was a great opportunity; for the lodge cordially recognising the principle that every one should pay his own expenses, gave him *carte blanche* in the matter of uniform.

Messrs. Cope and Alb, the great vestment makers, were applied to on the subject; they gave the rein to their imagination, and produced effects of the most novel and gorgeous description. There was an apron of the whitest and softest leather, gauntlets, the trowel-cleaner, the hod-rest, the scarf, and a number of other gimcracks; white satin lace, and silver brocade were freely used, and the effect can be more easily imagined than described. It was said that Messrs. A. and C.

exhibited the uniform of the new chaplain in their establishment, and it was generally supposed by visitors to form part of the vestments worn by prelates in the Greek church; but this may have been fiction; one of those legends that crystallize round the great events of history.

However, if Freemasonry had its privileges, such as wearing vestments, presiding at suppers, and obtaining influence, it also had duties of which Wauters was soon to feel the weight. The Freemasons in R. were mostly of that respectable class who can afford a good supper once a month, but there were others at a distance not so blessed by fortune.

One day, as W. was passing a tramp's lodging-house in his district, a seedy, dirty stranger advanced, gave the Masonic grip and asked an alms. Now it is well known that if a Freemason hears of a brother in distress he is bound to relieve him, "unless he can refer him to the treasurer of the lodge."

It is an unpleasant thing to have a public understanding with seedy and needy strangers by means of signs unintelligible to the police, and therefore suspicious, and likely to lead into trouble should robbery be committed in the neighbourhood; but Wauters was not a man to flinch from his duties: moreover he did not know the saving clause of the rule quoted above. He took the Mason home, and supplied him with clothes and money.

W.'s liberality was quickly noised abroad, and the number of Masonic visitors to R. increased to such an extent that hardly a week elapsed without black mail of this description being levied upon my poor friend.

At last a Freemason became an object of terror to W., for he knew what was impending; as soon as the stranger began to make his wants known, W. would quicken his pace: the stranger would walk fast, but W. would walk faster, and generally succeeded in

walking his companion either out of sight or out of breath. Thus he managed never to hear the whole of the sad tale of woe, and could declare on lodge-nights that he had never seen a brother Mason in distress without giving him relief.

These tactics were diligently pursued for a few months, until one day, one ever memorable day, a begging Freemason again appeared upon the horizon; W. started off at a quick walk, but the stranger followed him with the greatest determination, and at last fairly walked him down at a peculiarly dark and lonely part of the road, thickly planted with trees. The Freemason's chaplain, however, was determined not to be done—pretended to be deaf; pretended to have lost his way; nay, pretended that he was not a Freemason at all. But this weak prevarication only seemed to provoke the unwelcome stranger, who, finding W. at his mercy, rushed at him and shouted (adding mispronunciation to his other vices), "Yer won't give me anythink, yer mean screw; calls yerself a brother Mason. I rejeks ye; casts ye off. Call yerself a Mason, I'll guv ye the Mason's grip;" and with that he rushed at his companion, and compressing his windpipe with the right arm, gave him such a hug as only a garotter could achieve.

Poor W. fell senseless to the ground, and the brother, after rifling his pockets of everything valuable, made off across the fields and was never heard of again.

A serious illness was the result of this adventure, but still more serious was the ridicule that attached to the affair, and another curacy shortly received my friend. On parting, the rector expressed his sorrow at losing so promising a subordinate; hoped that his after-life would fulfil the promise of his early days, but, he added, "if I may be allowed to suggest, don't try Masonic influence again."

PART II.—THE RIGHT WAY.

It is well known to all students of mathematics that the attractive power of friendship varies inversely as the distance of friends. A friendship that is all absorbing in the matter of tea and breakfast when the friends keep on the same staircase, dwindles when they remove to different courts, and altogether vanishes when one of them migrates to a distant college. In obedience to this law, the intimacy that subsisted between Wauters and myself whilst we were in the same parish vanished altogether when he removed to his new curacy. Several letters, however, passed between us, from which it appeared that his views were undergoing a change: in one he remarked, "I feel I am more likely to gain influence over the exalted powers and delicate sensibilities of the female mind than over untutored radicals." Again he writes, "Personal and private intercourse with one companion or with several seated round the domestic tea-table is the sphere in which I am calculated to shine." Mixed with these were many complaints of the loneliness of lodgings, and remarks on the increased influence that a suitable marriage brought to a zealous curate; following up this clue, the sagacious reader will not be surprised to hear that in a few months a paragraph in the *Times*, and a parcel containing wedding-cake, informed me that the common lot of marriage had fallen to Wauters. Soon after, I saw his name in the list of Ecclesiastical appointments as Vicar of C.

Fifteen long years rolled away without giving me a sight of my friend; at the end of that time I agreed to take his duty during his holiday, being chiefly prompted by a desire to see how Wauters fared in his search after influence.

The time passed away pleasantly enough, and I was delighted to find out how popular my old friend was. The churchwarden told me that it was hard to recognise

the village, so numerous had been the vicar's changes. A well-considered restoration, that retained all traces of the good old times whilst removing the barbarisms of the Georgian era, had, before the astonished eyes of the villagers, changed their tumble-down barn of a church into a place where God might be fitly worshipped; the old choir, containing some of the greatest reprobates in the parish, had been routed out, and a well-taught train of white-robed choristers installed in their places; no longer did the "hanthem," a complicated kind of discord sung in parts, vex the ears of the worshippers, but the singing was of that simple yet devotional character in which all the congregation could and did join. Nor were the vicar's changes confined to the church alone: Wauters lived among his people and for them; education was promoted by efficient schools; coal clubs and clothing clubs helped the poor by teaching them to help themselves.

As I visited the people in their home, the good done by Wauters shone out more conspicuously. In one cottage people living in open sin had been persuaded into marriage; children had been brought to school, and they in their turn persuaded their parents to come to church. The people looked to the vicar for advice: he it was who settled their differences; he stood as a mediator between the rich and the poor, preaching forbearance to the one, respect and deference to the other. "What would the vicar say?" was the thought uppermost in the cottagers' minds, not that the vicar said much, for he never attempted to dictate, and only gave advice when it was asked for and when it would be useful.

I was, however, not sorry when my term of office was over. The vicar was evidently a very important man, and really they seemed to like him better than me; they were glad to see my face, but it was because they expected to have some news of the vicar. I actually saw the squire asleep when I was preaching

my celebrated sermon on the Apostolical Succession, and he took an opportunity of saying "Ah! we had such a beautiful sermon on that text three months back." This was embarrassing; when I preach I don't like to be reminded of beautiful sermons on the same text; I was, therefore, glad to welcome my old friend on his return. He seemed much the same as usual, but fatter, and looking as if a walking match with a vagrant Freemason would do him good.

"Well, old friend," I said, on parting, "you seem to have gained all the influence you used to desire."

"My dear fellow," he replied, "I was wrong in those days; I am wiser now. I never aim at obtaining influence, and simply content myself with doing my duty."

Those who seek for influence are seldom successful in their search; the best influence is that which we can all obtain by doing our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us.

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LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

"BOOTS! waiter! chambermaid!" I shouted, after applying myself in vain to the bells, which bore their respective names. A pretty girl in a smart gown and pink cap-ribbons at last answered my impatient summons.

"As it's getting late and I have to be off by the early train to-morrow, I'll not take any supper to-night, Mary, my dear; but if you'll show me the way to the smoking-room, I'll just have a pipe, and then turn in."

"We haven't got no reg'lar smoking-room, sir."

"Then the coffee-room, it will do quite as well."

"Very sorry, sir but there's no fire, and I'm afeard you'll find it cold without one; you see we never has no company whatever scarcely this time of year, least-ways, not enough to make it worth our while to keep a fire there. However, there's a capital one in the commercial-room, and only one gent a-staying in the house to-night; he said he found it so precious slow by hisself, that he sent me to ask master to step up and drink his grog with him: so I'm sure they'll be happy, if you'll join them, sir."

The offer was a good one, so I closed with it, and followed my smiling conductress upstairs.

Why is it, I should like to know, that the commercial-room at an inn is always the most cheerless apartment in the whole house? Is there some curse which dogs that useful portion of the British public, and compels them, like the demons of old, to wander

about in waste places? in other respects the fraternity of the bag seems singularly alive to its own comforts; why then, I repeat, is it that the rooms they frequent are invariably comfortless? for if any of my readers has ever come across a commercial-room, which *could* boast of any convenience or beauty, I should be glad to know its locality, so remarkable an exception to the rule would deserve special notice.

The apartment into which I was ushered was an average specimen of the genus; it was square, with a recess on the left-hand as you entered, occupied by a side-board, which tried to look like mahogany and failed most signally in the attempt. The top of this structure was garnished with long rows of attenuated wine-glasses and dropsical tumblers standing on gouty feet; amid the shades beneath lurked a brass-bound sarcophagus originally intended to hold decanters, but now degraded to the menial office of coal-scuttle. On the opposite side were two windows shrouded by curtains, the original colour of which it was difficult to determine, lapse of years and the action of the sun without and tobacco-smoke within having reduced them to a neutral brown; the floor was covered by a species of cloth, known, I believe, in the trade as Kamptulicon; a table occupied the centre of the room, stained with cycles of bygone beer-pots, its only other ornaments being an ink-bottle, now dry, a few pens that wouldn't write, last month's Bradshaw, and some blotting-paper, which had long forfeited all right to the first half of its name; a few wooden chairs, a cracked looking-glass, sundry spittoons, and a sofa so hard that no man in his senses would ever have thought of lying on it, completed the category of furniture. The walls were graced with rows of pegs, now empty; from the ceiling depended a gaselier, one globe of which it is needless to say was broken, and the whole apartment had a dingy fly-blown appearance, and was impregnated with a strong odour of stale tobacco. By the

fire were seated two individuals, in one of whom I easily recognized the landlord: he was a red-faced, vulgar little fellow, and was smoking a yard of clay, which, in conjunction with his own, he ever and anon moistened with copious draughts from a pewter pot that stood at his elbow. His companion, who was puffing away at the stump of an ill-conditioned cigar, clearly belonged to that body yclept by our forefathers "bagmen," but at the present day designated by the more pretentious title of "travellers par excellence."

The genus "bagman" may be divided into several classes; first there is the smart young man, who represents tailoring and draping establishments, wears clothes of the latest and loudest cut, cultivates moustaches, and aspires to the rank of swell; there is the quiet, unobtrusive party, who does the business of cloth or carpet manufacturers, has a wife and family of embryo travellers at home, saves money, hopes for a partnership, and is usually a Scotchman; again there is the jewellers' and goldsmiths' traveller, pompous, aristocratic and clean shaven, dressed in black, with a gold watch-chain, and great idea of keeping up the dignity of the order; lastly we have the gent, who takes orders in the grocery and chandlery line, generally a middle-aged man, once a swell, now run to seed, fat, heavy, wearing sham jewelry and dirty linen, and displaying a large quantity of both. To the last class belonged our traveller, a black-haired, shabbily-dressed individual, with straggling whiskers, and a complexion like tallow; his face, when in repose, wore a look of good-natured stupidity, but at the moment of my entrance it was lighted up by the eagerness with which he was discussing some point of interest with the landlord.

"Well!" I heard him exclaim, "you may say what you like, Saunders, but you'll never persuade me that the old times weren't the best. I hate your trains and railways and bother: I only wish they'd do away

with them and let us have our mail-coaches back again."

"Mail-coaches, Mister 'Obson! a pretty state of things it is you're advocating; why you'll be wanting Noah's ark back next, which I think it was the fust conveyance on record. Good hevening, Sir, I 'ope I see you well." (This last aside to me.) "Mail-coaches, indeed; you talk about the 'urry and bustle of trains, Mr. 'Obson, but I should like to know what it was to them 'orrid coaches, where you 'ad to sit four in a little bit of a place no bigger nor a dutch oven, or helse be froze to death on the houtside: then the working hof 'em too, nasty things! there was my poor father, that's dead and gone, used to 'orse one, and would 'ave ruined hisself, but for the railways a-coming in; and then where should we hall 'ave been? why in the wurkus to be shure."

"And the best place for you too, Saunders, if you couldn't manage your business better than that; however I'll give up the coaches to you, they were never much in my line; but think of the time, when a gent like me took orders up and down the country in a neat trap, brown body with red wheels, or yellow may be, picked out with black, and a nice spicey little tit between the shafts: had your glass at every house you passed, and stopped for the night at any particularly nice one you might come across: none of your Railway Taverns or Commercial Hotels, but a quiet, decent Inn like this was, before you were fool enough to enlarge it; neat wines, neat bars, and neat landladies behind them, who were ready enough to toss up a nice little bit of dinner with their own hands for a particular friend. Oh, those were times!"

"Now, Mister 'Obson, now really, Sir, 'ow can you talk like that, and you a commercial gent too? what would this 'ere establishment 'ave been but for railways? why nothink at all; we 'adn't no visitors whatever to speak on, before the railway come. I'm very fond of

vegetation, but that's no reason why I should heat cabbage half my life, I suppose? its progress we want nowadays, and railways is progress; what's to become of the march of intellect and hadvance of civilization without em?"

"Bother your march of intellect, Saunders; you sit by your fireside, and as long as you've plenty of customers and get your bills paid—precious long ones they are too!—what matter to you how many risks folks run. But it's a very different story for a poor beggar like me that has to be running up and down the country for more than half the year; look at the accidents that are happening every day! look at the notices in the newspapers, 'another fearful railway catastrophe, frightful loss of life!' it's awful, Sir; you can't go into a station either without being reminded of it, great insurance placards staring you in the face, 'loss of life so much, broken limbs so much more,' enough to make a man foreswear travelling altogether. It's positively awful, I say."

"Good hevins, Mister 'Obson, what nonsense this is you're a-talking! I never see'd sich a reg'lar hold hantedelugium in half my born days. I suppose you never 'eard tell of no 'orses running away nor no coaches hupsetting? but you're a-joking, Sir, I see you are."

"Joking! I'll be hanged if I am," returned the hantedelugium (by which word, we presume, Mr. Saunders intended to express the antiquated predilections of his adversary); "of course coaches did upset, but what then? why you picked yourself up or were picked up by some one else, rubbed the dirt off your back and gave Sally chambermaid at the next house half-a-crown and a kiss to stitch up the rents in your what-ye-may-call-ems. There was an end of it. Who ever heard of thirteen killed and thirty seriously wounded by a mail-coach upsetting? answer me that if you please. Then, let alone the actual danger, look

at the frights you get on the line, the hurry and bustle you go through only to find that you've ever-so-long to wait at some wretched little road-side station. I had a journey in Ireland some years ago, that for positive misery would be hard to beat, hard, I say, to beat, Sir. Have you ever been in Ireland, may I ask?"

I admitted that I had not.

"Nor you, Saunders, I think."

"No, Mister 'Obson, I can't say I 'ave."

"Then if you'll take my advice you'll not go. To say nothing of the discomforts of the sea voyage, it's a poor country, a very poor country indeed, and doesn't to my mind repay the trouble of a visit. I travel for Figgins and Grigg, the great Bond Street Provision Dealers, as our friend Saunders knows,—may I ask you to accept one of their cards? ah! thank you Sir:—they do a great business in the west of Ireland, so I'm often across the water for orders. But I see you're tired and want to be off to bed."

"On the contrary," I rejoined, "I should like to hear your experiences very much."

"Well, Sir, as you're so kind as to say so, I'll relate them, if Saunders is agreeable."

The gentleman alluded to moved his head in token of assent and Mr. Hobson began.

"It was a dirty afternoon in November; I'd just finished my rounds in Donegal and was starting from Stranorlar, a little bit of a town in that county, on my way to Belfast, to catch the night-boat for England. On arriving at the station I found the whole platform crowded so thick with peasantry, that I could scarcely make my way along; strapping young fellows in grey frieze, with bundles over their shoulder, and their wives on their arm; old men leaning on their sticks; and country women, both old and young, their heads covered with shawls and their legs with—just nothing at all. What's all this stir about, Pat!" said I to the

Jarvie, whose car had brought me and my luggage from the inn. 'Bedad, yer honour,' says he 'its just the boys laving us for Austrhaly, and sorra be to me, but its croying oi am *meeself* enthoirely to part widg em,' and the honest fellow's eyes overflowed, as he spoke, in proof of his sincerity. It was indeed a pitiful sight; mothers hanging round their children's necks, weeping and beseeching heaven to bless their darlings; on one side two manly young fellows, brothers probably, would be standing, wringing each other's hands, while the tears they could not repress trickled down their weather-beaten cheeks; on another some old man, too old to hope ever to see again the grandson who was leaving him, would cling to the boy with silent despair in his face, and caress him again and again, while the brave lad strove to check the rising sobs and say a cheery word, lest the sight of his grief should add to his grandsire's misery. You're a married man yourself, Saunders?"

"I ham," was the emphatic rejoinder.

"And the father of a family?"

Mine host admitted the soft impeachment.

"Then you will sympathize with my feelings on witnessing this heartrending scene. But worse was to follow: the train came up, the last embrace was over, the last kiss given, and the weeping emigrants tore themselves away from their heart-broken relations; poor souls, poor poor souls. The whistle sounded and we began to move. Then from every mouth at once arose one prolonged wail, the like of which I have never heard before nor since. I have witnessed in my time, gentlemen, many painful sights; I have been present at great factory-fires, where crowds of wretched operatives stood by and watched their bread, their very life, consuming before their eyes; I have listened during the cotton-famine to the piteous entreaties of the sufferers for relief from the starvation and death which stared them in the face; I once saw, heaven

help them, a crowd of mourning women and children round the mouth of a Lancashire coalpit, where fathers, brothers, husbands, lay dead or dying, and their lamentations, God knows, were sad enough; but never, no never, have I heard anything, which expressed such bitter despair, such utter desolation of soul, as that Irish wail on the platform at Stranorlar."

As he uttered these words, the narrator's voice faltered and he had to pause and take a drink from his glass of whisky-and-water before he could proceed. My heart warmed to this dirty stranger, who, with all his vulgarity, possessed so kindly a heart, while, as for the landlord, he sat looking the picture of woe and solemn sympathy.

"The carriage, in which I had taken my place," resumed the traveller, "was filled with these poor folk, crying, sobbing, and kissing each other; then one of them would pull out a bottle of whisky and pass it round, and by degrees they'd get quieter and begin to talk cheerily, until some well-known object or other passed by the windows, at the sight of which their tears and cries would break out afresh. Oh, they're an honest kind-hearted race these Irish peasants, and if any one says they're not, you may tell him, with Joseph Hobson's compliments, that he's a liar; their love for friends and country is just touching, sir.

"Well, this continued until we reached Armagh, where I changed trains, and it made me feel so miserable, that I actually hadn't the heart to smoke a pipe. All along of your railways, Saunders, for in the good old times these poor folk would have remained at home; at any rate if they hadn't, I should have been travelling in the mail-coach or my own trap, and so missed seeing them.

"At Armagh, as I said, we parted, I joining the Belfast train, the emigrants going on to Cork, where their vessel lay. 'You've got two hours to wait here, your train's late,' were the first words which greeted my ear

on alighting. 'The dickens I have,' said I, 'and how's that, guard?' 'Why, a goods-train has broken down in front of yours, sir, and it will be quite two hours before the line's cleared.' Here again you see, Saunders, if it had been a coach, we'd have had another up in a crack, but your plaguey railways only allow room for one train at a time.

"Now waiting at railway-stations, gentlemen, is an unpleasant occupation, whatever the time and place; but it's more especially so, when the particular place in question happens to be a dirty, draughty, ill-lighted shed in the heart of Ireland, and the time, five o'clock on a cold foggy afternoon in November; nor is the thought, that by waiting here you are probably missing your boat at the far end, calculated to raise your drooping spirits or make you feel more resigned. After searching for a refreshment-room but in vain (and no wonder for the station did not possess one), I trudged down the street, a badly-lighted, worse-paved lane, to the inn and called for tea; tea came, but what stuff it was; if China had never recovered the effects of the deluge it would have made no difference whatever to *that* tea. 'Waiter! have you got a billiard-table?' I asked after discussing this cheerful beverage. 'We haven't a *single one* in the house, sorr,' he replied with great emphasis, as though they were just out of stock, but expected a fresh consignment at an early date. 'Then bring me your latest paper.' It was a week old of course, and therefore not sufficiently interesting to keep my thoughts engaged, for I'm a nervous subject, gentlemen, though you mightn't think it, and I couldn't help fancying the train might be in, though only an hour had gone. So back I went to the station and found everything much as I had left it; two cattle-drovers and a porter snoring before a wretched fire, the rain drip-dripping from the eaves and the oil-lamps flickering just as before, but not a sign of the train. For two weary hours did I

tramp that platform, dismally speculating on where the boat was by this time, and breathing anathemas on line, weather, and everything generally, myself included. Just as I had determined to give it up as a bad job, and stay the night at the inn, up came the train with a great shriek fit to frighten one to death, just three hours late.

"Here ye are, sir," shouts the porter, shoving me into an empty first-class, 'I'll see to yer luggage and ye'll not stop 'til—' (here followed some unpronounceable word, which I can't remember). This was better than I expected; no one to disturb me; I should be able to sleep all the way to Belfast. 'Tickets,' roars a fellow with a voice like a bull-calf, thrusting a lantern into my face just as I was comfortably settled. How abominable these railway regulations are! why can't they put one down in a way-bill and have done with it?

"However, we were off at last, so after closing my eyes for a minute or two I determined to have one last look round and then really go to sleep. Imagine then my horror on lifting my head to see a figure, enveloped in a great cape, slowly rise from the floor and proceed to lay hands on my traps; so astounded was I at this apparition, that I had to gaze hard for some seconds and rub my eyes, before I could convince myself that the person standing with his back to me was not the creation of a dream. Now I am no coward, gentlemen, though you may be disposed to think so, when you've heard me out; but when a man opens his eyes and sees some one in a railway carriage, which was empty when he closed them two minutes before, I think you'll allow that man has some cause for alarm. What an awful moment it was to be sure! Ghosts first flashed across my mind, then robbers; could it be some Fenian cut-throat? going to murder me perhaps for the sake of my watch and samples; and there was I boxed up with the blood-thirsty ruffian in a space some 8 ft.

by 5 ft. for goodness knew how long. I cast a desperate glance towards the door, it was locked on my side; the cord of communication, I shuddered to perceive, was at the far window; to reach it I must pass along the whole length of the carriage. At this moment the figure turned; down went my head like a shot; I shut my eyes and shivering with fear pretended to be asleep. I could hear his footsteps moving towards me; I could tell by the darkness that he was bending over me; I felt his warm breath upon my cheek; my agony was so intense that I distinctly heard the beatings of my own heart; he seized me by the shoulder, and in another moment I expected to have a knife drawn across my throat. It was too much, I sprang to my feet; 'spare me,' I cried clasping him round the knees, 'take my purse, my watch, everything, but spare my life.' The robber burst into a shriek of laughter, 'what Joe Hobson,' he cried, 'do you actually not know me, not know Tom Short of Whelpton and Snape's! oh what a game this is! but man alive dont look so scared; I'd lost my ticket on my way from Limerick and have had to hide under the seat at every blessed station, or that fool of a guard would have made me stump up again, that's all.'

"And Tom it was, sure enough, with a beard like a cow's tail, which he'd managed to grow since last I saw him. That and—well I suppose I must confess it—sheer fright prevented my recognizing him at first. Now Saunders," turning sharp round on the startled landlord, "did you ever in your life hear of anyone hiding under the seat of a mail-coach and frightening honest folk out of their wits?"

"I can't say as 'ow I 'ave, Mister 'Obson."

"Nor you neither, sir?"

"No," I answered.

"I thought not," said the triumphant bagman.

SERMO.



THE PARROT OF BAGDAD.

From the Masnavi of Maulána Rûmî.

IN far-famed Bagdad in a druggist's shop
There lived a parrot, such a clever bird
That passengers in the bazaar would stop
To hear him; he could utter every word
Of the "First Chapter;"* I have even heard
That the Imám was seriously vexed
Because the parrot's reading was preferred
To his own services, on this pretext
That polly threw so much more feeling in the text.

One day a cat, intent upon a mouse,
Caused the poor parrot a tremendous fright
By dashing unawares into the house;
Extremely disconcerted at the sight
Our parrot spreads his wings, and taking flight
Upwards toward the ceiling straight proposes,
Aloft and out of danger, to alight
Upon a shelf, where stood some oil of roses,
Destined for Bey's and Pasha's plutocratic noses.

* The first or "Opening Chapter" of the Korán, which all orthodox Mussulmáns are supposed to know by heart.

He gained the shelf, but in his haste, alas!
 Upset the bottles with a dreadful crash;
 His master turned and saw the gilded glass
 With all its precious contents gone to smash,
 And being a man by nature rather rash,
 And apt to be by quick impulses led,
 He seized his pipe-stem, made a sudden dash
 At the offender, struck him on the head
 And stretched him on the ground to all appearance
 dead.

He was not killed, but from that very day
 A change came o'er the unlucky brute,
 His crest and topmost feathers fell away,
 Leaving him bald as the proverbial coot.
 But worse than that, he had become quite mute,
 That pious language for which heretofore
 The folks had held him in such high repute—
 His quips and jokes were silenced, and no more
 Attracted crowds of buyers round the druggist's
 door.

Alike in vain the wretched druggist tries
 To make him speak by foul means and by fair;
 Even a mirror held before his eyes*
 Elicits nothing but a vacant stare.
 When all else failed the druggist took to prayer
 And then to cursing; but it did no good,
 For Heaven refused to meddle in the affair.
 'Tis strange that men should act as though they
 could
 Cajole or frighten Heaven into a yielding mood.

* In India and Persia parrots are trained by being placed before a mirror.

At length when he had given the matter up,
 There came an old man in a dervish cloak,
 With head as bare as any china cup.
 Whereon the bird, who always liked a joke,
 Chuckled aloud, his sulky silence broke,
 For the first time since the untoward event,
 And thus in sympathising accents spoke,
 Though with an air of ill-disguised content:—
 "Holloa, old boy, have you upset your master's
 scent?"

He carried his analogy too far,
 And so do more than half the world beside;
 They say that such things are not or they are,
 And on experience alone decide.
 Thus the immortal Abdáls* who preside
 Over the Spheres can be perceived of few,
 Yet their existence cannot be denied.
 And of two things submitted to their view
 Men still receive the false one and reject the
 true.

Two insects on the selfsame blossom thrive,
 Equal in form and hue and strength of wing,
 Yet this one brings home honey to the hive,
 While that one carries nothing but a sting.
 So from one bank two beds of rushes spring,
 Drawing their moisture from the selfsame rill;
 Yet as the months the alternate seasons bring,
 The stalks of one kind will with sugar fill,
 The other kind will be but hollow rushes still.

* Invisible intelligent beings, who are supposed to preside over the spheres and to be the instruments for perpetuating the phenomena of existence.

Soil, whether rich or poor, is one to see,
 Two men may be alike in outward show;
 Yet one an angel and a friend may be,
 And one a devil and a mortal foe.
 Two streams may in the selfsame valley flow,
 With equal clearness may their waters run,
 But he who tastes of them alone may know
 Which is the sweet and which the bitter one;
 For "nought is what it seems of all things 'neath
 the sun."

A prophet's miracles when brought to test
 Will conquer the magician's vain pretence,
 And yet, alike, the claims of either rest
 On contravening our experience
 And foiling our imperfect human sense.
 Behold when Israel's freedom is at stake,
 Moses throws down his rod in their defence.
 Their rods, too, Pharoah's skilled magicians take,
 Nor is the difference seen till his becomes a snake.

See how the tricky ape will imitate
 Each human being he may chance to see,
 And fancy in his self-conceited pate
 "I do this action quite as well as he."
 Thus does the sinner oftentimes bend the knee,
 And in the mosque prefer his sad complaint,
 Till in his own eyes he appears to be
 No whit less pious than the humble saint—
 Aye! and the world believes his sanctimonious feint.

You call him saint and he is well content
 To be a hardened sinner all the same;
 But call him sinner he will straight resent
 The insult and repudiate the name
 As though 'twere in the word that lay the shame
 And not in him to whom the name applies.
 The senseless pitcher should not bear the blame
 When in the well itself the foulness lies—
 But man still seeks to cheat his own and others' eyes.

I saw a man who laid him down to sleep
 Beside a fire one cold and wintry night;
 When lo! a burning cinder chanced to leap
 Out of the hearth and on his lips alight;
 Whereat he started up in sudden fright
 And spat it out and roared aloud with pain.
 Without perceiving then that luckless wight
 Had swallowed cinders o'er and o'er again,
 But the first one that burnt him made its presence
 plain.

To save the body from what harms or kills,
 Wise Providence this sense of pain employs;
 So too the spirit's various griefs and ills
 May prove at last a stepping-stone to joys.
 In earthly pain this hope the sufferer buoys,
 That skilful leeches make the body whole;
 But when some overpowering grief destroys
 Our peace we fly to Him who heals the soul—
 Who holds both life and death in His supreme
 control.

Physicians mend whate'er has gone amiss,
 To give sick men relief from present woe;
 He overturns the crumbling edifice
 That he may build it up again:—as though
 A man his dwelling place might overthrow
 And find a treasure where the cottage stood
 With which to build a palace; even so
 To cleanse the river bed you dam the flood,—
 To heal the wound you pare the flesh that taints
 the blood.

But how shall we define the Infinite?
 How shall we fix each fresh and varying phrase
 That flits for aye across our baffled sight
 And makes us faint and giddy as we gaze?
 Yet with his call the fowler oft essays
 To bring the errant hawk within his reach.
 So when men wander in life's devious ways,
 The Dervish, too, may utter human speech,
 And in mere mortal words immortal truths may
 teach.

Ye who would search into the truth beware
 Of false instructors who assume the name
 Of Dervish, and the woollen garment* wear
 Only to hide their inward sin and shame.
 Like false Museilimah† who dared to claim
 The honours due to Ahmed's‡ self alone,
 Till in God's time the retribution came.
 Good wine and bad are by their perfume known,
 And only in results are truth and falsehood shown.

* The garment of wool (*súf*) from which, it is said, the Eastern Mystics derive their name of *Súfi*.

† Museilimah, surnamed *el Kezúb* "The Liar" was a rival of Mohammed's in pretension to prophecy.

‡ Mohammed.



THE STAINED GLASS IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

IV.

THE WINDOWS IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

ALL the new glass in the building except this is by Messrs Clayton and Bell, and therefore this demands a chapter to itself; all the rest is in a series, and therefore again this requires separate treatment in any detailed account of the whole. There are three windows in the North Transept, one by Hardman, of Birmingham, and two by Wailes.

The window by Hardman is in the east face of the transept, it was in the old chapel, and was inserted to the memory of Professor John James Blunt, by his widow and family; it bears the following inscription: "In memoriam Johannis Jacobi Blunt. Coll: Soc:"

This is the only window we have by this maker, it is full of white glass, and has some carefully executed pictures in it, the drawing of which is particularly good.

The subjects are from the Apocalypse.

In the middle light: Christ in the Apocalyptic Vision with a sword issuing from His mouth, seven candlesticks round about him, and seven stars in His hand. S. John seeing the vision.

At the left-hand side: S. John writing.

At the right-hand side: S. John blessing little children. The children are simply small figures of men

of full stature and true proportions, reaching up to the kness of S. John. The figures of the Evangelist are beautifully drawn, the heads well finished and shaded, and the colours exceedingly rich and deep.

There is a profusion of border and ornament about the whole window which is, perhaps, not very happy, but this is not one of a series of windows, or a less thin and weak general effect would doubtless have been aimed at; compared with the tracery in which it is inserted, and the other glass which accompanies it, this looks trivial and lacking in dignity, from the excessive quantity of white glass which it contains. In the figure of S. John writing, there is a dove represented as inspiring his words; it is of unusual size, if magnified in due proportion it would be fully as large as a swan; it has one red wing and one blue. And in the otherwise beautifully-done figure in the middle, of the Lord as He appeared to the Beloved Disciple when he was in the spirit on the Lord's Day, the sword is shewn hanging from the mouth as if it were a conjuring trick, and the arms were extended to show the wonder of it.

In the head of the window is a cup with a dragon issuing, the symbol of the poisoned cup; and the Eagle of S. John.

The border is very wide, blue and white, with a bird ornament, but whether the bird is a dove or an eagle I cannot say. The University arms and emblems occur at the top and bottom.

The two Windows in the north face are by Wailes, of Newcastle, they cost only £200 each, and are much larger than those along the north and south sides of the chapel, which cost £276 each. These two replace the painted glass which was put into a window in the old chapel, to the memory of the late Master of the College, Dr. Tatham, by his brother and sister.

They shew best when the light is subdued, in the morning or evening, then they are very beautiful, light

in colour, fully transparent (and from that very fact fulfilling their mission as windows completely), and lively to an extraordinary degree. The light passes through them in large masses, it is interrupted nowhere, so that when the sun shines upon them, and blazes forth in his strength, the heat and light seem intensified by the lovely colours they gather on their way. The designs are in larger pieces than in Clayton and Bell's windows, and this accounts for the lower price, because less time is occupied in the work; the colours are much less intense, and for that reason frequently appears to better advantage than the thicker and more sombre glass of the other windows. However dull the sky may be the glass here lets through the light, and exhibits its own beauties, but in some of the other glass a very bright glare is necessary in order to throw a ray distinctly through it. And therefore in the very first requisite of a good window, transparency, that is to say usefulness, these are superior, and commendable.

Of the design I cannot say the same; the workmanship is good, but the design inferior; if the artist and the workman had both been as able as the mechanic, and had worked in concert, and with one aim, the result would have been more worthy of the epithet artistic. The faces and figures have no design, the execution of the work is good, they are beautifully cut and painted and burnt, but there is no strength in the drawing. There is nothing of the sternness of the warrior about S. Michael and his four angels, who represent the angel host doing battle against the dragon and his angels, when "there was war in heaven." The eagle which stands by the side of S. John is malformed and illgrown, almost as unlike an eagle as an expensive lectern of modern carved work; it is gorgeous in beautiful light blue and green feathers; this is a conventionality which might have been endured if the whole work adhered strictly to principles of conven-

tionality; but notice the divine Evangelist's shoes, which appear to be of white satin, with blue rosettes on the front, such as ladies wear at evening parties, and look at other incongruities which are not difficult to find. The colours perfectly dance before the eye, too much light green, and red, and blue is mixed up together until all quietness and sobriety are destroyed. The beards of the men, on the other hand, are very heavy and rigid, leaded in with thick leads, which have an unnatural effect, particularly in glass of such transparency. The subjects are from the Apocalypse, and legends accompanying them, taken from Apoc. x. 1, xii. 1, xiv. 6, xiv. 4, and xxi. 2.

Beginning at the left-hand side they are:

(I) S. Michael and his angels casting out that old Serpent, when there arose war in heaven, and Michael and his angels went forth to fight with the Dragon, many-headed and fiery.

(II) The Angel of the seven thunders, the mighty angel having the little roll opened; with a cloud for a garment, and the rainbow on his head; with sparkling, crackling flames about his feet.

"Vidi Angelum Amictum Nube."

(III) A woman (The Faithful Church) in blue, surrounded with rays, clothed with the sun, and the moon and cloud under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

"Apparuit mulier amicta sole."

(IV) The Lord and His Virgin Followers, the Lamb and his hundred and forty-four thousand.

"Hi sequuntur quocumque irit."

(V) An angel with a scroll, "Evangelium Æternum," the Angel who had the Everlasting Gospel to preach unto every nation.

"Vidi alterum Angelum Volantem."

(VI) S. John writing his glorious vision of the New Jerusalem.

"Vidi Jerusalem Novam Descendentem."

He is accompanied by the symbolic Eagle.

These three windows will always serve to make some more and some less satisfied with the grand series of stained glass pictures, which are framed in the beautiful tracery of the other windows in the chapel: a regular and uniform series, beginning at the first act of power at Cana of Galilee, and ending at the last act of power on the awful Judgment Throne. They will bear comparison with other modern stained glass work, sometimes pronounced too showy and bright, they will frequently be called beautiful, and are, to us at least, interesting and valuable mementos of men who have gone from amongst us.

W. L. W.



THE BAH OF BLEFUSCO.

CHAPTER I.

THE Bah of Blefusco was seated upon the throne of his fathers. Not that this was an unusual position for his Highness to occupy; on this point, the traditional etiquette of the Court of Blefusco was rather peculiar. Of the throne in question the same might be said. By a perfectly candid observer the same might be said of the Bah himself. Let the candid observer be heard.

An accidental flaw in one of the facets of a rather large Blefusco diamond had offered an opening of which the perseverance and ingenuity of the primæval Blefusicians had not been slow to take advantage. The diamond, when this discovery was made, was placed at once in the chief courtyard of the Royal Blefuscian Palace; or rather, to speak accurately, a Royal Blefuscian Palace, with a courtyard in the centre, was constructed around the fortunate gem which had captivated the fancy of the enterprising aborigines of Blefusco. An ingenious application of diamond dust, cold water, and friction, resulted in the enlargement of the providential flaw in question, until it was large enough to form a sufficiently uncomfortable recess, in which the most energetic and spare limbed of the enthusiastic Blefusicians placed himself, and announced himself to be sitting. A universal howl of admiration greeted this development of genius, and it was decreed,

by a plebiscite taken then and there among the assembled multitude, that the ambitious occupier of the illustrious seat should receive the title of Bah of Blefusco, Sovereign of the United Universe, and Sacred Father of all the Blefuscian children. A tradition afterwards grew up that the Sovereign of Blefusco was *ex officio* uncle to the Moon, and it was by this title, after the lapse of some time, that the monarch became generally known.

This august and enviable position was not without its drawbacks. It was at first proposed by the violent Conservative party in Blefusco that the Bah and the Bah's seat should be inseparable, and that not even for the purpose of recruiting exhausted nature by well-earned slumber should his Highness be permitted to leave his glittering but uneasy throne. Fortunately for the Bah, however, Radical feeling at that time ran high in the country. A bill had just been brought in by a new ministry to enable members of the second caste to take off their shoes before their stockings (it is almost needless to observe that those who composed the *first* caste were at that time never allowed to take off either, while members of the third estate had neither to take off), and its effect upon the patriotism and intelligence of the country had already proved so great that a narrow majority was found to reject the foregoing proposition. A coalition, however, between the aristocratical party and the representatives of the third or barefooted estate resulted in a compromise. The Bah was to occupy his priceless seat for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, and he was to be allowed a glass footstool at meal times. All further arrangements for softening the hardships of his position were deferred for subsequent consideration. He was to have the power of life and death, of course, over all his subjects, and over all the world, when the Blefuscian empire extended so far. The office of Bah (and uncle to the Moon) was to be hereditary, if possible; if not, a new Bah was to be

found, somehow. Should the heir to the sceptre of Blefusco happen to be an infant, a nurse was to occupy the sacred seat without any intermission, and without the glass footstool, until she was worn out, or the heir attained his majority. A unanimous vote of the whole nation was necessary to effect any change in these bulwarks of the State.

The Constitution of Blefusco having been thus framed with much deliberation and after long discussion, the Bah objected. There having been no Bah before him the objection was of course entirely without precedent, and caused much perturbation in the Council of State, and the opinion of the country was taken again. The answer returned was, that the nation require a Bah, and a Bah they would have. By a Bah, the nation intimated, was meant a man who should occupy the diamond seat and the glass footstool for the prescribed time and in the prescribed manner, who should of course be uncle to the Moon, and who should have the absolute power of disposing of the lives of all his subjects (to say nothing of the world). If the present Bah did not feel able to fulfil these varied requirements he must cease to be Bah, and a new one must be obtained. But, it was added, the dignity of the Sovereign people would not permit their choice to be disregarded with impunity. There was only one way of ceasing to be a Bah, and that was by ceasing to be a Blefuscan. In plain words, the Bah would be strangled, as a matter of course, the first day he presumed to leave his facet.

Urged by these powerful arguments, the wretched Bah withdrew his ill-judged objection, and murmuring a neat adaptation of "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," submitted to his fate. From his elevated and secure position he wielded the sceptre of Blefusco with great success and unexampled prestige for a considerable number of years, and had it not been for a momentary outbreak of passion might have been wield-

ing it now. But one unfortunate morning, a trifling difference with his seventh wife remained unadjusted when the hour arrived for resuming his seat. With a feminine anxiety for the last word the unhappy woman pursued her lord to the steps of his throne, and even as he took his seat placed her most convincing and irritating argument before him in the strongest possible light. Almost within reach of the august arm lay the sacred footstool awaiting the arrival of breakfast. Had the Bah been able to restrain his passion, and craftily delay his wife in the sacred presence, for a short five minutes, it would have been beneath his feet, and he might have hurled it with impunity. But goaded to madness he leaned farther and farther forward, bent lower and lower, and all but grasped the glittering missile. Smitten with sudden fear the wretched woman fled, and as she passed the clanging doors the uncle of the Moon overbalanced himself, and rolled from off his slippery throne. He was promptly placed under arrest, and before nightfall scientifically strangled with the first string of a violin, which had been kept for the purpose in the State repository. There is a melancholy satisfaction in reading that the remaining and coarser strings of the same instrument were employed in despatching, in the course of the next day, all the odd numbers (counting in order of priority) of his temporarily exultant harem.

Warned by the untimely end of their predecessor, subsequent Bahs conducted themselves with more caution. Difficulties, it is true, occasionally arose, but from these no nation with a constitutional history has ever been entirely free, and the genius of the Blefuscan statesmen was generally sufficient to overcome a temporary obstacle. Some little confusion was caused by the prolonged minority of the eleventh hereditary monarch, which involved a good deal of unpleasantness for a series of nurses. One was at last found, however, who possessed sufficient tenacity of life and

toughness of cuticle to discharge the high duties of her office until the infant attained his majority, upon which auspicious event she was mercifully hauled off the throne, and out of the palace, with another violin string, and honoured with a funeral of unusual ceremonial and display. A vain effort was made, by the extreme Radical party, to furnish subsequent Bahs with a small cushion in memory of this illustrious female; but for several successive sessions this measure was defeated in the Blefuscan House of Representatives by the Party of Order; and it was not until a Bah of more than usually irritable temper ascended the polished but adamant throne, that the country gave way so far as to allow the monarch to make sundry adaptations in the royal robes, which had the effect of compromising this delicate question. It became necessary also, on the decease of the fifteenth Bah, who died, worn out in the service of his country, without issue, to provide a successor. Fortunately, the country was at war at the time with a neighbouring potentate, popularly known as the Brother to the North Pole, and therefore a blood relation *ex officio* of the lamented monarch. This august personage having been taken prisoner by the valour of the Blefuscan troops, was unanimously selected as the most eligible occupier of the royal and vacant facet, and was enshrined therein, notwithstanding his loud protestations, by a guard of honour. Favoured by a corpulent and phlegmatic frame he kept secure possession of his slippery throne to extreme old age, and became the lineal ancestor of the monarch whose enterprise and ambition have at the present day carried the name and fame of Blefusco over the civilised world. It is of this potentate, Hedraſtes the Second, Bah and Father of the Blefus-cians, and with the astronomical *ex officio* relations above alluded to, that this imperfect memoir is written; and so magnanimous a prince will doubtless, should these lines ever meet his eye, know how to pardon any

trifling inaccuracies of detail into which the ignorance and nationality of the writer may inadvertently lead him. The diamond seat may have been filled by more patient Bahs, by fatter Bahs, by Bahs with legs long enough to count the footstool (wrung by the spirit of reform and the arm of liberty from a self-seeking and prejudiced aristocracy) as a needless and effeminate luxury, by Bahs with fewer wives and a more domestic spirit, but never before by a prince who learnt so well to combine, in the reformed constitution of his country, order with progress, prescription with revolution, the vigour of youth (in the words of the British historian) with the majesty of immemorial antiquity.

CHAPTER II.

To justify the warmth of the foregoing encomium, it will be sufficient to give a sketch of the manner in which this celebrated monarch emancipated himself from the shackles of the constitution—withdrew, in fact, the main pillar of the State, and left the hallowed edifice erect and secure as before. The history of the Blefuscan revolution will form the subject of the present chapter.

For the last hundred years or so, a growing uneasiness and tendency to irritation had been observed in the policy and internal administration of successive Bahs. An hereditary development of species, almost Darwinian in its origin and effect, had resulted in producing in the twenty-seventh Bah (of whom we write) a strongly marked disinclination to assume the sedentary posture deemed so essential to the welfare of the State. The introduction of nicotine, through the medium of a long hookah, into the country (and the Palace) at first promised to ameliorate the condition of affairs, especially as the monarch took to the soothing but noxious weed with great avidity, and

for short spaces of time, especially after meals, displayed an affability of temper which recalled the bygone glories of the earlier dynasty. It was discovered, however, that the sacred and perpetual throne displayed a certain susceptibility to the effects of tobacco smoke which those who presided at the council could not affect to disregard. To say nothing of a habit of expectoration which the Bah had acquired, and which, it was considered, might be suppressed by stringent measures, or even borne with, as a minor evil, the chief facets of the State diamond required constant cleaning, owing to the amount of carbon in a less attractive form which was deposited in every cranny by the Bah's inordinate indulgence in the degrading practice. Strong remonstrances were accordingly made, and a deputation from the House of Representatives waited on the uncle to the Moon with a humble petition that his Highness would be pleased to devise such measures as in his wisdom he should deem most likely to remedy the grievances complained of.

The first measure which his Majesty devised was the promulgation of an order for the immediate execution of all those his loyal subjects whose names appeared at the foot of the petition, and for the decimation of his harem, as he strongly suspected some of his wives, whose aversion to tobacco smoke had come under his notice, of being at the bottom of the agitation. He then summoned a Council of State.

Those of his ministers who had fortunately refrained from affixing their names to the obnoxious petition promptly obeyed the call. In deference to the expressed and well-known taste of his Majesty, all appeared smoking, by which means the more virulent opponent of the practice were reduced to a helpless state of nausea, and indifference to sublunary changes.

The Bah opened the proceedings by remarking with a sardonic grin that the atmosphere might be cut with

a knife, and that his faithful ministers could have no idea how grateful such a state of things was to a man of his sedentary pursuits.

His faithful ministers, or at least those who were not incapacitated for conversation, answered that they could quite enter into his Majesty's feelings. 'The Constitution of Blefusco,' said the Bah solemnly, 'appears to me to be in danger. I have therefore called you together to assist me with your counsels in carrying our precautionary measures into effect.'

The august assembly bowed their heads in respectful silence. None of them had the faintest idea what his Majesty was driving at, and the Foreign Secretary afterwards confessed that he fancied the uncle of the Moon was about to suggest a brown holland cover for the throne he so worthily occupied.

'Our chief object must be,' continued the Bah, 'to preserve intact that glorious legacy which we have inherited from our fathers, the Constitution of our country, which has made the men of Blefusco what they are, and the Bah of Blefusco—what you see before you' (complimentary murmurs pervaded the council chamber at this stage of his Majesty's address). Acting, as I have always done, in a strictly constitutional spirit, I must protest against the spirit of anarchy, clothed in the garb of parliamentary opposition, and backed by a licentious press, which has recently uplifted its hydra head, and which the timely energy of my executive has crushed.' (At this delicate allusion to the harem decimation, and the fate of the anti-tobacco league, the surviving ministers of Blefusco applied themselves with great diligence to their pipes, and the royal hookah bubbled furiously).

'It has occurred to me, however, that an essential part of the constitution of our fathers has of late years been allowed to drop into decay. I do *not* allude'—said the Bah, elevating his voice, and fixing his eyes sternly upon an unfortunate under-Secretary who had

been compelled to choose between letting his pipe out and undergoing a convulsion of nature—‘I do *not* allude to certain organic changes which certain disaffected traitors have asserted to be taking place in the imperishable substance of my royal and luxurious throne. Being brought into daily contact with the substance alluded to, I can conscientiously affirm that it is as smooth, as hard, and as slippery, as on the day I first ascended into this illustrious facet. During the temporary vacancy of the royal throne which occurs this evening, an opportunity will be afforded you of verifying my statement. And I can assure you,’ said the Bah with an outburst of real feeling, ‘that so far from any decay taking place in the sacred diamond, the longer I sit in it, the harder, the smoother, and the more slippery it appears to grow. (Loud and sustained applause here interrupted his Majesty’s harangue. The Foreign Secretary, who had anticipated a brown holland cover, now altered his mind, and felt positively certain that the old and time-hallowed question of a royal cushion was to be re-opened. The Under Secretary before alluded to ostentatiously changed seats with his neighbour, at which the Bah was so incensed that he immediately called in the guard, and ordered both the culprits to be led off to instant execution. Order being restored, his Majesty resumed:

‘Such being the general prosperity of the kingdom, and the integrity of my ministers and my seat being equally secure, some of you may feel some surprise that I have thought it necessary to request your counsels. I may add, that I do not think it necessary to explain any meaning, further than by calling your attention to the fact that the situation of the royal building which surrounds us offers certain impediments to motion. I speak of motion,’ said the Bah with an uneasy wriggle, ‘with reference to the seat of the dynasty. It is my intention to transfer it, and I regret that the time during which my permanent connection

with it is interrupted is never of sufficient duration to admit of my selecting a new site within (or without) my dominions for the Seat of Empire. I confidently recommend this matter to the consideration of my faithful servants.’

The Bah ceased, and astonished silence held his hearers mute. The framers of the Blefuscan Constitution had deemed that, by rending the monarch an appendage of the throne, the throne an appendage or fixture within the palace, and the palace within the country, they had made the sceptre immoveable and the country secure. For seven centuries the palladium of immobility had retained its virtue; for seven centuries the uncle to the Moon had watched the gyrations of his niece inemulous of her wanderings, at once the centre of her orbit and the contrast to its eccentricity. It had been reserved for the genius of the twenty-seventh Bah to conceive the idea of a revolution more decisive than she had ever known, and which should diffuse the light of Blefusco over as extensive a sphere. The perpetual proximity of the Bah to the celebrated though inconvenient facet was a fundamental principle in the constitution of Blefusco; change of scene had become a fundamental necessity for the constitution of Blefusco’s Sovereign. Consequently the royal seat must learn to move, and carry the royal sitter with it.

The problem was a crucial one, and the minds of the ministry were much exercised in attempting its solution; their wits being considerably quickened by the consciousness that, should they fail, there were other ministers to be had. Indeed, the Liberal party had gained some advantages in the recent elections, and were confidently awaiting a call to office. Resigning was not to be thought of, for reasons obvious to all who are acquainted with another fundamental principle of the Blefuscan Constitution. It was contrary to court etiquette that those who had once filled the high offices of State, and had been dismissed by the Bah, should

degrade their late dignity by appearing before the world in a private capacity. Accordingly, ministers who laid down their portfolios were assisted to do so by the State executioner, provided with a supply of catgut. This plan was obviously well adapted to secure the desired object, and had other incidental advantages; statesmen were thereby rendered extremely careful how they accepted office, and even more careful how they discharged their responsibilities when accepted. Premature hankering after political loaves and fishes on the part of the opposition was also, in the same way, discouraged. I am not aware that any other country has yet adopted this simple and inexpensive method of supporting the charlatanism of ambition.

The Bah's faithful servants accordingly adjourned for further consideration, and left His Majesty smoking like a furnace on the throne which was destined to undergo such vicissitudes. At sunset the Court was accustomed to rise, and the Bah was wont to stretch his limbs in all the luxury of freedom. No sooner was the seat relieved of its royal burden, than the privy council assembled in solemn conclave round it.

The Minister of Marine commenced the discussion by remarking that they had got into the devil of a mess, and wondered whether a teak backing applied to the facet on which His Majesty sat would be of any practical use.

The Home Secretary thought it advisable to look at the matter in the right light. The real secret of his Majesty's irritability was doubtless to be found in the royal harem. It was popularly reported that the Bah's youngest wife led his Majesty the very deuce of a life; and if she were properly suppressed, the Bah would perhaps be content to stay where he was.

The Foreign Secretary thought that, in the case supposed, a courteous letter of remonstrance should be addressed to the lady in question. Should that fail

to produce any effect the arbitration of some foreign potentate, whose experiences and prejudices were sufficiently diverse from their own (especially on the question of polygamy), might be invited with advantage.

The Minister of Justice remarked that they were all wrong. Let His Majesty be placed for a week or two upon the woolsack, and he would find the duties of that nominally-luxurious position so much more arduous than his own that the facets of his ancestral diamond would appear soft in comparison.

The Lord Chancellor, looking very unhappy, bowed sadly to the last speaker, and offered to bring in a bill to amalgamate the two positions; not to take effect until after his own decease.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view to His Majesty's intended tour, proposed a tax upon all luggage labels that did not bear a photograph of the owner. Packages lost by neglect of this ordinary precaution to be forfeited to the public revenue.

The Premier, who was still smoking, rose disdainfully, and sauntering towards the cause of so much discussion, proceeded to knock the ashes out of his pipe against the back of the sacred throne. As he did so, a strange expression of intelligence passed over his thoughtful features, and eagerly applying his right ear to the chilly surface he repeated the operation. "*Εύρηκα*" he shouted joyfully, and seizing the sympathetic minister of finance by the waist, the two executed a break-down, emblematic of satisfied and successful intelligence, on the spot. "As hollow as a bandbox" remarked the Premier, in an explanatory tone, to the astonished spectators of his efforts. "I always said so," he added triumphantly to himself; and so no doubt he had, but the recipient of his confidences was not at that moment within hearing.—The excited assembly fell together upon the glittering mockery of empire.

* * * * *

Next morning the Bah took his seat upon the ruins of the time-hallowed jewel. This position was, however, but temporary, and only lasted until the Ministry had determined to call in the skill of a prominent member of the assembly, renowned for his skill in repairing fiascos, who soon made up the fragments of the once mighty throne into a neat bundle, tied together with red tape. This was bound upon the Sovereign's back, giving His Majesty the appearance of an itinerant but legally-minded glazier; and having stuck the smaller pieces in his hatband, and filled his pockets with the dust resulting from the operation, the Uncle of the Moon was escorted by a strong guard to the frontier of his dominion, and there dismissed with a year's leave of absence to gratify his peregrinatory taste. At the expiration of this period his attendants, who were selected from the most prominent members of the Conservative party in the Assembly, were ordered to bring His Majesty back, and place him in his ancestral position upon a fac-simile (in paste) of the original throne, which was to be executed with all possible despatch. It is thought probable, however, by those most competent to judge, that this energetic prince may succeed in eluding the vigilance of his suite. Should this be the case we may venture to hazard a conjecture that a new occupant will be required for the Throne of Blefusco.

J. A. F.



THE EAGLE.

THE FUTURE OF THE WORKING CLASSES.*

MR. MILL has given in his Autobiography a more detailed account than we had hitherto possessed of that aid that he derived from his wife in most of the best work he has done. This information has great value at a time at which, partly by the voice of Mr. Mill himself, we are being awakened to the importance of the question whether the quick insight of woman may not be trained so as to give material assistance to man in ordering public as well as private affairs. He says—"In all that concerns the application of philosophy to the exigencies of human society I was her pupil, alike in boldness of speculation and cautiousness of practical judgement." All the instances that he gives of this tend to show how our progress would be accelerated if we would unwrap the swaddling clothes in which artificial customs have enfolded woman's mind and would give her free scope womanfully to discharge her duties to the world. But one instance strikingly illustrates that intimate connection, to which all history testifies, between the free play of the full and strong pulse of woman's thoughts and the amelioration of the working classes. "The chapter of the Political Economy," he says, "which has had a greater influence

* A Paper read at a *Conversazione* of the Cambridge "Reform Club," Nov. 25, 1873.

on opinion than all the rest, that on the 'Probable Future of the Labouring Classes,' is entirely due to her: in the first draft of the book that chapter did not exist. She pointed out the need of such a chapter and the extreme imperfection of the book without it: she was the cause of my writing it; and the more general part of the chapter—the statement and discussion of the two opposite theories respecting the proper condition of the labouring classes—was wholly an exposition of her thoughts, often in words taken from her own lips." Other women may have spoken much as she spoke; but, for one reason or another, their words have been almost as though they had not been. Let us be grateful that on this topic one woman has spoken not in vain.

The course of inquiry which I propose for to-night will never lie far apart from that pursued by Mr. and Mrs. Mill, but will seldom exactly coincide with it. I propose to sketch in rough outline a portion of the ground that must be worked over if we would rightly examine whether the amelioration of the working classes has limits beyond which it cannot pass; whether it be true that the resources of the world will not suffice for giving to more than a small portion of its inhabitants an education in youth and an occupation in after-life similar to those which we are now wont to consider proper to gentlemen.

There are large numbers of unselfish men and women who are eager to hope, but who find themselves impelled to doubt. From time to time there reaches them some startling, but well-authenticated account of working men, who have misspent their increased wages, who have shown little concern for anything higher than the pleasures of eating and drinking, or possibly those amusements which constitute the miserable creature who is called the sporting man. From time to time they meet with some instance in which servants have made use of such im-

provements as have already taken place in their position only to adopt a tone of captious frivolity and of almost ostentatious indifference to the interests of those whom they have undertaken to serve. Thus minds unwilling to doubt are harassed by doubts such as these: whether a large amount of hard, nay, of coarse manual work will not always have to be done much as it is done now; whether a very high degree of cultivation would not render those who have to perform this work unfit for it, and, since they cannot escape from it, unhappy in performing it; whether an attempt to extend beyond certain boundaries the mental cultivation of such workers must not be almost certain to fail, and would not, if successful, be almost a calamity; whether what we see and hear is not an indication that these dread boundaries are narrow and not far off.

The question for us to-night is, can this doubt be resolved? The question is not whether all men will ultimately be equal—that they certainly will not—but whether progress may not go on steadily if slowly, till the official distinction between working man and gentleman has passed away; till, by occupation at least, every man is a gentleman. I hold that it may, and that it will.

Let us first make clear to ourselves what it is that is really implied by the distinction established in usage between the occupation of a gentleman and that of a working man. This usage cannot be defended etymologically, but words better for the purpose are not forthcoming. The distinction is well established, but singularly difficult of definition; and some of those accounts of it which may most readily suggest themselves must be, in explicit terms, set aside if we would free from confusion the inquiry what are the special circumstances of the working classes on the removal of which their progress depends.

Who are the working classes? Of course they are not all who work; for every man, however wealthy he

may be, if he be in health and a true man, does work, and work hard. They are not all who live by selling the work of their hands, for our noblest sculptors do that. They are not all who for payment serve and obey, for officers in the army serve for payment, and most implicitly obey. They are not all who for payment perform disagreeable duties, for the surgeon is paid to perform duties most disagreeable. They are not even all those who work hard for low pay, for hard is the work and low is the pay of the highly cultured governess. Who then are they?

Is it not true that when we say a man belongs to the working classes we are thinking of the effect that his work produces on him rather than of the effect that he produces on his work? If a man's daily task tends to give culture and refinement to his character, do we not, however coarse the individual man may happen to be, say that his occupation is that of a gentleman? If a man's daily task tends to keep his character rude and coarse, do we not, however truly refined the individual man may happen to be, say that he belongs to the working classes?

It is needful to examine more closely the characteristics of those occupations which directly promote culture and refinement of character. They demand powers and activities of mind of various kinds. They demand the faculty of maintaining social intercourse with a large number of persons; they demand, in appearance at least, the kindly habit of promptly anticipating the feelings of others on minor points, of ready watchfulness to avoid each trivial word or deed that may pain or annoy. These qualities are required for success, and they are therefore prepared in youth by a careful and a long continued education. Throughout life they are fostered and improved by exercise and by contact with persons who have similar qualities and require them of their associates. A man's sympathies thus become broad because he knows much of life, and

is adapted for taking interest in what he knows. He has a wide range of pleasures; each intellectual energy, each artistic perception, each fellow-feeling with men far off and near, gives him a new capacity of enjoyment, removes from him more and more the desire for coarse delights. Wealth is not indispensable; but it frequently gives its aid. It has been said that there is in the breast of every man some portion of the spirit of a flunkey. Possibly: but we do not respect a man half as much as we are wont to suppose we do, simply on account of what he *has*. We are thinking of what he *is* far more than we are aware. The qualities which win entrance into a lucrative career or success in any career are in general, to some extent, admirable. Wealth, in general implies, a liberal education in youth, and throughout life broad interests and refined associations; and it is to these effects on character that the chief attractiveness of wealth is due. Were it true that the homage paid to a wealthy man is in general direct worship of wealth, the prospects of the world would be darker than they are, and the topic treatment.

It is not, however, sufficient to remark that the occupations which we are wont to call the occupations of gentlemen elevate the character and educate the faculties, directly and indirectly, by training and by association, in hours of business and in hours of leisure. We must also remark that such occupations exclude almost entirely those lowering influences which will force themselves upon our notice when we come to examine the lot of the working classes.

We must, however, pause to notice the intermediate class—a class whose occupations bring with them some influences that do elevate and refine, and some influences that do not. The sculptor, the products of whose chisel add to his country's fame, who lives amid material and intellectual luxuries, is distinctly a gentle-

man by profession. Proceeding downwards along the scale of art, we come to the highly skilled, highly paid artisan, who adorns our public buildings with their exquisite carvings; but there is another long space to be traversed before we arrive at the ordinary mason, who, with much exertion of muscle, and with but little energy of thought, rounds off a block, or makes it square, in obedience to explicit directions. At what point, then, in the scale do we first meet the working man? It is an important and a hopeful fact that we cannot say where—that the chain is absolutely continuous and unbroken. There is a tendency to regard somewhat slightly the distinction between skilled and unskilled labour. But the fact remains that artisans whose manual labour is not heavy, who are paid chiefly for their skill and the work of their brains, are as conscious of the superiority of their lot over that of their poorer brethren as is the highest nobleman of the land. And they are right; for their lot does just offer them the opportunity of being gentlemen in spirit and in truth; and, to the great honour of the age be it said, many of them are steadily becoming gentlemen. They are steadily striving upwards; steadily aiming at a higher and more liberal preparation in youth; steadily learning to value time and leisure for themselves, learning to care more for this than for mere increase of wages and material comforts; steadily developing independence and a manly respect for themselves, and, therefore, a courteous respect for others; they are steadily accepting the private and public duties of a citizen; steadily increasing their grasp of the truth that they are men, and not producing machines. They are steadily becoming gentlemen. Steadily: we hope to be able ere long to say “steadily and rapidly;” but even now the picture is not altogether a gloomy one.

“But let us turn our eyes on that darker scene which the lot of unskilled labour presents. Let us look at

those vast masses of men who, after long hours of hard and unintellectual toil, are wont to return to their narrow homes with bodies exhausted and with minds dull and sluggish. That men do habitually sustain hard corporeal work for eight, ten or twelve hours a-day, is a fact so familiar to us that we scarcely realize the extent to which it governs the moral and mental history of the world; we scarcely realize how subtle, all-pervading and powerful may be the effect of the work of man's body in dwarfing the growth of the man.

Some of us, perhaps, scarcely know what is meant by violent and sustained physical exertion. Others have perhaps had occasional experience of it on walking tours. We are then enlivened by fresh air and by novelty of scene, and a light book or newspaper is never more grateful to us than then. But have we ever, when thoroughly fatigued, attempted really hard study? I remember once in the Alps, after three days of exceptionally severe climbing, resolving to take a day's rest and to read a book on Philosophy. I was in good training. I was not conscious of any but physical weariness; but when the first occasion for hard thought arrived, my mind absolutely refused to move. I was immensely angry with it, but my anger was in vain. A horse when harnessed to a load too great for his strength will sometimes plant his feet firmly in the ground, and back. That is just what my mind did, and I was defeated. I have found that in like cases others are in like manner defeated, though their minds be well broken in to study, even though they be students by profession. And physiologists tell us that it must be so; that by severe bodily exertion the blood is for a time impoverished; that so the brain is not nourished, and that when the brain is not vigorous the mind cannot think.

Is it, then, a wonderful thing that the leisure hours of a wearied labourer are not always seized eagerly

for self-improvement? It is often a toil to him to read; how, then, can he be incited by the pleasures of study to contend against fatigue? The man born deaf knows not the pleasure of music, but he lives among those who know it, and he believes in it. But the poor labourer may live and die without ever realizing what a joy there is in knowledge, or what delight in art; he may never have conceived how glorious a thing it is to be able to think and to feel about many things and with many men. Still he may not be wholly unblest. He may pass a tranquil and restful evening in a healthy and a happy home, and so may win some of the best happiness that is granted to man. He may, but alas! if he be uneducated, he is not likely to have a very healthy home.

There is another terrible fact about exhausting work. It is that physical fatigue in its extremest forms causes physical unrest and physical cravings, that hound a man on to his undoing. There is overwhelming evidence that in all those occupations in which men are tempted to consume in a day's work almost more strength than the vital forces of the body suffice to repair, and in which, work is therefore systematically irregular, the pleasures of home cannot compete with the coarse pleasures of the public-house. A man may seek in the public-house, as in a club, the pleasures of social intercourse, which will well supplement the pleasures of home, and will raise, not lower him. He may; but if his toil have been fierce, and so his brain be dulled, he is apt to seek there only the coarser pleasures—drink, ignoble jests, and noise. We have all heard what rude manners have been formed by the rough work of the miners; but even among them the rougher the work of the body, the lower the condition of the mind. Iron miners, for instance, are a superior race to colliers. And if it be true that men such as these do

value high wages mainly as affording them an opportunity of using their bodies as furnaces for the conversion of alcohol into fumes, is it not a somewhat pitiful amusement merely to abuse them? is it not more profitable to raise the inquiry—must these things be?

There are some things which we have decided must *not* be. A Parliamentary Commission reports in 1866 of the training which the world had given to men such as these, and by which it had formed them. It tells us how lads and maidens, not eight years old, toiled in the brickfields under monstrous loads from five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night; their faces haggard, their limbs misshaped by their work, their bodies clothed with mud, and their minds saturated with filth. Yes; but there is a thing worse than even such filth: that is despair. We are told that "the worst feature of all is that the brickmakers despair of themselves;" and the words of one of them are quoted—"You might as well try to raise and improve the devil as a brickie, sir." These things are not to be; but things nearly as bad are now; and these things have formed the men whose words and deeds are quoted, when it is argued that the working-classes cannot rise.

Thus awful, then, is the picture of unduly sustained work that is heavy. But can light work, however long sustained, bring no curse? Let us look at one more picture—our sad old picture of the needle-woman:—

Work, work, work,
 From weary chime to chime;
 Work, work, work,
 As prisoners work for crime.
 Band and gusset and seam,
 Seam and gusset and band,
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed
 As well as the weary hand.

Work, work, work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work, work, work
 When the weather is warm and bright;
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.
 Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet!
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!
 Oh! but for one short hour,
 A respite, however brief!
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread.

"The heart is sick and the brain benumbed. No blessed leisure for love or hope, but only time for grief." Surely we see here how work may depress, and keep low "the working classes." Man ought to work in order to live: his life, physical, moral, and mental should be strengthened and made full by his work. But what if his inner life be almost crushed by his work? Is there not then suggested a terrible truth by the term working man, when applied to the unskilled labourer—a man whose occupation tends in a greater or less degree to make him live for little save for that work that is a burden to bear.

The ancients argued that Nature had ordained slavery: that without slaves the world could not progress; no one would have time for culture; no one

could discharge the duties of a citizen. We have outgrown this belief; we have got to see how slavery dries up the sap of moral life in every state, at whose roots it is laid. But our thoughts are from youth upwards dominated by a Pagan belief not very different from the old one—the belief that it is an ordinance of nature that multitudes of men must toil a weary toil, which may give to others the means of refinement and luxury, but which can afford to themselves scarce any opportunity of mental growth. May not the world outgrow this belief, as it has outgrown the other? It may, and it will.

We shall find it easier to see how exaggerated have been the difficulties which lie in the way of the removal of those circumstances which are distinctive of the lot of the working classes in the narrower sense of the term, if we allow ourselves a little license. Let us venture to picture to ourselves the state of a country from which such circumstances have been excluded. We shall have made much progress on our way, when we have seen that such a country would contain within it no seeds of the ruin of its material or moral prosperity; that it would be vigorous and full of healthy life.

The picture to be drawn will resemble in some respects those which have been shown to us by the Socialists, that noble set of untutored enthusiasts who attributed to every man an unlimited capacity for those self-forgetting virtues that they found in their own breasts; who recklessly suggested means which were always insufficient and not seldom pernicious—recklessly, because their minds were untrained, and their souls absorbed in the consciousness of the grandeur of their ends. Their memories are therefore scorned by all but a very few men: but among those very few is included perhaps every single man who has ever studied patiently the wild deep poetry of their faiths.

The schemes of the socialists involved a subversion of existing arrangements, according to which the work of every man is chosen by himself and the remuneration he obtains for it is decided by free competition; and their schemes have failed.

But such a subversion is not required for the country which we are to picture to ourselves. All that is required is that no one in it should have any occupation which tends to make him anything else than a gentleman.

We have seen that manual and disagreeable work is now performed for payment at competition prices by gentlemen. It is true that their work involves mental training, and that the associations by which they are surrounded are refined; but, since the brain cannot always be in full action, it is clear that, provided these associations be retained, we need not exclude from our new society even manual and disagreeable work that does not give direct training to the mental faculties. A moderate amount of such work is not inconsistent with refinement. Such work has to be done by every lady who takes part in the duties of a hospital. She sees that it is necessary, and she does not shrink from it; for, if she did, she would not be a lady. It is true that such work is not now willingly undertaken for payment by an educated man, because in general he can obtain higher pay for doing work in which the training of his mental faculties can be turned to account; and because, as his associates would be uneducated, he would incur incidental discomforts and would lose social position. But, by the very definition of the circumstances of our supposed country, such deterrent motives would not exist in it. An educated man, who took a share of such little unskilled labour as required to be done in such a country, would find that such labour was highly paid, because without high pay no one would undertake it: and as his associates would

be as refined as himself and in the same position, he would have no social discomforts to undergo. We all require for the purposes of health an hour or two daily of bodily exercise, during which the mind is at rest, and in general a few hours more of such work would not interfere materially with our true life.

We know then pretty clearly what are the conditions under which our fancied country is to start; and we may formulate them as follows. It is to have a fair share of wealth, and not an abnormally large population. Everyone is to have in youth an education which is thorough while it lasts, and which lasts long. No one is to do in the day so much manual work as will leave him little time or little aptitude for intellectual and artistic enjoyment in the evening. Since there will be nothing tending to render the individual coarse and unrefined, there will be nothing tending to render society coarse and unrefined. Exceptional morbid growths must exist in every society; but otherwise every man will be surrounded from birth upwards by almost all the influences which we have seen to be at present characteristic of the occupations of gentlemen; everyone who is not a gentleman will have himself alone to blame for it. This, then, is the condition in which our fancied country is to be when we first consider it. We have to inquire whether this condition can be maintained. Let us examine such obstacles to its maintenance as may be supposed to exist.

First, it may be argued that a great diminution of the hours of manual labour below their present amount would prevent the industry of the country from meeting its requirements, so that the wealth of the country could not be sustained. This objection is an instance of the fallacy with which we perceive things that are familiar. We all know that the progress of science and invention has multiplied enormously the efficiency of labour within the last century. We all know that even in agriculture the returns to labour have much increased; and most

of us have heard that, if farmers had that little knowledge which is even now obtainable, the whole of the produce consumed in a country as thickly populated as England is, might be grown in it with less proportionate expenditure of labour than that now required. In most other branches of production the increase in the efficiency of labour has been almost past computation. Take a cotton factory for example. We must allow for the expense of making and driving the machinery; but when this is provided, a man working it will spin more than three thousand times as rapidly as he could by hand. With numbers such as this before us, can we believe that the resources of the world would fail if the hours of our daily labour were halved, and yet believe that our simple ancestors obtained an adequate subsistence? Should we not be driven to the conclusion that the accounts we have received of men who lived and flourished before the invention of the steam engine are myths? But, further, the only labour excluded from our new society is that which is so conducted as to stunt the mental growth, preventing people from rising out of old narrow grooves of thought and feeling, from obtaining increased knowledge, higher tastes, and more comprehensive interests. Now it is to such stunting almost alone that indolence is due. Remove it, and work rightly applied, the vigorous exercise of faculties would be the main aim of every man. The total work done per head of the population would be greater than now. Less of it would be devoted directly to the increase of material wealth, but far more would be indirectly efficient for this end. Knowledge is power; and man would have knowledge. Inventions would increase, and they would be readily applied. All labour would be skilled, and there would be no premium on setting men to tasks that required no skill. The work which man directs the forces of nature to perform for him, would thus be incomparably greater than now. In the competition for employment between man's muscles

and the forces of nature, victory would remain with the latter. This competition has been sustained so long only because the supply of mere muscular force fit only to contend against nature has been so plentiful, and the supply of skill fit to direct nature has been so scarce. Recollect that even with the imperfect machinery we now have one pound of coal will raise a hundred pounds twelve thousand feet high; and that the daily work of a man cannot exceed this even if we work him into the dust, and obtain, in lieu of a man's life, so much pulling and pushing and hewing and hammering. Recollect that with an ordinary tide the water rushing in and out of a reservoir of a mile in area, even if nine-tenths of its force were wasted through imperfections of machinery, would do as much work in a day as the muscles of one hundred thousand men.

But, secondly, it might be argued that short hours of work might ruin the foreign trade of the country. Such a doctrine might derive support from the language of some of our public men, even in recent times. But it is a fallacy. It contradicts a proposition which no one who had thought on the subject would dream of deliberately denying; one which is as well established and as rigorously proved as any in Euclid. This proposition is, that low wages, if common to all occupations, cannot enable one country to undersell another. A high rate of wages, or short hours of work, if common to all industries, cannot cause a country to be undersold: though if they were confined to some industries they might of course cause these particular industries to be undersold.

A danger, however, might be incurred by high wages or short hours of work. If the rate of profits were reduced thereby, capital would be tempted to migrate. But the country we are picturing to ourselves would be specially defended against such a danger. To begin with, its labourers would be highly skilled. And the history of the progress of manufactures in

England and throughout the world proves that if the number of hours' work per day be given, can afford to pay almost any rate of wages in order to secure highly skilled labour. But such labour, partly as a cause and partly as a consequence of its skill, has in general not very many hours in its working-day; and for every hour, during which his untiring machinery is lying idle, the capitalist suffers loss. In our society the hours of labour are to be very short, but it does not follow that the hours of work of the machinery would be short too. The obstacles that now exist to the general adoption of the system of working in "shifts" are due partly to the unenlightened selfishness of workmen, partly to their careless and dishonest maltreatment of machinery, but mainly to the fact that with the present number of hours' work done by each shift, one shift would have to commence work very early and the other to end work very late. But in our new society none of these obstacles would exist. A man would not in general perform manual work for more than six hours a day. Thus one set would work perhaps from 6 to 9.30 a.m. and from 2 to 4.30 p.m.; the other set from 10 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and from 5 to 7.30 p.m. In heavy work three sets of men might each work a shift of four hours. For we must not suppose that an educated man would consent for any pay whatever to continue exhausting physical work so far as to cause the stupefaction of his intellect. For his severe work he would be highly paid; and, if necessary, he might add to his income by a few hours of lighter work.

But there is another special reason why capital should not leave our fancied country. All industries might be partly conducted by capitalists with labourers working for hire under them. But in many industries production would be mainly carried on, as Mr. and Mrs. Mill have prophesied, by "the association of labourers among themselves on terms of equality col-

lectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves." It will be said that such associations have been tried, and have seldom succeeded. They have not been tried. What have been tried are associations among, comparatively speaking, uneducated men, men who are unable to follow even the financial calculations that are required for an extensive and complicated business. What have to be tried are associations among men as highly educated as are manufacturers now. Such associations could not but succeed; and the capital that belonged to them would run no risk of being separated from them.

Again, it might be objected that it would be impossible to maintain that high standard of education, which we have throughout assumed. Some parents, it might be said, would neglect their duty to their children. A class of unskilled labourers might again grow up, competing for hard toil, ready to sacrifice the means of their own culture to increased wages and physical indulgences. This class would marry improvidently: an increased population would press on the means of subsistence, the difficulty of imparting a high education would increase, and society would retrograde until it had arrived at a position similar to that which it now occupies—a position in which man, to a great extent, ignores his duty of anticipating, before he marries, the requirements of the bodily and mental nurture of his children; and thereby compels Nature, with her sorrowful but stern hands, to thin out the young lives before they grow up to misery. This is the danger most to be dreaded. But even this danger is not so great as it appears. An educated man would not only have a high conception of his duty to his children; he would be deeply sensitive to the social degradation which he and they would incur if he failed in it. Society would be keenly alive to

the peril to itself of such failure, and would punish it as a form of treason against the State. Education would be unfailingly maintained. Every man, before he married, would prepare for the expense of properly educating his family; since he could not, even if he would, shirk this expense. The population would, therefore, be retained within due limits. Thus every single condition would be fulfilled which was requisite for the continued and progressive prosperity of the country which we have pictured. It would grow in wealth, material and mental. Vigorous mental faculties imply continual activity. Work, in its best sense, the healthy energetic exercise of faculties, is the aim of life, is life itself; and in this sense every one would be a worker more completely than now. But men would have ceased to carry on mere physical work to such an extent as to dull their higher energies. In the bad sense, in which work crushes a man's life, it would be regarded as a wrong. The active vigour of the people would continually increase; and in each successive generation it would be more completely true that every man was by occupation a gentleman.

Such a state of society in a country would then, if once attained, be ever maintained. Such a country would have in it the conditions of vitality more fully satisfied than any other country would. Is it not, then, a reasonable thing to believe that every movement towards the attainment of such conditions has vitality also? And, if we look around us, do we not find that we are steadily, if slowly, moving towards that attainment? All ranks of society are rising; on the whole they are better and more cultivated than their forefathers were; they are no less eager to do, and they are much more powerful greatly to bear, and greatly to forbear. Read of the ignorant crime that accompanied popular outbreaks even a generation ago, and then look at the orderly meetings by which the

people now expresses its will. In the broad backbone of moral strength our people have never been wanting; but now, by the aid of education their moral strength is gaining new life. Look at the grand conduct of the Lancashire artisans during the cotton famine. In old times of ignorance they would have struggled violently against the inevitable; but now their knowledge restrained them, and they suffered with quiet constancy. Nay, more; the Northern army was destroying the cotton on which their bread depended; yet, firm in their allegiance to the struggle against slavery, they never faltered. Listen to the reply that President Lincoln gave to the address of sympathy that they sent him.

regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or country."

And thus it is. In every age of the world people have delighted in piquant stories, which tell of some local or partial retrogression; but, if we look at the broad facts of history, we find progress. Of the progress of the artisans we have spoken; how all are rising; how some are, in the true sense of the word, becoming gentlemen. Some few of them, may indeed, interpret this to mean little more than becoming, at times, dandyfied perambulating machines, for the display of the cheaper triumphs of the haberdasher and the tailor. But many artisans are becoming artists, who take a proud interest in the glories of their art, are truly citizens, are courteous, gentle, thoughtful, able, and independent men. Even if we take the ruder labourers, we find something to set off against, the accounts of their habits of indulging in drink and rough pastimes. Such habits were but a short time ago common among country squires. But country squires had in them the seeds of better things, and when a new age opened to them broader and higher interests, they threw off the old and narrow ones.

And our colliers even are doing the same. A series of reports by well-informed, unprejudiced men proves that, on the whole, their faults have diminished and their virtues increased. And the late Parliamentary Committee has shown, how a solid foundation of their further improvement has been laid in the improvement of their houses, how they are now learning to take pride in their homes and to love them.

What limits are there then to the rapidity of our progress? How are we let or hindered? History shows that on a basis of mere energy a marvellous edifice can be speedily erected. Two centuries ago England exported raw in exchange for manufactured produce; she had no mechanical skill, and imported foreigners one after another to overcome her engineering difficulties. A century ago the agriculture of the Scotch lowlands seemed as hopelessly bad as any in Europe: now it is a model school for the world. It was mainly from the rough uncultured population of the trading cities of Italy and the Netherlands that there arose that bright glory of art which in the middle ages illumined all Europe. Why then should not the energy which our working classes have, when once turned in the right direction, lead to a progress as rapid and brilliant?

Alas! there is one great hindrance. One of the first uses we are making of our increased knowledge is, as it ought to be, to save from disease and want multitudes who, even a few years ago, would have sunk under their influence. As a result, population is increasing rapidly. The truth that every father owes to his children the duty of providing them with a lot in life, happier and better than his own, has not yet been grasped. Men who have been brought up, to use their own phrase, "anyhow," are contented that their children should be brought up "anyhow." Thus there is kept up a constant supply of unskilled laborers, who have nothing but their hands to offer for hire, and who

offer these without stint or reserve. Thus competition for food dogs the heels of progress, and perpetually hinders it. The first most difficult step is to get rid of this competition. It is difficult, but it can be made. We shall in vain tell the working man that he must raise his standard while we do not raise ours: he will laugh at us, or glare on us. But let the same measure be meted out to all. Let this one principle of action be adopted by us all—*just as a man who has borrowed money is bound to pay it back with interest, so a man is bound to give to his children an education better, and more thorough than he has himself received.* This he is bound to do. We may hope that many will do more than they are bound to do.

And what is society bound to do? It is bound to see that no child grow up in ignorance, able only to be a producing machine, unable to be a man; himself low and limited in his thoughts, his tastes, his feelings, his interests and his aims, to some extent probably low and limited in his virtues, and in every way lowering and limiting his neighbours. It is bound to compel children, and to help them, to take the first step, upwards; and it is bound to help them to make, if they will, many steps upwards. If the growth of a man's mind, if his spiritual cultivation be the end of life; and material wealth, houses and horses, carpets and French cookery merely means; what temporary pecuniary loss can we set against the education of the nation? It is abundantly clear that, unless we can compel children into the schools, we cannot enable multitudes of them to escape from a life of ignorance so complete that they cannot fail to be brutish and degraded. It is not denied that a school-board alone can save from this ruin those children whose parents are averse to education; that at least in our towns there are many whom no voluntary system can reach. And yet throughout the length and breadth of the country

we are startled by finding that some of those, who are most anxious that the Bible should be taught, are those who are most unwilling that a State, which has with success invested capital in telegraphs, should now venture to invest capital in men; that they are those, who are most ready to urge men "not to rush headlong on" a rate of some pence in the pound. I will only urge that, for consistency, such people should teach an expurgated edition of the Bible. Let every page be cut out in which it is implied that material wealth may be less important than the culture of the man himself, the nurture of his inner life. They will not have heavy work, they will not have many pages left to teach.

But in truth material welfare, as well as spiritual, will be the lot of that country which, by public and private action, devotes its full energies to raising the standard of the culture of the people. The difference between the value of the labour of the educated man and that of the uneducated, is, as a rule, many times greater than the difference between the costs of their education. If the difference between the value of the work done by a good breed of horses and a bad one, be much greater than the difference between the costs of maintaining them, can there be any doubt that the good breed will drive out the bad one? But no individual reaps the full gains derived from educating a child, from taking a step towards supplanting the race of uneducated labourers by a race of educated labourers. Still, if the State work for this end, the State will gain. If we all work together for this end, we shall all gain together. Then will be removed every let and hindrance to the attainment of that condition which we have pictured—a condition which, if it be hard to be attained, is easy to be maintained—a condition in which every man's energies and activities will be fully developed—a condition in which men will work not less than they do now but more; only, to use a good old phrase, most of their work will be

a work of love; it will be a work which, whether conducted for payment or not, will exercise and nurture their faculties. Manual work, carried to such an excess that it leaves little opportunity for the free growth of his higher nature, is that alone which will be absent; but that *will* be absent. In so far as the working classes are men who have such excessive work to do, in so far will the working classes have been abolished.

ALFRED MARSHALL.





MR. GUBBINS AND THE GHOULS.

MR. GILBERT GUBBINS was a bachelor of some fifty years of age, tall in figure, precise in deportment, and essentially a gentleman of the old school; his hair was grey, his face rosy and clean-shaven with a bland sort of "in-what-can-I-oblige-you-sir" expression habitually pervading it: he wore a double eye-glass with a gold rim, a heavy watch-chain of the same material, and was always dressed in black. He belonged to the legal profession, when at home resided in lodgings, and was as regular in his habits as an eight-day clock or the ancestral chronometer that ticked in his fob; rose every morning at seven, breakfast at eight, office at half-past nine, stroll to the news-room at eleven for a look at the morning papers, a biscuit and glass of sherry at one, dinner at five, cup of tea at eight, evening at the news-room, a weak glass of brandy and water at half-past ten, and so to bed. Such had been Mr. Gubbins' daily routine for many years, and though it had perhaps left him a trifle prim and narrow-minded, he was withal as excellent a fellow as ever stood 5 feet 11½ inches in his shoes, or, we should say, boots, for Mr. Gubbins was addicted to the use of Wellingtons.

Mr. Gubbins was a lawyer, as we have already stated, and in that capacity formed one of the leading triumvirate in his native town of Blankaster, the parson and doctor being his rivals in the race for

popular favour. He was, moreover, town-clerk and confidential adviser to most of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, and, among others, to Mr. Hathornthwaite of Hathornthwaite Hall. To this gentleman he not only stood in the relationship of lawyer to client, but was also bound by the ties of personal friendship, and, what is more to the purpose, on the 31st of December, 185—, the time at which our story opens, he was seated in the inside of the mail coach (for Mr. Gubbins lived in a part of England to which railways had not penetrated) on his way to celebrate the arrival of the approaching new year at his friend's mansion.

It was not an inspiring afternoon which saw Mr. Gubbins set forth on his journey; the wind howled among the fir trees that skirted the road, and, wherever they afforded an opening, struck the coach with such violence that it reeled under the shock, while the rain pattered against the windows with the noise and intensity of a shower of grape-shot. The only other inside was an old gentleman, such at least he appeared to be, as far as might be judged from the tip of a very red nose, the one portion of his face left visible by the fur travelling-cap, woollen muffler and blue spectacles which environed it. With such an individual conversation was impossible, for when Mr. Gubbins did venture on a remark the only answer vouchsafed was a sound, which though neither exactly a cough, a grunt, nor a growl, yet partaking of the nature of all three, served effectually to repel further advances. The journey, therefore, passed as such journeys usually do, in attempts to sleep, and smothered imprecations on the bad roads and worse springs which rendered such attempts futile.

But all sublunary matters must come to an end, and Mr. Gubbins' troubles formed no exception to the general rule; for at six o'clock in the evening the coach pulled up at the village of Hathornthwaite.

"Any one here for the Hall?" says a smart footman, thrusting his head in at the window.

"Aha, William, is that you?" cries Mr. Gubbins starting up, "all quite well at the house, I hope?"

"Now, my man," shouts the coachman to William, who is hopelessly entangled in the mazes of the boot, "look sharp out with that 'ere gen'leman's luggage, can't yer? we're half an hour late a'ready. What! I must come and help yer, stupid, must I?" Down he jumps, disappears head first into the boot, a convulsive struggle, out comes Mr. Gubbins' portmanteau, bang goes the boot-door, up climbs Jehu again, gathers up the reins, blows a blast on his horn (for our degenerate coach boasts neither guard nor bugle), the ostlers give the horses their heads and away they go, and away goes Mr. Gubbins, with William and the portmanteau, up the carriage drive.

How pleasant it felt to get out of the raw misty air and be disencumbered of greatcoat and dripping wraps; how bright and cheery the old hall looked, its oak panels decorated with holly and mistletoe, its portraits of grim ancestors in suits of mail and full-bottomed wigs, and still grimmer ancestresses with bunches of flowers or shepherdess' crooks, illuminated by the huge wood fire which roared and crackled on the open hearth; how refreshing after his journey the hot water brought up to his bedroom by a smiling chambermaid; in a word, how delightful all this was to Mr. Gubbins, may, as the newspapers remark of the road to Epsom on a Derby Day, be more easily imagined than described.

"Here he is," shouted the jolly host, a stout, fresh-faced country gentleman, as Mr. Gubbins, after half an hour spent in dressing, was ushered into the drawing-room. "And how are you, my buck?" he continued, giving his guest a wring of the hand and a slap on the back, which made his eyes water again; for the squire was one of those hearty characters whose demonstrative

welcomes are not always unaccompanied with pain to the recipient. The room was full of people: there was the clergyman, a white-headed benevolent old man; and the surgeon, a pale-faced, weak-eyed young one, with a long neck and a nervous habit of opening his mouth as if he were going to say something, and then putting his hand up to prevent it coming out. There was the squire's blooming wife, there were brothers of the squire and cousins of the squire, there were nephews, nieces, and relations of all degrees of consanguinity! and last but not least there was the squire's only sister, Miss Jemima Hathornthwaite, a young lady of thirty-three, who was still a Miss, though for some years toasted as the reigning belle of the county, and by no means disposed even now to abandon all claims to be considered a beauty.

The evening began as such evenings generally do; the ladies formed a ring at one end of the room and looked at the gentlemen, who herded together at the other like sheep when a strange dog appears, as much as to say, "Why don't these stupid men come and talk to us." Coffee and tea, cake and bread-and-butter, were handed round; old men prosed away on politics, holding their victims fast by the button to prevent all possibility of escape; while young ones, timidly edging towards the enchanted circle, and emboldened by the glances of encouragement with which the fair occupants rewarded them, plunged recklessly into a mild gossip on the state of the weather, the last new novel, *et hoc genus omne*; so that by the time the party adjourned to the hall, which had been cleared for games and dancing, there was a general Babel of tongues, during which many desperate flirtations were carried on. Mr. Gubbins in particular might have been seen sunning himself beneath the smiles and whispering tender nothings into the ear of the charming Miss Jemima Hathornthwaite, in whose society he spent the greater part of that evening.

Who shall describe the fun that followed ; the blind-man's-buff and snap-dragon ; the screams of the young ladies when they burnt their fingers, or the infatuation of the little doctor who persisted in running into blind-man's arms ; the grand game of forfeits, and Mr. Gubbins' dismay when sentenced to bite an inch off the poker ; the quadrilles and waltzes that were danced, until the pianist, between native hilarity and the sherry with which he was too liberally supplied, became so irregular in his movements that it was found necessary to convey him to bed. Or who shall tell of the supper, the round of beef and roast turkey, the mighty plum-pudding with its sprig of holly and flaming sauce, the flocks of fowls and coveys of partridge (for they did these things in profuse style at Hathornthwaite Hall) ; with what rapidity moulds of jelly and mince-pies disappeared ; how young ladies, after many protests that they weren't one bit hungry, contrived notwithstanding to make most excellent suppers, while young gentlemen did the same without any such protests at all ; what toasts were proposed and oysters opened, what healths were drunk and champagne too. And when all was over, how they repaired to the hall to drink a bowl of punch and sit the old year out, and what confusion was occasioned on the way by the discovery that some mischievous individual had hung up a branch of mistletoe, or what a mean advantage the gentlemen took of the fact that the passage was narrow and the ladies couldn't run away.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mr. Gubbins?" whispered Miss Jemima Hathornthwaite to that gentleman, when the whole party were comfortably seated round the fire.

"Talking of ghosts," put in the little doctor, "I knew a man, who —," but his voice being lost behind the hand which he held to his mouth, no one attended to him.

"Talking of ghosts," exclaimed the squire, "did any of you ever hear the story about poor Harry

Sinclair?" Now most of the company *had* heard the story, for the squire was in the habit of telling it at least once a week ; but of course every one said they had not, and at the same time evinced a burning curiosity to learn further particulars. "Well," began the jolly host, "you must know that it's twenty years since the circumstances occurred of which I'm going to tell you. I was spending Christmas with my uncle Wilson, in Yorkshire, and there was a pretty house-full of us young folk. Christmas Eve had come, when who should turn up quite unexpectedly but my uncle's godson, Harry Sinclair, an officer in the dragoons and as dare-devil a young fellow as you'd meet in a day's march. 'Why, Harry,' says my uncle, 'is that you?' 'Yes it is, Mr. Wilson,' says he, 'I've come to spend Christmas-day with you.' 'And you're welcome, my boy,' rejoins my uncle, who was the most hospitable soul alive, 'but where we're to put you I don't know, unless you'll sleep in the haunted room ; for the house is choke full.' 'Never fash your beard about me' says Harry laughing, 'I'll sleep anywhere, and I've a brace of pistols at the service of any ghost or goblin that comes to bother me.' So it was settled in that way, and a bed was made up for him in the haunted room. What a merry evening we had to be sure ; poor Harry was brim-full of fun and kept us all in roars of laughter with his jokes. 'Good night,' says he, when we broke up at twelve o'clock, 'and don't any of you ladies be frightened if you hear a shot, for it will only be me firing at master ghost.' So off he goes laughing to bed, and after settling his pistols on a little table, where he could reach them easily, he drops off to sleep as calm as a little child. Well, in the middle of the night he wakes up, and there sure enough was the ghost they'd told him of, standing in the moonlight. 'Who are you?' falters Harry turning very pale, for in spite of what he had said it was a nervous moment ; 'Who are you?' The ghost answered nothing, but gave

a groan that made Harry's blood run cold. So he seizes his pistols and calls out, 'If you don't be off, as sure as my name's Henry Sinclair, I'll put a brace of slugs into you.'"

"A brace of what?" inquired an old lady, intensely interested.

"Of slugs—bullets you know."

"Ah," said the old lady, "I understand, but pray go on."

"'Fire away,' says the ghost, 'but I warn you, though you take ever so sure an aim, they'll pass through me into the wall behind.' " But Harry, you see, didn't believe it; so steadying himself he fires both barrels point-blank: the ghost only gave an unearthly sort of laugh, and when the smoke had cleared away, there it was holding out a bullet in each hand. Now, as you've all probably guessed, the ghost was no more a ghost than you or I, but only my cousin, Jack Wilson, who wanted to see whether Harry could be frightened or not, and had taken the precaution of drawing the bullets from the pistols, in case he really should fire; and those were the identical ones held up after the shot. But unfortunately for poor Harry, he could not see behind the scenes, and when they went to call him next morning, they only found a chattering idiot; and such he has remained ever since."

This horrible recital had of course the effect of eliciting many more of a similar character, for every one present, as it turned out, had either seen a ghost themselves, or, like the boy who prided himself on his acquaintance with a man who had spoken to a mountebank, possessed uncles, cousins, or familiar friends, who had been thus favoured. So story followed story in quick succession, pleasingly diversified by an occasional song, until the bells struck up, first a muffled knell for the old year, that lay a-dying, and next a merry peal of welcome to its youthful successor. Then after the punch had been drunk and the candles lighted, good

wishes wished and good nights exchanged, the guests dispersed to their various apartments.

The room, which Mr. Gubbins was to occupy, belonged to a class frequently to be met with in English country houses of the 17th century: it was high and airy, with panelled walls of a dark colour, undermined in various directions by that suspicious kind of closet or cupboard in which the family skeleton might not unnaturally be supposed to be kept. The chairs and tables were black and gold with thin spider-like legs and a general savour of the antique: dismal pictures in frames of the same material were suspended above them. The bed was a ponderous four-poster with drapery of so funereal a hue as only to need a few sable ostrich plumes on the top to complete its resemblance to an overgrown hearse. The chimney, in which a bright fire crackled, was an open one, its sides adorned with Dutch tiles whereon were represented the life and adventures of the prodigal son. Before these works of art Mr. Gubbins drew a chair, and after divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat, and choker, which he carefully folded and deposited on another chair, sat down and fell into a reverie. What may have been the subject of that reverie we cannot say, not being in Mr. Gubbins' confidence; but judging by the beaming smile which ever and anon played round his mouth, it must have been a pleasant one—perhaps Miss Jemima Hathornthwaite; who can tell? Rousing himself at length from these delicious dreams he briskly donned his night-gear, tied his night-cap firmly beneath his chin—being in this respect a disciple of the immortal Mr. Pickwick—put out his candle, and after casting a nervous glance at the strange lights and shadows which flickered on wall and floor, stole swiftly across the room and jumped into bed.

Now whether it was the bright eyes and bewitching smiles of the lady just mentioned that had so inflamed his susceptible heart as to banish all possibility of

slumber, or whether the roast turkey and plum pudding, of which he had partaken somewhat freely at supper, are to be blamed; or, lastly, whether, as his enemies suggest (and the best of us have our enemies), the milk punch had been a thought too strong for him, we will not attempt to decide; but, whatever the cause might be, certain it is that Mr. Gilbert Gubbins, who for the fifty odd years, during which he had trod this earth, had been accustomed to drop off to sleep exactly five minutes after he laid his head upon the pillow, on this New Year's night experienced for the first time that most unpleasant of all sensations—sleeplessness. In vain he turned from right side to left, from left again to right; in vain he kept his eyes persistently closed, repeated his multiplication table, and essayed in succession all the authorized methods of coaxing the fickle goddess to kindness; all to no purpose. So at last, after the unsatisfactory conviction had forced itself on his mind, that there was no use trying to sleep in his present condition, he got out of bed with the intention of seeing what the weather promised for his return journey.

It was a wild, gusty night; the rain, as if exhausted by its efforts on the preceding afternoon, had ceased, but clouds were driving at a furious pace across the moon, now totally obscuring her disc, and again suffering her to break forth and throw ghastly lights and shadows on the old hall and the deep forests that surround it. At the distance of about half a mile, bathed in a silver flood, lay the churchyard, where

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept,”

and from the midst, its massive tower and richly-wrought gables all white against the black woods, the church itself rose, a venerable pile, being in fact part of a priory granted by Henry VIII, at the dissolution of the religious houses, to his loyal subject, Hugo de Hathornthwaite, in liquidation of a large sum advanced by the said Hugo to his liege lord on the occasion of

a journey to France. Inside the building were laid to rest many generations of Hathornthwaites—old Sir Hugo; Sir Guy, a gallant of King James' court; Sir Everard, who fell at Naseby Fight, charging by the side of Prince Rupert, and was carried home, in compliance with his dying request, by a band of weeping retainers to lie beside the ashes of his sires; next him, by the side of Dame Alice his wife, slept Sir Richard, Everard's cousin, who espoused the cause of the people and rose to eminence during the protectorate: there was Sir Anthony, a naval commander under the gallant Blake; Sir Ralph, the divine of the family, notorious for his controversy with Bishop Atterbury, on the divine right of kings, “his pamphlet whereon,” saith an historian of the period, “had well-nigh brought him to the pillory but for the Queen's death and the coming in of the Whigs with the house of Brunswick.” Last Sir John, son of Sir Ralph, a celebrated jurisconsult under the first Georges; with him terminated the baronetcy, for dying childless the name and a portion of the estates passed to the female branch from which the present squire was descended, the title becoming extinct. With all these details Mr. Gubbins, as family solicitor and keeper of the archives, was well acquainted, and as he gazed on the last earthly resting-place of these heroes, he fell into a train of thought. What remained to them of their glories now! they were clean gone, wiped out, forgotten but for a few broken monuments, spelt out by unlettered rustics while waiting for the parson on a Sunday morning, and pointed to as all that survived of “them Hathornthwaites as were girt folk i' these parts lang syne.” What good had their battles done them, their loves and hates, their feuds and friendships.

“The Knights' bones are dust,
And their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

From reveries such as these Mr. Gubbins was roused by the clock striking three, and feeling very cold he made his way back to bed and was soon fast asleep. But even here his evil genius dogged him, for instead of the calm refreshing slumbers, which he so much needed, his rest was broken by wild distressing dreams: perhaps the church-yard on which he had been gazing filled his mind with thoughts of corpses, coffins, and the like; perhaps it did not; but whether or no, he fancied himself to be in a dissecting room in one of the great London hospitals—on a table in the centre, tightly strapped down, lay the figure of a man, pale and still as death, while his travelling companion of the previous day, the grumpy hero of the fur cap and blue spectacles, whetted a knife previous to commencing operations; a feeling of indescribable horror seized on Mr. Gubbins, the whole air seemed alive with mocking faces, which leered and made mouths at him; the figure on the table moved, turned its face; heavens! it was his friend the squire. He tried to rush forward to save him, but a strong wind seemed to blow against him and keep him back; he tried to cry out but his tongue refused utterance; he wrestled fiercely in his agony, the faces mouth at him and mock him; the operator advances, solemnly chanting the horrible medley,

“Gin a body buy a body,
That has chanced to die;
Gin a body carve a body

the chorus of faces yell out the refrain, “carve a body, carve a body, a body, body.” Mr. Gubbins makes one more desperate struggle and wakes up with a violent shock and the word “body” still ringing in his ears. Yes! no! yes, there could be no doubt there was some one actually in the room and, what was more, the word “body” was distinctly uttered by them. Mr. Gubbins sat up in bed and listened.

“Is the old gentleman asleep?” said a low voice.

“Yes,” replied another, “I think so.” Mr. Gubbins, however, was not asleep, very far from it.

“Then take down that body that’s hanging in the closet and bring it out.”

Mr. Gubbins sat like one petrified; what could this mean? what bodies could possibly be hanging in his room? A horrible suspicion flashed across his mind; he thought of Burke and Hare; was it possible? . . . but no, the idea was absurd, and yet he had heard of such things, people being murdered in lonely places to furnish subjects for scientific experimentalizing. He remembered once reading a story, a horrid story, about the top of a bed being let down and smothering a man, or something of the sort: his eye turned involuntarily to the top of *his* bed, but that was in its place all right; and if this was, as he feared, what was he to think of his old friend the squire? could he be privy to such proceedings? could he be the instigator of them? Mr. Gubbins would have fain thought not, and yet it seemed scarcely credible how they could have been carried on without his cognizance. But hush! there was a sound again; some one stole past the bed, opened a door, then there came a fumbling noise. Mr. Gubbins sat with starting eyes and bated breath, listening eagerly for what was to come.

“Now, look sharp,” said the voice ~~who~~ had spoken first, “or we shall have the old gentleman waking and catching us.”

“Which is it you want?” returned the other, “there are so many.” Mr. Gubbins shuddered.

“The one hanging from the near hook, without any arms and the eyes a’most torn out.” Then followed some whispering, the purport of which Mr. Gubbins could not catch, but the words “died” and “cut up” were distinctly audible.

Then it was as he thought! his worst fears were realized. Mr. Gubbins turned sick at the idea and sank back upon his pillow. Oh, the depths of human

wickedness; here in a christian civilized country, in a peaceful village, nay in the very house of a magistrate, was being conducted seemingly a trade of the most nefarious description, a trade hateful alike to God and man. And now what ought he to do? hold his peace, leave the place at once and by never setting foot again within the accursed mansion endeavour to efface from his memory the recollection of such atrocities; this was his first thought. Friendship whispered, "why involve your host in the train of calamity which must follow on discovery? Why mix yourself in so revolting a matter? better let well alone; you can't touch pitch without being defiled." "What," cried conscience, "you a just man, who live by upholding your country's laws, you suffer such a crime to go undetected and unpunished!" The revulsion of feeling was instantaneous; duty, honour, professional pride, came to the rescue, the fight was won, and Mr. Gubbins lept nimbly out of bed. Had Mr. Gubbins at this moment been possessed of a pistol, like the gentleman whose story he had that night heard, it is highly probable that, undeterred by the tragic fate of that individual, he would, in his righteous indignation, have shot the intruders, or *endeavoured* to do so, for Mr. Gubbins knew rather less about firearms than an Ancient Briton; but having no such weapon about him, he was fain to make shift with the best substitute that came to hand, a boot-jack to wit. Thus armed he tripped stealthily along in the direction of the retreating light; down a flight of stairs, a turn to the right, a long passage, more stairs, a turn to the left, down some stone steps, which were very cold to the naked feet, and Mr. Gubbins found himself before a door partially open, within which it was clear, from the light and voices, his prey had taken refuge. With much inward trepidation, but valorously determined to sift the matter to the bottom, he applied his eye to the chink, and what do you suppose he saw? no bloodless corpse prepared for the knife of the dissector, no ghouls

in human shape, who feed upon the flesh of dead men, gloating over their unhallowed wares, but a pretty lady's-maid in a coquettish little cap stitching hooks and eyes to the upper portion of her mistress' dress, while a page in sugar-loaf buttons with his back to the fire congratulated the fair 'body-snatcher' on the success of their marauding expedition.

How Mr. Gubbins got back to his room, and what a laugh there was when he narrated his adventure next morning over the breakfast-table, we leave to the ingenuity of our readers to imagine. He is now married to Miss Hathornthwaite, and from his enlarged acquaintance with the articles of a lady's toilette, less likely to fall into a similar mistake.

SERMO.

ADIEU.

WOFUL the word that tells of separation
Of loving hearts and true,
That tells of tears and lonely lamentation,
That doleful word "adieu."

But when at last, mid sickness and mid sadness
Life fades from out our view,
Then may that word ring with a sudden gladness,
And be indeed "à Dieu."

W. G. W.



NORFOLK ISLAND IN 1865.

NORFOLK Island covers about as much ground as would make an estate for a Squire and not enough for a Duke; the whole island, to its very innermost recess, could be explored in a very few days' ramble. But so varied is the surface; so broken into hill and dale and wooded glen; so fresh with murmuring brooks and bubbling springs, that months might glide by without finding the visitor tired of the spot. The splendid Norfolk-island pine crowns the summits and clothes the sides of the hills; the sheltered vallies are bright with orange blossom and myrtle flower, whilst wherever the ground has been cleared their grows turf as smooth and elastic as any that you might find in an English park—for, placed where the torrid passes into the temperate zone, the island unites the bright freshness of temperate climes with the luxuriant splendour of the tropics.

Who would not long to ramble over such an isle, when, to add one crowning charm,

—down each woodland dale we watch
The many twinkling smiles of Ocean,
And with pleased ear bewildered catch
His chime of restless motion?

And the islanders are worthy of their surroundings. It is now 80 years since H. M. S. *Bounty* was broken to pieces against the cliffs of Pitcairn's Island, and nearly 60 since the crew of H. M. S. *Briton* were

startled by hearing the natives of an unvisited island meet them with the unmistakeably English hail "Won't you heave us a rope." I take it that all are familiar* with the strange story related on the deck of that vessel. The islanders stated that this was the spot to which the mutineers of the *Bounty* had fled in the hope of eluding the search that they knew would be made for them; that as years went by the mutineers themselves had passed away and a new generation (the offspring of the Tahitian women who had been carried off in the *Bounty*) had grown up knowing no other home than Pitcairn Island.

Strange to say these people had been reared with a reverence for religion and morality that put to shame our English Christianity. Fugitives though the mutineers were, they had taught their children to love their fatherland and be proud of their claim to be called King George's subjects.

The little colony continued to flourish for 60 years, when their island home became too strait for their rapidly increasing numbers. Just at this time the English Government determined to break up the large convict establishment that had existed on Norfolk Island; and Sir William Denison, then governor of New South Wales, handed over the island with all its establishments to the Pitcairners who migrated there in 1856.

Norfolk Island would be a very suitable residence for a hermit with nautical tastes, as it does not lie in the road to any part of the known world; nevertheless some of the emigrants found even this approach to civilization too exciting to be tolerated and they returned to Pitcairn in 1858.

The others have remained on Norfolk Island leading a life of lazy happiness varied by occasional visits from the Governor of New South Wales, and more recently

* For a full account let me refer my readers to "Pitcairn and Norfolk Island," by the S. P. C. K.

by the Bishop of New Zealand and Bishop Patteson. Most ships of war also touch here during their stay in these parts; and the greatest excitement the little colony can feel is occasioned by the signal of "a man of war in the offing."

The young ladies then get out their best dresses and the old ones their best dishes; the men launch boats or else go off pigeon shooting, and the island becomes as busy as an ant-hill with preparations for the English visitors.

The settlement is built on low ground near the beach, and, when seen from the deck of a vessel, appears about the size of a large English village, the houses being commodious and well built of stone. It must be remembered that the islanders found these ready made to their hands, as there was a population in the old days of at least one thousand, reckoning soldiers and convicts together. It could not be expected that the few hundred Pitcairners, without tools or skill, could keep in repair all the dwellings, storehouses, &c., that such a population had required, and there is consequently an appearance of neglect and decay about some parts of the settlement that might cause the visitor to form an unfavourable opinion of the industry of the islanders.

We arrived off the island during the night, but were boarded early next day by a boat full of islanders who soon found their way into the ward-room, where I found them "chatting away as lively and gay" as if they had known us all their lives; and yet they were the descendants of the mutineers, and one was the grandson of the very man who had sent Bligh and his crew adrift and bid him sink or swim for all he cared.

Foremost among our visitors was the superintendent of the island. The islanders willingly yielded to his autocratic sway, and he had great influence over them: but the traders and others who landed on the island

rejected his authority, and consequently an official had been sent from Sydney with the title of magistrate, and the president's authority was reduced in consequence; as he said with a laugh, "I am only number nine with the tail cut off." He seemed careless of the importance any mere title could give; as though he felt that his power rested on force of character and natural superiority, and was too deeply rooted in the hearts of his subjects to be lightly shaken.

We were all eager for the shore; and, after hurrying through divisions, quarters, and the usual sea routine, the cutter was piped away and the ship deserted by all the officers who could be spared from duty. As we neared the shore the islanders came flocking down to the beach to welcome us and help us to land. This was no easy matter, so furiously did the stormy waves of the unpacific Pacific (a fig for ancient mariners who misnamed oceans) dash upon the pier. This was an old government erection too firmly built to suffer much even from island neglect; but every bolt and ring had long been rusted out of it and landing was by no means easy. However, watching the roll of the cutter, I caught the outstretched hands of two of the islanders and sprang ashore without a wetting.

We were quickly surrounded by a crowd of men and women, and were now able to take a good look at the islanders. I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say that they can best be described by two words—they were "strikingly Irish." The men possessed the same spare, well-knit frames; the women the same buxom figures and bright eyes. There was the same hearty welcome and, alas! the same clear conviction that this welcome would atone for a negligent toilet, too-flowing locks, and ragged skirts. Nay, I am not sure that there was not the same brogue or something like it; for the Tahitian element, in their speech, lent a delicious softness to their pronunciation that was almost as charming as a well-managed brogue. After

shaking hands all round we walked on with the superintendent to his comfortable house. Looking through the ground-floor windows we could see tidy rooms with plain, clean furniture; but the reception room was upstairs, and thither we were ceremoniously marshalled. On entering our host said "Now, gentlemen, make yourselves at home; I can't say more." It was not much, but there was such a tone of reality about the words as left no doubt of their sincerity, and we at once began to make friends with his family circle. After resting for some time I put myself under the guidance of a young islander, and sallied out to inspect the island.

My companion first took me to his house and introduced me to his wife and children, of whom he was immensely proud. It was whispered to me that Mrs. — held herself rather high in Island society, partly because she had been to school at Lima, but specially because she was the only lady on the island who wore stays.

I found that the others were expected to conform to the island code of politeness, which required that on introduction the gentleman and lady should greet one another with a friendly kiss, after the kindly custom in fashion amongst our forefathers. I was made an exception to the general rule; but I have never been able to decide whether I was most pleased or disappointed by this exception on my behalf. The ceremony was observed with due gravity by the seniors; but these greetings were made with much more warmth by the younger members of the party, especially when the parting hour drew near. As for the young ladies, like pretty Cis, celebrated by Hood, they were to the manner born and evidently

—thought it not amiss,
But only what was laudable,
To give a kiss and take a kiss
In which their hearts were audible.

Proceeding on our explorations we next entered the court-yard of the convict store-house. Here we found a large party of women making great preparations for a grand supper to be given in our honour. As they were considered to be *en déshabille* whilst cooking, we only stayed long enough to notice that several of them were as pretty as bright eyes, good teeth, soft rippling hair, and clear brunette complexions could make them. These two latter characteristics seemed the only inheritance they had received from their Tahitian mothers; in other respects they "featured" their English parents.

We afterwards visited the chief buildings of the island, the church, &c., and spent the rest of the day rambling about the woods and visiting the smaller houses. Here I found a rude sort of plenty reigning and a hearty welcome wherever I entered. But it appeared to me that the work of receiving and entertaining visitors was left more to the leading families who had good houses and better accommodation.

In the evening a grand dance and supper was given in honour of our arrival. I am sorry to say that I did not assist at this *fête*, which would have enabled me to add an interesting page to this record. I was informed that the ladies made ample amends for their *déshabille* of the morning, and were splendidly attired in evening dresses with sashes and trimmings of the most approved description, though the wreaths of wild flowers that were arranged in their hair gave them a sort of Madge-Wildfire appearance that would have created a sensation in an English ball-room. The men wore the customary suits of solemn black that make an Englishman's evening dress all over the world. Dancing was kept up with great spirit, as the newspapers say, to a late hour, to the alternate strains of a fiddle and concertina. The party then sat down to an abundant repast of beef, sucking-pig, Pigeon pie, piles of yam, and a specially dainty fritter

made up of cassava root and eaten with a sauce of melted butter and sugar.

The next day I spent in getting up the statistics of the Island, with the assistance of Mr. Nobbs, the chaplain. I learned that there were 339 people on the island, at the time of my visit, who are governed by a president, chosen yearly from one of the principal families. He is advised and assisted by a sort of governing body formed by the chief inhabitants, who have charge of the waste land and other public property, and exercise a paternal government over the remainder of the islanders. Amongst other duties they have to act as school board to the settlement. The education is strictly denominational and entirely successful, as there is not a grown up islander who cannot read and write. I understand that a salutary bye-law has been passed prohibiting matrimony between those who have not these elementary accomplishments, and this enactment has been found to have a most salutary effect. When these educational obstacles have been surmounted there is no fear of the match being broken off through insufficient settlements, want of means, or any of those numerous objections which prudent parents are apt to make impecunious suitors.

"Cursed be the want of acres, doubly cursed the want of tin," has never to be uttered by any Norfolk Island suitor: acres are in abundance, tin unknown. Reading and writing once acquired, the community smile on the happy couple, and the governing body endow them with about 50 acres of land, cattle, sheep, and a vacant house.

As there is no trade, there is no inducement to accumulate wealth; every one can easily obtain more than enough to supply his own simple wants, so that all the inhabitants live upon a footing of rude equality, that must be one of the great charms of their life.

Where vice presents so few temptations we should expect an almost ideal state of morality, and these

expectations are well founded. Theft and drunkenness are alike unknown. Love is sanctioned and hallowed by the universal custom of early marriages. Wealth has no meaning, ambition no scope amongst such a simple community, who yield a willing obedience to parental authority and the influence of religion.

The wish is parent to the thought that such a Utopia might remain unpolluted by contact with the outer world. But this is impossible; that it cannot continue in its present state of isolation is evident. Ambition, and the wish to see the world, will carry off the bolder and abler members of the society; and, on the other hand, it will be impossible always to exclude numbers who will resort thither for trade, to satisfy their curiosity, or to settle on the fertile land of the island.

It is interesting to speculate upon the future of this community: perhaps their best chance was the establishment amongst them of the head quarters of the Melanesian Mission. The zeal and energy of Bishop Patteson,* his warm and ready sympathy, his wonderful knowledge of men, marked him out as one best suited to perform the difficult task of carrying the islanders through the perilous stage of transition from complete isolation to the modified intercourse with the world that they must look forward to. One thing is certain—if the islanders are in any degree to maintain their position it can only be by giving them a knowledge of the trades practised by the rudest nations; there did not seem to be a carpenter, mason, blacksmith or painter among them, and nearly every house on the island stood in need of one or another of these functionaries.

Whatever the future may have in store for the Norfolk islanders, their past can never be forgotten. It may be thought that this account dwells too much upon the superficial aspect of their position, and hardly does justice to the forethought, the courage, the self-

* This was in 1865—Bp. Patteson has died since then; this and many other bright hopes have died with him.

control, the capacity for government, that the founders of the colony have displayed. If so, it is not that I am unconscious or forgetful, but because I feel myself unequal to the task; for I should have to do justice to the abilities that, without experience, without resources, without leaders, enabled a small knot of shipwrecked sailors to found a community, where liberty, equality and fraternity, are made compatible with law and order; where crime is unknown and misery never felt.

I was occupied for the greater part of the day getting these facts together. In the evening there was an impromptu musical party and supper which passed off well, with the exception of one contre-temps that was sufficiently characteristic. The custom is to conclude the day and the meal with family prayers; and, accordingly, after supper a Bible and Prayer-book were placed before one of the guests with the request that he would return thanks. His ideas of returning thanks were derived from other scenes and entertainments and being rather glib of tongue, he got up, and, to the great surprise of our hosts, made an appropriate speech, thanking them for their kindness, &c., according to the custom of after-dinner speeches. His remarks were listened to with the utmost politeness; and at last he sat down not a little pleased with himself; then, and not till then, his entertainers undeceived him and explained that he was expected to conduct family prayers and not make a speech.

We only remained for one day more, and that was spent in interchanging farewells and parting presents. The islanders were specially delighted with carte-de-visites of their friends; these were willingly bestowed, and will, I doubt not, serve to keep green the memory of our visit to the island. On the other hand, the islanders thought nothing was too good for us; but the only keepsakes we would accept were some beautiful walking-sticks made from the stem of the

orange tree and some wood and metal taken from the Bounty.

Occupied in this way, the last day of our visit passed only too quickly away; again did we visit our special friends, each trying to be the last to say farewell, until a signal at the mast head and the lengthening cloud of smoke that was streaming out of the funnel compelled us to hasten down to the pier and bid a long and sad farewell to the beautiful shores and hospitable inhabitants of Norfolk Island.

PLATO'S EAGLE.

- A. αλετὲ, τίπτε βέβηκας ὑπὲρ τάφον; ἢ τίνος, εἰπέ,
ἀστερόεντα θεῶν οἶκον ἀποσκοπέεις;
B. ψυχῆς εἰμὶ Πλάτωνος ἀποπταμένης ἐς Ὀλυμπον
εἰκὼν· σῶμα δὲ γῇ γηγενὲς Ἀθῆναις ἔχει.

Anthologia Palatina vii. 62.

- A. O tell me, Eagle! whence you are,
Why perched upon this tomb;
Why keenly viewing from afar
The gods' own starry home.
B. As Plato's emblem here I stand;
His soul, to heaven flown,
Here left on earth in his fatherland
His earth-born part alone.

J. E. S.



A NEW YEAR'S TRIP.

LATE in December last, turning our backs heroically on the Christmas temptations of St. John's, J. and I crossed the Channel one roughish night, and found ourselves some twenty-four hours after comfortably established in the Hotel de l'Europe at Lyons. The next day was lovely, bright and fresh. Neyer shall I forget the view from the heights of Fourvières, which rise immediately above the city; the town, situated at the confluence of two great rivers, lay stretched beneath us, surrounded by ramparts of purple hills, and then came range on range of hills beyond, and the snowy Alps of Dauphiné in the dim back-ground. Many Roman remains have been found on the heights of Fourvières, traces of baths and an aqueduct and the like.

The Cathedral of Lyons, flatter in façade and buttresses than the churches of northern France, possesses, like our own churches of Exeter and Ottery, the very rare feature of two flanking towers which form the transepts. It contains some excellent work, capitals and vaulting, in a pure and early style, and some very rich stained glass. The high altar stands well forward, almost under the crossing, while the stalls are placed round the apse; an arrangement which we afterwards found not uncommon, and learned to like. There is a larger church of late character, lofty and open; and one of very early date, with apses and towers of a strange semi-Byzantine look. This last is called the church of Ainay, a contraction of Athenæum, and is

supposed to stand on the very spot where Caius founded a school of eloquence, and the rhetorician trembled before the altar of Augustus.* To this altar are said to have belonged the four columns which support the central tower of the church. Christian associations too are not lacking, for the martyrs of the second century, Pothinus and Blandina, were confined in cells beneath.

The next day we reached Avignon, passing places rich in historic memories, and most strikingly situated in many instances on the banks of the widening Rhone. I could gladly dwell on the charming days we spent at Avignon: the cathedral with its early dome and pointed waggon vault; the huge palace of the fourteenth century Popes; the mediæval walls still surrounding the town; the narrow bridge of the twelfth century, with its ruined chapel hanging over the mid stream; the frontier fortress of Villeneuve across the glorious river. Even the quaint hotel, with its dirt, and its orange trees and little tank-like courts, is pleasant to remember now.

J. however was, full of Roman aspirations, and dragged me on to Nismes. Right in the middle of the town stands the Roman Amphitheatre, one of the great objects of our journey. It was used as a fortress in early times, and suffered accordingly; till a century ago it was filled with houses and huts; now it stands in a clear space, and externally looks in marvellous preservation. Imagine an oval building of dark limestone, far too large to stand in the great court of Trinity,† and nearly as high as King's Chapel. Two rows of arched openings run all round, arch answering to arch and pillar to pillar. The lower arches open into a huge cavernous corridor, from which arched passages radiate inwards, some leading to the lower seats of the interior, some communicating with an upper corridor from which the

* See Juvenal i. 44. The fact rests on the authority of Suetonius.

† According to Murray the dimensions of the Amphitheatre are 437 feet by 332.

higher seats are gained. This upper corridor is roofed with vast slabs of stone, said to be 18 feet long; indeed the size and solidity of the whole work is what strikes one most of all. Scarcely less striking is the number and width of the passages by which every part of the building is accessible at once. We enter through one of these lower passages and reach the inner oval. It is not so perfect as the exterior of the building, but sufficiently so to enable us to pass in all directions and to see the entire plan. Thirty-two rows of stone step-like seats rise one above another at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees, most of these rows nearly perfect in parts of the building, and all distinctly traceable. These tiers of seats are divided into four zones by spaces wider and higher than the seats themselves, and are also separated crossways by passages radiating down towards the centre. The lowest row, on the level of the bounding wall, is now about eight feet above the arena, the highest about seventy feet. Altogether the building is supposed to have contained rather more than 20,000 people, all of whom by the arrangement of the seats had a clear and uninterrupted view of the arena. On the outer wall are rings cut in solid blocks of stone, to receive the poles which held the awning stretched over the spectators; and J. puzzles himself, and me, by sceptical calculations how any scaffolding whatever could support so vast a weight. I argue that it *did* support it; but he is neither silenced nor convinced.

Though the Amphitheatre is the great sight of Nîmes, it is by no means the only one. Next in order should be named the building which is known as the Maison Carrée, an exquisite little temple in almost perfect preservation. It is of the Corinthian order, built of yellowish stone, and is believed to belong to the age of the Antonines. It has been used in turn as a church, a council-chamber, a stable, a granary, and a dead-house, but amid all these changes appears to have

suffered little damage. On a base of some height, approached in the front by steps, thirty slender columns support an elaborately-carved frieze: about one third of the building forms a portico open at the sides, the remainder is the *cella* or inner temple. Perfect though the temple seems as it stands, it has been found from excavations that it was connected with other and larger buildings of which it formed a centre, and it is supposed to have occupied one end of the ancient Forum. The interior is now a museum, and contains a collection of paintings, including Delaroché's picture of Cromwell viewing the dead body of Charles I., some modern sculpture, and a number of antiquities. Under the portico stand two enormous earthen wine jars (*dolia*) at least eight feet high, and certainly some fifteen feet in circumference. If Ali Baba's olive jars were of this capacity, the thieves had at any rate no reason to complain of insufficient accommodation.

Not far from the Maison Carrée, in a broad modern street, you come upon a wide channel of limpid water. Follow the margin of the stream, and it leads you to a beautifully-kept garden, rich in evergreens, with broad water-courses between broad gravel pathways, backed by a cirque thickly grown with dark green pines and shadowy ilex-trees. All looks like a creation of modern days, and yet you are walking amid the footprints of seventeen centuries. The little café, covered with trailing creepers; the platform from which a military band discourses daily; the fountain from which plashing water falls into a basin of transparent blue—all stand on the site of the ancient Roman baths; the colonnades along which the water flows, now of course greatly restored, were a part of their structure; the statue which gives the place its name of the Fountain of the Nymphs was carved by Roman hands. In summer the scene is, we are assured, "un véritable ciel," and even now in winter it is strangely beautiful—a clear blue, almost summer sky,

clear blue water on every side, and beyond, a background of the darkest green.

Close by is a little temple, known as the Temple of Diana, though some think it sacred rather to the Nymphs of the spot. It consists of a centre and two side aisles, one almost destroyed. The roof has partly fallen in, but enough remains to show the skill of the builders in fitting together the huge blocks of stone which formed the vaulting. Around are extensive remains of the buildings which were the precincts of the temple. The interior contains a collection of busts, statuettes, and other remains, chiefly remarkable as showing, even to an uneducated eye, how truly an ancient statue was a portrait, and how utterly we have now lost the art of portrait sculpture. One bust is traditionally that of Julia, the daughter of Augustus and wife of Agrippa and Tiberius: the face is bright and yet sensual, and might well be that of Julia, or a lady like her.

The modern streets and boulevards of Nîmes surround a thick and solid core of houses, penetrated by tortuous and narrow lanes. In the heart of this old town are the Cathedral and the Bishop's palace. The Cathedral has some fine early work in its western front, but the interior has been terribly altered and modernised. It is however impressive from the great width of the nave and choir. Some excellent capitals support the arches of the apse, beyond which is a lady-chapel in most villainous and gaudy taste. There are two modern churches in Nîmes, the details of which are certainly not in the purest style, but which are effective from their size and good general proportions. A third church, larger still, is in course of building.

Of course we did not fail to visit the Pont du Gard; the modern name, as every one knows, of the great aqueduct which carries across the river Gard the channel which supplied ancient Nîmes with water. A wonderful work it is, and in a situation which renders it doubly striking. About thirteen miles from

Nîmes is the narrow valley of the Gard, confined between hills covered with brushwood and low stunted evergreens; the river flowing beneath in a deep channel broken by huge slabs of rock. Scarcely a human habitation is in sight. Across this valley is carried the aqueduct, on three rows of arches, at a height of nearly 180 feet above the river. It is built of vast blocks of yellow limestone, which though much weathered on the surface, are as solid in position as on the day they were first put up. The channel itself, through which you can pass from end to end, is perhaps 6 feet high and not quite half so wide, lined with cement partly fallen to pieces, and covered with solid stone slabs, the greater part of which still remain. The actual bridge is more than 800 feet across; signs of the aqueduct beyond can be traced in various points along the plain, while on the other side you can make your way some distance towards Nîmes along a cutting and a recently excavated tunnel. The whole length of the aqueduct appears to have been about 25 miles. The date of this great work is unknown, though it is generally attributed to Agrippa in the reign of Augustus. It certainly confirms most strongly the impression which all we have seen has already given of the importance and thoroughly Roman character of this part of Southern Gaul.

Richer even than Nîmes in treasures of the past is Arles, our next place of sojourn. Much of Nîmes is modern, Arles is altogether old. Its towers and thickly-clustering light red roofs rise in a gentle slope above the Rhone, crowned by the Cathedral and the Amphitheatre. The general plan of the Amphitheatre is the same as that of Nîmes; and, though not so perfect, it is even grander in scale. The cavernous passages are vaster, the walls higher, the arena sunk deeper beneath the lowest seats. It is said to have been capable of holding 25,000 spectators. Till a quite recent date the interior area was choked up with houses, forming almost a little

town; and one permanent feature remains to mark a phase of its history, in three square towers which rise upon the outer walls. These are relics of the days of Arab triumph in the south, and are believed to have been built in the eighth century, either by the Saracens, or by Charles Martel, who expelled them from the city. At all events they were part of the defences of the fortress into which the Amphitheatre was at that period converted. Climbing one of these towers, we get a clear and extensive view; southward the delta of the Rhone, and the long sweep of marshes towards Marseilles and the sea; around us grey plains with white gleaming towns here and there and ruined convents; beneath us the densely-built town, and the broad blue river reflecting a bright and cloudless sky.

Close to the Amphitheatre are the remains of the Theatre. Part of the semi-circular space (*cavea*) for the spectators, with its rows of seats, has been excavated; and two marble columns are still standing, which probably belonged to the proscenium. Of the rest, besides a portion of the outer wall in good preservation, nothing is left but ruined walls and fragments of columns, capitals and friezes; so numerous however and so rich, as to prove the size and magnificence of the whole. Here was found the statue, now in the Louvre, known as the Venus of Arles. Many of the more perfect remains of the theatre are placed in the museum, which is contained in a desecrated church. In this museum we find a collection of tombs, Roman and Christian, many of them wonderful for the power and clearness of the sculpture with which they are covered. There are many statues too and fragments; and a very fine head called Livia, and another of Augustus. On a monumental tablet is the inscription *HOC MONUMENTVM HEREDEM NON SEQVETVR*, a practical commentary on Horace.* Some leaden water pipes, found in

* Sat. II. viii. 13.

the Rhone, and little injured, are still stamped with the Roman maker's name.

Thoroughly Roman indeed is Arles, bearing testimony on every side to the truth of the title which Ausonius gives it of the Rome of Gaul*; but scarcely less rich is it in antiquities of Christian days. Never have I beheld a more beautiful work than the western porch of the Cathedral: the upper portion of its Romanesque sculpture representing the last judgment; the lower filled with statues of saints, and pillars resting on carved lions and prostrate figures. This porch belongs probably to the end of the twelfth century, and is an almost perfect example of a noble period. The rest of the façade is plain and flat. Internally the unusually narrow and lofty nave has a sharply-pointed waggon vault, and is separated from the narrow aisles by piers of great solidity. The choir is late and feeble, and all is rather spoiled by over-zealous restoration. Perhaps the earliest of all the present building is the centre tower, which rises in three stages, pierced with small round-headed windows. A small and singularly beautiful cloister is connected with the church. Two sides have semi-circular arches and rich sculpture of Byzantine type; two are in an early pointed style with lancet-headed openings and groined vaulting.

An almost equally beautiful cloister, of similar character, belongs to the Abbey of Montmajour; the ruins of which, on a solitary limestone hill, stand out like an island in the vast sea-like plain. Here also are two little chapels, partly hewn out of the solid rock, partly of the earliest round-arched work, one of them the traditional hermitage of St. Trophimus, the Apostle of Arles; and a great church of the twelfth century, remarkable for the vast span of its nave and semi-circular apse. Beneath it is a huge crypt as large and complete as the church

* Gallula Roma Arelas. *Ordo nobilium urbium*, viii.

itself, round the east end of which runs a broad passage, opening into chapels surrounding a central drum-like core, pierced with narrow lights; the whole supports the apse above, to which it corresponds in shape. The exterior, raised on a steeply-sloping rock, is imposing from its severe simplicity and grand solidity of mass. Its sides are pierced with a few small windows, and no buttress breaks the outline of the walls.

I must not omit the church and cemetery of Aliscamps, the modern equivalent of Elysii Campi. Not far beyond the remaining wall of Arles you come to an avenue, bordered with empty tombs, ranged side by side in apparently interminable order. Presently the tombs grow thicker still, mingled with others still in use, and monuments of every date and shape. The cemetery is of vast extent, and was a noted burial-place in pagan as well as in Christian times. The dead are said to have been brought here from cities as far distant as Lyons. At length you reach a church, and through a rich Romanesque doorway enter a ruined nave, of which only the walls remain. Beyond, you pass a door, and find yourself beneath a central stone-vaulted dome, supported by enormous circular pillars nearly 30 feet in circumference; transepts project right and left, roofed with waggon vaults, and the church is terminated eastward by three round apses, with semi-domical stone vaulting. This part is in excellent order, and the masonry is particularly good and solid. The rest was ruined by the Saracens, our guide avers; if so, these traditional iconoclasts must have destroyed it by anticipation, for the remains belong partly to the twelfth century, or thereabouts, and partly to the fourteenth.

Before we have exhausted the treasures of Arles, and while we are still discovering a tantalising wealth of attraction in the country round, it is time to journey home. Our last visit is to the so-called catacombs beneath the cellars of the Hotel, which are of some extent, and undermine the very centre of the town:

bones there are in plenty, and in wild confusion, but all the skulls have been appropriated by this time.

One place we determined to see on our way, the little town of Orange, between Avignon and Lyons. It is remarkable as having been once an independent principality, from which the Princes of Orange derived their title, transferring it by marriage to the house of Nassau in the sixteenth century. Its chief monument however is a Roman Theatre, of which the front still remains almost perfect—a huge mass of masonry, 110 feet high and three times as long, overshadowing and dwarfing the modern street below. At either end are apparently entrance towers, resembling somewhat the keep of an ancient castle. The *cavea*, very perfect in parts, is for about two-thirds of its semi-circle excavated from a hill which rises sharply behind the town; the remainder is raised on arched passages as in the Amphitheatres we have already seen. At the other end of the little town is a Triumphal Arch, a centre and two sides, in very excellent preservation. It commemorates apparently a naval victory, the centre representing a hotly-contested fight, the sides being decorated with arms, shields, ropes, beaks of galleys, and trophies of naval war; and is supposed to be in honour of the successes of Marcus Aurelius on the Danube.

So closed our tour of little more than a fortnight, in which I had learned something at any rate of the power and grandeur of Rome, and of her hold on the home provinces; and something too of Southern France in early Christian days. A night at Lyons, another at Amiens, a morning spent in the glorious cathedral, contrasting almost involuntarily the vigorous and restless life of its Northern gothic with the broad flat surfaces and shadowy repose of Southern work;—and Presently Dover welcomes us with a thoroughly dirty drizzling English sky, but fails to dim the sunny memories of our new year's trip.



A FORTNIGHT'S TRIP TO TRINIDAD.

IN a day or two the Intercolonial steamer will start from Carlisle Bay, Barbados, which is to take me to Trinidad, the Paradise of the Indians and of Nature. In the interval some parting calls are made on some of those many kind friends with whom every Englishman meets in the West Indies. As Mr. B. took me once more over his house and garden, I saw his "hurricane house." It was a small cellar-like building 10 ft. by 6 ft. with vaulted roof and massive walls five or six feet thick. They are built to obtain safe shelter for person and valuables in the hurricanes which at intervals devastate the island and burst open and scatter to the winds the ordinary houses.

Monday morning, June 30, 1873, from the hill near Highgate Signal Station which overlooks Bridgetown and the Garrison, we saw the mail-boat steam out of the Bay on her 4,000 miles of landless voyage to England. She carried friends and letters direct home. In the evening I take a boat at the wharf for the "Tyne," an old ocean boat now running among the islands, to start on my homeward tour. Arrived on board, the black boatmen take advantage of the hour, 10 p.m., vociferously and persistently to demand pay beyond the liberal amount at which they had offered to take me off. Silence was found the best weapon, and at length they retired discomfited over the vessel's side.

The outward-bound English mail arrives outside the bay and lies off all night. In the morning the noise awakes us at 6 a.m. as she casts anchor. Mails, goods, and passengers for Trinidad, &c., are transhipped, my last batch of European letters secured at the Post Office, and at 12.30 p.m. we bid adieu to Barbados. £500 in bronze English coinage for Trinidad lie in heavy boxes on the deck with "Bank of England," to tell their origin, painted on them.

The "Tyne" called at Castries, the port of St. Lucia, in the night. As morning breaks about 5 a.m. the Pitons, those grand sugar-cones rising out of the very sea, are seen out of the port-hole between us and the grey dawn in the east. The sulphur vapours from the boiling springs on the Souffrière volcano behind them are wafted into my state-room by the gentle trade winds.

The rugged outlines of St. Lucia, and many memories of a pleasant ten days spent on its shores in January, fade in the distance as we run southward, encircled by gulls and porpoises, with a skirmisher's fan of flying-fish thrown out in advance of our bows. The quiescent Souffrière of St. Vincent looms through the morning mist as quiet as it was before its eruption on April 30, 1812. The sunlight which shoots so quickly above the horizon lights up the eastern slopes, and drives away the mist. Gradually precipice and plain, rock and islet, and now field and cottage, tree and human beings, *grow* into distinctness and actuality. Now we are alongside of it, and can see even on the western side far up the rich valleys, here broad and there narrow, and flanked by precipitous rocks. On the scanty foothold which these afford, flourish trumpet-trees and pendulous ropelike creepers, old-man's-beard moss, and the innumerable variety of minor plants which a still closer view displays. At the head of the valley the mountains with their heavy canopy of dark mist give a forbidding look to any rash

attempt to explore the trackless forests which clothe them. Below, on the lowest shoulders of the ridges, acres of arrowroot and sugar-canes wave in the sun.

Among the half-score of privates with their sergeant going to fill up vacancies at Trinidad is one who hails from Brighton, who was one of those who saw there that wonderful throw of 127 yards with cricket ball by E. B. Fawcett. A passenger from Jamaica holds forth forcibly on Governor Eyre's decided action there by which the island was saved. Almost in the same breath he condemns wholesale all education of the negro, for the very good reason that it rendered him unwilling to be treated as a slave.

Several of us anxiously try to discover from Captain Bruce (long may he walk the bridge) how many hours he will stay in Kingston Bay, as we hear he has much goods to unload and must also replace a buoy which had dragged its moorings. All we get is an indefinite answer to discourage our leaving the ship at all, but we jump into the long-shore boats on various hurried errands.

As I push off and hasten towards the pier, I discover, pulling off to the ship, the Rev. H. W. Laborde (Caius Coll., Camb.), with whom I had spent the New Year. After waiting at the pier-head till he has put his fellow passenger on board and returned, we walk up together through the familiar street to the rectory and have a few minutes' chat with my New Year's host and hostess. Embarrassed by our captain's incommunicativeness we hasten back to the bay, but find that the boat has not yet gone off with the letters. Accordingly, we take another turn in the town, and after a hurried call at Government House return to find the mail-boat well away, and the "Tyne" with anchor up and already steaming very slowly astern out of the Bay. Dr. M. hurries hither and thither to summon his two friends, while we get into a boat, and on our way pick up an unfortunate coolie, whom two boys were rowing

on board. Midway they had dropped one of their oars, and consequently were spinning helplessly round and round. Bidding him jump into our fully rigged boat and tossing two shillings to the clamorous boys we pulled him alongside. After some mutual chaff with the Captain we steam away southward still for Grenada and Trinidad, under the lee of the Grenadine Islands. A long line of these, including Bequia, Canouan, Union Island, and Carriacou, form as it were the serried outline of a notched sword just rising as a breakwater through the Atlantic waves.

Having called in the night at Grenada, the fruit-garden of the Tropics, we take our morning constitutional on the deck, and hear, from a late midday, tales of the Abyssinian war, and of the Arab slave-trade in the Red Sea. At 9 a.m. 'two bells' invites us to breakfast, and a squall of rain enforces the invitation by driving us all below. Long before we come on deck again the air has cleared, but the water hitherto deepest blue, even close to the rocky shores of the islands, has turned a transparent and brilliant green. An hour or two more and it is dull green, and later still it is more like pea-soup, while abundance of seaweed and scattered leaves of trees, and exquisite forms of jelly fish (which might be compared to ground-glass lamp-shades with cut and coloured patterns), all shew that we are in the course of the waters of the huge Orinoco. Though the mountainous shores of South America are only just visible, in a sense we are in its very heart, for the mud and leaves around us have come many hundred miles from the interior.

Due west the mountains of Venezuela rise up in cones at length distinctly and separately visible. To the left the steep shores of Trinidad are seen as we near the triple Straits or Bocas. The Serpent's Mouth to the south and the Dragon's to the north form the outlets between Trinidad and the mainland of the huge circular stagnum (so it appears by the side of the

Atlantic) called the Gulf of Paria. Into it the Orinoco ever pours its volumes of water and carries thousands of tons of mud. This is gradually filling it up, and out of the Bocas the current only half-purified sets strong.

Canon Kingsley has painted in vivid colours the beauties of the Bocas, but the high expectations thus raised were likely to be disappointed altogether, as a wall of rain swept down on us and hid the whole ere we entered the Boca de Monos. But no! twenty minutes and it is gone, and we are in the very mouth of the passage. Capt. Bruce has chosen the easternmost and narrowest, and we steam up the quiet land-locked channel. Isolated rocks and boats, palm-filled coves and scrub-clad cliffs, rush quickly by us, and we emerge at length in the gulf itself.

Behind us to the right lie prone the ridged islands Mono and Huevo, and Chachacarè, which with Point Paria beyond, form the treble passage; on the left in front is a labyrinth of channels and islets. The shore is low, but wooded to the water's edge like Lake Como or Lago di Garda, with hawk-like birds wheeling and swooping on their shores.

Perched on some of these islands or islets are "bath houses," as they call the sea-side retreats from the steamy and glaring towns. Behind rise the mountains with red stains smearing their flanks, where forest fires have swept; and here and there the blue smoke even now rises from some smouldering tree. Unfortunately it was just too late to see the mountains blushing scarlet, or orange, or pale with the magnificent masses of their flowering trees. At length we are off the capital.

A crowd of boats awaits the "Tyne" at her moorings, and returning friends are warmly welcomed. With two or three other visitors I land at the pier, and get my baggage taken to the Custom-house on one of the "boards on wheels" which, with upright stakes at the corners, they use as carts here. An

obliging official passes my goods without further trouble on hearing where I am bound. A cab takes me through the streets to the door of a friend, where an English welcome, and "make this your home," awaits me. The scores of black turkey-buzzards or 'corbeaux' in the streets and squares made the town look like a farm-yard, as they lazily hopped out of the way of the wheels.

Next day a negro wedding came off in the cathedral, preceded and succeeded by a procession of the wedding carriages all round the town. The bride was a servant in the house I was staying, and the wedding was to have come off, breakfast and all, the day before, but alas for human hopes! the legal license could not be obtained in time, and the breakfast had to wait.

It is six o'clock on the following Saturday morning, in Port of Spain, Trinidad, after a stagnant night such as only the leeward side of a West Indian island can afford. England has been more or less awake for four hours when I get an early breakfast at my kind host's. I pass down Clarence-street and across Marine-square almost before the 'corbeaux' have come down from their roosting-places, on my way to the wharf. The tight little screw coasting steamer, the 'Alice,' lies there, on board which I took my ticket to La Brea for the Pitch Lake.

A neater craft, or a smarter crew for handling one, is seldom seen. Built at Glasgow with a draught of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet only, she was brought across the Atlantic in June, 1871, by her present captain and a most intelligent engineer, both Scotchmen. In her voyage out, of 22 days, she called at Madeira, when a fresh supply of coal was stored in bags in the cabin and on the deck wherever room could be found. Forward, she is now fitted with an upper deck and awning where the first-class passengers can enjoy the breeze produced as she shoots ahead at 8 or 9 knots. It almost felt cool.

The shallow Gulf of Paria extends to our right. Small vessels are anchored near the wharf. A mainland 'walking-beam' steamer, 'El Heroe,' which runs up the Orinoco, lies a little way off; and a full mile and a half out, the Royal Mail company's steamer, 'Tyne,' which, even at that distance from the shore, stirred up the mud at the bottom ere she cast anchor. The smoke at her funnel shews that steam is kept up, ready to stand out to sea in case a gale should come on. In front were cormorants plunging after their breakfast and throwing up spurts of spray, while the 'corbeaux' or turkey buzzards wheeled in circles overhead as they flew out for awhile from the low mangrove-covered shore which reached as far as the eye could see, till in the south distance the hill of San Fernando rose out of the horizon like a cliff-girt island in the sea.

As we steamed along, a mile or so from the shore, we could see here and there through a break in the fringe of mangroves the fresh green of the young canes, or the dirty brown of the 'trash' in the cane pieces when the crop had been cut. Rising into the sky in naked brick out of the billowy sea of natural or cultivated green were 'estate' chimneys, while far inland the vast extent of rich level soil was bounded by the mountains of the interior.

As the semicircle of hills which surround Port of Spain sank into the distance and the outlook became monotonous, variety enough was found on board by going to the after-deck. Here was a long-tailed macaw and a short-tailed paroquet from South America, woolly-headed negroes (Susus, *n*th cousins of the Ashantees), and pig-tailed Chinamen and Hindoos with their lank, glossy hair. Strange fruit and excellent English vegetables were on sale by John Chinaman; raw rum (no duty is paid there for the rank stuff) and villainous-looking cakes and "sweets," by fat negro women. Hindoo coolies wear the wages of months, as nose-rings, ear-rings and big-toe-rings, or in the form of silver plates

and bangles on arm, wrist and ankle; the men, who are swathed in long strips of linen have scimeter-shaped toothpicks of silver and sacred knots and beads hung round their necks. Here, a child just able to walk is as delighted as any English child at staggering about in its father's heavy laced boots; there, turkeys and fowls, parcels and heavy goods, make it difficult to thread one's way along the deck.

The Hindoo coolies, who are imported from Calcutta under most careful Government inspection, make admirable labourers. Earning from 3 to 6 "bits" a-day (a bit is 10 cents or 5d.) they live with ease for $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 bits a-day, and have cottages provided rent-free. Their expenses being thus small they save a very large amount during the 10 years of labour. This in some cases is lent to storekeepers to be employed as capital, in a few it is placed in savings banks. They prefer entrusting it to none but their own people, and generally wear a considerable amount themselves in the form of silver and gold rings.

In British Guiana, or Demerara as it is called, they are indentured to the planters for five years; at the end of that time they are free to choose whether to remain where they are or to go to some other estate and be bound for a second five years. They receive a bounty of 50 dollars down, on re-engagement for the second term of five years, and at its expiration can claim a free passage home. In sickness they receive most careful medical treatment, the Government regulations for which and for providing hospital accommodation are, as a rule, excellently carried out. Both on the voyage out and home a medical man appointed by Government accompanies each ship, and 12 square feet of deck room and an ample scale of provisions per man, woman, and child is provided. So carefully is this carried out that on my voyage out from Southampton one of these medical men, who had been with many ships, applied to know if the calculations he was

accustomed to use for determining the deck space to be subtracted for masts, &c., was correct.

The Chinese are excellent in business as store-keepers, and though not good labourers on the grounds of others, here as elsewhere keep their own market-gardens in admirable order and productiveness.

But to return to our fresh air, and look out forward. There an American mining engineer (G. L. Bradley, of Providence, Rhode Island) and I had formed an immediate travelling acquaintance. To him I am much indebted, as he rendered perfect a day's excursion very enjoyable in itself; nor can I express a better wish for any one when travelling than that he may meet with many of our cousins as self-reliant, as courteous, and as strong in admiration of England as he. It would have been difficult to place him in any position where he was not equal to the emergency. May his best wishes be fulfilled, and may I have the good fortune to meet him again when he has attained his ambition of settling down as an English country gentleman.

The winter of 1872-3 he had spent in St. Petersburg clad in furs, now he was waiting for the boat to take him 200 miles up the steaming Orinoco, and thence was going 150 miles on mule-back over sun-baked plains and through dense forests to inspect and report on some gold-mines in the interior. In the interval he had planned, like myself, a visit to the Pitch Lake of Trinidad, and hence our meeting. After one or two stoppages we steered outwards to cross the muddy waters of the 'Amazon' or Couva river, and then turned in once more to our next *landing-place*, if it can be called so at all. So much is the Gulf filling up that even the turning of the rudder raised the mud from the bottom. The only way in which this stopping-place was marked was by a white rag on a pole standing in the water half-a-mile from the shore. The shore boat here exchanged some passengers, and we passed on by other cottages and 'stacks,' as my friend called the

chimneys, till we arrived off the little town of San Fernando, with its busy pier and tramway, and the neat hospital and church looking quietly down on the town from the top of the hill.

The crew here disembarked many passengers and much cargo with a smartness that must have astonished the natives, and the captain then took the helm to steer us over the bar on which there is only three feet of water. With all his care the little steamer left a muddy wake in the water for some distance, and once, at least, we actually touched the bottom.

More sugar estates lie on the shore, now bounded by a bank over thirty feet high, and at 11 a.m. we get off the headland of La Brea. Two surf boats come alongside with some other passengers and we jump in. After a short row, with some very fair rollers racing us and passing us with the most provoking calmness, a dorkie's shoulders land us on the pitch-covered shore almost under the shade of a calabash tree. We have three hours and a half ere we must be off again, and, accordingly, before starting on our hot walk of a mile and a half to the lake, we get a 'hand' of bananas ('figs' they are called in Trinidad); and one of a number of grinning negro boys fetches us down a quantity of cocoa-nuts. The green husk of these is slashed off round the top with a cutlass; then one neat cut and a well of clear and refreshing water, at times slightly effervescing, is seen literally brimming over its cup lined with the milk-white 'meat.' With a guide to carry our fruit and tell us about the country we start up the road. This is made of raw pitch laid on the surface of the ground, which, from its reedy appearance and the cotton grass growing in it, must be swampy in the rainy season (November, December, June and July), but now is almost dry. As we pass along we add to our stock a 'black pine' for one shilling (in Antigua they were brought alongside at three for the same price), and also pick some cashew nuts off the trees by

the roadside. This fruit is not unlike a small cooking apple, with a seed much like a broad bean perched on the top; the interior is very juicy, and, like 'sloes austere,' somewhat astringent. To remedy this they are sometimes cut up and soaked in salt water, which turns blue in consequence. Though decidedly peculiar, they are very refreshing.

Mule-carts, laden with pitch, pass us on the uneven road, and on each side the ground is covered with 'rôseau grass' (used for making watertight travelling baskets) and 'grewgrew' and other palms. From the trunks of this palm, into which it bores, the delicious grewgrew caterpillar is obtained. To my great regret, I had no opportunity of tasting this famous West Indian delicacy. They are large, fat, white grubs, three or four inches long and very rich, but when ready for eating they must be not unlike whitebait, as they are toasted on a wire till quite crisp.

After a broiling walk, we pass over a mound and are on the pitch lake itself. Even a photograph or such a sketch of it as is given in Kingsley's 'At Last,' gives but little idea of it to one who has not seen it.

As we follow the track on the side of the lake we overlook, as it were, a large park. Instead of green grass, imagine black mud interspersed with lanes of water. It is surrounded by scrubby trees some thirty feet high, and has clumps of bushes scattered here and there over its surface. A guess would make the whole lake half-a-mile wide and a mile long, but it is difficult to say where the *lake* begins or where it ends, for the banks seem full of pitch. Throughout the large basin thus bounded the hard surface of the pitch is almost a dead level. It seems, however, not to have risen over the whole area at once, but in spots; and flowing outwards, as shewn by the wrinkles on its surface, to have hardened as it spread. Between two neighbouring 'floes' there is a crevice more or less V-shaped in the centre, but with very flat

and spreading lips. These remain full of water all the year round, even when the water accumulated during the rainy season has evaporated off the surface. The trees grow in a little decaying rubbish on the surface of the pitch, and here and there a bright-plumaged bird flits across from clump to clump; and, even now, though the flowering season is over, a magnificent spire of orange-coloured flowers is seen amongst them.

Where the pitch is being dug with spade and pick, it is slightly softer underneath, and at some depth it is found to be soft enough to rise almost as fast as it is dug out. Near the other side our man told us it was rising perfectly soft, but the wide pools with the deep crevices in the middle seemed to support his assertion that we could not get there.

However, as all around us the pitch was hard, and as travellers abroad cannot believe *all* they are told, the British blood did not like being beaten, and, accordingly, we two led each other flying leaps across all the manageable pieces of water. A little 'beating back' and 'looking before you leap' enabled us to find places where we could pitch our impedimenta across the wider ones. Then we mounted our guide's shoulders, and he warily and top-heavily carried us across. The shallow and level lips of the V were right enough, but just in the centre, where it was deepest, the sides were unpleasantly near the vertical; and a bath in water, temp. 90°, would not have been advisable many hours from home. However, his care and his naked feet at length safely got us over all difficulties; and our scepticism and pertinacity were rewarded by finding a large sheet of soft pitch (like the hot asphalt poured out for London pavements) slowly rising up and creeping a foot deep over the hard surface. Its peculiarity is that it is a moist heat (about 106°) which makes it so plastic. It is not sticky, but even when partially hardened by evaporation is soft enough to be moulded into any shape, or allows

you to sink into it as you stand. Large bubbles of gas-like smell slowly rise through it, and after a struggle burst with a puff.

Crossing to the other shore of this 'terra firma' lake, and passing a number of negroes using the rain water for clothes-washing, we sat down under a locust tree and had our lunch.

On our way back to the landing-place we looked in at the 'Ward' school. It was a Saturday, and, therefore, a holiday. All we saw was the master, who, though quite young, had already gained a second-class certificate; on one of the desks lay a letter written on a slate by one of the children containing the negro greeting 'howdy (query 'how d'ye do?') to you and all friends.'

The cottages we passed by the wayside had a framework of rough tree-limbs filled in with *roseau* wickerwork, and thatched with fronds of the timit-palm from the mountains. At the works for purifying the pitch we saw the rough material melted and stirred in open coppers; or put in at the upper end of inclined retorts, to be tapped when melted at the lower end.

After watching eight or ten men haul at a surf-boat for 10 minutes with a rope, two blocks, a sing-song chorus and the *utmost* satisfaction, without moving it an inch, and after mentally looking in vain in Elementary Statics, Chapter '*Mechanical Powers*,' Article '*Pulley*,' for any satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, at 2.30 sharp to time we see the smoke of the Alice over the trees on the point. We jump into our boat to go alongside, in company with a Chinaman and a large bundle of pines. His ideas of business and the large profits to be made by selling them in the Port of Spain are rather too good for us; for as perfectly fresh fruit seems never to come amiss in the tropics, we would gladly not have had his laconic answer 'No sell!'

One or two of those strange cloudlike but definite

masses of rain with which the tropics make us so familiar drift on to us as we steam back. At each landing-place we take up passengers and country products for the capital, and the Alice returns almost as full as she started.

In our walks by day, cicalas and tree-frogs, umbrella-ants and glowing butterflies made air and ground, trees and flowers, lively with motion and song. Night-time glinted bright with fireflies in dancing and *evanishing* thousands on the swampy ground, as they lit us home from our walks or drives. Around us in endless evening chorus the frogs passed us on from one band to another. In Barbados it was the 'crapeaux' with their liquid bubbling-gurglings bul-bul-bul; here the whistling frogs with their soft clear wé wé wé wé wé. Next the moaning frogs, as though in agonies of *mal-de-mer* or stomach-ache, and then the oldest friends of all *брекекеке*-ing to their hearts' delight.

We may bid farewell to Trinidad by quoting the following lines by its present Bishop, the Right Rev. R. Rawle, Trin. Coll. (3rd wrangler and 4th classic, 1835):

'A PARADISE I once was styled
When only known to nature's child;
Till the great Searcher of the Sea
Gave me a name of mystery,
In which were beautifully blent
My features and his sentiment.
And ever since that christening time
My fortunes with the name keep chime;
Successive rule, commingling race—
In both the mystic word you trace,
Would that by all who share my breast
For its own sake the name were blest;
Shrine but that mystery in their Creed,
A Paradise were theirs, indeed.'

'A fiery sky, a sea of glass, the air without a breath,
If thus a few more days should pass, to him and his 'twere death.

At vespers 'mid his crew he knelt, that "Searcher of the Sea,"
And prayed in fervent words heart-felt the blessed Trinity.
The prayer was heard, the sea was stirred by waking winds that
night,
Two weeks the good ship sped, the third gave a dim land in
sight.

"Thrice Blessed God, both One and Three," the grateful sea-
man cried,

"I dedicate this land to Thee—Thy Name thereon abide!"

Forthwith the land its features cleared, responsive to the name
Three peaks appeared, which, as he neared, proved at their base
the same.

And ever since that christening morn, the shore by Paria's wave,
The Indian's "Paradise," has borne the name Columbus gave.
Europe's three chiefest nations there their speech and blood
have blent,

And three of earth's great quarters share the island's settlement.

Seems not that isle a chosen site wherein the Church shall prove,
How Babel's scattering may unite in Christian faith and love?

If to her sons the truth enshrined within her name be given,
The Indian's Eden they shall find a gate to God's own Heaven.'

W. G.



THE STAINED GLASS IN THE CHAPEL OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

V.

THE REMAINING WINDOWS.

THIS prolix narrative of objects beheld without much particular interest by the generality of beholders must now be concluded. It cannot be completed, for all the glass is not yet put in; the manufacturers are full of work, and the least pressing of their patrons can, I suppose, be put off the longest; and for the sake of being served in one uniform style as to design and execution, no doubt it is well to be patient, and to take the pleasures of acquirement by tardy instalments contentedly. If the acquirements are eminently satisfactory we gain considerably by delay, for each fresh acquisition adds to and renews our pleasure; and if they are disappointing, the feeling is less intense over the separate items than it would be if we saw the whole and were disappointed with it; so that either way we are no losers by the slow progress of the work.

I have already said the windows of the choir are to form a series; it begins at the west end of the north side and ends at the west window after going round the chapel. Besides those already described there are seven windows now inserted or ready for insertion.

One given by Mr. William Cunliffe Brooks begins the series with a representation of the first miracle,

Christ and S. John present at the marriage at Cana of Galilee; with as a companion event the declaration of John Baptist, "Ecce Agnus Dei." In the picture of the marriage feast there are no signs of the poverty which is frequently associated with the family in our minds; there is a brass and a string band present, which is sufficiently absurd; the waterpots are all different, and the servants are pouring *wine* into them. All the transactions are going on simultaneously: the Virgin is speaking to JESUS, the servants are filling the pots, the bearer is handing a cup to the Governor; the bride and bridegroom are sitting at the table, and the disciples are there.

The next is inserted by Professor Selwyn. It has for its subject The Transfiguration, passing over the events which are to be shewn in the two windows between. Underneath the Transfiguration is "S. Peter sent to prepare the Passover." It is not easy to say where there is a window which shews the stiffness and hardness of mechanical conventionality more strongly than this; the Angel attendants at the dazzling scene depicted in the upper part are cut off by festoons of brittle cloud; the amazed three are dazzled and confounded; there is a dark cave, the blackness of which is thrown out, and, at the same time, counteracted by a tendril in white glass.

Next comes the window in memory of Mr. Hadley, the Apse windows, and that to the memory of Sir Ralph Hare, of which an account has appeared; then that of Mr. Charles Bamford. It shews the Ascension of Christ and the Translation of Elijah. In the original design, the horses which draw the fiery chariot unhappily had heads like pigs, but they have since been altered into a less incongruous form; still, one of the horses has a peculiar light red tail. A temporary cloud-roadway has been provided for the ascent of the chariot, and the ground beneath is clothed with a plentiful supply of fine sprouts. The mantle of Elijah is not falling *down* upon

Elisha, for he is as high up as it is, and altogether the pictorial effect is quite spoilt by attempting too much, and introducing perspective largely. You cannot get to view the picture at a dozen yards distance; and yet the impatience and ambition of the designer would not let his discretion work suitably to this condition, but must needs induce a failure here, and in the next window, in the "preparation for the Passover" scene, and in the outside view of Peter and John before the Rulers.

The next is Mr. Powell's window, it has The Descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, and The Giving of the Law. (Exod. ix. xx.; Heb. xii.)

Next comes that of Mr. Hughes, subjects:—"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" and, "It is the LORD." (S. John xxi. 6, 7.)

And then Dr. Haviland's, which has The Healing at the beautiful gate of the Temple, and Peter and John next day brought before Annas and Caiaphas and the rest. In both pictures the man who sat at the gate is present, his crutches with him, but both the Apostles and the lame man himself are on the second occasion differently attired; there is a soldier keeping the door of the court, and a little crowd of curious folk trying to peep in.

Last of all, up to the present time, comes Dr. Parkinson's gift, and perhaps this is the best of the series. The subjects are, The Council at Jerusalem (Acts xv. 6; Gal. ii. 9); and Peter and John at Samaria (Acts viii. 14). Compared with some of the others, this is a very fine piece. The lights are well placed, and the eye led up to the points. There is a breadth of colour and brilliancy, and grandeur of effect in a simple way that are enchanting. This is a work of art, the genius displayed in it amply excuses the free use of shadow and consequent opacity that has been necessary, and ranks this work very high among modern windows.

It will be seen that the Beloved Disciple, S. John, occupies a prominent position in every window in the chapel; events in which it is known that S. John took part have been selected throughout. The effect is not by any means monotonous, nor is the series at all hindered by this point; they are, as a whole, eminently successful.

The choir windows bear the following inscriptions:—

"In majorem Dei Gloriam P.C. Gulielmus Cunliffe Brooks A.M. Hujus Collegii Alumnus A.S. MDCCCLXXI."

"In piam memoriam Gulielmi Pakenham Spencer Gulielmus Selwyn A.S. MDCCCLXXI."

"In Honorem Dei P.C. Carolus Bamford, A.M. Hujus Collegii Alumnus. MDCCCLXIX."

"In Honorem Dei P.C. Franciscus Powell A.M. Hujus Coll. Nuper Socius. MDCCCLXX."

"In Honorem Dei et In Piam Memoriam Johannis Haviland, Med. Prof. Reg. Olim Socii. Ob. Die viii. Jan. MDCCCLI."

"In Piam Memoriam Fratris Dilectissimi P.C. Stephanus Parkinson S. T. P. Coll. Soc. A.S. MDCCCLXXI."

The colours are strong, heavy, dark. The effect rich and sombre in the extreme, massive almost to oppressiveness, at least in a dull light, but livid and glowing and glorious and full of light in the bright sun.

S. John's College possesses, however, a good deal of new stained glass outside of the Chapel.

In the Hall there is an exceedingly fine set of heraldic glass emblazoning the arms of benefactors; the set is complete, it fills every window, pressing all the sunlight into the service of fame, and making the very daylight display the names of good men. Over-looking the fellows' table there is a large figure of S. John on a blue ground. The hall and staircase of the Combination Room are similarly provided, and like-

wise the staircase of the New Lecture Room in the first court, with shields of arms. So that the collection of modern glass which we have is of considerable size and interest, both as specimens, and, as a collection, a gallery of glass paintings. Not many towns have a better show, leaving out Doncaster; but, in Doncaster Parish Church, certainly there is the most complete gallery of modern glass painting to be found anywhere; specimens in the most perfect styles of all the most approved glass painters of the day; Hardman, Wailes, Clayton and Bell, Holland, Ward and Hughes, Capronnier, Oliver; such a mixture of good, bad, and very bad, that one is unwilling to yield the palm to any other collection whatever, as a collection. But, in the College, many specimens are good by themselves and apart from the collection; and the whole, as a whole, working on towards completion, is a marvellous success.

I should have liked this weary account to have gone over all the coloured sunlights of the Chapel, and have purposely delayed the Articles term after term with that object, but it cannot be, it seems; and, therefore, offering most humble apologies for prolixity and thanks for patience bestowed, I will dismiss the subject with a bare mention of the old glass which is to be found within the walls of the College; for the College possesses a considerable quantity of ancient glass scattered about. Most of it is quite fragmentary, but of excellent quality and of value. The remains of that which occupied the East window of the Old Chapel has been put into the middle window in the West face of the Lantern Tower.

The upper lights of the windows of the Hall are filled with beautiful fragments, the ruins of good windows; there is a head in a window of the Combination Room which looks into the second court, and the West window of the Library has heraldic shields, but of more recent date.

W. L. W.



COMMEMORATION SERMON, 1874.

[The Commemoration Sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Colson, M.A., Vicar of Cuxton, formerly Fellow, and Vicar of Great Hornead from 1842 to 1874. We are indebted to the Preacher's kindness for permission to print the following extracts from his Sermon. Ed.]

II SAMUEL vii. 18, part of 19.—“*Then went King David in and sat before the Lord, and he said, Who am I, O Lord God; what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? and this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God, but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house, for a great while to come.*”

WE who are here met together this day, can hardly help our thoughts at once dwelling on this glorious and magnificent *material* house in which we are worshipping; but I should wish to think of our new Chapel this morning, not so much as to its artistic beauty and its costly splendour—though surely this “waste” (if the world pleases to call it so) was to a good purpose—but rather as to the service of God which is carried on within it.

Those of us who in past days worshipped in the plain old Chapel can yet look with love and thankfulness to those services, imperfect as they were.

But how much more should this be the case hereafter with each successive generation of the members of this college. And so (if I may be allowed to say it) how careful should they, who have the direction of these things, be to see that all the religious services here carried on should not only be worthy of the place, but serve, so far as may be, for a model of what the

religious services of the Church of England should be—reverent, devout and simple, but bright and beautiful; no party services disfigured by what must, however pleasing to some, give offence to other religious minds, but rather such as devout men of different habits of thought, High, Low, or Broad—if such distinctions must be—may hereafter think of as what they would wish to join in wherever God's Providence shall have placed them. Yes! in these days in which so many of the older bonds which joined men together seem to be of necessity loosening, when a large college like this can no longer expect to see its members all of one mind as to the stirring political and theological questions which arise, it is surely deserving of our very deepest thankfulness that we should have such a bond as this House of God and its services, in this sense, affords. Daily Prayer, weekly Holy Communion, with every accessory in both which can serve to help God's presence in Christ to be felt—who shall overvalue these? Who shall deny that, in providing these, the college has not had in its heart to build a house for The Lord our God?

But then we should none of us wish to do more than claim herein *to share* in the work of those who have gone before us. Nay! considering the difference between the wealth of their generation and ours, we shall willingly own we have done far less, and so being here to commemorate our benefactors, we shall rejoice rather that it was their bounty which has enabled their successors to be bountiful, even as we may hope it will ever be, that each generation will try itself, and also help to enable future generations each to add its part to God's House in this place. For this, brethren, we surely all feel, when we meet to commemorate our benefactors, not in our Hall or Lecture-rooms, or in any other secular building, but here in the House of God—that this, we trust, was in the main their purpose and desire—that they did not give their gifts for

their own honour and glory; no! nor for any worldly purpose, but for the sake of religion, for what they, after their light, believed to be the truest interest of religion. It was a religious foundation which they wished to build up, to form and keep up a Society which should do its part in helping on the establishment of Christ's kingdom here upon earth, and carry on the warfare against the usurping prince of this world, a war relentless and never ceasing, till the true King is manifested.

And so, brethren, we who meet here surely express our desire to be at one with them, as well as to do them honour; to declare, too, *our* conviction that it is well with those, and those only, in whose heart it is to build a house for God. That our college ought to be, as we trust it will always be, a living witness; that this alone is worthy of The Lord's redeemed servants, to bring riches and honours and wisdom and learning, yes, even in their way, bodily strength and skill, and to lay all at the foot of the Cross as a tribute to Him, Who, by His precious blood, has redeemed us. Thus may we and those who follow, like those who have gone before us, help to build a house here for The Lord our God.

* * * * *

We are here to thank God that it has been in the hearts of our benefactors, as we hope it may be in ours, to build a House for Him. We are also here to acknowledge that He has in the best sense in return built a house for them, and to rejoice in the thought that He speaks, as we trust, of His servants' house for a great while to come.

As to the past, it has commonly been the custom for the preacher on these occasions to remind you of the great men of whom our college boasts among its members; rightly enough, for most of these have been benefactors, or if prevented by God's providence from being benefactors themselves, their lives and services

have been the most worthy and the brightest results of the bounty of those who were.

And we can rejoice to think that at no time of its existence has our ancient house ever been found wanting in training up those who have proved to be illustrious and chosen instruments of God in all departments, and also that as no college has given to our country wiser and better men in the higher ranks of God's service—so none has done more towards training up a body of earnest, frugal, hard-working men, to do His work in stations, it may be more obscure, but, perhaps, in His eyes, not less important. But I shall not attempt to dwell upon the characters and doings of our past worthies; this has been done in past years far better than I could hope to do it. Let me only say a few words with regard to the present and the future. God, we trust, is still building a house for us, and will do so for a great while to come, that is, in the sense in which we are taking the words, He is using, and we trust will for a long time use our college in helping to build up His true Universal Temple—the spiritual House of redeemed humanity. Let us think how—and (1) one can hardly help, as to this, noticing with great thankfulness how the hold which our ancient Universities and the different colleges of which they are composed (our own among them) have upon the affection and reverence of English people, seems to be both extending and deepening. Some years ago we might well have feared it would be otherwise; there was then to all appearance great reason to fear that the close union which they uphold between learning and religion would enable their enemies to overthrow them, and to raise in their place "Godless substitutes;" but this danger seems to have gone by; and however useful in their sphere, places of only secular learning, without the leaven of religious teaching and training, may appear to some to be, probably, few observers of public feeling will think that these have

gained (nor we may hope are likely to gain) the honour and influence which we have inherited from our religiously-minded forefathers and benefactors. Surely in this respect God has fulfilled His promise—that they who lived in (if you please) dark ages, but who still had it in their heart of hearts to build The Lord a House, should thus be allowed to benefit, yes, and to *be acknowledged* to benefit this enlightened nineteenth century.

And if it were asked in what way they, in whose hearts it has been, or is, or shall be, to build God's House here, would wish that His reciprocal promise should be fulfilled, might we not answer that it would be in some such respects as these? They would desire that S. John's may ever be a standing witness, that the highest culture, the deepest learning, the truest wisdom, are never antagonistic to earnest and simple religion. Nay! far from it, but are each and all helped on and adorned by it; and so they would hope that there will ever be found in our body those who, while they would wish to glory in nothing save the Cross of Christ, are yet such as the world shall respect and honour for their high powers and their cultivation of them. Yes, surely this is the especial vocation of a Christian College, to shew to the world that it is in Christ that there are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; that men may be the most profound philosophers and the most polished scholars, and yet (yes, and not only *yet*, but rather *therefore*) the truest and humblest and most devout Christians. And, doubtless, if God enables our college thus to train up its members, then in our own generation, and perhaps still more in succeeding ones, will our House be especially built up; because this is clearly one very great phase in which the struggle between good and evil is and will be shewing itself—as to whether religious and secular learning are to be joined or to be separate, to be friendly or hostile, in harmony or

antagonism. And it seems most important to remember that the way in which this question is dealt with in these, the chief schools of learning, cannot but have a great effect upon the country at large, especially as reminding men (what seems so often forgotten) that it is not merely, nor perhaps even chiefly, direct religious *teaching* which is needed, but religious training and tone and discipline. That, whether in Universities or village schools, the great aim in a Christian country should be to teach and learn in a Christian way, and to remember that all learning, no matter what its degree, is then only rightly valued when it is thought of as what is to be used for the service of Christ.

And another longing wish of right-thinking men as to this will surely be, that our college may be enabled to help in the great work of extending the blessings of the highest Christian teaching and training to larger and wider classes than have hitherto enjoyed it. How indeed this can best be done it is not for me to say, but we ought plainly to remember that our endowments were chiefly intended to help in bringing up for God's service those who, though well fitted to shine, would otherwise have been buried in obscurity; and any well worked-out plan, therefore, by which a closer union could be formed between a College like our own, and schools or colleges of a humbler and less expensive kind, would, one would think, be a great way in which God would be building a house for us.

And, thirdly, it is surely most desirable that a Christian College like our own should, by its discipline and habits, protest against the growing expensive luxury of our age and be a witness of the value of the old virtues of frugality and simplicity of living—virtues which so distinguished our early benefactors. High thought and plain living surely should be our motto, and we may, I hope, be proud to think that, to some considerable extent at least, there has ever been an effort to make this House one where such a combi-

nation is the rule and not the exception; and that so, in our University, there is no need to found a new college in which alone that combination may be thought feasible. I think we may hope that God, in building a House for us, will enable us to go further still in that direction.

(4) May we not also hope that there will ever be a protest, too, here, against the growing insubordination and impatience of authority in all its different forms of our day—that here one great lesson will ever be, that submission and reverence to those above us is our highest honour when it is paid in a religious spirit; that to be obedient and respectful where obedience and respect is due, is no mark of a want of spirit, but rather of the truest manliness. This we know was the spirit in which societies like our own were first instituted, and it will surely be a pulling down, rather than a building up, of God's House among us, if the opposite spirit, which is the spirit of our time, should prevail here.

But (5) these and all such details may, we know, brethren, be classed under one great general head—"Whosoever," the Lord says, "will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it." Here is the Christian ideal, whether for one or many, for individuals or societies. Self-sacrifice, not merely for itself (that is a heathen virtue, grand though it be), but self-sacrifice for Christ's sake. This is life—then the true house is built—and then that which seemed to be a house but was not, is pulled down. Just so far, we know, as our own so-called lives are ordered by that rule, are they life, not death; and just so far as the life of a college is ordered by it does the college live.

* * * * *



DER TRAUM.

MIR träumt ich war ein Vögelein
Und flog auf ihren Schoos
Und zupft ihr, um nicht lapp zu sein
Die Busenschleife los;
Und flog mit gankelhaftem Flug
Dann auf die weisse Hand;
Dann wieder auf das Busentuch
Und pickt am rothen Band.
Dann schwebt' ich auf ihr blondes Haar
Und zwitscherte vor Lust,
Und ruhte, wann ich müde war,
An ihren weissen Brust.
Kein Veilchenbett im Paradies
Geht diesem Lager vor.
Wie schlief sich's da so süß, so süß
An ihres Busens Flor!
Sie spielte, wie ich tiefer sank,
Mit leisem Fingerschlag,
Der mir durch Leib und Lebendrang
Mich frohen Schlummrer wach;
Sah mich so wunderfreundlich an,
Und bot den Mund mir dar;
Dass ich es nicht beschreiben kann
Wie froh, wie froh ich war.
Da trippelt' ich auf einem Bein,
Und hatte so mein Spiel,
Und spielt ihr mit dem Flügelein
Die rothe wange kühl.
Doch ach! kein Erdenglück besteht,
Tag sei es oder Nacht;
Schnell war mein süßer Traum verweht,
Und ich war aufgewacht.

HÖLTY.



THE DREAM.

I DREAMT I was a little bird,
And to her bosom flew,
And quickly, with my beak, unheard,
I loosed her breast-knot blue.
Then fled with bright and dazzling flight
Unto her snow-white hand;
Then on her breast again I light
And peck her scarlet band.
Then soared I to her golden hair,
And warbled there of love;
And to her bosom bright and fair
Again I weary rove.
Of Paradise no violet bed
Excels this place of rest;
So sweetly sleeps my pillowed head
Upon her heaving breast!
But as I lay in slumber wrapt
Her hand did o'er me creep;
She gently with her fingers tapt
And woke me from my sleep.
Such wondrous friendly glances fell,
My lips to her lips steal;
No words, no pen can ever tell
The joy, the love, I feel.
Then tripped I to her dimpled chin
Her rosy mouth to seek,
And fanned her with my tiny wing
And cooled her glowing cheek.
Alas! no earthly joy can last,
No joy of day nor night!
My sweet sweet dream hath swiftly past,
I wake to morning's light.

J.



A MYSTERY.

"Help, gentle Blount! help comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall."

"I CAN'T think what's the matter with Verbena," said my Aunt Clifford, "I never knew her go so lazily and badly as she has done the last few days."

Now my Uncle Clifford was one who might with honest Dogberry have described himself as 'a fellow who hath had losses.' Formerly a wealthy cotton-broker in Liverpool, he had on the outbreak of the American war suffered severely, along with many others of his occupation: seeing however, like a prudent man as he was, that matters were not likely to mend, he had wound up his affairs, while there was yet time, and retired with a sufficiently comfortable income to the island of Guernsey, partly on account of the health of his wife, who was somewhat of an invalid, partly for the sake of the inexpensive living to be found there, and partly to have my cousins educated at the excellent college at Saint Pierre, more generally known as Port Peter. Les Douvres, as my uncle's place was called, was situated in the parish of St. Martin, on the South shore of the island, and some two or three miles distant from Port Peter; it was a pretty house covered with festoons of vine and Virginia-creeper, having low French windows opening to the ground, through which were seen the croquet-

lawn and garden, the latter, like all Guernsey gardens, one blaze of brilliant flowers, and beyond the garden a tiny line of deep blue sea. So much for the house; for its inhabitants, my uncle was a kindly though self-opinionated man, bald-headed, with a tendency to corpulency; since his arrival in Guernsey he had discarded utterly the man-of-business and always dressed in the lightest and loosest of clothes, with a broad-brimmed straw hat on his head, a dog-whip in his hand and a spaniel or two at heel. With the dress he had also adopted the manners of a country gentleman, conversed knowingly of crops and pasture, and the respective merits of bullocks and horses for ploughing, attended cattle-fairs, talked about his farm and stock, though represented by a couple of fields, a few Alderneys and one pig for home consumption: he was very great too on all nautical matters, had a large telescope in his side-board and a flag-staff on his lawn, from the summit of which he delighted to repeat the signals flying over the custom-house; he would lay down the law on the subject of fishery even to the fishermen themselves, and there were some people who went so far as to believe him weather-wise. Add to this that he was for ever running down to Port Peter on some errand or other, had a word of advice for every soldier in the garrison, would chat by the hour to waiters, market-women or whoever would listen to him, and for a man, that had really nothing whatever to do, was one of the busiest ever seen. My aunt was the simplest and most benevolent soul in the world, doting on her husband and children, and considering my cousin Reginald a perfect paragon of virtue and talent, though in reality as matter-of-fact a youth as Cambridge could produce: she was a handsome lady in spite of the white hair and somewhat faded appearance brought on by ill-health, which made her look much older than she really

was. Besides the said Reginald, the family consisted of Lucy, a pretty girl of nineteen, and Gertrude, a sweet little pet of eight; there were two other sons younger than Lucy, but both were absent, one with his ship in the Mediterranean, the other at an office in Liverpool: I myself, a Cantab and Johnian like Reginald, was at present located at Les Douvres for purposes of reading during the Long. Now my aunt, as I have said, was somewhat of an invalid and consequently forbidden by her doctors to walk much, as the Guernsey roads are both steep and stony; her means of locomotion consisted of a pretty basket-phaeton drawn by a donkey; the present donkey, for there had been several, was the best and most enduring of its kind, with a spice of spirit however, as we young ones knew, who in my aunt's absence were in the habit of testing its galloping powers; when, as was most usual, she drove herself, the donkey was allowed to choose its own paces, walking leisurely up hill and down hill and trotting slowly along the level pieces, stopping ever and anon to nibble a bunch of grass or crop a more than usually tempting thistle, a proceeding to which my aunt was by no means averse, for, whenever the donkey was pleased, she, kind soul, was pleased too; besides, it enabled her to gather road-side flowers without fear of accident. Seldom a day passed without my aunt driving into Port Peter or departing on some charitable mission to her poor neighbours, till Mrs. Clifford and her donkey were as well known through the island as Little Russell* or the Southampton mail. The donkey had been christened Verbena in compliment to the enduring sweetness of its nature, and it was to this Verbena that the remark applied, with which my narrative opened, the said remark being made as we were seated at luncheon in the

* A strong current running between Guernsey and Sark, only too well known to the fishermen of those islands.

dining-room at Les Douvres, on one of those sultry summer days when the sky is hazy with heat and the air oppressive with the perfume of flowers.

"I cannot imagine," my aunt again began, "what is the matter with Verbena; she is generally so cheerful and ready to go, but to-day I could scarcely get her to put one foot before the other, and it was almost as bad yesterday: I fear she's not well, poor creature."

"Perhaps she feels languid with the heat," suggested the sympathetic Lucy; "I know I do."

"Nothing of the sort," said my uncle, "nothing but sheer laziness; your mother's spoiling the animal with her foolish indulgence: she should take a good stick or else let one of the boys drive."

"Now, George," replied my aunt, "you know very well I could never bear to strike the poor beast; why, I should expect her to turn round with those reproachful eyes of hers, and ask, like the ass we read of, why I smote her."

"What nonsense, my dear!" returned my uncle; "besides, Balaam's ass, you know, saw an angel, and I don't think Verbena will see many of that class in Guernsey; but," said he, breaking off, as he perceived my aunt ready with a rejoinder, "I'll go and speak to Matthew about her." With that he hastily left the room, disregarding a gentle remonstrance from my aunt about 'angels unawares;' and, all the strawberries being eaten, we ran after him; Reginald singing, "If I had a donkey that wouldn't go," to the great disgust of the ladies, who thought it vulgar.

The stable at Les Douvres was a large detached building at some distance from the house, but, as his reduced circumstances prevented my uncle keeping horses, all the stalls stood empty, except that devoted to the donkey's use. Here we found my uncle and Matthew holding a consultation over Verbena's pros-

trate form. Matthew was an old servant of the family, and hailed from Yorkshire: in the days of their prosperity he had been stable-helper, and now acted as man of all work, doing the rough gardening, that was too much for my aunt and Lucy, blacking boots, cleaning knives, and, last of all, attending to Verbena, whom he spoiled nearly as much as my aunt did.

Our arrival was the signal for convening a meeting, made up of my uncle, Matthew, and Reginald, who, on the strength of infantine stable-remembrances and an occasional gallop on one of Death's hacks at Cambridge, was supposed by the home circle to be an authority on such matters, and the trio thus formed proceeded to sit (metaphorically) on the body. Verbena was then lead up and down the yard, but the eyes of the critics failed to discover anything wrong beyond a general disinclination to move and a symptom described by the oracular Matthew as "being a thought hirply iv her fore feet." So on summing up, an unanimous verdict was returned of 'nothing much amiss, perhaps a little cold caught,' and the patient was handed over to the care of Matthew, with a rather unnecessary injunction to make her comfortable, and a universal prediction that she would be all right next morning.

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Morning came: we had returned from our bathe in Saint's Bay all fresh and glowing with the salt water, and the family was again assembled in the dining-room; breakfast was on the table, Lucy presided over the tea equipage; my aunt and uncle read their respective letters; Reginald lent against the open window, arrayed in that combination of colours with which young Cambridge delights to deck itself when unrestrained by the discipline of Alma Mater; Gertrude and myself were employing the leisure moments in teasing the spaniels and each other alternately,

when a tap was heard at the door, and the maidservant announced that Matthew was waiting outside to speak with the master. At my uncle's bidding Matthew was ushered in, with a face as disturbed as that of the party who 'drew Priam's curtain i' the dead o' the night.' He had, it seemed, on getting up, gone to feed Verbena, but no whinny of impatient welcome greeted him as usual, and on unlocking the stable-door he had found her, as he expressed it, "a muck o' sweat and doddering all t' body ower, wi' her legs mashed and banged about dreadful." Much perturbed, he had gone up to her, but when he tried to touch her, she had flinched away and would not let him come near; with much difficulty he had at last succeeded in bathing her with warm water, but had totally failed in his attempt to administer a mash, his universal panacea; and, "tho' he'd tried wi' baith corn and carrots, she wouldn't hev nowt to say to neither on' em'." Dire was the consternation which followed on this announcement; astonishment and perplexity were depicted on the faces of the gentlemen, on those of the ladies sympathy and a decided tendency to weep; disregarding eggs, toast, coffee, and other hot comestibles which entered at the moment, we all rushed off pell mell to the stable.

Verbena was lying down in her stall, her distressed breathing, dull eye, and still untasted breakfast clearly showing that she laboured under some unusual visitation, though Matthew averred that she was much more comfortable now, and, with a grim smile, expressed a wish that we could have seen her as she was when he first came in. We all stood round in utter dismay, my aunt dropping silent tears over her favourite, who seemed totally unable to respond to the caresses lavished upon her; my uncle was completely non-plussed; Reginald decided that it was "the staggers," a view which I at once scouted, being very sceptical as to his equine knowledge; Matthew opined that "it

were nowt but fright; maybe them ratten had scared t' poor beast: he'd knawed horses as mashed theirsells about i' t' stable, just like Verbeeney, wi' nobbut t' smell o' ratten." No one believed in this solution any more than the other, but again no one could offer a more plausible one, so, after some futile argument, we returned to the breakfast-room to discuss the subject there, along with the coffee and eggs, which were none the better, by the way, for the refrigerating process they had undergone.

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"'Twas now the very witching hour of night" when three figures might have been seen sitting moodily in the stable at Les Douvres, in much the same condition as the churchyards alluded to in the line following our quotation: the figures were those of my cousin Reginald, old Matthew, and myself. Verbena had roused towards evening, taken some food, and recognized my aunt, to that lady's great delight: a decoction of Reginald's had been administered, though not without sundry misgivings on the part of the family, and, whether owing to this dose or not, the donkey was certainly better. Matthew had shaken his head, and said he would sit up all night to see what it was that had frightened her; Reginald had come to the same determination, in order, as he said, to watch the effects of the medicine; and I had promised to keep them company, partly from a not unnatural curiosity to see which was right, partly too from a secretly-cherished hope of discovering some more plausible reason for the animal's indisposition. Matthew had scouted the idea of three men sitting up to watch one donkey, but his objection had been overruled, so there we were, Reginald and myself reclining on the hay, while Matthew was seated on a stable-bucket, a short black pipe in his mouth, and his back resting against the donkey's stall, who lay quietly among her straw, quite uncon-

scious of the amount of trouble she was giving. The clock at St. Martin's Church struck twelve; "What's that?" I asked, as a shrill whistle sounded through the stillness, followed by a footstep on the road outside. "Nowt but they fisher fellows fra' Petit Bo gaaing whoäm," answered Martin, "they're often about noo o' nights, the poaching blackguards!" and he was proceeding to expatiate on the enormities committed by these offenders, when interrupted by Reginald's voice exclaiming "Look at Verbena!" The donkey had risen from her reclining posture, and was standing, with ears set forward, listening intently. We all jumped to our feet and went towards her, when she began to quiver all over, and then stamp about in her stall and lash out with her hind-legs, as though in great bodily fear. We looked eagerly round, but could see nothing; no, not so much as a rat was visible in support of Matthew's theory; while, on the other hand, it certainly was not "the staggers." Gradually, however, she became quieter, and we resumed our attitude of attention to watch for a recurrence of the symptoms. An hour—two hours rolled on, but nothing occurred to throw any light on the mystery. Three o'clock struck, day was breaking and the "half-awakened birds" beginning to sing in the neighbouring trees, when Reginald, who had been dozing off and on for some time, sprang up saying, "It's all nonsense staying here any longer: why the animal's as right as a trivet, and nothing more can well happen to her to-night; so I'm off to bed, and if you'll take my advice you and Matthew will go too." Neither of us were loath to do so; and Matthew having blown out the stable-lamp, which was beginning to look very ghastly in the increasing day-light, we separated for our respective couches.

The bulletin at breakfast that morning announced that the patient had passed a comfortable night and

was doing well; she was driven out, and, beyond a little sluggishness, she went as usual; the alarm was past and peace reigned once more in my aunt's bosom, but the mystery was as far from being solved as ever.

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On descending to the dining-room on the following morning, where the urn was hissing and all in readiness for that most comfortable of meals—breakfast, I found my uncle established on the hearthrug, with legs extended compass-wise, a coat-tail under either arm, and his nether-man exposed to the fireplace, for fire there was none owing to the heat of the weather. A serious, not to say anxious, expression was visible on his good-humoured countenance, and a frown big with perplexity furrowed his usually serene forehead. "Harry, my boy!" he exclaimed, on seeing me, "I don't know what's to be done; here's Matthew just been in to say that Verbena's worse than ever, and he can't for the life of him make out what's the matter with her, but he's afraid she's dying." As he spoke, the other members of the family dropped in, and to each, as he or she entered, was imparted the dismal intelligence. Reginald whistled, Gertrude wept like a second Niobe, and my aunt distilled so many drops into her tea-cup that the beverage it contained must have been a watery and uncheering one indeed. The meal passed most uncomfortably; we were all more or less nervous, and made foolish suggestions, which my uncle treated with the profoundest contempt, being rendered peculiarly snappish by his own inability to solve the puzzle. "The best thing for me to do," said that gentleman, when his sharp answers had resulted in a general silence, "the best thing for me to do will be to go down to Port Peter by the car and fetch up Lemesurier;" now Lemesurier was a horse-doctor. At that moment a horn sounded. "There's the car!" cried my aunt, "so if you intend to catch

it, you must make haste." Out rushed my uncle, catching up hat, stick, and gloves as he went; down the garden and along the dusty road he ran, hallooing with all his might after the car, and just as that vehicle disappeared from sight round the corner, we saw him being bundled in, all red and panting, by the conductor.

The morning passed; our patient continued in a state of torpor, and my aunt was sick for sympathy; Gertrude roamed about the house and garden in floods of tears, which neither the caresses of her sister nor the attractions of croquet were able to stem; Reginald and myself, though professedly indifferent, smoked dismal pipes in the stable with Matthew, and, in a word, the equanimity of the whole household was upset. About one o'clock my uncle returned with the horse-doctor, a respectable person enough and highly esteemed for his professional acuteness. The steed was again brought forth, was walked slowly up and down, was pinched, poked, rubbed, and generally felt all over, was scanned from a distance, was examined at close quarters, and eventually led back to its stall. There was a pause, we all hung in breathless suspense on the lips of the adept, and endeavoured to read in his features the nature of his opinion. "Which of you has been ill-treating the poor animal?" were the unexpected words which at last issued from his mouth: if a thunderbolt had suddenly fallen in the midst of us, clear and blue though the sky was, it could not have caused more astonishment. "Which of you," repeated the doctor in an indignant tone, "has been ill-using her? There's nothing the matter but that the poor beast has been so beaten and over-worked that she's well nigh killed with it: she'll need very careful treatment to bring her round to what she was before." It was in vain that my aunt pleaded the utter impossibility of such an accusation, explained how quietly the donkey was always driven, how kindly

Matthew always used her, appealing with tearful eagerness to each of us to testify to the truth of her statements. "That's as may be," replied the inexorable Lemesurier; "all I know is, that if I was called on to give evidence for the Prosecution-for-Cruelty Society, it's very ugly evidence I'd feel bound to give." With which words and a few directions to Matthew as to the course to be pursued, he turned on his heel and left the yard.

We all know with what dismay the disciple of Isaac Walton sees the salmon, which he has so skilfully played with for the last hour, break off and escape irrevocably into its watery fastness; we, who have been boys, can remember our grief and perplexity on coming some fine morning to find the so tenderly watched nest ravished by an earlier marauder; but their dismay, their perplexity, is cheerfulness compared with that which covered the faces of the company, when Lemesurier discharged this volley and retreated. There was first a look of blank amazement, then each eyed his neighbour with distrust. "It's just what I always expected," said my uncle, turning sharp round on his astonished wife; "you trash this donkey about all day and every day; hot or cold, wet or dry, up hill or down hill, it makes no matter to you, and when the wretched creature is completely worked out, you come to me with a tale about illness. The story 'll be all over the island by to-night through that gossiping fellow Lemesurier, and I shall be set down either as a brute or a fool; but I'll not stand it any longer, I'll sell the beast, and if you can't get out without it, you must be content to stay in." The only reply to this unlooked-for accusation was a renewal of the morning's tears mingled with broken protestations against the speaker's cruelty: perplexity had indeed made my uncle unjust.

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"Harry, Harry, I say, where are you?" shouted

Reginald, as I was engaged that afternoon in helping little Gertrude to pick strawberries for tea.

"Here," I replied, emerging from behind the rows of pea-sticks which hid me from view.

"Come for a stroll, will you? there's something I want to talk to you about;" with which words Reginald thrust his arm through mine and we sauntered down the fields adjoining the house. The path we followed ran along the summits of those lofty cliffs which bind the southern coast of Guernsey, now jutting out into bold headlands, again retreating and forming bays, into which the sea rolled with a long undulating motion. The transparency of the water below us, through which, deep as it was, we could clearly distinguish the rocks and seaweed beneath the surface, the cloudless blue of the sky overhead with here and there a joyously carolling lark, the extensive view of ocean, in which the islands of Herm, Jethou and Sark with their countless reefs serve to break the monotony of uninterrupted water, all combined to form a picture on which the eye could never tire of resting, while the scent of thyme and heather, and the hum of innumerable bees among the blossoms added to the delights of the scene. Several white-sailed boats were to be seen on the water, one of them, a craft of some size, had just come to anchor in the little bay immediately below us, and the cheery voices of the French sailors on board her rose pleasantly through the stillness to the point, where we were sitting. "Harry," began my cousin after we had gazed on this charming scene for some time in silence, "you heard what that fellow Lemesurier said about Verbena? of course you did; well, what's your honest opinion about the matter? for what the governor said about my mother having overdriven her is sheer nonsense: it was only the other day that he was charging her with the direct contrary."

As I had no new explanation to offer, I thought it

best merely to assent and then preserve a discreet silence.

"Now, if Lemesurier is right," continued my cousin, "and, mind you, I believe he is, in spite of what I said about the staggers, it's clear that some one must be ill-using the donkey without our knowledge. Now, who do you think that some one is? for find out I'm determined I will."

"I scarcely like to say, but still there's only one person, as far as I can see, who can possibly be doing it."

"Exactly so," said Reginald, "and that person is Matthew. I noticed the old rascal looked very queer when Lemesurier was speaking about ill-usage; then all the nonsense he talked about rats, his unwillingness to let us sit up the other night, and the fact that when we did sit up nothing happened, all points in the same direction. No! you may be sure it's Matthew; the brute gets drunk and then beats her when she's obstinate, as the best of donkeys will be at times, or else he gallops her down to Port Peter of a night, when the house is shut, to drink there. However, I'm determined to sift this matter to the bottom, and you must help me; so I propose that, without saying anything about it to anyone, we two hide in the loft over the stable: we can see through the hay-racks what goes on down below, and catch him in the act. What do you say?"

"Say! why that I'm ready to do anything to clear up this mystery, but I can scarcely believe it's Matthew till I see it with my own eyes."

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While this conversation was going on, another scene of a similar character was enacting not far off. The locality was Matthew's cottage, which stood in the middle of the village at a short distance from Les Douvres. In an arm-chair by the kitchen fire sat Matthew himself in his shirt sleeves, slowly puffing

at a long clay, while his wife, at a table by the window, was busily engaged getting up his Sunday shirt and cravat, so jealous was she that her "owd man" should look his best when driving the missus to church. She was a true type of the Yorkshire woman—scrupulously clean and neat—a fact to which the brightness of her fireirons and crockery, her well-sanded floor, and the carefully-tended geraniums in the window bore ample testimony. But not these comforts nor the tobacco he was absorbing, not even the mug of evening beer, were sufficient to dispel the cloud of care that brooded over the countenance of her lord and master. The two had evidently been discussing the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the stable department, for, after a considerable silence, Matthew thus addressed his spouse: "It wunnot do, owd lady; there's a stain on Mattha Dowker's charákteer, and it behoves that it suld be cleared away. Here's t' donkey ailing, and Muster Lemeasurer he says as how it's been ill-treated; noo it cant be t' missus, and thoo knaws it isn't me as has done it; so, as a was saying, it mun be them two sprigs fra t' Cambridge college as takes her oot after we're i' bed, gallivanting up and down t' country: it'll be them, I'se warrant."

"A'll niver believe it, Mattha," rejoined his indignant wife; "a'll niver believe that they wuld guide the poor cuddie that gate, sic kind-hearted pleasant-spoken young gentlemen as they allus are; a'd as soon think it o' t' missus hersell. Na, na; thoo'rt clean wrang this time, maaster, hooiver."

"Nowt o' t' sort, my lass, it's thoo as is ower simple and soft-hearted thysell; these slips o' lads are for iver up to some cracks, and mustèr Reginald he wor allus a wild un, tho' a thowt t' other lad would ha' knawed better; not as a'll say that they meant to hurt t' poor beast, they're just brainless gowks and niver thinks. Hooiver, I'se made up my mind, I'se

just sit up wi' Verbeeny mysell to-night, and see for mysell, and then mappen thoo'll see I'se right."

"Thoo'rt niver ga-ing to do that for sure," exclaimed his better half, her tone of indignation changing for one of anxiety, "and thoo stiff wi' t' rheumatics a'ready fra sitting up t'other night! a'll be having thee laid up, if thoo dunnot tak care."

"Haud thy tongue, lass, haud thy tongue; I'se bound to find oot whether it's t' young gentlemen, tho' a'd fain believe it isn't; so haud thy tongue, thoo see to thy ironing and I'se see to mysell."

This response was intended to be final, nor could any entreaties on his wife's part prevail on Matthew to change his resolution.

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Eleven o'clock that night again found us in the stable at Les Douvres; the weather had changed, a strong wind having sprung up towards evening, bringing with it heavy masses of cloud over the sea; these had broken and the rain was descending in torrents against the roof and sides of our hiding-place. To a watcher the hours always pass particularly slow, but when the watcher or, as in our case, watchers are compelled to lie extended on the floor with their heads hanging over an orifice in the same, in order to keep the object of their solicitude in view, the irksomeness of the situation is by no means lessened. Wearily did we regard Verbena, who had considerably revived under Matthew's treatment and was nibbling the truss of hay before her; wearily did we look out for some circumstance that might warrant our leaving our present uncomfortable position. No Matthew appeared, and I was just about to propose that we should abandon the enterprise, when footsteps outside the stable-door and the voices of several persons conversing in whispers caused us again to assume our attitude of attention. After some fumbling and sundry oaths in the Guernsey dialect

at the impracticability of the lock, the door opened and seven or eight men stole noiselessly into the stable: one figure went straight to the stall of the unfortunate Verbena, the others keeping guard, and proceeded to unloose her halter and lead her out, she, poor beast, being apparently paralyzed under her conductor's grasp and offering little or no resistance to this unwarrantable transaction; the whole party then left the building, closing the door and leaving us so stupified by the coolness with which the abduction was performed, as to be unable to shew our disapprobation of it. Hitherto we had been under the impression that the depredators were none other than Matthew and his associates, when what was our astonishment to perceive the form of that worthy domestic slowly rise up from behind a pile of straw in an adjoining stall, and creeping softly to the rack above which we lay, sign to us to come down. Our exclamations on perceiving this apparition had nearly led to a catastrophe, but luckily for us the gang had got out of hearing before the discovery took place. "The Lord forgie me for a mafflin fool," whispered Matthew on our descending, "I'se been hiding i' t' ströaw for t' last three hoors, thinking it was you gentlemen as has been taking oot t' donkey; so when a see'd you ga into t' loft at ten o'clock I was fair capped to tell why ye didn't start at yance; but we mun loose no time following up these varmint; there are ower many on'em for us to tackle by oorsells, so do thou, Muster Reginald, rin to Port Peter has hard as iver thoo can and fetch t' police, while Muster Henry and me keeps 'em i' sight." There was no time for further parley if we meant to effect anything, so closing the door behind us, Reginald darted off at a long sling trot for the town, while Matthew and I hastened with such speed, as was consistent with security, after the marauders, whose forms we could just make out

in the dim light before us. These forms we set ourselves to dog, stopping when they stopped, advancing when they advanced, creeping under walls and crouching in dark recesses of the road whenever the rear-man of the company turned to look behind him. The path we were following was the same as that which Reginald and I had taken in the afternoon; but, after proceeding along it for a mile or so, the party in front turned sharp off to the left down what is known in Guernsey as a water-lane, that is, a narrow road, half of which is occupied by the bed of a stream, the other half paved and only wide enough to admit of one or at most two persons abreast, and the whole over-arched by the branches of the trees, which line both sides. Here we had to pause and allow the objects of our pursuit to get some distance ahead, lest the sound of our stumbling feet should attract attention, but, as the lane only lead down to Dicart Bay, a wild inlet on the southern coast, we knew that our prey could not escape us. The path we were about to descend was rough and broken in places, and so slippery throughout as to necessitate our advance being conducted with extreme caution: to add to its perils we had on our right a deep water-course, whose stream was considerably swelled by the rain, and, to crown all, the light, which should have enabled us to steer clear of these difficulties, was effectually shut out by the thick canopy of leaves overhead, so that full half-an-hour had elapsed ere we emerged on the sea-shore, and screening ourselves behind some broken rock, proceeded to look around.

The scene which met our eyes was one I can never forget: before us lay the bay, shut in on either side by rocks, which towered above our heads in black and frowning majesty; the tide was nearly full and dashed hoarse and sullen against the narrow strip of shingle below us, carrying back with it in its retreat some of the larger and smoother stones, whose noise,

as they rolled into ocean's bed, mingled with the roar of the breaking surf; in the distance, between the bold headlands which formed the bay's extremities, the sea presented, beneath the hazy light of the moon, one wild spectacle of waves crossing, bursting and seething together; at the edge of the tide stood a few fishermen's huts, now deserted, and on a slight eminence beyond them, one of those Martello-towers with which the coasts of these islands are studded; on the beach a boat of considerable size was drawn up, and around it moved to and fro a number of figures; among them we could make out Verbena, who was being laden with packages as fast as they could be transferred from the boat.

To realize the position of affairs before us was the work of a moment, and in that moment the same conviction flashed across the minds of us both. The mystery was solved, the authors of it neither Matthew nor ourselves, but the smugglers, of whom I had often heard, but heard sceptically; these rascals, it seemed, having no animal of their own, had been in the habit of using our donkey for the purpose of transporting their illicit wares to the interior. Nothing now remained but to secure, if possible, the persons of these smugglers by the help of the constabulary, for whose approach we eagerly listened. The process of loading Verbena was fast drawing to a conclusion, and my blood boiled within me as I saw from our place of concealment the heavy packages with which the poor patient beast was being weighted, and the blows so frequently administered, as fully to account for the state of collapse in which we had lately found her; while, as for Matthew, it was all I could do to restrain him from rushing forward in the face of consequences to prevent the cruelty to which his favourite was being subjected. At last the operation of loading was ended, and the cortége commenced slowly to climb the hill. As they approached the rocks, behind which we lay

hid, we could distinctly hear the panting of the poor donkey under the burden too heavy for it to bear, and the curses in broken French and the blows which followed, on its increasing inability to move at the speed required, till at last one brutal fellow brought matters to a climax by kicking the miserable creature in the stomach as it stumbled up the steep ascent. This was more than the honest Yorkshireman could endure. "Ye dom'd blackguards!" he cried, rushing out from his lurking-place, regardless of all danger, and with one blow of his heavy fist striking the perpetrator of the outrage to the ground. There was a shout, then a general scuffle, the opposite party speedily recovering from the confusion into which they had been thrown by this unexpected attack. Matthew, assailed on all hands, hit out fiercely right and left; and I, seeing that any concealment was now useless, and my ally on the point of being overpowered by the tremendous odds against him, ran forward to his assistance, and was just closing with a stout fellow in a seaman's dress when a violent stroke from behind felled me to the earth. Mountains, sea and sky swam before my eyes, the noise of the combat sounded in my ears like the roar of some gigantic waterfall, and after that I remember no more, till somehow I recognized my cousin's voice, and found myself seated on the bare ground supported in his arms. Succour had arrived, but, alas! too late. Matthew, like myself, had been speedily placed *hors de combat* by his antagonists; and Reginald, with the detachment of coastguard, only arrived to find our prostrate bodies and Verbena quietly grazing at a little distance.

The mystery, as I said, was solved, but the authors of the outrage had escaped, carrying their spoils with them, and, whether owing to their own sagacity or the inefficiency of the constabulary, certain it is that they have never been discovered to this day.

SERMO.



A THOUGHT.

Ἀποπτάμενον πεπότηται.

FAIR was the thought that through my brain
Fluttered and vanished; unprepared
To prison it, it escaped me, scared
By mean anxieties; all in vain

Its flight I mourn; as sparrows drive
A lonely wandering dove away,
So the small thoughts of every day
Forbid a nobler thought to thrive.

But come, fair thoughts, and in my brain
Nestling abide, and so allure
With kindred plumage bright and pure
That fluttering fancy back again.

W. G. W.

Πλάτωνος εἰς Ἀστέρα.

Ἀστήρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλαμπες ἐνὶ ζῳόισιν ἦεν,
νῦν δὲ θανάτῳ λάμπεις ἑσπερος ἐν κηλομένοις.
Anthologia Palatina, vii. 670.

SWIFT TO STELLA.

While, Stella mine! bright life was thine,
My Morning Star wast thou.
E'en dead and gone, thou shinest on,
My Star of Evening now!

J. E. S.



AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

A.D. 1024.

FOR a hundred years the imperial throne of Germany had been filled by the Saxon line, when the last of that noble race, Emperor Henry the Pious, was laid in the ancestral vault. As the news spread throughout the land, every man's spirit stirred within him, and it seemed that a new age of the world's history was about to begin. Many a lofty hope that had slumbered unseen, many a proud wish almost forgotten, sprang into life again; and scarce a man of worth who boasted the name of German, but counted up his chances and measured his value strictly; for, by the old law of the land, a man who held the Emperor's stirrup but yesterday might himself leap into the saddle to-morrow.

No thought was wasted now on the petty law-cases and market business that hitherto formed the chief events of each freeman's existence; no word was spoken of the last feudal conflicts, or the prospect of wars to come. Everyone, clad in the armour befitting his rank, descended to the plain for the high and important business on hand—the election of an Emperor.

Half way between Mayence and Worms, the banks of the Rhine spread out into a broad and fertile plain on either side; whilst above and below for many a long mile the vine-hills enclose the river, leaving no great expanse of shore. At this spot, now shining

clear and fresh in the May sun, was collected a throng of men from every part of the empire, far too great to be contained within the walls of one city. On the right bank of the river the tents of the Saxons were pitched; next to them lay their neighbours, the Slaves; and beyond these the East-Franks, the Bavarians and the Swabian contingent. Facing them there were stretched on the left bank the Franks, and the Upper and Lower Lothringians. Such was the position of each race in the far-famed 'market-place of Germany,' the midst of each division being marked by the towering pavilion of its duke.

Loud and continued was the roar of voices that surged up the valley, as the members of the various duchies met and greeted one another, exchanged items of news from the farthest corners of the empire, and discussed the momentous question and the merits of rival candidates. Here were met in brotherly congress, all with one object in view, men as diverse in form features and fashion, as in armour equipment and style of fighting.

At length, after long discussion under tent-cover and round camp-fires, the choice of individuals merged into that of companies; then from the many were gradually selected a few; till at last, by the voice of the multitude, two were called forth pre-eminent above the rest, both Franks of princely birth, both descendants of one grandsire, both possessing the name of Conrad.

On the top of a slight rise in the ground, surrounded closely by a circle of princes and in full sight of the immense assembly, stood forth two men, named by the free choice of all whom German earth had nourished, worthiest of the worthy; and yet so equal were they in the scale that further choice seemed impossible. There they stood with bowed head and down-cast look, the flush of modesty upon their faces, overpowered by a proud humility. A royal sight indeed, that drew tears from many a warrior's eye.

While the multitude was thus in suspense, and the murmur of voices died so low, that above it you could hear the ripple of the waters—no man daring to raise the loud cry that would give the lead to the choice of the many, in fear lest choosing one he should wrong the other—suddenly the two elect turned, and grasping each the other's hand, embraced in the sight of all; and every man saw that no envy stirred in the breast of either, that both were willing to yield the precedence.

Then the aged Archbishop of Mayence raised his voice and cried: "Since choice there must be, let it fall on the elder of the two!" Joyously the electors, and most joyously the younger Conrad, agreed; while like a clap of thunder the assenting shout of the vast multitude echoed along the valley. Supported by the oldest of the electoral princes, the new Emperor was placed upon the throne; then grasping his cousin's hand, he drew him to his side. From the circle around them, the dowager Empress advanced, and with soft words of welcome placed the crown of Germany in his hands.

Yet one more ceremony and the election was complete. Each duke with his body-guard leading a company, the whole ranks moved off to Mayence: there under the grand cathedral dome the Emperor was anointed, and blessed in the old formula:

"That strength from God may not be lacking

To the man whom the people's voice has raised!"

As he stepped forth from the building, he seemed in men's eyes more noble than before; and had Charlemagne himself risen to govern the land, the shouts of joy had scarce been louder.

RIVULUS.



THE FRESHMAN'S PROGRESS.

"Ætas parentum pejor avis."

WITH verdure clad, all fresh from Nature's hand,
In mind ingenuous, and in manners bland;
Darting defiance dove-like from his eye,
Should "chaff" assail him from the passer by;
With glossiest gown, and newest cap bedight;
Grasping in well-gloved hand umbrella tight;
The Freshman stands! All hail, innocuous Youth,
Emblem of budding hope, and stainless truth!
I love to see thine all-enquiring gaze,
Thy thoughtful eye-glass and thy simple ways:
I love thine unpremeditated talk,
As arm in arm on King's Parade we walk.
Much dost thou ask of Colleges and Halls,
Of May Term Races, and of May Term Balls:
What law of Nature bids the Term divide;
What cause impedes the Cam's reluctant tide;
If College Dons are "hard upon the men,"
And Deans expect you "to be in by ten;"
Cease not, my Freshman, cease not from thy rattle;
I love to listen to thy pleasing prattle;
E'en in the present mildness of thine eye
Fair hopes of future greatness I espy.
Soon shalt thou lose beneath Time's plastic hand,
Thy mind ingenuous, and thy manners bland.
Thine shall it be the gown on arm to hang;
Thine to excel in the sweet art of slang:
The hoarse Bargee who "fouls" thee in "the Reach"
Shall hear, and envy thee thy powers of speech.
Then shalt thou learn to sing sad comic songs;
To ask mild Freshmen for the sugar tongs;

Till having supped not wisely but too well,
Thou shalt crown all by ringing Ransom's bell!

I see the curtain of the future rise,
And countless glories dawn upon mine eyes.

I see thee in calm majesty of mind
Plucked, posted, gated, proctorized and fined;
Till at the last, thy manhood all unquelled,

I see thee rusticated and expelled.

Hail glorious youth! What if thy Father's purse
Lose its last coin thy sins to reimburse?

{ What if for thee the tear maternal flow?

{ Hast thou not learnt to ride, to run, to row,

{ The ponderous weight to put, the hammer huge to
throw?

Hast thou not learnt to make the skilful bet?

Hast thou not felt the dignity of debt?

Canst thou not tell the name of every horse

Which now is training on Newmarket course?

Canst thou not brew unrivalled cider cups?

Dost thou not own the sweetest of bull pups?

Art thou not Prince of Pool and Billiard Players?

Didst thou not once shake hands with Thomas Sayers?

Though what an envious world may call disgrace

May seem thy sire's escutcheon to deface,

He who has lived thine honours to obtain,

Though he may fall, yet hath not lived in vain!

Then, fare thee well! Pursue thy grand career,

Though lost to sight, to memory ever dear!

Nor blame thine Alma Mater, if she deem

Talents like thine unworthy her dull stream.

Flourish elsewhere! Newmarket holds thee high;

Pool rooms adore thee, to the Pool room fly!

{ There lie thine honours! Here, alas! too slow!

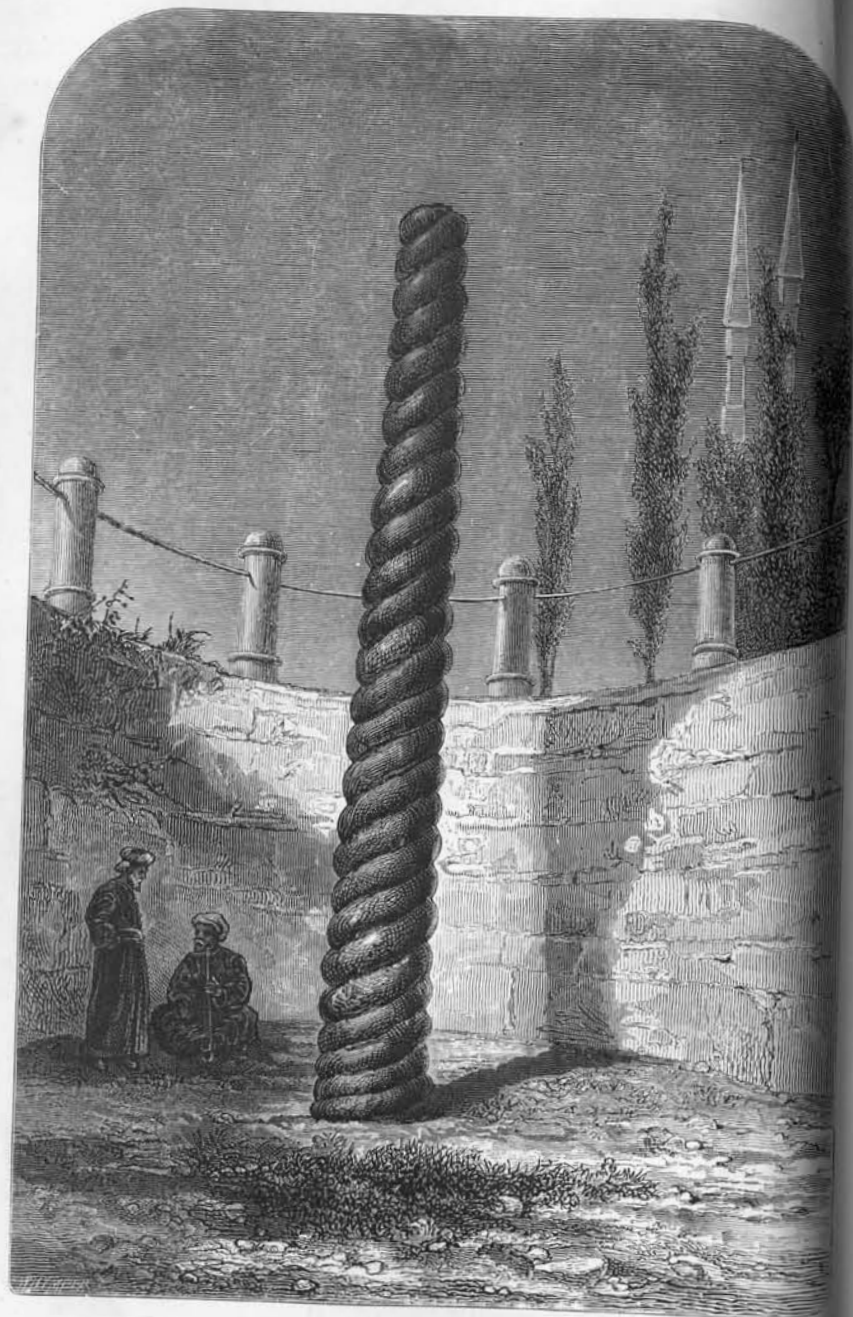
{ For a fast craft like thine doth Camus flow!

{ Shouldst thou demand, "Where then am I to go?"

My answer, though not courteous is sincere,

Go, live, and flourish—anywhere but here!

ARCULUS.



THE BRAZEN SERPENT.
(On the Atmeidan).



THE ATMEIDAN.

HERE is an open space at Constantinople upon which, to the present day, not a single house is standing. On one side is a beautiful white mosque, and on the other three some tumble-down buildings little better than sheds. They are mostly private houses. Occasionally excavations are made here, and I have seen capitals and other parts of ancient pillars dug up, together with bits of mosaic. The former, as far as I could ascertain, are carefully broken up and used for building. Of the latter, some are thrown away, others sold on the spot, or disposed of to the priests of St. Sophia, who sell them as pretended fragments of the mosaics of that church to any who have the bad taste to buy them.

But this place, now called the *Atmeidan*, is one of the most interesting in Constantinople, for it is the site of the ancient Hippodrome. Constantine, when labouring to make Constantinople the most magnificent city in the world, made this Hippodrome a kind of museum of art and antiquities. The building was 400 paces long by about 100 wide, and between the goals it contained the most rare and glorious works of art. Upon a lofty column 120 feet high a statue of Constantine as Apollo, with his head surrounded by a golden nimbus, stood grasping the ball and sceptre. Some suppose that Constantine buried under it the Palladium, which had guarded Rome for ten centuries

and which he had plundered from the temple of Vesta, and that this Palladium still remains there.*

Here, too, were the statues of Bellerophon and Pegasus; also a splendid weather-cock, consisting of a female figure mounted on an obelisk of brass. Here again was the statue of Helen, described in the most glowing terms by Nicetas, who commemorates her snowy arms, her swimming eyes, and locks that waved in the wind. Colossal statues also of Hercules, Juno, and Pallas ornamented the place, together with numbers of marble statues, probably torn from their original resting-places in Greece and Italy. These are described in the seventeenth and the sixtieth chapters of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. But there must have been many more things than those mentioned by Gibbon. For example, there were four bronze gilded horses of life-size that are believed by some to have adorned the tomb of Nero. But the more probable account is, that Augustus brought them from Alexandria after his victory over Mark Antony; that they were then successively used to decorate the triumphal arches of Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine. They seem to have been attached to a ehariot. Their subsequent history is curious. In 1204 they were plundered from the Hippodrome by Marino Zeno and taken to Venice. Napoleon seems to have thought them fair spoil for a conqueror, and took them to Paris; but in 1815 they were sent back, and they now stand over the great door of St. Mark's Cathedral. They agree very well with the peculiar architecture of that splendid rival of St. Sophia's.

But all these glories have departed and the *Atmeidan* is desolate. No cheerful groups of people assemble there, nor is it ever used as a market; it looks like a plot of building-land on the outskirts of a large town. Very few traces of the ancient monuments remain. The pillar upon which Constantine's

* See proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, 1856.

statue stood is a miserable wreck known by the contemptuous name of the 'Burnt Pillar.'

Of all the trophies, perhaps one of the most interesting has survived, though in a sadly mutilated state.

In Herodotus, Book IX. ch. 81, we read that after the victory at Plataea, "when all the booty had been brought together, a tenth of the whole was set apart for the Delphian God, and hence was made the golden tripod which stands on the bronze serpent with three heads quite close to the altar." And in Thucydides* it is related that the General Pausanias, on his own authority, inscribed upon this serpent some memorial lines, claiming the credit of having set up the tripod himself, 'in memory of his defeat of the Persian hosts.' But the serpent seems to have been meant as a memorial of all those who overthrew the barbarians; so the inscription was erased and the names of all the states which had taken part in the war substituted.†

Why the monument was made in the form of a snake is, I suppose, a difficult question, which must be left to scholars to decide. This serpent stood at Delphi, and before the year A.D. 174, was seen by Pausanias, the traveller, who relates that the golden tripod had been plundered by the Phocians in the Sacred War. A century and a half from the times of Pausanias, Constantine carried the serpent column to Constantinople and set it up in the Hippodrome with the other treasures before mentioned.

Here Gyllius‡ saw it when he visited Byzantium, and many succeeding travellers notice it.

* i. 132. ἐπὶ τὸν τρίποδά ποτε τὸν ἐν Δελφοῖς, ὃν ἀνέθεσαν οἱ Ἕλληνες ἀπὸ τῶν Μήδων ἀκροθίνιον, ἠξίωσεν ἐπιγράψασθαι αὐτὸς ἰδιότῳ ἱεργίῳ τόδε.

Ἕλληϊνων ἀρχηγὸς ἐπεὶ στρατὸν ὤλεσε Μήδων,

Παυσανίας Φοῖβῳ μνήμ' ἀνέθηκε τόδε.

† See the notes in Rawlinson's Herodotus, Bk. ix. ch. 81, and viii. ch. 82.

‡ *De Byzant.* ii. 13, quoted by Gibbon, chap. 17; vol. i. p. 242, of the *Illustrated Edition* of 1863, where Bartlett's views of the *Burnt Pillar* and the *Atmeidan* are given. The picture of the latter shows the 'fragment from Delphi' on the extreme right.

It suffered, however, in the terrible sieges of Constantinople. Though it did not excite the cupidity of conquerors, yet Dost Mahomet II. in 1453 dashed off one of its heads with his battle axe, perhaps, as Gibbon suggests as a trial of strength, perhaps in obedience to the precepts of the Koran. One head is said to be in the Royal Armoury, through which I searched in vain for it. Another is said to be in the Church of St. Irene. I endeavoured also to enter here, but the place was far too sacred. In fact, as I was informed, the Sultan himself only goes there once in a year, on which occasion he marries a new wife. This I give on the authority of Murray's guide and of Rawlinson, but as they do not cite their authority I cannot test the truth of their statements. The head has, it is stated, 'a crest along the top, which is *flattened*, apparently in order to support more steadily the golden tripod,' the three legs of which doubtless originally rested on the three heads of the serpent pedestal.

The serpent was standing in Constantinople in 1852 when Mr. Dawson Turner went there; it then projected 16 feet above the ground. In 1856, during the stay of the allied forces at Constantinople, further investigations were made. The serpent column was excavated to its base and chemical solvents were applied to it. An inscription was then discovered which proved to consist of a list of the names of Greek tribes.

Thus the antiquity of the fragment was established, and it was proved without doubt to be one of the most ancient and interesting bronze monuments which exists.

The sketch at the head of this article represents the column as it stood in 1871, when I visited Constantinople, and is, I believe, more accurate than any which has before been printed. It was taken, by Mr. Murray's permission, from a work by my father, published in 1873. There are 26 twists above the surface of the ground. The inscription upon some of them is

given by Rawlinson, in an appendix to his translation of Herodotus before cited.*

With antiquities it is too often as with the famous books of the Sibyl. When curious things are plentiful we do not esteem them much, but as they are destroyed their value increases, till the price of the remaining few is often greater than that of the whole original number. Alas! that De Quincey's D should figure so largely in the value we set on antiquities.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that in the Crimean war the allies did not acquire possession of the monuments which stand in the *Atmeidan*, and which might then have been easily obtained. They are now in the hands of barbarians who glory in despising them, and who may melt them down whenever the fit takes them; for the Turks have sworn that, when the ancient prophecies are fulfilled and the Christians retake Constantinople, the venerable St. Sophia, the most interesting church existing, and all other monuments, shall be destroyed.

The fate of these monuments ought also to make us thankful that the life of Mahomet II. was not prolonged beyond the year 1481. Had he lived, it is possible that Rome might have shared the fate of Constantinople, and that the splendid monuments, not only of ancient but of mediæval art, which adorn Italy, might, like the glories of the city of Constantine, have been extinguished for ever.

* See MSS. papers communicated by Lord Clarendon to the Society of Antiquaries, June 12th, 1856, and, as far as I know, never published by them. See also *Archäologischer Auszeiger*, June, 1856, No. 90, cited by Rawlinson.

H. H. S. C.



ANDENKEN.

ICH denke dein
Wenn durch den Hain
Der Nachtigallen
Accorde schallen.
Wann denkst du mein?

Ich denke dein
Im Dämmerchein
Der Abendhelle
Am Schatten Quelle.
Wo denkst du mein?

Ich denke dein
Mit süßer Pein,
Mit bangem Sehnen
Und heißen Thränen.
Wie denkst du mein?

O denke mein!
Bis zum Verein
Auf besserm Sterne,
In jeder Ferne,
Denk' ich nur dein!

MATTHISON.



REMEMBRANCE.

I THINK of thee
When through the vale
The nightingale
Sounds harmony.
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
When by the spring
In twilight evening
The brightening stars I see.
Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
With sweetest pain
And longing vain
Thine eyes to see.
How thinkest thou of me?

O think of me!
Till to our grief
Some sweet relief
Brings happier destiny,
I'll only think of thee!

J.



HISTORY OF THE INFIRMARY AND CHAPEL
OF THE HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE OF
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

BY CHARLES CARDALE BABINGTON, M.A.,
PROFESSOR OF BOTANY.

THIS work appears very opportunely, now that the memories of the old chapel of St. John's are fast passing away, though yet retained by many and even cherished by some. Professor Babington has given an account of its history and architecture which will fully sustain his reputation for antiquarian as well as for scientific learning. His first article on the subject was published among the Communications of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society (vol. II., p. 351), and was reprinted, by permission, in the pages of our College Magazine (vol. IV., pp. 253--264). He, like myself, watched the progress of the demolition of the old walls, and noted the discoveries of the many long-concealed and unsuspected features of the fabric which were thus brought to light. Of all these he has now given a full and careful account, accompanied with engravings and photographs, besides copies of the inscriptions on the tombs in the old chapel and a short description of the new chapel. He has shewn (what I myself claim to have noticed some thirty years ago, but what is generally thought to have come to light only on the demolition) that the old chapel, though

extensively altered and somewhat disguised with late Tudor details at the foundation of the college in 1511, was in effect the Augustinian monastic chapel of about 1280. I had ascertained this fact, not only from the mouldings of the archway near the organ, but from the buttresses, window labels, and string-courses of the north wall. The "Infirmary," so called, proved to have been a large *salle* or hall, lighted by lancet windows and, as usual, with its eastern end parted off for a chapel. The term is now used somewhat differently from its monastic sense. It anciently meant a kind of common room in which the aged and invalided monks lived on a somewhat more generous diet, and with a relaxation from the strict ascetic rules and from attendance at the night services. Such Infirmaries still exist in a more or less ruinous state at Ely, Peterborough, Canterbury, and (I think, though it is commonly called the abbot's house) at Fountains Abbey. Nay, some of these medieval institutions are kept up at the present day, *e.g.* at Stamford and Norwich, under the names of "Bede-house" or "Hospital." Professor Babington (p. 7.) assigns to this Infirmary of St. John's Hospital the early date of between 1180 and 1200, remarking, that from an ordinance of the Bishop of Ely in 1208, we know that the hospital had then a chapel or oratory. But there is a still earlier mention of St. John's Hospital as "*Hospitale Cantebrigiae*" in connexion with St. Peter's Church (Little St. Mary's) in 1194.* I have some doubts if the delicately cut moulding of the eastern triplet (plate 11) can be assigned to so early a date. It appears to me characteristic of the middle Early-English period, or nearer to 1230. If indeed it were certain that the Galilee Porch at Ely belonged to a period as early as 1200, as is commonly supposed, we might accept the Professor's view with the less hesitation. Still, the style of the lancet

* Cooper's Annals, vol. i. p. 29.

windows is undoubtedly that of early work. The author does not mention the important fact, that in digging the foundations of the new chapel a leaden *bull* was found (I saw and examined it myself) of Pope Alexander IV., *i.e.* 1254—1261. At the time, I thought it likely this might relate to the fabric of the "labyrinth" or old Infirmary. Perhaps it referred to the Augustinian brethren, an order first formally constituted in 1256. On the other hand, the piscina is so closely like that of Jesus College chapel, and those



PISCINA IN THE INFIRMARY (NOW IN THE APSE OF THE NEW CHAPEL).

of Histon and Cherryhinton, which are all early lancet, that it is difficult to decide.*

The larger chapel, built, as I have said, about 1280, seems to have remained unaltered till 1514, when it was remodelled for the use of the college (p. 5). The original east window was very large and fine, nearly 20 feet wide by 30 feet high. By a very singular chance, the design of it, rather roughly drawn on a piece of clunch, was recovered in pulling down the wall. It is given in plate 9. By an oversight, I think, Professor Babington says it had *three* lights (p. 13). It certainly had more; for the design gives half the window from the crown of the arch; and there seem to have been both primary and secondary mullions.

In plate 4 a photograph is given of some rather curious features, *viz.* the old (early decorated) piscina, and at a higher level "what looked like a large perpendicular sham window, 7ft. 5in. wide, but only 4ft. 9in. high." (p. 14.) I think this must have been either a mural sepulchre, or used both for sedilia and "Easter sepulchre." A slight difference in the level of the floor would make the recess quite available for "sedilia." The broken space in the wall over the adjoining doorway must have been, as Professor Babington thinks, a niche; and probably the stone below it contained an "ora pro nobis," or the name of the saint thus enshrined.

The great discovery in pulling down the chapel was the probable existence of a tower nearly in the centre, supported by two transverse walls and arches, of which the western-most alone remained, but vestiges of that to the east were clearly made out. This tower—if really ever built, which I should think doubtful—was oblong in plan, like St. Botolph's tower. The arches

* There is a characteristic *bulge* in the central fillet of the group given in plate 11, which seems to have become common about 1220. See Mr. Sharpe's "Mouldings of the six periods," &c. — *Lancet*, 1220.

were massive and well moulded: the old organ* stood just behind the western-most, and above (what Prof. Babington omits to mention) one of the *very* few perfect rood-lofts that had survived the Reformation. The tower, he thinks, was "much narrower than the building" (p. 17); but the width of the nave and choir was only $25\frac{1}{2}$ feet internally, in itself a rather small square for a tower.†

Not very much is known, I think, of the arrangement of the Augustinian monastic churches. One of the finest and largest in this country is Cartmel Abbey Church in Lancaster, of which I published an architectural account.‡ It was remarkable, among several other respects, for having a "Town Choir" (south aisle to the chancel) screened off and used for the people to be present at the monastic services. I think this is the explanation of the early doorway into the railed-off space between the nave and the choir, which Professor Babington (p. 17) speaks of as "a considerable difficulty." It is the more probable if, as the Professor thinks, Milne-street passed by the west end of the chapel.

I have looked through the first volume of "Cooper's Annals" in search of some mention of the old chapel or infirmary, and I find that in 1280 Hugo de Balsham was licensed to substitute secular scholars in place of the brethren of the Hospital of St. John (Cooper, i. p. 60; referred to by Prof. Babington, p. 5); and in 1378 a grant was made by Richard II. of "all victuals

* In the Lady Chapel at Peterborough, on the north side, is a nearly obliterated stone to an organist of St. John's Chapel towards the end of the 17th century. I am not aware if so early a mention of an organ in the college chapel is elsewhere made. The inscription is this: "Johannes Crimble (or Brimble) Col: D: Johan: in Cant. alumnus et organista Musis et musicae devotissimus. 1670." I perfectly remember the old organ in the chapel, and could tell some amusing anecdotes about it.

† The average square of a good-sized church tower is about 30 feet. The square of the new chapel tower is more than 40. It would have been better built on one of the squares of the transepts, perhaps.

‡ "Architectural Notes on Cartmel Priory Church," Cartmel, 1872.

forfeited by regrators to the Hospital of St. John for the sustentation of poor scholars."

Hugo de Balsham's scheme for combining secular scholars with the regular canons of the Hospital appears to have worked badly. "The scholars," observes Baker, the Historian of St. John's College, "were too wise, and the brethren possibly over-good;" and (in the words of Mr. Mullinger's recent *History* of the University) "Hugh Balsham, after vainly endeavouring to allay the strife that sprang up between the two bodies, was compelled to take measures for their separation".... The canons "re-signed to the secular scholars the impropriation of St. Peter's Church with two adjoining hostels, to which the secular scholars removed in the year 1284, and there formed the separate foundation of Peterhouse. But though to that ancient foundation undoubtedly belongs the honour of having first represented the Cambridge college, as a separate and distinct institution, to the Hospital of St. John the Evangelist belongs the credit of having first nurtured the collegiate conception.*

The story of the transformation of the old hospital into the college cannot perhaps be better told than by a further quotation from Mr. Mullinger's learned and interesting pages: "With the commencement of the sixteenth century, under the misrule of William Tomlyn, the condition of the hospital had become a scandal to the community, and in the language

* "It may even be urged," observes Mr. Cooper, "that St. John's College is of superior antiquity to any other, as the Hospital of St. John, on the site of which it stands and with the revenues whereof it is endowed, although a religious house, was also a house of learning; its members being entitled to academic degrees" (*Memorials* II. 2, Note). So Cole, who says "St. John's College, now grafted possessions, may justly be accounted the first of our present colleges," Prof. Mayor's edition of Baker's *History of the College of St. John the Evangelist*, II. 561, quoted by Mr. Mullinger, p. 228 of *The University of Cambridge from the Earliest Times to the Royal Injunctions of 1535*.

of Baker, who moralises at length over the lesson of its downfall, the society had gone so far and were so deeply involved 'that they seem to have been at a stand and did not well know how to go farther; but their last stores and funds being exhausted and their credit sunk, the master and brethren were dispersed, hospitality and the service of God (the two great ends of their institution) were equally neglected, and in effect the house abandoned.' Such being the state of affairs, the bishop of Ely—at this time James Stanley, stepson to the countess—had nothing to urge in his capacity of visitor against the proposed suppression of the house, and gave his assent thereto without demur: but the funds of the society were altogether inadequate to the design of the countess, who proposed to erect on the same site and to endow a new and splendid college, and she accordingly found herself under the necessity of revoking certain grants already made to the abbey at Westminster." After the death of Lady Margaret in 1509, "the necessary steps for the dissolution of the hospital were met by repeated evasions and delay. It was found necessary to have recourse to Rome. A bull was obtained. When it arrived it was discovered that certain omissions and informalities rendered it absolutely nugatory, and application was made for a second. The latter was fortunately drawn up in terms that admitted of no dispute. 'For this pope,' says Baker (it was *Julius Exclusus*), 'was a son of thunder; it struck the old house at one blow, did both dissolve and build alone, without consent either of the king or of the bishop of Ely.'" The college of St. John the Evangelist was at last opened in July, 1516.*

It is impossible in this brief notice to do full justice to this interesting work, which embodies, under a very modest guise, a great deal of thought, research, and antiquarian information.

* Mr. Mullinger's *History of the University*, pp. 462, 467.



ON AN INSCRIPTION IN A SCHOOL CHAPEL.

"EVELYN AYTOUN. ARTHUR GIBSON.
FRANCIS LOCKWOOD.
WHO DIED, DOING THEIR DUTY, IN INDIA."

A SIMPLE border of three sculptured swords;
Three names cut plainly on the encompassed stone:
No epitaph, no need of praiseful words
For golden deeds so well, so fondly known.

Here, first, of right, to consecrated place
Thy name, sweet Evelyn Aytoun, doth belong,
Where oft of old thy clear-cut classic face
Was seen upturned amid the listening throng.

A Galahad, a heart of sterling proof,
Almost too simple in thy love for right,
Sweetness and purity the warp and woof
That formed thee, overshot with sacred light.

Unconscious follower of the heroic past,
Ready to brave for others shame or hate,
Yea, and to die, as thou did'st die at last,
Thy sword-arm hampered with a comrade's weight.

And thou, too, Gibson, boisterous, frank, and bold,
Full of the rich life bounding from thine eyes,
In little matters often wrong of old,
But grandly right in thy last high emprise.

The tape* upon thy arm, with lowered head,
Breasting the iron hail like snowball play,
I see thee rushing on with fearless tread,
In onset that no earthly power could stay.

* Badge of the "forlorn hope."

Nothing could touch thee glowing thus with life,
 And so I count not this thy greatest deed,
 But *that*, when finished all the frenzied strife,
 And the wild spirit from its madness freed,

Thou wentest forth alone at eventide
 To seek for one who fell, a mother's care,
 His great thirst quenched thou bound'st his wounded
 side,

And met'st a sudden death whilst kneeling there.

And, dear old Lockwood! I can see thee now,
 Thy rugged face, and broad, ungainly mien,
 Still striving with rough voice and knitted
 A woman's heart of tenderness to screen.

I see thee lying wounded on the field,
 Thy face grown smooth beforeth' approaching death,
 And the true inner soul, so ill concealed,
 Betrayed for ever with the flagging breath.

Thou did'st thy Duty, honest, blunt, and plain,
 Seeking no praise, but winning love from all,
 And shewed'st how simple faith and truth can gain
 The noblest guerdon that to man can fall.

Fair, tawny, swart, in
 Three differing strains of far-descended race;
 Still ye were one, each bred true gentleman
 To think foul scorn of all things mean and base.

Rest, gallant hearts! akin to those great three,
 The core of strength in David's royal band,
 And ranged with all true sons of chivalry,
 Who lie with upturned face and claspè

A world of gross self-seekers, mammon-wise,
 Holds that no heroes live, but ye still prove
 That simple faith and sweet self-sacrifice
 Are deathless in a world redeemed by love.

F. H. D.



THE RIED PASS,

IN the course of a cross country route to Zermatt, I descended one fine morning last summer into the valley of the Visp by a track leading to St. Nikolas. I was, therefore, more nearly opposite than I had ever been before to the end of the Saas Grat, of which the most all who are ascending the lower part of the Vispthal, is called the Balfrinhorn. Thus I obtained a full view of a magnificent glacier, descending from between this peak and the next point in the chain; a glacier wholly invisible to any one travelling along the valley, and hidden by a shoulder of the mountain from most of the summits near Zermatt. The view of this was so tempting that I determined to take an early opportunity of exploring its recesses, and a few days later returned to St. Nikolas, accompanied by another Johnian, my old comrade M., who had come to the Alps to get rid of the effects of over-work, and was desirous of testing the completeness of his cure by a *grande course*. My own guide, Johann Petrus, of Stalden, had preceded us from Zermatt, and M. had engaged A. Borgener.

Long before daylight on July 20th we were stirring, and at five minutes past two, while it was yet dark, we left the comfortable shelter of the Grand Hotel de St. Nikolas for the Ried Pass, as this route over the Saas Grat is called. The morning was not very promising; heavy masses of vapour were sailing slowly over the sky and masking the peaks. The air also was unusually close, being quite devoid of that bracing

keenness which is so invigorating in the early morning among the Alps. Crossing the river we followed for a while a road down the valley, then turned up a horse track through fields. This was fortunately in good order, so, though the night was rather dark, we were saved from the need of staggering after the *ignis fatuus* of a lantern, or stumbling in an intoxicated manner over endless stones. The slopes, so far as we could see in the slowly increasing dawn, appeared to be remarkably fertile, and cultivation extended up them to more than the usual height. Gradually as the day dawned, we edged more and more into the glen, down which flows the torrent from the Ried Glacier, till at last we entered a pine wood on its right-hand and bade adieu for some hours to green fields. The pine-wood, like all other mountain pine-woods, became gradually more sparse and its trees more stunted; the path, like all other mountain paths, correspondingly dwindled as we drew nearer and nearer to the foot of the great mass of ice that filled the head of the glen, till at last a scramble over stone-strewn slopes brought us, after rather more than two hours walking, to a huge moraine, which we at once adopted as a convenient causeway. During this time night had passed into morning, the approaching sun had produced an effect upon the unwelcome vapours, which were rolling up discomfited, and retreating like defeated armies before his darts. Still, however, they clung with obstinate tenacity to parts of the range opposite, but the glorious pyramid of the Weisshorn, flanked on the right hand by the Brunegghorn, on the left by some other subordinate peak, formed a picture of extraordinary beauty; while down the valley rose the Bietschhorn, a pyramid hardly less grand and yet more stern, to whose frowning crags the shimmering air lent an unwonted smile.

The moraine of the glacier, along which we were now walking, was of enormous size, and came at the top

to a knife edge, so sharp in places that, as the soil was too much frozen to yield readily to the foot, the leading guide actually chipped steps in it with his axe. The day kept growing brighter as the vapours slowly melted away in the clear sky, which now was becoming suffused with a golden glow of exquisite delicacy. Soon the Weisshorn's highest snows gleamed like an altar fire; and the silver of the loftier peaks, as by the touch of magician's wand, was transmuted into gold. But to describe an Alpine sunrise is almost labour lost. To those who have not seen its glories, the account seems only a rhapsody; to those who know them, a failure. Let me be content to say that they are reward enough for the trouble of getting up early, and that the sunrise of this day was one of the most beautiful which I have ever seen.

After a while we deserted the moraine and, keeping still on the same side of the valley, scrambled along over some rough rocky ground. Three hours after leaving St. Nikolas a halt was unanimously called for breakfast, after which we scrambled on, still over slopes of coarse turf or broken stones, interspersed with easy bits of rock. The views of the glacier, the end of which now lay below us, more than justified the expectations which it had previously raised. It descends from a great *névé* basin, between the dark crags of the Balfrinhorn on the one hand and the snowy ridges of the Ulrichshorn on the other, into a narrow glen. Here its course is interrupted by at least two grand icefalls, by which it is in places utterly smashed—I can hardly use a weaker word—reduced to a mere pile of shattered blocks of ice, and cleft by a maze of crevasses. These in one part were curved in the most singular manner, being twisted by the unequal rate of motion of the ice till they seemed actually to writhe, as though the glacier was struggling, like a living thing, to force its way through the narrows of the glen.

At length, after about five hours' walking, we stepped upon the glacier, above the most broken parts, and in a few minutes found ourselves on the great névé basin already mentioned. From this point the dark shattered cliffs of the Balfrinhorn have little interest and not much beauty, but the chain of the Ulrichshorn and the Gemshorn, a curtain wall of steep snowy slopes, broken by sharp rocky teeth, is at once graceful and grand. Fortunately for us the snow was in good order, or otherwise the tramp over this great basin would have been very laborious. We kept pretty near to the base of the Balfrinhorn, which our guides urged us to ascend, but as we knew that the day's work, even without that addition, would be a long one, and M. was anxious not to overtask his strength, we declined. For some time we had little or no trouble with crevasses, till at last we came where the ice was cut by several gaping '*schrunds*' of enormous size. Some of these we contrived to turn; others we crossed by snow bridges, which were not of the strongest kind, and required some experiments on their powers of regelation before we could venture upon them. At last we came to the brink of the grandest chasm that I remember to have seen. Far apart, I know not how many yards, yawned two walls of solid ice, sinking down into unfathomable depths, crested with curving cornices and volutes of purest snow, which were fringed with clusters of gigantic icicles pendent over the blue abyss.

At first all progress seemed barred; but after skirting the brink for a while we came to a place where a huge mass of snow or fragment of ice in falling had become wedged as it were in the jaws of the chasm, some ten yards down. A very steep slope covered with snow led from beneath our feet to this bridge, while on the opposite side a similar slope was cut off from it by a vertical wall of ice some eight feet high. Now stamping, now hacking footsteps, Petrus led us

cautiously down, probing each new mass of snow, an giving many injunctions to keep the rope tight. Delicately as Agag we picked our way across the bridge; halting at the end, not from choice but from necessity, while Petrus chipped sundry notches in the ice wall, and then aided by a shove behind screwed himself up its face. With him once at the top, our clumsier efforts were aided by the rope, and in a few minutes we were clear of the obstacle. Two or three more crevasses yet remained, but of humbler dimensions; and then we resumed our tramp up the gently shelving snowfield. Mounting this is a long and monotonous business; wave succeeds to wave, each raising the vain hope that the summit is near; so that it was not till half-past nine that we gained the col, or rather a point on the crest of the ridge near the base of the Balfrinhorn. Here was no well-defined notch or gap, like a doorway from the one side of the mountain to the other; only the snowfield at this point abruptly ended above precipices, and its edge, after sloping gently down for some distance below us, rose again towards the summit of the Ulrichshorn. Many clouds hung about the distant ranges which now came for the first time into sight, but still the view was a grand one. Beneath our feet a great wall of rock and snow fell precipitously down to a névé basin which terminated in a broken ice stream named the Bieder Glacier. Facing us, across the Saas valley, rose the chain of the Weissmies and Fletschhorn, and to the left was a great cluster of the Oberland peaks; but the clouds which were spotted about them prevented us from identifying more than the Aletsch glacier. A problem other than topographical speedily presented itself to my mind, 'How to get down.' Though the overhanging snow cornice prevented minute examination, it was obvious to the meanest Alpine capacity that the cliff, on the brink of which we stood, offered only a descent that would prove indeed facile but irrevocable;

and that any attempt on it would furnish material for a newspaper paragraph. What was the more perplexing, this wall, which swept round the snow basin at our feet, looked hardly more promising in any other quarter. The guides, however, on being appealed to, pointed rather vaguely toward the lowest part of the ridge, and said we were going down there; so after a short halt we walked to that spot, which, according to an aneroid observation, is about 11,870 ft. above the sea.

I was already familiar with the account of the Ried Pass given in Ball's Guide, but our route from the time we took the ice had differed from the one there described; and now it was evident that we were going by quite another and much more difficult pass. Some stiff work was evidently before us, for even here, though there was a continuous snow slope to the *névé* beneath, its inclination was so excessively steep, that descent seemed hardly practicable. It was accomplished by a method which may be much more quickly described than practised. We were detached from the rope and bidden to halt a while; Petrus, who remained fastened, then stepped over the brink and began to hack steps down the face, while Borgener kept the rope taut, and gradually paid him out. Without its support he would inevitably have lost his balance in bending forward to strike. Very slowly the work proceeded, for the slope was rather hard ice than snow, and each step required several blows of the axe, as it had to be cut large and deep, while every movement was necessarily slow and cautious. At last a staircase was hewn to the full length of the rope, and was terminated by two or three steps bigger than the rest. Then Petrus detached himself from the rope, and we were singly lowered to where he stood. Lastly Borgener descended, being hauled in from below. This was a most ticklish business; for the rope, of course, gave no real support, and only a protection which was as dubious to him as it was dangerous to us; for, had he

fallen he would very likely have jerked us out of the steps. Then the process was repeated, Petrus availing himself of every accidental advantage and selecting his downward route with great skill. It was chilly work standing with our toes in notches, and clinging almost like bats to a conducting body of remarkably low temperature; and was monotonous to a degree that brought one at last almost to hate the fine prospect before us. Two incidents only occurred to give variety. The one was the frequent dropping of snowballs from the great cornice above, which stretched out horizontally two or three yards from the face of the cliff; these, as they slid hissing down the slope, suggested unpleasant reflexions as to what the results might be, if a large fragment chose to descend when we were standing just below it. The other incident occurred thus: When we were about halfway down, Petrus in lending a hand to M., contrived to let his axe slip; it darted down the slope and stuck in the snow some hundred feet below. So he had to borrow Borgener's weapon, who not having particularly relished the descent before, now, when he had to support himself as best he could by clinging to the slippery notches, not unnaturally admired it still less. It is, however, only fair to say that he accomplished this difficult feat in first-rate style.

Thus the time sped wearily, drearily; again and again the rope was paid out to its full length, drawn up and ourselves lowered down, but still the snow below seemed only a little nearer. The clouds gathered thicker on the peaks, and a mass of vapours sailing over the Monte Moro Pass broke in rain over Saas. Had they reached us our position would have been wretched indeed, but fortunately there the northern current came into conflict with the invaders and gradually forced them back.

At length, after the rope had been paid out some half dozen times, the slope eased off a little, not far

from where the axe had stuck. Petrus pelted it with snowballs, till he dislodged it by a lucky shot, and then the weapon slid down the remainder of the slope, and fortunately leaping the crevasse at the bottom rested on the snow beneath. The worst of our journey was now over, we once more roped in line, and Petrus, sometimes cutting steps, sometimes availing himself of little gullies ploughed by fragments from above or of patches of softer snow crusting the ice, brought us to the edge of the *schrund*, and, bidding the next in the row come as close as possible to give him ample rope, leapt down on to the other side; we quickly followed his example, and at half-past twelve were once more on comparatively level ground. The difficulty of the work may be judged from the fact that we had occupied above two hours and three-quarters in descending a height which, according to my aneroid, was just three hundred feet.

Away we went at the double, to thaw our chilled toes, circling round the head of the Bieder glacier, plunging and floundering in the deep soft snow like flies in honey. A quarter of an hour of this exercise thoroughly warmed us, and brought us to a low depression in the rock ridge on the other side of the glacier. A halt was at once called; for it was not far from five hours since we had even tasted food and full seven since we had eaten a meal. The huge leathern cup, from which M. never parts, was brought out, and solemnly, as befitted the occasion, the lemon was peeled and squeezed and the other ingredients added, and a bottle of '*vile Sabinum*' transmuted into two of excellent claret-cup. Our feast did not pass without a spectator; suddenly a slight rattle on the side of the rocky peak close at hand on our left attracted our attention to a fine chamois, which was standing on the ridge within easy rifle shot. In another moment it discovered us, and rattled down the breakneck cliffs at full speed, pursued by yells and shrill whistles from our guides.

Fifty minutes sped rapidly away before we commenced the descent of the crags beneath us. Here was little or no snow, and the rocks generally were not difficult, except that here and there was a good deal of incoherent loose *debris* masking the ledges, which required a little caution. This stuff M. delights in, and I unfeignedly abhor; so he raced away to the bottom, while I followed in a slower and doubtless more dignified manner. In about forty minutes from our halting place I rejoined him in the wild stony glen at the base, and the last semblance of a difficulty was over.

Hence we kept for a while near the edge of the ridge which forms the left-hand boundary of the well-known Fee Valley, obtaining superb views of its magnificent glaciers. Into this we could, I believe, have descended without difficulty, but our guides preferred to keep on along the high ground. This part of our route was a little tedious, notwithstanding the fine scenery, as we kept going up and down over rough hummocks of upland pasture and broken rock. At last we reached the summit of a bluff commanding a view of both Saas and Fee; then we followed a steep and stony track down the alps, which joined the usual path to the former village, about a mile from the latter. The clouds had again drifted up over the depression of the Monte Moro, and threatened every moment to break in rain, so we hurried along the zigzags through the pine forest at a rapid pace. The rain, however, was too quick for us, and began to fall before we reached the bottom, but the trees gave good shelter, and, by a dash across the meadows below, I gained the hotel a few minutes in advance of M., without being much wetted. Our descent had occupied a little more than five hours and a half, but this, I fancy, was an exceptionally long time, as our guides said that they had never before found the ice-wall nearly so

difficult as on this occasion. Steep it must always be, and requiring caution; but if covered with snow in good condition, I can readily believe that it would present no special difficulty. Last summer, however, was an exceptional one, as much less than the usual amount of snow fell in the previous winter, and thus all the glaciers were more than commonly troublesome.

Our first enquiry, on arrival, was for two other sons of Lady Margaret, who, in company with a third Cambridge climber, had preceded us to Saas. We were gratified to hear that they had started early in the afternoon to bivouac somewhere near the foot of the Dom, by the side of the Fee glacier. I knew the spot well, and as I lounged on a sofa watching the rain monotonously dripping outside, reflected with complacency on the pleasure they must be enjoying, for I did not believe there was a square inch of shelter anywhere within some miles of them. So we made ourselves very happy over dinner, in speculating on what they were doing, and whether they liked it. Presently forms were seen flitting along the path through the pine wood, like to those of Red Indians. There were the hatchets and the blankets sure enough, though the paint, if ever put on, had long been washed off. The wild men approached the door; they were our friends. Rolled in their blankets they had waited *sub Fove frigido*, till the rain began to wet them through; and then, had not unwisely concluded, that rheumatism would be the only reward of spending a night out; so cloaking themselves in the blankets, they had trotted back as fast as possible. They were very damp, had no change of clothes, and must have been rather uncomfortable; F. discoursed meditatively on the relative value of game and candle, but the philosophic calm which eminently characterizes both P. and T. was unruffled by these untoward circumstances.

The morrow was wet, except for some short in-

tervals, which I spent in collecting specimens of the well-known euphotide from the bed of the Visp. To those who had not this resource the day was probably dull, so in the evening the landlord and cook to relieve the tedium got rather drunk, but the latter kindly postponed the performance till he had served up our dinner. Unfortunately by drawing the line there, he dressed the salad for the guides' supper with mineral instead of vegetable oil. The men objected to the food of lamps; the vapour of petroleum is inflammable: hot words brought about an explosion—of temper not of gas: a storm raged down-stairs, and apparently ended with somebody being knocked among the dishes; after which peace, but not the crockery, was patched up.

We returned the following day to Zermatt by the Alphubel Joch, one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the easiest of the great Alpine passes. The crevasses however were certainly more troublesome than I had found them on the previous year. Our journey was uneventful, and the day, after a threatening morning, turned out one of unusual splendour. Our friends went back to their bivouac among the stones, and succeeded on the next morning in accomplishing their long cherished design of climbing the Dom from the eastern side.

β.



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

STILL rise unchanged thy lonely walls
Above the water's changeful breast,
That proudly swells, or gently falls,
Woody by the quiet stars to rest;
And the swift rush of arrowy blue
Still cleaves the yielding crystal through.
And ever,—with the wondrous light
Of silver mist, or flushing rose,
Or crimson flame, or lifeless white
Pale as the cold wan face of those
Whom death, with sudden hand, and chill,
Bends 'neath the iron of his will,—
O'er thee the steadfast peaks are hung:
And he who writ thy mournful tale,
And he whose captive woes are sung
Where eyes are dim, and cheeks are pale,
The impassioned bard, the son of woe,
Slept in one sleep long years ago.
I would, and yet I would not, change
The magic of the haunted place,
Where fancy knows so wide a range,
Mid thoughts of woe, and shapes of grace;
Where calm and storm, and grief and joy,
Blend in sad truth with strange alloy.
No, year by year, yon heavenward height,
These billows pure, yon current's sway,
Point upward to the Eternal Right,
Sweep memories, like earth-stains, away;
And nature spreads a softening veil
O'er the lone castle's guilty tale.

C. STANWELL.



THE ISLE OF MAN.

“Mona—long hid from those who roam the main.”—*Collins*.

“**T**HE Isle of Man in the middle of the seventeenth century,” says Sir Walter Scott, “was very different as a place of residence from what it is now.” If this was true when Scott wrote in 1822, it is far truer at the present time. We are told that in the reign of Charles the Second “the society of the Island was limited to the natives themselves, and a few merchants who lived by contraband trade.” At the beginning of the present century Man was full of “smart fellows, whom fortune had tumbled from the seat of their barouches; of plucked pigeons and winged rooks; of disappointed speculators and of ruined miners.” In short, it became the “Alsatia” of the period. But now another change has passed over it, whether for the better or the worse it is not for us to say. It has become one of the favourite haunts of excursionists and holiday-makers. It is visited all through the summer months by thousands of manufacturers, of artisans, and of operatives from Liverpool and Manchester, and from the towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Such being the case it may at first seem superfluous to write a description of a place so widely known and so much visited. Our answer to this must be, that the class of people, who most frequent the Isle of Man, is not one from which as a rule the readers of *The Eagle* are drawn, and it will probably be interesting to some to learn a few facts about a country which is not by any means devoid of natural beauty,

and which is peculiarly rich in objects of interest to the historian and the archæologist.

The Island is described shortly in the words of an old writer as "ane parke in y^e sea, impaled with rocks." There is a backbone of hills running down the entire length of it from N.E. to S.W., with the exception of the extreme northern part, which consists of a flat and highly cultivated plain, extending from Ramsey and the Sulby river to Jurby Point and the point of Ayre. This mountain chain is widest and highest at its northern end. The highest elevation is a little above 2000 feet, and the hills extend almost across the Island from sea to sea. South of the valley between Peel and Douglas the chain becomes narrower, and the hills fewer in number and of less altitude, till they end in the Calf Islet, which is not more than 470 feet above the sea at its highest point. The general and prevailing characteristic of the country is bareness. Trees are not altogether unknown it is true, in fact round Douglas and Ramsey there are some pleasant woods, and some of the valleys can boast of a sprinkling of timber, but for all that, there is little wood in the general landscape, at least not enough to make its presence felt, though things are not quite so bad as they seem to have been in the time of Camden, who tells us that "there is not a tree to be seen anywhere in the Island, but such as grow in gardens." The hills are round and, almost without exception, devoid of all beauty of outline. They have no precipitous cliffs, no jutting crags, no rocky and broken faces, but rise with gently sloping sides covered with short turf, or in some cases with lovely bright purple heather and dwarf golden gorse. The finest of them in form is unquestionably North Barrule, which overhangs the town of Ramsey, and from some points of view presents the appearance of a well-shaped peak. North Barrule, however, has to yield the palm in point of height to Snaefell, an awkward ungainly-looking mountain, which

rises to the height of 2024 feet. Of course no rivers of any size can be expected in a country of so small an extent, for the Island is not more than thirty-four miles long by fourteen broad in its widest part. The largest stream is the Sulby river, which rises on the sides of Snaefell, and after a circuitous course of some fourteen miles falls into the sea at Ramsey. The coast scenery is in many places decidedly fine. It cannot be called grand, for the cliffs are of no very remarkable height, in no place exceeding 400 feet, but perhaps the greatest charm of the place lies in the beautiful colour and wonderful clearness of the sea water, which is far more like the "crystalline streams" of the Mediterranean than the ordinary English sea. There are cliffs extending round the greater part of the Island. They rise highest at the S.W. corner, but in the north they almost disappear.

The land is, with the exception of the actual mountain range, which is used as pasture for large flocks of sheep, for the most part under cultivation by the plough. The farms are in general of no great size, and are in many cases in the occupation not of tenant farmers but of small landowners, who work their land with their own hands, and with the assistance of one or two labourers manage to get a very comfortable living from their crops of corn, beans and turnips. The fields are divided by low banks of earth or by stone walls, and the straight lines of these fences cutting up the country into innumerable rectangular patches contribute, as might be expected, in no small degree to injure the natural beauties of the landscape.

The population of the Island at the last census was 55,000, and consists in a great degree of fishermen. The Manx herring-fishery is very extensive, employing over 1000 boats, and, including coopers, packers, curers, &c., more than 8000 men. The profits are so minutely divided, owing to the great competition, that in a year (such as the present) when the take falls short of the

average the fishermen barely earn their living. Rather more than half the fleet is owned in the Island itself, where the chief fishing harbours are those of Peel and Port St. Mary, a few others making Castletown their headquarters. The picture of the Manx fishermen, given by the author of "Betsy Lee," is not overdrawn; they are a fine, open and independent race, and are to be carefully distinguished from the rough and drunken boatmen of Douglas.

So far for the general characteristics of the Island and its natives. On its history we cannot do more than cursorily touch. Camden gives us an amusing anecdote on the authority of Giraldus Cambrensis. He says that "the Isle of Man lies stretched out in the middle between the north parts of Ireland and Britain, which raised no small stir among the ancients in deciding to which of the territories it most properly belonged. At last this difference was thus adjusted. Forasmuch as the venomous worms would live here, that were brought over for experiments' sake, it was generally thought to belong to Britain." Whatever the truth of this may be, the Island seems to have been under the dominion of Welsh kings from 503 to 888, when it was conquered by the Northmen, who held it till the 13th century. Like the Western Isles, it was ruled by Norse Jarls owning the sovereignty of the Norse kings, and the see of Sodor (Southern Isles) was dependent on the Archbishop of Trondhjem. Among the traces of Norse occupation are to be noticed the large number of ruined Crosses, which are scattered about the country; but a mark more lasting still is to be found in the local names of Norse origin, which fringe the coast and appear even in the interior. Such are Peel, Jurby, Ramsey, Soderick, Langness, the Stacks, Fleshwick, Colby, Garth and Snaefell. The Tynwald hill is the *Thingvöllr* or field of meeting.*

* An interesting account will be found in Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places," p. 201.

Though distributed about the whole coast, these Norse test-names are far more numerous at the Southern end of the Island. In the southern division 60 are easily detected, while the northern supplies but 20. Hence we can see why the seat of government was fixed at Castle-town, which lies in the extreme south, in the very midst of the then dominant race, rather than at Peel. In 1264 Man was ceded by King Magnus to Alexander of Scotland, who obtained possession of it in spite of the determined opposition of the natives; but on his death the Manx placed themselves under the protection of Edward I. of England. From this time the kings of England claimed—though they were not always able to exercise—the right of granting seisin of the Isle of Man to various of their subjects. In 1407 Henry IV. granted the Island in perpetuity to Sir John Stanley; and the Stanley family, who subsequently became Earls of Derby, held it for more than 300 years. It then passed, through the female line, into the family of the Dukes of Athol, and was finally purchased from them in 1825, and became entirely and definitely, with all the rights and privileges of royalty, vested in the British Crown.

The Island is governed by a Legislature, which consists of three branches; these are

- i. The Lord (now the sovereign of England) represented by the Governor.
- ii. The Council of nine officials, namely, the Bishop, the, Archdeacon, the two Deemsters,* the Clerk of the Rolls, the Attorney-General, the Receiver General, the Water Bailiff and the Vicar-General.
- iii. The twenty four Keys, representing the various sheadings,† towns, &c. They elect a speaker, and

* The Deemsters are the Judges of the Island, presiding the one over the Northern division, the other over the Southern. They must "deem the law truly as they will answer to the Lord of the Isle."

† The Island is divided into six sheadings. The name seems to be derived from the Manx *shey*, six, and the Scandinavian *thing*.

their procedure is like that of other bodies of the kind. Unlike most representative bodies, however, the members hold their seats for life.

The assembly of these three Estates forms what is called a Tynwald court, competent to legislate. As soon, then, as the Lieutenant-Governor (to give him his full style) has secured the consent of the English sovereign to a measure already passed by the Council and the Keys, the new law is proclaimed from the Tynwald Hill, and then forms part of the statute book as an "Act of Tynwald."

The Bishoprick of Man, some allusion to which has been already made, is said to date from A.D. 444, the year of St. Patrick's landing on those shores; and it is at any rate of very great antiquity. There are 17 parishes in all. The chief want of the Manx Church is money, for the whole organization is stricken with poverty. Moreover, whereas in the times of the good Bishops Wilson and Hildesley the Church and the people were coextensive, the Island now teems with Dissenters of different sects. As far as one can find out, the Church and clergy are still much respected and beloved, though things are hardly in the same case now as they were in the time of Camden, who, quoting a letter from the Bishop of the time, says: "The people are wonderful religious and all of them zealously conformable to the Church of England." The name Sodor is a witness to the union in early times of the Southern Isles of Scotland with Man under one Bishop.

It will not be out of place here to give a short list of personal names, common among the natives, compiled from graveyards and other sources. They are all curious, though not by any means all euphonious.

Corpin.	Kaighin.	Quayle.	Dulgan.
Cudd.	Kinvig.	Qualtrough.	Senocles.
Cooiin.	Kewley.	Shimmin.	Joughin.
Cleator.	Kermeen.	Moughtin.	Freel.

Colquitt.	Kermod(e).	Okell.	Mylchreest.
Cumpster.	Keays.	Skillicorn.	
Curphey.	Kerruish.	Buphy.	

Many are deserving of notice from the varieties in spelling, which present the same name in different forms; such are

Cregeen. }	Mylrea. }	Lewney. }	Quaggan. }
Creggin. }	Milra. }	Looney. }	Quaggin. }
			Quiggin. }

The orthography of the Manx language seems never to have been settled.

Having said so much as to the history and general characteristics of the Island, I now proceed to give a short account of some of the more interesting places which I visited in it. In company with a party of Johnian friends I crossed from Liverpool at the beginning of July, and after a smooth passage of six hours' duration we found ourselves in Douglas Bay. Douglas, as most people are aware, is by far the largest town in the Island, and is now practically the only port which communicates with the outer world. In former times such was not the case. There were then four ports of much the same size and importance. These were Castletown, Peel, Douglas and Ramsey. They were entered by vessels of small draught, which amply sufficed for the carriage of exports and imports from and to the districts of the Isle, which they represent. But many causes have combined to raise Douglas to its present position. First, the running of a line of steam-packets from Liverpool to that port; and next, the improvement of the insular roads connecting Douglas with the other ports and their districts. The last thing, which has worked in this direction, is the railway, which at present consists of two lines branching out from Douglas to Peel and Port Erin respectively. The first of these lines, that from Douglas to Peel, was opened last winter, and the second on the 1st of August last, Douglas is certainly

a pretty town when seen from the surrounding heights, built round the edge of a deep and well-curved bay, and climbing here and there up the hills, which rise gradually behind it. But it cannot be said to be deserving of the extravagant praises lavished on it by its admirers, foremost among which are of course the Manx guide-books, which call it the "British Naples," "the Baiae of the present day," and such-like glowing and high-sounding titles. External beauty is certainly all that Douglas can boast, for the town itself is anything but charming. The streets are narrow, dirty and ill-built, and the general air of the place is vulgar and objectionable. Most of the houses are either inns or lodging-houses, and the style of the visitors may best be gathered from the abundance of music-halls, "Public Lounges," and dancing-saloons, which are to be seen in every direction. There is nothing whatever of interest in the town, nor indeed anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood, if we except the churchyard of Kirk Braddan, the parish church of Douglas, situated about a mile off, where there are several old Runic crosses, rather broken and defaced, but still in sufficiently good preservation to be well worthy of a visit.

We spent two months at Port Erin, a little village on the south-west coast; and during that time made ourselves pretty well acquainted with the whole of the southern portion of the Island. It would be tedious to go into details as to all this, so I will merely give a rapid sketch of the country. Following the line from Douglas to Port Erin, we come first to Port Soderick, a pretty little cove guarded by steep bold cliffs, which are pierced here and there with fantastic caverns. The cove is formed by a little rivulet, which here finds its way down to the sea through a winding valley, just one of those valleys with which Man abounds—narrow, green, rocky and lonely, and clothed here and there with wood. It was in the upper part

of this valley, or more probably of the next one, through which flows the Santonburn, that the scene of the Black Fort is laid, so picturesquely described by Scott in *Peveril of the Peak*. There is nothing worth noticing between Port Soderick and Castletown, with the exception of the village of Ballasalla, which contains the ruins of the ancient abbey of Rushen. Most uninteresting ruins, however, we found them, for there is nothing left of the once prosperous abbey but one small vaulted chamber and two hideous box-like towers.

Castletown is a picturesque old town of some 5000 inhabitants, and is the political capital of the Island, for here it is that the Keys hold their deliberations in a mean-looking, modern building, which the inhabitants proudly point out to visitors as "our Parliament house." The town clusters close round the walls of the ancient Castle of Rushen, which rises in the middle, and is one of the two great fortresses of Man. It is an ancient keep, probably of the 12th century, of rectangular form, considerable height and great solidity. Round this runs an outer line of defence, below which again is a moat, now partially filled up, commanded by the flanking towers at the angles of the wall. Beyond the moat is a glacis, the construction of which is ascribed to Cardinal Wolsey, who was at one time in commission as guardian to a minor of the Stanley family, who had in 1521 succeeded to the Lordship of Man. The whole building is in excellent preservation, and is chiefly employed as the insular prison. The crime of the Island seems always to preserve a dead level of uniformity, if we may judge from the number of prisoners in Castle Rushen; for, on all the three visits which we paid to the castle during the two months of our stay in the neighbourhood, we were informed by the pompous official, who shewed us over, that the number of prisoners was twenty-two. Perhaps, however, this number was, like

all the rest of the information he gave us, learned by rote some years ago. Within the walls of the fortress is also the Rolls Office, where the archives are kept. It stands on the southern bank of the stream called the Silverburn, which here runs into the sea and forms a creek, the harbour of Castletown.

An uninteresting piece of low coast intervenes between Castletown and Port St. Mary, a considerable village second only in importance as a fishing station to Peel; but beyond Port St. Mary is to be found some of the finest cliff scenery in the Island. Near here, at the top of the cliffs, are some very remarkable fissures, many of them not more than two feet wide, and from two to three hundred feet deep, and close to these "chasms," as they call them, at the bottom of the cliff and detached from it, there rises up from the sea a glorious conical bifurcated rock. The view of this from above, with countless sea birds wheeling and circling about it, and the lovely blue green of the sea all round it, is singularly beautiful. Another mile brings us opposite the Calf, a small rocky islet separated from the main land by a channel less than a quarter of a mile in breadth, the navigation of which is very dangerous, as the tide sets through it with tremendous force. The Calf contains 800 acres of land, and is chiefly used for grazing purposes. It is not, however, a very eligible farm, for the cattle can only be brought across to the mainland by swimming the channel, and many of them are often lost in the transit. After a two mile walk over an upland moor, on which are to be found several distinct Druidical stone circles, through Craigneesh, a primitive little village, from which the old Manx language has not yet died out, we see beneath us the horseshoe bay of Port Erin. A pretty bay it is, guarded at its mouth by the bold and lofty headland of Bradda, and protected from the full force of the Irish sea by a breakwater formed of huge blocks of concrete tumbled one upon another. The village of

Port Erin is very small, consisting merely of a few fishermen's cottages and two inns, which do a thriving trade during the summer; but there seems every reason for supposing that it will soon become a large and much-frequented place. A landing-stage is already in course of erection, and it is intended to have a line of steamers to Ireland, and the railway from Douglas, which has just been opened, has rendered it very easy of access from England. The place certainly has many natural advantages—a firm sandy beach at the head of the bay, capital bathing, the clearest of clear seas and a wide view across the Irish Channel to the distant Mourne mountains, which, with their bold jagged outline, are to be seen on a clear day resting like a blue cloud on the horizon. There are many pleasant walks too to be had in the country round. Close at hand is Fleshwick bay, a lovely retired cove with its black-green cliffs and romantic caverns, its emerald turf and deep purple sea. There are several good hills also near—the Carnanes with their richly-coloured carpet of gorse and fern and heather, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa (the hill of western day) rising to the height of 1600 feet straight out of the sea, and South Barrule, which is well worth climbing, if only for the wide view of the whole southern part of the Island to be obtained from its summit.

Our sojourn at Port Erin ended, and our party broken up, I and one enterprising friend determined on a walk over the country to the north, which we had not yet seen. We began our little tour by a visit to Peel, the great fishing station *par excellence* of the Island, situated half-way up the western coast. We found little to interest us in the town, which is like all the towns of Man, mean-looking and irregularly built, and abounding in smells of the most unsavoury description. But the whole interest of the place centres in the castle, which for beauty of form and colour, and for picturesque-ness of situation, is surpassed by few ruins in the

British Isles. It is a ragged pile of red sandstone, occupying the whole of a high, rocky peninsula, or, I should rather say, island, for it is only connected with the mainland by a solid stone causeway. We approached it by a ferry across the stream, which forms the harbour of the town, and it was from the ferry boat that the extent and massive strength of the fabric appeared to most advantage. Climbing a steep flight of stone steps, and passing under a strong gateway tower, we found ourselves on the open space within the walls. The first thing to be noticed is the presence of no less than two churches within the castle precincts, the parish church of St. Patrick and the Cathedral of St. German. Both are in ruins, but the latter still retains some of its old beauty, especially in the remains of its fine Early English choir, which reminded us much of the choir of Jesus Chapel. We spent some time walking on the ramparts overlooking the sea, tracing out the grass-grown tilting ground, and visiting the ancient guard-room, the weird old legend of which is to be found in the Appendix to Scott's "Peveril of the Peak;" and as we left the castle my companion, waxing suddenly poetical, repeated to me the lines of Wordsworth:—

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves—
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—

The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.*
Leaving Peel we set out along the Douglas road, and after a three mile tramp reached the Tynwald hill, one of the most interesting spots in the island. "Hither," says Cumming, "for the last 400 years at least, have the people of Man gathered to hear the laws by which they should be governed. Here, in the midst of the British dominions, far apart from its parent source, is found the last remains of the old Scandinavian

* Wordsworth's 'Nature and the Poet,' suggested by a picture of Peel Castle in a storm.

Thing, which, for the protection of public liberty, was held in the open air, in presence of the assembled people, and conducted by the people's chiefs and representatives."* The hill is said to have been formed of earth brought here from each of the parishes in the island, and is of a remarkable shape, rising in four circular platforms to a height of 12 feet. From this place on the 5th of July in each year are promulgated the laws which have been passed since the last Tynwald meeting.

Leaving the Douglas road we next turned up a valley which runs up northwards into the mountains, and forms the bed of a clear, noisy brook. Very pleasant we found this valley, especially some four miles further up, when we reached the Rhenass waterfall. This waterfall, though the largest in the island, is not very tremendous, but it is pretty as far as it goes, the stream descending altogether some 60 or 70 feet in several distinct cascades; but the prettiest thing was the view from an overhanging rock down the glen, up which we had just come. Wood and water and rock and mountain combined to make a really lovely picture, and the boom of the falling water close beneath us added to the charm of the spot. We traced the stream to its source in the hills, and then rejoining the main road from Peel we trudged on to the village of Kirk Michael, getting on the way some fine views of the mountains inland.

Kirk Michael is a considerable village situated about a quarter of a mile from the coast on the road between Peel and Ramsey. It contains a pretentious and hideous church built in the most debased style of the Georgian era and coated with very remarkable orange-coloured plaster. But we found the ugliness of the church amply atoned for by the interest attaching to the church-yard. Not only is this the burial-place of the bishops of the diocese, but it can boast

* Cumming's Guide to the Isle of Man, p. 108.

of six or seven capital specimens of Runic crosses. The three best of these have been moved from their original position, and set up by the churchyard-gate, one on the wall on each side of it, and one on a pedestal opposite to it. This latter is perhaps the finest and most perfect in the island. It is a rectangular block of schist, about ten feet high and six inches thick, and is most elaborately carved on both faces with figures of men and dogs and horses, and curious patterns of all kinds. Round the sides runs an inscription in Runic characters, setting forth that "Joalf, the son of Thoralf the Red, erected this cross to his mother Frida." The whole thing is in wonderfully good preservation, and much of the carving looks as sharp and fresh as if it had only lately come from the sculptor's chisel.

Refreshed by a good night's rest at the Bishop's Arms in Kirk Michael, we started next morning to walk across the mountains to Ramsey. We struck up a steep narrow road leading inland, and after a long climb we found ourselves on the ridge between Slieu Dhoo and Slieu ne Fraughane. Opposite to us we saw Snaefell, a long-backed awkward-looking hill, with two mysterious excrescences on the top; which, on closer inspection, we discovered to be two rough huts put up for the convenience of tourists. We made straight for it, but it was some time before we reached the top, owing to the broken nature of a great deal of the ground. Once there, we paused and looked around us. The view which met our eyes was very striking, and well worth a far harder climb. The whole length and breadth of the island lay mapped out at our feet, with the coast line sharply defined against the blue sea. To the south we saw the Calf of Man and Castletown, with the guardian tower of Rushen Castle. Douglas bay lay below us, but the town of Douglas was hidden by an intervening hill, and so was Ramsey, which nestles under North

Barrule. To the North the island ended in the point of Ayre, and the country between us and it looked as flat as the fens of Cambridgeshire. On the west, Peel Castle stood out well upon its island rock, and behind it, in close proximity, rose the peaks of South Barrule and Cronk-na-irey-Lhaa. But the great boast of Snaefell is, that from it are visible on a clear day at one and the same moment the mountains of North Wales and Cumberland, the whole stretch of the south coast of Scotland, and the north of Ireland with the chain of blue Mourne mountains in County Down. We, however, had to content ourselves with the sight of the Isle of Man alone, for there was a haze over the sea, which hid all beyond it, though we fancied that we caught a glimpse of the Mull of Galloway. It did not take long to descend the mountain, and we soon found ourselves near the source of the Sulby river, and proceeded to make our way down Sulby glen. Sulby glen is perhaps the prettiest of the valleys of Man, and this is saying no little for it, for Man is pre-eminently a land of pretty valleys. Six miles or so from its commencement we reached the end of the glen, and saw before us the flat northern plain, with the churches of Andreas and Bride, and a range of low hills on the horizon about five miles off, marking the line of the sea coast. Here the Sulby river turns off sharply to the left in a north-easterly direction; and we joined the high road from Peel to Ramsey, which keeps along the river bank. We had now reached the northern extremity of the mountain range, where the hills break down into the plain in bold spurs covered with waving pine trees, and forming between them picturesque dells and dark sombre recesses. The scene reminded me much of the edge of the Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, where they fall into the Severn valley. We passed the parish church of Lezayre "bosomed high in tufted trees," (a pity the church itself is not more worthy of its surroundings), and as

we neared Ramsey we passed several nice houses standing in park-like grounds, and fancied ourselves in England as we listened to the cawing of the rooks in the fine old elms. Soon we entered Ramsey, and passed down the quay, which extends for a quarter of a-mile along the river side. Then we crossed the quaint little market-place and came out upon the beach.

Ramsey lies in a bay open to the east, and looks straight across to the English coast and the Lake mountains. To the north there stretches away a low line of red sandstone cliffs ending in the point of Ayre. On the southern side the bay is guarded by the lofty headland of Maughold. The town is sheltered by the northern slopes of North Barrule, which rises high above it, and it can boast of more wood around it than any other place in the island. Not only are there woods all round the town, but the trees at one or two points come close down to the water's edge. The effect of this is very charming, especially in one place, where a real little mountain glen, with its trees and grass and brook, opens right upon the beach itself.

We spent the night at Ramsey, and started next morning for Douglas. We did not keep to the road, but turned aside from it to pay a visit to the little village of Maughold, which stands upon the headland, to which it gives its name. There is a pretty green in the middle of the village, with a pleasant parsonage overlooking it, standing in a neat, gay garden, and surrounded by a grove of tall spreading fuschias. But though the place is by no means deficient in natural beauties, its main interest is for the archæologist, for no place in Man possesses so many Runic stones. There is one upon the green itself, very like, though not so good as, the large one at Kirk Michael already described, and there are many more in the churchyard. Close to the church-gate stands a singularly graceful pillar-cross, very richly and elaborately carved, but

much weather-worn from its exposed situation, and from the softness of the sandstone of which it is made. The churchyard is very large, much the largest in the island, perhaps the largest in the kingdom. It extends over five acres of land, and we found it well worth while searching among the innumerable hideous tombstones for Runic stones, nine or ten of which we discovered; some so much defaced as to be scarcely recognisable, others in really good preservation, but all thoroughly worth examining. They are most of them of the form known as "wheel-crosses." The church is one of the regular type of Manx churches, though with more pretensions to architecture than most. It consists of one long low nave lighted by narrow lancet windows, and surmounted at the west end by a bell turret, the bell in which is rung by a rope from the outside, according to the ordinary Manx usage. The west window is in the perpendicular style; the tracery is heavy and not remarkable for beauty, but it is interesting as being the only old tracery left in the island.

Leaving Maughold, we made our way back into the Ramsey and Douglas road, which is carried along the eastern side of the mountains at some height above the sea, and which brought us at length to the village of Laxey, which lies at the mouth of Laxey glen, the best known of all the Manx glens, but, as we agreed, not nearly equal in beauty to Sulby. It is broader, barer, straighter and far tamer. Eight miles more of uninteresting road and we found ourselves once more in Douglas. Thus ended our walk. The next day saw us on board the Isle of Man steamship company's boat, "Snaefell," *en route* for Liverpool; but not even the horrors of six hours at sea on a rough day in a crowded vessel could efface from our minds the pleasant recollection of our little sojourn among the Manxmen.

H. W. S.



AN EPITAPH.

(AFTER TOM HOOD).

HERE, waiting for the trumpet's note
Doth lie poor Richard Clay,
Whose forte was the piano-forte,
His only work to play.
He could compose with such success
As oft increased his pelf;
And if his compositions failed,
He could compose himself.
The mark, at which through life he aimed,
Was strictest harmony,
Yet never mortal man combined
Such opposites as he.
In childhood's early days he loved
To play upon the keys;
And in the scales of life found nought
So natural as C's.
And yet he was no mariner,
Nor was the sea his choice;
The only compass that he knew,
The compass of the voice.
On British soil his life was spent,
A truth you'd scarce divine;
For foreign airs he'd often breathed,
And been below the line.
He always knew the proper pitch,
Though ignorant of tar;
He'd never crossed a harbour's mouth,
Yet been through many a bar.

He, forger-like, would utter notes
That passed among the crowd;
Yet every note of his was true,
And every one aloud.
To solve his inconsistencies
Surpasses human hope,
A man who made the finest chords,
Yet could not spin a rope.
In all his smoothest passages
A crotchet you might trace;
He taught men what was right, and yet
He taught them what was bass.
The man's a perfect paradox,
So all his neighbours swore;
For while he wrote a single line
'Twas known he wrote a score.
Describe his voice, and your account
Of contradiction savours,
A voice that ever sounded firm
Yet ever sounded quavers.
When twelve years old, he sang so strong,
A treble voice 'twas reckoned;
And when it broke, though heard alone,
You'd vow you heard a second.
Though Time runs swiftly, Richard Clay
Could beat time slow or fast;
But Time has proved the better horse,
And beaten him at last.
By practising whate'er he taught,
He kept a rule sublime;
Nor can his life mis-spent be called,
Who never lost his time.
Such was the tenor of his ways,
Nought base lay 'neath that breast;
But, ah! his time was over-quick,
So death inserts a rest!

SERMO.



RAILWAY RETROSPECTS.

AMONG my literary treasures is a Bradshaw for 1848, a quaint little volume, meagre and attenuated by the side of its portly successors. There are only 94 pages of railway time-tables, and these time-tables are by no means inconveniently crowded with trains. The map too, while it shows most of our main lines and many branches near the most important towns, is a curious contrast to the present elaborate piece of net-work. My little Bradshaw suggests a train of thought on the vast increase of our railway system; and then of course comes the question, why not make a note of it? An enthusiast myself about railway matters, why despair of finding a brother lunatic among the readers of *The Eagle*? Besides railways appeal to all, invading our most cherished retreats, murdering sleep like Macbeth, killing *us* too often to be pleasant. Everyone then may warm to the subject; as even the staunchest hater of politics has been found to take quite a lively interest in the reasons for his own decapitation.

To begin at the beginning, the first great fact in English railway history is the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830.* Almost immediately the thirty stage-coaches which ran between these towns were with one exception taken off, while the number of travellers increased threefold. This

* The Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened for general traffic in 1825, and locomotives had been used on mine and colliery railways since the beginning of the century.

signal success provoked imitation, the more so as shares had at least doubled in value; and railways were soon projected to all sorts of possible and impossible places. In 1836 about 450 miles of railway were completed and 350 miles were in progress of construction; by the end of 1843 more than 2000 miles had been opened, and more than 5000 at the end of 1848. The total capital raised by shares and loans up to this time amounted to more than two hundred millions;* while the number of persons employed on railways in the United Kingdom in 1848 (a year of exceptional activity) was a quarter of a million.

Not less remarkable during these years was the increase of power in the locomotive engine. When the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was planned locomotive power was not an essential feature of the scheme, nor was a speed contemplated beyond that of an ordinary vehicle drawn by horses. Whatever were the hopes and beliefs of engineers, they were kept in the back-ground rather than otherwise, lest over-sanguine speculation should affront British common sense and scare Parliamentary committees. Finally the directors of the railway offered a premium for the best engine that should draw three times its own weight on a level at 10 miles an hour. Stephenson's Rocket alone accomplished the required distance. It was the first engine made in England† with multitubular flues, and having also the blast directed up the funnel, contained, like Tyndall's atom, the "promise and potency" of all that followed.

In 1830 the mean speed attained was under 15 miles an hour, the highest under 30. In 1838 the

* According to Captain Tyler's recent report, 16,082 miles were open in the United Kingdom in December 1873, representing an outlay of £588,320,308.

† M. Seguin had already applied the tubular boiler on the Lyons and St. Etienne Railway in 1829.

average speed of passenger trains, including stoppages, was from 20 to 27 miles an hour, with a load of about 40 tons, the highest rate being 50 miles. In 1848 the best passenger engines on the narrow gauge were calculated to be capable of conveying a train of 180 tons, including engine and tender, at 40 miles an hour on a level, and a train of 110 tons at 60 miles.

Perhaps however the Great Western line offers the most interesting example of the rapid development of locomotive power. The younger Brunel, who was appointed its engineer, foresaw an enormous increase in railway traffic, and so early as 1833 proposed an enlargement of the ordinary 4 feet 8½ inch gauge to 7 feet. He contemplated at that time a speed of about 45 miles with loads of about 80 tons. On the opening of the railway in 1838 engines of various patterns were tried, testifying to the ingenuity of their builders. One had 6-foot driving-wheels, which by means of cogs made 3 revolutions to each stroke of the piston; another had a pair of 10-foot wheels, and as a rule declined either to start or stop: all of them were deficient in boiler power. About 1840 the engines constructed from the designs of Mr. D. Gooch, the Locomotive Superintendent, began to be placed upon the line. They had 7-foot driving-wheels, and 829 feet of heating surface, and were found to be capable of taking an average train at a mean speed of 50 miles an hour, with a maximum of about 60. Mr. Gooch informed the Gauge Commissioners in 1845, that the distance from Didcot to Paddington, 53 miles, was often run under the hour. These engines were followed in 1846-7 by the Great Britain class, with 8 wheels, 8-foot single driving-wheels, cylinders 18 inches by 24, total heating surface 1952 square feet. The performance of these engines was unprecedented. They were found to possess a maximum speed of about 72 miles, and an admirable power of maintaining steam. The Great Britain is twice recorded to have run with

the ordinary express train between Didcot and Paddington in 47½ minutes; an average rate, including starting and stopping, of nearly 67 miles an hour. Some slight modifications were afterwards made in the pattern, but the type remained essentially unaltered; and these same engines, the boilers having been renewed when necessary, still work the broad gauge express traffic of the Great Western. Though extravagant in their consumption of fuel, and deficient in some modern appliances, it may be doubted if they have ever been surpassed in the work for which they were constructed—the rapid conveyance of passenger trains on a comparatively straight and level line. Now that the broad gauge, doubtless from sound financial reasons, is doomed to speedy extinction, one is tempted to linger with regret over the days of its early prime, and sees in these great engines a pre-Adamite creation, destined to leave no descendants, and to give place to a smaller and feebler race.

The rapid advance of the Great Western stimulated of course the rival narrow gauge lines. The battle of the gauges was keenly fought on their side, and plan after plan produced to combine a boiler of sufficient size with the two essential points, as they were then considered—a high wheel for speed and a low centre of gravity to ensure steadiness. The problem was solved by the introduction of the Crampton engine. Crampton removed the driving-axle to the rear of the fire-box, and lowered the boiler so as just to clear the axles of the carrying wheels; the cylinders and valve-gear being of course placed outside. The grandest Crampton engine ever built, the Liverpool, a worthy rival of the Great Britain and her younger sisters, was placed on the London and North Western line in 1849, and announced as the most powerful engine in the world. She had eight wheels, 8-foot driving-wheels, cylinders 18 inches by 24, and 2290 feet of heating surface. Her perform-

ances were great; but she was soon disused, chiefly owing to the inherent defect of the Crampton system, great weight placed of necessity at each extremity, which proved injurious to the rails and permanent way. A Crampton engine is now scarcely to be found in England. There are many however in France, especially on the Chemin de Fer du Nord, where they work the express trains from Paris to Amiens, and are said to be favourites with the drivers. They are well worth study as representing an interesting though now by gone type.

English engineers presently ceased to trouble themselves about a low centre of gravity, and found even a high driving-wheel less essential than a good-sized cylinder and a boiler able to supply it with sufficient steam. The narrow-gauge engines now constructed differ materially in pattern from those built twenty-five years ago, but the increase in their power has not been great. Power in fact was attained not by any new invention but by enlarging the boiler, and the limits of convenient size were pretty well reached by 1849. Experiments in pace too proved more interesting to engineers than remunerative to shareholders; and by this time the rival gauges were securely established in their respective territories. I do not propose to pursue the engine question further; but it may be interesting to give some details of the new Great Northern 8-wheeled express engines, undoubtedly the finest passenger engines of the present day. They have single 8-foot driving-wheels, the front of the engine being supported on a 4-wheeled bogie, cylinders 18 inches by 28, heating surface 1165 feet. Thus, while the cylinders are larger than those of the Great Britain or Liverpool, the tube surface of the modern engine is very decidedly less, the boiler being of much the same size. One of these engines has taken sixteen carriages 15 miles in 12 minutes, an achievement probably unparalleled. On most railways less

powerful engines are employed, the pattern most in vogue at present being that in general use on the Midland and London and North Western, with four 6-foot 6-inches coupled driving-wheels, and cylinders 24 inches by 17 or 18. Such an engine will take a very heavy train at a mean speed of 45 miles, and if required would reach between 60 and 70 with a lighter load. Tractive power however is now the chief requirement rather than excessive speed.

I may add a few notes as to the present rate of trains, taking two or three of the best known as typical instances. The Great Western stands first with the Exeter express, which accomplishes the distance between Paddington and Exeter, 193½ miles, in 4¼ hours, an average, including four stoppages, of nearly 46 miles an hour: exclusive of stoppages, the average rate is slightly over 50. The 77 miles between Paddington and Swindon take 87 minutes without stoppage. Between Bristol and Exeter this train is taken by tank-engines of a very curious make, with 9-foot single driving-wheels, and a four-wheeled bogie at each end. They are said to have run at 80 miles an hour, and certainly travel admirably with a light train. Next comes the Scotch express by the Great Northern route, of which the time is—Peterborough, 76½ miles, 1½ hour; York, 188½ miles, 4¼ hours; Edinburgh, 397 miles, 9½ hours: average to Edinburgh, including twenty minutes' stay at York, nearly 42 miles an hour. By the London and North Western route the journey to Edinburgh, 397½ miles, takes 10 hours and 10 minutes; to Glasgow, 404½ miles, 10 hours and 22 minutes; about 39 miles an hour in both cases. The Irish mail accomplishes the distance between Euston and Holyhead, 264 miles, at an average pace of not quite 40 miles an hour. This run from Holyhead gained celebrity at the time of the Trent affair in 1862, when the eagerly looked-for despatches from America were conveyed to London in precisely

5 hours. The engine ran to Stafford without stopping at an average rate of $54\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, picking up water from a trough placed between the rails, an invention then first introduced, and now in general use upon the line. These, with the South Western journey to Exeter, $170\frac{3}{4}$ miles, in $4\frac{1}{4}$ hours, are the most important runs of any length. Comparing them with the times in 1848 I find a decided increase in the average speed of trains, and more especially a general diminution in the number of stoppages with expresses. Sometimes however the alteration is the other way. In 1848 Southampton was reached in 1 hour and 50 minutes; now $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours at least are required. In 1854 the Great Eastern express took 1 hour and 25 minutes to Cambridge and $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours to Norwich; the time is now—Cambridge $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, Norwich 4 hours.

At present railways seem in a stationary state. The carriages certainly are better than they were, but otherwise there is little improvement: the same unpunctuality; the same due proportion of accidents, keeping pace with the increase of traffic; the same over-taxed officials; the same unappetising refreshments—such are their monotonous and unattractive traits. Perhaps, by way of variety, we may begin to go back soon. Even now certain directors seem anxious to crowd three passengers into the space of two; possibly they may combine hereafter to impose upon us the additional boon of continental slowness.

NOTE.—This brief sketch relating to English railways only, I have said nothing of the various improvements effected by foreign locomotive engineers to meet the exigencies of heavy loads and long inclines. Nor have I space to describe the Fairlie double-bogie engine, an invention perhaps destined some day to revolutionise railway practice. Those who have seen its wonderful performances in rounding curves and hauling loads on the Festiniog 2-feet gauge railway can easily imagine its powers on a larger scale. Several of Mr. Fairlie's engines have been exported, but I am not aware that any are now in use on an ordinary English railway.

G.



MY FIRST-BORN.

I SEE thee in thy cradle lying,
I hear thee oft at midnight crying;
I sometimes find it rather trying,
My little boy's
Incessant noise.

I hear thee in the noontide squalling,
I hear thee still when eve is falling;
It's really growing quite appalling,
My little boy's
Increasing noise.

Was it for this I left my books,
To study Clara's gentle looks?
Is this the charm of rural nooks,
To hear that boy's
Perpetual noise?

Quick, Mary Anne, run to the shop
For Mrs. Winslow's soothing drop,
Or anything that will but stop
That wretched boy's
Distracting noise.

Ah! now I see what comes of scorning
My old friend Cælebs' kindly warning;
I'm never quiet, night or morning,
From that young boy's
Eternal noise.

QUONDAM SOCIUS.



MEMOIR OF MARGARET, COUNTESS OF RICHMOND AND DERBY.

BY THE LATE CHARLES HENRY COOPER, F.S.A.

*Edited for the Two Colleges of her Foundation,
by Prof. John E. B. Mayor, M.A.
Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co., 1874.*

IT was a grand old philosophic notion,—first enunciated, if I recollect right, in its full completeness by Berkeley,—that things not perceived are non-existent; that, in short, all entities exist only in the percipient mind, and *esse* is a mere *percipi*. There seems to be a kind of parallelism to this idea in the connexion between the human mind and the Past. Given only a certain adequate intellectual insight into that Past, and it acquires for some minds a reality equalling or exceeding that of the Present. Its characters walk our streets, meet us

‘In sainted fane or mythic glade,’

pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. But to most the Past is literally dead; ‘dead,’ as Mr. Ruskin says, ‘to some purpose; all equally far away; Queen Elizabeth as old as Queen Boadicea; and both incredible.’ The faculty of comprehending bygone times and sympathising with them is, indeed, like that power of vision observable among mariners at sea, mostly a matter of slow acquirement, and often not to be acquired at all. And hence we find a large majority, in default either of the capacity or the opportunity of gaining such a faculty, yet un-

willing to be wholly ignorant of what went before them, falling back on artificial aids as supplied by some celebrated optician. Nor, indeed, have such caterers for the needs of a reading, if not discerning, public ever been quite lacking where papyrus or paper, *stilh* or goose-quills, were articles in fairly common use.

But, explain it as we may, the fact is undeniable that, though each of these professional opticians enjoyed no little reputation and drove a brisk trade in his day, each in turn has more or less declined in public favour and come to be regarded as either a blunderer or a charlatan. The glasses he manufactured, it has been said, though certainly serving to bring objects more nearly into view, have falsified as fast as they have revealed. Little men look big, dark men look fair; and even those characters which preserve their features unchanged have seemed to undergo a strange mutation—now standing unduly in the shade, now exhibited in light of supernatural brilliancy.

It was the distinguishing merit of the compiler of this biography that, though undisciplined by a university career, and not, I believe, entitled to wear a hood of any shape or colour whatever, he possessed that native independence of spirit and fearlessness of toil which led him to put aside the glasses of all these eminent opticians and to seek to develope his own powers of vision for himself. And thus, in due course, although holding official position and occupied with numerous duties in connexion with the municipality of Cambridge, he came, by patient bestowal of his leisure, to be the best informed among contemporary Englishmen in nearly all that related to the past of Cambridge University. At once Clerk of the Town and Historiographer of the University, he explored the annals of both those ancient and too often hostile bodies;—from the time when Chancellors and Mayors dealt in fisticuffs at Sturbridge fair, down to

that when Syndicates and Town Councils are to be found differing concerning the purification of the Cam, to leave behind him a better *Compositio de Amicitia* between 'town' and 'gown' than any which ever linked one college to another. In feeble health, unstimulated by hopes of fame or emolument or professorial chair he sustained for a long series

daily search amid the archives of the Library or Registry, until 'every stone of our Sparta,' to quote an eloquent tribute to his work, 'spoke to him of struggles and sacrifices and noble memories.' He passed away, his labours but scantily recognised and himself ungraced even by that honorary degree which, less for his credit than that of the University, some would gladly have seen him bear; but the knowledge, deep, accurate, and

its own exceeding great reward. Slowly but surely he piled up the monuments of his industry, the *Annals*, *Memorials*, and *Athenæ*, which, exactly as they were in no way designed to subserve the party purposes or suit the literary fashions of a time, will continue to point the way and lighten the journey for future investigators when many a so-called 'History' now in use has been consigned to dust and oblivion.

Turning now to this legacy which Mr. Cooper may be said to have bequeathed more especially to Christ's College and St. John's, in the form of a biography of their foundress, it is right to say that it was mainly written nearly forty years ago, and is consequently neither an adequate specimen of his own great stores of knowledge nor fully up to that higher level to which the progress and research of nearly half a century have brought us. It was compiled some twenty years before the first volume of either *The Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland* or of the *Calendars of State Papers* saw the light. Fortunately, however, it has fallen into the hands of an editor exceptionally

qualified to make good its defects; whose additions in the shape of notes, glossary, and index, while doubling the size of the book, have more than doubled its original value, and, as the volume now appears, it will be difficult for the most lynx-eyed investigator of the period to add much of any value to what we here learn concerning Margaret Beaufort.

Like all Mr. Cooper's contributions to history, this *Life* is mainly a collection of carefully-sifted, well-arranged, justly-apprehended facts, and any attempt to give an outline of the whole would simply result in a reproduction of every tenth fact, with the omission of nine others which many would perhaps consider equally important and interesting. Instead, therefore, of occupying the pages of *The Eagle* with any such dry abridgment, it would seem better worth while to endeavour to point out how much there is in the life and character of our Foundress which entitles her to our gratitude and admiration, so as indeed to render it a duty on the part of her personal debtors (among whom I include all living members of Christ's and St. John's Colleges) to buy and study the book.

On the august descent of Margaret Beaufort it is perhaps least necessary that I should dwell, and yet it may not be altogether superfluous to recall who were her father, her husbands, and her son. Her father, John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset, Lieutenant-General of France, Aquitaine, and Normandy, the grandson of that John of Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster,' who, as the founder of the Lancastrian line, son of Edward III., the patron of Wyclif, and stay of King Richard's tottering throne, fills so considerable a space in our fifteenth century history. Her first husband, Owen Tudor, Earl of Richmond, whose father was son of Catherine of France and Henry V., by whom she became the mother of Henry VII., first of the Tudor line. Her second husband, the Earl of

Stafford, descended, like herself, from Edward III. and Queen Philippa. Her third husband, second Lord of the house of Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby. 'I need say nothing,' says Baker, in his *History of St. John's College*, 'I need say nothing of so great a name.... Though she herself was never a queen, yet her son, if he had any lineal title to the crown, as he derived it from her, so at her death she had thirty kings and queens allied to her within the fourth degree either of blood or affinity, and since her death she has been allied in her posterity to thirty more.'

But noble birth would seem to have been the least of our Foundress's claims to the reverence of posterity. So far as I can discern her features through the mist of nearly four centuries, limned by the faithful hand of her confessor, she seems likewise to have been one of the best women that ever lived, and that in perhaps the worst age that our country ever saw. Those who have most closely studied the history of the time best know how dark a legacy of bad passions and social demoralisation the great dynastic struggle had left behind. English honesty and love of fair dealing might have fled with Astræa to the stars, for aught we can discern of them as national virtues. Through all that terrible contest Margaret Beaufort had lived; had witnessed some of its saddest tragedies and participated in some of its most dire calamities. Her second father-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, fell in the fierce fight at Northampton; the following year, her first father-in-law, Owen Tudor, was slain in cold blood by the victorious Edward after the battle of Mortimer's Cross; her brother-in-law, Jasper Pembroke, ap Meredith ap Tudor, together with her son, Harry Richmond, fled from England after that grim day at Tewkesbury, to live as exiles for the rest of King Edward's reign; her second husband's nephew, the Duke of Buckingham, was beheaded

by Richard III. at Salisbury; and she herself attainted and closely watched, lived on in sorrow, anxiety, and suspense, until the restoration of the fortunes of her house at Bosworth. Small wonder if, with such an experience of the vicissitudes of human destiny, she mistrusted the gifts of the fickle goddess, and even when she beheld her stooping to place the crown on Richmond's brows, wept 'mervaylously' in all that 'grete tryumphe and glorie!'

And while such had been her individual experience in that political world wherein she bore so prominent a part at home, we can hardly imagine that, to one whose faith was so earnest and sincere, the horizon could have appeared much brighter which bounded her religious life abroad. What Rome was, what the Church was, in Margaret Beaufort's time, let the admissions of Machiavelli and Cosmas de Villiers, and the denunciations of Savonarola tell. An age and a system so corrupt that the very light of hope seemed to have died away. *Saeculum Synodale* clean at an end, and all the great hearts that had spent their best energies at Constance or at Basel now resting quietly in the grave. What men, again (fallible or infallible, however they might proclaim themselves), were the Popes of her time—Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Julius II.—not one of them, methinks, worthy to loose her shoe latchet! Faith, we cannot but think, must have been given in no small measure to those who could still believe, still aim at duty, still be devout and religious in those days; and certainly to one whose character her biographer could thus pourtray:—'Of mervayllous gentleness she was unto all folks, but specially unto her owne, whom she trusted and loved ryghte tenderly. Unkynde she wolde not be unto no creature, ne forgetfull of any kyndness or servyce done to her before, which is no lytel part of veray nobleness. She was not vengeable, ne cruell, but redy anone to forgete

and to forgive injuryes done unto her, at the least desyre or mocyon made unto her for the same. Mercyfull also and pyteous. she was unto such as were grevyed and wrongfully troubled, and to them that were in poverty or sekeness or any other mysery. To God and to the Chirche full obedient and tractable, sechyng his honour and plesure full verly.'

Even the act which our college historian long after singled out as 'the worst thing she ever did,' when she caused her graceless stepson, James Stanley, to be made 'a holy ffader in God,' seems really to bring home to us yet more strongly her womanly and trusting nature. The charity that hopeth all things had hopes even of James Stanley. An untoward youth, doubtless. Shrewd Erasmus, scanning him through those half-closed eyes through which he saw so much, had flatly refused him for a pupil. Very probably reports, not satisfactory, had reached even her ears. It was notorious that as a boy he had never loved his book. But, notwithstanding, she raised him to the see of Ely; and just as her third husband, Lord Stanley, helped her son (his stepson) to the English crown, so Margaret, Countess of Derby, procured for his son (her stepson) an English mitre—good offices which, did they more abound, might altogether falsify the traditional 'step' relations. Nor can we doubt that she hoped that, thus honoured and raised to be an ensample to others, the youth would mend his ways; whereas, sad to relate, he went from bad to worse, gave great scandal to his diocese, and, worst of all, when his good stepmother was no more, sought to frustrate her designs in connexion with St. John's College. Can I, in these pages, bring a heavier indictment against James Stanley than when I say that, had he had his wish, St. John's College would never have been? He was stupidly conservative; and would actually have preferred that the old Hospital should continue to exist under the management of

William Tomlyn. Topping Tomlyn! who, along with two or three other Augustinian Canons of like proclivities, had brought the affairs of his house to such a pass that the most experienced bursar Cambridge ever possessed could not have balanced them. Whom even the townsfolk denounced as they tripped up over the dilapidated pavement in front of the Hospital. A man after James Stanley's own heart, and with whom his lordship would have been glad yet 'mony a time' to feast and make merry, and drink anathema to the churlish set who sought to meddle with the old foundations, who dared to find fault with the Vulgate, and wanted to bring in the study of Greek!

But our august foundress was not only distinguished by her virtues and her amiable qualities, she was also a very able, wise, and accomplished woman.

'Fine by defect and delicately weak,'

could never be said of that *mulier prudentissima*, as Bernard Andreas styles her, whose firmness and sagacity kept Harry Richmond safe in France in spite of all the toils which the cruel and crafty Edward IV. laid for his destruction—who sat as a justice of the peace and delivered weighty decisions—whose penetration so quickly discovered the noble character of Fisher—whose judicious aid to learning marks the era when Cambridge begins to take the lead of Oxford and to be heard of and named with respect at the continental universities—whose patronage stimulated the infant art of Caxton, Pynson, and Wynkyn de Worde. Her accomplishments, again, attest her mental superiority. Her skill in needlework (which in those days rose to the dignity of an art) was such that it survived to attract the admiration of King James I. At a time when few of her sex could write, she was a laborious translator. Her legacies prove her to have been the possessor

of nearly all that we, in the nineteenth century, most value of the literature of her age—the fancy of Boccaccio and his imitator Chaucer, the picturesque narrative of Froissart, the sententiousness of Gower, and Lydgate's romantic verse, not to mention Magna Charta in French and other 'grette volumes in velom.'

It will not escape the notice of our readers that the authorities of Christ's College have evinced their sympathy with this tribute to the memory of one whom they also are proud to recall as their foundress, by seeking to share the cost of publication. A few years back, when a 'Johnian' and a 'Christian' were bracketed for the distinguished honour of Senior Classic, the story goes that, on their being presented for their degree, a voice from the galleries was heard to exclaim, 'Three cheers for the Lady Margaret!' By no means, methinks, a misplaced reminiscence, and certainly as well-timed as the majority of the appeals to be heard on such occasions. But, unfortunately, to most of those on whom the cheering devolved it suggested nothing but the boat club, and as the Johnian's honours on the river scarcely equalled those assigned him in the Senate House, the call appeared by no means happy and met with hardly any response. Let us hope that this volume will do something towards preventing a like misapprehension in future.

Frankly, I own that, in all the long list of those whom once a year our University commemorates as its benefactors, there are none who in the combination she presents of high lineage, native virtues, and mental excellences, seem to me quite worthy to stand beside Margaret Richmond. Large-hearted, beneficent Hugh Balsham* and sweet Mary de Valence† perhaps come nearest to her, but even these but *longo intervallo*. As for the rest, of all who went before, who is there

* Founder of Peterhouse.

† Foundress of Pembroke College.

to be compared with her? Not surely Hervey de Stanton* or Edward Gonville†? Not that worldly-minded, bustling canonist, Bishop Bateman‡? Not Elizabeth de Burgh§? Not Edward II., to whom (though at Trinity they would fain have it Edward III.) belongs the founding of King's Hall? Not her mother-in-law's son, Henry VI.,|| or his cons another Margaret—a Margaret of Richmond without her virtues? Not Robert Woodlark†† or John Alcock‡‡? I deem her peerless still and unapproached.

There remains yet one more feature in her character which cannot be dismissed altogether unnoticed. In singular contrast to the gentleness and charity which she showed towards others, stands that rigorous asceticism to which she subjected herself. Merciful and forgiving to all around her, her verdicts seem to have acquired a Rhadamanthine severity when she adjudged her own cause *in foro conscientie*. The self-mortification which, as exhibited by the followers of Pacomius, by St. Dunstan, or by the Flagellants, was often only another form of the most intense selfishness, itself becomes dignified and purified when seen in conjunction with so noble a nature. It would, again, be sadly to miss the true value of this biography, as it appeals from beyond college walls and academic traditions to our joint humanity, were we to allow ourselves to suppose that features like these separate the subject from modern sympathies and leave it merely an antiquarian interest. Not least among the lessons that such lives can teach us, and one not without its consolation in an age full of perplexity and doubt, is that the path of duty, however dense the mists that gather round it, will never be wholly

* Founder of Michael house.

† Founder of Trinity Hall.

|| Founder of King's College.

†† Founder of Catherine Hall.

‡ Founder of Gonville Hall.

§ Foundress of Clare Hall.

** Margaret of Anjou, foundress of Queens' College.

‡‡ Bp. of Ely, founder of Jesus College.

lost, and that self-devotion and integrity of purpose will somehow or other find out the right way though all the doctors of Christendom were wrong.

'For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend.'

J. B. MULLINGER.

[The picture at the head of this article is re-produced by the 'Autotype' process from the original in the Master's Lodge. The Editors desire to express their thanks to the Master for placing the medallion at their disposal. It is supposed to be copied from the effigy on the tomb of Lady Margaret in Westminster Abbey, the work of the Italian sculptor Torrigiano.—ED.]



MEERESSTILLE.

TIEFE Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rinks umher.
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuern Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.

GOETHE.

CALM ON THE OCEAN.

Deepest silence rules the water,
Motionless the sea is bound,
Sorrowful the sailor glazes
O'er the glassy plain around.
Not a breath from any quarter!
Awful stillness of the grave!
On the boundless breadth of water
Not the ripple of a wave.

RIVULUS.



THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF CERTAIN MECHANICAL DISCOVERIES.

IT is a fact that can hardly have escaped the notice of any that the character of the English has, within the last century, undergone a change of almost unprecedented magnitude, owing to the extraordinary progress made during that period. Indeed, so great has been our progress as a nation, not only in the more material prosperity arising from commerce, but also in the extension of civilization, and in the spread of education throughout all classes, that we are almost inclined to think that we have lost some pages of our history, and to doubt whether these improvements can really be the work of so short a period. But such nevertheless is the case; and this being so it cannot but be an interesting question to inquire into the causes of these great and sudden changes. For while we all agree that the high and refined state of civilization to which we have attained—a civilization in its humanizing influences far transcending the ideas of the ancient Greek or Roman—is the fruit of the teaching of Christianity, yet the great advancement attained within the last century, compared with what had been achieved in the centuries past, seem to require some more definite explanation. To change the illiterate workman of the eighteenth century, with his love of cock-fighting and the like, into the educated workman of the nineteenth with his taste for scientific pursuits, there must have been agencies at work, either in

addition to this great motive-power of civilization, or enabling it to have more freedom of action. And, in fact, such a new agency was found in the application of the mechanical discoveries of Watt and others. For though the improvement in the state of the lower classes in England is undoubtedly due to the spread of education, yet (as we shall presently see) the spread of education is in the highest degree the result of these mechanical inventions. But in order to trace with greater accuracy to their true causes the results which we enjoy, it will be necessary to glance briefly at the particular way in which some of the most eminent of these mechanical geniuses contributed to the general improvement.

1. *Machinery for the manufacture of cotton goods.*

When Arkwright first attempted the improvement of the machinery used in spinning, the art of producing cotton fabrics was in a very primitive state. It was entirely a domestic operation; the weaver procured the raw material and had it spun by members of his own family or by some of his neighbours, and then wove it into cloth at his own loom. A few years before Arkwright introduced his 'water-frame,' Hargreaves had invented the spinning-jenny; but previously to that, the only method of producing yarn for weaving was by means of the old spinning-wheel which figures so prominently in all the pictures of the domestic life of the time. As only one thread could be spun at a time by the wheel, this was necessarily a very slow process, and the weaver could seldom get a constant supply of yarn sufficient to keep him in regular employment. The yarn produced by this primitive machine was also very inferior in quality as well as deficient in quantity; no thread could be produced strong enough to serve as warp, and consequently no fabrics entirely of cotton could then be made. The scarcity of the yarn ensured the employment of all spinners however unskilful, and so there

was no likelihood of there being any improvement in the quality of the thread unless some new system could be devised. Besides which, as the demand so far exceeded the supply, the price of it was much higher than it should have been, and consequently cotton-fabrics were too expensive to have come into common use.

Hargreaves' invention greatly increased the power of production, but did not affect the quality of the thread. It was left for Arkwright to invent (or at any rate to introduce to the public) the means whereby we are enabled to produce yarn enough for the manufacture of fabrics in such quantities as to enable us not only to clothe all our own population, but also to export to all parts of the world; yarn of such a quality as to be fit for the manufacture of any kind of fabric, and at such a price as to enable us to compete with any nation. This he did by using rollers for attenuating the thread, by inventing an improved method of carding, and by several other improvements which it is unnecessary to describe in detail. The 'water-frame,' as it was called from its being originally turned by water-power, with a few subsequent improvements (as, for instance, the 'mule-jenny' of Crompton), laid the foundation of our present extensive exportation of cotton goods. Arkwright thus converted a humble domestic operation into a system involving the utmost amount of mechanical contrivance, and so nearly automatic in its action that the presence of a man is only needed for oversight, all muscular exertion being superseded by the use of water, or, what is still more efficient, steam, as the motive power. The invention of the power-loom by Dr. Cartwright, the method of calico-printing with cylinders (by means of which one man and a boy can do as much work as 100 men and 100 boys by the old system of stamping with wooden blocks), the discovery of the use of chlorine for bleaching purposes (by

which an operation that required eight months and many acres of drying ground is easily accomplished in a few hours and in a small room), these, and a few minor improvements, were necessary in order to complete the system.

Arkwright's invention, by making cotton fabrics an article of exportation, found employment for hundreds of our poorer classes, enabling them to gain a livelihood by honest industry. As the use of the home-made goods in a great measure superseded the use of imported manufactures, a considerable amount of money hitherto sent abroad for the purchase of foreign goods was now spent among our industrious poor at home. The rise of the cotton manufactures withdrew many from the pursuit of agriculture (for up to this time husbandry had been the chief support of the population), thus increasing the number of non-agricultural consumers, while it diminished the number of producers. The farmer thus obtained a better price for his produce, which enabled him both to live in greater comfort and also to make improvements in his mode of farming. Similarly, the beneficial results of this great invention were felt in a greater or less degree by all classes: the increased wealth of the farmer enabling him to pay a higher price for his land, and thus benefiting his landlord. The remunerative character of these new manufactures may be seen from the fact that the first Sir Robert Peel was able to subscribe in 1798 the sum of £10,000 as a voluntary contribution for himself and his partners (in the cotton-printing business at Bury, in Lancashire) towards the expenses of the wars with France, Spain, and Holland, in which England was at that time engaged.

But although the use of water-power instead of manual labour was a great improvement in the manufacture of cotton-fabrics, yet the trade in them could never have arisen to anything like its present

state but for the introduction of some more regular and economical motive-power. This power was supplied by the steam-engine, which we will now proceed to consider. When Watt first turned his mind to the improvement of the steam-engine the only form of it then in use was that of Newcomen, which was known as the atmospheric-engine, and which was used in some of the larger coal-pits and mines for the purpose of pumping out the water. It was an improvement of Savery's engine, and was not strictly speaking a steam-engine, for in it steam was used merely for producing a vacuum in the lower part of the cylinder, down which the piston was then forced by the pressure of the atmosphere admitted at the other end of the cylinder. The piston was raised by means of a weight attached to the same end of the beam as the bucket used in pumping up the water, steam was then admitted under the piston, and by condensing it a vacuum was obtained. The cylinder was necessarily greatly cooled by the condensation of the steam in it and by the admission of cold air into it, and in heating it again preparatory to another stroke a great amount of steam was used—according to Watt's calculation, three times as much as was needed for the efficient action of the engine. It thus consumed a large quantity of fuel, and was consequently very expensive in working. And, besides this, the machine was very clumsy in operation, accompanied by violent jerks, which caused great strains upon the tackle, which was continually breaking. It was only fit for the roughest kind of work, and this it performed very imperfectly and apparently with a great deal of pain, for every movement was attended with a vast amount of sighing, creaking, coughing, and thumping; and the large amount of fuel it required restricted its use to the vicinity of coal-pits or where fuel was abundant. In Cornwall many mines could not be worked on account of the water, and Newcomen's

engine was too expensive to be used with advantage. This engine was only used for working pumps; all other machinery had to depend upon water-power where it more efficient and economical power was clearly felt. This was supplied by the invention of Watt, in whose double-acting engine the cylinder was closed at both ends, and steam was used to propel the piston both in its upward and downward stroke, thus producing a motion uniform and regular, free from jerks, and capable of being applied to rotatory as well as rectilinear movement; while, by thus excluding the air from the cylinder and adding a separate chamber, the cylinder was not allowed to cool, and thus the amount of steam required to work it was only one-fourth of what was used in Newcomen's engine. The discovery of the *expansive* power of steam still further reduced the cost of working, and the use of high-pressure steam (by rendering the condenser unnecessary) simplified the engine and made it lighter and more suitable for locomotives. All these improvements combined to make the steam-engine the most powerful, regular, and economical motive-power. In mining it is the cheapest as well as the most efficient agent for pumping, thus making mines, which without it must have been abandoned on account of the influx of water, among the most productive; while for hauling up the produce it has superseded the labour of men and women (who carried it up in baskets), or the use of the horse-gin, and has thus relieved many from oppressive and degrading drudgery. But so far from throwing men out of employment, never before the introduction of steam-power was labour so well-paid and employment so regular. The steam-engine has only changed the sphere of the working-man's task, and has raised him from an ill-paid drudge deprived of all knowledge to a well-paid overseer over the most wonderful and ingenious

power ever placed in the hands of man, whereby some knowledge of mechanism at least is made indispensable. The working-man's character is thus improved by education, while a knowledge of his true importance makes him as independent in spirit as his employer ^{could be} obtained. —the poor are no longer oppressed by the power of the rich.

The economical reduced the cost of mining operations, and as a consequence our mineral wealth was sold at a price that brought it into much more extensive use. Coal could now be had cheap enough to be used remuneratively in smelting iron, and thus our most common metal, instead of being any longer exported in its raw state to Sweden for the purpose of being smelted, was now manufactured entirely at home, thus reviving and increasing a branch of industry which seemed on the point of being utterly destroyed for want of fuel. The use of the steam blast in furnaces, and steam power in turning the machinery used in rolling iron, is another way in which the iron trade was stimulated. By the use of steam power iron could be worked in a manner hitherto unknown, and reached an extraordinary degree of excellence, so that it at length superseded to a great extent the use of wood and stone in building. Iron soon came into use for bridges for which stone or wood had before been exclusively used; and for gas and water pipes it was soon adopted, as the old wooden ones caused a great waste of the water conveyed through them, and were continually bursting. The superior quality of iron and the greater accuracy in construction required in the manufacture parts of the steam-engine helped on the improvements in iron and raised up a class of more skilful mechanics, at the same time furnishing them with better tools. The great power available in steam was an inducement to contrive some machinery for other manufactures hitherto made by hand, and in this way also gave an

impetus to progress. By its economy of power and its rapidity of execution the steam-engine makes the production of the most trifling articles remunerative, and by the extensive use of machinery and better tools all manufactures are brought to a state of perfection which it would have been impossible to attain by means of manual labour. The regularity of the steam-engine, causing a constancy in the quantity of its work, would alone have been sufficient to give a great impulse to trade. The universality of its usefulness is seen in its application to work the machines used in printing and in coining, while to the agriculturist it is indispensable for successful operations on any large scale. Steam-power enables the farmer to perform in a very short space of time the operations of reaping, threshing, and the like, and to sell his crops speedily and get a quick return for his labour. The steam-engine gives us the means of providing our large towns with an adequate water supply, for how could the large waterworks necessary for this be worked without the steam-engine? In the building of bridges, docks and other works of similar magnitude the steam-engine is invaluable for lifting heavy weights. In short, there is no branch of the applied sciences in which steam-power is not a most valuable addition, while in its application to locomotion by sea and land all parts of the kingdom are brought into communication with each other and with all parts of the world. The vast amount of saving effected by the use of the steam-engine may be seen from the calculation of Boulton, who in a speech at Freemasons' Hall in 1824 (when the engines had but just come into use) estimated the saving effected by the use, instead of horses, of the engines manufactured at Soho alone at £3,000,000 per annum. And surely the present wealth of England compared with her former poverty is in no small degree owing to her having been the first nation to use steam power, thereby enabling her to take the lead in the mechanical

arts, though up to this time she was far behind all other European nations.

For the perfection of commercial intercourse, however, other and better modes of communication were necessary. Till after the middle of the last century the means of communication between different parts of the kingdom were in a most deplorable condition. The roads were sometimes merely tracks made by the wheels across the natural surface of the unenclosed ground, full of ruts, impassable in wet weather; sometimes they were ditches worn to the depth of 10 or 12 feet below the level of the surrounding country. In many cases where a stream had to be crossed there was no bridge and the river had to be forded, a guide* being employed to point out the shallowest part. Arthur Young's account of his travels in England and Wales (1768—1770) is full of complaints about the roads. He passes along an Essex road 'for 12 miles so narrow that a mouse cannot pass by any carriage. I saw a fellow creep under his wagon to help me to lift if possible my chaise over a hedge.' He finds the roads blocked up by carts stuck in the mud waiting for relays of horses to extricate them; in one part he passes 'three carts broken down within eighteen miles of this road of execrable memory.' The liability to meet with accidents may be inferred from the fact that the mail coaches always carried a box of tools with them. A Prussian clergyman (C. H. Moritz) who visited England in 1782 published an account of his journey in a stage coach from Leicester to London. On the outside seat there was constant dread of being precipitated from the coach; in the basket he was nearly smashed by the boxes; inside the coach he was battered and bruised by being jolted against the other passengers. The dangers of travelling were increased by the number of footpads that infested the highways.

* See the 'Vicar of Wakefield' (ch. 2), which is a picture of English life down to the middle of the 18th century.

It is evident that not only was travelling rendered expensive, tedious, uncertain, and dangerous, but also that all commercial traffic was greatly impeded. During winter the roads were often altogether impassable, and in many country places the communication was entirely cut off, an event for which the inhabitants had periodically to prepare by laying in a stock of provisions for the winter. The richer could do this very well, but the poorer very often went short of food and firing, and would sometimes have been quite starved but for the kind and ready assistance of their more wealthy neighbours. Often did the poor cottagers sit shivering in the winter, for they could rarely procure a sufficiency of fuel unless they lived near a bog, whence they could cut bog-turf or peat,—for coal, on account of the bad state of the roads, was too expensive for the poor. Thus the bad roads by making the distribution of our mineral wealth so expensive prevented the coals of the northern counties, the salt of Cheshire, the pottery of Staffordshire, etc., from coming into more general use. The evils of this bad state of communication were much felt by Liverpool and Manchester. The only means of conveyance of goods was by road and river, both far inadequate to the requirements of the traffic then existing. Goods lay at both places for weeks waiting for carriage; and then the charge was excessive, being 40s. per ton by road, and 12s. by river. The trade between these towns could not have advanced unless some better means of intercommunication were devised. At length the Duke of Bridgewater resolved to connect the towns by a navigable canal, which was accordingly executed, in the face of much opposition, by Brindley (who had before constructed a canal from Worsley to Manchester, the beneficial effects of which were immediately seen in its reducing the price of coal from 7*d.* per cwt. to 3½*d.* for 120 lbs.). The completion of the Liverpool and Manchester canal immediately reduced the charge for

freight to 6s. per ton. From this time canals spread so rapidly that by 1794 there was no place south of Durham more than 15 miles from water communication. The benefit to the country was incalculable; places which before were separated by a length of impassable road were now opened to each other, inland places received all the advantages of sea-coast towns,—it was in fact equivalent to an extension of our coast-line. By cheapening the distribution of coal, salt, &c., it caused what were before expensive luxuries to become articles of common consumption, and thus quickened trade and encouraged industry, and by opening new markets for their produce brought better prices for farmers, while open competition cheapened the necessaries of life. The Grand Trunk Canal placed the potteries in communication with the principal ports, and, by cheapening the freight of clay and flints as well as of manufactured ware, enabled Wedgewood's improvements to become generally known. English coal could now be sold cheaper at Marseilles than the inferior French coal dug in the neighbourhood.

While the country was thus being 'opened up' by means of canals the roads were also undergoing considerable improvements, though it was not till Telford's time that the whole kingdom was penetrated by an almost perfect system of highways. Telford's first task was to open up Scotland, which was up to this time in a state of barbarism, owing in great measure to its being in a far worse state of communication than England even; hardly any land was under cultivation, an art of which the Highlanders were almost totally ignorant. Telford's system of roads penetrated the whole length and breadth of Scotland, and, as he himself said, his 15 years' labour there advanced the inhabitants at least a century in civilization. He employed the Highlanders as labourers, and thus taught them industry and the use of the most perfect kinds of tools. The whole land soon changed from a barren

heath-clad district to one of the most fertile corn-producing countries. His road from London to Holyhead, with its branches, connected the metropolis with the midland counties and Wales. Though these main roads are no longer required for the same purposes as formerly, yet the introduction of railroads has by no means rendered either these roads or canals useless, but, strange as it appears, the traffic on the canals has increased since the opening of railways, while roads will always be needed to give access to stations; so that as railroads extend good common roads become still more indispensable than ever. In consequence of the improved state of the roads the old pack-horse system could be relinquished and wheeled vehicles used for carriage of goods.

These improved roads (connected as they were by good bridges), together with the canals, sufficed for a time, but soon the comparative regularity of these modes of carriage, and the vastly greater power of production consequent upon the use of Watt and Arkwright's improvements, so increased the amount of traffic in the manufacturing districts, that both these modes of transport were found insufficient. Canal navigation was after all a very slow process, and in a frost all communication was stopped. Every one knows the history of the first public railroad; how the trade of Liverpool and Manchester was being checked by the deficient state of transport, till George Stephenson, 'the colliery engine-driver,' was called in, and by his advice a railroad with locomotive steam-engines was at last decided on. Stephenson had long been occupied in improving locomotives and railroads. He was the first to apply steam power to locomotives successfully and economically, for although several others, as Murdock, Trevithick, Blenkinsop, had already added some improvements to the original form of the locomotive engine, it was left for Stephenson to make it practically useful and bring it success-

fully before the notice of the public. Besides inventing the steam blast in the funnel (a discovery without which it would be impossible to sustain the high speeds now attained), he made several improvements in the form and disposition of the various parts, as also in the form of iron rails for the permanent way.

The railway from Liverpool to Manchester was found to meet so well all the requirements of commerce, that the railway system extended rapidly and has already reached through the length and breadth of the land. The introduction of railways perfected the internal communication of our island home. Without some such rapid means of intercourse the inventions of Watt and Arkwright would have been in a great measure useless, since the productive power would have been increased without any outlet being provided for their productions. By railways, however, regularity, rapidity and economy (so requisite for all business, indispensable in such a vast business as ours) are ensured, and an almost perfect system of distribution introduced.

As Watt's invention was the means of perfecting our inland communication, so also was it the means of affording us a system of communication with foreign states. At the middle of the last century travelling by sea can hardly have been much better than by land, when we find that it took Smollett two days and two nights to go from Dover to Boulogne, and Fielding 15 days from London to Ryde, beginning and ending the journey in each case by wading or being carried through a long reach of mud. Ferries were also very unpleasant places to the traveller, for the boat could often not land at high-water, and in low-water the only way of getting to and from the boat was across a deep muddy bank, while the concurrence of a high tide and a flood not unfrequently led to fatal accidents in crossing tidal rivers. Our need of proper harbours and landing-places was further seen in the loss which our merchants sustained from vessels being obliged to lie

out in the open sea or river while being laden or unladen by means of small boats.* The dangers incidental to commercial enterprise were greatly increased by our want of lighthouses, which are indispensable to safety in sailing along such a broken coast-line as ours. These evils are now happily all things of the past. The use of steam in navigating vessels has rendered a sea-voyage almost as expeditious as land-travelling, while Smeaton's and Rennie's lighthouses, docks, and harbours, have made the former as safe and pleasant as the latter.

By the engineers of the last century was also accomplished what had baffled the skill of many preceding ages—the drainage of the Fens of Cambridge and Lincolnshire. This task was performed by the genius of Smeaton, Rennie and Telford, more especially the latter, who rendered the draining system of the Fens almost perfect by freeing the lands around Wisbeach of water. Thus was a useless pestilential swamp converted into smiling corn-fields to the great enriching of our national resources and the improvement of the inhabitants. (For the inaccessible swamps had been the refuge of idle and lawless men who, too idle for regular work, subsisted by what they could secretly pilfer or openly plunder from others. These men were now deprived of their old haunts and compelled to become industrious and self-supporting.) The operations of draining were often greatly facilitated and rendered more efficient by the use of the steam-engine.

The operations of coal mining were rendered far more safe by the invention of the safety-lamp by Sir H. Davy and by G. Stephenson, which was an invaluable boon to the hardworking race of coal-diggers.

I may here mention the improvements which Wedgwood made in the manufacture of pottery; for though his were not strictly mechanical discoveries, he was the

* The amount of depredation suffered by our coasting and East Indian trade in 1798 has been estimated at £738,000.

means of creating another branch of manufacture for the industry of the people, the importance of which may be judged of from the fact that in 1760, though earthenware was exported from Staffordshire, yet it was of very inferior quality, and the best kinds had to be imported from France, whereas in 1763, when Wedgwood had introduced his improvements, English ware was used all over Europe, and had a reputation for cheapness and superior quality. His discovery of the property of different clays for making medallions, cameos, etc., more durable than bronze, was a valuable acquisition to the fine arts.

The discovery of the use of gas for light was another contribution to the series of improvements made during the last century.

The beneficial results of all these great discoveries were very great and began immediately to be felt. At the beginning of the 18th century the English were far behind most of the other European nations in mechanical knowledge; for instance, we were using at our coal pits the implements and contrivances which the Germans had used two or three hundred years before. These discoveries of her sons of the 18th century not only placed her on an equality with the rival powers, but even gave her the lead in the mechanical and engineering arts. Other nations had now to borrow our inventions and learn how to use them from our mechanics.

These discoveries entirely changed the character of our commerce with other nations. Up to this time our exports had been wool, ore, and other raw materials, and our imports had been manufactured articles. Our iron was sent abroad to be smelted, our flax to be spun, and the manufactured goods were returned to us. There were penalties imposed by law on the exportation of raw materials, but these articles would, nevertheless, be 'run.' This state of things continued till the time of Arkwright

and Watt, when a great change began to take place. We now not only manufacture all our own raw productions, but also all that we can get from foreign parts; we import all the wool we can from America, Australia, South Africa, Spain, Germany, and export the manufactured goods; we have become, as it were, the manufacturers for the world. These manufactures found employment for large numbers of the population (which, after having been for a long period nearly stationary, now began to increase rapidly) and greatly improved their condition, creating among them a spirit of self-dependence. The abundance of well-paid work to be procured anywhere gave the workman an opinion of his own value and a feeling of independence; the introduction of steam-propelled machinery, by relieving the labourer from his former drudgery and giving him more ennobling and rational labour, did much to raise him in the social scale; a more expeditious mode of labour brought with it a shorter period of toil and gave the workman more time for self-improvement, and for the enjoyment of his family's society and the other comforts of home; while the higher wages and the cheapening of all the necessities of life, consequent upon the rise of home-manufacturing and of an improved system of intercommunication, enabled the poorer classes to enjoy many comforts which they had hitherto been unable to afford.

The poor man's condition was further improved by the cheapness of riding since the introduction of railway travelling. The fares by rail are low and have caused a proportionate lowering in the charges by other vehicles, especially in large towns where there are several methods of getting from one place to another—railway, steam-boat, tram-car, omnibus—and where competition is consequently keen. The day predicted by George Stephenson, when riding should be cheaper than walking, has come. A labouring man rides to his work for a few pence, and by doing so saves so much

time that the longer time he thus gets at his work more than pays for his ride. Thus a man employed all day in the heart of crowded London is able to have his 'villa' in the country and ride to and from his work morning and evening by the special cheap trains or tram-cars that are started for his accommodation in London and other large towns, and is thus enabled to enjoy country air and country scenes. This last is by no means a trifling advantage; for the humanizing influences of nature's society do as much as (or more than) all else in elevating the mind of man. Workmen employed at a distance from their homes can now return to their families every evening, instead of being separated from them for a week, month, or longer period. They can thus enjoy more of the softening influences of home-life, which is no slight assistance to the general work of civilization and improvement. The facilities for travelling offered to all classes seems to be still increasing. For the middle and upper classes there are cheap tours either through various parts of our own island or through the continental countries, while the working man has his periodical holiday and excursion. By travelling one's store of knowledge and experience is increased greatly; we become familiar with foreign parts and the manners and customs of foreigners. By mixing with other nations our own national prejudices are softened down; we form a more liberal judgment of others; we get rid of the self-conceit to which as an insular people we are so prone. By seeing more of other kingdoms and their inhabitants we learn to take more interest in whatever affects them, for, pent up in our little island, we are too much inclined to let the rest of the world go on as it likes so long as we are left undisturbed. When one part of a country has no communication with the next, the inhabitants of one part can know nothing of those of another, and frequently have all kinds of strange ideas about each other. Down to the beginning of the last century the

neighbouring counties of the Lowlands of Scotland regarded each other as mortal enemies, and a fair, at which some from different counties met, rarely passed off without bloodshed. By a system of easy communication these notions are corrected, each begins to see the good that there is in the other, which leads to mutual feelings of respect and esteem, and thus the various parts of the kingdom are united and consolidated. The separation of district from district by the want of roads, though it causes numerous interesting local legends and traditions, and a picturesque variety of manners, yet fosters superstition and local prejudices, and a multitude of local dialects which tend to destroy the unity of the language. At one time there was no village without its witch, no old house without its ghost. These and all the like are put to flight by the extension of railways, for neither ghost or fairy can long endure the shrill whistle of the steam-engine.

But while the steam-engine banishes from among us 'the lubber fiend,' who in return for a basin of milk-porridge used to sweep out the kitchen every night, or thresh the corn, it places in our hands the means of accomplishing tasks which before would have been pronounced beyond the power of man. Formerly if a bridge was wanted over a place of any difficulty his Satanic Majesty had to be invoked, and the bridge was named after him. Witness the number of 'Devil's Bridges' throughout the United Kingdom, which, however, are now deprived of all their claims upon our wonder and awe by being placed beside the stupendous works of the last and the present century. If we compare these works with those of the ancient world we see how far the former surpass the latter. The Great Pyramid of Egypt employed, according to Herodotus, 100,000 men (according to Diodorus Siculus, 300,000) for twenty years. The London and Birmingham Railway, though

nearly* three times as vast a work, was finished in less than five years by 20,000 men. Add to this that the Pyramid was the work of the Sovereign, with all the resources of his vast dominions at his command, while the English work was executed by a company of private individuals, unaided by Government and in the face of much opposition. Many of the works accomplished in the course of these undertakings equal the works of ancient times for grandeur and beauty, while for utility they altogether surpass them. Who can gaze upon such works as the bridges over the Menai Straits, the Chirk Aqueduct, Sankey Viaduct, Harecastle Tunnel, or the substantial structures on Eddystone and Bell Rock, without being struck with the resolute boldness, ingenuity, and perseverance which must have been required for the accomplishment of these miracles of mechanical skill? Who will not confess that the works of our age are far nobler than those of ancient times? for while the gigantic structures of Egypt speak to us only of the ambition and tyranny of some despot, our useful works tell of fame achieved by benefiting mankind, and of successful struggling with difficulties till then thought insuperable, urging us to emulate the perseverance and resolution of the builders of these works. Truly England may well be proud of these her sons who have raised her from the lowest to the highest place in mechanical works. Not only in such works as these is the usefulness of the steam-engine seen, but by its application to propel locomotives time and space seem annihilated. If we wish to be carried to the other end of the kingdom we have only to take our seat in the magic carriage, as it were, and we are there almost instantaneously.

The increase of travelling since the introduction of this cheap and rapid method of locomotion adds

* The pyramid is estimated as being = 15,733,000 units, while the railway = 25,000,000 more.

greatly to our knowledge of other countries, their products and climates, &c. And, while plodding diligently through the beauties of our own or of foreign lands after the direction of our guide-book, we are sure to gain a great deal of knowledge which is not 'in the bond.'

Not only do railways and steamers afford an attractive method of travelling, but are also the cheapest and most rapid mode of carriage of goods, which renders them invaluable to commerce. An important feature that has marked the introduction of steam locomotion is the International Exhibition, by which all nations are brought together and see more of one another; we see the productions of art and nature from all lands, and thus become acquainted with lands that we are not able to visit. Exhibitions give rise to a desire of emulation, and thus promote progress; they inform us of many of the improvements known in other countries, but of which we are ignorant.

The cheap mode of carriage afforded us in steam-power enables us to enjoy the productions of other countries at a low price, and thus our comforts are increased, which is another step onwards in civilization.

Dr. Arnold regarded railways as the deathblow of all remaining feudalism. And indeed he was not far wrong, for they have done much to lessen the distinctions between classes. The lord and the peasant ride in the same train, separated by, perhaps, an inch of oak or deal between them, both travel at the same speed, and, though the latter gets his ride much cheaper than the other, yet he does not feel indebted to the railway company, inasmuch as he paid all that was demanded of him; nay more, he feels that he is helping to pay for the line by patronizing it. Perhaps it may be said that the inducements to ride held out by the cheap means of conveyance may tend

to make us effeminate and disinclined for walking at all. There may be a slight tendency this way (and, indeed, advanced civilization is always attended with increased luxury), but in such a bracing climate as ours it is not much to be feared.

The aversion to change and innovations inherent in the English was well shewn in the obstinacy with which they retained the old systems of things even after they had been found inadequate to meet the requirements of the times. And thus improvements were never introduced till the want of them was really felt, and hence the canals, railways, &c., when introduced, were generally remunerative undertakings, and from their paying a good return induced others to speculate in such works. Thus the capitalist lent his money for works that would benefit the whole nation, and public and private advantage went hand in hand.

The means for the rapid transit of news afforded by steam communication (and almost perfected by the addition of the electric telegraph) is another valuable gift of the mechanical geniuses of the last century. Not only does it afford all classes the opportunity of knowing what is going on in our own country, which is a means of awakening in the breast of each a patriotic interest in the welfare of his country, but it also gives us a view of affairs in other countries, and thus gives us a wider feeling of sympathy for the whole human family. Without railways we could not have cheap newspapers, and without newspapers the mass of the people would be in ignorance of what was being transacted in this realm, and without any knowledge of this the franchise would be worse than useless to them; they would know nothing of the character of their candidate, and by their votes given blindly they would become dangerous to the nation from their numbers. I do not mean to say that everyone always uses his

knowledge well, that is another thing; I only mean that it is the duty of a government to put in the power of the people all the practicable means of acquiring knowledge—a task the performance of which steam-power (used in printing and distributing books, &c.) greatly facilitates. We are not so quarrelsome and fond of war as we used to be, or I might point to the importance of a system of rapid communication in time of war.

The change in the mode of travelling brought a change in the character of the travellers. Under the old stage-coach system, persons rarely travelled except on business, and the passengers were likely to be companions for the greater part of the journey, perhaps for the whole. Being likely to be pent up together for several hours, exposed to the same dangers, and bent on the same journey, they naturally tried to pass the time in as pleasant a way as possible, and so tried to amuse each other, soon fell into conversation, all became communicative, each began to feel an interest in the rest, and often a life-long friendship sprang from companionship in a journey. In a railway carriage all is changed; your journey is performed in a few minutes, or if it lasts longer your companions are continually changing; you see so many strangers that you cannot feel any personal interest in them; if you fall into conversation with one, before the preliminary remarks about the weather and the like are got over, the train stops, he gets out, and another takes his place. If you try to engage him in conversation, the same result follows. And thus it is that after a little travelling we become reserved; in consequence of our isolated position as a nation we are so conceited that we are afraid of committing ourselves by any remarks made to an utter stranger, and so we become taciturn and retiring until we have travelled more among other nations and have learnt to talk more freely with any chance person we may meet.

To the same cause is due the change from the open-handed liberality of former times to the more circumspect methods of dispensing charity now practised. In the olden times, we are told, the rich man answered the beggar's appeal by giving him his purse and telling him to call at his house for more when he had spent that. Nowadays the poor mendicant meets with a rebuff or receives a small dole. The cause of this is, that formerly the rich man and the poor often lived and died in the same parish without ever having gone twenty miles from home, and thus the wealthy knew all the neighbouring poor and felt an interest in them, whereas now both travel more and so know less of each other, while at the same time the rich man meets with so many indigent petitioners for charity of whom he knows nothing, that not only is he less ready to give from fear of relieving an unworthy person, but he is less able to do so because the claims upon him are more numerous.

The great revolution in engineering brought about in the last century has led us to regard hardly anything as impossible. As Telford said 'impossible only exists in the language of old prejudice.' 'Nil admirari' is the chief requisite for a happy life, according to Horace. If so, we are at any rate a little nearer felicity than our ancestors of a century ago. We should perhaps be liable to become ever anxious for further revolutions in mechanics and engineering were it not for the stubborn steadiness of the John Bull nature which sticks most tenaciously to all existing systems. We are always so fully convinced that our present system is nearly if not quite perfect (so that it would be presumption to change it in the hope of improving it), that we regard any proposals for the improvement of our mode of travelling, by substituting balloons or the like for railway trains, as day-dreams and castles in the air.

The change in all existing forms of things caused a

sort of wondering contempt for those who had so long been content with the unprogressive, motionless state of the past. We are in danger of regarding all the ideas of our elders as old-fashioned and not worth the notice of our advanced intellects, and thus becoming deficient in the proper reverence and respect we owe to them. There is a very perceptible difference between the respectful bearing of youths towards their elders in the last century and the disregard for authority which is now spreading. For instance, in addressing our parents we no longer give them the respectful titles of 'Sir,' or 'Madam,' which were used in the last century.

The great achievements in mechanical and engineering works in the last century drew many to the pursuit of those studies, and gave rise to a class of civil engineers. An impetus was given to mechanical studies, which became a branch of liberal education.

The introduction of machinery and the rise of the factory system by superseding the domestic industry, which formerly performed all these operations, may seem a not unmitigated good. The home-life is broken up, the children are removed from the watchful eye of their parents to the workshop of their master. But this is also perhaps no evil; the children are removed from a too indulgent parent to a more strict master; they are taught more self-dependence by being sent into the world to fight their own way; they work with a number of others whose industry would shame any idle feelings they might have, and would incite them to strive and surpass them.

Lastly, these mechanical and engineering improvements have afforded us great assistance in Christianizing and civilizing other lands. We have easy and rapid intercourse with foreign parts; we are able to assist the heathen nations in improving their country, and thus gain their respect and gratitude, which will form a good preparation for the delivery of the great message we have to carry to them, since if we shew

ourselves able and willing to improve their temporal condition, they will be more inclined to listen to what we have to say about their spiritual state.

Such, then, are some of the chief results of the discoveries of Watt, Arkwright and others, which raised us from the position we occupied as one of the most backward of civilized nations, as regards mechanical skill, to a place of eminence among the first.

W. WARREN.



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Stay, for thy foot is on the holy ground.—

O whence, through many a scene of wondrous power
To hold the lingering step, whence came in dreams
The unresting goad, that urged my spirit on,
Impatient, till, among the hills and plains,
Echoes unknown to sweetest lute of Greece
Moved through the stillness, and a hallowed calm,
Fraught with all the influence of sacred thought,
Was pierced by one clear whisper—'Lo, 'tis here,
The Sepulchre wherein thy Lord was laid.'
For once, in days of that unchastened joy
Whose fulness swells the heart well-nigh to pain,
What time, beyond all first imaginings,
Glory and beauty and the splendid past
Burst on a sudden through their veil, and bow
The soul to homage, I had wandered forth
O'er legendary seas and haunts of fame,
Heedless, or heedful, only to prolong
The day whose hours gave back, with added pomp,
Hero, and demi-god, and god-built walls,
And armies, and the clash of sword and shield,
And headlong onset, and wild flight and death.
Or else, among sweet knots of sister isles
Of more than fabled beauty, where the walls
Of silver-gleaming marble rise o'er waves
Dark as the purple wine of gods, had sailed
The live-long summer's day, nor cast a thought
On the far orient, save to hail its sun

Brightening a brightness of the nearest things,
And kindling with new light the days of old.

There came an hour, and with that hour a change,
An hour of yearning for untrodden ways,
Of yearning for the deep mysterious awe
That waits on footprints of the living truth.
For what avails it, if, until the end
And limit of all wandering, one should seek
Only the realm of dreams, and feed the soul
In wistful musings on a shadow world?
And though the spirit circle in wider range,
And track the fate of empires, and make pause
Amid the ruins of huge capitols,
There is no writing on their tumbled stones
That tells of ought save failure; there is none
Among their splintered columns but proclaims,
Even in the pictured navies, broken hosts,
And names memorial of the laurelled chiefs,
That death was Lord of all, and in the day,
Yea in the very hour of full success,
Spread his dark banner o'er the conquering head,
And claimed it for his prey. Such change of hap,
Through all the storied annals of the past,
Mingles its dusky hues in the bright woof,
And leaves no flag of glory without stain.

Wherefore there came a hunger of the soul,
Asking whereon it might be fed; there came
A longing for some firm unshifting ground,
On which the foot might stand, from which the eye
Might range o'er all the changes of all time,
And from whose hallowed centre should grow up
No lying tripod, but a living rock,
The keystone of a world's undying truth.

There was no answer from the heroic ground;
There was no spirit in the murmurous woods
That nod on Delphian crags; the inmost shrine
Smote with an utter silence on the heart,
Not as of things that have been, and are not,

But as the void of things that never were,
Hollow, and echoless, and soulless all.

That longing of the spirit will not sleep;
It finds an answer, for it will not rest
Unanswered, though it drive the wanderer forth
O'er league on league of wilderness, to search
The stones for record, and, in every home
Of undiscovered wonders tarrying long,
With patient quest, and reverent scrutiny,
Follow the secret to its inmost cell.
And oft, among the desert solitudes,
Beside the margin of some crystal well,
Fringed with a belt of wavy palms, there came
A vision of the end; there came a hope
To stand, with beating pulse and fixed gaze,
Undoubting, and anon, with bended knee,
Like him who paused before he entered in,
Lean o'er the pillow of the Sacred Head,
And o'er the stones that propped the wounded Side.
Then came the waking, and the length of way,
And the hot level rays that from the east
Shot their bright net to lure the pilgrim on.

There are who, under some perturbing dream,
Stretch forth the embrace of eager arms disspread
To close upon a shadow, and the shade
Slides from their touch, nor vanishes, but still
Moves on before them mocking, and in form
That wears the pale similitude of one
They fain would follow, with elusive step
Cheats them in mazes of still fleeting hope.
Not other is their lot, who, as they move
In circles always narrowing, seem to find,
And cannot surely know that they have found,
The very centre of their search. For doubt
Here blots the picture, and a fable there,
Clad in some guise of truth, is seen untrue;
And here fond superstition, and here love,
And here credulity would point the way,

Till, saving that we know not, nought is known.

And yet to know so nearly, and to scan
The very acre in whose space is hemmed
The goal of the long pilgrimage, to know
That, were the footprints of the feet of old
Stamped on the pavement, we should note them
here,

Here on the marble where our own are held,
This is a thing to thrill the heart, to wake
The quivering joy of one who, in the dark,
Is conscious of a presence, and before
One syllable of sound divides the air
Knows he shall hear the accents that he loves.
And even thus, about the holy ground,
Blind fancy, swifter than devoted feet,
Plies her lone eager wanderings, counts and weighs
All that may seem to assure the issue, all
That lends a doubt its film, or scatters it;
Then, as a bird long hovering in mid air
Stoops on a sudden, and nestles in the grass,
Cries to itself—The place is surely here.

But when the speed of fancy is o'erta'en,
And the feet stand where scarce a hundred steps
Of ground untrodden sever from the spot,
O deem not hardly, ye that never poured
The light of day on some most cherished dream,
Not hardly deem of one whose spirit sinks,
When the fond vision of the hoped for truth
Fades in the truth that breaks upon his gaze.
For what, although he knew, from rumoured tales,
And pilgrim voices, or the witness lines
That picture distant chambers and far climes,
All the changed face and hiding of the tomb?
He that hath longed to stand where Christ hath stood,
And kneel beside the grave where Christ hath lain,
Will in his own despite forget, will know
Unknowing, and believing disbelieve,
All that the centuries have worked, and see

Nought save the image of the silent stone
 Writ in the page of the Evangelist.
 'Twere best in quiet of some lonely night,
 Or else in the pure calm of earliest morn,
 To stand before the jealous guarding walls.
 For, though the peradventure should remain,
 Still, could we tread beside the very place,
 And sweep away, in thought, the walls, and break
 The clustered pillars from their basement stones;
 And could we tear the cressets from the roof,
 And pour the rays of sunbeams on the rock,
 Like those that pierced its darkness when the morn
 Brake through the three days' slumber, or at eve
 Come, as they came, held by a pious care,
 Who bore the fragrant grains and snowy vest;—
 Then, longing to believe the thing we love,
 And loving to believe the thing we hope,
 Love, hope, and faith would tend our steps, and tell
 That, though the eye behold it not, we touch
 The holiest centre of all holiest ground.
 Alas! the cumbrous work of man, the din
 Of voices, and the hurrying crowds that come,
 The sad inglorious worship, and the swarm
 Of pressing shoulders, and of eyes that stare
 Wild with the hour's emotion,—answer strange
 Meets in all these the heart's foreshadowed joy.
 Better, methinks, to have dwelt in some lone spot,
 Yet musing o'er the pages of the four,
 And, as of old, following in pious thought
 Arimathean Joseph, till there rose,
 As in a picture, the still garden scene,
 And dewy flowers, and shade of drooping boughs,
 Clustering about the mouth of the dark cave.
 O, ere we suffer the faint heart to sink
 Beneath its weight of disappointed hope,
 Ere yet we own 'twere better to begone,
 And strive to kindle fancy's torch anew,
 Hie we to some retreat, unsought of crowds,

Whereon the holy feet have surely trod,
 Where sleep the waters of the lake, as once
 They seemed to hush their very lightest plash,
 Timing their pulses to the bated breath
 Of multitudes that hung upon His lips;
 Or else among the liliated fields, or where
 A few dark olives in Gethsemane
 Tell where He knelt to pray, seek we to win
 The wandering senses back, to feel again
 That He was here indeed. For 'tis most true
 That oft the spark of a bright gem is lost,
 Cumbered with filagree of gold, and shows
 Less bright and precious in the flaunting crown:
 But should the gem be sundered from its guard,
 And should one lay it in the open palm,
 Again the pure rays glitter with the change
 Of all the tints that lighted the dark mine.
 Wherefore, though light of day, and cold bare truth
 Steal its weird glory from the dream we dreamed,
 It needs but for an hour to turn aside,
 To steep the heart in dews of that clear fount
 From whence its earliest yearning sprang, and, lo,
 The vision shall come back; once more the words
 Clad in the beauty of simplicity,
 And simple with the unadornèd truth,
 Bring back one night of sorrow, one still day,
 Still with the pause that to a breathless world
 Preludes the earthquake, and one Sacred Morn,
 That flashed upon the grave and gate of death,
 And rendered back to earth the Lord of Life.
 Fast fell the night, and with a murky shade
 Disconsolate, enwrapped the barren Mount.
 And all was mute where the loud curse had rung,
 And all was void, where fierce malignant eyes
 Had scowled in wrath upon the tree of pain.
 'Twas then there came the hush of stealing feet,
 Whose fall scarce brake the calm, or seemed to make
 The very silence audible; and so

The pale spear-wounded body of the Christ,
 Nerveless and spent, and drooping as the boughs
 Of some tall cedar shattered by the bolt,
 Leaned their surrendered burthen in the arms
 Of the few faithful, smitten to the heart
 With all the pangs of dying hope, or bowed
 In sorrow that discerned not its own depth,
 And rested in the hollow of the rock.

And there were tears perchance (yet none hath told),
 And there were words (yet they were never writ),
 And there were fears, and doubts, and hope, and faith,
 And sorrow, and the weight of dread suspense,
 And woman's tenderness of heart, that lost
 In veriest pity somewhat of its load,
 And man's more silent brooding, whereunto
 Alike the bitterness of present woe,
 And memory of lost blessings minister.

O wondrous night! The nations of the earth
 On whom thy darkness fell, the wearied sons
 Of labour, the soft child of thoughtless ease,
 The sailor on rough ways of tossing foam,
 In cot, in palace, or on straining planks,
 And all whose eyelids sorrow had weighed down,
 And all who courted some sweet dream of joy,
 And infant innocence, and wrinkled age,
 Sought the dear boon of sleep. Methinks the Hours,
 The fabled pursuivants of speeding time,
 Had life awhile, and watched; so strange a space
 For ought that breathed to seek oblivion—
 So grand a wonder, through the mystic realms
 Of heaven, and hell below, the dim abode
 Of spirits waiting their great Visitant,
 Moved to its full completion, while the eyes
 Of Seraphs, that before the throne of God
 Veil their bright faces, scanned the mystery
 Adoring, and once more the earth awoke
 To the long silence of the Sabbath morn.

'Tis written that they rested on that day:

In sooth there is a rest in which the limbs
 May take the quiet of a sculptured stone;
 And still the mind, stretched in intensest pain,
 Live, 'twixt the rising and the set of Sun,
 Long years of a fierce conflict; and there are
 Who, in a trance, unmoving, feel the hours
 Drag every moment like a monstrous chain,
 Whose ponderous links uncoil themselves, and roll
 Backward at every step essayed. Nor less
 Comes there on some the stupor of despair;
 And some there are whose sweet and gentle spirits,
 Like ships that anchor in a stormless bay,
 Wait in all patience whatso'er the end:
 So tarry they the leisure of their Lord.
 And some perchance there were among the few
 Who found a strength for prayer, nor wholly lost,
 Amid the maze of soul-perplexing doubts,
 Some hold upon the word they had not known,
 Some light of faith in Scriptures that were dark,
 That spake of life from death, and how He told
 Of the third day. For them the restless mind
 Hovered about His tomb; they could not hear
 The whispers of their own expectancy:
 There was a sense of something that should be,
 Not clearly hoped, nor yet beyond all hope,
 Something to pierce the shade, and from the tomb
 Ravish the first fruits of the world's great life.
 They know not, asked not, how; but from their souls
 O'erladen poured the words of those that pray
 Believing that they cannot pray unheard.
 So, slowly wore away the Sabbath hours;
 So, through the changes that no words may tell,
 Sweeping in troubled waves across the heart,
 They mused, or prayed, and waited for the morn.
 And if an idle fancy long to paint
 That morn more heavenly sweet than e'er arose
 O'er the soft vales of primal paradise,
 If, in the holiest sanctuary of thought,

No place is found for ought where grosser earth
 Tells of the mortal stain, and saddening cloud,
 And all that dims the rays of perfect light,
 Were it not well to deem of that one hour
 As ransomed from all shade, to deem that heaven
 Brightened with clearest beams and purest dew
 The solemn guarded rock? till, with a throb
 That to its sunless centre shook the globe,
 The cold dark chamber quickened, and the soul
 Borne back on viewless pinions, sought again
 The life-wound's taintless portals, whence it sped,
 And lived, and moved on earth again the Christ.

O longed for centre of the world's great hope,
 O witness walls of that dim sepulchre,
 That saw the deathless life, and lifeless death,
 Yours is the true heart-spell that length of time
 Strengthens and binds about the soul. For you
 The force of saintly tongues, and warrior swords,
 Bernard, or Louis, or the Lion-Heart,
 Wrought the high deeds that dwell, and still shall
 dwell,

On lips that tell of holy zeal. The Cross
 On blazoned shield, and on the hilted blade,
 And on proud banners under leaguered walls,
 Hides 'neath its sacred arms the erring pride,
 And all of human fault that mingles still
 With thoughts of worthiest aim. But most, O most,
 The secret of the rock, its prison shade
 Illumined, and the barrier rolled away,
 Tell to each sinking heart that He who died,
 And ever liveth, with Himself shall bring,
 With all the lineaments we knew and loved,
 Changed but the same, changed only to be pure,
 The heirs of that long life, won by His death
 Whom not the grave could hold, nor death might
 change.

C. STANWELL.



CHRISTIAN DE QUADE.

(Translated from the German).

THE Autumn storms of the year 1496 had come
 in with such unusual vehemence that not a
 boat had ventured out of harbour for a week
 past. Across the lowlands of Jutland the raging
 north-west wind whistled up the Skagerrak and drove
 great rollers into the Belt, dashing them against the
 chalk cliffs with tremendous force, just where it
 narrows between Funen and Zeeland. At the foot
 of a projecting point, crowned by the castle of
 Nyburgh, the waves broke with such a continuous
 roar that the few inhabitants looked out with anxious
 feelings on the raging elements below. Long since
 the sea had worn the soft stone away on the northern
 side, and occasionally large masses of overhanging
 rock had fallen in. The wing of the castle at that
 corner was now deserted as dangerous, and even
 the fishermen only ventured beneath the shadow of
 the rock in calm weather, with many a fearful look
 at the dark mass that frowned above them.

At the time our story opens, a stalwart boy was
 standing on a balcony over the boiling waters, and
 with his clenched fists seemed to offer battle to the
 storm; when an old man in court attire approached
 in trembling haste, making vain endeavours to be
 heard above the howling of the wind. Suddenly the
 boy looked round, and seeing the other's strange

grimaces, burst out laughing. The courtier seized the favourable moment to lead him away to the interior of the castle. The pair entered a spacious dining-hall, where a lean individual in clerical garb, and a dame of some fifty years of age were awaiting them.

"Here is the young prince, you see," said the old courtier, Manskiold, "and where do you think I found him? In the old north wing, where the pixies dance by moonlight, and no one has ventured to tread for years past. It was only my tender love and faithfulness to my charge that gave me courage to approach the place."

"Certainly," whined the chaplain, "it is a wonder the building did not give way under the weight of your sins."

"The fear of that fate kept you from the attempt, I suppose, Mr. Rolfsson," retorted the chamberlain, "though it is your duty, as clerical tutor, to accompany the prince everywhere."

"What nonsense you are talking," broke in Dame Thorsbrygge, "one would think Prince Christian was in need of your protection, while he is more manly and courageous than both of you together. What he would undertake and dare alone, you——"

A deep rumble and crash cut short the chatelaine's remark. The building shook to its very foundations. A portion of the rock with the northern wing had fallen into the sea. The two men gazed at each other in blank horror, while the dame, more hardened in crime than they, said with a forced laugh: "So much the better, we need not fear any misfortune there now."

Before the other could answer, a servant entered hastily announcing that "the rock had carried with it a large part of the old castle, and the half of a dungeon underground. An old man from Gothland who had been imprisoned there for some years, by

the orders of Dame Thorsbrygge, would have fallen with the building only that the chains he was fastened to were fixed in the inner wall; so that there the poor wretch was hanging between life and death, screaming like a sea-gull."

The chatelaine had grown pale as death, but recovering herself, with an effort, she said, "Well, let him scream; the rotten wall will soon give way, and then his cries will be stopped."

"Can't he be saved by a rope?" said Manskiold.

"No rope would reach so far," answered the chaplain, who, though pale, was self-possessed, "and the stairs that lead down to the dungeon are entered from the outer side."

Prince Christian, standing behind the speakers, had noticed their behaviour unobserved. "You slavish crew," he now exclaimed, "if you were hanging there, might the hand that stretched out to save you be withered. Up, Manskiold, you cowardly dog, the priest and the witch may stay where they like." And he rushed out, followed by the trembling chamberlain.

Close to the outer side of the cliff, grim dungeons had been hollowed out; but as the soft chalk-rock would have been easily broken through, these had been strengthened with thick walls of harder stone. In one of these walls the chains were fixed, by which the unhappy prisoner was hanging, half of whose abode had been swallowed up by the waves. The chaplain was right enough in saying that the steps leading to this dismal abode had fallen with the outer wall, and so it seemed impossible to aid the poor wretch.

"Is there no thorough Norseman here," cried the Prince, "who is used to taking sea-birds and their eggs?"

"Here!" answered a fair-haired burly man; "bring me a proper rope, and I'll not mind that drop of splashing."

In a fortress like Nyburg a coil of "bird-ropes" was always at hand; and when one of these, with a cross-bar of stout blackthorn, had been carefully examined, it was fastened firmly to a staple, and the "bird-man" prepared for his venture. A short pause occurred on the prince suddenly saying he wished to try it himself. The old chamberlain began entreating his charge to desist, when Olaf Svenson coolly thrust him aside, saying: "I'll teach you in calm weather before you try it in a breeze."

Armed with a short boat-hook, a hammer in his belt and some cord coiled round his waist, the Norseman was slowly lowered over the face of the cliff. The rope swung now to the right, now to the left; beneath him the waves roared and dashed their foam high above his head; yet, undisturbed, Olaf sank deeper and deeper, till he reached the level of the prison floor. This lay rather on one side of him, but a short swing of his body brought him near, and then with a steady grip he caught his boat-hook in the wall and stood safe. A few powerful blows of the heavy hammer broke off the chains; the insensible prisoner was bound by waist and chest to his preserver; the latter pushed off, and with his burden spun out once more over the raging waters.

As the pair swept slowly upwards, the bystanders looked anxiously on; and in their midst the chatelaine and chaplain stood trembling for the result of their plots.

Now, as the men saved from death were drawn to safe ground, the dame pressed eagerly forward. "Make way," she said; "bring the man to my chamber and I will tend him till he recovers."

"Your pardon, lady," interposed Olaf, "we bird-men know best what tending we need after our labours. So come with me, comrade."

"To my chamber, I tell you," screamed the other, pale with rage and fear; but Olaf quietly raised the

old man in his arms and bore him off. As the woman was following, Prince Christian stepped forward and said, mockingly, "Olaf is right enough; 'twere against all custom to take the man to your chamber, Dame Thorsbrygge." She turned away, her eyes gleaming with hate, and made a sign to the chaplain, who followed her slowly towards the newer building.

"It all comes of half measures," he said to himself; "if the woman had not held me back, old Canute were dead long since, and unable to tell tales, instead of bringing us to the scaffold, as he will now."

After passing along several passages and stairs, they gained at last a narrow room under the dome of the chapel, which had been used before now as their council-chamber.

"What wise plan have you now, madam?" began the priest. "We must endeavour to get at the old man in some way. You must mix him a refreshing draught of wine."

"On your recipe, I suppose," was the mocking answer.

"This is no time for jokes or recriminations," growled the chaplain; "the prince and all in the castle know you have had men imprisoned; they will ask the cause, and old Canute will answer that we urged him to throw the prince out of a boat, but that he refused."

"But that's false," interrupted the woman; "he came here with murderous plans against the prince, so I imprisoned him."

"Bah!" he replied, shaking his head, "not a soul would believe us."

"I don't care, if only the prince believes," was the answer; "and surely we can impose once more on him."

A mighty blow from without burst the bolts, and the door flew open. The young prince stepped between the terrified couple, closely followed by Olaf. "I'm

afraid it will be rather difficult to impose on him once more," he said; "you see it has been done so often before. I think, Madam Thorsbrygge, the chaplain is right; not a soul will believe you."

The conspirators fell on their knees, begging for mercy; but the prince cried, in a rage, "Cease your postures; if I could venture the life of this noble man for the sake of rubbish like you, I would have you hung to old Canute's chains this very hour, and leave you to the mercy of the waves. What say you, Olaf?"

"If it is your command," answered the deep voice of the Norseman, "I'll soon have them down there."

With loud prayers the unhappy wretches begged for mercy, whilst their stern young judge looked on with close-pressed lips. At last he said slowly: "I believe it will be best to let you live." Before they could express their trembling thanks, Christian bade them be silent, and continued: "You will stay here in your old position; Olaf and Canute alone know your treachery, and they will keep their counsel."

The priest raised his hand to commence an oath of fidelity, when the lash of a dog-whip, carried by the prince, fell on it so sharply that he stopped with a loud cry of pain. "You had better wait for the rest," continued the prince; "in the first place you will each give a thousand thalers (about £150) to old Canute Gundalf."

"I don't possess so much," cried the chaplain, and "Whence should a poor widow like me get such a sum?" was the complaint of the other.

"Very well, you shall give what you have got, and certainly no more! You, Olaf, will take care that these precious beings do not leave this place till their rooms have been thoroughly searched, and all the gold and silver that is found handed over to their victim. However little it is he must be content, for we have just heard that neither possesses a thousand thalers."

The cry to which the chatelaine was about to give vent was stopped by a glance from her companion in iniquity. The prince continued, with a laugh: "'Tis a sin to lie, is it not, chaplain? I believe it would be a mistake to let the world know that there are those in Nyburg who are willing to plot against my life. So here you may stay, but on this condition, mark you: that each of you separately unfolds the plan for my murder in every particular. If your accounts do not agree you will be chained to a place you wot of. Olaf, do your duty."

The Norseman seized the chaplain, brought him to a small turret-chamber, and then bade him tell his story, adding, "Meantime the prince will examine your friend, and only the most accurate coincidence in the two stories will save you from your deserts."

If the reader wonders how a boy of fourteen was able to act in so independent a manner, a few historical remarks on the state of affairs in the Scandinavian realm will prove a sufficient explanation.

For a long period there had been bitter hatred and war between the old Swedes in the north and the Goths, who had taken forcible possession of the southern parts. In the thirteenth century, these two races and the Danes were first mingled peaceably under one head. But ever and again, after intervals of government under a powerful king, the old enmity among the governed broke out afresh; one cruelty and act of injustice followed another, and the ruler had to choose between harsh force or crafty intrigues as his means of maintaining power.

At length in 1456 a conference, held at the suggestion of the Archbishop Beagtsen, resulted in the understanding that of the three rulers of the north lands he who outlived the other two should govern alone. This eventually happened to Christian I. of Denmark, and Norway and Sweden submitted to him. But his nickname of "Monk's-bag" or "Bot-

tomless-pocket" shews how the two inherited countries yearned for a better king. It was determined that his son, afterwards Christian II., should be brought up away from his father's influence, at Nyburg, where he was born in 1481. The chaplain, Brynne Rolfsson, was appointed to give him religious education; Manskiold to train him in courtly habits; and Dame Thorsbrygge to conduct the household. We have seen the simplicity of this northern court, and system of the young prince's education. Christian was clever and of good natural abilities; if history calls him cruel, it was his surroundings that made him so.

His determined behaviour on the occasion we have described inspired such respect in his guilty tutor and housekeeper, that for the future all proposals of the Swedish and Norwegian parties for his overthrow were rejected. His royal bearing, added to his ready judgment on the hated pair at Nyburg, won the love and admiration of the rough Norseman; everywhere he appeared accompanied by the sturdy Olaf, who had gained his favour, and became henceforth his instructor in all the knightly accomplishments of the Norsemen. Before long our young prince was able to guide his skiff through the storm-tossed Baltic, to skate over the frozen fiords, to rival the boldest of the "bird-men," to handle his weapons and tame unruly horses as well as his master.

RIVULUS.



BILL BRADY.

BILL BRADY was a waterman,
As might be fairly said,
For he was bred on water, and
The water was his bread.

By birth he was a Dublin man,
Yet lived a single life,
For though engaged to many a fare,
He never took a wife.

And so a run upon the bank
Occasioned him no ill;
He had not to provide, you see,
For any little Bill.

He had a bow for every man,
Though not of servile turn;
His heart was kindly, yet his looks
Inclined toward the stern.

When others drank or went on strike,
'Twas seldom Billy ailed;
The profit seemed to dwell with him,
His cruise had never failed.

But care, who "kings and tars" attacks,
Contrived poor Bill to grab,
For crossing Crab-tree Reach one day
He chanced to catch a crab;

Which being an awkward kind of fish,
That no one cares to net,
The shock gave Billy such a turn,
That he was quite upset.

Then like a miner underground,
 Who tries some worthless bore,
 He sank and sank and sank again
 Yet could not strike his oar.

But as he floundered in the stream
 And fast abandoned hope,
 Some kindred souls a boatman paid
 To pay him out a rope.

And (though the tale be past belief,
 Your ears, good people, lend),
 The very cord that saved his life
 Encompassed his end.

Within the sheets they wrapped him up,
 To drive away the cramp,
 But all in vain; boats' sheets, you see,
 Are seldom free from damp.

Around the head of Billy's bed
 Are ranged physicians three,
 But what has disagreed with him,
 They only disagree.

The first to speak was Doctor Rich,
 A portly man and stout;
 Says he, "you've taken cold within,
 So take some 'cold without.'"

"No, no," cried Doctor Pillecule,
 Of homœopathic fame,
 "A draught, I hold, has caused the cold,
 A draught will cure the same."

The third, a cautious kind of man,
 Could not at first be sure,
 But feared, from certain signs, the case
 Would prove a sinecure.

"For if," quoth he, "our greatest pains
 Cannot this pain subdue,
 'Twill take a certain course and make
 A certain corse of you."

And so it proved; for, when the three
 Their patient saw next day,
 The tide of life was ebbing fast
 From off this piece of clay.

That night the cord that bound his trunk,
 By death was snapped in twain,
 And though re-corded in the *Times*,
 It would not hold again.

An undertaker undertook
 The coffin to afford;
 "'Twill take," said he, "a board of deal,
 Though not a deal of board."

But here was seen a paradox,
 For though but skin and bone,
 The neighbours one and all averred
 That every night he'd groan.

Yet when they came to try the case,
 'Twas not too small one whit;
 The coughing-fit, that cut him short,
 Had made his coffin fit.

At Gravesend Church a grave was dug,
 To be his final haven,
 And as a figure-head a pair
 Of feathered skulls engraven.

Thus in the lap of Mother Earth
 They lapped this waterman,
 While o'er his head in standing type
 The following couplets ran:

HERE SLEEPS AMONG THE TOMBS
 A VICTIM TO AQUATICS,
 WHO LIVED IN ATTIC-ROOMS,
 AND DIED IN THE RHEUMATICS.

SERMO.



COMMEMORATION SERMON, 1875.

[The Commemoration Sermon was preached on May 6th, 'St. John Port Latin,' which this year fell on Ascension Day. The Preacher was the Rev. Arthur Malortie Hoare, late Fellow and Classical Lecturer of this College, and now rector of Fawley, near Southampton. We are indebted to his kindness for permission to print the following extracts from the Sermon.—ED.]

2 KINGS ii. 9.

And it came to pass when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.

* * * * *

THE history itself is suggestive of thoughts not inappropriate to this our College Anniversary. Two figures engross our attention. One is the receding form of the Prophet Elijah, as he is withdrawn from the scene of his labours; the other, that of his faithful follower Elisha, filled with the desire to emulate his great Master's example, and to carry on his work in his spirit.

But to us, who can embrace in one review the history of both these men, there is more than this. There is a scene which has been repeated again and again in the history of the world. There is the man of heroic courage and indomitable zeal, who seems to have laboured in vain and to have spent his strength for nought; his life apparently a failure, the good results which once showed themselves, swept away by the advancing flood of evil; the man himself

passing away, however glorious his end, with the sense of disappointment weighing heavily on his spirit. Yet, for all this, he is leaving behind him a mark stamped on the age in which he lived; a seed sown, though he knew it not, from which others will reap an abundant harvest. His mission has not been in vain. It may have swept over the land like the strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire, in which "the Lord was not," but it has done its work, it has purified the air, it has prepared the way for the "still small voice" which now can make itself heard.

Hence, there is a marked contrast between the career of Elisha and that of his great predecessor; a contrast both in the manner of his life and in the success of his mission. Not secluded in the desert or the mountain; not marked as a prophet by the rough mantle or the long shaggy locks; Elisha dwells in his own house in the royal city, or is a welcome guest with the rich and great. His miracles are of mercy rather than judgment. His life is not one long and hopeless struggle, but a course of seeming success and of widespread influence. He is the friend and counsellor of kings. When his end draws near, the king of Israel himself comes to his bedside and weeps over his face, uttering the same passionate lament with which the prophet had once mourned for Elijah, "Oh my father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

There is one notable point in which Elisha seems to have followed up his master's work with more marked success. The close at least of Elijah's life is intimately connected with the schools of the sons of the prophets, and it is scarcely too much to believe that if they did not owe their revival to his efforts, at least they owed a fresh impulse to his teaching. In the history of Elisha, these schools of the sons of the prophets occupy a chief share of his interest and attention; the time was

come when the good work could be carried on by the silent influence of such institutions; a power that could penetrate the home-life of the people and leaven the very heart of society. Nor did Elisha think it inconsistent with his great Master's bequest thus to adapt his course to the different requirements of the times. He still carried with him his Master's spirit; he was known as the "holy man of God, who passeth by us continually;" when need was, he confronted kings with the fearlessness of Elijah himself; but he was content, for the most part, with the calm and less obtrusive part which was marked out for him—he was content to gather where another had strayed.

And surely, in this respect, the charge which Elijah left to his faithful successor offers an analogy to that which we inherit from our ancient Founders.

Their lot was cast in troublous times, and, in addition to other elements of anxiety, no doubt they looked with some fear and misgiving on the newly-awakened mental activity and the revival of learning, which marked the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th century, fearing lest the cause of Truth should suffer, and its ancient landmarks be lost sight of. But they felt also that such a revival could not be resisted, but might be guided. They believed that the best safeguard for Church and State was to be found in a supply of faithful men, duly qualified to serve God whether in the ministry of His Church or in the secular callings of life; and, therefore, desired in the very words of our pious Foundress, "that places be established where the laws of God be more specially learned, taught, and preached, and scholars to the same intent be brought up in virtue and cunning, for the increase of Christ's faith."

For this end they laboured, some—like Bishop Fisher—in the face of difficulties that would have damped a less ardent spirit and baffled a less resolute

will. They laboured, and we have entered into their labour. Surely, with this goodly inheritance, we ought like Elisha, to aspire to the double portion of their spirit, to the elder son's birthright of zeal, of wisdom, of piety.

Every man who leaves behind him the influence of a holy life, and the power of a bright example is a benefactor to the whole human race. But those who have devoted their energies and given their substance to secure to after ages such rare and singular advantages as we enjoy in these ancient seats of learning, for the pursuit of knowledge in all its branches, for the cultivation of science, for the enjoyment of a life devoted to the attractions of literature, and undistracted by the cares and anxieties which attend every other profession—have established a claim, beyond all others, upon the gratitude and dutiful allegiance of those who have inherited this bequest. And though as time rolls on, and circumstances alter, the true intentions of our Founders cannot be carried out without deviating from the letter of their original injunctions; in some cases even altering the original destination of endowments (as our own College rose on the suppression of the old Hospital of St. John's, or as the three perpetual daily masses with divine services and observances, for the health of the soul of our Foundress, have long disappeared from our ritual)—still the animating spirit should never be lost: that spirit the desire to promote the glory of God and the increase of the faith of Christ; the resolve to cast the weight of our talents and our influence into the scale of religion; publicly to take our side with the defenders, not the assailants of Christian faith, and in our own life and conversation to adorn the faith which we profess.

I trust and believe that our ancient College in its long career has endeavoured, honourably and

faithfully, to discharge its high responsibility. It was the testimony of old Thomas Baker in his day, on a review of its past history, "One thing I will say for it,—as no house hath undergone greater turns and varieties of fortune, so no one has been more true to orthodox principles than this has been." Nor do I believe that in later times we have degenerated or proved unworthy of this character. I might speak of those whom we recognise as standard-bearers, such as the two men who have last held the Professorship of Divinity, to which our Foundress attached such primary importance; one, John James Blunt, who, by the extent of his learning, the soundness of his judgment, and the impressiveness of his eloquence, did, I believe, more than any other man, to mould the minds of all who came under his influence, after the true type of the Church of England; the other, William Selwyn, who has been so lately called to his rest; and who, by his brilliant talents, his holiness of life, and his kind and gentle disposition, gave additional lustre to the name he bore, a name known through the world, and known only to be honoured and loved.

But the true influence of a College may be more honestly tested by its effect on the rank and file who have passed from its discipline to fight the battle of life.

What manner of men are they? In one respect they are especially distinguished, I mean by the spirit of brotherhood to each other, and dutiful allegiance to their College, which they mostly carry with them into the world; an allegiance deservedly gained by a College which has always had a helping hand for the poor and deserving scholar, and which retains so active and kindly an interest in its old members. But more than this: not long ago a remark was made to me by a clergyman, well qualified to judge, how often when some work was to be done requiring

industry, good sense, and practical ability, he had observed, that the person to whom all looked at such a time, had proved to be a member of this College. If this be so, if we find those of our body who are scattered through the country to be thus diligent, able, and conscientious, in discharging the ordinary duties of citizens, or if we find them as ministers of Christ, to be sober-minded, sound in the faith, firmly attached sons of the "Church of England, as distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross;" not gaining notoriety by eccentricities of vestment, or extravagances of Ritual, but striving to win souls by simple earnestness and by faithful labour; in one word, seeking the old paths and content to walk therein; then we may feel that the training which has made them such is a training which has well and faithfully carried out the spirit of our Foundress. Brilliant success and high University distinction is of necessity limited to comparatively few, even in a College which has always gained its full share—often far more than seemed to be its share—of the highest University honours. But it is a great thing, a worthy object of ambition, especially in days like these, to impress upon the great mass of our students sound principles of reasoning as well as high principles of action, to give them the power of facing difficulties with calmness and weighing them with soberness, to enable them in Science to distinguish facts from inferences, and to recognise the value

the other; in Theology to distinguish that which is essential to the truth from that which is only incidental to the form of its expression

* * * *



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

THERE once was a time when I revelled in rhyme,
 and poems produced by the dozens,
 Translated Tibullus and half of Catullus, with Valen-
 tines deluged my cousins.
 Now my tale is nigh told, for my blood's running
 cold, all my laurels lie yellow and faded.
 "We have come to the boss;"* like a weary old hoss,
 poor Pegasus limps and is jaded.
 And yet Mr. Editor, like a stern Creditor, duns me for
 this or that article,
 Though he very well knows, that of verse and of prose,
 I am stripped to the very last particle.
 What shall I write of? What subject indite of? All my
vis viva is failing;
Emeritus sum, Mons Parnassus is dumb, and my prayers
 to the Nine unavailing.—
 Thus in vain have I often, attempted to soften the hard
 heart of Mr. Arenæ;
 Like a sop, I must throw him some sort of a poem, in
 spite of unwilling Camenæ.

* * * *

No longer I roam in my Johnian home, no more in the
 'wilderness' wander;
 And absence we know, for the Poet says so, makes the
 heart of the lover grow fonder.

* [*'iam pervenimus usque ad umbilicos.'* Martial iv. 91.—ED.]

I pine for the Cam like a runaway lamb, that misses
 his woolly-backed mother;
 I can find no relief for my passionate grief, nor my
 groanings disconsolate smother.
 Say how are you all in our old College Hall? Are the
 dinners more costly, or plainer?
 How are Lecturers, Tutors, Tobacco and Pewters, and
 how is my friend the Complainer?
 Are the pupils of Merton, and students of Girton,
 increasing in numbers, or fewer?
 Are they pretty, or plain? Humble-minded, or vain?
 Are they paler, or pinker, or bluer?
 How's the party of stormers, our so-called Reformers?
 Are Moral and Natural Sciences
 Improving men's minds? Who the money now finds,
 for Museums, and all their appliances?
 Is Philosophy thriving? or sound sense reviving? is
 high-table talk metaphysic?
 Will dark blue or light, have the best of the fight, at
 Putney, and Mortlake, and Chiswick?
 I often importune the favour of Fortune, that no mis-
 adventure may cross us,
 And Rhodes once again on the watery plain, may
 prove an Aquatic Colossus.—
 [N.B. since I wrote I must add a short note, by means
 of new fangled devices,
 Our "Three" was unseated and we were defeated, and
 robbed of our laurels by Isis.]—
 O oft do I dream of the muddy old stream, the Father
 of wisdom and knowledge,
 Where ages ago I delighted to row for the honour and
 praise of my College.
 I feel every muscle engaged in the tussle, I hear the
 wild shouting and screaming;
 And as we return I can see from the stern Lady
 Margaret's red banner streaming.

Till I wake with a start, such as Nightmares impart,
 as I find myself rapidly gliding,
 And striving in vain at my ease to remain on a seat
 that is constantly sliding.
 Institutions are changed, men and manners deranged,
 new systems of rowing and reading,
 And writing and thinking, and eating and drinking,
 each other are quickly succeeding.
 Who knows to what end these new notions all tend?
 No doubt all the world is progressing,
 For Kenealy and Odgers, those wide-awake dodgers,
 the wrongs of mankind are redressing.
 No doubt we shall soon take a trip to the moon, if we
 need recreation or frolic;
 Or fly to the stars in the New Pullman Cars, when we
 find the dull earth melancholic.
 We shall know the delights of enjoying our *rights*
 without any *duties* to vex us;
 We shall know the unknown; the Philosopher's stone
 shall be ours, and no problems perplex us;
 For all shall be patent, no mysteries latent; man's
 mind by intuitive notion,
 The circle shall square, x and y shall declare, and
 discover perpetual motion.
 Meanwhile till the Earth has accomplished its birth,
 mid visions of imminent glory,
 I prefer to remain, as aforetime, a plain and bloated
 and bigoted Tory.

* * * * *

Dear Mr. Editor, lately my Creditor, now fully paid and
 my debtor,
 I wonder what you will be minded to do, when you get
 this rhapsodical letter,
 If you listen to me (I shall charge you no fee for advice)
 do not keep or return it;
 To its merits be kind, to its faults rather blind; in a
 word, Mr. Editor, burn it!

"ARCULUS."



GLIMPSSES OF UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

TO all who find a deli-
that are gone, and in peopling the scenes they
know so well with the men who once moved
in them, in picturing to themselves their pursuits,
their pastimes, and even their costumes—who love to
linger over the events of the past, and to seek in them
lessons for the present—good service has been done
by the author, or, as he is careful to call himself, the
compiler of “University Life in the Eighteenth
Century.” He modestly speaks of himself as having
merely carted the old materials to a clear spot, and
as leaving the work of reconstruction to other hands,
or to his own, when they shall have learnt the mason’s
craft. Yet no one can read his book without being
conscious of the presence of the glow of enthusiasm,
the ardour of the genuine lover of truth, which not
only tells us the secret of the thoroughness with
which he has done the carter’s work, but is also a
pledge that, should he ever essay it, the mason’s
work will be done equally well.

It may not, perhaps, be an entirely fruitless task for
our *Eagle* to hover for a few minutes over the heap,
descending, ever and anon, to pick up any stone which
evidently came from our own eyrie, or which, either
from its bright polish, or from its capacity for with-

* *Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century*.
Compiled by Christopher Wordsworth, M.A. Deighton, 1874.

standing the assaults
deserving of inspection.

We are reminded (pp. 14, 15,) how ‘among the
clergy, who maintained their strict adherence to the
doctrine, that a king could not abdicate, much less be
constrained to resign, his functions, and that no wrong
suffered could compensate an act which they believed
not right,’ were twenty-eight fellows of St. John’s, ‘a
number of non-jurors, equal to that produced by all
the colleges of Oxford and the rest of those of Cambridge
combined’; and how, after the death of Humphrey
Gower, Master of St. John’s, their brave protector,
twenty-two Fellows were ejected ‘on the fatal Jan. 21,
1716-17, when the ejected had sinned not by denying,
but merely by declining to affirm the omnipotence of
Parliament to dispense with oaths!’ The Life of
Ambrose Bonwicke is appealed to as shewing that he
was not alone in adhering to his old allegiance to
King James, ‘his brother Philip and their chum who
shared their college chamber in common with them,’
being of the same mind. On the subject of the introduc-
tion of this chum, we have the correspondence between
Ambrose and his father.* The latter was somewhat
averse to the arrangement, from a dread of an
outbreak of bad principles, or small-pox. By the
statutes of St. John’s, ‘every Doctor, preacher, and
member of the seniority, was to have one chamber to
himself, with two Scholars if he pleased. Two
Fellows at most were to be in one room, or four
Scholars. The Fellows, Scholars, and Students, who
were above fourteen years of age, were to sleep alone,
or two in a bed, according to the judgment of the
Master and Seniors. The elder students were to
superintend the conduct of their junior chums
(*concubicularii*). And if a Fellow were at any time
introduced into the chamber of which they had been

* Mr. Mayor. Preface to the life of A. Bonwicke, ib. pp. 34-38.

head, they were to surrender to him the library or study (*musaeum*) and other furniture of the room. A high-bed was provided for the tutor, a truckle-bed for the scholar or scholars.

In the eighteenth century, however, the custom of chumming, though universal, and, in particular, we do not then "hear of any Senior Member of a College sharing a chamber with an Undergraduate. This was owing in a great measure to the change which was passing over University society. The social aristocracy, which had prevailed in the Universities in the days of George Herbert and Francis Bacon, of Sir Henry Wotton and the Norths, had grown well-nigh extinct there at the end of the eighteenth century, and the remnant which remained no longer coalesced with the bulk of the community. The unhappy divisions in the country and in the University made it no longer possible for that intimacy to exist between tutor and pupil which had been so admirably exemplified in the martyr Nicolas Ridley, when he had been tutor in Pembroke Hall, and of whom his pupil bears witness that 'his behaviour was very obliging, and very pious, without hypocrisy or monkish austerity; for very often he would shoot in the bow or play tennis with me.' It will be remembered also how later in the sixteenth century Roger Ascham loved to practise archery in St. John's, at Cambridge, in accordance with the statutes of his College, and how well he preached what he practised in his *Book of Shooting*."

A less pleasant aspect of this intimacy between Fellows and Undergraduates is presented to us by a writer in 1792, who says: 'Fellows and Tutors of almost every College join frequently without scruple in the extravagant parties, and occasionally in the excesses of their richer pupils.' 'So too,' continues Mr. Wordsworth, 'the great Wilberforce, when, as a

good-natured Undergraduate at St. John's, Camb. (1776—1779), he was at any moment ready to receive visitors, who found the great Yorkshire pie always inviting their attack; was foolishly encouraged in idleness by some of the Fellows of his College, because forsooth he was a talented young man of fortune, and did not need to work to earn his bread! But this was not universally the case.'

The following passage gives us a curious glimpse of College discipline a hundred years ago: "It was agreed at a College meeting in St. John's, 19 Dec., 1764, 'that if any Undergraduate make any disturbance in the hall at the time when any other Undergraduate is reading an acknowledgment of his offences by order of the Deans or a superior officer, he who

A few years earlier it was "Ordered by the Master and Seniors 'that no Scholars ever presume to loiter or walk backwards and forwards in any of the courts or cloysters; and that when the names shall have been called over by order of the Master, all shall depart quietly to their chambers, as they shall answer it at their peril.'"

In Jas. Miller's *Humours of Oxford*, 1730, Mr. Wo

illustration of the practice of setting impositions:

'We have a company of formal old surly Fellows, who take pleasure in making one act contrary to one's conscience; and tho', for their own parts, they never see the inside of a Chappel throughout the Year, yet if one of us miss but two Mornings in a Week, they'll set one a plaguy *Greek* Imposition to do, that ne'er a one of them can read when 'tis done, And so i'gad I write it in *French*, for they don't know one from t'other.'

In the course of two hundred years the mode of living had changed considerably from that described by Thomas Lever, Fellow and Preacher of St.

John's, who, in his sermon at 'Paules crofse' in 1550, told how 'there be dyuers ther whych ryfe dayly betwixte foure and fyve of the clocke in the mornynge, and from fyue vntyll fyxe of the clocke, vfe common prayer wyth an exhortacion of gods word in commune chappell, and from fyxe unto ten of the clocke vfe euer eyther pryuate study or commune lectures. At ten of the clocke they go to dynner, whereas they be contente wyth a penyce pyece of byefe amongest iiii, hauyng a few porage made of the brothe of the same byefe, with salte and otemell, and nothyng els.

'After thys slender dynner they be either teachyng or learyng vntyll v. of the clocke in the evenyng, when as they have a supper not much better then theyr dyner. Immedyately after the whyche, they go eyther to reafonyng in problemes or vnto some other studye, vntyll it be nyne or tenne of the clocke, and there beyng wythout fyre are fayne to walk or runne vp and downe halfe an houre, to gette a heate on their feete whan they go to bed.

'These be menne not werye of theyr paynes, but very forye to leue theyr studye: and sure they be not able some of theym to contynue for lacke of necefsarye exhibicion and relefe. These be the luyng fayntes whyche serue god takyng greate paynes in abstinence, studye, laboure, and dylygence, wyth watching and prayer.'

We learn from Mr. Wordsworth (p. 125) that "in 1755 and for many years after every College dined at 12 o'clock, and the students after dinner flocked to the philosophical disputations which began at 2. At St. John's, in 1799, it was 'agreed that the hour for dinner be 2 o'clock during non-term.' We may, perhaps, assume that even in 1550 there were some men who were sometimes 'werye of theyr paynes,' and who devoted the evening to some social meeting akin to what we find as an established custom at the close of the last century, when "at 8 P.M. the

'Sizing Bell' was rung to shew that the 'Sizing Bill' was ready. This was a bill of fare for the evening, with the prices marked. Each guest of the 'Sizing Party' ordered, at his own expense, whatever he fancied, to be carried to the entertainer's rooms: 'a part of fowl' or duck; a roasted pigeon; 'a part of apple pie,' &c. The host supplied bread, butter, cheese, and beer, a beaker or a large teapot full of punch, which was kept upon the hob. 'These teapots were of various sizes (some of them enormous), and supplied by the bedmakers, who charged according to size. Nothing could be more unexceptionable than these meetings.' Wine was not allowed."

At both Universities everyone 'arrayed himself for dinner in white waistcoat, and white stockings, and low shoes (for boots or gaiters were not allowed to be worn at dinner-time at Trinity or at St. John's even in the early part of the present century); and his wig (or, latterly, his own hair) was combed, curled, and powdered.' Taste in dress would seem to have become less extravagant since the days when the Elizabethan statutes of 1570 forbade 'any Scholar to wear a plumed hat, unless he were unwell,' and expressed a wish 'that no one, dwelling in the University on pretence of study, shall presume to wear more than a yard and a half of cloth on the outside of his hose, or shall walk forth in reticulated, slashed, silk-sewn, in any way padded or stuffed hose, on pain of incurring a fine of 6s. 8d. as often as he shall have offended herein.'

Proctors are hardly likely now-a-days to have such a charge brought against them as that preserved 'in a MS. letter of the same date in the library of Corpus Christi C.C.'

'As touching the statute of apparel, none in all the University do more offend against that statute than the two proctors who should give best ensample,

and these other two regents, Nicolls and Browne, who doe not only goe very disorderly in Cambridge, waring for the most part their hatts and continually verve unsemly ruffles at their hands, and greate Galligaskens and Barreld hooese stuffed with horse Tayles, with skabilonians,* and knitt nether stockes to fine for Schollers: but also not disguysedlie these goe abroade waringe such Apparrell even at this time in London (although like hipocrites they come at this time outwardlie covered with the Scholler's weed before your honours).'

Is there any danger of our returning in time to a mode of adorning the person strictly forbidden by Lord Burleigh as Chancellor of Cambridge, in his orders for the apparel of Scholars issued on Nov. 5, 1535, which consisted in having the *slop* or wide breeches *paned*, that is to say, beautified by the insertion of a *pane*, a patch or stripe of coloured cloth of another hue?

From the '*Terrae Filius*;' or, The Secret History of the University of Oxford, in Several Essays, published by Nicolas Amherst in 1721, the following extract is quoted, shewing that Lord Burleigh had not utterly demolished ruffles: 'Raw, unthinking young men, having been kept short of money at school, care not how extravagant they are, whilst they can support their extravagance upon trust [that foolish practice, so common at this time in the University of *running upon tick*, as it is called], especially when they have numberless their eyes, of Persons in as mean circumstances as themselves, who *cut a taring figure in silk-gowns*, and *bosh it about town in lace ruffles and flaxen tye-wigs*.

On page 354 we read, "Until 1769 the Undergraduates of Cambridge continued to wear 'round caps or bonnets of black cloth, lined with black silk

* '*Scavilones*,' drawers; pantaloons, Strutt.' Halliwell.

or canvas, with a brim of black velvet for the pensioners, and of prunella or silk for the sizars.' In that year a petition from the undergraduates, led by Jas. Mead, of Emmanuel, and Nedham Dymoke, of St. John's, was successful in obtaining the substitution of the square cap, which was celebrated in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, of 1 July, 1769, in the following *jéu d'esprit*:—

'*Mufanique rotunda*

Quadratis.

Ye learn'd of every age and climate yield,
And to illustrious Cambridge quit the field.
What sage Professors never yet could teach,
Nor Archimedes nor our Newton reach;
What ancients and what moderns vainly sought,
Cambridge with ease hath both attain'd and taught:
This truth even envy must herself allow,
For all her Scholars *Square the Circle* now.*

One or two extracts must quotation from the *Terrae Filius* on pages 375-377, which will amply repay the trouble of referring to it. It contains a description of the Oxford *Smart*, in 1721.

.... 'My dear friends, the *Smarts*, have another very scurvy trick. Would they be content to be *foppish* and *ignorant* themselves (which seems to be their sole study and ambition) I could freely forgive them; but they cannot forbear laughing at everybody that obeys the *statutes* and differs from them; or (as my correspondent expresses it, in the proper the place) that does not *cut as bold a bosh* as they do. They have *singly*, for the most part, very good assurance; but when they walk together in *bodies* (as they often do) how impregnable are their foreheads? They point at every and whisper as loud as they laugh. *Demme, Jack, there goes a prig! Let us blow the puppy up.* Upon

* Prof. Mayor's ed. of *Baker's St. John's*, p. 1047. Wordsworth, p. 512.

which, they all stare him full in the face, turn him from the wall as he passes by, and set up an *horse-laugh*, which puts the plain, raw novice out of countenance, and occasions great triumph to these *tawdry desperadoes*.

In the present century, by the way, a somewhat similar encounter between a 'plain raw novice' and three 'tawdry desperadoes,' at a German University led to three duels, in each of which the freshman was the victor—a fact which will occasion less surprise when we are told that that freshman was Herr von Bismarck.

'I have observed,' continues Amherst, 'a great many of these *transitory foplings*, who came to the University with their fathers (rusty old country farmers) in linsey-wolsey coats, greasy sun-burnt heads of hair, clouted shoes, yarn stockings, flapping silver hat-bands, and long muslin neckcloths run with *red* at the bottom. A month or two afterwards I have met them with *bob-wigs* and *new shoes*, *Oxford cut*; a month or two more after this, they appeared in *drugget cloaths* and *worsted stockings*; then in *tye-wigs* and *ruffles*; and then in *silk gowns*; degrees they were metamorphosed into complete *Smarts*, and damn'd the old country *putts*, their fathers, with twenty foppish airs and gesticulations.'

'Two or three years afterwards, I have met the same persons in *gowns* and *cassocks*, walking with demure looks and a holy leer; so easy (as a learned divine said upon a *quite different occasion*) is the transition from *dancing* to *preaching*, and from the *bowling-green* to the *pulpit*!'

Thirty years later the 'University Sloven' (the counterpart of the *Smart*) is thus sketched. 'He never wore garters, greased his cloaths on purpose, tore his gown to make it ragged, broke the board of his cap, and very often had but one lappet to his band. He seldom allow'd his hair to be comb'd,

or his shoes to be japann'd. He would put his shirt on at bedtime, because he was ashamed to be caught in a clean one; and on Sundays he was sure to be in a dishabille, because everybody else was drest. Tho' it was not then the fashion (as it is now) to be blind, TOM constantly wore spectacles, star'd at every girl he met, and did a thousand strange things to appear particular; in all which he was protected by his *very singular modesty*, or, in other words, his invincible front of ever durable brass.

'He was hail fellow well met with all the townsmen in general, would swig ale in a penny-pot-house with the lowest of the mob, and commit the most extravagant actions under the notion of humour. If he got drunk, broke windows, laughed at the mayor, ridiculed the aldermen, humbug'd the proctors, 'twould be often pass'd over; 'twas his humour, and TOM was a well-meaning, good-natur'd fellow.'

Here are some 'stones' which we cannot help picking up (p. 373).

'In an earlier number of the '*Student*, or Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany', 1750, we are told that 'In every College there is a set of idle people called *Lowngers*, whose whole business is to fly from the painful task of thinking....Whomsoever these *Remoras* of a College adhere to, they instantly benumb to all sense of reputation, or desire of learning.' In the summer of 1711, Steele had described a new sect of philosophers at Cambridge, called *Lowngers* in the language of that University. 'Our young students are content to carry their speculations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, billiard-tables, and such-like places.' Steele, who had been at Oxford (of Merton College) about fifteen years earlier, goes on to say, 'I must be so just as to observe, I have formerly seen of this sect at our other University, though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my corre-

spondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes headaches; but these philosophers are seized all over with general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with an heaviness in moving to another.*

"A letter from *Leo* the Second, dated at his den in — College, in Cambridge, in the summer of 1713,† records that there is 'at present a very flourishing Society of People, called Lowngers, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own to be in need of staying at home to read other Peoples.'

The following sketch was published in the *Connoisseur*, Aug. 21, 1755:

'A Lownger is a creature that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the street, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the sot to fly from his own thoughts, and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence, both in mind and body. He would be as inoffensive as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one with whom he happens to come in contact.'

The following description of *A downe-right Scholler* written in 1628, though its author was clearly no Lounger, may fairly be taken as expressive of the opinions of one of that sect (p. 400):

'His scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry Madame, nor talke

* Spectator, 54.

† Guardian, 124.

idly enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentle-woman is somewhat too sauory, and he mistakes her nose for her lippe. A very Wood-cocke would puzzle him in carving, and hee wants the logick of a Capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the iest. He names this word Colledge too often, and his discourse beats too much on the Vniversity. The perplexity of mannerlinesse will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meate. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a Fiddle, but his fist is cluncht with the habit of disputing. Hee ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both goe iogging in grieve together. He is exceedingly censured by the innes a Court men, for that hainous Vice being out of fashion. He cannot speake to a Dogge in his owne Dialect, and vnderstands Greek better than the language of a Falconer. Hee has been vsed to a darke roome, and darke clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a Sattin Doublet. The Hermitage of his Study has made him somewhat vncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is hee silly and ridiculous, and it continues with him some quarter of a yeare, out of the Vniversitie. But practise him a little in men, and brush him ore with good companie, and hee shall out balance those glisterers as much as solid substance do's a feather, or gold gold-lace.*

Here is a lady's view of Masters of Arts:

'A magisterial strut, a wise gravity of countenance, and a general stiffness in all his actions denote him for a man of consequence. He is taught to entertain a sovereign contempt for Undergraduates, and forsooth

* Earle's *Microcosmographie*, 20.

scorns to demean himself by conversing with his inferiors. Hence the whole scene of his life is confin'd to those of his own standing; and the college-hall, the common-room, the coffee-house, and now and then a ride on Gog-Magog-hills is all the variety he has a taste for enjoying. One half of the human creation (which men have complaisantly term'd the *Fair*) he is an utter stranger to; and that softness, that delicacy, that *je ne scai quoy* elegance of address, which our company imperceptibly inspires, is in his eyes a foolish, impertinent affectation. Thus does he gradually degenerate into a mere — what I don't care to name; 'till at last he has liv'd so long at college, that he is not fit to live anywhere else' (p. 402).

These potent words were written in 1751. Their effect on the rising generation may be gathered from a letter dated 31 Jan., 1766. 'In the University we have all of late been in a most violent flame, labouring under the same disorder that carried off poor Dr. M. some years ago. Young and old have formed a resolution of marrying... But it must be confessed indeed they go on with more prudence than your honest and simple friend... The scheme therefore is—a wife and a fellowship with her. For this purpose the University is to petition the Parliament to release the Fellows of the several Colleges from the observance of all such statutes of our Founders as oblige them to celibacy... This affair has been canvassed and warmly agitated among us between two and three months. There were those who would not believe it was, or could be, intended in earnest—who imagined it to be a jest only. However, the projectors and abettors of the scheme were in earnest. Accordingly a Grace was drawn up, and on Friday last brought into the House. Mr. Ashby [Geo. Ashby, St. John's, B.A., 1744], who, in a manner with the whole of St. John's, was

exceedingly warm and zealous in the cause, was fixed upon to present the Grace, but for some reason or other then declined it. There was the greatest confusion imaginable in the House: this added to the tumult; did not in the least allay or abate; but excited and heightened the warmth and ardour of the partizans. The Grace was shewn but not in form proposed to the Vote of the whole House. Nothing therefore was determined at the Congregation. The party, however, continues hot, and is in hope of downing to the ground with Celibacy... You observe the foundation they go upon. The restraint from marrying they look upon as a Remnant of Popery... This is an affair of so extraordinary a nature that I thought you would like to have some account of it.' (p. 354).

It would be fanciful, perhaps, to trace to the same cause the growing distaste for smoking among the junior members of Combination-rooms 'except on the river in the evening, when every man put a short pipe in his mouth,' which is mentioned as a phenomenon in 1786. Yet we cannot help fearing that could they listen and speak, any pipes of that age which survive would have some sadly misogynistic conversations to report.

"At Oxford," we read on page 160, "Dean Aldrich of Ch. Ch. was a habitual smoker. It is well known that he wrote '*a Catch to be sung by four Men smoking their Pipes, not more difficult to sing than diverting to hear.*'"

"A student once visited the dean at 10 A.M., having laid a wager that he would find him in the act of smoking. The dean said good-humouredly, 'you see, Sir, you've lost your wager, for I'm not smoking, I'm filling my pipe.' 'Tho. Baker, of St. John's, Cambridge, 'used generally to fetch a clean pipe about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He was found dead with one lying broken at his side in 1740.'"

"Prof. Pryme states. .that in 1800 'Smoking was allowed [as now] in the Trinity Combination-room after supper in the twelve days of Christmas, when a few old men availed themselves of it [with the wine, pipes and tobacco-box were laid on the table. Porson was asked for an inscription for the latter (a large silver one), and he said "τῷ Βάκχῳ"]'. Among us undergraduates it had no favour, and an attempt of Mr. Ginkell, son of Lord Athlone (a Dutch family mentioned in Macaulay's *History of England*), to introduce smoking at his own wine-parties failed, although he had the prestige of being a hat-fellow-Commoner."

'Reading parties' were unknown in the eighteenth century. Cambridge men began going to the Lakes after 1805. "When the first Oxford party settled in those regions (about 1830) they were called by the natives 'the Oxford Cantabs'" (p. 172).

A passage on page 175 diminishes our surprise at hearing so much about dress and lounging. 'At Cambridge, about the year 1810, a few men would take a boat from the locks, or at Chesterton; and sometimes two rival boats would sally forth together; not so much for a race as for a *splashing-match*!' Lounging is after all better than *bull-baiting*, an amusement in which undergraduates were forbidden to indulge Dec. 27, 1763, and hardly likely to be entirely given up for the charms of a *splashing-match*.

It is interesting to learn that the idea of an annual examination in St. John's was originated by Dr. Powell, twenty-eighth master of the college, and that the same dignitary opposed strenuously the project of an annual University Examination, in spite of having to encounter the pamphleteering assault of the renowned Mrs. Jebb. That he did so on the ground that St. John's would thus lose its superiority over the rest of the University, is a view that requires

a belief in narrow-mindedness which we are hardly justified in entertaining.

Among Dean Prideaux's articles for reformation of the Universities, written in 1715, is the following (p. 353):

'That, for the maintenance and support of such superannuated Fellows and Students who, in 20 years' time, shall not have qualified themselves for any public service, there shall be an Hospital built, in each of the said Universities, . . . which shall be called *Drone Hall*.' Their late Colleges to provide £20 per annum for each inmate, it being fitting that 'this burthen should be laid upon them as a just mulct for their having bred up the said superannuated person to be good for nothing.'

Connoisseurs in architecture will be interested in the information that "in 1773 St. John's followed the example of Peterhouse and faced the first court on the south side, 'at such an expence as it would be preposterous to go on in the same manner: so only the face of the south side of that court looks elegant, to disgrace the other parts which now look worse,'" as Wm. Cole, quoted by Prof. Mayor on p. 611 of his edition of *Baker's History*, informs us.

Interesting and thorough investigations into some words almost confined to the Universities will be found in the notes to the volume. On p. xxvii. we find the following:

"The history of our Cambridge term *TRIPOS*, as equivalent to 'honour examination,' is curious and interesting.

"(1) The B.A., who sat on a *three-legged stool* (pp. 211, 227) to dispute with the 'Father' in the philosophy schools on Ash-Wednesday, was called Mr. Tripos, from that on which he sat.

"(2) The satirical speech made by him (pp. 219, 220) was called the *Tripes-speech*; and

"(3) His humorous verses distributed by the bedels were called *Tripes-verses*.

"(4) His office became obsolete in the last century; and similar verses being still circulated by authority each *sheet of verses* was called 'a *Tripes*,' or 'Tripes paper.'

"(5) On the back of each sheet, after the year 1748, was a *list* of 'Wranglers' and 'Senior Optimes,' or of 'Junior Optimes.' These lists were called the 'Triposes,' or first and second 'Tripes Lists,' (pp. 210, 255)."

"(6) The mathematical *examination*, whose interest centered in this list, was called the Tripes.

"(7) When other 'honour examinations' were instituted, they were distinguished as the 'classical tripes,' &c. from the 'mathematical tripes.'"

This last quotation is enough to shew the reader how far these 'glimpses' are from having reached to every part of the heap of materials. Indeed, if he has followed them thus far, he has but been conducted by a very inexpert guide round a spot which is best visited alone—a spot where, come as often as he may, he will find fresh relics of the past, that have long lain hidden in dusty nooks, the sight of which will not only be delightful in itself, but will lend a new interest to the daily routine and familiar scenes of University life.

G. H. W.



THE SWALLOWS.

(From *Beranger*.)

CAPTIVE on Afric's burning shore,
Beneath his chains the warrior lies,
He cries: I see you yet once more,
Fair birds, the winter's enemies.
Swallows, not of hope bereft,
Are these the sultry climes ye see?
No! 'tis France that you have left;
Of my dear land do ye not speak to me?

I have implored for three long years
One token of that peaceful vale,
Where my life slumbered, far from tears,
Till roused by war's impetuous gale.
Beside the babbling streams that roam
'Neath lilies to the restless sea,
Ye may have seen our straw-thatched home,—
Of that fair vale do ye not speak to me?

One of you, perchance, has flown
From 'neath the roof where I was reared;
There a despairing mother's moan
And plaint of love ye may have heard.
Dying, she thinks each sound she hears
The footsteps of her son to be;
Silent, she listens, and with tears
Of her great love do ye not speak to me?

Is my dear sister married yet?
 Have ye beheld the merry throng
 Around the wedding table set
 With joyous laugh, and wine, and song;—
 And those dear friends who ever yearned
 In battle at my side to be,
 Have they, with glory crowned, returned;
 Of such dear friends do ye not speak to me?

Methinks their graves the foeman leaves,
 As up the vale he takes his way;
 He lords it 'neath my lowly eaves,
 He stays my sister's wedding-day.
 A mother's prayers ascend no more;
 I from these chains shall ne'er be free;
 O swallows, from my native shore,
 Of these great griefs do ye not speak to me?

J.



THE TWO MUSICIANS.

IN the ancient town of Piacenza, on the great plains of Lombardy, about the middle of the sixteenth century, there lived two young violinists, both great masters of the sweet art of music. In those early days, when music was yet in its very swaddling clothes, the Church lent its beneficent aid to the great art, and cast its protective arm over its professors. The cathedral was the scene of the first performance of many a world-famous composition, many a great master had played his first concerto within the sacred walls, and violin and violoncello strove to emulate each other in their efforts for the superiority of song.

Piacenza boasted of many noble devotees of music, but two stood forth far conspicuous beyond all their fellows, and all the time of the city was spent in discussing the relative merits of Tonino Camporello and Giuseppe Cialdini. The gentle, kind-hearted Tonino was justly loved by all in Piacenza, not more for the high position he held in his art than for his suavity of manner and large-heartedness.

His scholars were loud in their eulogy of their beloved master, and sat with eager admiration around him, whilst his hand trembled on the notes, and skillfully ran from string to string in strains of ravishing melody. Author of ten thousand touching themes, ten thousand sweet harmonies, he lulled to rest the weary penitents who thronged to disburden their hearts to God in the quiet stillness of the shady aisles, he made

the worthy padres who loved him for his respectful demeanour, and the reverence that he ever showed towards the Church, sweetly smile and nod, as they dosed in their carved stalls amid the antique darkness of the lofty choir, he pleased the great cavaliers and ladies, as they came in their courtly pomp to the great cathedral, and all those who were fond of music, and there were few who were not, united in loud praise of the great master, whose kind heart all admired, and whose genius there was none to dispute.

None save one, and that was Giuseppe Cialdini. This great musician was more famed for interpretative genius than for a vivid invention, more for the exquisite finish of touch, and the power of reproducing with warmth and energy the productions of others, than for any talent of composing inherent in himself; he was a man, great indeed in his own conceit, yet not so vain but that he fully appreciated, and, perhaps, over-rated the great inventive abilities of Tonino, and vainly sought to raise higher the estimation of his own talents by calumniating and affecting to despise those of his rival.

At the time when my story commences, the whole town was torn asunder by the factions of Giuseppe and Tonino. The public feeling ran greatly in favour of the latter, but Giuseppe's small party, by keeping up a ceaseless clamour in favour of their favourite, and by the violence and loudness of their protestations of his superiority somewhat shook the public faith in Tonino, and brought both parties more on a level, as regards numbers and influence. Tonino himself, poor man, would willingly have given up to his rival all precedence, and strove earnestly to quiet the noisy indignation of his partizans, but his efforts were utterly useless; the ferment continued to increase, and matters seemed to be coming to a crisis, when an event happened which appeared likely to put an end for ever to the jealous emulation of the two musicians.

In 1545, Paul III., who then occupied the Papal chair, and was at that moment busied with the great Council of Trent, granted to his natural son Peter Louis Farnese, Parma and Piacenza with the title of Duke, and it was the occasion of the new Duke's first visit to this part of his dukedom that so excited for a moment the good citizens of Piacenza, that they forgot their musical animosities in the preparations for the great advent of their new master. The Austrian and Papal parties took the place of the two factions of Giuseppe and Tonino, and every street, market-place, and barber's shop, and every shady nook was filled with chattering crowds, and knots of eager and curious citizens discussing the probable fate of their city and the advantage of the new régime. The town, however, was by no means taken aback by this change of masters; such things were too common in those days to call for much attention, and having no constitution and caring for none, all that the municipal authorities were anxious to do was to show as large a body of men-at-arms as was possible, and to express their loyalty towards their new ruler.

The clergy were by no means backward in their preparations; the Chapter assembled and passed no end of resolutions on matters of important ceremony, and, amongst other things, agreed that in addition to the splendid masses there should be a concert played at the cathedral in honour of the Duke. But then arose a difficulty—who to play it, and who to compose it? Their difficulties on this score were soon well nigh hopeless, and involved them in utter confusion. All the animosities that had lain dormant for the last two days revived with redoubled energy, and the Chapter-house became the scene of the most angry tussle concerning the two musicians. Many times the party of Tonino nearly carried the day, but the more moderate padres insisted on a fair chance being given to Giuseppe, since it was clear that none but these

two had any claim whatever to the honour. The hubbub rose to a fearful height.

The aged padre Giacomo, who tried to interpose his authority between the angry combatants, could not obtain the slightest chance of a fair hearing. He was pushed, and scratched, and squeezed, his clothes were torn, his toes trodden on, the combatants fought over his body as if he had been Patroclus, and at length, hot and out of breath, bewildered and stunned with the clatter, the worthy man, with many pious ejaculations, struggled out of the confusion, and sank into a chair breathless and discomfited.

Sorely beset by this difficulty, and racking their brains in their perplexity, the honest padres could find no means of evading it, until some one of them, illumined perhaps by a spark of wisdom, and recollecting with a sigh how very many dreary compositions he had been compelled to snooze over in past times, suggested the bright idea of giving the Duke double allowance, and ordering both Giuseppe and Tonino to perform concertos. The notion met with unanimous approval; the Chapter embraced it with the utmost cordiality as the only means of solving an otherwise hopeless problem, and although there seemed to be some slight difficulty as to who should play his concerto first, the padres were soon agreed that Tonino was to play his concerto at the commencement of the service, and Giuseppe at the conclusion of the mass was to perform another; a choice being left to the musicians as to whether they would play the concertos of others or their own, little doubt of course being left in the minds of the profession as to which course they would pursue.

The resolutions of the Chapter were received by Tonino with sincere and moderate pleasure, and by Giuseppe with outward joy and inward despair. He knew too well the superiority of his antagonist in the matter of composition ever to hope that he could

be successful in the encounter, and to have to play another's concerto, or an inferior one of his own, seemed to be confessing his own inferiority, and conferring for ever the supremacy on his rival. The good folk of Piacenza might be imposed on by bluster and vanity, but he knew that with the Duke were coming the most famous musicians of Rome, and that to impose on them would be a task impossible. In this trouble Giuseppe bethought himself of an old musician, who in his early days had been his master, had taught him the rudiments of his great art, and had instilled into him that pure love and zeal for his profession that had made him so completely a musician. The old man had left Piacenza, and had gone to live at Mantua, some sixty miles off, in quiet retirement, to seek the well-earned repose of a hard-fought life. To him Giuseppe determined to have resort, hoping that hearing of his distress, the old man would be willing to lend his old pupil aid, correct and remodel his compositions, and give him fresh hints perhaps for his concerto. He was compelled to take his wife into the secret, and he impressed upon her that she should give out generally that he was ill, should assure the Chapter that his ailment was but slight, and that he would be able to play on the appointed day, and should quell the people by pretending that excitement and the extreme incident on composition had brought on a slight indisposition. This done, he enjoined secrecy, and left privately by night for Mantua.

Tonino set to work at once joyfully to compose a concerto, and soon brought one fairly to his liking. A majestic slow movement for the entire orchestra, the parts elaborated with the utmost ingenuity, the instruments nicely balanced, every care taken that the melody should be full and perfect, was to be followed by an allegro and giga, of which the solo violin took the larger part, and whose joyous character was

highly expressive of the artist's buoyant feelings. In the midst of this latter came a great pause, the orchestra coming to a stop, whilst Tonino was to play a tremendous cadenza, leaping and hurrying over the keys with wonderful rapidity, and ending at last in a violent shake on the highest notes of his string. Finally, the orchestra and violin harmoniously blended brought the concerto to an end. Tonino was much pleased with his composition, but being a man diffident of his abilities and anxious for the good opinion of others, and this being an especial occasion on which it was necessary to be more certain of success, he began to look about him for some friendly critic to whom he might show his composition for approval. Casting about him for some one for this purpose, he bethought him at length of an old friend who lived at Mantua, an excellent judge of good composition. From his hand had Tonino learnt the first notes of that wonderful instrument of which he was now so consummate a master, and he entertained the fondest remembrances of his kind heart and lofty aspiring spirit. The pupil wrote to his old master an affectionate letter, he enclosed in it his own concerto, and entreated his old friend to give his opinion of his work, calling to his remembrance the many days of loving intercourse that had passed between them, and begging him to remember him with many warm and affectionate greetings to his fellow-musicians in Mantua. This done, he sealed up the packet, and calling a pupil to him, gave him strict instructions to deliver it safe into the hands of Battista Spinola.

* * * *

It was getting dusk when Giuseppe, with weary feet, passed the great gate of Mantua, and bent his steps towards his old friend's house. As he hurried on, he pondered in his mind with what reception he should meet, and how he should open to his friend the delicate question of obtaining his aid in his under-

taking. Should he disclose to him all and rely upon his secrecy? He was doubtful whether he could gain over the old man to such deception. Should he write a concerto, and ask him to correct it? He might gain valuable hints even by this method. What should he say had brought him so far to Mantua?

Occupied with his many thoughts, as he neared the old man's dwelling, he did not notice a man who had passed him, but who now stopped and then followed him. Suddenly he started as a hand was on his shoulder and a burly voice accosted him; "Hallo, Giuseppe, what brings thee to our town of Mantua? thou rememberest me, Paolo Moliterno, thou rememberest me in the old days gone by, in the old days when we sang together the anthems in the Duomo at Piacenza, and when thy violin and my violincello chimed merrily together, when we played for old Battista; and now we are burghers and staid citizens, eh! And what dost thou here, eh? They tell us that ye have a new master in Piacenza, and that ye are feasting and rejoicing in your town; and what dost thou here, what hath brought thee to our town, for right glad am I to see my old friend and comrade again?"

"I am come to visit our old friend and master, Battista Spinola," answered Giuseppe; "how fares he?" and he spoke shortly, for he was unwilling to be thus caught in Mantua. It might lead to awkward inquiries, for the two cities were not so very far apart, and news soon travelled from one to the other, but his attention was soon taken by his friend, who, slowly shaking his head, and with a very different countenance to that he had exhibited but a moment since, answered quietly, "Alas! Giuseppe," thou hast asked me a sad question, and I know not how to answer thee. Hadst thou been here but a month ago, willingly would I have said to thee, "He is well, and will welcome thee right heartily," but now—and Paolo

raised his hand and let it drop passively to his side; now Giuseppe, our dear friend is not long for this world, and I fear that we shall soon lose a good and faithful guide, and Mantua her best musician. "Last night," he continued, I went to old Battista's dwelling. He sent for me to give into my hands a splendid concerto. "I am too ill," said he, "and my brain is too weak to do justice to this music. It was sent me, Paolo, by a friend from afar that I might give him my opinion of it; I cannot do it. Thou must do it for me; take the greatest pains, said he; spare no toil, for he is a great musician that wrote it, and well worthy thy best labour. Alas! said he——"

But whence came this musician? who is he? whence came he? asked Giuseppe eagerly, for his heart for the moment misgave him; what if the music should be Tonino's?

I know not, I know not, answered Paolo, heedless of the other's eagerness; from Florence I think, he added, liking to seem at fault in so important a matter; from Florence, I think he said it came from far away, and 'tis likely that there, there might be one who would write such things. But 'tis a splendid piece of music, magnificent! I am in love with it and with its writer, whoever he may be. Come home with me, and we will sup together, and talk of old times, and then thou canst see this concerto, and form thy own opinion of its merits. We will play it together, and talk of old Battista and the old times? Wilt thou come with me?

And Giuseppe consented.

* * * * *

It is the morning of the Duke's arrival, and all Piacenza is in a state of unalterable confusion; the great bells of the Duomo are pealing overhead, and the Duke's trumpets keep up a ceaseless clangour down below, the whole city in one mass moves towards the Cathedral; the padres, the prentices,

the burghers, the soldiers, and the women, no small or insignificant part of the populace, in an endless confusion of colours and costumes filled the piazza in front of the great Duomo. The Duke was to attend the mass at ten, and everybody in Piacenza was struggling to gain admittance to see his highness and hear the musical performances. Much cross-fire of repartee was being bandied backwards and forwards between the citizens and the soldiers and the women, whose ready tongues got much the best of it in the conflict of words, however badly off they might have been had it come to blows. However, every one was much too good tempered to bring matters to any such pass, and the dust, and the hot rays of the sun, and the fatigue, seemed to make little impression on the mob, who were pleased with any excuse for a gala day. "So Giuseppe is not coming to hear Tonino's concerto." "No, for fear he should bite his tongue off with envy." "Nay, nay, Giuseppe is a great musician," "and as envious as the days are long." "He hath written a fine concerto, I hear." "Tonino hath written a better." "And each will have all his pupils to accompany him for an orchestra, is it not so?" "Ay, I have heard that it is so." "Well, well, good luck to them both," said a good-humoured old burgher, and the cry of "the Duke is coming," put a stop to a discussion of their merits which for the hundreth time that day had been started among the citizens. On came the Papal cavalcade, nobles, cavaliers, musicians, ladies, burghers, magistrates, soldiers, and all the population of Piacenza, and all that the great cathedral will hold throng in at the great gate and fill the spacious aisles. The magnificent organ bursts forth into a solemn prelude, and as the volumes of sound pass down the lofty cathedral, all voices are hushed, and all eyes fixed on Tonino, who sits, with his face to the west, in the centre of his choir, surrounded by his orchestra.

When the last deep notes have died away, Tonino raises his bow, and his orchestra commence the first movement of his concerto.

A slow and tender air, sweet and melancholy, soft and low, wailed from the instruments, whilst Tonino sometimes with the rest, sometimes by himself, pours forth a flood of clear melody, and delights the ears of all that hear him. Then, of a sudden, the music becomes faster, the air more lively, and at last working up to a rapid allegro, it ends with a tremendous cadenza, in which Tonino alone, with breathless rapidity, rushes over the strings and explores, as it were, the depths and heights of his instrument, and then with a tremulous shake leads the way to the conclusion of the concerto.

The performance is over, and the service begins, but so masterly was the composition, and so beautifully had it been played, that the notes still rang in the hearts of the assembly, and distracted the attention even of the most devout worshippers. Not even the stately music of the mass could wholly obliterate the remembrances of Tonino's sweet sounds, and when, the service over, the congregation sat waiting for Giuseppe, many were the discussions as to Giuseppe's capabilities to produce so splendid a piece of music. People were impatient, the service had been long and the fatigue great; the prince was getting restless, and when at length Giuseppe strode in, looking more vain and haughty than ever, his appearance was hailed with unalloyed pleasure, both by the people, who were waiting for their musician, and the padres who were anxious for their dinner.

Giuseppe and his adherents had been bragging about his concerto for the last week; it was to be a wonderful performance; it was to eclipse all the concertos ever written, or ever likely to be written; it was to excel the performances of the famous Palestina, whose works were so well known and praised in all

Italy; it was to throw into the shade everything of Tonino's; it was to raise Giuseppe to the highest pinnacle of fame, and to depress and crush instantly all who dare dispute his supremacy; and Giuseppe strode into the choir like a king surrounded by his faithful subjects, and he lifted his hand, and the concerto began. But see! after the first ten bars of the music a curious expression steals over the faces of all the audience. The musicians from Rome closely whispered together, with countenances replete with utter wonder, and a loud murmur of astonishment ran through the people as they listened to his performance. The burghers, with hands uplifted, seemed to marvel at the excellence of the composition, and to revel in the flood of melody which the musicians unceasingly poured forth. Giuseppe, delighted with his success, played more vigorously than ever; his reputation was made, he was now acknowledged as a great composer, and the applause of Piacenza rewarded his efforts.

But the murmur, whether of delight or not, grew louder and louder and burst into a clamour; frowns covered the faces of the burghers, and instead of applause there was the angry gesticulation of an Italian town, and contemptuous disgust on the faces of the musicians from Rome. Giuseppe played on, whilst his heart failed him; was it possible? Could he be caught in a trap laid for him, as it were, by himself; it cannot be——Heedless of the grimaces of the padres, the wondering faces of the prince and courtiers, and the stormy thunder of the people's voices, with one mighty effort he burst forth into the splendid cadenza which was to finish his performance; but it was never destined to be finished, for the people, forgetful of the sacred place, and the presence of the prince, their voices rising in a howl of execration, called upon Tonino to appear, and the wretched Giuseppe, conscious only of his own misdeeds, and

his reputation for ever gone, dared not face his antagonist, but faltered for one moment, and then, followed by the screams and howls of the mob, threw down his violin, and leaving to Tonino the undisputed superiority, fled for ever from Piacenza.

U. B. K.



AFTER THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

WHEN calm beneath the summer sky
 I see the azure ocean lie,
 And balmy breezes from their rest
 Scarce move the ripples on its breast,
 Fear leaves my heart, and I would fain
 Go sailing o'er the sparkling main:
 Gone are the safe land's former charms
 Bright ocean woos me to her arms.
 But when the furious winds arise
 And the waves thunder to the skies,
 When sweeping o'er the storm-lashed sea
 The breakers roll resistlessly,
 And tumbling headlong in the bay
 Fringe the dark rocks with boiling spray,
 Then to the land I turn my eyes
 Where 'neath the trees the green grass lies,
 And shun the ocean, while the shore
 Seems calm and lovely evermore.
 There would I lie beneath the shade
 By the tall pine-tree's branches made,
 Where e'en the winds but serves to move
 The whispering music of the grove.
 Ah! sad the seaman's life must be,
 His home his boat, his field the sea,
 And the swift wandering fish to snare,
 His dangerous task, his ceaseless care.
 Oh bound by slumber's peaceful chain
 Neath the deep leafage of the plane,
 Be mine at eve reclined to hear
 Some falling streamlet murmuring near,
 That soothes me with its echoing sound
 Nor yet disturbs my peace profound.

H. W. S.



WILLIAM SELWYN.

SINCE the last number of *The Eagle* was issued, the College has lost, in Professor Selwyn, one of its most distinguished and most devoted members.

No name has been more familiar than that of Professor Selwyn to the later generations of Cambridge-men. Of those who have passed through the University within the last twenty years, there are few who have not had their attention arrested, some time or other, by a form and presence which have seemed to many to revive the very image of George Herbert, as it has been depicted by the artist or described by the biographer; few who have not some time felt—who do not, perhaps, still feel lingering on the ear—the charm of that exquisite voice, to which it was ever a luxury to listen; few who cannot recall to mind some of those words of wit and wisdom which seemed to be ever falling, in grave or playful vein, without effort from his lips, or who have not carried away with them the tradition at least, if not the memory, of some instance of that marvellous aptness of quotation and that inexhaustible fertility of happy illustration with which he was wont to adorn every subject that he touched.

William Selwyn was born in 1806, the eldest of three distinguished sons of no undistinguished father. From Eton, where he was educated before he entered the University, he brought with him to Cambridge that love of Classical literature and that

cultivated literary taste which have long been the honourable distinction of Etonians, but which in him had a yet earlier source than the training of the School. Some will still remember how at the close of his witty and brilliant speech on the Epigrams he reverted, with a pathetic seriousness, which was seldom wholly wanting even in his most playful moods, to the example of "one to whom, under God," he said, "I owe all my intellectual pleasures, and with whom more than half my pleasure in Classical studies departed; one to whom I owe all the gratitude felt by Horace to his parent; (*noluit in Flavi ludum me mittere*; denied himself to give his children the best education); but with the deeper feeling of a Christian son to a Christian father,"* and spoke of "the interest which that father always felt in the Cambridge Epigrams, and how he was wont to read and to repeat over in his latest days the choice specimens of the *Anthology* and of *Martial*."

From Eton he brought with him also a love of active exercise, and especially of the exercises of the river, which he retained through life. As one of the earlier members of the Lady Margaret Boat-Club, and one of the crew of the first eight-oared boat which was placed upon the Cam, he may be regarded as one of the originators of that boating pastime which has since attained so large a development in the University. It will be remembered by some that, not two years before his death, he was to be seen one evening sculling down the river alone to the scene of the boat-races, having in vain challenged a brother dignitary, a member of his own College, to take an oar along with him.

He came up to St. John's as a Freshman in October, 1824, and soon began to give proof of the literary training which he had received. In three successive

* William Selwyn, M.A., Trin. Coll., Q.C., Author of *Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius*.

years, 1825, 1826, and 1827, he gained Sir William Browne's Medal for the best Greek Ode; and in one year, 1826, he carried off all the Browne Medals, a success which has only thrice besides been achieved in the course of a hundred years. In the same year he also gained the Craven Scholarship. In the year 1828 he came out as Senior Classic and First Chancellor's Medallist.

But, meanwhile, he had added to his literary studies the study of Mathematics, and had obtained an honourable place, as Sixth Wrangler, in that remarkable group of Johnians, commonly known as the *Pleiades*, by which the Tripos List of that year was distinguished. To the influence of these studies on his mind may no doubt be ascribed the interest which he took, in after years, in the science of astronomy. "For a series of years he took notes of the position and magnitude of the sun's spots, with a view to contributing to the solution of the vexed question of the relation of these spots to the position of Jupiter in his orbit."* The constitution of the solar atmosphere also engaged much of his attention, and for many years he took great pains to procure accurate "autographs," as he aptly termed them, of the sun.

In March, 1829, he was admitted to a Foundress' Fellowship, in succession to the younger Herschel. In the same year he was ordained Deacon. In that year also he gained the Norrisian Prize, the subject of the Essay being "The Doctrine of Types and its Influence on the Interpretation of the New Testament." This Essay is worthy of notice, not only as an indication that he was already adding to the literary studies which he had brought with him from school, and the Mathematical studies which he had pursued during his Undergraduate course, those higher studies which the Foundress of the College designed to be

* N. M. F. in the *Guardian* of May 5, 1875.

to the members of her Foundation the *meta et terminus* of all their studies; but also as tending to shew that the bent of his mind, as regards the study of Theology, either already lay, or was then turned by the writing of this Essay, in the direction which it ever afterwards specially delighted to take—the relation of the Old Testament Scriptures to the New, and especially in regard to the fulfilment of Prophecy, being the subject on which he was always most of all pleased to dwell.

In 1831 Mr. Selwyn was presented by the late Duke of Rutland, to whose eldest son, the present Duke, he was some time private Tutor, to the Rectory of Branstone, in Leicestershire, which he held until 1846, when he exchanged it for the Vicarage of Melbourn, in Cambridgeshire, which was in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Ely. In 1833 he was installed a Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral Church of Ely. The story has often been told how one day, when the Canonry was vacant, Mr. Selwyn letting fall one of those remarks with which men are wont to fill up gaps in conversation, "I wonder who will go to Ely!" received the reply, "I don't know: why not you?" how the very next morning there came from the Bishop an offer of the Canonry; how he took the letter containing the offer to Dr. Wood, who was then both Master of the College and Dean of Ely, and said he supposed there was some mistake about it; and how Dr. Wood simply replied, "I don't agree with you," and took him over to Ely the same day. The Canonry to which he was then presented he retained to the day of his death, declining, on the death of Dean Peacock, to exchange it for the Deanery, because he would not willingly surrender a position which was so congenial to his own inclinations and furnished him so wide a field of usefulness as that which he held in the University, and this he could not have retained along with the Deanery.

Both as a parish-priest and as a member of a Cathedral Chapter, Canon Selwyn's attention was soon drawn to questions affecting the Church of England, in itself and in its relations to the State, which, under various forms, were to engage much of his attention during the remainder of his life. It was "a season," he said in a Visitation-Sermon preached in 1834, and afterwards published under the title 'St. Paul and the Church of England,' "when many signs and sounds betoken trouble to our English branch of the Christian Church;" and in this Sermon we find him already taking up the ground which he ever afterwards maintained, that the Church of England rests upon the foundation of a Divine Commission, which her Clergy have "derived from Christ Himself" and "trace back, through a succession of ministers, to the Apostles, on whom the Redeemer breathed and said 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost;'" and that they must be prepared to take their stand on this "high commission" if they would maintain their post against "the attacks of adversaries" and "the unwise suggestions of friends," and carry on "the work which must yet be done to give the Church Establishment its full and adequate efficiency." In 1838 he published "The substance of an Argument maintained before the Archdeacon of Leicester against the Clauses of the Benefices Plurality Bill, which confer additional power on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, to the great prejudice of the Right Reverend the Bishops of England and Wales," the Archdeacon having called a meeting of the Clergy of his Archdeaconry to consider those clauses, in consequence of a requisition which had been presented to him by Canon Selwyn and others.

But Canon Selwyn was ever a hopeful man—"I know you are always sanguine, hoping against hope," says M. P. to Canon in those "Conversations on Legislation for the Church," in which at a later date, blending, as was his wont, grave argument with

playful wit, he gave expression to his views on certain Bills affecting the Cathedral Chapters which were then before Parliament, and on the way in which Bills affecting the Church were got up and pressed through Parliament. Preaching an Ordination Sermon the same year (1838) in Ely Cathedral, he speaks of the time as one "which seems to promise, that by the blessing of God, all the ancient institutions, which we have derived from our forefathers, shall be renovated and restored—not reduced and despoiled, to make a general fund which may relieve others from the duty which lies upon them—but *renovated and restored with new spirit and new life*; so that from them, as it is nobly expressed in the charter of this Cathedral Church, all works of piety and religion, mercy and charity, shall flow forth abundantly over all the surrounding neighbourhood."

It was in this spirit that he desired to see the work of Cathedral Reform, which he had always much at heart, undertaken. He took from the first the warmest interest in that noble work of material restoration, which has made Ely Cathedral to be once more one of the glories of the English Church, and was ever ready with liberal help in furtherance of this work. But it was more than any merely material restoration of the Fabrick of his own or any other Cathedral that Canon Selwyn desired to see. He entertained a profound conviction that Cathedral Chapters had a very important function to discharge in the economy of the Church; and he ever desired that, whatever changes might be made, those functions should always be kept in view, and the Chapters restored to something of their pristine efficiency. Taking his stand upon the old foundations, as traced out in Charters and Statutes, he desired to see the Chapter become once more both the Council of the Bishop and the "limbs of the Bishoprick," *membra Episcopatus*, "the instruments by which the Bishop might multiply his

efforts and extend his influence from the centre to the verge of his diocese." The writer of this notice remembers well his expression of a desire, when the New Chapel of the College was consecrated, that those members of the Chapter of Ely who were present should have a place in the Procession and in the Chapel, which should distinguish them as being of the Council of the Bishop. His views on this subject were developed in his 'Principles of Cathedral Reform,' which he published in two parts in 1839 and 1840. When the Cathedral Commission of 1852 was appointed, he was nominated one of the Commissioners; and the Report of this Commission, which appeared in 1854, is believed to have been in the main his work. It was a disappointment to him that no steps were ever taken to give effect to the recommendations of this Report, but that Bills were still brought into Parliament which took no account of them, but only sought to "confiscate" Cathedral property, as "Canon" calls it, or, in "M. P's." more dainty phrase, to "centralize" it.

For many years, down to the close of his life, Canon Selwyn was Proctor in Convocation for the Chapter of Ely. In his "Principles of Cathedral Reform" he had endeavoured to shew "that by the ancient practice of the Constitution the Church has a right to deliberate in her own Councils on Church matters;" and in his "Conversations" he expresses his agreement with Dean Peacock when in his speech as Prolocutor, referring to the Acts of Parliament for dividing Dioceses and suspending Canonries, he says "*Hæ leges, quamvis ex Regiorum Delegatorum relatione profluxerint, tamen legitima Ecclesiæ ipsius auctoritate, qua sanciri debuere, prorsus caruerunt.*" He was prepared, therefore, to promote that revival of the active functions of Convocation which recent years have witnessed; and there have been few debates in Convocation, on subjects of any importance

to the Church, in which he has not taken part, and few subjects debated there to the discussion of which he has not contributed something of freshness and originality.

But while member of a Cathedral Chapter and Rector of a country parish, Canon Selwyn did not altogether break off his connexion with the University. In 1833 he vacated his Fellowship, which was filled by the admission of his brother, afterwards the first Bishop of New Zealand and now Bishop of Lichfield. But he had scarcely left College before a controversy, which then engaged much of the attention of the members of the University, drew from him a pamphlet entitled "Extracts from the College Examinations in Divinity for the last four years, with a letter to the Lecturers and Examiners of the several Colleges." Thrice also during this period of his life he was appointed Select Preacher in the University Church, the Sundays which were assigned to him being those of the month of May in 1842 and of the month of February in 1844 and 1849. Those who heard the Sermons which Canon Selwyn preached on these occasions—the writer's own recollection goes back to those of 1844 and 1849—will remember the impression produced not only by the voice and manner of the Preacher, but by the remarkable character of the Sermons. When in 1850 the Regius Professorship of Divinity fell vacant by the promotion of Dr. Ollivant to the Bishopric of Llandaff, Canon Selwyn was among the unsuccessful candidates for this Professorship.

In the year 1855, the Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity became vacant by the death of Professor Blunt. Of several candidates for the vacant Professorship, three only went to the poll. These were, the Norrisian Professor, well known at that time as Harold Browne, of Emmanuel College, who has since been promoted successively to the Bishoprics of Ely and Winchester, Canon Selwyn, and Mr. Henry John Rose, of St. John's College, afterwards Archdeacon

of Bedford. The singular circumstances of that election are within the memory of those who were resident in Cambridge at the time; how, when the poll closed, it was believed that Professor Browne had a majority of votes, and Canon Selwyn congratulated him in the characteristic words, "It is Harold the Conqueror this time, not William;" how Dr. Whewell came into the Senate-house and tendered his vote for Professor Browne, when it was just too late; how when the voting-papers came to be counted, it was found that Canon Selwyn and Professor Browne had each received 43 votes, the number of the votes for Mr. Rose being 17; and how the Vice-Chancellor, who, as not being a member of the Theological Faculty, had no vote of his own, gave nevertheless as Vice-Chancellor the casting-vote in favour of Professor Selwyn.

It was characteristic of the Professor, that very shortly after his appointment he engaged to make over to the University every year during his tenure of office a sum of £700 out of the income of his Professorship, to be applied, first, in augmentation of the stipend of the Norrisian Professorship so long as it should be held by Professor Browne, and afterwards in the promotion of the study of Theology, by such means as the Senate, with his consent, should determine. On the appointment of Professor Browne to the Bishopric of Ely in 1864, this amount was set apart to form an annually increasing fund for the building of a Divinity School, an object which Professor Selwyn had always much at heart. "We have heard much," he said quaintly, in his speech on the memorial to Professor Sedgwick, "of the variance and conflict between Geology and Theology; and Cambridge is, of all others, the place where one might have expected to hear complaints, for the Museum of Geology rose up and darkened our Theological School; it darkened all our Northern lights, and made the School almost useless for its purpose. But did we complain?

not a word; for we knew that the University would, as soon as possible, provide a new Divinity School."

Professor Selwyn lived to see this fund accumulate until it amounted to nearly £10,000, and a Syndicate appointed to consider the question of a site for the new buildings. There are those who will remember, that on the last occasion on which he dined in the College Hall, he announced with a slight touch of very just chagrin in the tone of his voice, that a Syndicate had been nominated, and that he had not been placed upon it—the capricious deity that presides over the formation of Syndicates having passed over, in the first instance, the man who, of all men, had most right to be consulted. The Members of St. John's will be interested to know, that this Syndicate, upon which Professor Selwyn was afterwards placed, has recently reported in favour of a site, just opposite to the College gates, which includes the College stables and bakehouse, and the houses now occupied by the Fellows' butler and the cook.

The subjects on which Professor Selwyn delivered Lectures in the discharge of the duties of his office were usually either some portion of the Old Testament Scriptures in the original Hebrew or in the Septuagint version, or some Treatise of one of the Fathers of the Church, or the Prophecies relating to the Messiah. Some of these Prophecies he had discussed in his *Horæ Hebraicæ* before he became Professor; and the subject was one on which he always dwelt with peculiar satisfaction. For the use of those who attended his Lectures on this subject he prepared two "Charts of Prophecy," as he called them; and there was scarcely a sermon which he preached in Cambridge in which he did not dwell, at more or less length, on some word of Prophecy, while he endeavoured to shew that it was "ever the way of God's working" to "blend together the nearer promise for the present time and the promise of the coming Saviour." Of his

Lectures on the other subjects some fruit may be seen in his Edition of Origen's Treatise against Celsus, which he did not live to carry beyond the first four books; in his "*Notæ Criticæ in versionem Septuagintaviralem*," his "*Excerpta ex reliquis versionum Aquilæ, Symmachi, Theodotionis*," and his "*Testimonia Patrum in veteres Interpretes*," all of which he published for the use of his classes; and in the Article on the Septuagint Version, which he contributed to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. In the course of his Lectures the Professor was also accustomed to give his hearers opportunities for simple exposition of Holy Scripture. And from time to time, following the example of his immediate predecessor, Professor Blunt, he delivered a course of Lectures "On the Pastoral Office" for the sake of those who were intending to enter into Holy Orders.

Professor Selwyn was a man of too much versatility of mind not to have many objects of interest besides those which concerned the duties of his office as Professor, and of too much activity of mind not to make his sentiments known from time to time on those subjects in which he took an interest. In November, 1856, when the Council of the Senate first came into existence, he was one of those who were elected members of the Council; and he soon became one of the most prominent figures in the life of the University. He possessed an individuality of character which made his views and opinions to be always no mere reflexion of those of others, but eminently his own; a tenacity of purpose, scarcely to be expected in one who seemed so discursive in mind and conversation, which sometimes drove the practical men, whose thoughts were very different from his, almost to despair; and a

the past, shewn even in his resumption of the ancient title of the Lady Margaret's Reader in Theology, in preference to that of Professor, which

led him always to desire, in any changes which might be made, still to stand upon the old paths. On every important question which arose in the University, and especially when any proposition was made which seemed to him to have a tendency to depress the study of Theology or of Classical literature, or to affect the relations in which the University or the Colleges stood to the Church, his voice was sure to be heard. On all public occasions of more than ordinary interest his presence and advocacy were sure to be sought. And whatever might be the topic on which he spoke, there was always the same perfect self-possession, the same unfailing courtesy and good temper, the same ready wit, the same inexhaustible fertility of resource in quotation and illustration, the same entire command of a voice which always lent a peculiar charm to his words, whatever might be the mood in which he spoke.

The "Battle of the Epigrams" was perhaps the first notable episode in Professor Selwyn's more public Academic life. When it was proposed in the Council that "Candidates for the medal to be given for Epigrams shall not be required to deliver two Exercises, one in Greek and one in Latin," the Professor stood alone in opposition. When the matter came before the Senate, he brought to bear, both upon the proposition itself and upon the singular terms in which it was expressed, a battery of ridicule—which, however, was not all ridicule—by which it was effectually put to the rout; opening the attack with a light shower of Epigrams, partly original and partly selected, and following it up with a speech in the Schools which has been aptly described as itself "a conglomerate of Epigrams."* The "learned knight" had given his medals for two Epigrams a year, "*Scilicet oblitus semper rarissima gigni Optima*." "*Par-*

* The Speech and Epigrams were afterwards published together under the title "The Battle of the Epigrams, Nov. 27, 1857."

turiunt montes" was the subject of the "*Epigramma Græcum numismate biennali dignatum* A.D. 1860;" and it ran as follows:—

μή πάλιν ὠδίνης ἅμα δοῖ' ἐπιγράμματα τίκτειν
εἷς γὰρ καὶ μεγάλῳ μῦς ἄλις ἐστὶν ὄρει.

Again, "Sir William Brown, as a physician, knew the value of a good hearty laugh"—the two Epigrams furnished an opportunity for at least two good laughs in the year—"Do you wish the University to lose half, and more than half, this benefit?" asks the Professor. "Do you wish to alter the beautiful lines of Milton?—

'Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides;'

And to read hereafter,

'Laughter, holding *one of his sides*?' "

When, again, the Prince and Princess of Wales were about to visit the University, and the Grace was offered to the Senate, "*Placeat vobis ut quibusdam jus suffragii habentibus Musei Fitzwilliamensis 2^o die Junii proximi copia fiat ut Cantabrigiam tunc temporis confluentes hospitio saltatorio exsipientur*," Professor Selwyn led an opposition, this time unsuccessful, with a Dialogue in Elegiacs between the Vice-Chancellor and an indignant Master of Arts.

"Quid tibi vis?" asks M.A.

"istud placitum mihi Non placet—An vult
Per saltum Princeps noster habere gradum?"

And he followed up the lighter assault with more serious remonstrance. Not that he objected to "a Ball," but to "making use of Lord Fitzwilliam's noble building for that purpose. I heartily approve," he says, "and admire good dancing in appropriate places. Some of the happiest moments of my life have been spent in the dance; I always rejoice to see others enjoying the same happiness."

The "*juvenum rapidissime*" of a later date may perhaps gain something of additional significance if it be read in the light of the following verses from the "Dialogue:"

"M.A. At quales saltus? forsan Minuetta decora
Hispana ducet cum gravitate choros.

P.C. Non ita—nam priscos redolet nimis illa Catones;
Nec *rapidos juvenes* tarda chorea decet."

In matters of graver moment the Professor intervened in graver mood, though rarely without relieving a discussion by some play of fancy or some apt allusion. When it was proposed to make a large increase in the Fee for the Degree of Doctor in Divinity, ever jealous for the interests of a class of men, which had once, in the words of the author of a Pamphlet published in 1838 under the title "*Are Cathedral Institutions useless?*" "*made poverty honourable in the College of which he was a member*," he objected to this increase, "*as being a discouragement to the poorer Students in Divinity from proceeding to this Degree*." "*To establish our present faults, as the principles of our future government, is a bad reform*," was his answer to the argument that in practice no one proceeded to this degree but those who were well able to pay a higher Fee, and it was an answer which was in entire harmony with the principles on which he always desired to act. He at the same time expressed his dissent from a proposition of the Council that the questions and arguments in the Act for a Divinity Degree should be in English. "*The change*," he said, "*would make a great difference in the preparation required for such exercises; would tend to the habitual use of translations instead of originals; and gradually lower the standard of learning, both in the Professors who preside and in the candidates who keep the Acts*." The paper from which these extracts are made is dated May 17th, 1858.

When at a later date he opposed a proposition to dispense with the oral disputations altogether, he gave apt expression in the words, *migravit ab ore voluptas*, to the regret with which he regarded "the general tendency to get rid of *viva voce* examination altogether."

Professor Selwyn had always a fraternal, and more than a fraternal interest in missions. The readers of the poem "Winfrid, afterwards called Boniface," which he dedicated "to George Augustus, first Bishop of New Zealand," can hardly fail to perceive that the Missionary Bishop of the present century is in his mind as he tells the story of the great English Missionary Bishop of the eighth century. But there was no effort to spread the Gospel in heathen lands which he was not ever ready to help; no returning missionary, priest or bishop, to whom he was not ever ready to give a kindly welcome. No wonder then that he was one of those who were stirred by the words with which Dr. Livingstone closed his address in the Senate House in 1857; "I am going once more to Africa, to open the way for commerce, for civilization, for Christianity; and when it is once opened, do you take care that it shall not be closed again. I leave it with you;"—words which led in the end to the institution of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa. Professor Selwyn was one of three, Professor Browne and the late Archdeacon Hardwick being the other two, who were deputed by the Cambridge Committee to be present at a meeting which was held on the subject of this Mission in the Theatre of Oxford University on the 17th of May, 1859; and the speech which he delivered on that occasion was afterwards printed by way of preparing for the great meeting which was held in the Senate House on All Saints' Day of the same year.

The Professor's sympathies were indeed of the widest. Whatever the occasion might be, whether

foreign missions or home missions, whether the relief of spiritual destitution or the supply of material wants, whether the education of the poor, or the building of a new church, or the restoration of an old one, whether a gathering of militia, or the meeting of an agricultural society, whether a private trouble or a public calamity, such as the distress in the Cotton Districts in 1862 or the Cattle Plague of 1866—on all occasions Professor Selwyn was ready with speech or sermon, with active exertion or, if need required, with liberal contribution. And on all occasions alike he had something apt to say. Those who heard his sermon in Great St. Mary's on the day of Humiliation and Prayer on account of the Cattle Plague, will remember the matchless skill with which he touched, and more than touched, upon the most homely topics—topics which scarcely any but he could have ventured to touch at all in such a place—without detriment to the gravity and seriousness which the occasion demanded.

But that which will perhaps have most interest for the readers of the *Eagle* is the relation in which Professor Selwyn stood to his own College. He entered St. John's at a time when it was regarded as "the most paternal College in the University;"* and to the close of his life he continued to cherish that almost filial affection for the College which is still entertained by many of its older members. Following the example of Professor Blunt, he made a point, from the time that he returned to Cambridge as Professor, of being present always in the College Chapel on the days of Commemoration of Benefactors. It was a disappointment to him, if anything prevented him from dining in Hall on the day of Election of Fellows, and making the acquaintance of the Fellows-elect. He never allowed a term to pass, during which he was resident in Cambridge, without seeking the

* "Are Cathedral Institutions useless?" p. 19, Note.

opportunity, once at least, if not oftener, of joining the Fellows in Hall, and afterwards attending the Chapel Service. And he regarded with lively satisfaction every success achieved or distinction attained by a member of St. John's, whether in the Church or in the world, in the schools, or on the river.

But it is by the impulse which he gave to the building of the New Chapel that Professor Selwyn's name has become more especially memorable in the annals of St. John's College.

In the year 1861, he was invited to preach the sermon in the Service for the Commemoration of Benefactors on the 6th of May, the Feast of St. John Port Latin. In this sermon, taking for his text some verses of the Prophet Haggai, in which he foretels that "the glory of the latter house shall be greater than of the former," and expounding the words, in his wonted manner, in their relation both to the times then present and to those of the coming Saviour, he then goes on to "apply the word to the solemnity of the day." It was now "the 7th Jubilee of our ancient College," the Charter of whose Incorporation had been sealed in 1511, "a time not unlike that season at Jerusalem—a time of many adversaries and many hindrances." But reviewing the growth of the Foundation from that time to the present, "when the College has just received her revised code of Statutes," and "we seem to stand at the close of one period of the college life and at the opening of another," he sees some ground for hope that, by still further improvement in the material fabric of the College and by the succession of a yet "nobler band of men," even than that which the College has hitherto seen, "trained within her walls, and going forth from hence to serve God in all the offices of Church and State; in all walks of learning and science; in the study of the Word and of the Works of God"—this ancient house may be made "more

glorious than of old." "And is there not," he asks, "one improvement more to be desired than all? long-talked of, long-delayed, for which perhaps *the time is now come.*" "*Magnum opus et arduum.* But what if the time be come, and God be with us! *Deus adjutor noster.*" Professor Selwyn himself "came here when the College was still bounded by the river." He could "speak from experience," when he recalled a time "when a late Master, James Wood, gave £2000, and every Fellow the fourth part of his Fellowship, for the building of another court beyond the Cam. What," he asks, "if that same spirit should still live and breathe within these walls, and fill all hearts with zeal like David's, to find a fitting place for the temple of the Lord?" "How glorious beyond all former time would" then "be the fabric of our ancient House!"

A new Chapel had indeed long been desired by the members of the College. But it was this Sermon which gave the final impulse. When after the usual entertainment of the day the Master in Combination-room conveyed the thanks of the Society to Professor Selwyn for his Sermon and expressed a wish that it might be published, the Professor in return, after giving in his happiest vein many reasons why sermons should not be published, concluded with the expression of a hope that, though this sermon might not be put into print, it might nevertheless prove to be "a sermon in stones." "You want it to be lithographed, in fact," was instantly remarked by a Head of a College, who was among the guests. And "lithographed" it was determined that it should be.

The writer of this notice can now only look back with regret on the part which he took in the building of a new Chapel for the College. But those were days in which, though clouds were already gathering, men might still hope that a new Chapel would always be, what the old Chapel had never ceased to be, a meet expression, though in

nobler and more stately form, of the faith of the Society to which it should belong. And so, not without serious misgivings on the part of some, misgivings which, sooner even than those who felt them could have anticipated, were proved to have been only too well-founded, and not without some natural regret on the part of all for the loss of the homelier building which had been hallowed by centuries of ennobling traditions of the dead and by many a sacred and solemn memory of the living, but with sanguine enthusiasm on the part of most of the members of the College, the new Chapel was begun. Professor Selwyn was a munificent contributor to the building of it; and when it was finished, he presented one of the painted windows. He preached a Commemoration-Sermon again on the 6th of May, 1864, when a memorial-stone was laid; and when the Chapel was consecrated, on the 12th of May, 1869, he read the lesson in the Service of Consecration. And then, but not till then, did he print his sermon of 1861, with the motto "*Nonum prematur in annum*" and the title "The New Chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge: a word spoken at the Annual Commemoration of Benefactors, May 6, 1861, by William Selwyn, Lady Margaret's Reader in Theology, and now lithographed by the College."

In the Michaelmas Term of the year 1866 Professor Selwyn took part in the Ceremony of opening the new buildings of the Union Society, speaking "as one of the oldest Patriarchs" of the Society, who could look back to a time when its members met in "a dingy room in Petty Cury—the *Comitia Curiata* they called it," and drawing, in his most genial spirit, upon the ample resources of his wide reading, his retentive memory, and his ready wit, to delight and amuse his audience. Many will remember the effect of the *παρὰ προσδοκίαν* when, after expressing a hope that the members of the Society might "go and

pour forth streams of eloquence like Nestor, but not so long; rather like Menelaus, for he was never long, nor ever missed the mark," he went on to say "But of all the Homeric orators the best model for your imitation is—Professor Sedgwick—I beg pardon, I mean Ulysses, whose words fell "like flakes of wintry snow;" and the air with which he grasped his umbrella and held it out before him, as he added: "But I would not have you to copy his ungainly action, for we are told that he

Nor back nor forward did his sceptre move,
But held it straight before him like a clown."

It was only a few days after this that the accident occurred which, though he recovered from it for the time, probably caused in the end a premature decline of his bodily powers and cut short his life. The circumstances of this accident were never clearly ascertained. All that was known was that it was due in some way to the reckless riding of some thoughtless young man, who took the wrong side of the road as he met the Professor. The result was that the Professor was thrown from his horse, and, pitching upon his head, received an injury which it was at first feared would prove to have been fatal. Though thus compelled to seclude himself for a while from active work, he soon resumed his wonted activity of mind and his interest in all that passed around him. He spent some of his enforced leisure in turning Enoch Arden into Latin Verse. He carefully watched, as he lay, the remarkable shower of November meteors by which that year was distinguished, and sent the results of his observations to Sir John Herschel. And in touching verses addressed *Domino Procancellario et Academiæ Cantabrigiensi* he gave expression, only a few days after the accident, at once to his grateful acknowledgments—*languidus e lecto, sed non languentia vota*—of the kindly interest which had been taken in his recovery; his awful sense of

what it was *plena inter vitæ commercia, plena laborum tempora, ad æternas procubuisse fores*; and his devout recognition, even at the very moment of his fall, *lapsu quamvis confusus iniquo*, of the Fatherly Love which rules the planets in their courses and without which not a sparrow falls to the ground. Nor did he forget those who had raised him from the ground when he fell; or those who by their healing art or their prayers had ministered to his bodily or his spiritual welfare; or even the person who had been the cause of his accident. For him, whom he addresses as "*juvenum rapidissime*," he has both a word of kindly greeting—*tu meli, sub Domino, causa quietis, ave!* and a characteristic caution:

"Sed precor, hoc posthac reminiscere; *Carpe Sinistram*;
Dextram occurrenti linquere norma jubet."

When Professor Selwyn, upon his recovery, began again to take part in the business of the University, changes were already impending, of more than merely Academic interest, which caused him much concern. Measures were in agitation in Parliament, and steps were taken in the University, which were intended, or which tended, to break the ties which had hitherto bound the University and the Colleges to the Church. To these he offered, in conjunction with others, a strenuous but, in the end, unavailing resistance. The proposed Disestablishment of the Irish Church moved him still more deeply. Previous to the General Election of 1868, which turned upon the question of Disestablishment, he wrote letters on the subject to the Electors of the County and Borough of Cambridge, "his heart burning," as he said, "with the sense of the Injustice to Ireland now attempted in the name of justice and liberality." When the Bill was before Parliament, he promoted Petitions against it both in the University and elsewhere. And

when the measure had already passed through Parliament, with a characteristic determination to do whatever he believed it to be his duty to do, he sought the intervention of the Courts of Law to arrest in the final stage the further progress of a measure which seemed to him to be in contravention of the Coronation Oath.

When Convocation determined to take in hand a revision of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures, Professor Selwyn was placed upon the Committee for the revision of the Old Testament. The question of revision was one which had early engaged his attention. He had touched upon it in a note which he contributed to the Memoirs of Professor Scholefield, published by his widow in 1855; and the remarks which he then made he re-published in 1856, along with some additional remarks, under the title "Notes on the Proposed Amendment of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures." In the same year, 1856, he had also brought the subject under the notice of Convocation. When, therefore, the work of revision was at length to be undertaken, it was to be expected that he would enter upon it with warm interest. And accordingly from the commencement of the work to the day of his death, the subject occupied much of his time and attention. Only a few days before he was arrested by the hand of death, he had been present at the April meetings of the Old Testament Committee, and he was looking forward to the meetings of the month following, as likely to furnish an opportunity of introducing a change in the translation of one particular passage, which he had much at heart.

When a meeting was held in the Senate House, in the Spring of 1873, to consider what steps should be taken for raising a Memorial to the late Professor Sedgwick, the second resolution was seconded by Professor Selwyn in a most characteristic speech, in

which he put forth all his varied powers of illustration and drew largely upon his ample and multifarious stores of knowledge, to do honour, in his own discursive way, to one to whom he had long been accustomed to look up with reverence. This was the last public occasion of any importance in the University in which Professor Selwyn took part. When, in the Michaelmas Term of the same year, a Vice-Chancellor on resigning his office addressed the Senate for the first time in English, the Professor, still true to the literary training of his earlier years, expressed his regret for the change in the following stanzas, which he circulated among the members of the Senate:

"Eheu! Latini decedit eloqui
Flos, et priorum gloria temporum,
(Proh! curia, inversique mores),
Cum foliis abeuntis anni.

Eamus ergo, trans fluvium licet
Girtonienses visere Gratias,
Quæramus amissos lepores
Pieridum in gremio novarum."

The effects of the accident of 1866 were now beginning to tell upon the Professor in a paralytic affection which was slowly creeping over him. In the winter of 1873-4 he spent some weeks at Brighton, endeavouring, as he said, "by sea-air and rubbing to coax sensation into his hands again." As the spring returned, he returned to Cambridge and resumed his work here, still vigorous in mind and will, and resolute to do what lay before him. But as the year went on, it became more and more evident that his malady was gaining ground. Again he sought to recruit his strength by spending the winter at Brighton; and again he returned to Cambridge, apparently somewhat re-invigorated, and proposed to commence his Lectures for the term. But when the

day came on which his first Lecture "On the Pastoral Office" was to have been delivered, the 20th of April, he was obliged to defer it. He lingered on for some days after this, occupying himself almost to the last, so far as his strength permitted, with the work which he had in hand, his physician and friends still entertaining, until within a few hours of his death, some hope that he might yet rally, but himself prepared with his wonted tranquil piety and cheerful resignation to abide the issue be it what it might. With but little change, might have been said of him, in those days of approaching dissolution, what he said himself of Professor Henslow, when in his sermon on the 6th of May, 1861, he described him as "now lying on his sick bed, peacefully resigning his soul to God; in the intervals of prayer and thankful praise, still speaking of what flowers are opening in the field, what birds beginning their song." But a rapid change took place at the last. As it drew towards sunset on Friday, the twenty-third of April, he was occupying himself with correcting some proof-sheets. Before another sun had risen, he had passed away. On Thursday, the twenty-ninth of April, after service in the Cathedral, his body was laid in the cemetery at Ely by the side of his brother-in-law, the late Dean Peacock. The crowning work of restoration, the decoration of the lantern of the octagon, was only just finished and the scaffolding removed in time to allow of the last entrance of his body within the Choir, which he had lived to see restored from its low estate to well-nigh all its pristine glory, and within which it had ever been one of his chief delights to worship.

It is perhaps too much to expect that a man of such singular versatility of mind and such varied accomplishments should leave behind him any single work which should be an adequate expression of his intellectual power. But even the foregoing imperfect

sketch may serve to shew that Professor Selwyn produced in his lifetime not a little which has had its influence on the world already, and may yet bear larger fruit in the future. Nor does this sketch exhibit more than a sample of his literary activity. Of his other productions it may suffice to mention his poem called "Waterloo," as being an illustration of another aspect of his many-sided literary character.

Of what he was in private life, of his gentleness, his kindness, his geniality of spirit, of his tender consideration for the poor and the suffering, and his generous liberality to those who needed help, of his unswerving love of all that is noble and manly and just and true, there are many who can speak from experience. Of the profoundly religious spirit by which his whole life was animated, and which gave a unity of aim to all his varied powers and all his scattered efforts, perhaps no truer expression can be found than in that sentiment into which, in the very spirit of the ancient statutes of his College, he condensed, but a few months before his death, his reasons for desiring that the new Divinity School which was to be built with his munificent benefaction should be planted in the very centre of the life of the University:

Vera religio est cor reipublicæ.

J. S. WOOD.



ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΥ.

Ἡρέμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἡρέμ , κισσέ,
 ἐρπύζοις χλοερούς ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους,
 καὶ πέταλον πάντῃ θάλλοι ῥόδου, ἥ τε φιλόρρωξ
 ἄμπελος, ὕγρὰ πέριξ κλήματα χενομένη,
 εἵνεκεν εὐεπίης πινυτόφρονος, ἣν ὁ μελιχρὸς
 ἤσκησεν Μουσῶν ἄμμιγα καὶ χαρίτων.

IDEM ANGLICE.

Softly, O softly let the ivy wave
 Her pale green tresses o'er the poet's grave;
 Roses bloom round, and let the clustering vine
 Her purple grapes and dewy branches twine;
 Heaven on his honeyed songs and wisdom smiled
 The Graces' darling and the Muses' child.

H. W. S.



ARTHUR HOLMES.

THERE are few occasions on which one takes the pen in hand with sadder feelings than when one is writing of a dear and honoured friend whom death has taken away. How sad and solemn the feelings are with which I now write a brief account of my friend, Arthur Holmes, sure he felt by all my readers. Of his attainments as a scholar I shall say little, knowing that there are others far better fitted than I am to enter into this subject; what I write is written as a personal tribute to a friendship which existed for nearly twenty years, without the least shadow of a cloud passing over it. I take it for granted that all my readers feel a kindly interest in him of whom I write, and that I need make no apology for describing him at the time when I first made his acquaintance in 1856. Many of my readers will have enough of the freshness of youth left in them to understand the feelings with which on entering College I looked around me for a hero to worship. I looked with awe on the great athletes of the College; I would have given away many academic honours, had they been mine to give, to row in the same boat or to play in the same eleven with some of these worthies—but while I regarded them with awe I could not learn to regard them as heroes. It was not till I saw Arthur Holmes that I saw anything at all approaching my ideal. I saw him for the first time

when he was reading the lessons in Chapel. For some ten or twelve years I have had the privilege of observing the faces, the manners, and the general bearing of our College readers on such occasions, and I can say without hesitation that, in intellectual expression and charm of voice and manner, Arthur Holmes, at the age of twenty, was second to none.

In frame he was neither robust nor tall, but his very deficiencies in these points, and the slight lameness from which he suffered, seemed to cast a subdued and calm gracefulness over him.

A single glance convinced you that he was in every sense of the word a gentleman. Every *true man*, in or out of the Universities, is a gentleman *at heart*, but it falls not to the lot of all to be able to show a clear right to the title by every expression of the face, every tone of the voice, every movement of the body. His friends, and they are many, know that in Arthur Holmes these outward charms of manner were the natural reflection of a loving and loveable disposition.

Calm and dignified in manner he was far from being a phlegmatic man; few men are possessed of wider sympathies than his. It is needless to state that Classical Literature was his first and his chief love; his natural enthusiasm, which he seemed often to curb, became irrepressible when he spoke of the pleasure which he derived from the best Greek and Latin Authors. In later years he has told me that the New Testament in Greek became his favourite study. Poetry, music, and every art or science that partakes largely of the beautiful, exercised a natural attraction over his mind. But he was no pedant, no recluse. In social life he was the most bright and genial of companions; he took a lively interest in all sports and amusements; and though not a powerful oarsman he rowed in the 2nd boat of the Lady Margaret, of which he was Captain, in excellent form. Everything that he did was done

with ease and grace, and seemed to cost him no effort. He was indeed a representative man; one to whom our College could point as a perfect scholar and gentleman. A list of the Classical and other honours which he obtained while in "*statu pupillari*," and afterwards, will be added elsewhere; it is sufficient to state here, that during the early part of his course he was so uniformly suc

best men of his own year and those senior to him, that he was regarded as having no rival in the Classical arena. A powerful antagonist from Trinity had, however, been gaining steadily on him, and in their final contest gained the first place in the Classical Tripos.

It had been hoped that two Scholars of so eminent ability, the one so polished, the other so powerful, might have divided between them the honour of the first place. The interest of the contest was, however, much diminished by the fact that our champion was at the time of the examination suffering from a painful illness; indeed nothing but his calm, even temper enabled him to bear the fatigue of the examination. Elected to a Fellowship, he at once entered into the work of classical tuition with the thirst for work which he has ever since shown, and which now seems to have been one of the

health of his mind and body. At the same time, as President of the L. M. B. C., he continued to show the same genial sympathy with those manly exercises which he, with many other scholars of high repute, believed to have a very wholesome influence on the minds and morals as well as the muscles of our students. He took Holy Orders, and was for a year Curate of All Saints', Cambridge. His sermons in that Church, and those afterwards preached by him before the University and in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, were, I believe, eloquent and able, full of "sweetness and light." Having vacated his Fellow-

ship at St. John's by marriage, of Clare College in 1864. When it is stated that in addition to the posts of Classical Lecturer in St. John's, Emmanuel, and Clare College, he was one of the Editors of the "Catena Classicorum," that he was at various times Lady Margaret Preacher, Whitehall Preacher, a Member of the Council of the Senate, a Member of many Syndicates, an Examiner for the Classical Tripos, Dean of his own College, &c., &c., and that many of his Vacations were given up to severe Examination work—who can wonder at the sad end? Why need we try to disguise the facts so well known to us all? To his severe mental work there was recently added anxiety on behalf of a daughter whose weak state of health caused him deep distress. His sensitive brain had been overworked; his equally sensitive heart was now also tried; his own fears were fulfilled, he *broke down*—and on the morning of Saturday, April 17th, 1875, Arthur Holmes died by his own hand.

I feel that I shall be best consulting the feelings of my readers, as well as my own, if I pass over the details of an occurrence which has cast over us a gloom which will long haunt us. This only will I add, that the true account of his end, as was amply proved at the inquest, is that he died of *disease*. All who knew him will agree that nothing but a diseased brain could have caused that act which has deprived the University of one of her best sons, and has left in loving hearts a lasting sorrow, too deep, too sacred to be unveiled.

The writing of these lines has caused me many a pang as I recalled pleasant hours now for ever fled, but it would have been ungrateful in me to have shrunk from this last tribute to the memory of a dear friend; it would have been ungrateful in the Editors of this Magazine to have left unrecorded the death of one of the first Editors of *The Eagle*, who to the last

took a keen interest in its prosperity. As proof of what he might have done as a poet of no mean order, we may point to *Πόρνα* p. 203, and to *Sulpicia*, in vol. I., p. 150, originally written in the University Scholarship Examination in his first year, and reprinted on a subsequent page of the present number.

But it is vain to dwell on what might have been. He is gone; he has died in harness; to the last, as long as he was himself, he has shown himself the same courteous Christian gentleman, the same polished scholar.

I can only add in the words of the Poet, whom he loved and knew so well,

"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilius quam mihi."

E. W. BOWLING.

[Arthur Holmes was born in 1837; Shrewsbury School, 1855; won the Bell Scholarship in 1856; the Craven Scholarship, 1856; the Porson Prize in 1856, 1857, and 1858; the Browne Medal for Greek Ode in 1857 and 1858; and the Chancellor's Medal for English Poem on *Delhi* in 1858. B.A. in 1859 (Second in the First Class of the Classical Tripos); M.A., 1861, by the Bishop of Ely; Curate of All Saints', Cambridge, 1860–61; Deputy Public Orator of Cambridge, 1867; Lady Margaret Preacher, 1868; Select Preacher, 1868–69; Preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, 1869–71. Fellow of St. John's College, 1860–62; Classical Lecturer at St. John's College, 1860–75; Fellow and Lecturer of Clare College, 1864–75. He published *The Midias of Demosthenes, with English Notes*, 1862, Second Edition, 1867; *A Sermon Preached in the Chapel of Clare College* (1 Cor. xvi. 13, "Quit you like men"), 1866; *The Nemeian Odes of Pindar* (a Prelection before the Council of the Senate), 1867; *Demosthenes de Corona*, 1871; *A Sermon Preached in the Chapel of Clare College* (Eccl. xi. 9, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth"), 1873. Died April 17th, 1875.]



SULPICIA.

Tibullus, Eleg. IV. ii.

SULPICIA est tibi culta tuis, Mars magne, kalendis;
Spectatum e caelo, si sapis, ipse veni.
Hoc Venus ignosce: at tu, violente, caveto
Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.
Illius ex oculis, cum vult exurere divos,
Accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor:
Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor;
Seu solvit crines, fuis decet esse capillis;
Seu compsit, comptis est veneranda comis:
Urit, seu Tyria voluit procedere palla;
Urit, seu nivea candida veste venit:
Talis in aeterno 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 odoratae dives Arabs segetis,
Et quascunque niger rubro de litore conchas
Proximus Eois colligit Indus equis.
Hanc vos, Pierides, festis cantate kalendis,
Et testudinea, Phoebe superbe, lyra.
Hoc solenne 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,
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.

A. H.



A LITTLE ABOUT NEW ZEALAND.

AMONG the many colonies which in the course of the last half-century England has established in the Southern hemisphere, there is none which has a fairer prospect before it than that little pair of islands, which appears but as an insignificant Australian Continent. Many of those early "Pilgrims" who embarked on the first few ships that sailed for the new land still commemorate, though with slowly lessening numbers, their safe arrival upon its shores; and yet within this short time busy cities have arisen, large tracts of land have been brought beneath the plough, schools and colleges have sprung up, harbours have been built, railroads have been laid down throughout the country, and the new generation grown up to find themselves in a position of happiness and comfort little inferior to that of their English friends. Nor has the struggle for life since those early days been by any means an easy one. While the colony was still young, unprovided with anything beyond the barest necessities, and while every one was striving hard to earn a living in spite of discomfort and distress, the outbreaks of the native tribes, repeated from time to time during many years, threw the whole place into a state of confusion, which seemed to threaten its very life. But there was a spirit of pluck and energy among these early colonists, which enabled them to make head against every difficulty; and in

spite of Maori wars and Maori troubles, the advance to civilization has been as certain as it has been rapid.

The temptation to quote the famous words of Macaulay with reference to that distant day, when the New Zealander shall stand upon London Bridge and gaze upon the ruins of St. Paul's, has probably proved as irresistible to every one whose subject is the Colony in question, as Mark Twain assures us, a similar temptation has proved to all describers of gladiatorial combats to end up with the line "Butchered to make a Roman holiday." The prophecy is not likely to come literally true so long as England holds a place among the peoples of the earth; but it at least requires no very visionary nature to foresee a time when New Zealand shall be an important element of the British Empire, supplying the home country with fresh material when its own resources are at length beginning to fail. And indeed there is scarcely any country which contains within itself a more abundant supply of hidden wealth. A rich soil, capable of growing the most varied crops—a form of land, which though not richly grassed, is admirably adapted for sheep-grazing; a liberal of metals, which only wait to be worked—these are treasures which do not often fall to the lot of one country. But the development of these resources is still in its infancy; for so far, or at least until a few years back, the soil itself has been the chief object of ambition; sheep-farming and agriculture almost the only pursuits in which men have engaged, except, of course, the common trades. Countless are the stories which the older colonists delight to tell of those early sheep-farming days, when they had to "rough it" with the commonest of their men, and share with them such meagre comforts as they could get. Many a gentleman who now holds a well-earned position of respect in the Colony—a graduate perhaps of one of

our English Universities, whose poverty or enterprize induced him to go out in the first days,—has spent years of his life in no better employment than “punching” a bullock-dray about from place to place in a flannel shirt and a pair of corduroys, camping out at night under the cover of his waggon, and boiling his cup of tea in the well-known “Billy” of colonial life. For the sake of their consciences, it is to be hoped that these gentleman-drivers understood the art of punching bullocks better than their representatives of more modern days, who solemnly assert that a bullock will not move without the judicious application of various well-timed oaths. Whether this trait in animal life is true or not, is hard to say; but this much is certain, that a man who is particular about his language is always eminently unsuccessful in the art of making bullocks go. When these drays were the principal means of transit from place to place, the drivers’ terms for locomotion were generally so much per head without right of interference on the part of the passengers, but double the amount if any of the party objected to strong language. A clergyman consequently had to pay an enormous amount for a trip across the country, and was looked upon by the profession as a prize; but even he had generally to relax his principles when the road was inclined to be steep, and give the driver permission to swear him up the hill.

But all these things are changed now. The six-horse coach rattles its passengers over the country like the old English staggers of fifty years ago, and families can travel about with something approaching to ease and comfort. The well-to-do sheep-farmer (“squatter” is the elegant term applied to the race) is now more like the English country gentleman in his position. Many run-holders do not even live upon their stations at all, but are content to employ a manager for the dirty work, reserving merely to

themselves the right of pocketing the returns. These squatters form in themselves a distinctive body of the population, feared and envied by the smaller farmers, who rejoice in the name of “Cockatoos.” Wherever the land is suited for the purpose, the whole country is divided off into wide compartments, each stretching over many square miles, and these are let by Government for runs, payment being made in the form of a tax upon every sheep which the land is made to maintain. Provision is made against the danger of perpetual ownership by putting up the runs again to auction after a certain term of years; but even then the number of stations is necessarily limited, and the chances of buying a run in good times consequently small. So long as everything stands well in Europe, the squatter is a lucky man and can enjoy an honest income; but suddenly the news arrives that wool has gone down a penny or twopence a pound, and ruin is too often the result. Scores of men, well-to-do before, were reduced to almost utter poverty a few years ago, when the prospect of a Continental war frightened the English buyers from their trade. At present the prices are good, and the country is consequently rich.

But what did more for the rapid growth of New Zealand than any other cause was the unexpected discovery some fifteen years ago of fields of ‘payable’ gold. It was about the year 1860 that the cry of gold was first raised in the southern provinces, and the first New Zealand rush took place to what are now the rich mines of Otago. Hundreds of men of every stamp packed up their goods and chattels, and hurried off in quest of the precious metal. Crowds poured in from the neighbouring colonies of Australia, eager to try their luck. The gold-fields turned out richer than was at first expected. Fortunes were made in a single day. It was a repetition already taken place in California and Australia;

and the whole country was a scene of riot and disorder. But by slow degrees the fury and madness which seems always to attend the discovery of gold began to die away, and the crowds gradually settled down more quietly on the diggings to work that gold which everyone knew to be there. More recently, another vast field has been discovered in the Northern Island, the famous Thames Digging, where large fortunes have probably been made in a shorter time than at any other place. The first discoverer was a man named Hunt, whose business it was to follow the plough. Being a discontented sort of fellow, he started 'prospecting,' struck gold, entered his claim to the right of working the ground, and in a few days retired with a fortune to be reckoned in tens of thousands. The excitement which followed this stroke of luck was intense. Within a few days a district hitherto deserted was crowded with a dense population of every class, from the gentleman, eager to invest his money before it was too late, to the desperate villain, who hoped to do a little business for himself amid the lawlessness and recklessness of the times. Everyone who had money to spare hurried up to invest it in what seemed the better companies; and many of them, it is needless to say, never had the pleasure of seeing that money again. But handsome fortunes were rife everywhere. Poor, miserable clerks, who had scarcely known the meaning of the word money, suddenly found themselves the owners of thousands of pounds, and bought up all the available liquor that was to be had, on the strength of the discovery. Not the least noticeable proof of the sudden change of affairs was the daily recurrence in the Courts of Law of suits for Breach of Promise. Never did so many young men suddenly persuade themselves of the inferiority of the poor girls, whom a few days before they had promised to love until death; and never were so many earnest

appeals made to the feelings of the sympathetic juries. The miserable collection of rude hovels at the Thames has now grown up into a tidy little town. An engraving of it appeared in a number of the *Illustrated London News* a little time ago; and in the number for May 8th there is another illustration, which shews pretty clearly the nature of the machinery employed for the crushing of the quartz. But gold is not the only precious metal which has been discovered. Abundant proofs have been given of the existence of copper, though as yet no 'payable' mine has been discovered. An attempt was made some years ago to work up the steel, which lies embedded in the sands of the Taranaki coast, and in all probability this will some day be done; but so far no great trouble has been expended on the attempt. Coal has been discovered in almost every part, and in many cases worked with profitable results. All that is needed for the development of these treasures is enterprize and capital; the result is rarely unsatisfactory. One investment, however, has proved an eminent failure, and that is the New Zealand flax, which for some reason has never repaid the capital expended upon it. Almost every other branch of enterprize yet tried has proved successful. Woollen manufactories supply the towns with cloth, and even export it; meat-preserving companies send away to England and abroad that potted meat which is so largely advertised on the Metropolitan Railways and elsewhere by the well-known picture of the bullock embarking on a vessel little larger than himself; and boiling-down establishments, however obnoxious the odour to which they give rise may be to the people who are unfortunate enough to live within a radius of five-and-twenty miles, amply repay their owners, by converting into candles the superfluous fat of the meat of the Preserving Companies. These are the principal enterprizes which

the nature of the country encourages; but fresh schemes are being started every day, as the capital at hand gradually becomes larger and larger.

Little need be said about the government of New Zealand, which corresponds exactly to the English form. Take the Governor for the Queen, the House of Assembly for the Commons, and the Honourable Members of the Legislative Council for the Lords, and you have the whole constitution complete. A ministry professes to consult for the welfare of the people, and an opposition professes to look after the doings of the ministry; and at intervals, varying from six months to a year, the existing opposition persuades the country that the existing ministry is a collection of humbugs, and the existing ministry has consequently to retire until the lapse of the usual time has convinced the people of the folly of their choice, whereupon the other side immediately returns to power. However, just at present one side has decidedly the upper hand. An extremely Liberal Government is in power, under the leadership of Mr. Vogel (now honoured with the dignity of knighthood), who has so far established himself on the throne that his enemies are almost despondent. His administration is certainly a bold one, and far-seeing prophets unite with the opposition in predicting unutterable ruin to the Colony if he remains in power. His system is to borrow—borrow, until England wont lend him any more. With this borrowed money vast works are being carried out. Railways are being laid down with wonderful rapidity from place to place; well-made roads are being cut in all directions, and in every possible way the country is being opened up, and an impetus thus given to enterprise. Whether the future will repay this enormous expense is the much-debated question; at present, the result is that this small Colony is burdened with a debt of no less than ten million pounds. However, if the present prosperity can only last,

Mr. Vogel will have done a lasting good to the country by working it up to such a condition that its wealth can most easily be got at. The immediate effect, as might be expected, is to introduce a wonderful energy and life. While emigrants go out slowly to our other Australian Colonies, the *Times* each month records in its columns the departure of some three or four thousand souls for New Zealand, and yet a couple of days after their arrival they are gone. The day after the ship has come in they may be seen swarming the port and standing about at the street corners, surrounded by an eager and excited mob of small boys and others, who delight in taking off the manners of the unhappy "New Chums." But next morning they are gone—swallowed up, no one knows where; most of them engaged long before the arrival of their ship. So long as thirty or forty thousand emigrants, of the better classes, flock to the Colony every year, there must be a healthiness at the heart of the country which no extravagances of the government can affect.

This leads us by a somewhat abrupt step to the natives. The Maories are a splendid race of savages, brave in battle, noble towards their enemies, but vindictive if they think themselves wrongfully treated. While the history of the long series of Maori wars reveals here and there a savage and bloodthirsty spirit that deeply stains their character, valour and generosity are no less noticeable traits. But, as in so many other similar cases, the advance of civilization is likely to prove their downfall. It is not so many years since the last remnant of the Tasmanian race passed away, and it seems likely that the race of Maories must soon follow them to the grave. But in the meantime a fine race of half-castes is growing up—splendid, sturdy fellows, willing and able to work hard, and capable of the utmost endurance. Many of these men do the shearing at the proper season, and clip their

two hundred or two hundred and fifty sheep a day and think nothing of it. The natives, on the other hand, can scarcely be persuaded to do honest work; it is contrary to their nature, and the attempt to force them is never successful. Public opinion has lately so far set in their favour, that now they have their own representatives in the House; and very sensible politicians they make. When the annual Want of Confidence Motion was brought on a few years ago, one fine old native knew that his vote must decide the fate of the ministry. The opposition used their utmost endeavours to secure his favour, but he was above all enticements; and conscious of his own importance, he remained coolly seated until all had passed the Division Barrier, and then strode slowly to the side of the party which he had always proposed to hold by. His dignified mien on that occasion has always been associated with the name of Wi Parata.

The beauty of parts of the New Zealand scenery has already spread its fame abroad; and tourists from Australia and America are beginning to pay their annual visit in the summer months as to a second Switzerland. Every year the number of those who visit the pretty lakes of Otago is becoming larger, and the little village of Queenstown which stands upon the principal lake is fast swelling into a large town under the crush of visitors from every part. Sir George Bowen, the late Governor, recently stated that in his opinion no Swiss Lakes were more beautiful than these, and certainly they are very grand. The largest of them is about 70 miles long, and the surface of the water is generally as smooth as glass. But those placid waters are deceptive at times; and the confiding tourist who takes the excursion steamer to the head of the Lake, personal comfort to be an experienced sailor, or the pleasures of the trip are apt to be lost upon him. The opposition place for tourists is the district of

Hotwater Springs. The temperature of these springs varies in different parts; but in many ponds, the unhappy individual who chanced to tumble in would find himself in a very short time as boiled as an ordinary lobster. In others, one can take a swim without discomfort, and many people who were once plagued with rheumatism, profess to owe their recovery to the beneficial effect of these tepid baths of nature.

The naturalist writing on the subject of the wild beasts or reptiles of New Zealand would have to sum up his chapter like the writer on Iceland, in the brief words "there are no wild beasts or reptiles in New Zealand." Put aside a breed of rats which is said to have come over with Captain Cook (who holds out there a position of respect analogous to that of William the Conqueror in England), and a race of pigs which can also trace back their descent to the porcine families that accompanied the illustrious voyager; and domestic animals are the only four-footed beasts one meets. Of birds there are plenty, and in spite of all that is stated in books to the contrary, they can sing when they choose. That pretty little bird the Moa (whose modest height rarely exceeded ten or eleven feet) is supposed to be extinct now; at all events the natives know no more about him than the Europeans do. Wild stories are always being spread abroad about captures of live Moas; but somehow or other the prisoners always manage to bite through their chains or run away with their cages just when the owner has made certain of success. The Moa will always be connected in science with the wonderful skill of Professor Owen, who from a single bone sent to England years ago put together a skeleton of its proprietor which subsequent discoveries have proved to be exact in every detail. Fresh traces of the recent existence of the Moa are being discovered everyday.

The bones are nearly always found lying in heaps together—from which it appears that they had regularly organised cemeteries, to which any member of the community, who felt weary of existence, could retire apart and die. The consistency of the Moa in this respect is highly convenient to the Naturalist, and forms a distinctive trait in the character of this interesting bird. If ever a live Moa were to be discovered, the lucky owner would soon find himself a millionaire; but even supposing that the creature does exist, it is a question whether the man who happened to discover him would trouble himself about waiting long enough on the spot to effect the capture. If an Australian emu can swallow a bunch of keys and hold out his head for another (as is solemnly stated to be a fact), there is no reason why a moa should not easily take off a man and enjoy the meal as heartily. However, it is not likely that the experiment will ever be tried. PERL.

THE SILVER BELL.

THE following couplet is inscribed on the Bell in the southwestern turret of the Gateway in the First Court. From a view of the College in Loggan's *Cantabrigia Illustrata*, published in 1688, it appears that this turret was then surmounted by the cupola now on the ridge of the roof of the College Hall. The Bell, which probably obtained its name from the richness of its tone, is always rung from the half-hour to the quarter before the Evening Service on Saturdays and Sundays, and on Saints' Days and their Eves:

QUOD FACIO PULSATA VOLENS TU PERFICE CLARO
SCILICET UT POSSIT TEMPUS ABIRE SONO. W. L. 1624.



MY JOURNAL ON THE TRANSIT OF VENUS EXPEDITION TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE morning of June 3, 1874, broke out with almost tropical heat, and on that day we started on board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer "Illimani," exactly at 1 p.m., down the river from Liverpool on our course to Valparaiso. Away we went, passed the north coast of Wales, with the Great and Little Orme's Head standing prominently out, along the crags of Anglesea into Cardigan bay. Night came on, and when we got up the next morning we were just passing Land's End; we stood on the deck watching for a last glimpse of the old land, and when it had gone, no doubt some thought how much of the world there was for them to see ere they returned, and that now in reality they were travellers. During the day we steamed across the Channel, and at 9 p.m. sighted Ushant; coasted down the Bay of Biscay (going slowly we had recourse to that immortal game of Bull, that everyone is familiar with that has ever been to sea); and at 8 a.m. of June 6th we were anchored in the Garonne, about a mile from Port Pauillac, and opposite the renowned vineyard of Chateau La Fitte. There we were in shallow, muddy-looking water, with the banks of the river on both sides; the land looked low, but yet very pretty; it had in its new verdure a fascinating appearance.

After taking on board many passengers, including an Italian circus troupe, with their thirty horses and an amusing monkey, we left in the evening for Santander, where we arrived the next night.

Santander certainly looked very beautiful; to our left as we entered we could see a fine long surf rolling in over the sandy beach, and to our right was an island, a rock beautifully grottoed by the waves, with a lighthouse upon it; and just behind it another rock formed into a natural arch; and then the mainland, all very rugged. On the top of the cliffs stood the forts and defences of the harbour, with the town in the distance, backed by mountain rising over mountain until they were lost to view, mingled with the beautiful sky of a lovely Spanish day. After discharging the cargo we had on board for the place, we went off to Corunna, and, unfortunately there was a heavy fog in the bay, on account of which we had to keep the fog-whistle going all night. It was anything but conducive to sleep to hear it sounding its groaning monotonous note of a bass F sharp. After this foggy night we arrived at Corunna. We could see from the ship the highland in the distance where the memorable battle of Corunna was fought, at which Sir John Moore was killed; then we went on shore to see his tomb. Surrounded by a wall is about half-an-acre of ground, very prettily arranged with the cross walks, and its flower-beds teeming with every kind of Spanish flower, and kept in good order and preservation. In the centre of this ground is an iron railing in the shape of a square, which surrounds the remains of our hero

In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

We left about midday, and rounded Cape Finisterre at 7 p.m.; steamed during the next day in sight of the coast of Portugal, which appeared very beautiful; the convent of Mafra; then "Cintra's mountain greets

us on our way"; with the aid of the telescope I realize Byron, where he says, in "Childe Harold:"

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss, by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

We went along at full speed, passed the Burling rocks; these rocks are situated about 40 miles from Lisbon, to the north of it. There is a good lighthouse on them, which is in connection with Lisbon, so that the people knew all about us before we arrived, which we did late in the afternoon, for the Sundown gun was fired as we passed the fort. One of the officers of the port came to us with his oft-repeated questions in English, spiced with the Spanish accent, of "What-is-the-name-of-this-vessel?" "Where-are-you-from?" "Where-are-you-going?" "Who-is-your-Captain?" "How-many-passengers-have-you?" &c., &c.; then politely lifting his hat, with "Thank-you-Sir," he sat down in his boat, and was rowed away. We, unfortunately, because we had no bill of health or something or other, were all placed in quarantine. Everyone was disappointed, but made the best of it; and when morning dawned, out came all the glasses to be found on board, and a bombardment of the town was made with them. We could see the beautiful

palaces of marble, the Plaza's, the trees with luxuriant foliage surrounding the residences, the race course, all most beautiful in the broad sunlight; and, though last yet far from least striking, the innumerable windmills. No wonder that Don Quixote tried to exterminate them, they came in his way and were thus opposed to him; there are so many, that I believe it would be difficult to put up any more. Then, turning to the south side of the Tagus, you look on quite a different scene. To the north the land comes down with a gentle slope towards the river; to the south it is almost perpendicular, and the only place where it seems possible to ascend is where it is crowned by the Lazaretto—a dreadful place—the quarantine hotel; thither were tugged the passengers who had come to the Peninsula. As night came on we left the Tagus to bid good-bye to the old world, and made a straight course for Pernambuco. On the morning of the third day out from Lisbon we sighted that magnificent, majestic, and world-renowned mountain, the Peak of Teneriffe. It was a wonderful sight to see high up in the sky the Peak with its sugar-loaf appearance—the sure token of volcanic origin—and then as the eye descended to the horizon, to find it cut off, as it were, by a mist, which was the same colour as the sky; it made the Peak seem as if suspended like a marionette. This was the great object of interest the whole day. After passing between the Islands, and only a few miles from the Peak, the clouds opened, and we were favoured by a splendid unbroken view from the horizon to its summit. At sundown we lost sight of the Peak standing majestically out of the water behind us.

During the afternoon of our sixth day out, we passed between the Cape de Verde Islands, and a beautiful hawk came out from the shore to the ship, hovered about for some time, and then went back. The phosphorescent light was very fine in the wake of the

vessel, so bright that I read a letter by it with ease. There were shoals of flying-fish, but very few birds. The days went on, being spent in the usual way on a vessel, in smoking, reading, music, and games; we had also occasional performances of the clowns of the circus troupe and their monkey, and in the evening a dance on the deck. It was very pretty to see the flags of all nations hung round an awning, the piano brought from the saloon, and all enjoying themselves. One evening just as we were all going to the saloon a cry of "Fire in the steerage!" fell upon the ear; instantly the whole ship was in a state of excitement, for a fire on a ship a thousand miles from land is something alarming indeed. Happily it turned out not serious, and all was soon order again. At last, on June 22, we sighted some rocks off the coast of Brazil, where the Brazilians have a penal settlement; and the next morning, about 11, we anchored in the roadstead off Pernambuco. It poured with rain, real tropical rain, so none of us went on shore, but we could see the town, with the shipping sheltered safely behind a natural breakwater; it all seemed very uninteresting on account of the torrents of rain. In the afternoon we weighed anchor and went down to Bahia, where we arrived about 8 a.m. on the morning of June 25th. We had breakfast on shore, went up to the higher town, saw the Cathedral, which was all decked in black and silver, on account of it being the day they were going to bury their Bishop. Then we descended by the lift, and after making purchases of humming-birds and the celebrated gold beetles of Brazil, we went on board to go to Rio.

We entered the harbour there at 6.30 on the morning of June 28th, the finest harbour in the world, though, from what I hear, that of Nagasaki is its twin. As you stand on the deck on entering the bay, certainly if not the finest, one of the finest

scenes in the world presents itself to you. On your left towers up the Sugarloaf, then Corcovado, and the eye is next caught by the beautiful botanical garden of Boitofogo, with its unparalleled avenue of palms; further on is seen the town proper, with the shipping lying out in the bay. Far off on the right-hand side is Coal Island, called so from its being a coaling station. The bay is lost to sight amid the hundreds of islands with which it is studded; and the distance is broken by the rugged tops of the Organ Mountains, pointing with their finger-like spires high up into the vault of heaven. Whoever views this scene cannot but be struck with its magnificence and grandeur; cannot but turn after gazing at it for a long time, utter the one word "magnificent," and have it all deeply engraven on his memory for ever.

When we had come to anchor, we asked our Captain how long we should have on shore, and were told till noon the next day; so off we went, and wended our way towards Tijuca, but only got as far as the hotel. After a rest we determined not to go right up the hill, but round the 'Chinese View,' and so down to Rio, which we did; and right well were we repaid for the long walk by the splendid scenery. The road we were walking appeared to come to an abrupt termination, and for a moment it occurred to us that we were wrong, but we found that in reality it turned very sharp to the right; from this spot stretches out before the traveller the great 'Chinese View.' Standing here, about 2000 feet above the sea, one looks through a thin veil of bamboos down to the bay in the distance, after the eye has rested on all the luxuriant foliage that grows between; and far beyond again appear the peculiar Organ Mountains, the scene is so fascinating that one can stand for hours looking at it, and every moment be struck by some new beauty—

a beauty completely *sui generis*; it really beggars description. From here we descended, and arrived at the hotel very tired and hungry. After a welcome bath and a little rest we all sat down to a make-shift dinner, for the hotel-keeper had only just obtained possession of the house, and therefore was put to his wits' ends to find us food. The next morning we went over the town, and saw all that was to be seen—the Cathedral, and the shops, renowned for the wonderful flowers made from feathers. Rio is a thorough specimen of a South American town: narrow streets, badly paved, no drainage, and, consequently, overwhelming smells, wafting deadly fever and disease in all directions.

We went on board at one, and left for Monte Video. Not until this time had there been any bad weather, and we were glad on account of the horses we had had on board. But, certainly, directly we got clear of the Bay we were in a rough sea with a strong headwind; but we were in a stout vessel, so we made ourselves very comfortable, and arrived at Monte Video at 6 p.m. on July 3rd, just one month after our departure from Liverpool. Some of us went on shore and stayed all night, but I noticed nothing very striking in the town except its newness, and appearing a little more English than the other towns of South America that I had seen.

We left the port at noon for the Straits of Magellan. The whole way from Monte Video I noticed the stars very particularly. Canopus is certainly a fine, brilliant, and beautiful star; and the Magellanic clouds—clusters of stars, a mist of stars—were very interesting, shining like the moon behind a stratum of "scud." Then there were the sharply defined stars α and β Centauri, acting as pointers to the Southern Cross, with which I was greatly disappointed. The stars of the latter are not even of the first magnitude—at least, only one is—but there they stand, four, with

hardly any others near them visible to the naked eye, making an ill-shaped and badly-proportioned cross, which ought to go by quite another name. It instantly came to my mind what a magnificent cross the Northern hemisphere can boast of in that formed by β Andromedæ and α , β , γ Pegasi, compared to the Crux Australis; and then, again, how much the beauty of the Southern Cross is outrivalled by the 'Square of Pegasus.' The South Pole seemed only to be marked by the absence of anything visible to mark it; truly the Northern Hemisphere is the Hemisphere of Stars.

The Eastern entrance to the Straits of Magellan is without any interest whatever. When you have gone up about 100 miles you then pass Elizabeth Island, a funny, square-shaped block. Then the first signs of life appear in the smoke from the wigwams, which is wafted along by the gentle breeze, until from a few small fires a large tract seems to be smouldering and vomiting forth volumes of smoke; this gave to it the name suggested by the Spaniards of "Terra del Fuego." We anchored off Sandy Point, a Penal Settlement of Chili, at 6 p.m. The cannon was fired to tell of our arrival, and the effect of echo after echo returning to the ear was extremely fine; the sound completely died away, and then back came an echo almost as loud as the original, indeed so loud was it that I supposed it was some other ship or fort answering, and it was a long time before I could be persuaded by the boat-swain that it was only an echo. We weighed anchor about 10 p.m.; all went to bed early, so as to be up betimes. When we rose at 6.30 the next morning we were in "Crooked Reach," with rocks close on both sides looking very black. We could see the height of the cliffs by their obscuring the stars a certain distance from the horizon. When the sun rose, then was revealed to us a magnificent view almost unequalled. The first appearance

of sunrise was noticeable on the tops of the snow-capped peaks in the distance, when the rays of light, shooting over our heads as we went along in the channel between the rocks, tinged them with an orange-coloured tint, which certainly was most glorious. Far, far away nothing was to be seen on either side but snow-covered mountains, reflecting here and there the rays of the sun as if from a mirror. We steamed on, and passed by majestic rocks, crags, hills, snowdrifts, ravines, creeks, inlets, channels, and glaciers; the last moving with their butter-like motion down to the water, all in such varied and rapid succession that one marvelled at such quick variety, its fascination, and the stupendous power that had caused it all, until we arrived broad-side to the renowned Smyth's Channel, where we took a tack across for correction of the compass. Then far up on our starboard could be seen the arm of the sea edged in on both sides, and turning to look directly behind, there again was a magnificent view of snow-capped crags, hemming us in everywhere, and giving no clue as to how or whence we had come.

At noon we passed on our "port" Point de Diavolo, as the Spaniards originally named it, but now is called Cape Pillar, a column of rock standing up 1700 feet high. This is a most dangerous place, as so many of the rocks are sunken, and at low water only visible as a speck; fogs are very prevalent here, but we were favoured with fine weather. In consequence of the fogs the Straits are very difficult and dangerous indeed to make from the Pacific.

As soon as we got clear of Cape Pillar we could see dead-a-head the slaty-coloured sky, a sure sign of a "Norther," so we put all steam and sail on to get well clear of the Cape, passed the "Evangelista" four rocks all in a row about 3 p.m., and went a-head till four exactly, for it was my turn at the meteor-

logical instruments, and at the moment I was finding the specific gravity of the sea, down came the "Norther" as if direct from above. The sails backed, the wind howled through the rigging, the sea seemed to rise in a moment—we were in a living gale. This gale lasted three days, and we only made 100 miles a day, though going at full speed. The wind then veered to the south, and at noon on July 14th we passed the Cotopaxi, with a fair wind, off the Island of Whapoo; and on July 16th arrived at Coronel, at 6 a.m. We went on shore and had a ride to Lota, 7 miles distant along the sand; and at Lota I was very much surprised by the first question that was asked, "Have you brought any revolvers" (it appears they would give any number of dollars for them). Coronel and Lota are the chief places in Chili where coal is obtained, and vast quantities of it are used by the ships trading on the Western coast, though it is bad coal, yet cheaper than Newcastle, which is £5 per ton there. A great quantity of copper is found near Lota, a place owing its existence to the coal and copper trade. It consists of a few copper works, and I can hardly call it a colliery, for the coal is all on the surface. As to Coronel, it consists only of one street, with dreadfully low and unhealthy mud huts on each side, where the miners live. When we returned from Lota, a Mr. Rocas, who came on board at Sandy Point, asked us up to his house (the only house in the place) for dinner. We accepted, and he treated us very handsomely indeed; and his "Casuella" soup, made from chicken, potato, and a dash of garlic, was perfect, the best we had ever tasted. At night we went to the ship, and started next day to Valparaiso, where we arrived on July 18. We went on board H.M.S. "Scout" and had lunch, and later in the day to the town, and put up at the Hotel Oddo.

Valparaiso is situated in a large and extensive

bay facing the north-west, and very deep. To the south of the bay are high cliffs, surmounted with battery rising above battery. To the north are seen hills with the snow-capped Andes in the distance, and Aconcagua, rising 24,000 feet, about 120 miles away. The town lies, as it were, in the bowl of the bay; one street runs the whole length, from the Custom-houses south, past the Palace of the Intendente, through the Plaza Victoria, until it is stopped by the street crossing at right angles down to the railway station; trams run the whole way. With a sharp ascent you rise to the upper part of the town, where the principal residences chiefly are.

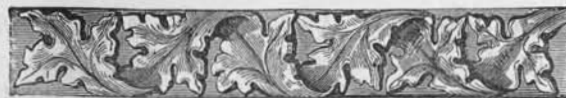
From here a splendid panoramic view can be obtained of the whole bay. The place is badly paved and drained, and foul smells pervade everywhere and everything. On July 23rd we started from Valparaiso to Santiago. The scenery on the way was very interesting, all very rugged, bearing evident signs of volcanic work; and everywhere we could see the horrid Cactus, a most ungainly thing to look at, and also useless. We arrived at Santiago about 5 p.m., and at once made for the hotel in the Gran Plaza, which instantly reminded me of the Tuileries. On entering the hotel I had the great pleasure of meeting one of my old school chums, an old Salopian. The world is so very small it is scarcely possible to go anywhere without being known. Here in the centre of Chili, and in the heart of volcanic agency, stands a most beautiful city. The snow-capped Cordilleras surround you on all sides; you are in a basin. It has its Champs Elysées, a good reflexion of those at Paris. Its Gran Hotel is built after the pattern of the Tuileries, with the only difference that the towers are one storey less. The houses are picturesque; and they have, if not the finest theatre in the world, certainly one of the finest. I have never seen its equal, a mass of marble, and built

with true luxuriance. Santiago has its museum, and its ornithological collection is splendid. Close to the Museum, in the Plaza de la Compañía, stands the exquisite and perfect monument erected, *el amor y el duelo inextinguibles del pueblo de Santiago*, in memory of the 2000 people who were burnt at the burning of the Cathedral on December 8, 1864. I learnt a curious thing here, that of the deaths 22 per cent. were from heart disease, supposed to be caused from fright at the shocks of earthquakes. I experienced many. Santiago has its National Observatory, its "Greenwich."

We returned from Santiago on the morning of July 28th to Valparaiso, and began to pack our things ready for a voyage to Honolulu. We all went on board H.M.S. Scout, August 4th; and at 11.30 p.m., when the Captain came on board, steam was up, a cannon fired, a blue light burned, the cable slipped, and we steamed out to sea. When we awoke next morning we had the familiar view of nothing but water, sky, cape pigeons, and Mother Carey's chickens. We steamed on until we fetched the South-east trades, and passed the Islands of St. Felix and St. Ambrose on Sunday, August 9th. On August 26th, at 8 p.m., we crossed the Line, and were again in the Northern Hemisphere. We went sailing on with the North-east trades up to the Island of Hawaii; kept to windward of it, and anchored in Honolulu harbour at 5.30 p.m. of September 9th, after a sail of 6000 miles in five weeks, with a 'big roll' and a good wind all the time.

(To be continued.)

H. G. B.



CAMBRIDGESHIRE GEOLOGY.*

THE birth of Geology is not shrouded in the mists of antiquity; on the contrary, it is the youngest of the sciences, and it is barely a century and a half since the Woodwardian Chair was founded in this University. Dr. John Woodward, the first promoter of Geological Science in Cambridge, died in 1728, bequeathing to the University his collection of fossils, and providing for the endowment of a Professor, or "Lecturer on Mineralogy," as he is termed in the original will. Since that time Geology has made rapid strides; the earlier Woodwardian Professors lived in a time which we can imagine Prof. Tyndall would call the golden age of Scientific imagination. Facts were not of so much account as theories; wonderful cosmogonies were constructed, and marvellous hypotheses invented regarding such questions as the "Nature of Fossils" and the "Geological Evidences of the Deluge."

One of the duties enjoined upon the Woodwardian Professor by the will of the founder was to refute and expose the opinions of Dr. Camerarius, who held that fossils were not really animal remains, but only accidental impressions resembling organic forms, and produced by what was called the "plastic force of nature."

* *Cambridgeshire Geology*, A Sketch for the Use of Students—by T. G. Bonney, F.G.S., &c. Deighton, Bell, & Co., 1875.

But although Dr. Woodward held right views concerning the nature of fossils, his notion of the way in which they were consigned to their present positions was strange in the extreme—he conceived “the whole terrestrial globe to have been taken to pieces and dissolved at the flood, and the strata to have settled down from this promiscuous mass as any earthy sediment from a fluid;” and he insisted that the fossils were lodged in the strata according to the “order of their gravity.”

In 1760 the Rev. John Mitchell, then Woodwardian Professor, published an *Essay on the Cause and Phenomena of Earthquakes*; this is a much more philosophical work, and many of his views remarkably anticipate the generalization of later times.

Passing over the period of Wernerianism, and the great controversy between the Vulcanists and the Neptunists as they were called—a warfare in which Cambridge men seem to have taken little part, and which raged most furiously in Edinburgh—we come to the time of William Smith, the father of English Geology, as he is often termed. The successional order of stratified rocks was made known by him, and his “*Tabular View of the British Strata*” was published in 1790.

This was followed by the recognition and study of palæontology; order and method were introduced into Geological Science, and when the Geological Society was founded in 1807, records of careful observations were more esteemed than cosmogonies and “theories of the earth.”

The first description of Cambridgeshire was from the pen of Sedgwick's predecessor, the Rev. Prof. Hailstone, and was entitled “*Outlines of the Geology of Cambridgeshire*,” this was published in 1816, and chiefly treats of the Gog-Magog Gravels, the Chalk and the Gault—the two latter being supposed by the author to pass into one another, and the coprolites receiving

notice as “dark brown nodules of a ferruginous indurated marle.”

It was not, however, till 1845 that these nodules were found to contain phosphate of lime and to be of commercial value. Those of the Red Crag in Suffolk having been previously discovered by Prof. Henslow, he and Professor Sedgwick investigated the Cambridge nodules, and thus opened up what we may almost call the chief trade of the county.

In 1846, Sedgwick contributed a paper to the British Association on the “*Geology of the Neighbourhood of Cambridge*,” in which he indicates the lie and extent of the various formations between the Chalk Hills and the great Bedford Level. It is to a re-edition of this, in 1861, that Mr. Bonney refers in his Preface under the following terms:—“The only general account of our local geology, a pamphlet privately printed by the late Professor Sedgwick several years since, is now very difficult to obtain, and of course is rather out of date. My first intention was to prepare a new edition of this pamphlet; but I soon found that, owing to the progress of the science, a considerable portion of it might be excised as now needless, and very much had to be added. I have, therefore, re-written and greatly enlarged it, so that to all intents and purposes this is a new work.” Having thus briefly sketched the rise of Geology in Cambridge, and noted the circumstances which have called forth Mr. Bonney's little work, we may proceed to examine its contents.

The introductory chapter is occupied by a short general description of the different members of the secondary series of rocks, and the variations exhibited by them when traced diagonally across England from the Southern Counties into Yorkshire.

Next, the physical geography of the Cam Valley is briefly indicated, and the several streams whose confluence makes up the river Cam or Granta are enumerated. According to Mr. Bonney, “what is

considered to be the main stream of the Cam (also called the Rhee) rises near Ashwell, in Herts.," but there is, we believe, some confusion in the nomenclature of these streams, and it is a question whether the head waters of the Cam are not to be found in the brook which rises near Quendon, in Essex, and flows past Audley End, Chesterford, Whittlesford, and Shelford. The question is rather one for those skilled in ancient topography than in geology, and to such we commend the matter, only remarking that the river below Grantchester is more properly termed the Granta, Cambridge being originally called Granta-bridge and so denominated in Domesday Book, while Grantchester is called Grantasey, raising the suspicion that the 'chester' or *castrum* was included in Cambridge itself; in fact, an origin of the name 'Cambridge' has been suggested in Camp-bridge, on the analogy of some northern localities.*

It is more generally accepted, however, that 'Cam' applies to the *crooked* or *winding* river, and every boating-man knows how meandering a course the river takes below the town; winding through a flat alluvial plain, which is bounded generally by banks of gravel, the now muddy-watered Cam flows on till it reaches the broad fen-country; here it is carried along above the general surface of the land between high banks, and as these begin at Clayhithe, about 5 miles from Cambridge, we may consider this the entrance to the weird region of the fens. "It is a strange, solemn land (says Mr. Bonney), silent even yet, with houses few and far between, except where they have for centuries clustered on some bank of Jurassic clay, which rises like a shoal not many feet above the plain; with water yet dank and dark, but brightened in summer with arrow-head and flowering rush, and the great white caps of water-lilies. . . . Few

* See *Athenæum*, June 12, 1869: *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 13 and Dec. 25, 1869, for a discussion of the Etymology of Cambridge.

trees, except grey willows or rows of Lombard poplars, break the dead level which stretches away to the horizon like a sea, beneath a vast dome of sky, kindled often at sunrise and sunset into a rare glory of many colours. Except for this there is little attraction for the lover of natural beauty, but much for the botanist and zoologist; though its peculiar flora and fauna become yearly poorer. Much also for the archæologist in its grand old churches rising like beacons above the marsh, and its instruments of bone and stone, of bronze and iron; much also for the historian, for the whole country is rich in relics of British, Roman, and Mediæval times; and around the Camp of Refuge was the last struggle waged between William the Conqueror and Hereward the Wake."

Mr. Bonney then proceeds to describe the successive deposits of Jurassic and Cretaceous age, which occur within the limits of the county, and which would be crossed by anyone walking in a south-easterly direction, say, from St. Ives to Linton. Very varied are the aspects of the country traversed in such a walk; for the first few miles the way would lie over an undulating tract formed by a series of stiff dark clays called respectively the Oxford, Ampthill, and Kimmeridge Clays, interrupted only by one or two bands of hard calcareous rocks.

Pages 9 to 16 are occupied by a description of these beds and their contents; the next three or four pages being devoted to an account of that most remarkable exception to the general continuity of the great clay series—the Upware Limestone. This rock forms the long low bank which runs northward from the Inn at Upware, so well known to scullers on the Cam by its eccentric sign of, "Five miles from anywhere, no hurry;"—this bank apparently represents part of an ancient coral-reef and its adjuncts, for the pit at the southern end shows masses of coral

in the position of growth together with the remains of various animals that lived in and about the reef; while the more northern pit is excavated in beds that were most probably deposited at some little distance from the edge of the reef.

Resuming our imaginary traverse across the country, and leaving the dark clays behind, we come upon beds of rich brown sand which stretch away from Sandy and Potton to Haddenham and Ely; between Bourn and Oakington, however, they are entirely concealed and covered up by the great Glacial Boulder Clay which forms the bare and barren hills of Childerley, Hardwick, and Coton; descending from these we emerge upon a low plain of blue clay which is largely used for brickmaking; the term 'gault' or 'galt,' by which this member of the series is known, is the popular name of the clay in Cambridgeshire, and was adopted by William Smith when compiling his "Tabular View of the British Strata."

Crossing the river and the thick beds of gravel it has brought down from the southern hills, we shortly come upon the Chalk Marl, or "Clunch," as it is locally termed. At the bottom of this, and resting unevenly upon the gault, is the so-called Upper Greensand or Coprolite-bed; a full description of this remarkable bed and its contents is given between pages 30 and 47;—being never more than one foot thick it makes no particular feature across the country, and even where the junction is not concealed by gravel, only a very slight rise marks the change from gault to chalk.

Regarding its fossil contents, Mr. Bonney has long maintained that they have been washed out of the upper part of the gault, and recent researches have strongly confirmed this view of their origin.

Ascending from the broad valley of the Cam towards the Gog-Magog Hills, we find the succeeding beds of clunch are much harder and form steep declivities on

which trees and shrubs decline to grow; while the bare chalky soil is everywhere visible over the wide fields, and down the slopes of the coombe-like hollows which are so characteristic of all chalk countries.

The hills now continue to stretch eastward in long undulating swells, whose tops are often capped by the gravels and clays of more recent times; these become thicker towards the south-east, and cover up more and more of the chalk surface, until they merge into the great mass of drift deposits which spread over Suffolk and Essex.

A woodcut section along some such line as we have taken would, we think, have aided the student in clearly comprehending the relations of the various beds to one another, and their effect upon the general surface of the country. It is true the sections in Prof. Sedgwick's pamphlet were somewhat rough, and perhaps it was Mr. Bonney's intention to leave all his illustrations to nature itself; we certainly hope that this excellent sketch of Cambridge geology will stimulate its readers to see for themselves the sections and localities described therein, for without field-work no essential progress can be made in the study of geology.

The five Appendices contain useful information—the first three in giving fuller details of important sections, those of Upware, Ely, and Hunstanton; the fourth treating of the water-supply; and the fifth of the various building stones used in Cambridge.

Altogether Mr. Bonney may be congratulated on having well supplied a want that has long been felt among the students of science in this University, and we sincerely hope that the College may long retain the benefit of his kindly interest and admirable teaching.



A BEDFORDSHIRE BALLAD.

[The following Verses were written for a Country Penny Reading.]

Two Bedfordshire maidens in one village dwelt;
Side by side in their Church every Sunday they knelt;
They were not very pretty and not very plain;
And their names were Eliza and Emily Jane.

Now Carpenter Smith was a steady young man,
Who liked a good pint, but no more, in his can:
To bed he went early, and early did rise;
So, of course, he was healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

But John he grew tired of a bachelor's life,
So he looked all around him in search of a wife;
And his eyes, as they wandered, again and again
Returned to Eliza and Emily Jane.

And whenever those maidens encountered his eye
Their pulses beat quickly (perhaps you know *why*);
They each of them thought him a wonderful Don,
And wished to be married to Carpenter John.

But John, as you've heard, was a prudent young man,
And determined their faults and their merits to scan;
Says he, "If I marry, I'm tied for my life;
"So it's well to be cautious in choosing a wife."

Now I'm sorry to say that young Emily Jane
Was disposed to be rather conceited and vain;
In fact, for the truth I'm obliged to confess,
Was decidedly fond of extravagant dress.

So she thought the best way to the Carpenter's heart
Was to purchase gay dresses and finery smart;
In the carrier's van off to Bedford she went,
And many weeks' wages in finery spent.

Her dress it was blue, and her ribbons were green,
And her chignon the highest that ever was seen,
And perched on the top, heavy-laden with flowers,
Was a bonnet, embosomed in beautiful bowers.

As she walked down the village, so red was her shawl
That the bull in the farm-yard did bellow and bawl;
And so high were her heels that on entering the door
Of the Chancel she stumbled and fell on the floor.

Says Carpenter Smith, "It's decidedly plain
"That I'd better keep clear of that Emily Jane:"
So from Emily Jane he averted his eye,
And just at that moment Eliza passed by.

Now Eliza had thought, "If I vanquish his heart,
"It shall *not* be by dresses and finery smart:
"For a lover who's taken by finery gay
"Will love some one else ere a week pass away."

So her ribbons were lilac; white straw was her bonnet;
Her dress was light grey, with dark braiding upon it;
Her jacket was black; and her boots of stout leather
Were fitted for walking in all sorts of weather.

She was not very pretty, and yet in her smile
There was something that charmed by its freedom from
guile;

And tho' lowly her lot, yet her natural grace
Made her look like a lady in figure and face.

A rose from the garden she wore on her breast,
And John, as her fingers he tenderly press'd,
Seemed to feel a sharp arrow ('twas Cupid's first dart)
Come straight from the rosebud and enter his heart.

Now John and Eliza are husband and wife;
 Their quarrels are few, and contented their life;
 They eat and they drink and they dress, in good taste,
 For their money they spend on their wants, not in waste.

But I'm sorry to say that Miss Emily Jane
 Has still an aversion to dress that is plain;
 And the consequence is that she always has stayed,
 And is likely to stay, a disconsolate maid.

MORAL.

Young ladies, I hope you'll attend to my moral,
 When you hear it I'm sure you and I shall not quarrel:
 If you're pretty, fine dress is not needed to show it;
 If you're ugly, fine dress will make all the world know it.

Young men, if you wish, as I trust you all do,
 A partner for worse or for better to woo,
 Don't marry a *peacock* dressed out in gay feathers,
 But a *wife* guaranteed to wear well in all weathers.

ARCULUS.



D'EWES'S DIARY.

[The following is extracted from a MS. Diary kept by Sir Symonds D'Ewes, a Fellow Commoner of St. John's, in the reign of James I. The Editors are indebted to Professor Mayor for the use of his copy of the Diary, and to Mr. Marsden's 'College Life in the time of James the First' for the matter of the notes.]

ANNO 1618 AETAT. 16.

AS soon as my father being at London had but sent his letters, that I should goe to Cambridge to bee admitted, though I weere not to continue ther presentlie, and notwithstanding my sweete content enjoyed at Burie,* yet such is mans natural inclination to mutabilitie and desire of vicissitude and change, that I was much joyed with it, and verie willing to hasten my journey what I might, the rather indeed because the greater parte of my forme all those above mee and some under mee weere already departed thither, and I was almost ashamed anye longer to staye behind: And therfore May 20th being the weeke before the Whitsun weeke I departed to Cambridge, having in my companie besides a servant Mr. John Scott, one of my fathers clarkes whoe lived in Burye, an understanding and an honest man. Wee had a verie wett jounie yet Cambridge being but 20 miles diatant from Burye and the way good wee weere ther in good time; I was so wett as I shifted both my hat, bootes, and cloake, and soe having bespoken supper I invited to it Mr. Richard Houlesworth[†] fellow of that

* He was brought up at Bury St. Edmund's Grammar School.

† A.D. 1618.

‡ Afterwards Master of Emmanuel, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity and Dean of Worcester.

colledge that by Mr. Gibson and Mr. Beestons advice had been wished to bee my Tutor, being of St. Johns Colledge whither I went to bee admitted. I invited likewise Mr. Henrie Cason already Mr. Houlesworth's pupill, my olde schoolefellow at London to supper, both to continue my acquaintance with him and alsoe to deserve his love because wee weere to bee both fellow pupils and chamber felowes. I invited also one Mr. Eveling of Emmanuel Colledge, one of the Six clarkes sons to supper wheree whatsoever our cheere was our mirth was verie good.

Desiring to despatch businesses as soone as I might though I could have been content to have stayed longer in towne; the day following being the 21 of May my good friend Mr. Gibson being likewise in towne, I was admitted Mr. Lawrence Burnell being head-lecturour and Daniell Horsmanden with Steven Haxbie, Deanes, all three Batchelors of Divinitie. At the same time was admitted one Thomas Manning whoe was to bee my subsizar, the sonne of a religious silenced divine, himselfe alsoe being a most pious and honest disposed youth, of whome I had much comfort both heere and afterwarde at London a long time after I was of the Middle Temple and called to the Barre. This day being passed over in my admittance and in veiwing some colledges in the towne, the next day I departed home to Burie.....

Towards the beginning of Julie my things being sent away to Cambridge I soon followed taking now my last farwell of all my friends at Burie. Yet Mr. Dickenson would not soe leave mee soe soon, but to shew his moore deare affection, and unusuall respect unto me would needes accompanie mee to Cambridge, a kindness which I thinke hee never shewed (at least that I could hear offe) to anye scholler, or but to one besides, before; and soe after wee weere arrived safe ther, and hee growen acquainted with my Tutour, the next day after wee had come thither, having

taken a loving and affectionate farwell of mee hee departed home; and I was (as I thinke) that night brought into the hall at St. Johns to supper by Mr. John Manors sonne of Sir George Manors of that illustriouse house of Rutland, soe that this yong gentleman if hee lived was in possibilitie to be Earle of Rutlande himself.* The next day hee guided mee to chappell, for I was a fellow commoner, and notwithstanding his most loving and familiar caveats which hee gave mee, yett could I not avoid committing some errors which they usuallie call ther absurdities as other freshmen doe.

All worldlie things are better in the expectation then in the fruition, but those joyes prepared for the Godlie after this life surpasse all that wee cann imagine or conceive of them. I have ever found it almost in a numberles number of experiences, this that followeth makes one among the rest. Before my going to Saint John's Colledge in Cambridge I dreamed of noe happines upon earth but that, nor did I delight in anye thing moore then varitie of acquaintance upon my first coming. Besides a weeke or twoe weere passed over in settling myselfe in my new chamber and vewing the Universitie and our Tenniscourt in the companie of my loving chamber fellow Mr. Cason; nor did I avoid the visiting of such with whome I had anye acquaintance or the like occasions of pleasure or idlenes. The orders of our Colledge, of our Chappell, the knowledge of oure fellowes and fellow commoners with the like weere all matters as full to mee of noveltie as in themselves of some use and varietie. The walks adjoining to our colledge, and our bowling greene without them, weere verie delightfull for the orderlie placed trees and fresh aire in them. All these toies weere shorte in themselves, but sooner ended to mee by reason of the sudden and unexpected death of my most deare

* He succeeded to the Earldom in 1641 and died in 1672.

and religious mother which shortlie followed; for having receaved a new pott and gowne with other things from London (for I gave to the Colledge being a fellow commoner a verie faire silver pot with my armes upon it) I understood likewise by my fathers letter that my mother had been exceeding ill.

Noe sooner weere the deceased corps of this blessed woman laied in the dust, but new sorrow and cares succeeded unto mee, after that troublesome event for some charges at Cambridge being alreadie laied out by my Tutor, my father was much offended at them, though I had mispent nothing, nor was any thing laied out ther save necessarie charges; insomuch as I was verie much afraid at one time that I should have gonn to Cambridge noe more; nay notwithstanding hee saw the expences of our colledge to be soe great, yet could I draw him to allow mee noe moore then 50^l pr ann. and yett I chose rather to take this, then to bee at an uncertain stipend, because then I easilie foresaw what great discontentment all layings out would breed unto him. After I had returned to Cambridge in my mourning habit, comming from thence again to see my father before his going upp to Michalmas terme to London I gott my Tutor to come over during my being at Stow hoping that hee would have perswaded my father to have augmented my stipend to 60^l pr. ann. which was as much as I desired, but all proved in vaine, soe the want I foresaw I was like to runn into, made me verie sollicitous, and soe with my loving Tutor I departed sorrowfullie to Cambridge.

Because it would aske me too long a narration to sett downe everie thing in particularlie after my settling in the universitie, I will in generall handle my studies, my recreations, my acquaintance and familiars, my journies, and touch the particular occurrences of the publike; and for anie speciall occasions of which I have the certaine time I shall in ther place

and order sett them downe somewhat moore largelie; and first as concerning my studies under which title I comprehend both Divine and humane. Then I begann a common-place book of Divinitie which I filled not in many yeares after; which was ther begann by mee alsoe, upon a sermon which I had heard preached in Saint Maries, wherein was taxed the generall abuse of students, whoe usuallie filled great common-place bookes with collections concerning other arts and sciences but seldome with Divinitie. Besides being present at the commencements, at divers divinitie acts in the publike schooles, at problemes in our private chappell of St. Johns, with the common-places and catechizing at the usuall times ther for the most parte constantlie performed, likewise at the publike lectures in the schooles upon points of controversie (those cheifelie of Doctor Dannalls then master of Queenes colledge after bishopp of Salisburie in which hee detected the vaine absurdities of Arminius and Bertius) and lastlie for the most part diligentlie noting sermons and keeping a constant course in reading the holie scriptures, I gained verie much knowledge.

Now for my other studies and the knowledg I gained by them they weere of severall natures, having had the opportunitie of two yeares and a quarters stay at the universitie. My Tutor himselfe read to mee onlie one yeare and a halfe; of logicke hee read verie exactlie to mee all Seton and parte of Keckerman and Molinaeus; of ethicks or morall philosophie hee read to mee Golius and parte of Pickalominæus. Of phisicks hee read to mee parte of Magirus and had done moore as alsoe in Aristotles Oeconomicks and Politicks butt that my too sudden departure to the Middle Temple brake offe these studies almost in the beginning. Of historie hee read to mee part of Florus and I myselfe after finished it. Besides in his private chamber at nights hee read exceeding well upon

Virgils eglogs. For mine owne parte I read most of these in mine owne private studie likewise, and Gellius atticke nights and parte of Macrobius saturnals and Commynes Lewes the evening and such like bookes of all which or at least of some of them I am sure I have spoken at large in my following narration when I come to speake of everie several daies action. Besides my being present at the Batchelours commencements at declamations at Sophams at philosophie acts and the like both in our Colledge Hall and chappell, as alsoe at Mr. Herberts* rhetoricke lectures and Mr. Downes† greeke lectures and the like, they all served to encrease both my knowledg in the touns and in the things themselves. Mine owne performances weere verie few declaiming onlie twice once in our publicke chappell and once privatelie, and replying twice, once in the publike schooles and once in our colledge chappell. Besides my frequent writing in Lattine and English frequentest to my father and upon occasions to manie else which I omitt to relate in particular did helpe with the rest to encrease my knowledge, soe that from all it pleased God to blesse mee with an encrease of learning, though I had ever the chance to bee accounted noore knowing then I was.

As for my recreations and acquaintance I may well ioine them together, because the visiting and discoursing with my friends was noe small parte of that freedome which I borrowed from my studies. Upon my first comming to our colledge as I have before shewed I refused noe acquaintance and thought as surelie they would all have provved freinds, but at length I found Aristotles rule‡ to bee true that though wee know manie yet true freindshipp can bee but betweene few. Besides my Tutour most lovinglie

* George Herbert the Poet, then Praelector in Rhetoric, afterwards Public Orator.

† Andrew Downes, Regius Professor of Greek. ‡ Eth Nic. ix. 10.

at first, privatelie assured mee it was not good to bee familiar with too manie. My recreations which I delighted in weere tennis, bowling at House, and fishing of which Mr. Sinewes or Senhouse, then our president after Bishopp of Carlile was wont to tell mee *ex piscatione nihil mali*, and I remember Mr. Abdie Ashton writing Doctour Whitakers life sets it downe as a sporte in which hee much delighted. But my frequent comforts I receaved in visiting and being visited especiallie of Mr. Jefferies and others of Pembroke Hall, of Mr. Skargill and others of Christs colledg, of Mr. Mickletwait of Sidnie colledge, of Mr. Ogle and Mr. Saltonstall of Jesus colledge, with divers others whose acquaintance I had gained at London and Burie will moore fullie appeare hereafter. In our owne colledge I was cheifelie happie in the acquaintance of one Mr. Nevill a descendant of that great familie of Nevil, by whose alliance Edward the fowerth recovered his right and crowne from the howse of Lancaster. This gentleman beyond his birth and person, was endued will all sweetenes and goodnes, a great student, and inafectedlie humble, in whose happie societie heere, and after at the Temple, hee being of Graies Inne sometimes I reaped much benefit. Besides I was not without the familiar knowledge of manie of our fellowes and some other fellowcommoners especiallie of the nobilitie as with Sr Dudlie North eldest sonne to the Lorde North, of Mr Wharton yonger sonne of the Lord Wharton, and with divers other of other colledges whose mention I conceive impertinent. But especiallie upon my first comming and during the time hee staid in Cambridge which was not long after my comming, I was happie in the honest societie of Mr. Henrie Cason my most loving chamber-fellow, whoe had been my schoole-fellow in London and was lastlie my loving companion at the Middle Temple after my continuance ther. A great content it is to enioy freinds, yet I found the

fashion of visiting and being visited overmuch to bee a great fault in the universitie, which made me towards my latter time to discontinue it almost whollie.

During my being heere this yeare [1618] appeared that great blazing starre which was seen I conceive six or eight weekes after its first appearing. After praiers one morning in my tutors chamber hee looking out spied it; and I telling one Mr. Olerenshaw, a great mathematician of it, hee walking with Mr. Haxbie, one of our fellows, likewise they answered mee it was Venus in the full. By which I gather it was seen of verie few or none before wee had then espied it. Shortlie after this starre followed the death of Queene Anne* and I conceive after that the lamentable Bohemian warre in which the cause of religion received the greatest blow it ever had done, of which there bee many passages thorough this whole booke following.

I am drawing to the end of this yeare and will shutt it upp with one of the greatest deliverances I ever had in the narration of which how shorte soever I bee yet my hope is I shall have the memorie of it rooted in my heart for ever to raise up my thankfullnes. There was in St. Johns a little bell given as was reported by the Earle of Essex;† which bell hung in one of the Inner Turrets as you enter into St. Johns Colledge gate on the left hand wheere the stone stepps lead by a descent downe into the courtyarde. This bell, besides other times in which it was made use offe, was usuallie rung everie morning as I thinke both winter and summer at six of the clocke. On St. Thomas day the 21 of this December this present yeare, being awake when it beganne first to ring out, I suddenlie gott mee upp and being welneare readie darke as it was without once committing myself to God by anie shorte eiaculation at all, I hasted to the place wheere they weere then

* Anne of Denmark, wife of James I.

† Robert Devereux, Queen Elizabeth's favourite.

ringing, thinking onlie to make use of this exercise for my health. Assoon as I came, being a prettie whiles past six of the clocke, I tooke the bell of one that was ringing, I thinke a subsizar of the house, and after I had rung a good while and grew wearie I was desired by him and some others standing ther by likewise to give over, the place being likewise verie incommodious to ring in by reason of the narrownes, being upon a paire of staires onlie. But refusing good counsell and bent upon mine owne will at length growing soe wearie as I could neither well guide the rope nor my bodie, I was hoised upp but how high I well know not, and fell downe flat upon my bare head, all that stode there being soe amazed with the suddennes of the action that none thought of catching mee ere I fell. After I was fallen and lay upon the ground as dead they all ranne away, and one onlie somewhat wiser than the rest, conceiving the action was mine own and that yet some life might bee left in mee, returning tooke me upp and upon his lifting mee upp I well remember I spake to him, and the paine of my head I felt soe greivous as I verilie conceived my scull had been broaken in peices. By his helpe that had returned to mee I gott to my chamber and was laied upon my bedd and my Tutor soon called, but I grew more and more scenceles the braine being extreamelie shaken and displaced and abundance of blood comming out of mine eares, from that time till about three of the clocke in the afternoone I had my selfe noe sence, but manye fearefull fitts of convulsion and skreeched often out; yet was not my skull thorough Gods infinite goodnes at all depressed or cracked or bruised, howsoever Doctor Allot a learned surgeon being there did once or twice in the extremetie of my fitts verilie beleieve I would have departed out of this vale of miserie. My Tutor also had dispatched a messenger to London to my father (whoe kept his Christmas ther this yeare by reason hee was a widower) importing noe lesse then that hee verilie

feared I should bee dead before hee could come to Cambridge, and my father came speedilie away with a heart full of heaviness bringing monie as hee supposed for my funerall charges. In the afternoone and I verilie think not long after three of the clocke they having felt my head the parte of the day foregoing, had a purpose to have made an incision on the left part of it, because ther they found to remaine a depression of the skull ; to this purpose that parte of my head was shaved, and they readie to execute what had been agreed between the saied Doctor Allot and another surgeon ther, verilie supposing, that the saied depression of my skull had been with my saied fall. When beholde the admirable the boundles providence of my Mercifull God ; I that had spoke ravinglie as it weere and vainlie all the day before, and scarce advisedlie all the day after, yet at that instant desired them not to cutt that part of my head for the depression of the skull ther came not by the fall I had that morning, but by reason of a fall I had receaved long before at Dorchester whilst I was at nurse ; by which meanes they deferred that horrible torture of cutting my skull and withall of endangering my life. Besides at the same instant was present one Mr. Chambers a Master of Arts and Fellow of our colledge whoe confirmed what I saied ; for but the verie night before this St. Thomas Day standing with him by our round fire in the hall, upon what occasion I know not, laying hands on my head and feeling that dint and enquiring of mee how it came, I had related unto him the whole circumstance of it, how and by what meanes it came soe that hee could readilie satisfie them all having felt it againe that it was noe other but the verie same concerning which hee had enquired of me the night foregoing. Perhapps without his confirmation my speech might not soe easilie have been beleaved ; and therefore considering all circumstances I conceive this latter deliverance

not to bee much inferiour to Gods preservation of my life in the fall : in regard I soe strangelie had my reason at that instant to enforme them ; that Mr. Chambers should at the same time bee present and had soe strangelie the night before by chance felt of that parte of my head, and heard the relation of that danger by which that depression of the skull was, though it weere firme and without anie paine ; from my selfe by our fire as I have made mention of it before. Therefore my heartie and frequent thankfulness for these two as for all other my manie deliverances and preservations before and since, I hope shall never bee wanting or omitted. Towards night to the chearing of my Tutors heart and comforting the rest of my freinds it pleased God that (my braines as I suppose having by this time settled againe) I begann to take some rest, and was soe strengthened and comforted by it that assoon as my Tutor or anye others came to mee in the morning I could discourse with them without paine or anie unsettled talke. For the abundance of bloud which I voided at my eares soon after the fall, did helpe to the speedie easing of my head soe much as ere the next day weere ended after that day in which I receaved my fall I was moderatelie well : and soe failed not this night to eate a good supper.

Of all this mending as yet my father knew nothing, for this day being the next after my fall came my Tutors letter unto him not long before hee was going to dinner in his lodgings at the six clarkes office in London, which weere since burnt down by a lamentable fire on the 20 of December 1621 which see at the end of this booke. Some of his under-clarkes and other guests hee had invited, weere pleased with him to condole my mishapp and to comforte him concerning my losse which they all conceived to bee too certaine. Yet to performe his last office unto mee, with my eldest sister since married to Sir William Elliot of Busbridg

in the countie of Surrie, Knight, who most lovinglie desired to accompanie him, that night hee set out of London, but could reach noe further then Ware.

The next day as hee was with my most affectionate sister hasting to Cambridge, meeting with one on the way whose habit shewed him to be a scholler and understanding likewise by him that hee was that day come from Cambridge, hee desired to know of him what news hee could tell from thence. None S^r replied hee but of a fellow commoner of St. Johns Colledg whose name I know not, whoe was slaine two daies since by the ringing of the colledg bell. This made his sorrow now settled, and himselfe fullie resolved that hee should come time enough onlie to see me interred. Hee had not ridd manye miles further, but hee mett another scholler being a Hartfordshire gentleman, by name Mr. Hanchet a pensioner of our colledge; and enquiring of him likewise what newes was in the Universitie; hee answered none but good; my father further demanding of him if a fellow commoner of St. Johns Colledge had not latelie been hoised upp and soe slaine by ringing of a bell ther. Noe S^r replied hee, I am of that colledg and know him well: and heard but this morning before I came out of Cambridge that hee was verie well recovered. My father giving him manye thanks for his good newes, being now not farr offe from Cambridge rode on moore cheerfullie though hee might well have wished this tedious journie, which hee was faine as my sister allsoe to take on horseback, had been spared. Soe about the time that I was going to supper hee with my sister came into my chamber, to my great comfort and all our congratulations.

This nights wearines caused my father to stay in Cambridge this day following being the fowerth from my fall; where being seated at dinner by my Tutor. and feasting him with others in my chamber at night on the following morning hee departed homewards,

leaving with mee the monie he had brought for my interring and buriall to discharge the expences of my sickness and to satisfie for those things which had been prepared for my cure. Upon my growing well I continued still in Cambridge to follow the ordinarie course of my former studies, finding thorough Gods great goodness towards mee that neither weere anye of the outwarde partes of my head subject to anie moore paine then before nor any of the inwarde partes or faculties at all impaired nor cann I better shut upp this yeare then with desire of God to give mee a heart alwaies trulie thankfull for this and all other his great mercies towards mee.



A LEGAL FICTION.

THE scene was London, and the date
Was 'once upon a time,'
Which, though for prose indefinite,
Still makes for verse—a rhyme.

Here lived a youth, Augustus named,
Who swore when he was big
That, though by no means bald of pate,
He still would wear a wig.

His sire, a half-pay captain, failed
So oft his bills to meet,
That debt once more enrolled the tar
A member of 'the fleet.'

Now Gus conceived that he could not
By shorter route begin
His progress to the Bar than by
Proceeding to an Inn.

"A barrister," the rules ordained,
"Must keep the legal year,
Which year contains four legal terms,"
Which terms he found were dear.

A barrister need only eat
Six times a term his dinner;
"I fear," said Gus, "that I shall grow
Considerably thinner."

When all was fixed, from Lincoln's Inn
He soon received 'a call,'
But found too late 'twas not because
They wanted him at all.

"You'll have to work," his friends observed,
"And seek for clients too,
When you become Q. C. they'll turn
The tables to 'seek you.'"

"Deeds and law-calf I hate" quoth he,
"Would heaven they'd make a meal,
And parchment take the form of 'rolls'
While 'calf' turned into veal."

"Farewell! we lawyers can't awhile
In vain to plead relief,
Because, though briefs are seldom ours,
Still hours are always brief."

To rise in rank he now became
A volunteer recruit,
Yet though his dress was uniform
He ne'er obtained 'a suit.'

At last, when wicked tradesmen dared
To heighten his distress,
By pressing for their rights he took
To writing for the press.

Short-hand howe'er he quickly found
Required a longish head,
And critics made his leaders lead
To 'pain' but not to bread.

Let Gus's fate ye undergrads
Your legal ardour quench,
For sad to say he closed his life
Not *on* but *in* 'the bench.'

H. E. J. B.



THE EAGLE.

D'EWES'S DIARY.

(Continued.)

THE next particular which I cann call to minde was this year following, when about the beginning of March as I guesse I fell into a tertian ague with which though the proverb weere 'an ague in the spring is physicke for a king' yet I was long and much wearied; and at last finding noe mitigation but rather an encrease, I resolved to change the aire to going to Burie or to Stowhall my fathers cheife house or to either; into Suffolke (*sic*). And accordinglie upon the 18th of April being Wednesday before the second moneth after mine ague began, I toke my iournie from Cambridge, and through Gods mercie having sett out a little before noone a good prettie while before night I came in safetie to Burie lighting at the Shipp at the house of a verie aged woman one Mistres Nun whoe was drawing towards 80 yeares then and yet lived manye years after. Having lien about a fortnight at Burie at an Apothecaries house and not finding my recoverie to grow on soe fast as I expected, I had a great desire to remove to Stowhall my fathers house some five miles distant from that towne; and therupon about the 22 of the foresaid April, I rode thither; wheere partlie thorough ventring

abroad too soon and partlie thourough carelesnes in my diet I grew worse then before and at one time exceeding ill; but thorough Gods mercie this danger having taught mee moore warines, I grew better and better and about the end of May as I coniecture or shortlie after, I returned to Cambridge perfectlie recovered and fullie rid of mine ague.

By reason of this sicknes I lost much time and my studies weere much hindred, yet what time I was able I spent not altogether idlie, having the converse of my loving schoolemaster sometimes and of his schollers frequentlie whilst I lay at Burie; and after my comming to Stowhall borrowed some historie bookes of which I perused the greatest part ther, and was especially delighted with the historie of Scanderbeg containing his exceeding valour and manie encounters with and victories over the Turk. Besides I received severall letters from Cambridge not onlie from my loving Tutor but from Mr. Nevill my dear freind before mentioned and one John Rewse both of St Johns Colledge besides others from Jesus Colledge. In answering of whose kinde lines some part of my leisure howres was employed. From them I was furnished with the news that was stirring as of Queene Annes death whose funerall was celebrated in Cambridge the 13 of May; and in London the 26 of May with great solempnitie. As also that about the 9th of May a terrible fire happened in Cambridge between Jesus and Sidney Colledge which consumed and burned downe 60 dwelling houses and endangered Sidney Colledge verie nearelie, with manye other passages lesse worth the remembrance, which notwithstanding for the time weere verie pleasing and delightful unto mee.

After my returne to Cambridge I fell againe prettie roundlie to my olde studies everie day growing moore warie of mine acquaintance and avoiding the visitations too frequent and unnecessarie either to give or

take them. In the summer time during the long vacation my father as I coniecture comming to Stowhall I went over to visite him but cann call to minde noe other passage of this yeare worth the remembrance; only once this summer alsoe I was at Kediton with Sr. Nathaniel Barnardiston.

I am able to call to mind little or nothing worth the setting downe of all that happened from the moneth of May this present yeare untill about the beginning of December, soe that the greater parte of the whole yeare I passe over meerelie in silence. About the beginning of which moneth came the Lorde Wriotheislie eldest sonne to Henrie Earle of Southampton to our colledge and with him my kinde freind and old acquaintance Mr. Beeston being his Tutor; whose societie was of much comforte unto mee as followeth in manye places afterwards. But I departed soon after his comming into the cuntrie for this Christmas, having been invited to Sr. Nathaniel Barnardistons of Kediton in Suffolke Knight a man in whose acquaintance God blessed me very much.*

* * * * *

A Diarian Discourse, or Ephemeridian Narration.

How this Diarian discourse or commemoration of what soever I did upon each daye, begann, from the 27 of February A^o.Dⁱ. 1619 till it shall please God to cross my entent, the preface set downe in the frontispice of this worke will at large shew. Wherefore heere only note thus much; that I was at this time a fellow commoner of St Johns Colledge in Cambridge; that I strive not for the thirde part of all, that I either writt or said or did; lastly that it was commenced only for mine owne private use; and that I do earnestly desire it may never passe further then the relation of a childe; unles it bee transcendentlye extraordinary: as to direct the preacher.

* This visit resulted in the writer's marriage, as he states at some length.

Februar. 27. 1619

27. I resolved this daye to sanctify an holy sabboath, begann in the morning with the service of God in the chapell, and ended with running in a place neare the colledge called the bowling greene, which though in it selfe I dare averr a lawfull exercise, being used for the preservation of health; yet on this day it was an illicite sporte; because it pertained not to Gods service: the darkness of the night having draven us in: I was not moore tired in my bodye then troubled in my mind for I never desired the safeguard of my body, with the damage of my soule, wherefore comming into my private chamber after a little contemplation, upon my bended knees as my accustomed manner was I humbled my selfe for all my sinns, and for this last in speciall. In all this I noted Gods wonderful love and mercye; Satans execrable crafte and mallice; Gods mercy in suggesting good affections to begin well, Satans mallice in presenting that foppish sport to end ill. Gods meere working caused the first, and Satan had religious gentlemen my familiar associates for instruments to the last. The Almightyes power I found prevailing: when hee ministered praier to quell Satans tyrannye; yet even in these I found mine owne weaknes, for many idle thoughts presented themselves unto mee from all therefore results this one conclusion; man is unable to continue in any good worke if God leave him.

28. On Shrovetuesday because I perceived lent comming on, I thought to glutt my minde though I did not fatt my bodye; wherefore I begann the Saturnals of Macrobius replenished with such sweet variety passing over his Somnium Scipionis which both by reason of the length and subject seemed to mee tedious. Shortly after supper I went to my Lorde Wriotheisly his chamber to see him, with whome by reason of his carefull Tutour Mr. Beeston my entire friend, I grew well acquainted. Hee was in my minde no lesse

happy in inwarde accouttrements then great by outwarde birth being sonne and heire to that most noble gentleman Henrye Earle of Southampton. Heere for our better delight wee had pleasant discourse, or else read some wittye booke, imitating herein Favorinus his usual custome at his table, (Aul. Gel. noct. Attic. l. 2, c. 22) the bookes wee read weere twoe the one intituled *Hic mulier et Hæc vir*† which was then newly come forth, by reason of the great excesse of apparell a little before in this Kingdome, the other which I brought with mee in my pockett contained some little fragments of Mr. Joshuah Sylvesters where of one was styled Tobacco-battered.* Upon some occasion alsoe at supper I caused the french word Franc to bee looked out, which we found to bee but two shillings and a souze. After these things thus passed I withdrew my selfe with others to my chamber, where in shorte space I heard the bell goe twice, for some that weere then paying their last debt to nature.

29. On this daye being Shrove-tuesdaye past nothing worth the remembrance, neither doe I desire to cramm in any trifles, but only to name the daye for method sake. Yet thus much by the waye: it is that daye in which the Northren people if they have but a shilling in the worlde will feast, and rather rise at midnight to eat any thing was left, than it shall remaine till the next morning. I heard this related for certain at supper in our hall, by my loving Tutour Mr. Houlesworth. Finally this daye is the London-prentices madnes, the cuntry-theefes mildnes, and all Englands feest-daye.

March. 1. 1619.

1. This daye being Ashwednesday was the first act kepte belonging to Batchelors commencement in our phylosophye schooles; ther I was delighted with variety

* The title in full is, *Tobacco battered and the pipes shattered about their ears that idolize so barbarous a weed or at least-wise over-love so loathsome a vanity, by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon.*

† See T
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of learning; both the proctors oratorizing, the Tripes jeasting, two junior batchelours replying and foure master of Arts disputing.

2. Here I past over a daye, like Appelles only, *non sine linea*.

3. Every friday night as this alsoe, wee mett lovingly together by companyes, as the custome in all colledges is to mend our fishy dinner with a fleshy supper; after which this night ended sorting my self with a junior master of arte wee had much pleasant chatt mixing it with sweet extemporanyes which our memoryes afforded us out of Gellius, Macrobius and other such like authors. Ther wee discoursed alsoe of the lepid derivations of some english words; as that Iland is either as much as to saye *ey* of the land, because it resembleth an *ey* being enclosed by the sea, or rather it comes from the compound word *in-land*, as *insula* the lattine worde quasi *in salo*; the worde scatter alsoe hee affirmed to come from the latine worde *scaturigo*; but I am not of this opinion for my parte, because it comes moore naturally and directly from *scatere* the infinitive moode of the verbe *scateo* which signifies as much, as to disperse heere and ther.

4. On Saturday little past worth remembrance, only for mine owne humiliation I may consider how many good duties I omitted, and how many unlawfull frailties I rann into; before supper the sound of a trumpett drew mee to the colledge gate to behold the judges comming in; after supper the tooling of a bell drew me to the chappell to heare 2 declamations; mine eare I must confes was better pleased with the last then mine eye with the first, save that to it was added the expectation of an ensuing assises.

5. This Sunday I found the proverb true, *Ictus piscator* to, which alludes, the burnt child will beware of the fire; for as I begunn this daye with hearing one sermon in our chapell and another in great St Maryes the University church in the forenoone; soe

after supper instead of *running** I fell to correcting the sermon of Mr. Jeffry of Pembroke hall my worthy friend which I had heard at little St Maryes in the afternoone.

6. On Monday morning an excellent sermon served as a protasis for the judges proceedings; the text may intimate what the discourse was, as Hercules statue was judged by his foote found at Olympia, the place was in Amos the words these, Let judgment, runn down like water and justice like a mighty river. After the sermon ended I hasted to the castle where the assises are kept, excepting a learned charge for the epitasis to this tragædye (and here is to be noted that that judg ever gives the charge whoe sits upon life and death) but Sr. Henry Montague then Lord cheife justice uttered such poore stuffe, that with great difficulty I gott my selfe out, before it was ended.

7. Moste parte of this morning I kept my chamber till the receipt of some letters drew me forth which for the speedy deliverie required mine owne endeavours because I had not then my subsizar present; in the afternoone I went to the schooles (where the batchelor commencers are forced to sitt all lent except they buy it out) and disputed extempore upon two senior sophisters the one of Trinitie the other of Christs, I my selfe being but a junior sophister; the first of them tooke my questions, but the other was brooken offe by the proctors comming, howsoever for my part I had very good successe in both.

8. Yesterdayes worke made mee skarce know my selfe to daye; yet did I to the uttermost restrain my approaching pride, wherefore noe sooner was dinner ended this Wednesday but I thought long to bee at the schooles to trye my fortunes once again, where I was soe intolerably pusseld by an excellent scholler much above mee in standing, both in giving mine

* Allusion to the 27 day of Febru.

and taking his questions, as I had good cause to pluck downe my plumes, and now alsoe as the daye before after our schoole worke ended we went to drinke, and the truth is I liked not all the companye with whome I was, after supper I went to my Lorde Wriotheisly his chamber to visite him, where wee played at cards till past ten, after which I came to my chamber, humbled my selfe by praier before my gracious and good God and enjoyed a comfortable rest. In all I noted the Almightyes care and mercye that ordered soe easy a cure for my selfe-conceitedness, and gave mee not over in either of those actions, which I feared weere displeasing unto him.

9. Thursdayer brought forth nothing worth noting, unlesse this weere worth noting, that ther was nothing worth noting.

10. Among other employments this daye, I added an happy end to the historye of Phillip De Commynes which I noted throughly; and certainly I thinke few historians of these latter times except Guicciardine are equall to him.

11. I am fully perswaded that the want of meanes is a great greife to a generous spiritt. I found the first this daye, I will not speake how I enjoyed the last. My father allowed mee good maintenance, but not equal to our Academicall charges. For which cause I was somewhat troubled with the consideration of olde debts, readye to suck upp my ensuing quartridge.* Yet did I ever relye upon God, knowing that whatsoever estate hee suffers his servants to bee in, that is best for them. Through his divine providence I doubt not but this want of mine, bredd in mee both humility and the avoidance of evil company, which otherwise I might have runn into for mans extremity is Gods opportunitye. Cæsar would have bought the pillowe of one that was much in debt hoping that if the other enjoyed a sweet sleepe on it hee

* i.e. quarterage, quarter's allowance.

could not doe otherwise; for my parte I was never soe farr disturbed as to breake my sleepe; the reason was because I doubted not but one daye to have wherewith to content all. I found this a just punishment because I had often (*two lines blank in manuscript.*)

12. On Sundaye morning I begann the daye with a sermon in our chappell where was taught both the force and subtilty of Sathan: and in the afternoone I perceived his mallice: for when I had resolved to serve God dulye as the day required, my entire freind comes to see mee in whose company as I much delighted at other times soe I could have wished him then absent: His name was Mr. Richarde Saltonstall fellow-commoner of Jesus Colledge, upon whome I had replied in the publick schools before I was junior sophister. I have named him the rather that I might never forget his inviolable freindshipp and constant affection; but before our bell toled to chappell at 4 of the clock hee hasted home and I as well as I could both then and after supper sought to recover my lost time.

13. This fore-noon I repaired again to Mr. Downes his Greek lectures (which I had a long time missed) because I understood that hee tooke notice of my former diligence and of my then absence: and that hee likewise would willingly help mee in whatsoever hee could. This man without controversye was the best Græcian at this time living in Europe: I have heard and I doubt not of the truth of it, that Joseph Scaliger himselfe confessed as much, by an epistle which upon some discontent hee sent unto him; hee was at this time an olde man somewhat passed 70 years; and had been Greeke Professor in this universitie about 30 years; and therefore I went the moore willinglye both to content him and better my selfe, while I might, fearing his shorte continuence.

14. The preparation for an ensuing probleme tooke upp this whole daye, to which I added not mine owne diligence only but my earnest praier to the Almightye for an happy issue, which the rather desired, because the miscarriage of such like affaires doth moove generall contempt in others, and vexation of mind in our selves. Noe doubt alsoe I had some enemyes desired my misfortune, seeing Plato him self wanted not Trapezuntius* for his foe.

15. My late sitting upp the foregoing night, made me loose a good common-place this morning; which notwithstanding I laye not over long, for my present business counselled mee to a quick dispatch: The business I had in hand was a probleme for as ther are common-places on these dayes, monday, wednesday, friday in the morning soe are ther the above named acts in the chappell at night; at least I am sure it was thus in St. Johns Colledge; for mine owne selfe I was of the wednesday probleme, and therefore after the bell had sounded my approach with my freindly adversary I shortely went to it: I could not doe soe well as I might have done because the shortenes of an howre cutt off most of my arguments; for both these and my other performed in the schooles may bee seen in my booke intituled, *exercitationum liber*. The probleme being abruptly brooke offe to my great discontent: we went into the parlour where I had ready provided sack-possits for those fellows and fellow-commoners who weere of the wednesday probleme, and I doubt not with a good fire ther fully kindled but these pleased the palate better than our act had delighted the eare.

16. Such was my love of creditt, that all good perswasions with which I armed my selfe could scarce

* Georgius Trapezuntius (1396—1485) venomously attacked Plato and his philosophy; wrote a treatise on Logic, which became an authorized text book at Cambridge. See Mullinger's *History of the University of Cambridge*, pp. 429, 430, 630.

drive away the dangerous continuance of a deepe melancholy, because I had not performed my act as I desired, and for this cause most of this Thursday morning I sought by sundry passages to dissemble my greife, but this was not the right waye. Wherefore after dinner comforting my selfe in the continuance of God's love towards mee, I addressed my selfe to him by praier, which being ended thorough his mercy I was comforted; and blessing him for it I rose upp joyfully and went to my studyes cheerefully that afternoone.

17. The greater parte of Fridaye was bestowed in buying a gowne, which great necessitye drove mee to doe; and what with that hasting to and fro in the sunn most parte of the fore-noone, and my playing at tennis with a serious study in the after noone, before five of the clock a cruell head-ach assaulted mee, which pain to mee was little known, though my two dangerous falls might well have bredd it: by one I was told when I complained of it that it was a signe of the small pox with which I was much greived and went to one Dr. Allot, a doctor of phisick and fellow of our colledg, for his advise; hee put mee in good hope of health, and in any case bad me keepe my selfe warme. After I had departed from him and supped I came to my chamber, where I prostrated myselfe before the true physition of soule and bodye, and seeing as one saieth sinn is the cause of all evil, I endeavoured by zealous oraisons to remoove this obstacle of Gods mercyes, I desiring the continuance of my inward and outwarde health, as well for the performance of holy dutyes as the propagation of my studyes. The reason especially was because that for my two former crosses the one of my fall the other of my ague, my father had in a manner protested that if I weere once sick again, hee would remove mee from the universitye. After my praier weere ended I even then presently (which is

wonderfull to tell) found an alleviation of my paine capitall and assured perswasion of my insuring health. For as I had learned at Mr. Jeffryes his sermons, desiring health, I prayed to God by the title of the God of Hezekias who received health by praier, as holy David being persecuted by his sonn Absalon, did call upon the Lorde by the title of the God of Jacob, whoe was persecuted by his brother Esau and delivered, Psalm 84. And I dare affirme that the Almighty, as not long before hee had heard my praier and freed mee from the danger of an ensuing ague; soe now hee accepted my petition, and quitted mee from the disaster of that eminent and loathsome disease. Wherefore I conclude that it is better for every true servant of God to fly to him as his cheife preserver in sicknes or health, prosperity or power, honour or disgrace.

18. Saturday morning well-near confirmed yesterdayes surmise; so that with all speed convenient I sent my woman which dressed my chamber to Dr. Allot for his promised physicke, hee with noe lesse care hast his man to mee, whoe brought with him iij pils which being divided my direction into six I tooke them downe roundly; and having kindled a fire, sent away companie and bolted my doore, as expedient it was, I desired a blessing from God by praier upon those meanes I had used for the continuance of my health: and I doe assuredly perswade my selfe that it was Gods especiall mercye in turning this eminent danger from mee. All the daye I was in Galenes οὐδέτερον though I know Aristotle him selfe and our moderne philosophers since after his example holde the contrary; neither did my physick at all worke till eight of the clock at night which to mee was very strange; but then its milde operation yeilded to mee noe little ease.

19. One cheife desire (as I said before) to continue my health was, because I knew sicknes would hinder

my service to Godwarde and that I found true this morning; that little I could doe I did, which was to read over some few sermons I had my selfe noted in this universitye: because out of doores I durst not venture either to church or chappell. Yet in the afternoone hearing that my deare freind Mr. Jeffrye (of whose sermons I have many lying by mee readye noted) preached at St. Maryes the universitye church; I according to my sudden determination went thither, and having heard what I desired, returned to my chamber, where ere eight of the clock at night I well perceived that all feare of the small poxe was fully banished; and then the expectation of an ague or nothing could assault mee; which notwithstanding I dreaded not, hoping that monday would confirme the contrary.

20. This day was the messenger of both good and bad newes unto mee, for by tenn of the clocke in the fore-noone I perceived all danger of any disease dispeld: and a little after eleven I was assured of the breaking (as they terme freind a mercer in this towne of Cambridge, whoe was thought of all a very rich man and yet proved clean contrary; for as I thinke hee was sued with an execution of banke-rowtes by some Londoners with whome hee dealt; he was brother in law to that arch-divine of our times Mr. Perkins of whose workes very many are extant, and for my part I never perceived truer characters of honestye and religion in any layman before or since: after this thus related I hasted to Pembroke hall for I had determined to visite my kinde freind Mr. Jeffrye this afternoone, and being come to him I found him likewise pensive from the former accident; which made us devoure most of the time in talke of him; yet by reason of some other gentlemen of our acquaintance, many good ejaculations passed amongst us, which a long time would not fully rehearse.

21. Cambridge at this time seemed like Africa of which the historian saith, *semper aliquid novi parit*; for wee heard that Mr. Daniel Monsey one of our Seniors was departed this life; that many fellow-shippes would be voide this election; and noe doubt many of our youngsters had noe small hopes of obtaining these preferments.

22. Mr. Downes our Greeke professor to whose lectures I went as I have before related, had spoken to mee to come to his house; the reason I easily gessed; and this wednesday morning I received a little scrolle from him, which hee had left with a batchelour of divinity of our colledg to give to mee; in it weere contained some notes of his tuesdaye lectures, as the full derivation and meaning of the worde (*the manuscript is here illegible*)

and the voice *μισθωτός*,* which notwithstanding I had noted my selfe; his intent was as I afterwards gessed only by this means to putt mee in minde of my forgetfulness, because I had not come to him according to his direction; this afternoone therefore I went to him, and going up to him into his chamber, I found him sitting in a chaire with his leggs upon a table which stoode by him; hee was in my minde of an extraordinary tallnes, ther his carriage was very homely for hee neither stirred his hatt nor his bodye, only hee tooke mee by the hand, and the first question which hee asked mee was why I had absented my selfe soe long from his lectures, which as well as I could I putt offe, then hee asked mee where I had been at schoole; and I answered him at Burye which was the last place where I was (for I had been likewise at Chardstocke and Wambroke in Dorsetshire, at Lavenham in Suffolke, at London, and last at Burye where Suffolkeian assises are kept.) Then hee shewed unto mee what booke he was reading and I found it to bee a Terence, with a large coment though in a

* See commentators on *De Corona*, § 64.

little volume; then hee shewed mee a pretty derivation of *Cato* and *catus* which as I remember was ἀπό τοῦ κα which signifyes to burne because Cato was of a wise and fiery spirit and the eyes of a catt are fierye. I tolde him it might well bee because that *anima sicca est anima sapiens* and *adolescentia est in* * *posita* according to the philosopher. After this wee fell into discourse of Demosthenes his oration *περὶ τοῦ στεφάνου* against Æschines, which hee read in the schooles unto us; what passed to this purpose weere too long to set downe, but to conclude at last I tolde him I had but a shorte time to staye and knew too well that noe perfection in the greeke tounge could be obtained without a great deale of labour; howsoever as then I professed soe I did thinke myself much obliged unto him for his meaning was to have read a private lecture unto two or three of us at his owne house; but when hee saw mee not enclinable unto it hee quickly dismissed mee.

23. This afternoone as I was at studye ther came to mee a kinde gentleman my good freind whoe had been usher at Burye; where I last drunke of those sweete Pegasæan waters; his comming cheifely was to here the latter act of the bachelors commencement which hee expected this Thursday, but hee was deceaved for it followed after as (God willing) I will relate; I was glad to see him, and I did not doubt of his sempatheticall intention; for soe commonly it falls out, that the meeting of freinds is very delightfull.

24. This Friday was solemnized on the morning with a Sermon which Doctor Scott preached in St Maryes the universitye church for hee was vice-chancellor this yeare; in afternoone with ringing and at night with bon-fires, the reason was, because K. James the first most happily on this daye begann his raigne over great Britaine, uniting these two

* A word illegible.

Islands in to one blessed and unseparable union: assoon as chappell was ended with others I hasted into the hall where according to our annuare custom was a speech pronounced for the celebrization of this daye.

25. I am not ignorant how very many doe beginn the yeare at Newyeares day which fell out this yeare *as it doth alwayes* up on the first of Januarye and then I should have reckoned the yeare of our Lorde 1620 and of mine age the 18th but I doe follow our ordinarye custome and beginn the yeare on this daye which is the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary or as it is commonly called our Lady-daye. Soe then I was entring into the third septenarye which astrologers for the most parte ascribe to Venus and to her government, according to the learned maxim *Astrologica ætatum distinctio est juxta cælestes fluxus.*

26. The after-noone verified my fore-noones expectation for this Sundaye came upp my Tutor Mr. Houldsworth in St. Maryes, which by a generall approbation his sermon was esteemed extraordinary.

27. Monday brought fourth small novelty, only a small remembrance of London-newes, to witt, that yesterday the King, Prince, and all the peeres rode to Paules crosse to the sermon, in as great state as they goe to Parliament, where John Bishopp of London at this time, made a learned and excellent sermon.

28. This morning I begann to review over my Logick notes out of Keckerman and having left one side bare I addead other homogenial notes out of Polænus Ramus and Molineus: in the afternoone I hasted to Pembroke hall, hoping that my good freind Mr. Geffry had been come home; for I longed to heere upon what occasion soe solemn an assemblye was gathered to Paules-crosse. Most weere of opinion that it was to the intent that the Palsgrave of the Rheene whoe married Elizabeth the King's eldest

daughter should bee proclaimed K. of Bohemia, which Kingdom hee had obtained a good while before; another report went that, it was only about the repairing of Paules-church; but that busines (though I confes it weere waighty) seemes not worthy of soe great preparation for all the streetes weere railed through which the K. passed. How so ever this summer wee expected great warrs in Christendome, about the possession of the Bohemian Kingdome, (the end of which God only knowes) and wee hoped that it would proove the downefall of Antichrist: I saw my selfe a pretty poem in which was contained a dialoug between the Pope, the Emperor Ferdinand, and the K. of Spain; the conclusion of it was ther great feare of the Protestant forces, and complaine of ther dayly encreasing.

29. This morning I repaired againe to my Tutors chamber to lectures which I had a long time missed, in the foore-noone hee read Magirus, in the afternoone Ethicks, and at night Virgil, which hee propounded to beginn this evening; but being otherwise employed in the towne with strangers, I missed of my expectation and was not as yet resolved whether hee would read his Eglogs, Georgicks or Æneods: before wee had spent this houre usually in reading Suetonius and because wee had ended the first booke save one or two chapters hee left to us to reade ourselves. This Wednesday Mr. Downes brake upp reading for this tearme, and therfore with all diligence I repaired to him.

30. I did little this fore-noone save writing a letter to my kinde freinde Mr. Henrye Wharton who was second sonne to the Lor: Wharton advising him sundrye wayes as well as I could for his travile: for hee was newly gone from our colledge upon a journey to Venice which hee was now entring into, and I doubted not the good issue of it: for hee went not as many of our gentry doe, upon any rash

humour without guide or securitye; but with that discreet and worthy gentleman Sr. Henrye Wotton whoe was then going embassador thither.... Soon after dinner I posted to the philosophie schooles where this daye was the latter act belonging to the batchelors commencement admirablye finisht. Two master of arts, one of our colledge another of Queenes supplied the Proctors absence. My kinde freind Mr. Saltonstall was senior brother, and one Sr. Tutsham of Trinitye the second, a verye good scholar, the tripos as at the first act soe at this latter was of our owne house; it was hee that had made a comœdye a little before in our house which was very well acted in our open hall; the title of it was *stoicus vapulans*. This bachelors name was Sr. Barret one of my familiar acquaintance who both in his position and in his extemporye answering made a great deale of sporte, and gott much credit. After these had ended, and twoe master of arts besides which disputed upon him, ther ensued a good disputation betweene one of the vice-proctors whoe. is tearmed the Father at this acte and two master of arts of our house. Heere I mett with my worthy freind Mr. Jeffrye, and was assured by him that the bishopp of London his sermon at Paules-crosse which was last Sundaye being the 26 daye of this month, tended to little else save the repairing of Paules Church: which with other conferance being ended, by reason I was wearye of standing and hott with crowding I hasted out a little before all was ended.

31. Through Gods assistance I lost not much time this Friday, but even from morning till night busied myselfe in varietye of studies. After supper I hasted to a spacious feilde called sheepes-greene, which was situate on the back-side of Queenes-colledge because ther went a rumour of some hott foote-ball playing this night: for ther is an equall proportion of all colledges in two sides one against

the other; when I came ther as the night before our faction was come out thers durst not appeare; wherefore soone after my arrivall with a broken shinn (which I had gotten that night in our Walkes) as well as I could I betoke my selfe home-warde.

April 1 1620.

1. As at other times soe this daye manye things past, some time I spent well, some I lost and many things weere revolved; my cogitations I am purposed not to dispose of, otherwise then whence they proceeded, but sure I desired greatnes, and suppressing this desire wished alwayes a contented mind, for if I considered well I might soone finde moore under mee then above and as the poet said—*mediotutissimus*.

2. I had at this time thorowly incorporated into my minde that of the holy prophet Isaiah 58. verses 13 and 14. If thou turne away thy foote from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy daye, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lorde and shalt honour him &c. 14. Then shalt thoue delight thye selfe in the Lorde, and I will make thee to ride upon the high places of the earth &c. This I saye did soe possess my serious meditations that to the uttermost of my power I stroove to sanctifye this sabbath: knowing that the profanation of it both is and will bee a most common and crying sin in this kingdome, till either God by some extraordinary accident amerd it or poure downe upon us the full vials of his wrath for it, which notwithstanding hee of his infinite mercye turne from us, for my parte therefore I saye, I went to chappell in the morning to Church in the foorenoon, to Church in the after-noone, the rest of which I spent after the sermon in reveiwing that which I had noted, and to chappell at night, and yet I am not ignorant that soe manye weaknesses were intermixed and involved in these good dutyes, that it

was the great love of God if hee did not for these reject the whole as polluted.

3. Mondaye, entertained mee with the expectation of a common-place in our chappell; but heere mye hope proved frustraneous; the rest of the daye slidd awaye wonderfull fast for what soever I did, at night I perceived I might have done better both in my private duties and outward studyes.

4. The day being passed over in my wonted affaires, of which I had at this time wonderfull varietye as Logicke, historye, physicks and ethicks beside my private meditations elaborate letters and other necessary exercises; after supper I went with the rest of our colledge and other colledges to sheepes-greene (of which is spoken March 30 daye) expecting the approach of the Triniticians, but they deceived our expectation, wherefore some of the lustiest of our company (whoe I thinke had been bickering with Sr. John Barley-corne a little before) for verye anger to bee thus continuallye deluded, set upon the back-gates of Trinitye colledge, which stoode by our way homeward brake them upon and with long poles beats into the colledg all they found in the walks, yea among the rest some violence was offered to a master of arte; but they did finde that sweete meete had soure sauce, and that a long time will not obliterate what a little rashnes may produce.

5. Betimes therfore on Wednesday morning came some Mr. of artes of Trinitye complaining to our Master Dr. Guin of the Jonians outrages, accusing all such as either were there or should have been there among the rest, though they did nothing, all which upon serious examination were punisht onely with a small pecuniarye mulct, but hence I draw this conclusion, that ill companye must alwayes proove if not hurtfull at leastwise præjudicious
tangit picem inquinabitur ab ea saith the proverb, and our chronicles testifie of a millars man

in the last northren insurrection that was hangd for his master. After supper was ended I went upp to the Lorde Wriotheisleys chamber where I shewed them a few verses, being a pretty and pithye fiction of a conference between Pope Paulus the fifte, Ferdinand emperor of Germanye and Phillip K. of Spaine: and because I heard it ther verye much commended, I thought to try what I could doe in the propagation of it because it broke offe somewhat abruptlye, ther weere at this time alsoe chosen six new fellowes of our colledg among the rest one Scott which was made by the Kings Mandamus.

6. What I had purposed yesterdaye I performed to daye for before I went to bed I had made about fowerscore verses by way of inlarging the former conference; and found the adage true *facilius est preventis addere quam invenire*.

7. Fridaye augmented well my initeated poem, and I doubted not but ere Tuesday night (God blessing my labours) to make an end of it. This daye I bought Aristotles and Golius politicks because I had a desire to read them over and my Tutour was willing to helpe mee the best hee could in them. On Wednesdaye night wee had begunn Virgils first Eglog; but both Thursdaye night and this our progresse was hindred by divers occasions.

8. This daye brought forth little noveltye, onely it may well put mee in minde of my manifold weaknesses; yea and that in my best actions, which notwithstanding, I relyed upon Gods mercye which had thus long uphelde mee.

9. I did ever purpose to abandon even the least thought of worldlye affaires upon this daye; but one waye or other I was ever crossed in my entent: for other fellow-commoners with whome I tooke upp not only employed the whole time in idle words but alsoe in vaine actions, and I must confes that

naturallie I was proclive enough unto it my selfe, but I dare boldlie affirme without those instigations I might much moore have shunned such unholy behaviur, upon soe holy a daye. I went away sooner after dinner then after supper, yet in both at lengh I mastred my selfe and withdrew to my chamber.

10. Mondaye morning at chappell I expected a commonplace but missed of it; where after going to walke with my good freind Mr. Beeston wee had much talke about the dealing of diverse men; and though he almost argued them knaves which bare the shew of honest men in our colledg, yet I could not bee perswaded that a conversation soe apparently good, should bee essentiallye evill. My begunn poem I plied harde, and ere supper made an end of it; for I must confesse, that to have been my nature, to witt to have been wonderfull eager in the pursuite of that thing, which I had initiated with affection.

11. This daye amongst other things, I shewed my fullye concluded verses to my Tutour; where hee with another gentleman reading them over and not knowing whose they weere, gave mee a great deale of praise before my face, little thinking hee had done soe. I after they had done hasted to my chamber and soon after was visited by my good freind Mr. Saltonstall.

12. Wednesdaye morning might have saluted mee with a commonplace if I had not too voluntariely missed it: in the afternoone I went to visite my good and worthe freind Mr. Jefferay; whome I have so often before named and though I found him not at first within yet ere I went awaye I both veiued ther librarye which I had not before seen and had much private conference with him, to mee most pleasing and acceptable.



THE MODERN CLIMBER.

YEAR after year, as Summer suns come round,
 Upon the Calais packet am I found:
 Thence to Geneva hurried by express,
 I halt for breakfast, bathe, and change my dress.
 My well-worn knapsack to my back I strap;
 My Alpine rope I neatly round me wrap;
 Then, axe in hand, the diligence disdaining,
 I walk to Chamonix by way of training.
 Arrived at Couttet's Inn by eventide,
 I interview my porter and my guide:
 My guide, that Mentor who has dragg'd full oft
 These aching, shaking, quaking limbs aloft;
 Braved falling stones, cut steps on ice-slopes steep,
 That *I* the glory of *his* deeds might reap.
 My Porter, who with uncomplaining back
 O'er passes, peaks, and glaciers bears my pack:
 Tho' now the good man looks a trifle sadder,
 When I suggest the ill-omened name of "ladder."
 O'er many a pipe our heads we put together;
 Our first enquiry is of course "the weather."
 With buoyant hearts the star-lit heaven we view;
 Then our next point is "What are we to '*do*'?"
 My pipe I pocket, and with head up-tossed
 My listening followers I thus accost:—
 "Mont Blanc, we know, is stupid, stale, and slow,
 A tiresome tramp o'er lumps of lifeless snow.
 The Col du Géant is a trifle worse;
 The Jardin's fit for babies with their nurse:

The Aiguille Verte is more the sort of thing,
 But time has robbed it of its former sting;
 Alone the Dent du Géant and the Dru
 Remain "undone," and therefore fit to "*do*."
 Remember how I love my comrades tried,
 To linger on some rocky mountain's side,
 Where I can hear the crash of falling stones,
 Threatening destruction to the Tourist's bones!
 No cadence falls so sweetly on my ear
 As stones discharged from precipices sheer:
 No sight is half so soothing to my nerves
 As boulders bounding in eccentric curves.
 If falling stones sufficient be not found,
 Lead me where avalanches most abound.
 Ye shake your heads; ye talk of home and wife,
 Of babes dependent on the Father's life.
 What still reluctant! let me then make clear
 The duties of the guide and mountaineer:
 Mine is to order, yours is to obey—
 For you are hirelings, and 'tis I who pay.
 I've heard, indeed, that some old-fashioned Herren,
 Who've walked with Almer, Melchior, and Perren,
 Maintain that mountaineering is a pleasure,
 A recreation for our hours of leisure:
 To be or not to be perhaps may matter
 To them, for they may have some brains to scatter;
 But we, I trust, shall take a higher view
 And make our mountain motto "*die or do*."
 Nay, hear me out! your scruples well I know:
 Trust me, not unrewarded shall ye go.
 If ye succeed, much money will I give,
 And mine unfaltering friendship, while ye live.
 Nor only thus will I your deeds requite;
 High testimonials in your books I'll write.
 Thee, trusty guide, will I much eulogize
 As strong and cautious, diligent and wise,
 Active, unhesitating, cheerful, sure—
 Nay, *almost* equal to an Amateur!

And thou, my meekest of meek beasts of burden,
 Thou too shalt have thine undisputed guerdon:
 I'll do for thee the very best I can,
 And sound thy praise as 'a good third-rate man.'
 But if ye fail, if cannonading stones,
 Or toppling ice-crag, pulverize your bones;
 O happy stroke, that makes immortal heroes
 Of men who, otherwise, would be but zeroes!
 What tho' no Alpine horn make music drear
 O'er the lone snow which furnishes your bier;
 Nor Alpine maiden strew your grave with posies
 Of gentian, edelweiss, and Alpine roses?
 The Alpine Muse her iciest tears shall shed,
 And 'build a stone-man' o'er your honour'd head.
 Chamoix and bouquettins the spot shall haunt,
 With eagles, choughs, and lammergeyers gaunt;
 The mountain marmots, marching o'er the snow,
 Their yearly pilgrimage shall ne'er forego;
 Tyndall himself, in grand, prophetic tones,
 Shall calculate the movement of your bones;
 And your renown shall live serene, eternal,
 Embalmed in pages of the Alpine Journal!"

* * * * *

By reasoning such as this, year after year,
 I overcome my men's unreasoning fear.
 Twice has my guide by falling stones been struck,
 Yet still I trust his science and my luck.
 A falling stone once cut my rope in twain;
 We stopped to mend it, and marched on again.
 Once a big boulder, with a sudden whack,
 Severed my knapsack from my Porter's back.
 Twice on a sliding avalanche I've slid,
 While my companion in its depths were hid.
 Daring all dangers, no disaster fearing,
 I carry out my plan of mountaineering.
 Thus have I conquered glacier, peak, and pass,
 Aiguilles du Midi, Cols des Grandes Jorasses.
 Thus shall I onward march from peak to peak,
 Till there are no new conquests left to seek.

O the wild joy, the unutterable bliss
 To hear the coming avalanche's hiss!
 Or place oneself in acrobatic pose,
 While mountain missiles graze one's sun-burnt nose!
 And if some future season I be doom'd
 To be by boulders crushed, or snow entomb'd,
 Still let me upward urge my mad career,
 And risk my limbs and life for honour dear!
 Sublimely acquiescent in my lot,
 I'll die a martyr for—I know not what!

ARCULUS.



A MEDLEY.

Wherein we are presented to a pair of philosophic disputants, a garrulous grave-digger, and finally treated to an epitaph.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hamlet *Romantic.*
 Horatio *The Reverse.*
 Clown *The Village Sexton.*

SCENE I.—*A Country Church-yard in one of the Northern Counties, the exact locality not specified.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. There's the village, Harry, and to judge by the unusual amount of smoke issuing from its chimneys, that house with the chesnut trees ought to be the village-inn. What do you say? shall we press on and secure our beds and supper before the gentleman with the knapsack comes up, or shall we turn in here and rest awhile in the shade?

Hor. Rest in the shade, say I, and a pipe of Virginia to boot: there can be no run on the accommodation in this place, the grass on the roads forbids such a supposition, and our tourist friend may have the pick of beds for what I care: that wall-end down there by the stream with the trout rising looks very tempting, doesn't it?

Ham. It does indeed, and mark the colouring of the lichen and ivy on the tower! I must make a sketch of it as soon as the sun gets rather lower.

[They cross the stile, sit down in the shade, and, after lighting their pipes, puff in silence.]

Ham. (soliloquizing) What a lovely view this is! the river, the swelling moorlands, the blue mountain for the distance, in the foreground the church, 'the rugged elms, the yew tree's shade, where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap'! why I could fancy that Gray himself

Pleased with the cool, the calm refreshful hour,

And with hoarse murmur of unnumbered flies....

Hor. Hold hard, Frank, that's two mistakes already; in the first place its 'hoarse humming,' and in the second it was Warton wrote those lines, not Gray at all.

Hor. What a Vandal you are, Harry, to break in so rudely on my rhapsody; I never said the lines were Gray's, I only applied them to him; but might not this have well been Gray's churchyard? there stands 'the ivy-mantled tower,' and over the wall 'the straw-built shed' with 'the swallows twittering'! oh, what a divine poem it is; I'm like General Wolfe, I'd rather have written those stanzas than won a hundred battles.

Hor. You bagged that idea from Thackeray's "Virginians." Don't deny it, Frank, for I peeped into your book last night when you were out star-gazing, and saw some such bosh; but I don't believe Wolfe ever said anything of the sort, or he wasn't the man I take him for.

Ham. And why not pray? why should not the intrepid general, the consummate strategist possess the taste and delicate appreciation of the poet?

Hor. Because no man in my opinion ever did two things really well, and to have taken Quebec and written the *Elegy* required a perfect master of either art: can you name an instance?

Ham. A hundred if you like; take Wolfe's still greater contemporary, Washington—warrior, statesman, philosopher; no less courageous in the face of famine and pestilence than under the enemies' fire; out-generalling his foes, and curbing the malice and petty jealousies of his so-called friends; a man able at once to do and to suffer, to plan and to effect: and then, when he had freed his country, enrolled her armies, strengthened her constitution, refusing all personal aggrandizement, and retiring into private life an object of admiration to friend and foe alike: that was a man indeed.

Hor. Bravo, Frank! but your example's a poor one, for not only were these glories the result of one quality in your hero, as I take it, but Thackeray, whose ring I again detected in that panegyric of yours, seems to me rather to over-rate him; surely he was only the creature of circumstances, and his greatness due to the times in which he lived.

Ham. I grant you partly, but there must have been the talents latent in the man, or those times could not have called them out; besides, you may bring the same objection against most of the men whom history calls 'great'—Cæsar, Alexander, Cromwell.

Hor. And, therefore, I consider the epithet too often undeservedly bestowed. What was Cæsar *per se* but a drunken profligate? what Cromwell but a plebeian brewer? there surely have been hundreds as good or better than they, who have lived and died unknown, simply for lack of that 'king-maker' opportunity: why, what says your favourite elegy—

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some....

but what are you staring at?

Ham. Only that tombstone, which some illogical deity would seem to have placed there in defence of

your theory: "Sacred to the memory of John Washington, parish-clerk," I think it runs.*

Hor. It does, and if I had been a Greek or Roman, I should have taken it as proof positive; as it is, I am content to call it a curious coincidence; but seriously, granting a civil war and its rousing times, John Washington, clerk, for ought we know, might have won a kingdom like Oliver Cromwell, Protector, or freed one like his namesake George.

Ham. Or, more probably still, run away from the very first gun he heard.

Hor. I'm not so sure of that: honest John must have listened, unmoved, to many great guns in his time.

Ham. Good for you, Harry: methinks I could develop that idea into a reasonably good epitaph on the said John.

Hor. Do so, my dear Frank, and I'll go talk with that man of eld, who is climbing over the stile; to judge by "the pickaxe and the spade the spade," he should be the sexton.

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Horatio and Clown: Hamlet in the distance.

Hor. Nice day, my man!

Clo. Egh, egh, nice eneuf for them that's gotten nowt to do; I finds it a lile bit ower warm: ye'll be fra t' College, I'm thinking.

Hor. What College?

Clo. Why, Cambridge College to be sure.

Hor. Yes, I hail from Cambridge; what then?

Clo. Ye'll may be help me to t' meaning of a pasage o' Scriptur as bangs me clean: Tommy Tyler and me was tackling it afore I comed oot.

Hor. I'll try what I can do; what's your puzzle?

* A man of this name was, for many years, parish clerk in the town of Kendal.

Clo. Why we read as the A'mighty smote Job wi' boils fra t' croon o' his head tul t' sole o' his foot, and Job tuk a potsherd to screap hisself, don't we?

Hor. Well, what then?

Clo. There mun surely be some mistake, and they suld ha ca'd it sma' pox as he'd gotten; if it had been boils ye see, he could n't ha bided to ha' done it no how.

Hor. Why, man, you're quite a theologian.

Clo. Nay, nay, I'se nobbut a sexton, but I was allus main fond o' t' Scriptur, so was my fadder afore me; a' t' childer had Scriptur names, mine's Adam, and my sister's ca'd Asenath.

Hor. Asenath! and who was she?

Clo. Hegh, sirs, you fra t' College and not know that! why she was Joseph's wife, my fadder thowt a deal o' Joseph's wife.

Hor. (aside). This old fellow's an original and no mistake, I must draw him out (*aloud*). And was your father sexton before you?

Clo. Nay, nay, my fadder ketched moudi-warp;* Johnny Jenyons was t' sexton afore me, him as they ca'd "Sweeten for thy sell."

Hor. Ah! they called him "Sweeten for thy sell," did they? Was that his name?

Clo. Nay, nobbut a kind o' by-name he'd gotten; you see at t' Whitsun tea-drinking he'd allus be exing Miss Florence, that's our parson's darter, for mair sugar, till at last she says, "Sweeten for thysell, Johnny, sweeten for thysell," and that how he git t' name.

Hor. And what's become of him? is he dead?

Clo. Nay, not he, he's none o' your dying mak, he's i' t' awms-house ower there; he'd gotten ower auld for his wark; ding, but it maks me laugh now, when I think o' him at t' last burying he attended.

* Anglicè 'moles.'

Hor. What did he do?

Clo. What did he do! why instead o' coming forrard at t' reet place and flinging t' mould doon, bang gaes he head formaist into t' grave reet on t' top o' t' coffin plate; t' parson hissel couldnt keep fra smiling when t' mutes pulled him out rubbing his head; there was a girt stir made aboot it by t' corpse's folk, and t' upshot was, that Johnny was pensioned and I got t' place.

Hor. You seem to have some characters about here then.

Clo. Karákters! of coorse we hev, ivery yan on us; hev ye gitten owt to say agin them, young man?

Hor. Ah, you don't understand me; I mean funny characters, funny folk.

Clo. Aye, we hev that, I'se warrant; there's auld Antony Askew up at t' Nunnery as he ca's it, tho why I niver knawed: he'll teäv t' whole country ower efter an auld black kist and gie as much for yan cracked pot, as ud buy a barrow-fu' o' whole uns; ye'd may-be ca him a karáker: there was him and auld Willy Wadsworth, and a daft sprig they ca'd Hartley Cowdridge fra Grasmer, as was for iver lating broken steäns and ferns and siclike rubbidge.

Hor. Then you're no great admirer of Wordsworth, my friend?

Clo. Admire! what for suld I, a silly doited auld man;* it fair caps me why they suld ha' gien him a pension and takken away Johnny Close's fra Kirkby. But I'd a gay joke agin Muster Askew yan day.

Hor. How was that?

Clo. Why, it was yan dark morning aboot Cursmus time, terble hard and sleäp: I'd gitten up early to finish a grave I was making, and was warking wi' my speäd and shool under t' ground, when I heard summat saying, 'I wonder what o'clock it is;' I

* This estimate of Wordsworth was common among his humble contemporaries in the North.

knaw'd as it was Muster Askew by t' voice, and because he allus hed a walk i' t' grave-yard afore breakfast; thinks I, I'se gie you a fright my man, so I shoots oot gruffish-like 'It's hoaf-past siven, Muster Askew:' ho, ho, ho, but he did skelp it awa.

Hor. You like your joke then, it seems.

Clo. I allus did, Sir; I'd many a crack wi' auld Antony when I was sarvant wi' Sir Daniel at t' Ha'; William, as was coachman then, and me yance played him a bonny truck.

Hor. What was that? I should like to hear it.

Clo. Auld Antony was biding wi' t' maister, and they were baith gaing to drink tea wi' parson Tatham, as then was; Antony 'd gitten a bran new par o' boots which warn't a common thing wi' him, so he exed William and me to carry him ower to t' parson's i' t' palanky, I think they ca's it, as his boots were sa thin, not that they were thin neither, but he was loath to tak off t' newness. Well, when we'd takken him and browt him back, we exed him for a trifle for drink, and we'd eddled it fair eneuf surely, but he wad 'nt gie us so much as the valley o' this auld hat. Says William, 'your boots are thin, are they,' says he; 'I'se warrant they'se be thinner when ye git em i' t' morning;' so afore we went to bed I hods t' boots and William turns t' grind-stun till we'd grund t' soles as thin as hoaf a croon; ah, but Antony was gaily thrang when he put em on t' next morning, ho, ho, ho! but he dare na say owt aboot it for fear as folk suld knaw he wad 'nt gie us owt. Sir Daniel allus laughed at that teäl. Antony was near eneuf, but he was nowt to Dicky Unthank, that was a close-fisted yan to be sure.

Hor. And who was he, pray?

Clo. Him as married Miss Askew, Antony's sister, d' ye see; like to like, I allus said, for they were well-matched for near-ness; they 're buried ower yonder where your friend's sitting. She died first,

poor soul,—it 'll be a matter o' twelve year sin, come Cursmus, and Dicky mun needs hev a grand buryin, tho' he 'd kept her poorly eneuf as lang as she was alive; so he orders coaches and scarfs and hat-bands and what not, but for gloves he sends oot a' t' auld uns as he'd iver hed sent to him; he'd kept em a purpose d' ye see, mair by token that Turner* Jackson, him as I hed t' teäl fra, got twa reet-hand yans; well, t' day turned out terble snawy and cauld, and t' mutes standing ootside were well-nigh starved to death, so they sends up to exe for a drop o' summat hot to drink for to warm theirsells; 'drink,' shoots Dicky, when t' message were browt him, 'tell em, if they're cauld they may jump aboot, and they'se soon be warm.'

Hor. Excellent, but what next?

Clo. Well, he hedn't ordered sufficient coaches, and t' friends hed to ride by turns, as t' church was a gay bit off; so yan thing wi' t' other they were a good hoor late i' reaching t' yard; now t' bearers hed nobbut just gotten t' coffin on their shou'lders, when up runs t' landlord o' t' Mortal Man, that's whar Dicky 'd ordered t' buryin-dinner, and says, 'Can I hev a word wi' you, Muster Unthank?' 'Nowt wrang wi' t' dinner?' says Dicky turning varra pale; 'Nowt wrang,' says t' other, 'But it was ordered for noo, and I'se feerd it 'll be cauld afore your wife's under ground.' 'I' that case,' says Dicky, 'I can see but yan thing to do, t' corpse is cauld a' ready, and can bide well eneuf; so clap her doon lads, and let's to t' dinner; she'd be as loath as any yan that it suld spoil.'

Hor. Capital, capital! but here comes my friend, (*Enter Hamlet*) Frank, you've missed a real treat—

Ham. Have I? that's a pity, but here's my impromptu; you must'nt be hard on it, though, for I've had no time for polishing.

* Anglicè Attorney.

Hor. Why, you wretch, you've had a good half-hour while we've been gossiping here, but let us have it whatever it's like; and happy thought, the Sexton shall hear it too and judge of its merits; here Mr. Gravedigger! you knew John Washington, I suppose?

Clo. Aye, aye, Sir, for twenty years or mair.

Hor. Well, my friend has been writing an epitaph on him, and we want your opinion. Fire away Frank.

Ham. (reads).

Here lies our clerk, John Washington,
A name unknown to slander,
Equal in deeds, if not in fame,
To George, the great commander.

As George in war, so John in church
Had much of service seen;
How to respond when duty called,
Full well he knew, I ween.

The duty plain of taking arms,
George preach'd to every state,
But John the one of giving alms,
Whene'er he held the plate.

George, on the field of victory,
Taught men what battle's rage meant;
And John has helped to terminate
Full many a long engagement.

King George's English fell beneath
The other George's spleen;
While John has murdered, so 'tis said,
The English of the Queen.

Oftimes the roar from cannon's mouth
The ears of each would stun;
George spelt the word with double "n"
But John with only one.

Full many a charge had either stood
And bravely borne its force;
John's charge it was a Bishop's charge,
George's a charge of horse.

And many a charge had either made,
 Deny this charge, who dares;
 But George had charged the enemy,
 John newly wedded pairs.

George ever laboured for the "Free,"
 What Yankee true can doubt?
 And so did John, except that he
 The letter "r" left out.

As George upon his fatherland
 Shed bay-wreathed freedom's smiles,
 So John with Christmas laurels loved
 To deck his native aisles.

Then who shall judge to which belongs
 The epithet of Great,
 John the custodian of his Church,
 George guardian of his State.

Hor. For goodness sake stop, you're like Shirley
 Brooke's romance writer.

"What's good he has prigged, what's stupid's his own."
(to Clown) fine stuff, isn't it?

Clo. Aye, aye, fine indeed; but I cannot under-
 stand yan word o' it a'; hev ye gitten a saxpence,
 gentlemen, for an auld man.

Hor. Well, here's one, you deserve it for your
 stories; now mind I shall expect a new stock when
 next I come. Good evening.

Clo. Good e'en to you.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SERMO.



AFRICA.

IT is strange that, though men have inhabited this earth for so many ages, and have so far wrested from Nature her secrets and enthralled her powers, that the lightning is our messenger, and the planets are weighed, and each valley and hill on the face of the moon is mapped out and named, it is strange, I say, that there should still be vast regions of this our globe that are, and probably have always been, unknown to civilized mankind. Central Africa is one of these regions. It is well known what intense curiosity was in ancient times excited by this mysterious continent, and, more especially, by its great river, "Egypt's heaven-descended fount." The immense volume of water that rolled past Memphis and Thebes and the Pyramids, and irrigated the fields by its strange inundations, came from a fabled land of pigmies, giants, and monsters; or, perchance, it rose in the great earth-encircling ocean itself. Herodotus, when in Egypt (and he penetrated as far as Elephantine), was told that the Nile rose between two conical hills called Crophi and Mophi, and that its fountains were too deep to fathom, for that Psammitichus had let down many thousand fathoms of rope in vain. "Half the water," he adds, "runs northward to Egypt, and half southward to Ethiopia." We read also of a great lake, great swamps, troglodytes (cave-dwellers), a race of dwarfs, and many

other things, the existence of which recent discoveries have confirmed. After the time of Herodotus we hear of several great men who tried to solve the riddle of the Egyptian Sphinx. Alexander the Great, when he founded his city at the mouth of the Nile, is said to have made the attempt, but this was no mere Gordian knot to be severed by the sword. Cæsar, says the poet Lucan (with, perhaps, a little of his usual exaggeration), vowed that he would give up the civil war and all his dreams of empire if he could but visit these fabulous fountains.

About two centuries later the great geographer Ptolemy stated that the river rose in the *Montes Lunæ*. He makes six streams flow from these mountains, and form two great lakes lying E. and W. of one another. How near this is to the truth we all now know. The existence of these two great lakes has been vaguely asserted ever since the time of Ptolemy, and they will be found inserted in old charts; but gradually they were omitted, and Central Africa, some 15 or 20 years ago, was a mere blank, filled up by the imagination of map-makers with "unknown regions" and wondrous pictures of savage men and monsters.

As regards the discovery of the coast line a few words are necessary. There is ground for believing that at a very early period the east coast was known to traders from the Red Sea. Within the last few years certain large ruins have been discovered in the country that lies between the river Zambesi and Natal. The discoverer, Karl Manch (who, unfortunately, is since dead), identifies this ruined city, now called Zinbabwe, with the ancient Ophir, and the home of the Queen of Sheba.* It is, at all events, remarkable that the name of the chief river of the district is Sabia (Sheba), that extensive gold-mines have been worked

* For his most interesting descriptions and arguments see the *Mittheilungen*, conducted by Dr. Petermann (Karl Manch's *Reisen*).

there in ancient times, and that a tradition has for ages identified Sofala, the chief port, with Ophir. This is mentioned (with a false quantity) by Milton, and who speaks

"Of Sofala, thought Ophir."—*Par. Lost*, Book xi.

Secondly, Herodotus relates that some Phœnician mariners were sent (about 600 B.C.) by King Necho from the Red Sea to explore the coast of Africa, and that, after a voyage of some two years, they found themselves at the pillars of Hercules. He, with his usual simplicity, doesn't believe the story because the men declared that in those regions the sun rose on their right hand instead of on their left, which is precisely the reason why we do believe it. I cannot do more than just mention the Periplous of Hanno, the Carthaginian, who was sent to found colonies on the west coast; it seems certain that he sailed as far south as Sierra Leone, for he speaks of the coast suddenly trending away to the east.

About the same time that Columbus discovered America, the Portuguese pushed their explorations down the west coast. At the end of the 15th century a Portuguese, Vasco de Gama, doubled the Cape. In course of time Portugal settled colonies on the east coast and advanced far towards the north, till they were driven back by colonists and traders from Persia, India, and Arabia, whose presence in those parts at a very early period is proved by remains of ancient mosques, temples, &c., which are to be found on the mainland and islands.

And this state of things continues almost unaltered. The Portuguese have settlements here and there on the vast coast line from Delagoa Bay up to Cape Delgado (lat. 10 S.), and they jealously claim this as Portuguese territory, although they are scarcely able to hold their fortified coast towns against the natives, and, in some cases, are even forced to pay

tribute to the natives! The Arab ruler of Zanzibar, called by courtesy the "Sultan," claims the allegiance of many mainland tribes, but his power is limited almost entirely to the seaboard. No other European power has as yet established itself on this coast. At one time (1828) the British flag was hoisted by a Capt. Owen in the town of Mombasa, a little north of Zanzibar, but through some political jealousy it was abandoned, and we gave up what would have proved a most valuable protectorate, especially now, when we are anxious to obtain some footing in those parts for the suppression of the slave trade.* It is not my intention now to go deeply into the history of slavery, or to discuss the moral and political questions connected with the status of a slave. Though I have definite views on this subject, I prefer to leave them unstated, and to call attention to the far more urgent question of the loss of life involved by the slave traffic in Africa at the present time. But, before doing so, it may be interesting to look back for an instant on past times, for the sake of comparison.

Of the existence of slavery at a very early period we have ample evidence, but those ages loom on us in such colossal and mysterious shapes that our human sympathy cannot be easily aroused for the millions that have lived and died. I shall, therefore, make a few passing remarks about slavery amongst those with whom we are brought into contact from our earliest days—the Romans and Greeks. In reading classical literature and history I fancy one does not often realize to the full extent the immense numbers of the slave-population of Greece and Italy. It is stated that in Attica there were at one time (309 B.C.) 21,000 free citizens and 400,000 slaves. Again, under the Roman Empire, many rich men are said by Athenians to have possessed from 10,000 to 20,000 slaves. This is

* I am glad to say that a "Liberia" is now being formed at this very spot under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

probably an exaggeration, but it is known that a single *familia* of slaves often consisted of several thousands. It would be a mistake to suppose that all of these were employed in manual or menial work. Many, of course, had a very hard life in the mines, quarries, and fields, as is proved by the fact of the Servile wars; but many worked at various trades and professions, merely paying over to their owners the whole or a part of the profits. They were in great request as private secretaries, literary men, and doctors. Gladiators also formed a large body. Not a few characters distinguished in literature were at least of slavish origin. Such names as Horace and Epictetus occur to one at once; and it is well known that many of those highest in favour and authority at the Roman Imperial Court first entered Rome with chalked feet and bored ears.

The laws gradually bettered the condition of the slave, and manumission—which had never been much practised in Greece—because of constant occurrence in Italy. Christianity at first contented herself with urging the duty of kindness towards the slave as a fellow-creature, and it was not till the time of Justinian that any effort was made to abolish the whole institution. These efforts were partially foiled by the Goths and other invading barbarians, who brought into the country great numbers of their own slaves, mostly Sclavonians, whence comes our word "slave." But in time the *servus* became the *adscriptus glebae*—the serf of the feudal ages—and slavery became extinct.

It was reserved for the Christian nations of Europe to re-establish in more modern times a slavery, at least as unchristian and disastrous in its social and political principles as that of pagan times, and involving misery and loss of human life to a far greater extent. As far as I can discover, it was during the early part of the 16th century that the

Portuguese first began to sell as slaves the natives that fell into their hands as they extended their dominion down the west coast. They were soon followed by other nations, and from that time to the present century more than 50 million slaves have been exported from Africa. England was the first to cease from this exportation, and the first, about 20 years later (1834) to abolish in her possessions the institution of slavery. As Portugal was the first to begin, so has she been the last to abandon the traffic in men. This year slavery ceases (or is supposed to cease) in her colonies.

I said 50 million slaves were exported. If we apply to this the formula generally used with regard to the present slave traffic in East Africa, no less than *five hundred million* lives were lost in connexion with the trade on the west coast. This is a thing of the past, and, as a nation, we are quite content to look upon it as such. But it is a fact scarcely as well known and realised as it might be, that at the present moment there is existing in Africa a slave traffic that is, according to official accounts issued by our Government, draining that continent of human life at the rate of about *a million a year*, and spreading devastation and misery over some of the fairest portions of the earth.

In such a case statistics may to some extent prove fallacious, but the facts are inferred from (1) the numbers of slaves that pass, or used to pass, the custom-houses of Zanzibar and other such places; (2) from the known area over which the trade extends, *i.e.* from Egypt to the Zambesi and nearly across to the west coast; and (3) from the great mortality among the slaves before reaching their final destination.

Before our treaty with the Ruler of Zanzibar (1873) about 25,000 slaves used to pass through the customs of that island; many more were smuggled up the coast on their way to Arabia and Persia; many

others were conveyed, as now almost all are conveyed, by the land routes. Altogether, from the region of Africa lying to the S. and SW. of Zanzibar, 50,000 slaves, at the very least, are transported yearly. Now, according to Livingstone, about *ten* lives are lost for every slave that arrives at the final destination. A few quotations may make this more credible. "On arriving at the scene of their operations the Arabs incite and sometimes help the natives of one tribe to make war upon another... In the course of these operations thousands are killed, or die subsequently of their wounds or of starvation; villages are burnt, and the women and children are carried away as slaves. The complete depopulation of the country between the coast and the present field of the slave-traders' operations attests the fearful character of these raids."* "The road between Nyassa and the coast is strewn with the bones of slaves that have been killed or abandoned on the road."† "We passed," says Livingstone, "a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang... We saw others tied up in a similar manner." "We passed a slave woman shot or stabbed through the body, and lying on the path." And, again, "One of our men wandered and found a number of slaves with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food; they were too weak to be able to speak." "One slave-dealer told me," says Bishop Steere, "that he had on the coast a caravan of two hundred, all of whom died before they found a purchaser." No wonder that Livingstone exclaims, "I am heartsore and sick of human blood... The sights that I have seen, though common incidents of the traffic, are so nauseous that

* *Report of House of Commons*, 1871, p. iv. The description of a similar scene which occurred at Nyangwe is given by Livingstone in his *Last Journals*.

† *Report of House of Commons*, p. 287.

I always strive to drive them from my memory.... but the slaving scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at the dead of night horrified at their vividness."

It would be possible to write at much greater length, if space allowed, of these terrible scenes; but surely what has been already stated, if once realised, must leave no doubt in our minds that, as Christians and as Englishmen, we are being appealed to by a cry of distress, such as the world has seldom, if ever, heard.

What then can be done? What is being done?

I would gladly dwell at length on the past work of those who have devoted themselves to this cause, and more especially on that of Livingstone, but it is impossible to do so at present; and though I had intended to have touched on the great recent discoveries, such as those of Livingstone, Speke, Baker, Stanley, Cameron, and others, I shall have to leave this subject, and pass on at once to consider one line of action with which I am at present interested, and which I am endeavouring, to the best of my power, to follow out.

Readers of Livingstone's books will remember that he always advocated the opening up of Central Africa by the great rivers, especially the Zambesi; and that as an indispensable means of obtaining a hold on the natives, and releasing them from the disastrous influences of the Arab slavers, from whom alone they can now obtain European goods, and that chiefly in exchange for slaves, he insisted most strongly that a legitimate trade should be introduced into these regions, as an auxiliary of missionary efforts. Mr. Oswell, the fellow-traveller of Livingstone, thus writes to me: "It has always been my belief, that African slavery is only to be put down, or rather starved out, by wholesome trade. Many a time have Livingstone and I talked over this subject at our camp fires.

Could the articles for which slaves are bought be offered to the *slave-sellers* at their doors in exchange for the products of their country, one part of a hard riddle would be solved." I could multiply authorities and quotations to this effect, but the fact is self-evident to any one who considers it. The one thing wanting was a basis of operation; for, on account of the malarious character of the country, no European station can be safely placed near the coast. This basis has lately been supplied by the establishment on Lake Nyassa of a small settlement, which will doubtless prove of incalculable value as a centre of operations.

In the summer of last year an expedition, sent out by the Scotch Churches and led by Mr. E. D. Young, R.N. (who once before had reached Nyassa in search of Livingstone), arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi. Here they put together a small steel steamer, which they had brought from England, and in a few weeks successfully ascended the main river and its tributary, the Shire, as far as the Murchison cataracts. It was then necessary to take the 'Hala' again to pieces, to transport it and their goods across country for about forty miles, and to launch it on the upper river. This was a wearisome matter, but the natives came from all parts to welcome their "English fathers," and to offer their services as carriers. Last October the little vessel steamed triumphantly into the broad blue sea of Nyassa; and the last letters inform us that a spot has been chosen for the site of "Livingstonia," that the native chiefs are most friendly, that the Arabs (who annually transport some 20,000 slaves across the lake) are in consternation at the appearance of the British flag in their secret haunts, and that if a determined effort is made to follow up this line of action, a vast amount of the slave traffic will be stopped at the fountain head. But these Arabs are exceedingly cunning, and there is no doubt that they will try to misrepresent our motives to the native chiefs. They

have beads and calico and guns, and will doubtless use such means to bribe and tempt the natives. We have nothing to offer them but good advice. Now it may be said, that we ought not to trust to such 'carnal' weapons as beads and calico in our crusade against slavery. But, I ask, is it fair to expose the natives to such a temptation, when it is in our power to offer them what they want in exchange for the products of their country? Is it *right* to allow the slavers this powerful means of seducing the natives to murder and rapine? Is it *politic* to allow them this means of gaining influence over the chiefs and the people, and thus endangering our very existence, and ruining our work, the chief object of which (at present at least) is so to gain a hold on the natives that they may make an united stand against the ravages of these Arabs?

Such reasons have induced me to attempt to make a beginning—however small. I am hoping to be able to go out this spring, taking with me a moderate amount of goods, and to join the new settlement on Nyassa as an independent member, but having the same great object in view as the missionaries who have so bravely acted as pioneers. There will be of course great difficulties, such as the choice of the best route, the exactions of the Portuguese, the climate, the immense distances; but the time has come for an attempt, and it must be made in spite of all risks. I am most thankful to say, that many persons have shewn the greatest sympathy with the scheme, and that there seems to be a chance of making an immediate attempt, which, though of course of a tentative character, may, if successful, lead to something more worthy of the great cause and of England. My page is full, but should any readers of *The Eagle* wish for further information on the subject, I shall be most happy to give it.

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VIVISECTION.*

BY A "STUFF GOWN."

GREAT as has been the amount of attention lately given to the subject of vivisection (under which head, for the purposes of the present article, will be included all cases of induced diseases), it must be admitted that, considering it involves the happiness and well-being, aye, further, the very existence of thousands of living creatures, it has not occupied too much, even if it has had bestowed upon it the just share of attention which its importance demands.

It is a subject which, above all others, requires to be approached with the greatest amount of care, caution, and consideration, free alike, on the one hand, from false sentiment and sympathy, and, on the other hand, from indifference and want of feeling, or the prejudice which constant association with the practice of vivisection may have in some instances tended to create in the minds of members of the scientific world. The arguments on the one side and the other must be followed out to their logical conclusion, and then, but not until then, will it be possible to form a true and correct decision on the matter.

Few people of the present day are prepared to question the principle so ably expounded and sup-

* The MS. of this article was in the hands of the printer before the *Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection* had been issued.

ported by Bentham, "That there is nothing good in this world but pleasure, or that which is productive of pleasure; nothing evil but pain, or that which is productive of pain," and though the greater good is sometimes not unaccompanied by, or is even the cause of the lesser pain, the proposition is none the less true. Still more unquestioned and unquestionable is the fact that of all things existent upon earth the most sacred beyond comparison is that mysterious principle known as *life*, so easily destroyed and yet so utterly impossible to restore, that nothing but the most cogent necessity can justify responsible beings in taking it away even from the lowest or meanest created form that possesses it. And to man, as the responsible head of created nature—whether he owes his position to a gradual process of *natural selection* or whether he was originally so placed there—belongs the imperative duty not only of protecting and fencing round by every available means the lives of his fellow-creatures, but also of protecting the lives and mitigating, so far as in him lies, the pains which disease or inevitable necessity entail on those lower forms of animal life which may be within his dominion or power.

If this be a fair and true statement of the case, the *onus* of proving that vivisectional operations are justifiable, or, what amounts to the same thing, of proving (or at all events raising so strong a *prima facie* case as to call upon the other side for an answer) that the amount of good derived from them far more than outweighs the pain and evil inflicted by performing them is thrown upon those who advocate the continuance of the present system. In favour and support of vivisection, its advocates point with pride and confidence to the gigantic strides which have been made in medical science and surgical skill within the last few generations in consequence of the facts disclosed by vivisectional operations. One discovery

alone, which from the very nature of the case no amount of observation, unless accompanied by vivisectional operations, would ever have brought to light—the *circulation of the blood*—has created a revolution in medical and surgical science; and from the knowledge of this single fact more valuable lives have been saved, more disease, more suffering has been altogether removed or, in a greater or less degree, alleviated than would compensate for the whole aggregate amount of suffering and pain which all the vivisectional operations in the world have caused. Diseases are now successfully treated by new means and surgical operations almost daily performed with safety which but a century ago would have been looked upon as absurd or altogether impossible. By inoculating or infecting the lower animals with diseases, the course and phases which the diseases take may be watched and experiments tried, which, as experiments, could never be tried on the human patient—human life being very much too precious, very much too valuable to admit, except as a last resource, of any uncertain or unascertained process being employed upon it, involving in its results the probable or possible extinction of life, even though the immediate purpose were to endeavour to preserve it. By far the greater majority of vivisectional operations are performed whilst the animal operated upon is under the influence of *anæsthetics*, and in very, very few cases indeed is it suffered to regain sensitiveness, but is altogether deprived of life whilst in a state of perfect unconsciousness.

If man is justified in taking the life of the lower animals to support human life, is he not justified and more than justified in taking animal life in order to obtain knowledge and skill, by which he may save the lives and lessen the sufferings not of his fellow-creatures alone, but also of the whole system of animated nature?

And it is useless to urge that vivisection having been so long practised all the information which it is possible to acquire from it has already been acquired. Vast, indeed, was the difference between the surgeon of the 14th century and the surgeon of the 17th century! Would not the former have ridiculed the idea of the complete revolution which the discoveries made in the latter part of those centuries had worked in his science? Yet is not the difference between the surgeon of the 17th century and the surgeon of the present day as great or greater still? And who shall say that future generations will not look back upon ours as but the mere entering upon the road which shall eventually lead to a true and thorough knowledge of the functions, organization, and constitution of animal existence?

None but those utterly ignorant of the marvellous and mysterious complexity of even the lowest forms of animated creatures would for one moment pretend or suppose that the knowledge which has up to the present time been attained is at all a full or perfect knowledge. The most illustrious men in physiological science—men whose names, like those of William Harvey and Edward Jenner, will be handed down through all time—are the first to admit that their knowledge, great though it be as compared with the knowledge of previous ages, is but one atom of that which still remains unknown, and that on every side in their investigations they are met and confronted by matters and circumstances which are as yet to them hidden and impenetrable secrets; and the most rapid progress in medical science has been made in recent times, when research by vivisectional operations has been more frequent and complete.

Surely here is evidence which raises not only a mere *prima facie* case, but one of "*violent presumption*," in favour of vivisection; a case resting upon no unsubstantial theories, but one which the records

of every hospital, every physician, every surgeon in the world can support by the indubitable testimony of facts.

On the other side it is said that these operations are now useless and tend to brutalise the mind. "We have put down," say they, "bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and dog-fighting, and we must put down vivisection; we must have legislation on the subject." But one moment's reflexion will shew how widely is that class of pursuits separated from vivisection. In the one, pain, suffering, and anguish were inflicted for the mere pleasure the sight of pain might give to degraded minds; they were followed in times of intellectual darkness by the most brutal and ignorant in the community with no further object than their own cruel gratification and amusement; whilst, on the other hand, vivisection is pursued only by the highly educated and not on account of the pain which it causes, but in order that, by aid of the knowledge and experience gained, pain in innumerable instances may be removed or assuaged, and all mankind benefitted by a more intimate acquaintance with the ways and laws of nature.

Moreover, the present outcry against vivisection has been raised by people to whom the operating theatre and the anatomist's lecture-room are regions as little known as the North Pole or the centre of the Sahara; their vague notions on the subject are founded on the vaguest "*hearsay*" evidence, and they are either entirely incapable of comprehending, or wilfully shut their eyes to the real facts. But supposing for one moment that these fears are well founded, are they prepared to follow out to the logical conclusion the arguments which they so loudly enunciate?

Have they ever considered the intense suffering which is inflicted simply for the sport and pleasure of those who inflict it? Can words describe or ima-

gination paint the extreme sufferings and torture endured by a salmon on a hook in a death struggle which lasts for hours? Or by the "live bait," with a steel wire passed through its very vitals, and so arranged as to make it writhe and twist to the utmost in its vain endeavours to get free? Or by a hare or bird that, wounded and with broken limbs, creeps into some place of shelter to linger, it may be for days or weeks, in patient yet unutterable agony and pain? Or by a fox that, driven from covert to covert, finds all his places of refuge closed against him, and, after being hunted for hours, is at last, when overcome by fatigue and worn out by exertion, torn limb from limb whilst life and consciousness yet remain?

Do none of those who are loud in their protestations and indignation against vivisection ever join in any of these or kindred sports? Do they never use gag-bits and bearing reins for their carriage horses, and so unquestionably cause disease and worse than useless suffering, for the sake of gratifying their own idle pride by seeing their horses fretting and trembling under the bit? Or do they never discuss with interest or pleasure the sport which their friends have met with in the hunting-field or on the moor, the stubbles, or the river? Do not the newspapers, at certain times of the year, almost daily abound with paragraphs describing "*bags*," in which hundreds of lives have been destroyed in a single day? And these make up not one-tenth or hundredth part of the number of living creatures annually reared in this country for the very purpose of being deprived of life in a violent and, in most instances, painful manner for the selfish pleasure of the hour.

Surely these are matters which logically demand suppression before vivisection, which is pursued for the purpose, not of pleasure, but of obtaining knowledge, by which suffering and pain may be alleviated.

Even the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a lady to whom this generation owes an immense debt of gratitude, has so far shut her eyes to the facts of the case as to address a letter to several of the morning papers, in which she asks that subscriptions be withheld from Hospital Sunday until it be ascertained that the institutions participating in the division of the funds do not permit of vivisection. A more thoughtless and cruelly insidious blow, and one beyond the power of words to describe, unworthy of the lady who has dealt it, was never levelled against suffering humanity. Her letter will be read by hundreds of thousands of people, many of whom will never take the trouble to think the subject out for themselves, but will accept the opinion of Baroness Burdett-Coutts as all sufficient; and the result may be that those useful and charitable institutions—hospitals—which have done more than any other institutions or charities in the world towards benefitting the sufferings of mankind, will have to limit the sphere of their usefulness; and unfortunate beings, suffering from accident or disease, unable to provide assistance for themselves, will be debarred from the benefits which they would otherwise have derived from those institutions, and may through long hours of anguish and pain unconsciously rue the day when the Baroness Burdett-Coutts used her great authority in thus indirectly attempting to suppress the practice of vivisection. But, further, if she is willing to use means so indirect to suppress vivisection, has she taken care that all the means have been exercised that lie in her own immediate power and not more indirect of preventing wanton cruelty to animals? Does she permit no sporting on her estates? Has she no game preserves there? Has she given directions that no fishmonger who deals in rod-caught or crimped fish, or poulterer who deals in game should supply her table? Has she altogether prohibited the use of game in her

house? If not, she stands chargeable, not with deliberate selfishness, for her whole life is one standing testimony to the contrary, but with the most thoughtless inconsistency.*

No thinking person can deny that vivisection is practised for the purpose of obtaining knowledge, by which, more or less directly, the diseases and bodily sufferings of the whole human race and all animal creation that is brought into the service of man may be removed, prevented, or their disastrous consequences lessened. Yet, in the *Times* of the 24th of January, the Society for Abolition of Vivisection inserted an advertisement, in which, amongst other terms, they apply the following to the practice of vivisection:—"hideous cruelty," "moral ulcer," "dreadful form of insanity," "dangerous and demoralizing to society," "stigma on Christianity," &c., &c. "The public," they go on to add, "have little idea what the horrors of vivisection are; its crimes in studied, ingenious, refined, and appalling torture, in wantonness, uselessness, and wickedness cannot be surpassed in the annals of the world."

Such is the language, such the arguments, by which the Society for the Abolition of Vivisection seek to advocate their cause. A Society which numbers amongst the members of its committee nine ladies, of whom, as they so energetically and in such unmeasured language take up the defence of dumb animals, it may not unreasonably be asked, Do they *never* in empty ostentation and the gratification of selfish personal vanity use feathers, pearls, furs, or any other of the almost innumerable ornaments of a lady's dress, to obtain which life or lives were unnecessarily sacrificed?

In short, whilst it is permitted to deprive thousands and hundreds of thousands of living creatures

* In fairness it must be stated that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts does not use gag-bits and bearing-reins, and has several times exerted herself to suppress these cruel instruments of torture.—π. β.

of life for the mere sake of pleasure, is it not straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel to attempt to prevent vivisection, which at the most, in comparison with sport, takes but a dozen or two lives, even if it were followed for the express purpose of affording pleasure to those practising it. But when it is followed solely for the purpose of obtaining knowledge, experience, and skill, by which all animal existence is continually being benefitted, surely man is justified, and more than justified, in carrying on vivisection as one of the means in his power of doing the *greater good by the lesser pain*.

π. β.



PROPERTIUS V. 11.

DESINE, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum :
Panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces.

Cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,
Non exorato stant adamante viae.

Te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae,
Nempe tuas lacrimas litorea surda bibent.

Vota movent Superos—ubi portitor aera recepit,
Osserat herbosos lurida porta rogos. ...

Nunc tibi commendo, communia pignora, natos.
Haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.



CORNELIA.

CEASE, my Paullus, thus lamenting,
O'er my tomb these tears to rain,
Never doth the gloomy portal
Ope to mortal prayer again.

When the spirit once hath entered
'Neath the laws that bind the dead,
Barred with adamant relentless
Lies the pathway none may tread.

To the god of that dark dwelling
All in vain would fall your tears,
For the ruthless sand would drink them
Ere your grief might reach his ears.

Prayers may move the gods in heaven :
Once the boatman has his pay
Never more the soul returneth
Upward to the light of day.

Take, my husband, take our children,
Pledges of our wedded love ;
Love, deep fixed in soul and spirit,
Death is powerless to remove.

Fungere maternis vicibus, pater. Illa meorum
Omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.

Oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice matris.
Tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.

Et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis:
Cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis.

Sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle, fatiges,
Somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam.

You must add the mother's fondness
To the tender father's care;
What erewhile we bore together
Now is yours alone to bear.

When with father's kiss you soothe them,
Seal it with the mother's, too;
Now the burden of the roof-tree
Rests its weight alone on you.

Though for me you wail in secret,
Let not them your grief espy,
Let caresses hide your sorrow,
Meet them with a tearless eye.

Let the weary night content you,
Husband, to indulge your pain,
When the visions of your slumber
Bring the lost one back again.

G. C. A.



MY JOURNAL ON THE
TRANSIT OF VENUS EXPEDITION
TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

ABOUT 4 p.m., September 10, we had everything packed up, and left H.M.S. "Scout" to go to our quarters at the Hawaiian Hotel. The long-expected white men created no small sensation as they walked up the streets with their helmets on; all looked at us as the men who had come to see the new planet. On our way we passed the Theatre Royal; then a few paces on was the hotel—truly worth calling an hotel.

On entering the ground you pass through an avenue of acacias nearly eighty yards long, and arrive at the hotel, with its deep verandahs. It is two storeys high besides a basement, each having its verandah, the Passion flower festooning all over it, and filling the air with a delightful perfume. It is truly a beautiful place, with much shade and very cool; in fact, the whole of Honolulu is studded with banana and acacia trees for shade.

The town consists of several streets and cross streets, cutting the whole into blocks in the American fashion. The Government House is a fine building, where are held the Courts of Law, &c. Opposite to it is the King's Palace, which stands in the centre of a park of about 20 acres, surrounded by a wall

built of coral, having its gates guarded by soldiers pacing in the orthodox manner with rifle and fixed bayonet.

Honolulu has its army, and it can march out two very creditable companies fully equipped and knowing their drill thoroughly, with a military band of 40 who play well; they have, besides, half-a-dozen field pieces and their complement of men. Of course these are no use for war; no one would attack the Islands, but they are indispensable to keep order and morale in the town.

A little behind the town is what is called the Punch-bowl; it is an extinct volcano, not very high. On its brink facing the town are mounted seven guns commanding the harbour. On great occasions (and they often happen, as everything is a great occasion) salutes are fired from here. At the bottom of the crater of the Punch-bowl, which is a complete basin, is a sink filled with large lava boulders. I believe that any amount of water might be poured into the crater, and it would go down into the earth as easily as pulling the plug out of the bottom of a lavatory basin; it is certainly wonderful! All up the sides of this hill sea-shells are to be found in numbers, and also inside the crater. Descending to the town we arrive in Fort Street and pass up the Valley Road, or, as it is called there, the Nuau Valley. This is a good macadamised road, and all the roads are equally good; along this road on both sides are situated the houses of most of the *élite*, the Minister of State, &c. Their houses are certainly most picturesque, and with the assistance of all the tropical beauties I don't think it has been very difficult to make them the "Bijoux" they are.

Continuing on this road about six miles we pass splendid scenery until we arrive at what is called the "Pali" precipice; the road suddenly turns, and looking down one sees a black abyss covered with

trees on every point, the rugged mountains rising on each side. It is a very dangerous place, and impossible to describe; the descent is rapid to the sea in the distance.

We return to the town, and are met as we ride in by some of the inhabitants, who step into the road with garlands in their hands and tie them round our ankles, wrists, necks, hats, or as a sash over one shoulder and under the other. These garlands or "lays," as they are called, are most tastefully composed of the beautifully-scented flowers with which the Islands abound, and which are not to be seen growing, I think, in England. So tasteful are the natives that I have seen most exquisite "lays" made from the leaves of the fern "Pulu," which is very like our bracken.

Then journeying out on the Waiakiki road we soon get out of the town, and have a good ride for a couple of miles, when we can turn to the right, passing by the summer residences of many of the inhabitants with their gardens stretching down to the sea. Amongst them is the King's summer house, with its cocoanut grove. We pass by and arrive at the foot of the crater of Diamond Head. Vessels from Australia always sight this Head first, as they call here on their way to San Francisco. After climbing up the volcano I was surprised to see inside it a lake, which I was told contained fish. There are plenty of plovers all over the crater, but very wild. The ascent and descent are difficult, but well repay the labour. I pounded a little of the lava, and, having subjected it to the microscope, I was surprised to see its beauty; garnets, crystals, copper, iron, far more beautiful than any other lava I had found in the Islands. After a short ride inland from here we come to the Telegraph Station, where an exquisite view is obtained of the neighbouring Islands—Molokai, Lanai, Kahoolawe, Moui, and sometimes the snow-

capped summit of Mauna Loa, 120 miles distant in the Island of Hawaii.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands are dark, but not negroes; they are somewhat the colour of a real gipsy; they are very hospitable and a fine race of people, but very idle. The Islands are within the banana belt. Their language is a very pretty one; it consists of only twelve letters, including the vowels as we have them, and the consonants h, k, l, m, n, p, w. The chief produce of the Islands is sugar and coffee.

They do things very peculiarly in Honolulu. A certain wealthy gentleman, named Kimo Pelikani (English Jim), had built himself a new house, and was going to give a house warming, but, instead of sending invitations to his friends, he simply advertised "There will be a Louou (native feast) at Puloa, Oct. 17th, all Honolulu Invited," and nearly all Honolulu went, the King with his band and all his Ministers, the Queen, Princess Ruth, the Captains and Officers of the Men of War, and we all made a capital party. The King doffed regality, and danced, laughed, and joked with all; the whole was like a large happy family. The repast was spread on a table about one foot from the ground, which was covered with Palm leaves. A dish of "Poi," a sort of squash from the Taro root, eaten by sticking your two fingers in, and by a dexterous movement carrying the "Poi" to your mouth, began the feast. There was every kind of native dish; roast dog, and the dish formed from the sea-urchins I can particularly recommend, and if any of my readers have the chance I advise them to lay aside prejudice and taste them, the roast dog being excellent.

There is one thing very wonderful in the Sandwich Islands, viz. their land shells. These are very exquisite, and are found chiefly on the trees; they can be easily discovered or traced by the wonderful noise they make, and when there are many of them singing,

as it is called, it sounds in the woods like an Æolian harp. At first the sound seems like a cricket's chirp, but the difference is soon known when a cricket is heard at the same time, and the mistake never happens twice. I made a considerable collection of these shells with much difficulty. Honolulu is truly a delightful place, a splendid climate, and a good sea.

On Nov. 2nd, at 10 a.m., two of us with a party of friends left Honolulu in H.M.S. "Scout" for Kailua, in the Island of Hawaii. When we arrived a few miles from there, at 6 the next morning, there was a very strong Koua southerly gale blowing, and too big a surf to attempt to land, so we went the other side of the Island to Hilo, and arrived the next morning. A large party left us to go to see the crater of Kilauea.

It was blowing also at Hilo very hard, and a big sea was running. I, with some others, however, went on shore, landed at the Creek, and walked a mile to the town, which consists only of a few stores. The great trade of the place is sharks' fin, which is sent to China, where it is used to form a dish for a celestial connoisseur; it is very good, but, I think, something like haddock.

Hilo Bay abounds with sharks, and I am told that the natives swim out to do battle with them, but I never saw this. The surf was still rolling in very high; nevertheless, the natives said they would take us on board, so we trusted ourselves in a surf boat and started. The moment had to be watched when to break through a line of surf; the man in the stern would tell the rowers to rest, and when he saw the right moment "hui! hui!" then they would pull like mad, shoot over or through the surf, and rest for the next charge. It was very exciting, and though very hazardous, any thought of danger was lost in the intense excitement. On looking back when we were through, it was wonderful to see what we had gone over.

We steamed again for Kailua; on our arrival there the weather was fine and the sea calm, so we landed all the transit instruments and took up our quarters at the King's Palace, a large house built of coral blocks. When all was landed at Kailua, H.M.S. "Scout" left for Kaalakakua Bay, 12 miles south, to land the material for building a monument to the great Captain James Cook, R.N., who was killed there in 1779, after observing the last Transit of Venus in the South Pacific. The "Scout" returned there Nov. 14th, and on that day the monument was unveiled. It is an obelisk made of concrete, and stands only about ten yards from where he fell when murdered by the natives.

At Kailua my room was on the first floor, and had a verandah and five windows. From the one looking west I could see the whole of the Bay of Kailua with the few huts around it, the graves of the old chiefs, and the Pacific stretching out beyond. Often have I stood at this window to watch the sunsets; they are very beautiful and, I should think, unsurpassed. From the windows looking south I could see the rugged coast stretching far in the distance, until it is brought to a termination by a promontory, called Kau Point, which is the foot of a gradual slope to the summit of Mauna Loa, the highest mountain in the Island, nearly 12000 ft.

In the Eastern direction Hualali, an extinct volcano, rears its head above the forest of orange, banana, lime, coffee, and bread-fruit trees. The scenery in these forests is splendid; they are natural ferneries, and Nature's arrangement far surpasses the most perfect of man's skill and art.

The time passed up to the memorable day of the transit of the planet. The exact moment of contact was not observed at Kailua in consequence of a cloud, which was a great disappointment to me, but micrometrical measurements were taken, which are quite as valuable.

I was much amused with the native idea of our Expedition and what we had come for. They believed that a new planet was going to appear on the sun, that our telescopes were guns, and we were going to shoot at the new planet to pin it on the sun and so secure it.

On Dec. 18th I started with a guide, who was an Englishman, and three mules on a ride 140 miles to the crater of Kilanea, the largest active volcano in the world; and after a very tiring ride through some of the sublimest forest scenery that one can imagine, and a continual fernery, about two in the afternoon of the 20th I began the last ten miles of my journey up a very gentle and gradual slope. I could see the steam rising from the crater in the distance. When we had gone about eight miles we came to the brink of the great crater; after coasting along the edge of it for two miles we arrived at the Volcano House or Hotel, very much fatigued.

After supper, which consisted of very good ham and eggs, a pot of poi, coffee and whisky, I looked out upon the crater below. About three miles from us was the boiling lake of liquid earth, and I could distinctly hear the waves of lava surging and crashing against the sides of the crater, and dashing against each other. There were innumerable jets of fire all around, it all threw up a livid flame; and although the night was intensely dark, I do not think I was struck with the scene, for looking from the height down upon it brought to my mind a scene I had often witnessed in England: travelling on a dark night through the pottery district, where the innumerable fires and furnaces, with the addition of the roar and glare of Bessemer works, appear much the same.

The next morning when we looked out there stretched before us a chasm, nine miles across, with perpendicular sides. After looking at this for some

time, I thought that although I had seen its equal as man's work, it appears more awful as Nature's. Of course, we went down the crater, and spent half the day there, because it was the proper thing to do, but it was anything but pleasant, for we were nearly suffocated with the fumes and roasted by the heat; and at one time having really to run for our lives made it seem as though we had had a thrilling adventure.

We left the volcano on the return journey on Dec. 23rd, and arrived at Kailua on the 27th. I spent Christmas Day in a Chinaman's store in the woods, and it was a Christmas Day I shall remember all my life. We had for our Christmas dinner about a pound of boiled beef, a loaf of bread, a box of sardines, a plate of onions, and two slopbasins of tea? we ate with our fingers and bowie knives, and the counter was our table, cock-roaches were running about everywhere, and would persist in drowning themselves in our tea. The whole family of Chinamen were in the room, one of them had died the night before, and was laid out in the corner waiting for the morrow to be buried. A few days after I left Kailua for Honolulu, and having bid farewell to all my Sandwich Island acquaintances, I left Honolulu on January 12th for San Francisco, where I arrived, after a glorious passage, on the 21st.

The journey from San Francisco to New York over the Union Pacific Railway is interesting. In twelve hours, from our start from the sea level at San Francisco, the train had risen 7000 feet, to a place called Cape Horn, where the railway is cut out of the side of an almost precipitous mountain, and 3000 feet directly below is the great American Cañon with its river looking like a thread of silver. Two days after we passed the great Salt Lake, and then arrived at Ogden. I had intended to have gone to Salt Lake City, but the road was snowed up that I

was unable to do so. Just after leaving Ogden we passed the '1000 mile tree' which is a fir tree exactly 1000 miles west of Omaha, on one of whose branches

arrived then at Sherman, 8200 feet high, where a tremendous gale of wind was blowing, and snow drifting at an alarming rate into the cuttings. We did a good deal of snow butting with the snow plough, which is fastened to the engine; the plough shares reach from a couple of inches off the rails higher than the top of the funnel. The train I was in, though going moderately fast, was stopped by the snow, so we backed for about 2 miles, got up full speed, about 45 miles an hour, and went at the snow. I knew what we were going to do, so I buttoned up my coat and stood at the end of the Pullman Car to see what I could. When the plough touched the snow it threw it off on each side, and it seemed as though we were going through a snow Tunnel. The drift was 5 feet deep and about 300 yards long, but we cut a beautiful road right through it, and there seemed to me not to be the slightest diminution of speed. After the usual collision, in which we knocked over 4 tons of letters, we arrived without further mishap at Omaha late, and had to stay a night, starting off for Chicago the next morning. After coasting about the lakes, I arrived at Niagara, where I stayed to see that of which the Americans say, "I guess you ain't got anything to equal that," and true we hav'nt, for it is nothing but a big weir. The first thought is, that it is wonderful that the body of water continues so plentiful, but this is only for a moment, as it is not wonderful but only to be expected, when one considers the immense tract of land it drains and the extent of the lakes. I did not go into those raptures that are supposed to be the proper thing to do when one sees the "cut and dry" scenes, but

took it all as a matter of course, and left the place with a feeling of great disappointment, and determination never to go ten yards out of my way again to see the falls. The Yosemite fall in California, 2760 feet high, or the Bridal Veil in the same Valley, 900 feet high, with less water, is, in my opinion, far finer than a fall 300 feet high and 300 feet broad; the latter looks like a revolving water cylinder.

I left for New York, which is a fine city, and all I can say for it is that when I was in Broadway during business hours, I hardly realized the fact that I was not on the other side of the pond in the Strand.

The whole place was frozen up, the thermometer registering 28 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. However, I did not find it so cold as it often is in England, it seemed a dry coldness. I stayed until I was frost-bitten, when I thought it time to depart, and accordingly left in the "City of Montreal," in which I accomplished the last 3,000 miles of a 30,000 miles journey about the world, and arrived safely in England at the same part I started from only ten months previously.

H. G. B.



PEMBROKESHIRE.

SINCE the completion of the South Wales Railway and the opening of steam communication between Milford Haven and Waterford, the south-west corner of Wales has been rendered easy of access; still, with the exception of the through traffic to Ireland, the course of most strangers visiting the county of Pembroke is directed to the watering-place of Tenby and its immediate neighbourhood. The greater part of Pembrokeshire, lying north of Milford Haven, is traversed by few tourists, and those chiefly of a quiet sort, who move about on foot and seek retirement rather than a bear-garden. Cheap excursions, brass bands, beggars, and bathing-machines are unknown on its sea-coast; rarely will the wanderer be confronted with the sandwich-wrapping newspaper or sit down unawares upon the broken bottle. But to those whom these "pretty pleasures" do not move there are many attractions in the district of which I am speaking. It is a country of hills and valleys, with the sea close at hand; a sea the coasts of which are not tame and regular, but broken into a succession of small bays and upheaved by volcanic disturbance into bold and rugged headlands.

Very different from this is the central part of the county. Its character is generally moist in climate, undulating in outline; but its one leading feature is the great inlet of Milford Haven, the arms of which extend in all directions far into the interior. This

district does not present to the eye the same rough and bare appearance as the northern; trees are abundant throughout, especially in the sheltered and steamy bottoms, down which the streams run to the Haven; and in some parts large woods cover the ground for miles.

South Pembrokeshire is again widely different from the rest. Apart from the ridges, between which lie the valleys of Lamphey and St Florence, the country is more flat than the central district, and trees are very scarce. The coast is nearly all steep limestone cliff, broken and worn into grand and picturesque forms, but giving an effect of melancholy dreariness. Except along the coast the scenery is poor, and the country for the most part devoid of interest.

A glance at the Ordnance Map will shew that Pembrokeshire is exceptionally rich in ancient fortifications. From the castles of Pembroke, Manorbier, Carew, Narberth, and the still standing walls of Tenby to the mound of loose stones that cuts off the end of St David's Head is a great step backward. Between these come the earthworks, for the most part of an oval shape, with which the county is thickly dotted. There are, however, far more of these primitive strongholds in the northern part of the county than in the southern, while the castles lie chiefly in the latter. This may be taken as indicating that the early struggles of pre-historic times took place chiefly on the borders of the hilly country, while the castles represent the need of defending the English part of the county, or 'Englishry,' from the attacks of the Welsh, in times of which we possess some literary record. Contemporary, perhaps, with some of these early works are the monuments of supported (*cromlechau*) or standing (*meini-hirion*) stones, which are very common in North Pembrokeshire. Within a circuit of ten miles round Fishguard most of the remarkable *cromlechau* may be found. Those near St Nicholas

and Newport are well worth a visit; but that on the hill above Pentre-Evan decidedly ranks first. Its dimensions are given as follows by George Owen a local antiquary of the 16th century.* The tallest supporter is 8 feet high and the lowest above 7 feet; the cap-stone 18 feet long, 9 broad, 3 thick at one end, but tapering towards the other. As I had no measure with me when I visited it, I cannot vouch for the exactness of these dimensions, but am sure that they are not far wrong. A few large stones near the cromlech seem to be the remains of a stone circle that once surrounded it. It stands in a wild place among the low hills about five miles inland from Newport, and is hard to find unless you know something of the district, and can identify the lanes, paths, and small streams with those marked on the Ordnance Map. And, as it happens, this is not so simple a matter as might be expected.

The churches of Pembrokeshire present few points of interest to the architect, save one or two in the southern half of the county, and the Cathedral of St David's in the north. For the present purpose it is enough to remark that the southern churches have nearly all got embattled towers (mostly with saddleback roofs), while the northern are almost without exception utterly devoid of towers and are of the ancient barn-like shape common throughout Wales.

The two centres for the walking tourist in North Pembrokeshire are undoubtedly Fishguard and St David's. Of these the former will repay a more than passing visit. The bay affords good boating and excellent bathing, while the country presents much beautiful and varied scenery to those who will explore it on foot. The headlands of Dinas and Strumble, the Preselly hills and the valley of the

* Quoted by Fenton, pp. 559—60, *G. Owen's MS dates 1595*.

Gwaun may be mentioned as walks which offer much variety and deserve repetition. The town itself (the Welsh name of which is Abergwaun) stands on a bold cliff in a recess of the bay and is singularly fresh and healthy. Its population, including the lower town, is about 2000, and it is one of the group of Haverfordwest contributory boroughs. The people consider themselves Welsh, but their looks—agreeing with the cluster of Norse names on the coast, of which Fishguard is one—forbid one to doubt that there is a strong admixture of Teutonic blood in most of them.

Quiet and obscure though it be now, this little market-town and harbour of a remote district, its name was for awhile in men's mouths towards the end of the last century. On February 20th 1797 three French vessels appeared off the promontory of Pen-caer, and at a point about 3 miles to the west of Fishguard, in the parish of Llanwnda, disembarked some 1200 troops, 800 of whom were liberated convicts and all half-starved with hunger. A visit to the spot at which they landed will shew that Fenton does not exaggerate when he speaks of the 'vast toil' they underwent in rolling casks of ammunition up the cliff. The madness of choosing such a landing-place is evident, and the wonder is that they ever got up the casks at all. But it is best to let the Pembrokeshire historian tell the tale in his own words* as far as space will admit. After describing the flight of the country people and the removal of women and children from Fishguard in consequence of the general panic, he writes—

"In the meantime, the bloodhounds were no sooner at leisure than they hastened to satiate their hunger, which, from the vast toil they had undergone and their scanty allowance of provision for some days,

* *A Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*, by Richard Fenton, Esq. F.A.S. (London, 1810).

had become voracious. The fields were selected for the purpose of cookery, and the operations were carried on upon an immense scale. Not a fowl was left alive, and the geese were literally boiled in butter. They then proceeded to plunder, and give a loose to every brutal excess that pampered and inflamed appetites could prompt them to; but the veil of night was kindly drawn over their execrable* orgies, disgraceful to nature, and which humanity shudders to imagine. But what less could have been expected from wretches commissioned (as it afterwards appeared from the instructions taken on board one of the frigates that conveyed them to our shores) to confound and desolate?

"Gluttony was followed by intoxication, and here the finger of Heaven was manifestly visible; for, in consequence of a wreck of wine a few days before on that coast, there was not a cottage but supplied a cask of it, the intemperate use of which produced a frenzy that raised the men above the control of discipline, and sunk many of their officers below the power of command; and to this principally, in gratitude to the Divine Being, may be ascribed the so speedy and happy termination of a business that seemed to menace a much more distressing catastrophe."

The writer goes on to draw a highly-coloured picture of what might have happened had the French been able to penetrate into the interior of the county; disasters happily averted by the utter disorder of the French, whose commander, having lost all authority over his men for purposes of offence, and finding that he was gradually being surrounded by the local Yeomanry, under the command of Lord Cawdor, and by such other irregular forces as could be raised,

* When Mr. Fenton was on his tour through the country the gentlemen everywhere gave him hospitable entertainment. He then speaks of crowning the labours of the day by the 'elegant conviviality' of the evening.

resolved upon a surrender, which was accepted as absolute and unconditional. Mr Fenton then continues—

“However, our troops, actuated by true British valour from the gallant peer who headed them to the meanest of his followers, were then assembled, had taken a judicious position, and waited with firmness the motions of the enemy; yet this was a moment rich beyond the power of language to paint, as it recalled the fugitives to their homes, the husbandman to his plough, the shepherd to his flock, restored the suspended animation of the fields, and gave us a harvest of laurels, without hazarding the precious blood of our brave defenders.”

After describing the surrender, he adds, in a tone of mournful indignation—

“There have been invidious attempts to tarnish the lustre of this event.”

In fact it had been asserted that some of the local Baptists, being ill-affected towards the English Government, had entered into treasonable correspondence with the enemy. But, exclaims our patriotic friend—

“I may venture to ask how it were possible for such men without fortune, learning, or connections, to give effect to their principles, malignant as they might have been, and communicate with foreigners in an unknown tongue, who scarcely knew the patois* of their own. That one of them was found within the enemy’s lines was proved, and, I believe, little more; whither, like many others unnoticed, he had been carried by that fool-hardy inquisitiveness, a prominent feature in the character of the low Welsh, a sort of officious temerity, the result of nerve, which, if properly directed, would have impelled the possessor to pierce the recesses of the Thuilleries or St Cloud,

* ‘Welsh English,’ I suppose.

and sheathe a poniard in the heart of that disturber of the peace of the world, the execrated Corsican despot.”*

At the risk of quoting too much, I have added this last extract, for the closing outburst seems now too good to be missed. But the book bears date 1810, and it is hard to enter fully into the feelings of the early part of the century.

The advantages of forming a harbour in Fishguard Bay, by the construction of a strong breakwater, are well known to the Admiralty, who seem, however, to have no spare money for so large an undertaking. The work would not be likely to pay, even were the Waterford and Wexford packets to make this their port, and the railway which would render such a change feasible is not yet made. At the end of last century some project of the kind was under discussion, for in 1790 a Mr. Spence, having surveyed the Bay on behalf of the Admiralty, reports† that Fishguard is the right place for the next harbour north of Milford Haven, and estimates the cost of the proposed pier at £14,785 18s 5d. As yet, however, undisturbed by the railway whistle or the rush of excursionists, and enjoying two posts each week-day, the little place sleeps on. And whatever may be the hopes of the owners of property in that neighbourhood, no one who has spent a few weeks there and used his legs wisely will join in wishing for a change. There is no real need for it. No crowds of wearied operatives would come so far to seek their short refreshment, and the vapid concourse of dangling men and nupturient maids has made Tenby its place of resort in South Wales. As one who has enjoyed in various places more than one happy Long, and has found none to match Fishguard, I am bold to speak strongly in its praise. But to

* Fenton, pp 10—15.

† Quoted by Fenton, pp 575—6.

the lazy or passing visitor it would probably seem poor and dull.

As to views in the neighbourhood, by far the most extensive is that from the top of the Preselly Hills, whence you can see the sea to north, south and westward, and also into three counties, all more or less hilly. A walk to Dinas Head gives a good outlook over the sea, but little more, save the pleasure of looking down from the height into the deep green or blue water immediately below. On the low and seemingly alluvial isthmus, which joins the head to the mainland, the visitor who keeps to the northern side may come upon an interesting sight, though not one to be called pleasant—the deserted and ruinous old church and churchyard of Dinas; where, owing to encroachments of the sea and recent neglect, all is crumbling in the water piecemeal, and presenting in the process a ghastly travesty of the system of interment.

Before I conclude this notice of the district, I have to advise any reader of the *Eagle* who may visit St David's not to be content with seeing the Cathedral* and the fine ruins of the Bishop's Palace. Let him go all round the cliffs from the little harbour on the southern side to the sound between Ramsey and the mainland, to Whitesand Bay, and on to the grand pile of rocks known as St David's Head. But, if it be the evening of a fine summer's day, let him not tarry too long on the granite blocks looking out into the west and watching the tide-race. He should mount Carn Lleiddi in time to get the view over St Bride's Bay to the south, and then turn to face the sunset flushing the waters of St George's Channel. He will not regret the small trouble he will have taken, and he may then feel that he has

* There is a splendid history of St David's by W B T Jones and E A Freeman, published by Parker (1856).

seen what there is to see, and withdraw satisfied from this lonely corner of the world, with its sandy and marshy waste hemmed in by rocks; where still stands a cathedral and cathedral city, and where once was* the western outpost of Roman power in Britain.

W E HEITLAND.

* Menapia, see *Camden*.



PERSECUTED SCIENCES.

I DESIRE to enlist your sympathies with the most ancient and honourable kindred sciences of Begging, Cheating, and Stealing, sciences most honoured by the ancients, and most neglectfully used and despitely treated in modern times by those who cannot appreciate their beauty and their utility. This is a critical moment of their existence, when, from a stunted and despised infancy, they are growing to a possible bright youth and sunny manhood, and when they are passing to the higher ranks of society from the poor and disreputable, to whom the cultivation of their beauties has been too long restricted. The art of floating rotten loans, fraudulent bankruptcies, and friendly societies has now reached to so high a perfection that we may soon hope to see the sciences acknowledged in polite society, and raised from their present position of indigence to a luxurious affluence. Hermes must indeed have looked down with sorrow and pity on the persecuted condition of his modern votaries, and will, no doubt, rejoice greatly at their expectant good fortune. I will not, however, at present discuss the future prospects of these kindred arts, but will rather call your attention to the great deeds and exploits of the heroes of old times.

Picking and Stealing—for of the sister science I shall speak presently—is by its nature none of your

downright, straightforward, brute-force professions, but depends for its success upon the subtle skill and the wily genius of its devotees. It is by means of dark nights, light fingers, and plenty of lying, that the master of the science can perform those exploits no less marvellous than the bootless feats of those who call feckless spirits and shadowy faces from the vasty deep, to grace our modern seances, and such as would put to shame their silly copyists, called conjurors, a bastard race who have gained the ear of the public by affecting to reveal the hidden mysteries of the art, and whose works are only fit for the wonderment of babies and old maids. The true science, with its noble contempt of meum and tuum, and its disinterested hatred of those who seek, vainly let us hope, to establish property as a basis of society, has many claims on the mankind whose constant welfare it fosters and over whose interest it has watched so carefully.

Those romantic times, when, on meeting with an undeserved and untimely fate, the professors of the art were visited and consoled by fair dames in prison, and escorted by tearful multitudes to the gallows, are unhappily long past never to return, but let us hope some revival of those chivalrous days may be in store, and perhaps even a grander if not so romantic an age is to be our future, since we daily see our neighbours swindling and swindled on a more gigantic and improving scale than before.

The great art of lying, practised mightily by all the heroes of ancient times from Ulysses upwards, but which has fallen rapidly into disuse until railway prospectuses, puffing advertisements, and the necessitous adulterations of tradesmen brought it into a prominence which it has never before attained, is a great aid to our light-fingered science, and has helped its practitioners out of many serious difficulties, and in fact no professor can ever become really great

without being a proficient in all the tortuous mazes of this difficult branch of his profession. In one of the works of our English Essayists there is an anecdote illustrative of what use this noble art may be to those intending to investigate the science of thieving, and which I cannot refrain from relating. In the days of Frederick the Second of Prussia, when Prussia was a Roman Catholic country, a ring was missed from an image of the Virgin Mary at Berlin, and was finally found on the person of a private soldier. He was tried for sacrilege, the fact was clearly proved against him, and he was condemned to death, when he completely puzzled his judges by affirming that 'the Virgin had given him the ring.' The judges were in the greatest perplexity. It was 'flat blasphemy' to deny the possibility of a gift from the Virgin Mary, and yet it seemed monstrous to permit such gross impudence to escape its due reward. In this dilemma the judges appealed to the king, and he, after due consideration, gravely pronounced this sentence: 'That all good Catholics would believe what was alleged by the soldier to be true, and he was therefore honourably dismissed, but that for the future it was forbidden any Prussian subject, whether civil or military, to accept a present from the Virgin Mary.'

We may remember also the lawyer who dropped his hat inside heaven's gate, and, having gained S. Peter's permission to step inside for it, refused to return, a trick not unlike the one that Sisyphus played off on Pluto. But both these latter are rather instances of the 'lie circumstantial.'

The mention of the judges' dilemma reminds me of a two-horned tale of a baron, albeit a just, yet a severe and inflexible, man, who had built a bridge over the river by his castle, and had at the same time erected a gallows hard by. This bridge builder assumed the right of asking every traveller whither he was going, and if he answered truly, well and

good; if not, the baron hanged him on the gallows. One day a passenger, being asked the usual question, replied, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows." "Now," thought the gallows builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly and ought not to have been hanged. If I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely and ought to have been hanged." It is not stated what decision he came to. One of the most celebrated dilemmas is one of the most ancient. A rhetorician taught a youth the art of pleading on condition that he was only to be paid in case his pupil gained his first cause. The pupil immediately brought an action against his teacher, with the object of being freed from the obligation he had contracted, and then put this dilemma to him: "If I gain my suit, the court will absolve me from paying you; if I lose, I am freed by the terms of our contract." To which the rhetorician replied, "If you gain, you must pay me according to our contract; if you lose, you must pay me in accordance with the decision of the court."

But to return to my subject; although hunted and hindered in their vocation by a narrow-minded aristocracy, and eyed with great jealousy and disfavour by the state, the law of honour among the members of the profession is so strong and the *esprit de corps* so close that, as between themselves, they seldom practise their profession to the detriment of their friends. "Me vil tell you," said the gipsy king to Tom Jones, "how the difference is between your people and my people. My people rob your people, but your people rob one anoder." To take an instance, Antolycus, when he found Sisyphus a match for him in his art, so far forgot all jealousy as to become his friend and ally himself with him in marriage, and in all ages it has been considered a most infamous act to betray a professor of the great science and to disclose its occult mysteries. Poets and novelists generally, the faithful friends of our sect, have

laboured very consistently to place this striking trait of our character in its true light. "That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surprises me," are the words in which the great Macheath expresses regret at his betrayal,* and no doubt Fagin and his young friends would have been now living and carrying on their trade had it not been for their unfortunate connexion with the miscreant Oliver Twist.

But to turn from the consideration of these beauties of the science to the great deeds of its heroes, though I hinted at the outset of this paper that the masters of the great art had generally been those of low estate and mean origin, I find that the experiments of our science have not been uniformly carried out by men of this character, and in several cases even royalty itself has condescended to honour us with its example. That paragon of virtue and chivalry, the Cid, is an instance in point, since on one occasion, when in want of money, he very cleverly cheated some Spanish Jews, though perhaps Jews were of little account in those days. He had quarrelled with the king, as, of course, anyone with spirit would have done, and had been banished the realm, friends and all, in consequence, and, being in want of ready money, he commissioned a friend to negotiate a loan with the Moses of those times, promising to leave great securities, reversions, plate, jewelry, and stock of all kinds in their hands in exchange. These were to be put into two chests, which the Jews were not to open for a year on account of political circumstances, and in consideration of which they were to advance six hundred marks. Whilst Abrahams and Isaacs

* The name of "Jemmy Twitcher" was ever afterwards applied to Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, the bosom friend of Wilkes, and the companion of all his debaucheries. He conducted the motion against Wilkes, in the House of Commons, for his Essay on Woman, with a baseness for which the real Twitcher affords no parallel. It was said by those who heard him to be "Satan rebuking sin."

were discussing terms with the emissary, the Cid and his friends were engaged in employing their spare time in filling the chests with sand, which, when done, were duly handed over to the Jews in exchange for the ready money, the Cid saying, with a smile, "Ye see that I leave something with ye;" and the weight of the chests put the poor Jews in such excellent spirits that they gratuitously gave the Cid and his friends handsome presents in addition to the money. Then who does not remember the prince of pickpockets and highwaymen, that most attractive of scapegraces, Prince Hal, and the "bellipotent and immeasurable wag" Falstaff, playing their many merry tricks, to say nothing of Bardolph, who, we are told, "stole a lute-case, carried it twelve miles, and sold it for three halfpence!" Even no less a person than Saint Peter himself was not above cheating the poor Welshmen, who kicked up such a hullabaloo in heaven by talking and singing in their native tongue, for he is said to have stopped outside the door, and by bawling out "caws baub" or "toasted cheese" inveigled them into rushing out to find where the delicious diet was, when Peter stepped in nimbly and slammed the door in their faces.

But to begin more systematically to enumerate the deeds and exploits of our heroes, I find that I have so many brave and true men on my hands that I shall never have time for one half of them. There is the brave Dick Turpin, whose famous ride to York forms the subject of one of our modern novelist's tales; and Jack Sheppard, with his thousand daring deeds; and the gentle and noble Robin Hood, the peerless, kind-hearted king of brigands; and the villain Jonathan Wild the Great, a kind of reformer, who flew in the face of all established canons and rules of the profession; and Claude du Val; and Filippo Pacchione; and Count Fathom; and Captain Rolando; and Fra Diavolo; and the Forty Thieves.

But, perhaps, the *chef d'œuvre* of the craft is that recorded by Ariosto, and also by Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, of Giles de Passamonte, who, when Sancho was sitting asleep and nodding on the back of his donkey, comes and draws away the beast from under him, and leaves the discomfited squire propped up by four sticks.

Every nation has its humorous tales of practitioners of these fine arts. It is said to be no uncommon thing in Albania to begin a story with the preface "When I was a robber," and the Arabs not only rob strangers, but even break through the rules of honour, and seem to have a right to rob one another, stealing most cunningly each other's horses and camels. The *Arabian Nights*, French tales, and Italian novels are full of stories of thieves and robbers. Macaulay, in one of his essays, tells a tale of three thieves who induced a muddle-headed Brahmin, contrary to the evidence of his own senses, to believe that a half-bred cur of a dog was a fine sheep covered with fleecy wool. The Brahmin being anxious to buy an animal for sacrifice, the first thief (there is always a first thief, like the first villain or the first gentleman, in the play) offered to sell it to him, affirming that it was a sheep, which the Brahmin indignantly denied, declaring that it was a dog. Being unable to agree, they decide to refer it to the first comers, who, of course, are both of the accomplices, who come up one after another, and back up their own side through thick and thin. Finally, the Brahmin, convinced, I suppose, that he had had a drop too much, buys the dog, offers it up to the gods, and is struck dead in return.

The Italian brigand of old times, descended from the great barons of the peninsula, was a formidable craftsman, who carried on his trade on a gigantic scale, and with a vast amount of romance and chivalrous politeness. Dwelling in his eyrie on the

rock, he sallied forth with his band of hundreds of retainers to plunder and rob all travellers and other obnoxious persons. The ruins of mountain castles all over Europe bear witness to the widespread celebrity of these old professors. There is a tale related of Filippo Pacchione thoroughly descriptive of the courteous ogre of those times. It is related that hearing that Ariosto was passing through his country, he stopped his retinue, and turned out of his way that he might have the opportunity of paying his respects to the great poet, and vindicate his character as a gentleman. The name of Fra Diavolo, who carried on a guerilla war with the French Republicans in 1798 in Italy, is a terror even to the Italian children of to-day. He lived at Itri, a little town on the mountain of S. Andria, and roamed along the high roads between the river Garigliano and Terracina. His scouts, generally women, walked innocently along the roads with their distaffs in their hands, singing and laughing, and betrayed to Fra Diavolo and his men any French Republicans who happened to pass along the roads of the country of the Bourbons. It is a doubtful question whether the French or the followers of Fra Diavolo were the greater rogues.

After hair-breadth escapes innumerable, defying both civil and military authorities, until at last they thought him ubiquitous, Fra Diavolo was finally betrayed by his own friends, and marched off and executed at Naples.

But the greatest of all Italian bandits, Marco Sciarra, commonly called Re della Campagna, lived in the sixteenth century, and roamed the country at the head of six hundred men. If pressed by the Royal troops he used to retire into the dominions of the church, where he lived unmolested. This sugar-loaf-hatted hero was a kind-hearted brigand, averse to cruelty, and his fate was an unusually mild one

compared with that of most of his contemporaries, since he was stabbed by a friend, who embraced him with a dagger. Most of these great men came to violent ends, owing to the jealousy with which the profession is regarded by unbelievers. The modern descendants of these romantic heroes have greatly deteriorated from the pleasant courtesy of the trade, and are now only rude handicraftsmen, who cut off ears and noses, and expect pecuniary remittances in return.

When we come to the masters of our own country, the multitude of them and their great eminence certainly bewilders and perplexes us. To say nothing of the thieves of reality, such as Claude du Val dancing the stately minuet on the heath with the lady and the knight, whose carriage he has stopped, and Dick Turpin and his mare Black Bess, the thieves of fiction are so numerous and their tricks so lengthy as to defy enumeration. First comes that modest old hoary-headed professor of fiction Ephraim Jenkinson, he that stole Doctor Primrose's horse, with his talk about the cosmogony of the world, Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and what not, his servant Abraham as great a rascal as himself, his grey beard and reverent demeanour, which enchants good Doctor Primrose so much that he takes him for some great philanthropist, and his amazing impudence when he is discovered at his tricks.

Colonel Jack, a novel by De Foe, is an amusing life of a boy placed apprentice to a pickpocket, who remains about twenty years in the profession, acquiring a wonderful proficiency until he has the misfortune to be sent out on a mission to the colony of Sidney; and *Moll Flanders*, by the same writer, is no less interesting as a female thief. Colonel Jack's exploits were apparently of the same simple character as those which the lower class of modern professors practise. He and his friends hunted in couples, and one attracted the victim's notice whilst the other

attended to the necessary alterations in his pockets, using force, where force was necessary, to attain their object. For instance, a merchant is standing at a counter of a warehouse, with some bags of money lying on the table before him. Jack and his *confrere* enter the shop, and Jack whips off with the money bags, while his companion holds the merchant in talk with some rigmarole and improbable yarn about being sent by a friend with a message, after which he decamps also. Sometimes when they became possessed of bills of exchange and other papers of no use to them, they would conjure up an imaginary thief between whom and the owner they negotiated, and restored with one hand for a handsome reward what they had taken with the other. Some of Moll Flanders' feats are of precisely the same character as those of modern times. For instance, there is a fire three or four doors down the street from where she is living, and with the aid of an accomplice, her own landlady, she rushes to the house, affects great solicitude for the safety of the family, and states that she is sent by Mrs. — to help them in removing to a place of safety. The affrighted women give a large bundle of plate and two children (articles apparently of a very different value) to her care; the children she takes to Mrs. — with a request from her friend to keep them, and then, having discharged her duty, she goes home to bed with a light heart and an easy conscience, and sleeps with her neighbour's spoons under her pillow. To this day, whenever there is a fire, at least in London, you may see crowds of roughs ready to play the same trick collected round the door of the burning house.

In the History of the Plague, by the same author, a thief ventures into a plague-stricken house to steal, but pays dearly for the theft, being carried to the churchyard the same night. The thieves,

during the plague, not only pick people's pockets, and rob them of their money, but act as quack-doctors, and sell 'compounds of mercury and all kinds of hurtfull things' as antidotes to the plague, which are eagerly bought by the poor, and simple folk, 'taking down blindly, and without consideration, poison for physic and death instead of life.' Rare times, indeed, and exciting for the members of the thieving profession. Nurses and watchmen are said to have smothered the people committed to their care, for the sake of their money and clothes, and to have thrown them into the dead-cart, "scarce cold!" De Foe goes to his brother's house, and finds women coming out of his warehouse fitted with hats, and others in the house trying on hats 'as quiet and unconcerned as if they had been in a hatter's shop buying them for money.'

The heaviest punishment that you could inflict on anyone in those times was to button-hole him for a quarter of an hour, and then tell him that you had the plague. Yet people seemed very hardened to the chilling horrors of other's suffering. De Foe tells a tale of a poor piper who was wont to go from door to door singing and playing for the neighbours' diversion, who would give him food and drink in return. One night he drank too much, and, being drowsy, lay down to sleep on a bench outside a house, with the plague-stricken cross upon its doors. Then round comes the dead cart, with its ghastly bell tolling as it went along; the door opens, and people bring out a dead body and lay it by the side of the sleeping man. The watchman thinking him dead, both are taken up and carried off to the yawning pit, which had, perhaps, already received a hundred or more dead bodies. As they passed along they took up other bodies till, as the narrator says, they almost buried him alive in the cart, and the piper awoke only just in time

to save himself from being buried alive. 'With this story' (of which I have only given the outlines), according to De Foe, 'people have made themselves so merry.' This book is a ghastly reservoir of nightmares, rendered all the more awful and pathetic by being written in the most homely and unaffected language by an eyewitness, and with great coolness and impartiality. As the writer says, the people who made themselves so merry over such a tale as I have just related, "lived in a time of such general calamity, and, as it were, in the face of God's judgments, when the plague was at their very doors, and it may be, in their very houses, that they did not know but that the dead-cart might stop at their doors in a few hours to carry them to their graves!"

But I find that I have been carried away from my subject, and besides, that great master and king of our profession, 'Time' steals on, and warns me that I must leave our friends the cheats and thieves, and pass to the flourishing and ever-increasing science of Begging.

It is very remarkable that a science of such astonishing capabilities should so long have lived an undeveloped life among the merest outcasts of society, dependents on the providence of the wealthy and the compassionate kindness of the Church. Generally, the beggars of former times were a poor, uneducated and despicable people, unclothed, unfed, unsheltered, save by those to whom their very wretchedness was a passport. But yesterday begging rose above nothing but copper,—now it counts its earnings by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and the greatest men of the land practice and profit by it. It may be well, perhaps, before we discuss its present prospects to take a short insight into its history in this country.

In old times the monasteries supported thousands

of beggars, both without and within, and the custom of relieving the poor at the gate encouraged dependents on charity in classes of all kinds.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, begging fared very ill at the hands of the authorities. An act of Henry VIII, passed in the twenty-second year of his reign, may interest some readers. It enacted that 'Scholars of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, that go about begging, not being authorized under the seal of the said Universities,' and also "such persons as feign themselves to have knowledge of physic, physiognomy, palmistry, or other crafty science, whereby they bear the people in hand, that they can tell their destinies, deceases, and fortunes, and such like other fantastical imaginations" were to be whipped "at two days together," and for a second offence "to be twice whipped, to be set in the pillory, and to lose one ear." In the same year was passed an act concerning outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians. Begging, however, seems to have flourished notwithstanding these harsh laws, as in Elizabeth's reign fresh laws were made to restrain beggars, enacting that "rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars," defined to be "persons who went about begging under pretence of having been shipwrecked, all idlers going about begging, all cheats pretending to know palmistry, physic, &c., all fencers, bearwards, common players of interludes and minstrels wandering abroad, all jugglers, tinkers, pedlars, and petty chapmen, &c., &c.," besides labourers refusing to work at reasonable prices, and gipsies, when found begging, were to be whipped, "until his or her body be bloody," and sent to the House of Correction, "there to put him or herself to labour, as a true subject ought to do." These laws were re-enacted in James the First's reign, and continued to form the basis of the English poor laws for a long time after.

The Scotch tinkers, whom Sir Walter Scott has embodied in his ballad of "Donald Caird," seem to have been a loose rollicking sort of roving gipsy, alternately thief and beggar, as it suited him, ready to act the mendicant, or rob the hen roost, as occasion offered. A gentleman in Forfar, having sent his servants to order some tinkers, who had been stealing his poultry, to leave his land, they sent back word that they would remain where they were; but that if he would give them half the money that it would cost to send for the police-officers to drive them away, they would go immediately. The Irish beggar, like the Scottish gaberlunzie, of whom there is a good instance in the Antiquary, was a recognized member of society, had a place on every man's hearth, and played the confidant, the messenger, the conspirator, or the bearer of news, with equal skill wherever he went. To conclude, it is necessary to enumerate some of the many forms of modern cheating and begging. The former are so various [from the doctor, who, when he went into a new town, sent round the crier to advertise a reward of fifteen pounds for a dog which he never lost, and at the same time to enumerate all his titles, academic honours and place of residence, in full to the listening populace, down to the veriest pickpocket in the street] that a century would be short time to recapitulate them all.

Clergy and philanthropists have almost monopolised the science of begging, and it seems as if we must all become beggars together, merely to be on equal terms with our neighbours. Perhaps if everyone had a begging-book containing a list of subscribers to a charity, which he could pull out on occasion, there would be almost an end of mendicancy altogether. As to one form of cheating, adulteration, there was always and seems now to be no end to it. An act in the 5th year of Henry VIII, "for avoiding

deceits in worsted," inveighs heavily against the "dry callendering by gums, oils, and presses, so that a coarse piece of worsted not being past the value of XXVIS. VIII^d. is and shall be made by their gums, oils, and presses, to show like to the value of XLs. or better, and if the same worsted, so dry callendered taking any wet, incontinent it will show spotty and foul, and ever after continue foul, and will not endure, to the great deceit and hurt of the wearers thereof, &c." Surely no vendor of ten-and-sixpenny hats could wish for any thing more satisfactory than this. In Falstaff's time the vintners were soundly rated for their limed sack and ropy wine, and English cloth was to be seen exposed in the square of S. Mark, nailed to a post, in token of its wilfully shortened measure, by order of the Seignory of Venice. But modern times, if we may be believed, are no better but rather the worse for civilization. Bread adulterated with Indian meal, bean flour, potatoes, and potato starch, bones, chalk, whiting, salt in excess, pounded spar and plaster of Paris; beer made of quassia, tobacco juice, grains of Paradise and Coccus Indicus; wine of logwood-chips, sloeberries, apple-juice, brown brandy, essence of fruit, and soaked raw beef; brandied sherry; loaded claret; *vin ordinaire*, whose acidity is counteracted by sugar of lead; champagne, that owes its sparkling amber to the turnip, the rhubarb stalk, and the gooseberry; spirits made of turpentine and cayenne pepper; tea, heated and stained with metallic oxides and faced with Prussian blue; billiard balls made of dynamite, and warranted to explode if put near a light or a cigar-ash; coffee of Belgian chicory and roasted beans; cayenne of brickdust, common pepper, red lead, and oxide of mercury; curry of turmeric, pepper, mustard, and lime powder; sprats for sardines, copper and acid for pickles; butter composed of salt, boiled fats, tallow, and rag pulp; marmalade of straw pulp; jam made of the sweepings

of the markets; calves foot jelly of old combs; silk mostly composed of cotton; wool or devil's dust in Yorkshire cloth; cheese coloured with red lead; sausages of cats, dogs, rats, and unwholesome meat;—what are these but *caviare* to the multitude? What vast strides has science made, indeed, in the last century? We hardly ever eat or drink, or wear or use anything which is what it professes to be!

Then, to take another view of social advancement, what an army of widows and orphans, bankers' clerks and old ladies do the rotten loan originator, the floater of shaky concerns, entrap and ruin? Like the line of Banquo, they pass before us pointing with their shadowy hands to some flowery prospectus of an Eden in a far off land; and yet if anything is suspended *per. col.* it is the business and not the speculator who probably leaves his bail in the lurch, and lives on ten thousand a year in some unextraditing country. Can we fail to admire a science of such vast proportions, and possessed of such a variety of royal roads to wealth and honour?

Dismissing the fact that our modern thief has no right to one farthing of the money which he has spent like a prince, unlike his wretched half-clothed type of ancient times, he is an accomplished gentleman, a man of taste in music, in painting, in architecture, an excellent landlord, a genial friend, a munificent patron of the church, and he probably dies "respected and beloved by all who knew him," and leaves a million and a half to his afflicted relations.

As Macheath said some time ago:

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as we,
I wonder we haven't better company
On Tyburn tree.

U. B. K.



THE CLIMBER'S DREAM.

I MADE an ascent of the Eiger
Last year, which has ne'er been surpassed;
'Twas dangerous, long, and laborious,
But almost incredibly fast.
We started at twelve from the Faulberg;
Ascended the Mönch by the way;
And were well at the base of our mountain
As the peak caught the dawn of the day!

In front of me Almer and Perren
Cut steps, each as big as a bucket;
While behind me there followed, as Herren,
George, Stephen, and Freshfield, and Tuckett.
We got to the top without trouble;
There halted, of course, for the view;
When clouds, sailing fast from the southward,
Veiled over the vault of dark blue.

The lightning shone playfully round us;
The thunder ferociously growled;
The hail beat upon us in bullets;
And the wind everlastingly howled.
We turned to descend to the Scheideck,
Eyes blinded, ears deafened, we ran,
In our panic of hurry, forgetting
To add a new stone to the *man*.

Palinurus himself—that is Almer—
No longer could make out the track;
'Twas folly, no doubt, to go onward;
'Twas madness, of course, to go back.
The thunder rolled deeper and deeper;
The lightning more vividly flared;
The snow slope grew steeper and steeper;
And the wind more offensively blared.

But at last a strong gust for a moment
Dispersed the thick cloud from our sight,
And revealed an astonishing prospect,
Which filled not our hearts with delight,
On our right was a precipice awful;
On the left chasms yawning and deep;
Glazed rocks and snow slopes were before us,
At an angle alarmingly steep.

We all turned and looked back at Almer,
Who then was the last on the rope;
His face for a moment was clouded,
Then beamed with the dawn of a hope.
He came to the front, and thence forward
In wonderful fashion he led,
Over rocks, over snow slopes glissading,
While he stood bolt upright on his head!

We followed in similar fashion;
Hurrah, what a moment is this!
What a moment of exquisite transport!
A realization of bliss!
To glissade is a pleasant sensation,
Of which all have written, or read;
But to taste it, in *perfect perfection*,
You should learn to glissade *on your head*.

Hurrah, with a wild scream of triumph,
Over snow, over boulders we fly,
Our heads firmly pressed to the surface,
Our heels pointing up to the sky!

We bound o'er the bergschrund uninjured;
 We shoot o'er a precipice sheer;
 Hurrah, for the modern glissader!
 Hurrah, for the wild mountaineer!

* * * *

But, alas! what is this? what a shaking!
 What a jar! what a bump! what a thump!
 Out of bed, in intense consternation,
 I bound with a hop, skip, and jump.
 For I hear the sweet voice of a "person,"
 Of whom I with justice am proud,
*"My dear, when you dream about mountains,
 I wish you'd not jödel so loud!"*

ARCULUS.



GAG-BITS.

BY A "STUFF GOWN."

AS Englishmen we are particularly prone to consider ourselves the most humane race on the face of the earth; we look back upon the efforts which have been made in the interests of humanity and in kindness towards the lower animals. We have our Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; a Society for the Protection of Animals subject to Vivisection; a Society for the Abolition of Vivisection. We have "Homes" for Lost Dogs, &c.; still there are matters, particularly with reference to our treatment of the animals to which we owe the greatest debt of gratitude, wherein we might learn a wholesome lesson, from the nomad hordes of the deserts of Arabia or from the painted savages of the prairies of America.

Writers of all times have vied with each other in their praises of the horse, not only as one of the most graceful of the brute creation, but also as the constant companion and faithful servant of man, whether in ease, prosperity, or sport, or in danger, adversity and labour. In almost every latitude inhabited by man there also is found the horse, ever willingly and patiently toiling for man's pleasure or man's benefit; content with the humblest and hardest fare, in every variety of circumstance—in the sunless, cheerless labyrinths and suffocating atmosphere of the deepest mines, on the scorching sands of the deserts of the tropics, and amidst the perpetual snows and

inclement weather of the highest mountain passes of the world—to spend his whole life in man's service. There is, in short, no other animal to which man is so greatly indebted. In peace and in war, in great engineering works, in the ordinary every-day business and pleasure of life, so much is dependent on the horse that it is no exaggeration of the case to say that were every horse suddenly destroyed from the face of the earth, man would find himself for the time in a more helpless and confused condition than at any time since his first appearance in the world. Yet our treatment of this faithful and uncomplaining servant is in many instances one of wanton and unnecessary cruelty.

There are cases where of necessity inconvenience and even pain are inflicted on the horse, and, though these are always to be regretted, they are justifiable when the amount of real and substantial benefit far more than outweighs the inconvenience or pain inflicted. No further reference will be made to such cases now, but to those only, or one class of them, in which pain and suffering are inflicted through gross ignorance or wilful negligence, and without serving any useful purpose. That these cases are numerous, and caused by the very people who, of all others, should set a better example to the classes less fortunately situated, no one, even the least observant, can deny after a single walk through the fashionable thoroughfares or by the "Ring" in an afternoon during the height of the London Season. In either place will be seen the otherwise graceful outline and easy actions of the horse tortured by gag-bits and bearing-reins into a posture more stiff and more unnatural than that exhibited by a Staunton chess knight. There will be seen ladies, to whom the very idea of cruelty is distasteful and who shudder with horror at the bare mention of the slightest vivisectional operation in the cause of science, who, nevertheless,

lounge for hours on the luxurious seats of their costly equipages, delighted in no small degree at the attention drawn to them by the foam-flecked sides and unnatural action of their horses, and utterly ignorant of, or, at all events, utterly indifferent to, the inconvenience, suffering, and pain to which these poor brutes are subjected by the incessant galling of gag-bits and bearing-reins.

Two reasons or, more correctly, excuses are usually urged by those ladies as the cause of their using such instruments of annoyance and pain. Either that the horses look so much more spirited whilst pawing the ground and champing the bit and tossing their heads, in their unavailing endeavours to obtain some slight cessation from the irritating pain, and in lifting their legs in an unnatural manner, from their heads being so reined back that they cannot see where or how to put their feet to ground; or else it is said the coachman is not able to manage his horses without the aid of such powerful bits and reins.

By those who urge the first excuse, and think they can improve upon the graceful and elegant forms of Nature's own modelling or on the wise provisions of Nature's own economy, can more convincing proof be required than the sight of the horse in his more natural state, in the plenitude of his strength, activity, and beauty. Those who after such proof still remain unconvinced will, it is believed, be found only amongst those who think that their own faces and figures can be improved by the poisonous cosmetics of a perfumer or by the tight laces of a fashionable dressmaker.

To those who urge the second excuse let the plain truth at once be told. That a coachman who is not able to manage his horses without such contrivances of torture, is so thoroughly lazy, so totally ignorant of his business, as to be less fitted to be placed in the charge of horses than a village carpenter or a country gardener.

Men are less frequently seen using gag-bits and bearing-reins probably because they are better acquainted with the horse and his habits. Some few, chiefly cockneys or undergraduates, whose principal ideas of the habits of the horse are derived from the experiences of "The Row," or of the Trumpington and Abingdon roads, or an occasional meet with the Brighton harriers, and pedantic old gentlemen, whose stiff neck cloths and sharp-pointed collars bear testimony alike to the density of their skins and skulls, are still to be found using gag-bits and bearing-reins; but, happily, their number is daily decreasing.

Moreover, not only does this pernicious fashion—and it is nothing more than a fashion—cause inconvenience and pain, but it sows the seeds of many fatal and insidious diseases—diseases of the respiratory organs, diseases of the ventricles of the heart, diseases of the brain, diseases of the joints, and many others are more or less directly or indirectly, referable to this pernicious practice.

Much has already been done towards the abolition of this practice by the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Edward Fordham Flower, the author of *Bits and Bearing Reins*, and, with the spread of enlightenment and knowledge, gag-bits and bearing-reins must inevitably disappear from our stables and harness.

Let the women and the men of this country, instead of wasting their time and energies in raising and magnifying imaginary evils in practices with which they are for the most part entirely unacquainted, look to the practices and abuses which prevail in their own stables and within their own control, and first suppress cruelty there, and then with a clearer conscience and a better grace will they be able to investigate the practices of scientific men.

π. β.



THE LONG VACATION.

With books and papers, ink and pen,
The lamp reveals my table spread;
As from the page I raise my head
To hear St. Mary's clock chime 'ten.'

Each note the cold fresh breeze of night
Through yonder open casement bears;
And hushed are voices on the stairs,
And hushed the busy hum of light.

A passing step, a closing door
May still the slumbering echoes wake;
But soon they sleep again to make
The silence deeper than before.

A Johnian swan, an owl, a gnat
Unite to chant a doleful stave;
No caller now disturbs me, save
A moth, and, now and then, a bat.

Next Term must mourn a race 'gone down,'
Replaced by freshmen spruce and staid;
Save where some plucked one stands betrayed
In battered cap and ragged gown.

The gentle gyp hath ceased to swear,
No 'wines' his evening mirth alloy;
Nor warbles now the grocer's boy
His popular uncertain air.

No more the cracked piano's wail
 Vies with the persevering flute;
 But hark! I hear that heavenly lute
 Which Nature lent the nightingale.

Strangely and sadly, scarce with pain,
 Such music speaks of days gone by;
 Till old acquaintance brings a sigh
 That turns me to my books again.

H. B.



"OUR CHOIR."

PART I.

THERE is an old adage that "the singers and the ringers are the plague of every parson's life." I can only answer for the former, the latter, of course, being altogether beneath contempt. It may, however, be remarked that they are usually presided over by the sexton, which will, perhaps, account for the fact that a marriage peal from the tower of W—— church always makes one feel very mournful.

The history of "Our Choir" might be traced back into the remote ages if there were anyone to do so, but as there is not, a few of its early features alone stand out from the deepening twilight of the past. These veracious fragments of tradition proceeded from my worthy grandfather, who could recollect the time when the sole musical instrument in use in our venerable parish church consisted of a "pitch-pipe." This relic of antiquity was still in existence some years ago, and is described as a wooden machine of simple structure warranted to sound one note, on which the choir started some such psalm as

"Oh! what a happy thing it is
 And joyful for to see—"

The service of those days, it is needless to say, was set as a duet for the rector and "old Mr. Mullins, the clerk," as he was respectfully titled by

the villagers. Mullins was held in universal awe by the youth of W—, for whose edification he was wont to combine spiritual instruction with corporal chastisement. It was, therefore, a regularly disputed point among the schoolboys every Sabbath-day as to who should *not* sit within reach of his dreaded cane, since Mr. Mullins' official duties prevented him from reproving the more distant rebels, save by means of a running accompaniment of frowns and fist-shaking during the prayers, which often imparted a solemn severity to his slightly nasal tones. Mullins' only fault was a tendency to sleep during the sermon. This proved the source of divers scenes in church, of which one more notable than the rest may be mentioned. My great-grandfather's pew was a mighty square pen in the gallery, adjoining the *choir seat*, whither it was the clerk's custom to migrate from below after the third collect in order to "give the note." Now this proximity to the musical talent of W—, so far from begetting respect, led my great-uncles into a wicked temptation, which proved so sore that at last one of them, on a certain well-remembered Sunday, broke down altogether under its weight and stole the pitch-pipe, into the capacious mouth of which he firmly inserted a large cork. Mullins, who was, as usual, lost to worldly matters, on this occasion remained oblivious until the sermon was over and hymn time had arrived, and then it was that the portly rector from the pulpit delivered himself of the startling words, "Mullins, wake up!" to which the old gentleman replied, "Amen." (It was noticed that at this point four little boys were gently but firmly removed from the sacred edifice.) But how shall we describe the way in which the wretched clerk blew down the pipe with every muscle strained to the utmost, and how his efforts were at last rewarded by a tremendous "pop" and an unwonted blast of music? Decency spreads a veil over

the tableau, and history records, as a postscript and a warning, that the precocious author of this practical joke seemed loth to *sit down* at the afternoon service of that day, which he attended as an additional punishment.

On another occasion the younger Mullins, who was sent by his mother for the purpose, is said to have disturbed the paternal slumbers towards the close of an unusually lengthy discourse from the rector on unleavened bread, by whispering in *too* audible a voice, "Dad! you mun come whum, the dumplings bin ready." Time flies! and the rank grass now nearly conceals the crumbling stone that tells how John Mullins, junior, was parish clerk for forty-five years.

The pitch-pipe soon found itself far behind the age, and the next generation witnessed the fall of despotism and the substitution of a triumvirate, consisting of a harp, a violincello, and a key-bugle.

These instruments were regarded as peculiarly appropriate and Scriptural, especially the harp, inasmuch as they conveyed an idea of "all kinds of music," and, consequently, the third chapter of Daniel thenceforward possessed a new interest for the rustic mind.

The vocal parts were now sustained by half-a-dozen mighty voices headed by the "village blacksmith," who might possibly have

"Heard his daughter's voice"

once or twice in his life, when he was not altogether drowning it with his own. The effect produced by the united efforts of this company was decidedly striking. In the first place, the violincello was never quite in tune with the key-bugle, and the harp had no particular tune at all. Also, as a rule, "time" was out of the question, each instrument having its own and the singers likewise having theirs. However

the audience was not critical, and always listened with awe, not unmixed with a certain amount of pardonable pride. I have heard my grandfather say that even he now and then had his doubts about the strictly devotional character of an *anthem* as it was then performed. I should have had no doubt whatever, but we live in different times.

He told me of one good old custom that was put a stop to by the late vicar on the very first Sunday after his induction to the living. It appears that a ringer had died, and the choir requested permission to perform the usual "dirge." Not exactly understanding its nature, the rector good-naturedly consented. Accordingly, at morning service, after the Litany was over, he was not a little surprised to witness the solemn descent from the gallery of both harp, violincello, and key-bugle, together with a reinforcement from the neighbouring parish, consisting of another key-bugle, a bassoon, and an accordion.

Down the steps they tramped, preceded by the clerk; then up the aisle and within the communion rails, where they ranged themselves in a semi-circle round the table, on which were deposited the music-books, for the sake of convenience. But, O! for a pen to describe the devout wailings and discords that followed! The congregation sat entranced, while their unhappy pastor, an unwilling listener in the reading-desk, endeavoured to conceal, with ill success, his amusement and mortification. Suffice it now to add that this was the last "dirge" heard in W— church.

H. B.



THE LAKE NYASSA MISSION.

THE following letter has been received from H. B. Cotterill, late Scholar of the College, and will, doubtless, be read with interest:

Quilimane, East Africa,
Aug. 13th, 1876.

Dear—,—Perhaps some of my many friends at Leeds, known and unknown to me, will be pleased to hear, that after many tedious delays, we have at last arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi, and hope in a few days to begin our journey up the river into the interior. The last letter that I sent you was, I think, from Algoa Bay. We were delayed in those parts for five weeks. On the 27th July we had everything stowed on board, the steel boats well lashed down to the fore-deck, and the smaller wooden boats carefully deposited in the hold of the Swedish S.S. *Ausgarius*. A few friends came on board to say good-bye. We held a short service, after which the boat pushed off, the anchor was weighed, and, amidst cheers from the mail steamers, ships, and boats, we slowly steamed out of the bay. After touching at Natal, we stood out into the middle of the Mozambique Channel to escape the coast current, but were caught by a violent gale, which detained us for about three days. The accommodation on the little auxiliary screw-steamer was limited, but the captain was exceedingly anxious to make us as comfortable as possible, so that our rather protracted voyage of twelve days passed pleasantly enough. At length we sighted the delta of the Zambesi—a low flat bank, fringed with cocoanut trees. It was difficult to distinguish the various mouths, as there is no conspicuous point from which to take bearings. After steaming up the coast for some time we sighted a beacon, which proved to be that placed by the Portuguese on Tangalane Point, at the entrance of the Quilimane River. Our signals did not have the effect of enticing a pilot out, so next morning about 5 a.m. we made our way towards the bar, which we successfully cleared with two or three feet of water under our keel. The Quilimane

River, called the Kwakwa, is, after passing the two points (Tangalane and Hippopotamus), a fine sheet of water, about six or eight miles wide. But it is shallow, and we had to wind about considerably, under the guidance of an Arab pilot, before we reached the town of Quilimane, which lies amid a dense grove of cocoanuts, about ten miles from the sea.

We had expected to have to camp out among the mangroves, but great improvements have taken place here lately, and we found a spacious boarding-house, where we are very well accommodated, considering the circumstances. Some of the men are sleeping on board our steel boats. Mine, the "Herga," given to me by Harrow School, is now floating, as I have often longed to see her, in the waters of this great African river, awaiting her cargo of calico, beads, and provisions, which is at present lying at the Custom-house.

I am sorry to say that the free pass granted to me by the Lisbon Government on the application of Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs has not yet come to hand; for although the mail steamers lie to off the bar, the pilot boat scarcely ever goes off to secure the letters. This will make a great difference to me, for the duties on calico especially are very high,—about 20 per cent. It is said that a small steam-packet is being now built at Marseilles to ply in connection with the mail steamers, so that by the end of this year we may hope for a regular delivery of letters.

As regards the question of slavery in these parts there is much to say. As many know, there is a decree issued by the Portuguese Government declaring slavery illegal after some date (18th April I fancy), in 1878. Some of the more enlightened of the merchants—among whom I am glad to class our very good friend Senor Nunnes, one of the kindest and most liberal-minded men I know—have already, some time since, liberated their slaves. But most are still in actual servitude, though they are called free, because (so argue their masters) they are not slaves *in perpetuo*, but only till 1878. It is quite enough to see the long gangs of poor creatures—by whatever name you call them—attended by their drivers, streaming into the town, carrying large blocks of limestone from Mozambique—or to hear the shrieks of some poor wretch, as we have heard, being flogged at night, or to see, as we have seen, the dead body of a native floating past the ship—to understand that there is still much to be done in the name of God, Christianity, and humanity, in these regions of the world. Still, the worst is to come,—for the slave traffic is still carried on with all its horrors, northward from the parts about Nyassa.

We hear of various Europeans who have started, or are to start, for the interior; and we rejoice to hear it, for we know that every white face in those parts will serve to drive out the Arabs, more especially if they can outbid the Arabs, in their

influence with the natives. My party is stonger than when I started. I purchased a wooden boat, and engaged a fresh hand—the boatswain from the mail steamer—and also procured a bull pup, who will be a good guardian of my tent at night. In a few days we hope to get together enough canoes and men to make a start for Mazaro, before we reach which place we shall have some trouble in dragging our boats over shallows, and actually carrying them over some miles of dry ground.

I shall write again soon. Till then, I am yours faithfully,
H. B. COTTERILL.

P.S.—I forgot to say that the French merchants here report plenty of material for trade in the country, but at present no means for export. A little enterprise would mend this.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

LOUD howled the wind, high dashed the furious sea,
Where in the carven chest lay Danae;
Fear in her heart, tears streaming from her eyes,
Clasping her babe close in her arms, she cries:
"How great my terror, while in peaceful rest
"Thou gently slumberest on thy mother's breast,
"Housed in this joyless brazen-banded ark,
"While all around thee spreads the murky dark.
"Thy clustering locks are dry: thou dost not dread
"The passing waves, which curl above thy head.
"Thou heedest not the winds, but sleep'st in joy
"Twined in thy purple cloak, my beauteous boy.
"If terror wore its fearful guise for thee
"Sweet to thine ear my soothing words would be.
"But sleep, my lovely babe, I bid thee sleep,
"Sleep too, the horrors of the raging deep,
"And sleep, ah! sleep, my never-ending grief.
"O father Zeus, in pity send relief;
"And if in aught too bold I seem to be,
"For thy son's sake, I pray thee, pardon me."

H. W. S.



AT CAMBRIDGE STATION.

NO, Sir, I've never had a passenger killed when I've been driving. My engine has gone over six or seven men altogether in my time, porters and other company's servants, and some of them were killed; but I've never had an accident to a train behind me. I've had some narrow escapes, though. I don't mean only close shaves, such as any driver could tell you of, only it doesn't do to talk too much about them; but what you would have said must have been regular bad accidents.

One happened a few years ago when I was driving the 5 o'clock express from Bishopsgate to Cambridge. It was a cold, frosty time, with snow on the ground, and that sort of weather, you know, is the worst for axles breaking and tires flying. If there's a flaw in the metal anywhere the frost is sure to find it out. Well, we started punctually, and went all right till we had passed Audley End station. There's an incline there, as you remember, and we were running a mile a minute, or not far off. As we got into Chesterford tunnel I felt a jerk and heard something give in the tender behind me. I shut off, and whistled for the brakes, and we did all we could to pull up, but we were running down-hill and the rails were slippery. It was the last wheel of the tender on the near side which had come off, and was dragging along in the ballast, and throwing up showers of gravel and stones against the windows of the carriages.

If it came off altogether, I knew it must send us off the line. Presently it did go, but not till we had reduced our speed a good deal; and then there came a succession of tremendous jerks and bumps, till at last the train stopped. I looked round and saw all the coaches standing right, and none of them seemingly off the line. I made my engine all comfortable, and then got off to see what had happened. We had seven coaches on in all, and the wheel of the tender had stuck in the brake-gear and axle at the very end of the tail van. A large piece of the broken axle had gone with it, and this was digging into the ballast, in which it had made great pits and holes for the last hundred yards, and so pulled up the train. All this was plain enough, but how was it that the broken wheel had got under the axles of all the other carriages in the train? If it had stuck anywhere but at the end we must have come to grief. There was the wheel, rather more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet across, and sticking from its centre at right angles about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of broken axle; and yet the axles of all the carriages had gone safely over it, though they are only about 18 inches from the ground. At first I could not make it out at all, then I found how it was. The axle had broken near the middle, and the wheel had then dragged along just inside the rail on which it had been running.

When it

quite flat between the two rails, with the broken piece of axle sticking up straight. Then came the axle of the carriage behind, and hit against this broken piece, pressing it down, and at the same time raising up the wheel behind itself. As soon as it had passed over, the weight of the wheel made it fall down flat again, till the next axle caught the broken piece; and so it kept on rising and falling till every axle had gone safe over it, except the very last in the train. It's easy enough to see how it came about, but

the chances were a thousand to one against the wheel going just that way; and that is the only way it could have gone without a smash, and a bad smash too. If it had gone sooner, or stuck half way, there would have been no help for it. We were some way from a station, and we had to wait till a fresh engine could be sent for, and altogether we were delayed two or three hours. We had the Bishop of Oxford in the train, Bishop Wilberforce. It was Ash Wednesday, and he was to preach at the seven o'clock service at St. Mary's. When we did reach Cambridge, which was between nine and ten, there was a large number of University gentlemen at the station to meet him, and they cheered him heartily. Well they might, though few of them knew what a narrow escape he had really had.

Another escape, of a very different sort, but even more wonderful, was on the Hitchin branch, when it was worked by the Eastern Counties, before the Great Northern took it over. It was at a level crossing, where there was a field-road with a couple of gates. They are always dangerous places, and this was particularly so, for, as there was a curve in the line, you couldn't see it with a down train till you were within about three hundred yards. However, nothing went wrong there, till one day, when I was driving the down train, as we came round the corner there was a cart right across the line. I whistled hard and turned off steam at once, and we got the brakes down, but there was no room to come to a stop. I saw that a woman was in the cart, and she was whipping the horse; but the horse was frightened by the sound of the train, and backed instead of going on. There was no time to see any more, for the next moment we went slap into them. I thought the engine was off, but she stayed on the rails, and so did the train. And there was the woman on the front of the engine, hanging on

between the dome and the funnel. As soon as we stopped I went to her. She had been thrown out of the cart right on to the frame, and there she was quite insensible with the shock and the fright, but holding on to the hand-rail so tight that we could hardly loose them. When she came to they found that she was not hurt a bit, only shaken. The horse had been killed on the spot, and the cart was smashed to atoms. The Superintendent had a picture made of the engine just as it was, with the woman hanging on across the frame, and they have it now in the Company's offices.

No, Sir, I don't know of any new means that can be taken to guard against accidents, except to give all trains a good continuous brake. It should be well under the driver's control, and it ought to act of itself, too, in case the train breaks in half. There's nothing like it to give a driver confidence, and it would have saved many a life in the last few years. Some say we don't look out so well as we used to do, before the block system came in, and we had all these extra signals and precautions. But it isn't that, it's the traffic that's ten times what it was. You'd be surprised, if you were to travel on the engine of an express, to see the look-out kept both on the engine and at the stations, and wherever there's anyone working on the line. You'd feel, too, as you never do in a carriage, what a terrible thing a smash would be if it came, and how little there seems sometimes to keep it off. It's a thing you wouldn't forget, the first time you rode on an engine going at a good speed.

There, Sir, there's my signal. Good morning to you.

NOTE. Both these incidents occurred on the Great Eastern Railway precisely as related, though not with the same driver.

G.



IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

HERE is a certain set of principles, maxims, or fables, whose sole purpose seems to be to reduce mankind to the dead level of Mark Tapley's philosophy. If there be in a man's existence an uncomfortable necessity, some task to be done or indignity to be suffered, straightway is found a crystallized old saw or myth which is to present this necessity in the light of a luxury, this task as a welcome relaxation, this indignity in the garb of a much-coveted honour. Can you not imagine the wan face of the hungry wit as he laid down his crooked knife and fork on a cracked plate, the said plate covering an ugly hole in an aged tablecloth, used still to adorn the three-legged tottering table on occasions when its owner ventured on his rare dinner of German sausage or fried bacon? Can you not, I say, see him as he leans back on his disjointed chair, saying, with a grim face, to the cracks across the venerable ceiling, "Enough is as good as a feast?" Or, again, a knock-kneed crossing-sweeper, who touches his forehead to the heavy swell just passing and sees a bright yellow coin glitter as it is tossed at his feet, with a "*négligé*" princely look of indifference; does he not pick up with trembling eager fingers the alluring coin, and find himself the possessor of a brand new farthing, and utter forthwith the cheery old truism "All is not gold that glitters?"

What miserable clerk was it who rose to his five o'clock breakfast in the fog of a snowy morning and boldly averred that "It is the early bird which picks up the worm?" What scheming vampire-speculator apologised for his swindling by hinting that "Necessity is the mother of invention?"

Of course, these mischievous proverbs (and almost all proverbs are mischievous) bear on the surface the marks of bitter irony or shallowest falsehood; but there are, besides these, certain opinions or beliefs which no one has dared to stereotype or condense into a maxim, which are, nevertheless, received with tacit or open assent quite as matter of course. It is one of these which has just provoked this writer to the foregoing tirade, which I fear my hasty readers are fancying has little to do with the heading of this paper. Now this belief, opinion, call it what you will, relates to one of the most humiliating operations which a man has to undergo; that it does not appear humiliating to women, but of all things most delightful, argues only a radical difference between the sexes, such as our strong-minded ladies should contemplate closely. I say, then, that to a man the moments spent in a barber's chair are the most obnoxious and degrading in his whole existence. And yet—here comes the point to which all this has been leading up—we are told that in former times the barber's shop was the centre of intellectual and witty conversation; we are taught to believe that great statesmen and renowned divines would congregate in the shop of the barber of Seville, or would shine as brilliant lights, while George Eliot's Nello shaved the chin of Niccolo Macchiavelli. My good reader, it is a monstrous fabrication; it was either the sly irony of a long-suffering man under the blade of some prattling hair-cutter, or the ingenious delusion of some enterprising barber, fearful that the trade would perish unless supported by some such fable,

which first originated and palmed off upon men of intelligence the glaring falsehood. It is all very well for you to quote your authorities, and condemn such horrible iconoclasm as impious, but it requires only a very small exercise of reason to prove to you that the stories of novelists and historians are, in this instance, mere rubbish. Is not human nature now what it ever was? Have the conditions of conversation or any other occupation much changed? Was the snipping of a man's hair or the scraping of his chin a different operation from what it is now? You remember that old gentleman who positively refused to let his tailor go about him poking with his tape and other paraphernalia round his ribs and shoulders, and who insisted on being chalked off in the looking-glass, and the measures taken from his reflection and not from his living human frame. And we all agree with the worthy man, that for a mere fraction of a man to be marking the fine proportions of a well-built cavalry officer by squeaking out the numbers 19½, 14, 3¾, is not to be tolerated by any man who knows that he has the most formidable biceps in the regiment or the prettiest leg at ——'s ball.

But what is this if, compared with the position of a man in a barber's chair, the dignity of the human form divine is indeed slighted by the inquisitive curiousness of the tape measure? But the ruthless barber must first bind his victim, swathe him in sacrificial white, stuff the corner of the garb of submission down his bending neck, and then—cruellest wrong of all—twist his passive head this way and that, dragging it now backwards over the hard part of the chair, now down until the chin reposes on the vanquished bosom. Yes, as the head is nobler than the biceps, so is the insolence of the barber more galling than all the malice of all the tailors.

Moreover, your tailor while he takes your measure has the decency to abstain from glorying in the shame

of the tailee, but not so Mr. Scissors-driver. As his fingers run through your forelock, and a sprinkling of small hairs falls upon your cheek and on your lip, he will smilingly taunt you with a question about the weather; you are compelled to murmur to yourself that it was indeed "a scene in the 'ouse last night, Sir." You dare not silence your persecutor, for shall you not meet — at —'s to-night? and you must use the bribe of complaisance if you would not have your curling locks cut into triangles or straightened out into wisps of horsehair. You can, indeed, enjoy a bitter silence while the razor is passing over your chin, but it is a silence darkened by the dread of a clumsy gash or the stray idea of a lunatic barber trying experiments on an exposed jugular. Ah! those are terrible moments in the barber's chair; the man who could be lively or make a joke in such a place would, I verily believe, play odd man in a diving-bell or sing a comic song in the middle of a railway accident. When I see a man with long hair, ignorant of the barber's touch, I regard him not as an embryo or would-be poet, but as a man who has suffered long in silence, and at last has screwed his courage to the enviable sticking-place, and sworn to set fashion at defiance and hearken no more to the snip-snip of the sacrificial scissors. I know no more pitiable sight than to see a barber's shop in which are three men of spirit bowing beneath their tormentors, who glide about them with subsu-surrant garrulity and bland glances of conscious triumph, as one of them has just driven his victim into promising to take a bottle of that new Ozokome or Capilloregenerator, while other six humble spirits on six chairs sit with a gloomy frown ever deepening on their six brows, or mock themselves with the pretence of looking over *Punch* or *Fun* while they wait for the awful command, "Next gentleman, please."

Tell us if you will of the pasturage on an iceberg,

tell us of the fidelity of a Red Indian, tell us of an Ethiopian changing his skin, tell us of a ship-knacker who does not openly subscribe to benevolent charities, but do not, O novelists and others, do not tell us again of those brilliant conversation-saloons in which a barber was the *arbiter loquendi*, for if you persist in the nefarious fraud, we hereby pledge ourselves in the most incontrovertible fashion that each several example which you choose to allege in support of your error is either a solar myth, an allegory, or a —.



"OUR CHOIR."

PART II.

THE dying strains of "the dirge," last described, may be said to have brought "the good old times" to a premature but appropriate close; for the rector had never loved a key-bugle, and its performance on that occasion sealed its doom. The revolution was hastened on, moreover, by two events, the death of Mr. Mullins, senior, and the restoration of W—— church.

I doubt which of the two was the more important; for the new clerk, son and heir of the deceased, was a weak-minded individual, and it was mainly through his pusillanimity that the management of our choir dropped into the rector's hand parson," as he was called, was a very different character to his predecessor, who had been a genuine specimen of the now antique fox-hunting type—a perfect Nimrod abroad and a very Bacchus at home. It used to be with him a time-honoured custom to cut short his sermon on Sunday morning at a given signal from his brother-in-law, the squire, who sat below, and that signal was *a wink!* He was also shamefully addicted to practical jokes, and is said to have persuaded his old gardener, when the latter met with an accident that deprived him of a limb, to follow his own leg to the grave in deep mourning, the bell being tolled meanwhile. Space would fail

me to recount his many other exploits; how, for instance, he once locked up the bishop, who had come to preach, in his study, and contrived to forget all about it until close on service time, when, expressing the greatest consternation at his lordship's non-appearance, the churchwarden and a few others were sent to make enquiries, and were just in time to behold a pair of silk stockings and gaiters cautiously projecting from the study window.

But, to proceed with the restoration, W—— church was then in a state of decay. The exterior was very picturesque and the interior very damp and frowsy. The chancel was the family vault of the Lord of the Manor, and his arms, as High Sheriff and Custos Rotulorum of the County, surmounted the decalogue over the communion-table.

Meanwhile, the old pews were pulled down; the great square cosy one, where the farmer's little boys had played many a furtive game of marbles under the very nose of their slumbering sire, and the hard grotesquely-sculptured seat, where the almshouse pauper nodded away the sermon in a state of pious discomfort. All these and many other little eccentricities of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, even including the "three-decker," were removed, and their places supplied by grossly-practical modern innovations, culminating in a barrel-organ presented by the rector. This instrument played twelve tunes with elaborate harmonies in an awful, unvarying succession. It never skipped one, so that if "Jerusalem New" were wanted out of its turn, the congregation had to wish they might get it, or wait until "Bedford" or the "Old Hundredth" had ground themselves out in due course. Our choir was then composed of the school-children, aided by a few *basses*, who sang the air an octave lower, some of them two.

But let us pass on, and jump
Adown the gulf of time

for a few years. We shall find W—— church a very different place. Its three bells were no longer worked by the unaided sexton, who used to pull one rope with each hand, while the other was attached to his right foot. I can picture him vividly now as he struggled away under the tower on a summer afternoon, a perfect marvel of perspiring activity. The clerk was not even allowed to compose hymns for special occasions. There was a real organ and a real organist, a dapper little man, who spake condescendingly of the great masters, and called everything he played "a movement" (a very good name, by-the-bye, for his own compositions, which always produced motion towards the door). This change and several others were due to the energy of the present incumbent, an excellent person and an embodiment of that so-called High Church reaction, which was of such benefit to the religion of the country.

Nevertheless, he introduced two new features into the service which were decidedly *not* improvements, namely, monotoning the prayers and Gregorian chants.

It has always appeared to me that, where the clergyman has not a good ear and a fine voice, *monotoning* and *monotony* are nearly synonymous. Our rector, for instance, always succeeded in being monotonous, though he generally contrived to treat the congregation, before service was over, with the whold octave from *c* to *c*, including the sharps and flats.

The second innovation was the introduction of Gregorian chants. They sound very fine when played by Dr. Stainer on the organ at Magdalen College, Oxford, but so would any other chant under similar circumstances. No man was yet born with a taste for Gregorians, and a musical infant would cry if its mother were to sing one over it. If there ever was a mistaken idea, it is that which leads well-meaning

men to resuscitate the use to these chants in the Church of England, under the impression that they are champions of orthodoxy.

Professor Macfarren has pointed out this fact in the preface to his "Lectures on Harmony." He remarks that the Gregorian chant is of purely Pagan origin, and it certainly has a Pagan sound. Pope Gregory the Great adopted the diatonic system* from the Greeks, and perpetuated his principles and the name which illustrates them through the invention of a crude method of notation, and by a code of rules which he chained to St. Peter's altar, requiring that the clergy throughout Europe shall study and practise it.

The appropriation of Gregorians to Christian worship was entirely based upon artistic and popular grounds, not on account of their antiquity or sacredness; nor were they held as in the least essential to the service, throughout Western Europe, when the advance of music enabled the clergy of France to improve on the old system. It is true that English conservatism rose in arms against the Gallican chant, and the Normans vainly sought to enforce it on our forefathers by cord and steel; but the law of the Reformation that the service should be celebrated in the vulgar tongue, in order that it might be "understood of the people," applies no less forcibly to the exclusion of the Gregorian chant than of the Latin words that were originally sung to it. Macaulay says of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that he wrote a language which no one *thinks in*—stiff, forced, and unnatural—and so is the relation of Pope Gregory's music to that which we all love to hear and sing.

However, our choir knew nothing about this, and cared less, for they wore surplices and dropped their H's freely. Still all was for the best. A mixed choir

* The Greek diatonic scale admitted none but the *natural* notes of a key, with no inflexions by sharps and flats.

of young ladies and gentlemen too often degenerates into a mere practical illustration of the saying "matrimony made easy."

But this "sketch" is becoming too much like a drawing, so let us conclude without any further shading; and to anyone of my undergraduate readers who gets as far as this, I say, "Friend, join your College Musical Society and pay your subscription, or, as sure as we both live, there will be no concert next Term!"

H. B.



TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE following extracts from letters from H. B. Cotterill, Esq., late Scholar of the College, describe his journey from Quilimane, on the East coast of Africa, to Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa, where a Scotch Mission Station was founded two years ago. Mr. Cotterill's object in going out is to pave the way for the establishment of legitimate commerce, by outbidding the slave traders, by whom the country is being fast depopulated. We would refer our readers to p. 113 of the last number of *The Eagle* for a former communication on this subject.

On the River Kwakwa (80 miles inland from Quilimane),
September 3rd, 1876.*

We have been away from Quilimane ten days. The river is at its lowest, and after the first two days it has been continual grounding. The "Herga"† started with a full load and a crew of six rowers, but gradually she had to be lightened, and the rowers had to take to pole work, and were continually in the water dragging her along. One night all the crews of our heavy boats quietly disappeared, having been, as usual here, paid beforehand. You would

* The river Kwakwa. Quilimane is not on the Zambesi proper, but on a shallow river called the Kwakwa, which approaches within $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the Zambesi.

† "Herga," a boat built in compartments of steel, presented to Mr. Cotterill by friends at Harrow.

hardly recognise the "Herga" with her masts and sails all cleared out, a mere shell—but still lovely. I wish I had gone my own way up the Kongone; our course would have been much easier. In the Zambesi and Shiré it will be very different from this, I hope. I am now sitting at the door of my tent in the evening, and writing by the (rather obscure) light of a cocoa-nut oil lamp. At my feet in the river lie the "Herga" and the other boats and a few canoes. Between me and the boats is a large group of native cocoa-men, sitting round their fire, cooking their fish and msima (porridge), and talking vociferously, as usual. In the distance the sky is red with a huge grass fire that we lighted close to the camp this morning, to scare away the lions, which has already spread many miles across the uninhabited waste. There are no people within a long distance of this.

Karrokwé, 6th September.

About 12 to-day we reached this, having passed through a succession of small lakes with a very narrow stream joining them, with lovely scenery. We found most of the heavy goods already carried across the $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Mazaro [on the Zambesi]. I and others walked over this afternoon and saw the magnificent Zambesi for the first time. Many of the men are down with fever, none seriously. Mr. Henderson, from Nyassa, met us here. To-morrow we must get the "Herga" and the "Southern Cross"* up the steep bank, and then employ men to carry them across.

7th September.

We have got through a good deal to-day, since six in the morning, in hauling up the boats on this high bank; it is at least forty feet high. The

* "Southern Cross," a boat purchased by Mr. Cotterill at the Cape.

"Herga" was first up. I picked out twenty of the strongest of the hundreds of carriers who surround our camp, and who have to be kept out by a rope fence; and they lugged at a pulley fixed to a large piece of timber that we had planted in the ground for the purpose.

Mazaro, September 15th, 1876.

We are now on the Zambesi. It is a grand river, about two miles broad in parts here, but with a good many banks. We have been worried to death and delayed iniquitously by the Portuguese, but we shall soon be out of their hands... To describe our camp life would take pages. The day is taken up by loading or unloading boats, cooking, firing at crocodiles, and taking siestas. My tent is very comfortable for one... We are all fairly well, some have had fever; Collins had a severe touch, but is better. I have been very well all the time, and enjoy the heat... I have just bought six chickens for a shilling's worth of calico (8d. in England). We live on rice, beans, and fowls, with an occasional tinned meat or goat.

*Near Chibisás, Shiré River,
October 5th, 1876.*

The news of the day is that Mr. Young* met us last night. He has been waiting a month at the Cataracts. This begins to smack of Nyassa, and very glad we shall all be to reach its blue waters, for we have had a very hard and tiresome pull up this river, whose current is in many places as strong as that of the Rhone at Geneva... It will interest you, perhaps, to have a brief resumé of our story.

From Mazaro our first stage was to Shupanga, a place well known in connexion with Livingstone. There is an old stone-built Portuguese house there,

* Lieut. Young, R.N., conducted the Scotch party to Nyassa in 1874, and has just returned to England.

now deserted; for the Landeen Zulus have driven blacks and whites out of the place. We swept out the spacious rooms, with the walls blackened with smoke of Zulu fires, and passed the Sunday there. Mrs. Livingstone is buried there, close to the house, under a great baobab tree.

Here we got some hunting, at least I did. It shews how much game there must be in the country, when I tell you that in our hurried transit I have shot five or six antelopes (some as big as cows) and a zebra. Besides this I have been chased by a two-horned rhinoceros, whom I didn't care to tackle with only two cartridges and a small-bore rifle, and I shot, but failed to secure, a hippopotamus. I have seen several troops of elephants, and wounded one. Another of the party came across a lion, which he (being short-sighted) stalked, mistaking his majesty for an antelope, and, lastly, another was delayed all night on a mud bank by an infuriated mother hippo.

We start about sunrise, stop for an hour or so in the heat of the day, when nothing can be done but pant in the shade and look after the cooking. At night, mosquitoes prevent anything in the way of writing letters unless one sits close to leeward of a fire, which makes one rather warm in this climate.

In a couple of days we turned up the Shiré, and found a fierce current, against which we have been struggling for three weeks, sometimes going less than a mile an hour. No doubt, *for the river*, a shallow steam barge or boat would be the thing. There is lots of wood in many parts for fuel. In the lake the "Herga" is the boat, though we shall have to deck her in and put some reefs in the sails, for Mr. Young confirms Livingstone's report that the winds and waves there are terrific.

After entering the Shiré River we coasted along the base of Mt. Morumbala, which is very beautiful, reminding one much of the snowless Swiss mountains.

The colours and foliage were not what I expected here; they are, at a distance, quite European. The foliage is just coming out. Then came the dreadful Morumbala Marsh, in which we spent two nights that I shall never forget. The mosquitoes were simply indescribably fearful. One swept them off one's face and hands in handfuls, and they actually put out the lights. Sleep was out of the question.

In about five days we reached Bishop Mackenzie's grave at Malo. We put it in order, straightened the iron cross, and I planted some English seeds about it.

Then came the Elephant Marsh, not so bad as the other, but quite bad enough: full of black mud, crocodiles, hippos, and mosquitoes. Since then the country has been rapidly improving. The sun is terribly hot, and it is difficult to avoid exposure in the boat. Out of our party of twenty-four only three have as yet escaped fever, and, I am thankful to say, I am one of the three.

I mean to bring home, if I can, the small son of Maseyo, a great friend of mine. He is at my elbow watching me write. I wonder when any more letters will reach me! It is about three months now since I heard.

Livingstonia, Nyassa,
October 30th, 1876.

You see that we are here at last, and you can't think how thankful we are for it. You will, probably, have heard of our long tiresome journey up the Shiré to Matiti. There the "Herga" was taken to pieces, slung on poles, and, after a deal of trouble, 140 men were persuaded to carry the sections (far larger than those of the "Ilala,"* which was taken into plates, whereas I preferred not risking that). The land journey is close upon seventy miles. I did it by very easy stages, so as to keep pace with the boat.

* "Ilala," the steel-built steamer belonging to the Scotch party.

They had a hard task of it, for the path leads at times among huge crags and boulders, and at others through dense tangled bush, where they had to cut a way. But they worked like Britons, or better, and worked the very skin off their shoulders. I suppose the heaviest sections weighed at least 5 cwt.

The cascades and rapids are magnificent. While waiting for the "Herga," I took to shooting. There is a great deal of game, especially antelopes. The waterbuck is the commonest. He is a splendid fellow, standing quite five feet at the shoulder, and carries a fine pair of horns. Twice I stalked a herd of six buffaloes and got within fifty yards; but, though I put four bullets into one fellow, he got away. However, we got a great many bucks, and I shot a large beast called at the Cape "aard-vark." A leopard ran off with him in the night, though he was hanging close to the hut-door.

I fed the men bountifully on the meat and gave them extra "refa" (flour), and at last we arrived at Mpimbi, a marshy, malarious, mosquito-haunted spot at the head of the Cataracts, where the upper river begins.

After over-exerting myself after some buffaloes which refused to drop to the tune of four bullets, and big ones, I was knocked over for the first time with fever, and spent a very miserable four days. But, what with quinine and the arrival of the "Ilala," I got on my legs again, and now feel nearly as well as ever. My man Bressingham* is also recovering from a sharp attack of the fever, brought on by over-exposure to the heat by day and the dews by night.

The little steamer hoisted in all my goods and took the "Herga" in tow, which was a great blessing, for we should have taken a week to pull up against

* "Bressingham," of whom Mr. Cotterill speaks very highly, was in the Coastguard Service on the Mersey until he left this country with Mr. Cotterill's expedition.

the current. We reached Pamalombe on the second day. Here I first heard a lion roaring at night.

I went to pay a visit to King Mponda, whose territory extends from Cape Maclear to Pamalombe. He has a fine large square-built house, with verandahs. He received me courteously, and I have promised to come again and see what ivory he has for sale. He is (or was) a great slave-dealer, and has been much under Arab influence; but the Arabs are clearing out of this part of the Lake, for they don't like our presence.

On the third day after leaving the Cataracts, October 29th, we had a breeze, and the "Herga," with the dark blue flag with the cross arrows flying at her mast-head, sailed into Nyassa. We got ahead of the "Ilala," and found ourselves off Cape Maclear at sunset. Then the wind was contrary, the sea got up, and we had a hard time of it, keeping the boat's head against the waves, till the steamer came up and took us in tow, and we arrived here at eleven o'clock at night.

This is a lovely place; granite hills well wooded behind us, and in front the splendid dark blue expanse of waters. We face west, in a little bay, looking over the western arm of the lake, just round Cape Maclear, which divides the lake into two arms at its southern extremity. There are two islands in the foreground and a fine range of mountains in the distance. The climate is very temperate, the sun hot, but always a cool air.

A few reed and plaster houses have been built, one of two storeys. I have a new hut. I have partitioned off a snug little room, put my books on shelves, and hung up a few of those coloured prints of animals which I bought in Leeds, and now feel quite comfortable. We have just had a grand spread in honour of Young, who is going back. He wants to persuade Government to put him in command of

an armed vessel here to extirpate the slavers, and I think it will be a very wise move if they do it, for it will be tantamount to declaring Nyassa under British jurisdiction (a thing absolutely necessary, and what you all in England who wish well for the cause of Africa should work heart and soul to bring about). As regards the future, I intend visiting various chiefs up the lake, disposing of my calico for ivory (there is said to be any amount to be got), and coming back in the spring or summer; but I don't know how I shall get back, for I have no money at hand.



WORDSWORTH ON HELVELLYN.

THE following sonnet on Haydon's portrait of Wordsworth was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and, so far as we are aware, has never been published. The picture is the property of Cornelius Nicholson, Esq., author of "The Annals of Kendal," who has kindly permitted us to print the sonnet. The last two lines seem to refer to the poet's portrait by Pickersgill, which is still to be seen in the College Hall:--

Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
 Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,
 Then break against the rock, and show behind
 The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
 The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed,
 And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
 Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
 And very meek with inspirations proud,—
 Takes here his rightful place as Poet-Priest
 By the high Altar, singing praise and prayer
 To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free
 Our Haydon's hand has flung from out the mist!
 No Portrait this, with Academic air,—
This is the Poet, and his Poetry!



LONDON.

BY A "STUFF GOWN."

"London, the needy ruffian's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, through folly or through fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state."

SO wrote Samuel Johnson in the last century, and the saying holds good at the present day, but now, as then, even in its very truth, untrue. No city of the ancient world was ever more ready to open its gates to those who were driven from their own countries on account of their political or religious opinions. London has ever been the city which, above all others, has received, if not with open arms, at all events with willingness, those who, in their native states, were not permitted to exercise the dearest liberty and privilege of man—freedom of thought in political and religious matters; and though under such a policy there must necessarily flow in much that is bad, the "very dregs," in fact, of "corrupted states;" yet to this self-same policy do we owe some of the most valuable of our industries, and some of the most "*productive*" intellectual labourers.

Truly, too, is it "the needy ruffian's general home," yet is it also *ἀπάντων μουσομήτωρ ἐργάνης*, "*the effective nurse-mother of all arts*," literature and science, the centre and home of the commerce, enterprise, and wealth of the civilized world.

London.

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Madame de Stael called it in her day a "Province of Brick," but, since that time, it has spread in every direction and still is spreading until it already contains over ten thousand miles of streets and upwards of four millions of inhabitants within its bounds.

Could a Londoner of former days but take a walk through that assemblage of palatial buildings which now rises within a stone's throw of the old "Field Lane," and which actually stands on the very ground once covered by the vile and wretched huts that stood in clusters along the reeking banks of the old "Fleet Ditch," or take a walk along the Victoria Embankment, where, formerly, for half the day huge mud banks sent forth their noxious vapours to spread disease and sickness along their sides, or could he look from the dome of S. Paul's at the enormous city spreading on every side until its outskirts are lost in the dim of distance, and see the innumerable intersections of the various railways which lie around like some vast network, and watch the constant trains running now, as it were, on the tops of the houses, and now disappearing below their foundations, or could he pass along the great thoroughfares and watch the daily ebb and flow of the thousands and tens of thousands of its inhabitants, would he be able to recognise in this "Modern Babylon," in this "Province of Brick," the timber-built and quiet city with which he was acquainted, and would the marvellous changes said to have been effected by the power of the Genii of Eastern fable be half so marvellous as the changes which, without violent revolution or spasmodic effort, have been effected here?

On all sides are shops and offices and dwelling-houses, which in their external appearance are equal to, and in their internal economy far surpass, the palaces of former days. Charitable Institutions, too,

there are for the relief of every kind of accident and disease, that daily dispense a real and productive charity; compared with which the charity of the Monastic Institutions of the middle ages, not only dwindles into insignificance, but altogether vanishes from sight. Museums, general and special, collections of art, and libraries, open to all, where may be seen and studied the strange treasures and wonders of the natural world, and the curious, beautiful, and ingenious productions of the artistic and manufacturing world, and the accumulated result of the research and learning of all recorded time.

Yet, side by side with all that is thus beautiful, noble, and useful, where art, benevolence, ingenuity, and learning have combined to do their utmost, are to be found places and conditions of life that are not only a living disgrace to a civilized and a Christian country, but would not even be tolerated amongst the rude uncivilized tribes of savages that inhabit the central parts of the Continent of Africa.

How few among us, how few of our legislators are there to whom this other side of the picture is known, except by the vaguest report? and how far fewer are there to whom the back slums, labyrinths of dark courts and ramifications of alleys of London, are stern realities?

Here, far removed from the gaze of the casual observer, and from the notice of those who turn not aside from the great streets and principal thoroughfares, are to be found over-crowded hovels, where three generations, huddled together without distinction of age or sex, live and sleep in one small room; haunts of vice, dens of iniquity, and hot-beds of every species of immorality and crime, where robbery and outrage may be committed without fear of detection, and where the ordinary language of every-day life is thickly interspersed with obscene oaths and horrible blasphemies; where all that is

vile and hateful in human nature is fostered, reared up and poured forth to contaminate and corrupt, by its very existence, mankind at large.

Much has already been done, and is still being done, in pulling down, and rooting out these plague-spots from our midst. Compulsory education is also doing a work of inestimable value, but education alone cannot successfully battle with the early and most lasting impressions which are received by those who are reared up in these loathsome habitations. London has ever contained, and still contains, much that is good, much that is beautiful, much that is noble; but, at the same time, it contains much to be altered, much to be eradicated, much to be improved; and is it not surely a biting sarcasm, a cutting irony, that we should, year after year, go on spending thousands, and hundreds of thousands for the conversion of the Jew and of the Heathen whilst we suffer to exist, almost unobserved, in the midst of the metropolis of our highly civilized and Christian community, an evil, beside which the condition of the uncivilized heathen is a condition of virtue and morality.

π. β.



THE TUG OF THE LIGHT-SHIP-ADE:

A MERRY-TIME LAY FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF
"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

Sixty yards, sixty yards,
Sixty yards sundered.
All up the river Cam
Rowed the one hundred.
"Forward the light-ship-ade!"
"Three! Two! One! Gun!!!" he said:
Into the Grassy Gut
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

Forward the light-ship-ade!"
Was there a man delayed?
No, for the start they knew
Must not be blundered,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to dig or sky,
Theirs but to watch the ti-
me: On for the Railway Bridge
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

Ladies to right of them,
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies in front of them,
Fluttered and wondered,
Storm'd at with shout and yell
Boldly they rowed and well,
Some of them pale as death,
Into the mouth of "hell" (Charon's)
Rowed the one hundred
(and twenty.)

The Tug of the Light-ship-ade.

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Flashed all the oar-blades bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
("Feathering under water there!")
Bumping each other, while
All the men wondered.
(Bang! when the battery spoke,
Right from the chain they broke;
"Coaches" all rushing
Rattled to "quicken stroke!"
"Well rowed!!!" they thundered.)
* * * * *
Then they rowed back:—but more
More than one hundred
(and twenty.)

Ladies to right of them
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies behind them,
Flirted and wondered:
Storm'd at with shout and yell,
While their proud banners swell,
They that had pulled so well
Rowed through the crowd of boats
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that had bumped of them,
Bumped of one hundred
(and twenty.)

When shall their blazers fade?
O the wild bumps they made!
All the bank wondered.
Honour the bumps they made!
Honour the light-ship-ade,
Sliding-seat hundred
(and twenty.)

ALFRED NINNYSON.



ANECDOTES FOR FIDDLERS AND OTHERS.

A GENTLEMAN, wealthy but ignorant, treated his friends on a certain occasion to a selection of instrumental music, and hired a band as executants. Whilst all the musicians were at work he appeared to be well satisfied with the performance, but when it happened that the principal violin was engaged for a short time on an incidental solo, livid with rage, he demanded the reason that the others were remaining idle. "Sir, it is a pizzicato for one instrument."

"Hang the pizzicato, Sir, I pay you to come here and play, and not to remain idle; let the trumpets pizzicato along with you."

When Viotti was in England—I owe this story to the unpublished work of a friend—he fell in love with, and wished to purchase, a magnificent Antonio Stradivari belonging to the Earl of Exmouth. Lord Exmouth would not sell the instrument but very kindly offered Viotti the use of it while he remained in the country, and was, doubtless, proud to hear of the magnificent solos Viotti used it for at the King's Theatre and Hanover Square Rooms, in town. Whilst still in possession, Viotti went to Betts, the celebrated maker, and asked him to make a copy as nearly as possible like the original. Betts proceeded to obey his directions, but he made not only one but two copies, and gave them both back to Viotti, who, in his turn, gave one back to Lord Exmouth, and kept what he thought was the original himself. But when he came to play at a concert in

Brussels soon after, he found that he, too, had been swindled in his turn. It was a case of diamond cut diamond. "Ah! Monsieur Betts," said he, when afterwards in London again, "I ask you to make me one copy and you do make me two copy."

This is the only imputation I have ever heard on the character of Viotti, but there are many doubtful stories about Betts. A gentleman, I once heard, wished to put his probity to the test. Accordingly, he sent him a valuable instrument to repair, but previously resorted to the ingenious dodge of counting the number of grains of wood in the belly in concert with a friend. Betts changed the violin, and copied nearly all the other marks, but this latter was too much for him. The case was proved, and he was obliged to return the instrument. His reputation did not improve by the transaction. Vuillaume once tried the same experiment with Paganini, but without any sinister designs, as the sequel showed. Once, on his return from England, Paganini's large model Guarnerius fell from the roof of the diligence and was seriously injured. On arriving at Paris the great artist entrusts his violin to M. Vuillaume, who, while it is in his possession, takes care to make an exact copy, one not easy to distinguish. On the day appointed for the restoration of the instrument he calls upon Paganini and places two instruments before him; "I have quite restored your violin, but so completely that I am unable to distinguish it from the other Guarnerius, which has also been entrusted to me. You, of course, will be able to tell your own violin at once." Whereupon Paganini seizes and scrutinizes the instruments, but is unable to distinguish them; taking his bow he dashes it over the strings of each alternately, still without being able to tell—he is wild with excitement. Vuillaume's triumph had reached its acme. "Compose yourself," said he, "here is your instrument, and there is the

copy of it I have made. Keep them both in remembrance of me."

Once on a summer evening in the country I heard the mellow tones of a fiddle through the half-open door of a cottage. Feeling curious, I entered and accosted the performer, a middle-aged man sitting in an arm-chair before the fire. "So you're playing the violin, Sir, a little?" "No, Sir, I'm only feedling." The old fellow had lived all his life without ever hearing of the word violin. My art enthusiasm of course pretended to be shocked at first, but, on the whole, I came to the conclusion that "feedling" was better than "fuddling," its probable antithesis in this case, and that art must have all kinds of votaries; and besides the event was the realisation of an old story I had once heard in another form. "Gentlemen," said an auctioneer addressing his customers, "Gentlemen, the next lot is a valuable old fine-toned violin." "Stop, Sir, said his clerk, interrupting him, the next lot's the fiddle."

I don't think I have ever laughed more than when I first heard the following little anecdote of poor old Lindley, the violoncellist. It was in the old coaching days. Lindley was going down to Oxford to perform at a University Concert. On the way a terrible accident happened—the coach was completely overturned, many people were thrown down and seriously injured, and one man had his leg broken. Lindley fortunately escaped any serious hurt himself, but the moment he could extricate himself from the general *débris*, which he managed to do almost before anyone else, he was observed to seize his violoncello case, which had fallen heavily from the roof, and commence a sort of trial performance upon the instrument, having previously made himself comfortable upon a neighbouring milestone. Evidently he did not mind an odd bruise or two, but he was afraid his favourite had sustained some damage, and he hastened to

satisfy himself accordingly. What his fellow-travellers thought of his philanthropic or rather philo-violinic sentiments I will not pretend to say. By the way, talking about Lindley, he was once very impolitely treated in our own town, Cambridge. Those who have heard much about him will remember the unfortunate impediment in his speech. The conversation was with a boy about the purchase of a magpie. "I say, my b-b-b-b-boy, can it t-t-t-alk."

"Yes, Sir, it can beautiful."

"But, I say, my b-b-b-b-boy, are you s-s-s-sure it can t-t-t-alk."

"It'll talk a ——— sight better than you, Sir, or else I'm blowed if it 'ud talk at all." Perhaps it is hardly necessary to state that the sale was not effected.

There are many humorous little incidents in the career of Giovanni Giarnovich, the pupil of Lolly. Once at Lyons he advertised a concert, tickets six francs each, but failed to collect an audience. Being offended at the niggardliness of the Lyonesse he advertised the same performance the next evening for half the money, but took his departure in the meantime, so that the large assembly which came together to hear him were obliged to have their money returned at the doors. What a jolly sell! Giarnovich was a desperate duellist, quarrelled with everybody he met. He once fell out with Shaw, the leader of the Drury Lane Orchestra, at an oratorio, and challenged him. "I strove all in my power," says Michael Kelly, "to make peace between them. Giarnovich knew not a word of English, and Shaw not a word of French, but I was to be mediator between them, and I translated everything they said to each other most faithfully. Unfortunately, Shaw, in reply to one of Giarnovich's accusations, said 'Pooh! Pooh!'—'Sacre,' said Giarnovich, 'what is de meaning of dat 'pooh, pooh!' I will not hear a

word unless you translate me pooh! pooh!' And as I found considerable difficulty in translating 'pooh, pooh' into French or Italian, it was some time before peace was restored. The whole scene was one of the most absurd I ever witnessed."

In conclusion, I must acknowledge my debt to Mr. Dubourg, from whose interesting history and biographies I have adapted several of the above little incidents.



THE MATTERHORN WITHOUT GUIDES.

THAT the beauty of the Matterhorn is with the public never dissociated from awe is due in great part to the untoward occurrence which accompanied the first ascent. Though eleven years have elapsed since then, and times are so changed that people flock to the summit, the feeling has not altogether passed away. A few words may be devoted to a catastrophe, often misunderstood, which has prejudiced men's minds not only against the mountain but against mountaineering itself, if only to show that in character it was exceptional.

The Matterhorn long defied attack, it was a byword for inaccessibility, that affected by its mere reputation the most skilful guides. Experienced mountaineers gazing at its gaunt precipices, and scanning its furrowed sides with telescopes shook their heads. It was to the boldest adventurers of the day what the Aiguille du Dru at Chamouni and la Meije in Dauphiné are now to their successors, who have had to turn back from their attempts almost in despair. It is, doubtless, familiarly known to many of my readers how Mr. Whymper and Professor Tyndall repeated their assaults. How every year saw an outwork of the enemy turned or stormed, till nothing seemed left on the Italian side but the crowning citadel. How when finally the Zermatt side, that had long deceived the eye by its inhospit-

able aspect, was tried simultaneously as it happened by Messrs. Hudson and Whymper, strange to say, victory followed the first attempt. Unfortunately the mistake was made of including in the party, a gentleman too young in mountaineering for an expedition which might call for the utmost hardihood and endurance. Under the circumstances two guides and a porter were a meagre professional addition to four travellers. The rocks above the 'shoulder,' where the chains are now placed, being pronounced by the leading guide impracticable, the party were forced to circumvent them by crossing part of the steep northern face of the mountain, and then, after a short ascent, doubling back to the arête. In descending, when they had reached the far angle of this loop, Mr. Hadow, who seems now to have been so faint as to be unable to stand steady, even when his feet were placed in position for him, suddenly fell from behind down upon the leading guide who had, as far as could be observed, just turned round to descend himself after planting the other's legs in position with his hands. Poor Croz was helplessly knocked over head downwards, and the combined momentum pulled down the two immediately behind. The last three members of the party were able to hold firm, and the rope broke below them. How was the fatal momentum acquired? The rope had not been held tight behind the unfortunate gentleman who slipped, although previously he was evidently in extreme difficulty. As it was, a fall of 10 or 12 feet took place before the jerk on the rope came. Here is the moral of the whole. Either an inexperienced traveller should not have been allowed to accompany the party, or another guide should have been taken to attend to him. Had the rope been tight in accordance with one of the most important rules of caution in such circumstances, he would probably have been arrested the moment he

fell prone. Everything depends on checking a slip before momentum has ensued. Again, Mr. Whymper positively asserts that the exact spot where the slip occurred was an easy place, affording opportunity for free movement as well as for handhold. The party being constituted as it was, a similar accident might have befallen it in any expedition of equal length where individual capacity was much tested.

Mountaineering is a noble form of recreation, and not to be indiscriminately condemned because accidents are heard of. I defy the most enthusiastic advocate to prove that any other combines the same amount of healthy muscular activity, of invigorating accompaniments, of contest with physical difficulties, with the same security. But there must be training, and there must be observance of due precautions and laws. The bulk of accidents, of which one hears, have either proceeded from the neglect of some rule or precaution which it is the province of mountaineering to prescribe, or from sheer ignorance and inexperience; in neither of which cases is the art of mountaineering in fault. If inexperienced people will be so foolish as to climb the Alps alone or with inefficient guides they must take the consequences. It is unfair to disparage mountaineering by confounding the vagaries of incompetent persons with the undertakings of properly organized parties. As the land-lubber may be upset by the first squall, so may the ignorant tourist be precipitated by the first incautious step into a crevasse. Glaciers near hotels tempt on the wanderer by apparent easiness, but they are full of real peril to those not accustomed to them.

It is a mistake to suppose that mountaineering skill can be picked up without a fair amount of apprenticeship. Let the necessity which everyone admits in the case of cricket and boating be conceded to mountaineering. No one can acquire climbing

powers which will render him, if occasion required, independent of assistance, or give him individual confidence in difficulties, without practice. It is true that novices can be taken up, and are taken up, the highest mountains by the guides; but the mere fact of their going up as little proves them to be mountaineers, as it confers on them mountaineering skill. Many a man who has climbed from his youth up among our English hills, would regard the efforts of these showy Alpine pedestrians, as child's-play; while he would in all probability on the occasion of his own first expedition in the high Alps feel some disappointment at the trifling nature of the actual difficulties encountered by the individual climber. On the other hand, it must be allowed that making the ascent of a first-rate mountain without undue fatigue bears witness to considerable endurance and walking powers. It is as easy to make light of such feats as it is to misapprehend their character. Perhaps mountaineers are shy of admitting the fatigue, or confessing to the really serious physical exertion involved in merely lifting the body up the required number of thousands of feet. Practice and training, with the assistance of health and the invigorating air, much lightens the load; but a weighty load it always remains, and severe hard labour, to an extent little realized perhaps in England, has inevitably to be faced. The only exercise taken for pleasure, which presents itself to my mind for comparison in this respect, is that of rowing. Seven or eight hours spent at the oar might convey a not inapt idea of the work required in climbing as many thousand feet. As to the training, the resemblance only holds in regard to the practice of the particular muscles respectively employed. The austere stoicism associated with my recollections of the May races finds no counterpart on the Alpine play-ground. The change of life, indeed, if any does

there take place, may be often on the side of luxury. The magnificent exercise and air induce a health and vigour of body, which laughs to scorn many a privation or precaution that may be considered necessary at home. The stomach does unwonted wonders; the muscles, if not overstrained, get accustomed to their work by gradual practice; and, as there is not the same test of the 'wind' as in racing, the satisfaction of good living, where opportunity allows, may be readily combined with vigorous health and activity. I find thoughts of the coming dinner hovering cheerily round the most weary close of an Alpine day; just as a dozen years ago and more, with a relish that perhaps nothing of the kind can ever surpass, I used to anticipate the more certain, if more restricted, delights of a boating supper as I trudged home from an evening row over the course.

A few words must be devoted to mountaineering without guides. If expeditions of this kind are not to be condemned indiscriminately, they certainly should not be undertaken without great caution and circumspection. The best guides are so very much superior to even first-rate amateurs that the more difficult expeditions will always have to be left in their hands, for amateurs in the attempt might find themselves involved in difficulties from which it might be beyond their powers to extricate themselves. Great pleasure, however, may be derived from humbler expeditions which, if certain conditions are observed, may be justifiably attempted without guides. There must be fine and settled weather, there must be considerable previous experience on the part of all the party if anything of importance is in contemplation, and the expeditions undertaken must be graduated in difficulty from simple beginnings in order to ensure the necessary training and confidence. As a rule, it may be safely laid down that a man should go with guides for a season

or two, at least, before attempting to dispense with them; and even then the greatest pleasure and advantage will probably be derived from the alternation of the two kinds of mountaineering. In our case, the attempt on the Matterhorn was the culmination of previous expeditions without guides of various degrees of difficulty. The reputation of the mountain was, as we knew, when in good condition considerably in excess of its reputation. Though entirely new to all of us it was mostly a rock climb, and my two friends, Mr. A. H. Cawood, of Rossall School, and Mr. J. B. Colgrove, Head Master of Loughboro' School, were, even for members of the Alpine Club, unusually good rock climbers. So we went out last summer resolved to make the attempt the crowning effort of the season, expressly agreeing before starting on the expedition to turn back at the first difficulty involving actual danger.

At 11.15 a.m. on the 21st of July my friends and myself set out from Zermatt with two porters to our sleeping quarters at the hut. My friends having explored this part of the way on the previous day, we had felt at liberty to take porters. The route, which is by no means easy to find, traverses most of the long and tedious Höruli ridge, skirts the upper slopes of the Furggen glacier, and then ascends the rocks obliquely to the right in the direction of the arête or edge joining the two sides of the mountain. The ascent so far presents little difficulty as far as the climbing goes except at the point where the rocks are gained from the glacier. The actual face is much less steep than might be expected from its distant aspect. A person ignorant of the route, however, and of the exact position of the hut may find (as was the case with my friends) very considerable difficulty in hitting off the way to the latter, as it is not discernible till a ridge is gained in close proximity to it. The hut is built of stone

on a small platform under one of the massive towers of the arête, about half-way up from the 'base' to the 'shoulder.' The immediate approach to the platform is by a few feet of rock of a somewhat awkward character.

The hut was reached at 6, and our porters now left us, returning to Zermatt the same evening. It was a striking position in which to find ourselves alone. The approach of night, the tiny lights beginning to flicker in the village nestling in the valley 7000 feet below, the clearly defined shadow of the mountain mysteriously thrown from behind on the snow-field at our feet, all aided the solemnity of the scene. The shadow crept up the slopes of the Breithorn till it lost itself in vacancy. The Monte Rosa range opposite shot back at us warm rays of fiery light. The illuminated sky above was fast drawing in its purple skirts to avoid contact with the murky gloom that was extending itself below. But an icy wind was sweeping round the sheer rocks which supported our tiny platform, and to remain outside was impossible. Yet it was but a cold hospitality that our cabin offered us. We only escaped the icy wind to sit on an ice-floor. Luckily we had not trusted only to the scanty supply of good-for-nothing wood with which our somewhat supercilious porters, as if with the view of starving us into our right mind, had provided us. Besides what my friends themselves carried up, we found some fuel in the hut; and, after various and ineffectual attempts to induce delicately cut chips to burn, our ears were at length consoled by the merry duet of hissing pine and snow sputtering in the pan. The heat-giving properties of our stove were soon testified by the stream that began to set towards the door from the solid bed of ice which composed our floor. The benign influence extended itself even to our half-frozen feet, and over our coffee and mulled wine we could afford to laugh at discomfort.

The far end of the hut was set apart for the bed-chamber, whose furniture consisted of hay, protected from the ice beneath by planks. Needless to say, both were saturated with damp, but a plentiful store of dry blankets was suspended above on a cord. By inverting the arrangement of the planks and hay, and making the best use we could of the blankets, we managed to obtain a fair amount of comfort. We all, however, asserted in the morning that we had not slept. We were rather later than we intended in getting under weigh in the morning, and by the time that we had finished our breakfast and distributed our provisions it was broad daylight. We each took what we wanted for ourselves from the abundant store of wine and food, leaving the rest at the hut.

About 3.45 we started, and the rocks now became of a much less easy nature than below the hut; hands as well as feet had to be constantly used, and we kept the rope thenceforward continually employed. With amateurs the rope does service in a double way; besides affording security, it effectually prevents straggling, a not unimportant point where, perhaps, everyone has his own opinion as to the route to be taken. A guide, of course, is meekly followed, but a resolute amateur leader also will often succeed in taking even a grumbling party his own way when roped together. Our progress was slow, in some measure owing to the continual necessity for hunting out the route with no local knowledge to guide us. Amid a wilderness of gullies and ridges we had to turn to right or left according to the occurrence of obstacles, while preserving at the same time a main general direction towards the shoulder. To assist us in our return we made little cairns at various points. The presence of guides makes an astonishing difference in these little matters. In ordinary places a man may almost mechanically follow his guide's lead and have his thoughts a thousand miles away, so that

the very existence of a puzzle or of a difficulty may be ignored. Here and there a few bands of ice had to be crossed, and in such places Mr. Colgrove's ice-axe—profanely called by a facetious friend, a collection of old files—was the terror of the mountain, as the ice shivered into steps under its resistless blows.

We reached the 'shoulder,' or level portion of the arête under the final peak, at 6.10, and made a halt. The ridge is narrow and rotten, and requires careful traversing. On our right now lay the fatal northern slope; above us in front rose the steep rocks which guard the summit. Chains have recently been firmly fixed to the most difficult portions of these cliffs, and they formed at once our security and our guide. Some hesitation preceded our discovery of the upper portion of the chains, but finally, led by them, we struck straight up the rocks in their steepest part close by the arête. We thus avoided altogether the scene of the accident, which lay a considerable distance to our right on the face of the mountain; Mr. Whymper's route in returning after the catastrophe being unmistakably marked by one of the ropes, now white with age, which he left fastened to rocks as an assistance to his progress.

An easy slope of frozen snow above the rocks landed us on the summit. "Well," I said, "we have got to the top, and we know we can get down safely." The question about turning back had never even arisen, for we had never been tried to the full extent of our combined powers. The summit is a narrow ridge of snow about 350 feet long, and running nearly due east and west. The snow evidently enjoys the spectacle of the Italian precipices, for it lovingly curls over them. For some 2000 feet the cliffs fall sheer down till they spread out in gigantic buttresses, forming a striking contrast with the rounded snow slope that shelves away with rapidly increasing steepness on the northern side, carrying the imagination down to

the cruel plain below. A description of the view is no easy matter. The mountaineer's eye gets accustomed to the effects of very lofty views, and early impressions are proverbially difficult to recall. Were I, then, to depict the actual feeling conveyed to me by the view, it would possibly only be unduly to disparage the latter. The solitary position and height of the mountain naturally impart a unique character to the prospect, but the effect of the latter on the mind is considerably impaired by the too present reality of a long level ridge, which both precludes grasping the whole view at once, no one point on it claiming a decided pre-eminence, and arrogates to itself with constant importunity the importance of a temporary world. The day was serene, the sun brilliant, and the whole range of the main Alps from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa without a cloud to disturb their outlines. Over the Italian Alps hung, as is often the case, an envious sea of clouds. Beauty of colouring must not be expected from the very lofty summits; far more pleasing panoramic effects are afforded by well-situated mountains of moderate elevation. I was much struck on the present occasion with the dark and heavy atmospheric veil that hung over the lower ranges and valleys, obscuring without beautifying them.

I took a hasty sketch on the summit, sitting on the snow, whose solidity I took care first to ascertain. But the north wind was not to be robbed of its bite, and, after a stay of more than an hour (9.35 to 10.45), we hastened to retrace our tracks, Mr. Colgrove during the descent admirably filling the honourable post of last man. The descent required care, but did not involve us in any difficulty sufficient to cause anxiety. We used great caution. At first we thought it prudent to unite an extra rope which we carried to our ordinary one, so as to allow greater individual freedom on the chains. Below the 'shoulder,' on the contrary, we huddled

together in order to minimize the damage we might inflict on each other from falling stones, the rottenness of the rocks causing them to be well primed with such missiles. The descent of the face was exceedingly wearisome and monotonous. We succeeded in retracing our way, found and set in order the hut, and were soon toiling down the rocks on the last stage of our expedition.

The victory was now won, but the contest had been a long one. We had resolved not to run any appreciable risk, and we ran none. We might, of course, have encountered falling stones, for which the Matterhorn has a bad name; but none fell on the two days on which we were on the mountain, except what we dislodged ourselves. We had to stumble down from the Hörnli as best we might in the dark, and it was 9.30 when we reached the hotel. A pleasant greeting awaited us, and a merry dinner was followed by one of the most refreshing night's rest that I ever had in my life.

ARTHUR CUST.



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

The following is a literal translation of a report of this race which appeared a few years ago in the *Journal de Nice*. The translation was communicated to the *Cambridge Chronicle* by Mr. J. T. Hathornthwaite, a member of this College:—

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RACE.

The annual race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge took place on the 23rd of March. This race is quite an event in England, and the sportsman class are pre-occupied with it as much as with the Derby. The race takes place in yawls with 8 oarsmen, at Putney, a small village situated at the west extremity of London.

The champions go down the Thames as far as Kew, sometimes even to Richmond.

The race is always straight, without turning, and is accomplished with a rapidity positively extraordinary. The champions are in training about four months, and have daily exercises at Oxford and Cambridge.

Scarcely a single day passes without the newspapers speaking of their progress. This is in fact because the English stake considerable sums of money according as the vigour of their muscles is more or less.

Every year about 25 or 30 million bets are made at Putney.

The race always takes place at 10 o'clock precisely. The racers are followed by a ferry-boat carrying the jury, and nearly all the members of the two Houses of Parliament.

It is an old custom, for the House of Lords especially, to assist in full numbers at these jousts; even the Primate of England, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, as well as the Bishop of London, take their place on the ferry-boat. Two or three hundred small craft follow the ferry-boat, and the flotilla is kept at a regulated distance of 100 yards from the racers.

As well as the thousands of spectators who line the banks of the Thames, everybody wears the colours of the two Universities, sky blue or dark blue.

The very horses have ribands in their manes, and ribands are placed in the cockades of the drivers.

We have ascertained on this subject that the minimum price of a second-rate conveyance this day is from five to six pounds sterling.

The race having terminated in the midst of frenzied hurrahs which are heard as far off as a kilometre (3-5ths of a mile), conquerors and conquered forget their rivalries, shake hands and go to banquet at the inn called the Cock Pheasant, which is situated on the banks of the Thames.

The victorious and the vanquished are invariably under the table at dessert.

In the evening it is a perfect *fête* in London; the beer-houses and the bars overflow with customers. The Alhambra is crowded to suffocation by a throng who wear the colours of the winners. Dances are given at the Argyll Rooms, at Highbury Barn, and, in fact, everywhere.

Three editions of the newspapers are published; as many as a hundred and fifty thousand copies of

the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Sporting Life* are sold.

At the same time there are in London about fifty suicides; those who have lost in the morning blow out their brains. This is, moreover, so general a result that public opinion gives itself very little trouble about it."



THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race of 1877 will long be remembered as one of the most, if not the most, remarkable contests that has ever taken place—remarkable for the enthusiasm displayed by such masses of people in turning out so early on a cold March morning, remarkable for the keenness of the contest, and still more remarkable for the almost unparalleled finish. Dead heats on the running-path are somewhat common, but on the river they are almost unknown. We can call to mind a dead heat for the Colquhoun Sculls in 1862 between Hudson, of Lady Margaret, and Cowie, of Trinity, and also a dead heat for the University Fours in 1874 between Jesus and First Trinity; but it must be borne in mind that both these races were time races, and that it is much more likely for a dead heat to take place in a time race than in a breast race. In the former it is quite possible for a boat to creep up unawares in the last few strokes and make a dead heat of it, but such a thing is impossible in a breast race, for when one crew is in front it is apparent to the members of both crews, and thus the leaders are sure not to be caught "napping" in the same way. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that Shafto has had the pleasure(?) of rowing in two dead heats; the first occasion was when, in 1874, he stroked the Jesus Four, and the second was in the University race of this year. Last December two professionals rowed a dead heat in a mile match on the Tyne; possibly there have been one or two more, but, putting to one side the cases

of the time races, we may fairly say that the race of 1877 is almost unique, and certainly it is so in a race of such importance.

A report had spread abroad at the Inter-University sports on the preceding day that the race would start three-quarters of an hour earlier than was originally intended; this necessitated those who were lucky enough to have tickets for the steamers being at one or other of the piers about six o'clock; accordingly, about that time the piers were covered with men anxiously waiting for the arrival of the steamers, but, much to the disgust of those lucky individuals, they did not turn up till after seven o'clock. The early rising and the hour's wait on not one of the warmest mornings imaginable was, however, amply repaid by the splendid race which was shortly witnessed. Opinions are divided as to whether the crowd was as large as in previous years. Between Putney and Craven Cottage, possibly, the crowd was not so great as in 1876, but from there to the finish it would require a person accustomed to calculating crowds to be able to say that there was any material difference. There was scarcely standing-room on the ground open to the public, and every point of vantage on both sides of the river was occupied.

When one thinks that the majority of the people present must have risen at about five and some earlier, one must come to the conclusion that the interest taken in the race is for the race itself, and not, as some would have it, because it is "the thing."

Oxford won the toss and chose the Middlesex station, which, under the then existing circumstances, was a decided advantage. Unfortunately for Cambridge the wind, which for the whole week had been blowing from the east, veered right round to the west. We say unfortunately, because the boat to be used was very much "cambered," and therefore the cross wind would make it almost impossible to keep straight.

The Oxford men put off from the London boathouse shortly before eight o'clock and paddled down to the starting-post, but they were kept waiting about ten minutes by the Cambridge men (a proceeding which was freely commented on at the time), who were having a false keel put on their boat at the last moment to try and counteract the evil influence of the wind.

About a quarter-past eight the two boats were nicely in position for starting, but, unfortunately, the press steamer broke from her moorings, and it was not till twenty-seven minutes past eight, upon a bad tide, that Mr. Searle was able to start them.

The following are the names and weights of the two crews:

CAMBRIDGE.			OXFORD.		
		st. lbs.			st. lbs.
1	B. G. Hoskyns, Jesus.....	10 11	1	D. J. Cowles, St. John's..	11 3
2	T. W. Lewis, Caius.....	11 9	2	J. M. Boustead, University	12 8
3	J. C. Fenn, Frist Trinity..	11 7	3	H. Pelham, Magdalen....	12 7
4	W. B. Close, First Trinity	11 9½	4	W. H. Grenfell, Balliol ..	12 8
5	L. G. Pike, Caius.....	12 8	5	H. J. Stayner, St. John's	12 6½
6	C. Gurdon, Jesus	12 13	6	A. Mulholland, Balliol....	12 5½
7	T. E. Hockin, Jesus.....	12 11	7	T. C. Edwards Moss, B.N.C.	12 2
	C. D. Shafto, Jesus (str.)	12 0		H. M. Marriott, B.N.C. (str.)	12 0
	G. L. Davis, Clare (cox.)..	7 2		F. M. Beaumont, New (cox.)	7 0

Oxford got by far the best of the start and at once led out by several feet, but Cambridge, rowing about two strokes a minute less, gradually gained, till at Bishop's Creek the Light Blues were leading; Oxford were now very unsteady, which enabled Cambridge to increase its lead to a quarter-of-a-length. The cross wind was now very troublesome to the Cantabs, and the coxswain was obliged to use a great deal of rudder; this so palpably checked the pace of the boat that Oxford, a little above Craven Cottage, took a lead of a few feet, and steadily increasing it were leading by about one-third of a length a mile from the start, the wind still causing Cambridge a great deal of trouble. At the Soap Works Cambridge were comparatively sheltered, and immediately shot up, and, gradually gaining, passed under

Hammersmith Bridge about two feet in front. The partisans of Cambridge were now very jubilant, as the Cambridge crew were rowing splendidly together, whereas Oxford seemed all to pieces. The water now became very rough, but it seemed to affect the Oxford crew most, as Cambridge gained still more. Shortly after passing Biffen's boatyard a waterman's skiff, rowed by two men and with some people in the stern, shot out from a crowd of boats on the Middlesex side and made across the river right in front of the competing crews; it seemed utterly impossible that a collision could be prevented; in fact, it looked as if the Cambridge eight was going right into them, but by a sudden application of the rudder the coxswain saved a collision, for the stroke oars just missed the stern of the boat as they flew by. The crews were soon back in their proper course, Cambridge leading slightly. The high feather of Oxford now began to tell in their favour, so that opposite the Oil Mills Oxford drew ahead; a ding-dong race took place up Chiswick Eyot, but Cambridge then seemed to go to pieces in the rough water, so that Oxford up Corney Reach led by a third of a length, which they gradually increased to two-thirds. The race now seemed over, but Cambridge, by a series of spurts, reduced the lead to half-a-length at the Bull's Head, Barnes; their efforts then seemed to die away, so that Oxford passed through the Railway Bridge with a lead of about a length. Signs of exhaustion were now being displayed by one or two men, more especially in the bow oar of the Oxford Boat, who was evidently in very great difficulties. Opposite the White Hart the Cambridge crew spurted vigorously, a spurt which was ably answered by Marriott. But Cowles' exertions had evidently been too much for him, as he caught a 'crab,' and for the remainder of the way he rowed with a shortened oar. This 'contretemps' naturally disturbed the evenness

of the Oxford boat, and before they had time to steady themselves Cambridge was upon them, and, rowing a fast stroke and much better together than they had been, came up hand over hand until they were only two or three feet behind opposite the Brewery. On gathering themselves together the finishing spurt of Cambridge at forty strokes a minute was a sight to see; they were now rowing together like one man, and inch by inch reducing the vanishing lead of Oxford, who, in difficulties and partially crippled, made a gallant counter effort to stall off their opponents. It was in vain, however, for Cambridge got up alongside as the gun fired, both passing the judge abreast on strictly even terms. It was some time before the decision of the judge was known, owing to his not being able to get on board the umpire's boat.

From the very commencement of the race both crews set themselves down with cool determination and veteran precision to row the race out steadily from beginning to end. There were no signs of excessive speed for a short distance, to be succeeded by complete collapse over a longer one; no scrambling for a temporary and evanescent lead; but a firm purpose in each crew to do their work thoroughly during the whole contest; and the finish was a fitting termination to a struggle which reflected equal honour on all engaged in it. The Oxford men were about the most powerful set of men that ever rowed in the 'Varsity boat race. They rowed remarkably clean and with a very high feather, which served them well in the rough water; but there seemed to be that jerk at the finish of the stroke which is so much condemned by Cambridge oarsmen. At first sight they appeared to row a longer stroke than Cambridge, but such was not the case; they certainly swung more, but then their slides were shorter and were not used in the scientific manner that Cambridge used them. Moreover, the Cambridge crew (a physically weaker crew, and rowing two strokes a minute slower) lead

the Oxford crew to Hammersmith Bridge, which seems to prove conclusively that they were rowing a longer stroke. The Cambridge crew rowed more according to the scientific principles of rowing, and we have no hesitation in saying that it was the science displayed by Cambridge that counterbalanced the superior physique of Oxford. Everything in regard to the elements and the course was in Oxford's favour, for the cross wind was much more troublesome to Cambridge than to Oxford, for the former were very much hampered by their boat, which no doubt carried them (on that day) very badly indeed. We are of opinion that the boat they rowed in lost them the race, for the wind blowing right across the bows forced Davis to be constantly applying the rudder in order to keep her straight; this, of course, materially affected the pace of the boat, besides causing it to roll, which so unsteadied them that it was possibly the means of their going to pieces. On the other hand, Oxford were unfortunate in bow catching a 'crab,' but then it was owing to his being so much exhausted; in fact, at the time Pelham and Stayner also were dead beaten, whereas the Cambridge men were comparatively fresh. Bow, as soon as he had righted himself after the 'crab,' shortened his oar, conceiving that it was broken; but a well-known Cambridge waterman who saw the oar afterwards is said to have declared 'that many a worse oar than that had been used in the May races,' so that, possibly, Oxford were not so unfortunate as one was at first led to suppose, but their sudden diminution in pace may have been owing to two or three members of the crew being 'baked.' We cannot say more than that stroke, seven, and four in the Oxford boat rowed hard and well, while the four stern oars in the Cambridge crew did the lion's share of the work, notably seven. A more plucky race was never rowed, and it reflects the highest credit on all concerned in it.

ONE ON THE STEAMER.



DETAIL IN ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE may be considered with reference to the following heads, æsthetic, scientific and utilitarian. We shall not dwell on the divisions of architecture which would lead us to consider it from any other point of view than the æsthetic, or in other words, the beautiful, although we must, owing to the nature of our subject, somewhat invade the ground occupied by architecture, considered from the scientific and utilitarian standpoint.

It is *impossible* for the mind to grasp instantaneously an adequate conception of an architectural whole, say, a cathedral. It represents to itself some detail of the structure, and provided that this detail harmonise with the ideas of details that have previously come under its consideration; *it makes an attempt*, more or less successful in proportion to the experience of the person concerned, to form a concept, and in virtue of the harmony of the details themselves is itself under the influence of æsthetic motion. To express more popularly the gist of what we have already said, we state that the general effect is not the aim of art, in one sense of the word, viz., fine art, but that it consists in the power of producing perfection of details out of which we conceive with varied success those much-talked of wholes.

The most æsthetic architecture the world has ever produced, that of the Greeks. In that land famous for the unrivalled purity and serenity of its climate; in that land, whose people, as the old poet Euripides says:

αἰὲρ διὰ λαμπροτάτου
βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος,

the striving for the æsthetic had its full sway. Here do we see such magnificent examples of art as the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Propylæum, the Theseum, the temple of Olympian Jove, and that of Apollo at Delphi; and it is the exquisite details of these masterpieces which excite our envy and almost forbid us to hope to rival them. It must not be conceived that these embodied the maturity of a short growth. We have just said that the architectural germ is necessarily utilitarian. Mere bodily wants must be satisfied before we can get any development of the æsthetic in anything. The buildings above mentioned represent a perfection which took ages to accomplish. It is only after years of toil, when "one hand" has caught the spirit of its predecessors, that we can hope to attain anything like perfection from an æsthetic point of view. The Parthenon, which crowned the summit of the Acropolis, was one of the finest specimens of Doric architecture. It was built during the golden age of Pericles, that is, about the middle of the fifth century before Christ. We read in Plutarch, "Phidias directed all and was the overseer of all for Pericles, and yet the buildings had great architects and artists of the works." The Parthenon was the work of Callicratus and Ictinus, yet almost all things were in the hands of Phidias, and, as we have said, "he superintended all the artists."

It may seem wonderful that the consummation of æsthetic architecture was achieved in so short a time at the hands of a few men, but it fully bears out the point which lies here, that Greek art was wholly the product and expression of the individual workman. Phidias was the Shakespeare of his art; his indefatigable toil, his discrimination, his accurate perception, his power of expression, summed up in one short period the learning of previous centuries. Joined to these acquired faculties there might also have been an innate aptitude. Note this point also: "he worked

in marble, ivory, and gold," as witness the statue of Athene in the eastern *cellæ* of the Parthenon. His masterpieces were not produced in a secluded studio, but in the *ἐργαστήριον*. He united the theoretical and the practical. No mere maker of paper plans was he, but he bodied forth in the concrete forms which can have been the creation of only the loftiest imagination.

We find that for the most part the Greek architect restricted his attention to but one temple; at any rate, never do we find him designing more than one work of art at the same time. Thus, then, we see, taking one of the most renowned buildings of antiquity, that the wonderful minuteness and perfection of detail, achieved not only by mere passive instrument but by the hands of genius, were the characteristics which distinguished the noblest architecture the world has ever seen from that which preceded it, and that which was its subsequent. It must be granted that if our knowledge be primarily the knowledge of detail, just in proportion as those details are harmonious so shall we be æsthetically moved.

Next, how is this perfection of detail to be brought about? This is the second point we wish to bring before you. It is, as you may have anticipated, by means of the master-workman the *ἀρχιτέκτων*. "You can buy," says Plato, "a common builder for five or six minæ at most" (that is, a builder in the utilitarian and scientific point of view), "but a master-workman not even for ten thousand drachmæ, for there are few of them even among all the Greeks." The Greek architect, then, was the master-workman, the ruler of workmen. He and his *confrères* had not even the name of professionals. Pure design-makers and draftsmen in those times we find none. Such buildings as we have before mentioned might have been roughly dashed off by the architects of to-day, but they would have been as cold and lifeless as the erections of to-day are.

In conclusion, we wish to compare a building of modern times with the productions where the master-workman shews his craft; take, for example, St. Paul's Cathedral. In gazing on the modern structure, do we ever think of the hands that fashioned its details? No. We look upon it as the conception evolved in the depths of some solitude, and the emotion produced is merely that arising from harmony of composition. The hand of the master-workman is nowhere apparent. We look on the building in a purely geometrical aspect. Any detail is not valuable in itself, but, from its being contiguous with other details, we are led to a consideration of pure form, not of soul. It must not be thought that we here deny what was stated in the former part of this paper, namely, that knowledge of the whole is obtained by knowledge of the detail, for here the detail is considered purely geometrically, and from detail we get a geometrical whole.

The workman of to-day, then, must no longer be a passive instrument, but must be taught that there is something more in his art than a fixed money rate. He must learn, with the feeling of a poet, some few bars of "the frozen music," as Schlegel so beautifully calls architecture, queen of art. To recapitulate. We first shewed that in our opinion knowledge of wholes is attained (imperfectly) by knowledge of detail; that perfection of detail is the characteristic of fine art, therefore of architecture from an æsthetic point of view; that the Greeks paid especial attention to perfection of detail, and consequently produced the most æsthetic architecture the world has ever seen; that this perfection was attained by means of the *ἀρχιτέκτων*; that the *ἀρχιτέκτων* no longer exists.

When he again comes into being we may, by beginning with "the infant spirit of melody," attain to perfection of detail.



COMMEMORATION SERMON, 1877.

[The Commemoration Sermon was preached on Sunday, May 6th, by the Reverend Joseph Bickersteth Mayor, formerly Fellow and Tutor of the College, and now Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London; who has kindly enabled us to meet the wishes of many of those who heard the Sermon by allowing us to print it in the College Magazine.—ED.]

MATTHEW xiii. 52.

Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.

IT is with no ordinary feelings that, after an interval of more than thirteen years, I find myself again addressing the members of St. John's College in the College Chapel. But though I am preaching in St. John's Chapel, as in former years, I am not preaching in the building which was once so familiar to me, but in one far larger and more magnificent. It is full of memories of the old chapel; in the ante-chapel I see Bishop Fisher's arches, and near them the old monuments and the beautiful altar-piece on which I often gazed as an Undergraduate; here before me there is the lectern given by the sainted Whitehead; further on, by the side of the altar, there are relics of a yet older chapel, carrying our thoughts back beyond the Reformation, beyond Bishop Fisher and the Lady Margaret to the oldest foundation of all, the original Hospital

of St. John. As I look I am reminded of the words of our own loved and honoured poet:

Glad sight wherever new with old
Is bound through some dear home-born tie;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.

And the impression here produced on one who returns to Cambridge after long absence is strengthened and confirmed as he passes beyond the College gates and watches everywhere signs of a loving and reverent care in the restoration and extension of College and University buildings. Even if here and there something in the new may seem to be not yet quite in harmony with the old, if some slight discordant touches may be noticed, yet time, the healer and the soother, will soon have softened down the harshness of contrast, and in a few years, we know, all will be blended together into a richer and fuller whole, which is destined, as we hope, to impress itself ever more strongly and deeply upon each successive generation of the youth of England.

These things, brethren, are an allegory; that which is true in the material sphere is true no less in the spiritual; that which is true of the outward aspect is true also of the inner life of the College and University. Everywhere there is movement, growth, expansion. What the more ardent longed for, some twenty years ago, as an almost impossible ideal has now been in part accomplished, or is every day in process of accomplishment; while the evils which were anticipated by the more cautious have been shewn to be imaginary, or, at least, far less serious than it was feared they might be. A visitor from the outside world has, perhaps, certain advantages over a resident in forming an estimate of the character and magnitude of these changes. His recollection of the past, as it actually was at a given moment, is less likely to be

confused than that either of those who have been engaged for years in the continued struggle for improvement, and who in the heat of the strife are apt to 'count nothing done while aught remains to do,' or, on the other hand, of those whose sense of what they themselves owe to the old, of the real good which it was capable of producing and did as a fact frequently produce, makes them impatient of criticism and disposed to deprecate any attempt at change. I believe that I speak the sentiments of many who entertain the truest affection for their University, and have watched her course most carefully during the last quarter of a century, when I say that the improvement which they see on comparing the beginning and the end of that time appears to them almost incredible: improvement externally, in the widespread influence of the University, and the feeling generally entertained towards her by those outside; and improvement internally, in regard to the range of studies, the methods of teaching, the position of the teacher, and the encouragements offered to students. To those who, while admitting the necessity for freeing the University from restrictions and widening the range of her studies, still feared that the crowning study of theology might suffer from competition or collision with other studies, perhaps the most gratifying thought of all on looking back at the last few years of our history is this, that never has Cambridge stood higher as a theological school than at the present time, that this University of ours is now everywhere recognized as the chief bulwark of the faith in England, the chosen abode of sound exegesis and calm impartial inquiry, amid the confused shock of infidelity on the one hand and superstition on the other.

I have felt constrained to say thus much in reference to the occasion which calls us together to-day, and the thoughts which it naturally excites in those who have

come from a distance to take part in our College Commemoration. I turn now to the closer examination of the subject brought before us in my text, and to the consideration of the lessons which it may contain for institutions such as ours.

Looking generally at the text, it tells us that it is the characteristic of Christian teaching to combine the old and the new; that neither is he rightly instructed who contents himself with a repetition of what has been handed down from former generations, nor he who, disregarding the wisdom of the past, would determine everything by the standard of his own generation or his own individual liking. We know that in all times men have been apt to split into parties, conservative and liberal, reforming and orthodox, by whatever names they may have been known; one asserting the importance of order, of holding fast the good which has been already attained, the other asserting the importance of progress, the need of continually pressing onward to further good. We know what contempt these parties have constantly poured upon each other, what bitter enmities have arisen between them, till at last it has sometimes seemed as if the sole test of adherence to the one side or the other was the hatred entertained for the partisans of the opposite side. To be a good hater was all that was asked for; the essence of liberalism was to be intolerant of bigotry, the essence of orthodoxy to be intolerant of heresy. To be quick-sighted in spying out a neighbour's errors or a neighbour's faults was the best assurance to a man's self of his own rectitude of judgment and of life; to see the mote in a brother's eye the most conclusive proof that there could be nothing to dim the clearness of one's own.

Students of Thucydides are familiar with the features of this intolerant party-spirit as it shewed itself in heathen Greece of old; in our own day it is unhappily

in the so-called religious newspapers at home and abroad, that we have to seek for its worst manifestations. I do not doubt that we are able to see the malignancy of party-spirit when it takes such forms as these; but there are very few whose tempers are so calm, and whose minds are so evenly balanced, that they are never in danger of falling into it themselves. And the danger is often greater in proportion to the earnestness and enthusiasm of the individual character, particularly at that time of life which we expect to be the most full of enthusiasm, and which has not yet learnt from experience to recognize the variety of goodness, to suspect itself, and to make allowance for others. There is, probably, no one here who has not at some time or other been in the society of persons who, because they called themselves Liberals, seemed to fancy that they possessed a monopoly of intelligence and honesty and public spirit; or, on the other hand, of persons who, calling themselves Conservatives, were ready to suspect all others of a want of principle or religion. For political purposes it may be convenient that the mass of men should be thus under the dominion of a blind party-spirit; and, if the alternative lies between blind individual-selfishness and blind party-selfishness, we must certainly prefer the latter; but no man who is capable of thought, no man who is conscious of his own moral responsibility in the sight of God, no man who is picked out by superiority of station and education to be, either at present or in the future, a guide and adviser of his fellow countrymen,—none certainly of us here can wi

become what is called a party-man. Nor is it merely a loss to the individual: each man who gives way to party-spirit makes it more difficult for others to practise moderation; it is the insane violence of the partisans on either side which is mainly responsible for the extravagances of their opponents.

But the folly and absurdity of priding oneself on being reckoned with one party or the other is evident on a moment's reflection. Why do you call yourself a Conservative? Why do you call yourself a Liberal? In nine cases out of ten it is the mere result of bringing up, of chance association, of prosperous or adverse circumstances. In the tenth case it is true we do come to real grounds of difference in the individual character; but, if we analyse these, I am at a loss to see why one is to be preferred to the other. The tendencies in either direction are partly good and partly bad. Here is a youth full of generous sympathies, eager, hopeful, imaginative; here another with a keen critical eye, a hatred of disorder both in thought and practice; in the one the emotions, in the other the intellect, are naturally predisposed to the side of progress. On the other hand, what Wordsworth speaks of as 'natural piety,' the tender reverential affection which entwines itself around the customary and the old, and which is one of the surest marks of a beautiful and loveable spirit, this may combine with the quiet brooding thoughtfulness which penetrates to the good hidden under an unpromising exterior, and with the high wisdom which is careless of the form and of the letter, knowing that the spirit can make use alike of every form or of no form; and all together may tend to the side of order. Which of these am I to say is the better? I know not. Both in their way are admirable; both form a part of that divine salt which saves the world from the putrefying influences of selfishness and sensuality. But if there are good qualities which have a natural tendency to range men on one side or the other, so there are also bad ones. On the one side, vanity, fussiness, envy, shallowness, lawlessness; on the other, pride, laziness, dulness, indifference to surrounding misery and to the defects in the present constitution of society. Which am I to say is the

worst of these? Again, I know not. Both sets of qualities are alike mischievous to society and degrading to individuals; both are earthly, sensual, devilish.

It is plain, then, that to be an eager partisan of the old or the new is no title to honour with men of sense; the main thing is not *what* are you, but of *what kind* are you? Parties, probably, must always exist. Individuals differ, as we have seen; and this individual difference is a remedy provided by God for the imperfection of our nature. Each is to fill up what is lacking in his brother. "If they were all one member, where were the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole body were hearing, where were the smelling? But now are they many members, yet but one body." And this is not merely to satisfy present needs, but, as St. Paul tells us elsewhere, to bring about in the end the perfection of the race, "till we all come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." But in the meanwhile the fact of the difference in individuals—which distinguishes man from the lower animals, and is seen to prevail most in the highest type of man—this fact, joined with the need and the corresponding impulse to society and cooperation, necessarily gives rise to sects and schools and parties; and it is hardly possible that these should exist without producing jealousies and animosities. If the leaders of parties are actuated by the higher motives of which we spoke, then these evils may be reduced to a minimum; then both parties may contend together in a generous rivalry and with mutual respect and admiration, feeling sure that they are both alike aiming at one object, the promotion of the common good. If, on the other hand, parties are actuated by the lower motives, if they have ceased to trust and respect each other, and are aiming only at their own selfish aggrandizement and the destruction of their opponents, then we come to such a state

of things as we read of in the prophet-like pages of Thucydides, such as we may have witnessed with our own eyes in France. The history of France during the last hundred years is the most impressive of all sermons on the evils of party-spirit. Brought up under one extreme, the extreme of authority and of class-subordination, the men of the first revolution rushed headlong into the opposite extreme, proclaimed the absolute equality of all men, set up atheism as the national religion, changed the names of places and times and seasons; in every way seeking to cut off the connexion with the old France, and to notify to all that a new age had begun. None will deny that a change was sorely needed, and that great good has in the end resulted from the revolution; yet at what a terrible cost was this effected, the bloody scenes of the Terror and the Imperial despotism in France, the long misery of the Napoleonic wars in Europe, re-action following upon re-action, a new Imperial usurper, the canker of internal corruption, and the final crushing of France by her bitterest enemy! It is true that, in spite of all the efforts of parties to annihilate their opponents, and, if possible, to efface the traces of each other's handiwork, the philosophic observer can still point out the course of natural development, and shew that even here the past was parent of the present; but it is impossible to calculate the waste and the suffering which has been caused by this dislocation of feeling, by the uprooting of that natural piety which should knit together the centuries of the nation as well as the days of the man. We may thank God that in our own country we have been spared such violent disruption, that with us "freedom has broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent," that here the new has naturally developed itself from the old, and patriotism has on the whole been too strong for party-spirit. And thus it has come to pass that England is

universally allowed to have combined in the highest degree progress and order, personal liberty and loyal obedience to constituted authority.

This is the effect of the union of old and new in the political sphere. Let us now turn to see the working of the same principle in the spheres of art and science. As regards science, it needs only a glance at any history of inductive science to shew how it has grown upwards by slow steps, by the observations and experiments of a former generation repeated and confirmed by their successors, by hypotheses suggested, assumed, tested, accepted or rejected by a long course of thinkers, each building upon the work left by his predecessors, but not blindly resting upon their authority, disregarding names however great unless his own reason was convinced, and that not from arrogant self-confidence, as though his own opinion must necessarily be right however much others might be wrong, but because he believed that God had infused into him that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and because he knew that he would be disobedient to truth and to the God of truth, if he refused to listen to the voice of reason within him, or listened to any voice unsanctioned by that. Thus the truly scientific man will neither be contemptuous towards the old, for he believes that the spirit of truth, of which he is conscious in himself, has been working in thousands before he was born, as honest and as able as himself; nor, on the other hand, will he dare to accept their conclusions as certain and valid, unless he is satisfied of their truth by inductive and deductive reasoning such as carries conviction to his own mind. There is no real opposition between old and new in such a case as this. It is owing to the freshness of his own thought and feeling, to his fresh grasp of principles at first hand, to his readiness to welcome light from all quarters, to his eager curiosity in tracing out fresh

applications of old principles, his unwearied investigation of supposed facts and laws; it is owing to these qualities in the younger generations of thinkers and investigators, that the old truths retain their living force and power in human thought and life. Those who despise the old are for the most part sciolists, whose interest in science is confined to its nebulous fringe of still unverified hypotheses; the more startling these are to the ordinary intelligence, the more they seem likely to upset some established belief, the more ready is the pretender to science to erect them into fixed principles and absolute laws. But true science repudiates such followers as these.

Granting, however, that science rests upon this union of old and new, is it possible to say the same of art? The growth of art is constantly contrasted with that of science as something altogether irregular. The latest word of science supersedes all that has gone before, but the oldest poetry is still unsurpassed. The course of science may be compared to the river, which flows on uninterruptedly with an ever increasing volume of water till it reaches the sea; art is like the geyser, now springing up to heaven, its fiery column irradiated with all the splendours of the rainbow, now silent and slumbering in the ground. We must not, however, press the comparison too far. The course of science has not been always uninterrupted. In many respects the knowledge of Aristotle was more exact and more philosophic than that of anyone who lived during the thousand years which followed the fall of the western empire. And, again, there is an inspiration granted to genius in science as in art. The facts on which Newton grounded his hypothesis had been patent to the world for years; the idea which explained them was given to him alone. And so, conversely, in regard to art; though it is true that the artist is born, not made, yet the greatest and most original artists have trained and fostered their genius by the most

careful study of their predecessors. There must be the fire burning within, a spirit and a feeling unborrowed from without, though it may wake up into consciousness in the presence of a kindred genius; but the vehicle and expression are sure to be more or less a development of what has existed before. If this is not always apparent, as in the case of Homer, it is only to be attributed to our own ignorance of the circumstances of the time. Even Greek art, which was once thought to be a spontaneous birth of the soil of Hellas, is proved by late discoveries to be closely connected with the older civilizations of the east. Thus in art, too, we find the union of new and old is the secret of success; the attempt to start absolutely *de novo* gives rise to mere monstrosities and absurdities, while a slavish imitation of the past can yield no better fruit than the dead decorative art of China or of Egypt. Again, if we believe in the growth and progress of humanity—and who that is a Christian can doubt this?—we shall hold that the feelings and sentiments of men, as well as their thought and knowledge, become deeper and wider in the course of ages; and art, the expression of this sentiment, must exhibit a corresponding growth and development.

In politics then, in science and in art we find the same law holding good. How is it in regard to religion? In those other departments of life we have seen that to ignore and neglect the past on the one hand and to accept it unconditionally on the other are equally mistaken and mischievous. Yet in religion we hear it loudly proclaimed that the only logical course is to choose one alternative or the other—submit to authority and defy reason, or submit to reason and defy authority; accept the infallibility of the Pope or of the Church, or the verbal inspiration of Scripture, or else own yourself an unbeliever.

I would pause here for one moment to remark

that nothing can be more fallacious than the profession, which is often made, of applying strict logic to practice. As it is the special boast of Frenchmen, we may distinguish it by the name of the Gallican fallacy. It consists in shutting the eyes to all considerations but one, and assuming that conclusions thus arrived at will be true for all the complications of life. As motives are scarcely ever simple, it is almost a certainty that such conclusions must be false. But to return. This cry of "all or nothing" is echoed from all sides, now in the shrill scream of the bigot, now in the mocking laughter of the worldling; and we see the effects of it in the restless agitation which pervades religious life, in the break-up of hereditary beliefs, in conversions and re-conversions; one brother seeking refuge in Rome; another giving up the belief in the divinity of Christ, as a doctrine, yet owning the divinity of His character; a third abandoning the hope of immortality, yet retaining his hold on a lofty and stoical morality; a fourth, perhaps, surrendering which differs from the old Epicureanism only in being feebler and less masculine. While such are the issues at stake it is, indeed, of vital import to arrive at clear views as to the right and wrong of the matter, and to guard against any of those lower motives which we saw prompting men in other departments to attach themselves blindly either to the old or the new.

Religion, as we vaguely use the term, embraces in itself the three domains of action, thought and feeling, which we have glanced at separately under the names of politics, science, and art. Like art, it involves fresh spontaneous feeling, but a feeling of a higher order, a sensitiveness to an unseen supersensual world underlying this visible world, a consciousness of a Person who is the natural object of our highest reverence and love. Like science, it

involves certain axiomatic ideas and principles, the ideas of causality, of right and wrong, of personal responsibility. No mere tradition, no authority could plant these ideas and feelings in our nature. They are born new in every human being; as new, as much his own, as his sight of the sun or his feeling of warmth; as new to the infant of this moment as to the first-created of the race. We Christians believe that in them God is revealing Himself to each of His children. Without this immediate consciousness of God, no book, no teacher, no church can give us the knowledge of God. It is only as the outer teaching corresponds with the inner revelation that we can put any faith in it or obtain any benefit from it. If there is any one who is not conscious of this inward revelation, it is of no use for us to tell him that the experience of mankind has settled the matter for him beforehand, except in so far as it may lead him to place himself in circumstances, or to perform actions, which may awaken in him the consciousness which is still slumbering. Just as if a man were to say that he finds no beauty in the rosy hues of sunset or in the song of the nightingale, nothing would be gained by forcing from him a verbal confession of their beauty as long as he remained insensible to it; but by changing the associations, a rude and clownish nature and dull sensibilities may be educated and refined to appreciate what was once unnoticed or unmeaning.

Religion then must be new or first-hand to the individual, however old it may be in the history of the race. On this we shall be all agreed. The difficulty arises when there is a divergence between religion as it was shaped by former generations and the beliefs of the present; and the difficulty is increased by the concealment which, both for good and bad reasons, is so commonly practised on this subject. For the sake of simplicity, I will assume

here that we have only to deal with real genuine belief on one side and on the other.

The extreme of divergence between past and present views of religion is where there is an attempt to get rid of religion altogether, either on the ground of science, as being contrary to fact, or on the ground of morality, as being prejudicial to human progress and happiness. There are, I believe, some who are honestly seeking to overthrow religion on these grounds. To such I would gladly address a caution if there were any hope that my words could be heard by them. It is a vast enterprise, I would say, that you are engaging in; are you sure that it is right, that it is wise, that it is feasible? And, first, is it right? Are you so certain of the correctness of your own view, that you can, without hesitation, attack the edifice which has been built up during thousands of years by the labours of men whom you must confess to have been among the best and wisest of our race, men disciplined and refined, many of them, by experiences of which our generation knows little or nothing? This religion, or its essence, the faith in a Divine Father, all-wise, all-good, in an incarnate Son, the mediator between God and man, in an indwelling Spirit, has been tested by innumerable souls under every possible variety of circumstance; they have declared that it has been to them a refuge in trouble, a light in darkness, the secret of virtue and of happiness, the one support in life, the one hope in death. If you are prepared to deprive men of this, there is at least one thing you are bound to have done. You are bound to have used your best endeavours to form a fair estimate of the old, before attempting to replace it by the new. You will not be satisfied, as some have been, to assume without inquiry that the caricature drawn by an enemy may be relied upon as a faithful portrait; nor will you charge upon the religion of Christ the crimes

or the follies of those who confess Him in name, but deny Him in deed. You will have gone to the fountain-head and tasted for yourself, not trusted to the report of others. All this you have done, and you have now no doubt that you are justified in seeking to abolish religion from the world. You have no scruple on the score of right. Be it so; but still a wise man will not waste his efforts for nothing: have you ever considered how far this enterprise is feasible? You are proposing to pit science against religion, *i.e.*, to speak broadly, to pit an exceptional, against a universal, fact of human nature; to pit science, which is confined to the intellect alone, in which, speaking generally, a few men take a more or less languid interest during a fraction of their leisure hours, against religion, which lays claim to the whole man, in which all are interested at all times and deeply interested at the critical moments of their lives.

‘*Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.*’

The experiment has been tried and has failed. If it is once believed that science is irreconcilable with religion, it is not religion which will disappear, but science will lose all its power to guide and control the religious instincts. The hostility of science can only lead to the triumph of superstition, of bigotry, and of fanaticism.

Let us suppose, however, that the overthrow of religion is possible, let us suppose that to attempt its overthrow is not in itself wrong; it remains still to ask, Is it wise to do so? Is it in accordance with the dictates of experience in other departments of life? We have seen that he is no wise politician who would make a *tabula rasa* of existing institutions in order that he might be less hampered in applying his theories to practice. We have seen that in science it is no part of wisdom to despise the work of previous

thinkers and observers; even such fanciful speculations as those of the alchemist and astrologer have been necessary stages in the history of progress. So in art we have come now to see that whatever has excited a genuine human enthusiasm and delight must have had in it the elements of beauty and of good, that it is a poor and shallow criticism which can only point out faults, killing the faculty of admiration instead of guiding and exalting it. Everywhere the mission of the true reformer is the same, not to destroy but to fulfil, to see the full-grown in the seed, to draw out and carry to perfection the latent and imperfect ideal. But passing on from the analogical argument, and looking at the thing in itself, are the results which may be expected to follow from the overthrow of religion, such as we could look upon with satisfaction and pleasure? Can it really be thought by any lover of his kind that to get rid of the belief in what are known as the religious sanctions, the existence of a perfectly wise and just Judge who witnesses every thought, word, and act, and will determine our future condition in accordance with our present conduct; the belief in the existence of a superhuman world of perfect goodness, to share in which we are created, and to prepare for which is our main duty here; the belief finally in the ever-ready sympathy and help of One who is Almighty as well as All-good and All-wise; can anyone really suppose that to get rid of these beliefs will tend to make men better or happier? Nothing could justify a good man in striving to bring about such a result except an overwhelming sense of duty, and where is such a sense of duty to come from in the pure experimentalist? If it were possible for a man to be thus possessed with a certainty of the falsehood of religion, and of its being his duty to denounce falsehood at all hazards, still if he had any sort of power of entering into the

minds of others, and appreciating the moral forces of the world, what an agonizing conflict it must give rise to between his own personal sense of duty and his feeling of humanity, when he looks forward to all the misery and crime which must follow if his view is destined to prevail! With what a trembling hand will he deal the first blow to the sacred edifice! With what reverential tenderness would he remove from danger all that could possibly be spared and built up again into the yet grander edifice of truth, which we must suppose to fill his vision of the future!

We, my brethren, may thank God that we are not called to any such sacrifice as this. A church which claims infallibility may force upon its members the dread alternative between all or nothing, but the Church of England makes no such claim. She confesses that churches may err and have erred, and demands belief for nothing which cannot be proved by clear and certain warrant of Holy Scripture. She encourages each of her children to study the Scripture for himself, and to draw his own conclusion as to its meaning. No syllabus was ever issued by her, no Galileo has been condemned by her. Thought and science may grow freely within her borders, and many of the greatest names in the history of English philosophy have been and are amongst the most earnest and most loyal of her sons. If there is anything defective in her doctrine or in her formularies, these are no more stereotyped than the forms of our national constitution. Whoever will, may propose amendments; and if such amendments can be shown to be real improvements, there is no reason why they should not be introduced now, as other improvements were introduced at the Reformation. Within the last few years we have seen examples of such improvements, in the modification of the terms of clerical subscription, in the new lectionary,

in the revision of the authorized version; and no one who understands the signs of the times can doubt that others of greater importance are even now impending.

But it may be said, though we are not bound by later ecclesiastical tradition like the Romanists, still we are not free from the fetters of antiquity. We cannot stir beyond the exact letter of the Bible. It is true that we, in common with all Christians, hold that we have in the Bible the record of God's revelation of Himself to the Jewish nation, and through them to the world; above all, of His revelation of Himself in the person of His Son. We claim to be built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets. We believe and are sure that the God for whose inspiration we ourselves pray in the Collects is the same God who inspired Abraham, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul. We believe that, with them and with all who at any time or in any place have striven in God's strength to resist sin and selfishness in their own hearts, we are members incorporate of the mystical body of Christ our Lord. But though we believe that the Bible contains a revelation of God's nature and of His dealings with mankind, yet we are not bound down to any mechanical system of inspiration; on the contrary, the Bible itself teaches us that the letter killeth, and that it is the spirit that giveth life. And, far from confining us to the mere repetition of old truths, Christ Himself, in His last discourses to His disciples, told them that He had yet many things to say unto them which they were not yet able to bear, but that He would send His Spirit to guide them into all the truth, that He would be with them always unto the end of the world. And so in the text, the scribe who is well instructed is to bring out of his treasure things new as well as old.

The history of the Church and of the world shews

us how this growth in divine knowledge has been accomplished; partly, as Bishop Butler says, by the discoveries made by studious men in the interpretation of Scripture; partly by the advancement of science, as we call it, that is, by a better understanding of God's revelation of Himself in nature; partly by the improvement in practice and moral feeling, itself brought about by Christianity, and then re-acting upon our view of Christian doctrine. Our Lord tells us that it is the duty of the scribe not to look with suspicion upon the new ideas which are thus brought to light, but to welcome them gladly as fresh rays from the Father of lights, and to harmonize them with the old truths.

And if it be the duty of each scribe, *i.e.* of each Christian student, to do this both for himself and for those whom he is especially sent to teach, it is above all the duty of Colleges and Universities, which have to train the scribes, to advance the borders of truth, and hand down the torch of knowledge from age to age. The University, by its very name, is bound to encourage wideness of view, to scorn the falsehood of extremes, to see things as wholes, not confining the attention to this side or to that, to take the lead in the quest of new truth without losing its hold on truth already won. Those who have never known the influences of College and University life may be excused if they are prejudiced and one-sided. We, whose corporate existence stretches far back into the middle ages, who reckon among our honoured ancestry the Puritan as well as the Catholic, the Royalist as well as the Roundhead, who have passed safely through storms of reformation in the Church, of revolution in the State, and have seen how great has been the national gain from each in the end, however painful the struggle to individuals at the time;—we fall below our birthright, if we fail to appreciate either what is good and promising in our opponents, or

what is faulty and dangerous on our own side; if we allow ourselves to become the slaves of fashion, whether old or new; if we are either so puffed up by the idea of modern enlightenment as to despise all previous ages, or so frightened at the idea of change as almost to despair of the future of the Church or of the State. No doubt the times are such as to justify anxiety. Never was it harder for a young man to see his path clear; never were there noisier pretenders to infallibility on all sides. Listen to the voice of the Church, to the spirit of the age, to science, to positivism, to art; or confess with the agnostic that there is nothing to be known. So louder and louder swells the tumult. Everywhere there is blind striving, friend beating down friend, or failing to beat down foe in the confusion of the battle; while the intellectual and moral excitement is still further heightened by religious revivalism, by the incessant preaching of the duty of activity, by the ever fiercer struggle for wealth, for fame, for power, even for bare subsistence. To find a parallel to such prolonged and wide-spread agitation, to such a profound upheaval of thought, we should have to go back to the Reformation or to the period of the Sophists in Greece. But if our foreboding of the future must needs be tinged with anxiety, it is surely an inspiring and ennobling thought that it is the office of the University, as representing the union of reason and faith, of science and religion, to be the chief instrument in moulding the new age which is thus bursting the bands of the past and forcing its way into the light. In the midst of all the surrounding hubbub, what men are really longing for is wise direction; not the peremptory assertions of the traditionalist, offering a stone for bread, and silencing reason and conscience with the terrors of authority; not some clever theory of science, which denies or ignores the deepest instincts of our nature, and holds

out a scorpion when we ask for a fish; but sympathizing, serious, and thoroughly honest counsel from one who is seen to be himself fully conscious of the burdens of the time, who is perfectly disinterested and perfectly truthful, exact in thought and expression, and capable of seeing things in their true proportions; one who can do justice to all and see good in all, while himself fixed in principle, founded upon the rock of faith. It is for the University to act the part of such a counsellor. While the mass of men are carried away by phrases and claptrap, it is for the University to prove all things and hold fast that which is good; while other societies may content themselves with echoing the latest utterance of the fashionable oracle in art or literature, in science or philosophy, the University is bound to judge and to originate for itself. Others may be satisfied to swell the applause which greets notoriety; the University should seek to draw forth hidden merit, to incorporate among her members, and to confer her honours upon those who, whether trained by her or not, are conscientiously working in her spirit. It is for the University, in an age of luxury and materialism, to set an example of plain living and high thinking; to shew how, not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, shall man live. It is for the University to raise the ideal of education, not only by constant efforts to perfect her own system at home, offering to each of her students that training which will make him most helpful to others and to himself, but also by teaching the teachers and superintending and promoting education elsewhere. And so, for all professions and all occupations, it is the University, or that spirit of which the University is the most conspicuous embodiment, which must point each to its ideal, which must inspire in each high thought and generous feeling, and save it from falling into a mere money-getting drudgery.

Such being the work before the University, it will not be necessary for me to spend many words in pointing the application for ourselves. Ye see your calling, brethren. From oldest to youngest, from the most learned to the most ignorant, we are called upon to fight against those temptations which would make us unworthy representatives of the University, unworthy of those noble names and memories which this day brings before us. We are called upon to fight against idleness, luxury, and covetousness; against prejudice and cowardice and love of applause. We are called upon to seek, by prayer and diligent and conscientious cultivation of the talents entrusted to us, to become good stewards of the manifold grace of God, to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven.



OUR GALLERY.

THE shortest road between my lodgings and my place of business (a dingy back-room up three flights of steep stone steps, over-looking a melancholy collection of smoky house-tops and a Quakers' burial-ground) passes by one of those wooden hoardings so prized by enterprising and artistic tradesmen, who cover them with choice paintings of their various wares and places of business, in boundless profusion for the amusement and instruction of all that pass by. As the whole thing is done gratuitously and for the benefit of the general public, these beneficent individuals can have no more tangible reward for their labours than the consciousness that they were done for the good of their species and that they are valued accordingly.

The hoarding in question has been for many years so coated and recoated by succeeding generations of artists that the path which skirts it has gained the name of "The Gallery." I know there are antiquaries professing much learning on these matters who declare that such is not the proper etymology of the name, that the path was so called long before a single "daub" (for so they choose to describe the pictures) had (I quote their words) "disfigured its walls;" that the name is most probably derived from a corruption of some such word as Gallows, Galley or Gallipot; and one grave gentleman considers the name to be compounded of "Gal awry," and says it owes its origin to the entrance being so narrow that in the

days of crinolines ladies' costumes were apt to get disarranged in passing through it.

I will not weary the reader with any detailed account of the arguments by which these various opinions have been supported, but will refer him to the history of the antiquities of the County in which they are all discussed at great length and with considerable ability and no little rancour by their respective upholders. Suffice it that where doctors disagree unprofessional people are at liberty to hold their own opinions. And if the path does not derive its name from the pictures which line its length, perhaps the name was an inducement to the original artists in selecting the spot for the display of their works.

There being no entrance fee demanded of the visitor to this Palace of Art, I generally like, when I have time to spare on my way to the office, to stroll about and admire the pictures. The Gallery has this great advantage over all similar institutions, that the paintings exhibited are constantly and almost daily changing; consequently I am nearly certain, however frequent my visits, to find something fresh each time I go there. I do not mean that there are not many fine specimens of the Old Masters which have stood the test of time, and since retain their hold upon the popular regard. Such for instance as that tasteful and roomy conveyance in which a certain Mr. Taylor proposes to remove whole families, together with their furniture, glass, pictures and plate, if they possess any, for it is pretty generally supposed that Mr. Taylor is often forestalled in the removal of this last-mentioned article of household property by more expeditious though less ostentatious carriers.

One of the most striking pictures in the collection is by Mr. Thorley, an artist who has been now for some time before the public, and who gives his

attention almost entirely to the study of animals. This, one of his latest productions, is a bold experiment in high colouring; the subject is very touching—an amiable looking cart-horse with a mare, and their tender foal; the group is so arranged that each of the gentle creatures is gazing lovingly over the back of another; the father is of a bright red colour, the mother blue, while their offspring, contrary to all known laws of nature, has turned out a spotless white; for in what possible proportions a mixture of blue and red could produce white I fail to understand: one almost begins to doubt the great canon laid down by Horace, *Fortes creantur fortibus*. But however upsetting to one's notions of the natural fitness of things, Mr. Thorley's colouring is certainly patriotic in the extreme, and renders his picture very striking and original; features it might, from the simplicity of his subject and the roughness of his treatment of it, otherwise have lacked.

Immediately below the horses and evidently by the same hand is another farm-yard scene, being an illustration of Pharaoh's dream. On the one side are depicted the well-favoured cattle, sleek and plump and contented-looking, and still adding to their bulk, wholly unmindful of the cruel fate awaiting them. On the other, we have the lean ill-favoured kine, with every bone in their bodies sticking out, and the skin hanging loose upon the skeleton—a painful sight—and one calculated to wring tears of pity from anybody so ignorant of Scripture as not to know the sequel of the story and how they are destined to devour their more promising predecessors. This is the first attempt Mr. Thorley has made in sacred subjects, and I can congratulate him on having found a theme so congenial to his tastes; the greedy look depicted in the countenances of the lean beasts contrasts well with the look of easy contentment that characterises the other herd. What a moral

might be drawn from this picture. The wealthy and prosperous landowner enjoying life and thinking (good easy man) "full surely my greatness is a ripening," but little heeding yonder sour-visaged attorney with his "lean and hungry look"—perhaps in his pride despising him—until the time comes, that with a single strip of parchment he is ousted from his high estate and is deprived of all his property, even to the mansion which his great-grandfather's great-grandfather inhabited before him. While sincerely praising his work, there is one point to which I would draw Mr. Thorley's attention—he must get up his facts more accurately; in the story, as related in Genesis, there are seven cattle of each class, while he has given us but three.

One of the most interesting in the collection is a sketch by Mr. Singer. The subject is extremely simple—a young lady, dressed in the height of fashion, industriously working at a hand-sewing machine. The elegance and taste of her attire is sufficient evidence that her labour is well repaid, and proves beyond a doubt that the song of a shirt has not been written in vain. What an encouragement is here given to young sempstresses and milliners; what an incentive to industry. The young lady does not appear to be more than five-and-twenty years of age, and yet already her earnings enable her to dress like a duchess. It is astonishing what the sewing machine has effected in behalf of women who live by needlework since the time of Hood.

I should like to be able to say something about the personal appearance of this praiseworthy young woman. Unfortunately juvenile amateurs have been at work upon her face. One has added a moustache in crayon; another has put a well-coloured clay pipe in her mouth; while a third, attempting to render her left eye a bright black with a piece of coal, has completely scratched it out. No doubt youthful talent

should be encouraged as much as possible; but it is a pity that great works of art should be sacrificed to the spontaneous experiments of untutored genius. It may seem ungracious when so much has been done to ask for more. Still I must remark that the Gallery might be rendered far more useful to the cause of Art, if blank papers were provided for the use of those who wish to make copies of, or to improve upon, the original pictures.

And while upon the subject of improvements I may add that it has often struck me with sadness to behold so many noble works of art torn and disfigured by the umbrellas and walking-sticks with which successive critics have been in the habit of picking out their points for the edification of their friends. To remedy this evil I would suggest that the custom of compelling visitors to leave their sticks and umbrellas at the entrance, so commonly adopted in our public Exhibitions, be introduced, with this reservation however in consideration of the circumstances of the case, that an exception be made in favour of open umbrellas on a rainy day.

But to return to Mr. Singer, while doing full justice to his choice of subject, and to the great skill he has shown in the execution, there is one fault in his picture that I cannot entirely pass over; I allude to the enormous red S with which he has thought fit to embellish it. Such a conspicuous way of calling attention to the Artist evinces very bad taste, and Mr. Singer would show more modesty by confining his initials to the corner, for the future, if he intends, as I hope he does, to give us any more of his charming sketches.

Next to Mr. Singer's is another portrait of a lady, by a lady. The lady represented does not seem to be engaged in any active duties, and her thoughts (if an opinion may be formed from the expression of her face) are employed on no deeper matter than the

consciousness that her hair (of which she certainly possesses an unusually large amount) is the admiration of all that pass by. Mrs. Allen is the artist, and I think it very probable that she is also the subject of her drawing. For it is certain she (the lady in the picture) is looking at somebody she admires, and what female model ever so far forgot her own charms as to admire an artist of the same sex. If my conjecture be correct, Mr. Allen is a man to be envied. To have such beauty, and so much of it, constantly at one's elbow is a happiness that can fall to the lot of but few.

There is another drawing to which I would call attention. It is a full-length portrait of a young gentleman gorgeously attired in a light tweed suit of the most remarkable and conspicuous pattern, happily, as the subscription informs us, "quite unique." The coat is cut in the very height of the last London fashion but three or four, and is the exact opposite, both in shape and dimensions, to that which has been facetiously described as the "Toulon and Toulouse." Both artist and subject are alike unknown. It is one of those pictures which in the Academy would be headed "Portrait of a Gentleman," though the figure before us could only by a great stretch of politeness be called by such a name. Indeed he does not deserve the name of man at all; perhaps gentle in a sense he may be. A gentle doll might be a good description. What he is doing it would be difficult to say; he certainly feels uncomfortable in his new clothes, and stands very stiff in them. In his case truly "the tailor made the man."

It would be hard to determine in what line this gentleman has rendered himself famous enough to occupy so conspicuous a place. That certainly is not the head-piece of a great poet or statesman; he is far too stiff for an actor, his dress forbids the idea

that he is a clergyman who has become notorious by steadily opposing himself to the Ridsdale judgment. It has been suggested that he is a purely fictitious personage, set up by some enterprising tailor to bring customers to his shop; and this supposition no doubt receives support from the number of a well-known establishment in High-street being written below, with the sum of 30s., which may well be taken as referring to the price of the clothes. But after careful consideration I think it more likely the picture is put there by an opposition clothier to warn intending purchasers that, although his rival's goods are cheaper than his own, they are neither so comfortable nor so elegant. I was at first rather shaken in this opinion by observing a considerable number of young men in coats exactly like the one portrayed. But it must be remembered that gentlemen of the highest taste cannot always dress as they would like, but are obliged to consult their bankers before purchasing a new suit; and the attractions of an entire "rig out" for 30s. might well prove too strong for many of us in spite of most frightful warnings.

Our Gallery is not only open to painters; connoisseurs in dress, which is itself an art, and an art not well understood by English-people, placard the walls with recommendations of the best shops for various articles of apparel for both sexes. This advice is always well meant, and must in many cases be of great use to people who have not sufficient taste to dress becomingly; but it must be remarked that advice would be far more palatable if couched in more coaxing terms. Some of the notices referred to read rather like the commands of a superior than the exhortations of a friend; for instance, BUY KING'S CHEAP CLOTHES, and BUY KNOX'S BOOTS. Again, the reasons given why the goods at one shop should be preferred to those at another do not always seem

very conclusive; as for instance, that the shop recommended is the largest in the world, or that the proprietor of it wishes to get rid of certain materials which have become unseasonable, in order to make room for others better suited to the time of year.

The Practical Member for our Town has taken advantage of the liberal way in which the walls of the Gallery are thrown open to all who have anything to exhibit, to publish in enormous type a telegraphic correspondence between himself and Mr. Gladstone *apropos* of a meeting about to be held for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Turks. It is only natural that an obscure M.P. should be proud of any intercourse he may have had with the ex-Premier. And had Mr. ——— been so fortunate as to have exchanged ideas with the great Commoner upon any of the few subjects on which the views of that prolific pamphleteer are not already generally known, no one would grudge him space to publish them. But to placard our walls with the fact that Mr. Gladstone considers the Turks undeserving of British sympathy is wholly unnecessary, and a reckless waste of valuable space which should be employed in publishing more novel information. Indeed, the reckless disregard for money evinced in throwing away shilling after shilling to get the opinion of a Statesman on a subject on which his views are well known to every reader of the newspapers, is extremely reprehensible in one who has been chosen to represent the votes of an influential constituency in the national council.

It would only weary the reader were I to attempt a detailed description of all the wonders of our Gallery. It remains only to add that the view presented in the foregoing, of those placards vulgarly called Advertisements and usually supposed to have no higher artistic object than the extravagant puffing of certain goods and chattels by mercenary vendors,

was suggested to me by a little book called "Out of Town," in which there is a chapter on the same, by that eminent humourist Mr. F. C. Burnand.

With this acknowledgment I make my bow, and, with folded hands, gaze listlessly once more upon the house-tops and quakers' burial-place until a more remunerative occupation shall come to hand.

C. M.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MARLBOROUGH.

GEOGRAPHY is a subject which scarcely meets at Cambridge with the study which it deserves, and it is highly probable that many to whom the name of Marlborough is familiar would, if asked, be unable to give an accurate account of its whereabouts. Forty years ago this would hardly have been the case. Marlborough was not then, as now, numbered among the great schools of England, but the mention of its name called up many memories to the travelling public; for was it not situate on the high road from London to the West? and was not the old Castle Inn celebrated far and wide as the house at which the best beds and the best steaks could be obtained in all the West country? There are many old travellers still living, who retain pleasant recollections of the quaint old town through which they used to drive, on their way to and fro between London and Bath and Bristol in the days when the lumbering stage coach or the speedier, but not over swift, post-chaise was the only means of conveyance, and long before the Flying Dutchman had reduced the distance between Bath and the Metropolis to little more than two hours.

Situate in the heart of Wiltshire, not far from the edge of the broad expanse of chalk downs, which form an irregular parallelogram, marked on the north by Swindon, on the west by Devizes, bounded on the south by the fertile Vale of Pewsey, which separates

them from the high plateau of Salisbury Plain, and sloping away gradually towards the east till they join the more famous Berkshire Downs above Wantage, the town of Marlborough is not now so accessible as in the days of our fathers. In those days the old High Street was not as at present silent, but was noisy from morning till night with the clatter of wheels, the crack of whips, and the clang of post-horns. Often must those well-known lines have occurred to the mind of the well-read Marlborough burgher, if any such there were:

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man that calleth be the caller,
And in his calling let him nothing call
But Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh for a coach, ye gods!

But now the glory has departed. The engineers of the main line of the Great Western Railway did not choose to follow the course of the old Bath road, and Marlborough is now approached only by a single line of railway, which leaves the Reading and Devizes branch of the G. W. R. at the little roadside station of Savernake, and after six miles of steep gradients ends at the Marlborough Station on a hill high above the town. While speaking of this railway it may not be out of place to mention an amusing event connected with it. One eventful day, some fifteen years ago, the inhabitants of Marlborough with all the 'rank and fashion of the neighbourhood,' assembled at the station to see the first train start for Savernake. The occasion was a great one, triumphal arches had been erected, and loud were the cheers as the engine, with the directors of the line in tow, steamed majestically out of the station. But the shouts of joy were destined soon to be hushed. There is a steep incline immediately outside the station, and before the train had accomplished more than half of the ascent, whether it was that the engine supplied by the G. W. R. for the occasion was physically

unequal to the task imposed upon it, or that the mayor and corporation and directors on board were possessed of somewhat more than the ordinary aldermanic portliness, certain it is that, after various puffings and gaspings and abortive whirlings round of wheels, the train came to a full stop, and then, worse still, began slowly to move back, and, gathering pace as it proceeded, rolled back under the triumphal arches, and back into the midst of the dismayed crowd far faster than it had gone forth. Notwithstanding this ill-omened beginning, the railway has on the whole prospered, and the trains are now usually successful in scaling the hill, but several times during the writer's own schooldays, when on the breaking up of the school there has been a heavy train to draw, it has been necessary for the boys to get out and assist the engine up the hill by placing gravel on the line. But let us now leave the station and descend into the town.

We cross the river Kennet, on the banks of which Marlborough is built, catching a glimpse perhaps of a trout basking in the sun beneath the bridge (for trout have been caught there ere now, though not often by college boys), and passing the grammar school, now a school no longer, soon after enter the upper end of the High Street. Very picturesque and quaint is the old Marlborough High Street, with its broad sloping roadway, its wavy line of irregular fantastic gables on either side, and its twin guardian towers at either end. Let us stop for a moment and look at the tower nearest us, that of St. Mary's Church, which is well worth a few moments' observation, for besides its richly-carved Norman doorway and the fine perpendicular church appended to it, that tower still bears on its grey sides the marks of the cannon-balls which struck it when the town was bombarded by the Royalists in the civil war. Clarendon bears a strong testimony to the zealous sympathy with the cause

of the Parliament displayed at that time by the inhabitants of Marlborough. "The Parliament," he says, "resolved to fix a garrison at Marlborough, the town the most notoriously disaffected of all Wiltshire, otherwise, saving the obstinacy and malice of its inhabitants, in the situation of it very unfit for a garrison." The Marlborough townspeople are no longer now remarkable for their enthusiasm in politics. The town till the last Reform Bill returned two members to Parliament, though the population including the College is little over 5000, and it still retains one of its members; but the borough is a pocket one, in the possession of Lord Ailesbury, and the free and independent voters have to take the candidate with whom the noble Marquis supplies them, and who is of the mild aristocratic Liberal type. Once or twice some recalcitrant householders have kicked against their noble landlord's behest, and put forth placards announcing the speedy appearance of a "true Liberal candidate," but no such has ever actually come forward, and, though the leading Conservative spirits of the school have tried to stir up an agitation for a Tory candidate, the nominee of Tottenham House still retains his seat undisputed.

We pass down the street along the covered way formed by the overhanging houses, known here as the "pent house," and reminding one irresistibly of the more famous "Rows" at Chester, and every shop brings back some recollection of old school-days. Here, at his door, is Mr. Septimus Smith, that most polite of ironmongers, of whom we used to buy pocket-knives and other hardware, and whom we used to exasperate so terribly by imitating (innocently of course) his chronic condition of "washing" his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water." Then there is worthy Mr. Falconer, most sober and yet, strange fact, most red-nosed of hair-dressers, whom we used to delight to pose with searching

questions bearing however remotely upon his trade, as we sat in that most undignified of seats, the barber's chair. "Can you tell me, Mr. Falconer, is hair an animal or a vegetable product?" On hearing this weighty question the good man would stop in his operations, and, after pensive thought and rubbing his nasal feature till it glowed like fire, would put us off with the following satisfactory answer: "Why really, sir, *I've* no opinion on the subject. Some people says one thing and some another." Then there is that greatest of all school institutions, where we have all passed so many happy moments, the confectioner's, vulgarly called the "grub shop." Has anyone ever calculated how many tons of cake and jam tarts and hot veal pies, commonly called "dog," are consumed in a year at Foster's shop, "between twelve and one," by boys all unmindful of their shortly impending dinner and the football which awaits them in the afternoon. There is old Abel, with his spectacles on his nose, busy at work binding Marlburians* in his little shop, where he did so good a trade in small stationery and the cheap and most attractive volumes of Beadle's Sixpenny American Series; and as we pass the window of Queech, the not over sober little music-seller, we remember the queer instruments we bought at his shop in our youth, amongst which a Jew's harp, a brass trumpet, and a flageolet stand out pre-eminent; and the terrible vexation and annoyance our juvenile attempts to master them must have caused our friends both at school and home. But now we are beneath the tower of St. Peter's Church, with its four lofty pinnacles, three conical and the fourth humped and shaped like a sugar-loaf (what could the builder have been about when he built that pinnacle?), and its mighty peal of bells silent now, but noisy and

* *i.e.* the School Magazine.

importunate enough when we lay in the sick-room or sanatorium hard by and strove to get to sleep at evening after a day spent in bed; in vain, for the "Rattle and the clatter of the bells, bells, bells;" and at last before us rises the strange ugly pile of red-brick, known as the College.

The writer of an article on Marlborough has not the same materials, from which to choose, as the writer of an article on Winchester or Rugby or any of the old schools of England. He cannot tell of the strange habits and customs of schoolboys in long past ages, of the varying fortunes of the school under a long line of head-masters, and of the school days of men whose names are famous in history and literature and art. Marlborough has been in existence but little more than thirty years, and there has not yet been time for many of her sons to make themselves renowned, yet, young as she is, none will now deny her right to a place in the foremost rank of English Public Schools, and a hundred years hence there can be little doubt that her historian will find no lack of famous names to emblazon on the pages of his history. But though the school is in itself a growth of quite modern days, the site on which it stands is by no means unhistorical, and even preserves monuments of times before the dawn of history. We may then speak with some reason of the "Antiquities of Marlborough College," a title given by the late Bishop Cotton, once head-master of Marlborough, to an interesting lecture delivered before the school and afterwards published as a pamphlet, and the effect of which title on an Eton or Winchester boy he amusingly conjectures. Within the precincts of the College stands the ancient mound, which, if I may be pardoned the allusion by candidates for the Classical Tripos, who are probably only too familiar with the bold theories of Mommsen, bears the same relation to the more modern town of Marlborough as the old

Roma Quadrata on the Palatine bore to more modern Rome. Strange have been the fortunes of this mound and various the phases through which it has passed. Let us briefly pass them in review. That it was a Druid work, can scarcely be doubted by any one who has walked from Marlborough to the neighbouring Avebury, and seen all along the way smaller barrows of similar appearance and construction, till he reaches the one which overtops even the Marlborough one, the huge mass of Silbury Hill. It is very probable that between these two mounds, both situate on the banks of the Kennet, and about six miles distant from one another, there was originally some connexion, but what that connexion was, it is impossible to say. Silbury Hill is the more perfect specimen of the two, for the Marlborough mound has been much mutilated and doubtless greatly diminished in size by its successive owners "having successively supported the keep of a Norman castle, the grotto summer-house spiral walks and close cut hedges of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the water-works of Marlborough College."*

In the civil wars between Stephen and Matilda, Marlborough Castle played no unimportant part, being garrisoned by the friends of Matilda and entrusted to the charge of one John Fitz Gilbert. This John Fitz Gilbert, otherwise known as John of Marlborough, is thus described by a contemporary historian:—"He was a very fire-brand of hell and of all wickedness, who appeared to rule in that castle for no other purpose than to scourge the realm with ceaseless injuries, seizing on the lands and possessions not of civilians only, but of religious houses of what order soever, and though often excommunicated, this

* Bishop Cotton, "Antiquities of Marlborough College." I may here acknowledge my obligations to this interesting little pamphlet for much of the matter contained in this article.

only added to his fury, for, compelling the heads of the monasteries to assemble at his Castle on stated days, he practised the unparalleled effrontery of assuming into his hands the Episcopal functions." Frightful visions of the castellan's profanity rise before us on reading this, but our horror is somewhat lessened when we read on and find that this usurpation of the Episcopal functions did not consist, as might have been at first supposed, in the administering of the Sacraments but "in levying contributions of ready money and forced labour." The castle remained a royal residence during several succeeding reigns; and in the time of Henry III. occurred what is perhaps the most celebrated event in the history of Marlborough, for in 1267 Henry's last parliament was held there, and herein (as we learn from Camden), "by a general consent of the States of the Kingdom there assembled, a law was passed for the appeasing of all tumults, commonly called the Statute of Marlborow." Shortly after this, began the gradual transformation of the castle from a fortress to a dwelling-house or palace, and in the reign of Edward the VI. the Castle and Manor of Marlborough and the Forest of Savernake were granted to the Protector, Edward Duke of Somerset, and Marlborough remained in the possession of the Seymour family from that time till the middle of the eighteenth century.

All traces of the old Norman castle have long since disappeared, but not so the Manor-house, which in the eighteenth century rose in its place under the guiding hand of the great Inigo Jones. This building now forms one side of the College court, and if there is any merit, aesthetically speaking, in the box-like blue-slatted erections of red brick which we owe to Mr. Blore, (name notorious in Cambridge as that of the architect of the Pitt Press) it is that they serve to form a useful foil to the

elegant proportions and rich mellow colour of the old Manor-house. Some relics too are left to this day of the old garden of the Seymours, with its straight terrace walks, its close-clipped hedges and its yews cut into all kinds of fantastic shapes; but the cascades which once existed have disappeared, and so, happily, have the artificial ruins in which that age delighted; and nothing remains to shew the terrible indignities, which doubtless the landscape gardeners inflicted on the old mound, but the spiral walk by which it is to this day ascended, and the grotto, now the abode of dust and vermin, but once the favourite haunt of a noble patroness of literature, Frances, Countess of Hertford and Duchess of Somerset, and her more famous guests, Isaac Watts and the poet Thomson, a great part of whose "Spring" would seem to have been composed here. Bishop Cotton, writing twenty years ago, in the lecture above referred to, comforts himself with the reflexion "that, if Marlborough in its collegiate character ever does produce a poet, who in this age is at all read and valued, his writings must be superior to the very common-place effusions which delighted the guests of Lady Hertford." May we not say that this hope has been fulfilled, and that in our own days the voice of Thomson sounds very feeble compared with the sweeter tones of another singer, who also takes the Seasons for his theme, the author of the *Earthly Paradise*, the Marlburian poet, William Morris?

About 1750 the regime of the Seymours came to an end. They had other residences which they preferred to Marlborough, and the old Manor-house was let and eventually turned into an inn. Truly, it is always darkest just before the dawn, and the sun, which had seemed to set for Marlborough, when the Seymours deserted it, rose again far brighter than before, when in August 1843 Marlborough Inn became Marlborough College.

Dr. Wilkinson, the first appointed head-master, though a good scholar, in many ways an able man, and beloved by all who knew him, was not equal to the task, a task one of the hardest that can be imposed on a man, of starting a great school. There is no denying the fact that his work was a failure. The school was full; but it could hardly help being so, considering the cheapness of the terms and the good education offered, and the fact that it afforded special advantages to a class who know the value of a good education and as a rule cannot afford to pay very highly for it, the clergy of the Church of England; but it was an abode of misrule and even anarchy, and finally matters came to a head in a general rebellion. It is hard to get a true account of the circumstances of this rebellion, for the event was hardly important enough to be noticed by a historian, and the stories at this day current in the school, such as that of the determination of the boys to hang the head-master, who was only spared at the intercession of his wife, are plainly more than legendary. Still it was a storm, on the weathering of which depended the future success of the school, and matters looked dark indeed. But a man was found equal to the occasion in Dr. Cotton. Resolute of purpose, firm of character, genial in manner, and supported by a band of devoted assistant-masters, he soon won his way, and brought the ship into smooth water. Great, indeed, is the debt which Marlborough owes to him, and well does he deserve the title of "the second founder of the school." In 1858, after seven years of the most undoubtedly successful labour, he was called away to an even wider sphere of usefulness, to preside over the great see of Calcutta, and there, a few years later, an untimely accident cut short his life. But his mantle at Marlborough fell on worthy shoulders. His old and valued friend, the Rev.

George Granville Bradley, then a master at Rugby, was unanimously selected by the council to fill his place, and under Mr. Bradley's rule two of the three parting requests of Dr. Cotton to the school were speedily fulfilled (of the third we will speak hereafter); the cricket-match with Rugby was for the first time won, and the Balliol scholarship was gained, and that not once only but four times in three years, for in one year both Balliols went to Marlborough boys, an honour never achieved by any other school before or since. There is no need to speak of Mr. Bradley's ability as a governor, and his marvellous powers of teaching. They are well known to the world. His enthusiasm for each subject which he taught communicated itself to his pupils, and even Latin prose under his magic touch acquired a poetic glow. He too, when he left the school, after twelve years' service, on his election to the Mastership of University College, Oxford, was more than fortunate in his successors. The almost unparalleled length of the Honour List during the last few years bears ample testimony to the patient and honest teaching of the eminent man, who for five years devoted himself to Marlborough, Dr. Farrar, now Canon of Westminster; and the great success which Mr. Bell, the present Head-master, achieved when at Christ's Hospital, forbids us to doubt that the future of the school will be as bright, if not brighter than its last twenty years.

Let us now say something of the College buildings and the general appearance which they present. Even the most enthusiastic of Marlburians, it must be owned, could hardly speak in terms of strong admiration of the external appearance of his school. We pass through the gates and by the Porter's Lodge, till lately occupied by one who might, without question, have been called an "Antiquity of Marlborough College," Richard Voss, better known to old

Rugbeians and to the countless readers of Tom Brown as "Bill," the under school-house porter at Rugby, and looked up to and revered by all small boys as a genuine historical character; and the first building which claims our attention is the chapel. Built just at the time when Gothic was once more beginning to come into fashion, but before its treatment was so well understood as now, its architecture is of a more or less questionable character, and its external effect not pleasing. The interior is better, but was till lately marred to the eyes of many by a somewhat bare and cheerless aspect. To provide a remedy for this was the third and last of Bishop Cotton's parting requests to the school, and it has now, owing mainly to the exertions of Dr. Farrar, been done, though whether with success or not is still a disputed question. The interior is now gorgeous with pictures by Stanhope and rich colouring and gilding, executed from designs by Bodley; but it may well be doubted whether the building was worth so much ornamentation, and whether its own intrinsic poverty is not the more fully brought out by the brilliant painting with which it is covered. There are still many who pine for the warmth of the old stained roof and the bare simplicity of the undecorated walls.

There is something striking in the first view of the College court, if from nothing else yet from its very size. Ranged along the side on which are the gates is a row of five courts and the racquet court. Right opposite, seen through a vista formed by an avenue of growing limes, which traverses the quadrangle, is the porch of the Old House, the Old Manor-house of the Seymours, which forms the opposite side of the court. To the right is the chapel, then the Lower School and the spacious Hall, spacious, but supremely ugly, and remarkable only for the fine picture which it contains of Bishop Cotton, painted by Eddis. To the left are the studies, the

Bradleian, a fine room, the work of Street, used for lectures and other purposes and built, as its name indicates, as a memorial to Mr. Bradley; the New House, so called in distinction to the Old, and the Modern School-room, behind which rises the ugly roof of the great school, usually known as the "Upper School." This room moved the wonder and admiration of certain French commissioners, who came over to England about ten years ago to learn something from personal observation of the boasted English Public School system. The head-master of the time being would seem to have had great fun with them, for in their printed report, which appeared some time after, it is stated that the *raison d'être* of the great school-room at Marlborough is that the head-master finds it a useful place *pour gronder les garçons*. Vivid are the recollections of every Marlburian of many a "jaw," as the head-master's speeches to the assembled school, whether objurgatory or not, are profanely called; but he has other associations with the Upper School as well, for there in the days of his fag-hood, when he was yet a fourth-form boy, did he "brew" himself on one of the two great fires coffee such as the gods might have loved to quaff, and there in one of the old oak desks, on the lids of which names have been cut one over another, as thickly as bodies are said to have been buried one above another in many churchyards, did he keep his cups and saucers and his other "brewing" materials, his books and—his cushion. "What was this cushion?" I think I hear some ignoramus ask, and to this enquiry I must frame reply. The cushion is the Marlborough boy's peculium, as necessary to him as his cap, his Virgil, yea, his very trowsers. *He* sit upon a school form with nought between that hard rough surface and his tender flesh but the all too thin substance of his trowsers' seat! Not he. So whenever he goes into form he takes with him his cushion, round or

square, of red baize or of green baize, or of baizes red and green united (for all these are orthodox shapes and hues), and seated upon this he bids defiance to hardness of benches and splinters, which else, perchance, might pierce and wound him, where he would rather not be wounded. The cushion, too, is useful in another way. It is a most excellent missile, which can be hurled with the greatest nicety and precision, and is therefore invaluable, where, as at Marlborough, college caps are not. But enough of this digression.

Marlborough at the beginning was a school arranged purely on the "Hostel" system. All the boys ate and slept and lived completely within the college walls. Boarding-houses were things unknown there. But though boarding-houses did not exist, yet "houses," as they were termed in school phraseology, did exist. These so-called houses were really merely arbitrarily determined divisions of dormitories, placed each under the care of a different master, yet the occupants of one of these divisions were as closely bound to one another, and felt as much rivalry towards the occupants of another division, as though they had lived within separate walls. House feeling ran high, and house matches at cricket and football were most stubbornly contested. But the greatest rivalry of all existed between the occupants of the New House and the Old, or, as they were and are more usually called, B and C; and woe to the wretched new boy who, not yet alive to his duties and responsibilities as a member of one of these two mighty houses, absented himself from the football field, when all the members of the Old House, clad in jerseys of red, fought in deadly fight with all the inmates of the New House, clad in blue. But the days of antagonism between B and C (names by the way derived, so goes the tale, from the letters with which the masons marked the different blocks of

building during the erection of the college) are now gone by, for outside the college walls has sprung up a colony of goodly boarding-houses, and the positions once occupied in school politics by the Old House and the New seem now to have been taken by "In" college and "Out." With the opening of these boarding-houses, some six years since, the first age of Marlborough passed away, and it can now no longer be regarded as a pure specimen of the Hostel system.

It yet remains to notice the school gymnasium, fitted up with all the appliances of modern gymnastic art, in an old building in a corner of the court, once known as the Covered Play-ground. A strange place was that Covered Play-ground, a limbo full of all things under the sun. The staple article of its contents was the "play box," that is to say a species of box possessed by every boy, and the *differentia* of which was that it did *not* contain clothes. What it did contain it is more difficult to state, but in the play box was to be found anything from a Liddell and Scott to a pot of jam, from a squirrel to a penny trumpet. All round the barn-like room, ranged on shelves and huddled together in confusion on the floor, were play boxes of every size, of every shape and colour, and screaming of jackdaws and squeaking of pet mice and other vermin made the place a very pandemonium. Here, too, on wet days, if any available space was to be found, was played the game known to Marlburians as "snob," and described in the official language of the school rules as "imitation cricket," a game whose varieties are legion, and the interest of which is only heightened by the employment of the rudest possible bat and ball imaginable. But now snob and play boxes have been put to flight, and order reigns instead, while under the sergeant's careful supervision squads of boys are initiated into the mysteries of the balance and the parallel bars.

The Library too must not be forgotten. Founded thirty years ago by the munificence of one of the truest friends of Marlborough, Mr. Alleyn M'Geachy, it now contains some 7000 volumes, and the right to use it, which is enjoyed by members of the sixth and fifth forms, is most highly valued. It is a pleasant room enough, on the ground floor of the Old House, looking out on the garden and the wilderness, a shady grove of fine old trees, which hides from the view of those who pace the old terrace-walk the piece of water formed by diverting the streams of the Kennet, and known as the bathing-place. Here, in summer time, at mid-day between the hours of twelve and one, and at stated periods on half-holiday afternoons, the water is troubled to its very depths, which, it must be confessed, are unfortunately not translucent, by what is called "school bathing." The prefects (*i.e.* the members of the Sixth Form), do not deign to bathe at these hours with the school. To them the bathing-place is accessible all day long, and not only the bathing-place but the wilderness and mound as well. May not then the prefect, when he treads the grass walks of the mound, forbidden to any but a prefectual tread, feel himself in fact the legitimate though remote successor of the wild Druid, who worshipped on that sacred ground in days long since gone by? With such a thought as this in our minds, can we look on Marlborough as a modern institution?

There is not space within the narrow limits of an article such as this, even were the narration likely to prove interesting to non-Marlburian readers of *The Eagle*, to tell of Marlborough institutions and customs; of the Debating society (oldest of School Debating Societies); of the Natural History Society (father of School Natural History Societies, and yet *proh infandum dedecus*, itself vulgarly known as the "Bug and Beetle"); of the *Marlburian* (most flourish-

ing of school magazines); of the delights of "browse in bed" on Sunday morning; or of a "sweat" on a rainy day; or of the inexhaustible topics of cricket and football, in both of which noble games the sons of Marlborough have won no inconsiderable triumphs. We must be bringing this article to an end, though much yet remains to say, but a word or two may still be devoted to the mention of the chief points of interest and beauty in the surrounding country.

School-boys are not generally more than half-awake to the beauties of scenery around them, but that Marlborough boy must be dull and feelingless indeed who has never been struck with genuine admiration for the glories of Savernake Forest. Beginning within half-a-mile of Marlborough, the forest, one of the few specimens now left of forest which has not been desecrated by the hand of the encloser, stretches away over a rolling tract of upland country to within a few miles of Hungerford, twelve miles or more distant. Nowhere in the world are finer beeches or more magnificent oaks to be beheld, and nowhere are the colours of the autumnal foliage more rich and gorgeous. The constant alternation of close-grown groves of mighty trees, and quiet dells with less thickly wooded slopes clothed with a luxuriant undergrowth of tall fern, and here and there open glades of luxuriant pasture, from which splendid views are obtained of the rolling woods around, leave nothing to be desired but the presence of water, which, alas, on that dry chalky soil is not to be found. But in spite of this single drawback it is a region well worth visiting, and one well worthy to become the haunt of English artists, to whom at present it seems unknown. On the other side of Marlborough, immediately above the town, begins the expanse of downs which form the centre of Wiltshire. These, too, with their springy turf, their fresh breezes, and their sense of boundless freedom,

are most thoroughly delightful, and there is many a beautiful spot, where at their edge they break down into the lower country round. None of these is more beautiful than Martinsell, with its steep slope of little less than a thousand feet into the vale of Pewsey, from whose pine-crowned summit may be seen the hills of Inkpen and High Clere, on the borders of Hampshire, which mark the site of the battle-field of Newbury, and right opposite the round hills of the desolate Salisbury plain (why called a plain I never could imagine), and, it is said, the tapering pinnacle of Salisbury Cathedral itself, more than twenty miles away. Down the valley of the Kennet, too, is pleasant country, especially in the luxuriant meadows and hanging woods which surround Ramsbury manor-house, sister structure to the old manor-house at Marlborough.

In richness in antiquities, few districts can surpass this part of Wiltshire. There is the great Wansdyke, losing itself continually, but still to be traced for many miles of its course. What this Wansdyke was and by whom it was constructed is still a disputed point among archaeologists. Some say it is Saxon, and if so its name would seem to mean Woden's or Odin's Dyke, the great barrier which marked the line of division between the kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex. But some writers attribute to it a still higher antiquity, considering it to be a British barrier, erected either by the Belgic tribes as a protection against the Celts, or by the inhabitants of the South West of Britain against the Romans, who attacked them from the side of Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire. Then there is the mighty earthwork on the downs towards Swindon, known as Barbury Castle, and the interesting cromlech called the Devil's Den, and the huge mass of Silbury Hill surpassing in bulk even the mound of Marlborough, and raised entirely by human hands and last of all, but most

important, is the world-renowned circle of Avebury with its stupendous *vallum*, its vast ground-plan, its far extending avenues of approach, and its upright stones larger even than the more famous ones of Stonehenge itself. Of the history of Avebury it would be out of place to speak here. What was its meaning and who its authors has not yet been satisfactorily determined. Let us conclude this article by expressing a hope that those who have seen neither Stonehenge nor Avebury will take the first opportunity of seeing both, and that those who know Stonehenge will lose no time in seeing Avebury.

H. W. S.

[The above is the first of a series of descriptive articles on the Public Schools of England, which, with the kind assistance of our contributors, we propose to print in the successive numbers of the College Magazine. Any member of the College who is willing to prepare an article of general interest on his own School is requested to communicate with Mr. Sandys, or any other member of the Editorial Committee.—ED.]



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

II.

HARROW.

Io! Triumphe! Stet domus Io!
Fortuna nostrae! Floreat Io!
Absentium praesentium
Invicta laus Hergensium!
Io! Io! Io!

ABOUT ten miles to the north-west of London, rising conspicuously above the surrounding country, stands Harrow-on-the-Hill, known in olden days as Harewe atte Hulle, and in Domesday Book as Herges. As to the derivation of this name Herges, doctors differ, but few will doubt that the meaning of "Church," which many assign to it, is correct, when they look at the grand old Church with its lofty spire, towering upwards from the summit of the hill. The little village that caps the hill-top was not without its share of local celebrity long before John Lyon founded his now famous school, for the ancient manor-house (it has vanished ages ago), was for a long time a favourite residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Thomas à Becket resided in it just a few days before his death, keeping great hospitality and receiving many civilities from the Abbot of St. Albans; not so, however, from Robert de Broc, the vicar, and Rigellus de Sackville, "the usurping Rector of Harrow." These two worthies deeming such conviviality unseemly and impious, treated him with great

disrespect, and with their own hands maimed a horse which carried the Archbishop's provisions, by cutting off its tail, a sacrilege for which they were promptly excommunicated.

At a later period Cardinal Wolsey, who was Rector of Harrow, lived there, and it is probably owing to him that the sign of the old King's Head Inn, which attracts the eye at the commencement of the town, exhibits the burly form of Henry VIII; and about the same time, one William Bolton, prior of St. Bartholemew the Great in Smithfield, being alarmed by some astronomical prophecies of a second flood, fled with all his brethren of the Priory, with provisions, boats, &c., to a house of refuge which he had built on the top of the hill and victualled for eight weeks, believing in the rapid subsidence of the waters, and many of all ranks followed his example. The following quaint extract from an old writer of 1573 gives an account of Harrow at the time of the above story, and is also interesting as having been written just about the time when John Lyon was getting from Queen Elizabeth his charter for a new school.

"It may be noted how nature hath exalted that high Harrow-on-the-Hill as it were in the way of ostentation to shewe it selfe to all passengers to and from London, who beholding the same may saye it is the center (as it were) of the pure vale; for Harrow standeth invironed with a great contrye of moste pure grounds, from which hill, towardes the time of harveste a man maye beholde the feyldes rounde about so sweetly to address themselves to the sicke and syth, with such comfortable haboundance of all kinde of grayne, that it maketh the inhabitants to clappe theyr handes for joye to see theyr valleys so to laugh and singe. Yet this fruiteful and pleasante country yeldeth little comferte unto the wayfaringe man in the winter season, by reason of the clayish nature of the soyle, which after it hath tasted the

autombe showers it beginneth to mix deep and dirtye, yelding unsavory passage to horse and man. Yet the countye swayne holdeth it a sweet and pleasant garden, and with his whippe and whysell can make himself melodye, and dance knee deepe in dirte, the whole daye, not holdinge it any disgrace unto his person. Such is the force of hope of future profit—

The deepe and dirtiest lothsome soyle,
Yeldes golden grayne to carefull toyle,

and that is the cause that the industrious and painful husbandmen will refuse a pallace, to droyle in theys golden puddles."—(*Norden*, 1573).

Thanks, however, to good old John Lyon, "the wayfaringe man" will now find "savory passage" without any "disgrace unto his person," on an excellent road that stretches from Harrow right away to the heart of London. This road, which like everything else near London, is beginning to get prosaic and business-like, has had a rather romantic history, and many are the local legends that still linger round it of the times when Dick Turpin and Claude Duval were the terror of all travellers; and there is still to be seen at the little village of Willesden the cage where Jack Sheppard was once held in durance vile. The road shortly after it begins the ascent of the Hill, passes "Julian Hill," from which was taken the scene of Trollope's *Orley Farm*, and a few hundred yards further on, the "King's Head Inn." The sign-board of this inn (already alluded to as, indirectly, the work of Cardinal Wolsey) is an excellent portrait of Henry VIII, which oddly enough also bore a very striking resemblance to Mr. Clark the late proprietor. It was probably at this inn that Thomas à Becket, when a young aspirant to holy orders in the household of Archbishop Theobald, put up for the night. The hostess, it is said, was struck with young Becket's personal appearance, and dreamed a dream of him

'covering the church with his vestments,' which her husband interpreted to foretell that he should be lord of that church, and so indeed it came to pass.

Of far greater interest than this Inn is the old Church, from the top of whose spire there is a magnificent view, stretching into thirteen counties, while some have been bold enough to declare that they have seen the sea from it. It once served to point a royal joke and end a theological controversy, for Charles II silenced certain divines who were hotly disputing in his presence, by declaring that Harrow Church was the only "Church visible" of which he could form any practical realization.

The original building was erected by Archbishop Lanfranc in the time of William the Conqueror, but the only remains are a curious ancient arch, and some circular columns. The Church as it now stands was built in the 14th century, and on one occasion narrowly escaped destruction, for the spire was struck by lightning and nearly 20 feet of it consumed, the preservation of the Church itself being mainly due to the gallant exertions of a Mr. Timberlake, one of whose descendants has been for many years familiar to Harrow as a "practical tailor." The coat and hat of that hero were long preserved by his family as memorials of his courage, for they were nearly covered with the molten lead which fell on him from the spire.

Inside the Church there is a brass taken from the tomb of John Lyon with the inscription, *Heare lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston, yeoman,... who hath founded a free grammar schoole in the parish to have continuance for ever, &c.... Prayse be to the Author of all goodness who makes us myndful to follow his good example.* There are also many other interesting brasses and relics, which we will leave to those "whose minds are capacious of such things," and pass on. Outside, in the churchyard, lies the tombstone popularly

known as "Lord Byron's tomb." The poet's real connexion with the spot is described by himself in a letter to a friend, "There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie or Peachey) where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot." Many visitors, however, seem to cherish the delusion that it was the poet's last resting-place, for the real name is almost obliterated. It is almost needless to add that it has long ago been found necessary to surround the stone with iron bars to protect it against the vandalism of the modern tourist. The reader, it is to be hoped, will not conclude too hastily that Harrow boys are in the habit now-a-days of spending their half-holidays in ruminating, at full length, on a cold gravestone; for Byron was a somewhat eccentric individual. Indeed, a few yards off, we have a further proof of his predilection for "graves and worms and epitaphs," for the following lines on a rail at the east end were written by him at school, though they are no longer legible:

Beneath these green trees, rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies;
A time shall come when the green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

In the good old days of fagging, it was the custom to send new boys to make the tour of the churchyard at the uncanny ghost-hour of 12 o'clock at night. The north porch long had (and some still call it so) the name of "Bloody Porch," from some ghastly legend which seems to have been forgotten.

Hard by the church stand the Old School buildings, a substantial edifice of red brick, which even the most enthusiastic Harrovian will scarcely venture to call handsome, though it can be compared favorably even in this respect with the buildings of some other Public

Schools. The western half of this block is the original building and contains in accordance with the Founder's will, the "large and convenient school-house, with a chimney in it;" below which is a cellar, originally "divided into three several rooms—the one for the Master, the second for the Usher, and the third for the Scholars," while above are five rooms which long ago used to be the private apartments of the Masters, but are now used as schoolrooms.

This venerable room is now called the "Fourth Form Room," and is of all spots the most beloved by all Harrovians, for apart from its old age, it has a peculiar interest for every Harrow boy; for there on the dark oak panelling which surrounds the room were cut by their own hands in boyhood the names of many of the most illustrious of the sons of Harrow. There, close together, are the schoolfellows BYRON and R. PEEL, the latter in bold, deep, capitals, characteristic of the earnestness and vigour that marked his after career; and not far off, his successor in the Premiership, H. TEMPLE, 1800, better known as Lord Palmerston, whose coat of arms is emblazoned in the statesmen's window near the Lady Margaret table in our College Hall. There, too, is another Prime Minister, SPENCER PERCEVAL, while the initials R. B. S. tell us that Richard Brinsley Sheridan carried on his wild uproarious pranks within these walls. These and many other names of men distinguished in history can be read on our boards; and who can tell how many that once were there have been slashed away by the ruthless knives of boys who have tried to rescue their own names from oblivion by cutting them about the names of those who will never be forgotten?

The more modern half of this block of buildings was added at the beginning of this century. It was built to harmonise with the old school, and the room corresponding to the Fourth Form Room, is, or rather

was, the "Speech Room," so called from its being the place where the annual speeches were, till two years ago, delivered by the monitors. In a speech list of the year 1803, we find Peel and Byron acting together as Turnus and Latinus respectively in a passage taken from the *Æneid*. Byron at first wished to take the part of Drances, but got another boy to take it, being afraid that the latter half of the line *Ventosa in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus istis* would contain a too pointed allusion to his own lame foot, a subject on which he was singularly sensitive.

These buildings however, large as they are, proved altogether insufficient for the rapidly increasing numbers, and instead of the "large and convenient school-house with a chimney in it," the hill top is now crowned with many an imposing edifice that bears witness to the growing prosperity of the school.

First, there is the Chapel, a beautiful Gothic structure by Gilbert Scott. What a strange contrast between past and present! In the Founder's will we find it laid down that "The scholars shall attend the Parish Church and hear the Scripture read and interpreted with attention and reverence; he that shall do otherwise shall receive correction for his fault." John Lyon also ordained that the governors should "procure XXX good sermons to be preached therein, yearly for ever—and pay to the Preacher or Preachers thereof tenn pounds yearly of like lawfull mony, (that is to say) for every sermon *six shillings and eightpence*." When, however, the school increased so largely, it was found necessary to build a separate School Chapel. This again, in the prosperous reign of Dr. Vaughan, proving too small, was succeeded by the present handsome building, the chancel of which was the gift of Dr. Vaughan himself, while the south aisle (called "the Crimean aisle") was built by old Harrovians, and dedicated to the memory of their schoolfellows who fell in the Crimean War.

Next to the Chapel stands another handsome building, the "Vaughan Library." This splendid room was erected by subscription as a lasting testimonial to the work of the Head-Master, whose name it bears. A more delightful room for reading can scarcely be imagined. There is already an excellent and extensive selection of books, and as every boy who leaves the school above the fourth form is expected to present some volumes to it, the supply is rapidly increasing. The beauty of the room is still further enhanced by some portraits of celebrated men, the commencement of a gallery of Harrow worthies, and by several busts—the only non-Harroviaan admitted being Shakespere, a fine bust of whom, lately presented to the School by Sir J. Montefiore, presides over the part of the library dedicated to Shakesperian literature.

It may be doubted, however, if the books, pictures, or busts are objects half so interesting to the young Harrovian as yonder case on the wall (now, alas! covered by a green cloth to conceal its emptiness), where the "Ashburton Shield" *usually* hangs. This, as many of our readers are aware, is a silver challenge shield given by Lord Ashburton, to be competed for by the eleven best shots in any English School. The victorious team keep the shield for a year, and have the name of their school engraved on the rim. In the first year, 1861, there were only three competitors—Rugby, Harrow, and Eton; now, however, ten or eleven schools send up their elevens to shoot for the coveted prize, and out of the 17 matches Harrow has won 8 times.

Just below the shield lies a silver arrow, a relic of the good old days of yewbows and clothyard shafts. John Lyon no doubt would have been an enthusiastic supporter of the Volunteer movement, for one of the conditions imposed upon every parent was to furnish his son *at all times with bowshafts, bowstring, and a bracer, to exercise shooting.*

From time immemorial a silver arrow was shot for by the twelve best archers in the school, who shot "in fancy dresses of satin, usually green or pink and white, embroidered with gold, with green silk sashes and caps." The victor was carried home in triumphal procession, with fanfares of French horns and bugles, and gave a ball in the schoolroom, to which the neighbouring gentry were invited. The arrow won in 1766 by Charles Wager Allix is the one at which we have been looking, and below it is a suit of the gorgeous archery dress which was once worn by one of these competitors, while in another part of the room is a painting of one of these young archers dressed in his rainbow-tinted dress of silks and satin.

Close to these relics of archery may be seen an old print of one of these contests, in one corner of which is a man running away with an arrow in his eye, who tradition says was a barber Goding by name, who was shot, probably by his own carelessness, at one of these annual matches.

The boys would certainly have been a match for any of the modern "Toxophilite" clubs, if we may rely on the statement of a Red Indian Chief who declared them to be very good shots, though he thought that he himself could have beaten them. This ancient custom, however, was abolished a hundred years ago, owing to the large and disorderly crowds which came from London to see this exhibition, to the detriment of the morals and discipline of the School.

To return to the Vaughan Library. One whole end of the building is taken up with a very valuable collection of antiquities given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to his old school, at which the British Museum it is said has cast longing eyes, in vain; and Mr. Ruskin has also enriched the room by a valuable geological collection. Not the least interesting of the relics in this room is a large case containing manuscripts, among which may be seen an arithmetic notebook

of Sir Robert Peel, beautifully written, and a copy of Lord Byron's Euripides, which proves that whatever his Lordship's accomplishments may have been, he attempted Euripides when he was really only fit for Greek Delectus, such words as *καλὸς* and *χρυσὸς* having their English equivalents written above them.

These two buildings, the Chapel and "the Vaughan," are really very handsome, but what could have induced any architect to erect such a building as "The New Speech Room," we are at a loss to understand. This huge, ugly mass of red brick is quite new, having only been opened last year, and supersedes the old Speech-room which could scarcely contain 600 people, and was therefore far too small for the purposes for which it was used. The new room, built in the form of an amphitheatre, can contain a large audience, and will henceforward be used for the annual speeches and also for the various lectures and concerts which have hitherto had to be content with the old Speech-room. The interior is certainly well suited to its purpose, and makes a fine room; but why could not the outside have been made an ornament and not an eyesore to the town? However, there are other buildings in Harrow which were perhaps as ugly when first built, but now look very handsome, owing to the ivy and lovely creepers with which they are covered, and which are well set off by the dark red brick.

Next to the Chapel and opposite to the New Speech-room are the "New Schools," not very interesting in themselves to the stranger, except perhaps as an example of the remark just made, that time and ivy have a wonderfully beautifying effect on a red brick building. Next to these, and lower down the side of the hill, come the "Science Schools," containing lecture-rooms and laboratories, for Natural Science is now an important item in our curriculum, and is compulsory in the Upper School and most of the

Lower. A circular building standing behind at a few yards distance is our Observatory, containing a great telescope, through which our Harrow astronomers are wont to spy at the Moon with "optick glass,

And descry,

Rivers and mountains in her spotty globe."

Still lower down the hill we come to the last of our Scholastic buildings. It is the "Music Hall," a most ingeniously constructed edifice. It consists, in fact, of a number of very small chambers, built in such a manner that the sounds made in one room cannot be heard in the next. In these strange dungeons the young pianist may murder time and tune, unheard by mortal ear

beginner on the violin may, without offence, extract from his poor instrument those excruciating shrieks, only heard when some youth is, as we have seen it described, "scraping the tail of a horse on the bowel of a cat." The advantage of this arrangement will at once commend itself to any one of our readers who has a bugle playing above him, a French horn below, two pianos alongside, and a flute at one corner.

Nor is it only to Classics, Sciences, and the Arts that new temples have been raised on this our Acropolis; for within the last five years has arisen a large covered Gymnasium, and no boy can now escape from Harrow without a good physical as well as mental training, for gymnastics is compulsory during a part of every boy's career, unless a medical exemption be obtained. It is possible that this compulsion (such is the perverse nature of small boys) might make the exercise to be looked on as a school-drudgery, but

by the competition for the Championship of the Gymnasium. Beneath the Gymnasium is a large workshop for carpentry and practical Mechanics—a useful and interesting occupation—which ought to meet with

far more favour among boys than it generally does. The older building adjoining the Gymnasium is the covered court for Racquets, a game that is played with more success at Harrow than almost any other, a proof of which may be seen in the Vaughan Library, where there stands a silver challenge cup, once played for by the Schools of England, but now in the possession of Harrow for ever, by right of having won it *three* years in succession.

While on the subject of games, it is worth remarking that foot-ball as played at Harrow in former generations, must have been a very curious game. It was played on the gravel court which surrounded the old school-house on three sides; so that the goals, instead of facing each other, were on a parallel line, with the building between, *round* which the ball had to be kicked.

Of course the great game at Harrow, as at all public schools, is cricket. This also, as we are shewn by an old picture of 1802, used to be played in the school yard with *two* stumps and a great bludgeon-like bat. Now, however, there is no cricket match in England which attracts so vast and so aristocratic a gathering as the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's cricket ground. We do not of course mean to say that better cricket is to be seen then, than for instance, in the "Gentlemen *v.* Players," but certain it is that this meeting of 22 boys from the two greatest Public Schools of England has come to be regarded by the world of fashion as the great event of the cricket season. What then will the fashionable world say when it hears that this great Picnic day will probably ere long be abolished. The first recorded match between the schools was in 1805 (in which we find Lord Byron scoring 7 and 4), so that the matches have continued for upwards of 70 years.

Such then is the outward Harrow of bricks and mortar. What a strange contrast to the "convenient

school-house with a chimney to it," of which our Founder's will makes mention. The germ of this wonderful expansion and growth may be traced to our noble Founder himself, of whom it is now time to say a few words.

Upwards of three centuries have passed away since John Lyon, yeoman, of Preston, sat beside a mineral well, hard by Harewe-atte-hille. Every day, year after year, had he patiently sat there, receiving in his large leathern purse the thank-offering of many a pilgrim, who came from London to be cured at the healing well. With the money thus gathered, and with the profits of his farm, he purchased land, and soon was looked up to by his neighbours as a man of wealth and importance. John Lyon, however, was not one of those sordid souls who win money for its own sake, for amid all his labours he had steadily kept before him a noble purpose, though it was not till the year 1571 that the plans for his scheme were completed. In that year (on the 6th of February, the birthday of Harrow) a charter was obtained from Queen Elizabeth, giving him authority to found a "Free Grammar School," and to frame its statutes. These statutes, contained in the will of John Lyon, are exceedingly interesting, both as shewing the noble character of Lyon and as laying the foundations for the future greatness of Harrow, but are far too long to be quoted here. However, some of the "Observations for the ordering the School" admit of being extracted and are well worth reading.

If the Schoolmaster within one-half year be not thought by the greater part of the Governors to be an honest, learned, discreet, diligent, sober man, let him be removed; so likewise be it of the Usher.

The Master shall take order that all his Scholars repair unto the school in the morning by six of the clock throughout the year (7.30 now), or as soon as they conveniently may, having respect unto the distance of the

place from which they come and the season of the year . . . and the first thing which shall be done in the morning, after they have assembled, and the last in the evening before their departure, shall be upon their knees with reverence to say Prayers to be conceived by the Master . . . unto whom all the residue shall answer, Amen.

He shall have regard to the manners of his scholars, and see they come not uncombed, unwashed, ragged, or sloven like, but before all things he shall punish severely swearing, lying, picking, stealing, fighting, filthiness of speech, or such like.

The Scholars shall not be permitted to play except on Thursdays only, sometimes when the weather is fair, and on Saturdays or half-holidays after Evening Prayer, and their play shall be to drive a top, to run, to shoot, and no other.

The Master shall use no other kind of correction save the rod, moderately, except it be a very thin Ferula on the hand for a light negligence, so likewise of the Usher; if they do, they shall be deposed.

None above the First Form shall speak English in the school or when they go to play together; and for that, and other faults, there shall be 2 Monitors, who shall give up their rolls every Friday, and the Master shall appoint privately one other Monitor, who shall present the faults of the other two, and their faults which they either negligently omit or willingly let slip.

The Schoolmaster shall see the school very clean kept. He shall not receive any girls into the said school.

Besides these ordinances, there were the following "Six Articles to be observed by parents whose children are admitted into the free school:"

1. You shall submit your child to be ordered in all things, according to the discretion of the said Schoolmaster and Usher.

2. You shall find your child sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter, and all other things necessary for the maintenance of his study.

3. You shall allow your child at all times a bow, three shafts, bowstrings, and a bracer to exercise shooting.

4. You shall see diligently, from time to time, that your child keep duly the times of coming to the school, and in diligent continuing of his study and learning.

5. You shall be content to receive your child, and put him to some profitable occupation, if after one year's experience, he shall be found unapt to the learning of the grammar.

6. If your child shall use at sundry times to be absent the school, unless it be by reason of sickness, he shall be utterly banished the school.

It will be readily perceived that Lyon really meant to found a school for his own village, though he gave permission to the Master to receive as many "foreigners" (*i.e.* boarders) as he conveniently could. It is fortunate, however, for the welfare, we may say the existence of Harrow, that the Founder added a clause at the end of his will, empowering the Governors to make any alterations they found necessary in his statutes; but for that one clause, the long eventful career of Harrow would have been far other than has been. Of the earliest Head-Masters down to the time of Dr. Sumner, in 1770, we will say no more, than that they were very able men, and also most of them from Eton. On the death of Dr. Sumner, one of the Under-Masters, the great Samuel Parr, himself an old Harrovian, became a candidate for the Head-Mastership, his rival being Dr. Heath, an old Etonian; when the day of election came on, and it was understood that Heath was chosen, the School broke out into open rebellion, indignant that the Head-Masters were brought from the rival school, "as though Harrow were a mere appendix to Eton." The house where the governors met was attacked and broken into, and the carriage of one of them was dragged out of the yard and broken to pieces. One of the Under-Masters, trusting to his popularity with the boys, interfered to

rescue it, and succeeded, no doubt to the great satisfaction of the owner, in saving "one entire side of the vehicle." The ringleader in this riot was the Marquis of Wellesley, who being summoned to the study of his guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, rushed in, waving one of the tassels of the demolished carriage and shouting "Victory." Before another day had passed the young scamp was entered at Eton, and Harrow thus lost one of the most elegant of modern scholars, and a great statesman. It was also owing to this untoward incident, that his younger brother Arthur, afterwards the great Duke of Wellington, first learned to rough life on the playing fields of Eton and not on those of Harrow. Parr, the cause of all these misfortunes, defeated in his election, coolly walked off to Stanmore about 4 miles away, together with about one-third of the boys, and there set up a rival school, which, however, did not continue for many years, for Parr was before long appointed Head-master of Colchester.

Parr was a really great scholar, and a very remarkable man; but it is after all well for Harrow that he was never her Head-master, if we may believe the stories that are told of his life at Stanmore and other schools. Two things he specially enjoyed, viz. using a birch and looking on at a "mill"; indeed, he issued an edict that all pugilistic encounters should take place on a plot of ground opposite his window, where, with blind half drawn, the great Doctor could enjoy the sight without being seen.

Parr's three friends at Harrow were Sir William Jones, the linguist of twenty-eight languages; and Bennet, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne; and Richard Warburton. It is said that Parr, Jones, and Bennet (Bill, Will, and Sam, as they were called) were intensely fond of "disputing together in Latin logic." They also parcelled out the country into three separate dominions (Arcadia, Argos, and Sestos), of which they

were kings, and there acted a tragedy which they had written. It is a sign of the degeneracy of the modern schoolboy that the writer can recollect no instance of little boys "disputing in Latin logic," and writing and acting tragedies. A few years later there entered the School a young Irish boy, Sheridan by name, destined "to be the plague and delight of his masters at Harrow, as he afterwards was of the political world." Although in after life the wittiest of English dramatists, and perhaps the greatest orator the House of Commons has ever heard, he entered and left the School with the character of an impenetrable dunce. We may be sure, however, that he was ringleader in all mischief, for we know, among other things, that he had somewhere or other a regular apple loft, and a trained band of his schoolfellows, who robbed all the orchards far and near.

At the death of Dr. Heath's successor, Dr. Drury, another riot took place about the election, this time under the leadership of the turbulent Lord Byron. The Governors had appointed Dr. Butler, and the boys wanted Mr. Mark Drury to be the Head-master. The rebellion lasted for three days, and the very existence of the School was in danger, for an attempt was made to blow up Dr. Butler with a train of gunpowder; the train was fired, but, being mistimed, did not kill the Doctor as intended. It was at first proposed to blow the whole School-house into the air, but this was fortunately prevented by Byron himself, their ringleader, who, as he himself tells us, "saved the School-room from being burnt, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls." The military were at length summoned and the outbreak effectually quelled.

Byron's notices of his School life are so well known to the general reader that we will only give one or two characteristic passages. "At School," he says, "I was remarked for the extent and readiness of

my general information, but in all other respects idle; capable of great sudden exertions, such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters (of course with such prosody as it pleased God), but of few continuous drudgeries. . . . Peel, the orator and statesman, was my form-fellow; as a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal. Out of School, I was always in scrapes, he never; in School, he always knew his lesson, I rarely. But the prodigy of our days was Sinclair, who made exercises for half the School (*literally*), verses at will, and themes without it. He was a friend of mine, and at times begged me to let him do my exercise, a request readily accorded when I wanted to do something else, which was usually once an hour. . . . At Harrow I fought my way very fairly; I think I lost but one battle out of seven."

An anecdote is related that Peel was one day being thrashed by a big tyrant, and Byron feeling for his friend's misery, but knowing that he was not strong enough to fight with any hope of success, nevertheless rushed forward and, in a voice trembling with terror and indignation, asked the bully to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict. "Why, you little rascal, what's that to you?" "Because if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half."

Under Dr. George Butler (father of the present Head-Master) and under his successor, Dr. Longley, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the numbers of the school suffered little change. But Dr. Wordsworth, who came next, found 165 boys at the School, and left it after 8 years of office, with only 78, the lowest point which the numbers have reached since any record has been kept. Fortunately for the School he was succeeded by a man who was as eminent as Dr. Wordsworth was deficient in those qualities which are required to conduct a large public school.

This was Dr. Vaughan, one of the most distinguished pupils of the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He found the School in confusion, its numbers at the lowest ebb; but in three years it rose again in numbers and repute far more rapidly than it had fallen. After twelve more years of glorious and uninterrupted prosperity this "the greatest of her Head-masters" left Harrow and was succeeded by the present Head-master, Dr. Butler, who only nine years before had been head boy of the School.

Dr. Butler has carried on the work of Dr. Vaughan with, if possible, still greater success. Indeed, when one reflects that the School has for many years been quite full, numbering on an average about 550, and when we remember that most of the material Harrow that now crowns the top of our time-honoured hill was built during the reign of the present Head-master, we feel confident that as long as Dr. Butler, or anyone of his stamp, is at the helm, the School will increase still more in reputation as it has done in numbers and material prosperity.

Nor are the internal changes less great than the outward. Harrow had for many years been almost exclusively a Classical School, now, however, mathematics, modern languages, and natural science meet with full encouragement, while music, singing, and drawing are as thoroughly taught as they are enthusiastically learned. Nor is it mental training only that is encouraged by the Masters; to say nothing of the gymnasium of which we have spoken above, no boy is allowed to pass a year at Harrow without learning to swim, of which he must give practical proof by swimming a certain distance in "Ducker," the School bathing-place.

With regard to the singing, Harrow has been singularly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Farmer, a master who always succeeds in inspiring his pupils with some of the intense en-

thusiasm with which he himself regards music and singing. The School songs are for the most part composed by masters, and set to music by Mr. Farmer. Dr. Farrar, Dr. Bradby, and Dr. Westcott, when Under-masters at Harrow, contributed many, but the more popular are by Mr. Bowen and Mr. Robertson. Some of them are in Latin, as the Triumphal Song, the first stanza of which is placed at the head of this article; but the greater number of course are English, either original or translated. It is probable, too, that the name of Harrow will ere long come before the musical world in a novel and unexpected way, for a few years ago Mr. Farmer and one of his pupils (we do not know to which of them the greater credit is due) made an extraordinary discovery by which the sound of a stringed instrument can be so increased that a violin can be made almost to drown the notes of an organ. The writer has seen the rough model of the instrument, and though the invention is not nearly perfected, the results were certainly very brilliant and astonishing.

Such is Harrow, the starting-point in the career of not a few of the greatest men of English history. Some of these we have already mentioned, but the list is far too long and varied for us to do more than give a few of the more brilliant. Of statesmen and orators we can point to Spencer Perceval and Palmerston, Sheridan and Peel; to the two greatest of the Governor Generals of India, the Marquis of Hastings and Earl Dalhousie; to Lord Rodney, the hero of the 12th of April, 1782, and to a host more. In literature and scholarship perhaps the most brilliant are Byron and Sir William Jones, "the most accomplished of the sons of men," Barry Cornwall, and—but enough, the list is endless, and lists are apt to become tedious.

Lytton, the Viceroy of India; the Duke of Abercorn Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Archbishop Trench,

Cardinal Manning, Charles Merivale, the historian of Rome, Dean of Ely, and one of our Honorary Fellows, and scores more of the leading men in every path of life are a sufficient proof, if proof were wanted, that Harrow can still send forth men of ability and power; and those who cry out that the physique and pluck of English schoolboys is deteriorating, must admit that that deterioration has not begun in Harrow, when they are reminded of the astounding feats of Lieutenant Parr in the late Arctic Expedition, of the Victoria Cross presented to Lord Gifford at the storming of Coomassie, and of the vigorous dash of the "Ride to Khiva."

Indeed, we may say that adventure and travel have never failed to be courted by old Harrovians from the time when James Bruce, an old Harrovian, called by Livingstone "the greatest of all African travellers," and by a distinguished French writer "the new Herodotus," made his perilous and ever memorable journeys, about the middle of the last century, into that great continent, the mysteries of whose geography have only been solved in the last year, down to the present day, when Harrow has sent out a small steam vessel, under the command of one who was not indeed a Harrow boy, but a Harrow master, to help in the great work of African civilization. Readers of *The Eagle* will remember some of the interesting letters that Mr. H. B. Cotterill (once a Scholar of this College) has sent home. It is some time since we heard of the fate of the *Herga*, but we trust that it is still doing the work for which it was sent out, and that the flag of Harrow will long continue to float over the inland waters of Africa.

Such is our sketch of Harrow—a meagre sketch, doubtless, but that is the fault of the writer, not of his subject; for, indeed, one who undertakes to write about Harrow has no need to puzzle his brains to think of what to say; rather is he embarrassed by

the difficulty of choosing from the immense number of interesting objects and traditions that are gathered round our honoured hill. But we trust that enough has been said to make all our readers understand why it is that every Harrow boy is proud of the past history of Harrow and confident of its future, and to echo, even if they are not Harrovians themselves, the wish for the prosperity of our School, which is summed up in our motto, STET FORTUNA DOMUS.

J. S. S.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN A RECTORY.

THE night of Christmas Eve of the year 187— was passing merrily in the Rectory of Clayton le Field.

The Rector, a stately man of fifty-five, was enlivening the company with his frank, genial smile; he had a joke for every-one, and was, in short, the soul of good humour. You could hardly look at the Rev. George Dormer, M.A., without feeling sure that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, especially when you saw him accompanied by Mrs. Dormer, whose merry countenance and hearty laugh were almost of themselves sufficient to banish care.

And indeed the Rector had but little cause to repine at his lot. He was well connected, and had inherited a fair income, which he had not impaired by his marriage. His parish also, a family Rectory, was good, being amply endowed, without requiring more energy than is usually met with in the holder of a rich family living.

Nor were their six blooming children a source of much anxiety. Albert, the eldest, had returned from keeping his term at Christ Church, Oxford, and Edith, a bright and not bad-looking girl of barely seventeen, had just come out. Thomas, Mary, and James, were still in the Schoolroom; and little Ella, at the age of six, was the baby of the household. Dinner, which had

been attended by all the leading gentry of the neighbourhood, was now over; and the young friends of the children were flocking in to the ball which was to follow. The juveniles were all suiting themselves with partners; even little Ella, staying up by special permission, was piloting a boy about her own age through all the intricacies of the lancers.

A proud mother was Mrs. Dormer, when she saw her Edith engaged, for the third time, to Mr. Percy Tremaine, the only child of the wealthy Sir William. "The nicest couple in the room," remarked the sarcastic and inquisitive Dr. Bayman, "and so well matched."

"Pooh!" replies the overjoyed lady, unconsciously betraying her hopes, "Edith is quite a child, and Mr. Tremaine is nearly four and twenty."

An imperceptible shrug of the shoulders was Dr. Bayman's only response, as he mixed with the gay crowd, to pursue his observations. "Oh! Mr. Percy," says she, the next moment, "We have such fine chrysanthemums (Christmas anthems, our gardener calls them) in the Conservatory. I am afraid I cannot leave the room at present, or I should so like to shew them to you myself. You know we were talking about the new varieties a few weeks ago. By the way, Edith, my dear, could not you shew them to Mr. Tremaine? Besides, you look a little heated, you had better sit out a dance or two, and Mr Tremaine is so fond of flowers—almost as fond as you are, dear. It is such a sweet interesting taste: I never believe any person who is fond of flowers can be really bad. Do you, Mr. Percy?"

And she, too, left that part of the room, though I am afraid she cast more than one furtive glance back to observe the young couple. "George, love," says she to her husband. "I do not think they could be merrier. I shall be almost sorry when we adjourn to the other room for supper and snapdragon. And

Edith, too, dances so gracefully when she has a suitable partner. I am quite proud of her."

"Well, Ethel, darling," says he, "perhaps I may be spared for five minutes. I wish to add a few lines to to-morrow's sermon, cautioning people against luxury and extravagance. I am afraid there is a good deal too much of it in the parish at present; you know, it sets such a bad example."

"Yes, love, do caution them against it. They say that Tim Pritchard has been drinking again lately; and that good-for-nothing Stevens has been poaching in the Squire-field Coppice at Tremaine Park, all to get money to spend on drink. Perhaps, also, some of our class need a word. I hear Mrs. Johnson has been putting down a new carpet in the drawing-room quite as expensive as ours. You know ours is more than five years old, and a little faded; and hers will be quite fresh. I am certain the Johnsons cannot afford it; they are not at all well off, and must, I am sure, run into debt for it. Do mention this point, love."

Upon this the Rector retires to his study, to seat himself in his cosy arm-chair, where he soon begins to compose his sermon—and himself. So he takes up, and opens, his half finished manuscript.

"Let's see. Where did I leave off? Oh! here it is." (*Reading*) "But while we are bound to devote our most serious attention to the future, I must warn you not to neglect due consideration either of the present or of the past."

"Not badly turned, that! Of course we should not neglect the present. Half the enjoyments of life would vanish if we neglected the present. I don't feel quite so certain about the future. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. As for the past, would it not be droll to look back on old times again? But hulloa! what is this? Oh! its some of those lads' mischief; Albert's, I'll warrant." These last words

were directed to a huge turkey, which had entered the room during his reverie. "Upon my word, a bonny bird. He should have come in time to be dressed for to-day's dinner. Well, old fellow, who are you?"

To the Rector's astonishment, the bird returns a reply. "I am the ghost of a past Christmas; you said you would like to look back upon the past."

R. Ha! ha! ha! Ghost are you; That will never do. Won't do for Joseph, no; you are far too fat for a ghost. Fancy, your being my ghostly enemy! But you should have said you were a goblin; a turkey is always a gobbling. But, my old boy, take some advice. You are no goose. Don't eat too much. You turkeys shorten your own lives by it. If you did not grow so fat, you would not suit our Christmas dinners; you would live all the longer."

T. "Good! this from you! Do you men never shorten your lives by eating too much? If you could only listen to me, I could give you some sage advice."

R. "Sage! from you? If you were a duck, I could expect sage—and onions. But from a turkey there is nothing but flavourless stuffing."

T. "Well, but hear my words."

R. "I don't care a fig either for the words of a Turkey or its bonds; both are rotten. Besides, you look so ridiculous with those enormous flaps; wattles you call them. I'd bet anything they proceed from intemperance."

T. "Take care, Mr. Rector. They that live in glass houses, you know. Before long these wattles will stick to your nose."

R. "Ha! ha! like the black pudding in the old story. But then, again, you do waddle so comically, with that great paunch and those thin legs."

J. "Have a care again, Mr. Rector; or, some day, I may return the compliment."

R. "After all, perhaps, that good living of yours improves your liver. I cannot see what a Turk

could want with any good living. Good livings suit us Christians very well. The better your living is, the better your liver will be, but the shorter your life. Well! but, what do you come here for?"

T. "I am the Christmas Eve of 1820. Look at this picture."

R. "Why, its only a great sucking-bottle, just what Ella used to have. Dear me! and there's the baby to match it. Why! was not I a baby in 1820? And, was I really like that? And is there pap in the bottle? Ha! ha! papa! pap, papa! pap for papa! ha! ha!"

At this moment another bird steps forward.

T. "And I am the Christmas Eve of 1830."

R. "All right. But why have you brought little James here?" enquired the Rector as he saw a slim lad of ten, dressed in jacket and square cap. "Why! that's just the school where I was educated. And the boy, too, is playing, like me, during lessons. See how the half-eaten apple and bunch of raisins drop from his pocket! Can that really be meant for me? You are not so far short of the mark, this time, old boy."

But now the Christmas Eve of 1840 steps in, and the young man of about Albert's age is seen in full academics, lounging about the streets of Oxford, and smiling to the pretty girls in the shops. The ever-ready cigar and pleasant companionship are indications of wasted time; but not perhaps more so than is usual in young men studying for the Church.

The Christmas Eve of 1850 has changed the scene. By that time we observe the richly-furnished Rectory, whose abundant table and well-stocked cellar are suggestive of good income.

The Turkey of 1860 has added another element. The young man is growing stout, and beside him stands a fair girl, who strikingly resembles Edith, save that her fuller figure, and her attendant boy of four years

old, with a little girl trotting behind in charge of a nurse, testify to the joys of matronhood.

Still the next bird presses on. In 1870, the scene very much resembles that of the present date, with, of course, a perceptible difference in the ages of the family.

The next apparition is greeted by the Rector with a loud laugh. "Christmas Eve of 1880 indeed! Why, you are too early." Still, the inexorable messenger will be attended to. The Rector looks, and hardly recognises himself. The increasing form and decreasing shanks betoken an indolent life, while the bloated nose and darkening hue of his face recall to remembrance the threatened wattles.

"That will do," says he, "a short life and a merry one."

"Once more, and we have done."

The Turkey of 1890 enters, laden with an open coffin, while the darkened room shews signs of mourning. But, close by, stand a young couple, who evidently do not share the grief. The husband, in the unmistakable garb of a clergyman, appears to scrutinise the apartment with an interested gaze.

"What a nice house," says the wife, "and how kind it was of Uncle James to give us this good living! I am sure you needn't overwork yourself, to do as well as is required; that is, as well as the last Rector did. They say he would have lived longer if he had been more careful in his diet; but, perhaps, on the whole it is all ordained for the best. That last fit of gout carried him off. Now let them bury the old gentleman."

At this moment a well-known voice breaks on the Rector's ear, and scares away the Turkeys.

"George, love, they are waiting for you for the snapdragon."

The Rector rubs his eyes: "So I am not fastened into my coffin?"

"What! you did not think you were screwed, did you?" said his wife. "You must have been dreaming."

"Well, perhaps I was a little tight," says he, "but I will be with you directly. One of my old sermons will do very well for to-morrow." So the Rector joins once more in the mirth, and no one but himself knows the history of his Turkeys.

"George love," said Mrs Dormer, as she noticed Mr. Tremaine pressing Edith's hand for the third time in taking leave, "I hope every one has enjoyed his Christmas Eve as well as you and I have done."

D. G. H.



OUR ASCENT OF MOUNT HERMON.

ON the 7th of June, 1876 (leaving G., who was unwell, with the dragoman), W. H., his brother R. H., and myself, with our waiter Said, a fine strong young fellow, a muleteer, to look after our horses, and two guides, one of them a chasseur, started from Hasbeiya at 5 a.m. to ascend Mount Hermon (*Jebel Esh Sheikh*). Hasbeiya itself is a town of somewhat notorious interest in connexion with the Turkish massacres, and a warning to Turcophiles, for a large tract of empty houses now falling to ruins, and a palace still said to retain marks of blood, recall the massacre in 1860 of one thousand Christians within the walls of that palace by the the Druses through the traitorous complicity of the Turks. Our starting point being only two thousand feet above the sea with Hermon rising above it to a height of nine-thousand four-hundred feet, the day promised to be a fatiguing one, with the heat of a Syrian summer to endure, a climb of over seven-thousand feet and a walk of at least twenty-five miles before we could descend to Rasheiya, our destination for the night, and itself of similarly blood-stained memory with Hasbeiya. Still we had not had a climb for some time, the weather was fine, and our horses were to accompany us, (though they were of little use, as it happened), and so we started with eager anticipations of pleasure.

We had first to cross a high shoulder which forms a sort of outwork of the main range, from which it

is separated by a deep valley. This shoulder is dotted over with shrubs and fantastic rocks, and shews many remains of a remote antiquity. Besides rock-hewn wine-presses (still used by the villagers, who at vintage-time tread out the grapes in them, in little relief-companies of six at a time), there are wells, troughs, remains of a temple in which a hoard of silver coins was lately discovered, a stair-case now leading nowhere, a large round cistern, a mill-stone which is related to have served a fabulous lady as her spindle, and several sarcophagi, all cut out of the rock, and doubtless the relics of some ancient Phœnician city. A spot of more modern interest is pointed out where an Arab shot down his enemy. After passing these the path runs through thick shrubs, skirting a mountain-hollow full of yellow corn, then steeply mounts among boulders to the top of the shoulder. Then follows a descent into the grassy valley between the shoulder and the main ridge, which affords pasturage to large flocks of sheep; and here, to our delight, we found a sparkling spring of water to quench our fast-growing thirst.

We walkers (*i.e.* W. H., Said, the two guides and myself,) had now left the horses some distance behind, a source of infinite calamity as it turned out. For from our arrival at the spring to our arrival at Rasheiya, we saw no more that day of horses or muleteer, or of R. H., who had unfortunately preferred riding, or, worst of all, of our luxurious lunch, which was in possession of the muleteer. The reason was that from the valley two or more paths apparently led up Hermon; and so they did, but only one that horses could follow. So, as we afterwards heard, when, having taken the wrong path, they could go no farther, R. H. quitted them, climbed the ridge by himself, was then misdirected by a shepherd, and made for a high peak which led precisely away from the real summit. Too tired to

retrace his steps he descended again, wandered about on the slopes till past four in the afternoon, and then happily came upon the horses, arriving finally in camp two hours after ourselves, ill compensated by a good lunch for his unlucky failure.

What were the guides doing all this while? Well they were Syrian (not Swiss) guides, and what I mean by this I shall best explain by saying that we led them, not they us, all the way, that they tried to mislead us to the wrong summit, and that they reached Rasheya with every sign of weariness in look and gait. Having *both* most mistakenly accompanied us to the spring, they were quite unable afterwards to discover what had become of the rest of the party, and gave up the search in despair. Meanwhile, after waiting for a space, as time was passing and much to be done, we resolved to push on.

Upon leaving the valley our way led gradually up an open ravine on the opposite side; the shrubs had completely disappeared, to be succeeded by a stunted lightning-struck tree here and there, but flowers were numerous, and a green mountain-dell broke in more than once on the long monotonous ascent. After mounting, mounting, mounting (would it ever end?), and taking in our belts to keep the wolf out, the ravine at last expanded into a wide basin, the steep side of which once surmounted, we were on the ridge and within the region of snow, though hot summer-suns had now left only patches in the more shaded clefts and hollows. It was delightful to moisten our parched throat with it as we went along, and as an additional subject of rejoicing, we found a lark's nest with eggs in, which we at once devoured, together with some leathery native bread our guides gave us from their share.

But our task was by no means accomplished yet. Ridge over ridge ran the long backbone of the range to the summit, which, seen from afar, seemed in that

brilliant atmosphere nearer than it was. So we toiled on in a state of great exhaustion from heat and fatigue, until we came upon some goatherds and their flocks; too tired to go to them, we sat ourselves down and waited while they brought us brimming bowls of hot frothing goats' milk, which we emptied more than once. Fortified with this and some bread, we now made our final effort, gained the base of the lowest of the three principal peaks—a jagged cliff which our guides would have persuaded us was the real summit—crossed a hollow full of snow at its foot, and laboured up a long snow-cleft to the irregular grassy plateau whence rise the two highest points. The loftier of these has a hollow excavated in its apex, beneath which is the base of a massive ring-wall, having an oblong chamber on the south side in front of a cavity in the rock; several huge squared stones are *in situ* or strewn upon the slopes below. After surveying these remnants of a former Temple of Baal, in spite of a strong and cold wind, we lay down and gave ourselves up to *keef*, the Arab equivalent to *dolce far niente*. The view from the top, however extensive, was not striking nor by any means clear; still it embraced several ranges of Lebanon, the Lake of Tiberias, Damascus, and the Mediterranean, with a waste sea of hills and plains between.

But we could not stay very long. The ascent which presents no difficulty anywhere, and is only fatiguing from its length, had taken us nine hours, the descent did not occupy more than three. Having passed over the second summit *en route*, we were just commencing to descend, when a brown she-bear and her two cubs rushed across the slope in front; their similarity of colour to their surroundings and the fact of my eyes being directed elsewhere prevented my seeing them, but the rest were more fortunate; we immediately gave chase to try and

catch another glimpse, but they were too swift for us, and I had to be content with noting their tracks across the snow. The following day we came upon some dancing-bears probably procured in the same region. W. H. and I got a capital glissade down a snow-slope, which our Syrian friends did not venture to imitate; and then we had a rapid scramble down a steep and very stony gully. Said had by this period of our travels worn out all his boots and had been obliged to come up in shoes; he therefore, with reason, objected to the stones, and I did my best to console him by pointing to the fame he would win *et in patria et inter alienos* by having surmounted Hermon in slippers; strangely enough he did not seem greatly comforted by the idea. A zigzag path finally took us into the enclosed plain at the foot of the mountain, which is covered first with plantations and afterwards with vines, and ends in a large circular reservoir, by which we sat down and surveyed the magnificent mass we had left, its summit shot and streaked with snow. From here a road led through a rich and fertile valley to Rasheiya, where about six o'clock in the evening we arrived, found our camp pitched in a green field outside the town, and after long waiting for the rest of the party, hungrily sat down to eat our well-earned dinner.

W. S. W.



THOMAS WHYTEHEAD.

“**W**E remember (what Fuller truly saith) ‘The glory of Athens lieth not in her walls, but in the worth of her citizens. Buildings may give lustre to a College, but learning giveth life.’ To make this ancient house more glorious than of old, there must be a nobler band of men trained within these walls.

“We must have better heralds of the Gospel than Henry Martyn, who felt in this Chapel and yonder Hall the kindling of that flame which sent him forth to preach Christ to the Mahomedans and the Hindoos; and the less-known, but noble, self-denying Haslam; and Thomas Whytehead, who spent his last strength in teaching the New Zealanders, and on his dying bed heard them singing the hymn he had translated into their own tongue, who gave us that Eagle from which the Word of God will sound forth as long as our College shall last.”

Such were the words of Professor Selwyn in the Commemoration Sermon seventeen years ago. Possibly few of those who have read from the lectern have ever read the inscription, or know anything of the donor. It is with the object of drawing fresh attention to one whom even St. John's College is proud to number among her noblest sons that we propose to give some extracts from a recently-published memoir of Thomas Whytehead.

He was born at Thormanby Parsonage, Yorkshire,

November 30, 1815. His father was Curate of Thor-manby and Rector of Goxhill. In 1818, when he died, the family moved to York, where the early life of Thomas Whytehead was spent.

"Living, as he did, under the very shadow of the grand old Cathedral Church of York during some of his most impressionable years, he early acquired much of that love of the beautiful and the picturesque, both in nature and art, which subsequently distinguished his writings and gave poetic form to his thoughts." Before his ninth year he was sent to school at Beverley. Here, among schoolfellows who afterwards became known in the literary world, his talents soon attracted notice, and were judiciously encouraged by the head-master. "Even at this period of his life he began to suffer from delicate health, a drawback from which thenceforth he was never free. This, accompanied by weak eyesight, was keenly felt by him, and to it constant allusion is made in his letters." His poetic talent was displayed at this early age in the following lines:—

The sun on Salem's towers is set,
By Carmel's mount he lingers yet,
And here and there a parting ray
Steals o'er the languid cheek of day;
A heavenly radiance mantles there,
As dyes the cheek of lady fair,
When modesty forbids to speak,
But paints the language on her cheek.
The moon is up.—she glances still
On Kedron's brook and Zion's hill:
The sparkling ripple on the wave
Returned the silent glance she gave;
On Salem's heights her splendours shine,
The moonbeams kiss the sacred shrine,
But all is love and silent here,
No voice, no whisper, meets the ear;
Stern desolation's withering hand
Broods like a demon o'er the land.

When fifteen years of age he left school, and began to read with his brother Robert, then an Under-graduate of this College. To his kind and judicious help Thomas owed much of his subsequent success. His life at Cambridge was pleasantly spent, varied with visits to Swineshead and Inverary; he describes these visits in his letters. "He finds interest in everything, the pursuits and manners of the inhabitants, the 'braw sonsie Highland wench,' who waits on them barefooted, the conchology and entomology of the neighbourhood, fishing and bathing.... On his brother Robert taking curacy at Swineshead in Lincolnshire.... Thomas Whytehead went to reside with him in that village, and there continued his course of reading. It was here that he gained some experience in parish work, as much of his leisure time was occupied in visiting amongst the poor, and affording all the lay assistance in his power to the cause of his heavenly Master. This work he found very congenial.... Still he loses none of his high natural spirits and sense of humour, and, save that he finds some occasional difficulty in restraining them within due bounds, it is manifest that his Christianity is of a kind that adds to rather than detracts from his perfect enjoyment of the gifts of God." Indeed he says in a letter that "levity" was one of his failings; others, however, saw in his character a manly, earnest religion. He frequently amused himself with writing pieces of poetry and rhyming letters, partly, perhaps, because the old complaint of inflammation of the eyes periodically compelled him to give up reading.

Thomas Whytehead entered St. John's as a pensioner in October, 1833, and fell at once into College ways. "I am very fond," he writes, "of College life as regards my disposition and pursuits; for a quiet room, a select library, plenty of employment, and a few choice friends, who may be had whenever I need them, and not otherwise, are to me very engaging

qualifications of the uninterrupted routine of a student's life." Nor did he confine himself to reading only. "In spite of the long hours which he devoted to study, Thomas Whytehead made leisure to attend to other claims upon his time, which he regarded in the light of imperative duties. He was a regular teacher in the Jesus Lane Sunday Schools, in which he took, during the whole of his University career, a lively interest."

The Bell Scholarship absorbed his immediate attention, and his competing for it elicited a comic valentine from an anonymous writer :

University Chest, St. Valentine's Day, February 14th.

While Parsons' sons of one year's standing,
 Their hearts with hope of fame expanding,
 Night after night, with ceaseless toil,
 For me consume the midnight oil,
 I state, dear Whytehead ('tis your due)
 The preference I feel for you.
 Like other maidens 'tis my lot
 That all my charms should be forgot,
 While all my numerous friends hold dear
 Is fame and fifty pounds a year.
 But should this fortune fall to you,
 A different method you'll pursue ;
 Not for her cash, I know full well,
 But for herself, you'll love your *Bell*.

The popular expectation was not disappointed; the first Scholarship was awarded to Whytehead.

This was followed in time by a good place in the College Examination in May, notwithstanding his bad health. "However," he writes to his uncle, "as you will have probably heard, I was fourth in the first class, and got the prize for Latin Verse. I had not anticipated so good a place, both from my health, but mainly because the examination consists chiefly in mathematics, to which I have hitherto paid very

little attention, having only had a half tutor (*i.e.* one for every alternate day) in my first term alone in this branch of study. I was advised to this course by the College Tutors, and now am going, if my health be spared, to give this long vacation mainly to them, having engaged Pratt, of Caius College, who was third wrangler, as my tutor at Barmouth in North Wales." This plan was adopted, and in October, 1834, he returned to Cambridge in better health. In the spring of 1835 he composed a poem on the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which won the Chancellor's gold medal for the English Prize Poem, and was recited publicly :—

Calm was the Sabbath's close ; the evening bell
 From tower to tower had flung its last farewell,
 And thought of sadness, claiming sweet control,
 Crept with the hues of sunset o'er the soul ;
 Hark ! 'Twas the death-bell's voice whose iron tongue
 Broke the soft spell that o'er my spirit hung :
 'Twas GLOUCESTER'S knell ! how spreads the mournful tale,
 Peals from each tower, and floats on every gale !
 The veteran soldier, starting at the sound,
 Shall catch the tidings as they circle round,
 And when the tear of honest grief is dried
 Shall tell of battles fought by GLOUCESTER'S side,
 While e'en the children hush their noisy game,
 And learn to weep at good PRINCE WILLIAM'S name.

The proceedings are thus described in a letter to his uncle. "On the Tuesday I certainly felt somewhat nervous at the prospect of reciting. . . before so formidable and dazzling an audience ; but it very soon left me after having once begun, and a kind peal of thundering cheers every now and then gave me breathing time. The Marquis made me a very long speech on his being highly gratified, with many other compliments, &c., which I was too excited to remember, but which the reporter of the *Times*, I believe, or some other London paper, gave at full length the next day." His

brother thus describes the scene: "Tom gave out his beautiful poem in exquisite style. No action at all except in naming the two names of Wellington and Camden, and he was repeatedly stopped by deafening applause, especially in alluding to Wellington:—

Past is the cloud, and dried the holy tear
That England shed around her Prince's bier;
Favoured of heaven, that like a halcyon's nest
Securely slumberest on the Ocean's breast,
Where Freedom breathes her incense all around
Like a sweet wild-flower in its native ground,
Thine are the sons thy treasured hearths inspire,
In peace all softness, but in fight all fire,
That met bare-bosomed on thy heights, La Haye,
The cuirassed might of Gallia's proud array,
Sprang to the charge, as waved their Leader's hand,
And worthy proved of WELLINGTON's command.
And if the sympathies of earth can move
The sacred ardour of a spirit's love,
If the pure censer of celestial bliss
Hold aught of fondness for a world like this,
Is there an orb of all the clusters bright
That pour their splendour o'er the vault of night,
Whose lovelier gem upon the spangled sky
Outshines his native star in GLOUCESTER's eye,
Or charms away one tributary smile
From the loved precincts of his own bright Isle?

All seemed struck with his modesty and simplicity, as well as his talent in speaking. He was afterwards, amid roars of clapping and cheering, led up to the throne, and the Chancellor made a long complimentary and kind address to him on delivering the medal. I never saw a multitude so riveted in attention in my life."

With this success his second year came to an end. His thoughts had long been turned to missionary work, and in his third year he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society. This plan, however, did

not interfere with his studies, for soon after he gained the Hulsean Prize, the subject being "The Resemblance of Moses and Christ." He was at the same time engaged on another poem, "The Empire of the Sea," which was also successful. All these honours, so far from diverting his mind from its deeply religious tendencies, served rather to quicken and strengthen them. In June, 1836, he won the gold medal for Epigrams; and this closed a remarkable series of Undergraduate honours. In January, 1837, he writes to his brother: "The Tripos Examination is done, and my mathematical books all sleeping soundly at the bottom of a closet, ready, as soon as I have spare time, to be exchanged at the bookseller's for a Plato or an Aristotle.... I am just starting again at the glorious classics, and feel so brisk at the thoughts of three good weeks at them that I shall need no other recreation." To his uncle he writes three days after: "Many thanks for your kind and most amusing letters, which came while I was head and ears under a slough of mathematics; yet, as withal my heat was by no means heavy, they by no means come like vinegar upon nitre, as Solomon says, but rather like dew on the dry grass. I am happy to tell you that I am about the middle of the Senior Opts, which was the highest point I had aimed at, but my stock of mathematics was so scanty, I had fearful forebodings it would not carry me so far." He was placed second Classic and won the first medal. In a few days he was elected Fellow of St. John's, and at once left for home at York "to recruit this tired jade of a body, which that unmerciful rider, the mind, has of late sadly overridden."

After a good rest, partially interrupted by taking a reading party at the Lakes, Whytehead returned to Cambridge in October, and accepted the tutorship of a son of Lord Clive (eldest son of Earl Powis), who was then fresh from Eton, and just entering upon his University course. His time was further occupied

with a lectureship at Clare and preparing for holy orders.

"The summer of 1839 comprised an eventful era of Thomas Whytehead's life, for he then made a tour of some months' duration on the Continent. It was a time of the greatest enjoyment, to which he had looked forward for long with the utmost delight, and to which he often looked back with no less pleasure. Some of the best of his poetical efforts were written under the inspiration of visits to scenes replete with historic associations. "Of Venice he writes:—

The city sleeps like an enchanted queen
Whose heart a hundred years a trance hath bound.
Still bright and lovely as her youth hath been,
The while her palace-walls are crumbling round;
And like a green-coiled dragon at her feet
For her good guardian set, the faithful sea
Looks up into her eyes as if to greet
The first ray of awakening life: but she,
Unconscious, on her marble chair sleeps on,
A pale majestic maiden, all alone;
For warriors, princes, senators are gone,
All save the watcher coiled around her throne:
Her mouldering halls are silent evermore,
And yet she is an empress as before."

His plan, which was carried out in the company of a college friend, was a tour through the Netherlands 'in an architectural point of view,' thence up the Rhine into Switzerland, where about two months were spent in reading.....and a return made to England by way of Paris, arriving in London at the end of September. After a brief visit to his mother at York he returned to Cambridge, and devoted himself to a special course of devotional reading, in view of the solemn vows which he was soon to take upon himself." The following letter, written at this time to a young friend, contains advice worth remembering: "When a man finds himself

lagging somewhat behind his fellows, he is apt to give up, perhaps 'put his lungs in a sling' to make his case interesting, and salve his conscience with the resolution to take to 'general reading,' or, still more speciously, 'theology,' and you may depend on it, that when a man on slight grounds has given up reading for honours here, one of his greatest safeguards for his religious as well as intellectual character is gone. The stern necessity which lies on a 'reading man' of husbanding time, keeping regular hours, eschewing gossip, and, in fact, disciplining himself, is one of the greatest blessings that can befall him."

Whytehead was ordained to the curacy of Freshwater under Mr. Isaacson, his former tutor; but before commencing his duties there he visited many of his relatives. He took a final leave of Cambridge, "not certainly without many deep regrets, for, although he felt that the voice of duty called him to labour in other scenes, to work of a far different kind, still we have already seen from his letters how dearly he loved the quiet, peaceful repose of body, with the calm mental activity, which those venerable classic shades afforded him." He entered upon his work, and was soon after left for five weeks in sole charge: "Yet there could not be a parish more to my mind. I read and work till noon, with the exception of a visit to the day-school every morning. From noon till about five I am in the parish and with the sick, of whom there are a good many, and at present ten or twelve cases of small-pox. Between five and six I dine, and in the evening dispatch business, in and out, and read and work till an early bed-time generally." "A village curacy has its own peculiar sorrows and heavinesses, as well as the dusty high road of life. Here you know all your people, and whatever is done among them for good or evil you see it." "As the year of his curacy at Freshwater drew to a close, Thomas Whytehead's mind was much exercised as to his future work

in the Church of God, and many allusions to this subject occur in his correspondence....About this time Archdeacon Thorp, of Gloucester, made a pressing offer to Thomas Whytehead of a chaplaincy at the Cape of Good Hope, which was connected with the head-mastership of a school for the sons of the principal settlers of the colony. The work, however, did not commend itself to his mind, as not having in it sufficient of the missionary element....It was during this period that he employed some of his leisure hours in writing a short series of papers, which were published shortly after his death, and went through two editions, under the title of 'College Life.' He composed also the 'Installation Ode' for the installation of the Duke of Northumberland as Chancellor of the University, in which he thus alludes to the founders of Colleges:—

But who be ye,

Whose shadowy consistory, laurel-crowned,
Spectators of this goodly pomp I see?

Lo! where in solemn rank around,
Circling yonder chair of state:
Do Granta's ancient guardians wait
To welcome to his seat their newly-throned mate.

Names of old renown are there,
Majestic forms and unforgotten faces;
Villiers and gallant Devereux, princely pair,

In that august assembly take their places,
And gaze conspicuous on the pageant fair;
While wisdom beams in Cecil's tranquil air;
Prelates whose counsels swayed the realm,

On their golden crosiers lean;
Foremost of all undaunted Fisher stands,

With look benign and stately bending mien.
Glad to behold beside the helm

The son his own loved cloister bred,
And lifting high his aged hands

Thus speaks the benediction of the dead...

Yet mid those splendour-circled names
One pitying look ill-fated Monmouth claims,

Where in the illustrious throng he stands concealed.
Nor shalt thou fail to mark the while
How there sits a radiant smile

On the curled lip of haughty Somerset,

To see his generous race can yield
To learning's halls a Patron yet.

"The income arising from his fellowship during the year of his Freshwater curacy was devoted by him to the purchase of a beautiful lectern, which he presented to his College Chapel; and he was making preparations for a return to College residence, when overtures were made to him to join the staff of the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem....Almost immediately afterwards came an offer from the newly-consecrated Bishop of New Zealand of a chaplaincy, and, after long and careful consideration, he decided to join Dr. Selwyn's party." There was little time to lose; preparations were hastily made, friends and relatives visited. "The mission party, consisting of the Bishop of New Zealand and Mrs. Selwyn...with the Rev. Thomas Whytehead...sailed from Plymouth on the morning after Christmas-day." The voyage, long and tedious in those days, was prosperously finished; but on arriving at Sydney, Whytehead was taken ill, and it became evident that he had not much longer to live; he was, however, able to move about after three weeks. "The Bishop's plan was to proceed in advance of his party to New Zealand, in order to make some preparations for their reception at the Bay; and, accordingly, Thomas Whytehead was left in charge of the rest of the party at Sydney, with full instructions as to the resumption of the voyage in due course." He spent his time there in visiting friends until he sailed "for the Bay of Islands, in the month of October, 1842, taking with him a pulpit and reading-desk of cedar-wood, which he had

designed and had made in Sydney for presentation to the Mission Station at the Waimate." He arrived there in due time, though suffering much from his cough. After waiting at the coast he started inland. "I was carried," he writes, "in a strange kind of litter, made of two bent poles and a shallow network of dried flax-leaf between. This, with me in it, was hoisted on the shoulders of two natives, who were relieved by the others every ten minutes or so, sometimes without stopping the vehicle." So he reached Waimate. His health, however, grew worse. He had hoped that the voyage to England would restore him, but soon he realised what others had already seen, that his life was fast failing. This news had the effect of quieting his mind, and he waited patiently for the end. "In spite of the exceedingly low ebb of bodily vigour at which he had arrived, Whytehead still devoted the whole of the attention of which he was capable to the duties to which he had been appointed, and for which in health he would have been so eminently suited. Besides the theological readings with the candidates for orders, he made some progress with a revision of the Maori translations of the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, and within a few days of his death was engaged on a partially successful attempt at furnishing for the native Church an adaptation of the English Hymnology." He writes, "I took up the translation of the Evening Hymn (four verses for service) into Maori rhyming verse, the first of the kind, of the same metre and rhythm as the English. Two hundred and fifty copies have been printed, and sung in church and school by the natives, and several of them came and sang it under my window. They call it 'The new hymn of the sick minister.'"

He wrote a final letter home with messages to all. Then his strength gradually declined, until on Sunday, March 19, 1843, he passed away peacefully. "Most

completely were all his wishes as to the manner of his death fulfilled. The last prayers in which he joined were those of the Visitation Service, and, as he hoped, he had friends praying around when he could not pray for himself." "There is little more to add. Thomas Whytehead's voyage and labours in New Zealand were all undertaken at his own cost. By his will he left a sum of £681 Consols to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for the purposes of the diocese of New Zealand, and his library he bequeathed, with the exception of a few special books, to the library of St. John's College, Cambridge."

H. F. B.



THE LADY MARGARET IN THE
DAYS OF OLD.

Oh! merry were the days of old,
Beside Cam's lazy stream;
And oft-times in life's busy track,
The memories of those days rush back,
Like a forgotten dream.

The river's alive with moving boats—
The shore with a shouting crew;
And the men of St. John
Dart foremost on,
For their oars are stout and true.

And we proudly deem that of all the craft
That e'er on the river met,
The bravest boat that was ever afloat
Is our "Ladye Margarett."

Where are they now, our fearless band,
Who toiled in the mimic strife?
Who best have sped with sail and oar?
And who lies stranded on the shore
Of this rough stream of life?

Aye, merry were those days of old,
The sunniest days on earth!
Yet no thought of glee
Brought now to me
The memory of their mirth.

'Twas a vision of a lonely barque
On the broad Pacific wave—
A barque of little pride or state,
But one that bears a princely freight
In two true hearts and brave.

I seem to watch them on their way—
The gentle and the just—
Gone nobly forth to brave and bear
Peril and pain, and toil and care.

THE lines on "The Lady Margaret in the Days of Old" were suggested by an account of a missionary voyage made by Selwyn and Tyrrell, Bishops of New Zealand and Newcastle, who had rowed together in the Lady Margaret boat when it was head of the river. They were written by the late Mrs. Herbert, wife of John Maurice Herbert, Esq., F.G.S., one of the Judges of the County Courts in the circuit of Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. Mr. Herbert was coxswain of the boat in 1830.

Of our joyous crew
In the "Ladye Margarett"?

'Twas a vision of a lonely barque
On the broad Pacific wave—
A barque of little pride or state,
But one that bears a princely freight
In two true hearts and brave.

I seem to watch them on their way—
The gentle and the just—
Gone nobly forth to brave and bear
Peril and pain, and toil and care,
Firm in their watchword—"Trust."

And, I ask, in their earnest labours now,
Ah! do they quite forget,
How in youth's bright weather
They pulled together
In the "Ladye Margarett"?

Or sometimes, on their vessel's deck,
When they rest at the close of day,
Do they talk of their youthful friendly band,
Linking their hearts to their Fatherland—
The Land so far away?

Do they think of us in our English homes,
Who fondly remember yet,
How *they* were two
Of our joyous crew
In the "Ladye Margarett"?



LAKE NYASSA.

THE following extract from the *Times* will doubtless be read with interest, referring as it does to a former Scholar of the College:

"Mr. H. B. Cotterill, who organized an expedition about a year and a half ago for the purpose of introducing legitimate trading into the great lake region of Central Africa and so superseding the slave trade, has sent home an account of his voyage to the north-west of Lake Nyassa in his sailing boat, the 'Herga.' He started from Livingstonia on June 1, accompanied by a boatman from the Mission at Blantyre and six natives, and two days afterwards reached the entrance to Lake Chia. On the north bank he found two large villages, and a dense crowd of natives lined the shore to see the first European vessel enter their lake, which is deeply fringed with papyrus. After passing Kota-kota, Loangwa, and Bua, Mr. Cotterill stopped at Makuoi, the point of the great bay flanked by Mount Kuwirwe, which is about 6,000 ft. above the lake. Here he bought a large quantity of ivory, paying half-a-crown or 3s. a pound for the large tusks and 1s. 6d. for small ones. He remarks that the Nyassa women have often well-shaped features, but their mouths are all deformed by the "pelete" (lip ring), which is worn very large, white or yellow stone being commonly used. Mr. Cotterill then sailed north until June 14, when he

anchored in a lagoon and spent three days in examining the country. He says:—There seems to be much more produce here than at the southern end of the lake; there are very fine bananas, yams, cassavas, and sugar-canes. According to the statements of several natives, who profess to have gone to the north end of the lake, the river Rouma is eight or ten days distant by canoe. It is said most emphatically to run into the lake, and no river is known to run out of it. By the way, I find that all the information gathered by Young as to the name and position of this river was got from natives at points further south than Mankambira. For three days the coast is said to be precipitous, then reeds. Mpoto (marked in Kirk's map) is said by some to be a river, by others a country to the north-east. It is also the name of the north-east wind. South-east is Mwela; east, Avuma; west, Gambwe; north-west, Mpunga. The rivers north are said to be (1) Rivua, one day distant—surely not Young's Ravuma? (2) Kawango, five days further; (3) Chiputa, one day more." The Nyassa people live in huts, the eaves of which touch the ground, leaving a dark, narrow space between them and the wall of the hut. The doors are so low that it is necessary to crawl on all fours to enter the house. Mr. Cotterill found the fishing-nets made on Nyassa very strong and good; the natives use the same knot as is often used in English nets, and their "buaze" (twine made from the fibres of a shrub) is quite as strong as our cord. Having lost his medicine chest, sextant, books, and a journal containing all his geographical notes in a storm which nearly wrecked the 'Herga,' Mr. Cotterill, on the 17th of June, determined to return to Livingstonia, which he reached on the 12th of July, having been absent six weeks. As they were returning they passed near the mouth of the Loangwa, which Mr. Cotterill's observations made

to lie in latitude 12 deg. 30 min. The mouth of the river was barred with sand banks. Mr. Cotterill says:—"After reaching Chia, on the 29th of June, my men wished to pull on, and we rode 21 hours on end with one 'easy all' of an hour at Kota-kota." Mr. Cotterill found rice and the sugar-cane extensively cultivated, and did not notice many signs of the slave trade. He intends starting shortly from Blantyre on a land expedition.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

III.

HAILEYBURY.

NYONE who has travelled within the last year from Cambridge to London by the Great Eastern, may have observed, just before he gets to Broxbourne, a dome towering amongst the trees on the hill-top, and looking much as if St. Paul's had come out for a trip with the numerous Cockneys, who are attracted to these parts by the pleasures of the Rye-house, and had lost itself in the woods. That is the dome of the new Chapel of Haileybury, of which—well, we will only say in words familiar to the students of the old Latin Grammar—*laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*.*

Hertfordshire is essentially an insignificant county; its towns are small, its hills are small, its rivers are small, its area is small, its population is small, its attractions are small. But just at Broxbourne and Haileybury, at the confluence of the Lea and Stort, you are in the choicest strip of Hertfordshire, a very 'garden of the Lord', in comparison to the flatness and dullness of North Herts.

On this valley of the Lea and Stort, Haileybury looks down from an eminence by no means contemptible, for a place within 25 miles of Cambridge. In fact, there was a tradition in the school, though I think it must have been a fiction, that it was the highest hill between London and York. Certainly

* After this article was in type, the dome was accidentally destroyed by fire in October, 1878.

from a rural point of view, a better place for a school could hardly have been devised. Perhaps after a year at Cambridge, one would find it inconvenient to have to walk three miles to a town, and find only Hertford at the end. But such inconveniences (though by no means of an Arcadian disposition, I speak without affectation) are not to be compared with the delight of having Hertford Heath within two minutes walk.

Not that anyone is to think that Hertford Heath is wild or grand or anything of the kind. It is not so much as a mile at its greatest length, and is interspersed with swamps and puddles; in fact, it does not differ materially from other heaths. But to the schoolboy it is liberty; it is a great thing to a good many boys to be able to "escape from the world" within a hundred yards of the College walls. It was quite big enough to make a solitary ramble possible at any hour of the day; there you could catch butterflies if you were naturalistically inclined, and pigs and geese if you wished for nobler sport. In the summer-time, boys used to construct "arbours" amongst the trees and bushes, inaccessible to all, except those who were admitted to the secret, whither they would carry their humble feasts, the flavour of which was of course greatly intensified by the sylvan retirement. The discovery of the arbour by the outer world at once destroyed its charms, and it was immediately demolished. Leading out of the Heath were two lovely green lanes, one of them a Roman road, which, but for their exceeding sloppiness, made as perfect walks as could be wished for by boys used to ordinary English scenery.

It will be seen, that the natural attractions of Haileybury were of a very mild character. Still we have a few curiosities and antiquities in the neighbourhood. Just by us, indeed there is not much to be seen. There is the Rye-house, signalised by the famous plot, and now the paradise of Cockneys; it is of course

forbidden to the school, and we always regarded it as the abode of ineffable vice, though I don't suppose it could really be charged with anything worse than vulgarity. Then there is Ware, familiar to readers of *John Gilpin*, as the abode of his friend the Calendar, also famous for its great bed, wherein fifty citizens of London and their wives once slept together. This interesting piece of furniture, is now, I believe, in the possession of the family of Charles Dickens. Ware is supposed to be the most important town for malting in England; it may also, not improbably, be the dirtiest, otherwise it has no claims to celebrity. Then there is Hertford, the town of the School, whither on the first day of the term a vast caravan of boys used to wend their way, to get supplies for their studies. Of Hertford there is absolutely nothing to be said; it is a dead-alive place, as indeed are most towns in the Eastern Counties.

If, however, you take the Great Northern from Hertford, you soon come to a place by no means devoid of interest, Hatfield, where Queen Elizabeth spent many of the years of her girlhood. Its principal attraction is still the Hall, which is now the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. And after a few miles more you reach the glory of Hertfordshire, the great Abbey, now Cathedral of St. Alban's.

Or, again, if you go southwards from Broxbourne, you come to the two Walthams, Waltham Cross and Waltham Abbey; for the two towns have taken their names from their respective relics of antiquity, Queen Eleanor's Cross, and the famous foundation of "Harold Infelix." His grave is still to be seen there, if indeed he was buried there, and did not live, as some say, to old age at Chester, expiating in solitude his sins whatever they may have been. And a little further on is Epping Forest, to which our Natural Science Society makes, or used to make, excursions with much singing and joyfulness, in many cases, I fear,

attracted more by the picnic than by a genuine love of science.

However, I am not going to describe Waltham, or St. Albans, or Epping Forest, and will return to Haileybury. The college, as everyone knows, was founded originally to train Students for the Civil Service of the East India Company. At the same time, I think Addiscombe was founded for the Military Service of that same Company. The structure itself bears some resemblance to Downing, a description, which I fear will not create a very favourable impression

one huge quadrangle, which has given Haileybury at least one remarkable feature; for it is the biggest quadrangle in England, not excepting the great Court of Trinity, which is second biggest. It cannot, however, claim equality with this last in point of beauty, as it is not only composed of buildings of varying height but is altogether of a scraggy and disorderly appearance.

How the College fared in those "Old East Indian days," we ourselves at least knew little. There was too little connexion between the old and the new for any traditions to be handed down. The College was however adorned by some distinguished professors, and some equally distinguished pupils. Amongst the former were Malthus and Lebas. Amongst the latter were Lord Lawrence, the elder Trevelyan, Sir Bartle Frere, Colvin, Edmonstone and Thomason. These six names are familiar to every Haileyburian, as they gave their names to the six houses; I am afraid, however, that we did not cherish these memories of the past as much as we might have done. Certainly I am sure that none of my own house, Colvin, knew anything about the private history of their patron. And with the exception of these six names, no trace of the ancient inhabitants remains behind. They have not left even a ghost to haunt the almost Egyptian darkness of the study-passages in which they used to dwell.

If, however, Haileyburians are too little mindful of the glory of their predecessors, the public amply makes up for it by ignoring the present inhabitants. You tell some elderly person that you are at Haileybury. He probably says, "O, then you are going to India." You explain that Haileybury has been turned into a school. "Oh, indeed! quite a private school, I suppose." "Is it really a good school? Does it send boys to College, or ever get Scholarships?" are questions that have been put to me, by no means unnatural, considering the circumstances, though apt to cause some resentment in the breasts of enthusiastic members of the School.

In 1856 the East India Civil appointments were thrown open to competition and Haileybury was no longer needed. For three years the College remained deserted. Only a few servants were retained to look after the place and keep it in partial repair. In 1860 it was again occupied, being formed into a barrack for some of the Company's troops. After six months, however, the scheme for amalgamating the Company's forces with those of the Queen was brought in, and the College was again deserted. Meanwhile a number of gentlemen in the neighbourhood had formed a plan of utilising the building by turning it into a public school, and in 1861 accordingly, the College was put up to auction, bought by the aforesaid gentlemen, and the present school established.

When the School, numbering about fifty boys, met for the first time, says tradition, it was well stocked with bats, balls, and every kind of apparatus for athletic amusement. When however the masters bethought themselves of lessons, they found that they had quite forgotten to provide any books; and so the School had to devote itself to mathematics for two days or so. It was not a good omen for the future intellectual success of the new School. But the omen was not fulfilled, at least in the infancy of the School,

for its first successes were very brilliant. The first head-master was the Rev. A. G. Butler, brother of the master of Harrow, and now Dean of Oriel. He was eminently successful and popular, and to him may be attributed in a great measure our early successes. In 1871 he resigned from ill-health and the present master, the Rev. E. H. Bradby was elected from a large body of competitors, amongst whom was the Rev. F. W. Farrar.

History, the school can be said to have none, nor indeed could it be expected of an institution of only sixteen years standing. None of its members have as yet attained to any dignity higher than fellowships. One great change has been made in the School-buildings. The old chapel, however much respect we might feel for its associations, was decidedly plain and not over roomy. I knew a father who intended to bring his son to Haileybury, but at the sight of the chapel, at once departed in disgust. For many years the erection of a new one was talked about, but nothing was begun till 1875. Last summer it was consecrated by the Bishop of St. Alban's as his first episcopal act, amidst great jubilation, and with a large assemblage of old boys; so that at last we have something worthier of the Haileyburian motto, *sursum corda*.

The school, like Marlborough, Wellington, Rossal and others goes on the hostel-system, *i.e.* the boys live all together and are not distributed in private houses, though they are divided into dormitories, which are ordinarily known as houses. The four lowest forms are relegated to a building called Hailey-house and are looked upon with considerable contempt by the "College" fellows *i.e.* the rest, though a large proportion of them have passed through the Hailey-house stage themselves; "you walk about with a Hailey-house pauper," I have known to be said as a most scathing *opprobrium*. "Pauper,"

by the bye, was a curious word in vogue at Haileybury, though not elsewhere, so far as I know; just as the word "gentleman" expresses sometimes a member of the upper classes, sometimes a person possessed of the virtues supposed to belong to these classes, so "pauper" sometimes stood for a lower-class boy, sometimes for a person whose behaviour is like that of the ideal lower-class boy, *i.e.* who indulges in *very* small jokes, practical or verbal, and—but the word, like most expressive words, is absolutely indefinable. So far however as my experience went, pauperism was by no means characteristic of paupers proper, or lower-school boys. On the contrary, it was said with considerable truth, that the Sixth was the most pauperish form in the School. The virtue or vice, whichever it may be, finds its crowning embodiment in the proceedings of undergraduates in the Senate-house.

The "College" fellows who were not in Hailey-house lived in our big quad, inhabiting the studies and form-rooms by day, and the six dormitories, each divided into forty-six compartments, by night. The studies have for the most part four inmates a-piece, and were often got up with considerable taste. On Saturday nights, and often on others too, they are the scene of unctuous "Grub," the remains of which in old times, I grieve to say, used to be precipitated into the passage, quite regardless of sweetness and cleanliness. Indeed, you could not walk up the passage without coming on a jam-pot or a lobster-pot, and sometimes on a pot of sour milk, and various other accumulations of garbage. Now, however, this is happily mended.

One of the great results of the Hostel system for us, whether for good or for evil, was the strength which it gave to public opinion. Living as we did, the great mass of us in one building, and with no artificial restrictions to intercourse, the opinions of the magnates of the School penetrated rapidly through the

mass, and there was little or no resistance to them. The common idea that the fashions of their mistresses, when adopted by servants are at once vulgarized, finds its counterpart at School. School slang was generally introduced at the top of the School, and then gradually made its way down to the "pauper." It then became vulgarized or pauperized, and had to be immediately tabooed by the more aristocratic portions of the School.

In spite of our hostel system, like Marlborough we were by no means wanting in house-feeling. House-matches were almost as exciting as foreign-matches. One of the masters bequeathed us a silver ball, to be the prize of the "Cock" house, that is the house which was first in Cricket in the Summer Term, Football in the Christmas Term, and Racquets, Fives, and Athletics in the Easter Term. At the end of the Term the Cock-house musters its forces, and solemnly receives the ball from the Cock-house of the preceding term, and escorts it with processions and jubilant chants to its new abode. There is a clock, too, which is held by the house which gets most prizes. But this, as might be expected, is never so much an object of enthusiasm as the ball.

The dormitories themselves, with their forty-six compartments looking like a succession of stalls, must be a curious sight to anyone who sees them for the first time. And still more curious would be the effect if he could listen to the sounds that proceeded therefrom in the still hours of the night; a mixed noise of snores and gibberish, with perhaps a casual sleep-walker (for such occasionally appeared to the great terror of the others) stumbling over the boots in the middle of the room. To these dormitories many of us can look back as the scenes of our first battles. For there the young prefect had to keep order between the hours of ten and eleven, and would probably have many sharp moral conflicts with rebellious spirits,

who would come a very little way out of their compartments and pretend they were in them, or dance about at the opposite end to where the prefect was, and until he descended upon them, when if hunted to their compartments, they would sometimes elude him in a very questionable manner.

It must not be thought, however, that our prefects were an inefficient or despised body. On the contrary I think they were rather more powerful than elsewhere. A Marlburian, at any rate, the other day seemed surprised to hear that the persons of our prefects were sacred. I never remember a prefect being treated with violence except on one occasion, and that was by a boy who was leaving and knew that in half-an-hour he would be beyond the reach of vengeance. The majesty of the prefects is chiefly displayed when they hold prefects' meetings upon occasions of bullying and the like. On such occasions the windows of the opposite side of the quad would be thronged with earnest spectators, armed with opera-glasses, when obtainable, who would count the strokes of the cane with as much excitement as was ever displayed at an execution.

Whilst the actual administration is in the hands of the prefects, the social influence falls to an aristocracy, or government of "jolly" fellows. For Haileybury is not 'like many schools' an "athletocracy." What, indeed, exactly constitutes a "jolly," or a "good sort of," or "decent" fellow, it would be rather difficult to define. To be an *ἄριστος*, athletics would certainly help you, but besides that you had to possess certain virtues, and probably also a few vices too, and cleverness was a decided help. Most of the aristocrats were in the Sixth Form.

Our institutions are principally taken from Harrow and Rugby, not unnaturally, for our present Headmaster was a Rugby boy and a Harrow master. Perhaps the most cherished of them is our football.

We believe firmly in compulsory football, though indeed we have had many things lately to shake our faith, collar-bones broken, legs smashed, thighs put out of joint, and last year a boy all but killed by the exposure during and after the game. Our football used to be pretty good, though I fear it has rather fallen off lately. And certainly it ought to have been good in the scrimmage part, for every morning through the year brought us a new game of football. For the entrance to our old chapel being narrow, and everybody who was not inside when the clock struck being counted late, about half-a-minute before time the door was beset with a huge crowd, shoving with might and main. The spectacle must have caused great scandal to many a pious visitor, and sometimes the Head-master would actually supply the place of the opposite side of the scrimmage and drive them out. In other games our prowess is not remarkable, especially cricket, in which we are annually thrashed by Uppingham, though we hold our own tolerably against Wellington. One of the chief delights especially among the younger boys is the bath, which is seventy yards by twenty broad, and would be delightful if the water were not quite so green. It frequently teems with newts, which it is the delight of the bathers to catch. I remember one hopeful youth, actuated we will hope by a scientific spirit, applying a burning-glass to one of these poor creatures. But the newt, I'm glad to say, did not perish unavenged.

Our mental education out of School was assisted by three Societies, Literary or Debating, Natural Science, and Antiquarian, and by a paper or magazine called *The Haileyburian*. The first of these Societies was intended for the reading of original compositions and for debates. It is hardly necessary to say that the former were very rare, and soon the practice was introduced of reading somebody else's composition, a

practice which developed so much, that a year or two ago the reading meetings consisted almost entirely of selections from Sam Slick and Mark Twain. The debates can hardly be said to have been powerful. It was generally extremely difficult to get a motion, for our Sixth Form being not perhaps over much addicted to general culture, was not very ready with a subject. The opener, however, was obliged to get up his speech, and generally got on tolerably, but the other speeches were anything but brilliant. There were two stereotyped forms of beginning a speech; "Gentlemen, I am afraid I know nothing about the subject," or "Gentlemen, my arguments have been forestalled by previous speakers." Our other two Societies were headed by masters who understood the subjects, and also they went on the principle of admitting members, who wished to join, and not like the Literary Society, merely members of the school aristocracy.

The Haileyburian is a paper which once possessed considerable merit and even now is quite up to the average of school magazines. But all school, perhaps we might add college magazines too, though well-supported at first, are soon left almost entirely to the hands of the editors. Poetry was supplied by the school in considerable quantities, a confirmation of the fact that the human race writes poetry before it writes prose. But the school-poetry, with some brilliant exceptions, was decidedly trashy, and was generally either about some horrors or other, or love. One composition on war, I remember, which contained the following elegant stanza:

I see the maiden's eye ne'er free
From tears in secret by her shed,
When in the papers she doth see
Her lover's name amongst the dead.

The love poems were much in the style of the

following, which forms the climax to some erotic dirge:

Alas! what means this agonizing moan?
Well know I what,
Henceforth I tread the path of life alone,
She loves me not.

Sometimes the School has a joke of sending up passages from English poets in order to entrap the editors. Once one of Shelley's poems was rejected as "not up to the mark," on another occasion his "Love's Philosophy" was inserted. As a rule, editors had to write things themselves or screw them out of old boys and masters.

Such are some of our manners and customs, or rather our customs. Anything distinctive about our manners it would be difficult to give. Though the School was founded principally for sons of Clergy, and does, in a large measure, consist of them, I don't think we were in any way clerical, nor was there on the other hand any reaction from clericalism.

Haileybury at present is in its infancy and feels no need as yet of antiquity. It knows that it has to make its way, and that gives it a strength, which is quite as great as any which is imparted by the memories of a long past, like that of Eton and Harrow. Its time of trial will probably come soon, when it has lost its first vigour, and has not yet attained the ripeness of age; when it is no longer attractive by its youth, and yet is in the perilous position of a parvenu.

F. H. C.



WATER-LILIES.

Fairies in their palaces
Use no daintier chalices;
Cups of silver bossed with gold,
Fresh from Nature's coffer brought;
Were the mines of Ophir wrought,
Into fairer forms of old?

Sunshine loves to burnish them,
Trembling shadows furnish them
To a softened grace divine;
Fairies, ye do haunt the spot,
Guarding that enchanted plot
Where your treasures float and shine.



LUMINOUS TREES.

Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Ostendat nemore in tanto!—VIRGIL, *Aen.* VI. 187.

THE pleasure of a journey is considerably enhanced if it be made in the pursuit of some object.

Plan and purpose are sauces to travel almost as piquant as hunger is to a meal. The reproach that no recollections are so vivid as those of morning coffee or evening *table-d'hôte* is more often made than deserved. When deserved, it is usually by those who cross the water because it is the fashion or journey to kill time.

The artist remembers that crimson glow which fired the Jungfrau hanging cloud like over the lake of Thun. The botanist recalls the frowning cliffs which guarded the valley where the edelweiss grew. The geologist has had moments as ecstatic as that of Hutton, whose guides imagined he had surely discovered a vein of gold when he detected an intruded vein of granite. The mountaineer thinks of the moment when he reached the Col and saw before him that the pass was accomplished. Even a sportsman remembers the successful stalk or the pool where he landed the salmon.

Few are botanists, sportsmen, or mountaineers. But the pleasure of a tour is much increased if our eyes are open to all that surrounds us, on the watch to observe and interpret. He that seeks will ever

find much more than he looked for. There is a pretty and rather mysterious appearance, easy to see, yet seldom seen, and seldom looked for, which has added me a charm to many a walk, and which I would fain make a little better known. Professor Tyndall describes, in his *Glaciers of the Alps*, how, when he was plodding up a valley with the huge mountains standing lifeless against the brightening sky, he became conscious that on the brow of a hill in front some bushes were gleaming like a fringe of frosted silver above the dead shadow of the slopes. "The twigs and weeds on the summit shone as if they were self-luminous, while bits of thistledown floating in the air appeared like fragments of the sun himself." He proceeds to quote a letter from M. Necker to Sir David Brewster, giving an admirable description of the phenomenon. "Conceive the observer at the foot of a hill interposed between him and the place where the sun is about to rise. The upper margin of the mountain is covered with woods or detached trees or shrubs, which are projected as dark objects on a very bright and clear sky, except at the very place where the sun is just going to rise, for there all the trees and shrubs bordering the margin are entirely—branches, leaves, stem, and all—of a pure and brilliant white, appearing extremely bright an brilliant and luminous sky, as that part of it which surrounds the sun always is. All the minutest details, leaves, twigs, &c., are most delicately preserved, and you would fancy that you saw these trees and forests made of the purest silver with all the skill of the most expert workman. The swallows and other birds flying in those particular spots appear like sparks of the most brilliant white" (*Glaciers of the Alps*, p. 179).

This appearance has not often been noticed, probably, as Professor Tyndall suggests, from the natural unwillingness of guides and travellers to turn their

eyes towards the painful radiance of that part of the sky. After reading these descriptions, some years ago just before starting for Switzerland my attention was directed to the matter by a friend returning. He had himself been examining it and seeking an explanation. Accordingly, during that and several subsequent tours I was constantly on the watch for the phenomenon, trying to observe it in every possible position and on every available opportunity. I have seen it repeatedly in many places and various situations. The pursuit has added a lively charm to many a mountain walk, and affixed a pleasant memory to many a lovely place. There was not merely the delight of witnessing but the occupation of seeking its source. Various explanations had been propounded. One was that the leaves and stems might be wet with early dew, and hence the brilliancy of the reflection. But while grasses and leaves might be dewy, scarcely could twigs, and certainly not thick pine stems. Besides, in the valley between Bruneck and Taufers I saw the appearance about midday. There is not much dew left by that hour on a scorching day. It can also be seen, though less often, at sunset. Two other suggestions are even less happy, that the tree trunks might be hung with silvery lichens, or varnished with turpentine or with gums. Persons have been up into the forests to examine, and found on the tree trunks none of the gums, lichens, or turpentine required. Diffraction has also been proffered as an explanation; but diffraction produces colour, as may be seen by looking through eyelashes at the sun, and it does not produce white light.

Plainly the cause is illumination by the sun. The difficulties to be explained are, how can the whole of the tree be white when only one part is lit up, and how can even the sun light up rough pine-bark with so intense a glow. The latter may be explained by the extreme obliquity of the reflexion. Even a

mirror reflects more clearly when you look sideways along its face. White paper will shew the difference still more strongly. Even a dress of black velvet has a sheen on the folds; and a surface of lamp-black, the least reflective of all substances, will gleam if the light skim over it close enough. These grass stems and pine leaves are but just out of the sun's line. His rays as they fall are bent but a trifle from their course, and reach the eye with scarce the least diminution of their brilliancy. Careful watching, too, will shew that the appearance extends only a short way from the sun's disc, and ceases while the angle of reflexion is still large.

It is less easy to explain why the whole of the tree should seem bathed in light when but a part can be really touched by the sun. For the grass and leaves we might imagine that their bright side only was seen; but then the tree trunks are round, and they also seem bright, and bright all over. The cause of this appears to be Irradiation. When a drop of water is let fall on blotting paper it soaks into the paper all round the edges of the blot. Fine ink lines cannot be drawn on soft paper for the same reason. Now, bright light seems to produce a like effect on the retina of the eye; it affects a space larger than that on which it falls, and it spreads beyond the limits of the proper picture. Thus astronomers know to their cost that the sun's disc seems larger than it ought to do. A planet crossing the face is almost quenched in the radiance, and takes less time to cross than should be wanted for the apparent breadth. At new moon the dark part can often be seen within, embraced by the horns, and then the bright crescent seems to belong to an orb far broader than the darker disc. We paint the figures on our cricket telegraph board white on a black plate, and make our diagrams in the lecture-room with chalk on a slate, rather than with black on white. In each case

the reason is the same; the white encroaches on the dark, like good in the midst of evil, and becomes larger and more plainly visible.

One scorching day, when mounting the Oetz Thal, in heat which seemed reaching sunstroke point, we sheltered under the welcome refuge of a great rock. A spider had drawn a long thread of web from a point of the rock to some neighbouring bush or weed. The part which ran through shadow could just be seen, an airy filmy line. Where it entered the sunlight it shone a brilliant cord, seemingly broad, and thick, and coarse. In shade it was studded with tiny knots, but in sunlight strung with pearls. The broad part shifted with the shifting view, and the thickness was plainly the mere impression of the light.

Hence, if a dark and a bright line were side by side the bright would spread itself over the dark; brightness would alone be seen. When the boughs are illumined by the rising sun there is a bright and a dark side, but the bright overlaps the dark and there is no place left for the latter—the tree is shaped out of light. Even the thick stems and trunks, if far enough off to seem narrow, yield to the same influence and are luminous, but a trunk too thick or near will resist conversion, and shew an obstinate core of darkness still. This effect probably assists in diverting notice from the phenomenon, though, when comprehended, it leads immediately to the cause.

I have seen these luminous trees in all parts of Switzerland and Tyrol, and am in the constant habit of watching for them everywhere. If you chance to see the shadow of a tree-clad brow cast on a meadow or open hill-side, there is the place to see them. Go in the shadow near to its edge, as near as you can without bringing your eye into the sunlight. Look in the direction of the sun's disc, make it just on the point of rising, but do not let it quite rise. You will see the trees, or bushes, or grass stems, which

fringe the distant brow, shining as if they were soaked with brightness. The breadth illuminated is never great, usually about twice that of the sun itself. The sun must not be allowed to come quite into sight, for he drowns dark and white alike. Often no shrubs or grass occur suitably, and you must shift your place. Probably also at first you will fail to see it, from ignorance of what to look for. But if you once can attain to the sight, your trouble will not have been in vain.

This year I could not catch the effect in the Bertrich Valley, but saw it beautifully on grass while walking up to the Falkenlei. I have seen it well in Wales below Beth Gelert on distant trees, still better on grass and bushes in the Pass of Cwm Buchan. I have never succeeded in seeing the effect in the plain countries, probably because the sun there must be low in order to be hidden, and then his rays are enfeebled by the length they have travelled through the air. A building, one would think, might shew it were the roof-ridge clothed with weeds; and, indeed, here in Cambridge I have noticed birds thus luminous when flying above a house which hid the sun. The parapet-tracery of King's Chapel is too coarse and thick, but when the swallows assemble on the roof for their autumn migration it might be possible to see them lit up in this way. Yet in our damp vapour-holding atmosphere the sun's beams may well be always too feeble. Even in the clear air of the mountains the sunset light often fails to have sufficient intensity.

E. H.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

OR,

THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY.

An Old Song to a New Tune.

WHEN we were all little and good,—
A long time ago, I'm afraid, Miss,—
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Miss;
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight;
In Norfolk I think his estate lay—
That is, if I recollect right,
For I've not read the history lately.*

Rum ti, &c.

Their Pa and their Ma being teased
With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,
People are apt to be seized
With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,
Their medical man shook his head
As he could not get well to the root of it;
And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

* See Bloomfield's "History of the County of Norfolk," in which all the particulars of this lamentable history are (or ought to be) fully detailed, together with the names of the parties, and an elaborate pedigree of the family.—T. I.



Tenuem

Poematis illustrissimi adumbrationem

Multos abhinc annos

Inter ambulandum confectam

Nugarum patientibus

D. D.

Carolus Stanwell.

QUAE NEMORA AUT QUI VOS SALTUS—?

DUM nos innocuos infantia prima videbat,
(Sæcla sed ex illo longa abiisse queror)
De pueris, morti quos teter avunculus olim
Prodidit in silva, fabula crebra fuit.
His pater Armigeri titulos Equitisve ferebat;
Villa apud Icenos, aut ego fallor, erat:
Rectius historiam vellem meminisse, sed est quæ
Excidit infido, ni modo lecta, sinu.
Illis fama refert matremque patremque molesti
Insidiis morbi succubuisse simul,
Qui solet infando stomachum vexare tumultu,
Prunorum incauto si quis amore furit.
Stat medicus, motatque caput sapienter, at altam
Tangere radicem non valet arte mali;
Jamque, tori calcem dum claudit avunculus, infans
Ad latus ægrotis illud et illud adest.

"Oh, Brother!" their Ma whisper'd, faint
 And low, for breath seeming to labour, "Who'd
 Think that this horrid complaint,
 That's been going about in the neighbourhood,
 Thus should attack me,—nay more,
 My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him!
 Bringing us so near Death's door
 That we can't avoid making a call on him!"

"Now think, 'tis your Sister invokes
 Your aid, and the last word she says is,
 Be kind to those dear little folks
 When our toes are turn'd up to the daisies!—
 By the servants don't let them be snubb'd,—
 —Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,—
 And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd
 Well with Whitehead's best essence of mustard!"

"You know they'll be pretty well off in
 Respect to what's call'd 'worldly gear,'
 For John, when his Pa's in his coffin,
 Comes in to three hundred a-year;
 And Jane's to have five hundred pound
 On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,
 So you'll own a worse match might be found,
 Any day in the week, than our Jenny!"—

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
 And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
 Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
 And devoted himself to Old Bogey
 If he did not make matters all right,
 And said, should he covet their riches,
 He "wish'd the old Gentleman might
 Fly away with him, body and breeches!"

'Frater,' ait genetrix, vix exaudita, (laborans
 Halitus haud faciles expedit ore sonos,)
 'Quis prævidit enim, qua nunc vicinia pallet,
 Hanc nobis pestem tam fore triste malum?
 Quam mihi, quamque viro gravis est! stat janua mortis:
 Ire salutatum vis inamœna jubet.
 Te soror in partes ergo vocat; accipe flentis,
 Accipe quæ fas est ultima verba loqui.
 Bellis ubi in cælum versa nos calce videbit
 Officium miseris auxiliantis agas.
 Præcipue, lautis innata superbia vernis
 Ne juvenes dura conditione premat,
 Suppeditet pueri plantis fomenta sinapi,
 Lactea cum pomis sitque polenta Chloæ.
 Ut nosti his modicus legabitur æris acervus,
 (Res aut ornatum dicere vulgus amat,)
 Nam nato, genitor tumulo quum absconditur, annus
 Ter centum argenti millia quisque dabit.
 Huic etiam, sponso si quando nubet, ad assem
 Aureis quingenti dos numerandus erit;
 Ergo non donis adeo locupletibus aucta
 Assurget nostræ plurima nupta Chloæ.
 Dixerat; ille simul lacrimas simulavit amaras,
 Fraudis et ut tortam suetus obire viam,
 E loculis prompto mantili exsiccat utrumque
 Lumen, et inferno devovet ossa Jovi:
 Testatusque Deos, 'Si non æqualiter acta,
 Et sine avaritia, res, ait, omnis erit,
 Me braccas, me membra adsit rapturus ad Orcum,
 Horridulus, sontes quem tremuere, senex.'

No sooner, however, were they

Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away

Out of that parish into the next one,
Giving out he should take them to town,

And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,

But receive a genteel education.

“Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!”

Says he, “While his mind’s ductile and plastic,
I’ll place him at Dotheboys Hall,

Where he’ll learn all that’s new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,

Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap ’em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,

The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise!”

Having thought on the How and the When

To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He sent for two ill-looking men,

And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—
Says he, “Each of you take up a child

On the crupper, and when you have trotted
Some miles through that wood lone and wild,

Take your knife out, and cut its carotid!”—

“Done” and “done” is pronounced on each side,

While the poor little dears are delighted
To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,

And are not in the least degree frightened;
They say their “Ta! Ta!” as they start,

And they prattle so nice on their journey,
That the rogues themselves wish to their heart

They could finish their job by attorney.

Vix tamen extulerat cui vertere cura ligonem

Corpora, gramineo condideratque toro,

Quum in pagum pagi qui fines illius urget

Dulce tenellorum gessit utrumque caput.

Res ita vulgatur: ‘qua discere præstet, in urbem,

Sedibus hunc lectis depositurus, eo,

Ne fera rusticitas mores, ubi fortior ætas,

Curvet, at agnoscat Musa polita suum.

Sordet enim Græcus sermo, sordetque Latinus;

Ergo, dum fingi cor juvenile potest,

Auferat in ludum gaudentis verbere Flavi

Mentem et membra novis erudienda modis.

Et, quoniam oculis ditata puellula plenis

Mox poterit centum dinumerare procos,

Illa suburbanis ibit qua torva misellis

Fert Saganæ ferulam Canidiæque manus.’

Volvit atrox animo quo tempore, quisque nefandis

Tradatur morti par puerile modis;

Inde ciet geminos immanes ora bubulcos,

Inque manus nummos quinque utriusque dedit:

Tunc ait, ‘Hoc, illo, pullum suspendite dorso,

Pergite succussu quadrupedante frui;

Cumque feros saltus soli calcabitis, ensem

Promite, et in jugulum cuique secetur iter.’

Siccine pangendum? Sic pangitur. Icit utrinque

Foedera vox: geminos ocus ire juvat;

Fingere enim gallos equitantum more sedentes

Gaudent, nec minimo contremuere metu.

Ergo iter ingressi balbutivere Valet.

Fallitur innocua garrulitate via:

Jamque alias esset cordi nebulonibus ipsis

Si modo per dextras conficeretur opus.

Nay one was so taken aback

By seeing such spirit and life in them,
That he fairly exclaim'd "I say, Jack,

I'm blow'd if I *can* put a knife in them!"
"Pooh!" says his pal, "you great dunce!

You've pouch'd the good gentleman's money,
So out with your whinger at once,

And scrag Jane, while I spifigate Johnny!"

He refused, and harsh language ensued,

Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood

Gave the truculent rascal his gruel;
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,

While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries;
Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here
With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries!

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes;

So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking:
I'm going to get you some cakes,

And a nice butter'd roll that's a-baking!"
He rode off with a tear in his eye,

Which ran down his rough cheek, and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,

"Pretty souls!—don't they wish they may get it!!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight

Of the wretch who thus sought their undoing,
But pass'd all that day and that night

In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.

The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,

So that worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,

And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

Alter enim, (tanta sensim dulcedine lusus

Moverat, atque hilaris mens, animique vigor,)

'Figere sub teneris' inquit 'cervicibus ensem,

Turbine corripiar ni mea corda vetent.'

At comes, 'heus, animum, crassum caput, abjice mollem:

Nonne sinu abscondis quod probus ille dedit?

Prome manu cultrum; fodiet mea sica Johannen,

Restabitque tibi conficienda Chloe.'

Jamque, recusat enim, verbosa in jurgia currunt;

Mox dubias pugna conseruere manus.

Mitior ingenii superat; truculentior alter

Illius extremam sorbet ab ense luem.

Esurie victi trepidant ægroque timore,

Dum socius socii membra reponit humo;

Tunc ait, 'Hic lusu pueri indulgebitis: ecce!

Quot spinus baccas, quotque oleaster habet!

Vix crepitum apposito duplicaverit indice pollex,

Et redeo: trepidos exuitote metus.

Liba reportabo manibus; jam mollia furnus

Farra coquit, calido contumulanda sero.'

Urget equum, plenique tumet dum luminis humor,

Excidit, et guttis aspera barba madet;

Dum secum, 'insontes animæ,' suspirat et inquit,

'Nonne istas olim vultis habere dapes?'

Vanuit ex oculis, nec ab illo tempore mortem

Queis strueret nebulo conspiciendus erat.

Flent noctem totam crebris erroribus actam,

(Iverat assiduis fletibus acta dies;)

Frigidior tandem nigrioribus ingruit umbris,

Quassat anhelantes ægra querela sinus:

Postera lux oritur, geminosque rubecula duplex

Invenit in gelido diriguisse solo:

These two little birds it sore grieves
 To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—
 They cover the bodies with leaves,
 An interment quite ornithological:
 It might more expensive have been,
 But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,
 If amongst those in all Kensal Green
 You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
 Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
 And Justice, though blind, has a nose,
 That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.
 The wicked old Uncle, they say,
 In spite of his riot and revel,
 Was hippish and qualmish all day,
 And dreamt all night long of the d——1.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
 And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
 Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
 And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
 The neighbours thought all was not right,
 Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
 And Captain Swing came in the night,
 And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox
 Ran away with his geese and his ganders;
 His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
 Took the rot, and his horses the glanders;
 His daughters drank rum in their tea,
 His son, who had gone for a sailor,
 Went down in a steamer at sea,
 And his wife ran away with a tailor!

Par volucrum doluit sceleris formidine tanti,
 (Ausim inter sævos enumerare dolos:)
 Congestis igitur velarunt frondibus artus;
 Talia pennatis nempe sepulchra placent.
 Forsitan exstructus surgat pretiosior agger
 Multus, at, Esquiliis si peragrare libet,
 Crede mihi quæ fert animus non visa loquenti,
 Mausolea illic non magis apta parant.
 At, quæcunque sibi scelerati fingere possint,
 Stragula complebit conscia culpa rubis.
 Scilicet emunctæ, si desunt lumina, nares
 Justitiæ tacitum prodere crimen amant.
 Improbus, ut perhibent, calices male sobrius altos
 Glutiit incassum, perpetuasque dapes;
 Angit enim miserum per totos nausea soles,
 Totaque nox Orco somnia missa refert.
 Ilia mox torquet bilis, plantasque podagra,
 Mutato frontem marmore ruga secat.
 Seria concrescunt magis, et scalpuntur in horas,
 Partem acidi quidquid gutture volvitur habet.
 Vicini dubitant, neque enim jam creditur insons,
 Rarius alloquium qui petat ullus adest;
 Et nocte infames prædonis nomine flammæ
 Hordea combustis arripuere fabis.
 Vix erat una dies qua non aut ansere nuptas,
 Aut ipsum vulpes abstulit ore marem;
 Tabueruntque greges scabie, robigine messes,
 Et panus lassos exanimavit equos.
 Nata Cathaiaca miscebat fronde Jamaicæ
 Pocla, vagabundus dum mare natus obit,
 Qua vehitur sedit calido ratis acta vapore,
 Et raptam uxorem sartor adulter habet.

It was clear he lay under a curse,
 None would hold with him any communion;
 Every day matters grew worse and worse,
 Till they ended at length in the Union;
 While his man being caught in some fact
 (The particular crime I've forgotten),
 When he came to be hang'd for the act,
 Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.*

Understanding the matter was blown,
 His employer became apprehensive
 Of what, when 'twas more fully known,
 Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive;
 He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
 Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,
 Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
 And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
 That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages
 In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
 As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages!
 Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
 And reflect it's a fact beyond question
 That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,
 Promote anything else but digestion.—

—When you set about making your will,
 Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
 Mind, and word it with caution and skill,
 And avoid, if you can, any codicil!
 When once you've appointed an heir
 To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere
 You leave a reversion, beware
 Whom you place in contingent remainder!

* Sometime ordinary of Newgate. It was a common joke among the more lively of the convicts that they went to the gallows with their ears stuffed with "Cotton."

Scilicet haud dubiis urgebant numina Diris,
 Nullius alloquium quo frueretur erat.
 Inque dies pejora premunt, et paupere mensa
 Cogitur exiguum sollicitare cibum.
 Interea famulus culpa deprensus iniqua,
 (Quale foret crimen non revocare queo,)
 Dum, sceleris pœnas, nodum cervicibus aptat,
 Carnificis totum pandit in aure nefas.
 Ast, ubi cognovit fraudem recludier atram,
 Anxietas trepidi pectora quassat heri:
 Suspensumque metu jam flagra ultricia, late
 Si res per vulgus serperet ista, tenent.
 Empta refert aconita domum, commixtaque trito
 Farre superjectam diluit inter aquam,
 Quæ simul absorpsit, lecto defixus, egentum
 Nordovicensi sub lare, pauper obit.
 Volvite nunc animis quot scripsi verba parentes,
 Et, quoties medio Sirius igne furit,
 Parcite vesanum prunis impendere amorem,
 Sufflatuque aveat mens potiore frui.
 Discite granatis oculos avertere pomis;
 Scilicet haud dubia res manet hæcce fide,
Uvæ, si crudam capitis, sonus exit in *hei væ*,
 Syllabaque hæc stomacho pertinet, illa gulæ.
 Ultima sub mortem quum testamenta parandi
 Cura tibi, ægroto quæ solet esse, venit,
 Addita sit toti prudentia cauta libello:
 Præcipue finem clausula nulla secet.
 Et simul atque opibus congestis scribitur heres,
 Quas dederint sortes, contuleritve labor,
 Cui spem successus facias spectare memento,
 Et ne quis noceat proximitate sua.

Executors, Guardians and all
 Who have children to mind don't ill-treat them,
 Nor think that, because they are small
 And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them!
 Remember that "ill-gotten goods
 Never thrive!" their possession's but cursory;
 So never turn out in the woods
 Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things
 Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour;
 His "riches will make themselves wings,"
 And his property come to the hammer!
 Then He,—and not those he bereaves,—
 Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,
 When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves
 (Of fat catalogues) heap'd up by Robins*!

T. INGOLDSBY.

* An allusion is made here to the recent dispersion of the collection at Strawberry Hill, whose glories came to an end in 1842 (the date of the poem), when all the pictures, curiosities, &c., which it contained, described in an enormous illustrated catalogue, were disposed of in a twenty-four days' sale, through the agency of the renowned auctioneer, Mr. George Robins. An amusing parody of the catalogue appeared under the title of "*Great Sale at Gooseberry Hall,*" &c.

Vos quibus obtigerit vel custodire juventam,
 Vel servare aliis rem, propriamque domum,
 Ne quia sunt teneri, pupillos fraude prematis,
 Discat et immerita verber abesse manu.
 Proderit et meminisse mala quæsita rapina
 Sublabi: injustum dissipat hora lucrum.
 Incertis dubitate ergo committere silvis
 Quas potius nutrix servet, et alma domus.
 Scilicet haud poterit vocem pressisse sub imo
 Pectore cui maculant turpia facta manus;
 Aufugiet celeres induta pecunia pennas,
 Hastaque vendendas significabit opes.
 Atque ita, queis orbet miseris, suspiria et angor
 Non quanta orbanti causa doloris erunt;
 Totus ubi obruitur, silvæ ceu fronde, libellis
 Venditor ad plebem quos Rubicilla* parat.

* Locus obscurus. Videtur alludere poeta ad notum quendam auctionum præsidem. Libelli igitur isti bonorum catalogos repræsentant, quibus nefarius ille avunculus, vel aliquis ad eundem modum nefarius, *obruï* dicatur a Rubicilla, perinde ac infantes a Rubeculis. Neque vero nos fallit *Rubicillam* Anglice *Red-start* esse, *Rubeculam* vero *Red-breast* vel *Robin*. Metro ita incommode lectoris indulgentia quæritur.



A VOYAGE TO LUSITANIA.

Was ich besitze, seh ich wie im Weiten
Und was verschwand, wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.—GOETHE.

“**I** HAVE actually felt a positive pleasure in breathing there; and even here the recollections of the Tagus and the Serra de Ossa, of Coimbra, its cypress and orange-groves and olives, its hills and mountains, its venerable buildings and its dear rivers, of the Vale of Algarve, the little islands of beauty in the desert of Alemtejo, and, above all, of Cintra—the most blessed spot in the habitable globe—will almost bring tears into my eyes.” So wrote the poet Southey of that country to whose history he had devoted so much time, labour and thought, and with which he was so familiar, and whose letters on Spain and Portugal are so deeply interesting as exhibiting a picture of the country just before it was swept by the tornado of its French devastators.

It was to this enchanting land that I directed my steps early in the year 1870. The best time for visiting Portugal is the season which the lovely lady Christabel chose for her midnight excursion in the wood:

“The month before the month of May,
When the Spring comes slowly up this way.”

Her showers are not then ended, the cloud-shadows are still left in the valleys and the cloud-draperies still beautify the hills. Then, as the author of *Childe Harold* truly says: “it is, indeed, a goodly sight to see what Heaven hath done for this delicious land.”

It was two months earlier, however, that I started for my wanderings in the Peninsular, when, leaving Gloucestershire, I found myself on the evening of February 8 at Southampton. The next morning the “Oneida,” a fine vessel belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, on the Brazil Service, was to start for Rio Janeiro, touching at Lisbon, *en route*. We left the shores of Southampton about 3. P.M., and with a stiff breeze “right aft” were soon out in the English Channel. Books of Voyages and Travels had ever been my delight, and as I have often stood gazing at the ships bound to distant climes, it has been with longing eyes that I have watched their lessening sails as I followed them in spirit towards “the distant far-away, round which a vision’d form of sweetness seemed to play.”

I longed to visit the scenes of renowned achievement; to tread, as it were, in the footprints of antiquity, and to wander through countries rich in the accumulated treasures of ages. Those who are familiar with Washington Irving’s delightful sketches will remember how, in his happiest style, he describes the advantage of a voyage, and what an excellent preparative it is to a traveller who is about to visit a country for the first time; how the vast expanse of waters is like a blank in existence, for all is “vacancy” from the moment you lose sight of land you have left until you are launched on the opposite shore, amid the bustle and novelties of another world. The temporary absence of all those things we are accustomed to see day by day produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. In travelling by land, on the contrary, there is a continued succession of persons, incidents and scenes, which carries on life’s story and lessens the effect of absence and separation; but wherever we go on the deep and dark-blue ocean, however long, however unwavering our course, yet we see no trace

of the tracks oft trod before, no memento there of
"Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar."

"Unchangeable save to Thy wild waves play,
Time writes no wrinkles on Thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, Thou rollest now."

Thus it is that a wide sea voyage makes our separation complete, seeming at once to sever us, and as I saw the last blue line of England fade from my view I felt that I had closed one volume of the world and its contents and had time for meditation before opening another.

"The steam was up, and light the fair winds blew,
On, on, the vessel flies, the land is gone."

Leaning over the ship's side I had been looking dreamily into the far-distance, where lately I had seen the shores of my native land, and then into the waters beneath me, and as I bent over the vessel's side it was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that I should soon be traversing "Biscay's sleepless bay," which the mournful loss of the "London" had so freshly imprinted on our memories, and that having crossed that Bay we should soon be ploughing the waters of the mighty Atlantic. I aroused myself, or rather I was awakened from my reverie by the noise and bustle incident upon the arrangement of a ship for a long voyage, which soon distracted my sight and attention. It was getting dark, however, and the wind was cold so I was soon tired of observing what was immediately around me, and I sought my berth with that fabled music ringing in my ears which foretells, they say, when we are about to approach an epoch in our life. I soon found, however, that universal space is not filled with universal harmony, for the continual noise of the engines and the eternal movement of the screw did not accord with my feelings, but at last

"To sleep I gave my powers away,
My will was bonds-man to the dark;"

and the soul sitting in her own "helmless bark" was flying, unconscious, thro' the land of oblivion. Sometimes it visited the land of dreams, and, like the Ancient Mariner, I saw the sea in all its moods of endless change; sometimes we seemed to lie

"Nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Then we seemed to leave that silent sea, and I struggled in vain to divert myself of the idea that we were tumbling about in the Nubian Geographers' "Mare Tenebrarium," with the waves piled up around us right and left like huge ramparts, against which the serf reared its white and ghastly crest; and when at last I awoke it was amid the conflicting senses of the mental and physical existences, and I quite expected to find my impressions of the former eloquent in their description of the latter; but we were neither in a calm nor was any gale blowing.

I felt, however, a secret presentiment, and accepted my dream as a sort of sortilège. We may all sneer at this sortilège, but there are yet believers in it, and many still trust their secret auguries as implicitly as did the Pagans of old, and who is there that has not often found dreams to be but the reflex of his waking hours?

Though I rose early I found several of the passengers had already found their way on deck, where some of them had been indulging in a sea-bath, but to me it seemed too cold for the "Hose." I soon found many pleasant and interesting companions, especially a young Spaniard, who was going out to the Falkland Isles with Colonel D——, the newly-appointed Governor, also a young Brazilian, who was returning to his home, Rio Janeiro, having passed three years in Europe for his education. This opportunity of initiating yourself into the sympathies

and friendship of your fellow-passengers is another of the peculiar charms of a sea voyage.

The weather was exquisite, and the wind favorable, "Earth lent her waters, air her breezes," and we went merrily along at 14 knots an hour. I would, with Irving, correct the expression that at sea all is "vacancy," for to one given to day-dreaming ample opportunity is afforded for meditation and reverie, on subjects relating both to the deep and to air; and looking down into the quiet restful waters imagination would conjure up all that has been read or heard of the watery world beneath. How wonderful the reflection that this vast accumulation of water, constituting as it does three-fourths of the area of our planet, can have its principal components expressed in the simple words oxygen and hydrogen; and that if to these we add the other two elements of carbon and nitrogen, we include all that wonderful animal and vegetable life with which it is so prolific. Thus the universal language of science shows us that economy is the wonderful feature of the constitution of creation, the accomplishment of astonishing variety out of the fewest materials. Dr. Hooker tells us that the waters of the Antarctic Ocean are often entirely coloured by its profuse and peculiar vegetation, and if we turn to the Arctic Seas it is found that there a similar effect is produced by minute animated creatures, which turn the ultramarine blue of the water to a turbid green.

These animalcules discolor patches many miles square and of great depth, and to afford some conception of their numbers, it is stated that in the space of 2 square miles, 1,500 feet deep, there would be congregated a mass of individual being, which 80,000 persons, incessantly counting from the Creation to the present moment, would not have been able to enumerate. Dr. Darwin also, when passing the coast of Chili in the "Beagle," describes the sea as having

the appearance of "great bands of muddy water." When he examined the water under a microscope, he says "minute animalcules were seen darting about and exploding, quite invisible to the naked eye. Their infinite numbers made the water, seen at a distance, look like that of a river which has flowed through a red clay district." The doctor's description also of Keeling Island, that submarine coral mountain whose summit is nearly 10 miles across, is most interesting, and when he says that *every atom* bears the stamp of having been subjected to organic arrangement, and adds "surely such formations rank among the wonderful objects of this world," what are we to say to Mr. Lyell's statement that some groups of Coral Islands in the Pacific ocean are 11,000 miles in length and 300 in breadth, and represent the sole labours of those minute coral architects. Every particle is procured from the sea-water, and yet the ingredients exist in such extremely small proportions that in order to add 1 lb. of carbonate of lime to these structures, a quantity of sea-water not less than 124,000 lbs. must undergo the process of vital chemistry.

How intensely interesting also is that which Professor E. Forbes tell us, that within 300 fathoms of the surface there are 8 regions or zones, each clearly defined, and each characterized by its own peculiar inhabitants. Few creatures, he tells us, are found in more than one or two of these zones, while only two species are common to all. A remarkable discovery in connection with these zones has turned the sea into a sort of map, representing types of the occupants of the seas of other climates, for by examining its depths it has been found that the marine animals occupying the deeper zones assume more and more the character of those found in northern climates, while the occupants of the first zone, represent the peculiarities of form and

colour which characterise the inhabitants of southern latitudes. For instance, the more deeply the shell fish is found, the more to the north will lie the place where its allies are dwellers on the coast. It is stated that in the Mediterranean, animal life ceases to exist at the depth of 300 fathoms, *i.e.* past the confines of the lower zone, but Sir James Ross has shown that as deep down as 6,000 feet animated beings exist. Few marine creatures can endure the vast pressure of so thick a bed of water, and this pressure exercises an important influence on the distribution of life. If a gold-fish is subjected to a pressure of 4 atmospheres, or about 60lbs. to the square inch, the fish becomes paralysed, and the animals occupying the lower regions have experimentally exhibited a greater tolerance of pressure than those of the more superficial zones. But oceanic temperature also influences the distribution of marine life.

It is a singular fact that it is no easy matter to read much on board ship. Leisure hours on land need not be lazy hours; but at sea they seem inevitably to be genuine hours of idleness. A lassitude seems to pervade you, and if a book is taken up it is generally with eyes which strive but *will* not read, and as you lie basking in the sun you yield yourself up to a "loving languor," which is not repose. The greatest excitement is that which is induced by one's own thoughts and reveries. Sometimes other fragments of the world, like ourselves, would glide along the ocean, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence, and would form for the moment a theme for speculation, but for the most part you allow the hours to pass by in lazy delight, and even the most nervous temperament yields to the lymphatic influence of the sea.

Passing by the sorrows as well as the joys that sailors find, for the caprice of the waves often mars

the rapture of the scene, we had fine weather until the night of the 10th; we were in the Bay of Biscay, the weather which had been threatening was now rough. During the 11th the wind increased, and at night it blew a gale. I had retired to my berth after watching the clouds, which the gushing wind was bearing onwards at a terrific pace; in vain I tried to sleep. The vibration of the screw, which was never pleasant, had now become intolerable as it laboured, strained and groaned in the ungovernable fury of the waters, with a sort of phrensiad convulsion.

The deck is preferable to being down below, listening only to the fearful sound of rushing waters; at least, so I thought, as I lay debating the point whether I could dress in the darkness and get on deck. At this moment, however, my mind was made up for me by a huge wave, which, breaking over the ship, somehow or other found its way down the hatchways, and rushing along the passage forced its way into several berths. Amid the pitching and tossing, and in water knee deep, I placed my baggage as best I could on the truckle and stand, and partially dressing I managed to transport myself (by the assistance of the stewards who were baling the water out of the berths) to the saloon. Thence clambering up the ladder I reached the deck, where, enveloped in my rug and clinging to every fixture, I saw the wondrous sight so faintly foreshadowed in my dream. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion, beyond description, as it was beyond sleep's imagination, and as I saw the huge ship staggering and plunging among these roaring watery caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or retained her buoyancy. Amid the huge band of raging waves which surrounded us, ever and anon, there would appear one wilder and higher than the rest, on whose foaming top we were tossed with sublime ease, only to be swept, the next instant,

down into a deep and almost Tartarian darkness. It was an inspiring yet terrific sight, and it was with no small comfort that we found on the morning of the 12th that the storm was subsiding. It seemed to go down as quickly as it arose, and the boundless, dark-heaving ocean yielded itself in silence and submission.

On Sunday morning we began to take soundings, and found that during the storm we had been driven past Lisbon, so had to retrace our steps. Our star-board boats had been washed away, the bulwarks were broken and in some places completely gone. On the evening of the 13th we anchored in sight of the rock of Lisbon, being unable to pass its dangerous bar during the darkness.

I shall never forget sitting on deck that night, it was calm and lovely. I had watched the moon slowly rise over the sea; I had watched the sea slowly silver under the moon; and "now night had descended, violet and soft." The breeze was calm as the night itself, and as it listlessly lifted my hair I stayed in a sort of waking vision;

"Watching the moonlight begin,
Quivering to die like a dream,
Over the far sea line,
To the unknown regions beyond."

How wondrously calm it was, remembering how awfully deep had been calling to deep.

"All heaven and earth were still, tho' not in sleep
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most."

There I sat like a moonlight reveller, intoxicated with a joy which was not sober, for it amounted at times to an ecstasy. The spirit of peace seemed resting on the world, and nothing frowned save the huge rock with its revolving light.

Methought, that night, the beauteous Queen of Tides, darted from her heavenly home brighter glances than she had ever done before until she seemed to

infuse the very spirit of her hues into the sea's fair breast, and as each transient breeze swept past she brightened with a fairer light each sparkling wave.

Insensibly I glided with nature into her deeper musings. She has a voice of gladness for man's gayer hours; she has also a voice of sweet sadness, which fills the heart with that "kindly mood of melancholy which wings the soul." She seemed that night to come forth in a most wondrous robe of silver splendour and lily purity, and as I rejoiced in a dream of wonder the oppression of unconscious happiness seemed lifted off my heart.

The morning of the 14th rose as it only can rise in Southern climates. It was a joy-creating sight, and as we approached nearer to Lisbon and saw the huge edifice of Belem, that monument to Vasco do Gama's heroism, the white buildings of the city rising on the would-be seven hills, and on the right the liliputian breakers, where many a good ship has gone to grief, their rippling waters glittering in a lovely summer's sun; I thought I had never beheld a more glorious sight.

We were now fairly in the Tagus, which dashed onward to the deep bent to pay his "fabled golden tribute," and having acknowledged the greeting of Cintra's mountain, we found ourselves in the beautiful lake which the river forms; the city on the north and western banks, to the east the breadth of the Peninsular, and to the south, Barriero, immediately across the lake.

We were soon greeted by the importunate boatmen, who, anxious to be the first to convey passengers ashore, were keeping up between themselves a guerrilla war of words. Then the government officials came on board, accompanied by two soldiers, who examined the passports, &c., and while they were doing so we were greeted by five boat crews of my own countrymen, who had come from the

Squadron which was lying here. The lake was covered by numerous vessels of every description; it was a strange yet inspiring scene. These men and ships had come from every land and sea to bring hither the offerings of their toil, and over all the bustle created by the busy spirit of enterprise and commerce, a splendour and gaiety were thrown by numerous trirennes and boats of pleasure, which, glistening under the light of a summer's sun, were setting out on some excursion of business or pleasure, with streamers floating from their slender masts, and the whole scene enlivened by the shouts of the rough children of Neptune who manned them.

To many passengers who were impatient to be landed the passport examination was a tedious one, but to me it afforded a pleasant opportunity for contemplating this lovely city, which for beauty of situation rivals Naples, and acknowledges Constantinople alone as its superior.

This then was the city of the Goths until their empire was destroyed under Roderic at the beginning of the 8th century, after which it fell into the hands of the Moors, who encircled it with lofty walls and a castle, of which the remains were still visible from our vessel. About the middle of the 12th century it was taken by Alphonso Henriques, the first king of Portugal, who was assisted by some of the Crusaders who were wintering here. After the capitulation the mosques were turned into churches, and an Englishman named Gilbert was made first bishop of the see. Coimbra was originally the capital, but after the election of Dom Joao (who after the extinction of the Burgundian dynasty was the founder of the new one), the Cortes persuaded that prince to transfer the seat of government to Lisbon for the sake of the advantages afforded by the Tagus. During the "sixty years captivity, 1580-1640," some of Philip's wisest counsellors would have had him exchange the

unhealthy winds of Madrid for this beautiful sea capital, and had he done so the Peninsular might possibly have remained under one head, but the Revolution of the 17th century reversed the Castilian usurpation, and Lisbon, which had declined as the Empire declined, recovered its former dignity, and became adorned and embellished with splendid buildings.

But in a short quarter of an hour a most fearful catastrophe overwhelmed this city in all the height of its splendour. On the 1st of November, 1755, at 9.45 a.m., the earth trembled slightly like that caused by a passing waggon. The agitation lasted about two minutes. After two minutes interval, a violent shock split and cracked the houses and lasted for 10 minutes, filling the air with dust and obscuring the sun. Then, after a short interval more of three minutes, the third and most dreadful shock succeeded, which laid the greater part of the city in ruins. A vast number of people took refuge from the falling ruins on the large Quay on the river bank. Suddenly the whole Quay with its huge living freight was swallowed up, and even the neighbouring ships and vessels were completely engulfed, and no vestige seen of them again. On this spot the Praca do Commercio now stands, and on it I was eventually landed, amid the thoughts and memories of what had been. Directly opposite me was the new part of the city, which was the scene of the greatest destruction; and to the right, behind the castle, was the old part, which was but little damaged, and where you still see the same old tortuous, steep and dirty streets.

It was evening before I landed. The light was slanting rosy and beautiful over the City. It was day, but day that "falls like melody," high above soft pink clouds were floating, while others with a deeper flush stretched towards the south. As the light still changed a solemn brilliancy came over the sky and a more intense meaning in the air, like

"the inspiration of the dying day."

J. M. A.