THE EAGLE.

A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.

EVER since the days of Troy travellers seem to have believed their adventures to be the most interesting topic under the sun. Whether they be justified in this belief is no matter of mine, but while Homer has deemed the wanderings of Ulysses worthy of his mighty Muse, while the travels of the pious but loquacious Æneas are known to have furnished Virgil with materials for a whole Æneid, and Dido with the means of spending a most delightful evening; I consider that the selection of my subject "A Fortnight in Ireland" needs no apology.

Our first impressions of Ireland as we neared Kingstown were most pleasing: even the tortures of ten hours sea-sickness could not blind us to the fact that we saw one of the fairest scenes of earth. On our left Wicklow Head lies basking in the morning sun, nearer to us with more sombre shade Bray Head broods, like some sea-monster, over the deep, while it shelters the peaceful and retiring bay of Killiney, called the Sorento of Ireland, as its more ambitious neighbour, "Dublin Bay," has been called "The

Irish Bay of Naples," certainly there never seemed to me a sweeter spot than Killiney, in which

Sortiri tacitum lapidem, et sub cœspite condi.

However, the bright harbour of Kingstown lies before us, so without casting more than a glance northward, where "Ireland's Eye," the scene of the Kirwan Murder, is seen

Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main.

We stagger down to the cabin, and soon reappear, carpet-bag in hand, and in ten minutes find ourselves on Irish land. And then begins a contest to represent which would require the Muse of a Homer, or Chancellor's English Medallist, the Imagination of a "Time's Correspondent," or an "Our own Artist" of the Illustrated London News. For no sooner do we touch Irish ground than

Juvenum manus emicat ardens.

Our carpet-bag flieth this way, our hat-box vanisheth into thin air, and when giddy from exertion after a rough passage, we gain the support of a post, we at length see our hat-box, two hundred yards distant from us in the middle of a muddy road with a small urchin seated on it, who no sooner sees us than he is on his legs shouting "dis way yer arnher—lave the jintleman alone Pat—dis way to de Erin—go bragh hotel yer arnher," meanwhile my carpet-bag has received the last strap necessary to fasten it irrevocably to an "Irish Jaunting Car," the driver of which assures me he is the owner of "The most ilighant car in the Cety Dooblin." Of course, as my luggage has been secured, I have nothing to do but to follow it, so off we go, my erratic hat-box having been regained by the display of a sixpence, after all attempts at recapturing it by giving chase had proved useless.

As there is but little to see in Kingstown we only wait long enough to examine its grand harbour, and to have a quiet sail to Dalkey Island, which, with its martello tower and single farm-house is still, I believe, governed by its own king. Here we make our first acquaintance with an Irish hoax in the shape of the celebrated "Rocking Stone," which is simply a large stone balancing between two ledges of rock, and worn into an oval shape by the beating of the waves. However, the boatmen sing us songs all the way home, having previously informed us that no Irishman can sing with a dry throat, and so altogether we make a pleasant day of it; and then leave for Dublin. Though this metropolis seemed to me to be the finest city, two or three only excepted in Great Britain, I am not going to attempt a description of its churches, cathedrals, cemeteries, (in one of which the tomb of O'Connell crowned daily with fresh flowers is exposed to view); "The Phaynix," "Sackville Street," &c., must not detain my muse, for are not all these things written in the book of Black for the enlightenment of benighted tourists? My advice to my readers is to get on to an Irish Car, tell the driver to drive you to all "the points of interest"—you are safe to be in the Phaynix in ten minutes—to ask questions all day and finally to have a mighty controversy about the fare, and if you have had a dull day you may as well go home again, for it is evident that Ireland is not the country for you, in fact that you do not know what fun is.

Well do I remember the delightful feeling of being on an Irish Car for the first time, and how this pleasure was slightly diminished by my dependent legs coming into rather violent contact with a lamp-post at the first corner—how the driver turned round to point out the superiority of the Irish Car to all "Pathent Safeties;" for, said he, "Was'nt I run away wid in the Phaynix, (everything happens in 'the Phaynix') the baste being frightened by rayson of the arthillery; and when we came to the first sthrate sure did'nt the jintleman jump off and holt to the lamp-post, widout a scratch on his body. Och 'tis an ilighant vayicle intoirely, is the Oirish Car." I well remember how the rogue laughed and told me I'd make an Irishman yet, when I suggested that so active a gentleman must have been a lamp-lighter by trade—and how great a wag I believed myself, and thought I would not mind even giving an extra tip to so discriminating a driver. Still better do I remember how my scarcely quieted fears were roused to perfect horror by the company of a dragoon who was riding a "wicked baste" along side of me. How the said baste kicked out within an inch of my "dear knees." How at length he was backed close up to me by the man of war who bestrode him, that the driver might cut him across with his whip, and how relieved I felt when I saw the baste go off into a canter, the carman assuring me that "the crayture the souldier was on had more vice in her than any in Dooblin—which was saying a great deal." All this I remember, but o'er the rest fond memory draws a veil: suffice it to say, that when I came to pay the fare, I came to these conclusions:

(i) I am not yet an Irishman.

(ii) There is no instance known of an Irish car-driver who has not a wife and ten—at least—gossoons to maintain.

(iii) It is rather aggravating after paying twice the right fare, to be told in an insinuating voice that the driver would like "to dhrink yer arnher's health in a glass of the rale Oirish Whisky."

Will the reader be surprised to hear that after being treated in this heartless manner I sighed for the mountains? "There at least," cried I, "shall I find honesty;" there, as the Poet has it, the humble peasant

> Cheerful at morn awakes from short repose,
> Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes:
> With patient angle trolls the finny deep;
> And drives his venturous plough-share to the steep.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> At night returning, every labour sped,
> He sits him down, the Monarch of a shed:
>
> * * * * * *
>
> And haply too, some pilgrim thither led,
> With many a tale repays the nightly bed!

Need I add that I was the happy pilgrim, in my mind's eye, who was to get such cheap lodgings? but alas! I found to my cost that I might have been able to unfold one thousand and one tales in these romantic regions, and yet had my bill shortened not a whit in consequence.

Those who come to Ireland to enjoy the quiet of mountain scenery should not stay at Killarney, those who are in search of fine scenery and amusing people will find it hard to leave the place. The day after our arrival we started at an early hour to walk through the Gap of Dunloe to "Lord Brandon's cottage," where a boat was to meet us and to take us back to our hotel. We took, as guide, a young giant, commonly called "the Baby Guide." The first point of interest passed is "the Cave of Dunloe," supposed to have been an Irish Library, and interesting no doubt to the Antiquarian. I had not heard of its existence, and so passed by in blessed ignorance. We then approach the Gap of Dunloe, a narrow defile, several miles in length, running parallel to the Lakes of Killarney. At the entrance of the Gap is Kate Kearney's Cottage: the present Kate is a tall and formidable woman in appearance: at her door the weary traveller may refresh himself with whiskey and goat's milk, an odious and headache-engendering mixture as I can testify. I merely put my lips to the cup and then put down one shilling in reward, for which I was regarded with so indignant a stare from Kate Kearney that I fled. Whether it was the smallness of my donation or of my potation that gave offence I know not. On leaving this bower of beauty our guide began to cut himself a stout stick, and on enquiry told us it was not safe to walk through the Gap without a stick to drive off the beggars. "A pretty pass we've come to," thought I; and so we had in more senses of the word than one. For the next moment we found a bugler by our side, who assured us we could not hear the echoes to advantage without his bugle. Then half-a-dozen girls with more whiskey and goat's milk; then a blind fiddler, who our guide told us was once "the best man," (*i.e.* the best *fighting* man) in Killarney—till one day he worked so hard in a potatoe field that the perspiration got into his eyes and blinded him.

Whence followed moral reflections on the hardship of having to work; our guide telling us that he got his living as a Guide in the summer months and did nothing all winter. He was interrupted by a fresh attack of some ten or twelve boys and girls, some bringing specimens of the bog-oak, others pieces of spar at the cheap price of sixpence each, which we declined to buy, as they were covering the ground on every side of us. Here our guide's stick became useful. Soon after this, as we turned a corner where the Gap grew even more narrow than before, we were saluted by a roar of artillery, and were accosted by five boys, each of whom had fired off a canon that we might hear the echoes, and each of whom said we had told him so to do, and expected remuneration. After all we managed to reach Lord Brandon's cottage, where we found our boatmen with the boat, and

> Some bread and bafe and porther,
> And some whiskey in a jar,

from which we made a capital dinner on one of those Islands in the Upper Lake, which look as if they have been just brought into existence by magic, fairer than Venus rising from the froth of the Sea, or even than the froth of Guinness's

XX, which, with thirsty lips, we were imbibing. No one I believe, will ever describe the beauty of this Upper Lake in adequate terms. I think Sir Walter Scott's description of "the Trossachs" recalls the effect then produced on me better than anything else I know—though I am not prepared to say that the description can be applied to Killarney in detail. Our boatmen were pleasant fellows, or, as some Americans who had been before us at "the Victoria," stated in the visitor's book as

Intelegant as eddycated men.

Our party consisted of Mike and Pat, two weather-beaten boatmen, and Dick, our fine young guide, who I found was a "coorting" of old Mike's daughter, and who had taken an oar in order that his future father-in-law might escape a drenching. Their notion of chaff was quite delightful. It was not perhaps expressed in those classic terms the use of which has given to the bargee of the Cam his well-earned reputation. But there was a quiet flow of humour and wit that I am afraid I cannot give my readers any idea of at second-hand. The following dialogues may be taken as specimens:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Myself, (*Tom Pluck*); My Friend, (*Ned Plough*);
Mike, Pat, and *Dick.*

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Pat. Och, Mike, yer was at the whiskey agin last night, else for why do yer puff so?

M. Divil a drap yer arnher have I had for sivin days, barrin no more than the tay-spoonful which I persave yer arnher is going to offer me.

P. Don't ye belave him yer arnher! Sure it's all owin to the whiskey that ye're the oogliest man in Killarney, Mike. Did yer arnher ever see as oogly a man as Mike?

T. P. O yes, I've seen an uglier man: so have you.

Pat. Divil a one have I.

T. .P Did you ever look in a looking-glass?

P. In coorse, when I shaves, or when I gets up in the mornin I have a look to see that I'm all right.

T. P. Then you must have seen an uglier man than Mike.

P. (*testily.*) Divil a one yer arnher.

Guide. (*with discernment.*) Oh! Pat the jintleman's bate yer.

Pat turns sulky and rows very hard.

SCENE 2.—"*The Long Range.*"

N. Plough. What do you call this River?

P. Sure we jist don't call it at all, it comes of itself. (*smiles again visit his countenance.*)

Guide. Does yer arnher persave the foot-prints on either side of the River?

T. P. Yes—what caused them?

Guide. Why, the O'Donoghue was comin home from a party and the Divil met him, and they fought: and the Divil bate the O'Donoghue by rayson of the liquor which he had had at sooper, and the O'Donoghue ran, and the Divil after him: till they came to the Long Range, when the O'Donoghue jumped clane over, as ye may persave by the prints of his five blessed toes. And the Divil could not cross the water.

N. P. O that's all bosh—I don't believe it.

Guide. And why not?

N. P. Why, if you or I were to jump over we should leave no marks of our feet.

Guide. Ah! but may be the rocks was young and tinder then! (*to Mike.*) Take my coat or ye'll get wet.

Pat. It's Kathleen he cares for, not you Mike.

Mike. Well, Kathleen's a good girl, and Dick's a purty fellow, and they'll suit well enough.

* * * * * * *

This sort of conversation, which it is impossible to do justice to with the pen, enlivened our way home—we reached our hotel early in the evening, where my friend Ned Plough had a speech made to him, which is as good a specimen of Irish wit and audacity as I know.

He was standing outside the hotel between two elderly maiden ladies, friends of his, and not remarkable for beauty, when his alms were solicited by an old beggar-woman; to whom he turned a deaf ear; at last she came close to him and said, in a terribly audible whisper, "God bless you sir—and ar'nt ye loike a rose atween two thistles! (*insinuatingly.*) Now then yer arnher, wo'nt ye give a poor old woman a few pence?"

But I have already tired my readers: and though at the outset I stated that I thought the selection of my subject needed no apology, I must all the same apologise for the manner in which the subject has been treated. If, however, I should be induced to believe that this Article has given any amusement, on some future occasion, with *The Eagle's* permission, I will relate more of my Irish experiences. At present I can only say with the Poet—

> What is writ is writ! would it were worthier!

"T. P."

◆

A DAY-DREAM.

I.

I DREAM'D I was a merry rivulet;
  Among tall rushes on a green hill-side
My cradle was; and without care or fret,
  Content with what the heavens might provide,
Urged from an inward source that never yet
  Had fail'd me, down the slope in joyous pride
Of my young strength, I hasten'd, day and night
Singing in ecstacies of full delight.

II.

My voice I changed in many a wayward mood:
  Now in the sunshine I would laugh and play,
Anon I murmur'd to a shady wood;
  And then in whispers soft, as I would stay,
Some hanging blossom for a kiss I woo'd,
  Then whirl'd in saucy joyousness away,
Or, muttering at a rock with feign'd annoy,
Suddenly sparkled with a flash of joy.

III.

I gush'd beneath green hedgerows where in spring
  The brown-wing'd throstle built her secret nest,
And oft above her sprightly mate would sing
  All the bright morn, and oft the glowing west,
As there at even he sat carolling,
  Pour'd its full sunshine on his speckled breast;
And then I left my covert, and bestow'd
A boon of freshness on the toilsome road.

IV.

For not in far-off moorland wilds forlorn
I rose, sequester'd in remotest glen,
But all about the slope where I was born,
(A high-piled slope that basks in sunshine, when
The day flows farthest from the springs of morn)
Green farms were scatter'd, and abodes of men;
From cottage hearths blue smoke rose, morn and even,
And infant voices laugh'd to the blue heaven.

V.

And where the steep hills with a sloping base
Ran to the valley, on a verdant plot
That turn'd to south and west its smiling face,
Rose one fair dwelling; on a sweeter spot
Amid those vales, on which with special grace
He bends his beams, the bright sun shinèd not,
So pleasant a retreat it was I ween
Out-peering from its nest of leafy green.

VI.

And in those bowers two sisters, exquisite
In feature and in form, were wont to stray:
The one thro' shade and sunshine used to flit
As light and gladsome as a breeze of May;
Agile she was, and beautifully knit,
And free and careless-seeming, yet there lay,
Still seen beneath the laughter-lighted rose,
Calm depths of loveliness, and sweet repose.

VII.

But how may mine, nay, any verse, express
The spiritual beauty that did move
In her fair sister, from the golden tress
Down to the ground she trod on, and inwove
O'er all her calm and queenly stateliness
A glory of humility and love?
Therefore, my muse, be silent, nor in vain
Stretch thy weak pinions for so high a strain.

VIII.

And fast beside those bowers, beneath the gate
Thro' which she used to pass, my stream did slide.
O joy, if ever there she chanced to wait,
To mirror her sweet form! O hour of pride,
O rapture that it was, when eve was late,
And stillness held the valley far and wide,
To think that, thro' that stillness, voice of mine
Might reach the heart of creature so divine!

IX.

And ever with sweet murmurs thro' the night,
Sleepless, when all things slept save only me,
I strove to pour into her dreams delight,
And soothe her slumbers with sweet melody;
But ah! my poor weak voice had little might;
I know not that she heard, or if it be
She cared to hear me, only this I know,
For her I flow'd—and would for ever flow!

"H."

⁂

PLATO UPON POETRY.

THERE are few things which surprise us more upon a first perusal of the Republic, than the way in which Plato proposes to deal with poets and their art in his model state. We commence our study of the Platonic dialogues with vague notions of ideality and sentimentality, of Platonic love and Platonic beauty; nor are these entirely swept away as we proceed. Everywhere we meet with the most glowing rhetoric and the most gorgeous imagery, clothed in almost Homeric language and adorned with continual quotations from the great epic and lyric poets. But when we arrive at the discussion on the principles of taste, all at once Plato seems to turn round on his old friends; painting is abused as humbug, and poets are to c
writing or they will be sent about their business. This conduct was so puzzling to some of the ancient critics that they invented the theory of an original feud between philosophers and poets to account for it. Perhaps it may not be thought out of place to offer a few suggestions, first, as to the causes which led Plato thus to violate the natural constitution of his mind; and second, as to the worth of the objections which would require us to banish from our libraries our Homer and our Aristophanes.

On comparing one passage with another, we shall find this condemnation is grounded principally upon three considerations; 1st. the nature of imitation generally; 2nd. the mental condition in which poetry is produced, and to which it is addressed; 3rd. the actual effect of certain poetical writings. We shall perhaps be better able to understand the point of view from which the whole subject is treated, if

we begin with the last of the three objections. Homer, Æschylus, &c., are not to be admitted into the model state, because they attribute falsehood, adultery, war, murder, and oppression to the Gods: because they terrify men with their stories of Hades, and represent their heroes as yielding to various passions without restraint. This is certainly a little remarkable. The severest of Christian moralists recommend the study of Homer and Sophocles as refining and ennobling, yet the Pagan philosopher is too fastidious to endure the sight of them. To explain the paradox, it will be necessary to refer to the general sentiments of that age. The Greek literature as every other began with poetry, which is at once the most natural organ of the warm and simple emotions of the pre-historic period, and at the same time an important aid to the memory when other means of preserving the author's productions are scanty or unknown. Poetry being thus the only form of intellectual activity, the poet was looked upon as an inspired teacher in every subject. His person was sacred, his words infallible, whether he spoke of the life of Gods above or men below, whether his song was of the past, the present, or the future. This reverence remained almost undiminished even after prose-writing had become general, and the historian and orator had put forth their rival claims to public admiration. Homer was still the Bible and the Classics of Greek boys and men. Thus, even in the dialogues of Plato, a quotation from him at once puts a stop to the discussion, or turns it away from the actual merits of the case to the interpretation of the passage, so as to suit the views of either disputant. "It was Homer," said his eulogists, "who had educated Greece, and by his directions men should regulate the whole tenour of their lives. He was acquainted, not only with all arts, but with all things human that bear on virtue and vice, and also with things divine." So a Rhapsodist is introduced in Xenophon as offering to teach a man his duties, as general, statesman, or head of a family, out of Homer ὁ σοφώτατος, who has written σχεδὸν περὶ πάντων τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων. Whatever was contrary, to the general feeling or the moral sense of the time was interpreted allegorically, to which Plato alludes in the second book of the Republic. After mentioning some of the impieties of the common mythology, he says, "It is no excuse for making these a branch of education, that they may have some deeper meaning, for even if it is possible to discover a suitable one in every instance, yet children are sure to carry away the form and miss the significance."

Such being the estimation in which the poets were held, other writers will help us to a determination of the question, whether their influence was beneficial or the contrary. Xenophanes in the sixth century B.C., complains bitterly of the wrong notions they instilled with respect to the Gods—and the comic poets of later times perpetually defend immorality by the example of Gods, as in the Nubes, the *ἄδικος λόγος* instances the adulteries of Zeus.

> καίτοι σὺ θνητὸς ὢν θεο͂υ πῶς με͂ιζον ἂν δύναιο;

Similar passages might be adduced from Euripides and Terence. The fact is, the spirit of the age had become too enlightened for the traditionary religion: the result was Atheism, or a determined degradation of the moral feelings. Plato seeing the danger on the one hand of losing all reverence, on the other of losing independence of mind, assailed the poets, the prophets of the established religion, for introducing all manner of corruptions into the old pure Theism.

We now proceed to the considerations of the objections brought against imitation, in which dramatic and epic poetry are included. These may be summed up in one word, "it is false." He who imitates a bed, imitates what is itself merely an imitation, an attempt to arrive at the eternal idea of bed, from which he stands therefore at a third remove, being decidedly inferior to the carpenter. This general principle is further illustrated by the case of the painter, "who only aims at giving a thing as it appears, and therefore can paint every thing because his knowledge is only surface-knowledge," and by that of the poet, "who ventures to describe every condition of life, having himself experience of one alone." "It is clear, that he has no real acquaintance with that which he takes for the subject of his panegyric, or surely he would do what is worthy of praise, rather than sound the praises of another."

It is to be noticed in the first place with regard to this reasoning, which is found in the tenth book of the Republic, that it assumes the impossibility of rising through the real to the ideal; a doctrine utterly inconsistent with other views propounded in this very dialogue. For instance in the fifth book, Socrates asks "Do you think less of a man who has painted a beau ideal of human beauty because he cannot prove that such a man might possibly exist?" And again in the sixth book we are told that "painters fix their eyes on perfect truth as a perpetual standard of reference to be contemplated with the minutest care;" and further on we hear of "painters who copy the divine original." Such too is the doctrine of Aristotle, who in his Poetics distinguishes three kinds of imitation, of things as they are, as they ought to be, and as they are believed to be; and approves the saying of Sophocles, "that *he* drew men as they should be, Euripides as they were." Again he tells us that the Tragic poet should imitate skilful portrait painters, who while they express the particular features, still improve upon the original: and so poetry is more philosophical than history, because it is conversant with general truth. And while the theory of art was such, we need only call to mind the names of Phidias and Polygnotus to be assured that the practice was in accordance with it. Of the former Cicero says, "When he made his statue of Jupiter or Minerva, he did not copy any particular form or feature, but that glorious ideal which dwelt in his mind." And the latter is particularly distinguished by Aristotle as painting men better than they were. If these considerations should lead us to suppose, that Plato uses imitation in its narrower sense, and that he is only warning us, as Ruskin and Cousin have done, against the mindless art whose end is merely the surprise produced by perfect deception; still he has incautiously generalized his censure, so that true art is condemned for the sake of the false. The same remark will apply to his illustration of the doctrine. It is true that painters and poets may easily fall into a superficial and conventional method of representing facts, as the Arcadian lays of Queen Anne's time testify: but it does not follow that the poet should confine himself to the sphere of his own personal experience. Without being a soldier or a king, he may judge better than they can themselves, how the soldier or king ought to act. The mind is the poet's province, and he may seize the secrets of this, though the details of external life should be unknown to him. But even supposing the knowledge requisite to the poet were such as would enable him to enact the part he describes; he might still deny Plato's assumption, that the fame of one of Pindar's heroes, a Megas or Iamidas, is more enviable than that of their panegyrist.

The remaining branch of the subject is concerned with the condition of mind in which poetry is produced and appreciated. The Greeks were strong believers in a poetic frenzy or inspiration from the Muses or Dionysus or Apollo, like that of the priestess who delivered the oracles from the Delphic tripod. This was also the doctrine of Plato, who complains that the poets were entirely unscientific and incapable of giving rules for producing or judging of those effects which proceeded from a kind of happy instinct. Frequently he contrasts the conscious self-governed striving of the mind after a known object, with the violent impulse from without, which destroyed the freedom of the individual will, and reduced the person to the level of a thing: an argument reproduced in later times to overthrow the doctrine of Montanus, that in prophesying "God alone wakes, man sleeps." Still it is possible to imagine a homogeneous inspiration so to speak, which should elevate and intensify instead of crushing the natural character of the poet. Whether this is so in point of fact or not, is too difficult a question to be settled off-hand; we will therefore pass on to the safer ground of the prosaic mind, and ask how this is affected by being brought into contact with poetry. Plato gives the following answer—"Imitative poetry (*i.e.* all poetry but that which is the expression of the actual present feelings of the virtuous man) represents the violent struggle of passion, the revolt of the appetites and affections against the sovereign reason. It does so because exaggeration is easy both for the actor and spectator, and because the calmness of self-control is not a field in which the poet can exhibit the variety of his own powers, or flatter the pruriency of popular taste. In the theatre we listen with approbation to sentiments which we should despise and detest in ourselves or our friends. We accustom ourselves to look upon the dictates of passion as absolute, and stoop to admire the coarse jests of the comedian."

No one will deny the importance of this view of the subject; we are just as apt now as they were then, to look upon every thing as allowable in fiction. The naturalness of the character atones for the ugliness of it. Not that this excellence cannot be dispensed with. Alexander Smith, for instance, has exaggeration in as high a degree as the other faults mentioned by Plato. Nor is our age without instances of indecency made fashionable by an elegant wit or musical rhythm or beauty of form or colour. A writer in "Meliora," himself a working man, asserts that the immorality of the lower orders in London is chiefly encouraged by the exclusive acquaintance with such writings as those of Sue and Ainsworth and Reynolds. Plato's denunciation is fairly applicable to imitation of this kind, but again his too sweeping condemnation requires to be limited by the teaching of his pupil. There *is* tragedy which purifies the

affections by pity and terror, raising the veil of ordinary life and bringing to light the internal struggle of good and evil, leading us to sympathize in the varied fortunes and ultimate triumph of the former, but not aspiring to that peaceful contemplation which may find a place in the philosopher's Utopia, but which was as little suited to the fourth century before, as to the nineteenth century after Christ.

◆

DAS KIND DER SORGE.

(*The Child of Sorrow.*)

Once, where a brook with gentle murmur flowed,
Whose crystal stream the sleeping pebbles shewed
Care, deeply musing on a bank reclined
Thought after thought revolving in her mind,
At last, the work of many a toilsome day
She fashioned with her hands a form of clay,
Yet still some wish appeared to give her pain,
Pensive she sat, nor wished she long in vain;
"What dost thou seek," said Jove approaching near,
"What are these sighs, these wishes that I hear?"
"Jove" spake the goddess then, "This form behold,
Framed by my hands, and framed of mortal mould;
O let Life's flame-through each cold member spring
Whirl the hot blood, the nervous muscles string,
Through the frail fabric breathe
'Let it have life,' spake Jove—and Life was there;
Then said the god, "Mine let this creature be;"
"Nay," answered Care, "Leave it, great Lord, to me,
This hand hath made it, and these fingers formed,"
'But I' said Jove 'with heavenly fire have warmed
Its senseless body, and have given it life'—
While thus with words they lengthen out the strife,
Tellus approaching speaks, 'The thing is mine,
What from the earth she took, let Care to earth resign.'
Their causes thus with partial words they plead,
Each urged his claim, of judgment there was need;
When, lo, his face o'er seamed with many a scar,
Saturn they see, approaching from afar,
O'er his grey head had years unnumbered rolled,
His birth in Chaos hid, immeasureably old,
Unpitying Age had closed his weary wing.
In his left hand he bore the serpent ring;

To him at once the Deities apply,
And thus they hail him as he paces by:
"O, Saturn, arbiter among the Gods,
Supreme Seneschal of their bright abodes,
Thus stands the case, decide between us three,
An equal judge, a just assessor be,"—
They paused, and now while each attention pays,
Thus Saturn speaks, the God of many days,
"All have it, all,—so wills high Fates decree,
It, while life lasts, belongs, O Care, to thee;
Soon o'er his head Time's wasting blast shall blow,
Wrinkle the brow and tinge the hair with snow;
Then ye the justice of the Fates shall learn,
Jove gave him life, life shall to Jove return;
When to Death's stroke he bends his drooping head,
Earth shall contain him, numbered with the dead.
Thus shall each claimant have an equal share,
This is the judgment which the Fates declare.

The Child of Sorrow thus his course began,
Care gave her work its name and called it Man,
She holds his life,—when life his body leaves,
Earth takes his bones, and God his soul receives.

"οὔτις."

the vital

◆

CHESS AND MATHEMATICS.

"YOU play at chess, of course," remarked a Swiss gentleman, with whom I had been for a short time acquainted, and who had gathered that I was reading for Mathematical honors, "all Mathematicians are Chess-men on the Continent." He was right in his assumption: and this set me thinking to discover what connection there is between the science and the game. Between the science and the game; for with all deference to the great name of Leibnitz, who declared Chess to be a science, and accounting for his dictum by supposing him to be fresh from the contemplation of some brilliant catastrophe six moves deep, I must humbly dissent from the definition, but, at the same time, would express my ready acquiescence in its being the most scientific game.

Undoubtedly a deep connection exists between the two subjects, a connection which rests upon a wider basis than the fact that it requires computation to establish such a truth as that a Knight can cover the sixty-four squares of the board in sixty-four moves. The man, who can make such a computation, is not necessarily more of a Chess-player than the boy who can solve the historical arithmetical question of the nails in the horse-shoe, is a horse-jockey. The principles of thought are, as far as they go side by side, the same; nevertheless they do not coincide, for, although a mathematician ought to make a good Chess-player, the converse of the proposition does not hold—Philidor's brain might have been a segment of Sir Isaac Newton's, but it could not have been similar to it as a whole.

Chess is indeed very analogous to solving a problem in the quick and brilliant way that makes a high man in the Tripos; but, as was ably observed in the Athenæum, in an Article upon the death of Dean Peacock, this problem-solving draws not more upon Mathematical talent than upon ready ingenuity, or "knack."

Solving problems in this manner is attacking the solution; and, as in attacking the King, we have to branch off from the main object to remove Pawns, and resolve other difficulties, keeping fully in mind the plot at issue; so, in getting at our result in the aforesaid question, we have to solve equations, and prepare the way for our grand assault.

In these problems the solution is invariably, so to speak, castled behind some equations, and the attack is only varied by combination, and is never of different elements.

Again, it is well known in Chess how much success depends upon a spirited onward course; upon your being altogether abstracted in that one view of the matter, and not entertaining at the same time dim visions of another way of going to work. A divided mind fails equally to check-mate, or to solve a problem. Perfect abstraction begets in the mind a potent spiritual feeling which avails alike to accomplish any mental work, and is the *παμμήτωρ* of arts, sciences, and games.

Though the analysis of a gambit is an entirely different thing from the analysis of a problem, yet it will be found that mathematical analysis—the working backwards from the result to the data—is in constant operation in Chess, more especially at the close of the game.

A mate, or a position, is conceived, the next step noticed, and so the materials are squared to be in readiness. In the openings of games this seems more difficult (though perhaps it is not impossible to such players as Staunton, Morphy, or Anderssen), and the way in which an ordinary player at least proceeds is in fact the trial and error system. If Philidor could really see a check-mate in the placing a pawn at the fourth move, of course the analytical method was open to him at the beginning.

The fact of their being two sides in the game of Chess, but only one in Mathematics, is of no weight in the case of good players. For, a position being given, your opponent may be altogether ignored; you allowing the best move possible to be made, and winning from the nature of the position: in fact doing as all good players do, playing, in your forward calculations, your right-hand against your left.

In both the science and the game there is a considerable amount of book-work. The Gambits should be well known, as to investigate all the consequences of moving the second Pawn, during the game, would be like making your own table of logarithms to solve a problem.

I have said that Mathematics involves Chess, and something more; I except however the poetry and metaphysics of Chess. That Chess has its poetry is seen from Walker's treatise on the subject, where he talks of a Pawn being "enshrined" in a square, and like ultra-Tennysonian expressions; and that Chess has its metaphysics is to be inferred, a priori, from the fact of the numerous German works on the subject, and a posteriori from an inspection of their works, where the investigator will find a heap of rubbish or metaphysics, perhaps no one knows which.

In conclusion, it is to be regretted that Chess is not universally known throughout the College; for, whatever may be thought of the relation in principles between Mathematics and Chess, it is certain, that in the intricate combinations, and perplexed involutions of the game, there is ample material for the composition of some of those tremendous equations that rejoice in the number seven.

"DIONYSIUS."

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"THE COMING OF THE EQUINOX."

Three huge clouds trail through Heaven's black height,
  And a little one drifts below,
There's red where the sun was last in sight;
It's going to be a gusty night,
And the caps of the waves are getting white
  As the wind comes on to blow.

There was a rainbow this afternoon,
  And the Grey Mare's Tails in the sky,
Never man saw them together, but soon
The wind would awaken and pipe his tune,
And to-night will be rising the Harvest Moon
  To carry the waters high.

Upward a mighty cloud comes with the storm,
  High upward out of the west,
Lo, it is like to a warrior's form,
  Hard by the enemy prest;
And he drives like a torrent along the red sky,
As if he from a flaming town did fly,
Yet withal is he drawing his sword from his thigh,
  To die in doing his best.

There's Hesperus sits where the sun sat before,
  And calmly he doth shine,
Though the oak tree's rocking upon the shore,
  And on the hills the pine;
And every wave has now got a crest,
  Yet the wind through the mountains calls,
And more clouds are coming up out of the west,
  So, my friends, look out for squalls!

"οὔτις."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG CURATE.

THE type of a bad English clergyman of the last century is not difficult to construct. We can easily picture to ourselves the country parson, stout, passionate, and sensual, shooting, hunting and drinking with the squire, inexorable in the exaction of tithes, a very Rhadamanthus to poachers, elsewhere jovial and rubicund, the sole duty and annoyance of whose life was that every seventh day he had to read two services and preach a sermon. But when our times have passed away, when the age of Queen Victoria has become subject for history, and when our manners and thoughts are discussed by an impartial and inquisitive posterity, what then will be the type of an English curate of the nineteenth century? Will he not be represented as a mild and inoffensive creature, mediæval amidst modernism, full of impracticable and inoffensive theories, skilled in church architecture, cunning in curious altar cloths, in stained glass and brasses, a man of strange vestments and many genuflections, whose most striking characteristics are a white neck-cloth and unlimited capability of painful blushing? And yet, such as this creature may be, it was not hatched without some pains: many nurses in the shape of grammar-schools, tutors, private or otherwise, fostered it, brought it to Alma Mater; and she, the kind mother, nurtured it for three years and more in her bosom; why then should our cygnet turn out an ugly-piping-goose? Oh future curate, the question is too hard for me, I cannot answer it, merely would I desire to give you a little useful advice. Do you want to be considered a practical man, to be looked up to in your parish, to obtain the esteem of all the respectable and well-to-do part of your flock, to have influence, full congregations, unresisted church-rates and praise from all men? If so, haste, come on board: Eureka! I have found the breeze which will waft you to the haven of your desires. Who says, "woe unto you when all men speak well of you?" We know better than that now-a-days.

Let us then imagine a youthful curate, as yet unhatched, studying, we will suppose, at one of the universities and anxiously looking forward to the time when his name shall be highly exalted in the annals of the church of which he is a member; what should be his course of proceeding? In the first place our curate will avoid all that false and useless prestige which arises from taking a high place in the classical or mathematical tripos: he will content himself with the more modest but solid honors of the poll, and will devote his spare time to the study of elocution, and the other preparations for the ministry. By so doing, he will avoid two evils; firstly, a high degree will not confer upon him that reputation for unpracticableness which is its invariable accompaniment; and secondly, he will be freed from the danger of injuring his chance of church advancement, which, it is well known, varies directly as the power of a man's voice, and inversely as his learning and ability. After taking his degree, our curate will pass the voluntary examination, and immediately enter upon his field of duty, if possible, in some town where he will have the opportunity of frequent preaching. And here let me pause, while I solemnly warn my reader at this crisis of his life to divest himself of every idea derived from the university and freely to give himself to the surrounding influences of his parish. He has been accustomed perhaps to regard forms and ceremonies as things indifferent in themselves, createable or destructible at the will of men, and therefore matters of comparatively slight importance. This is wrong. Never was there a greater mistake than that of supposing the laity to be indifferent to forms. They attach more weight to forms than did Laud himself, with this difference, that, while the latter insisted upon their employment, the former still more vehemently insist upon their omission, not so much because they imagine them to be useless, as out of a secret dread of a mysterious necromantic power supposed to be inherent in them. A bow at the name of the Saviour has ere now brought a young clergyman's ministrations to an untimely end, and if, in ignorance of his congregation's habits, an unfortunate curate turn toward the East at the creed, his name will form the single subject of conversation for the crowds who stream from the church-doors at the conclusion of the service, and he will probably overhear that 'he has shewn the cloven foot already.' Our pupil therefore must give up without a murmur any old forms to which his parishioners may be averse; he must not, for a few genuflections more or less, ruin his chance of influencing his flock for good. Nor is this all; these are merely the requirements of plain common sense; some further sacrifice is necessary, if we would propitiate success. For example, if chance should conduct our successful curate to some rural parish, he should not be tyrannously earnest in overthrowing those ancient little baize-lined houses, called pews, in which, ever since the reformation, the chief family of the village has been allowed to sleep with impunity; he must not shew too outspoken a desire of innovation if he see an eighteenth century parallelogrammic window foisted into old Norman architecture: if the churchwardens like to make the church look like a large green-grocer's shop at Christmas-time, if the choir sing out of tune, and prefer so to sing, or if they rapturously cling to their old virginals in place of a new organ, why in the name of success, so let it be! In all things of this nature he must "let well alone," or rather, if need be, 'let very bad alone'. "Quieta non movere" will be the rising curate's best motto.

But these are minor points. I pass now to the pulpit, the battle-field, if I may so express it, of our protégé: the scene of all his triumphs, where alone if anywhere he must achieve his future eminence. Now though there undoubtedly are many districts in which a written sermon may be read with impunity, still, on many accounts, I lay down this rule that our curate's sermons be "*ex tempore.*" In the first place, the late government appointments cannot but have some influence on our determination in this matter: again, there are parts of England, particularly in some of the south-west counties, in which a written sermon argues want of faith and fervour, and the reader, as soon as the fluttering of the first leaf has made his congregation conscious of his crime, is in a solemn conclave of whispering bonnets declared to be 'not a gospel minister.' Lastly, his own convenience, if nothing else, should dictate this step. A written sermon takes a considerable time: a man cannot commit words to paper without thinking a little, though sometimes a very little, about them, and the mere labour of writing is no trifling one. But an extemporaneous sermon, that is, such a one as is likely to please his audience, will take no time or trouble at all. Nor will our curate be deterred by any foolish nervousness or fear of failing before the face of so many hearers. Paul preached extempore, why should not he? For fear however he be not quite persuaded by this argument, and persist in entertaining a suspicion that perhaps

the circumstances in which he is placed may in some respects differ from those of the Apostle of the Gentiles, and may consequently require some corresponding difference of conduct, it will be well to remove any such lingering objections by a hint on the subject of extemporaneous preaching. A good extemporaneous, or, to speak more correctly, a good spoken sermon, in which deep thought, sound reasoning, and much learning, are set off by beauty of diction and appropriate gesticulation, is one of the highest efforts of human genius, such as I live in the hopes of some day witnessing—but let not our preacher imagine that any such model is to be placed before *him.* His task is of a different nature. His "ex tempore" sermon should consist of as many texts of scripture as can possibly be strung together with the smallest possible compound of original matter, the less the better. In this way the least offence will be given, and the least suspicion of heterodoxy will be aroused, a point in which he will do well to be very careful. Whatever cementing matter he may employ should be, as far as he can contrive, composed of Scripture-phrases. In fact, I should recommend every young curate to learn by heart daily a certain number of verses from the Epistles of Paul, solely with a view to this object: thus will he acquire the faculty of delivering at a moment's notice a sermon of any conceivable length on any conceivable subject, and that too without giving room for any censorious expressions, since he can truly assert that every word of his discourse is taken from the Scriptures. Nothing can be more ill-judged and misplaced than words and phrases which remind his congregation of every-day life. A broad line of demarcation, it cannot be too broad, should be drawn between the Sabbath and the six unsanctified days of work, between the church and the world, and this difference should be expressed by an appropriate difference of language.

Now, as for the subject of his sermon, as long as he remembers the rule I have just laid down, and strictly avoids secular and, above all, political subjects, our curate may be left to his own devices. During the present state of religious feeling in England, a sermon on the Errors of Popery (provided that the influence or numbers of that sect in your parish be not so large as to produce inconvenient consequences) will not be inacceptable about once in three or four months; the heresy of the Unitarians will furnish a telling topic though more rarely, and if our friend be of a tolerant or liberal disposition, he will be careful to control himself, at least so far as to avoid saying anything which might be construed to signify that he felt any unorthodox hopes of the possibility of the future salvation of any member of either of these sects. Different audiences will no doubt have different tastes; and the great business of our curate's life will be to develope and improve, if I may so say, a theological cuisine, an art whereby he may be enabled to adapt his discourses to the palates and requirements of his parishioners. General rules would here therefore be out of place: our pupil must in this matter be left to his own ingenuity. One piece of advice, however, may not be altogether useless. Be technical. Only let the preacher confine himself to technicalities and all will be well. You may tell your congregation that they are not in a state of grace, and they will go out of the church thanking you for your gospel-sermon, and thinking you pious yourself in proportion to the fervour of your condemnation of them, but beware, as you love respectability and desire success, beware of telling them that they are leading an unjust and dishonest life. Is your congregation a congregation of tradesmen? Warn them not against that covetousness which leads to the defrauding of the exchequer, the adulteration of their goods. Have you whole pews full of stout prospering farmers? Talk not to them of farm-labourers starving on ten shillings a-week, but tell them about their souls and how to save them, and presume not to desecrate that holy place and the sanctity of the Sabbath by allusion to the things of this world. "What has grace to do with earthly things?" has been very properly asked by a learned judge in his place on the bench, and hundreds of English congregations will answer in deed if not in word—"nothing." A place for everything and everything in its place: the proper place to talk about the Bible and religion and our souls is the church, and the proper day is the Sabbath: and on the other days, and in other places we are to devote ourselves to secular occupations. I insist the more earnestly on this point, not only because in it lies the whole secret of our pupil's success, but also because there has lately arisen a set of misguided young men who utterly ignore the line between religious and secular life, and are continually confusing together sacred and worldly things. These men talk about the Bible as though it concerned us on week-days as much as on the Sabbath, they profess to see in the narrative of the Holy Scriptures events which have occurred once and are occurring now, not merely to be read of, but also to be acted on; they imagine there are at this day English false gods, English

false prophets, aye, even English Pharisees, as well as English Publicans and Sinners! They talk about men being just and honest and true, instead of "in a state of salvation," and use ugly words, such as covetousness, injustice, and hypocrisy, than which expressions none can be conceived more unscriptural or more utterly destructive of that good feeling which should exist between a pastor and his flock. But now mark the unhappy fate of these infatuated men, and compare it with the career of our rising curate. The latter, admired and even idolized by the respectable part of his congregation, a popular preacher, and a practical man, finds in this life a bishopric and after death an epitaph. But if any man hanker after joining the ranks of these erring schismatics, let him not do so unwarned. Blasted by the withering denunciations of the Record, styled infidel by one party, derided as visionary by another, attacked unsparingly by all, clogged on every side by an indistinct suspicion of unorthodoxy, the more injurious because indistinct, he must expect neither friendship nor sympathy from the great mass of his parishioners: the high places of the church are closed against him: he will die, as he has lived, a curate, with no other consolation than the weak-minded regrets of a few visionary men, and such pitiful satisfaction as he may be able to derive from the imagination that he has done his duty.

THE HAVERN HUNT.

WHAT was the reason that there was such a dearth of Latin and Greek Grammars, and where did all Dr. Colenso's valuable educational productions go to, were questions that presented themselves forcibly to the mind of every new boy, in Havern School, during the last week of one September not so long ago. Various were the answers the "old fellows" gave, according as they estimated the amount of gullibility each querist had, but that the hunting season was coming on, seemed the solution that was most general, though the connection of the two was not so obvious.

Friday solved the new boy's doubts, since they found themselves, together with a good many old boys, "douled" to tear scent in No. 8.

To No. 8 Study let us then adjourn ; very barren indeed we find it, for the inhabitants, not having at any time much furniture, have removed all but the tables, to make room for the numbers who throng in. Soon the huntsman and his attendant satellites the whips appear, laden with old books, papers and such like, begged, borrowed or — appropriated, (not to speak harshly); these they distribute to the multitude, with instructions to tear them to small fragments. While this is proceeding, we may as well explain the constitution of the hunt. The original rank of every member is that of a "hound," when he has attached to him an appropriate name, to which he must answer.

Promotion, which is acquired by one's head, as well as by one's heels, that is by merit, scholastic as well as pedestrian, is to the rank of gentlemen, involving the privileges of sporting pink during a run, carrying a "hound-stick" (a short stick with a hook at one end, by which to

assist a lagging hound, or pull the owner over a fence), and the more doubtful one of contributing to the expences. From the gentlemen are chosen the huntsman and whips.

Let us now return to No. 8, where we find the hounds tearing scent into their square caps, a few gentlemen lounging in to take a turn, and the officials watching narrowly that the scent is of the proper size, and not torn double, that is, so that two pieces stick together. Towards the end of the proceedings, it transpires that the run for to-morrow is the one thro' Annesley Chase, one of the most popular, but one of the hardest.

Great is the excitement next morning ; new made gentlemen buy their hound-sticks, the knowing ones grease their boots, or rather make their "douls" do it, get out their oldest bags, to run in ; Music despairingly seeks for someone to tell him it is not so hard ; Songstress to improve his wind takes two raw eggs, and so is ill, and cannot go ; Little Dairymaid persuades that big good natured gentleman with the very ancient hunting costume to promise to help him if he is hard up ; the huntsman and the two foxes for the occasion consult the map, and maliciously contrive to include the Annesley Brook ; the scent is stored into a bag, and all due preparations are made for the run ; and uncommon little for second lesson, after which the event comes off.

Well, second lesson is said, and we stroll down to the old barn in Fumigator's Lane, where we find the two foxes just started, one with the scent-bag hung on his back from which his brother fox ever and anon distributes handfuls of the paper fragments, as guides for the pack to follow.

Meanwhile one whip couples the hounds, the other makes an insane row on his bugle, an ancient party of drunken aspect and Irish origin, produces a basket in which to carry superfluous clothes to run in. Belts are tightened, caps jammed hard on. "The hounds are coupled, Mr. Huntsman," announces the whip to that dignified individual, who thereupon condescends to put himself at their head, and to say "Gently For'ard," which does not mean "Gently For'ard," for the pace is fast, the grass long and wet ; down the hill merrily we go, the huntsman first, round him the hounds, a whip on either side, while the gentlemen follow through the gate at the bottom, jump the little ditch, cross a small field or two, through one stiff hedge, and then up a long, long expanse of turnips and mud ; little cares Mr. Huntsman, on he goes, not so the gentlemen, who prefer going round a little to escape this, except one or two extra plucky ones ;

while the hounds, who must follow, set at nought the whips, endeavours to keep them together, but drop into a long line, from the rear of which one has a vision of heads and shoulders bobbing up and down in most eccentric methods.

Every one is pleased when a jump over the stile brings us into Farmer Hammond's stubble fields, along which we go merrily, to the great disgust of that plethoric and wrathful man, who, attended by two rustics, armed with pickets, fondly hopes to stop us. Ah! fond man, there is never a rustic in hobnails and a smock frock, who can come near us. "Dang ye," he cries, and "dang ye" all the echoing woods resound. On we go, hurling at him "winged words," careless of the deep black plough we now run over, tho' one or two hounds want assistance, and not a few have got purls over the last two or three fences to the great detriment of their appearance.

But now the pace is slackened for an instant to gather up the stragglers, or leave them all together, silence is enjoined, for now we have to run through the drives of Annesley Park, long green alleys cut through the plantations, sacred alone to pheasants; and dire would be the wrath of old Annesley, should he see the invasion, for the first of October is nigh, and all Havern boys rank as poachers in his mind, and perhaps he may have some reason for thinking so.

The services of the gentlemen are now required, to pull along those of the hounds who are done up: go along they must, three miles through these drives without a stop: very pleasant is it tho', for there is good turf below, and the trees arch over head, still laden with the rain drops of the morning which shine like pearls in the Sun; whirr—goes some old cock pheasant disturbed by the tramp of many feet.

At length we emerge by the Havern's side, whose waters are swollen, and keep along its banks for a short way, then turn through a plantation into the Annesley Park, past the front of the Hall, over the sunk fence, round the old Chapel to the astonishment and amusement of some young ladies drawing the same, who do not often see sixty fellows in such attire, or hear such noise as the junior whip gets out of his bugle. Tramp, tramp, on we go past Farmer Goughs, who gives us a cheer, for didn't we save his stacks from fire not so long ago. "Gentlemen forward," cries the huntsman; off they go and race in, to where the foxes stand as judges of the race; and then the hounds race in for the last hundred yards; Champion first, Venus second, Rattler third;

and thus the Annesley Run was done; nine miles in almost no time.

The rest of the day being a holiday is spent in talking it over again, how well Champion ran, how hard the Senior whip tipped the silk to all who lagged, how little Dairymaid was pulled all the way, while the smaller Tiny would not be helped at all; these, and all these, are they not written in the Chronicles of the R. H. H?

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A WORD ON UNIVERSITY STUDIES.

A STRANGER to our University can hardly look over the Mathematical Honor lists in the Calendar, without feeling some surprise that so few names are distinguished by the α, β or γ which indicate a man who has also taken Classical Honors. To a stranger, I say, this must be a subject of surprise, but to ourselves of regret; regret that so few among us are found capable of distinguishing themselves in more than one branch of study, that so few are willing to give their minds that generality of education which alone can furnish them with sound judgment, or fit them to achieve really great works. To me it seems, that for a man to give up the years he is here, the years in which his mind is most impressible, most capable of being expanded by a generous education, the years, one might almost say, in which his mind *is formed*, to give these up to *one* study alone, whether it be Classics or Mathematics, is a course as preposterous as to give the body meat and refuse it drink, or to give it drink and refuse it meat. But I will not trespass upon these pages to shew that this system is bad, for I am persuaded that there is not a man in this College who does not feel that a Senior Wrangler who knows nothing but Mathematics, is by no means so well educated as a man of very much lower place in that Tripos, who is well informed on most subjects, and whose name also appears moderately high in the Classical Tripos. Indeed, if a man's education has been confined to Mathematics, and let him be acquainted ever so well with this science, what is he fit for? Perhaps he is unwilling or unable to teach, (for it does not follow that a man who is thoroughly acquainted with a subject is able to convey his ideas with perspicuity to others,—one must be *born* a teacher,) and he is scarcely fit to take holy orders and be entrusted with the care of souls; what can he do? If you would see this question answered, pass with me into a certain office in the West of England, where you may see a Senior

Wrangler engaged in the somewhat unintellectual occupation of marking down the weights of loads of coal, and exciting within us no better hopes than that, *as he was a Senior Wrangler, he will be able to add up the rows of figures correctly!*

Assuming then that this one-sided and partial education is bad, let us with a view to its remedy, investigate its origin. I think its origin is Prejudice, a two-fold prejudice. In the first place there is a prejudice very prevalent in the University that our course here is very short, and that we have not time to pursue in it more than one study to any effect. This prejudice makes the expectant of Mathematical honors shrink from reading even the Classical subjects of our College Examinations: it makes the Classic rejoice when his Little-Go is past, that he needs no more mathematics, and with joy dispose of his Arithmetic and Algebra as useless acquirements which he may now cast away for ever. It is this same prejudice which causes men to say that they would be very glad to avail themselves of the advantages which would be derived from writing for our College Magazine, but they have no time. It was this that caused so many to refuse the pleasure and the improvement afforded in the Long Vacation by our Debating Society, saying, that it would doubtless do them a great deal of good, but they really could not take an hour a week from the time they had set apart for Mathematics. I have called this a *prejudice* for I believe it is nothing more. I feel confident that any one who will try the experiment will find that if his chief attention be directed suppose to Mathematics, his progress in that science will not be less, or less satisfactory, at the end of a term, if he has been devoting two or three or four hours a day during that term to Classics. The one study will be relaxation after the other; to turn the mind wearied with any one pursuit to a different pursuit is a better rest for it than to leave it unemployed to wander where it will. Thus by dividing our attention between different studies we are enabled to work longer without fatigue and not only longer but with greater application, for every one who is accustomed to reading must know that after he has been engaged for some time at a subject he finds it difficult to apply himself as thoroughly as at first to that subject although he could easily give up his mind entirely to any other. And here I may be allowed to introduce an observation which scarcely belongs to my argument, but which may be useful to some reader. A very great number of the

Undergraduates at this College purpose taking holy orders. I would suggest to them that they will find it very desirable in interpreting the Old Testament Scriptures to have a knowledge of Hebrew and that here there are unusual advantages offered to them of studying that language; I think that if they at all agree with the remarks I have been making, they will have no fear that their progress in other studies would be interfered with by their attendance at the Hebrew lectures.

But there is a second prejudice which induces the evil of which I speak. Mathematical men, as they are called, tell us that they *cannot* read Classics because they are mathematical and not classical. And similarly, and I believe to a much greater degree, Classical men object that they cannot do mathematics. Perhaps I am rather bold in calling this a prejudice, but I am not without reason for supposing that in many cases, if not in every case, it is so. Among children brought up in the same circumstances, we find one early acquiring an idea of number and loving to count, while another exhibits no such precocity, though in other respects he may appear the cleverer of the two. We observe this difference, and not perceiving anything external to account for it, we say that the difference is *innate*, and that the one child is *naturally* mathematical and the other is not. But I think that where children and older persons exhibit this apparent incapacity for acquiring one subject and aptitude for another, it is often the result of prejudice contracted perhaps in mere infancy. At a very early age children are put to learn reading and arithmetic. One of these subjects is brought before a child we may suppose in a more pleasing form than the other: or disagreeable associations of punishment perhaps accompany one more than the other. And similarly when they begin Latin: they find difficulty in a lesson of Latin Grammar, and are glad to be allowed to do some arithmetic instead, or they are puzzled in their sums and look on the Latin as a relief. Prejudices thus arise and grow, and are afterwards regarded as capabilities and incapabilities, natural it is thought to the child, but certainly hindering the man most grievously in his education.

And if we are right in deciding that in most cases what a man calls his inability to read Mathematics is indeed merely prejudice, (though perhaps of very long standing,) surely an effort should be made that this prejudice do not stand in the way of his usefulness and advancement in life. It is not probable that he would ever take to Mathematics with the delight that he now derives from Classics, but without interfering with his Classical reading, he may doubtless make such progress in the science as will expand his mind and enlarge his ideas, and have no mean effect on his success in life.

But I would not have it supposed from what I have said, that I think all men or most men should attempt to take double honors; I think more should do so than do at present, but my chief object in writing this paper is to urge those who are reading for honors, in either tripos, not to neglect their other studies for the sake of the one they have chosen, but to let their reading be extensive, even though their honors are single. My object is to combat that idea so prevalent in our College and especially among ambitious and impetuous freshmen, viz. that if they are reading Mathematics it is waste of time to read a Latin author, it is waste of time to attend a Classical lecture; history and poetry are snares to take their attention from Euclid and Conics; newspapers and novels are incompatible with Dynamics and Newton. These men should remember that they came up to Cambridge not to be made into calculating machines, but to be educated, and Education is a lady who cannot be won by a *single* attraction. Let them be Senior Wranglers if they can, but by all means let them be educated.

I conclude with the hope that future numbers of *The Eagle* may contain opinions on this subject from abler heads and more fluent pens than mine, for it is a subject of importance to all of us, it is a question admitting of profitable discussion, and one upon which our readers may pronounce the verdict, applicable indeed to most questions, that "much may be said upon both sides."

"NE QUID NIMIS."

⁂

ATTICA.

(A Translation from Sophocles.)

"εὐίππου, ξένε τᾶσδε χώρας."—
Soph. Œd. Col. 668.

Mighty is the land, O Stranger,
Which thy wandering footsteps tread;
It shall shelter thee from danger,
It shall guard thine aged head;
Here Colonos' woods of sable
Shade her chalk-cliffs as a crest,
Here the steed may find a stable,
And the nightingale a nest,
Deep within her ivy cover
Circled by no fettering bars,
She, lamenting like a lover,
Pours her music to the stars:
O'er this valley's verdant bosom
Venus guides her golden rein;
Here Narcissus spreads his blossom,
Crown of the immortals twain;
Bacchus, round whose brow supernal
Wreathes the grape in purple twine,
Roves amid these groves eternal
With his nurses, nymphs divine;

Here, scarce seen 'mid trees which hide it,
Roams Cephisus' sleepless stream,
And the Muses roam beside it
Through the groves of Academe;
Aye the cool green slopes he presses
Of the hills which gave him birth,
Shadowy hills, whose fond caresses
Clasp him to the breast of Earth,
Dew divine supplies that river
And he fails not from the land,
But he rolls his wave for ever
'Twixt the sunlight and the sand,
And the crocus round him blazing
Lifts to heaven its golden eye,
He, upon its beauty gazing,
Wonders as he wanders by;
But a tree this region blesses
Favoured most by Pallas' smile,
Such nor Asia's land possesses,
Nor as yet the Dorian isle;
By no human hand 'twas planted,
'Twas no mortal sowed the seed,
'Twas the gift a goddess granted
To supply a nation's need:
Young and old revered its beauty
And to smite its trunk forbore,
Still the Olive held its duty
As the guardian of the door;
Ne'er was tree so blest before it,
Never fruit so famous grew,
Zeus the guardian watches o'er it,
Watch Minerva's eyes of blue;
Nor alone the Olive's clusters
Raise this region o'er the rest,
Yet another boast she musters
By another gift is blest;
God-given gifts they ne'er shall perish,
Skilled to rear the steed is she,
Skilled the tender foals to cherish,
Skilled to rule the foaming sea.

Hail! O God, Poseidon hoary!
'Twas thy voice the mandate gave
That her sons should ride to glory
On the War-Horse and the Wave!
Through thy gift the bark swift sliding
Shoots the buoyant wave along,
While the Nereids round it gliding
Cheer its passage with their song.

“ουτις.”

◆

THE BOATING MANIA.

ST. JOHN'S is a very respectable old-established institution—there can be no doubt of that—and a Johnian, as every one knows, is the very type of sobriety, regularity and grind; yet there are times, regularly recurring in their appointed course,—for St. John's, we speak not of the other Colleges, is regular and systematic, even in its irregularity, there is a method in its madness,—we say there are times when St. John's lays aside the gravity and sedateness which become its years, the regularity and order which befit its character; and, entering into some pursuit, some phantom chase, with all the zest and earnestness, the vigour and the fun of its more youthful, more frolicsome brethren, shows that the sober robe of age but covers the warm, enthusiastic heart of youth, and that, though increased in size, it has not grown unwieldy: in fact it allows itself to be possessed by a mania.

We are not about to enter into a scientific discussion of the diagnosis of a ‘mania’; we believe manias to be almost characteristic of Englishmen, and we have our own opinion that the world gets on by manias, and that, from the manias of the schoolboy to the manias of the nation, the step is not so great as elderly gentlemen who believe themselves to constitute the nation, are in the habit of supposing. These however are questions into which we do not propose to enter. We speak but of St. John's, and we think we shall be understood when we say that the three Johnian Manias are the Examination Mania, the Boating Mania, and the Tripos Mania—of these the first is the most frequent, the second is the most contagious, and the third the most important. Each has its peculiar priesthood, its established ritual, its periodical literature, its zealous votaries; and from each some few stand apart, in pitiable isolation and futile opposition, professing to object on principle—and hereof we note a curious law—that he who avoids the third has generally opposed and often suffered from the first has in fact been operated upon by its doctors, or in their technical phraseology been 'plucked'; and that he who opposes the second, the first and third seem to have possessed to a frightful and even dangerous extent—we say 'seem' for the instances are rare, and, from their confinement, necessitated by the disease, not easily studied—these are they who scoff at the uselessness of pulling bits of painted wood about, as if the true Johnian, who studies con amore the abstract truths of Mathematics, cared for mere utility.

Gladly, did opportunity allow, would we linger here to touch, however lightly, the whole subject of the Johnian manias—to recall to the minds of our readers the wannish light of the midnight lamp which marks unerringly the windows of one class of maniacs,—their consumption of pens and paper, their absence from the social gatherings, the monomaniac tendencies of their conversation, all finally culminating in the orgies celebrated in their high hall—the hooded priests attending—hour after hour, day after day; and contrast with them the regular attendance at the college chapel suspiciously synchronizing with the approaching races and causing joy in the heart of a guileless dean—the early hours—the healthy look and voice—the consumption of beef and beer—the sanguinary costumes about the college courts which characterize another mania; we must however pass on. We have a word or two to say of the boating mania alone—or rather of its boat-clubs. Not in the way of defence: those few who, born with no more muscle than suffices to hold open and turn the trembling leaf, or who, blessed with so sound and lasting a stock of health that they can dispense with all exercise except the regular Trumpington grind, cannot understand the use of boating and will not recognize its position as a true Johnian mania; such, I think, our fellows have recently taught by their very marked and liberal encouragement of other outdoor sports as well as boating, that they at least do not think and do not wish us to think that the Chapel and the Hall, the Dean and the Coach alone sum up our College Education, but that spirit, mind and body must all according to their nature receive careful cultivation and development.

Setting aside then, because we cannot understand, those abnormal beings who either think or act as if boating or the Tripos were the end and aim of College Life, we suppose there are few who will deny that boating shares with cricket

the honour of being the finest physical exercise that a hard-reading undergraduate can regularly take. But a boat-club does somewhat more than afford facility for boating, more than merely circulate the blood and develope the muscles of its members. Every pursuit which draws men together must do good in ways and to an extent that we with our yard-measures and mathematical formulæ can neither understand nor explain—and of boating especially do we believe this to be true. Let any captain of a racing crew, whether near the top or the bottom of the racing list, give his evidence; let him tell frankly, but without exaggeration, of the petty jealousy, the selfishness, obstinacy, conceit, discontent and frivolity which he had continually to witness and control; let any member of a racing-crew tell his story of the dog-headed, senseless tyranny and favouritism displayed by some captains; of the discord, bad management and confusion that prevailed in the boat, until all hope and chance of success seemed alike gone; and then let them both tell how, in some mysterious way and almost imperceptibly, through all these opposing differences, through pains of temper and pains of body the crew did fight its way to something like union and oneness; how day after day, as the stroke became steadier and the swing surer, a feeling of unity and the forgetfulness of self did seem to spring up in the boat, until all felt like one man, that whatever might happen, whether they gained or lost they would one and all do their duty to the boat and pull their best and hardest. Was nothing gained here but good exercise? Was this time wasted? Would the extra hours, stolen from the hard grained muses of the cube and square have been more profitably devoted to problems or bookwork? We think not. This is not however the only direction in which we can see that the boat-club works for good

The dandy pensioner, candidate for an easy, gentlemanly poll, environed by the splendour of a glossy coat, and leaving scent of perfume and odours of tobacco behind him as he goes, looks down with scorn upon the careless figure robed in academicals, which shabby by use, but not tattered by ill-use, covers perhaps a still shabbier coat, as papers in hand he hurries to his coach; but let them get into a boat together and the mathematics will soon find that the back before him is not merely an average specimen of Sartorian architecture, worth only the value of its decorations, but that it owns a pair of brawny arms, and that the captain has found real solid stuff and got good work where tutors could only find a vacuum, and have recourse to gates; while our would-be swell finds that his friend behind is as earnest though perhaps not so skilful in the boat as at his desk, and that he handles an oar even better than he does his pen, so each respects the other more and himself less.

We all have our fancies about men and manners, and very foolish ones they are sometimes. This man talks too much, another too little, one is untidy, another too particular, and so on through all the various combinations and forms of expressions of individual character. They annoy you, disturb the true and even balance of your temper—foolish fellow. See them in their Margaret or Somerset jersey, get into a boat with them, and you'll find half the peculiars have vanished; that they give fairish backs and can pull with a will which wins your heart, before you have half reached the Plough. Laugh as you may, and explain it as you can, there is a fellowship about true work which overrides all these petty, superficial differences, and which makes you feel what a mine of good there is in many a man whom previously you had shrunk from and almost loathed.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING IN THE WRONG.

I HAVE always hated "accurate people!" They are ever the dread of the theorist; they are even a sad clog on the measures of the practical man. Void of imagination themselves as they almost invariably are, they are a wet blanket upon the imagination of others, to the prejudice of all poetry and all that approaches romance.

Why *should* we be accurate? Is nature always strict, invariable, precise? Is it not the charm of the world around us that it greets us with endless surprises? that no billow on the ocean is like its brother wave, and no bud upon the briar the counterpart of that which is bursting beside it?

You can't reckon on nature being accurate, except in a very general way indeed, and I for one am particularly glad that it is so. Think of the dreadfulness of looking at the Mediterranean through a Showman's tube, and being able to tell exactly how the ridges run along the water. For my own part I had very much rather not know the exact height of *any* wave at all. I object to Dr. Scoresby and his profane attempts at prying into the secrets of the ocean, and I shall hail with joy the day which will demonstrate the fallacy of that great man's conclusions, always provided it do not bring with it the establishment of other irrefragable ones in their room. No! 'Give me an irregular universe', say I! It was with a deep insight that the poets feigned a hell where the damned spirits were doomed to gaze on thick ribbed ice for ever. A crystallized world seems to me a not unmeet picture of what the infernal regions ought to be. Meanwhile, I love an inaccurate Nature—Nature with puzzles and flaws and storms and anomalies—Nature wild, unkempt, ragged, just as often wrong as right!

Yes! Mr. Senior Wrangler! Just as often! My notion of 'right' is when things turn out exactly as I expect and desire them to turn out, and that being my premise, dispute my conclusion if you can!

Nature is inaccurate, you hear. Then why shouldn't I be? "Sequere naturam!" I desire to meditate upon the advantages of inaccuracy, upon the positive good to myself, and you and all the world of being downright wrong. Wrong in our practice, wrong in our principles, wrong in our heads! Take the matter on its lowest grounds! Consider for a moment how shocking it would be if we all had correct taste! Taste in dress let us instance. Shall it be brown now? or 'mauve'? You know it WAS 'mauve' last year! Imagine the dreariness of a brown concert, everybody in brown, and dull brown, because it was 'right' in the vulgar acceptation. Imagine the sombre sadness of a world where ALL were Quakers—or worse still, where all the gentlemen went dressed like the maniac in the diary of a late Physician, with an ostrich feather in their heads, and the rest of the person enveloped in green baize, fitting tight to the skin! Now these things are inevitable, if nobody is wrong-headed in the matter of taste. You would have one dreary monotony of apparel, sodden, solemn, flaring perhaps or painful, but unvaried; instead of which, now we have duchesses in yellow and ladies in crimson; dowagers in velvet and damsels in muslin; bachelors in peg-tops and divines in cassocks; the marshall in his cockt hat, and the flunky in his blazes! And be it remembered, the very diversity in the shapes and colours and materials and arrangement are necessarily inseparably bound up with much that is faulty, ugly, and objectionable in the highest degree!

Do you wish to do away with this wholesome variety; do you wish to correct all the 'mistakes'. I protest, good reader, you are an idiot, and most perversely and deservedly and ridiculously WRONG!

But consider the delight of being MORALLY WRONG. I take it you have never been convicted of Felony! Well! I don't exactly recommend you to try it, because I suppose a Felon has done something wicked, and that sounds very bad! But imagine yourself a Felon, and look at the bright side of the matter. Surely there is a bright side! Surely it must be very gratifying to reflect, how much money you have made change hands. Trace the history of a Felon from the apprehension of the rascal to the period of his ultimate release. We'll give him seven years of it! What a useful career! The constable, the lawyer, the barrister, the jailors, the chaplain, the Judge, the jury, the—the—Heaven knows how many more, and all *paid,* all living a fair average comfortable life for the behoof of felons only. How many hundred operations did we hear the Enfield rifle has to submit to? Bah! your Felon beats it hollow. Who shall say he is not an eminently useful member of society?

But contemplate all the machinery for the morally wrong in other directions,—the reformatories, the Bethlehems, the Magdalens, the refuges, and what not. The positive advantage to the wrong doers is often incalculable, to the community at large scarcely less extensive.

I pass over the advantages of being religiously wrong; but I'm very sure if New Zealand had been a Christian land, it would not have been noticed as it has; and but for the big Patagonian's pulling off Captain Gardiner's boots as he lay shivering with the scurvy, few would have cared to visit that gloomy stygian shore!

Think of the quarter of a million (which nobody grudges, God forbid!) spent by our Missionary Societies. Who would give twopence to teach a Tartar a faith which he knew as well as you?

Then again, you and I brother know what it is to be *physically wrong.* That favorite corn you know! or that particularly inconvenient stomach-ache. Whew! The delight of getting rid of the one or the other! Then the petting you get when you're out of sorts! Adolphus comes home thoroughly emaciated after the hideous toils of the May term. Is there no Cecilia at home to pity him? His nervous system has received a shock indeed, but Clara's sympathy! Ah! what value for a sensitive nature in the sound of that voice, in the touch of that hand, in the look of that eye, that says so softly in most musical glances, "Poor fellow, how sad!" I often think, with a kind of awe, of that rough fusileer at Balaklavah, who swore with a coarse oath he'd be wounded every day of his life to have such a kind "nuss" to hold his head!

And is there no joy in being *commercially wrong* too? Crede experto, you never know your friends till you've become "rather embarrassed." But then you do! Aye! it is a horrible annoyance to find yourself really in debt. And Great Britain (and I've no doubt I may include Ireland too) highly resents a state of insolvency in men, women, or children. Yet, mark you! if you want to see how many friends you have, get royally into debt and see who sticks to you. Take my word for it, you won't find a British trader who will stand that test. No! "Wholesale retail and for exportation" holdeth in abhorrence a paucity of funds. But it is a joy which has few equals in delight, to find one staunch true man in the hour of trial, who will fight your battles, and give you the hand of fellowship, and never shirk nor waver, who will nail his colours to the mast, and take as his motto at such a time, ‘No surrender’! and—better than all—put his hand in his pocket and not draw it out empty!

I think you will not expect me to dilate upon the advantages of being *intellectually wrong*—they are *too* obvious! Why! Humboldt wrote his Cosmos for those who stood in need of correction, not for the miserable creatures who had nothing to learn! I always did think Milton's picture of the devils' imperfect knowledge, their wranglings and disputes and glorious arguments one with the other, was a far higher, and nobler picture than that other of a learned seraph who talked so very correctly beside Adam in paradise. All literature that deserves the name goes upon the assumption, that the reading public are astray on some subject or other. All progress in knowledge is built upon our past mistakes, all worthy instruction is based upon the rectifying of our errors. The man who never says a foolish thing, is pretty certain never to do a wise one!

I am not wholly unversed in the instruction of youth, and I never knew yet a precocious boy who made no blunders do anything brilliant. A good, stirring, rattling, false quantity, for instance, is such a wholesome stimulant. To be sure *that is* rather vulgar! But the making Alexander a rival of Caractacus in the affections of Zenobia, or the multiplying certain powerful *x's* by multiplying their indices, these are instructive misdemeanours, from which a man learns more than by a year's dogged persistence in a course of humdrum accuracy.

Take comfort then my fellow blunderers, we are on the right side of the hedge after all. We are alive, “the other party” are mere machines—wind'em up and they'll go! We can't! We sometimes go wrong! All the better! I would not wear a chronometer in my fob habitually, no! not for the world! I regard a man who gives fifty guineas for a time-piece that never loses a second, in the light of a monomaniac! I greatly enjoy that pulling out of watches, all differing (only *one* unhappy one right you'll observe!) and all affording a pleasant topic for conversation. I honour the man who despises Greenwich time and sticks to the longitude. For me, I never had a good watch, and never intend to have until some infatuated people give me a Testimonial, and then I shall take it to pieces to insure it's going not over well for the future. It is so *very* dull to know

precisely the time of day, and to have no margin allowed you!

* * * * * *

Of course you expect a conclusion. Is it quite the correct thing?—Pish!

“A.”

SONG.

She cometh in dreams of Summer days,
With the chirping of Summer birds—
With a faint sweet scent of new-mown hay
And the lowing of distant herds.
And tearful eyes look down on me
And a sad face haunts my mind—
But I only hear the plash of the wave,
And the breath of the Summer wind!

She cometh to me in the gray, gray dawn,
With a sadness on her brow,
With a tremulous glimmer of golden hair,
And a voice that speaks not now.—
She bringeth a mem'ry of pale, pale cheeks,
And the grass of a quiet grave,—
But I only hear the breath of the wind,
And the plash of the Summer wave!

“F. V.”

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOOSEQUILL.

Tempora quam mutantur! eram pars anseris olim:
Nunc sum penna brevis, mox resecanda minor.
De patre rostrato sine glorier ante, recidar
Quam brevior. Princeps ille cohortis erat.
Nunc longa cervice minax et sibilus ore
Currebat per humum: nunc dubitante gradu
Et capite obstipo steterat similisque putanti
Quo sol deficeret tempore quaque tenus.
Sæpe anatum mediocre genus brevioraque risit
Colla suis, risit rostra canora minus.
Et quoties risit, concordes nos quoque pennæ
Risimus, atque alæ concrepuere pares.
"Stranguler atque coquar," stridebat gutture ovanti,
"Ni crepat horridius, quam strepit anser, anas.
"Dem jecur in lances, in pulvinaria plumas,
"Ansere si melius cantat anhelus olor."
Hæc et plura quidem croceo dabat ore cachinnans.
Galle, cachinnanti territa terga dabas.
Flave pedes, flave ora parens, alia omnia candens,
Multicolor pavo te bicolore minus
(Hoc quoque jactabas) nivei splendoris habebat.
Nec rostro exciderat vox ea vana tuo.
Ah quem portabas ventrem et quam varicus ibas,
Altiliumque timor deliciæque coqui!
Ah quoties tecum lætabar, sive biremis
Liventem per aquam candida vela dares;
Sive volaturum graviter te passa levaret
Ala, ministerio proficiente meo!
Ah stagni decus! Ah ranarum gurges et horror!
Ah desiderium vulpis, opime pater;
Sol medium (memini) conscenderat æthera, dumque
Derides anatum colla minora tuis,
Efflaras: Taratalla coquus tibi guttura longa
Fregerat elidens, exsciderat que jecur.
Hæc, pater albe, tui memor heu non alba litura
Flens cadit in chartam. Nunc mea fata sequar.

Vellor, et aligenæ velluntur rite sorores;
Mox patior morsus, culter acerbe, tuos.
Rasa cavor dorsum; tum fissa cacuminor ima:
Est mihi lingua; loquar: sunt mihi labra; bibam.
Atramenta bibo: novus adfluit halitus: arsi
Currere sub digitis et sine voce loqui!
O ubi terrarum loquar? O ubi nuncia mentis
Audiar in Græcis stridere literulis?
Musarum domus est: piger adluit amnis; agerque
Collibus, ut flumen mobilitate, caret.
Camum Castaliâ Polyhymnia, Pallas Athenis
Mutavit Grantam: quo coiere pares.
Me quoque fors devexit eo: diagrammata duco;
Scribere versiculos conor: utrumque decet.
Terra, tuos sequor errores, dum volveris inter
Quæ fugiunt solem flumina* quæque petunt.
Tum lapidis jacti curvum signare tenorem
Instruar an doceam, quis scit? Utrumque puto.
Pons sacer est, asinorum infamia: sæpe per illum
Ivit inoffensus, me duce, discipulus.
Tandem, prætrepidans orbem quadrare, cucurri
Noctes atque dies irrequieta duos.
Futilis ille labor quanto stetit atramento!
Vana quot inscriptis signa voluminibus!
Me tunc, dum toties in gyrum volvor, adorta est
Vertigo capitis: dissiluere genæ:
Succubui, exciderамque manu, ni prensa tenerer:
Tam grave quadrando vulnus ab orbe tuli.
Non sum qualis eram: fio maculosa: fatisco:
Varica, rostrati more parentis, eo.
Arent labra siti: cessat facundia linguæ:
Dirigui: careo mobilitate meâ.
Lector, in hoc (maculis veniam da) carmine, nostræ
Quidquid erat reliquum garrulitatis, habes.
Hæc memor in nostro sit scalpta querela sepulcro,
"Penna, levi chartis sit tibi terra levis."

"T. S. E."

Rugby, *March*, 1858.

* Magnesia flumina saxi.—Lucret.

A WORD MORE ON UNIVERSITY STUDIES.

THE article on this subject in the last number of the *Eagle* was, with one exception, to me by far the most interesting. Not that it is new or profound, witty or logical, but that it says precisely what I should have said three years ago. I have the strongest sympathy with the unknown writer of it, and cannot better express it than by disputing most of his inferences. An hour's conversation would, I have no doubt, leave us thoroughly agreed at bottom; let me briefly indicate the line I should adopt.

You speak, Sir, of the worthlessness of this one-sided and partial Education that a man obtains, if he reads nothing at College but mathematics, even though he attain the highest honours in that branch of study.

I do; supposing him, as I said, to be ignorant of other things.

Just so; but here you virtually ignore all early training (assuredly no unimportant part of education), all his boyhood at home, and all his years at school. From ten years old to nineteen what was he doing? The greater part of that time was spent in Latin and Greek. He has already devoted in some way or other nine years to language, and what he did at all he is likely to have done in earnest; on your own theory he ought now to turn to science.

Yes; but those seven or eight years, for I will not grant you more, are years in which comparatively little progress is made; his mind was not captivated by his work; it was done perfunctorily; and with what effect let the Little-Go examiners tell.

I think their evidence could not help us much just now. But you have no right to say that the work was done perfunctorily; and less still to estimate the value of a training by the quantum of producible knowledge it has given. Even if he can barely translate Virgil and Homer, and such cases are rare, the amount of labour, (and that is an item never to be lost sight of in estimating the value of a branch of education) that must have been bestowed in the acquisition of that ability is very apt to be under-estimated. I consider it as of great importance.

Well, it's worth something; we can't quite define how much.

Therefore, Sir, you have greatly overstated your case in speaking of a Senior Wrangler who knows nothing but mathematics. You should have said, who knows nothing *better than the generality of educated* (I mean University) *men*, except mathematics.

I grant you this; if you think it is worth having.

I do; it is the first concession I wanted, and fatal to your remarks on Educated men *v.* Calculating machines. I shall now go on to the next point. You complain that he should give three whole years to mathematics, and get so full of them, while he is comparatively ignorant of other things. But he knows very little of mathematics. He is much further behind Adams and Stokes (not to go out of Cambridge) than a senior classic is behind Shilleto and Donaldson. Is there any man in Cambridge who could give an opinion on the subjects on which Adams is understood (or not understood) to be engaged? I have heard not. In fact your hero knows about as much mathematics as a clever fourth-form boy knows of classics, of whom you can say that he may perhaps turn out a pretty scholar if he works well. In discussing a University Matriculation Examination, some Classical and Mathematical men agreed that the students should be expected to shew a competent knowledge of the rudiments of both branches of education. But how would our schools have opened their thousand eyes had they heard a worthy Cambridge Professor fix as a minimum (so runs the tale) that a man should be able to *differentiate freely!* Therefore it appears that there is no such great disproportion in his attainments, even if his classics are those of the third form; and we observe a disproportion rather in the Classical Senior Optime who is still in his *hic, haec, hoc* of mathematics.

There is some plausibility about this; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating; tell me what mainly occupies the mind of the mathematical student! Is it well balanced?

You take strong ground. I trust that while he is at work at Mathematics he thinks of them, and of them only. The strong mind will throw them aside entirely, and say, 'Lie there, Todhunter' when he puts off his shabby old coat for Thurlbourn and Holden's new one, and turns out at 2 P.M. The weaker mind, the reserved or unsociable man, cannot get rid of the phantom page, except in longer rests, or by artificial divertisement; he sees triangles in the landscape, and finds Gog and Magog invaluable as vertices. But we are not talking of such men.

No: but your strong man thinks of x and y for three years—

Only for seven hours a-day, remember—

And then—

—Goes down and blissfully forgets them all in a year's time; or begins to study them in right earnest; or takes pupils. He can please himself. In a year's time he is well balanced enough, even if he were as top-heavy at the time of the Tripos as most men are: if it is his profession to teach Mathematics, he has his pupils and pen before him for not so many hours as a shoemaker has his leather and awl, and his poking and punching and proging entitle him to no more compassion. They are sometimes very happy pleasant fellows, whom you would never suspect of differentiation; and that though their Latin Prose would be intolerable. What I wish to call your attention to is that, as Mrs. Poyser might say, "Folks as grind axes may expect to have their teeth set on edge," but when you stop the stone, and hack away, your teeth are all right again. In fact, as I said before, my teeth *have been* on edge, I *have* squeaked, I have passed clean through your stage and come out on the other side; and I say the single-minded (I mean the single reading) man is in the right of it. Let him do one thing well, at least as well as ever he can. It is not the first four, or the first six hours of reading that are *morally* worth much to the man, but the *last*; when his attention wanders, and all the power of his will is strained in fixing it; when his head aches and his hand trembles, and he won't give in yet: when his heart is sick, and he bates not one jot. The moral value of a high degree is far greater than its intellectual value; here is no dilettante, but a man of firm will, which has conquered the feebleness of his body. You would lose all that, and just when his work is absolutely priceless in value to him—bah! you would let him off and take up his Horace!

You ruin the elasticity of his body and mind for the sake of this unheard of morality.

I don't. Experto crede. Of course he is tired at the time, it may be unutterably wearied. It is right that it should be so; the weariness is transient. What events of your life are worth remembering except occasions of danger or fatigue, of trouble, of self-denial: when did you grow sensibly except then, when every nerve was strained. Man is made to look back with pleasure, not forsooth on a change of work (which is no better than play) but on intense and perhaps continuous efforts. How we recal with pleasure that tug up the soft yielding snow slope 13000 feet high in Switzerland; that forty mile walk, with three passes, we took in the lakes; was there no pleasure in the aching numbed arms before a Trinity boat up the Long Reach?

Would you have him read mathematics alone?

I should reply as Demosthenes did. First, second and third—Mathematics.

But what should the poor fellow do in his intervals of lucidity?

In his intervals of lucidity as you are pleased to call them, let him read anything in the wide world except classics and novels.

You barbarian to yoke them thus!

I stick to it. Classics pay in examinations, and unless he is a shocking bad hand, may beguile him into being plucked for the Classical Tripos; novels will ruin him. Experto crede.

That's the way. Experto crede, that's the way old fogies come down on young moralists. Novels ruin him!

I don't mean to argue that now, and I believe you take up novels because I would put them down. At this stage of an argument one grows contradictory.

Possibly: at least I thought so a minute ago. But what a shame to spend thus *the three best years of his life*. He ought to develope himself more generally.

I smell a little cant here (cant with a *c*, not cant with a *k*) that developement is an ugly word, we don't either of us quite know what we mean by it. But I will maintain that my plan developes him naturally.

How? how *naturally?*

By his taking the studies in their *natural* order: and their natural order is clearly indicated to us by history. Mathematics have followed Language in the historical developement of the human mind. The splendid and rapid growth of the Greek mind made them models in eloquence, in history, in poetry; even in philosophy they were at once brilliant and profound: but not in mathematics; and they failed still more signally in natural science, and that was not for want of trying. They require the maturer mind, as of the world, so of the individual. They are altogether of later growth.

I grant it. But one-sidedness, want of sympathy with other pursuits, are not these great evils and also characteristic of wranglers?

They are great evils; they are not characteristic of wranglers. A very few men, whom we are both thinking of are—I won't call them names—but as a class far from it. You remember the one-sidedness was shewn to be temporary.

I remember—temporary insanity. But about the other reading; I am specially interested in that. Don't you think it rather (just a little) likely to slip out of the fourth place?

Not the least: the harder the regular work, the stiffer must be the cement to bind it all together. In those terribly long mornings of the Long Vacation (I wonder whether other men long for interrupting visitors as I did) I have known men catch the Carlylian and Coleridgian fevers, and have them severely too without their other work suffering. I have known a man Mill'ed mildly in his third Long; and bitten all over with German philosophy in his last term of all times. Terrible stiff cement that. I am sure it is the same with you.

I am sure you talk a great deal faster than I do.

Of course I do. Ain't I writing the dialogue?

Good Day. I hope we shall finish our talk some day.

[The writer begs to apologize to his fellow disputant for the freedom of the tone adopted in conversation with a stranger.]

A VISION.

As hard at work I trimmed the midnight lamp,
  Yfilling of mine head with classic lore,
Mine hands firm clasped upon my temples damp,
  Methought I heard a tapping at the door;
'Come in', I cried, with most unearthly roar,
  Fearing a horrid Dun or Don to see,
Or Tomkins that unmitigated bore,
  Whom I love not, but who alas! loves me,
And cometh oft unbid and drinketh of my tea.

'Come in', I roared; when suddenly there rose
  A magick form before my dazzled eyes:
'Or do I wake', I asked myself 'or doze'?
  Or hath an angel come in mortal guise'?
So wondered I: but nothing mote surmise;
  Only I gazed upon that lovely face,
In reverence yblent with mute surprise:
  Sure never yet was seen such wondrous grace,
Since Adam first began to run his earthlie race.

Her hands were folded on her bosom meek;
  Her sweet blue eyes were lifted t'ward the skie.
Her lips were parted, yet she did not speak;
  Only at times she sighed, or seem'd to sigh:
In all her 'haviour was there nought of shy;
  Yet well I wis no Son of Earth would dare,
To look with love upon that lofty eye;
  For in her beauty there was somewhat rare,
A something that repell'd an ordinary stare.

Then did she straight a snowy cloth disclose
  Of Samite, which she placed upon a chair:
Then smiling like a freshly-budding rose,
  She gazed on me with a witching air;
As mote a Cynic anchorite ensnare.
  Eftsoons, as though her thoughts she could not smother,
She hasted thus her mission to declare:—
  'Please, these is your clean things I've brought instead
    of brother,
'And if you'll pay the bill you'll much oblige my mother.'

"Ψ."

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF PERCIVAL OAKLEY.

READER, do you keep a diary? if you don't, and never have, I should certainly advise you not to begin. The amount of hours I have wasted over mine, (first in writing it, then in reading and admiring it when written,) would, if better employed, have qualified me to be Senior Wrangler at least, not to say a first class in Classics into the bargain. Despite these unavailing regrets I gaze with justifiable pride on the series of manuscript volumes filled with interesting records of my past existence. There is one for each year; all are beautifully bound; the paper exquisite cream-laid; each provided with a lock to screen their contents from eyes profane; and the locks so very superior that whenever I lose the key (which happens on an average about once a month) I am obliged to take or send the volume of the current year to town in order to have it opened. But the contents! they are indeed beyond all praise. Every day of the week has no less than ten pages devoted to itself. First and foremost comes a list of the reading I intend to do in the sixteen hours of waking life: (this list is always peculiarly large); immediately below stands a list of the reading I actually accomplish: (this list is always peculiarly small.) A minute account of my personal proceedings follows, beginning with my first waking action (which is generally to abuse the person who has disturbed my slumbers) and ending with my last drowsy reflection (which is generally on the pleasures of an eight o'clock lecture next morning). Such details *may* occupy space, but their value is of course more than an equivalent compensation. The remaining pages are devoted to an abstract of the news of the day, a philosophic essay, and some slight offering to the muse. Can you imagine anything more delightful in conception, more perfect in execution, more interesting in perusal?

Possibly from reading the above you may infer that I am a conceited person; my friends have done so ever so long; they say to my face that I have too good an opinion of myself, and behind my back that I am a fool and a puppy. Charming is the judgement of friends; it resembles an astronomical telescope devoid of correcting eye-piece, and sees your very merits the wrong side uppermost. *Virtutes ipsas invertitis.* That I have a high opinion of myself I do not deny, that it is too high I beg leave respectfully to doubt.

However, for the present, enough of egotism—let me commend to your notice a small passage from one of my most recent diaries, put into historical form, which I entitle—

SCRAP SENTIMENTAL.

It matters very little what took me down, a summer or two since, to the fashionable watering place of Weremouth. Suppose Seraphina Maria *was* staying with her maiden aunt at No. 1, St. Aubyn Terrace; what is that to the purpose? [Seraphina is now Mrs. John Tugg, and mother of a diminutive Tugg female. Have you, reader, never happened to love a dear gazelle, &c. &c.?] Perhaps I went there to read; what spot is so favourable to study as a lively sea-side town? Perhaps for the good of my health; isn't being plucked twice for Little-Go, a trial to the strongest constitutions?

The rail (in its usual obliging way) set me down about a mile from my destination, whereupon I became the lawful spoil and pillage to the bus-driver of the Royal hotel; my modest amount of luggage pitilessly hurled on the roof, and myself, despite all resistance, stowed in the stifling interior, a pull of twenty minutes up a perpendicular hill landed me at the door of the Royal. The view was rather superior, I suppose, by moonlight, for two pages of the volume are devoted to describing the same, but as one sea-side place is just like another, you may all imagine the scenery for yourselves. A moment's reverie rudely broken by a stern demand from my plunderer for "one and a tizzy," and I turned into the hotel. A figure standing at the bar instantly caught my attention, and simultaneously I settled that it must be a fellow Cantab: it was young Cambridge all over; the marvellous head-cover, (for I cannot bring myself to call it either hat or cap) the turn-down collars, the elaborate scarf and pin, the shortest of coats, the most peg-top of trowsers, the patentest leathered of boots, and, as if anything was wanting to clinch the matter, that tankard of beer, and that everlasting pipe of meerschaum. On hearing my step he turned, and ‘this murmur broke the stillness of the air’, “Oakley, my pippin, what the deuce brings you down to this infernal hole?” Sure enough it was Henry Saville of Unity College in the year below myself, and with whom I had spent days pleasant at least, if not profitable, at Alcester School. Being at different colleges we had not seen much of one another at the University, but the old *esprit d' école* had knit us together once and for good. It was a case of “Waiter—supper for two directly—chops of defunct sheep, if you please, for the murdered cow at dinner was not satisfactory; likewise a quart of bitter, and *don't* draw it mild, for it's flat enough without.” [Such was Saville's wit, and in his own College they *actually* thought him an amusing fellow!]

A good long chat we had over the supper and the pipes that followed; discourse of the season in town, with its theatres and exhibitions, fêtes and concerts, casinos and saloons; of Henley Regatta whereon, as both were boating men, our talk threatened to become interminable, specially when we diverged from the waters of Thamesis to father Camus, and discussed the merits of every boat in the least degree meritorious, including the second crews whereof we had severally been members. However a happy turn in the conversation led to the proceedings of our common friends—old Whitechapel was off for the continent with (startling announcement) a pony in his pocket, and had vowed to spend the Long in Russia with an eye to ices. Fluker the senior classic in embryo had joined a reading-party in a four down the Main, whereas Potter, the sucking Senior Wrangler was up at Cambridge reading subjects so extremely high, that they would only keep till January following in the best ventilated of minds. And so on, and so on, nor am I going to specify our number of glasses of “cold with”, or what the clock struck when we considered it fairly “the hour of retiring.”

If my head ached at breakfast next morning, I pretty soon forgot all about that. From where I sat I could see St. Aubyn Terrace plain enough, could see the door of No. 1 open, and a bewitching figure in a straw hat and white brown holland dress trimmed with blue, trip down to the bathing machines. By the time she reappeared on the esplanade, with her magnificent hair all hanging loose for the sun to dry, I was strolling (quite by accident) in the same direction, and need scarcely say that I saw no more of Saville, save once *en passant* till six that evening, the hour we had fixed for dinner.

About a quarter past that hour (I like to be minute in particulars) I found Saville staring out of the large bow-window that had a view down on the Marina. “Look here,” he exclaimed, as I entered, and truly there was something worth looking at.

A marvellously handsome girl, tall and dark, with the most brilliant complexion, and most astonishing eyes and hair; eyes of no “misty depths” or “luminous darkness,” but sparkling and pleasantly audacious to behold, hair done up in such a rich coronal, that the net seemed scarcely equal to keeping it in order; the nose Grecian, and the mouth “with an underlip you may call it, a little too ripe, too full”; the head small and beautifully set on the neck (in a curve, whose equation ought to appear in Analytical Geometry, if mathematicians' hearts were only human); her very perfect figure was dressed in what was then the height of the fashion, a light summer muslin of delicate and indescribable colour, with a scarf of the same hanging loose from her shoulders; a Spanish hat and feather, without any invidious fall of lace, completed her costume. *Parfaitement chausée* and *parfaitement gantée*, she walked

> A form of life and light
> That seen, became a part of sight.

A veteran officer (her father apparently from the age) with tanned complexion and grizzled moustache, was her only companion, a striking looking man enough, in spite of an unmistakeable air of “has-been-fast-once” which there was about him: it was no wonder that they attracted the eyes of all spectators then idling on the promenade. We had front seats however for the spectacle, for from the position of the window they faced us as they walked; and of course, just as they were close to the hotel, the *donzella alletévole*—(you know how it always happens—magnetic influence and so forth) raised her eyes for the space of a flash of lightning to where that moon-struck Saville was standing.—Short as the look was, I read in it both a decided degree of recognition and a slight touch of approbation. They passed out of sight: the mooning one drew a long breath; and I was just going to ask him for an explanation, when in comes the waiter with dinner, and Saville, himself again, begins volubly to abuse Weremouth in general for a dull provincial end of the earth, and the hotel in particular, for a vile uncleanly abyss. I don't report his conversation at full, for it was peculiar to his class of Undergraduates; few of the words he used would be found in Webster's Dictionary, and he garnished his sentences with too many "deuceds," "infernals," and (I regret to say) stronger expletives still, to make it pleasant to read.--Such as his talk was, there was plenty of it; in a vein of happy audacity he enquired after the health of the ladies he had seen me walking with, profanely called one of them "a serene tip," offered congratulations, and expressed a hope I should send him cards. Then explained his reasons for having left town in such a hurry, to wit, because if he had not he should have "been in quod" at the present moment; two individuals of Caucasian extraction, instigated by a much-enduring but exasperated shoe-maker, had waylaid him at his lodgings in St. James' Street, and he had only escaped by the timely warning of one of his intimates, a Hansom cabby by profession; the latter had driven him with all speed to the Great Western station, whence he had taken a ticket to the first place he could think of, and so arrived only the night before myself—"that was all" he said, and quite enough too, in all conscience.

I asked him what he meant to do, and whether his guardian wouldn't help him down from the "tree" as he called it. He said he was expecting remittances shortly, but didn't know whether they were due that month, or next, or perhaps the month after that, meanwhile he had enough to carry on the war, but not sufficient to satisfy Mr. Solomon Heelam's "little account"—so what was the odds as long as he was happy, to which new and original sentiment he drank a glass of hock.

But as we were prowling along by the sea, in the cool of the evening, and adding a touch of Havannah to the general fragrance of nature, more disclosures appeared. He had met with an adventure—(he was one of those men who have always been meeting with an adventure; there is a lady generally in the case of high rank, and great personal attractions, who has declared her affection for the narrator unmistakeably, only unfortunately he has never been able to speak to her, or even see her, except on the other side the street): however the present case was a degree more tangible —he had seen the Veteran and his daughter at Paddington, had heard them take their ticket for Weremouth, and intended to travel in the same carriage by way of improving (?) his acquaintance; had however found their carriage full and not set eyes on them again till that morning, when he had not only discovered their lodgings, but had been able to take rooms for himself in the same house, where was another bedroom for me if I liked to join him. What did I care where my earthly tenement resided while my soul was always with Seraphina in ideal conversation—I censured his cheek, expressed my opinion there would be a row at no remote period, and consented to partaking the rooms, the more especially as they were in St. Aubyn Terrace. So we lounged up and down, but the beatific vision appeared no more, and S. M. had gone with her Aunt "quite in a friendly way" to spend the evening at the Tuggs (horrid cotton spinning people devoted to Mammon) where she would have a lively tea-fight, singing duets with that oppressively plain Eliza T. and playing chess with dear John, no doubt.—Under the circumstances Saville and I relieved our feelings by a quiet game at billiards on a shockingly bad table, and turned in early.

Before the next day we were installed in our rooms at No. 6, and the evening after that Saville was positively sitting in the first floor drawing-room listening to some of old Colonel St. Croix's campaigns, and exchanging intelligent looks with Miss Eugenie St. C. At the same hour Mr. Solomon Heelam was giving further instructions *in re* Ernest Saville, Esq. to the two Caucasians. At the same hour Fluker was raving against the authorities at Würzburg because the whole of his Long Vacation library had somehow got lost between that and Ratisbon, except an index to Sophocles which he luckily had in his pocket. At the same hour Potter was wrestling for life with Lunatic Theory, and Regular Stolids, while a demon in the rooms underneath him was playing the Satanella Valses, and a legion of fiends opposite were trying the "Shriek" chorus in "Moloch." At the same hour I, Percival Oakley, was at Miss Veriblue's lodgings playing piquet with her adorable niece, and suggesting how pleasant the air must be on the balcony, and other people were there, and Mrs. Tugg was regretting the absence of "her John who had gone to Blackwall to look for a ship": whence she proceeded to denounce the folly of early marriage (scowling malignantly at our secluded corner) and the heinousness of limited means, instancing as melancholy examples, a young clergyman and his wife then passing their honeymoon at Weremouth, "who have positively nothing, my dear, except what he makes by teaching at Oxford College, and who look so happy and thoughtless it is quite lamentable to see them." To which Miss V. responded that "she for her part was no advocate for matrimony." Well, matrimony at any rate had been no advocate for her.

"P. O."

TYPHŒUS.

Typhœus.
Sun, moon, and stars, hid in a night of pain;
Blacker than midnight here with rolling smoke,
And fume of pitch; and livid-licking flame
About my eyes, that flashes in my face
With mocking laugh, as if my strength at last
Were shorn away, and I no Titan were;
And this dead weight,— Typhœus, shake it off!

Spirits of the Flames.
Yes, shake it off, Typhœus.

Typh.
Who are ye,
That keep a triumph in your laughing mock;
And rail at me?

Spirits of the Flames.
Typhœus, shake it off!

Typh.
If I could catch ye in these writhing hands,
Then I would stop your railing. Who are ye?
If ye be spirits of Zeus, that think ye have
His might in you, O come a little close,
And let me feel you. I would stop your mock,
If I could catch you creeping near me now.
I have a strength hid in this heart somewhere,
That will come soon.

Spirits of Pain.
We will subdue thy strength,
Typhœus.

Spirits of the Flames.
If thou could'st catch us now?
Can'st thou not feel us licking in thine ears,
And kissing thy large hands, as if we loved
To toy with strength? Typhœus, shake it off,
If the weight press thee.

Typh.
O ye eternal Fates!

Watchers.
He will not say terrific Zeus does this;
But only Fate. How horrible he is!

Typh.
If I could shake this horrid mountain off;
If I could but a little time grow calm,
And gather my cowed strength; or grasp the flames
Shrivelling in these hands, and put them out;
If I could get a little my lost strength;
Or turn upon my side, and roll away
The grinding rocks—

Watchers.
See how he writhes in pain!
If he can but do what he thinks, and turn
His weary side; if he roll off the mass
Of lava-livid mountain in the deep;
Zeus in his citadel may shake for fear.
If he can open those shut eyes, and see
The blessed stars, and stand upon his feet,
And breathe himself, he will heap up again
Pelion upon Ossa.

Spirits.
Thou art bound
With subtle links of pain: the flame has thee.
It will not loose thee any more, Typhœus.

Watchers.
He will not shake it off; the rock holds firm:
Rolling on him again, to keep him down;
Tho' all the earth shudders to feel him move.
He grows a little calm, and speaks low words;
As if he prayed to mother Earth for help.

Typh.
It will come back again: it fails me now.
It grew upon me in my youth, this strength,
A mighty joy. Even a little child,
I tore the pines out of the rocks with ease.
It does forsake me now. It will come back.

Spirits.
It will come back, Typhœus.

Typh.
It was a sight
To make the Fates relent:—Enceladus,
By terror-flashing bolt of Zeus struck dead,
A massy blacken'd corpse, lie many a rood,
Along the wreck of lands where battle swept,
And all the rest of them. I hear the deep
Rocking about the bases of the isle;
And in its hollow caverns under me
Moaning for ruth, and hissing with the flame.
May be an age shall pass before this strength
Grow what it was.

Spirits of the Flames.
We will subdue thy strength.
It is but weak already. We will scorch
Thy sinews into wires, and crack the bones
Thou trustest in to help thee. We shall dry
The blood up in thy heart ere long, Typhœus.

Spirits of Pain. We will subdue thee soon.

Watchers.
How great he is!
Making himself a greater than himself
With his proud calm. The gods get little praise.
He makes himself mightier than the gods.

Typh.
If it be in the wisdom of the Fates
To make him stronger for a little time,
Let him not think I fear his puny pains.
Lashes of flames, and molten chains of rocks,
And liquid livid flowing of these ores,
That melt about my limbs, and lick the flesh
To sores and boils, and run in little streams,
Thro' cavern glooms, into the sea beneath,—
It is not these Typhœus fears to meet.
For I will lie beneath the weight, and shut
My lids for calm, and curse him in my heart;
Knowing the ancient strength will come sometime.
It may be days, or years, or ages hence:
But time is little to eternal life;
And strength will come.—I, lying here till then,
Will rest at ease as on a meadow couch;
Turning upon my side sometimes for change.

Watchers.
How terrible he is! The spirits cease
Their taunts, to wonder at him.

Typh.
It is not
The writhing pain and flame that trouble me;
And not so much my strength awhile subdued,
Or base defeat; but in my clouded thought
A little doubt.

Watchers.
What can his doubt be, then?

Typh.
If it be writ in Fates that Zeus be King,
Is any heart so bold, or hand so strong,
That it may cut it from the scroll of Fates?
If it be so, who is Typhœus then?
If it be written, as I think it is,
What is it in the Future can bring help,
Tho' year by year the ages roll away?

Spirits.
What is it in the Future can bring help?
Tell us, Typhœus. It is little need
To wait for ages: why not burst free now?

Watchers.
How his eyes stare into the hollow gloom!
As if the dark were thick with beckoning hands!
As if he saw the battle raging fierce
Again, and sudden terror of the gods!

Typh.
Then if Enceladus, a blasted trunk
Of Titan ruin and wreck, were no more so;
And rose up strong, not rotting on the meads:
And if the ancient strength grew up again
In all of us, and with it dire revenge;
Cottus and Gyes and Briareus,
And I Typheus and Porphyrion;
And if we gather'd in a brotherhood
About Olympus proud, and held close siege
To Zeus and all his brood of weakling girls;
And all his nymphs, and goddesses of youth,
And petty queens of beauty died of fear;
If we pluck'd up Olympus by the roots,
And if we hurl'd his sun from his high seat,
And shrinking moon, and pull'd his stars on him;
And plotted for his hundred realms such dread,
And such confusion in his fastnesses,
With our mere force; would it avail us much?
If he be writ in Fates supreme, and be
For ever shielded of the Destinies?
It would be little better in the end.
For somehow we should fail, and it would all
End in our ruin, as before it did.

Watchers.
Now he would seem to work it out in thought.
He shuts the sear'd lids over his fierce eyes.
The mocking spirits echo him:—

Spirits.
Would all
End in your ruin.

Watchers.
See, he has it now!

Typh.
This it is, then;—what is 'twere best to bear.
It is not I would ever yield to Fate.
Because Fate strove to crush and make me yield:
It is not I would give Zeus place, because
This hand could not displace him:—I would strive
Ever and ever thro' eternal time,

And thwart his aims and plague and trouble him;
Till his god-life were mostly wretched made,
With such continual terror of his foes.
But this it is,—what is 'twere best to bear.

Watchers. How leisurely he thinks, thought after thought,
His knotty problem out! Look at his eyes!
The visage of the dead were not more calm.
As if this were a meadow-couch indeed!
As if the flame lick'd not his bare limbs now!

Typh. To bear it, not of terror, but of will.
If I for fear obey the Destinies;
Then I no better were than unsoul'd clay,
Or sorry beast, or leopard of the hills.
If I for fear echo to his behest;
And lay aside, but at the will of Zeus,
My unused strength; I little better were
Than unskill'd slave, that supples at the whip,
And gets a slow reprieve by cringing prayers.
That were to make myself a less than he.
But if I bear that which there is to bear,
Not of constraint, but of my own proud will;
If I put on an energy to keep
My heart content, and suffer willingly;
Then I say not I suffer any more,
But call it triumph: it is victory:
Victory, not of Zeus, but I myself
Subdue myself: so then I am a god:
So then I am a greater than myself.
There is no greatness any greater left,
Than willingly to bear what must be borne.
And ever more the agony shall be
The sealing of my greatness: all the pain
Be changed from pain, and evermore be joy.
The running of the melted ores shall hiss,
As melody of triumph after fight:
The flaming flame as flag of victory,
Over my head waved after tug of strife:
And ever under-murmur of the sea
Be murmur'd sound of one that is content.
Ever I am a greater than Typhœus.
He was a giant in those days of storm;
And mighty in a meaner strength, that is
Put off from him:—he has subdued himself.
And Zeus supreme over Typhœus is:
I greater am,—o'er Zeus and him supreme.

Watchers. This is a soul that is a king of soul.
This is a godhead o'er immortal thought.
This is a better kingdom than to sit
Throned on Olympus: this is greater far
Than any sceptre over things and men.

"T. ASHE."

BEVERTON HALL,

A Tale.

THE Pagets were a great family at Beverton some hundred years ago, and used to own all the land for miles round, and the chancel of the church into the bargain. But their family has long since gone to decay, and the old chancel has fallen in, where they used to sit in their laced coats and high collars, and listen to the preaching of some Rector also long gone and forgotten.

Yes, the good old Paget family have long ceased to exist, and there is but little known of them.

Some old women tell stories which they heard, when they were children, about the last of the family.

They say he was a stern fierce man, with a fair sorrowful wife, much younger than himself, who always seemed afraid of him. They tell many a tale of her goodness and of his wickedness, but I forget them now, and probably there is no more truth in them, than in the story of his wife's ghost, who is said to wander about the church-yard.

But there was such a man as Sir Hugh Paget, we all know, for his tomb is in the chancel, with large iron rails round it, and some years since any one who understood Latin, could read the inscription, and learn his many *virtues;* but the ivy has grown over the tablet now, and formed a sort of triumphal crown round the old rusted helmet, which is still fixed to the walls.

If we were to open the old vaults under the chancel, we should know more about the Pagets. I dare say their names are all written on the gilded coffins. One after another they were all laid in that dark cold vault.

The flag stone which covers them may still be seen, though upon it the wild violet grows, looking pretty, and blue as the sea, which shines through the ruined windows.

If you walk a quarter-of-a-mile from the church along the cliffs, and then turn sharp to the left and through

that little plantation, where there are so many primroses and wood anemones and violets in spring, as soon as you reach the top of the mound where there is that curious oak tree (which you must have observed if you have been in those parts), you will see some old chimneys. You can't help observing them, and thinking the next wind would send them over, they look so tall and thin and old. They looked just as they do now sixty years ago. Some how or other those old chimneys never have come down, though part of the house has fallen in, as you will see when you get into the court-yard, where the old Peacock, the crest of the Paget family, still keeps guard on the top of the gate.

A very dim dusty old Peacock it is to be sure, and no wonder, for it has been watching up there through all weather, ever since old Sir Ralph Paget placed it there more than one hundred and fifty years ago. Most of the house still stands, though one entire gable fell in some years since, during the awful storm of 1840. It was the newest part of the house which tumbled down and was built at the same time as the gateway with the old Peacock. The old part is still standing, and I dare say would stand for another century if they do not pull it down as they talk of doing.

It is a rambling curious old place. The hall is by far the most ancient part, (said to be built in the time of Edward the Second) the other parts being added at different times.

There are some curious old pieces of armour hanging even now in the hall, they are very rusty, and look much the same colour as the old stags' heads that grin all round the walls, with their large round senseless eyes.

Ask the old woman who takes charge of the house to shew you over, she'll tell you all sorts of strange stories, it was she who first told me of the Ghost in the church-yard.

The old women say Dame Groats was very beautiful once, though it is hard to believe it. They say they have heard many strange stories about that shrivelled old woman. One old woman in the Almshouse says, that she can remember her as bonny a lass as ever she saw, driving about with the old Sir Hugh (whose lady is under the stone in the chancel) after the death of his wife, from a broken heart, caused by her husband's cruelty and unfaithfulness, but it was a very confused tale the old woman told me.

All that I could make out was, that Bessy was very lovely once, and that Sir Hugh thought so too, and though he never made her his wife he intended leaving her almost every thing, and would have done so had he not been accidentally killed one night, by one of his wild friends, who used to live with him, and make the old dining-hall echo with their drunken orgies. A wild lot they must have been in those days though Bessy won't often speak of them or of Sir Hugh.

Once I remember taking a friend of mine to see the old hall, who was much delighted with the quaint old house, its odd corners, rambling passages, and many staircases. There is only one picture in the house, and that is let into the wall over the fire-place in the great dining-room, it is a pretty picture of a fair, handsome, open-looking boy of eighteen. “That is a portrait of Sir Hugh, the last of the family who ever lived in the hall,” said old Bessy, looking up at it, with something like a tear in her eye.

“Bless my soul,” said my friend, “you don't mean to say that wicked old Sir Hugh was ever such a nice, honest looking fellow as that?”

“Yes he was,” said the old woman, “and I don't know who you are young gentleman, to call Sir Hugh wicked, I wish there were many more like him in the world. No, young gentleman, it is not for you to speak of those who are gone like that, nor for me to listen to you, so if ye wish to see over the house Mr. Hartley must take you, for I speak to ye no more!” so saying, the old woman hobbled out of the room.

“What an extraordinary old hag!” said my companion.

“She *is* a curious old woman,” I said, “and at times even dangerous. I believe she has known better days, I don't know much about her, but I fancy she has had the charge of this house for fifty or sixty years, and has effectually managed to keep it all to herself, but come and see the other rooms, I know my way about the place almost as well as Bessy.”

So we went all over the dismal old place, and saw the great bedstead, where Queen Elizabeth (I think it was) once slept, and has not been slept in but once since, and no wonder, for one seldom sees such a great funereal thing, with its dusky plumes and old embroidered curtains. I should have been sorry to have passed a night in it as did Captain Dickens to his cost.

The drawing-room was up the old carved staircase, and was a long gloomy room hung with tapestry, worked by the deceased Lady Pagets. There was one piece close to the door, worked by poor Lady Flora, Sir Hugh's wife. I dare say that old dry piece of canvass had been wet with many a hot tear. The bottom of the horse's leg, as you will at once notice, is not finished, the poor lady died before she had finished the knee. As there was no one else to finish it, it was hung up just as it was, and after all, it looks as well as the other pieces. There is a little dark spot on it which looks as if it might be any thing, they say it is a drop of Sir Hugh's blood, he fell close at the foot of that piece of work, when the sword of his friend pierced his body.

But it is gloomy work, looking over a dusty old place, and so my friend thought, so we went out into the garden; my friend having first endeavoured to appease Bessy with half-a-crown, which the old woman refused with the greatest scorn.

“No,” said she, “I'll take nothing from such as you—you're more charitable with your money than with your words, and I'll not take a penny from ye—no, not if I were starving—starving;—and did ye look on that spot on the canvass?” said the old woman with a hideous laugh. “D'ye know what it is? ye'll see some more of it on the floor if ye turn up the rug—it'll not come out, though years ago I scrubbed at it for hours every day.”

“It's a nice room, is it not?” said she, suddenly changing her tone, “very nice, the room is so pretty; I'm sorry Sir Hugh's not at home, though I'm expecting him every minute, we shall be married soon, and then I hope you'll come and see us—good morning!” and the old hag bent her shrivelled body and bowed us out of the room.

The garden was much pleasanter than the house, which smelt like a charnel-house. A very pretty old garden it was, with its terraces, broad gravel walks, and fish-ponds. In the spring many flowers used to come up, such as are seldom seen now, they must have been planted years ago, and still come up fresh and beautiful, though the hand which planted them has long turned to clay.

“By the bye,” said my friend, “tell me the tale of the ghost Captain Dickens saw. I have heard part of it, but could never make out the true story.”

“Well,” said I, as we sat down in the arbour at the end of the quaint yew walk, “I have heard it so often I can tell it as well as the Captain himself, who did not recover the fright he got for more than a year. I don't believe in ghosts myself, though certainly if you could hear him tell the tale, it is almost enough to make you a confirmed ghost believer for the rest of your life.

About four years ago, the Captain was riding home late one evening, and as he was passing the church had a fall from his horse, and strained his ankle considerably. He tried to ride on, but found it gave him so much pain, that he determined to try and get a night's rest at the Hall, which was the only house within two miles. The house was quite dark all but one window, where Bessy's rushlight was burning dimly, and throwing out a faint light into the dark night.

"By George," said the Captain, who had never been in the neighbourhood before, "it seems a gloomy old place, and not kept up much, I can see an old woman through the window, I hope she's not the only one in the house."

"May I come in?" said he, as the old woman opened the door, "I've hurt my leg, and want to know if your Master will give me a bed."

"My Master!" said the old woman, "he does'nt live here, he's been lying in the chancel for more than sixty years, and you'd better spend the night with him, for it's no bed you'll get here to night," and she began to close the old oak door.

"Well," said the Captain, "you're very kind, but to tell you the truth I'd prefer sleeping here, and I'll pay you handsomely if you'll give me a bed—come, I'm sure you won't refuse a poor fellow with a hurt leg, I couldn't ride another half-mile to save my life."

"If you must come then, you must come, so put up your horse and come in, though you'll not find much accommodation here."

After some time the Captain managed to tie up his horse in the ruinous old stables. When he reached the room where he saw the candle burning, which was at the end of a dreary long corridor, where his footsteps echoed as he walked, he found the old lady seated in what was formerly the saloon, opposite to a tiny bit of fire, which was feebly burning in the huge grate, which in the good days of yore used to blaze up so merrily.

The room was large and long, and very scantily furnished with faded torn velvet with gilt borders, remnants of former grandeur.

In the few minutes the Captain had been tying up his horse, the old woman had changed her dress, and now appeared in an ancient brocade dress, and a curious old head-dress like a cheese, which used to be worn by ladies some sixty or seventy years ago.

As the Captain entered she pointed to a chair, and then resumed her work, knitting stockings—not heeding the Captain's remarks on his late accident.—

"Quaint old woman," said the Captain to himself—who at last gave up all hope of getting the old lady to open her mouth,—"curious house very, wonder where I shall have to sleep, the sooner I turn in the better, for it's not cheerful sitting opposite that old hag, with that old picture staring at one out of the dusty frame with Sir Hugh written under, as if he were offended at my coming, without his having asked me. I wonder who Sir Hugh was? I say Mistress, excuse me," said the Captain, pulling out his pipe, "you don't mind a little smoke I dare say, perhaps you'll take a pipe yourself, t'aint bad 'bacca, I can tell ye."

"Sir Hugh never used to smoke in the saloon," said the old lady raising her eyes for a minute from her knitting, "and would be angered if he caught us, but he's gone out, so I will not refuse your offer young man."

"Here's a pipe Mistress," said the Captain producing one of the many he always carried about with him, "and now tell us all about Sir Hugh."

And so the old woman did, and a fearful story she made of it, all about his death and the ghosts which haunted the house,—smoking the pipe all the time, and a wondrous figure she looked with her brocade, head-dress and pipe.

"Enough of that," said the Captain, "if you tell me any more of these stories, I sha'n't be able to get to sleep all night, will you shew me my room madam?"

"I'll ring the bell for the servants," said the old lady, pulling the bell rope, and making the whole house echo with the peal. "Dear me," said she after some time, "they must be all in bed, I'll shew you your room, though Sir Hugh wouldn't like it if he knew."

"I wonder what the old beldame will do with me?" said the Captain to himself; as he took the bit of dipt candle, and followed her up the oak staircase broad enough to drive two hearses abreast—"What an old tumbled down place it is to be sure—how one's steps echo along."

"You must see the drawing-room before you go to bed, if I had known you were coming I'd have had the fire and lamps lit. Look here," said the old woman, pointing to the stain of blood, “that’s part of him—it came from his heart! Lady Flora worked that, but they shut her up in her coffin before she had time to finish it. Oh such a grand coffin it was too, white and gold, I saw her put in it, she slept in the room which opens through yours; she was a pretty putty and rose faced girl, but not so pretty as I was, and Sir Hugh and I didn’t cry much when she died; here’s some blood here, but I keep it covered up.”

“Hang the blood!” said the Captain, “Im awfully tired, for heaven’s sake shew me my room old woman!”

“Do you know who you are talking to?” said Bessy, giving him an indignant glance, and leading down another long passage, till she came to the great state bed-room where Queen Elizabeth slept.

“Good heavens! what an awful room,—can’t you give me a smaller one?—I shall never be able to sleep here,” cried the Captain.

“Lady Flora slept through that door, and Sir Hugh and his father before him both lay in state on this bed for two nights and days,—with long candles and watchers. You’ll find the bed comfortable. The great Queen Elizabeth slept here once,”—and the old woman closed the door and left the Captain to his thoughts, which were anything but pleasant.

“What an awful place this is,” said he as he took off his boots, “I’d sooner ride forty miles than sleep in that bed, but what can’t be cured must be endured, and the sooner I get to sleep the better.” So saying the Captain threw himself *on* the bed, moths and damp forbad his getting *in*, leaving the candle burning on the carved oak chimney-piece, as he did not relish the idea of being quite in the dark.

“It’s all very well trying to get to sleep, but hang me if I can, I’ve been more than an hour turning about on this fusty old bed. I’d get up if that infernal bit of rushlight was not nearly burnt out. How gloomy and ghostlike the old place is. I wonder what the time is?” and the Captain struck his repeater—“twelve o’clock, I declare, hang the watch, yes it was plain enough!”

The watch had scarcely ceased striking, when an invisible clock began slowly and solemnly to strike the hour of midnight.

In less than a minute, a long, long arm was stretched out,—it seemed to come from under the bed, though the Captain said he could never quite make it out—anyhow, it caught hold of the rushlight, which now flared up into a blue livid flame, and applied it to the fire, which soon flamed up into a high crackling blaze, which lit up every crevice of the room.

“Mercy on me,” said the Captain, who sat up trembling on the bed. “I wonder what will come next! I suppose that it’s no use making a bolt for it. Goodness! how the bells ring!”

Ring! I should just about say they did ring! peal after peal; one old fashioned bell in the corner seemed possessed it kicked itself up in such a crazy manner.

After some time the bells ceased, and the long thin arm came from under the bed and placed two chairs by the fire. They were curious high backed oaken chairs, (such as we don’t see now a days) and threw their long shadows behind them.

In another moment the bells began to ring wilder than ever; and the wind that had got up during the last four hours banged against the shutters, as if anxious to know what all the disturbance could be about.

The bells did not ring more than a few seconds though it seemed a long time to the Captain.

After they had ceased, there was a sound of treading and distant music, as if some fifty people were dancing in another part of the house.

Nearer and nearer the footsteps seemed to come, and the Captain heard sounds like the rustling of a silk gown, in lady Flora’s room, which was just on his right.

At last the door flew open, and a tall white figure, in a silk gown, walked very slowly into the room and sat down on the chair farthest from the bed. It was a handsome face, but deadly pale. The eyes shone as brightly as the great diamond that glistened on her forehead. She did not speak but bent down, and held up her long damp hands before the fire.

She had not sat there long, when there was a furious knocking at the chief entrance door, and a figure entered, dressed in the costume of the last century. There was blood all over his face, and a deep wound in his side; so deep that as the fire light shone on it you could almost see through him.

After having walked round the room without noticing the Captain, who in his fright had crawled under the clothes to the foot of the bed, where he was peeping out at the extraordinary scene, the apparition seated himself opposite the white figure, and a violent altercation seemed to commence, judging from their gesticulations, though nothing could be heard.

This continued for some time, till the male figure rose and rang the bell, which set all the other bells in the house ringing more violently than ever.

After a time there was silence, and the invisible clock chimed the half-hour. As the clock ceased both faces seemed fearfully agitated, and the lady arose and folded her shawl around her as she was wont to do in former days while waiting for her carriage.

The faces of both grew thinner and thinner, till after a time they were nothing but grinning skulls, though the hair still remained. The white silk of the lady had meanwhile been undergoing an extraordinary change, but so gradually that it could scarcely be preceived,—the silk had changed to a long winding-sheet, and the bright diamond on her forehead to a piece of charcoal.

The fire had burned up to a still brighter flame which threw a lurid colour round the room, and lighted up the ghastly skeleton of the man, who was still garbed in his former gay clothes, though the knee breeches hung loosely over the bones of the legs as they rattled horribly whenever he moved.

His hands had grown to an enormous length as he knelt down and held the trembling finger bones to the fire. There was a sound outside which seemed to make them both shudder. The long arm then threw open the door, and louder and louder grew the noise on the oaken staircase.

It was not long in coming up,—and a hugh dark velvet coffin on four fiery wheels, slowly entered the room drawn by invisible agents. Nothing could be seen, though the stamp of horses' feet, and the crack of a coachman's whip was clearly perceptible.

The arm threw open the lid, and the figures throwing their arms over their heads, as if in mortal anguish, sprang into the coffin. Then there was a click, click, as the lid closed, and the melancholy carriage left the room, as a sepulchral voice cried out "Drive to the Chancel!"

The bells clashed, as the doors banged, and the rattling was again heard upon the staircase. It was not long however before the noise ceased indoors, the wind outside burst through the shutters and extinguished the candle and flames, and as the clock struck one, there was a sound of hurrying footsteps all over the house, and the Captain was left in silence and darkness!

Any one may believe this story or not as he likes. I have told the tale as it was told to me. Whether he really saw this or not, it is impossible to say. All that I know is, that he was found next morning in a violent fever which he attributes partly to his injured leg, but far more to the fright he had undergone.

"P. R."

⁂

MARCH 5TH,

MDCCCLX.

There's a clash of martial music through the ancient college comes,
There's a flourish loud of trumpets and a muttered roll of drums,
St. Mary's bells are pealing on, and flags are waving free,
And there's crowding on the King's Parade, a sight of sights to see;
For thick along yon narrow street a serried line appears,
'Tis Alma Mater's trusty sons, the Rifle Volunteers.

There's many a stout athletic frame amid that gallant corps,
There's many a slashing cricketer, and many a stalwart oar,
There's many a swell who loves to lounge and smoke the idle weed,
And many a man who flees a wine and sports his oak to read,
And beardless freshmen march in rank with dons of high degree,
One spirit in six hundred hearts, one true fraternity.

Why let the prosing pedant chide, the lazy idler sneer,
The sinews of our English land, its youth and prime are here:
Service, forsooth, they 'll never see! Your pointless taunt unsay!
What higher service can be theirs, than they have paid to-day?
The noblest works for man assigned since first the earth he trod,
Allegiance to his country's Queen, and worship to his God.

And should the cloud, that threatens yet, e'er burst upon our shore,
And fierce invaders on the strand their eager myriads pour,
When round the Island, beacon-lit, fast flies the warning word,
To draw "for Altar and for Hearth," the bayonet and the sword,
To lay the foeman in the dust, to break invasion's brunt,
God speed our gallant Riflemen, and Cambridge to the Front!

"P. O."

A COINCIDENCE.

I.

THERE is an old and particularly wise saying to be found somewhere (probably in Tupper), that "no fox can be caught twice in the same trap." Now, some of my readers may possibly remember the disagreeable issue of my sojourn at the delightful village of Purbridge: how, with an imperfect pen, but with strict historical fidelity, it was related in a former number of *The Eagle.* Well, without laying claim to any superhuman sagacity, by a simple mental process I came to the conclusion that my misfortune there was owing to two circumstances, one social, and the other geographical;—in the first place that I had gone there alone, and secondly that I had gone there at all. So when the sun in the course of his usual duties had supplied the requisite number of days and nights to bring round another vacation, I duly made arrangements with my two friends Smith and Robinson to spend our Easter three-weeks together. The minor matters of locality and lodgings were left to my discretion; my colleagues however, like the tribunes of old, reserved the right of pronouncing a veto on any measure of mine they might deem unadvisable. I accordingly took down a large map of England, and stood over it in helpless bewilderment for some time; for, since we were not ubiquitous by nature, it was necessary to fix on some one place for some one given time. We read of lofty-minded astronomers being lost in the immensity of the telescopic universe, of thoughtful sages being perplexed to the uttermost in the windings of some philosophic speculation, of hardy travellers benighted and bewildered in the centre of a mighty prairie; but neither astronomer, nor philosopher, nor traveller will ever appreciate perplexity in its fulness, view its length, breadth, and thickness, till they gaze on an ordnance map of England to select one spot out of so many myriads in which to pitch their tent.

I had looked earnestly at the ceiling, paced up and down the room, bitten my lips, poked the fire with vehemence, and taken all the other usual steps to emerge from a difficulty,—but to no purpose. The postman, when he brought me my letters, found me still in this state, and looked as though he would have pitied me had he not been pressed for time. The letters were a relief at any rate. One was a circular from a tobacconist, the second a tract on profane swearing sent by an anonymous friend. These I laid quietly aside, seeing I neither smoke nor swear, and took up the third which was excessively damp; so much so that I thought it only common prudence to dry it carefully before reading it. The penmanship was an indifferent attempt at Gothic epistolary architecture; it was in the early pointed style, smacking more or less of the perpendicular. The letter itself came hoping to find me in good health, as it left the thankful writer at the time of its composition. It further stated, that the writer had had a melancholy time of it during the absence of her husband on "government business," but that such events must occur in this vale of tears; that after Mr. Biggs left she had moved to the fashionable town of Stockleton, where she kept furnished apartments for single gentlemen; and lastly, that she hoped she might have the pleasure of seeing my "honour" an occupant of these said apartments, after our "breaking-up" at College. Some further remarks were obliterated by two large round drops of colourless fluid, out of which emerged, like the sun from a cloud, the well known name of my lacrymose landlady, "Niobe Trout." I conferred with my two friends, and, after ventilating the matter, we resolved to close a bargain with Mrs. Trout, and that I should forthwith repair to Stockleton; the rest promising to follow in a few days.

While portmanteaus are being packed and exeats procured, I may perhaps just say a word or so on my two friends, as I had known them before the vacation began. Smith was a good-looking fellow, with black curly hair and fine grey eyes. He was possessed of a great amount of information on various subjects, though he had a decided failing in favour of romance literature. He was a strong admirer of Byron, and fierce in vindication of the age of chivalry; withal he was an agreeable companion, and possessed the fee simple of a genuine good heart. Robinson on the other hand was fair in the matter of hair and eyes, somewhat negligent in person, brilliant and witty in conversation, impulsive, but still a steady going industrious fellow, one in whom you could place implicit trust for sincerity and kindness. Smith and Robinson, though both friends of mine, were not acquainted with each other at the time I write of; they agreed to my scheme however, each well satisfied with my description of the other, and were anxious to institute a mutual friendship.

Such was the state of things, when one morning I offered up my person and luggage to the Eastern Counties Railway, and, after the preliminary rites had been performed, was duly sacrificed in a second-class carriage of that rapid and luxurious line. After travelling with praiseworthy caution through numberless corn-fields, in the middle of some of which we stopped for passengers, I alighted at a junction to change into a Stockleton train. I was walking along the platform looking for an eligible seat, when my eyes were suddenly arrested by a pair of tarred trousers which stood conspicuous in an open carriage door. I followed up the trousers till my eyes reached a familiar pea-coat, then a tie, and finally the storm-beaten face of Mr. Trout of cigar-importing memory.

"How's yer honor?" said he, as I jumped into his carriage, "you see, sir, they have taken up the hatches and here I am on deck again." I congratulated him on his release; and after enquiring, to the great apparent interest of a fat man in the corner of the carriage, if any "notes or papers" had been sent to Stockleton for me, proceeded to gain some information about our destination. Stockleton, it appeared, was about ten miles from Purbridge, a town just beginning to bud into a fashionable resort for quiet notabilities. I moreover heard how Mrs. Trout had nothing short of a splendid mansion awaiting our arrival; how very sorry the worthy couple were for the unfortunate conclusion of my last stay with them; and how such a thing could not happen again, since the unsuccessful smuggler had turned shipwright. Meanwhile our fellow-passenger had been eyeing me in a most suspicious manner, so much so that I asked Trout *sotto voce* if he knew who he was. "He's a hinformer agoing down to Stockleton, after a couple of runaway forgers," whispered he; adding, that it was expected that the Government would come down handsome for convicting evidence. The fact was,—as I afterwards learned,—that this man was an importation from Yankeedom, who had succeeded in obtaining a situation in the London Police Force. Being of a tolerably acute nature, he was in time promoted to the exalted rank of an occasional Detective, and had undertaken this mission to Stockleton with the avowed intention of "showing the Britishers a thing or two." From a glance at *The Hue and Cry* he had in his hand, which I obtained before I left the carriage, I found the two forgers described as both tall, one of them fair, "dandified and fantastic in dress," with light curly hair parted in the middle; the other conspicuous for large collars turned down, for negligence of dress, and meditative air. The description went on to say that they usually travelled separately, and,—though for the most part living together,—were seldom to be seen walking out in each other's company. I scarcely noted these things at the time, but subsequent events called them up afterwards strongly to my recollection.

The object of our kind interest, seeing we observed him, turned away and composed himself to sleep. And a particularly successful composition it was, for in a very few minutes he commenced to edify us with a musical entertainment of a mixed character, partly vocal and partly nasal. His bass notes were rendered with such accuracy of time and volume of sound, that they after a while disturbed, and finally woke him. He started, looked sheepishly round, and remarked to me that he "guessed he was very nearly asleep."

I had only time to observe that I believed he was not far from it, when a relapse took place, and his incomplete Sonata was continued. Trout appeared much amused, and assuming a philosophic air addressed me:—

"I don't know whether yer honour ever observed the fact, but there are three werry innocent birds as everybody is ashamed of having caught in his rigging."

I told him I could not exactly see the force of his remark.

"Well, yer honour," continued he, "the birds be, taking a snooze, awriting of potry, and afeelin' spoony on a pretty gal. And still, sir, when a chap's sleepy there's no harm in a nap; and when a man's a genus and has no honest smuggling to do, he might as well make potry as anything else; and as to being sweet on a peticklar nice gal, why, yer honour, a man can't help it unless he got a cowcumber by mistake for a heart."

I mention this remark as it has some bearing on what follows.

At last we arrived. Mrs. Trout received me with much emotion. She at first carefully extracted a tear with a corner of her apron from one eye, then one to match from the other. This done, she expressed a hope that I should find everything comfortable, and I, of course, had no doubt whatever I should. Then, I was very good to think so well of her; and the right eye wept a few skirmishing tears. These were followed up by a few sobs from below, while the left eye went on duty and turned out whole regiments of tears, which were duly received into a piece of linen vestment held in readiness for that purpose. Trout stood by hitching up his trousers; at last, suggesting to his spouse that she had "swabbed her decks" enough for all practical purposes, he shouldered my portmanteau and led the way to our snuggery.

Next morning, down came Smith. But what a change did I behold in my friend! He had turned down his collar *à la* Byron, and assumed great negligence of dress and abstraction of air. His eyes had forsaken the plane of the horizon, and were directed sometimes to zenith, sometimes to nadir. Robinson too, when he arrived in the evening, was quite metamorphosed. Instead of his wonted carelessness, he was dressed in a most scrupulous and fanciful manner. He had his hair parted in the middle, and his long curls hanging over his shoulders. His vivacious countenance had assumed a cast of sentimental melancholy, and tropes and metaphors flowed from his lips with unwonted facility. Here then were my two friends whom I had so warmly admired, and from whose sociability and hearty good-feeling I had anticipated so much pleasure;—here they were, changed most unaccountably in two short days into human anomalies. Affectation had superseded honesty, and their good sense had abdicated in favour of ridiculous sentimentality. For one moment a vision of *The Hue and Cry* flashed across my mind, but for one moment only.

I never was so puzzled in my life. I introduced the two men to each other, and then I speculated on this strange state of things till I went to bed, silent, thoughtful, and disappointed.

II.

Yes, I was disappointed; for I consider it no mawkishness to confess that I do enjoy the society of those I regard, that I do value the happy hours I innocently spend with friends after my own heart, that I do consider it one of the sweetest thoughts to think how, perhaps, in after life intimacies begun and increased here at Alma Mater may ripen into lifelong ties. It is an old tale to tell of warm hearts and generous impulses, how man is drawn towards man, and soul communes with soul, but I dare say once again that there is a reality and truth in friendship, and that that man cannot be too deeply pitied who has not this visitor at the fireside of his heart. But I am moralising.

Time did not mend my trouble. Instead of merry rambles together, and rural expeditions of discovery,—after a breakfast seasoned by deep remarks from Smith on the general misery of mankind, and the hollow groaning of the ocean by night; or by light sketchy rhymes on the moonlight from Robinson,—the one would draw a slouched sort of cap over his brow, the other, clothe his fingers with delicate kids, and then both sally forth in opposite directions, leaving me to melancholy and Trout. It was a rare thing for me to get a stroll with them; nor, to my grief, did that ready intimacy spring up between my two comrades which I wished and had imagined might be. They were distant and polite to each other; they never sought one another's company save at meals, for though they went out every day, still it was a separate affair for each; and, to the best of my belief, Smith had his fixed round in one direction, and Robinson his in the other. Meanwhile my mind went through various stages. Perhaps the first was disgust, next succeeded hope, then despair; out of despair, phœnix-like, hope began to spring again, and over and through all there floated a strong feeling of curiosity as to the cause of this metamorphosis.

Such was my state when Trout in great trouble confided to me the fact that "the hinformer" had taken lodgings just the opposite side of the street, and appeared to be keeping a kind and attentive watch over him and his family.

"Now, yer honour knows," said he appealingly, "that I am an honest shipwright, and though it certainly ain't as haristocratic a callin' as smuggling, still it's all above deck, as legal and straightforward as a handspike. What then can that aire hinformer want a keepin' sich a look-out on our port-holes?"

I assured Mr. Trout his vocation was a highly respectable one, and that though it was natural for him to feel great mortification of spirit at leaving the chivalrous paths of cigar-importing for the humble life he now led, still his honesty would be its own recompense; and I begged him not to disturb himself at the worthy gentleman opposite, since his present location was doubtless accidental. Trout shook his head at this, not half satisfied, and I sallied out for a walk, leaving him in this state of doubt and distrust.

I bent my steps towards a ruined castle, some two or three miles from the town. It was a noble specimen of the grandeur of days gone by; its antique arches and ivy-clad windows, its vast proportions, and commanding situation impressed me with a strong and perhaps somewhat romantic feeling of admiration. I climbed the grassy slope, and entered the principal gateway. The sun was setting, and its parting rays were gilding the hills in the distance. The scene was pretty, and, to command a better view, I scaled a crumbled portion of the castle wall, and seated myself among the ivy branches in one of the old windows. From this point of observation I looked away to east and west, and took in the whole landscape with all the pleasure orthodox on such occasions. On bringing my gaze round to closer objects, I preceived for the first time that another individual in the next window, perched just as I was, appeared to be enjoying the scene equally with myself. Our eyes met, and I recognised my companion as the fat gentleman in search of the forgers. I would willingly have got out of the way unobserved, but it was too late, for the Detective turned the full light of his well fed countenance upon me, and, by way of being agreeable, remarked,

"I reckon I'm a pretty considerable judge of scenery, I am, yes sir;" and he nodded at me as well as his precarious position in the ivy would allow him. I felt bound to return the nod, but I made it so minute as to be scarcely observable with the naked eye.

"Yes sir," continued my friend, "and I guess that is a perquisitely enchanting sun-set, viewing it you see as a brother hartist, yes sir."

"Really, sir," I said with some trepidation, "I have not that pleasure."

"Not a brother hartist, hey? yes sir, that won't do neither sir. Not fond of copying the old masters, hey?"

"Never did such a thing in my life, I assure you," I replied with vehemence.

"Come now," said the fat man persuasively, pointing to the grassy slope beneath, "I know as how you and that party there do something in the miniature line. Britannia on water-marked paper is a neat little design for rising hartists, yes sir."

In less time than any system of notation yet invented will enable me to express, I followed his look till I saw

Smith pacing pensively the grass below, and then I scrambled down to *terra firma*. I was just able to seize the Detective's legs, so, with a movement composed of equal parts of cork-screw and pump handle, I rolled and pulled his portly person till he lay well be-walled and be-ivied at my feet.

"You impertinent scoundrel," I exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Well, well, now," he gasped forth, "I reckon you are no hand at a joke. But if you queer fellows are all so very innocent, that party outside, I suppose, would not object to my knowing his name?"

"Certainly not," I said, "you or anybody else. That gentleman's name is Smith."

"Yes sir," said the other pulling out his pocket book, "and the other?"

"Robinson," I replied. He paused, leered incredulously at me, placed one finger on the side of his nose, made an allusion to a man Walker, and referred me to a fabulous battalion of her Majesty's troops. In a few minutes I was beside Smith, and had told him how his movements were watched. He received my account with profound silence: at last, under the most solemn promise of secrecy, I was let into the cause of his abstraction. He was writing a prize poem;—at least a poem which would get the prize if the adjudicators were men of sufficient poetic feeling to agree with my friend on the merits of the composition.

As we walked home he recited what he had written, and discussed with me each simile and idea. Before we parted I had to reiterate my promise not to divulge his pursuit, particularly to Robinson, under any circumstances whatever short of an earthquake or a monsoon.

Robinson was at home when we returned, and he wished a few words with me in private. He was very much ashamed to confess, but confess he supposed he must, that he was actually writing a prize poem. He would not have it known, no not for the entire world with Uranus, Neptune, and five or six asteroids thrown in with it, but he didn't much mind telling me, seeing I was not on any account to mention it to anybody, especially not to Smith. He had meant to tell me from the first, and now a little difficulty induced him to ask my aid. Of course I was ready to do anything I could.

"Well," continued Robinson, "I have usually meditated on my poem in the further end of that park behind the Town, which I always understood was open to the public. I used to walk up and down thinking, and when I came upon anything fine I noted it in my pocket-book. Now, this morning, just as I was dotting down a most brilliant thought, a gamekeeper seized me, and before I could collect my senses to give a satisfactory explanation, I was conveyed to the Squire's house, and charged in good round terms by that irascible gentleman with being a 'sentimental humbug', and haunting his premises with matrimonial designs on his daughter (a damsel I never knew existed till that moment), who it seems is an heiress in her own right. I was, of course, ashamed to tell him my occupation, but I protested over and over again that I knew nothing whatever of the young lady; and that, though I did not wish to say any thing ungallant, still I certainly should not feel any deep amount of anguish, if she were located at that very moment in the distant climes of China or Peru. After a very stormy interview, which ended by his kindly threatening to horsewhip me, 'if ever I came poking about his park again,' I left; and now I want you to visit this irate Papa, and to appease his wrath by explaining things as far as you think necessary."

I promised to go in the morning on this errand. Then he read me his poem as far as he had gone, and we chatted over it, and discussed its points. He thanked me for my observations and hints, which he took down to embody in his poem; and it was not till afterwards, in thinking over the matter, that I discovered I had by piecemeal recited Smith's lines in a most unintentional manner. Nor was this all the mischief done, for by some means or other I let out Robinson's to Smith, and then again Smith's to Robinson, and so on; so that the materials, nay words, of one were in time in the possession of the other. All this was almost entirely accidental; I may just possibly have indulged in the minutest amount of mischief, but beyond a doubt, the greater quantity of lines was wormed out of me by one or the other, who then appropriated them, little thinking where they really came from.

III.

Thus the poems progressed by this new species of literary partnership. I was almost as unconscious of what was going on as my two friends were. I felt indeed that my whole spirit was fast becoming imbued with strange and fantastic notions on Slavery (for this was the theme on which they sang); I felt that these notions had a local habitation and a name within the limits of my mental kingdom, still I never stopped to consider whether they were native aborigines, or nomad tribes of ideas, which, having left the Smithian or Robinsonian territories, had settled for a time in the agreeable pastures of my own mind. I fear the latter was the case; but if want of reflection was my fault, want of generosity was not likewise my failing. What I had so freely received in the way of Slavery notions, I must say, in all justice to myself, I as freely dispensed. If it so happened that I dispensed them in a manner which entailed awkward results, this was misfortune, not malice. On one day Smith would consult me on the domestic arrangements of the interior of Africa; on another Robinson, on the slave population of America. At one time we discussed the length and weight of the chain required to curtail the movements of a muscular though respectable negro. At another time the character of a slave-dealer underwent the blackening process at our righteously indignant hands. No wonder, 'mid such a variety of thoughts, that confusion got the better of memory; no wonder I imparted the right idea to the wrong man, and handed over Smith's most exquisite lines to Robinson, and Robinson's to Smith. This was just the sort of case, which must have first called into being, in some deep philosophic mind, the well-known social doctrine, that natural contingencies of a disagreeable character may occur within the circumference of the best regulated domestic circle.

Prize poems are finite;—that is to say, in actual material length, they are finite. A few days passed and the two compositions were concluded simultaneously, and I was asked by each author to copy his for the Vice-Chancellor. I would willingly have declined the honour; but reflecting that a copy in their own handwriting would not be received, and that the choice of an amanuensis lay between me and Trout, I assented, and set to work. To secure privacy I copied them in my bedroom. I first got through Smith's, and then, somewhat fatigued, commenced my attack on Robinson's. What was my horror and surprise to find his almost line for line the same as Smith's! I looked again; could I possibly have taken up by mistake the one I had just copied? No; here lay the poem with Robinson's name attached, and there lay Smith's. I was completely perplexed, and in a highly puzzled state I adjourned to the sitting-room with the papers in my hand.

The two poets were talking amicably together when I entered, and both simultaneously started to see their productions thus publicly exposed in my hand.

"My good fellow," said Smith turning round to Robinson, "is it possible that you too —?"

"Yes, yes," replied Robinson, "but I had no idea that you—."

"How very odd!" exclaimed the two in chorus.

"Well," said Smith, "I propose now that our scribe reads both. I shall be delighted to hear yours." Robinson expressed himself as highly honoured, and quite agreeable to the arrangement. I was looking on meanwhile, with rather a blank face. "Very well," I said at last, "if you wish it, I shall be very happy to do so." So clearing my throat with stoical determination, I commenced. I read one line, when Smith cried out, "Stop, not mine; I vote for Robinson's first." Robinson's brow darkened, "That *is* mine," he said angrily. "Yours!" ejaculated Smith, as I went on, "you must be dreaming." "And you must be mad, Smith. I say again, those are the two opening lines of my poem," said the other. I could stand it no longer. I laid down the papers on the table, and remarked, "It does not much matter, gentlemen; they are both well nigh line for line the same." To describe the astonishment of my two friends at this announcement would be simply impossible. Let the reader take equal quantities of amazement and despair; add to these a little of disgust, a sprinkling of amusement, and a pinch or two of sheepishness. Mix these well together, and apply the compound to the countenances of your ideals of Messrs. Smith and Robinson, and you will have a faint, a very faint representation of how they looked at each other, at things in general, and at me.

Just at this critical moment a little scuffle was heard outside, and, directly after, a knock at the door. Trout appeared grasping the Detective in not exactly an affectionate manner by the coat collar.

"Is this here party a peticklar friend of yours, gem'l'm?" asked my landlord.

"Quite the contrary, I assure you," I replied.

"Because," continued Trout, "he is peticklar fond of your conwersation, which he thinks it is none the worse for coming through a key-hole in a deal door."

"I guess," interposed the offending individual, "that I was only admiring the painting on the door panel as a work of hart."

"Vell then," replied the other, "as you looks at pictures vith your ears, perhaps you'll kindly see the vay down stairs with your nose. I suppose gem'l'm I may show this party down?"

Without waiting for a reply, Trout commenced to assist the Yankee down stairs, in a manner more impulsive than is generally allowed by the rules of society.

This was the last we saw of our friend the Detective. Report however says, that the real forgers escaped while his attention was so keenly fixed on us, and that he himself, overpowered by the ridicule of his comrades, left the Force in disgust, and ended his days in the quiet retirement of a Turnpike Toll-house.

In a few minutes Trout returned with his wife, and pulling a lock of his hair in front, said respectfully, "I hopes, gem'l'm, you'll hexcuse me, but I hope everything's above board and proper here. I has been in with Government once, and having sich an unkimmon affectionate old woman," (he winked and pointed with his thumb to Mrs. Trout, who was weeping intensely) "I think I'd rather not go in again."

"It's all right, Trout," I said, "that fellow may dog us about if he likes, but we are quite correct in our conduct I assure you."

"No whiskey?" inquired Trout, looking under the sofa. I shook my head. "Nor cigars?" he continued, I shook my head again. He still seemed dissatisfied, and looked suspiciously at the papers on the table. I followed his glance, and taking up the poems remarked that my friends, I doubted not, would have no objection to my showing him these. Hereupon a fierce discussion arose. Smith disclaimed having any thing to do with them; there was no poem of his there, he said. Similarly Robinson disowned his offspring; and each declared in the strongest possible manner that *the* poem should not go in with his name attached. At last I quieted them, and read the production, to Trout's great satisfaction. Mrs. Trout was fearfully affected by the pathetic parts. The description of a slave being flogged, judiciously brought in towards the end, brought on a climax. She wept like an April cloud, till there was not a dry thing about her; at last she seized my great coat behind the door, and mopped up her tears with wild enthusiasm.

"Am I to understand, yer honour," said her husband solemnly, when I concluded, "that at Cambridge they serve out rations of meddles for that sort of sarvice?"

I told him there was one such medal given every year by our Chancellor, for the best poem.

"Vell, Sir, these here gem'l'm don't seem over willin" to stand by their guns, so if 'twill be any advantage to your honours in the way of meddles, I shall have no hobjection to put my epitaph to the potry and send it in to the commodore, duly promising to hand over the prize-money, perwided you come down with hextra grog to the wolunteers, that is, me and my old woman here."

This speech was received with a shout of laughter. Smith and Robinson forgot their chagrin, and joined in it heartily; and before the smoke cleared off to the tune of Rule Britannia, Trout and his wife (yes, Mrs. Trout laughed!) joined too. Meanwhile, Smith turned up his shirt collar, and Robinson disarranged his hair and tore two buttons off his waistcoat.

And how can I tell my readers how pleasant a week we had after this? my friends became their dear old selves once more, and lonely walks and dismal meditations were exchanged for laughing, happy, sociable rambles, with the merry round of jest or tale. The days flew by as only days of innocent healthy enjoyment can. The grand old sea-waves scattered spray which sparkled as it never did before; the merry children on the sands laughed with a music we had till then overlooked; the bright open sky beamed upon us with a smile so genial and so warm, that we wondered what we had been about for the last fortnight, to have thus missed the glories of Nature around us, and neglected the sunny influence of friendship's sweet communion.

Does my reader ask, "And what of *the* poem?" Let him take down from his shelf the well-worn volume, in which our venerable Alma Mater loves to record the great deeds of her sons; let him refer to that part which contains the list of Prize Poems, and the following will strike his gaze;—"1857. None adjudged."

"λαβυρίνθειός τις."

* * *

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

SPRING.

Sweet is the April morn: the birds call loud in the woods,
The larks overflow with song in the cope of a dappled sky;
The larch in the little copse grows green with its swelling buds,
And the rill o'er its rocky path goes joyfully purling by.

AUTUMN.

O Time! that beautiful Spring is dead, and the larks are dumb,
And the willow-leaves clog the brook that gurgles, swollen with rain;
And a sad thought lies at my heart, and will not be overcome,
That a Spring as happy as *that* may never come to me again!

Why not? it was but a thought by the sorrowful season bred,
Which now that the time is past, I am half-ashamed to tell—
Shall I fling the fresh rose away, because it may sometime be dead?
I will live in hope, and be happy, and trust that all will be well!

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

READER! do you belong to a Debating Society? You don't! you never heard of such a thing! Listen a few minutes then, while I endeavour to enlighten you. Imagine yourself in a tolerably large room with about fifty other men of every standing, from the bachelor whose strings have not yet drawn him away from old memories, to the freshman nervously meditating his maiden speech in yonder corner. The President, who sits at the upper end of the room supported on either side by the Vice-President and Secretary, commences the evening's proceedings, by calling on the latter to read the minutes of the previous meeting. The other private business of the Society is then transacted, such as the balloting for new members (supposing that odious and unnecessary system to exist) or alterations in the rules. The discussions on these points are often most amusing. I remember one which ensued on a motion proposing the repair of a dilapidated box, which was used to contain the voting balls. I believe nearly every member in the room got up to say something—an amendment was introduced in the form of a new box; the treasurer came forward and presented a lamentable statement of the Society's finances, and finally the original motion was thrown out by a majority of 1. When the private business is over, the subject of the evening's Debate is introduced by a member previously named. It may be a political question, or an historical question, or perhaps a question deep in the chaos of metaphysics. Another member rises to respond, and the rest take part or not according as they please, speaking alternately for and against the motion. At the conclusion, the first two speakers having the right of reply, the question is put to the vote, after a discussion which usually lasts about a couple of hours.

"And a couple of hours very unprofitably spent—literally wasted," says the Reader; "what! men meet to talk about mending a ballot-box, to talk merely for the sake of talking! Why it's almost as bad as writing for *The Eagle.*" And consequently almost the same argument will suffice to defend these institutions. That men who pass their days and nights in gorging themselves with knowledge, should be accused of cultivating the *cacoethes loquendi*, or of unprofitably spending their time when they meet to talk for a couple of hours every week, seems an astounding paradox; inasmuch as the whole tenor of our University course aims at the expansion of the mind or the inculcation of new ideas, while the expression of those ideas is entirely left to ourselves. I will not pretend to say that the educational system, as pursued here, is in any way insufficient; but I have sometimes wondered whether it has ever occurred to the University Commissioners to appoint in their new Statutes, a Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution to preside for the term of his natural life at the Union, Port Latin, and other Debating Societies in the University. Amid their sweeping reforms we hardly know what to expect, but perhaps the institution of such a Professorship would not be the worst thing they might do. For if there is any line of study which is neglected here, it is the art of putting our ideas into words. Coming as many amongst us do from public schools, where Latin Themes indeed are rife, but where the name of English Essay is scarce heard once a-year, we often find a difficulty, when our education is supposed to be completed, in clothing our thoughts with suitable language. A man may acquire logical accuracy by the aid of Mathematics, or that refinement of mind which is derived from the study of the Classics, but it will be of little avail to the world that he has laboured under Parkinson, or is thoroughly saturated with Shilleto, if at the same time he is unable to impart his knowledge to others. Yet it seems to me that this is forgotten, and that with our Examination mania and the Tripos mania, we, of this respectable and old-established institution of St. John's College, are peculiarly liable to neglect everything else to secure a first-class in the May. Such ought not to be the case. The nineteenth century is an eminently practical age; when a man must be able to shew his learning, if he would have it appreciated.

> Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter

was never truer than at the present day. And for a place of education like this, whose members will be called for the most part to the church or the bar, and some of whom may

one day be guarding the interests of England in her Parliament—for such a school to neglect the study of elocution, surely is a great mistake. True it is that a certain M.P. of editorial celebrity was returned at the last election through employing substitutes to address his constituents. Still when our turn comes, we may not be so happy in the choice of a substitute. I say when our turn comes, for although we may not covet his enviable title, who is there among us that can say that he will never have to undergo the ordeal of public speaking? It was only the other day that a late fellow of this College said to me, in speaking of the scene of his parochial labours, "Nothing can be done here without a meeting and a speech: and such a place for lectures!" And it has always appeared to me a lamentable disgrace to the learning of our clergy, when one of its members is seen—perhaps not heard—muttering a few incoherent sentences on Church Missions—as we discover from the placards,—and at length compelled to sit down in confusion.

To remedy this evil Debating Societies have been instituted, where by being pitted against one another in honest debate, we may learn to say what we mean, and practise those powers of elocution, which are requisite in almost every profession. And I would humbly recommend my brother students not to neglect this means of education, but while they are reading to become full men, and writing to become accurate, to complete the Baconian precept by speaking at these debates to make themselves ready men. They may find difficulties at first, but let them only persevere, though it be at the expense of their auditory, and I will guarantee that they will become, I do not say orators, but at least respectable speakers. Oratorical qualities there are, which must be to a certain extent innate; ἔστι φύσεως τὸ ὑποκριτικὸν εἶναι καὶ ἀτεχνότερον suggests a friend who is just going in for the Voluntary Classical. But at the same time any one possessing these qualities in a moderate degree, may by perseverance become a good debater. Who does not remember the admirable parallel to this point, which Macaulay has drawn between Pitt and Fox? "Poeta nascitur, orator fit," is certainly no less true than the usual reading, under certain restrictions of the meaning of orator—and it may be laid down as a rule that, while the true poet is naturally endowed with the gift of poesy, it is by long practice and application that a man becomes a great debater. How laborious must have been the pebble-process of that chief—that *facile princeps* of orators! How tedious the tracing of those complex characters on the polished roll! I can imagine Demosthenes sitting up all night to write out the Midias or the De Corona; or perhaps addressing invisible gentlemen of the jury whom he has to face to-morrow morning, and rehearsing the orthodox action of his hands as he watches the trickling of the water-clock. And when I recollect that Sheridan and others of England's greatest orators have established their claim to eminence, owing to their custom of preparing their speeches, I am convinced that it is chiefly by practice, and perhaps after repeated failures, that a man becomes eminent in debate. And no one can, without great injustice to himself, despair of learning to speak fluently.

Studied speeches, if known to be such, are generally regarded with aversion; as whatever is the offspring of genius appears more striking and brilliant than the result of patient industry. There are times, however, when a set speech is more applicable, and does more credit to the speaker than any display of oratorical talent. And for practice in this style, as well as to learn to speak on the spur of the moment, it is equally advantageous to join a debating society. For there a speech must depend to a certain extent on the remarks of the previous speaker, and a clever repartee is often called forth by what has only been uttered the minute before. Thus, though the generality of speeches are delivered ex tempore, the opening speech and that of the chief opposer are (or if not, shame on the speakers!) studied harangues. An opening speech in a debate should contain all the arguments and statistics which can be brought forward to support the motion, while the opposer should adduce all the evidence on the opposite side.

And herein lies the advantage of having a stated leader of the opposition, as in our Long Vacation Debating Society; for besides the pain of hearing the president, after a vain inquiry for an opposer, driven to ask if any honorable member will speak on either side of the question, I have observed that when this is not the case, the opposer often is content to ward off the attack of his adversary without bringing forward any positive proofs himself; and thus it happens that a whole debate is carried on without a single direct argument being adduced in favour of the opposition. For half the men who speak, speak I may venture to say on no further knowledge of the subject than they may glean from the two opening speeches, and if these speeches are deficient in matter, the succeeding speakers will be content to carp at the language of their predecessors, and twist their words often into what they never meant, and perhaps never could mean. On these grounds then the Committees of Debating Societies, if they wish to have really good debates, will always provide an opposer of the motion; and let the opposer thus selected not care so much to repel the enemy's attack, as to adduce all the evidence he can in his own case, and he will have the satisfaction of making a far more interesting debate.

But a serious charge has been brought against these Societies by no less a personage that the Archbishop of Dublin. It is his opinion that they tend to foster a spirit of pride and dogmatism. It may be a bold act to question the Archbishop's sayings, nor should I wish to do so, were he alone in his opinion. But as I have heard among ourselves remarks to the same effect, my few hints would be altogether incomplete, if I did not attempt to answer the difficulty.

Undeterred then by great names, I venture to assert that so far from promoting a spirit of dogmatism, the debates, as carried on in these Societies, have the natural effect of shewing that there are two sides to every question, and generally much to be said on both. If a Society were constituted to uphold the tenets of a particular party, designated by its watchword, and admitting no one who was not professedly attached to that party, I can well understand that the debates would not only lose much of their naïveté, but would foster the spirit Dr. Whately complains of. But considering the constitution of these Societies generally, I cannot conceive that they have such a lamentable effect. For putting out of the question those men, who are deeply imbued with prejudice before they enter the room, and whom therefore the debate will not affect, the rest will probably gain much additional knowledge about the matter in question, and if they do give a hasty verdict on the spot, they nevertheless have a spirit of enquiry aroused within them, which will not rest till they have further investigated the subject to their entire satisfaction. And even supposing they did not pursue such an investigation, but felt satisfied with their previous knowledge, I am not quite sure that a fixed opinion, even when incorrect, is not more desirable than utter ignorance or perpetual vacillation. But I am inclined to believe, somewhat perhaps paradoxically, that while debates compel men to reflect, the verdict passed at the conclusion does not represent the result of that reflection. Nay, so far from this being the case, I have known instances where the introducer of the motion has confessed, that the very evidence by which he hoped to maintain his cause, has satisfactorily convinced him that his own is not the right side of the case, and although by the laws of the Society he is compelled to support that side, the ultimate result is his conversion to the other.

These Societies then not only are peculiarly adapted for the exercise of innate oratorical talent, but they present the means whereby a man may secure fluency of speech, and make his tongue in very truth the interpreter of his mind. You classical men! are you ever at a loss in your translations for the particular word which will exactly suit the case? Here is your remedy. And you mathematical men, who do not get up your book-work by heart! do not you sometimes find a difficulty in expressing your meaning in good English? Here then is your remedy. By speaking at the debates you will gain power over your native tongue, and learn to express in plain good sense, what before cost you so much labour and was so unintelligible after all. And there is another advantage they present, which should also be taken into consideration. I mean the incentive to the investigation of truth. It often requires considerable reading and research to make a good speech, and if the debater is thereby induced to extend his knowledge of our literature, he may reap no slight benefit. Let him only bind himself never to make an assertion against his better judgment. Let him beware of inconsistency, and of speaking without sufficient knowledge of the subject. Let him not be discouraged at a few failures, but let him endeavour to speak at every debate, remembering what Fox used to say: "During five whole sessions, I spoke every night but one, and I regret only that I did not speak on that night too."

OUR EMIGRANT.

It is a windy, rainy day—cold withal; a little boat is putting off from the pier at Gravesend, and making for a ship that is lying moored in the middle of the river; therein are some half-dozen passengers and a lot of heterogeneous looking luggage—among the passengers and owner of some of the most heterogeneous of the heterogeneous luggage is myself. The ship is an emigrant ship, and I am an emigrant.

On having clambered over the ship's side and found myself on deck, I was somewhat taken aback with the apparently inextricable confusion of everything on board—the slush upon the decks, the crying, the kissing, the mustering of the passengers, the stowing away of baggage still left upon the decks, the rain and the gloomy sky created a kind of half amusing, half distressing bewilderment, which I could plainly see to be participated in by most of the other landsmen on board—honest country agriculturists and their wives looking as though they wondered what it would end in—some sitting on their boxes and making a show of reading tracts which were being presented to them by a methodistical looking gentleman in a white tie; but all day long they only had perused the first page, at least I saw none turn over the second.

And so the afternoon wore on, wet, cold, and comfortless—no dinner served on account of the general confusion—fortunately I was able to seize upon some biscuits. The emigration commissioner was taking a final survey of the ship and shaking hands with this, that, and the other of the passengers—fresh arrivals kept continually creating a little additional excitement—these were of saloon passengers who were alone permitted to join the ship at Gravesend. By and by a couple of policemen made their appearance and arrested one of the passengers, a London cabman, for debt. He had a large family and a subscription was soon started to pay the sum he owed. Subsequently a much larger subscription would have been made in order to have him taken away by any body or anything—I, who at the time was not a subscriber, not knowing that a subscription was on foot, have often congratulated myself since, that New Zealand has not got to blame me in any way for the emigration of Mr. G—.

Little by little the confusion subsided. The emigration commissioner left; at six we were at last allowed some victuals-—unpacking my books and arranging them in my cabin filled up the remainder of the evening, save the time devoted to a couple of meditative pipes—the emigrants went to bed—and when at about ten o'clock I went up for a little time upon the poop, I heard no sound save the clanging of the clocks from the various churches of Gravesend, the pattering of rain upon the decks, and the rushing sound of the river as it gurgled against the ship's side.

Early next morning the cocks began to crow vociferously. We had about sixty couple of the oldest inhabitants of the hen-roost on board, which were destined for the consumption of the saloon passengers—a destiny which they have since fulfilled: young fowls die on shipboard, only old ones standing the weather about the line—besides this the pigs began grunting and the sheep gave vent to an occasional feeble bleat, the only expression of surprise or discontent which I heard them utter during the remainder of their existence, for now alas! they are no more. I remember dreaming I was in a farm-yard and woke as soon as it was light. Rising immediately I went on deck and found the morning calm and sulky—no rain, but everything very wet and very grey. There was Tilbury fort so different from Stanfield's dashing picture. There was Gravesend which but a year before I had passed on my way to Antwerp with so little notion that I should ever leave it thus.—Musing in this way and taking a last look at the green fields of old England, soaking with rain and comfortless though they then looked, I soon became aware that we had weighed anchor, and that a small steam-tug which had been getting her steam up for some little time had already begun to subtract a mite of the distance between ourselves and New Zealand. And so, early in the morning of Saturday, October 1st, 1859, we started on our voyage.

Here I must make a digression and once for all fairly apologize to the reader. Let me put him in my own position. The thermometer shall be 45° Fahrenheit in his cabin, although it is the begining of January, and he is in Lat. 47° South; that is to say, though he is in Paris at the beginning of July. He shall be clad in full winter plumage, moreover he shall have a great coat on, and a comforter round his neck. Yet the continuance of the cold many days, or rather weeks, with insufficient means of exercise, shall have covered his fingers with chilblains and almost chilled his toes off. He shall be so wedged between his washing-stand, his bunk and a box, that he can just manage to write without being capsized every other minute, outside he shall have a furious S.W. gale blowing. His ship shall be under nothing but a closed reefed main-top-sail, close reefed fore-top-sail, reefed fore-sail and top-mast-stay-sail, shall have been as near on her beam ends twice already within the last hour as she could well be—he shall every now and then feel a tremendous thump and see the water pouring over the little glass pane let into the roof of his cabin, thus becoming cognizant of the fact that a heavy sea has broken right over the poop—and then he shall be required to be coherent, grammatical, and to write that pure and elegant style of English for which *The Eagle* is so justly celebrated. It cannot be done. Yet if I don't write now I shall not write at all, for we are nearing New Zealand, and I foresee that as soon as I get ashore I shall have but little time for writing.

To resume then—we were at last fairly off. The river widened out hour by hour. Soon our little steam-tug left us. A fair wind sprung up and at two o'clock or thereabouts we found ourselves off Ramsgate. Here we anchored and waited till the next tide, early next morning. This took us to Deal, off which we again remained a whole day at anchor. On Monday morning we weighed anchor and since then we have had it on the forecastle, and trust we may have no further occasion for it until we arrive at New Zealand.

I will not waste time and space by describing the horrible sea sickness of most of the passengers, a misery which I did not myself experience, nor yet will I prolong the narrative of our voyage down the channel; it was short and eventless. The Captain says there is more danger between Gravesend and the Start Point (where we lost sight of land,) than all the way between there and New Zealand. Fogs are so frequent and collisions occur so often. Our own passage was free from adventure. In the Bay of Biscay the water assumed a deep blue hue, of almost incredible depth; there moreover we had our first touch of a gale—not that it deserved to be called a gale in comparison with what we have since had—still we learnt what double reefs meant. After this the wind fell very light and continued so for a few days. On referring to my diary I preceive that on the 10th of October, we had only got as far South as the forty-first parallel of Latitude. And late on that night a heavy squall coming up from the S.W. brought a foul wind with it. It soon freshened and by two o'clock in the morning the noise of the flapping sails as the men were reefing them and of the wind roaring through the rigging was deafening. All next day we lay hove to under a close reefed main-top-sail—which being interpreted means that the only sail set was the main-top-sail and that that was close reefed, moreover that the ship was laid at right angles to the wind and the yards braced sharp up. Thus a ship drifts very slowly, and remains steadier than she would otherwise, she ships few or no seas, and though she rolls a good deal is much more easy and safe than when running at all near the wind. Next day we drifted due north, and on the third day the fury of the gale having somewhat moderated we resumed—not our course but a course only four points off it. The next several days we were baffled by foul winds, jammed down on the coast of Portugal; and then we had another gale from the south, not such a one as the last, but still enough to drive us many miles out of our course, and then it fell calm which was almost worse, for when the wind fell the sea rose and we were tossed about in such a manner as would have forbidden even Morpheus himself to sleep: and so we crawled on till on the morning of the 24th of October, by which time if we had had anything like luck we should have been close on the line, we found ourselves about thirty miles from the Peak of Teneriffe becalmed. This was a long way out of our course which lay three or four degrees to the westward at the very least, but the sight of the Peak was a great treat, almost compensating for past misfortunes. The island of Teneriffe lies in Lattitude 28°, Longitude 16°. It is about sixty miles long, towards the southern extremity of the island the Peak towers upwards to a height of 12,300 feet, far above the other land of the island, though that too is very elevated and rugged. Our telescopes revealed serrated gullies upon the mountain sides, and showed us the fastnesses of the island in a manner that made us long to explore them: we deceived ourselves with the hope that some speculative fisherman might come out to us with oranges and grapes for sale. He would have realised a handsome sum if he had, but unfortunately none was aware of the advantages offered and so we looked and longed in vain. The other islands were Palma, Gomera, and Ferro, all of them lofty, especially Palma; all of them beautiful; on the sea board of Palma we could detect houses innumerable, it seemed to be very thickly inhabited and carefully cultivated. The calm continuing three days, we took stock of the islands pretty minutely, clear as they were, and rarely obscured even by a passing cloud; the weather was blazing hot but beneath the awning it was very delicious; a calm however is a monotonous thing even when an island like Teneriffe is in view, and we soon tired both of it and of the gambols of the Blackfish (a species of whale), and the operations on board an American vessel hard by.

On the evening of the third day a light air sprung up and we watched the islands gradually retire into the distance. Next morning they were faint and shrunken, and by mid-day they were gone. The wind was the commencement of the north-east trades. On the next day (Thursday, October 27th, Lat. 27° 40′) the cook was boiling some fat in a large saucepan, when the bottom burnt through and the fat fell out over the fire, got lighted, and then ran about the whole galley blazing and flaming as though it would set the place on fire, whereat an alarm of fire was raised, the effect of which was electrical: there was no real danger about the affair, for a fire is easily extinguishable on a ship when only above aboard—it is when it breaks out in the hold—is unperceived—gains strength—and finally bursts its prison, that it becomes a serious matter to extinguish it: this was quenched in five minutes, but the faces of the female steerage passengers were awful. I noticed about one and all a peculiar contraction and elevation of one eyebrow, which I had never seen before on the living human face though often in pictures: I don't mean to say that all the faces of all the saloon passengers were void of any emotion whatever.

The trades carried us down to Lat. 9°. They were but light while they lasted and left us soon. There is no wind more agreeable than the N.E. trades. The sun keeps the air deliciously warm, the breeze deliciously fresh—the vessel sits bolt upright, steering a S.S.W. course, with the wind nearly aft: she glides along with scarcely any perceptible motion, sometimes in the cabin one would fancy one must be on dry land, the sky is of a greyish blue, and the sea silver grey, with a very slight haze round the horizon. The sea is very smooth, even with a wind which would elsewhere raise a considerable sea. In Lat. 19° Long. 25° I find we first fell in with flying fish. One generally sees most of these in a morning—they are usually in flocks—they fly a great way and very well, not with the kind of jump which a fish generally takes when springing out of the water, but with a *bonâ fide* flight, sometimes close to the water, sometimes some feet above it during the same flight. One flew on board, and measured roughly eighteen inches between the tips of its wings. On Saturday, November 5th, the trades left us suddenly after a thunder storm which gave us an opportunity of seeing chain lightning, a sight that I only remember to have seen once in England. As soon as the storm was over, we perceived that the wind was gone and knew that we had entered that unhappy region of calms which extends over a belt of some five degrees rather to the north of the line.

We knew that the weather about the line was often calm, but had pictured to ourselves a gorgeous sun, golden sunsets, cloudless sky, and sea of the deepest blue. On the contrary such weather is never known there, or only by mistake. It is a gloomy region. Sombre sky and sombre sea,—large cauliflower headed masses of dazzling cumulus towering in front of a background of lavender coloured satin,—every shape and size of cloud—the sails idly flapping as the sea rises and falls with a heavy regular but windless swell, creaking yards and groaning rudder lamenting that they cannot get on—the horizon hard and black save when blent softly into the sky upon one quarter or another by a rapidly approaching squall,—a puff of wind—"square the yards"—the ship steers again—another—she moves slowly onward—she slips through it—it blows—she runs—it blows hard—very hard,—she flies—a drop of rain—the wind lulls, three or four more of the size of half-a-crown—it falls very light—it rains hard, and then the wind is dead—whereon the rain comes down in a torrent which those must see who would believe. The air is so highly charged with moisture that any damp thing remains damp and any dry thing dampens: the decks are always wet. Mould springs up anywhere, even on the very boots which one is wearing, the atmosphere is like that of a vapour bath, and the dense clouds seem to ward off the light, but not the heat of the sun. The dreary monotony of such weather affects the spirits of all and even the health of some, one poor girl who had long been consumptive but who till then had picked up much during the voyage, seemed to give way suddenly as soon as we had been a day in this belt of calms, and four days after we lowered her over the ship's sides into the deep.

One day we had a little excitement in capturing a shark, whose triangular black fin had been veering about above water for some time at a little distance from the ship. I will not detail a process that has so often been described, but will content myself with saying that he did not die unavenged, inasmuch as he administered a series of cuffs and blows to any one that was near him which would have done credit to a prize-fighter, and several of the men got severe handling or, I should rather say, "tailing" from him. He was accompanied by two beautifully striped pilot fish,—the never failing attendant of the shark.

One day during this calm we fell in with a current—the aspect of the sea was completely changed. It resembled a furiously rushing river—and had the sound belonging to a strong stream only much intensified. The empty flour casks drifted ahead of us and to one side; it was impossible to look at the sea without noticing its very singular appearance—soon a wind springing up raised the waves and obliterated the more manifest features of the current, but for two or three days afterwards we could perceive it more or less. There is always at this time of year a strong westerly set here. The wind was the commencement of the S.E. trades and was welcomed by all with the greatest pleasure—in two days more we reached the Line.

We crossed the line in Long. 31° 6′, far too much to the west, after a very long passage of nearly seven weeks—such a passage as the Captain says he never remembers to have made; fine winds however now began to favour us, and in another week we got out of the tropics having had the sun vertically over heads, so as to have no shadow, on the preceding day. Strange to say the weather was never at all oppressively hot after Lat. 2° north or thereabouts. A fine wind or even a light wind at sea removes all unpleasant heat even of the hottest and most perpendicular sun. The only time that we suffered any inconvenience at all from heat was during the belt of calms; when the sun was vertically over our heads it felt no hotter than an ordinary summer day. Immediately however upon leaving the tropics the cold increases sensibly, and in Lat. 27° 8′ I find that I was not warm once all day. Since then we have none of us ever been warm save when taking exercise and in bed—when the thermometer is up at 50°. I think it very high, and call it warm. The reason of the much greater cold of the Southern than the Northern hemisphere is that there is so much less land in the Southern. I have not seen the thermometer below 42° in my cabin, but am sure that outside it is often very much lower. We have almost all got chilblains, and wonder much what the January of this hemisphere must be like if this is its July: I believe however that as soon as we get off the coast of Australia, which I hope we may do in a couple of days, we shall feel a very sensible rise in the thermometer at once. Had we known what was coming we should have prepared better against it, but we were most of us under the impression that it would be warm summer weather all the way. No doubt we feel it more than we should otherwise, on account of our having so lately crossed the line.

The great feature of the Southern seas is the multitude of birds which inhabit it. Huge Albatrosses, Molimorks (a smaller albatross) Cape Hens, Cape Pigeons, Parsons, Boobies, Whale Birds, Mutton Birds, and many more wheel continually about the ship's stern, sometimes there must be many dozens, or many scores, always a good many. If a person takes two pieces of pork and ties them together, leaving perhaps a yard of string between the two pieces, and then throws them into the sea, one Albatross will catch hold of one end, and another of the other—each bolts his own end and then tugs and fights with the other Albatross till one or other has to disgorge his prize: we have not however succeeded in catching any, neither have we tried the above experiment ourselves. Albatrosses are not white; they are grey, or brown with a white streak down the back, and spreading a little into the wings. The under part of the bird is a bluish white. They remain without moving the wing a longer time than any bird that I have ever seen, but some suppose that each individual feather is vibrated rapidly though in very small space without any motion being imparted to the main pinions of the wing. I am informed that there is a strong muscle attached to each of the large plumes in their wings. It certainly is strange how so large a bird should be able to travel so far and so fast without any motion of the wing. Albatrosses are often entirely brown, but further south, and when old, I am told they become sometimes quite white. The stars of the Southern hemisphere are lauded by some: I cannot see that they surpass or equal those of the Northern. Some of course are the same. The Southern Cross is a very great delusion. It isn't a cross. It is a kite, a kite upside down, an irregular kite upside down, with only three respectable stars and one very poor and very much out of place. Near it however is a truly mysterious and interesting object called the Coal Sack: it is a black patch in the sky distinctly darker than all the rest of the Heavens. No star shines through it. The proper name for it is the black Magellan cloud.

We reached the Cape passing about six degrees south of it, in twenty-five days after crossing the line, a very fair passage—and since the Cape we have done well until a week ago when after a series of very fine rains, and during as fair a breeze as one would wish to see, we were some of us astonished to see the Captain giving orders to reef top-sails. The royals were stowed, so were the top gallant sails, topsails close reefed, mainsail reefed, — and just at 10. 45. p. m. as I was going to bed I heard the Captain give the order take a reef in the foresail and furl the mainsail—but before I was in bed a quarter of an hour afterwards a blast of wind came up like a wall, and all night it blew a regular hurricane. The glass, which had dropped very fast all day, and fallen lower than the Captain had ever seen it in the southern hemisphere, had given him warning what was coming, and he had prepared for it. That night we ran away before it to the North, next day we lay hove to till evening—and two days afterwards when I was commencing this letter we had just such another only much worse. The Captain says he never saw an uglier sea in his life, but he was all ready for it, and a ship if she is a good sea boat may laugh at any winds or any waves provided she be prepared. The danger is when a ship has got all sail set and one of these bursts of wind are shot out at her. Then her masts go over board in no time. Sailors generally estimate a gale of wind by the amount of damage it does—if they don't lose a mast or get their bulwarks washed away or at any rate carry away a few sails they don't call it a gale, but a stiff breeze: if however they are caught even by a very comparatively inferior squall and lose something they call it a gale. The Captain assured us that the sea never assumes a much grander or more imposing aspect than that which it wore on the evening of the day on which I commenced this letter. He called me to look at it between two and three in the morning when it was at its worst; it was certainly very grand, and made a tremendous noise, and the wind would scarcely let one stand, and made such a noise in the rigging as I never heard: but there was not that terrific appearance that I had expected. It did'nt suggest any ideas to one's mind about the possibility of anything happening to one. It was excessively unpleasant to be rolled hither and thither, and I never felt the force of gravity such a nuisance before; one's soup at dinner would face one at angle of 45° with the horizon, it would look as though immoveable on a steep inclined plane, and it required the nicest handling to keep the plane truly horizontal. So with one's tea which would alternately rush forward to be drank and fly as though one were a Tantalus, so with all one's goods which would be seized with the most erratic propensities,—still we were unable to imagine ourselves in any danger, save one flaxen headed youth of two-and-twenty, who kept waking up his companion for the purpose of saying to him at intervals during the night, "I say N— is'nt it awful", till finally N—silenced him with a boot. While on the subject of storms I may add that a Captain, if at all a scientific man, can tell whether he is in a cyclone, (as we were) or not, and if he is in a cyclone, he can tell in what part of it he is, and how he must steer so as to get out of it; a cyclone is a storm that moves in a circle round a calm of greater or less diameter, the calm moves forward in the centre of the body of the cyclone at the rate of from one or two to thirty miles an hour. A large one 500 miles in diameter, rushing furiously round its centre at a very great pace, will still advance in a right line only very slowly indeed. A small one 50 or 60 miles across will progress more rapidly. One vessel sailed for five days going at 12, 13, and 14 knots an hour round one of these cyclones before the wind all the time, still in the five days she had made only one hundred and eighty-seven miles in a straight line. I tell this tale as it was told to me, but have not studied the subject myself. Whatever saloon passengers may think about a gale of wind, I am sure that the poor sailors who have to go aloft in it and reef topsails cannot like it much.

I think I have now mentioned the principal physical phenomena that I have noticed so far: I will now add a few words about the preparations, which I should recommend any one to make who felt inclined to take a long sea voyage like myself; and give him some idea of the kind of life he will have on ship-board.

First and foremost—he *must* have a cabin to himself unless he is provided with a companion whom he knows and can trust. I have shuddered to think what I should have done had I been an inmate of the same cabin with certain of my fellow passengers, men with whom one can be on very good terms when not compelled to be too much with them, but whom the propinquity of the same cabin would render, when sober, a nuisance—when drunk, madly drunk, as often happens, simply intolerable. Neither again would it have been agreeable to have been awoke up during a hardly captured wink of sleep to be asked whether it was not awful—that however would be a minor inconvenience. Believe me no one will repent paying a few pounds more for a cabin to himself, who has seen the inconvenience that others have been put to by having a drunken or disagreeable companion in so confined a space. It is not even like a large room. Comfort is a great thing. And when a man can fairly have it, he is surely reprehensible if he does'nt. On a sea voyage comfort makes more difference than it does on land. A man who is uncomfortable is almost sure to begin longing for the end of the voyage: he becomes impatient, and an impatient man is no good at all. If he is unoccupied, he is worse: if occupied, whatever he is doing, the idea that it is still so much, or that it is only so long to the end of the voyage is perpetually presenting itself to him. He can't fix his attention, and so three months of valuable time are protracted into a dreary year, often because provision has been neglected for a few little comforts which a man might easily have. Most men are slaves to something. By slaves I mean they don't like going without it whatever it may be—though they will forego every thing else and rush through fire and water without a murmur, provided it be left; Galton tells us that the Cape servant is a slave to a biscuit and cup of coffee—that on this you may do anything with him and lead him up to death's door—that if you stop it for three days he is ripe for mutiny. Assuredly however bad it may be to be a slave to any such thing, ship-board is not the place to commence leaving it off. Have it, if you can honestly. Have plenty of books of all sorts: solid and light. Have a folding arm-chair—this is a very great comfort and very cheap, what I should have done in the hot weather without it I don't know, and in the bush it will still come in handy. Have a little table and common chair—these I have found the greatest luxury possible: those who have tried to write or seen others try to write from a low arm-chair at a washing-stand won't differ from me; besides no man can read a hard book in an arm-chair, and give it the attention it merits. Have a disinfecting charcoal filter, a small one will do. Ship's water is often bad, and the ship's filter may be old and defective. My filter has secured me and others during the voyage a supply of pure and sweet tasting water when we could not drink the water supplied us by the ship. Take a bottle or two of raspberry vinegar with you, about the line this will be a very great luxury. By the aid of these means and appliances I have succeeded in making myself exceedingly comfortable; I should like to have had a small chest of drawers instead of keeping my clothes in a couple of boxes, and should recommend another to get one; a small swinging tray would be very nice. The other cabin fittings are matters of course—bed, bedding, washing-stand, looking-glass, bookshelves, lamp, and piece of carpet. A ten-pound note will do the whole well, including the chest of drawers. The bunk should not be too wide—one rolls so in rough weather; of course the bunk should not be athwartships if avoidable. No one in his right mind will go second class, if he can by any hook or crook whatsoever raise money enough to go first.

On the whole I should consider that the discomforts of a sea voyage have been very much overrated. I have enjoyed the passage exceedingly so far and feel that I have added a larger stock of ideas to my previous ones than I ever did before in so short a time—one's geography improves apace, numberless incidents occur pregnant with interest to a landsman; moreover there are so many on board who have travelled far and wide that one gains a very great deal of information about all sorts of races and places—one finds things becoming familiar to one as household words, which one had hitherto regarded afar off as having no possible connection with oneself—which books had to do with—but which would never be impressed upon one's own mind, by the evidence of one's own senses. A very great many prejudices are done away with, and little by little one feels the boundaries of the mind enlarging. My chief study has been Gibbon's History of the Decline and fall of the Roman Empire—a book which I cannot sufficiently

recommend to those who like myself have been intimidated from commencing before owing to its large extent. The second and third volumes have I think pleased me most. I should say these two volumes would be especially useful to those who are thinking of taking orders. That portion I mean commencing with the progress of the Christian religion and ending with the accession of Marcian. One effect of a sea voyage is perhaps pernicious, but it will very likely soon wear off on land. It awakens an adventurous spirit and kindles a very strong desire to visit almost every spot upon the face of the globe. The Captain yarns about California, and the China Seas. The doctor about Valparaiso and the Andes,—another raves about Owyhee and the islands of the Pacific, while a fourth will compare nothing with Japan. The world begins to feel very small when one finds that one can get half round it in three months, and one mentally determines that one will visit all these places before one comes back again, not to mention a good many more.

As I have already extended this letter to a considerable length, I will close it here, and send the remainder of our adventures with my first impressions of New Zealand as soon as ever I can find time to put them on paper after my arrival. We are all rather downhearted at present, for ever since the last gale, now a week ago, it has been either dead calm, or the next thing to it, and there are now less signs of wind than ever. I suppose however that like all other things the voyage will come to an end sometime—somehow.

PAST AND FUTURE.

Oh present moment, priceless point of time!
  Shall ever mortal learn to know thy worth?
In gazing on the pageantry sublime
  Of future scenes that Fancy shadows forth,
Or brooding on the past, how seldom seen
The chain of golden moments hung between!

Pondering thus, I had a dream
  On the Old Year's dying day,
Methought I arose with the morning beam
And wandered by a lonely stream
  On the moorlands far away.

I gazed around, and a dismal sight
  Before my eyes was spread,
The sun shone out with a lurid light,
But the earth below was dark as night
  As though the world were dead.

Through blackened rocks and weedy slime
  I sped my fated way,
And methought I heard a voice sublime—
"This is the land where the tyrant Time
  Can never use his sway."

Away and away like a restless wave,
  Till the wind began to blow,
And I came at last to a gloomy cave
As the sun sank suddenly into the grave
  Of the chaos spread below.

The night was rough, my feet were sore,
  I entered the cavern vast,
Careless I sank on the slimy floor,
Near to a massy dungeon door
  That echoed the howling blast.

But soon I was roused, for a stranger sound
  Saluted my weary ear,
Of iron hoofs on a stony ground
And clanking chains, I looked around,
  For the sound came loud and near.

I gazed through the seething and driving storm
  Of sleet in its frantic speed,
And boding thoughts began to swarm
As I saw advance the dusky form
  Of a man on a duskier steed.

Of an aged man with armour black,
  And a beard as white as snow,
The weight of time had bent his back,
In hollow voice he cried—"alack
  And alas for my year of woe."

And on he came with the iron clank
  Of his steed of dusky hue,
Till he came to the dungeon dark and dank,
Where poisonous weeds and creepers rank
  In wild profusion grew.

Then slowly opened the dungeon door,
  And a dismal groan it gave,
As the savage blast through the cavern tore
The horse and his rider were borne before
  And closed in their gloomy grave.

I fell asleep,—and many a dream
  Of the year that had passed away
Flowed through my mind like the lonely stream,
Till morning came, and the sun's glad beam
  Illumined the New Year's day.

I hastened forth, for the earth was bright
  And sadness was changed to glee,
Woodlands were teeming with life and light,
The rocks were white, and the glorious sight
  Had wrapped me in ecstacy.

And gaily on the morning air
  The sound of music flew,
The bugle strains of the coming year,
And now a vision bright and fair
  Arose to my dazzled view.

A Spirit on a shining steed
  Rose up from the cavern's rocks,
With a swell of his trumpet, o'er mount and mead
Away he soared with the lightning's speed,
  And scattered his golden locks.

Then a voice from the cavern I heard exclaim—
  "Oh mortal why wait you here?
Fly, fly to the country from whence you came,
Joy, wealth and prosperity, wisdom and fame,
  Must be asked from the *Future* Year."

"Go, follow him now while his powers are rife,
  Ere ever this year be sped
His brow will be darkened with sorrow and strife,
And armour be donned for the battle of life,
  And Time will have silvered his head."

"For he is the Present and I am the Past—
  The ghost of the Year that is dead,
Then seize on the Present and follow him fast,
And all his bright glories may bless you at last
  When others have vanished and fled."

"S. Y."

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THE SUNBEAM.

THIRTY years ago Wilfred Hall was standing. Time, if left to himself, will soon crumble an old hall into common dust with that beneath it; yet, scarcely in thirty years. So that if Wilfred Hall had not been burnt, the curious reader might have gone to look at it—if I had given him much clue to its locality; in which case I should have been very careful to keep the secret, for reasons known to myself. As it is, it is little matter. For twenty years ago Wilfred Hall was burnt; causing no regret, as far as I could hear, save only to one solitary artist, who had half finished a sketch of it. Had the sketch been finished, it might have stood at the head of this tale of a sunbeam; but now I shall have to describe the old hall.

A mile away was a little town. Through a long line of cottages ran the main road, climbing a wooded hill; on the hill stood the church. Then the road descended the hill again, at the other side, winding through the woods; and led away to a distant city. Here and there, as it went on, quiet picturesque lanes branched off along the hill sides, or down the valleys. At the entrance of one of these lanes might have been sometime a hall gate. For there stood two mouldering neglected gate pillars, with armorial bearings; a stag at gaze, looking stiffly from a shield, disfigured by time and vagrant hands; and on the top of each pillar a hooded hawk; but no gate to swing now even on rusty hinges. Wandering down the lane, where no vehicle seemed to have travelled for a century,—for the grass grew rich as pasture fields, and the hedgerows were wild and neglected—you came, after ten minutes stroll, in sight of a lonely hall, set low in the hollow of a hill with woods climbing up behind it, and level lands in front:—the very hall I tell you of.

Weeds grew in the gravel walks and had grown there many a year. Weeds grew on the door steps, in cracks and crevices: in every window niche flourished rare green moss; and the hundred-eyed lichen spread its yellow plates on the hollow broken roofs. The steps were black and sunk; and the porch, to say the least, was dangerous. The windows seemed dirtied by design, to keep out as much light as possible. Even the large oriel, of coloured glass, which had once lighted the main hall, was stuffed here and there with rubbish in broken panes, to keep out the wandering wind.

Who should live here but the old bookworm, Sir Wilfred Wilfred! Here he lived, and continued to live, or rather perhaps to die; with a solitary servant, and one other inmate; hid in dusty tomes, sapping continually. Few guests had he. Many who came were not so welcome. Warily the servant's face reconnoitred if you knocked: and little chance of admittance had you, if you looked like a creditor. For the wealth Sir Wilfred possessed was not coin of the realm. But if you came with an old book, or a musty parchment, then the good gentleman was at home; and you a welcome guest, to stay as long as you liked.

From four or five in the morning to the same hour in the evening Sir Wilfred slept. Little joy had he in the sunshine and singing birds. He never went to lie on a summer day, plucking bits of grass. He never went to watch the lady-bird on a sprig of may, and teaze it to split its scaly coat, and spread the wings of gauze. For his heart was dried up.

From four or five in the evening to the same time next day he pored over strange books. He sat in slippers and a morning gown, which was never worn in a morning; and the gown was tightened about his lean shapeless waist with something like a rope; as if his study were a monk's cell, and this his fasting costume. He wore large oval spectacles over his little bat eyes; and he smoked a foreign weed, horrid man! not to the annoyance of many ladies though, for he saw but one; who got used to it in time.

His study, though containing nothing but what was old, including his worthy self, was yet a novelty. From the mouse-eaten wainscot to the somewhat lofty roof books were piled in shelves. In one corner stood a crazy ladder, up which Sir Wilfred climbed, at the risk of breaking his neck. Long cases of books lay about the carpetless oak floor; made so as to be removed with the greatest possible convenience; though the fire found them in that same place, when it laughed and leaped to burn them. Heaps of books tumbled about on each side the comfortless hearth. His very chair was a layer of folios: and his only table was a huge packing-case, in which many curious manuscripts were stowed away. There he sat, with a greasy lamp, hour after hour, an unwashed, benighted mortal; rooting up treasured things, like old coins, out of heaps of Dryasdust; and burying them as a miser would, in the dull earth of his human brain. Not till streaks of dawn quickened the blackbird's heart did he seek the needful sleep. Then, when the windows glimmered, and his lamp grew dim with the better-shining light, he would leave his study; to thread his way up the crazy stairs, through layers of dust-covered folios, from the great hall to the second landing. Sir Wilfred Wilfred, with his meaningless, withered face. Once he had been a boy. How his life had slipped away! he had become a phantom of humanity; going and doing to day as yesterday; the grey twilight of the house. But there was a sunbeam.

How I seem to slip back through the mazes of thirty years. Take a look at the hall. Branching antlers, and rust-eaten arms: coats of steel, and spears. But chiefly books. Shelves of labelled volumes stretched from side to side; with jutting unetherial wings here and there, to gain more room: till the place was quite a labyrinth, where the thoughtless bride of old might have concealed herself as effectually as in a certain oak chest. And there, at a little table, on which the morning sun through the painted window played with crimsoned light; dreaming over some romance; whiling away, as best she could, the companionless weary hours; the sunbeam might have been seen:—his daughter, of course.

Her blue dreaming eyes looked as if they knew little of what was going on in the world. Her hair fell in half neglected ringlets, bright and thick; and was as golden as I dare make it now, when it is no longer fashion to go *flavis capillis.* Had these been the days of Horace, I should have spoken the whole truth without concealment; and told you that her hair was as golden-bright as a sunset bar of gold; yellow as the fabled sands which Tagus river used to flow over, but has long since washed away. Her face was sweet and sad; like such a face as Sir Calidore the Courteous would have delighted to rescue; pained in his gracious heart to see it, looking beseeching to him across some imprisoning moat. Her blushed cheek would lean on her white blue-veined hand, many a weary morning; as she sat in a silken gown, white, with threads of gold, that wound into sapless flowers, about the golden belt; a treasure Sir Wilfred had purchased for its quaintness and antiquity.

As when a little mist forms about a brook, in a valley with closing hills; and by and by widens and widens, and thickens and gathers strength, and fills the valley at last with a grey dreamy haze; so in the valley of time, about her little brook of life, had gathered the love-longing. Now it throbbed with its intensity, and the valley of time was widened by it into a mysterious void. In vain she had tried to satisfy it by loving the old repugnant man. The yearning had grown and grown. She read of knights and dreamed of knights. She had nothing to call her back to realities; and wandering desolate and cold about the desolate rooms, like a sunbeam that gilds a heath, she grew to live on dreams.

Then it was a stranger came. He was a student. He designed to spend the main energy of his life in producing an edition of Shakspere worthy of the immortal subject: and as Sir Wilfred possessed several rare editions of old plays, and was always willing to entertain a stranger on such an errand, he came to collate or copy them. Day after day he copied and stayed, and the bookworm saw little of him, in truth almost forgot him. Week after week he copied. But copying cannot last for ever. How precious the books must have been that it lasted so long!

His face was a long white intelligent face. Lines of thought were drawn along it, and made the mouth fine and delicate. The eyes were clear, flashing and dark; keen with a resolute resolve not to let life slip away unused: and over a broad high forehead fell black thick lustrous hair. The face was a striking face, and the sunbeam loved to linger on it.

For he copied in the hall. He used a small table, partly facing hers, screened a little by an angle of bookshelf. All the morning his busy pen went on—somehow not the slightest sound or stir he made escaped her—and when it was still awhile, she durst not look, though indeed sometimes she did; and when she did the mist grew restless. It was no wonder her fancy should dwell on him. It was no wonder that every day he puzzled her more and more. Living caged up there, like a rich-feathered foreign bird, thinking how her life was meaningless; somehow fancying, out of books, that a woman's life had meaning; having read in some dangerous modern dream-book that a fireside, and household duties, fitted a woman in these days; thinking that her knight was long in coming; sometimes, in less dreamy moods, remembering that there were no knights now, but only men; liking the thoughtful mouth, and the speaking eyes; not feeling that looking at them wearied her; finding that the books and shelves and the painted window vanished if she met his glance; what wonder that the mist grew bright and restless, as if the sun had broken in upon it over time's hills.

At first they scarcely spoke, but by and by grew friendly. Many a close page was copied before her shyness left her. I cannot pretend to relate every little incident. One morning he leaned over her shoulder, and her hair brushed his face. "What might my fellow-student be poring over so earnestly?" said he, with elegant sweetness:—(his voice was the sweetest sound she had ever heard.) She leaned to let him see, and looked up laughing. "Mort D'Arthure, surely. And what is this morning's lesson about? maidenless Sir Galahad?"

"Not that saintly wanderer, student, but one almost as luckless," she answered, with an arch laugh. "For the poor Sir Palomide was just leaning against a tree, with his arms sorrowfully crossed, and tears in his knightly eyes, weeping for the lost Iseult."

"Happy man Sir Palomide had been, could fair Iseult have been his," said he; and went his way to the old Plays. What could he mean by that?

Every word of his was turned over and over; and many things he said perplexed her. Half unconsciously, half consciously, she got to mix him up with the longing. That morning, when he left his books, she stole to his little table. Her eyes wandered to his open manuscript. What is that graceful sketch, trailing down the side of the page? a figure leaning on its hand, in a long gown with a belt. Herself! it must be. Here he comes! quick! quick! But he caught her slipping away. And whether something in her look justified his conduct, I will not presume to guess; but after that he called her "Iseult."

Day after day passed: the copying went on still. So did the friendly talk. Things grew on apace. "This copying is tiresome work: hear how the thrushes sing. See how the sun smiles at us through the oriels. Will Iseult stroll out awhile?" why should Iseult refuse to stroll out, feeling no unwillingness?

That morning the brook we spoke of ran as merrily as a brook can. How fresh the sunshine was! and the grass was a richer carpet than any in the desolate house. The flowers about the fields had in them more delight than those which crept in formal gold round the pages of "Sir Tristrem." How the doves cooed in the old woods! And they found a nest of new-fledged birds—quite curious in its way. And what wonderful things he talked about! He talked of life and the busy world. He told her of the women that lived in it. He told her of a home he had, with a fireside warm and snug, but no one to sit by it. And a great many things besides. And he said "if you were Iseult, would you let Sir Palomide stand weeping, with his arms so sorrowfully crossed?" and she said "no!" and blushed.

How her soul widened to take in the fulness of a woman's soul, as he talked of noble women; how the knights seemed to go away after questing beasts, and make room for women and men, in that dreaming fancy of hers; how things grew; how fancies took form; this were all too long to tell: here is the upshot at once.

The copying ended suddenly one fine summer morning. It ended all at once, when Sir Wilfred Wilfred might have been asleep some two hours or more. At any rate he was fast asleep when the copying ended. Why should the student take his packet of manuscripts in his morning stroll with her? Perhaps a mere whim. Away they went on the usual walk, through the usual woods. But they did not linger as usual to examine the leaves and trees. And after a while they turned off. As they crossed over the fields Wilfred Hall was lost sight off: so that, of course, any one in Wilfred Hall would lose sight of them. Now they enter the grass-grown lane. They pass rather quickly, perhaps, along the great road that goes to the little town. They laugh merrily as they climb the hill. Why, that must be the church. And the door is open too. Did you ever find an open village church door without going in? not you: nor did they. But what can the priest mean, standing there, inside the altar-rails, in his robes of office white? as the bride is not forthcoming, and a pity it would be the priest should lose his fees,—no! no! no deceit! it is all arranged before. Listen, as they kneel, what the priest's words are:—"If any one see any just cause or impediment, &c. &c." But no one does. At least, no one comes to "declare it," if he does. So the priest goes on:—"let him hereafter for ever hold his peace."

And so, frowning readers, you hold yours. It is all right enough. Sweet birds should not be kept in cages at the pleasure of selfish men. Let them fly away to their proper homes, and find their mates. Only many a smoky volume went up in a certain study, before the old bookworm returned to his feast of books with zest: and many and many a weary day crumbled Wilfred Hall, before Sir Wilfred Wilfred found the same delight in the buried coins he dug up.

"O. B."

A WORD FOR WANDERERS.

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night.
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

ALLOW me to inform you, ladies and gentlemen, that a champion has at last arisen for the persecuted organ-grinders—one who fearlessly enters the lists against nervous old gentlemen, cross old ladies, invalids, policemen, studious men and lovers of peace generally. What though Mr. Nervus Phidgetts be at this moment helplessly wrapping his bald head in the bed-clothes and muttering smothered imprecations, ("Pop goes the weasel," every now and then cheerfully sounding below him, cruelly merry and livelily torturous, while a wandering dewdrop of cold perspiration trickles down the side of his imbedded nose):—what though Mr. Weakly Everill has just awoke from a short sleep snatched from departing night, with a bad head-ache, to the joys and sorrows of a suburb morning, and catches, faintly borne upon the breeze, the well-known strains of "Bobbing around," half a street away, but coming on surely and slowly, like the spider on the ceiling walking leisurely down the web to his prey as if meditating some slow torture for the victim-blue-bottle, and what though the papoosed watch at the back of the invalid's pillow already anticipates the coming melody, by ticking with devilish glee to the tune that is slowly approaching:—what though the studious Mr. Reading Jones, fists on ears and elbows on table, shuts his senses to the music and his heart to the upturned eye of the expectant grinder, and desperately reads pages and pages of his book, to find in the end that he remembers not one word of what he has been reading. For

"His heart was otherwhere,
While the organ shook the air,"

as the City Poet hath it:—and what though Mr. Punch himself, driven to despair, represents in his next number a persistent musician defying the policeman's command to move on, and so endeavours to urge the imbecile authorities to more effective steps:—what though all this be true, still I repeat, ladies and gentlemen, that a champion has at last arisen for the persecuted organ-grinders—I, a quondam grinder, am that champion.

But before I begin to defend my musical brethren, it becomes me to return the thanks and blessings of them and myself to our unprejudiced patrons, those of the public who have enjoyed and supported, or at least endured patiently our serenades; especially to him who, taking an interest in me, and I hope I may say without conceit, considering that I had a soul above organs, has lifted me from my low estate and given me education and honourable employment,—in fact has made me what I am.

Now, in the first place, I mean to say that our street music is generally in itself agreeable.—Be not prejudiced, ye lodgers who look down from above and lodging-house-keepers who look up, from kitchens below, at that olive-faced, brown-eyed, laughing Italian boy who gives you music at so small a charge.—Be not prejudiced, but open your hearts and ears to the melody, and ten to one you will enjoy it, a hundred to one you will not dislike it so much, as if you treat the boy harshly and fidget and annoy yourselves. Ulysses scarcely deafen'd his ears to the siren-songs more obstinately than you do to street music, or, more correctly, his companions' ears, for he seemed not to dislike the music himself, and listened attentively to the performance on the beach, though for safety he spliced himself to a mast, for fear the melody should be too much for his feelings and entice him overboard, as it had former voyagers, who,

"By these prevailing voices now
Lured, evermore drew nearer to the land,
Nor saw the wrecks of many a goodly prow,
That strewed that fatal strand;

"Or seeing, feared not—warning taking none
From the plain doom of all who went before,
Whose bones lay bleaching in the wind and sun,
And whitened all the shore."

No, take yon smiling baby in his nurse's arms for your example—see how the little fellow stretches forth his tiny arms and croaks with delight; while you, determined to make yourselves miserable, draw in your sensitive horns like insulted snails.

I, on the other hand, in my suburban abode, in the extreme confines of the suburbs where the town meets the country, twilight as it were, am charmed, as I sit in my shady little lawn this beautiful June afternoon, by an organ fragment floating from afar, louder and lower as the changeful breeze rises and falls—what with the bright blue sky, the sunlight shadow-chequered on the grass, flowers, a wandering butterfly or two, a light wind playing with the leaves of an open book, and a cigar whence thin blue smoke wreaths slowly ascend and vanish,—the effect is quite fairy-like and mystic.

In the second place, as to the construction of barrel-organs, though it be objected that turning a handle round and round is too automaton-like, artificial and ungraceful, yet there is certainly this advantage in it, namely that correct time is pretty sure to be kept—and if we have the music what matter how it is produced? it sounds well and in moderation is quite enjoyable; witness yonder nursery window crowded with juvenile faces eager to buy with a copper or two the music-ware of the approaching organ-man: he will unstrap his burden and grind any amount for the money, and then seek some more rural scene, rural enough at least to supply a hedge and bank, where he will rest awhile to eat his bread and cheese, and, meeting perchance with some similarly burdened companion, will gleefully gabble in his native tongue.

It might perhaps be a good thing if these young Italians could be formed into regiments and sent home as soldiers, especially in the present state of European affairs.* A certain amount of endurance they must have acquired by their rough wandering life here,—and they would find it less labour to carry military knapsacks and arms, used as they are to the weight of something like a young piano strapped on their backs. And, as for marching, many of them, from being so long accustomed to no other conveyance than their feet, would probably without much difficulty march any army off its legs, so to speak, in a few days.

But what induced me more than anything to say a word for my companions, was, because I have really been often struck by the great beauty of the music, and think that it is unjustly and with prejudice accused of being unbearable and inharmonious. Climb up Primrose hill some fine day and sit down on one of the benches, whence you may enjoy an extensive view, rows of houses, streets crossing each other, trees, lamp-posts, palisading, men, horses, and vehicles. From some spot in this panorama extending from Hampstead road to Primrose hill and the regions about Regent's park, you will probably hear one or more strains of wind-borne music, anon pausing and again arising in some nearer or more remote locality, approaching or retreating. If you are in a good humour and open to soothing influences of sunlight, bright skies, fleecy fleets of sailing clouds, and that fresh hilarity of spirits which results from a lofty situation, you will find that the effect is not bad.

I could relate many queer anecdotes, aye and affecting romances of organ-grinders, if it were worth while to do so and if space permitted, and I shall be glad to continue my subject, which is a very extensive one, in future numbers of *The Eagle*, if what I have now written meets with any approbation from its readers.

"F. V."

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* This was written last long vacation, 1859.

HOME FROM THE EASTER "VOLUNTARY."

I.

HAMMER, hammer, hammer; rattle, rattle, rattle over the flinty pavements of Cambridge; away from the frowning Senate-House, the old familiar colleges, staring shop-fronts and often-trod streets. Away, away from the hazy atmosphere of learning and levity, with its mirage prospect of future fame or present pleasure; away from lectures and examinations, away from boating and cricket, away from congenial companions of every shade of opinion, of every degree of mental calibre; away at last and for ever from dear old Cambridge, severe, exacting old Cambridge, from Cambridge that I have so often pettishly regarded as an "injusta noverca," but whom I now feel to be an "alma mater."

On we jolt past Parker's Piece, and I hear the well-known sound of "ball, Sir" "thank you, Sir," "thank you, Sir, ball," and instinctively look around to see if there are not half a dozen balls of all colours dodging with all velocities about my bewildered head. Then as I lean back dozing on the cushion, I seem to hear above the rattle of the wheels and buzz of the town, a mysterious cry like the shouts of a far off nation, ringing through the air, and fancy catches the sound of "well rowed John's!" The buss bumps a stone, and on the action-and-reaction-are-equal principle I am bumped off the seat, and my reverie bumped out of my brain. Again I doze, and now the cheers of the Senate-House din my ears as the Senior Wrangler makes his debut with his young laurels.

I tumble into the railway carriage and coil myself up to doze again. I feel my fingers ache, and this reminds me that I have performed a great deal of writing in the last four days, far more than will "pay;" and this reminds me of a very good resolution I formed, not to make any "random shots," but to consider well what I was about, and use common sense as much as memory in my answers. And this

again reminds me that every good resolution of mine passes through my brain twice and twice only, viz. when it is made, and when I make the sage reflection "pity I did not think of it at the time."

But here we are at Bedford with two hours to lionize. I am going to make the best of the time, and if you choose to accompany me, do not be offended if I indulge a little "that forward delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere; of some assistance indeed to apprehension......— but you do not want Butler in Bedford.

The first thing that strikes me is that here, in the very centre of Saxondom, the appearance of the people is decidedly Celtic. It is market-day, and I have scrutinized some hundreds of faces, town and country, and have seen but one raw-beef visaged, indubitable Saxon. Perhaps the local historian can account for the fact, for fact I believe it to be, that the Bedfordians are decidedly Celts.

The gates of the great churchyard are locked, and I wend my way towards a lovely little district church, standing on a flowery mound of a churchyard, and conferring life and beauty on a part of the town otherwise dull and uninviting.

"What is the name of this church"? I ask a passer-by.

"I cannot tell you so much about that church, Sir, as about this chapel on your right; this chapel is built on the spot where the immortal John Bunyan used to preach, and it is called Bunyan's Chapel." "Of the which John Bunyan," I said to myself, "you may add that you are a worshipper." But why should I feel anything like anger at a stranger who meant to be civil? or why should I feel taken aback at suddenly finding myself in the presence as it were of the shade of Bunyan the tinker and rabid dissenter? I may meet his living self hereafter, and find that he has shuffled off together with his mortal coil, his character of contumacy and kettle-mending, as parts of the costume in which he performed on this world's stage—this costume being no part of the aforesaid John Bunyan. For it is as easy to conceive that he might exist out of the costume he then wore (viz. that of a factious tinker) as in it, that he might have animated a costume of a totally different grade and effect from that he then wore, and that he might afterwards animate the same or some new costume variously modified and organized, as to conceive how he did animate his own costume. And lastly, his getting out of all these several costumes would have no more conceivable tendency to destroy the living being, John Bunyan, than his getting out of the walls of Bedford gaol.

But you are looking squeamish, what is the matter?

"You think Butler a very good thing *when it is asked for* in the hall at St. John's or the Senate-House. Also you prefer the unadulterated article,— Butler without Bunyan."

Well, come along. What is here? We are in a land of celebrities. Next door to Bunyan's chapel is another with the inscription:

> "Erected by John Howard, the Philanthropist.
> He trod an open and unfrequented path to glory......"

So far the inscription, which is in fact an epitaph, is a most happy one. Some dozen artless words tell of a good man's life, death and glorious hope: and pass an honest censure on a heartless world. There is no adulation in the former part, no bitterness in the latter. They do what every epitaph on a good man should do, they so inform us of his deeds as to raise in us a just respect for the dead, and a hearty intention to follow his example. It is the fault of our language and not of the epitaph, that a nasty Greek word and a long Latin one are used. They could not be avoided. No form of words I think could be more pregnant, pithy and pointed than the part quoted of the inscription. But when it goes on into the details of the philanthropist's life and doings, thus allowing it to be supposed that Howard's fame was not universal, the whole thing is weakened and debased. There should not have been another word save the two lines,

> "Born at ——, in the County of ——, A.D.,
> Died at Cherson in Russia, A.D."

The contrast between a sunny nook of rich green England, and the bleak cold Cherson plains would convey the intended idea more perfectly and more forcibly than many words.

The church doors are fortunately open, and the sexton is eager to shew the neat and well-arranged interior. He points out what he says is the "only partic'lar thing" to be seen, and certainly is rather "partic'lar." It is a tablet to the memory of a young man who "when two years old hurt one of his kidneys, from which he suffered great pain, and strange to say when twenty years of age he hurt the same kidney, from which he suffered a great deal more pain, and then strange to say he died!"

There is another evidence of a Celtic origin,—each grave is a flower-bed. The Irish deck the graves of their relatives with cut flowers on Palm Sunday; this is also done on the borders of Wales. The Welsh plant the graves with flowers and small shrubs, and tend them carefully. The custom arose no one knows when, and it will probably never die, for it is agreeable to the turn of mind of the people, which is retentive, reflective, and pleasingly melancholy.

Usages with regard to the disposal of the dead are perhaps less liable to change than any other. A man would be thought unfeeling and even profane, who tried to force his own notions respecting sepulture, &c., on the friends of a deceased person, even when existing customs are absurd. Mankind generally wish to be "laid with their fathers," and after death relatives are disposed to give that wish its fullest possible meaning, and bury them as their fathers were buried. The existence here, isolated, of this pious and beautiful custom of planting the graves with flowers, seems to intimate that the people here have a common origin with the Celts, among whom the same custom obtains.

Again I am in the train, now speeding away to Oxford, the "City of Palaces." How strange it will be to wake up in the morning and hear the tinkling of the chapel bells, and the solemn toll of Great St. Mary's, in a University where every face will be strange and myself an unrecognised wanderer! At every station University men get in; our carriage is full of Queens' men, Merton men, Balliol men, and now comes in an All-souls man.

Here is the Oxford Station and here the Mitre "buss." It is towards midnight, and the buss, being almost the only vehicle, is overcrowded. Away it goes! one feels as though he were dragged along in a basket over a shingly beach by some grinning lightning-footed imp of darkness, while his Master makes congenial music by lashing simultaneously with his tail 101 deranged piano-fortes. That man must have brains at least of granite who can endure all this poetry of motion without inhaling enough of the spirit of the "Vinum Dæmonium," to applaud (as my poor bones are now madly doing) that expressive expression of Coleridge's—

> "Pavements fang'd with murderous stones."

If any man desire to write a Prize Poem containing very many such lines as this, or a few degrees stronger, let him seek the inspiration resulting from half an hour's pounding in a buss, over the shingly lanes of Oxford.

Where *is* Jehu driving to, that he has not got to the

Mitre yet? Alas! alas! Jehu lives at the Mitre, (likewise Tiger and the Buss) where he has faithfully promised to put me down "all snug." To the more effectual doing of which he thinks it proper to see all his other passengers safe home first. Meanwhile he generously drives me, seeing I am a stranger, all round Oxford, without any extra charge!

II.

I cannot conceive of circumstances better suited to calm and elevate the spirit, then to awake on a sunny Sunday morning and find the early May breezes laden with incense pressing for admission at the window, and then when you throw open the casement and drink in the balmy breath of a glorious morning, to hear the rich sound of bells answering bells filling the heavens with music, to feel that the day is a holy day of rest for body and mind, and to see the glad world turn out in its best array to do it honour.

I was sitting at breakfast at the Mitre when a heavy "dong" thrilled through the air,

> "Swinging slow with solemn roar,"

as though it were the great sum and substance of steeple music, and the merry chimes of the small bells were but ancillary accompaniments.—It was plain that as I wished to attend the service at St. Mary's I must hasten.

I shall not commit the folly of attempting to describe the outside or the inside of this beautiful building. The seats of the Heads, Fellows and M.A's (that is to say our "Golgotha" and "Pit") are all on the ground-floor. They and the Undergraduates' benches in the gallery were at least half full. Many of the Undergraduates took notes.

The Bampton Lecturer was the preacher. Although I had heard so many similar sermons at Cambridge, I could not help being struck with the scholastic and apparently secular nature of the discourse. After three years and a half of University life, I still felt very much as Verdant Green felt when he heard his first Oxford sermon. How I thought all my non-University friends would stare to hear a chapter of Persian history delivered from the pulpit on a Sunday morning, and that too by a great teacher and pattern of young parsons! How they would rub their eyes and look again and again to see if they were in a Church while they heard Xerxes proved (and greatly to the speaker's satisfaction, whatever it might be to theirs,) identical with somebody else; and were told that they could not suppose Esther to be all her life-time Queen-regnant without doing grievous and irreparable wrong to some profane historian! ("*Profane!*—Why then be so tender of him? Well, really, we did expect to meet a little Puseyism at Oxford, and almost hoped or feared we should detect disguised Romanism,—but this Godless sermon, this insinuating sympathy with a profane man.")

After service I made my way to the Martyrs' Memorial. What a lovely little pile it is! Before coming close to it, I perceived this advantage of its hexagonal form, that thereby the figures of the three martyrs, having each a vacant space on either side, stand out with a cleanness and boldness characteristic of the men.

I looked at Cranmer first. He wears his archiepiscopal robes, has a cap on his head, and the pall on his shoulders: his right hand is slightly extended, in the left he bears his Bible, and he is in the act of walking forward with a resolute air. Beneath him is sculptured the pelican, the mystic bird that feeds its young with its own blood. I should have been glad to see (though perhaps it would appear too theatrical) *under his feet* a crumpled scroll representing his recantation.

Of the three martyrs, I have always felt my sympathies inclining most towards Latimer, that aged servant of God, too aged to argue or answer subtle argument, too aged to lay again, and therefore declining to disturb the foundation of faith, which, when his intellect was in full vigour, and with God for his helper, he had carefully and strongly laid. Too honest to mould his conscience into conformity with an uncongenial state of things, he would have done himself more violence than his enemies could inflict, had he done other than compose himself in the faggots and make his prophetic remark to "Master Ridley." I looked at the carved work about this figure, but did not discover torch, or candle, or any thing emblematic of "a burning and a shining light."

Ridley "explained all the authorities advanced against him of the spiritual presence only." The artist has represented Ridley with a countenance indicative of refined intellect and gentleness, shaped to a sweet triumphant smile, and looking up to heaven. This heavenward look is of the English style, I mean that Ridley is not represented, as most Madonnas are, with neck strained painfully backwards, and eye-balls almost hidden under the forehead, but with a natural and easily-sustained look a little above the horizon, just enough to shew that it was directed beyond earth.

As I leaned over the railing, scrutinizing the figures and spelling the inscription, (it would have been more in keeping with the men, though perhaps not with the monument, if the letters were in plain English, that he who runs may read,) I thought, what a suitable place for such a martyrdom! In the very centre of England, in this great fountain of learning, whose motto is "Dominus illuminatio mea," close to the walls of Balliol, under the eyes of the Martyr who looks down from over the gateway of St. John's.—I said to myself "have not we of the Church of England, saints of our own flesh and blood? and can it be wrong, is it indeed anything but justice to give the title of "holy one" to those who by their faith and works and sufferings have shewn that it belongs to them? And might not this church close to the memorial, be as well called the "Martyrs' Church" as "Magdalene?"

I turned towards St. John's. The time-worn statue of the Patron Saint looked down upon me—

> "O would some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us,
> It would from many a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion!"

Here was I idolizing men who resisted, even unto blood, Idolatry's first and gentlest approaches; who through disgrace and torture made their way to death, and at the altar there flaming on this very spot, offered up all they had, even their precious lives, to the intent that we, knowing the sacrifice, might also learn the danger.

"M."

AN AUTUMN NIGHT.

The night is wild: the winds arise
In gusts that make, amid the corn
A seething rustle; eastward borne
The clouds are roll'd across the skies;

And far away amid the night
Upon those heavy folds on high
The furnace-fires flash luridly,
And smoke-wreaths wave along in light

That ever varies: where the cloud
Cleaves, now and then a star looks forth,
As yonder, in the glimmering north,
Like pale-face peering from a shroud.

I pass along the village street:
On one side with a gurgling low
The brooklet's darken'd waters flow,
And from the lone hearth's smouldering heat

The merry cricket loudly sings:
All else, beside the wind, is still.
Thro' many a world of thought I range,
And fancies, fetcht from far, and strange,
Crowd round me as I mount the hill,
Beneath the dark night's wizard wings.

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF PERCIVAL OAKLEY.

SCRAP SENTIMENTAL.[*]

"YOUR affair in the last number was a great failure"—such was the kind remark that recently hailed my gratified ears—"a very great failure; not heavy, you know; but feeble and slow in the extreme—evidently written in a tremendous hurry, and with a desperate though most unsuccessful effort to be amusing. You're going on with the trash, are you? well! I'm sorry for the subscribers; but with such a beginning no one can accuse you of falling off in the continuation."

Now, if there is anything thoroughly agreeable, it is candid criticism; and if there is anything thoroughly satisfactory, it is to find one's arrow gone home to the mark—Feeble and slow? just what I intended it to be! When you are writing a thing in parts, it is *the* weakest proceeding to make the first number a good one: you should begin *piano* and *maestoso;* then introduce a gradual *crescendo;* and wind up with an amazing *fortissimo.* I'm not going to say through how many numbers this 'Scrap Sentimental' will "drag its slow length along"—of course that rests entirely with the discriminating Editors; but, if about the middle of the said Scrap you don't find it highly interesting and entertaining,—why, I shall consider you a very obtuse person, and request you never more to be Quarterly reviewer of mine.

But among numerous other base insinuations thrust upon me, one was of that glaring nature which must be at once refuted. It implied that my precious diary, my *præsidium,* yea! my *dulce decus,* had absolutely no existence whatever, and was only alluded to in order to fill up space, and give scope to a vapid self-laudation. To overwhelm the abominable miscreant who started such an idiotic notion, I am compelled to give a very brief extract from the valuable register in question.

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[*] *Continued from Vol.* II. *page* 63.

EXTRACT, Vol. IX. p. 2041.[*]

July 24*th.—Middle of the night.* Dreaming hard, but far from comfortable. Have I a headache? no! it's Seraphina who is hammering a nail into my temples—rap, tap, tap—how she lays it on—look at Tugg standing by with a huge mallet to administer the final clinch—rap, tap, tap—well it's through my head now and well into the pillow—couldn't move if I were paid for it. "Don't, oh! please don't—"Hollo! whadsaay—pasnineclock—boosanhotwarr—no! no! drop it! drop it! dro-o-o—"

Somewhat later.—Agreeable change of vision—invasion the prominent idea. The French are come, are they? well, tell the coast-guard to go and help 'em to land. Get up? I'll see you further first—my word! just hear the cannon—bang, bang—they must be bombarding the house—bang, bang, bang.

"Now, Saville, I won't stand this; I've only just closed my eyes and I am not going to be disturbed for *you.* Dressed this half-hour? you know you've nothing on but a Barabbas and boots, and I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself. Going to a picnic? I won't go—make my excuses and say I've got typhus fever, then perhaps those blessed Tuggs won't bother me with another invitation. You won't leave off till I get up—well, to be rid of your loathsome presence I can make any sacrifice—you just be off, and make the tea,—no! I won't look sharp about it. I shall be three-quarters of an hour at least. Now, none of your coarse language—Vanish!"

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[*] For a gentleman who owns to having "been twice plucked for Little-Go," Mr. Oakley's mathematical accuracy is rather surprising. In the previous description of his diary he mentions "one volume for each year and ten pages for every day"—from which *data* any of our readers may find that 2041 would really be *almost* the right number of page for July 24th, in any current year.—[EDITOR.]

11. 15 a.m. *Scene, the breakfast room—splendid morning—fresh breeze through the windows, which are doors, by the way, and both wide open. View on to the bay with Saint Symeon's Mount in the distance. Ernest Saville, Esq. in the chair, sans collar, tie, or waistcoat—his feet encased in embroidered slippers—ah! how changed from that Saville, who yesterday was pacing the esplanade with Eugenie St. Croix—to him enter his fellow lodger.*

S. Morning, my ancient: how about coppers, eh? rate of exchange rather considerable, I reckon.

O. Well, *you* needn't talk, after the state of mops and brooms you were found in last night.

S. Who wanted to fight the native in the billiard-room, because he wouldn't take points off you? A swell native too, who could have given you five-and-twenty and licked your head off.

O. Who wanted to embrace the Bobby, and addressed him familiarly as 'Robert, toi que j'aime!'

S. Who tried to put out the lamp, and was so screwed he couldn't swarm half-way up the post?

O. You'd better shut up, unless you want your ugly nose flattened.

S. Well, which of us began? oh! that's right, say it was me, do!

O. Put some of that grill in your calumnious chops, and then hand it over here.

S. Thank you; I an't got a jaded palate and a ruined digestion like some people; you may eat it all yourself, and more cayenne to your liver! The idea of a fellow at your age wanting stimulants in the morning!

And here Saville put a wine-glass full of brandy into his tea, by way of illustrating his own theory.

&c., &c. * * * * *

Well! I won't bore you with any more of this, gentle Subscribers; we had been three weeks at Weremouth when it was chronicled as above, and had been passing our time extremely agreeably for many and various reasons.

First, as regards myself, I had by persevering sieges and blockades, so softened the adamantine heart of Miss Veriblue, that she not only allowed me to come in and out of their lodgings whenever I pleased, 'tame-cat fashion,' as the Colonel used to call it, but even regarded the aspirations of my doting and infatuated heart with a benignant eye. As I mused on the difference this made to my personal comfort I used often to catch myself quoting—

> Quem tu, Miss Veriblue, semel
> Intrantem placido lumine videris—

and so on. They liked going on the sea, both aunt and niece; of course I had a sailing-boat constantly at their service: they liked parties, concerts, dances and the like; I wearied myself to get introductions and tickets, invitations and bouquets. Seraphina liked trifling with amateur German—precious little did this child know on the subject, but it was pleasant enough to spend an hour of the sultry afternoon fancying we were translating Schiller's Ballads, or that everlasting "Die Piccolomini"—then she could play and sing like an angel, and I could manage a feeble tenor enough for an easy duett or two; she sketched in pencil and water-colours, and delighted especially in attempting the same from nature; I couldn't draw a stroke, but could cut pencils to perfection, fill the little cup with spring-water, lie at her feet and bestow admiring criticism rather on the verge of flattery. Altogether we found sundry congenial occupations, and "happily the days of Thalaba went by." I had never 'spoken', thinking it judicious to wait for the right moment; but everybody in the place regarded it as a settled thing, and used to favour us with intelligent grins as they passed us upon the Esplanade. By Jove, how handsome she used to look in her plain straw hat and light muslin dress, with the loose jacket over the same affecting nautical buttons; how delicious in her ball-room attire when she stepped into the carriage, with her blue opera-cloak drawn closely round her neck, and the wreath on her sunny hair. Yes! I *am* a fool, I know, to be dwelling thus on "hours of pleasure, past and o'er;" but the Seraphina of my youthful days, and the present Mrs. T. are two quite distinct personages, nor am I going to do myself out of a jolly reminiscence or two just because she chose to be an Alice Grey of the most perfidious description, and to earn from society at large the appellation of an extremely sensible girl.

Now, as regards Ernest Saville, *he* had not been playing his cards badly by any means: he was a man who never did, whether they were the tangible cards of crafty whist and reckless loo, or the metaphorical hand of the world's chances and frantic flirtation. He got on well with the Colonel, who, I fear, had been a sad reprobate once, and never undergone a thorough reform of his ancient ways. Saville used to play a good deal of billiards with him, and took good care to win but rarely; he would listen to the old boy's yarns, and give him a supply of new jokes and anecdotes, adapt himself with pernicious facility to all the ways of a *ci-devant jeune homme*, and in fact, make himself generally necessary to St. Croix's notions of comfort—so he was pretty well domiciled in their rooms, or else with them when out; and Eugenie and he very soon came to an understanding. Poor Eugenie! she had the material of a splendid creature, but foreign life and unsettled ways had done much to spoil her, nor was her father exactly the man to bring her up properly. Had her mother been living she would probably have been a different being; as it was, she was as thorough a flirt as she was perfectly beautiful. In the strange circumstances that followed, in which I myself was so helplessly floored (I can use no weaker expression), her nature underwent the most total change, and when I met her again a month or two since, I hardly knew her for the same person.

Ernest had a curious way of making odd acquaintances; he could be hand and glove with any one at the shortest notice, and was particularly fond of cultivating the 'plebeian order' as he loved to call them. At Weremouth he was great among the coast-guard, fishermen, and smugglers, between which three classes much amity and sociability appeared to subsist; one day I met him walking along the beach with a disreputable old ruffian in a pilot-coat and sou'-wester, the very bargee of nautical adventure, whom he afterwards described to me as captain of the spanking schooner Nancy, better known to the Revenue cruisers as Fly-by-Night, and the fastest craft in the channel. My acquaintance with the said ruffian was eventually promoted vastly beyond my own desires; but of that anon, for I shrink as long as possible from the details of our catastrophe.

Suppose we proceed at once to the picnic—it was a small affair; the Tuggs came in their open carriage, Mrs. T., I mean, and the charming Eliza, Miss Veriblue reclined in the same vehicle, Eugenie and the Colonel were on horseback, so were Seraphina, and Saville, and myself. A pleasant canter along the sands, emerging into a bridle-road across an open common, over which the breeze was sweeping in all its freshness, a friendly farm-house where our steeds were stabled, a scramble down the slippery side of Fairbeacon Slopes, and there we were in the scene of action. Sir John Trevegan's estate stretches along by the coast for many a mile; the leafy covers grow right down to the edges of the cliffs, and are intersected with sundry labyrinthine paths, all issuing into a most lovely glen, where the Wishing Well bubbles and sparkles for ever and a day, and then scatters bright brook and streamlets downward to the ocean; a scene that should be consecrated to the Dryads and Naiads of the spot, or penetrated only by reverential visits of poet and artist—instead whereof it was constantly profaned by the ringing of laughter and the popping of champagne corks, and its sacred precincts defiled by unhallowed crumbs from Weremuthian picnics.

The carriage party arrived hot and dusty from the road, but the provisions came with them, which was certainly their sole redeeming point. After a slight refection, Seraphina of course was anxious to immortalise in water colour a particular view, and no one but myself could shew her the exact site for such operation. Ernest and Eugenie went to hunt for sea anemonies, the Colonel lighted a cigar and sat making talk for the three ladies who were averse to locomotion. So you see all was peculiarly serene.

As for the seraph and myself, after losing our way once or twice, we emerged on a snug corner out of the breeze, where she immediately sat down and took an angel's-eye view of Fairbeacon woods, a bit of grey cliff beyond, a roof of a coast-guard station just visible above the trees, with a union-jack flying from the flagstaff, and a fishing-boat quite convenient in the distance, evidently the exact scene for an amateur pencil.

I lay at her feet serenely and lazily happy, talking and chaffing about any trifles that came uppermost, regretting John T.'s protracted absence, and indulging in flattering encomia on his mother. And I heartily wished that one could go on for ever as we had been for the last three weeks, without a thought of care to dim the brightness of those summer hours—but I knew that before long both Ernest and myself must be on the route again, and move from our pleasant quarters, so I gradually brought our talk round in this direction, taking for my ground-work that very new motto "all that's bright must fade," and hinted that in a week's time, or very little over, these "days would be no more."

"In a week's time?" she exclaimed, pausing in a thorough wash which the refractory sea of her drawing had been doomed to undergo: "in a week's time?" and she let her hazel eyes rest on mine till I thought they must be reading my inmost wishes.

" Yes, Miss Hawthorn, we have but little time to spare, and idling is a luxury neither Saville or I can well afford at present."

" And what's to become of my German? and our duetts? and the drawing lessons? and those delicious sails on the bay? and—oh! Mr. Oakley, we cannot spare you so soon."

" I fear," quoth I sententiously, " that I am more an interruption than a help to any of the virtuous practices in question, or at any rate my duties are so lightly insisted on, that you'll very easily find another to fill my place to admiration."

No answer; the washing out of the stubborn billows resumed with a vengeance.

" Mr. Tugg will be back at Weremouth next Friday, and I'm sure he is a most congenial companion," said I.

Still no reply, but by a slight mistake the brush has been dipped into the carmine, and the waves get suddenly " incarnardined."

" And a fellow who's getting on so well in his profession:" I added: " those naval men always carry everything before them, especially ladies' hearts, and it's always pleasant being consoled."

She was desperately angry now, and wouldn't lift her face: but all the same there fell a great big drop on the paper, a drop which was neither water nor colours; and I instantly felt myself a fiend in human form.

" Miss Hawthorn," I began, (as people in novels always do) " Seraphina, dearest Seraphina, dare I think that my presence gives you a moment of pleasure, (here I smiled an ineffable smile) or my absence will cause you a moment of pain, (here gloom the most profound overspread my visage) dare I think that to all my devotion you are otherwise than cold and—

" Cold!" said another voice, very different to those melodious accents I longed for; " cold! I should just think she must be: where's your shawl, child? Mr. Saville how could you let her sit there running the risk of bronchitis and toothache, and ticdoloureux, and I don't know what all!"

Miss Veriblue was the speaker, and indeed there was some truth in her remarks, but I was past thinking or feeling at the moment, except for a dull sickening sense of hope deferred. " Haw! haw!" said the Colonel, on whose arm Miss V. was leaning, " vewy—ar—domestic sort of corner—fwaid we're wather de twop pewhaps—"

He was a monster.

How we got home I hardly remember. Seraphina came in the carriage I believe, but I made some excuse for taking myself off, seeing that at the moment I was past talking also. So I rushed towards the farm-house, but, in passing up the glen, caught a glimpse of two very well known figures, a lady and a gentleman, sitting on the stump of an old oak tree, duly moss-covered, and there was an unmistakeable arm round an unmistakeable waist, and a straw-hat very close to a Spanish plume, and more in my haste I saw not—they had their backs to me and why should I disturb them? In five more minutes I was on Black Prince's back, and galloping him promiscuously home to his stables, in a style I should fancy he had never been ridden before along those Fairbeacon tracks.

"P. O."

BORES.

MANY and startling have been the theories advanced by botanists, naturalists and geologists, to account for the existence and propagation of the numberless species of animals and plants which are spread over the surface of our globe, but none of them are sufficiently comprehensive to account for the infinite diversities in the species of the genus "bore", and for their wide spread distribution:—to do this aright would perhaps require a genius greater than that of Darwin, and theories more universal in their application than those of development, or natural selection. We find bores everywhere;—we doubt not but that the African traveller, the Arctic voyager, and the Johnian undergraduate are equally pestered by them;—we have bores taciturn, bores talkative, bores social and bores political, besides a multitude of others whom it would be difficult to class, but who still belong to that numerous and disagreeable set of men, to whom we all at times feel inclined to say—

> "Stand not upon the order of your going,
> But go at once."

It is bad enough to have to spend an evening with the taciturn bore, to receive monosyllabic replies to all your questions, and to have your most witty remarks on things or persons, answered by a mere nod or shrug of the shoulders;—it is still worse, perhaps, to have to endure the volubility of the talkative bore;—but worst of all is the bore with a decided tendency to monomania, who can only talk of his pet subject, and that a disagreeable one. There's Jones, for example, otherwise a worthy pleasant fellow, who mars everything by his insane passion for mathematics;—(it is my firm conviction that he always carries a rigid rod instead of a walking-stick, and runs round the parallelogram mainly because it is a geometrical figure); when submitting to the infliction of a walk with him, and wishing, as is my wont, to admire the calm beauties of

nature,—the stupendous scenery of the Gogs, the pellucid stream in Grantchester meadows, or the spreading forests of Madingley,—the incorrigible Jones dilates upon the beauties of the subject he is reading, puzzles my brains with mysterious allusions to Zenith and Nadir, and puts me into a fit of by no means easy reflection on the incomprehensible technicalities of mathematics.

Watkins, on the other hand, makes a point of visiting me just when I am most absorbed in the study of the treatises of Phear or Barrett, or most busy in digging for the roots of those fearfully irregular words, which I meet with in our Greek subject;—his talk is of boats and boating, and while I sit writhing under the infliction, I hear how 'two' screwed, 'three' did no work, 'four' did not keep time, 'five' caught three crabs, 'six' splashed, 'seven' was worse than useless, while 'stroke' was no better than he should be;—Watkins himself being the immaculate 'bow', who neither caught crabs, nor splashed, nor screwed. All things however have an end, so even Watkins' eloquence is finally exhausted, and he departs, leaving me to the pleasant reflection, that though he may be thought by some to be an agreeable companion, yet to me he is indeed "an unmitigated bore," and one whose step I dread to hear ascending my staircase.

Not only, however, are we bored by our firesides, and in our walks, but we can hardly attend a public meeting, or a debate in the House of Commons, without being bored by some would-be orator, who reminds us of nothing so much as of Moore's Comparison of Castlereagh with a pump—

> "Because it is an empty thing of wood,
> Which up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
> And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
> In one weak, washy, everlasting flood."

Instead, however, of going into further detail with respect to the different classes of bores, it will be as well to devote a little space to the consideration of the other side of the subject; for we must grant that bores are often exceedingly useful members of society.

We are indeed often too apt to stigmatize by the name of bore, any one who has some object, which he rightly feels to be an important one, in view, and who perseveres in his endeavours to attain it, in a way which tends in some slight degree, to the diminution of our personal luxury or comfort. It has been well observed that in these modern days of cheap literature, the many read, but few think; there seems indeed to be in the people at large, a spirit of indolence, (except of course with regard to money matters,) which recoils from a contact with unpalatable facts, and detests trouble of any sort;—if not, how is it that in a debate, for example, the man who gets up his case thoroughly, and is armed with figures and statistics wherewith to defend his opinions, is generally looked upon as a bore and coughed down accordingly?

Again, in the House of Commons, how wonderfully thin is the attendance, when Indian affairs are to be discussed;—it is true the subject may be of the highest importance, the welfare of an Empire perhaps depends upon it; but, alas, honourable members think it too great a bore to hear Col.— or Mr.— speak on Indian difficulties, or British misgovernment.

If we review the history of the world, we shall find that many of the men whose names are now most illustrious for their discoveries in science or art, or for the good which they have, in other ways, done to their fellow men were considered by their contemporaries as bores of the worst order.

Was not this, think you, the feeling of many of the sages and people of Greece and Rome, with respect to those who strove to arouse them from a vain philosophy, or from a listless ignorance;—was not this the feeling of the Papal dignitaries, when Galileo exposed the errors of Aristotle, or when Luther thundered against the Vatican;—were not those considered bores, who, at a later period, clamoured for a free press, and free institutions; and, lastly, was it not by a system of laudable boredom, that Clarkson, Wilberforce, and their supporters in parliament, won the glorious victory of humanity over Slavery?

In short, wherever any great and beneficial public act has been accomplished, we find that it has generally been effected by a consistent course of action, tending to one end, by perseverance under difficulties, and by keeping the subject continually before the people; and this mode of procedure, although it may earn for its authors the unenviable appellation of bores, yet has its own reward in success, and should tend to make us more thankful to that much maligned, and insufficiently appreciated class of men.

"Q."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We have been favoured with the following from a former Correspondent. We fear that he considers his censure or his approbation a matter of more importance than it is to Aquila or its contributors.]

Peace and goodwill to this fair meeting!
I come not with hostility, but greeting,
Not *Eaglelike* to scream, but dovelike coo it.
PETER PINDAR'S *Ode to y^{e} Royal Academicians.*

J. to the Editors, Contributors, and Subscribers, greeting:

YES, my brethren, I am that J. who, in a past number of your highly esteemed periodical, favoured you with my gentle impressions regarding your powers of writing and your judicious application of the same. But, as my motto has already informed you, I have no intention of repeating the dose: no idea of answering that very pleasant fellow (an 'Earnest Grubber' I think he called himself) who sat upon me so effectually last time. If ever we meet, won't I 'overlay him with classicalities,' won't I 'look at him hazily through a pewter,' and puff smoke in his eye? Truly I am rejoiced that you have not taken in that extra touch of ballast which he seemed to recommend; but I meditate no further specimens of 'abusive criticism.' Fear not therefore, ye budding Dickenses, fear not ye incipient but feeble Thackerays, above all fear not, *irritabile genus poetarum.* Your first volume reposes on my shelves bound in calf and highly gilt, and with a most respectable accumulation of dust on its upper surface.

My present object is merely to send a line or two of congratulation to the ancient College and Domina Margareta ('on her knees in the hall' or otherwise). Three cheers for your wranglers of this year: plenty of them, not to say the highest BAR ONE: if trees coming down in the grounds have anything to do with it, you'll have a dozen sucking Newtons bracketed at the top next time! Three cheers for the Classics too, and more power to your youthful champion for next year's Tripos! Sorry to see none of you sharing in the Aquatic laurels at Putney, but you've pulled the old ship up to second on the river, which looks more natural; and I understand there will be plenty of you to help in taking the shine out of Granta's sister next month at Lord's. So here's good luck to the Questionists and wishing them well through it, though fancying a man reading in the May term makes me fit to be knocked down with a straw.

I was up myself the other day, and the taste of Classic air moved me to write as above: and I went to the flower-show at two o'clock, and saw many flowers of the *genus* Eve, all in bewildering dresses and distracting bonnets: then I dined in hall, and thought the Lady Margaret table were a noisier lot than ever: then I returned to Trinity grounds and came to the conclusion that it was a crisis for the police to interfere: wound up the evening with the C. U. M. S. concert, where as usual the thermometer was 'riz,' and swearing at the same strictly prohibited: heard for the hundred and first time that a new Town hall was sadly wanted, and fancied there might have been a *little* less instrumental music; where, oh! where, was there any one to sing a tenor *solo?*

My pipe is out, "and grace fearing of quarrels prohibits me to touch above three". sherry cobblers—so we bid you heartily farewell and much satisfaction out of the Long Vacation. Shall be right glad to see any of you that happen to be passing through Town next week. If you want my address enquire at the Butteries.

"J."

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OUR EMIGRANT.

Part II.

WE had had some difficulty in crossing the Rakaia, having been detained there two days before even the punt could cross; on the third day they commenced crossing in the punt, behind which we swam our horses; since then the clouds had hung unceasingly upon the mountain ranges, and though much of what had fallen would be in all probability snow, we could not doubt but that the Rangitata would afford us some trouble, nor were we even certain about the Ashburton, a river which, though partly glacier-fed, is generally easily crossed anywhere. We found the Ashburton high, but lower than it had been in one or two of the eleven crossing places between our afternoon and evening resting places; we were wet up to the saddle flaps—still we were able to proceed without any real difficulty—that night it snowed—and the next morning we started amid a heavy rain, being anxious, if possible, to make my own place that night.

Soon after we started the rain ceased, and the clouds slowly lifting themselves from the mountain sides enabled my companion to perceive the landmarks, which, in the absence of any kind of track, serve to direct the traveller from Mr. Phillips's house to the spot where I hope my own may be before this meets the eye of any but myself.

We kept on the right-hand side of a long and open valley, the bottom of which consisted of a large swamp, from which rose terrace after terrace up the mountains on either side; the country is, as it were, crumpled up in an extraordinary manner, so that it is full of small ponds or lagoons—sometimes dry—sometimes merely swampy—now as full of water as they could be. The number of these is great; they do not however attract the eye, being hidden by the hillocks with which each is more or less surrounded; they vary in extent from a few square feet or yards to perhaps an acre or two, while one or two attain the dimensions of a considerable lake. There is no timber in this valley, and accordingly the scenery, though on a large scale, is neither impressive nor pleasing; the mountains are large swelling hummocks, grassed up to the summit, and though steeply declivitous, entirely destitute of precipice.

It must be understood that I am speaking of the valley in question through which we were travelling, and not of the general aspect of the country: on the other side the Rangitata the mountains rise much higher, and looking up the gorge many summits meet the eye, on which the snow rests all the year round, and on whose sides lie miles and miles of iced-plum-cake-looking glacier; these are a continuation of the range which culminates in Mount Cook, a glorious fellow, between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet high, and shaped most sublimely.

Before I describe the river, I may as well say a word on the nature of back country travelling in the Canterbury settlement. It is so hard for an Englishman to rid himself not only of hedges and ditches and cuttings and bridges, but of fields, of houses, of all signs of human care and attention, that I can hardly hope to give any adequate idea of the effect it produces upon a stranger. That effect is ceasing rapidly upon myself: indeed I feel as if I had never been accustomed to anything else—so soon does a person adapt himself to the situation in which he finds himself placed.

Suppose you were to ask your way from Mr. Phillips's station to mine, I should direct you thus:—"Work your way towards yonder mountain—pass underneath it between it and the lake, having the mountain on your right hand and the lake on your left—if you come upon any swamps go round them, or if you think you can, go through them; if you get stuck up by any creeks, (a creek is the colonial term for a stream) you'll very likely see cattle marks, by following the creek up and down; but there is nothing there that ought to stick you up if you keep out of the big swamp at the bottom of the valley; after passing that mountain, follow the lake till it ends, keeping well on the hill side above it, and make the end of the valley, where you will come upon a high terrace above a large gully, with a very strong creek at the bottom of it—get down the terrace, where you'll see a patch of burnt ground, and follow down the river bed till it opens on to a flat; turn to your left and keep down the mountain sides that run along the Rangitata; keep well near them, and so avoid the swamps; cross the Rangitata opposite where you see a large river bed coming into it from the other side, and follow this river bed till you see my hut some eight miles up it." Perhaps I have thus been better able to describe the nature of the travelling than by any other—if one can get anything that can be manufactured into a feature and be dignified with a name once in five or six miles, one is very lucky.

Well—we had followed these directions for some way, as far in fact as the terrace, when the river coming into full view, I saw that the Rangitata was very high; worse than that I saw Mr. Phillips and a party of men who were taking a dray over to a run just on the other side the river, and who had been prevented from crossing for ten days by the state of the water. Among them, to my horror, I recognised my cadet whom I had left behind me with beef which he was to have taken over to my place a week and more back; whereon my mind misgave me that a poor Irishman who had been left alone at my place, might be in a sore plight, having been left with no meat and no human being within reach for a period of ten days. I don't think I should have attempted crossing the river, but for this; under the circumstances, however, I determined at once on making a push for it, and accordingly taking my two cadets with me, and the unfortunate beef that was already putrescent, (it had lain on the ground in a sack all the time) we started along under the hills and got opposite the place where I intended crossing by about three o'clock. I had climbed the mountain side and surveyed the river from thence before approaching the river itself. At last we were by the water's edge—of course I led the way, being as it were, patronus of the expedition, and having been out some four months longer than either of my companions—still, having never crossed any of the rivers on horseback in a fresh, having never seen the Rangitata in a fresh, and being utterly unable to guess how deep any stream would take me, it may be imagined that I felt a certain amount of caution to be necessary, and accordingly folding my watch in my pocket-handkerchief and tying it round my neck in case of having to swim for it unexpectedly, I strictly forbade the other two to stir from the bank until they saw me safely on the other side.

Not that I intended to let my horse swim: in fact I had made up my mind to let the old Irishman wait a little longer rather than deliberately swim for it; my two companions were worse mounted than I was, and the rushing water might only too probably affect their heads; though mine had already become quite indifferent to it—it had not been so at first—these two men, however, had been only in the settlement a week, and I should have deemed myself highly culpable had I allowed them to swim a river on horseback, though I am sure both would have been ready enough to do so if occasion required.

As I said before, at last we were on the water's edge; a rushing stream some sixty yards wide was the first instalment of our passage—it was about the colour and consistency of cream and soot, and how deep? I had not the remotest idea, the only thing for it was to go in and see; so choosing a spot just above a spit and a rapid—at such spots there is sure to be a ford, if there is a ford anywhere—I walked my mare quickly into it, having perfect confidence in her, and, I believe, she having more confidence in me than some who have known me in England might suppose: in we went—in the middle of the stream the water was only a little over her belly, (she is sixteen hands high); a little further, by sitting back on my saddle and lifting my feet up, I might have avoided getting them wet, had I cared to do so—but I was more intent on having the mare well in hand, and on studying the appearance of the remainder of the stream, than on thinking of my own feet just then; after that the water grew shallower rapidly, and I soon had the felicity of landing my mare on the shelving shingle of the opposite bank. So far so good—I beckoned to my companions, who speedily followed, and we all three proceeded down the spit in search of a good crossing place over the next stream. We were soon beside it, and very ugly it looked. It must have been at least a hundred yards broad—I think more—but water is so deceptive that I dare not affix any certain width. I was soon in it—advancing very slowly above a slightly darker line in the water, which assured me of its being shallow for some little way—this failing, I soon found myself descending into deeper water—first over my boots for some yards—then over the top of my gaiters for some yards more—this continued so long that I was in hopes of being

able to get entirely over, when suddenly the knee against which the stream came was entirely wet, and the water was rushing so furiously past me that my poor mare was leaning over tremendously—already she had begun to snort, as horses do when they are swimming, and I knew well that my companions would have to swim for it even though I myself might have got through, so I very gently turned her head round down stream and quietly made back again for the bank which I had left; she had got nearly to the shore, and I could again detect a darker line in the water, which was now not over her knees, when all of a sudden down she went up to her belly in a quicksand, in which she began floundering about in fine style. I was off her back and into the water that she had left in less time than it takes to write this. I should not have thought of leaving her back unless sure of my ground, for it is a canon in river crossing to stick to your horse. I pulled her gently out, and followed up the dark line to the shore where my two friends were only too glad to receive me. By the way, all this time I had had a companion in the shape of a cat in a bag, which I was taking over to my place as an antidote to the rats, which were most unpleasantly abundant there. I nursed her on the pommel of my saddle all through this last stream, and save in the episode of the quicksand she had not been in the least wet; then, however, she did drop in for a sousing, and mewed in a manner that went to my heart. I am very fond of cats, and this one is a particularly favourable specimen: it was with great pleasure that I heard her purring through the bag, as soon as I was again mounted, and had her in front of me as before.

So I failed to cross this stream there, but determined, if possible, to get across the river and see whether my Irishman was alive or dead, we turned higher up the stream, and by and by found a place where it divided; by carefully selecting a spot I was able to cross the first stream without the waters getting higher than my saddle-flaps, and the second scarcely over the horse's belly; after that there were two streams somewhat similar to the first, and then the dangers of the passage of the river might be considered as accomplished; the dangers—but not the difficulties—these consisted in the sluggish creeks and swampy ground thickly overgrown with Irishman snow-grass and Spaniard, which extend on either side the river for half-a-mile and more—but to cut a long story short, we got over these too, and then we were on the shingly river bed which leads up to the spot on which my hut is made, and my house making; this river was now a brawling torrent, hardly less dangerous to cross than the Rangitata itself, though containing not a tithe of the water; the boulders are so large and the water so powerful—in its ordinary condition it is little more than a large brook; now, though not absolutely fresh, it was as unpleasant a place to put a horse into as one need wish; there was nothing for it, however, and we crossed and recrossed it four times without misadventure, and finally, with great pleasure I perceived a twinkling light on the terrace where the hut was, which assured me at once that the old Irishman was still in the land of the living. Two or three vigorous "coo-eys" brought him down to the side of the creek which bounds my run upon one side.

I will now return to the subject of wild Irishman and wild Spaniard. The former is a thorny tree growing with ungainly unmanageable boughs, sometimes as large as our own hawthorn trees, generally about the size of a gooseberry bush; he does not appear to me to have a single redeeming feature, being neither pleasant to the eye nor good for food; he is highly inflammable when dry, and a single match, judiciously applied, will burn acres and acres of him. I myself being up the Waimakiriri one afternoon, far beyond the possibility of doing any mischief, (a very easy matter when burning country) stuck a match into a forest of Ogygian Irishmen that had lain battening upon a rich alluvial flat for years. I camped down upon the other side the river, and waking at constant intervals during the night, was treated with the grandest conflagration that I have ever seen. I could hear the crackling of thorns above the rushing of the river, while the smoke glaring and lurid was rising up to heaven in volumes awfully grand and quite indescribable; next morning there was nothing left but the awkward gnarled trunks, naked and desolate, rising from the blackened soil; a few years would rot these too away, and rich grass would spring up, where before its growth had been prevented by the overshadowing of its more powerful neighbours.

A match is the first step in the subjugation of any large tract of new country; thence date *tabulæ novæ*, as it were; the match had better be applied in spring; such at least is the general opinion out here, and I think the right one, though I was at first inclined to think that autumn must be better. The fire dries up many swamps—at least many disappear after country has been once or twice burnt; the water moves more freely, unimpeded by the tangled and decaying vegetation which accumulates round it during the lapse of centuries, and the sun gets freer access to the ground; cattle do much also—they form tracks through swamps, and trample country down, and make it harder and firmer; sheep do much—they convey the seeds of the best grass in their dung, and tread it into the ground: the difference between country that has been fed upon by any live stock even for a single year, and country which has never yet been stocked is very noticeable: country that has been stocked any length of time is assuming quite a different appearance to that which unstocked country originally similar now wears.

I will mention a few facts connected with firing country, which may perhaps be not generally known in England: first and foremost, that the most furious fire of grass may be crossed with impunity on horseback; it is never more than a strip some four or five feet broad, and a man either on foot or on horseback can almost always rush through it without being in the least burnt. Secondly, that it does'nt often *kill* sheep, it burns their wool, it often spoils their feet, and sometimes burns their bellies so as to cause death; a gentleman however of my acquaintance had four hundred sheep burnt the other day, but only forty of them have died, and the rest are all expected to recover. Thirdly, that sheep will run towards smoke and have no notion of getting out of the way of fire, and fourthly, that they may be smothered by the smoke of a fire some two or three miles off them; under peculiar circumstances I have been told this, but have been unable to verify it.

Now to return to wild Spaniard—Irishman was a nuisance, but Spaniard is simply detestable—he is sometimes called spear-grass, and grows to about the size of a mole-hill; all over the back country everywhere as thick as mole-hills in a very mole-hilly field at home. His blossom is attached to a high spike bristling with spears pointed every way and very acutely; each leaf is pointed with a strong spear, and so firm is it, that if you come within its reach, no amount of clothing about the legs will prevent you from feeling the effects of his displeasure: I have had my legs marked all over by it. Horses hate the Spaniard—and no wonder—in the back country when travelling without a track, it is impossible to keep your horse from yawing about this way and that to dodge him, and if he gets stuck up by three or four growing close together, he will jump them or do anything rather than walk through them. The leaf is something in growth and consistency like a large samphire, and has, when bruised, a very powerful smell, something between aniseed and samphire, (a great deal of samphire) and the capsules, which may be purchased at Pain the chemist's for two shillings, or at Deck's for three; a kind of white wax exudes during early autumn from this leaf; a careless observer might not, however, notice this; the whole plant burns with great brilliancy, giving a peculiarly bright light, and lasting for a long time; if, when camping out, I had laid anything down on the grass and was unable to find it, (the most natural thing in the world to do, and the most annoying when you have done it) a Spaniard laid on the fire would throw an illumination on the subject which no amount of sticks would do; his root is capable of supporting human life for a long time, but the taste is so very strong that I should be excessively loth to eat it myself upon any consideration; if, when camping out, you stir your tea with a small portion of a single leaf, it will make the whole pannikin taste of it. So much for Spaniard. Coronita is a pretty little evergreen, which reminded me at once of the bushes in a piece of worsted work: any one who saw it would say the same in a minute.

If, however, I were to go on yarning about the plants, I should never have done. I think Spaniard and Irishman are the two deserving of most notice, but on the whole the Canterbury flora is neither extensive nor anything approaching in beauty to that of Switzerland or Italy, the countries which in general aspect this more nearly resembles than any other that I have yet seen. It lacks, however, the charm of association; there is such a jumble of old things and new; the old things seem all to have got here by mistake, and the new things are so painfully and glaringly new, and predominate so largely over the old ones, that it is hard to believe that Canterbury ever had existed before the pilgrims came there in eighteen hundred and fifty. A person would understand the almost oppressive feeling of newness about everything, were he to enter into a colonial slab hut, and see an old carved oak chest in the corner marked with a date early in the seventeenth century; the effect is about as incongruous and about as startling as it would be to a geologist to discover the backbone of an

icthyosaurus in the cone of Vesuvius, or to an antiquary to find a beadle's cocked hat and staff in the ruins of Pœstum.

Not but that even this place has some old things belonging to it! but they are rapidly passing away. I saw a Maori woman standing near the market-place in Christ church the day before I left it last—her petticoat was of dark green, and the upper part of her dress was scarlet; a kerchief was folded not ungracefully about her head, and she was smoking a short black cutty-pipe, splendidly coloured. There she stood, staring vacantly at the sky in the middle of the street; her face not unpleasing, with a gentle, patient expression, rather resembling that of an amiable, good-tempered animal, than an intelligent being; her stature wonderfully tall, so much so, as to have won for her the appellation among her kindred, of "Mary in the clouds;" her proper dwelling-place is on the west coast, on the other side the Hurunui; but then she happened to be in Christ church, the tribe being on one of its yearly or half-yearly migrations. My eyes were rivetted at once by a figure so new and so picturesque, and the same sensation of what a jumble it all was came over me, as I noticed that the name of the person against whose shop she stood was "Turnbull"—Turnbull—and "Mary in the clouds,"—there was no doubt, however, whose star was in the ascendant. The Maories in this island are rapidly becoming extinct, one scarcely ever sees a child among them. European diseases, measles, scarlet fever, &c., &c. carry them off wholesale, and I am told that according to the best calculations, another fifty years will have swept them away from among the nations of the earth. In the north I hear that the race is much finer, and that these are a miserable remnant of tribes expelled thence.

I will now touch briefly upon the birds of the place—will then describe the "coo-ey," and finally bring the reader safely home to my hut. With regard to the birds, the first thing that strikes one is their great scarcity: save an ubiquitous lark exactly like our English lark, except that it does not sing, and has two white feathers in the tail, one sees no birds at all; by and by however, one finds out that there are several more, and after travelling in the back country, one begins almost to believe that Canterbury is not much more deficient in birds than our own island at home. The plains are entirely destitute of timber, so that they find no shelter, and are forced to take up their abode in the dense forests of the inner and western portions of the settlement. The next thing that strikes one after having found out that there *are* birds, is, that they are wonderfully similar to our own; most of our English birds are represented, the lark is nearly identical—the quail is the same—the hawk the same, the robin has its counterpart here in a bird with a slate coloured head and throat, and a canary coloured breast, to all intents and purposes it is a robin for all that; it is much tamer than our robin at home, so much so, that you can kill as many of them with a stick as you please—that is, if you have a mind to do so. All the wild birds here are much tamer than they are in England. I have seen the rarest kind of mountain duck swimming within five yards of me, as unconcernedly as though I had no soul for roast duck or seasoning. There are several ducks: the paradise duck, not a duck proper but a goose, is the commonest; the male bird when flying appears nearly black—the female black, with a white head, a nun-like looking bird; the male bird says "whiz—whiz—whiz," very much in his throat, and dwelling, a long time on the *z*; the female screams like Bryant's waterfowl was supposed to be shortly about to scream at the time that he addressed her; see these birds on the ground, and their plumage appears very beautiful indeed—the moment they take wing they resume their sable habiliments. Then there are the grey duck and the mountain duck—rarer, less striking in their personal appearance, and better eating. The wren, and the tomtit, and the thrush, all are represented quite as nearly or even more so than the robin, save that the tomtit is black-headed with a yellow breast; besides these, there is a kind of parrot called the kaka, of a dusky green and a dirty red plumage, and a very pretty little parroquet, bright green with a little blue and yellow. The parson bird is as big as a starling, with a glossy, starling looking appearance, save that from his throat projects a cravat-like tuft of white feathers, whence his name. This bird sings very sweetly, as do the others generally, and can be taught to talk very well. The wood-hen is wingless, and marked not wholly unlike a hen pheasant, but with a short bobtail instead of a long one; it walks round about your fire when you are camping out with imperturbable gravity—it will eat everything and anything—it has the reputation of being a very foul feeder; when stewed however for a good long time, it is considered very good eating. It is generally very fat, and the oil that is extracted from it is reckoned sovereign for wounds and for hair, and for greasing boots; and in fact is supposed to be one of the finest animal oils known. It comes to anything red, and is very easily caught; every step it takes it pokes its head forward, and bobs its tail up and down, which gives it a Paul Pry sort of look that is rather ludicrous. There is a large and very beautiful pigeon—and besides these I should add the "more pork," a night bird which is supposed to say these words. The laughing jackass is unlike the well-behaved boy, inasmuch, as the latter is seen and not heard, the former is heard but has never yet been seen; I should never have supposed it to resemble a laughing jackass, never having heard a jackass laugh, unless I had been told that it did so; but the parties who stood sponsors for the bird, doubtless knew what they were about, and I might be highly culpable were I to style them fanciful or misinformed.

So much for the birds—not that I have enumerated all by any means, and a more intimate acquaintance with peculiar localities will doubtless enable me to extend my list. With regard to the gigantic extinct bird the moa or dinornis, I may mention that its bones are constantly found, and that near each is always a small heap of round smoothly polished agate, or flint, or cornelian stones, from the size of a bantam's egg downwards. These, however remarkable it may appear, were the gizzard stones of the individual.

Now for the "coo-ey." This corresponds to our English hoy! halloa! but is infinitely more puzzling, for the hoy and the halloa are generally but preludes to an explicit expression in plain English of the wishes of the hoyer or the halloer, to the hoyee or halloee respectively. Coo-ey however is far more extended in its signification, and is often expected to convey that signification in itself. Coo-ey can be heard for a very very long way—the "coo" is dwelt on for some time, and the "ey" is brought out sharp and quick in high relief from the "coo," and at an unnaturally high pitch. It requires some courage to give vent to a coo-ey at first; the first attempts are generally abortive, not to say rather doleful and somewhat ludicrous; by and bye one gains confidence, and one's coo-eys are more successful; my own at present is quite unimpeachable, though in England nothing would have induced me to give utterance to such a noise.

The butcher-boy is coming up with the meat. He coo-eys a long way off, and by the time he has got up to the house the door is opened to receive the meat, and he goes on his way rejoicing. A man comes to the Rakaia, and finds it bank to bank; seeing Dunford's accommodation-house on the other side the river, he coo-eys some three or four times to it. At Dunford's accommodation-house they see the river bank to bank, and the man on the other side of it; they hear him coo-ey, by which he means, "come over and help me—and they coo-ey back again, which means, "its no earthly use your stopping there, you fool; the river's bank to bank, and no human being can cross." Coo-ey means breakfast's ready—dinner's ready—I'm coming—bring the ferry-boat—mind your eye—come here—get out of the way there—where are you?—I'm here!—in fact anything and everything; the remaining interpretations to be discovered, as the classics have it, "inter legendum." The worst of the sound is, that the moment any one coo-eys, all within ear-shot interpret it differently, and consider it to have been personally addressed to themselves.

So like Herodotus, whose authority I must plead for this discursive style of narration, (although the real excuse must be made on the ground of the excessively adverse circumstances under which I am writing), I have brought the reader safely back to the side of the stream which divides my run from that of one of my next neighbours, whose house, however, is more than thirty miles off. There I coo-eyed, and the Irishman came down the terrace and met us. He had given us up for lost, and had seen my ghost appearing to him and telling him where I lay. Then we went up the terrace and commenced taking the swag off our horses.

Apropos of swag, I may as well mention here, that travellers are always accustomed to carry their blankets with them; in the back country there are very few stations where blankets are provided for more than the actual inmates of the house or hut; besides which a person might easily be benighted, and have to camp down before arriving at his destination. My swag generally is as follows:—A mackintosh sheet, two blankets, one rough pea-jacket, saddle-bags, and a tether rope round my horse's neck; if I meditate camping out beforehand, I take a pannikin for making tea, and a little axe for cutting fire-wood—it is very handy and very easily carried—but I must not digress further.

When I reached the place which I suppose I must almost now begin to call "home," it was already dark, and a cold drizzling rain had set in for an hour and more; it had rained nearly continuously in the ten days interval of my absence at Christ Church, and accordingly I need not say that matters here had not improved. We had had lovely weather when I was up before, and had taken advantage of it to

put up a V hut, in which I had slept the night before I left.

A V hut is a roof in shape like the letter V set down, without any walls, upon the ground; mine is 12 feet long by 8 feet broad; it does not commonly possess a fireplace, but I had left space for one in mine as I daily expected winter to set in in earnest, and having been informed that my hut is not, at the lowest computation, under two thousand feet above the level of the sea, I did not relish the idea of taking all my meals *al fresco* in all weathers. No signs of winter, however, had set in by the twenty-first of May, in which month I left; the nights, it is true, were frosty, but the days serene, calm, and most enjoyable; now, however, the wet weather had fairly commenced, and matters looked very different. The snow that was before upon the tops of the mountains had crept a long way down their flanks; the higher mountains were deeply clothed, and gave me the impression of not being about to part with their icy mantle ere the return of summer. It is wonderful, however, how much of it is now melted.

The hut—now fully complete, and for its size wonderfully comfortable (I have written all this in it)—was discovered to be neither air tight, nor water tight; the floor, or rather the ground, was soaked and soppy with mud; the nice warm snow-grass on which I had lain so comfortably the night before I left, was muddy and wet; altogether, there being no fire, the place was as revolting looking an affair as one would wish to see; coming wet and cold off a journey, we had hoped for better things. There was nothing for it but to make the best of it, so we had tea, and fried some of the beef—the smell of which was anything but agreeable—and then we sat in our great coats, on four stones, round the fire, and smoked; then I baked and one of the cadets washed up—unorthodox—but I think on the whole preferable to leaving everything unwashed from day to day; and then we arranged our blankets as best we could, and were soon asleep, alike unconscious of the dripping rain, which came through the roof of the hut, and of the cold raw atmosphere which was insinuating itself through the numerous crevices of the thatch.

We will awake to a new chapter.

CHAPTER II.

I slept in all my wet things—boots and all—how could I dry them? how change them? I have done so often since I have been in New Zealand, and cannot say that I have ever felt the least harm from it, though I would always change if I could. I have been much more particular, however, about another kind of damp, I mean that which rises from even the dryest ground, and which will search through any amount of blankets. I have always been careful to make a layer of small broken boughs, and cutting snow-grass or tussock-grass with the little axe, to spread a covering of this upon it, with my mackintosh sheet laid over all, no damp can penetrate—it is the wet from below that I fear, not the wet from above. I have not had a cold, or the ghost of a cold, since I have been in New Zealand.

Rising with the first faint light of early morning, I crossed the creek—a rushing mountain stream which runs down the valley in which my hut now is, and over which by taking it in two streams you can find two or three crossing places in a hundred yards, where you can get over dry shod without any difficulty. I crossed this creek and went to look at the horses; there is no feed on this side the creek at present; it was all burnt in early autumn, and the grass will not grow again till spring; on the other side there is splendid feed, so we turn our horses on to that; we kept one on the tether—tethered to a tussock of grass by a peculiar kind of New Zealand knot—and let the others loose; they will always keep together and are sure not to leave the one that is tethered far off—that is, if they know the horse. The nuisance of keeping a horse tethered is that he is pretty sure to tie himself up as it is called. New Zealand grass is not a sward like English grass, but it consists chiefly of large yellow tussocks of a very stiff, tough, hard grass, which neither horses, nor cattle, nor anything else will eat, except when it is springing up tender and green, after having been just burnt. So tough is it that when you tether your horse to it, he may pull all night but cannot get away, unless you have selected a very weak one, and he pulls it up root and all out of the ground. Well, the horse advances cropping the tender grasses that spring up between and underneath the tussocks; he then turns round, and of course turns the rope too; the rope then may very probably be detained round either a Spaniard, or a burnt tussock, or a small piece of Irishman, or what not; the horse goes on cropping the grass, and winds his rope round this just like the picture of the hare in Cruikshank's illustration of the waggish musician. Sometimes he may be doubly or trebly tied up, and of course he may have contrived to do this within half-an-hour of the time when he was first tethered out: it is a very annoying thing to go to your horse the first thing in the morning and find him tied up, and so of course unable to feed, when you have been wanting him to fill his belly against a long day's journey; there are few places where a horse does not stand a pretty good chance of getting tied up, (it is astonishing how small a thing will answer the purpose); but on the whole I prefer tethering a horse to putting a pair of hobbles on him, so do almost all here. Of course the last care of a considerate traveller before going to bed, and his first care before even washing in the morning, is to look at his horse.

Well, I went to look at the horses, the creek was high—too high to get over dry shod—but very crossable; I changed the horse that was on the tether, one of my cadet's, and tethered my own mare on as nice a spot as I could find. I then returned and had breakfast—it was still raining, as indeed it had been all night—and breakfast was not much more comfortable than tea had been the night before. Then we all set to work at the hut, completed the chimney, and made the thatch secure by laying thin sods over the rafters and putting the thatch (of which we could not readily get any more, all the snow-grass on my side of the creek being burnt) over these sods, as secure and warm a covering as can be possibly imagined; in the evening we lighted our first fire inside the hut, and none but those who have been in similar conditions can realise the pleasure with which we began, ere bed time, to feel ourselves again quite warm and almost dry. It rained all day—had we not got over the Rangitata when we did, we should have assuredly been detained another week—it rained, I say, all day, and the creek got very high indeed; it has a river bed some three or four hundred yards wide opposite my hut, and precipices or very like them descend on it upon either side as you go higher up: I climbed the terrace just above the hut from time to time, and could see the mare on the other side still with her head down to the ground quietly feeding. "You may stop there all night," said I to myself, for I did not relish crossing the creek in its then condition: we could hear the boulders thump, thump, thump beneath the roaring of the waters, and the colour of the stream was bright ochre and as thick as pea-soup. Next morning, the rain having continued all night, matters were worse, and worse still; the mare was not feeding, she was evidently tied up—the only wonder being that she had not tied herself up before—matters seemed less likely to improve than to deteriorate, so I determined to cross the creek at once and release her.

Each stream was a furious torrent, more resembling a continued cascade, or series of very strong rapids, than any thing else; the thumping and clattering of the boulders beneath the water was perfectly horrid; divesting myself however of my coat, trowsers, and stockings, and retaining my boots, shirt, and waist-coat, I advanced very gently into the first and least formidable of the two streams. I did keep my footing, and that was all; in the second I got carried off my legs a few yards, and pretty severely knocked about by boulders as big as my head, which were being carried down the stream like pebbles. I then released the mare, tethered another horse, the risk of losing all the horses being too great for me, to allow them to run loose while still new to the place, (we let them all run now) and then I found my way back to the side of the larger stream; this time I was hardly in before my legs were knocked from under me and down I went helter, skelter, willy, nilly—of course quite unable to regain my lost footing. I lay on my back at once and did not resist the stream a bit, kicked out with my legs and made the bank I wanted before I had been carried down fifty yards,—to try to swim would have been absurd,—I knew perfectly well what I was doing and was out of the water in less time than it has taken me to write this; the next stream I got over all right and was soon in the hut before the now blazing and comfortable fire.

Oh! what fires we made!—how soon the snow-grass dried!—how soon the floor, though even now damp, ceased to be slushy!—then we humped in three stones for seats, on one of which I am sitting writing, while the others are at work upon the house,—then we confined the snow-grass within certain limits by means of a couple of poles laid upon the ground and fixed into their places with pegs,—then we put up several slings to hang our saddle-bags, tea, sugar, salt, bundles, &c.—then we made a horse for the saddles, four riding saddles; and a pack saddle—underneath this go our tools at one end, and our culinary utensils, limited but very effective at the other. And now for some time this part has been so neatly packed in the first instance, and every thing has been so neatly kept ever since, that when we come into it of a night it wears an aspect of comfort quite domestic, even to the cat which sits and licks my face of a night and purrs, coming in always just after we are in bed by means of a hole under our thatched door which we have left for her especial benefit. We were recommended by all means to tether her out for a day or two until she got used to the place, but the idea struck me as so excessively absurd that I did not put it in practice. Joking apart, however, it is a thing constantly done.

Rats are either indigenous to New Zealand, or have naturalised themselves here with great success; they would come round us while we were sitting round the fire and steal the meat in the coolest manner, and run over us while asleep in the tent, before we had put the hut up; now however we seem entirely free from them, and bless the cat night and day.

I said I would take an early opportunity of describing the process of camping out.

It should be commenced if possible one hour before full dark; twilight is very short here! I never found it out so much as when crossing the Rangitata the other day, not the occasion to which I have alluded above; but since then, opposite Mount Peel, some thirty miles lower down; there it is all one stream, of which more anon. Well, it was daylight when I got into the stream, and dark when I got out, and allowing for a slight mistake which I made in the ford at first, I don't suppose I was more than seven or eight minutes in the water.

An hour before dark is not too much to allow of all preparations being made in comfortable daylight; of course the first thing to look out for in choosing a spot wherein to camp is food for the horse, that it may feed well against the next day's journey; the next is water for yourself, and the third is firewood, and, if possible, shelter;—feed—water—and firewood. On having found a spot possessing these requisites—no easy matter in but too many places—first unswag the horse, either tether him out, or let him run according to the propensity of the animal; in nine cases out of ten a horse may be safely trusted not to wander many hundred yards from one's campfire, and if there be two or three horses, to tether one is quite sufficient; then kindle a fire,—in wet weather a matter often involving considerable delay. The secret of successfully kindling a fire lies in having plenty of very small wood ready beforehand; dry wood, even though wet, can soon be taught to light, when green wood, though comparatively dry, will do nothing but smoke and smoulder, and make the eye to smart, and weary the lungs with blowing: blowing is generally the refuge of the incompetent; a few puffs may sometimes help a lame dog over the style, but if a fire wants more than this, it is usually a sign that it has been badly laid, or that the wood has been badly selected. White men, when camping out, generally make a very large fire; the Maori makes a little one: he says, "the white man a fool—he makes a large fire, and then has to sit away from it." I have generally myself followed the example of my own colour. Then set on a pannikin of water to boil; when it boils throw in a handful of tea, and let it simmer: sweeten to taste; fish out your bread and meat, and by the time you have commenced feeding, you will commonly find that dark has begun to descend upon the scene. You must be careful to avoid laying anything down without knowing where to find it again, or you will rue it: lay every thing down in one place, close by your saddle. After tea—at which you will have had plenty of companions in the shape of robins and other small birds, with perhaps a woodhen or two, all of whom will watch your proceedings with the greatest interest—smoke a pipe, and then cut up black birch boughs, or tussock-grass, or snow-grass, or all three, and make yourself a deep warm bed, if not too tired, and then lay your saddle on its back; spread the mackintosh sheet, with the blankets on the top of it; heap up a good fire, and lie down to rest; use the hollow of the saddle as a pillow, (it's astonishing what a comfortable pillow it makes); don't take off any of your clothes, except your boots and coat (not that I ever take off the former of these myself); strap the mackintosh sheet, blankets, and all round your body, and I don't think that there is any fear of your catching or even feeling cold. I have slept very warm and comfortable thus, and in the morning found the remains of the tea frozen in my pannikin, my sponge hard and unmanageable, and my blankets covered with frozen dew.

I will now return to the V hut for a little while. It is about eight miles up a river bed that comes down into the Rangitata on the south side, not in my opinion very far from the source of that river. Some think that the source of the river lies many miles higher, and that it works its way yet a long way back into the mountains; but as I look up the river bed, I see two large and gloomy gorges, at the end of each of which are huge glaciers, distinctly visible to the naked eye, but through the telescope resolvable into tumbled masses of blue ice, exact counterparts of the Swiss and Italian glaciers.

I consider these enough to account for even a larger body of water than is found in the Rangitata, and have not the smallest intention of going higher up the river to look for country.

My river bed flows into the main stream of the Rangitata, a good way lower down; on either side of it rise high mountains—the spurs and abutments of the great range; from these again descend into my river bed numerous streams, each through a grassy valley, the upper part of which is bare and shingly, and is now (June 28) covered with snow, though a good deal less thickly than I could have expected. The largest of these tributary streams flows into the river bed, from the eastern side, about eight miles up it; and at the confluence of the two streams I have built my hut. A beautiful wood, large, but not too large, clothes a portion of the lower side of the mountains close down to the junction of two streams, affording alike shelter, and fire-wood, and timber: the mountains embosom my hut upon all sides, save that the open valley in front allows me the full benefit of the whole day's sun, or nearly so. The climate of New Zealand is notoriously windy, but so sheltered and secluded is this spot, that I have scarcely had a breath of wind ever since I have been up there; though on getting down to the main valley of the Rangitata, I have generally found it blowing up or down (chiefly down) the river bed with great violence: from the terrace just above my hut, I can see a small triangular patch of the Rangitata in the distance, and have often noticed the clouds of sand blowing down the river when no air is stirring at my own place: the wind blows up and down the main river, and does not reach up my river bed, for above three or four miles. Thus whether, there be a sou'-wester blowing, or a nor'-wester, if I feel either at all, they come from the north east.

I have about five thousand acres up this valley, and about ten or twelve thousand more adjoining it, but divided from it by a mountain ridge, with three or four good high passes over it. People meet me whenever I come down to church, and ask me if I am frozen out yet, and pity me for having buried myself, as they call it, in such an out-of-the-way place: all I can tell them is, that I have not had a flake of snow yet; that whenever I go down to my neighbours' fire, and twenty miles off, I find that they have been having much colder and more unpleasant weather than myself; that the rain I have alluded to above, was alike felt and alike commented upon all over the plains and back country, and considered everywhere to have been some of the vilest weather known in the settlement; and that the very people who most profess to pity me, are those who were laughed at in exactly the same manner themselves for taking up the country adjoining my own, than which nothing can have turned out better, and that in my opinion their pity is principally dictated by a regret that, as they were about it, they did not go a little further, and get the country of which I am now only too well content to call myself the possessor. A few years hence, when people have taken up the glaciers beyond me, I am sure I shall find myself doing exactly the same thing; so invariably has it happened here that even the most despised country has turned out well; and so many cases have there been of people taking up country, and then absolutely refusing to have anything to do with it, and of others quietly stepping into it free gratis, and for nothing, and selling it at the rate of one hundred pounds for the thousand acres, the novel price paid for country, that I have not the smallest doubt that after I have completed my stay here during the winter, finished the house, brought a dray up, and put up a yard or two, I may be a thousand pounds in pocket, the reward of my adventures. But I most emphatically express my belief that there is no more available country left in this province untaken up. It may appear absurd to suppose myself the last fortunate individual who has succeeded in procuring country without buying it; but I must urge that I have followed up the Hurunui, the Waimakirivi, the Rakaia, and the Rangitata, and have only been successful in the case of the last-named river; that the Waitangi, the largest of all, is notoriously explored, and that much more country has been taken up in that district than actually exists, and that I should go on exploring myself, were I not strongly of opinion that I should make nothing by my motion.

True—the west coast remains, the tower in which the slumbering princess lies, whom none can rescue but the fated prince—but we know that the great Alpine range descends almost perpendicularly into the sea, upon that side the island, and that its sides are covered with dense impenetrable forests of primeval growth. Here and there at the mouths of the rivers a few flats may exist, or rather do exist; but over these rolls upwards to the snow line a heaving mass of timber. I do not say but that my own curiosity concerning the west coast is excited, and that I do not, if all is well, intend to verify or disprove the reports of others with my own eyes; but I have little faith in the success of the undertaking, and should go more as a traveller and an explorer, than as intending to make any money by the expedition.

I have yet much to write:—I should like to describe the general features of the New Zealand rivers, or rather of the Canterbury rivers, the remarkable nor'-west winds, the south-west winds, the character of the plains, and the peculiarities of the inhabitants; but, for the present, I have trespassed sufficiently upon the patience of the reader.

Flax and cabbage trees belong more to the front country; they are not so characteristic of the back: the forests too, upon the front side of the mountains, are well worthy of a description, but these things I will reserve for the present. The departure of the mail is at hand, and I must arise from my stone in my V-hut, and take these papers down to Christ Church. Let the reader be set to write under similar circumstances, occasionally getting up to turn a damper, or to assist in carrying a heavy log of timber from the bush to the scene of the building operations, and he might perhaps write English neither better nor more coherent than I have done. On these grounds, claiming his indulgence for the present, I bid him a hearty farewell.

⁂

PHILOCTETES IN LEMNOS.

Again the day is dying down the west
And I yet here, and thus nine summer times
Have pass'd, with nine harsh winters, and again
The tenth spring-tide hath found me still alone,
And tortured with this ever-growing wound
Which day by day consumes me; woe is me!
  O mighty cliffs, O dark steep rocks, O seas
That ever plunge and roar upon the coasts
Of this wild isle, O listen to my voice,
For thro' these years of suffering ye have been
My sole companions, hear my tale of wrongs!
  Would I had never left my native hills
To join in Aulis them that went to Troy,
Or that the snake whose poison caused this wound
Had slain me, so the crafty, cruel kings
Had never seized me as amid the camp
Helpless I lay and groaning, nor the ship
Had brought me hither, leaving me to die.
  O mountains, how ye echoed to my cries
When from my sleep awaking, while the night
Was filling silently the sky with stars,
I saw no vessel in the heaving bay,
Nor heard or voice or sound, save faint and low,
The breakers dying on the yellow sand;
And loud I cried "Odysseus," and the rocks
Mocked me, and cried "Odysseus" far away
Until my voice was weary, and I sat
Hopeless as some poor shipwreck'd mariner
Who waking from his stupor on the sands
Where the great waves have cast him, sees the cliffs
Piled round him, so that there is no escape,
And feels death creeping nearer in each wave.
  But when at last the slowly-moving morn
Was risen, in the cave I found my bow
And these famed arrows, which from day to day
Have slain me bird or beast to serve my need;

And, dragging on this wounded foot with pain,
I gather broken wood and fallen leaves
Wherewith to feed the fire that from the flints
I force with labour, and the dewy spring
Here by the cave supplies my thirst, tho' oft
Frozen, when winter strips this sea-girt isle.
  And thus I live, if to exist in pain
Be life, and whether parch'd by summer noons
When all the shore lies steaming in the sun,
Or drench'd with dews that fall on summer nights,
I lie exposed; and all the winter long
The harsh frost bites me, and I hear from far,
From the dark hollows, voices of the wolves
Ring to the keen-eyed stars: woe, woe is me!
Yet, when from west to east the setting sun
Bridges with golden light the purple seas,
And airs blow cool about me, sometimes comes
Some little calmness o'er me as I sit
And watch the sea-gull sporting on the wave,
And, high amid the rosy-tinted air,
The eagle sailing towards his rocky home.
I hear in spirit, dying far away,
The torrent streams of Œta, and behold
The snowy peaks, the hollows of the hills,
And the green meadows, haunt of grazing herds
Thro' which Spercheius wanders to the sea,—
My ancient home—and there methinks I see
My father coming homeward from the chase
With all his dogs about him, and the youths,
Their weapons gleaming in the falling dew.
O is he yet alive, or does he lie
Sepulchred with his fathers? for whene'er
A ship hath chanced to touch upon this isle,
I have besought the mariners with tears
To tell him of my lot, that he might send
And fetch me, but no ship hath ever come,
And so I fear that all who loved me there
Are with their fathers; would that I might lie
Among them, but my bones, alas! the sport
Of every wind and wave, when all the birds
Have feasted off them, on these sands must bleach
Unburied, and unwet with any tears.
  O often, as in dreams, I seem to hear
The din of battle, and I long to know
How fares the war, and if it rages still
Beside the reedy banks of Simois,
Or up divine Scamander's whirling stream,
And on the lotos-bearing meads that stretch

Beneath the breezy battlements of Troy;
Or if the fair broad-streeted city yet
Hath fallen, or the noble Hector died;
For there went many thither whom I loved—
Divine Achilles, and the wise old king
That ruled o'er sandy Pylos; do they still,
Chanting the pæan, fight with gods and men,
Or are they nothing but an empty name
For wandering bards to sing of? Oh, for me
No famous exploit, mighty deed of arms
Shall ever show me worthy to have held
His weapons, who, from oft the sacred pile
That flaming far on Œta lit the sea,
Rose to his place among the mighty gods:
Nor even may I in paternal halls
Dwell, mated with a loving wife, whose smile
Might cheer my hearth, and train a race of sons
To keep alive the glory of their sires.
  But yet if patience, and to suffer pain
With firm endurance, meet a due reward,
For me, who all these years have dwelt alone
And suffer'd daily from a grievous wound,
Far higher glory may I reach than they
Who fight, whirl'd on amid a multitude
That praise them, and exhort to noble deeds,
And half-inspire the valour they applaud.
  And still, however little, there is hope:
There yet may come a time when I shall see
The faces I have loved in olden time,
And with the spring my hope buds fresh again.
The sea is still, the breeze across the bay
Blows softly, and upon my couch of leaves
May sleep—who drowns alike lost hopes and fears,
Refresh me with the shadow of his wings:
Perchance a ship may touch the coast at morn.

"H."

◆

DOUBLE HONOURS.

IT was my intention to have submitted to the Editors of *The Eagle,* with a view to their finding a place in their last Number, a few additional remarks on University Studies, supplementary to, and on some points *corrective* of, those which have already appeared in Nos. VI. and VII. of *The Eagle.* I was prevented from doing so by other duties which called me away from Cambridge: an interruption which I the less regret, because the experience of one who has tried "double reading" may be of service to some new Candidate for University Honours, who is at present in doubt as to his future course. I shall therefore endeavour as briefly as I can, to state where I differ from your previous correspondents, and what are my own views on the subject.

The remarks of "Ne quid nimis" of course claim my first attention. I differ with him on three points: 1st, I maintain that it may be laid down as a general rule, that all "really great works" have been achieved by men who have made one study, one pursuit, their sole object and aim. There is more force in his remark, that whatever tends to give a man one-sided views, is prejudicial to the formation of a sound judgment.

2ndly, I consider the study of Mathematics to be the best possible training for a man intended for Holy Orders. At any time he requires the power of sound reasoning which he may gain from their study, for the arguments of theoretical Divinity;* and, in our own day above all, he needs the same power to enable him to detect every sophistry and fallacy, that will meet him in his contact with the growing infidelity of our large towns. Practical observation is strengthening this power daily in the mind of the thoughtful mechanic. The constant tracing of the links between cause and effect in the several parts of the machine on which he works cannot fail to develope in him an inductive power which may make him a dangerous combatant to meet, to one who lacks such training.

3rdly, I cannot assent to the theory advanced in p. 36. It appears to me to strike at the root of a belief in peculiar talents, and to an unwarrantable extent to apply the Jeffersonian Canon, that "all men are born free and equal." At any rate, in my own case, and with reference to my introduction to Latin, experience points to a different conclusion.

To all that your second correspondent advances, I can subscribe, save to that which at first sight appeared to myself, and will doubtless appear to many, his strongest argument: I mean that which he derives from the moral value of the fourth or fifth hour's work. My own experience and that of others, whom I have consulted, go to prove that your "double man" does not take up his Horace at the end of a hard evening's work at Mathematics: that on the contrary, with the exception of the necessary preparation for College Lectures, one branch of study or the other will occupy his whole attention. In this sense alone I believe the maxim to be true—"Change of work is as good as play." It appears to me that such a process of "change" as that to which your correspondent alludes, cannot fail to unhinge and unsettle the mind, and cause a man to realise the truth of that other proverb about falling between two stools. The zest and freshness with which a man returns to a branch of study which he has laid aside for a time, is quite a different thing, and has formed one of my own greatest pleasures in my course as an Undergraduate.

Thus much for the opinions of our friends. My own experience points to somewhat different conclusions. With regard to the generality of knowledge of which "Ne quid nimis" speaks, the history and poetry, the newspapers and novels, the "single" reader has decidedly the advantage over his more ambitious confrère. I am convinced that, if a man aims at a high place in both Triposes he must be endowed with very brilliant parts to be able to devote any time to such reading. He may manage a newspaper or a serial at the Union after hall, but the rest of his time is too precious to be spent thus. Even the history which your Mathematician can take pleasure in, and your Classic provide for in his hours of study, becomes irksome to him from the knowledge that what forms *his* light reading must be reproduced on the sixth morning of the final examination. "Ne quid nimis" is, however, somewhat hard on the Mathematical men, in putting them all down in the same Category, as wholly absorbed in their favourite pursuit with neither heart nor head for aught else.

There are two classes of men, as I conceive, who should read for both Mathematical and Classical honours: those whom early preparation or mental capacity assures of a high place in each—and those who, having thoroughly tested their own powers, know that they would be unable to secure such a place in either; men who, unable to achieve a Wranglership or First Class, can attain to a Double Second. Ordinary men will do best to confine their attention to the one branch, to which their inclination leads them.

But though I would check the aspirations of our juniors in University standing, who dream of the double laurels of Senior Wrangler and Senior Classic, I would remind them that they have in our two new Triposes a preventive of the one-sidedness which your correspondent so much dreads. The studies which they involve afford sufficient variety from the severer pursuits of the candidate for other honours, and cannot be accused of any want of practical bearing on life and conduct. At the same time, either party will find, if he prefers them, studies which, while affording him change and recreation, will at the same time by mental training, aid his other studies. The Mathematician may profit by the analysis of Chemistry, the inductions of Geology, the classifications of Botany and Zoology: whilst the Classic can only gain a thorough knowledge of his Plato and Aristotle by a deep study of their moral meaning. Or if it be more consistent with the Student's ideas of

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* I have heard it remarked ere now, that we should not have had so much of the mists of German Neology, had Mathematics been more studied in German Universities.

preparation for Holy Orders, let him set about divinity reading, and increase the scanty number of those who seek honours in the Theological Tripos.

But these remarks have already extended beyond the limits which I proposed to myself. I hope that the importance of the subject to so many of your readers may be my excuse.

"OCCIDENS."

MY ——.

It has a classic-carven head:
  Young Sleep lies cushion'd on a cloud;
  His eyes are closed; his head is bow'd;
And at his feet grim Care lies dead.

A Snake crawls subtle round the stem:
  The yellow stem is amber-tipp'd:
  And all the bowl is silver-lipp'd:
Each Snake's eye glitters like a gem.

The amber clear shines liquid bright;
  As when some sunbeam glimmers down
  On shady brook, and makes it brown
And lucid with the lurking light.

And every curve and Serpent coil,
  The bronzed Sleep, dead Care by him,
  The head up to the silver rim
Is burnish'd with the oozing oil.

"W. E. M."

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 1860.

The Posada, Pancorbo.
July 13, 1860.

WHEN in the month of April Professor Chevallier proposed to me to join him in an excursion to the Pyrenees and the north of Spain to observe the total eclipse of the sun from some station near the central line, I was not many minutes in coming to a decision. I was also empowered to invite a third friend to join us; and in the coffee-room of the Hotel des Etrangers in Paris, I introduced to him Hammond, one of the Sixth Form of Rugby School.

I shall say nothing of our tour in the Pyrenees, and spare my readers the ascent of the highest mountain of all the Pyrenees, the Maladetta; an ascent which though not extraordinarily difficult or fatiguing, and offering a view at sunrise which the Cima di Jazi under Monte Rosa alone can rival, has been made by few Englishmen. The summit was first attained in 1842. After spending some days very pleasantly at Luchon, and making excursions in the neighbourhood, we returned by Pau to Bayonne a week before the eclipse, and started on Friday the 13th in the banquette of the diligence for Vittoria.

At the Spanish frontier our baggage was instantly passed without examination; the government having ordered that all possible facilities should be afforded to foreign astronomers. Now we were in a new land, and the change was instantly manifest in the style of driving. Instead of six respectable horses, we beheld eight mules and two horses harnessed in pairs to our diligence. After infinite shouting and struggling, the mules were prevented from facing the driver, and were in some sort of order. A man stands by each. Suddenly the conductor shouts 'arrè, arrè' (pure Arabic for gee-up) and a storm of winged words and blows from above, below, and on both sides, descends on the unfortunate mules. We start at a terrific pace, swinging round corners and down the narrow streets of Irun, till all the runners are outstripped, and the unhappy beasts are left to the tender mercies of the postillion on one of the leaders, and the driver. The latter has a complete assortment of whips on the roof of the diligence, and has a very good notion how to make them speak from the box; but every now and then quietly descends from his high seat, and frantically rushing alongside of the team, who know well what is coming, and do all they know, bastes every one of them, kick as they may and do, with the wooden handle of one of his whips, and placidly remounts to his box, while the lumbering old coach is tumbling and pitching along at some twelve miles an hour. The shouting at the mules is incessant; "albonero, albonero", shouts the conductor, in a tone of surprised remonstrance; "albonero, albonero," shrieks the indignant driver; "albonero, albonero", the disappointed conductor; "albonero, albonero", the furious driver, and enforces his ejaculations with the lash, and so on through every tone and expression of all the feelings that can possibly be supposed to arise in the breasts of a driver and conductor in a hurry to overtake a rival diligence. Suddenly we see the rival before us, the driver instantly descends, and we tear down the hill after it. There is barely room to pass, but our postillion is already by the side of their wheelers; we are gaining rapidly, when their leaders shy almost into the ditch, and get inside the telegraph posts; and as we pass in a cloud of dust and shouts we see their struggling team in hopeless confusion, a telegraph post in the act of falling, our conductor shrugging his shoulders, and all goes on just as before; and the driver, without looking round, continues his shouts "hierro, hierro, la òtra, òtra, òtra."

To ascend some of the passes we had twelve oxen harnessed in pairs in front, and the ten mules in a string behind; and the shrieks, in the vain endeavour to persuade the beasts that now, now is the time to make an extra effort, were even more varied, and displayed a copious vocabulary of epithets, many of them alluding to the deceased progenitors of the animals.

The Bidassoa, Pasages, San Sebastian and Vittoria, recall many a page in Napier. We were proud of our country as we passed over the spot where Joseph's carriage, stuffed with spoil and fine oil paintings secreted in the lining, and all his papers, were taken the evening after the great battle. "Gracias a Dios, soy caballero Ingles" is the correct reply for an Englishman to make if ever he is mistaken in Spain for a Frenchman.

We had had the most alarming account given us of

Spanish cookery; a lively little Frenchman who had just returned from this part of Spain, gave us an appalling description, garlic in everything, everything cooked with oil, "ugh, ugh," holding his nose, "l'huile mauvaise! rancée!! detestable!!!" but fifty marks of exclamation would fail to convey the emphasis of his voice and gesture. We must however do the Spaniards the justice to say that we have lived for a week in Spain, most of it in a little village inn, and have not seen or smelt oil; and had garlic in nothing but salt: and all travellers who repeat sufficiently often the words "ajo no! aceite no"! may fare equally well. The cuisine is very good even here; and everything clean and nice.

Pancorbo is a little village of some fifteen hundred to two thousand inhabitants, half way between Vittoria and Burgos, and nearly half way between Bayonne and Madrid. The line of central totality passes within a mile or two of it, and this was the station Mr. Chevallier decided on selecting. We drove hither on Saturday from Vittoria, meeting one or two English engineers and astronomers at Miranda on the Ebro. Airy, Otto Struve, and others were in the neighbourhood; and De la Rue had set up a house and complete photographic apparatus. The Spaniards were of opinion that the English had come to make arrangements for bringing the sun nearer to England, where we had no sun and no fruit. The Spanish ambassador in England is said to have reported, that he met with no ripe fruits in England except ginger-bread nuts. A very intelligent Spaniard asked me whether corn could grow in England.

Mr. Chevallier had requested the English consul at Bayonne to write to the Alcalde of Pancorbo to engage rooms for us. We drove therefore first to his house. He received us in all state. Placing us on his right hand, he began to pour forth an eloquent and copious address in Spanish, of which we could so far gather the meaning, as to perceive that he was, after many sentences were completed, still in the preface. Fortunately, however, we discovered that he spoke French very well; and all our anxieties were over. He accompanied us to the posada or inn, a large building by the road-side. The capacious front-door leads directly into a low roomy stable, after the invariable fashion of houses here. We found ourselves in one of the bedrooms; we sat in a row, the Alcalde at the head, and opposite us a plain English looking man and his sharp little wife, master and mistress of the posada. The Alcalde is the interpreter. We wish to know what accommodation they have, and at what price. The Alcalde begins "Los Senores dicen," etc., and interprets the reply, seventeen francs each per day. This was absurd; so we explained that we had travelled and knew a thing or two, and thought the charge monstrous. This was evidently expected, and the Alcalde began again. "Los Senores dicen," that they have travelled in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and England (laying a marked emphasis on England as an outlandish place which few English might be expected to visit), and made our offer to them. After much more talking, and the minutest enquiries as to the diet we desired, and at the end of a scene infinitely entertaining, for by this time the postman and similar important personages were in the room, we finally agreed on our terms, and the exultation and the delighted glances at each other of the master and mistress convinced us that we had not made a very hard bargain.

Pancorbo is the Thermopylæ of this part of Spain. It lies in a valley, bounded in some places literally by vertical rocks, and though very narrow for more than a mile, is in one place not thirty yards broad either at the level of the road, or a hundred feet higher up. The rocks are, I believe, of carboniferous limestone; but I could detect no fossils whatever in any part by which to identify them. The strata are at all inclinations from horizontal to vertical; and strangely contorted the curved broken strata in one place forming a cave with almost architectural regularity and symmetry of outline. Pinnacles, serrated edges, and ponderous buttresses of rock group themselves fantastically round the village. It is a very Pompeii of antiquity. The old castle, occupied for five years by the French till after the battle of Vittoria, was built against the Moors: the caves are of immense antiquity. Thick-walled houses of the quaintest build, and having their internal arrangements more picturesque than I can describe, stand about facing this way and that, as if they had nothing to do with the modern village clustering round them; and their huge old oak-doors, stable-doors of course, are so massively and handsomely carved, and so adorned with finely-wrought iron-work as to show that their masters, once upon a time, were no mean men. But there is no end to the curiosities of the place. Poking about the little streets, one stumbles here on a half-defaced coat of arms, with ALONSO GOMEZ decipherable beneath it; there on some antique symbols over the door of a cottage, with walls of hewn stone a yard thick; here on a

massive arch, and there one's eye is caught by the glitter, as it dangles in the sun and twirls about in the breeze, of the very brass helmet which the valiant Don Quixote won with his lance from the peaceful and astonished barber.

There is a school here of some thirty boys, (there is an elementary school, attended by seventy little boys and girls); we saw them lying on their cloaks in the sun in the school-yard, humming away over their lessons. I looked at one of their books, it was a Latin Phrase book, dated 1725, occumbere somno; dormir—sopor irrigat artus; lo mismo—dare membra sopori; lo mismo, &c., &c. 'Membra,' on enquiry was feminine singular, to the horror of the Sixth Form boy who came up at the moment. We went into the school afterwards. It was a plain kind of barn, the master standing in the middle, on a floor not worth speaking of, and the boys ranged all round. They do no arithmetic, no geography, nor history of any kind; and learn nothing but Latin. They could translate Ovid very respectably, and parse and scan, and give the rules with a volubility which infinitely surpassed our power of comprehending provincial Spanish; but as the master seemed recently to have dined on garlic, and thought fit loudly to repeat, in impressive proximity to our olfactory organs, every word the boys said, we were compelled somewhat precipitately to retire. Mr. Chevallier wrote them a Latin letter, inviting the whole school to come to the inn at noon on Tuesday, if the sun shone, to look at the sun.

The agricultural arrangements are most primitive; ploughs that would illustrate Hesiod; mattocks and hoes of oriental shape. The corn is thrashed by mules treading it out on grass covered areas artificially levelled, or dragging after them a board, studded with flints ingeniously fastened in; it is all thrashed as soon as reaped, and winnowed by being flung out of a window into a blanket when a breeze is blowing. With such antiquities, such primitive modes, not of agriculture only, but of everything; such a simple and courteous people, so picturesquely dressed; such a field of geological and also of botanical interest, it would seem that Pancorbo would have been no bad place to spend a week in had there been no special reason for selecting it. For our purpose of observing the eclipse no place could be better.

We started at 9.30 with a couple of mules, carrying tables and chairs, stands, instruments, &c., and wound by a zig-zag path past ruined French barracks, and the site of the battery that breached the castle in '13, up to the top of the hill.

The sky was very cloudy, but gave promise of breaking; and it never actually rained with us. By twelve o'clock the sun had gained a complete victory; but over the valley of the Ebro, two thousand feet below us, the struggle was still pending. The people soon came thronging up, the Alcalde among the first. He is a fine old gentleman, who remembers the war of Independence, as the Peninsular war is here called, and is very proud of the Spanish success, admitting, however, that some English, Germans, and Hollanders came here to help them. He has been invaluable to us as an interpreter, and we have turned over our portmanteaus in vain search for some substantial mark of our gratitude, but we can find nothing that would be valuable, and at the same time a suitable present for Englishmen to make, but soap; and that he would scarcely know the use of.

At the very summit of the hill, a steep ridge, are the ruins of a French powder magazine; and its thick walls served admirably as a place for our thermometer in the shade. At 1.15 there must have been three hundred men, women, and school-boys, on the top of our hill. The Alcalde had promised that when we wished to be alone, the soldiers, some half dozen of whom were in attendance, should clear the ground; but there was no necessity for this. For the next half hour we were three showmen. There was an uninterrupted stream of strange rough bearded men, in the broad crimson sash of Spain, whose open shirt fronts showed a skin tanned to a tawny red; of women with heads undefended against the sun, by anything more than their thick jet black hair, and occasionally a bright coloured handkerchief thrown over them: and of boys not a little proud of being able to exchange a word or two in Latin, with the tall Englishmen. The sharpest of them were much struck by the spots on the sun, one of which was large, and remarkably well defined, and I had many questions about them. The people maintained perfect order and decorum; I made a ring of stones round my stand, and they stood in a line outside it, coming up in order to look through my telescope. My telescope was a large cometensucher, belonging to Mr. Chevallier; with a field of nearly three degrees diameter, and giving a well defined image. After the ring was formed, there came up four priests, with long cylindrical hats, a hole being cut in the side for the head, and thick capacious cloaks of black cloth, which justify Sancho Panza's simile more completely than I had supposed possible—"Blessed be the man that invented sleep; it wrappeth a man about like a cloak." I found by unmistakeable signs, that the priests claimed precedence of all present, and accordingly invited them to the telescope, and the stolid stupidity of their faces, which were not improved by their having to look up a tube inclined at about 60° to the horizon, made me long for a photograph of them. As the time of first contact drew near, Mr. C. called "silence," and the soldiers shouted "silencio," and I find in my notes, 1 hour, 48 minutes, 35 seconds, as the time observed. The moon advanced very slowly on the sun, shewing even with my small power two or three distinct prominences. We left our chairs, and the talking spontaneously began again; and our labour as showmen. The people were highly delighted at seeing a piece taken out of the sun. The vanishing of the large spot, a quarter of an hour after first contact, was a curious sight, and when that was over I left the telescope in charge of our friend, the clever carpenter, whose aid we had more than once invoked, and went to make a very straight forward observation. I had cut in a piece of card-board, some two feet square, a number of holes of different shapes and sizes; triangles, squares, circles, parallelograms, &c., and placed it on a wall, so propped up with stones that the sunlight fell nearly perpendicularly on it, and placed another on the ground parallel to it, in its shadow. The spots of light were, as I expected, no longer circles,* but accurately represented the phase of the eclipse; this delighted the people immensely, who had before been gazing at the perforated card-board with unenlightened curiosity. There was not much to do now; Hammond took the thermometer readings every 15 minutes, in sun and shade. The light on the landscape was rapidly diminishing: at 2. 50. the lower cusp in an inverting telescope was very blunt, and suddenly like a flash of light became pointed again. A few minutes before totality, I looked round; a greenish unnatural light, wholly unlike twilight, was spread over the vale of Miranda behind us, and the great treeless plain that extended as far as the eye could reach before us. A hush was creeping over the people: a dog plaintively poking his nose up to his master within a yard or two of me. I returned to the telescope: the cusps were now rapidly changing; spots of light became isolated in the upper cusp, and were then instantly extin-

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* What is the exact shape of the spot of light formed by the sun shining through an elliptical hole?

guished. I drew off the dark glass, and saw the arc of light break up partially into fine points and instantly vanish: I saw no motion of the beads of light. The whole scene was in a moment utterly changed. Two bright cherry-coloured flames appeared suddenly at some distance from the point of disappearance of the sun: they were not very bright, triangular, with the base towards the moon, somewhat lighter and brighter at the vertex, and of a singularly beautiful colour. But the corona was splendid; far exceeding all my anticipations. My telescope was admirably adapted for observation of the corona. It was very irregular, in one place near the upper part the light being very feeble, even close by the edge, for an arc of the moon of nearly 10°; the dark part being bounded on one side by straight radii of light; and on the other by similar rays, like fibres of finely spun glass in a brilliant light, which however at a little distance from the moon lost their rectilinear structure, and curved over toward the dark part in fine wavy silky lines. At the part where the sun vanished was a similar wavy portion of the corona, its direction on the whole being nearly radial which extended from the moon, as well as I could estimate, more than two breadths of the moon. The corona was very brilliant; and of nearly white light, tinged with a light pink cream colour. I now took in hand a photometer, which Mr. Chevallier had contrived, but found that the halo was so much brighter than we had anticipated, that I could get from it no superior limit to the amount of light; it was however by estimation as seen through the darkest part of the photometer when barely visible, nearly equivalent to that of a light cirrocumulous cloud about 12° or 15° below the sun, ten minutes after its reappearance; but somewhat exceeded it in brightness. It was also not very unequal in intensity to the flame of a wax candle at ten feet distance, two or three minutes after reappearance. I now returned to the telescope, and having computed the zenith distance and azimuth of Venus relatively to the sun, had no difficulty in finding it in my large field. It was extremely brilliant; the cusps appeared as exquisitely fine lines, completing as nearly as I could judge, but not exceeding a semicircle, and the dark part of Venus was wholly invisible. The centre of the illuminated part was so bright as to dazzle the eye, and I regret that I did not think at the moment of using the dark glass to examine it. When will such a chance as this eclipse afforded, (Venus being nearly in inferior conjunction with the sun and only $5\frac{1}{2}°$ distant from it, at the time of a total eclipse) of determining whether Venus has an atmosphere, occur again?

I looked round on the people and the landscape. There was total silence, and not a breath of air: a hush and an awe had fallen on all that crowd, and their faces were pale with a greenish light. The very distant horizon over Burgos was quite cloudless: and the most remarkable general effect was in that quarter. I find "lurid olive yellow horizon" in my notes as descriptive of the colour, fading away from near the horizon to a dark purple; in the neighbourhood of the sun the sky had very much the appearance of a clear twilight. Jupiter, Pollux, and Procyon were very easily visible. The mountains of Santa Inez, a fine group towards the south east, were of a rich dark purple; the vale of the Ebro greenish and dark. But there was far more light than I had anticipated. The shadow of a pencil was distinctly visible. I had just time to return to the telescope and find the sun, (for I had called to Mr. Chevallier to come and look at Venus) and see that some more red prominences had appeared, when a single point of light and then several more which rapidly formed an arc, was hailed by the people with enthusiastic shouts of Sol! Sol! A red flame was distinctly visible (as red, not pink) several seconds after the reappearance of the sun; the corona gradually faded away. I glanced down to catch the line of retreating shadow. It was retiring at no very rapid rate towards Logrono and the vale of the Ebro, and our view in that direction was unbounded; it is said to extend two hundred and eight miles. It swept over the treeless plain like the shadow of a cloud, and was visible after nearly two minutes, and four minutes after reappearance, while I was gazing at a very distant well-defined range of stratus clouds far down in the valley of the Ebro, which I had previously taken note of, they received a sudden flush of light. Nearly all was now over, and the people began to disperse; the light seemed the natural light of day. At 3.25 I distinctly saw in Mr. Chevallier's telescope the moon's edge projected as a dark body beyond the edge of the sun, and behind it a faintly radiate structure of the halo. This was at the lower cusp in a non-inverting telescope. It was visible for, I think, not less than eight degrees of the moon's circumference.

By this time we were almost alone. The people had gone down a few hundred yards and were dancing, a couple of fiddlers having presented themselves. We began to write our notes, and then to compare them. Mr. C. will probably publish his account elsewhere. Hammond was provided with a telescope that threw an image of the sun of about six inches diameter on a screen (the top of a band box,) protected from the light by a triangular cone of black calico fastened on canes moving with the telescope. In this Bailey's beads were seen; and the image of the halo was distinctly visible.

Such a sight as we had witnessed is rarely seen twice in a lifetime. A partial eclipse of the sun is scarcely more remarkable than one of the moon, and can in no way be compared to a total eclipse. The sudden shock produced by the *total* extinction of sunlight; the strange discoloration of the horizon, and the atmosphere that instantly follows; the spontaneous silence; the feeling the time fly by making every second that remains so precious; not to mention the singular beauty of the corona, surrounded with planets and stars, conspire to make a total eclipse of the sun a spectacle to which there is nothing "simile aut secundum;" and there is nothing to occupy even the "proximos honores."

This eclipse must have been so ably and so widely observed that the results to Science will probably be of great value. Those who wish to see scientific accounts of the phenomena observed, will do well to consult the monthly notices of the Astronomical Society, and the Transactions.

On our return to Pancorbo we heard that the fowls had gone to roost; that some men had vowed to kill us if we *had* taken the sun away; that the people were excessively frightened, embracing one another, and crossing themselves, and weeping in the streets, and in the midst of all their tears that much mirth was excited by seeing a tall Spanish woman with a certain long straight tube, used by the local veterinary surgeon for the relief of constipated mules, gazing fixedly at the sun. Many other stories are going the round, and I think it likely that our visit and the spectacle that accompanied it will be long remembered by the inhabitants of Pancorbo.

"J. M. WILSON."

ELEGIACS.

Bitter it is to be bound, when the hurt wings struggle to hurry
  Up from the toil and whirl, up to the beautiful heights;
Bitter it is to be worn with the wretched wear and the worry,
  Here in a selfish world, little regarding our rights.

Pity the soul that seeks to be single, true to its duty;
  Netted about its feet draggle the coils of distrust:
Pity the spirit that pines to walk in a garment of beauty;
  Mournfully mixed with sin, bitterly soiled with the dust.

Blest, if spared at last becoming the slave of convention,
  Strong as a god to crush, subtle and sly as a fiend;
Blest, if it carry clear thro' one wish or god-like intention;
  Blest if, tho' but a film, gossamer beauty be gleaned.

I was proud as a king, and strong as an eagle to hover
  Over the gulfing storm, over the mist in the glen:
Now I go humbled and weak, and skulking wounded to cover,
  Sinning a little sin, held in the clutches of men.

Long I stood high on my hill, and boasted of noble endeavour,
  Speaking of better things, over the pit of their fall;
Fretting the feeble hearts, bitter-jealous, besotted for ever:
  Then—O the bitter slip!—slipped in the sight of them all.

They,—with a fiend's delight, with a sneer and mock at the prophet,
  Speaking the speech of God, lipping the words of the saint,—
"Was it his word rang great? and is this all that comes of it?
  Better for pride to fall." O in my climbing I faint.

God, I am dizzy and weak, with a little hope! O I shudder,
  Climbing the weary heights, hovering over the brink!
Sailing a rainy sea in the dark, no canvas or rudder!
  Be thou the pilot, O God! I shall endure, as I think!

"A."

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF PERCIVAL OAKLEY.

SCRAP SENTIMENTAL.

(Continued from Vol. II. p. 143.)

POTENT goddess, Self-possession, why failedst thou thy votary this day in his hour of need; why leftest him thus exposed in the bare weakness of his native idiocy? Surely, but for thy inopportune desertion, all might yet have been well. What were easier than to have soothed the she-Cerberus of an Aunt with sops of honeyed compliment, to have crushed that military monster with an avalanche of pointed sarcasms, and last, not least, to have picked up the drawing things, given my arm to the angelic being, and continued, in the course of a homeward moonlight ride, those golden threads of whispering now so rudely snapped and severed.

Such was the form of my reflections after flinging myself on the sofa at our lodgings, on the night of that picnic to Fairbeacon; and then by way of calming my feelings, I pictured to myself what agreeable remarks must have followed my abrupt departure; how the Colonel must have chuckled and grinned and exploded with asinine jokes; how Miss Veriblue and the female Tuggs must have snarled and whined in chorus; how Ernest and Eugenie must have enjoyed and improved on the news when it reached their secluded corner, and as to Seraphina herself, I consumed about an hour in wondering how she got out of it all, and what her views would be henceforward on the momentous subject. "At any rate"—I remarked aloud, and a cheerful conclusion it was, all things considered—"at any rate she *must* think me an 'infernal fool.'"

"I should rather imagine she did," said Saville, entering in time for my soliloquy, "tho' perhaps she don't put it exactly in that same forcible language. But really and upon my honour, Percy, a more fearful duffer than you made of yourself this afternoon, it's difficult to conceive."

"Let me tell you, Saville," I began in wrath—

"Can't stop to argufy: old McBean is waiting for me to blow some 'bacca: so 'bye bye, Tuppy,'" and he vanished in fragrant clouds.

Bacca! thought I, the very thing: wonder it never struck me before—nerves to be soothed—walk on the sands—possible light in window—hurrah!—*Vamos.*

So out I stepped and began to put my programme in execution through the medium of a full flavoured Havanna. The tide was coming in fast, and washing with faint sibilation against the sea-wall; the sands were covered, that was certain; but I was aware of a certain cove above high water mark, possessing all sorts of pleasantly perilous crags on which to seat oneself. Not a twinkle of a light in *the* window, and the drawing-room shutters grimly closed. Strange to say, not a star was visible, and for a summer night it was curiously dark, so dark that I ran against the coast-guard man on his lonely patrol, and should probably have received some casual blessing from that jolly tar, only being on duty, he was debarred the luxury of speaking, much less swearing. Towards the cove I bent my steps, and scrambling down a rock or two, found myself on my favourite ledge, with a soft stone at my back, and the lazy sea under my overhanging legs. Needless to say, that by this course of treatment my nerves speedily recovered their usual tone, and in natural sequence I fell to composing poetry in my head. Don't you remember, reader, the amiable lion in the Arabian Nights, who is always "falling down in a fit and uttering these verses?" That's just the class of lion I belong to, and thanks to my diary, the following beautiful lines will not be lost to posterity:—

Calmly the moonbeams smile
  O'er the calm ocean;
Billows have lulled awhile
  Their mad commotion:
Oh! such a scene and hour,
Hath it not magic power
From the full heart to shower
  Each fond emotion?

Lo! in what dead repose
  Still Earth is lying;
She hath forgot her woes,
  And hushed her sighing;
The world is sunk to sleep,
Save where the wretched weep,
Save where the watch they keep,
  Over the dying.

I had arrived at this point, and was trying to get some substitute for "shower," in the first stanza; wondering whether "pour" mightn't do better, and running through all the words with a suitable termination, when I was suddenly disturbed by the consciousness of being no longer alone, and a subdued duet of male voices penetrated my ears. Perhaps you'll say I had no right to listen: well probably I shouldn't, if I could have stirred; but judging from the sound, the two intruders had seated themselves exactly on the spot, where I must have put my hand to raise myself, and how was I to know whether in a moment of surprise I mightn't receive such a gentle shove as would send me off the narrow platform for a cool plunge into the yawning gulf beneath? The same result might happen if I spoke, or coughed, or sneezed, or groaned, (tho' the last seemed the happiest idea) so—on the impulse of the moment—I kept perfectly quiet, and clung to the rock with all the tenacity of fond affection. But the conversation that I heard, first of all made my hair stand on end, secondly, produced a deep feeling of joy that there *was* a greater fool in the world even than Percival Oakley, and lastly, made me shake with such internal laughter that my ribs were all but agonised.

It may have been for ten minutes that the converse lasted—then the final remark I heard was this:

"No, Muster Saville, for one tenner I could'na do it, but for foive tenners I dunna know but I mout."

That's all I'm going to repeat, so you see my discretion may be relied on; but your penetration must have told you that the speakers were none other than old McBean of the Lively Nancy Schooner, and my fellow lodger: and the result will presently reveal that the subject of their discourse was neither more nor less than abduction, or (to put it milder) elopement on the High Seas.

As soon as they were safely off I made the best of my way to No. 6. "Mr. Saville come in?" said I to Mary the slavey who happened to be on the door-step. "No, Sir, he isn't," said Mary, "but there's been a man to look for him twice to-day, since you both went out, Sir." "And what sort of a man, Mary?" "Well, he was a very hugly man, Sir, with a shocking bad hat and a yellow handkerchief round his neck, and no collar as I could see, and he was dressed very shabby hall over: but he wanted to see Mr. Saville particular, and said he'd call at ten in the morning." "Well, if he wants to see him in bed that's about the time, isn't it, Mary?" "Yes, Sir, and so I told him, but he said he should come anyways, and I didn't quite catch his name, but it sounded like Hairyun." "Well never mind, but bring me up some soda-water; and tell Mrs. Eton with my love, that she must lend me a little brandy, for there's not been a drop in our bottle since her last attack "of heart complaint;" and, without waiting for reply, I pursued my way up-stairs, and fell to writing.

About twelve Ernest made his triumphal entry, grabbed my pen on the spot, regardless of blotted leaves, pitched my precious diary off the table, then seized my head, and by a series of violent rubbings, ruined my ambrosial curls.

"Well, when you've done," said I, "perhaps you'll enter into some financial arrangement about our bill at these lodgings, for if you start for France to-morrow afternoon, it's time for us to have a settling."

"Start for France," said Saville, and stared in speechless astonishment, "why, what the dev—."

"Now don't: just think of the Lively Nancy, and old McBean, and his passengers, male and female."

"You infernal scamp, what are you driving at?"

"A fair breeze, eh, old boy, and a six hours' run, and five tenners for the job."

"Well, Percy, how on earth you've got hold of that, beats me entirely, unless the Bargee told you; but I've not lost sight of the Bargee since we made our little arrangements, and I left him just this minute at the Crown and Anchor, speechless drunk."

"How I got hold of it don't much matter, but I know it from end to end, so it's no good your trying to keep it dark; and my impression is, that I ought to give old St. Croix the office on the spot."

"You'll never serve me such a confounded turn as that."

"Why you'll be liable to transportation, my dear fellow, not to speak of action for theft, plunder, conspiracy, and arson; and the Colonel an't a man to be trifled with, *mauvais sujet* though he be. Now what will you give me to let you off?"

Ernest made no reply, but fell to walking up and down the room. "Seriously though, old boy," I continued, "do reflect a little on what your doing, and hold hard before it's too late—before you've done what you may repent of all your life long."

"And what concern is this of yours," he said, stopping and facing me, "what right have you—how dare you interfere?"

"Dare! come, Saville, what d'you take me for? Am I likely to look on and see foul play without doing my best to stop it?"

I said more than I meant of course, but I was foolish enough to be annoyed at his tone.

"Well! I do call this low of you," said he, "I do call it treacherous."

"And worming yourself into a man's intimacy, being his bosom friend for three weeks, and then stealing his daughter; that isn't low, I suppose,—that isn't treacherous."

"Percy," said he, sitting down again, "you don't know all, or you'd never talk to me in that style, I'm certain. You don't know that I have spoken to St. Croix about his daughter, and been rejected by him point blank."

"Why, when on earth did that happen?"

"To-night, as we rode home: the old scoundrel said he was much honoured, but had other views for his girl. The fact is, as Eugenie told me, he has affianced her to a friend of his own abroad, a Count or Marquis, or something, who was her *parrain*, and old enough to be her father. He's coming over here next month, and they reckon it all settled, tho' Eugenie has been on her knees to the Colonel, imploring him to spare her. She always hated this Frenchman from her childhood, but St. Croix is involved with him in some gambling transactions or other, (the old, old story) and can't back out of it now, if he would."

"Well: it's a nice business and no mistake: but go on."

"I fully expected his answer, you know, and have made up my plans for some days, but I never intended disclosing them to you, because——"

"Because you knew I should put a spoke in the wheel."

"Partly so, perhaps; but more because I didn't want to compromise any one else in my own bad luck. I know it's a confounded scrape whichever way one looks at it; but not exactly so bad as you imagine. Look here. The schooner takes us over to the coast of France, and lands us at St. Ambroise. Eugenie has friends there who will aid and abet her. We can be married at their house the day after to-morrow, and when she is once my wife, I can return to England and defy her father to do his worst. When he sees he can't help himself, he'll have sense enough to keep quiet, or else I'm much mistaken in my man."

"But after what has past between you to-day, it isn't likely he'll give you the chance of meeting her again, much less meeting her alone."

"I'm coming to that directly. By the way, after you bolted from Fairbeacon, I did you a good turn, and no mistake, for I explained the cause of your rather peculiar conduct."

"As how?"

"Said you were liable to frequent attacks of neuralgia, in the agonies of which nothing but solitude was bearable."

"'Pon my word I'm much obliged to you for such a flattering account of my state of health."

"So you ought to be. It wasn't the Britannia Life Insurance I was talking to, was it? so what's the odds? I thought it was pretty sharp of me to name neuralgia, for I was just going to call it temporary insanity."

"I commend your design, but the execution is unequal."

"Anyways, you'll hear no further chaff on that subject, unless it be the softest whisper from that pair of lips which—— "

"Now, drop that, will you? and get on with your story, for you're tedious in the extreme."

"Well, you ungrateful dog, you remember the sailing match we arranged; the match old Bompas, the boatman, put us up to—between those two cutters, I mean, which we have hired from time to time."

"Yes, of course, I remember."

"And how you were to sail the 'Sylph', and I the 'Crest of the Wave': also about our lady patronenes to preside on board, 'each to each'—course from Senanus Point round the fairway buoy and back again."

"Aye—but it's likely either of the girls will be allowed now to preside as suggested."

"But they *are* going to do it, old boy, and what's more, it's coming off to-morrow."

"Gammon."

"It is, I tell you; we fixed it all, as we were coming home—always supposing your health to be restored, of course."

"Granted I believe all this (which I don't), what then?"

"Simply this—the Lively Nancy lies in the offing with her fore-top-sail loose all prepared for flight—two minutes for Eugenie and myself to be taken on board—then crowd on all canvas, and hurrah! for the coast of France."

"And suppose it's a dead calm."

"Why, we can't have the sailing match in that case, and must wait for another day or two. Mc Bean is backwards and forwards often enough, so it's not as if this was our only chance."

"Your scheme's so mad, Ernest my boy, I'll lay a thousand to one against you."

"I know it's mad, but a desperate game wants a bold stroke or two."

"St. Croix won't let his daughter come."

"He promised he would send her with Miss Veriblue, he an't coming himself."

"Well, we'd bother enough to persuade Miss V. to the arrangement before our little mishap of to-day; she's sure to turn rusty again."

"No, she's all serene: a lot of them are coming to Senanus for another pic-nic, and they're to watch the sailing from the beach. And Tugg will be here to-morrow, his mother said, so perhaps he and that Oxford parson will join in the aquatic contest. Bompas and his boy are going to sail the cutters round from the harbour: I fixed that with them to-night."

"Why, you've been as busy as the devil in a gale of wind."

"About—Well! d'you still mean to give St. Croix the office."

I sat and smoked in silence, pondering it all from end to end. The fact was, I felt certain his scheme wouldn't succeed, and I didn't want to quarrel with him needlessly. It was so unlikely to my thinking that Eugenie would be allowed to come and then there were all chances of the weather, and of the schooner not being there, and fifty other things. Besides Saville's explanation had cleared him a good deal in my eyes, and at any rate I didn't like the idea of using information obtained as mine had been. On the whole, I resolved to wait and see what happened: it would be time enough to act on an emergency: little indeed did I think what the emergency would be, and sorely did I repent within four-and-twenty hours of this piece of temporising.

"I say," remarked Ernest at last, "do you *see* what o'clock it is."

"Oh! my gars and starters, it's time to roost and no mistake; but tell me one thing, where on earth have you got the money from?"

"My guardian sent me a cheque for sixty this morning: the post came before you were down."

"And what will he do when he hears of this?"

"Oh! he'll be all right; he can't let me starve: I'm three-and-twenty at Christmas, and then he's rid of me, and I come into my own."

"Well, upon my word, Saville, you're a queer lot, and I don't know what to make of you."

"Anything you please, so you don't make game of me, as the moorhen remarked on the 1st of September last."

Nothing further passed between us that night; but fancy my amazement when, next morning, as I was dressing, Mary brought me word that Mr. Saville was "took by that 'ere hugly man"; the said prepossessing individual proved to be none other than Hyam's aide-camp, Aaron Brown by name, despatched at the suit of Messrs. Heelam, Shoemakers, with a writ on E. S., Esq., for little accounts running pretty well up to three figures. Oh! dear, oh! dear, how about the Lively Nancy, and how about the lively Eugenie?

"P. O."

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

DUNGEON GHYLL.

O'ER meadows starred with flowers and strewn about
With boulders lichen-crusted, 'neath whose sides
Peeped heather crisp and hardy mountain bells;—
Past hazel-copses, hung with milk-white clusters,
And threaded by festooning autumn berries,
We wandered forth.—Around, the purple hills
Heaved their huge shoulders to the bounteous day,
And every peak was bright; for scarce a mist
Hung o'er the ridge, or, seemed to hang and soon,
Like some pure spirit that, intent on Heaven,
Burst its frail bonds to dwell in kindred light,
Went slowly up and mingled with the blue.

But near us sang the stream; and all the vale
Laughed with a thousand sparkling threads of silver;
And I was glad at heart: and she,—the maid
Who wandered by my side,—I scarce could tell;—
So deep a quiet held her,—but methought
She drank full gladness from the witchery
Of the pure air, bright skies and beauteous earth;
So clear the rose that flushed her cheek, so pure
The light that dwelt within her eyes, and made
A Heaven of blue in Earth's most Heavenly Child.

But, if the spell of silence held us both,
I wondered not, for the full heart, sometimes,
Knowing how weakly words can picture joy
When joy is deepest, bars with jealous care

The gates of utterance, till a moment comes
When the large flood of words, prisoned and pent,
Forces a channel and flows widely on
In eloquent wildness and confusion clear.

But soon we passed into a lonelier vale:
A deeper stillness brooded round, and hung
Along the mountains, barer and more stern
Than those we left: a solitary tarn
Inurned amongst the hills, half-belted round
By a strange semicirque of deep green firs,
Shone like a diamond chased in emeralds.
But once I saw it 'neath a winter moon
With sombre shadows of the mountain peaks
And gray fantastick piles, larger in night,
And then methought it was a silver shield
Watched by a giant knight in that lone vale.

At length we reached the spot, henceforth to me
Crowded with such sweet memories of the past,
That, when I hear its stern name only named,
Through the long years I leap to youth again,
And in a moment live the joyous hours
Of that most joyous day;—for 'twixt the hills,
Split suddenly and furrowed into chasms,
A darkling passage winds amid black cliffs,
Brawled over by a noisy brook, and leads
Where doubtful light, half-barred, still struggles in
Through crevices of the o'er-hanging crags,
And trembles through the quiv'ring birchen boughs,
And darts a rainbow on the waterfall
That, like a delicate silver-tissued veil,
Droops o'er the front of the black cavern rock,
Informing it with such a wondrous grace
That the rapt spirit, centred in the eyes,
Gazes and gazes, while the flick'ring light
That comes and goes with sheen of rainbow gems,
Together with the stillness of the cave,
Chains it with potent charms.—And so gazed we,
Nor noted time, nor noted for a space
Its softer beauties;—how the tufted heather

Gemmed the rough stones that other wreath had none,
Save where the hare-bell lent her modest grace
And pensive head, and tremulously hung,
And quivered with the motion of the spray.
And so, I thought, might droop some gentle maid,
So tremble at the whisper that she loves.

What wonder then that there I told my love?
What wonder that, as there love told received
Love's sweetest recompense from maiden lips,
That day, that hour, that spot dwell in mine heart?
What wonder if, as yesterday we found
A withered hare-bell and dead tuft of heather
Betwixt the closed leaves of a cherished book,
The happy rain welled from our hearts and rose
Into our eyes, and we told o'er the tale
Told first beside the fall of Dungeon Ghyll?

"C. S."

* * *

EXPERIENCES.

> ——— 'Tis but to fill
> A certain portion of uncertain paper.—Byron.

MY experiences! and what right have I to intrude my experiences on the public? Why there is Miss Pinch my next-door neighbour, Corset-Maker, and Ladies' Seminary-Keeper—with her cold grey eye, and colder, sharp, red nose? She, whose life has been one dull round of the same monotonous drudgery—first taught and then teaching,—it is her sister who makes the articles above mentioned. She, I say, has written, aye, and published a full, true, and particular account of all that has happened to her; and her publisher told her that the work would have had a large circulation, but people were tired of that sort of thing; tired of it—and why should Miss Pinch expect otherwise—is it not a twice told tale, and will the cold and heartless world—cold, that is to say, and in a great measure heartless, to those with whom it comes not in contact,—will that world to which Miss Pinch has appealed, read her book; or, having done so, will they buy another copy, or call at the Seminary, and pour balm in the bleeding wounds of the susceptible Pinch; does she want fame, fortune, or friends? why did she write—by what title does she force herself and her woes upon us; and if she does, why may not I?—nay, I will.

You would like to know my name, from mere idle curiosity perhaps, but still you wish to hear it. Turn over the leaves of Webster's Court Guide, and under the head of Smith you will find—my name? not at all—John Smith—

now if John Smith had written a book and signed his name, would you be better acquainted with him than if he had written anonymously? and so my name shall remain buried in oblivion.

My abode is London—in a narrow but noisy street—up three pair of stairs—and in a close dark room, whose window gives, on to the dead wall of Lord Muchland's mansion, a pleasant prospect when returning from my day's work; to look on this wall, to look through it with my imagination, and wonder how the great folks within it amuse themselves; and when, tired of this, and weary with my work, I am obliged to listen to the ceaseless piano and singing of the few select pupils at Miss Pinch's, worried by some street organ, or the cry of some itinerant vendor of goods: when I say this is the sole break in the monotony of my daily labour, surely I have a right to lay my sorrows before a sympathising world, and claim their pity; and then my daily work. I am a clerk in an office—I go there at 10 A.M. and take my place on a high slippery stool, and whether there is much doing, or little, there I must stop till 5 P.M. How I envy the man in the green coat and brass buttons, who carries messages, fetches bread and cheese and porter for the hungry clerks at lunch time; he, for the greater part of the day, can stand with his hands in his capacious pockets, idly gazing on the passing omnibus, and now and then bestowing a buffet on the head of some luckless urchin who may have come too near his august toes; and, happy mortal, he has the wondrous faculty of being able to sleep always and wherever he may choose. How he looks down on us clerks, with a serene contempt, and yet my salary is £90. a-year and his £20.; what then makes the difference? why is he a happy, and I a miserable man? alas, I had the misfortune to be born a gentleman. Oh! gentility, what a curse art thou to the wretched being who bears thy badge, unaccompanied by thy rightful wages; not that I am in want, for on my salary and my little private fortune I can live without starving; but what a life! a gloomy present, and a hopeless future. Far better is the lot of the poor curate, his indeed is not an enviable existence, but yet he, at least, can live in the country and see the beauties of nature, while I can only live in London, and injure my sight with the deformities of art.

He can look forward at some time or other to a living however small, on which he can afford to keep that necessary luxury, a wife; while I can but look forward to a possible increase of £10. per annum in my salary, with a proportionate increment of duties: he, leading an out-door existence, can enjoy the blessings of health and strength, while I am injuring my lungs by poring over a desk, and my constitution generally by my sedentary occupations. To what end is all this—to none except a warning to others. That which might have been a purple robe for a monarch, is become a tattered coat for a scarecrow; that which God gave me to enjoy, I spend in misery and despair, and all because, with the means of a mechanic, I must live the life of a gentleman, or, that being out of my reach, I must drag on the existence I have described. Such are my experiences!

ΠΟΤΝΑ ΣΕΛΑΝΑ.

QUEEN Moon, I gaze on thy peerless ray
As it bursts from yon cloud-white veil:
Thou art gliding along thy starry way
Like a beauty proud and pale!
And steadfast I look to the silent skies
Thy golden beams to see,
For well I know that my lady's eyes
Are gazing now on thee:
She is gazing now on thee, sweet Moon,
For she loves to see thee shine;
But her thoughts are of none but me, sweet Moon,
And her heart is only mine.

Fair Star of Eve, on the brow of night
Thou art set as the choicest gem,
That shines in the circlet diamond-bright
Of a monarch's diadem.
Yet, fairest and firstborn of the skies,
So bright thou ne'er canst shine,
As the luminous depths of those hazel eyes
That are gazing now on thine:
That are gazing now on thine, fair Star,
For she loves thy ray to see;
But her heart it is only mine, fair Star,
And her thoughts are of none but me.

For this was her whispered promise sweet,
On our last drear parting-day;
"Our spirits, my love, at night may meet
"Though ourselves be far away:
"On Hesper's fires I'll gaze afar
"While the moonbeam smiles above,
"And gaze thou too on Moon and Star
"At the hallowed hour of love."
At the hallowed hour of love, sweet Moon,
And this is love's hallowed hour:
And I gaze on the heaven above, fair Star,
And I feel that the spell hath power.

"P. O."

OUR CHRONICLE.

IT has been suggested to us that many of our readers would welcome the addition to the contents of *The Eagle* of some account of the events of the term, more especially those which affect our own "ancient and religious foundation:" that such an addition would in particular be a great boon to those of our subscribers, who year after year leave these walls, and for the most part sever the ties which connect them therewith; to whom such a chronicle would furnish tidings of what was going on in the place where themselves have spent so many happy hours, and so serve to keep up their connexion with us. And though this would only apply for a limited time, for as long, that is, as the names which they would see should some of them be familiar to them, yet such as these, together with our resident subscribers, many of whom, we doubt not, will be glad to have such a permanent register of events, will generally form a sufficiently large majority of our subscribers to warrant the introduction of a terminal article of this kind.

We propose then in each subsequent number of *The Eagle*, to include a summary of any events worthy of notice in the college in which our subscribers are likely to be interested, accompanied by such note or comment as they may seem to require. Such matters as Fellowship and Scholarship elections, Examination lists, or changes in the government of the college, may be expected to find a place —with such notices as we may obtain of "events" in the boating, cricketing, or volunteer world of St. John's, who pulled in the Lady Margaret first boat in such race, or who in the Lady Somerset, or who is the last new Ensign. At the same time we may advert to any circumstances of more than ordinary interest which concern not only our own college, but the general body of the University, though this should be done sparingly. For the further promoting of the interest of this column of our magazine, we shall be glad to receive from any of our subscribers, and especially from non-resident ones, any suggestions, which, whether accepted or not ultimately, shall always have our careful attention and consideration.

"EDITORS."

With the academical year upon which we have lately entered we inaugurate a new system of management. None who knew the overwhelming amount of business and responsibility, which during the past year pressed upon our respected President, can regret that the work, which he bore up against alone, should now be divided amongst three Tutors. The gentlemen selected for these Tutorships are the Rev. J. S. Wood, B.D.: the Rev. J. B. Mayor, M.A.: and the Rev. A. V. Hadley, M.A. The distinctive feature of the new system is the separation of tuition from lecturing, which will do away with the old rivalries between the "sides." Though the Tutors are "ex officio" lecturers, they have not the management and distribution of the lectures, this task being under the superintendence of two Head Lecturers.

The scheme seems a good one, and likely to work well, and, we hope, to raise our entries beyond, or at any rate to an equality with, our former average.

We understand that considerable alterations are to be made in some of our Examinations, but any statement regarding them is as yet premature. Report, however, deals a death-blow to the famous paper, which might more fitly be associated with Magdalen college than with St. John's: so that probably the future historian will find a great blank after the year 1860, which year he will find to be marked by certain strange proceedings in the church of St. George in the East, and by an election for a certain magazine yclept *The Eagle*. Apropos of which, we must acknowledge the courtesy of the present able Sadlerian Lecturer, who in return for the interesting historical notices deduced from these papers in a former number, has thus handed our name down to prosperity.

Another new feature to be noticed is the introduction of a sermon in chapel on Sunday evenings, to supply the place of the morning sermon at St. Mary's, which was discontinued some months ago.

Among the fellows some changes have taken place. We regret to have to record the death of the Rev. W. J. Rees, who has been cut off by the cruel hand of consumption, just

as a brilliant and useful career was opening up before him. The following gentlemen also vacate their fellowships by marriage:

Mr. G. D. Liveing.
" S. H. Burbury.
" E. G. Hancock.
Mr. J. E. Gorst.
" H. Snow.

The Lectureship vacated by Mr. Hancock is now held by Mr. H. J. Roby.

The College is represented amongst the University prizemen by Mr. E. A. Abbott, whose exercise obtained the Camden Medal, and by Mr. S. W. Churchill, who won the Browne Medal for a Latin Epigram; in the Indian Civil Service Examination by Messrs. H. Beverley, H. C. Barstow, and A. Yardley, who have obtained the nomination, and by Messrs. J. Grose, W. S. Foster, and J. E. Armstrong, whose nomination of last year is confirmed.

Subjoined is a list of scholars elected in June last.

Scholars in the third year:

Abbott.
Bushell.
Freeman.
Gabb.
Hiern.
Hudson.
Nicholas.
Sharpe, H. J.
Thomson, F. D.

In the second year:

Graves.
Main.
Taylor, C.

Minor scholars:

Baron, from Caistor School.
Horne, from Shrewsbury School.
Lee-Warner, from Rugby School.
Moss, from Shrewsbury School.

It will be seen from our cover that our two boat-clubs have both been unsuccessful in the Four-Oar Races which have just concluded. This has created some surprise, inasmuch as the Lady Margaret was decidedly a favourite before the race.

The following were the crews of the two boats:

Lady Margaret.	Lady Somerset.
1. T. E. Ash.	1. F. H. Dinnis.
2. P. F. Gorst.	2. Stephenson.
3. H. Williams.	3. O. Fynes-Clinton.
W. H. Tarleton, (stroke.)	J. E. Brown, (stroke.)
A. Walsh, (coxs.)	C. R. Cooke. (coxs.)

The officers for the term are:

Lady Margaret.

A. W. Potts, Esq., B.A., President.
J. B. Scriven, Treasurer.
P. F. Gorst, Secretary.
W. H. Tarleton, first Captain.
T. E. Ash, second Captain.

Lady Somerset.

Rev. J. R. Lunn, M.A., President.
J. E. Brown, Captain.
W. A. Whitworth, Secretary.

The second Company of the Cambridge University Volunteer Rifles still continues in a flourishing state. A meeting of its members was held early in the term, to elect an Ensign in the place of Mr. J. B. Scriven, who succeeds to the Lieutenancy vacant by the resignation of Mr. E. Boulnois. The candidates were Messrs. H. Godfray, W. D. Bushell, and A. Walsh. The choice of the Electors fell upon Mr. W. D. Bushell.

The chief topics of interest to the University at large are such as will already be known to most of our readers. Considerable excitement prevailed at the beginning of term, owing to the rejection of Mr. G. Williams, of King's College, who was nominated to the office of Proctor. Mr. Williams has addressed a letter on the subject to the Vice-Chancellor.

The cup offered by the Vice-Chancellor as a prize to the best marksman in the C. U. V. R. was, after a contest of five days, won by Mr. Grant-Peterkin, of Emmanuel College.

On the 12th of November, the newly-appointed Professor of Modern History, Mr. Charles Kingsley, delivered an interesting and instructive inaugural Lecture in the Senate-House, to a large audience of members of the University and their friends.

The account of the Colquhoun Sculls, and the Races of the term will be found in their usual place.

St. John's College.
November 20, 1860.