



CORRESPONDENCE.

[We have received the following communication from a valued correspondent. Regard for the rule which excludes the technicalities of Classics and Mathematics has caused us to hesitate about inserting it in the body of our magazine; at the same time the value of the letter and its interest to many of our readers warrant us, as we think, in allotting to it a space in our correspondents' columns.—EDITORS.]

SIR,—I have lately had occasion to turn over the papers set in the Examinations for the Classical Tripos, and have made a few notes as I went along, which may perhaps be of interest to some of the readers of *The Eagle*. I may as well begin with a brief history of the Tripos up to the year 1859.

The Classical Tripos was instituted by Grace of the Senate on the 28th of May, 182 scheme then adopted, the Examination was to continue for four days, during the hours $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 12, and 1 to 4. No one was allowed to become a candidate who had not obtained Mathematical Honors. Translations were to be "required of passages selected from the best Greek and Latin authors, as well as written answers to questions arising immediately out of such passages." There was to be no original composition either in Greek or Latin. There were to be four Examiners, each to receive £10.

By a Grace passed February 13, 1835, the Examination was made to extend over five days, during the hours 9 to 12 and 1 to $3\frac{1}{2}$. Shortly afterwards it appears from the Calendar that the hours were again changed, and that the Examination was carried on between 9 and $11\frac{1}{2}$ and $12\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$. In the Calendar of 1844 it is stated that the Examiners receive £20 instead of £10.

In 1849, the "Classical Emancipation" commenced. By a Grace passed October 31, in that year, it was determined that, besides Mathematical Honour Men, all persons should be admissible to the Examination who, "having been de-

clared to have deserved to pass for an ordinary degree, as far as the Mathematical part of the Examination is concerned, shall have afterwards passed in the other subjects for Examination;" and also all persons whose names shall have been placed in the 1st class at the Examination for the ordinary degree: that is, in simpler words, that "gulfed men" and 1st class Poll men were to be henceforward admissible as candidates for the Classical Tripos. Other important changes were made at the same time. The Examination was extended to the morning of the 6th day, on which there was to be a paper in Ancient History. The subjects of Examination were more closely defined, the hours fixed as at present, rules made with reference to the cooperation of the Examiners in preparing and looking over the papers, and an alphabetical arrangement adopted for the third class. A day was also fixed for the bringing out of the list.

In May, 1854, the "Emancipation" was completed, though the Grace did not come into force till 1857. In October, 1858, further changes were made with reference to the work of the Examiners, and the alphabetical order of the 3rd class was abandoned.

The growth of the Classical Tripos is shown by the fact that there are only 17 names in the class list of 1824 as opposed to 71 in the class list of 1859.

I now proceed to my notes. Comparing the early and the later Triposes I find that previously to 1835 there was great irregularity in the choice of pieces. In one year there was no Thucydides; Demosthenes is several times omitted, as also Plato, Aristotle, Herodotus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes. In Latin, even Cicero, Tacitus, and Horace are not set uniformly. Whilst at the same time there are instances of three or more passages being set from the same author in a single year. In 1827 there were only three Greek verse and three Greek prose translations, and two Latin verse and two Latin prose translations. In 1825 there was no Latin verse composition. Another point in which the earlier papers differ from the later, is the large number of questions in the former. Taking the whole 37 years from 1824 to 1860, the number of passages set from each author is as follows:—

Greek Prose—Thucydides, 38; Demosthenes, 34; Plato, 38; Aristotle, 33; Herodotus, 35; Xenophon, 13; Theophrastus, 7; The Orators (with the exception of Demosthenes), 14; Longinus, 2.

Greek Verse—Homer's Iliad, 22; Odyssey, 19; Æschy-

lus, 28; Sophocles, 27; Euripides, 30; Aristophanes, 38; Pindar, 30; Hesiod, 11; Theocritus, 26; Bion, 1; Homeric Hymns, 2; Greek Anthology, 4; Comic Fragments, 1.

Latin Prose—Livy, 34; Cicero (Speeches) 20, (Letters) 27, (Philosophical and Rhetorical Works) 28; Tacitus, 37; Cæsar, 14; Sallust, 8; Suetonius, 6; Pliny the Elder, 6; Pliny the Younger, 9; Quintilian, 7; Velleius Paterculus, 2; Seneca, 2; Cornelius Nepos, 1.

Latin Verse—Lucretius, 29; Virgil, 21; Horace (Odes and Epodes) 22, (Satires and Epistles) 17; Juvenal, 22; Ovid, 19; Propertius, 13; Catullus, 10; Tibullus, 3; Persius, 12; Martial, 11; Lucan, 14; Statius, 2; Ennius, 1; Phædrus, 1; Plautus, 26; Terence, 9.

Taking each of these in order, it appears that passages have been set most frequently from the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 8th books of Thucydides, and most rarely from the 1st and 2nd. In Demosthenes,

de Corona, Timocrates, Nicostratus, Androtion are the most popular; passages have also been set from the Olynthiacs, pro Phormione, Aristocrates, Apaturius, C. Stephanum, Aphobus A., Pantænetus, Conon, Onetor A., Aristogeiton, Chersonesus, Dionysodorus. Out of thirty-eight passages from Plato, the Republic has thirteen; then come the Leges, Phædrus, Symposium, Theætetus, Gorgias, Phædo, Parmenides; and, lastly, Timæus, Meno, Crito, Politicus, Sophista, Alcibiades B. In Aristotle, the Ethics has 13 passages; Rhetoric, 10; Politics, 6; De Anima, 2; Metaphysics and Categories, 1 each.

Herodotus—The three first books are the most popular, the eighth has never been set at all.

Xenophon—The Hellenics, Memorabilia, and Anabasis have been set more than once; Symposium, Hiero, de Re Equestri, Cynegeticus, Œconomicus, Vectigalia, once only.

Theophrastus—Characters, vi., set four times; i., viii., xxx., each once.

Oratores Attici—Æschines, 5; Isæus, 4; Isocrates, 3; Lysias, 2.

Homer—The largest number of passages have been set from Iliad xviii. and xxi., and Odyssey xvii.

Æschylus—Agamemnon, Choephoræ, Supplices, each 7 times; Prometheus not at all.

Sophocles—Œd. Col. and Trach. 6; Antigone, 5; Philoctetes, 4.

Euripides—most frequently from Helena, Ion, Iph. T., Herc. F., Orestes, Hippolytus, Phœnissæ; also from Heracles,

Cycl., Alcest., Bacchæ, Medea, Supp., Troades, Rhesus, Electra, Andromache.

Aristophanes—most frequently from Vespæ, Pax, Aves, Equites, Eccles., Ranæ; also from Acharnæ, Lysistrata, Plutus.

Pindar—Pythia, 14; Nem. 6; Ol. 5; Isth. 4; frag. 1.

Hesiod—Opera et Dies, 8; Theog. 3.

Theocritus—oftenest from xxv., xxii., x., vii., xvi., xv.; also from iv., xvii., iii., xiv., xxviii., xiii., vi., ix., ii.

Anthology—Meleager, 2; Dioscorides, 1; Simonides, 1.

Homeric Hymns—In Merc., In Cer.

Livy—oftenest from vi.

Cicero—Speeches, oftenest from Verres, Cluentius, Pro Domo, Sextius; also from Plancius, Balbus, Quinctius, Cæcina, Vatinius, Muræna, Rosc. Com., Rullus. Epistles—ad Att., 17; ad Fam., 5; Q. Frat. 5. Philosophical and Rhetorical Treatises—Leges and De Finibus, 6 each; Brutus and de Divinatione, 3 each; also de Oratore, Orator, Tusculans, Academics, de Optimo Genere Oratorum, de Senectute.

Tacitus—Annals, 24; Histories, 12; Germany, 1, (largest number from Hist. iv., and Ann. vi.)

Cæsar—Bell. Gall. 7; Bell. Civ. 7, (largest numbers from B. G. vii.)

Sallust—Jugurtha, 5; Catiline, 3.

Suetonius—Cæsar, Augustus, Claudius, Nero.

Quintilian—xii., v., iv., vi., x.

Seneca—Naturales Quæstiones, De Beneficiis.

Nepos, Atticus.

Lucretius—most from ii. and iv., none from i.

Virgil—Æneid, 16; Georgics, 5. The largest number of passages are taken from Æn. xi. and Geor. ii. None from Æn. i., ii., v., vii. G. iv.

Horace—Odes, 13, (of which 9 from Book iii.); Epodes, 9; Satires, 9, (of which 6 from Sat., Bk. ii.); Epistles, 8.

Juvenal—most from vi. and vii.; none from ii., iv., viii., ix., x., xiii., xvi.

Ovid—14 from the Fasti; 3 from the Tristia; 1 from the Ibis; and 1 from the De Arte Amandi.

There is nothing marked in the quotations from Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Persius, Martial, Statius, Ennius, and Phædrus.

Plautus—most from the Trinummi, Captivi, Miles Gloriosus, Persa, Aulularia, Curculio, Rudens. Also from the Epidicus, Amphitruo, Mostellaria, Pseudolus, Bacchides, Stichus, and Pænulus.

Terence—none from the Heauton timoroumenos.

With regard to composition, Greek and Latin Prose have of course been constant. There has been a good deal of variety in verse composition. Iambics have been the sole Greek verse composition on 24 occasions; Iambics and Trochaics have been set once; Iambics and Anapæsts, 8 times; Iambics and Hexameters, 4 times. In Latin verse, Hexameters have been set alone 5 times; Hexameters and Elegiacs, 8 times; Hexameters and Lyrics, 10 times; Hexameters, Elegiacs, and Lyrics, 4 times; Elegiacs alone, once; Elegiacs and Lyrics, 7 times; Lyrics alone, once.

Two other points which strike me as worth noticing, are—1st, the reappearance of the same piece for translation in different years. One passage from Theophrastus has been set 4 times; one from theology, twice; and I have no doubt careful examination would discover other cases: 2ndly, the prevalence of fashions for short periods; e.g., the only passages which have been set from Longinus, were set in 1844 and 1846. Pliny's Natural History was set in 1846 and the two following years. Greek Hexameters were not set till 1852, but have been set 4 times since.

I am afraid your Mathematical readers will think I have been bordering rather closely on those Classical technicalities which *The Eagle* repudiates: and there may be others who will accuse me of putting a temptation to 'cram,' in the way of the weaker brethren. Where the extent to be covered, however, is so wide, cram must be too much diluted to be very deleterious; and I think I might rather take to myself the credit of assisting the honest reader to steer his own course by the landmarks of former examinations. Perhaps too, my list may be of use in testing the pretensions of some of those youthful prodigies of whom fame reports that they had read all Classics before their first term, and the Calendar relates that they obtained a third class in their last. But, in fact, my object has been chiefly to gratify a curiosity, which it is possible that even Mathematicians may share, as to the actual compass of Classical literature embraced in our most important examination, and I should be glad if any one were inclined to undertake the same task, either for the Oxford examination or for other Classical examinations amongst ourselves.

"Y. Z."

To the Editor of the Eagle.

BEFORE this Number is in the hands of our readers, most of them will be aware that the post of permanent Editor, held by Mr. J. B. Mayor since the commencement of this Magazine, has been resigned by that gentleman.

The Editors, although aware of the difficulty, as well as the delicacy of such an undertaking, feel that this Number ought not to go forth without bearing with it some tribute from them, and in the name of the Subscribers, whom they represent, to one who has so long watched over the prosperity of *The Eagle*. It is always hazardous to bring a periodical before the public, even when that public is so large as to ensure a certain number of admirers, and to secure, at any rate, the silence of those to whom the Magazine may be distasteful. How much this difficulty is increased, when a serial, such as this, is offered to a limited public, who, from many circumstances, must be either its friends or its foes, we may see from many an abortive attempt to establish the like. To what then is the success of *The Eagle* due? In some measure, we may venture to hope, to its intrinsic merits; in a great measure, we may boldly assert, to the character, talents, and position of its principal Editor. The zeal and ability which Mr. Mayor brought to his duties, as well as the unvarying courtesy and kindness which his subordinates in office have met with from him, will, we are sure, be long remembered by all those, whose good fortune it has been to serve under him on the Editorial Staff. The Editors are conscious of the disadvantage under which they lie in succeeding him, but will use their utmost endeavours to maintain that character, which *The Eagle* has won for itself under Mr. Mayor's presidency.

FELLOW-FEELING.

WE are now at the close of perhaps the severest season this country has experienced during the nineteenth century. Many an anecdote respecting the intense cold of the winter 1860-61 will be told round the blazing yule-log on future Christmas Eves. It has been accompanied with unusual suffering among the poorer classes—such inclement weather following upon a bad harvest has brought famine and starvation for the first time to many a threshold. Political events too have not been without their influence in producing this state of things. The Commercial Treaty concluded with France has brought ruin upon more than one branch of our home trade. Thousands of honest work-people have, for the moment, been thrown out of employment, and the distress of the Coventry weavers will henceforth take its place in history. The bright feature amid all this gloominess is, that the widespread evil has awakened an amount of public sympathy never perhaps equalled in any previous age. English hearts and hands are as open as ever to relieve the sufferings of their fellows, and it has only been necessary to mention cases of distress to call forth adequate assistance. The feeling has been universal—"Is he not a man and a brother?" It is this fellow-feeling that I propose to investigate, not indeed tracing its origin and growth in the soul of man—a task that may more strictly fall within the province of the Moralist—but endeavouring to offer some few remarks that may be practically useful to us in our intercourse with one another.

What do I mean then by *fellow-feeling*? Is it not synonymous with *sympathy*? Not exactly. Sympathy is included in the idea, but will be found to fall very far short of it. Like its Latin equivalent, it has been confined to a fellow-feeling with actual human suffering, and has

reference merely to grief, whether silent or expressed. We sympathize with the wretched when we can enter into their sorrows and make them our own. We extend our compassion, when we feel the workings of our human nature, and yearn to relieve their distress. But we can hardly be said to sympathize in our friend's joy, and he certainly is not a proper object of our compassion. There is in fact no single word to express a sympathy in joy—and I suppose it is because this emotion is more rarely excited, that the idea of sympathy has been confined to a fellow-feeling with suffering. We are glad to hear of Smith getting the Craven, but are apt to imagine that Smith's cup of exultation is not large enough for two, and we had better let him drain it himself. We *do* go up to his rooms to congratulate him, and then we think we have done enough. But congratulation is a bare form of words, and expresses no real feeling on our part. It may as often be accompanied by envy or regret, as proceed from a true fellow-feeling. Who is that shaking hands with the Senior Wrangler? "Oh! that's Jones—he was second." Poor fellow! one fancies there is just a quiver on his lip, as he comes up to his friend in the Senate-House, and yet he has himself tried hard to believe his own congratulations sincere. But though, in nine cases out of ten, another's joy awakens no sympathetic response in our heart, there surely are seasons when a friend's happiness does strike deep root into our own soul. I do not for a moment deny the existence of a sympathy in joy—it is perhaps a surer test of true friendship than sympathy in distress.

Is there then a distinction between *friendship* and *fellow-feeling*? Decidedly. Friendship is limited, a fellow-feeling is universal; the circle of friendship is circumscribed, a fellow-feeling can feel with all the world. A man can never possess more than two or three friends, in the truest holiest sense of the word—he may have hundreds of acquaintances with whose troubles he is ever ready to sympathize, and at the same time he may feel with all his fellows. Perhaps he too has passed through suffering and temptation, but his heart has not been thereby rendered callous—he has a wider sympathy for those who suffer and are tempted—his large soul yearns towards erring sinful man.

Such must have been the spirit of those who founded the glorious institutions on the banks of the Isis and the Cam. A nobler idea was perhaps never conceived than that of establishing these holy brotherhoods, to work to-

gether with one heart and soul for the good of their fellows. Here was fellow-feeling characteristically displayed, uniting at once internal friendship among the members of the University themselves, and large-hearted sympathy with those without. Fellow-feeling to some extent is a necessary part of our existence here. What a soul the man must have who is utterly destitute of all pride in his College! the happy scenes which surround him cannot fail to make a deep impression on his mind—and it is with a fond regret that he leaves his beloved University to go forth into the world—he carries with him a memory teeming with bright associations, and whether it be our Emigrant in New Zealand, or our Civilian in Bengal, he is always looking forward to hear how the Old College is getting on—aye!—and where the boats are on the river. What gratitude must we feel then towards those noble benefactors, who have bequeathed to us these ancient courts and their broad acres, and who planted these gardens, where, apart *from* the world, we may—if we will—train ourselves for after-conflict *with* the world!

But how are we echoing the sentiments which they entertained? Are we striving to keep up the fellow-feeling they intended us to exhibit towards one another and towards the rest of the world? Alas! the civilization of society—as it has progressed from one century to another—has left evident traces of its artificial footsteps on these glorious institutions—and the absurdities of University etiquette at present only tend to deaden our sympathy and estrange our hearts from one another. Can we not for instance see great danger arising from the mighty gulf that is fixed between the Fellow and the Undergraduate? That there should be such a gulf is well; that it cannot be too wide, I emphatically deny. If it is—even if no positive harm ensue, what advantages to both are lost! The inexperienced youth is allowed to pass the most critical years of his existence, without a word of advice from one who is well calculated to afford it, as having sailed in the same track before, and discovered where the shoals and quicksands lie, and perhaps many a one makes shipwreck when a seasonable word from a skilful pilot might have warned him of the sunken rock. What errors in speculation, what errors in practice, he might thus have escaped while his mind was drinking in strength and vigour from intercourse with a maturer and more experienced mind! And would the other be a loser, if the gulf were bridged over? I think

not. Besides a youthful freshness, which many would be sure to catch, how his heart would be enlarged and his sympathies extended as he watched with keen interest the progress of some young friend through the snares and temptations of a University life. There are among us men of this sort—men ready to feel and sympathize with all, and silently, it may be, watching the course of many.

Such an one was he who has lately been taken from the midst of us, and whose loss is deplored by every Undergraduate in the College. A man of large sympathy—with a kind word and a fellow-feeling for everyone—our Captain and the hearty sharer of all our pursuits—in the sunshine of whose genial presence we forgot the difference of Academical rank. What a treasure he was to the College, we knew not till we missed him, and there is not a Johnian but will carry the memory of that warm-hearted man down to his own grave.

The great difference between a large and a small College, and one of the many advantages of the former over the latter, consists in the choice of associates. In a large College like this, where it is impossible for any man to have even a bare acquaintance with all his fellow-students, he naturally falls into a particular set. In a small College this choice does not exist—he must go along with the stream. But absolutely necessary as it seems that there should be numerous sets among us, it is to be deplored that they tend to weaken and destroy all fellow-feeling.

Look at that man rushing along the cloisters with shoe-strings flying loose and a coat somewhat the worse for wear. On he hastens, a victim to Mathesis; apparently caring for nothing else, if only he may obtain the object of his ambition and win his Fellowship. Yet I would affirm that under that rusty garb there beats a heart as true to his College, and as fully bent on working for good, as beneath that elaborate Noah's ark! what an exquisite! in the very pink of fashion! watch those lavender kids dandling the tag end of a cigar! Who would imagine *he* cared for his College, so tightly buttoned up as he is in himself? But come to me at two o'clock, and I will shew him to you on the river—he will have doffed that gorgeous apparel, and you will see him display an English pluck and hardihood you may think incredible under that effeminate exterior. His pulse will beat as quickly and his arms work as vigorous, as his seven comrades of the oar, while they pull the old boat over the course in just 8' 15". "Well! you've taken

pretty extremes—but I know which I should go to, if I were in a pickle." So do I—but they're both good fellows at the bottom, and both working for their College, though so differently!

It may seem hard then, with so many sets and cliques, to keep alive a mutual goodwill and fellow-feeling—but surely not impossible—if we would only bear in mind that pride in our College which is equally at work, though perhaps not in an equal degree, in the hearts of all. Why cannot we forget individual peculiarities and sectarian differences? If there must be two boat-clubs, let us remember that the same ribbon is the badge of both, and for heaven's sake! don't let us carry our party-spirit into everything else. We must take men as we find them, without criticising them too severely. Let us pull a steady stroke, all together. Why should not the old College be again as it has been of yore, first on the Piece, first on the River, yea! and first in the Tripos, be it January or March?

"H. B."





FIRESIDE MEMORIES.

I.

WINDS raged without, and autumn rains beat loud,
Dim eve was weeping sore
From eyelids of the dun-wing'd misty cloud
Low-hanging on the moor.

II.

But I beside an ingle glowing warm
In dreamy mood reclined,
All heedless of the peltings of the storm
And wailing of the wind.

III.

For beauteous pictures one the other chased
Across my musing brain;
Pictures that from the seasons of the past
Came floating back again.

IV.

I saw fair morning landscapes wet with dew,
And early rays did shine,
While fleecy cloudlets mottled o'er the blue,
On green meads speckled with kine.

V.

And high o'erhead beneath the breaking morn,
With quivering sun-flusht wings,
Larks mounted singing from the upland corn
Tuned sweet as angel strings.

VI.

For not alone in sight was pleasure found
From those strange pictures there,
But as I look'd on each, its own fit sound
Seem'd round me everywhere.

VII.

I saw upon a widespread rural plain
Trees wind-rockt, slanting showers,
While dimly in the distance thro' the rain
Loom'd three fair minster towers.

VIII.

Then saw I in a park, green-swarded, old,
Deer frisking down a glade
Where ancient oaks in pillar'd aisles stood bold,
O'erarcht with green-leaved shade.

IX.

Anon o'er some vast city heavenward tower'd
Great spires, and chimneys tall,
While round them wrapt the murky smoke-cloud lower'd
Like a dark funeral pall.

X.

And then I seem'd, some dewy sabbath morn,
To gaze o'er fields and dells
Mellow'd with thin blue mist, thro' which was borne
The holy chime of bells.

XI.

Or in broad meadows flusht with summer dyes
I heard the low sweet sound
Of flower-fringed brooks that mirror'd the blue skies,
And bees that murmur'd round.

XII.

Then heavy drifting clouds were rushing fast
Across a pale-faced moon,
Whilst woods were rocking in the eager blast
At night's deep shadowy noon.

XIII.

And winter scenes I saw where deep snows lie
O'er all the fields, when clear
The hills stand out against the frosty sky;
Or when the lonesome mere

XIV.

Looks very darkly from amidst its reeds,
And sword-flags stark and keen,
And moonlit waters seem to tell of deeds
They shudder to have seen.

XV.

Old Ocean, when in some calm bay his face
 With sunny laughter glows,
 As, lull'd within the green earth's fond embrace,
 He sinks in soft repose.

XVI.

Or, when grim storms his angry waters lash,
 And crested billows hoar
 From headland unto headland roll, and crash
 In thunder to the shore.

XVII.

Fair ruin'd abbeys girt with summer wood;
 Castles, whose crag-built walls
 With many an ancient horror thrill the blood;
 And old manorial halls.

XVIII.

And last a tower'd cathedral's solemn gloom,
 Where gorgeous sainted panes
 Fling their rich lights on carven shrine and tomb,
 And holy calmness reigns,

XIX.

Save when the mighty organ peals on high,
 And waves of music roll
 Far down the vaulted aisles, and soar, and die,
 And overflow the soul.

XX.

So things of beauty, seen, abide for aye
 Treasured in heart and brain:
 Forgotten 'mid the toils of every day
 They spring to life again

XXI.

When we sit weary by our fireside gleam;
 And, pleased, we look them o'er,
 Till on our senses and our waking dream
 Sleep gently shuts the door.

"H. Y."



SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF PERCIVAL OAKLEY.

SCRAP SENTIMENTAL.

(Concluded from Vol. II. p. 195.)

LONG and animated was the conference we held with that wily Caucasian, that precious Aaron Brown; but all, alas! to no avail. Vain alike were my own persuasive arguments, or Saville's vehement imprecations: the minion of injustice persisted in his brutal design. "Yer see," he said, "good Mishter Saville, so long as I knowed yer vos keepin' to the quiet, and never thinkin' on a bolt, vy, I vosn't in no hurry to nab yer, none votsumever. But when I heerd of this gammocking across the vater to France, as it may be, thinks I, 'Blow me tight, it's now or never,' so down I comes at vunst, and here yer be cotched alive O!" Such was the creature's diabolical ingenuity, that he had extracted the whole programme of poor Ernest's plans from old Mc Bean himself, having got hold of that nautical worthy the night before, in a highly confidential state of rum-and-water. A keen encounter of wit it might indeed have been, writ-serving Jew *versus* smuggling Scotchman; but continued glasses of 'hot with—' had ruined even Caledonian discretion. The best of it is, that Mc Bean, to this day, persists he never let out a syllable, and has not the faintest recollection of events between his parting with Saville at the Crown and Anchor, and his waking next morning on the deck of his 'own fast gliding craft.'

Well, it was necessary to settle something; and as Aaron positively declined to lose sight of his captive, he was politely invited to spend the remainder of the day at No. 6; Ernest was to go with him to town next morning, hospitable accommodation being proffered in that well-known spunging-house, *not* a hundred miles from Cursitor Street, where the name 'Brown'

is neatly engraved on a dirty door-plate of brass. Meanwhile, I was to be off to the pic-nic, and to look sharp about it too: I was to explain the state of affairs to Eugenie, a delicate task which would tax all my diplomatic powers: I was then to report progress at our lodgings, and receive further instructions to suit the emergency, whatever might transpire. In fact this was Ernest's sole object in remaining that night at Weremouth: what use he hoped it would be, goodness only knows; but there is a proverb about straws and drowning men, and there is also a passage of Shakespeare which declares the difficulty of being "in a moment wise, amazed, temperate, and furious." Some such philosophical maxims *may* possibly explain his conduct. For myself I was truly sorry for the poor old boy, and only too glad to undertake anything for him: indeed I *may* say I suffered a *little* on his account, not that morning only, but for a longish while after: and so the reader will himself confess, if my natural spirit of digression ever allows me to finish this narrative.

We had seen from our rooms a carriage full of the expected party driving away to Senanus: since then our two horses had, for good part of an hour, been led up and down in front of the house, by that faithful groom whose patience we always tried so sorely. Once I thought that Ernest might have slipped through the window, jumped into the saddle, and left his persecutor's presence at a hand gallop; but on inspecting things outside, I became aware of a second Hebrew who never removed far from the animals' heads, pretending amicable converse with 'Ostler Jem': so that idea was crushed in the bud. It was time for me to be off anyways, the others having got such a long start of me: as for breakfast, I abandoned the hope: lighted a weed, to take the edge off my appetite; shook hands with Ernest—by Jove! I little thought how long it would be before he and I shook hands again;—one parting bit of chaff I fired at Aaron, next minute I was in the saddle. It was half-past twelve when I started, and good six miles to Senanus; but, thanks to whip and spur, before one o'clock I reined in my panting steed on the sandy beach, amid numerous greetings of applause and enquiry. All the people I expected were there, and one or two more I had never before set eyes on. "The top of the morning to you, Oakley," quoth the Oxonian parson; "fine thing, an't it, this early rising?" "What *have* you done with Mr. Saville?" asked Miss V. "Left him snoring most likely," said Mrs. T.

Eugenie said nothing, but looked a good deal. As for myself, my natural modesty kept me at great disadvantage; however, I excused my tardy appearance on plea of 'important business,' Ernest's defaulting ditto, ditto, and the question of early rising I gracefully and playfully adjourned till further notice. A rustic having appeared to take charge of my steed, we all walked down to a little natural pier of rock off which one of the cutters was lying. And where was the other?—Ah, me! in my first confusion I had hardly realized what was in store for me—there, not twenty yards from the shore, was the clever little 'Sylph,' creeping along with her jib set, and the rest of her canvass half-furled—there in the stern sheets, snugly ensconced with shawls and cushions, reclined my own, my precious Seraphina—and who was that monster, trimming the sail? who was that fiend in stalwart human form? John Tugg to be sure; any one can guess that much—*Le temps est cher En amour comme en guerre*, and he had made most of his half-hour's start. I'll do the beast the justice to say that he hailed me at once, and offered to resign command; but of course he never meant it, not he. "Oh! pray don't disturb yourselves," I responded, in the bitterness of my soul, "you look so comfortable and settled. Miss St. Croix will give me the honour of her patronage, and we'll sail the 'Crest of the Wave' against you for any stakes you like to name. Do come," I whispered to Eugenie, "I have so much to tell you." Miss Veribluë tried to object, of course, but before she could get out six words we were in the boat, and old Bompas was casting her loose. "Pleasant breeze this here, Mr. Oakley," said that ancient mariner, "but don't you run out too far to sea, keep her well under the cliffs, Sir, for I'm afraid it's freshening to blow, and you'll have a job beating back against it." "All right, John," quoth I, "and thank ye for the wrinkle." "Now then, Oakley," said the parson, "I'll see you start fair; set nothing but yout jib till you're level with the 'Sylph,' and then both of you crack on as fast as you please."

If I were only a nautical man, you should have the most glowing description of our aquatic contest: but it's one thing being able to sail a small cutter in moderate weather, and another to describe the same operation in proper maritime terms. I know if I attempted it, half my readers would fail to understand, and the other half would convict me of a myriad blunders, so consideration and prudence combine to forbid my making the trial.

This much I venture to say: the breeze was off shore, and we were to sail along shore; in our course to the fairway buoy, the wind was rather more in our favour than it promised to be for the homeward run; but either way we had to make a succession of tacks, and I knew perfectly well that the science of my detested rival, under these circumstances, would give him a complete pull over a landsman like myself. However, off we went, and in the excitement of setting sail and getting under weigh, of course Eugenie and I had no time for conversation: presently, however, we settled down to our work; the 'Crest' bowling along with all her canvass, and the 'Sylph' not yet having her mizen set, we drew a little ahead, and I felt I must no longer defer my disclosures. A very few words sufficed to explain: and how ill the poor girl could bear it, I need not describe: her face told its own tale, and so did the tone of her voice in the broken exclamations, which were all she uttered. At last, when I came to Ernest's message that, "come what might, he could never forget; that, parted or united, he was her's and her's only; that his own troubles were as nothing to him, compared with the thought of what she must suffer," and much more in the same sad strain, her spirit failed at last, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and I could only tell by the convulsive sobs which shook her bosom, to what agony of tears she was giving way. Deeply pained as I was to see her, I was utterly powerless to console; and silence was the only comfort I could bestow. What a mockery it all seemed; the bright sunshine and the dancing waves; the day we had all so eagerly looked forward to; the sailing match we had plotted and discussed again and again in happier hours; here it was—but oh! how different now; how changed to that fond foolish heart, which was reaping the fruits of ill-fated passion in blighted hopes and sickening despair.

I'm a bad hand at doing the pathetic, and have cut this part of my story as short as may be: still I wished the thorough discomfort of my situation to be pretty completely realized by the reader. Remembering they had telescopes on the beach, and fearing Eugenie's distress might be noticed, I disregarded Bompas' caution, and stood further out to sea; the 'Sylph' had been gaining on us gradually before, and at this point overhauled us with ease. Caring very little now, I steered wide off the course and kept on across till we were near again to the projecting headland, which gives its name to Senanus Bay. The outline of the coast

is here so abrupt, and the water so deep right under the cliffs, that a vessel rounding the point close, would be out of our sight till she entered the basin. The spot was so lonely and so little frequented, that its chief use was for smuggling purposes, and I had heard fellows boasting at Weremouth that, "give 'em the right sort of night, and they could land a cargo at Senanus, in the teeth of the sharpest coast-guard that ever used spy-glass or drew cutlass."

I mention this to explain, as far as possible, how that happened which did happen. For truly I am now on the brink of my catastrophe, and even at this distance of time I feel a cold shudder at having to recount it. If I lived to the age of a hundred, I could never forget that hour. Intending to 'go about,' as the breeze was growing much fresher, I put the helm down with one hand, holding the main sheet in the other; the mizen and jib I had furled shortly before; dead under the rocks, as we were, the wind failed us, and so accordingly did my little manœuvre; I let her forge slowly ahead, past the point, expecting a puff to set all to rights from the open sea. At that instant, while she hung in the trough of a wave, a loud shout of 'Boat ahoy!' rang in my ears; and, looking round in amazement, there, by Jove! running into us, amidships, was the 'Lively Nancy', under all her canvass, old McBean's face grinning above the bowsprit, and another grimy old salt roaring out orders to me, which I couldn't understand a word of, and couldn't have executed if I had. It was over in much less time than it takes me to write it, or you to read. By instinct, rather than presence of mind, I got the boat about, and the schooner, instead of taking us amidships, struck our stern, and stove it in. There was a scream or two from Eugenie, and an oath or two from McBean: I was too astonished myself either to yell or swear. We filled rapidly, and were settling down, when one of the schooner's crew hooked a grappling-iron into the ill-fated 'Crest', and drew her along side, smartly as an angler might land his half-pound trout; we had just time to get hauled on board, and then the poor little cutter gave its final lurch, and subsided for good and all.

Bruised, dripping, and breathless, I confronted the skipper: he was one continuous grin from ear to ear; (the favourite expression of every plebeian Scot) "neatly done, worn't it now, Muster Saville?" said the monster, "looked so nateral like, you'd ha' said it wor a ax'dent, wouldn't yer, now?"

"What the (strong expression)—d'you mean," I replied,

longing to throttle him, "what d'you mean, you infernal old scoundrel?"

"Muster Sav— whew!" here he gave a prolonged whistle, and grinned yet worse than before, "by Jakers! it's the wrong un."

More perplexed and wroth than ever, I was about to punch his old head, and probably, get a thrashing for my pains, when he cried out, "Lord a marcy, look ye there!" and turning, I saw poor Eugenie had fainted.

Well: my only wonder was, she had'n't come to that sooner. Old Mc Bean, who wasn't such a bad-hearted fellow after all, rushed down the ladder and got his cabin door opened. I carried the poor girl into the cabin, (heavens! how it did smell of spirits and tobacco!) and, not being altogether unused to the duty, contrived, by the ordinary remedies to bring her to herself again; the skipper and I made up a sort of extempore couch for her better comfort, and, thanks to her natural spirit, I was glad to see her soon grow more composed, though sadly nervous still, and shaken, as the strongest of her sex, in the same plight, could hardly have failed to be. Mc Bean then volunteered his explanations, which didn't mend matters, however, at all: it seems his conscience (?) had warned him that, by helping the elopement he might get into a precious ugly scrape; so he hit on the happy idea of running the boat down and smashing it, in order that this accident (?) might justify him in the eyes of the law for taking the parties on board. As it happened, I had steered the cutter exactly as Ernest intended to have done, and the Scotchman knowing her by sight, (not to mention Saville's flag which was flying at our mast-head) made no doubt that the right people were in her, and carried out his own amendment accordingly.

When could he put us ashore, was my next question, for I waived indignation for the present, and thought it best to be polite. Oh! we should be at St. Ambroise before that evening. That didn't suit at all; wouldn't he stand in for twenty minutes, in which case our friends in the other cutter could come alongside and take us off? No, he was blowed if he would, or could, and he asked me to look out of the port-hole, which formed the window of his cabin. I looked and saw nothing but a sail in the distance. Did I know what vessel it was? No? Well, it was the 'Revenue' sloop, and catch him, the captain of that 'ere schooner, risking his cargo for any living soul: if he stood in, the sloop would have him sure as fate; he'd

had the narrowest shave of it the week before; and he wouldn't risk it again, not for a thousand pounds: no: we came on board of our own doing, no fault of his, and there we must stay till he sighted France: there may be a fishing boat would take us ashore, for he durstn't run into the harbour himself, and must lie off till night-fall. At this point of the proceedings there was a call of 'skipper' from the deck, and up the ladder he vanished double-quick.

Strange to say, Eugenie seemed rather relieved at the turn affairs had taken; her friends at St. Ambroise would receive her, she knew, her Aunt being Superior of the convent in that town: and as the said lady was cuts with old St. Croix, she would certainly aid and abet her niece in hiding, and possibly save her from the forced marriage with her *parrain*. At any rate it was a temporary respite, and any change seemed to the poor girl a change for the better. My own thoughts, however, were not so cheerful: what *would* people say of me? what *would* Seraphina think? How *could* I ever explain to the Colonel, or to Miss Veriblu? and what *was* I to do when landed in France, seeing at that moment I had exactly two half-crowns and a fourpenny-bit in my pocket? Well: time would shew, I supposed; and seeing some ship's biscuit and cold junk on the premises, I just remembered I'd had no breakfast, so fell to work with a will, and finished with a glass of contraband brandy. Eugenie, a faint smile dawning on her wan face, declined to share my repast: happily she had escaped the wetting I came in for, so I had not to insist on her restoring nature by the spirit medium of eau de vie.

Food and drink affect the temper favourably, and really, if I hadn't felt so very damp, I should almost have begun to enjoy the situation. We discussed our affairs and prospects over and over again, till finally we got quite accustomed to them all, and prepared for anything and everything. It seemed the vessel was pitching and tossing above one or two, and I proposed to my fair companion to ascend on deck and take an observation; she declined, but begged me to go and see; promising to return immediately and report, on deck I went.

By Jove! what a change there had been in the last hour: the sky clouded over, and growing darker every minute, the wind shifted round nearly eight points, and blowing stiff enough for a landsman to call it a gale; the schooner with nothing set but her fore-stay-sail and reefed mainsail topping the seas as they rose, and taking them just where

they melted into one another, but still, buoyant as she was, giving a dip and a roll from time to time, which shewed she needed her skipper at the wheel, and took all his skill to handle her. Soon as he saw me he roared out a request that I'd "go for'ard and help Bill to clap a guy on that 'ere boom," language which was Hebrew and Sanscrit to me, but go I did, and, under Bill's superintendence, improved my nautical knowledge. Besides these twain there was only a boy on board, and he was swinging somewhere about the rigging in fearfully perilous positions, which I could admire, but not imitate. Bill and I were a long time about our job, and by then the skipper had roared out some fresh orders, seeming to take me for a foremastman, and designing I should work my passage across. Truth to tell, I wasn't sorry for something to stop one thinking, and I laid to work with an uneducated zeal, which provoked mingled admiration and curses from my tarry instructor. Sharper and sharper the wind came singing through the ropes; worse and worse got the pitching, and the way I tumbled about was a 'caution to snakes'; we never had a minute's rest till she was 'stripped', as Bill informed me, 'to the storm stay-sails,' adding, by way of consolation, "if this keeps on we shan't see France to-morrow."

We did though, all the same, and were lying off St. Ambroise in the grey dawn of a drizzling misty day. Fifteen hours I had spent in utter discomfort, on deck all the while, except for a few minutes, from time to time, when I reported progress at the cabin door: rain pouring down in buckets, night dark as pitch, all hands hard at work, as our several abilities prompted; my own chief occupation was to look out ahead, and roar 'breakers' if I should happen to see them, which, happily, I didn't. Towards morning the gale came to a lull, and by four o'clock the sea was so far gone down that we could begin to think of landing. A French fishing smack, after exchange of private signals, ran alongside and took us on board. I offered old Mc Bean what coin I had about me, but he declined, with hideous imprecations, to touch it, saying, "I'd paid my footing, and plenty too." We had got quite thick in the course of our night's adventures, and shaking hands all round, parted with vows of eternal friendship.

No further disaster happened; the French fishermen landed us at the pier, and were uncommonly civil all the while. Eugenie, looking dreadfully pale and weary, leant on my arm, and directed the way to the convent: she knew

the town well enough, and we were soon there. I wondered inwardly what poor Ernest would have given to be in my place, and what she would have given that it had been his arm to support her instead of mine. The *conciierge* stared a little on opening the grated door, but was evidently not astonished at trifles, and accustomed to vigil at any hour of the morning. I pressed the little hand of my *compagnon de voyage*, saw the gate closed, and making my way alone to the Singe D'Or, a tidy hotel I had noticed on the quay, was soon stripped of my wet habiliments, and doubled up in a peculiarly small comfortless bed. It was long past noon when I woke again.

From necessary causes I staid at the little French port for best part of a week: I had written home the first day, told them all about it without reserve, and waited for further advice. In that out-of-the-way place they were used to strange visitors, and neither bothered me for passport, nor asked me what I wanted. The weather was very fine, and there was good fishing in the bay; with the help of that, and some native tobacco, and such company as could be picked up on the pier and in the public, time passed pretty pleasantly. The second day I got a very polite note from the Lady Superior of the convent, thanking me for my attentions to her niece: Eugenie added a few pretty words of farewell at the bottom of the page. They didn't ask me to see them, nor did I care to go. On the sixth day came a peculiarly jolly letter from home, and everything that was satisfactory in the way of remittances. Next morning I left St. Ambroise for Rhine-land.

Not caring to set foot in England, at least before the Long was over, I took a good spell of travel. At Coblenz, whom should I meet but Fluker and the rest of the four? They had smashed their little craft descending some unpronounceable rapid of the Mayn, and looked uncommonly queer in their boating costume, which was *rather* the worse for wear. Their funds running short, they seemed to be travelling mostly on foot, and lodging in the vilest of slums: however, they all looked peculiarly well and happy, and declared they had done an amazing lot of reading: which, under the circumstances, was highly probable.

I needn't sketch the plan of my pilgrimage, which was not a long one, Venice being the goal. Early in October I was back in Paris, and, in the Rue Rivoli, came across my friend Whitechapel, who had started for Russia, but never got farther than the Quartier Latin; his sojourn had

added a moustache to his lip, and extra slanginess to his general demeanour; however, his stock of anecdotes was remarkable, and all of them, doubtless, (?) founded on real experience of student life. He shewed me a file of English papers: I had been sadly out of news for the last month: and what I read now astonished me not a little. Rumours had reached me that a great speculation bank, the Grand Central they called it, had broken in August; but I didn't know then that all Ernest's little fortune was invested in the concern; I didn't know it till I read a detailed account of Mr. Saville's proceedings in the Insolvent Court, and of the very inadequate settlement his creditors were likely to obtain. However, thought I, it won't distress him much, for he always looked forward to a chamber in the Fleet, sooner or later; and by that night's post I wrote him such a letter as I could manage of comfort and condolence. Two pieces of news served to cover a second sheet of my epistle, and though I can write them down calmly at this distance of time, I confess, when I read them first, the sensation was like a chilly hand laying its fingers on my heart:

MARRIAGE.

Sept. 3rd. At St. Mary's, Weremouth, by the Rev. M. A. Smith, John, eldest son of Timotheus Tugg, Esq., Cranbourn Lodge, Manchester, to Seraphina Maria, only daughter of the late Francis Hawthorn, Esq., M.D.

DEATH.

Sept. 10th. At Weremouth, suddenly, of heart disease, Colonel Henri St. Croix.

Not very long since, a medical friend was shewing me the Hospital of St. Lazare, at Paris; there were two or three sœurs de charité in the wards as we were passing through, so neat of dress, so soft of foot, and so gentle of hand, as they went about performing their works of mercy, that Scott's immemorial line

The ministering Angel thou,
seemed to have found its perfect realization there. One of the sisters, as she passed me, gave a start and a faint cry, then, concealing her face in her veil, hurried out of the ward. Time and sorrow, and, for aught I know, severest

convent discipline as well, had done their fatal work of change, but the memory of a figure, fuller it might be, and rounder once, but endowed with that perfect grace and elasticity of motion, flashed at once across my mind: that thick veil might disguise the small head and the slender throat, but I knew I had seen once more Eugenie St. Croix. I asked my friend about her, but he knew next to nothing: Sœur Marie, he said, was the name she went by there; she lived in one of the city convents, he did not remember which. I had no right to prosecute my search, but I told Ernest (whitewashed at last, and working hard in Somerset House) the tale of what I had seen. Saville has kept his word, "come what might, he has not forgotten," and I know the first three weeks of vacation he succeeds in obtaining from H. M. Civil Service, will be spent by him on the other side the channel. Perhaps the slight clue I have given may enable him to find his hidden treasure. Will my readers wish him, heartily as I do, 'Bon Voyage'?

"P. O."



ZEPHYRUS.

THERE is a dell in Paphos seen of none
 Save Aphrodite and one only pair
 Immortal, graced by the Idalian Queen
 Beyond all others; for, when Zephyrus,
 Languid with love and weary of his task,—
 To flit unseen around Aurora's car
 And fan the rosy-cinctured Hours, or wake
 The leafy murmurs of Olympian groves,—
 Besought her, she, by favour of great Zeus,
 Touched by his prayer, granted his spirit form
 Of Godlike beauty;—and anon she breathed
 Her influence o'er the maiden of his love,
 Waking the virgin movings of her heart
 To answer a felt touch, albeit unséen.

Yet, for she loves her power, and loves to see
 Her thralls endure their fetters, ere she brought
 To that sweet dell, hid in the Paphian shades,
 The pearl of all the isle, she fain would hear
 Young Zephyr pour his plaint in earnest song;
 For she had noted, when Apollo's lute
 Lay idle, how with curious unseen hand
 He ever strayed among the golden chords,
 That throbbed with weird aërial melodies
 At his light touch, and quivered into sound.

Therefore she sate beside him in the cave
 Herself had chosen.—Thick around it grew
 Her glossy myrtles, and the downcast flower
 Whereon she gazing had of old bestowed,
 In guerdon for its sweetness, the bright stain,
 The azure stain of her own peerless eye,
 Gleamed through the cool damp moss about their feet.

And in the eager brightness of first youth
 And early love he sate, and while its glow
 Purpled his cheek, and with impatient heel
 He crushed the asphodels, thus Zephyr sang:—

“O maiden, snow-white maiden, by what name
 Soe'er ascribed to heavenly choirs the gods
 Shall own thee loveliest, hear the air-god's prayer;
 Nor deem my love a love of yesterday,
 For I have watched thee, maiden, all unseen,
 Cow'ring amid the petals of a rose,
 Or lurking in the fairy citadel
 Of some bright crocus,—when the kindly spring
 Wooed thee to Dian's haunts, and all the sward
 Crisp with innumerable spikes and bursting buds
 Charmed thy attentive gaze.—O, then, 'twas I
 That brake the pencilled cups and shed their dew
 Gem-like on thy soft hand;—'twas I that played
 Viewless among thy tresses, and unheard,
 Or with such gentle whisper as awoke
 Thy changing colour, for, methinks, my power,
 Unknown, wrought in thee a vague joy e'en then
 And sweet indefinite longings:—Hear, O, hear,
 I am aweary of the blustering winds,
 Those my rude mountain-brothers, and no joy
 Visits me now to tend the budding shoots,
 Or move old Ocean to a dimpled smile,
 Or waft sweet odours through the myrtle alleys.
 And yet, so thou wert mine, my earliest care,
 My latest still should be to tend thee well
 As a sweet flower;—and flowers for thee should wear
 A brighter purple, and sweet airs, my slaves,
 Should ever breathe about thee, and my love
 Should dower thee with immortal life, and give
 Thy name to men no less to be adored
 Than Psyche's,—scarcely less than hers who gave
 Me all I have, and fain would give me thee.”

So sang he, all enraptured, and the Queen,
 Radiant with conscious power, granted his prayer,
 For Dian now had risen o'er the grove,
 Not with cold glance, but with the mellow smile
 She loves to shed on Latmos, and still night
 Heard gentle whispers, and the Star of Eve
 Sparkled like fire above the Idalian hills.

“C. S.”

SHELLEY AND ÆSCHYLUS.

NONE of the legends of classic story have taken deeper root in the hearts of men, since the revival of letters, than the story of Prometheus. It has embodied itself in the phraseology of our poets; it has given a tone to the proverbial colloquialisms of daily conversation; it has engaged the attention of antiquarians and divines. The latter have discovered in it, (whether justly or not it is not my province now to enquire,*) traces of a primeval tradition of man's fall by the agency of a woman, and of a prophecy that the "seed of a woman should bruise the serpent's head."

It is not difficult to see why this should be. There is somewhat in the legend so stirring, somewhat that appeals so strongly to our sympathy with all that is brave and noble in humanity, and especially with that noblest form of human greatness, endurance under suffering,—suffering incurred for benefits conferred on our own race,—that no heart alive to such feelings could be otherwise than roused thereby.

* There are two points in connexion with this hypothesis which I have never seen particularly dwelt upon: viz., the supernatural conception of Epaphus, plainly indicated by Æschylus in two passages of the *Supplices* (vv. 45, 312) where he speaks of his being begotten, by the inspiration, or by the hand or touch of Zeus; and the additional link supplied by the passage in the Prometheus, referred to below, where Zeus is described as wishing to exterminate the whole race of men, as connected with a primitive tradition of the deluge, of which we have other traces. If I were looking in the legend in question for any such meaning, I should find in it rather a reference to One, himself divine, who—made perfect in sufferings—was to deliver man from the wrath of an Almighty and offended God.

That this is the chief ground of its wide acceptance, is, I think, further shown by a comparison of the original legend with that which is generally current. There are parts of that original legend in which the character of Prometheus does not appear to such advantage, and these have been quietly dropped, though in the latter version we meet with expressions, here and there, which have often been referred to the first tradition. My classical reader will perceive at once that I allude to the choice given to Zeus by Prometheus in the division of the victims in sacrifice. The story is told by Hesiod in his *Theogony* (vv. 535—557). Prometheus as the representative of men set before Zeus—on the one side the flesh and inwards of a fine ox covered with the ox's paunch,—and on the other the bones and refuse enveloped in the white fat,—and gave him his choice, which part the gods should have. Zeus perceived the intended treachery, and in his rage "with both hands chose the white fat, meditating evil to the whole human race, evil which should hereafter be accomplished." Unless it can be accounted for as above, it surely is remarkable, that so strong a feature of the legend should, in the popular version of it, be so generally ignored, and that when it is required to account for the first proceeding mentioned in the common legend, the withholding of fire by Zeus, which led to the daring exploit of Prometheus. It is singular too, as shewing the tendency to exalt the hero's claims to human gratitude, that to him is given the credit of introducing the pleasures of hope into the human breast, while according to another part of the legend, amidst the general dispersion over the world of suffering and disease, by Pandora's agency, Hope alone remained in the cask where she had been imprisoned with them.*

But my object now is not so much to discuss the legend itself, as to view it with reference to the two phases of it given by Æschylus and Shelley, which have generally been held to be distinct. Of the secondary reasons for the wide spread knowledge of the Promethean story, there can be no doubt that we shall find the chief in the noble work of the former poet, the *Prometheus Bound*. As regards plot, and the accessory elements of tragic interest,

* Can any one read me this riddle of Hope's remaining while the rest were scattered abroad? If Hope staid among men, surely disease was banished from them—if diseases were spread among them, surely Hope was kept from them under lock and key.

this play is far inferior to some of the other works which antiquity has handed down to us,—it involves an episode which is worked out to an extent certainly not warranted by its connexion with the main story,—but, after all, the grand poetry which it contains, and the surpassing interest of its central figure have always found a response in those who could say with the poet,

“Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.”

Most of my readers are aware that, besides the play in question, *Æschylus* produced another, entitled the *Prometheus Unbound*, which, with the exception of a few valuable fragments, is unfortunately lost to us. We know however how the story was worked out. In the extant play *Prometheus* is severely tortured to drive him to disclose a secret,—which is several times hinted at, but which he refuses to divulge till he is released from his bonds,—of a marriage by which *Zeus* would beget a son that should be stronger than himself. In the sequel, he revealed the secret, which was to the effect that the goddess *Thetis*, who was then looked to as the probable partner of *Zeus*' throne, would bring forth a son who should be stronger than his father, and consequently *Zeus* espoused her to a mortal, *Peleus*, by whom she had *Achilles*. *Prometheus* was then released from his captivity.

There can be no doubt that after the loud boastings of his courage which we have in the *Prometheus Bound*, this is an unsatisfactory catastrophe, derogating greatly from the dignity of human nature as shadowed forth in the great representative of the race. Such was the feeling which induced the poet *Shelley* to carry on the work which *Æschylus* had begun, to what appeared to him its legitimate conclusion. The poem thus produced is one of exceeding beauty, though to be read with some degree of caution; for, knowing the scepticism of its author, we cannot but feel that in some of the strongest exclamations against the empire of Heaven, there is a sneer, if nothing worse than a sneer, at all religious belief. The plot is simply told:—*Prometheus* patiently endures his fate, and by his suffering becomes the redeemer of the race; *Zeus* is dethroned by his child *Demogorgon*, as he himself dethroned *Kronos*; they dwell together in darkness; no successor is appointed to the throne of *Olympus*; no more are men to be held in thrall by the capricious power of cruel gods, but are themselves henceforth to live as gods, the new era being

ushered in by the downfall of *Zeus*, and the consequent liberation of *Prometheus*. The accessories of the play form its greatest beauties, and serve well to set off the simpler grandeur of the main plot.

But my object in this paper is rather to show that in this treatment of the subject *Shelley*, though diverging considerably from the plot of the lost play of *Æschylus*, does in fact only work out what we have plain hints of in the *Prometheus Bound*. The points on which the latter turns are, as I conceive, the following: *Prometheus* is enchained for having stolen the fire of *Zeus*, and given it to mortals (7*); as their great benefactor he is looked upon as the champion and deliverer of their kind (235); but he has also been on the closest terms with the Heavenly Ruler himself—for it was by his counsels that the latter had consigned *Kronos* to the murky depths of *Tartarus*, and seized upon his throne (219 follg). The first cause of quarrel was that *Zeus*, anxious to secure an unmolested empire, held thoughts of destroying the race of men altogether, and creating a new one (232), and in his division of power, gauging everything by the rule of self-interest, “took no count of hapless mortals” (230). *Prometheus* alone of all his counsellors ventured to oppose his plans (234), and rescued men from utter destruction. From this his own account, and that of *Hermes*, who, later in the play, taunts him with bringing himself into this harbourage of woes by his own stubborn and rebellious course (964), it would seem that the theft of fire was but the open accusation, on which the punishment was based, the actual cause being the gratification of *Zeus*' revenge. He perseveres in his defence of men, and in his contempt for the ingratitude of *Zeus*, spite of all the tortures which his foe can heap upon him (1003), and the play ends with an appeal to Earth and Heaven to witness the injustice of the sufferings which he undergoes.

Now to turn to our other author. The key-note of *Shelley*'s play is struck in the first scene, where *Prometheus* from his station in the bleak ravine of the Caucasian mountains, calls upon the “monarch of all Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits but One,” to

regard this Earth

Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requiest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,

* The numerals refer to the lines in Dindorf's text.

And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
 With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
 Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
 Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
 O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
 Three thousand years of sleep—unsheltered hours,
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs
 Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
 Scorn and despair,—these are mine empire.
 More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
 From thine unenvied throne, O mighty God!
 Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
 Of thine ill tyranny.

(The allusion to the ingratitude of Zeus occurs again,

I gave all
 He has; and in return he chains me here
 Years, ages, night and day.)

The curse in Scene i. is expressed in language which, in an author writing in a Christian age, cannot be deemed less than blasphemous. Still it finds to a certain extent a parallel in the pages of Æschylus. Take for instance,

Believe me, Zeus, though stubborn-hearted, still
 Shall be brought low. (907)
 And stumbling on such woes himself shall learn
 'Twixt slaves and sovereigns what a gulph is fixed. (926)
 Pray on!—and court the sov'reign of the day!
 For naught care I for Zeus, or for his power
 Yea! less than naught. Let Him e'en as he will
 Lord it thro' this, his brief career of empire,
 For, be assured, not long shall he hold sway
 Amongst the Gods of Heaven. (937)

Prometheus is throughout the champion of mortals, and not only so, but, as it were, their representative. He is the one

At whose voice Earth's pining sons uplifted
 Their prostrate brows from the polluting dust,
 And our Almighty tyrant with fierce dread
 Grew pale, until His thunder chained thee here.

He is

The Champion of Heaven's slaves,
 The Saviour and the strength of suffering men.

(So Æschylus speaks of him as one
 Who helping mortals for himself earned pains.)

He, who when bent by many sufferings and woes was to escape from his bonds (512), escapes them not by the grace and favour of Zeus, but by the final triumph of patient endurance, and by the cessation of Zeus' power. He bids the furies "pour out the cup of pain," and laughs to scorn "their power, and His who sent them." And at last his enemy is cast down from his lofty throne; the triple fates and ever-mindful Furies (516), whose power is to prove his master (930), overtake him with their vengeance: Prometheus having kept the secret, by keeping of which he was to escape from his torturing chains (525),* is triumphantly set at liberty, therein fulfilling the confident expectation of the Chorus that the time would come even yet, when released from his bonds he should become no less powerful than Zeus himself (500). As it was a son of Zeus, who bound him to the "Eagle-baffling mountain," so it is a son of Zeus who delivered him thence,—the former by his mother's side connected with the gods, the latter by ties of blood and feeling sympathizing with men,—while the former monarch of gods and men appeals to him as "monarch of the world."

I think I have said enough to shew that I have some ground for maintaining that Shelley in his treatment of the subject has not departed from the path which his pioneer had marked out. Passages there are, some of which I have quoted, which appear to me quite inconsistent with the catastrophe of the common legend, though it would be absurd in us to accuse Æschylus of such inconsistency, without knowing how the plot was, in the last play of the Promethean trilogy, worked round to the desired end. I wish my commendation of the whole work could be more unreserved. Its poetry, its imagery quite justify Sandy Mackaye's eulogy, "Ay, Shelley's gran"; there is about the play with its combination of classic and modern veins of poetry an inexpressible charm: but there is a dangerous spirit lurking in it which would sap at the root of all religious

* I am not certain about the meaning I have put upon this passage: if it be correct, I can only explain it as alluding to the destruction of the power of Zeus by means of the marriage with Thetis, the result of which Prometheus alone foreknew.

belief.* Now it takes the form of Pantheism—now it borders more upon absolute Atheism—but throughout evinces a stubborn opposition to the will of the Supreme Being, which justifies the comparison,—which the author to a certain extent challenges in his introduction,—with the Satan of the *Paradise Lost*. But to any one who can exercise due discrimination in rejecting the chaff, I can promise a great treat in the reading of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*.

* There is one passage in this play, which will, I think, throw some light upon the cause of Shelley's estrangement from all belief in the truth of Christianity. It is in the first act:

Remit the anguish of that lighted stare;
Close those wan lips; let that thorn-wounded brow
Stream not with blood; it mingles with thy tears!
Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and death,
So thy sick throes shake not that crucifix.

* * * * * I see, I see
The wise, the mild, the lofty, and the just,
Whom thy slaves hate for being like to thee,
Some hunted by foul lies from their hearts' home
. . . Some linked to corpses in unwholesome cells:
Some . . . impaled in lingering fire.



ARIADNE.

1.

SHE sat upon a mass of cold-grey stone
Worn with the rough caresses of the wave,
She heard no more the billows' hissing groan
The vengeful murmur of the sea-god's slave.
Across the deep one bright-oar'd galley drove
One cloud all-glorious lay athwart the sun;
She heard the sea-mew fluttering to his cave,
She heard the shrill cry of his mate, alone
She sat unmated,—the forsaken one.

2.

Smooth spread the sea for many a weary mile
Blue-gleaming far as human eye might reach,
The little wavelets dimpled to a smile,
And brake in kisses on the sparkling beach.
Above the south-wind muttering did beseech
And threaten, in low tones o'er crag and scar,
Until it sank at length o'er-powered, and each
Rude ocean-sweeping blast retired from war,
And, sighing, died along the deep afar.

3.

Now Silence, loved of Sleep, mild-visaged king,
Following the footsteps of departing light,
Close wrapped in cloud swept down on noiseless wing,
And all the earth grew dim before his sight.
White vapours hid the ocean's slumbering might,
—The veil of Aphrodite soft and warm,
As beautiful as when sun-flushed and bright
Its folds first wreathed around her rising form—
Her silver shield—her close defence from harm.

4.

And she—the kingly born, the fair of face,
 Old Minos' daughter, Ariadne,—she
 Sat gazing forward o'er the trackless space,
 —The wind-swept bosom of the mighty sea—
 Silent she sat, her hand upon her knee,
 Across her face a deepening shade of pain,
 Her hair about her bosom floating free,
 Mourning for him who crossed the heaving main
 Departing—never to return again.

“M. B.”

STEETLEY RUINED CHURCH, DERBYSHIRE.

An ivy-mantled ruin, yet still fair,
 With carved device and arch of Norman mould,
 That mark a structure consecrate of old
 To holy offices of praise and prayer:
 But who shall say when last was gather'd there
 By softly-tinkling bell the scatter'd fold,
 Or sacred anthem to the skies hath roll'd
 Save from the light-wing'd choristers of air?
 Roofless the aisle is left, the altar lone,
 Yet let none deem that from this still recess
 The God who once was worshipt there is gone.
 Still may the contrite heart its sin confess,
 Still thankful knees the green-turf'd chancel press,
 And He shall hearken on His holy throne.

“C.”



THE QUESTIONIST'S DREAM.

THERE goes six o'clock! no train now till twelve! so
 I'm booked, it seems, to spend a Christmas Eve in
 Cambridge. It was with anything but the complacent feelings
 which are generally supposed to follow in the train of self-
 sacrifice and the keeping of a good resolution that I made
 these ejaculations. The prospect was not pleasant. An
 empty wine-glass reminded me that a friend had just left
 me to go down by the six o'clock train. It was a miserable
 night, muggy, misty, unwholesome: it was a surplice night
 too, and I had just missed chapel. I was one of about
 seven remaining undergraduates. The others had all gone.
 How glad Smith was to 'bolt' as he called it! What joys
 had not Jones depicted in his pleasant home up in the
 North! How that wretch Robinson would persist in pitying
 me. Never mind, I shall live to be envied. No, I didn't
 much mind all that; but there were all Mr. Todhunter's
 treatises glaring at me and reminding me that I was a
 Questionist, and that a week hence I should be in the—
 well, it was not a pleasant thought, I did not care to continue
 it, but there was no doubt about it, I was a questionist,
 and I was miserable.

If the present was not agreeable, still less was the future.
 To-night, reading a-bed; to-morrow, breakfast, chapel,
 with holly and all its suggestions: after chapel, a blank
 till hall; then unpleasant reminders of the season in the
 shape of mince-pies (not home made), then a blank, then
 evening chapel, then a final blank, then bed-time. What
 a succession of blanks: what a violation of all the laws of
 Christmas time! I never thought to have been so like that
 fictitious relative of Viola's. Nor shall I be in one respect.
 She never told her calamity, whereas I do mine, partly;
 moreover, she had only one blank to complain of, while
 I had three, at least.

Well, but virtue, and self-sacrifice, and all that sort of thing: would, or could not they come to the rescue? not they: I only staid up because I was afraid I should be plucked. It would have been a much more meritorious action to have gone down, and I knew it, and felt humiliated accordingly. The idea of praising a man who wants to be Senior Wrangler, as Smith did, or wooden spoon, as I did, for sticking to his work! A Senior Op, now, deserves some credit. Why should he have worked for an ignoble mediocrity? He has no conceivable motive, nothing can account for such a phenomenon but an innate instinct of industry. Thus you see I could not console myself by putting my mind on its back, so to speak, for any extraordinary virtue. Then again, as regarded expediency, would it not have been better to have taken a rest? A week? At least a day? what a pleasant day it might have been! what a pleasant Christmas I had spent last year! What a roaring fire! And the old yule-log too, and the country-dance, and the blind-man's-buff, and the forfeits, and the misletoe, and that charming little—oh! good heavens: something must be done: here's Hymers' 'Three Dimensions.

"The osculating plane at any point of a curve is that which has closer contact with the curve than any other plane passing through the same point." "An osculating plane cuts the curve unless its contact be of an odd order." "The condition for a contact of the third order of an osculating plane is

$$\frac{d^2z}{dx^2} \frac{d^3y}{dx^3} = \frac{d^2y}{dx^2} \frac{d^3z}{dx^3} "$$

"When a curve in space is a plane curve, the plane in which it is situated is the osculating plane at every point."

Very good—I must master this before I read further. Rather odd though, that! an odd number of kisses better than an even! I began to picture to myself an osculating plane. I flatter myself I have a considerable power of concentration, and at last, forgetting the weather, the chapel, the mince-pies, the six o'clock train, and even the approaching New-year's day, I lost myself completely in my subject.

I seemed to see before me a fair and beautiful maiden, clothed in white, bearing in her right hand a sprig of misletoe. On her head she wore a circular coronet: her shoes were delicate white satin ellipses of considerable eccentricity. From her classical hat streamed back two winged

hyperbolas: from a white neck her neck-chain streamed down in a curve which, I need scarcely say, was a catenary: her blue sash, pinned by a brooch, in the form of a logarithmic spiral, fell into folds so lovely, that in them none could fail to discern the line of beauty: upon it was written, "Mathematics made easy." She stood before me with her arm flung gracefully round a man, in whom I thought I recognised —, well, modesty bids me to conceal what truth would fain have me proclaim.

I was gazing entranced on this beauteous apparition, when a chilly creeping shiver made me conscious of the proximity of a new neighbour. Inclined at an angle of about eighty degrees to the horizon, and leaning somewhat heavily on the arm of a gentleman, in whose features I thought I noted a strong resemblance to—, surely there can be no harm in mentioning the name of a gentleman who keeps in the New Court, up two pair of stairs, and is the author of very many compendious Mathematical treatises—but I won't though—for I hate personalities—leaning then on the arm of a gentleman, who shall be nameless, and who stood exalted on a vast volume, on the back of which I caught a glimpse of the word Variations, was an elderly female. Her arms were what is commonly called a-kimbo: but to my mind they resembled those jointed bars connected by an elastic string, spoken of in page 309, of the *Analytical Statics*, and were painfully suggestive in their motions, of virtual velocities. Depending from her two hands was a rigid rod: her shoes were black leather triangles, her long limp robe might be roughly described as a prism, her head-dress consisted of one of those black cylinders usually worn by the male sex: emblazoned on her breast was a diagram of the Pons Asinorum. Her eyes are best described by Mr. Harvey Goodwin as spherical, the front part being more convex than the rest: eyes, whose dull confusive glare seemed to betoken an absence of the "pigmentum nigrum," and from whose "retina" no gleam of compassion had ever been reflected. Before and around the female went a piteous cry, as of the hissing of innumerable geese, forcibly deprived of their plumage. Upon the cylinder supported by her head, was this label, "Mathematics made difficult."

Both figures stretched out their hands to me, as though each was appealing for my sympathy—against her rival—I shuddered as the rigid inelastic rod fell with a thud on the inelastic floor, and as I looked with admiration toward

the fairer form, the other faded from my gaze. Describing the most graceful of parabolas, the lady in white projected herself through the air toward me, and said, "Dear, dear Philocalus, you are now under my tuition: my fees are osculations: my realms the flowers: the clouds and the seas, my subjects: the mathematical elves and fairies, of whom, as yet, you poor Cambridge-men know nothing. You are now reading, I know, for the mathematical tripos, though that is not exactly the sort of examination I should, of choice, desire for my pupils; yet I will proceed at once to fit you for it, to the best of my power. Let our first lecture be on osculating planes."

I looked whither the maiden waved her hand, and saw a nymph, the fairest (but one) that it was ever my good fortune to set eyes upon. If she had a fault, it was, that she was so lithe and slender and fairy-like, that an over-critical eye might have almost called her linear; her ringlets streamed in a lovely curve through the air; she too, as well as my new teacher, bore a sprig of mistletoe; but there was a strange wild magical look about her whole demeanour which I could not account for, till my instructress said, with a smile, "You see the witch of Agnesi." I looked again, and up from the horizon peered a strange thin looking creature, who approached the enchantress: her attraction was evidently too powerful for him: nearer and yet nearer he came, till at last, with a laugh and "three cheers for the mistletoe," he kissed her, methought, somewhat roughly. Be that, however, as it may, his body instantly assumed a different and more definite appearance. I am not much of an artist, nor is it, I believe, the custom of *The Eagle* to allow illustrations: but if the Printer can trace the following lines, this was the appearance of the three limbs which constituted his body:

$$\frac{x' - x}{\frac{dx}{dt}} = \frac{y' - y}{\frac{dy}{dt}} = \frac{z' - z}{\frac{dz}{dt}}.$$

"Oh," said the big creature, "I must and will have another kiss." In vain the poor enchantress writhed dissent: he kissed a second time. A piteous shriek rent the air, and from a bleeding gash in the poor girl's cheek streamed a torrent of blood. "This is my sad fate," cried she, "after the second kiss my plane lovers always cut me." "But I," said the old Caliban, "will never cut you." "Oh," said she, angry at his stupidity, "why not have contented yourself

with a single kiss: but now, at least, let the contact be of the third—"Ha! shop! I don't allow such words as contact," interrupted my instructress. "Then kiss me dear, plane one, kiss me," said the witch, "a third time." The monster trembled with delight: his body had once more changed at the second kiss, and now his three new huge limbs: {it will be useful for you to recognise them, reader, so I'll draw them: they are something like one another; one was like this,

$$(y'z'' - z'y'')(X - x);$$

the other like this, $(z'x'' - x'z'')(Y - y);$

and the third like this,

$$(x'y'' - y'x'')(Z - z)\}.$$

Each of his three ugly limbs, I say, trembled with pleasure as he stooped a third time to kiss the bleeding maiden, when suddenly my instructress a second time interposed, "Ha!" cried she, "three kisses! then there is a condition." "Any condition shall be fulfilled," bellowed the infatuated old lover. "Done," said the other, "'tis a hard one, though, see that you twist your ugly limbs till you make that one there $\left(\frac{d^2z}{dx^2} \cdot \frac{dy^3}{dx^3}\right)$ of the same size as this, $\left(\frac{d^2y}{dx^2} \cdot \frac{dz^3}{dx^3}\right)$." "Oh! how awkward," said poor Caliban, "but I'll try:" and he did it. But when he stooped with his poor contorted limbs to imprint the third kiss, the witch, evidently affected, cried out, "oh! kiss me not at all, or all in all, why can we not always be kissing?" "Agreed," cried the monster; when, for the third and last time, my mistress interposed. "So be it, my fair lady, provided you are ready, take all the consequences of your union: for know, in order to wed your plane lover, you will have to sacrifice all your good looks, and rumple your charming dress and pretty ringlets, and become perfectly plane yourself: then again you will have to leave your pleasant mountain air and elope with him to some flat country or other, (I should recommend the steppes of Ex-wye or Wye-zed as most convenient): there, and there only, can you enjoy perpetual love: and now," turning to me, "my dear pupil, my first lecture is over: were you to live a hundred years hence, when mathematics will be made easy, just like theology, and all that sort of thing, and everybody will be able to talk about them and criticise them without any trouble, then you would have more fellow-students; but now, farewell my only pupil,

and forget not osculating planes." "And now you two, will you be married or not? You will? Presto!"

It was done: down came the curve and plane together with a clang: the port from my broken wine-glass dripped across my knees, and I awoke, to remember that I was a Questionist.

Reader, good bye, forgive me this amount of shop. If I speak shop in the hope of preventing shop, abolishing shop for the future, is it not well done? May the reign of my instructress soon arrive, may the time soon come when there shall be no other levers but pokers, the oar, and the human arm, (perhaps also we may except the handle of the common pump) when there shall be no friction or elasticity but on billiard-tables, and every screw shall be done away but the cork-screw; when violets, roses, cockle-shells, cirrhus clouds, and waves, shall expel Mr. Todhunter's books. And lastly, reader, remember my dream better than I remembered it myself. How could I think of the pretty white dress when I looked up at that statue of Pitt in the Senate-House? How could I think of the fair enchantress and the devoted Caliban, and those dainty elliptical slippers, when Aldis was close by me, grinding for life and death: when Proctors were looking to see that I was not 'cribbing,' when Stentorian examiners shouted time: or Boning rushed impetuously over the matting, scattering papers and misery around him. Woe is me! I forgot the condition for the third kiss. Else haply I had not now need to subscribe myself—

"THE PLUCKED ONE."



HOMER ODYSS: V. 43—75.

THUS he spake, and attending the slayer of Argus obeyed him: Straightway under his feet he clasped his beautiful sandals, Fashioned of gold, divine, that over the watery sea-swell,— Over the land's dim tracts bare him on with the speed of the storm-wind.

Seized he anon the rod wherewith the eye-lids of mortals, Whomso he will, he seals, or from death's dark slumber awakes them;—

Grasped it in either hand, and in might sped forth on his pinions.

First on Pieria lighting, he swooped from heaven upon ocean;— Skimmed o'er the curving waves, as skims the cormorant o'er them, When in the perilous gulphs of the wastes that know not a harvest, Bent on its finny prey, it dips thick plumes in the sea-brine;— So rode Hermes, upborne on the billows crowding around him.

But when he reached the isle that lies in the distance, afar off, Forth he stepped from the sea deep-violet-hued, to the mainland, Wending his way till he came to a mighty cave, where the goddess Bright with fair tresses dwelt, and he found her abiding within it.

High up-piled on the hearth a huge fire blazed, and the fragrance

Breathed afar o'er the isle, of logs of cedar and citron, Easily cleft by the axe; and with sweet voice warbled the goddess, Plying the loom, and with needle of gold her broidery wove she.

Circling the cave around had grown a far-spreading forest, Alders and silvery poplars and fragrant cypress, and in them, Drooping their trailing plumes, the birds of the air found a shelter, Falcons and owls and mews; that, with long-drawn shriek, o'er the billows

Ply their watery toil; and close to the cavernous hollow Flourished a well-tilled vine, and bloomed on it thickly the clusters: There too, in order due, four fountains, one by another, Flowed in runnels pellucid, meandering hither and thither: Far stretched the velvet meads with violets bright and with parsley. E'en an immortal there might gaze and wonder in gazing, Gladdened in heart at the sight: so, standing, wrapt in amazement, Lingered the messenger god, great Hermes, slayer of Argus.

"C. S."



OF MAN,

AND MORE PARTICULARLY THAT STAGE OF HIS LIFE
CALLED THE FRESHMAN'S.

READER, if on seeing the heading of these pages your mind awakes to the expectation, that it is some Verdant that addresses you, fresh from the victimisation of his college career; if you conceive a panorama of cups, tandems, plucks, and more of the unrealities of an University man's life; if you expect that I, though veiled in the incognito offered me by the select pages of *The Eagle*, am doomed to take the Addenbrooke Hospital for Trinity, and the University Press for a Church; or, again, if your mind wanders off to the dread visions of my being screwed into my rooms by some jealous rival, or to the thrilling adventures of a long vacation in the Alps—I will answer, I will tell you, that I do not believe in extremes, that I mean to narrate my own homely personal adventures to whoever will listen to them, unpervaded by the odour either of washy sanctity or unmixed claret-cup. First however allow me to remark that the personal pronoun, I shall adopt, does not extend any further in its experiences, than the pages of *The Eagle*. It was a soft October afternoon, when I stepped out on to the platform of the Cambridge station, and having somewhat reluctantly consigned my luggage to the opening mouth of a dry torrent—which like the stream of Alpheus, forcing its way beneath waves of steam, and ships that cleave the air, rises to surface again and presents its varied offerings to the goddess Granta—with an air of perfect ease I stepped into an omnibus and said “to S. John's.” How vain it is to set up as being better than we are! I was a freshman, and I knew it; and yet I thought no one else was

aware of the fact. The conductor smiled—such a smile have I seen on the face of a master, who hath put me on in a lesson, which I have not known—and said “If you please, Sir, ‘t’other’ bus is for S. John's.” I got out, and giving my luggage into the other bus, determined to avoid any further mistake by walking up. I say ‘walking’ but I rather ran, for I felt that in me which told me I was like to miss my dinner. True that I did not know my way, but I thought one way would be as good as another, as the town seemed all in one direction, and I remembered one or two of the landmarks from a previous visit. I smiled with pity for freshmen in general, as I past the Press, thought of Ruskin as I past King's Chapel which stood like a plumed hearse awaiting the end of Paterfamilias and Matthew Johnson; on I went between the Asiatic luxury of Mr. Beamont, and the European simplicity of Mr. Lightfoot, the Sestos and Abydos of Trinity, till I reached the gate of S. John's, and there for the first time I remembered that I was nude of Academical equipment. How could I dine without them? Impossible, and yet I must confess that I was only partially sorry at having forgotten these indispensables to a freshman's furniture; nay I took it as a proof that I was no common freshman, inasmuch as I was not subject to the usual weakness of wearing my gown at all hours, and on all occasions. Anyhow I lost my dinner and bought my gown. Once more returning I enquired for my rooms of the porter, “No. 20 letter X, new court,” he rattled out, without looking off his book, and I started in quest; in about half-an-hour I discovered them, and proceeded to take a survey. They consisted of four walls, as many doors, and a few chairs, also two tables rather the worse for wear, and a bookcase which proclaimed an occupant of somewhat limited researches. All were painted with a fine stone-coloured paint, shewing an utter want of taste on the part of the decorator, and of great patience and contentment on the part of my predecessor. At least so I thought.

My first thought was to discover the object of these doors. The first I opened satisfied all my difficulties; it led to a little room, set round with cupboards, in which I discovered a dapper little man, who addressed me by my name, and asked me if I wanted anything. Now the first impulse of the genus freshman on seeing anything approaching to a bedmaker, scout or gyp, is to expect to be legged and chiselled, or as the Romans elegantly express it, “de-

artuatus atque deruncinatus," to an extent hitherto unparalleled; in fact I have often thought that Plautus was alluding to the word 'gyp' when he used deruncinatus, 'crane' and 'gyp' being synonymous; however that may be, I politely declined assistance, and proceeded to unpack box after box myself, thereby incurring much discomfort, all to no purpose. My chief care was to dispose views of my late school in becoming order round my rooms, to hang my foot-ball cap on the chimney-piece, and to lay a handsomely bound copy of my School magazine on the table. This done I felt myself the public school man. And here let me remark the difference in advantages and disadvantages between the generality of men who come up from a public school or from home, or even a private tutor. What for instance are the feelings of the public schoolboy, as the echo of the first step that he places on the Cambridge platform proclaims him a "man"? technically so called? Perhaps it was only yesterday that he answered to his name in School calling over, only yesterday that he was leading on his house to victory in a foot-ball match, only yesterday that he debated with puny eloquence some question of the privileges of the sixth over the rest of the school; yesterday he was head of his house with half-a-dozen fags, obedient to his call and delighted to speak even to him; or perhaps again it was only to-day that he attended his last service in the chapel, the organ chaunt is still pealing in his ears, the words of his head-master still echoing in his heart, as he has dismissed him with the thrilling words "Quit you like men, be strong." To-day he feels as it were a link between the present and the past, to-morrow he will be as of the past, and what he feels more than ever, his school will be judged by him. He has come up with his heart expanded by school and house feeling, he has had it satisfactorily proved to him in his miniature Debating Society that Mahomet and Blue-beard were good men, and has gravely argued the advantages of narrow-mindedness in an imitation Union.

It is true that he comes up with a certain pride and priggishness of conversation, anxious to press his own heroes upon all society, but does not that somewhat argue that the "spell of school affection has drawn his love from self apart"? To sum up all the school-boy "by a vision splendid is on his way attended." "At length a man he sees it die away, and fade into the light of common day." But how does the other freshman? He comes up fresh from home, probably with no independence of sentiment, with a feeling that it

is his object to gain a high degree, or that he will have failed in his college career. At least this is the only teaching that will have been imprest upon him by the system to which he has been subjected; if he has other feelings they will be accidental to, not consequent upon, his former education. This is his misfortune, not his fault, and while perhaps he may be, and often is, superior to a public school man in simplicity of purpose, and purity of thought; yet on the whole he is generally, if he works, a slave to his books; if he is idle, a prey to a weak idea of fastness; in other words he has not the idea of public feeling to keep him up. And how, it may be asked, is public feeling to be kept up? Chiefly by such institutions as the boats, the rifle corps, and College cricket, for it is seldom that one finds a good College oar, or a member of a College eleven, unwilling to rejoice if one of his College have come out Senior Wrangler or Senior Classic. Witness the shouts in the Senate-House, when the respective tripos' are read out, shouts which tell of the union of gown and jersey, chapel and river. What means "muscular religion"? is a question I have often been asked, and all I can answer is that certain men have seen, how public feeling appeals to our hearts, and how the excitement of dashing along the banks of the river by the side of our College eight, is wont to evoke that sentiment.

But to return—these remarks have taken long to put upon paper, but I can assure you, reader, that they did not take long to go through my brain, as I past through our courts early next morning, duly arrayed in cap and gown, to chapel. I stopt for a moment hoping to find some architectural beauty on the exterior, but not longer. One glance was enough, and I entered. Ah! why did I not remark, that the rest wore surplices, I a gown. What hallucination had seized me? I rushed out and returned to my rooms, having again unmistakeably pronounced myself a Freshman. On returning I ate my breakfast, and then proceeded to call upon my tutor, not aware of the illegality I was committing; he however received me with great cordiality and informed me what lectures I had to attend, what fines I might possibly incur, to what mortals I was to doff my cap, and which of my co-freshmen I might best consort with. What struck me most in Mr. Alderman, was the entire falseness and absurdity of the general notion with regard to Dons. The real Don as described in *Julian Home* and other nursery tales is a rara avis in these days, a bird which when seen

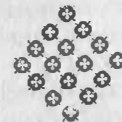
is usually shot at, whose only food is bitter chaff, and whose race consequently has become almost extinct. At least such is my short experience in this University. In the afternoon I took care to go out a walk in order that my chimney-piece might be well filled with cards for the benefit of my co-freshmen, nor were my anticipations unrealised. There were the cards of Smith the head of my School, when I first went thither, and who was now a fellow of Trinity, of Peterkin who was head of the eleven two years ago, of Jones, who had systematically punted me, as long as he and I were school-fellows, and finally of three or four kind members of the College who are the first to call on every freshman who comes up, with more than disinterested motives, as I soon found to my cost. How bitterly I repented my little ambition as I returned these calls in every direction during the next week. However not yet aware of such trouble in store for me, I was pleased at the time, and freshman-like, arranged the cards on my looking-glass: this done I went to hall, where I was greeted with the usual amount of tracts on "Indigestion," "The dangers of a young man just entering the University," and other equally benevolent contributions both for mind and body. After dinner I was taken by a benevolent school-fellow to enter the Union, an advantage which I would recommend every freshman to secure instantly on his arrival, as it ensures a comfortable perusal of every periodical one can wish for, and also reminds the enthusiastic Johnian, that there are other Colleges besides his own. No less does it keep the other Colleges in mind that our College is still flourishing, a fact which our friends, the other side of the wall, are apt to forget.

Why need I attempt to describe my first essay at rowing? how after waiting a long time at Searle's I began to think of moving up the river, and happened to light upon Logan's; how I thought rowing the best exercise ever invented; how I kept looking on the bank at each of my school-fellows that chaffed me, and was rewarded for my pains by "Eyes on boat, two;" how after a few days I went in for some scratch fours, and spoilt the most promising boat that was in; how finally I did not row in the Races? Why need I attempt to describe the excitement of the University fours, the agonies of seeing our boat bumped, and the numerous explanations possible? Is it not written in *Tom Brown at Oxford*?

But my title proclaimed a higher object in writing than I seem to have attained; I was to write of man; I have

given the data, and you must draw your own conclusions of my definition of a man. For myself I would try to give a small sketch of an individual's qualifications to be called a man. "The man" then must have trodden the Cambridge platform, he must have "wet the whistle," to use a slang expression, of every conceivable letter, luggage, beer, or commons carrier in the College; he must have been to Matthew and Gent's, he must have walked along the Trumpington Road, the Via Sacra of Cambridge; he must have learnt to distinguish King's chapel from the church in Barnwell; he must know Dr. Whewell by sight, and he must have joined a boat-club. Then and not till then may he call himself a man, and till he has served his year of probation he is doomed, no fate can avoid it, to remain, (why should he wish otherwise?) a freshman.

"R."



OUR CHRONICLE.

LENT TERM, 1861.

WE are glad to hear of the satisfaction expressed by our non-resident friends and readers at the inauguration, in our last number, of this Chronicle of events passing in, or connected with the College. It is gratifying to us, not only as a token of the success of our efforts to render *The Eagle* acceptable to its Subscribers, but as showing that our opinion of the sustained interest in our doings felt by those who were formerly amongst us, was not unfounded, and that the true Johnian spirit of loyalty and patriotism is still as flourishing as ever. Such a spirit of fellow-feeling, connecting not only those who are simultaneously in residence, but those also of a previous academical generation, it is the peculiar privilege of an institution such as our College Magazine to sustain. The Boat Club, the Cricket Club, the Volunteer Corps, can necessarily only serve as a link of union between those who are actually together within our walls—but those who are absent from us can through the pages of our Magazine communicate with us and with each other, and each, in his turn, contribute, or receive pleasure, and, we hope, profit also. And we are anxious to lay the more stress upon this feature of our work, to induce those of our contributors especially who pass from amongst us, to remember that *The Eagle* may still be to them a vehicle through which they may keep up a connexion generally inwoven with many kindly memories. Many of them can, by so doing, confer great benefits upon their juniors who are still going through their curriculum. For instance, how much good might some of them gain from such hints on the duties and requirements of men preparing for Holy Orders, as some of the former could give from their own experience; “Advice to Young Curates,” not simply theoretical, as viewed from the student’s chair, but practical, as gathered from the daily round through the streets and

lanes of our great cities. Or what interest might be excited in those who are gathered from other parts of the kingdom, by a graphic description of some of our marts of commercial industry, by those whose labours have called them thither!—an article on a Welsh Coalpit which once appeared in our pages, is an example. Besides which, Johnians are spread not only over all the United Kingdom, but over all our Colonies: why should not our offshoots in India, or Australia, or Natal, follow the example of “Our Emigrant,” whose descriptions of New Zealand have been such a valuable addition to our pages? And by doing so, they would not only be conferring good, but would themselves be receivers as well as givers. Just as No. Two or Three, though fairly exhausted and ready to “shut up,” takes fresh strength and courage from the thought of those who are beside him on the bank, and watching with keen interest the issue of the race, and pulls manfully on till the louder and still louder cheers tell him that his “pluck” is repaid, and the bump made; so the Curate, when disheartened by the degradation which he sees around him, will be nerved afresh for his work by the thought that his old companions are watching his course with kindly eyes, and wishing him God-speed. And as the school-boy’s eye is quickened often in his holiday rambles by the thought of the account he has to give of them on his return, so the eye of “Our Emigrant,” ever on the watch for something of which he may give an account to his readers at home, will become more and more acute to observe the beauties of nature around him.

The first part of our task this term is a melancholy one. We have to add to the list of vacant fellowships another vacant by death. Mr. C. J. Newbery, graduated as third Wrangler in 1853, and was elected a Fellow of the College in 1854. For some years he acted as Assistant Tutor, and in that capacity his personal kindness won no less respect than his able lectures. But the main feature of his life as a Fellow was his readiness on all occasions to identify himself with the Undergraduates, and to enter with heart and soul into every scheme for the promotion of healthy exercise and relaxation. A Johnian eleven was not complete, unless he formed one of the number—and when the Volunteer movement spread so quickly over the country, he was most active in organising a distinct company of the members of this College, and as Captain of that Company himself, won golden opinions. His loss has been, and will even yet be severely felt among us. Mr. Newbery had been

appointed one of the Moderators for the year 1861, but his illness obliged him to relinquish the post, which was supplied by Mr. A. V. Hadley.

Though again denied the honour of heading the list of the Mathematical Tripos, our College has not proved a traitor to its ancient reputation. Of 29 of its members who went in, 12 are Wranglers, (5 of them in the first ten,) 9 are Senior Optimes and 8 Junior Optimes. The result of the Classical Tripos will not be known till after the time that *The Eagle* will be in our Subscribers' hands.

At the public examinations of the Students of the Inns of Court, held this term, the Council of Legal Education awarded the studentship of 50 guineas per annum to Mr. Henry Ludlow of this College.

The list of those who are in the first class in each year at the Christmas Examinations is subjoined:

Third year.		
Laing.	Williams, H. S.	Catton. —
Taylor, C.	Jones, W.	Fynes-Clinton.
Main, P. T.	Groves.	Cherrill.
Torry.	Whitworth.	Spencer.
Dinnis.		

Second year.		
Snowden.	Pooley.	Falkner.
Rudd.	Cotterill.	Rees.
Hockin.	Stevens.	

First year. (In the order of the Boards.)		
Lee-Warner.	Moss.	Creaser.
Burnett.	Terry.	Cutting.
Stuart.	Green.	Pearson.
Reed.	Smallpeice.	Proud.
Quayle.	Reece.	Robinson.
Barnes, J. O.	Ewbank.	Sutton.
Stuckey.	Meres.	Tinling.
Newton, H.	Clay, A. L.	Tomkins.
Hill.	Pharazyn.	Branson.
Baron, E.	Archbold.	

The Master and Seniors have given notice that there will be an Examination for Scholarships, commencing on Thursday, June 6th. This year four Minor Scholarships are to be awarded, of the value of £50. per annum, tenable for two years, or till election to a Foundation Scholarship;

and also an Exhibition of £40. per annum on the Duchess of Somerset's Foundation, tenable for four years. Candidates' names are to be sent in to the Master at least ten days before the commencement of the Examination.

We have already mentioned that No. 2 Company of the C. U. V. R. has sustained a severe loss in the death of its Captain. Lieutenant Scriven has also resigned, being no longer in residence. The new officers are Mr. W. D. Bushell, Captain; Mr. W. H. Besant, Lieutenant; and Mr. J. B. Davies, Ensign.

It will be seen by our list of Boat-Races, that our two Clubs have been, this term, moderately successful.

The Officers of the two Clubs for the present term, are:

Lady Margaret.

A. W. Potts, Esq., B.A., President.
R. L. Page, Treasurer.
D. S. Ingram, Secretary.
W. H. Tarleton, First Captain.
T. E. Ash, Second Captain.

Lady Somerset.

Rev. J. R. Lunn, M.A., President.
W. A. Whitworth, Secretary.
O. Fynes-Clinton, First Captain.
J. F. Rounthwaite, Second Captain.

An important Meeting was held in the Combination Room, on Thursday Evening, March 7th, for the purpose of agreeing to new Laws for the regulation of the Cricket Club. The Rev. W. C. Sharpe gave expression to the wish of the Master and Fellows to carry on the work they had begun, in setting apart a plot of ground for a Cricket Field, by promoting, to the best of their power, such schemes for securing healthy exercise and amusement for the Undergraduates, and themselves occasionally mingling with them in such sports. As nothing is yet definitely settled, we are obliged to postpone further details till our next Number, when we hope to give an account of the new constitution. The Club is, of course, to play hereafter on the College Ground.

The University Rifle Corps have met, as usual, for Battalion Drill once a-week, but their musters have been smaller than usual. On Wednesday, March 6th, they had

their first march out to Madingley, and went through various skirmishing evolutions.

The University Boat is, at the present time, in hard training. We are glad to hear that we are likely to have St. John's again represented in it, by Mr. W. H. Tarleton, the first Captain of the Lady Margaret Club.

The Cambridge University Musical Society has given one of its best Concerts this Term, in King's College Hall, which was kindly lent for the occasion, the Town Hall being destitute of stairs, and pending its removal. Mendelssohn's music to the "*Œdipus Coloneus*" was performed, with a second part, the programme of which was miscellaneous. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was one of the audience.

The University Pulpit has been held, during this Term, by the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, the Ven. Archdeacon France, B.D., and the Rev. T. J. Rowsell, M.A., all of this College.

The Vice-Chancellor has just received a munificent donation of £500., invested in the funds, from some friends of the late Ven. Archdeacon Hare, for the purpose of founding a Prize, to be called the "*Hare Prize*." It is to be given once in every four years, for the best Essay on some subject connected with the history or philosophy of Ancient Greece and Rome.

The Cambridge University Commissioners have just brought their labours to an end, by publishing the new Statutes of King's, Emmanuel, St. Peter's, Clare, Corpus Christi, and Downing Colleges.

Most of our readers will be aware, before this, of the great loss which the literary world has sustained by the death of Dr. Donaldson. A most able philologist, he was the one of modern scholars who, above all others, maintained abroad the reputation of English Scholarship, and his place amongst us it will be very difficult to fill. He had been appointed to examine for the Classical Tripos, so that the University has this year lost an Examiner for each Tripos by an untimely death. Dr. Donaldson was engaged, up to the commencement of his last illness, on a Greek-English Lexicon, which he has left uncompleted. This, and the re-editing of some of his older works, seem to have proved too much for his strength.

Just as we are going to press, we are able to record the award of University Scholarships. The Craven Scholar is Mr. R. K. Wilson, of King's College. The Porson Scholar is Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, of Trinity College. The Browne Scholar is Mr. W. H. Stone, of Trinity College.