A FORTNIGHT IN SICILY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

As you have done me the compliment to insert a previous letter in your valuable periodical, I venture to hope that a subject less hackneyed and probably more interesting, may also find a place in the lighter portion of your pages.

On the 24th of March, our party, consisting of five gentlemen and one lady, left Naples on board the 'Vatican' for Sicily.

To get out of the noisy, dusty, hot town of Naples, must be a matter of rejoicing I think to any traveller, particularly when on leaving he can sit in peace and quietness, and enjoy the lovely view which that bay and town afford. It was a beautiful bright clear day, the boy and girl in the little boat moored close by us had finished their Tarantella dance, and wished us a 'buon viaggio' when we bid adieu to the noisy quay of Santa Lucia and the picturesque Neapolitan fishermen. A forest of shipping passed, we were soon steaming quietly along, looking back at Naples and its environs edging that blue bay with their white line of houses, Castel St. Elmo above, and still towering higher the hill and monastery of the Camaldoli. The islands had quite a fairy appearance through the blue mist which always veils those enchanted waters. As we were bound for Messina, our course lay between the Isle of Capri and the promontory of Sorrento; off the Sorrentine foreland lie the Three Sirens, no longer 'multorum ossibus albos,' but none the less interesting for that. 'Difficiles *quondam*.' Capri is a lovely spot, the rocks and rocky mountains are tossed about in unusually wild and picturesque shapes; a favourite retreat for the English artist, there to paint and fall in romantic love with the island's pretty daughters; and so this fairy scene gradually faded off, the sun set in gorgeous colours, nature's curtain was drawn, and nothing remained but an unpleasant night in a small steamer.

In the early morning we passed Stromboli, and were fortunate enough to see the volcano in a very active state, the flames finding a vent some little way down on the north-east side of the mountain. Soon afterwards we found ourselves between Scylla and Charybdis, the former a huge rock on the Calabrian coast, the latter now marked only by the meeting of the currents round the north-east headland of Sicily; of these, as of the Sirens before, 'difficiles *quondam*.' About nine o'clock we entered the 'Zancle' of Messina; the town extends along the beach, a widish row of white houses with a low line of volcanic cliff and hill behind, Etna's snowy mass rising high to the left. We were soon on shore. 'Douane' troubles in these parts are now no more. It was Lady-day, and the town in a state of 'festa' and great ado. The 'brave' national guard marching in strong force, with a decided 'tiro' step; ladies in silks and mantillas hurrying to the churches, and lazzaroni feeling a decided right in demanding one's 'grani' on the Santa Madre's morning. I went to the church of the Annunziata, where the chief service was being performed, the music and singing were most peculiarly operatic. There is very little to interest in Messina; we accordingly took a carriage the same day and started off along the eastern coast, ringing and rattling away merrily. Across the blue straits, on our left, lay Rhegium and the Calabrian Coast; on our right, most picturesque lines and ridges of low mountain scenery, with frequent peeps of Etna; the villages we drove through presented the most miserable appearances, houses one-storied, windowless, and filthy; the road was unmistakeably Sicilian, taking us across a succession of dry torrent beds, and our travelling not of the easiest description; however the scenery was ample compensation for these little troubles, and as we approached Jiardini, a village lying under Taormina, the soft evening views were very beautiful. At Jiardini we arrived just as it was dark, and were deposited at a place which our vetturino called an hotel. No one who has not travelled in Sicily can form a just and fair idea of a Sicilian hotel in an out-of-the-way part of the country. The outside gave no signs whatever of life or lodging within, not a soul was moving; after we had threaded our way, one at a time, up a very narrow dirty alley, and then up a still narrower and still dirtier row of steps, we came to a low roofed cottage and knocked at the door; a being with a lantern appeared at the door, and was thunderstruck at seeing six 'forestieri.' We asked the way to the hotel, and found to our surprise we

were already at it. There was no other place of refuge, so we were obliged to take it for better or for worse; on asking for bed-rooms, he informed us he had one where he would immediately arrange six beds; there was one other in the house, but that was occupied by four of his own countrymen. When the being, whom I suppose I must call the landlord, found disgust getting the better of our amusement, and that there was a lady in the party, he suddenly bethought himself of a clever plan, and disappeared lantern and all in order to carry his idea into effect, leaving us in darkness, solitude, and amazement; in the course of a few minutes a grating door was heard gradually to open, and four ghost-like beings in night-shirts slunk across the passage in the direction of the kitchen, followed by the lantern'd Mercury, who acquainted us with the now not surprising intelligence, that another room was vacant; the four 'contadini' having been turned out in the most merciless way to seek a pillow where they could find one; four of us occupied those four deserted beds,—proh nefas!—and the other gentleman and his wife the other room. It was in vain I took our landlord and showed him the small animals hopping about in empty search after their departed sleepers; he brushed them off on to the floor, *un*killed, with a 'niente, niente, caro mio!' and off he ran to prepare *dinner*. A table was found, and a rough towel thrown over it in the passage; maccaroni prepared, enough to last a poor English family for a week, and afar off we saw a weird shaggy old hag fanning some blazing sticks, and over the sticks hanging in the smoke the last poor old hen, that ten minutes ago had gone off snugly to roost; this with black bread formed our repast, and I will only add that we laughed heartily over it. The night—'vate caret. *non* illacrymabilis.' The next day was bright and lovely, and we set off to walk up the mountain to Taormina, the ancient Tauromenium; a stiff hour's ascent brought us to the old picturesque town; the people stared as though not much accustomed to tourists; the pigs that lay at the cottage door-steps even got up and grunted: one of the barbarians escorted us to the ancient theatre, which ranks as the next interesting sight in Sicily after the ruins of Girgenti, not only on account of the comparatively perfect state of its seats and orchestra, its pilasters and proscenium, but the grand and extensive view commanding the old town picturesquely situated on the mountain slope, Etna perfect and uninterrupted, below the blue bay, and far, far away the coast-land melting away in blue haze; besides this, the old tombs and

the church of S. Pancratius are of interest. We descended to our ever-memorable hotel and started off to Nicolosi, a village at the foot of Etna, a drive of some thirty-five miles. The views of Etna were grand, but the immediate country comparatively wanting in picturesque scenery; the route crossing streams of lava of various ages, through villages built entirely, houses, walls, churches, and everything else of lava, and by roads strikingly barbarian. Nicolosi is a miserable looking village, with a refuge but little better than that at Jiardini. I went off at once to Dr. Gemellaro, who is a sort of honorary guide, undertaking the arrangement of parties who ascend Etna, a well-informed kind fellow, whose aid and experience I would advise any one to take advantage of: he was glad to see 'Inglesi' once again, greedily snatched at any news we could tell him, and told us all would be ready at four o'clock the next morning.

Accordingly, early the next morning we started. I must tell you the usual time for ascending is in mid-summer at midnight, so as to see the sunrise from the summit; at that time of the year you can ride to the 'Casa Inglese,' which is a small refuge, only one hour's distance from the top, sleep there, and so make easy work of the excursion; but in early spring it is a far different matter, the Casa Inglese being entirely buried in snow, and the cold at night on the mountain intense. We accordingly started early, our company consisting of eight on mules and one on foot, with an escort of enquiring peasants until we were some way out of the village. The sunrise was splendid; we rode for three hours up a part of the mountain called the 'Bosco,' covered with scrubby oaks and a few pines, when the depth of the snow obliged us to dismount; here we fortified ourselves with cold fowls and eggs, and left our mules to await our return.

For three hours and a half we toiled up ridge after ridge of snow, passing over the left shoulder of Monte Agnola, the views getting gradually more extensive, not perfectly clear but extremely grand; this brought us to the bottom of the cone, and now the worst was to come, the ascent being very steep and slippery over mixed snow and ashes, with a furious wind blowing. In fifty minutes we were at the lip of the crater, and heartily did we congratulate our heroic fair one on the feat she had accomplished; we were the first to tread those snows this year, and I doubt if any lady at all has ever made the ascent so early as the month of March, saving the Two Unprotected Females who have published their exploit.

We could not stay long at the summit, as the wind and storm of ashes were intolerable, but soon made a rapid descent. The crater of Etna is somewhat larger than that of Vesuvius, with a great deal of snow-drift inside, and a small current of sulphurous steam much less fitful than that of Vesuvius. The last eruption of any importance was that of 1852. The lava streams are on a far larger scale than those of Vesuvius, very broad and extending into the country in some cases a marvellous distance; all round the base of the mountain are numerous conical hillocks, each with its extinct crater in the centre, and from its shape very unmistakeable. I would strongly advise every one, from the painful experience we have had, to protect his face against the Etna winds; in fact, the excursion is much better made from Catania than from Nicolosi, as at the former place better guides are found and every necessary attentively supplied; the landlord of the Corona hotel knowing the mountain well.

From Nicolosi we went down to Catania with faces blistered and swollen; the peasants knew well enough what we had done, and I heard some remark as we passed "Eccoli dal fuoco." Catania is a large town, with a population of sixty-five thousand, so that here we found more civilized accommodation. The place has suffered much in various ways, and has a wretched look about it; they say it never escapes thirty years without being visited either by a lava stream, an earthquake, or a plague; and certainly the houses with their cracked walls and columns declining from the vertical, speak very plainly of their contiguous enemy. The town was in a great measure destroyed by the eruption of 1669, when the present mole was formed by the lava stream pouring down into the sea.

The cathedral and churches are too much spoilt by white-wash to be interesting. The old Greek theatre is tolerably perfect, its seats made of lava telling of Etna's performances in olden times. The shape of the Odeum is quite traceable, and some small part remains. The amphitheatre they say was on an enormous scale, larger than the Coliseum at Rome, but it is so built over, that now it is difficult to form an opinion. The Monastero de' Benedettini is worth a visit; its escape from the lava was almost miraculous, the stream having changed its course just as it reached the walls of the building. The organ and carved wood in the church are very fine.

From Catania we drove to Syracuse, a distance of forty-five miles. The scenery down the southern half of the

eastern coast is not so fine as the northern; here and there isolated spots are very picturesque, but there is a great deal of plain and marsh land; we crossed the Simæthus, and saw Theocritus' oleanders and prickly pears flourishing in all their primæval beauty; our road lay through Lentini, the ancient Leontini, but here we did not stop, as there is nothing of interest saving one old ruin of which little or nothing is known; crossing the ridge of hills at the back of Lentini, and leaving Augusta to our left, we soon came in sight of Syracuse. The high road runs straight across the site of the ancient town to the Island of Ortygia, on which stands the modern city, a mass of white houses, and narrow streets with a thickly crowded population, surrounded by fortifications with a network of wall, and drawbridges between the island and the mainland. Of the other four great divisions of ancient Syracuse, Acradina, Epipolæ, Tycha and Neapolis, nothing scarcely remains but one vast barren plain of a very rocky nature, partly cultivated, partly like an English common. The relative situation of these I remember is given in Col. Leake's maps, that are annexed to Arnold's Thucydides. The distance from Ortygia to the Ἐυρύηλος at Epipolæ is about three miles: taking Ἐυρύηλος as a centre and this line of distance, (viz. from Ortygia to Ἐυρύηλος) as a radius of a circle, of which another radius would be the line of hills running from Ἐυρύηλος to the 'Porto Trogilo' with the coast line as the circumference cut off, you would have a 'sector'-shaped piece of land containing the four old cities; Epipolæ occupying the part at the angle, Acradina the largest of the four, extending widely along the circumference, and Neapolis and Tycha filling up the remainder, separated from one another by a slight valley; only let it be remembered that Neapolis did not exist at the time of the Peloponnesian war. To the south of this piece of land lies the great harbour about five miles in circumference, the entrance to it one thousand two hundred yards wide, being between Ortygia and the piece of coast land called Plemmyrium. There is a 'custode' who still points out the ruins of Ἐυρύηλος, some scattered fragments of wall for Labdalus, and the quarries where the Athenian prisoners were put to death; on the right bank of the Anapus, just where the two branch streams meet, stand two gigantic Doric columns of the temple of Olympian Jove, and on Plemmyrium, opposite Ortygia, the so called remains of the "Campo e Castello degli Ateniesi." Besides these, there are many ruins of minor importance; an amphitheatre hewn out of the solid rock; the theatre which Cicero calls

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Neapolis, which was the finest of the five divisions; an aqueduct running from Ἐυρύηλος in the direction of Acradina—a street of tombs—a so-called tomb of Archimedes—the Ear of Dionysius, a peculiar shaped hollow in the rock, so cut that the least whisper down below can be heard distinctly above, where they say 'fort ridiculement' that the tyrant listened to the murmurs of his captives—several stone quarries and catacombs. In the Island of Ortygia, now modern Syracuse, is the fountain of Arethusa; but what would Alpheus' feelings be, could he see the object of his affection reduced to a tank for washerwomen? The present cathedral contains some fine remains of a temple of the Doric order originally consecrated to Minerva.

However, the general appearance of ancient Syracuse, as I said before, is one vast rocky waste; one walks over miles of barren country, and nothing strikes the eye, save here and there a piece of tomb, or street with its old ruts half hidden under wild flowers; the goats run up and down the few grass-covered steps that led to the aula of some Dionysian lord, and the swallow flits across the curved pool of water that once was the orchestra of an Odeum. Such is the perfect state of silent desolation, it is indeed a marked spot and tells its own tale, "all has passed away."

We embarked on board the "Archimede," a small steamer from Alexandria, for Messina en route to Palermo.

On leaving Messina, the weather was extremely rough and stormy, and Charybdis threatened to assume her wonted form. However as it is often very rough in the straits, and tolerably calm in the open sea beyond, the captain thought good to start; in the straits we rocked about terribly, and not much less so when we had turned the north east promontory and got into the open. For an hour we went fairly enough; when a heavy storm came on and lashed us about in a furious manner; first on one paddle-box, then on the other, with the waves dashing clean over us; every moment we felt our danger increasing: the like had not been known there for twenty years, and had we not happily got under the lee of one of the Lipari Islands and there waited until the storm had vented its fury, our miserable little boat might have perished: we found out afterwards that the "Archimede" had been condemned as unseaworthy, so that our escape was indeed a fortunate one. On account of this delay we reached Palermo in the evening instead of early morning. However "the barbarous people shewed

us no little kindness," and I fear we fared at the Trinacria hotel in a very different way to what the poor apostle did at Melita.

Palermo is situated on the bay of that name, extending for some distance in a curved shape along the beach; behind lies a wide plain thickly planted with orange and lemon groves, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills of a ragged and rocky nature, on which the olive and prickly pear contrast well with the darker tints of green below. It certainly is an extremely picturesque place and presents a most marked foreign and Asiatic appearance. The influence of Greece, Rome, and Carthage once were great there, but these have died out, and the traces of later conquerors, such as the Arab, Norman and Spaniard, take their place in a most striking manner. The two main streets intersect at right angles, and are narrow, with tall houses and projecting balconies of iron, wood and stone. The shops are endless and occupy all the ground floors, even of private houses; and the street is alive with human heads. The first day I was there was the anniversary of the late revolution, and the old town was of course decked out in an extra bright holiday dress. The upper windows all along the streets have a peculiar appearance, they are inhabited throughout by nuns, and accordingly cased over with a projecting bow-shaped grating; looking down the streets one catches a fine view of mountain scenery, which with the strip of deep blue sky over one's head is very effective. The churches are very interesting, especially in point of architecture; and the exterior of the cathedral is delightful to an eye that has been surfeited with the heathenish Italian style: this building, erected towards the end of the twelfth century, after the Saracen power had been destroyed by the Normans, is apparently Gothic in architecture, but when you look into it there is a great medley of the Sicilian, Arab and Norman: possibly from the Arabic inscription discovered there it once was a mosque: the exterior is splendid, but the interior is entirely spoilt by whitewash. The 'Martorana' is a very costly beautiful church, light and elegant, a mixed style of Arab and Norman, rich in marbles and precious stones. There are many others of minor importance, whose chief interest lies in their costly ornaments of lapis-lazuli, verde antique, etc., and I will leave it to guide-books to describe them; but of all the sacred edifices, the little Capella Palatina or Royal Chapel is the most unique and striking, its walls and arches covered with richly coloured mosaic work have the most sombre appearance, and their dimly

lit up gorgeousness a most imposing effect. The many public gardens of Palermo are a pleasant addition to the town—an enjoyable retreat from the bustle and noise of the Toledo—flowers and eastern shrubs grow there in perfection,—even in the beginning of April they were beautiful. We of course went up Monte Pellegrino and paid a visit to Santa Rosalia, the Patroness Saint of Palermo; on the top of the mountain is a grotto where she lived and died at the early age of sixteen: mass is celebrated there daily, and commanding a perfect view of the bay and town stands a colossal statue of the Saint, covered with a robe of solid gold, her right hand extended as though blessing the fair scene that lies below: her great day is kept in July, when there is a grand procession of all the dignitaries of the church, state officers, and military through the streets of Palermo; a silver statue of the saint is carried in a great triumphal car, seventy feet long and thirty broad, adorned with orange trees and filled with bands of music. An account of different excursions would be uninteresting; but every one should drive up to Monreale and see the splendid Byzantine mosaic work in the cathedral, also pay a visit to the palace of the Zisa, a real Saracenic edifice with its Moorish hall.

The people at Palermo are much more civilized than in the parts we had been in previously, and a railway is actually in construction from Palermo to Catania. The lighting the gas lamps invariably caused a great excitement, a crowd collecting at each one, and gesticulating fiercely when the magic flame appeared.

There are various accounts as to the state of discontent and brigandage in those parts; we saw nothing of the sort, and I am inclined to think that the English papers draw an exaggerated picture; there are many too glad to seize hold of a report and pass it on for fact. Let those who condemn what is going on reflect whether they are not condemning a noble attempt that is being made to promote civilization, education, peace and religion. If good is at work, there must be a conflict with evil; and it is only prejudice and short-sightedness that makes a certain class of people so severe in their censure. Poor fated country! she has known many conquerors and many changes; all who have travelled in her bright sunny land will ever take deep interest in her lot:—may her new government be lasting and prosperous, and a more civilized and enlightened generation steer safely between the Scylla of tyranny and the Charybdis of revolution.

THE PICTURE.

'Tis strange:—sad stories linger in the heart
Until their very sadness becomes sweet;
E'en as the lineaments of those he loved,
Treasured in sacred memories, still heal,
With their own sorrowful spell, the aching wound
Of one who, in great loneliness of soul,
Waits ever for a voice he may not hear,
And listens for a step that cannot come.

Ah sad sweet picture! I have gazed on thee,
And pored upon thy tracery, and mused
Upon thy story till the mournful lines
Grew bright with heavenly radiance, and a sense
Of pain not pain, of joy not wholly joy,
Tempered itself within me, and I grew,
Rapt on the past, to love thee reverently.

And surely 'twas an instinct half divine
Guided the hand that wrought material things
To such a wondrous beauty! for the eye,
Clear with a sudden inspiration, bears
Into our inmost hearts the whole sad scene,
With an all-vivid power that fools the ear,
And mocks the art of poets.—
For what words
Can paint the terrible agony, that dwells
In the closed hands and mutely eloquent eyes
Of that grief-stricken Lady and pure wife,
Kneeling beside her lord, 'twixt those stern walls,
To taste the cup of blessing ere he die,
And the sweet bonds be snapt?—Methinks the rite
Hath lifted for a while her sinking heart,
And, blotting out the page of time, borne up
Her wingèd soul unto that purer world
Where separation is not, and the voice
Of cruelty vexes not the quiet air,
And love abides, and peace; till, suddenly,
Earth claims her own again, and in the glance,
Sidelong, that fears to move his calm rapt soul,

Dwells all the dear heart-hunger of long years,
Known in one bitter moment,—dwells the woe
And desolation of a breaking heart,
That, breaking, still beats on, each pulse a pang,
That, killing, will not kill.—
But he the while,
With reverent knee and fair untroubled front,
Bends o'er the emblems of His dying love
Who died that death might be the gate of life;
A sweet majestic meekness crowning him
With a divine humility, more grand
Than haughtiest glance shot from the eye of pride.
And if there be some human woe for her
Whose love hath crowned his manhood, lo, his eye
Half pierced, methinks, the dark mysterious veil,
And half the pang sinks in the bright to come,
And the fixed hope of a believing soul
That conquers, and not scorns, the sting of death.

Go, ponder, ye who tell us Love shall die;—
Go, see love stronger at the gates of death,
Strong when man's ruthless voice would bid it cease,—
Strong in the dreadful parting hour to raise
The spirit to those sacred heights, where love
Shall breathe at length its proper air, and drink
Large draughts from the pure fountain whence it flowed
To bless and cheer the parchèd wastes below.

"C. S."

TRANSLATIONS, NEW AND OLD.

FEW will be found to deny, and fewer still perhaps to explain, the marked inferiority of modern English prose translations from the classical authors of antiquity, to those rich racy works of North and Hobbes, and other authors of the Elizabethan and subsequent age, full of point, force, and vigour, for the most part truthful even to accuracy, at no time false to their author's spirit, or tame or chargeable with weakness, which differ from our present bald and servile copies about as much as a tragedian's verses excel the scholiast's explanations. No doubt such works as Mr. Kennedy's Demosthenes and Davies and Vaughan's rendering of Plato's Republic form striking exceptions to this rule—but translations like these are very rare, and even of these two the latter, graceful and accurate and powerful as it generally is, can certainly not be acquitted of betraying throughout its classical original. The Greek limbs move uneasily cramped and confined under their English dress. Take up even the tenth book, where there is little of that dialogue which gives so wide a scope to untranslatable Greek particles, and read the adventures of Er—you could be under no danger whatsoever of supposing that the narrative sprang originally from an English brain.

What may be the causes of this backward movement, whether it be that the classical authors have now fallen into so great contempt and desuetude that at this time they are not, either in the original languages or in translations, read by any but professed scholars, having come to be regarded merely as convenient machines for educating the young and giving them a somewhat useless but not ungentlemanly occupation, let others determine. It would undoubtedly seem that in the times when Lady Jane Grey read Plato, Catharine Parr is recorded to have written in Latin, and Mrs. Hutchinson to have translated Lucretius, the English people must have fed upon more substantial food than is afforded by the

Railway-libraries, the Cornhills, the Macmillans, and the Temple-bars of the nineteenth century.

Be it so—"tempora mutantur." The first course, nay the second, third, fourth courses are over; the nineteenth century is the age not of dinner but of dessert; therefore let us say grace for the first blessing and apply ourselves thankfully to the second.

Indeed, the decision of this question is not our present business. To decide whether it be the changed tastes of the nation or an over fastidious desire for literal accuracy, or the decay in vigour of the English language, that has thus enslaved our translators, would require more space and time than are at the writer's command. But what are the causes which among our candidates for the classical tripos are wont to make their translations so miserably unenglish, what may be the reasons which in our attempts to express the sense of the classical poets deprive Æschylus of all his grandeur, Virgil of all his beauty, Sophocles of all his perfectness, and even Aristophanes of half his wit, or again, in our endeavours to render historical authors, what it is that makes speeches spiritless, campaigns unintelligible, and the deaths of heroes ludicrous; this is a subject on which a conjecture may be expressed and it may be a hint given.

Several causes might be assigned for these failures, as first, the want of taste on the part of the translator and a defect in his appreciation of the classical originals, which, as it is a thing in many men incapable of being remedied, and in others only by a patient and careful study of the best models both in their own and in the ancient languages, we pass over with this remark in order to proceed to other causes. Some might be inclined in part to lay our charge to the door of Mr. Theodore Alois Buckley and other like translators, whose works are at once easily procurable and esteemed by some convenient for the purposes of self-education. They would be wrong. We are much indebted to the circle of classical scholars whom Mr. Bohn has collected around him: we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Buckley the translator of Sophocles, to Mr. Davison for his literal prose version of Virgil, and to Mr. Watson for his labours on the works of Lucretius; they have been our pioneers to a better path, they have hastened a new era of English translation, they have been the first to indicate and example the baldness, the ungracefulness and servility to which our language may be degraded, they stand self-appointed beacons to warn us against these dangers, and in a great

spirit of self-sacrifice to light others upon a fairer and more attractive road than it has been allotted to them to follow.

A third and more potent reason is, the strong fear felt by men who are perpetually called on to shew what they can do in examinations, lest the examiners should think a free translation a token or gloss of ignorance. To meet this difficulty seems the express purpose of the allowance of annotation in our examinations; and further, these very points which make the difference between English and English-Greek or English-Latin, are those, which if expressed, would least hinder a translator from manifesting a knowledge of his subject. But the fourth and most cogent of all causes seems to be, that Englishmen in general are unaware of the full power and scope of their own language, having never studied its varieties and diversities of expression, and the points of inferiority and superiority in respect of the ancient languages; and in this ignorance seems to lie the real ground for our complaint.

Now it would be impossible within these narrow limits to do anything more than allege some evidence for the truth of this statement. To account for it thoroughly and satisfactorily would be a work of no little labour. There is evidence at hand to prove, that English translations may be so written as to read like English, evidence that will come home to every one who is a member of the Church of England. For in our daily service, what critical ear discerns between the collects that have Latin and English originals? Who feels the Gelasian twang perceptible through the English of the sixteenth century? It is a matter of undoubted truth, that upon ordinary ears the translated Latin of the Gelasian Sacramentary works no other nor more jarring effect than the words of our own English Cranmer. Then wherein lies the secret of our Reformers' Alchemy? Whence their transforming elixir? I answer, their art consisted, next to their living sympathy with the spirit no less than the words of the Latin prayers, in their knowledge of the rich variety of their language and in the application of this variety to the chaste simplicity of the Latin original. And here, at the risk of being tedious, or even quoting Latin in a Magazine designed for the sole perusal of Members of St. John's College, I must bring forward some testimony to the truth of what is here stated.

Who then would prefer a literal version, such as "the author and lover of peace in knowing whom men live, in serving whom men reign," to our well-known commencement of the Collect for Peace; "the author of *peace* and lover of *concord*, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom," in which it is as certain that the words "of concord" are necessary for the English rhythm and harmony, as it is, that they are absent from the Latin of Gelasius? Mark again the two different English constructions which represent one in the Latin, "quem nosse vivere, cui servire regnare est;" necessary, because the English langu

naked simpleness of the plain antithesis. The same variety, the same longing to express the meaning in a number of words where one is insufficient, may be found in the Fourth Collect after Advent. Instead of "that by the help of thy favour that which is clogged by our sins may be hastened by the kindness of thy mercy," we have "that whereas, through our *sins* and *wickednesses*, we are sore *let and hindered* in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful *grace* and *mercy* may speedily help and deliver us."* Here have we three couplets, if I may so say, of English words, to express three single Latin words. Further, on account of the great excess of metaphor in English above Latin prose, the very suspicion and mere hint of such a thing in the original is developed into a finished picture in the English Collect: rightly, if it is the business of the English translator to say what his Latin author says, just as an Englishman would most naturally express it. And of these two translations, as there is no doubt the first is the more literal, so none can deny the latter to be the more intelligible and, as regards the spirit of the prayer, the more truthful also. A third instance of the application of English variety to Latin simplicity may perhaps be sufficient. In the Collect for the Second Sunday in Lent, we read "that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may *assault* and *hurt* the soul;" as a translation of "ut ab omnibus adversitatibus muniamur in corpore et a pravis cogitationibus mundemur in mente," an example of curtailment as well as development, and, as in the other instances, of the use of copiousness and diversity, and the avoidance of simple antithesis.

But because it might be said that we are unable impartially to judge of words which from our childhood upwards

* Ut, per auxilium gratiæ tuæ, quod nostra peccata præpediunt, indulgentia tuæ propitiationis acceleret."

we have so often heard, that even were they most harsh and most unnatural, custom would give them a second naturalness to our ears, it may be useful to bring forward one or two passages translated from works less known, and to compare the ancient versions with such a rendering as in our times an ordinary Englishman would give. Whether then will the reader prefer as a rendering of the words of Aristotle "For one who is above measure beautiful or powerful, or well-born, or wealthy, or on the contrary, above measure poor or weak, and held in great contempt, it is not easy to follow reason,"* or, "Men over high exalted either in honour or in power or in nobility or in wealth, they likewise that are as much on the contrary hand sunk either with beggary or through dejection, or by baseness, do not easily give ear unto reason"? Which, as a rendering of Basil, "He mingled the delight that comes from melody with the teachings of the church, that by the smoothness and softness of the hearing, we might unwittingly take in the profit that came from the words;" or, as Hooker has it,† "It pleased him to borrow from melody that pleasure which mingled with heavenly mysteries causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear, to convey, as it were by stealth, the measure of good things into men's minds"? Lastly, whether of two interpreters would Seneca prefer, the one who should translate his words into such English as this: "A great number of sins are removed if a witness be standing by those who are on the point of sinning. Let the mind have some one to fear, by whose authority it can make even its secret thoughts more holy; choose Cato then, or if he appear to you too severe, choose some man of a softer mettle, choose him whose life and words have attracted you, and carrying before you that man's mind and features, ever be shewing him to yourself either as a guardian or as an example;" or would the following version gain greater approval.‡ "Witnesses at hand are as a bridle to many offences;

* Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, v. 76, 5. Arist. *Polit.* iv. 11, "Ὑπέρκαλον, ἢ ὑπερίσχυρον, ἢ ὑπερευγενῆ, ἢ ὑπερπλούσιον· ἢ τἀναντία τούτοις, ὑπέρπτωχον, ἢ ὑπερασθενῆ, καὶ σφόδρα ἄτιμον χαλεπὸν τῷ λόγῳ ἀκολουθεῖν."

† Hooker, v. 38. 3. Bas. in Psal. [1, p. 125.] "Τὸ ἐκ τῆς μελῳδίας τερπνὸν τοῖς δόγμασιν ἐγκατέμιξεν. ἵνα τῷ προσηνεῖ καὶ λείῳ της ἀκοῆς τὸ ἐκ τῶν λόγων ὠφέλιμον λανθανόντως ὑποδεξώμεθα."

‡ Hooker, v. 65. 6. Sen. Epist. lib. 1, Ep. 11. "Magna pars peccatorum tollitur, si peccaturis testis adsistat. Aliquem habeat

let the mind have always some whom it feareth" (a slight inaccuracy here), "some whose authority may keep even secret thoughts under awe. Take Cato, or, if he be too harsh and rigid, choose some other of a softer mettle, whose gravity of speech and life thou lovest; his mind and countenance carry with thee, set him always before thine eyes, either as a watch or pattern."

The inferiority of our modern versions may be perhaps in part explained by the present disuse of many excellent and useful expressions current in older times. These convenient words "whereof," "whereto," or the like, have gone seemingly never to return, and in consequence of their absence we are so often thrown upon "whom" and "which," that there has arisen an aversion to the use of the relative wherever it can be avoided; and writers, rather than employ it, prefer to make two sentences instead of one. The nominative absolute is almost lost. We should say now "where," or "if necessity urges," not "necessity urging, it is no fault," and so also in the passive voice we rarely find, as a translation of the Latin ablative absolute, such a phrase as "his work done, he rested," but "after he had done his work," or some equally verbose equivalent. We can scarcely now venture to say with Milton, "when a temple is building," for fear of being thought to write vulgarly, but must content ourselves with "during the building of a temple." We have lost, too, that convenient adjunct of verbs "does." How constrained it sounds to say "upon whom the light of the gospel shines not yet," how natural and rhythmical the alteration to "doth not yet shine!" We must also regret the loss of the old sense of the preposition "of" in the phrase "of thy mercy grant," which has no exact modern equivalent. Such a sentence as the Latin "qui scis nos in tantis periculis constitutos non posse subsistere," we should invariably render "who knowest that we, placed as we are," or "in that we are placed in so great dangers cannot stand," instead of "in that" or "for that we are placed," or, as in the Collect "who knowest that we are placed in so great dangers that, &c."* These terrible particles μὲν and δὲ

animus, quem vereatur, cujus auctoritate etiam secretum suum sanctius faciat. Elige itaque catonem; si hic videtur tibi nimis rigidus, elige remissioris animi virum: elige eum cujus tibi placuit vita et oratio, et ipsius animum ante te ferens et vultus, illum semper tibi ostende, vel custodem vel exemplum."

* Why do we not make more use of our privileges in accumu-

cannot always be rendered by "firstly," "secondly," still less by "indeed" and "but," and though we may sometimes express them by saying, that "*while A* is doing *x*, *B* is doing *y*," yet the monotony would be less if we still retained the old antithetical "as" and "so." Further, some useful words have deserted without leaving us their substitutes. Where is the modern equivalent of "towardly"? We seldom use the adjective "backward," except in conversation, and yet a periphrasis is necessary to express the meaning both of this word and the deceased "froward." "Colourable" is a better word than "plausible," and not exactly synonymous with the latter: "ought" has expelled, "it befits," "it beseems," "it behoves;" we miss also the impersonals "it contents," "it moves us—that," and many other various expressions which have by their departure made our language at once more regular and less vigorous. But besides the loss of these turns and phrases which are compensated at least in some degree by modern additions, once more we must repeat, that it is the want of variety and fulness which is the fatal cause of the badness of our modern translations. Let the reader turn over the master-piece of English prose, Milton's Areopagitica, and he will find that upon his apt use of what we called above "couplets," hangs the marvellous fascination of his style. What else is the charm of the following sentence, "that out of many *moderate varieties* and *brotherly dissimilitudes* that are not vastly disproportional arises the *goodly* and the *graceful* symmetry that commends the whole *pile* and *structure;*" and again, "what could a man require more from a Nation so *pliant* and so *prone* to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a *towardly* and *pregnant* soil, but *wise* and *faithful* labourers, &c.," and lastly, "revolving new *notions* and *ideas* to present us with their *homage* and *fealty* the approaching Reformation"?

The compilers of our Prayer-Book thoroughly understood or, however, felt the genius and demands of their language: with them "nullum" and "ullum" are in two consecutive lines, "no" and "any kind of;" "qui" is at one moment "which," at another "that," at a third "such as," and so on; such a phrase as "a quolibet cuilibet datum," is "given unto any man by every man that listeth." These are little

lating adjectives? "Diu acriter pugnatum est; neque Indi, &c." should be translated "Throughout the whole of this sharp contest, the Indians, &c."

things, but so are Greek particles, and Greek particles rightly placed are not more effective in making Greek out of English-Greek, than these little minutiæ of variety and diversity have power to transform Greek or Latin-English into our own true genuine and idiomatic language. That such men as will make good English translations must, whether willingly or unwillingly, follow this rule is most certain. The causes are not the subject of this paper, but one of them is not far to seek.

In every derived language there is a certain indefiniteness about the meaning of words. The Roman had a clear notion of the manly rigorous "virtus" as soon as the word was pronounced, while the Englishman must gradually acquire his idea of "virtue." Hence it follows that an English writer, whether author or translator, not quite certain that by any one word he is expressing the idea he wishes to express, must sometimes resort to two or even more words to indicate his meaning. The German would have no such difficulty. It is for this reason that, in translating Homer, we should have no occasion for these couplets which we find so useful in versions of prose-writers; for inasmuch as no word of Homer can fail of finding its Saxon mate in our language, his poetry can be rendered word for word into homely English, nor need either truthfulness or spirit be sacrificed in the process.

Finally, the classical languages, with their ready power of manufacturing new words to suit new purposes, their delicacies of order, their apt inflexions and artful links of connecting particles possess a serenity and dignity that we cannot hope to equal. Alter two words in one of Plato's sentences, and what would become of the rhythm? Our sentences would fare better under such an ordeal, for it is not the outward mould that makes their excellence. Theirs is the beauty of form, ours the beauty of colour: they have grace, we picturesqueness: theirs is repose, ours vigorous life; theirs the marked order of ruling law, ours the quaint blending of feudality; unity stands eminent in the Greek, the meaning enshrined as in some Parthenon, where basement and pillar, capital and architrave and frieze follow on and on in regular succession, the cold lines distinct and clear and uniform, whereon the eye rests with calm delight as on a whole perfect and self-complete, while within, in her single cell, the Ivory Athene holds supreme sway, with nought around to decoy the attention from the spectacle of her chaste majesty, nothing to distract the brain and intellect from their enforced adora-

tion; ours are the never-ending upward infinite lines, which, in a Grecian mind, to whom the infinite does of itself savour of somewhat evil, excite aversion and disgust, in us a vague and mysterious longing, better far than any satisfied desire; dashed with deep shadows, broken with bright sharp lights, enlivened with many a quaint carved corbel, whence look forth placid angels and peeping fiends, and bare-head friars, while within some twenty chapels hold their twenty several saints, claiming each his lesser worship, and the dim purpled lines of coloured light, and the rich full varied organ-notes, and the awful and the grotesque, and the infinite and the finite working in sharp opposition on the kindred emotions of the heart, half shape forth and half stifle in the birth, that indefinite. indefinable something which we call religious feeling.

THE SCENTLESS ROSE.

In wintry climes, 'tis said, the rose
Forgets her sweets to pour,
And scentless lives and scentless dies,
To bloom again no more:
She dies, and who her fate can rue,
Though soft her leaf, though bright her hue?

Ah proud and obdurate! ah cruel and cold!
What availeth thee all this fair show,
If thine eyes only gleam the hard glitter of gold,
And the livery thou wear'st is of snow?
Soon, soon in a breast that no summer can move,
Will wither and fade the sweet blossom of love.

But if to soil more genial
That rose transplanted be,
The perfume-laden air will faint
In conscious ecstasy:
For sun and rain break winter's chain
And call the flower to life again.

I'll seek me another less sullen than thou,
Whose smile, like the tropical sun,
Will quicken once more the frost-bitten flower,
Undoing the work thou hast done;
And the rain of whose tears, pity-fraught from above,
Will cherish and foster poor perishing love.

M. N.

REVIEWS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

IT requires a little nerve, and some of the readers of *The Eagle* may possibly think no little assurance, to set about writing a critique of criticism. And yet I suppose most of us do, more or less, criticise the opinions of current literature which form one of the staple commodities in the periodicals of our time. Our philosophical neighbour at Trinity says somewhere that people, from the very fact of their human nature, must have a tendency in them to metaphysical thought, and that the assertion that they are no metaphysicians, or do not believe in metaphysics, is generally the preface to some very bad specimen thereof. It is perhaps in some measure the same with the subject now proposed for consideration. If men read, and think about what they read, a necessity of their nature compels them to pass some verdict upon the judgments of others, which have set them thinking for themselves. All that the writer asks is the reader's patience, while they attempt together the solution of some such questions as the following: What is the general tone of modern critiques? What is the influence of this department of journalism upon modern thought? Can any remedy be found for existing imperfections? For to assume that modern criticism is not without its failings is only to assert its human origin. Perhaps the writer may be permitted to add, that he has not yet taken the urgent advice of "R.," which appeared a few terms back in these pages, and that, consequently, he has not had the advantage of attending a recent memorable debate in the Union upon a kindred subject to this now proposed.

To trace the reciprocal influence between the worlds of sense and thought, to note how far man is the moulder of what a Carlylite would probably call his 'surroundings,' and how far himself only the plastic recipient of external powers—these are problems which though they have been often proposed, and have often served to excite the genius and concentrate the energies of the deepest thinkers, have,

notwithstanding, never been accurately solved. Of equal interest and difficulty is the attempt to search out the connection between mind and mind, and to enquire how far the manifold apparatus of nineteenth century education leaves the subject of its processes an independent identity, or only a fainter impress of alien intelligence; in other words, how far it helps to *think*, and how far it only fills with *things* ready thought.

Here then we come in contact with journalism: to which of these ends is its influence directed? Mankind may, with more or less accuracy, be divided into two exhaustive classes—the leaders and the led. The middle classes—neither despots nor serfs in the empire of thought—have scarcely thriven so well there as in the lower spheres of commerce and politics. Men, who are at once free from the ambition which longs to found a school and the coward docility which is content wholly to yield its mind to a master, are not nearly so abundant as is to be desired. There can be no doubt that in a vast majority of cases the passive tendency remains through life predominant; and it is, therefore, fortunate for the world that now and then "a towering mind" should step forth from the ranks and direct the otherwise useless energies of more ordinary mortals.

Life is a contest with opposing elements, in which, as we must all learn sooner or later, every man is compelled by the law of his being to engage. Some start in the struggle with a noble independence of spirit, ready to echo Fichte's manly declaration—"To truth I solemnly devote myself at my first entrance into public life. Without respect of party or reputation, I shall always acknowledge that to be truth, which I recognise as such, come whence it may; and never acknowledge that which I do not believe." How many have ever honestly made such a resolution as this? How many have kept it? It argues no lack of charity to suppose that with an overwhelming majority of mankind the case is far otherwise. They need the gay colourings and attractive flutterings of a banner to inspirit them for their share in the fight. If their latent energies are but called out by the insinuation of an *ite* or an *ism*, they are forthwith prepared to do battle to the last. If the philosopher had been defining truth instead of virtue when he spoke of a mean between two extremes, his phrase would perhaps more nearly have expressed the fact. For her abode lies ever between the poles of party warfare, and therefore—being unseen by zealous partisans—she be-

comes to them a vague and indefinite abstraction, and her champion runs great risk of being denounced as a spiritless proposer of half-measures.

Of all the various shapes which this zealous partisanship assumes, one of the most common is a steadfast and unflinching coherence to some party organ. And yet, upon slight consideration, it seems no less unreasonable to prefer the vane of a weathercock to a compass for the guide of a homeward voyage, than it is to trust to the pilotage of a newspaper in our search for the fair haven of truth. This virtual despotism of the press is, I think, one of the greatest faults in its present working. Instead of belonging to a clan, as of old, men belong now-a-day to a party: and just as the spirit of feudalism was embodied in the feudal lord, so is that of party in the party organ. If we look at the question from a politico-economical point of view, the absurdity of this organolatry will be yet more evident. The French proverb—quoted by Professor Kingsley in his inaugural lecture—introduces to us a sadly unromantic aspect of things, "*La bouche va toujours.*" The establishment of a periodical is a speculation which, like other speculations, must if possible be made to pay. If one course does not bring to the desired El Dorado, another tack must be tried. There need be no modesty about the change. The system of anonymous writing—though attended with many counterbalancing advantages—helps very considerably to do away with the feeling of personal responsibility. A man might feel disposed to blush with consciousness of vacillation: unhappily for journalistic consistency, paper and type are not much given to blushes.

The purveyors to the literary tastes of the people must bend to the same unyielding law of supply and demand, which regulates production in other departments of the commercial world. Although he may flatter himself that he is one of the moulders of public opinion, a critic is often quite as much moulded by that potent agency. The mutual action and reaction between the tone of thought generally prevalent among a people and the literature which it regards with favour, must affect the self-appointed Public Censor, as well as other authors. In one respect he is even more dependent upon the judgment of his contemporaries, for, unlike the writers of more solid works, he is unable to appeal from the opinion of one age to that of another. If a review be not read *now*, the most probable alternative is that it will be *never*.

If we judge the taste of review-readers by the character of the food provided for their gratification, they must certainly be allowed to have a very unmistakeable preference for the highly seasoned. It appears as though a reviewer could scarcely hope to please his patrons better than by the thorough castigation, and—if his breath be of precarious tenure—annihilation, of any luckless wight who has the misfortune to cross the editorial path without the tolerably secure protection afforded by previous fame. Have you ever read De Quincey on "Murder as one of the Fine Arts"? If so, apply his conclusions to "Reviewing as one of the Fine Arts," and you will have a tolerably clear idea of the predilections which I am attempting to describe. The truth is that good people, who would be at once astonished and horrified at an invitation to proceed to the nearest exhibition of muscular barbarity, contrive nevertheless to reconcile literary sparring to their convenient consciences. So that the arena be cleared and the spectators on the alert, the subject of discussion—the bone of contention—is a matter of minor import. Biblical interpretation, metaphysical subtleties, ethical theories, disputed points in ethnology, philology, geology, &c., &c., may each assert their importance as the occasioning causes of many a fierce battle. To watch the learned athletes is an amusement which enjoys the reputation of being at once genteel and exciting, and has, moreover, the additional recommendation of savouring somewhat of the scholastic. Search after truth—historic, scientific, or moral—is of course for the time out of the question. *That* must wait till the heat of party strife be past. A similar account might be given of present tendencies to the jocose treatment of serious subjects. Of course we have all heard the old tale of "No case: abuse the plaintiff's attorney." If the "legal adviser" had recommended ridicule instead of abuse, it admits of question whether, under the circumstances, he would not have shewn a deeper discernment. Wantonness and triviality are alien alike to the motives and method of the genuine truth-seeker, however useful as light arms in a skirmish. There is a world of meaning in the opening sentence of Lord Bacon's essay "Of Truth." "'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness," —a statement which we cordially recommend to the careful consideration of various metropolitan friends.

But having noticed the despotic tone—the party spirit—

the flippant style—too often exemplified in recent critiques, we have by no means come to the end of our catalogue of grievances. One of their most noticeable peculiarities is the prevalence of what may be termed *particular* criticism. They too often display an inability, or at all events an indisposition, to grasp the entire scope of the works of which they treat. This failing is probably owing to the desired facility of the critic's task. It requires a much smaller mental effort to pounce upon a particular stanza of a poem or a page in a history, and at once come to a verdict of weak, fine, eloquent, or sentimental, than to read a book as a whole, think about it as a whole, and comment upon it as a whole. We may perhaps be reminded—in the familiar language of one of "Our College Friends"—that a whole is invariably made up of its several parts, and that we cannot, therefore, adopt a better means of ascertaining the character of the whole than by an examination and analysis of its several parts. Granting the axiom, the proposed conclusion cannot be admitted to possess an equal universality. A beautiful mosaic, for example, is often composed of pieces, which taken alone would appear uninteresting and unmeaning. So is it to some extent with books. It is unfair to judge by isolated passages, as they are compelled to do who depend solely upon their weekly or monthly messenger. If talk rather than thought—the acquirement of a smattering for conversation, and not the liberation of mind from the thraldom of error—be the object of study, then indeed by all means read reviews and not books. If your taste be theological, the briefs and speeches of ecclesiastical lawyers, in cases of suspected heterodoxy, will serve your purpose almost as well; as they would also have served mine, since they furnish some of the most glaring instances of the particular species of injustice, to which reference has just been made.

An examination of the very slender foundations, upon which serious charges of plagiarism have rested, would in itself afford abundant materials for several articles. Critics sometimes appear anxious to vie with the ingenious versifier, who, for the sake of a slashing review of Milton, wrote sundry Latin poems, from which he represented the blind bard to have derived his inspiration.

The treatment which the much-abused Coleridge received at the hands of his earlier critics would open a very wide field of interesting research. One can easily imagine how—to quote the words of a contemporary biographer—a mind

like his would be affected by "that confusion between things floating in the memory and things self-derived, which happens at times to most of us that deal much with books on the one hand, and composition on the other." It should too be remembered that in the abstruse speculations, in which he took a deep interest and prominent part, discovery of external phenomena has no place. Having to deal with the universal forms of all knowledge, rather than with the subject-matter of special physical sciences, the truths which the metaphysician elucidates carry with them their own proof; and the more powerful the elucidation, the clearer is their self-evidence. So, too, the highest task of the moralist is not to *discover* virtue, but to convince mankind of its intrinsic beauty, and to clear away the mists of passion and prejudice which are ever powerful to hide that excellence from mortal gaze. On such subjects as these, we should therefore be careful of admitting a charge of plagiarism. The true study of the noblest philosophy is the universal consciousness of man—a book which lies open for the persual of all, and from which he who copies, copies from the works of God.

Once more, modern criticism evinces a decided preference for all forms of the concrete, accompanied by a corresponding impatience of the abstract. And since it is the power of abstraction that enables us to glean those lessons of social and political wisdom, which the annals of our race—the history of facts—are calculated to afford, this inordinate love of the concrete becomes in effect an attempt to smother the didactic element in history, and so to deprive her of her high title of "Philosophy teaching by examples." But it may be asked, are not facts and truth synonymous? In gathering facts, are we not treasuring truth? Not necessarily; truth is one, facts are diverse. It requires a higher exertion of mind to grasp the great unity of the one, than to collect fragmentary specimens of the other. Facts are the medium, it is true, but only the medium, through which to attain truth: they are the necessary—not seldom tedious and uninteresting—route, which our limited faculties must traverse, if we would ever reach the promised land beyond. To accumulate facts is a great thing, to make just deductions from them is a greater, but the noblest task of the three is to trace general principles in gradual developement. No philosophy of history need be looked for, "except we can discern the region where the eternal and the immutable beams through the outward veil of the actual and visible: where

experience gives reality to ideas, and ideas give universality to the truths we gather from experience."

This statement may, perhaps, be illustrated from the history of the fine arts. In studying, for example, the sculptures of a past age or nation, it were surely a vain philosophy which would confine us to mere dimensions, and forbid an attempt to trace the mental concept moulded into "things of beauty" by the magic power of the artist's hand. If viewed aright, they become to our eyes unwritten treatises on the historic Sublime and Beautiful—impersonations of what was once considered the standard of the ideal perfect. Thus are they monuments, not merely of skill, but of mind, which, by the instrumentality of its bodily organs, leaves its signature upon the objects of sense around. The aim of the student is to read aright the mystic impress. Just so is it in history, except that here the idea is conceived in the mind of no human artist. Moral results, we are taught to believe, will remain; when special phenomena, indicative of their present existence and influence, have been merged in the abyss of the forgotten past. The former are permanent and general; the latter, temporary and particular. Remains of ancient nations, whether in marble or in chronicle, and records of modern ones, are important as indices of mental and moral progress; if unfortunately, they are viewed as the ultimate objects of study, many of the uses of such communion will be entirely lost.

Let not criticism effect this abandonment of the search after something deeper than the surface, and in due time that era shall arise upon the world, which to all honest truthseekers shall be the dawn of an eternal brightness, while—to every form of criticism with lower aim than this—it shall be but the oblivion of an endless night.

P.

OUR COLLEGE FRIENDS.

(Final Group.)

"They often came about me while I slept,
And brought me dreams, none idle, none profane."
W. S. Landor's *Hellenics.*

I. Virgil.

A SUNSET glow rests on him, each dark curl
Crowned by the wreath of laurel, whose robes hung
Graceful in servitude, as though they clung
With willing touch, nor clasped by gold nor pearl:
A mild, sad smile, lovely as when a girl
Her latest maiden hymn at evening sang;
A brow serene, where still some olden pang
Had graved a furrow from Youth's maddening whirl.
A voice not loud, but clear; fitted to theme
Of earlier days, when gods and men combined
For deeds which linger long in Poets' dream:
Yet joys of Peace, more loved, attuned his mind
To rustic labours, where his Mincian stream
Like his own verse from charm to charm doth wind.

II. Dante.

With mystic fascination in his eye
Rose the stern-fated Florentine, on whom
Prophetic task was laid to pierce the tomb
And scan the secrets of Eternity;
Worn by long years of exile, gloomily
Passing from land to land, without a home,
Seeking that Peace which ne'er in life might come;
With wounded pride that rankled inwardly,
E'en at the outward scars and miseries;
Till with avenging scorn his foes he hurled
To Malebolge's horror-fraught abyss,—
Branded throughout the torture-realm of Dis:
Thence soaring to a purer, brighter world,
Beheld his boyhood's love, th' angelic Beatrice.

III. Tasso.

Lo! worn and shadowy from Onofrio's cell
A pale and silent man glides forth at eve,
To gaze upon the golden clouds that weave
A lustre o'er the Rome that prized him well:
Past all delusive fame, content to dwell
And, haply, Christian peace ere death retrieve;
Made holier by his woes, no more to grieve
Though saddened memories around may swell.
And this is he, once foremost in the throng
Of favoured knights, whom Leonora's eyes
Had smiled on, whilst he poured his glorious song!
Oft came back dreams of her, when maniac cries
And dungeon gloom nigh phrensied him with wrong,
Till the foul vault became a Poet's Paradise.

IV. Cervantes.

We love thee well, and prize thy cheerful faith
In knightly honour and chivalric aim,
That dared with what it reverenced mingle blame
And playful ridicule, unfearing scathe;
For still, with fancies quaint, thy Legend saith
How gentleness and simple truth must claim
Affection and respect, despite all shame
That threatens dupes of each Quixotic wraith.
Thyself, Cervantes, have we learnt to trace
In thy creation, though travestied there:
The proud romance that lights thy pale sad face,
The dreamy languor, the half-'wildered air,
The love and mirth that paled not in disgrace;
Maimed, wrecked, and scorned—triumphant o'er despair.

V. Camoens.

Not here the consummation, the award
Of final bliss or bane: in poverty,
Neglected by the land his poësy
Adorns for aye, expires the Lusian bard;
One friend, his faithful slave, with fixt regard
Seeming to question Fate,—"Thus must it be?
So gifted, pure, yet 'whelmed in misery!.....
O, were this life the whole, is such reward?"
But constant as of old, Camoens braves
The awful phantom that forbids his bark
To reach an earthly goal: beyond the waves
New realms of bliss await him, where each spark
Lustrous shall shine from out heroic graves,
Redeemed by Love that hallows whilst it saves.

VI. Goethe.

Calm, as befitteth Art's crowned oracle,
In days when Earth had ravened with brute haste
To clutch what food was nighest, and to taste
The stagnant pond as pleased as limpid well;
Calm as the magian, trustful of his spell
Which bars without the howlers of the waste,
O'er-mastered yet rebelling; calm and chaste
In the high realms of thought doth Goethe dwell.
He, with an easy grasp, the laurel crown
Sustaineth, nor with arrogance nor shame
But with the placid smile that tramples down
All idle taunts which dared assail his name:
Too coldly proud or merciful to frown
A god-like vengeance—for the end was fame.

VII. Schiller.

On the up-gazing face and earnest eye
Of the enraptured Schiller falls the sheen
Of a wan moon, the tremulous boughs between,
In benediction from the midnight sky;
And forms of virgin beauty hover nigh,
With mailèd warriors, kingly and serene,
And mountain hero who doth musing lean
On the cross-bow whose shaft brought Liberty.
A face which looks on death. He reads the doom
Of his life's harvest-field condemned to dearth:
The inaction awes him, not the chilly tomb.
True to the poet-longings, which from birth
Delighted in the grandeur and the gloom,
He lives and dies in an ideal earth.

VIII.

Thus, in the silent hours of retrospect
By evening lent to close laborious days,
Suns that set long-ago entwine their rays,
And faces which such olden light had decked
Smile back on me affection's glance unchecked;
Eyes, that are dimmed on earth, their calm sheen wear;
Forms that are hallowed now as Vestal's prayer;
Barks, early fraught with hope, untimely wrecked:
A calm, sweet beauty dwelling on their sere
And world-worn brows, now gleaming lustrously,
The great high-priests of Song like stars appear
In heaven's blue vault, and smiling tenderly
Breathe comfort in our loneliness and fear:—
"We also toiled and bled, yet live in memory!"

IX.

They are not mute to us, those buried Dead,
But open-hearted, trustful, with a smile
Of welcome, when thus summoned to beguile
  Fancy from circling round the daily tread;
  They blame not our long tarrying, but outspread
Their treasure thoughts ungrudgingly, as though
For us they garnered Wisdom; whence they sow
  And reap exhaustless harvests, where they bled:
No beauteous deed so hidden but illumed
  A train of radiance, never kindly mirth
But flushed an answering joy when care consumed:
  No martyred hero falls but giveth birth
To hundred others, ere his dust's entombed:
  Then call them not "The Dead" whose footsteps ring on earth.

"J. W. E."

FROM ZERMATT TO ZINAL AND BACK.

FORTUNE, after many disappointments, was kind enough to give H. and myself one tolerably fine week during the wet summer of 1860. We did our best to improve the shining hours, and spent every day except one (which was Sunday) on the glaciers, making several first-rate excursions, two of which form the subject of this paper.

No place in the Alps is so well fitted for the head quarters of an alpine tourist as Zermatt, lying as it does at the head of a valley that runs up to the very heart of the Pennine chain, and surrounded by its highest summits. Three large glaciers descend into its meadows, and it would be a long task to enumerate the number of peaks and passes, which lie within easy reach of the comfortable hotels in the village, or the little mountain inn on the Riffelberg. After sleeping three nights at the latter place, we, accompanied by our guide Michel Croz of Chamounix, descended into the village on the evening of Wednesday, August 29. The day had been unsettled, and we had passed the earlier part of it shivering in a snow storm on the upper part of the Lys glacier, but the sky looked as if the weather "was arranging itself," so we determined to have another excursion on the morrow. A glance at a good map of Switzerland will shew that the Rhone valley and the highest part of the Pennine chain from the St. Bernard to the Matterhorn are almost parallel, and that several valleys run from the former nearly at right angles to it, becoming shorter as they approach the east. Around the granitic mass that has upheaved Monte Rosa, the mountains extend in different directions thrusting forward three large chains towards the Rhone valley, between which the two branches of the Visp Thal are squeezed. Zermatt is in the western of these, and consequently the heads of some of the smaller vallies mentioned above can be reached from it. The nearest is called the Val d' Anniviers,

and this we determined to visit. Just beyond Zermatt, the valley, on arriving at the foot of the Matterhorn, breaks into two ravines running right and left; in the former is the Zmutt glacier, in the latter the Görner. Consequently the chain of mountains on the right-hand side of the valley turns abruptly round, and runs towards the Dent Blanche at right angles to its former course; enclosed by this angle is the glacier de Zinal and the head of the Val d' Anniviers. Consequently there are two routes from Zermatt to Zinal, one on either side of the Gabelhorn, a mountain forming the apex of the angle; we determined to go by one and return next day by the other.

Enough for topography—now for our journey. Being anxious not to lose time on the way, (for we had some idea of doing both the passes in the same day), we engaged a local guide Johann Kronig, an old friend of mine, and determined to start as soon after four as possible. Good intentions, however, in the matter of early rising, as some of my readers no doubt know, are hard to carry into effect, especially when you have been up between two and three the previous morning, so from one cause or another we did not get off till 5.30 A.M. The sun had long lit up the obelisk of the Matterhorn and had even begun to creep down by the dark crags of the Hörnli into the valley before we started; so when once off we lost no time, and hastening through the meadows, fresh with dew and gay with the lilac flowers of the autumn crocus, crossed the torrent and entered the pine forest on the left side of the Zmutt valley. Let no visitor to Zermatt forget this walk. Here he may saunter along at his ease, shaded by the dark arollas, and peer over here and there into the ravine at his feet, glancing down the crags half-hid with feathery ferns and rhododendron bushes, red with flowers, till he sees the torrent tumbling among the green blocks of serpentine two hundred feet below. Or if he like it better, he can lie on the mossy turf, and watch the nut-crackers at work on the pine cones, or admire the peak of the Matterhorn towering above him, and the glaciers and pinnacles around the Dent Blanche. We, however, have no time for this now, "vorwärts" is the word, and Kronig's caution of "langsam, langsam," as he perspires after us is little heeded. We emerge from the wood, and are in the pastures just above the Zmutt glacier. Our work is before us; just across the valley, from a point of the range between the Dent Blanche and the Gabelhorn comes a steep crevassed glacier, called the Höchwang, above which lies our pass.

We run down to the Zmutt glacier and are soon upon it. I cannot quite sympathise with Ruskin's rapturous description.* Fancy a river a mile or so wide, frozen hard, ploughed up here and there with crevasses, and then covered with stones of every size from a cricket ball to a cottage. Macadamization on a small scale on a road is all very well, but I disapprove of it when carried to an excess on a glacier. You go slowly,—it becomes intolerably tedious and the opposite bank *will* not get any nearer—you try to go faster by jumping from stone to stone, you leap on one, it slips, on another, it totters, on a third, it rolls over, you twist your feet and ankles, till at last you lose your footing and your temper together, and come down ignominiously on all fours, "barking" your shins in the process and wishing the mountains would mend their ways. "Red glacier," indeed, the "Smut" would be a much more appropriate name, for it is the dirtiest I ever saw. However, we get across in about half-an-hour and toil up the steep bank on the other side. A long pull now begins up turf slopes varied by patches of rock; uncommonly hot work, but we comfort ourselves with the thought that we are rapidly rising in the world. In about three-quarters-of-an-hour we begin to be conscious that we breakfasted more than four hours since, so we sit down and make what would be a déjeûner à la fourchette, if only we had any forks. We lose no time about this but press on; now the lower part of the Höchwang glacier is well beneath us, but it is too much crevassed to tempt us on it. We climb rocks steeper than before, or scramble clattering up banks of loose stones, till we reach a few patches of snow, and see that we are above the ice fall and just under the edge of the snow-field which feeds it. Here we rest a few minutes and feast our eyes on the glorious view before us; far below us lies the Zmutt glacier, the dazzling whiteness of its upper fields in strong contrast with the foulness of its lower end. Like many a life, is the thought that passes through the mind. To the extreme right are the Col d' Erin, the Tête Blanche, and the Col de la Valpelline. Opposite, across the Zmutt glacier, rises the tremendous tower of the Matterhorn, a steep white slope of snow leading from the right-hand side to a small glacier, that girdles the mountain with an outwork of icy crags, from which now

* *Modern Painters*, Vol. IV., p. 242.

and then an avalanche is fired like a warning gun. The Matterhorn seen from this point loses its spire-like shape and appears like a corner-tower terminating a long line of ruined wall. It is at once evident that Ruskin's ingenious argument* about the true summit of the mountain is singularly wrong, and that the actual peak, or rather the highest point of the ridge forming the summit, is nearly the same as that seen from Zermatt. Beyond this is the wide field of glacier stretching to the Théodule pass, above which rises the head of the Petit Cervin and the snow cap of the Breithorn; next are the Twins, vested in robes of purest snow; beyond the ridge of the Lyskamm; then the broken masses of the Lys glacier, among which we had been wandering the day before; and rising above it the rock-tipped petals of Monte Rosa. This is the place for seeing the Queen of the Alps in her true beauty; the subordinate ridges of the Görner and Höchthaligrat are reduced to their proper position as mere buttresses of the chain, and her coronet of peaks is better seen from here than from the usual points of view; next comes the hump of the Cima di Jazi, the cone of the Strahlhorn, the jagged wedge of the Rympfischhorn, the little peak of the Allelinhorn, and the flat top of the Alphubel closes the view on the extreme left.

This is I fear little better than a catalogue of empty names to most of my readers, not so to one who has seen the mountains they denote. We stood for some time unable to tear ourselves away from the scene, tracing out the paths of many pleasant excursions and planning new expeditions. Time, however, was passing, so we turn to the snow, a few minutes scrambling and we look on a wide basin of nevé. The Dent Blanche rears its unpromising triangular head to the left and the cliffs of the Gabelhorn are on the right, in the ridge connecting the two are two distinct depressions, apparently a few hundred yards apart. We desire to try the one to the left, being evidently the lower; Kronig asserts that the one to the right is that usually passed, so we follow him. We plunge through the soft snow, toil up the slopes, and at 11.50 are on the Col; here we rest on a little patch of rock (chloritic slate), which protrudes through the snow, and luxuriate for a while, making what, in these enlightened days, must be termed

* *Modern Painters*, Vol. IV., p. 185.

a déjeûner dînatoire. The view behind us is much less extensive than it was from below, but we look down now on to the basin of the Zinal glacier and along the Val d'Anniviers, till in the purple distance our view is closed by a snow mountain* on the other side of the Rhone valley. Kronig asserts that when he crossed the Col two months before, the "Herr" with him deposited a minimum thermometer among the rocks, for which we hunt in vain. Rested, we commence our descent,—at first we run merrily down a snow slope, this however gets rapidly steeper, and we go more cautiously; suddenly there is a cry of "halt," and we find it a case of "no road this way." A few steps below us the slope terminates abruptly, and a cliff of ice, at least sixty feet high, cuts us off from the glacier below. We glance to the right, the precipice rises higher there, so we turn to the left; we walk cautiously for a hundred yards or so along the edge, looking out for a means of escape. We at last see a promising place, where the cliff is not quite vertical and a steep bank of snow like a buttress joins it to the glacier below. Croz sets to work and hews steps out of the ice. We follow. The position is unpleasant, for the slope is so nearly perpendicular that we grasp at its icy wall with our hands, in order to secure our footing, the snow slope below looks steep and hard, and below it a lot of crevasses grin open-mouthed at us: step by step we advance very cautiously, and now only about half-a-dozen notches remain to be cut, when crack, whirr, and off flies the head of Croz' "piolet," and scuds down the snow slope towards the crevasses. We all look rather blank as he holds up the broken handle, but fortunately are not defenceless. We are both armed with good stout alpenstocks, not the flimsy things that the unwary tourist is deluded into buying at the Righi or Chamounix, but stout six-feet poles, of English ash, with a four-inch spike of tempered steel at the end, the heaviest of which is handed to our guide,—he pecks out a few steps, yet more diminutive than before, and after a minute or two we are safe on the glacier. Fortunately the broken head of the piolet had escaped the crevasses, and was soon recovered. We hasten on, making for a snow-capped patch of rock in the middle of the glacier, sinking deep in the soft snow, and sometimes grumbling at it more than a little, for floundering above the knees

* Probably the Wildstrubel.

in loose snow under a hot sun *does* try the temper. By degrees we clear it, hurry down the glacier, get on to the pastures, and after an hour's walk reach Zinal about 5 P.M. While coming down the glacier we saw that we should have descended more easily had we taken the lower Col, and I have little doubt that the thermometer was there, for I do not think that the rocks we rested upon would be uncovered early in July. We had expected to find only a chalet at Zinal, but were ushered into a newly-built little inn, with a comfortable salle-à-manger and two small bedrooms. Everything was scrupulously clean, and an excellent dinner was served up to us, with capital muscat wine from near Stalden in the Visp Thal.

We started at 3.45. A.M. next morning, thoroughly pleased with the neatness and comfort of our resting place, and retraced our steps till we got some distance on the glacier when we turned sharp to the left, and took to the left bank to avoid an ice fall, and then struck across the tributary glacier that descends from between the Rothhorn and Gabelhorn. Before us is a steep jagged wall of rocks, perhaps a thousand feet high, in which is a deep cleft, looking as if some Paladin of old had hewn it out with two blows of a magic axe. This is the Col of the Trift.—The sky was lowering, so we press on as fast as we can, and reach the steep snow and slopes that form the glacis of the wall, up these we go as fast as we can. "Il faut dépêcher" says Croz—and there is no need to impress the warning on us, for the slopes and the glacier below are spotted with stones of every size—we are within the range of the cliffs of the Rothhorn, and if he fires a volley while we are on the slope, skill and courage may avail but little—we reach the foot of the wall and as we grasp the rough crags breathe more freely, for we are out of range now. The next hour-and-a-half is spent in contemplating the boots of the man in front, and trying into how many contortions it is possible to twist the human frame. Here we make spreadeagles of ourselves, there we wriggle up a chimney; here crawl under a projecting ledge, there climb on all fours up a smooth sloping bit of rock; now we require a friendly shove in the rear, now a haul from a friend's alpenstock in front. At last after nearly an hour and a-half of this kind of work we come to the top of a steep couloir of snow, terminating in free space two or three hundred feet below; this however causes no difficulty, as some thoughtful guide has fastened a chain to the rocks on each side, and so saved his successors from the trouble of using a

rope. A few more scrambling steps—we turn a corner, and "hurrah for the Col" is our exclamation, as we look down towards Zermatt. The view is not so extensive as from our pass of yesterday, but is very fine, and includes the Mischabel range; the clouds however are gathering, and though the most difficult part of our work is done, we see that we must not waste time if we wish to return unwetted to Zermatt. The Col is a mere notch in the rocks—you can almost sit across it—and the descent to the Zinal glacier looks awful from where we stand. The rock is a very pretty green-grey gneiss with pale pink lumps of felspar. There is a small wooden cross on the Col, to the arm of which I attach a minimum thermometer.

A steep slope of snow connects us with the Trift glacier, down this we descend cautiously for a time, till at last we see that we may venture a glissade. Some rocks jutting out of the snow threaten to break the continuity of our slide, so we make a flank movement to get beyond them—the snow is hard, and I expect every moment to commence my voyage "promiscuously." I object strongly to this; sliding along, sprawling on the back or face, is to say the least undignified, and may be detrimental; so I place my feet together, put the rudder on hard with my alpenstock against the snow, and sweep round the corner in first rate style. This done we unite our forces again, and trudge over the glacier till we come to a very decided crevasse with one side rather higher than the other—Croz leaps at it, forgetful of the old proverb "look before you leap," he alights upon the snow—it breaks under him—he is up to his middle—in an instant he throws himself forwards, and supports himself on the edge of the crevasse; in another moment he raises himself, and is in safety. It was a most fortunate thing that he did not leap a few inches shorter, for he had the rope coiled round him, so that had he gone down, we could not have helped him. He knocks the treacherous snow away with his pole to shew how far we must jump, and a good spring puts us by his side. Some more tramping through the snow, succeeded by another glissade or two, brought us to the lower part of the glacier, and after a short walk over it we quitted it for the pastures. Just as we did so three chamois appeared on the moraine within easy shot, and scampered off in great alarm as soon as they saw us; a few minutes after a fine eagle flew across the glacier. The storm clouds had now settled down upon the chain of Monte Rosa, but we hurried over the pastures, down a winding rocky path on the face of the cliffs, Zermatt all the

while lying, spread out like a map below us; we reached the enclosures, raced along the mule track, arrived at the village, and entered the Hotel du Mont Rose at one o'clock; we were just in time, in a few minutes the rain began, and continued without cessation for more than six and thirty hours. While it thundered and lightened we congratulated ourselves that we had made such good haste, and got back to our comfortable quarters.

β.

The height of the Col de la Dent Blanche is 11,398 feet, of the Trift Joch, (sometimes called the Col de Zinal,) 11,614 feet.

THE MORAL SENSE.

AS I was walking with a friend the other day, we happened to get into a discussion upon the well-worn subject which heads this paper: he maintaining that it was a superstition which every educated man should get rid of with all speed, and encouraging me to the attempt by his own example. For the last year, he told me, he had been constantly on the watch for this much vaunted sense, but if any feeling appeared to resemble it at first sight, he had always found it vanish away on closer inspection and give place to something of a more tangible and common-place nature; and he hinted that if my experience were different, the cause could only be that I had not practised this closer inspection. I fought for my side as though religion and morality and everything were bound up in my success, yet when I came home I felt secretly dissatisfied with the defence I had made, and determined to see whether my arguments might not look a little stronger when written. It may be that some readers of *The Eagle* may be interested in the subject; perhaps some one who looks at this paper may be stirred to take up the cudgels on the contrary side; at the worst, by sending it in, I shall have merited the gratitude of editors for supplying them with a larger choice of articles in the present busy and unprolific term.

To begin then, supposing that we take three men of equally good repute, we shall find that they will be generally agreed as to the course of conduct to be pursued, but it may happen that each will defend it on different grounds. A. may be a man of a calm judicial term of mind, and of rather sluggish feelings, who acts in obedience to the fixed law of right and wrong which his intellect accepts just as it does the law that two straight lines cannot inclose a space; to neglect the one law is to him as great a blunder as to neglect the other. B, of finer emotional nature and smaller intellect,

feels impelled by a sort of instinct to act in one way rather than another, and, if disobedient to the impulse, is stung with shame and remorse. C is one who has neither judgment nor feeling with regard to any action, a priori, but deduces his rules of action, a posteriori, from the consequences of his acts. The advice of Themistocles would be condemned by all three; by A, because it is contrary to his moral axioms; by B, because the whole instinct of his nature rebels against it; by C, because the infamy or odium acquired by it would be more detrimental to Athens in the long run, than any immediate gain which it might bring about. The three persons supposed will represent roughly the three main theories of Ethics: that which derives our knowledge of duty from Reason, that which derives it from Feeling, and that which derives it from Understanding.* It seems to me, that there was no ground for opposing these to one another; in every man the idea of duty is supplemented from each source though it may take its chief colouring from any one source according to the nature of the particular mind. There are three other subordinate theories which must be noticed by the way, viz. those which would derive the idea of duty from religion, honour, or social affection. But religion will be merged into one or others of those already mentioned. Honour is secondary, a code framed upon the moral sentiments of others, however they may have arisen. Social affection as such cannot afford a rule of action; for experience proves, that we constantly condemn conduct which proceeds from it, as being unjust and otherwise immoral. Joined with the understanding it becomes benevolence, and is the foundation of the Utilitarian theory.

Now the moral sense, as I understand it, is B's instinct, a sentiment of approbation or disapprobation naturally attending on moral actions. Of this feeling, instinct or sentiment, I assert that it is peculiar and that it is original. It is not the same as conscience, because conscience includes A's judgement, but it is the emotional, as that is the intellectual element in conscience. In order to show that it is peculiar, I must distinguish it from other classes of feelings. I shall confine myself first to its primary operation in reference to a man's self, and then examine how its operation is extended from the self to other moral beings. Its primary operations are four, either persuading or dissuading, praising or blaming.

* For convenience sake I employ Coleridge's terminology.

With regard to the two former, any of the particular affections, as Butler calls them, may draw us to or from certain acts; they may move us to the gratification of bodily appetites, or to do good or harm to certain persons on the ground of something pleasing or displeasing in manners or appearance; but no such movement is with authority, we yield to it with the consciousness that it is unauthorised until sanctioned by the Moral Sense. Perhaps the feelings with which it is most likely to be confounded, are natural feelings of pity, gratitude, generosity, &c.; thus, on hearing an enemy unjustly blamed in company, unfriendly both to him and to me, I may be inclined to be silent, first, from gratification of malice, secondly, from timidity; but my reason having once set before me that it is wrong to yield to this feeling, my moral sense keeps pressing and urging till I speak in his defence, coldly perhaps and timidly, whereas the man of generous impulse will overstate the case in his behalf. The term generosity, however, as well as gratitude, seems to imply a rather complex quality into which the idea of a moral sense already enters, so that when we compare these with the moral sense, it is a comparison between the moral sense *plus* a certain affection and the moral sense *minus* that affection. To illustrate the operation of moral sense after action, we may compare it with other kinds of satisfaction or dissatisfaction. Thus a child forbidden to eat sour fruit, disobeys and makes itself ill; it has the bodily feeling of pain, the conviction of folly, and the feeling of remorse for positive wrong; the two latter are the effect of the moral sense, which confirms by its sanction the superiority of the intellect to the appetite, as well as the parent's right to be obeyed. A self-conscious, sensitive person returning from a party, forgets the enjoyment which he or she may have had in the shame at some imagined breach of etiquette; is this the action of moral sense, or how is it to be distinguished from it? It cannot be the same, because it may be met and overcome by means of the moral sense; and a little consideration shows that it is in part a disappointment of the desire to please or to shine, and in part a morbid growth of moral sense which has raised a rule of society into a principle of morality. This however is connected with the secondary operation of the sentiment.

After being accustomed to feel pleasure and pain at the contemplation of our own actions, we begin to do the same with the actions of others by means of imagination and sympathy. We condemn their actions when we attribute them to motives which we should have condemned in ourselves, and we ad-

mire them when they are such as we should have approved in ourselves. It may even happen, that our moral sense displays itself more strongly at the sight of another's actions than at our own, as in the case of David and Nathan; and for this reason, A. Smith preposterously derived our notion of duty from a sympathy with the feeling which we imagined that our actions would produce in the minds of others. But the explanation is perfectly simple. David's moral sense would express itself freely in the case proposed by Nathan, while in his own case it was overpowered and silenced by antagonist feeling. Other cases of the kind would be where we had become habituated to a certain fault as committed by ourselves, and saw it in a new and truer light as committed by another; or perceiving some good quality, our sentiment of admiration might be roused and urge us to imitation. However, though A. Smith seems to me wrong in deriving our notion of duty in general from the reflected sentiments, yet no doubt this has given rise to certain virtues which could scarcely have been developed from its direct action; (thus justice is a compound of moral sense and resentment).

There are four different ways in which the moral sense operates upon us in relation to others, in approbation or disapprobation of others by us, or of ourselves by others. The main element in the feeling of honour and of shame is the moral sense thus reflected. The feeling which is perhaps most likely to be confounded with this secondary use of the moral sense is admiration of the beautiful, which in its highest exercise does really involve that sense, as was before seen in the case of gratitude and generosity. Thus much in proof of the peculiarity of this sense. I have now to show that it is original.

Locke fancied he had disproved this by pointing to the different views held at different times or places with regard to the morality of the same act; he might as well have denied that the pleasure of taste is original, because one man likes claret and olives, and another prefers train oil. I fully allow the variety of developement of which this feeling is capable, perhaps there is scarcely any act round which it may not be taught to grow by the influence of skilful associations; but I believe it to be among the earliest determinations of feeling in the infant as it rises out of the mere animal consciousness of comfort and discomfort. What ground have I for believing this? In the first place, I find the distinctive feeling existing in the mature man, I see no reason for supposing it to be secondary until it is shown to be so, and I have never seen any satisfactory explanation of its genesis. In the second place, its distinctive character is shown in the most marked way in very young children, which is by no means the case in confessedly derivative feelings, *e.g.* avarice. How are we to explain the fact of a child submitting patiently to deserved punishment, while it instantly resents any injury, (as I have heard of a child under a year old which could not endure being laughed at) except on the supposition of a moral sense? In some the conscience is marvellously tender, as is shown by the tearful confessions they make of faults, which nobody else would have perceived; in others it remains in a half-dormant sluggish state, and shews by example what would have been the case of all in a higher degree, supposing the moral sense to be a late product of some more elementary feelings. The only difficulty which suggests itself here is the parallel case of animals; a dog is tamed by mixed kindness and severity, it seems to have acquired a notion of duty, and shows signs of satisfaction when it has fulfilled, of shame when it has neglected its duty. Here we must either allow that the dog has a moral sense which was developed, as reason in man, by discipline and education, or its conduct will be the result of affectionateness, fear, hope, and imitation; the dog wishes to please its master, fears his lash, hopes for food and caresses, and thus it shows satisfaction when it has succeeded in pleasing its master, and sorrow and fear when it has failed. In some peculiar cases, such as the poacher's dog, I think imitation helps to give the appearance of shame. On the whole, however, I incline to the dog's moral sense, because it will take a beating from its master, when it knows itself to have offended, but not otherwise.

The last point I have to consider is the possibility of the moral sense disappearing. No doubt repeated acts of the will in opposition to the moral sense, will either deaden the sense or make us unconscious of its operation, just as repeated disregard of the alarum makes us unconscious of its sound, or as repeated cutting off of legs makes us indifferent to the sight of writhing and mangled limbs. But is it possible for it to disappear when not systematically resisted? Butler says the passive impression weakens as the active habit strengthens; so it might be supposed that the moral sense might gradually retire into the background as it accomplished its end in the formation of a moral habit of the will; still this is not a disappearance of the sentiment; it remains there in the background and is ready

to show itself at any moment should the man of confirmed virtue relapse into vice. Another supposition rests upon the hypothesis of the unreality of the moral sense. It is said, a man who has been long deluded by this phantom may on close inspection find it resolve itself into benevolence and sympathy; these being equivalent I suppose to the commonly received rule of right and moral sense, sympathy being the natural tendency to reproduce another feeling in ourselves, so that their pleasure at our kindness, their indignation at our cruelty is reflected in us as self-praise and self-blame. I can understand a person tracing back our moral sense to sympathy as its original germ, though I think the answers which have been made to such a parentage are conclusive, but I find it more difficult to account for the adoption of the principle of sympathy in its untransmuted shape as the immediate cause of feelings of self-satisfaction and self-dissatisfaction. Surely we do often feel remorse now without the slightest conscious reference to the feelings of others, so much the contrary that we may be sure that the majority would not sympathize with our remorse, and self-approbation is equally independent of sympathy in the case of a solitary martyr. As A. Smith allows, the sympathy which is really the cause of these feelings in the grown man is that with an imagined perfectly moral being, which fiction seems to me simply a method of adding moral sense to the sympathies in an underhand manner, but at any rate the sympathy when thus doctored is more nearly allied to what is known as moral sense than to sympathy "au naturel."

There are several questions which must be left for further investigation, *e.g.*, whether the moral sense is ever found entirely alone in a simple state, or is only to be detected by analysis of various compounds into which it enters as an element; whether there is any limit at all to the combinations which it forms, &c.; as to which last I may observe that most actions are capable of being viewed under different lights and thus exciting different emotions, *e.g.*, to put out of the world an aged parent, may be an act of atrocious ingratitude according to our modern view, or it may be looked upon as a painful act of filial duty (which seems to have been the view taken by the ancient Thracians); but though the same external act may thus give rise to opposing moral sentiments, yet I imagine that until the capacity of experiencing those sentiments is entirely gone, they will be found in uniform connexion with certain

motives and certain feelings. If a man murders his father solely and distinctly for the purpose of getting his property and spending it for his own pleasure, it is inconceivable to me that the moral sense should operate in any other way than that of self-condemnation; again, if he does it solely and distinctly on the ground that his father has finished his work in the world, and that the gods call him elsewhere, and will make him happy there, but have ordained misery for him if he remains here; on such a supposition I presume the parricide would be free from self-condemnation, though the blind instinct of natural affection might intervene and prevent the sense from running up to the opposite point of self-approbation.

"Y. Z."

OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term, 1862.

THE Chronicler is compelled by that dire necessity, of which printers' devils are the impersonation, to confine himself to a bare statement of the facts which are likely to interest his readers. The unwonted shortness of the term, and the desire to include in it even more than the usual May-term's gaiety has been productive of arrears to others besides the Editors of *The Eagle:* it is to be hoped that in having to indulge a regret that it is so, they may stand alone.

To begin, as in duty bound, with the proceedings of the College itself. The Commemoration Sermon was preached this year by the Rev. Canon Atlay, D.D., Vicar of Leeds, the select preacher before the University for the time. The rev. gentleman, in a very impressive discourse, enforced upon his hearers the words "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

At the close of last term we had the satisfaction of welcoming a Bell Scholar in Mr. M. H. Beebee, formerly of Rossall School, the other Scholarship being obtained by Mr. Image of Trinity. During this term, Mr. H. W. Moss has obtained the Porson Prize for the second time, and Mr. Lee Warner Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek Epigram.

On Friday, May 9th, the following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society:

Mr. E. K. Green, 8th in the first class of Classical Honors, 1856.

Mr. C. Stanwell, 15th in the first class of Classical Honors, 1858; Sir Wm. Browne's Medallist for Greek ode, 1856; for Latin ode, 1857; and Camden Medallist, 1857.

Mr. C. J. E. Smith, 7th Wrangler, 1860.

Mr. E. W. Bowling, 8th in the first class of Classical Honors, 1860.

Mr. W. H. H. Hudson, 3rd Wrangler, 1861.

Mr. A. Freeman, 5th Wrangler, and Chancellor's Law Medallist, 1861.

Mr. H. J. Sharpe, 6th Wrangler, 1861.

Mr. W. D. Bushell, 7th Wrangler, and second class in Classical Honors, 1861.

Mr. E. A. Abbott, 1st in the first class of Classical Honors, and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, 1861: Camden Medallist, 1860.

At the same time the following twelve gentlemen were elected to minor scholarships or open exhibitions:

Mr. Haslam, from Rugby School, and Mr. W. E. Pryke, from the Perse School, Cambridge, to Minor Scholarships of £70 per annum.

Mr. Davis, from St. Peter's School, York; Mr. Hart, from Rugby School; Mr. Genge, from Sherborne School; and Mr. Pulliblank, from Kingsbridge School; to Minor Scholarships of £50 per annum.

Mr. Smith, from Shrewsbury School, to an open Exhibition of £50, tenable for three years.

Mr. Taylor, from St. Peter's School, York, to an open Exhibition of £40, tenable for four years.

Mr. Warren, from Oakham School, to an open Exhibition of £40, tenable for three years.

Mr. Massie, from Atherston School, to an open Exhibition of £33 6*s.* 8*d.*, tenable for three years.

Mr. Stevens, from Victoria college, Jersey, and Mr. Marsden, from Rugby School, to open Exhibitions of £50, tenable for one year.

The following is a list of the Voluntary Classical Examination, May 2nd, 1862, (the names in each class in Alphabetical order):

FIRST CLASS.

Falkner	Pooley
Lee Warner	Snowdon
Moss	

SECOND CLASS.

Carey	Rudd
Hickman	Terry
Reece	Willan

THIRD CLASS.

Beadon	Quayle
Clay, E. K.	Sammons
Green	Whitehead

We understand that the parishioners of All Saints have presented to their late Vicar, the Rev. W. C. Sharpe, our Senior Dean, an elegant silver inkstand, as a token of respect on his retirement from the Vicarage.

The Council of the Royal Society have recommended amongst others, for election as fellows of the Society, Mr. I. Todhunter, our principal Mathematical Lecturer.

The Town has been this term the scene of extraordinary gaieties, owing to the opening of the New Town Hall and Public Rooms. Concerts, Ball, and Bazaar have in their turn attracted visitors. The room supplies a want which has been long felt.

The May flower show, which was held this year in the grounds of Peterhouse, was less successful than usual owing to the unfavourableness of the weather.

The procession of Boats, which came off in King's on Saturday, May 24th, was the most successful that has been for some years past.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the term are:

Rev. A. Holmes, *President.*
E. A. Alderson, *Treasurer.*
J. R. W. Bros, *Secretary.*
T. E. Ash, *First Captain.*
C. C. Scholefield, *Second Captain.*

The account of the races will be found at the end of this article.

The Battalion Parades of the University Rifle Corps held during this term have been well attended. A match was held on May 14th, 15th, and 16th, for the purpose of selecting six members of the Corps to represent the Battalion at the Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon; two of the successful competitors, Captain Bushell and Private Nichols, belong to the College Company.

A Shooting-match will now be added to the matches which take place annually between the two Universities. In the ten chosen to fire against Oxford this year the College Company is represented by Captain Bushell.

A match was fired on May 10th between the 2nd (St. John's) and 6th (Trinity) Companies. After a close contest our Company won by two points.

The College has been represented at Cricket this term by a very strong eleven. The shortness of the term has only allowed of a few matches being played; in all these, however, the St. John's eleven was successful. The scores are as follows:

May 14th, St. John's against Emmanuel, won in one innings with 109 to spare. The score was Emmanuel 30 and 66; St. John's 208.

At Ashley, on May 19th; St. John's against Ashley. St. John's scored 68 and 98; Ashley 40 and 89 with 5 wickets.

On May 21st, St. John's against King's; only one innings was completed owing to the rain. St. John's scored 126; King's 98.

On May 23rd, the second eleven of St. John's against Corpus. Corpus obtained 106 and 71 for 4 wickets; St. John's 171.

Subjoined is the list of the Boat-Races, which commenced on

Thursday, May 15th.

FIRST DIVISION.

1	1st Trinity 1	11	Christ's 1
2	3rd Trinity 1	12	Clare 1
3	Lady Margaret 1	13	Sidney 1
4	Trinity Hall 1	14	Lady Margaret 2
5	1st Trinity 2	15	1st Trinity 3
6	Trinity Hall 2	16	Peterhouse 1
7	Caius 1	17	Caius 2
8	2nd Trinity 1	18	Magdalene
9	Emmanuel 1	19	1st Trinity 4
10	Corpus 1	20	3rd Trinity 2

Friday, May 16th.

1 3rd Trinity 1
2 1st Trinity 1
3 Lady Margaret 1
4 Trinity Hall 1
5 1st Trinity 2
6 Caius 1
7 Trinity Hall 2
8 2nd Trinity
9 Emmanuel 1
10 Corpus 1
11 Christ's 1
12 Clare 1
13 Lady Margaret 2
14 Sidney 1
15 1st Trinity 3
16 Peterhouse 1
17 Magdalene
18 Caius 2
19 3rd Trinity 2
20 Pembroke 1

Saturday, May 17th.

1 3rd Trinity 1
2 Lady Margaret 1
3 1st Trinity 1
4 Trinity Hall 1
5 Caius 1
6 1st Trinity 2
7 2nd Trinity 1
8 Trinity Hall 2
9 Emmanuel 1
10 Corpus 1
11 Christ's 1
12 Lady Margaret 2
13 Clare 1
14 Sidney 1
15 1st Trinity 3
16 Peterhouse 1
17 Magdalene
18 3rd Trinity 2
19 Caius 2
20 Pembroke 1

Monday, May 19th.

1 3rd Trinity 1
2 Lady Margaret 1
3 Trinity Hall 1
4 1st Trinity 1
5 Caius 1
6 2nd Trinity 1
7 1st Trinity 2
8 Trinity Hall 2
9 Emmanuel 1
10 Corpus 1
11
12 Christ's 1
13 Clare 1
14 Sidney 1
15 Peterhouse 1
16 1st Trinity 3
17 3rd Trinity 2
18 Magdalene
19 Pembroke 1
20 Jesus 1

Tuesday, May 20th.

1 3rd Trinity 1
2 Trinity Hall 1
3 Lady Margaret 1
4 1st Trinity 1
5 Caius 1
6 2nd Trinity 1
7 1st Trinity 2
8 Emmanuel 1
9 Trinity Hall 2
10 Lady Margaret 2
11 Corpus 1
12 Christ's 1
13 Clare 1
14 Peterhouse 1
15 Sidney 1
16 3rd Trinity 2
17 1st Trinity 3
18 Magdalene
19 Jesus 1
20 Pembroke 1

Wednesday, May 21st.

1 3rd Trinity 1
2 Trinity Hall 1
3 1st Trinity 1
4 Lady Margaret 1
5 Caius 1
6 2nd Trinity 1
7 Emmanuel 1
8 1st Trinity 2
9 Lady Margaret 2
10 Trinity Hall 2
11 Corpus 1
12 Christ's 1
13 Clare 1
14 Peterhouse 1
15 3rd Trinity 2
16 Sidney 1
17 1st Trinity 3
18 Magdalene
19 Jesus 1
20 Pembroke 1

Thursday, May 22nd.

1 Trinity Hall 1
2 3rd Trinity 1
3 1st Trinity 1
4 Lady Margaret 1
5 2nd Trinity 1
6 Caius 1
7 Emmanuel 1
8 1st Trinity 2
9 Lady Margaret 2
10 Corpus 1
11 Trinity Hall 2
12 Christ's 1
13 Clare 1
14 Peterhouse 1
15 3rd Trinity 2
16 Sidney 1
17 Magdalene
18 1st Trinity 3
19 Jesus 1
20 Pembroke 1

Lady Margaret 2

Friday, May 23rd.

1 Trinity Hall 1
2 3rd Trinity 1
3 1st Trinity 1
4 Lady Margaret 1
5 2nd Trinity 1
6 Caius 1
7 Emmanuel 1
8 1st Trinity 2
9 Corpus 1
10 Lady Margaret 2
11 Trinity Hall 2
12 Christ's 1
13 Clare 1
14 3rd Trinity 2
15 Peterhouse 1
16 Magdalene
17 Sidney 1
18 Jesus 1
19 1st Trinity 3
20 Pembroke 1

SECOND AND THIRD DIVISIONS.

Thursday, May 15th. *Third Division.*

40 1st Trinity 6
41 Lady Margaret 5
42 Christ's 3
43 Peterhouse 2
44 Jesus 2
45 Queens' 2
46 Lady Margaret 6
47 Caius 4
48 Trinity Hall 4
49 3rd Trinity 3
50 Pembroke 2

Second Division.

20 3rd Trinity 2
21 Pembroke 1
22 2nd Trinity 2
23 Jesus 1
24 Lady Margaret 3
25 Emmanuel 2
26 Catharine
27 King's
28 Queens' 1
29 Clare 2
30 Corpus 2
31 Lady Margaret 4
32 Christ's 2
33 Trinity Hall 3
34 2nd Trinity 3
35 1st Trinity 5
36 Caius 3
37 Sidney 2
38 Corpus 2
39 Emmanuel 3
40 Lady Margaret 5

Friday, May 16th. *Third Division.*

40 Emmanuel 3
41 1st Trinity 6
42 Queens' 2
43 Jesus 2
44 Peterhouse 2
45 Christ's 3
46 Lady Margaret 6
47 Trinity Hall 4
48 Caius 4*
49 Pembroke 2
50 3rd Trinity 3

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* Missed race.

Second Division.

20 1st Trinity 4
21 Pembroke 1
22 Jesus 1
23 2nd Trinity 2
24 Lady Margaret 3
25 Catharine
26 Emmanuel 2
27 Queens' 1
28 King's
29 Clare 2
30 Lady Margaret 4
31 Corpus 2
32 Christ's 2
33 2nd Trinity 3
34 Trinity Hall 3
35 1st Trinity 5
36 Caius 3
37 Corpus 3
38 Sidney 2
39 Lady Margaret 5
40 1st Trinity 6

Saturday, May 17th. *Third Division.*

40 1st Trinity 6
41 Emmanuel 3
42 Jesus 2
43 Queens' 2
44 Christ's 3
45 Peterhouse 2
46 Lady Margaret 6
47 Pembroke 2
48 Trinity Hall 4
49 Caius 4
50 3rd Trinity 2

Second Division.

20 Pembroke 1
21 1st Trinity 4
22 Jesus 1
23 Lady Margaret 3
24 2nd Trinity 2
25 Catharine
26 Emmanuel 2
27 Queens' 1
28 Clare 2
29 King's
30 Lady Margaret 4
31 Christ's 2
32 Corpus 2
33 2nd Trinity 3
34 1st Trinity 5
35 Trinity Hall 3
36 Corpus 3
37 Caius 3
38 Lady Margaret 5
39 Sidney 2
40 1st Trinity 6

Monday, May 19th. *Third Division.*

40 Sidney 2
41 Jesus 2
42 Emmanuel 3
43 Queens' 2
44 Christ's 3
45 Peterhouse 2
46 Pembroke 2
47 Lady Margaret 6
48 Trinity Hall 4
49 3rd Trinity 3
50 Caius 4

Second Division.

20 Caius 2
21 Jesus 1
22 1st Trinity 4
23 Lady Margaret 3
24 Catharine
25 2nd Trinity 2
26 Emmanuel 2
27 Queens' 1
28 King's
29 Clare 2
30 Lady Margaret 4
31 Christ's 2
32 2nd Trinity 2
33 Corpus 2
34 1st Trinity 5
35 Trinity Hall 3
36 Caius 3
37 Corpus 3
38 Lady Margaret 5
39 1st Trinity 6
40 Queens' 2

Tuesday, May 20th. Third Division.

40 Queens' 2
41 Emmanuel 3
42 Jesus 2
43 Sidney 2
44 Christ's 3
45 Pembroke 2
46 Peterhouse 2
47 Trinity Hall 4
48 Lady Margaret 6
49 3rd Trinity 3
50 Caius 4

Second Division.

20 Pembroke 1
21 Caius 2
22 Lady Margaret 3
23 1st Trinity 4
24 Catharine
25 Emmanuel 2
26 2nd Trinity 2
27 Queens' 1
28 King's
29 Lady Margaret 4
30 Clare 2
31 2nd Trinity 3
32 Christ's 2
33 1st Trinity 5
34 Corpus 2
35 Trinity Hall 3
36 Caius 3
37 Lady Margaret 5
38 Corpus 3
39 1st Trinity 6
40 Queens' 2