CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

(*Two Carols, for "Our College Friends."*)

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who:
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

IT is the Christmas time; and here at College we maintain all the good old customs that were wont to bring together men whom feuds and selfish occupations had dissevered throughout the year.

It is well for us that Christmas comes in winter, when our fellow-labourers have most need of help and cheerful greetings. There are days in summer when we feel so happy in the general joy and beauty of the earth, that we retain no evil feeling against rivals and persecutors; but at best it is only passive toleration, for even any merry kindness towards them has a spice of mischief in it, because we see their ridiculous impotence to wound us further while the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the streams are cajoling us to come and dive into cool baths among the willow roots, and the swallows are flitting with all sorts of vagabond suggestions. No, in summer we are not charitably disposed on the whole; we possess merely a speculative benevolence; we wish everybody to be well off, in health, wealth, and contentment, as in that case we need not be teased by them, and therefore can indulge ourselves unrestrainedly. Nor do I think that we are distinguished as philanthropists in autumn; for at that season memory is busy preaching sermons from the withered

leaves, stubble-fields, widowed partridges, and other trite texts. We are then meditating too busily about ourselves, and what we have lost, or ought to have done, and how changed and mournful life is now—with the dearest friends removed for ever from our sight; the voices, that gave loveliest music once, no more to sound in our ears; and we to go on, becoming older and older, sick and sorry, lonely and disquieted. I do not imagine that we are either good neighbours or good company at such a time; and though it may be said that our thoughts then turn affectionately towards others, yet these others are always prolongations of our own shadow—they are persons intimately connected with our own happiness.

If you ask for a season when we really feel unselfishly disposed to make others happy, you must choose winter—Christmas time and the New Year especially. What energies we shall have in spring to work out the liberal plans that we now propose! Many of us have been prosing or maundering it may be, over some musty German metaphysics, or addling our brains with Fourierism and the crotchets of Model Government. Querulously we doubted whether there was any use in attempting to cure the wholesale iniquity of the times; everything being so mismanaged, everybody so stupid, and malicious, and treacherous (as the police reports and the newspaper leaders declared). Why, we would wash our hands of the whole concern! But, mark the change: Christmas is coming on, and the cold weather has revealed innumerable cases of destitution in Lancashire and elsewhere. We hear little voices pleading for parents out of work; we see poor widows and crippled men, still weak from fever and insufficiency of food; we no longer harden our hearts and waste our time with sickly fancies, but we stride out into the bleak air of the world, and work our work as citizens and Christian brethren. Thence, we shall find that the holly has a sparkle which is not only of green leaves and red berries, and that the New Year's bells are ringing in, not only a Triple Bob Major, but something like an advent of "peace and good-will towards men." Let us sing our own Carol for the

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Clear and breezy is the day which Father Christmas has selected,
He well knowing that a somewhat wintry aspect was expected,
For Yule logs blaze, no charm displays, save in a frosty time;
The Carol floats with choicest notes, when all around is rime.

Hoar trellised are our windows, there is snow on field and hill,
Unstained in virgin whiteness, though the stream is dark and chill.
Silver frosted are the branches against the pale gray sky;
And the smoke from hidden cottages is rising cheerily.
The Robin with his bold black eye and glowing waistcoat comes,
A welcomed Christmas diner-out, our pensioner for crumbs;
And the merry flutter of the flame, the distant evening chime,
And the Carol at our gate, all sing a song of Christmas-time.

Our College Hall is decked with boughs of holly and of bay,
With berries red and polished leaves, in honour of the day,
We take our place, and when the grace has blessed the wholesome cheer,
We drink a Christmas health to all—a welcome to the year.

How comes the Eve in London? Each street a view discloses
Of fingers blown, and 'comforters' round throats, and goose-skinned noses;
The 'Bus-men cough amid their shouts (much mocked by small boys witty),
"Going up, Sir? Right! Come on, now! Cha'ing Cross? Three-pence, Marm! Cityee?"
Now's the time when grocers' windows show Olympian heights of raisin,
Hungry boys the sight beholding, wish themselves such shops had place in;
For the "oranges and lemons" (sung by Clement's bells, so comical),
Awaken in their infant minds, keen wishes gastronomical.

Through all the crowded thoroughfares there's nought but noise and prattle,
Where butchers offer up their hecatombs of prize fat cattle.
Geese arrive from Country Cousins, in exchange for barrelled oysters,
Luscious, large, and worthy dish for plumpest monks in sleepy cloisters;
Costermongers pass, and donkeys, laden with the sparkling holly,
And the kissing mistletoe,—to mention which, of course, is folly;
Beadles, extra-grand and gracious; free-school urchins, sly as foxes;
Also Dustmen, quite unconscious of approaching Christmas-Boxes!
Puddings are stirred up by cooks, and plums by infant "paws" abstracted,
Till one's caught, and t'other tells how Jim, or Jane, or Bob has "whack'd it."
Unpaid bills come in by shoals, and timid debtors, pale with fear,
Think it quite as well that Christmas only comes round "once a-year!"

To their mind appears a vision of placards: "This shop to let:"
"Awful Sacrifice!" "Great Bargains!" and a name in the *Gazette*.

Better cheer in Christmas letters, howsoever late the mail may
Be in coming, as the snow-drift has completely block'd the railway.
Snow! who cares?—a million school-boys, free from tasks, in exultation
Catch the train, that takes them homeward to some rural recreation.
Ponds for skating are awaiting; hands and hearths:—We scorn the question,
Whether Twelfth-Night brings remorses, in the shape of indigestion.
Ne'er a holiday so long can weary thin-clad labourers know,
Who in town from birth to death must on through miry pathways go;
Needle-workers, clerks and shopmen, in their year for one day only
Break from the routine of toil, to feel themselves less sad and lonely.
Gathered up are ravelled threads of families too long disparted,
Round the fire again together, in the Christmas glow blythe-hearted.

Up to town, through frost and snow-drift, from the Grange amid the limes,
Comes the Squire and Kate, impatient, to see all the Pantomimes;
Bringing with them Tom and 'Etty, who believe in all they see,
Marvelling much why no Policeman takes up Clown for larceny;
Whether folks will let him off, because he only "stole in fun?"—
Starving Want meets less forbearance, if caught stealing loaf or bun!

Now's the time for politicians and old foes to patch up quarrels,
While the Waits are counting ha'pence, and the gardeners chaunting Carols.
Yet the darkened home looks sadder, which the coffin left to-day,
And the mourners weep and shudder, though they bend their knees to pray.

Seems the snow to them a white shroud, and the cold dark skies a pall,
But the stars like angels watching, silently, and pitying all:
Well they know, these stricken orphans, that the dreary winter hours
From our world must pass away, and Summer bring return of flowers:
From the grave uprising, surely, from the snow and earthly stains,
Shall the soul be free for ever, where eternal summer reigns;
Free from darkness, sin and sorrow—thus the 'still small voice' doth say—
"He is risen, He is risen! Hail with joy the sacred day!"
They can hear a deeper anthem than the songs of giddy mirth,
Richer-toned in Christmas Carols, promise of man's second birth:
Speaking—Glory to the Highest: Peace and Brotherhood on Earth.

May we never fail to prize Christmas-day and the New Year. To our mind, Christmas has the higher and more sacred beauty, as being a religious solemnity, and even in the merriment with which it is received by young people, there is evidence of the hearty brotherhood appropriate to the time. While commemorating the sublime mystery of the Saviour's birth, which speaks to the soul by the record of humility and divinest love, it also strengthens by festival and greeting the bonds of union among men, encouraging mutual forbearance and active beneficence. It is the season of affectionate sympathy, drawing together young and old, rich and poor, the happy and the suffering.

The New Year speaks in a different tone, loudly, joyously, with revelling and friendly wishes. But there is more alloy of worldliness, more of an attempt to disguise the whispers of sad remembrance, of uneasy hearts or vacant minds, more of the phrensied desperation of the Dionysia, instead of the quiet happiness of Christmas. Surely there is something wrong in a system which, especially in the North, inaugurates the time with drunkenness and gluttony. "It is good to be merry and wise," we are told, but also, "it is good to be honest and true," and we need not be fools at the Old Year's close, to shew love for the Year that is new. However, to prove that we are not haters of innocent mirth, before parting, let our Lady Margaret friends accept this chant of requiem in honour of

OLD SIXTY-TWO.

"Bring my cab to the hall door, precisely at twelve,
I can't wait," said the tired Old Year,
"Though they ask me to meet the young Squire whom they praise,
As they praised me, and all who come here.
He's a promising fellow, steps up with a grin,
Glass in hand, plump and rosy, whilst I'm pale and thin,
Old and gouty, bald-pated and queer.
But you'll take care to fill up the bowl,
And heap up the Yule-logs and coal,
And with shout and song, you
Will see out Sixty-two—
For you found him a worthy Old Soul!"

All the months in their order assembled to tea;
Aquarius, as wont, brought the water in urn,
And Pisces helped round potted Sardines, whilst Lamb
And Neat's-tongue served the next two in turn.

But the Twins were so noisy and skittish, good lack!
That Crabbed old bachelor Cancer turned back,
And seemed ready the whole fun to spurn:
Till they coaxed him to fill up the bowl,
And heap higher the Yule-logs and coal,
That with wassail and shout
Might the Old Year go out,—
Singing, "Here's to thee, worthy Old Soul!"

In July most truly a Lion they hailed;
While Miss Virgo (with milliners' bills unperplexed,)
Heard a well-Balanced lawyer, and Scorpio, his clerk,
Talk some scandal, that made her feel vexed.
A Capricious Young Fop, with a beard like a Goat,
Said some things about Crinoline,—which I'll not quote,
Or there's no knowing what might come next.
Yet they one and all filled up the bowl,
And played tricks with Yule-log and coal,
Then with wassailing shout
Said they'd "see the Year out,
With a health to the worthy Old Soul!"

Then Cassiopēa was called to the Chair;
Whilst the Equinox acted as Vice, very ill,
And trod on the Dog-star, who growled like a cur;
And the Pleiades flirted (as seven young girls will):
Berenice had worked, of her own lovely hair,
A Christmas-box Belt for Orion to wear
For her sake, as the winter was chill:
So he helped her to empty the bowl,
And cracked chestnuts on Yule-log and coal,
That with wassailing shout
They might see the Year out,
Chanting, "Here's to you, worthy Old Soul."

They played "Yes and No," and "American Post,"
Though the Moon cried for quarter, ere long;
And at "Traveller's Inn" many forfeits were lost,
And Miss-Fortune was doomed for a song:
So the winds lurked in corners, securing a kiss
From the Earth, who affected to take it amiss,
And Atlas upheld her—"'Twas wrong!"
But they soon joined their lips to the bowl,
And heaped up the Yule-logs and coal,
Saying, "Whoe'er may flout,
We will see the Year out;
Here's a health to the jolly Old Soul!"

They at last drank the health of their Grandfather Time;
Who replied at such length that, with mocks,
Life begged to remind him the hour was late;
From his face all looked up at the clock's.
'Twas one minute to Twelve; and they heard the sharp trot
Of a nag in the distance, so off like a shot
Sixty-two rushed away with friend Nox.
'Twas the New Year himself drained the bowl,
While the Old Year's cab-wheels quick did roll;
They helped Sixty-Three in
With a shout and a grin,
Saying "Blythe be his reign, worthy soul!"

J. W. E.

A NOTE ON THE BOWER IN 'ŒNONE.'

"Manie accords more sweete than Mermaid's Song."—
Spenser: *Visions of Bellay.*

THE description of the bower in Tennyson's *Œnone* is the most beautiful passage in the whole poem. As this description is not original, it will be interesting to pass in review the various preceding passages on which it is founded. These imaginary Elysian nooks are great favourites with the poets; they love to wander in fancy, with their eyes half shut, hand in hand with the Muses and Graces; and to dream that they come upon such delightful localities.

Our first passage is in the *Iliad*. Homer represents Herè as practising a stratagem upon Zeus, in order to aid the Greeks. She procures the cestus of Venus, and makes herself as attractive as possible; and, appearing to Zeus on Mount Gargarus, where he was watching the armies, with the help of Sleep, whom she has previously bribed, and who sits brooding over the god in the form of a bird, she succeeds in overpowering his wakeful sense. In the mean time Neptune leads on the forces. The passage in which the couch of Zeus is described is extremely beautiful, but short.* I scarcely venture to translate it:—

How sweet the couch!
The yielding grasses raised it from the ground!
Crocus, and dewy lotus, and the hosts
Of hyacinth, smooth-leaved, innumerable!
And,—o'er the happy lingerers hung,—a cloud,
Beautiful, golden, dripping lucid dews!

Virgil imitates this passage of Homer in the first book of his *Æneid*. When the Cyprian goddess, in order to

* *Il.* xiv. 346—357.

deceive Dido, sends Amor in the disguise of Iulus, she bears away the offspring of Æneas to one of her secret haunts, and casts over him a pleasant sleep. His resting place is thus described:—

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.—
Æn. i. 691-4.

This may be freely rendered:—

As rillets in the heat
Refresh the land, she poured a placid ease
Of peaceful sleep upon him; and she took
Daintily in her arms the youth, and bore
Him to Idalian groves, her secret haunts:
There soft-leaved odorous-sweet amaracus
Hid him amid its flowers and pleasant shade.

Our next passage is taken from Shakspere. We do not place it next, because we suppose Shakspere to have imitated Virgil or Homer; but rather because those who come after imitated him. Oberon, in a wood near Athens, is designing to anoint the eyes of Titania, and he thus describes a spot where it is likely for the Fairy Queen to be found. The reader will scarcely need referring to *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.—
Mids. Night's Dream, Act II. Sc. 1.

And now we pass on to Milton. It is well known that our great epic poet never forgets to remember, or to avail himself of, the beauties of his predecessors: and so we find him imitating the three passages already given in two remarkable instances. The first is in Book IV. of *Paradise Lost*, where he describes the secret bower to which Eve is led by Adam:

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chosen by the Sovran Planter, when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of Man.—

Par. Lost, IV. 688—704.

The second instance, in which Milton seems chiefly to have had an eye to Shakspere, is in Book IX.:

To a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant root imbower'd,
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth; Earth's freshest, softest lap.—

Par. Lost, IX. 1037—41.

I have thus enumerated the principal passages to which I conceive Tennyson to have been indebted, in his beautiful description of the bower in *Œnone*. I now proceed to quote that description. It is the deep mid-noon: "the lizard, with his shadow on the stone, rests like a shadow:" the cicala sleeps: when Pallas, Herè, and Aphroditè come to the bower on mount Ida. Paris is to decide which is most beautiful, and to give her the golden apple:

Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotus and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

TENN., *Œnone*.

Such is Tennyson's exquisite description. There is one curious feature which I must not omit. In Oberon's account of Titania's sleeping-place there is a pause in the first line:—

I know a bank.....where the wild thyme blows:

we can half imagine Oberon musing upon, and collecting in his mind, during this pause, his pleasant memories of the spot: and again, in another line,—

Quite over canopied with.....*luscious* woodbine,—

we seem to catch, in the redundant syllable, the echo of Oberon's delight. I know that this will be called fanciful; and perhaps the elision, and then the insertion, of a syllable were not intentional: yet I am sure the laureate observed the peculiarity, and in his line,—

And overhead *the wandering ivy and vine,*

he would have us observe the effect of the wind that arose; and again, in another line,—

With branch and berry and flower thro' and thro',—

the wild luxuriance of the interlacing boughs.

O. B.

A GHOST STORY.

IN this age of scepticism, how refreshing it is to think that there are still many believers in Ghost Stories remaining amongst us! And yet even Ghost Stories are criticised by many of us in a sceptical spirit, and woe betide the unfortunate author of a Ghost Story, which is not well authenticated by parish registers, by dying depositions, and such a mass of circumstantial evidence as can only be unravelled by the brain of an Attorney-General, or the imagination of a Wilkie Collins!

Woe also betide the author of a Ghost Story that is neither melancholy, mysterious, nor awful!

And yet, though my Ghost is neither a well authenticated one, nor one that will cause my readers' "hair to stand on end like quills upon a fretful porcupine;" though I have no parish registers to produce, nor blood, bones, and sulphur at my command, still I will tell my story in the plain unvarnished language of truth, hoping that the events which I am about to narrate, and which made a lively and lasting impression on my youthful imagination, will also in some degree interest the readers of "*The Eagle*." In order to commence my story, I am afraid that I must enter slightly into my own personal history.

My father and mother both died in the year 18—, and at the early age of fourteen I was left an orphan. Providence, however, raised up a friend for me in an aunt who had not seen me for many years. She had married abroad, and had settled in Rotterdam, in which place she still continued to live, though her husband had for many years been dead. Having no children of her own, she wrote at once on hearing of my friendless condition, and told me I was henceforth to consider myself her child, and her home as mine.

But a short time elapsed after the receipt of this letter, ere I found myself on my way to Rotterdam, under the

protection of a faithful old servant of our family who was herself a native of Rotterdam, and who hailed with pleasure this opportunity of revisiting her native land.

We arrived late at night, and found my aunt sitting up to receive us, in an old-fashioned but comfortable library; a blazing fire darted a red quivering light on the oak panels of the room, and I well remember the wild unearthly glare that at times fell upon the portraits of several ancient citizens and rough sea-captains of Rotterdam, the ancestors of my late uncle.

The lights were however brought in, a substantial supper served, and the old library soon lost its mysterious appearance; my aunt's manner was so kind that I already felt at home, and for the first time since my father's death, for a moment I forgot the bitterness of my orphan lot.

Several months passed, and every day saw me more attached to my new home, no one could have lived in the same house with my aunt without loving her; her's was a face on which sorrow had set its mark, and had imparted a sad and sweet expression to features which might otherwise have betokened a character of more firmness and decision than it is pleasant to meet with in a woman. What her sorrow had been I knew not at the time; but that at some period of her life an overwhelming grief sufficient to crush a mind of weaker fibres, had fallen upon her, was soon apparent to me. When I afterwards in some degree discovered what that affliction had been, and that the very house in which we were living had witnessed horrors that would have curdled the blood and maddened the brain of even an uninterested spectator, I looked upon my aunt with feelings of almost religious awe and admiration. But I must not anticipate the account of the terrible tragedy which dawned upon me by degrees.

There was one room in the house, the door of which was always locked, and inside which I had never entered. It is needless to add, that my childish curiosity was stirred up within me, and that I longed to enter that room with all the earnestness with which forbidden things always inspire us.

As far as I could see there was nothing peculiar about the room, except that it was isolated from the rest of the house, being the only room in a long passage which led to the garden by a glass-door and a flight of steps. The shutters of the glass-door were always fastened, and the steps leading down to the garden seemed not to have been used

for many years, and were covered with moss, and in many places were broken or had crumbled away. I often looked curiously at the windows of the room from the garden, but as the shutters were always up, my curiosity met with little to gratify it. I had several times asked my aunt questions about the room, but had never received a satisfactory answer to my questions, and the only information on the subject I could get from my old nurse was, that there were painful events connected with the room which she was not at liberty to divulge, and that the fewer questions I asked about it the better it would be.

A year had now passed, when one morning my aunt informed me that she expected a house full of visitors in a few days; in fact, more visitors than she knew how to receive, and that in order to make room for them, she intended to throw open the room in the long passage. That part of the house, she said, was connected with a most painful part of her life, and it was for this reason that she had let it remain so long untenanted. As to the queer stories of its being haunted, "you and I, my dear," she said, "are of course sensible enough to be able to laugh at these absurdities; at the same time the room awakens such painful recollections in my mind that I cannot persuade myself to occupy it, but if you have no dread of the Ghost, the room shall for the future be yours."

I was delighted with the offer, for I had always set my heart upon the room, and as I was not the least imaginative or nervous, the idea of the Ghost caused me not the slightest alarm.

The servants were all in amazement when my aunt gave the order for the room to be prepared for me, and seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I began to take possession of my new domain. I especially remember the startled and horrified expression which appeared on Mrs. Snow's face when she heard of the arrangement.

Agatha Snow, my aunt's lady's-maid, deserves to be described briefly, not only because she acts a prominent part in the story which I am about to relate, but also as being in herself a somewhat remarkable person.

She was a Swiss by birth, but had married an Englishman, who had formerly been butler to my aunt. Her husband died within two years after the marriage, leaving her in great poverty and with one child to support; upon the death of the child which happened soon after the father's death, Mrs. Snow applied for and obtained the place of

lady's-maid in my aunt's house. She had now lived with my aunt for ten years, and was about thirty-six years of age, though still in the full bloom of her beauty. Her cheeks had lost none of the roseate hues of youth; her eye was as clear and bright, her hair as black, and her step as light as when she left her native mountains some twelve years before. The greatest charm she possessed was a row of pearly teeth, which made her smile perfectly irresistible. Still I never could bring myself to like Agatha Snow, though her smile was so exquisite, she was too fond of smiling; and her eye, though clear and full of expression, glittered at times like that of a serpent, and if fascinating was also stony and petrifying. Still she never lost her temper, never spoke when she was wanted to hold her tongue, and was so excellent a servant, that no one could find it possible to say a word against her, except that he or she did not like her, though "the reason why we could not tell."

"And are you really going to sleep with the goblins, Miss Hester?" she said, shewing the pearly teeth. "Well, you English ladies have much of courage. I would not sleep in that room for the world; but I am only a poor weak silly thing." My room was ready and I took actual possession of it two or three days before any visitors arrived. As night came on, I own that a slight uneasiness came over me at times as I thought of the lonely room in the long passage; but this momentary alarm only made me all the more determined to do nothing unworthy of the "strong mind" of which I felt myself to be possessed.

My aunt walked with me as far as my bed-room door, where she wished me good night. I entered the room and shut the door. What is that moving behind the curtains? "It is only Agatha Snow, miss. I thought I would come to see that everything was well-air'd and comfortable. If you take my advice, miss, you will not sleep in this horrible room to night. I would not sleep here for worlds, but then I am a poor weak timid thing, and not a fine brave lady like madamoiselle." "And yet you are not afraid of coming here by yourself in the dark, Agatha," I replied. "How is that?" The bright eye seemed to dart forth a green and angry light for an instant, but the pearly teeth came to the rescue, and with her sweetest smile and a little silvery laugh, she replied, "why madamoiselle knows that ghosts cannot appear before midnight, so I am quite safe at present," and she wished me "good night," and curtseyed herself out of the room with infinite elegance.

I listened to her departing footsteps, and did not know whether I felt relieved or not when their last faint sound died away. There was something in the woman, fascinating as she was, that I could not like, and I could not help in some way or other connecting her with an uneasy feeling, which in spite of my strong mind kept gradually creeping over me. However my room looked as snug as could be; the fire blazed merrily, and when I drew aside the curtain, I saw that the moon was up and the night fine. I sat looking at the fire in a reverie for some ten minutes, undressed, got into bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

How long I had been asleep I cannot tell, when I woke with a sudden start; there was a bright light in the room, the curtains which I had drawn back letting the full light of the moon into my room. The fire was all but out, and the falling embers were making a dreary rustling sound; I felt a cold sweat upon my brow, a trembling in every limb, and a difficulty in breathing which almost amounted to suffocation. Suddenly there stood between me and the moon's light a tall dark figure.

(*To be continued.*)

VIRGIL. GEORGIC. II. 458...499.

O HAPPY swains if but your bliss ye knew!
To whom the teeming Earth in season due,
Far from the din of arms and bloody strife,
Supplies unbidden all the wants of life!
Though in your homes no entrance gaping wide
Pour forth at morn the flatterers' early tide;
Though with no gems inlaid your portals blaze,
Nor gold-embroider'd robes allure your gaze:
Though no Corinthian art your halls adorn,
And your white fleeces Tyrian purple scorn;
Though casia ne'er your olive-oil defile:
Yours is a life of quiet free from guile;
Yours is a life of plenty and repose;
For you the cattle low, the fountain flows,
For you cool glades afford a still retreat,
O'ershadowing trees, and mid-day slumbers sweet:
Yours is the wild-beast's lair, the forest's shade,
A youth by toil and perils undismayed;
You still due reverence to the aged pay,
Still to the gods with due devotion pray;
And when indignant from the earth she flew,
Justice her latest blessings left with you.

Ye Muses, to the poet ever dear,
Whose priest I am, my supplication hear.
Teach me the rolling stars, the heavenly ways,
Why wanes the sun, what dims the moon's faint rays:
What makes the earth to heave, the swelling tide
To burst its barriers and again subside:
Why 'neath the waves the sun in winter speeds:
What cause the ling'ring nights' slow path impedes.
But if the blood around my heart grow cold,
And nature's wonders I may ne'er behold,
Still let me roam, inglorious though I be,
Thro' valleys green, by woodland stream and tree:
O for Sperchius' plain! for those wild heights
Where Spartan maidens hold their Bacchic rites:

Bear me some god to Hœmus' thickest glade,
And hide me 'neath the mighty forest's shade!
Happy the man who Nature's law could learn,
Each human fear, each human passion spurn,
Inexorable Fate itself despise,
And greedy Acheron view with fearless eyes.
Blest too is he who knows the Dryad train,
Sylvanus, Pan, who guard the fruitful plain.
Free from ambition he has never bowed
To regal purple, or to "fasces" proud.
Nor discord revelling in brothers' blood;
Nor banded Dacians from Ister's flood;
Nor Roman power, nor kingdoms doom'd to fall
His path can trouble, or his soul appal.
So blest his lot he lives alike secure
From Envy of the Rich and Pity for the Poor.

ARCALUS.

A DAY WITH THE FITZFUNGUS FOX-HOUNDS.

A DAY with the Fitzfungus fox-hounds! "You may twist, you may alter the words as you will, but the scent of the stable will cling to them still." I am quite aware of the fact, gentle reader, and know full well that there is much in a name; I would, therefore, beg of you not to take fright at the title which I have given to this sketch; I will do my best to render these pages as unlike a contribution to "*Bell's Life*" as possible; and in return, merely ask you to excuse me if I should seem incapable of handling a theme, which Kingsley, Whyte Melville, and others scarcely inferior to them, as novelists, have not thought beneath their attention. To begin then, be so good as to imagine yourself, dressed, breakfasted, and jogging slowly along (as becomes men who anticipate a long day), through a land of rolling heather-topped hill and marshy moorland, beneath you a road, which it is painfully evident knew not McAdam, and before you, as far as the eye can reach, a somewhat monotonous succession of barren-looking bluffs, whose tops are crowned with clusters of rusty gorse, and round whose bases the prattling trout-stream twines its silver threads, while a rather unpromising sky of dull lead-colour serves as back-ground to the occasional roofless cabin or deserted water-mill, which breaks at long intervals the monotony of the landscape. A wild and bleak region it undoubtedly is, and I think its wildness and bleakness is rather increased by the prevalence of those same forsaken water-mills which one comes suddenly upon at some turn of the road, rotting to pieces in the long dank grass, and seeming in a peculiarly weird and ghostly manner "to pore upon the brook that babbles by." However, I am not about to enter upon a case of "Agricultural distress," nor an endeavour to prove that the dullness of the sky and prevalence of rushes and water-mills is the result of "Saxon misrule." No, my friends, my private belief is, that that land (I ought perhaps to

have premised that the scene of my sketch is laid in the South of Ireland) was intended to produce jack-snipe and furze, and that jack-snipe and furze it will produce to the end of time, and as a necessary consequence of furze—foxes, which brings me, after a considerable détour, back to the legitimate subject of my tale.

Let us suppose that we have arrived at the Meet, which being like most other Meets, that is to say, a combination of scarlet coats, glossy horses, white neckcloths, slang, and cigar-smoke, may be quickly passed over; and now, while our friends are tightening their girths, and the cigar of indolence and expectation rests half-consumed between my lips, permit me to give you a notion of two or three of the characters (including of course the noble M. F. H.) with whom you are this day to risk your neck. First then there's his lordship; he has just driven up, and is in the act of mounting that huge grey with the wicked eye and the rocking-horse-like dapples on his quarters; look at him well, he is the representative of an ancient family and a radical constituency; amongst those Norman Barons who accompanied Strongbow on his expedition to Ireland none bore a higher name than Sir Philip Fitz-Fungus, surnamed "Cœur de Roi," on account of his kingly generosity and valour. His descendants (and their name is Legion), have since spread themselves all over the South of Ireland, and no horse "knock," no coursing-match or punch-carouse is complete, unless some member of the house of Corderoy takes a conspicuous part in it.

The title of Fitz-Fungus, for some time in abeyance, has been revived in the person of the present peer, whose sixteen stone of solid flesh—the only solid thing about him—has been busy cleaning the boots of her Majesty's ministry and her Majesty's opposition any time these twenty years. In person our noble friend presents little to describe, if you can imagine one of his own short-horn bulls, tightly buttoned up in a "pink frock," you will have as good an idea of "the Right Hon. Sheridan Corderoy," as is at all necessary. The huntsman naturally follows close upon the master. "Jerry," as he is universally called (nobody, I once heard a brother sportsman assert, being either old enough or *ugly* enough to remember his surname), is a crooked, dwarfish figure, looking unpleasantly like that proverbial "beggar on horseback," who is popularly supposed to be intent upon visiting the enemy of mankind, and with a face, if it may be dignified by the name, which has all the effect of a singularly plain set of

features thrown at random against a brick wall. If I were called upon for a more minute description, I should say that his visage was a compromise between the door-knocker and battered-orange types, with a slight "pull" in favour of the door-knocker. He is however a good horseman despite his looks, and what is more rare, a good huntsman, and many a stout fox has he "been the death of" over these marshes. Let him shamble off upon his varmint-looking 'garron, while we turn our attention to a very different subject,—Fred. Rowel, the hard-riding man or "bruiser" of the hunt. Now it may be said of most "bruisers," that they are a small lean race, shrivelled as to the limbs, wiry as to the whiskers, scant as to the garments, and altogether looking (like the Tweeds which they delight to wear) as if they had been well "shrunk" at an early period of their existence. That they talk "horse," look "horse," and would if not restrained by the usages of society, eat "horse." Such is not the case with our friend Fred, he is not merely a bruiser, his voice is as often heard in company with the notes of the piano as with the cry of the hounds; his stalwart form is as much at home when whirling Dervish-like in the mazes of the waltz, as when sitting grimly down upon that "long low bay;" and to conclude, his conversation does not consist solely of Hark forward! Tally Ho! and such phrases after the manner of stage sportsmen, but possesses a vocabulary of somewhat more soothing sounds, if we may judge by the close proximity of his curly head and certain "sweet things in wreaths" during one of those "supper" dances of which we read in the pages of history. In person, he is tall beyond the average, long-limbed and broad-chested, with high aquiline features, and hair of a colour which (in consideration of my having known his family for years) I shall call auburn, add to this a remarkably "jolly" expression, and incipient whiskers of a pale flame colour, and you have a complete picture of him whom three parishes unite in pronouncing a "divilish cliver" man.

But while I have been talking, the hounds have been thrown into the gorse which covers the opposite hill-side, and the parapetless bridge spanning the glen is thick with red-coats, whose eyes are fixed intently on the huntsmen and whips as they manœuvre through the furze, which by this time is alive with vigorous tails and long greyhound-like heads. Hark! there's a whimper! a dead silence succeeds, broken only by the rustle of the dogs through the withered furze and bramble. But now a long fierce "yowl," which

is eagerly taken up by the whole pack, announces that the game's afoot indeed, and all round me I can see men's faces brighten and set in a determined manner. The same look only in a lesser degree, which I can fancy on the face of a "front-rank Heavy" when the word "charge" rings out "above the storm of galloping hoofs." My neighbour on the right stands up in his stirrups, and as I catch his eye, gleaming with the "gaudia certaminis," the words of the "Iron Duke" come freshly back upon my mind, "The cavalry-officers of England are formed in the hunting field."

Full cry now with a vengeance! The wild bell-like music comes rolling back from the brow of the hill in "deep-mouthed thunder," two or three of the keenest-sighted give vent to a yell, as they view the fox stealing away in the far distance, the horses break into a gallop, and we tear up the rocky road with all the energy of a start and no fencing. A moment's check, see, the hounds—the true old Irish "grizels," lean grey and muscular—cross the road in a body, running breast-high, strike the fence and seem to vanish over it like spray over a rock, and stream across the adjoining pasture with the speed of the wind; a pause, as the foremost horseman backs his hunter across the road, and sends him at the "double." Over he goes! poising himself for an instant on the top, and then shooting over the wide dyke like a bird; another, and another, and another, we are on the springy turf of the pasture; the hounds, some ten lengths ahead of us, racing like mad,—a gleam of water, a crash of withered gorse-roots, a slight shock as the horse lands, and we are in the next field, all manner of red specks and streaks whirling and flashing around, beside and in front of us, and a single gleam of sunlight showing the pack, now in full field ahead, flying in a white serried mass over the dark green soil of a treacherous-looking marsh; a clattering in front announces a stone wall, two or three hats and caps, and a like number of horses' tails appear suddenly in the air, and as suddenly disappear as the front rank faces the obstacle; a sharp clank, a dull heavy "thud," and the first whip and his horse are rolling together amongst the broken stones: he staggers to his feet, puts his hand to his head for a moment, and then re-mounts with an effort, and, as the chime of the staunch pack falls mellowed by distance upon our ears, we too take our turn at the "rasper," and, as a matter of course, "land cleverly on the other side."

Away over moor and moss, rough and smooth, plough and pasture, through desolate wastes of heather and comparatively cheerful farms, on over the long bleak line of hills to the north, rolls the hunt, until the ragged peasant who leaps upon the top of a fence, grinning with delight, to catch a last view, sees red coats and black coats dip down behind an opposing bluff, and hears the last strain of hound-music die away, leaving a tingle in his ears as he turns to his potatoe furrow in silence.—With the hunt my friend, and in a good place too, we will trust are you and I, but however pleasant and exciting the thing may be in real life, I know few things more tedious than an accurate hunt upon paper, where every fence is inflicted upon you, and you are compelled to follow every turn of the hounds until the end arrives.

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Let us then pass over in imagination some five and thirty minutes—a short space upon paper, but capable of containing a vast variety of incident and accident in the crowded life of the hunting-field. Let us suppose that we have crossed some six miles of country, been once down, seen the friend of our bosom deposited in the inky waters of an apparently bottomless dyke, and are now within a field of the still flying pack, and about two miles from his lordship's favourite cover of Mullagahaun. My "gallant grey" (the horse happens to be brown, but I use the words merely as a conventional compliment, just as we call a boorish duke, "your grace"), my gallant grey, I say, is beginning to lose somewhat of his elasticity, and an ominous twitching in the flank of that worthy animal, tells tales of the rattling gallop through which he has not past totally unwearied. Oh Diana, "goddess excellently bright," in pity vouchsafe a check, give us "room to breathe how short soever." A check it is indeed! the leading hounds throw up their heads with a low whine, and the whole pack "feather" listlessly over yonder dark poverty-stricken plough. The men in front turn their horses' heads to the wind, and "Jerry," with a wave of his cap, casts his hounds forward. "Hark to Warrior!" cries Fred. Rowel, as the old dog gives out a long deep "yowl."

"Forrard, Forrard. Away!" screams an excited red-coat on the left, as he crams his "pumped" horse at the fence, and presently lands on his head in the same field with the now chiming pack. "Forrard indeed," we mutter, as we prepare to follow him, and somehow, we scarcely know how, find ourselves on the other side unhurt, while the dogs pack closer, and fly on at a pace that looks uncommonly like

"killing." Jerry's excited feelings find vent in a view-halloa, see! there goes "poor pug," with a mud-stained brush, creeping doggedly along, the hounds running steadily break from scent to view, and in ten minutes more our huntsman, throwing himself off his panting horse, holds his fox over his head with a clear woo-whoop! that makes the stony hills ring again, and sends the snipe shrieking up from the tufts of rushes around him. Woo-whoop he cries, woo-whoop my darlings, well-hunted! and so say we as we turn our foam-streaked horses homewards, and, lighting our weeds, fall leisurely to discussing the adventures of the day, each man having some wonderful story to tell about that "on-and-off you know, old fellow, just as we got out of the lane," &c., and so Good Night.

M. B.

A (BACHELOR'S) FAREWELL.

FLOW down, dark River, to the Ouse,
Thy tribute, Cam, deliver:
No more on thee my boat shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by Bridge and Reach,
And Plough and Locks; ah, never
Again shall I thy course row o'er,
For ever and for ever!

To see the Fours i' th' October term,
By thee shall Freshmen shiver:
And still shall Cox'ns slang bargees,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand Crews shall train on thee,
With wild excitement quiver:
But not on thee my form shall be,
For ever and for ever.

D.

SALUTATIONS.

THE institution of Salutations can boast an almost unrivalled antiquity. It must certainly have seen the inside of the garden of Eden; and if, as seems too natural to doubt, at first expressed by a kiss on the fair cheek of Eve, it must have branched forth into innumerable forms when men began to multiply upon the earth; when Adam, the man of many centuries, must have been regarded with an awful reverence; and the endless and bewildering varieties of ancestry and cousinship had produced their corresponding degrees of familiarity and diffidence.

To realize such a state of things let us imagine those stern Normans who fought at Hastings, and from whom many of us as eagerly claim descent as the Athenians of old from the misty regions of the demi-gods, to live, not only on the Roll of Battle-Abbey, but in actual flesh and blood. What an effect their existence would have upon our customs! What an atmosphere of solemnity would pervade society in their presence! the story of England's liberty, wealth, and power embraced by the term of one man's life! History and historians superseded by these "living epistles known and read of all men!" Breathes there the youth whose flippant tongue would venture the appellation of "governor;" or who would not exchange the lifted hat for the bended knee before such majestic relics of antiquity? Such thoughts as these may suggest the cause, or at least one principal cause, of those profound prostrations and obeisances which characterize Eastern countries. It was in the *East* that the history of man commenced; in the *East* that those lives of eight or nine centuries were passed; when young men must have been regarded and treated as mere children, without experience, and separated by twenty generations from the venerated head of their family.

Nor is the fact that these countries no longer afford a greater longevity than the colder West, sufficient to disprove

our assertion. The Eastern mind is pre-eminently indisposed to change. The traveller of the nineteenth century cannot pass through those sacro-classic lands without being forcibly reminded of the life-like sketches of the book of Genesis. The earliest form of government—absolute despotism, has survived and flourished here, while the growing mind of the West has tried alternately every form which promised the liberty it demanded as its right; and a few years ago a wild son of the desert boasted that he was one of 10,000 descendants of Jonadab the son of Rechab, who, with as rigid an obedience as their ancestors two thousand years ago, 'neither drink wine, nor build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any, but abide in tents all their days.' From these considerations we should expect a general similarity to prevade the salutations of the East; especially those which lie within the circle of Bible lands.

Abram and Lot, on seeing the approach of strangers, run and bow themselves with their faces toward the ground; the aged Jacob receives the same homage from his son Joseph, albeit the land of Egypt acknowledges that son as its governor, and a grateful people bow the knee before him. Esau, reconciled to his brother, 'falls on his neck and kisses him;' and Joseph exchanges the same salute with his beloved Benjamin. Speaking of Ancient Persia, the Father of History tells us that "when people meet in the street you may know if they are of equal rank by the following token. If they are, instead of speaking, they kiss one another on the lips; where one is a little inferior to the other the kiss is given on the cheek; where the difference of rank is great, the inferior prostrates himself on the ground." Glad indeed would the Eastern traveller be if such were the only ceremonies required of him. The enervating climate, and consequent ignorance of the value of time, have given birth to a custom which the European must always regard as wearisome and sometimes almost impertinent. The sweet and solemn "peace be unto you" is followed by as many as four or five kisses on each cheek, administered with patriarchal gravity; your hand is held all the time with a most pertinacious affection, while questions are rapidly poured forth about your own health, the health of your wife, if you are so fortunate as to have one, your appetite and digestion, the state of your cattle, and a thousand other matters which you cannot imagine to be of the slightest interest to your loquacious friend; and even when you have parted company you may suppress your pious ejaculation of thankfulness till you are

sure that he does not turn round and run beside your horse for a quarter of a mile under the impression that he has not yet been sufficiently civil. A recent traveller in Persia, under such circumstances as these, being naturally anxious to equal the Persian in politeness, began to make similar enquiries concerning his state, when the Eastern Chesterfield, solemnly stroking his beard, replied, "only let your condition be prosperous, and I am of course very well." Happily there are two exceptions to this tedious rule, viz., persons on urgent business, and mourners. Of the former we have an example in Elisha's command to his servant to 'salute no man by the way,'—a command repeated after an interval of nine hundred years by our Lord to his disciples. The history of Job gives us a touching picture of the latter. His friends "sat down upon the ground beside him for seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great."

But the cause which operates most powerfully upon the forms of European salutations is wanting in the countries before us. With us the most elaborate salute is paid to woman; in the East woman has no position whatever. A Semiramus or Zenobia may occasionally burst from the thraldom of seclusion, and receive the homage which is denied her sex; but such instances are rare indeed, and only the result of extraordinary circumstances combined with vast force of character. The juvenile exquisite of London or Paris, who has just passed his grandsire with the most familiar of nods, exerts himself to make his best bow and lifts his hat completely off his head to the pretty young lady whom he meets immediately after; but alas for the victims of antiquated jealousy! However young, however pretty, and by necessary consequence, however willing to be seen, the ladies of the East may be, custom immures them in close curtained litters, or winds their faces round with ample folds of cambric, leaving the eyes alone at liberty, too little to warrant recognition, though frequently sufficient to excite hopeless curiosity. This semi-barbarous custom is the cause of great inconvenience and injury to Europeans in the less frequented parts of Asia, as an unwary appearance of a woman in the public streets is often resented by a shower of stones. Such an accident is especially likely to befall the traveller in the smaller towns of Persia, or in that most uninteresting, stagnant, and cowardly nation of China—a nation almost destitute of social relationships, and possessing neither clubs, mercantile associations, or anything deserving of the name of a

profession. Yet there is perhaps no people so barbarous as not to be, in some one point or other, an example to the most enlightened Christian nations; and England or France might envy the unparalleled endurance of the American savage, or imitate with advantage the deep respect for age which makes the youth of China and Japan, as it did of old, those of Egypt and Sparta, "rise up before the hoary head; and honour the face of the old man." Before leaving Asia let us glance for a moment at ancient Sardis, the capital of Lydia, to observe one of the most curious customs which comes within the limits of our subject. In that city, Cyrus the younger puts to death two noble Persians, nephews of king Darius, for the single crime of neglecting to pay him the royal salute, which consisted in wrapping up the hands within the folds of the sleeves. We are unable to discover the origin of a fashion so deservedly unique; and, were it not attested by the solemn seal of history, should be apt to regard such a salute rather an insult than otherwise, and to discover in it a strong resemblance to the conduct of an acquaintance, who, on meeting us, should thrust his hands emphatically into the pockets of his 'unmentionables.' We pass now to Europe; and the first country which attracts our attention is Turkey. Yet Turkey is European in position alone; in everything else a genuine portion of the old continent. The only remaining out-post of Asia, she has maintained, for four hundred years, her Eastern manners with Eastern obstinacy; and now that these are gradually yielding to the irresistible influence of civilization, under an enlightened sovereign, the clouds again gather on her political horizon which were dispelled at Alma and Inkerman a few years ago, and it is just possible that Turkey's end may anticipate her apostasy, and the zealous Moslem of the old school may see her die as she has lived—an Asiatic. But to return. Leaving Turkey, the hallowed associations of the East, give place to the bright stirring scenes of our native West. We immediately feel ourselves to be among a new people. A distinct genius possesses them and gives the tone to their customs. There is such a thing as continental idiosyncracy. Not all the barbarous hordes which have deluged Europe from Attila down to Tamerlane, nor all the counter-tides of Western warriors and Western rabble, which have fattened the soil of Syria, have produced anything like a fusion of character. The East has held fast by the grandeur of antiquity, the West has struck boldly out towards the climax of improvement. The one is now what it was some thousand years ago, and can glory in

its unsullied sameness; the other has waded through stage after stage of ignorance and toil and blood, and has emerged from it all in the van of civilization, and mistress of the world. Franco-Germanic England has naturally exerted the most important influence on the forms of European Salutations. In the words of a late French author of celebrity "she unites the simplicity, the calm, the good sense, the slowness of Germany with the eclât, the rage, the nonsense, the vivacity and elegance of France." Accordingly we find that a custom now fallen into disuse in England, but once so thoroughly established as to be styled 'the English method' was introduced among us by a Saxon princess, and still maintains itself among our friends across the Channel, and generally throughout the continent. Need we say that we refer to the queen of all Salutations—the time-honoured institution of the 'kiss.' Who was the happy discoverer of it—under what circumstances it was first enacted—how the first shock was borne we are unable to say. Possibly some 'quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore' which perished in the library at Alexandria might have revealed the secret; but regrets are useless. We have already intimated our opinion that the custom is as old as Adam; a theory which we would commend to the special protection of those who consider our first father to have been possessed of all mundane knowledge, and to have transmitted it to a retrogressing posterity, through whose fingers it ran like a handful of sand, to be painfully picked up in after years with all the conceit of a first discovery. At all events the kiss appears to have been quite unknown in England till Rowena, daughter of Hengist of Friezland, at a banquet, "pressed the beaker to her lipkins, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husjen." Could the fair princess have foreseen the consequences of her rash act; could she have looked forward into England's history and beheld her salute become a precedent, giving birth to a universal custom, we fear she might have paused, and the "amorous Vortigern" might have met with a disappointment. "But wiser Fate says no," Vortigern gets his kiss; the custom recommends itself by its novelty and its magic influence, and by the time of Chaucer appears to have been universally established. The Friar in the Sompnoure's tale, on the mistress of the house entering the room where her husband and he are sitting,

> "Ariseth up ful curtisly,
> And hire embraceth in his armës narwe,
> And kisseth hire swete and chirketh as a sparwe
> With his lippës."

But how important our subject becomes when we find it attracting the attention of the learned Erasmus and the serious Bunyan. Lest any of our readers, knowing the former, but as the weighty though vaccillating prop of the Reformation, should imagine his heart dead to everything but pure Latinity, we shall quote his own words from an epistle in which he urges a friend to visit Britain—"Just to touch on one thing out of many here there are lasses with heavenly faces, kind, obliging, and you would far prefer them to all your muses. There is besides a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey you are dismissed with a kiss; you return—kisses are exchanged. They come to visit you—a kiss the first thing: they leave you—you kiss them all round. Do they meet you anywhere—kisses in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move there is nothing but kisses. And if you Faustus had but once tasted them, how soft they are! how fragrant! on my honour you would wish to reside here not ten years only but for life." Very different is the judgment of the stern Bunyan. He unequivocally condemns the practice as unchristian; and in this severe decision he is preceded and surpassed by Whytford who, in his "Type of Perfection," denounces not only the somewhat questionable kiss but even the innocent shaking of hands, "or such other touchings that good religious persones shulde utterly avoyde." We thank heaven this holy man had not the modelling of our social institutions. Our old customs withstood the shock of his eloquence; and we cannot but think his success would have been greater and his fate happier, had they been cast among those American ladies of the nineteenth century, whom the Satire of Trollope interrupted while covering the legs of their chairs and tables. The kiss maintained its ground in England until the time of the Restoration, when, having already declined in France so far as the ladies were concerned, the ancient national salute was gradually superseded by the foreign code of politeness which accompanied Charles II. to his own dominions. And now that we have traced the history of the kiss from first to last, and have seen it occupying the attention of princes, poets and divines, let us analyse our feelings with regard to its exit, to discover whether we have lost a dangerous acquaintance or a useful friend; whether we have really after all something for which to be grateful to the most dissolute of England's kings, or an additional reason for execrating his memory. We think the most obstinate advocate of the

old regime will scarcely venture to throw his cause on the shoulders of St. Paul, when he considers how very different the 'holy kiss' of the early Christians must have been from the casual and indiscriminating salute of the middle ages. Amongst the former, so long as it expressed the meaning of the pure-minded apostle, it was but the affectionate greeting of the members of one persecuted family, bound together by the strongest of ties, and separated by one absorbing object from the littlenesses of every-day life. But when this state of things had ceased to exist; when the title of Christian became compatible with that of villain, it is obvious that prudence would call for restrictions which would once have been an insult to the purity of the times. These restrictions our own age enjoys; our ancestors we think needed them too; but the public mind moves slowly, and requires many years of experiment and experience to arrive at truth. A brilliant genius occasionally appears two centuries before his time to shew mankind their folly; but these are not the men from whom society takes its tone. It is shocked at their impiety; it hates their forwardness; it fears their sarcasm. A prison is frequently their reward; and the world, relieved of their presence, jogs leisurely onwards, till when their bones have long mouldered into dust, it opens its dull eyes on their past discoveries. We must not, however, forget that the consequences of a long established custom are very different from the consequences of the same custom suddenly revived after it has lain for ages obsolete. We do not believe that there is one right-minded man or woman in England who would wish the old salute to be immediately revived upon the lips of their wives and daughters; simply because the kiss of the nineteenth century has acquired a deeper meaning than the kiss of the sixteenth. We cannot indeed deny, in the face of Erasmus's enthusiastic testimony, that there is something intrinsically superior in the kiss to all other forms of Salutation, even when it is most common. Yet "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." In the middle ages it was an every day circumstance, common alike to the accepted lover and his rejected rival; to the chance acquaintance and the intimate friend. With us it is an almost sacred rite, celebrated with especial pleasure, under especial circumstances, by especial friends; and we are inclined to think that, as Bishop Butler would say, "more happiness on the whole is produced" by its present than its ancient use. It must be evident to our readers that we have been speaking of the kiss between persons of different sexes. That exchanged by

ladies in every degree of acquaintance we decline to discuss. Whether it be a real expression of affection, or as we fear more frequently, only an unmeaning habit, it offers no inducement to pause. As the former, it is above criticism; as the latter, to say nothing harsher, it is devoid of interest. But when the kiss died out in England it did not necessarily experience the same treatment elsewhere. Every nation takes the liberty to think, or at least to act, for itself in such matters; and the sweet salute, discarded by John Bull, appears to have become a greater favourite on the continent than ever. An Englishman of the present day, forgetful of England's social history, may feel surprised and scandalized on observing the hold which this custom has still upon nearly all the nations of Europe; how the passengers of a Russian steamer on entering port are stormed with kisses by their friends of every grade; or still worse how the entire congregation of a parish church in Iceland or in Germany salute their pastor, after the service, in the same familiar way. Were this last custom confined to such countries as Hungary, where the ignorant priests, belonging to the peasant class, only undertake the sacred office to eke out a scanty living, it would be productive of little mischief; and our principal sentiment would be one of pity for the wretched man who has weekly to run the gauntlet of all the dirty children (especially plentiful in Iceland) and old people of his parish. But great reason has society to be thankful that it does not generally obtain where the clergy are taken from at least the middle classes of the people; and above all, that it has no place in that country where 'the cloth,' like the mantle of charity, has such a tendency to 'cover a multitude of sins,' and to transform the ordinary mortal into an angel of light.

In casting off the kiss we did not cast off politeness. As one salute declined others grew in importance. The bow and the shaking of hands admitted of more diversity of form and greater variety of expression. From the former we may discover the education or natural politeness of the individual; from the latter his temperament and sentiments. We have sometimes met with men and women in the humblest walks of life, without any advantages of education or society, who have exhibited a peculiar fineness of feeling and grace of speech and manner. They are the favourite children of Nature in whom she loves occasionally to shew her power apart from all artificial assistance, and it is to such that we refer when we speak of purely natural politeness. Were we to describe the power of hand-shaking as a test of individual

character, and to enumerate the varieties of manner which correspond to the idiosyncracies of different persons, we should only be discussing an exhausted subject. In fact this correspondence is so obvious that while various writers have given the public the benefit of their ideas thereon, it is more than probable that every man, without such assistance, would sooner or later have appreciated it himself, and the attention of the most obtuse have been compelled by the man who shook both his hands so violently that they smarted for five minutes afterwards, or the other who touched but the extremities of his digits, and dropped them again immediately as if contaminated by the contact.

Our own times are happily exempt from various absurdities connected with Salutations in which our grandfathers rejoiced. Truly they were a politer generation than we; nor would the shade of Fabricius surpass them in indignation could they behold their degenerate offspring walking in Kensington gardens without white cravats, or entering a lady's drawing-room in boots. Still we would purchase even at the expense of such degeneracy that common sense which abolished the innumerable arts and ceremonies of salutation in our places of worship. In this respect the congregations of the Church of England contrasted very unfavourably with Dissenters, Roman Catholics, and Mahometans; and to such an extent was the custom carried that it proved a most formidable obstacle to those who would otherwise have returned to the national communion. Mr. Steele tells us in the *Spectator*, that "a Dissenter of rank and distinction was once prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greatest congregations of the Church of England about town. After the service was over he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty, but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through that required towards one another: As to this point he was in despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert." Another of these curious absurdities, which in England may be reckoned among the relics of the past, was the habit of saluting any person who had sneezed in your company. Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain still maintain the ancient custom. Traces of it are to be found near home, in Scotland and in *Erin's isle*, and far away in India and in Madagascar. Strada says that in Ethiopa when the Emperor sneezed, the gentlemen of his privy council saluted him so loudly that the noise was heard without, and immediately the whole city was in commotion. The

child's primer, published in Italy in 1553, and professing to be a book "enriched with new and moral maxims adapted to form the hearts of children," teaches amongst other duties (such as abstaining from scratching his head, putting his fingers in his mouth and crossing his legs,) the necessity of "being prompt in saluting any one who may sneeze on returning thanks to any one, who on such an occasion may wish him well." A custom so universal can have sprung from no modern origin; and notwithstanding the popular opinion that it arose on the occasion of a violent epidemic during the pontificate of Gregory the Great, the fact that it is referred to by Athenæus, Aristotle, and even Homer, is sufficient to prove that it is hidden in the clouds that obscure the origin of Hellas. Most of the 'worries' of life arise from the neglect of its "small, sweet courtesies"; and this neglect itself from ignorance, absence of mind or intentional rudeness. The cases which really belong to the last head are proportionately few; yet the most enlarged charity cannot shut its eyes to the fact that they are occasionally to be met with. While there are some people so anxious to shew the perpetual summer of their smiles and the accessibility of their friendship that they will bow right and left without caring to see whether their favours are returned, will acknowledge you from the inside of a coach going at full speed, or from the opposite side of a crowded thoroughfare, there are others who hold the privilege of their acquaintance so high that they would rather affront a dozen individuals than bestow a salutation upon one whom they deemed unworthy of the honour. Although this is the natural and usual characteristic of the subjects of flattery, who can practise such arts without any immediate danger of the fate of the 'saucy crane,' yet it is not unfrequently to be met with in all classes of society. In fact, since the days of duelling were ended, it lies within the power of all, and little minds can gratify themselves by petty insults without risking life or limb. But apart from such obnoxious examples there are many difficult cases, arising from the complications of society, to be decided by the common sense of two individuals. For instance—Mr. A. has met Mr. B. at the house of a mutual friend. On entering into conversation he has found him to be an agreeable, well informed man, and altogether one after his own heart. Mr. B. has formed the same judgment of Mr. A. They meet a fortnight afterwards; and each is desirous of recognition. Mr. A. however fearing a rebuff is resolved that Mr. B shall make the first offer of salutation. Unfortu-

nately that gentleman has just made the same resolution; and the consequence is that a desirable acquaintance is lost, and each passes on with a strong inclination to apostrophize the arrogance of the other.

The modern bow is we believe with some people a favourite subject of ridicule. They describe it as awkward and complicated, their strictures being chiefly directed against the semi-circular form which they describe the body as assuming during the movement. We consider such complaints to be entirely groundless. We look upon the present form of salutation as containing the elements of dignity and homage more justly balanced than any other with which we are acquainted.

Eastern prostration is antiquated—unsuitable—humiliating; the kiss we have dismissed as too familiar. We are not an armed people, or we might adopt the elegant though somewhat dangerous Montenegrin salutation; nor could we take a hint from New Zealand as to the rubbing of noses. We wanted a salute which should express at once our self-respect and our deference to the fair sex, and such an one we believe that we possess.

J. F. B. T.

AN APRIL SQUALL.

BREATHLESS is the deep blue sky;
Voiceless doth the blue sea lie;
And scarcely can my heart believe
'Neath such a sky, on such a wave,
That Heaven can frown and billows rave,
Or Beauty so divine deceive.

Softly sail we with the tide;
Silently our bark doth glide;
Above our heads no clouds appear:
Only in the West afar
A dark spot, like a baneful star,
Doth herald tempests dark and drear.

And now the wind is heard to sigh;
The waters heave unquietly;
The Heaven above is darkly scowling:
Down with the sail! They come, they come!
Loos'd from the depths of their wintry home
The wild fiends of the storm are howling.

Hold tight, and tug at the straining oar,
For the wind is rising more and more:
Row like a man through the dashing brine!
Row on!—already the squall is past:
No more the sky is overcast;
Again the sun doth brightly shine.

Oh! higher far is the well-earn'd bliss
Of quiet after a storm like this
Than all the joys of selfish ease:
'Tis thus I would row o'er the sea of Life,
Thus force my way through the roar and strife,
And win repose by toils like these.

ARCULUS.

REMARKS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

IT is a matter of regret that Physiognomy as a means of knowledge is so little developed, and has become neither a science nor an art of universal and certain application; for by it, in an advanced state, we should be able to recognise the minds of others as readily as we now do their faces. At present it is with most people little more than an instinct by which they are in the practice, consciously or unconsciously, of judging at first sight of their companions by their personal appearance. Still I think it will be admitted that, to a small extent at least, something is really known of the science of Physiognomy; namely, that it is within the powers of a few gradually to gain knowledge, in a general way, of implied temper and intelligence, by means of careful observation and comparison of outward form and expression. And though the majority of people cannot go beyond their limited instincts in this direction, while a minority, however small, can; still it is reasonable that the capacity of the few who can so discriminate is of more weight in favour of the science than the incapacity of the many is against it.

As a fundamental principle, comparative anatomy establishes the real characteristic of human form. Thus in the face the nearly vertical profile of man, effected by the extension of the forehead above and the addition of the chin below, is attained by no member of the brute creation; and therefore however beautiful, according to other ideas of beauty, the rest of the features be, if there be not a sufficiency of frontal elevation and advancement of chin, we must maintain that in this case beauty has declined to be fairly present.

The science of anatomy, in explaining the uses and connexions of the several parts of the body, is best fitted to explain the reasons for the laws of Physiognomy; but in many instances we must be content to proceed without such assistance, if only the laws themselves are otherwise established as generally true. A main object then is to collect and classify all the various forms of features in great numbers of instances, coupled with the known characters and conditions of the persons to whom they belonged, and from the comparison of the whole to derive general laws, stating how different conformations are usually symbolic of their appropriate qualities.

Of all parts of the body, the forehead has been considered the most important as manifesting mental power. It is essential that it should be sufficiently large, but not necessarily very high; indeed the ancients always preferred a low forehead with the hair growing down very low, and sometimes they even reduced by art the visible part of it, when nature in their opinion shewed too much face above the eyes. The wide forehead, well projecting in front over the eyes, and increasing at the temples, belongs to the best pattern of general shape, and exhibits capacity for conceiving a large stock of ideas and great analytical power. Very much depends on the elevations and prominences on the surface of the forehead, and especially on the enlarged bumps which lie just over the eyebrows, and which ought to be gently or plainly marked. The reason usually assigned for this is, that the brain ought to be as large as possible, and that the shape of the brain be, speaking roughly, a hemisphere resting on a horizontal base, this being the form of the solid which contains the greatest bulk for its extent of surface; for it has been supposed that mental activity is proportional to the magnitude and compactness of the brain. Probably all this is true, but of course it will be remembered, that these frontal eminences do not mark the boundary of the brain in front, for between the outer table of the frontal bone and its inner table which is the wall of the brain, there lie cavities which are larger or smaller according as these eminences of the outer table are larger or smaller; so that the cavities, which are called the frontal sinuses, do not determine the size of the brain. They contribute to effect the resonance of the voice, and to give attachment on their outer surfaces to some muscles, which aid in distinguishing man by those expressions of thought and sentiment which are peculiar to him. These sinuses are large in the elephant, and extend enormously in that animal over the top of his skull, giving him a fine and intelligent look, but at the same time detracting very much from the size of his brain. Some foreheads have their undulated surfaces elevated chiefly in the middle line, and therefore their contours are most easily

discernible in the profile; they are signs of a clear and sound understanding. Those foreheads which are quite smooth and present one uniform arch from the eyes to the hair, without any knotty protuberances or disturbed wrinkles, belong to vacant child-like and empty-headed simpletons who cannot become better than stupid and inoffensive members of society. On the other hand, the more the human skull possesses the features of the brute in angular abruptness of surface, the more does it symbolize degradation of mind. The same may be said of thick and bony skulls, for they fall far below the economical principle, which prevails so markedly in man, of fineness and lightness in all regions where strength and solidity are dispensable. Most large foreheads are favourable symbols, for with them are found associated large minds capable of comprehending a large compass of ideas and retaining them firmly in the memory; but next to insignificant and retreating foreheads, none are worse than those large and shapeless inane foreheads, which are plain proofs of stupidity.

Wrinkles on the forehead should be regular and not too deep; those which are oblique and parallel or circularly arched, do not augur well; often they are merely the grimaces of idleness, want of thought, and waste of time.

As well as the forehead, the mid-head or parietal portion of the head, and the hind-head or occipital portion have their peculiar indications; it is enough briefly to mention that in the middle of the head the feelings are supposed to reside, and the will in the back of the head.

The chin also is a principal characteristic of man, and so its development is essential to beauty; it generally occurs together with a large and prominent forehead, and balances it in the face. The bone which corresponds to the chin in the lower animals, is commonly much longer from back to front in proportion to its lateral breadth than in man, while at the same time it retreats backwards under the mouth.

The eye is said to be the feature which is least complimentary to man, for the human eye does not surpass in softness, delicacy, and brilliancy that of many brutes; the eye is the strong point in the face of the lower animals, indeed the chief privilege which man has reserved to himself is the squint. The eye is not on this account less suitable to distinguish and mark the beauty of one man as compared with that of another; we know the remarkable distinction of a fine and expressive eye, and in estimating the temporary feelings and temper, we regard it more than any other feature

of the face; it is not only the light of the countenance, it is also the interpretable index of the whole man's self as for the present time constituted, and reveals his inmost feelings; it seems to inform us of his animal nature and condition, as well as in a less degree of his intellectual qualities; in short, the eye is the expressed summit of animal beauty. One condition for the human excellence of the eyes is, that the distance between them must be neither much more nor much less than an inch; deviation from this limit on either side partakes of the brutal type; for instance, in the one case it looks like the monkey, in the other like the dog. A similar remark applies to the comparative size of the ball of the eye, which in man holds a middle place between those of brutes. Grey, greenish, hazel, black or very dark blue eyes, indicate severally hardiness and activity of mind, ardour and subtilty, a vigorous and profound mind, vivacity and strength of expression; while on the contrary, light blue eyes are feminine, and in a man suggest feebleness and inactivity of mind; however I have met with such eyes in clever and powerful men, but then always associated with other and better features and a well-formed head; still lightness of colour in the eye is of itself an unfavourable sign. Brilliancy of eye is generally preferred to dullness, because it indicates a lively mind and temper; brightness combined with quickness of motion and restlessness is a conclusive mark of nervousness. Dull and calm eyes are sometimes found in able and far-seeing persons; the present Emperor Napoleon is an instance of this.

The eyelids ought to cover about half of the pupil when open, and to be pretty thick and furnished with well-marked lashes; they should be also either horizontal in their contiguous edges, or slightly inclined downwards in the direction of the nose, and the opening should be long and narrow.

The eyebrows, corresponding to the lids, should be well defined and closely cover the eyes, not wandering upwards high on the forehead, but lying low on the projecting eyebones; faintly marked brows mean the same as light-coloured eyes, and unless accompanied by a good frontal development are very unsatisfactory.

The nose is an important index to character; it shews the capacity of mind, the degree of mental refinement, and the measure of sensibility and education: accordingly it is a feature which takes a long time in finishing its growth, and leaves us during this time in doubt about its final shape; so that it seems to change its mind very much, and very often surprises us with its varied resolves and ultimate form.

A beautiful nose is a very rare gift, and, in those faces which it adorns, it is sufficient to make its owner a promising candidate for graduation in good looks. The bridge of the nose ought to be strong, to stand out well, and to be considerable in breadth, for on it the forehead seems to rest: the fleshy part of the nose too should be a fitting continuation of such a bridge, and maintain a straight outline, or continue the convex bend of the nasal bones, so as to make up the whole length of the nose equal to one-third of that of the face. Napoleon the Great is said to have selected his generals by the length and size of their noses. The ridge must likewise be broad if it denotes a powerful and analytical mind: this opposes the common opinion on this subject, namely, that the ridge of the nose is best when sharp and thin. Sharpness is quite consistent with a fine and delicate mind, with purity of taste, and with moral excellence; but, judging from experience of mental power, we must prefer, for manly beauty, breadth and strength in the ridge of the nose.

The Grecian or straight nose indicates refinement of character, love of literature and the fine arts, and ability; and, being essentially the feminine nose, it may denote preference for indirect rather than direct action. It is regarded by artists as portraying the finest beauty and elegance, but not the highest intellect nor the deepest thoughtfulness. If beauty, as it has been defined, is the medium or centre of the various forms of the individual; and if every species of animal has a fixed and determinate form, towards which nature is continually inclining, like various lines terminating in a centre, or like pendulums vibrating in different directions over one central point; then it will follow that the straight line for the ridge of the nose is more beautiful than that which is concave or convex, because that is the central form.

The Roman nose is bent downwards and rather roughly undulating in its outline. It indicates energy and perseverance, and is consistent with absence of refinement.

Those noses which are wide nostrilled, broad, and gradually enlarged from the bridge to the tip are called 'cogitative' noses, for they symbolize a cogitative mind, having strong powers of thought and indulging in deep reflection. Such noses are defined by their form as seen in front, and not at all by their contour in profile; they may consequently occur combined with the Grecian or Roman types, or with any other. The depth of thought is represented by the breadth.

Lastly, the nose is called 'celestial' when it is turned up in a bend from the bridge to the end: this nose is certainly not beautiful and often looks insolent and disagreeable; when small the nose becomes the 'snub,' which then betrays feebleness and sometimes meanness of character.

In general a large nose is decidedly preferable to a small one; but when it is the exclusively conspicuous part of the face and seems to have deprived the forehead of its fair share of growth, the harmony of the features is broken and the result is ugly.

The mouth differs in man from that of the lower animals in its construction, forasmuch as its masticatory arrangements are not so strong, and because it is not much used as a prehensile member: thus the teeth are smaller and not so prominent; the canine teeth are especially much less, and as the length of the mouth's opening depends on the size of these teeth, a moderately small mouth and short lips are with reason marks of human intelligence. The lips ought to lie together closely and easily so as not to shew the teeth: they should not be very thin nor tightly drawn together, but harmonize with the broad-ridged nose, the goodly eyelids, and the well-defined eyebrows.

After taking the features separately, they should be taken together, and in the comparison, harmony and agreement are more conducive to beauty than the distinct excellence of the several parts.

Among the symbols of character and temper, we must not omit the hair, which by its varied qualities of colour, length, thickness, and texture, corresponds to many combinations of vigour, faculties, and temperament.

Prejudice and taste very much interfere with the attainment of general and scientific rules of physiognomy respecting the interpretation of the various symbols manifested by the hair: that these prejudices and prevailing tastes are not founded on sound principles, appears at once from the fact that they continue to alter without any particular reason, and remain constant only for a short time till the absurdity of the fashion is unavoidably exhibited. Indeed taste regarding the colour and quality of the hair is as arbitrary as that regarding its arrangement and dress. For instance, red hair, after its term of favour in ancient times, is now considered, in this country at least, as not to be mentioned in any one who lays claim to good looks. Men of powerful and penetrating minds usually have brown and rather coarse hair, and very light and fine hair commonly attends persons

of a less vigorous nature and of a feeble constitution. The common rule of moderation appears to hold both in the thickness and colour of the hair as well as in most things.

Careful observers state that the hair of men is on the average rather finer than that of women, in opposition to the prevalent idea on this subject: when, however, we consider the great length to which ladies' hair naturally grows, it is not surprising that its thickness should be partly proportionate. Black hair is the coarsest, red is not so coarse, yellow is finer, and light hair is the finest: the separate hairs of all kinds vary from one two hundred and fiftieth to one seven hundredth of an inch in diameter. Ladies have a great advantage over men in their power of making their heads tell, in a phrenological sense, pretty well what they please, by the arrangement and disposition of their plentiful supply of hair.

But the countenance is not so much dependent on the shape and comparative size of the bones, and on the colour of the hair and complexion, as on the position and action of the muscles of the face; for the latter mainly define the expression. Now the principal muscles of the face which are peculiar to man are the three following:—first, that placed on the forehead just over the eyes, whose office is to knit the brows, this is the muscle of frowning and of deep thought: secondly, that descending over the forehead and terminating partly in the skin of the brow and partly in the orbicular muscle of the eyelid which closes the eye; it opposes the action of the orbicular muscle, elevates the brows, and occasions those transverse wrinkles which appear in the expression of surprise: thirdly, that arising from the oblique line of the lower jaw, having its insertion in the angle of the mouth, and intermingling with the other muscles in this neighbourhood; it is an important muscle expressing the sorrowful emotions, and, in conjunction with other muscles, it produces the sentiments of contempt, hatred, and jealousy.

A beautiful face then possesses in their perfection all these muscles, and in proportion as they are less capable of being well exhibited we consider the face to approximate to the brutal type. The smile is also peculiar to man, and we at once notice its pleasing action and humanity; it is effected by raising the cheek, drawing down the eyebrows and arching their outer halves, opening the mouth, and dilating the nostrils.

Much more might be said, but I conclude these brief

remarks, and only add the following passage on this subject from Sir Charles Bell:—

"Attending merely to the evidence furnished by anatomical investigation, all that I shall venture to affirm is this, that a remarkable difference is to be found between the anatomy and range of expression in man and in animals. That in the former, there seems to be a systematic provision for that mode of communication and that natural language, which is to be read in the changes of the countenance; that there are even muscles in the human face, to which no other use can be assigned, than to serve as the organs of this language: that on the other hand there is in the lower animals no range of expression which is not fairly referable as a mere accessory to the voluntary or needful actions of the animal; and that this accessory expression does not appear to be in any degree commensurate to the variety and extent of the animal's passions."

W. P.

"PHYLLIDA AMO ANTE ALIAS."

It is not that she's fair in face,
As many maidens be;
But oh! she hath a hidden grace,
That makes her dear to me!

It is not that her eye is blue,
More blue than is the sky:
That with her cheek's transparent hue
No budding rose can vie.

Ah no! 'tis something more than this
That makes my Phyllis dear;
That makes me feel o'erwhelmed with bliss,
Whene'er she draweth near.

My Phyllis, would'st thou know the spell
That charms thy lover true?
It is—that thou canst cook full well
A real Irish stew!

MENALCAS.

SLAVES VERSUS HANDS.

THE object of this essay is to draw a comparison between slavery and hired labour in the essential features of each. The reader will easily see for himself how the train of thought here pursued, was suggested by present circumstances in England and America; there is no need therefore for any prefatory observations on this score, but a few introductory remarks may be necessary to explain what is intended by the essential features of the case. Every Englishman will look upon Slavery as a bad thing, but should at the same time admit that there are in it various degrees of badness. With these various degrees I have in the first instance nothing to do. The essential evil of slavery is that, and that only, which adheres to it in all possible circumstances, and under all possible modifications; but in estimating this evil, all the possible ills of slavery must be considered, in so far as slavery has a tendency to produce them. Further, in estimating this tendency, we must consider not only the nature of slavery, but also human nature. For example, there is nothing in the nature of slavery to induce the ill treatment of slaves. On the contrary it might be said that, as a man is generally more careful of his own property than of other people's, slavery would afford a direct inducement to treat slaves well. But then we are to take into consideration the weakness of human nature, in which we find a natural tendency to the abuse of power. On this account, the ill-treatment of slaves is often very justly urged as an argument against slavery, not because there is any particular reason in the relation itself of master to slave why the slave should be ill-treated, but because any kind of absolute power is liable to abuse, and therefore to be avoided unless there is some particular reason in its favour. But if we thus judge of slavery, our opinion of the hiring system ought to be meted with the same measure. It is not fair to discredit slavery with all the evils that flow from it, if we excuse our own

plan of hiring labour by saying that the evils observed in its working do not belong to the system. It has been said for instance, that masters display a culpable indifference to the interest of their hired labourers; that they come at last to look upon them only as hands, not as fellow men; in the emphatic language of Carlyle, that they get to look upon cash payment as the only nexus between man and man. If this be true, it is just as much an objection to hired labour as stories of cruelty are to slavery. Merely to say that the evil complained of does not belong to the system is of no avail in either case; what is required to justify the system, is to show that these evils do not belong to it, by separating them from it.

After these explanations, I hope that the reader will be lenient, if the following comparison should prove more favourable to slavery than he expected. It is not that I have not as strong a sense as he can have of the evils of slavery, but that I think I see also not a few evils in the hiring system. A few more words of explanation may be necessary on this point. Seeing hired labourers contrasted with slaves, some might suppose that by hired labourers was intended, those who receive some remuneration for their work, in contradistinction to slaves who are obliged to work without payment. Such, however, is not my meaning. In the first place, I could not admit, that slaves do not receive some remuneration for their labour, and secondly, were this admitted, the characteristic of a hired labourer is not in his being paid for his labour, but in the particular way in which the payment is in his case regulated. No one for example would call doctors or clergymen hired labourers, though both receive payment for their labour. The peculiar characteristics of a hired labourer will be best developed in the course of the proposed comparison, to which I at once proceed.

The fundamental distinction between a slave and a hired labourer, is commonly expressed by saying, that the slave is the property of his master, while the hired labourer is not so. If we were to enquire further what is meant by property, the answer that we should be most likely to receive is, that a man's property is that which is his own, to do what he likes with. It might be interesting at some other time to enter fully into the question, whether anything is property in this most extensive sense of the term. A few hints on the subject will suffice for the present purpose. Probably all property has some moral obligation attached to it, so that no one has a complete right to do what he will with his own.

Further, some obligations are attached to property by law, so that in some cases a man has not in any sense a right to do whatever he pleases with his own, seeing that there are some things which he is expressly forbidden to do with it. Lastly, intermediate between these two is the restraint of popular opinion, which, so far as it is efficacious, may practically be said to deprive a man of the right of doing what it forbids. But while a man's right over his own property may thus in various ways be curtailed, it is evident that he may also possess rights over what is not his property. The most obvious case is that of letting and hiring. If I have hired a house, I have certain rights over it, just as if it were my own private property. The landlord, it is true, may and probably will, introduce some conditions into his lease, which will limit my rights over the house, and make them less than if it were my own. But he is not obliged to do so. He may give me a lease without any stipulations in it, and then, as long as the lease lasts, I shall have just as much power over the house as if it were my own. On the other hand it is quite possible that all the stipulations of an ordinary lease might be converted into laws binding on owners of houses. A man for instance might be bound by law to keep his house in repair, and to ask leave of some one if he wished to make any alteration in it, and so on. Indeed this last was very nearly the case in London a few years ago, under some local building act. In this case a man would have no more right over his own house than over a hired house. Thus we see that the real difference between owning a thing and having hired it, is that the rights possessed over the thing last in the first case for an unlimited, in the second for a limited period: and, further, that the rights possessed over a hired thing have a natural tendency to be less or fewer than those possessed by the owner of property.

Let us see how these considerations can be applied to the case of slavery and hired labour. First, whatever may be thought of the more general question, it is certain that the rights of a master over a slave are not unlimited. He has no right at any rate to kill his slave. In fact, his right may be limited to a considerable extent without the connection ceasing to be slavery. When the master loses the right to sell his labourers away from the land, we cease to speak of slavery and call it by the milder name of serfdom; but there is no radical distinction between the cases. The power of the master may diminish gradually, from an almost

absolute power, down to nothing: we arbitrarily take one point in the scale to mark the division between slavery and serfdom, which are thus seen to differ in name and degree only, not in essence. Further, as the rights of a master over his slaves are limited, so he is bound also, by law or effective public opinion, to give his slave some remuneration for his labours. He must at least give him food and clothing, fire and shelter. He might be compelled, by law or public opinion, to give much more than this.

In the second place, let us consider the case of the hired labourer. The master, whether he hire for a day or a month or a year or longer, obtains for that time certain rights over the labourer, and binds himself in return to give a certain remuneration. The rights which the master thus obtains are usually much less than those which the slave owner has over his slave, but they are not necessarily so. It is easy to imagine a mild form of slavery which would reserve more right to the slave, than a freeman might be able to retain in hiring himself out to service.

Thus far we have traced three essential distinctions between slavery and the hired labour system. The slave owner possesses certain rights and incurs corresponding obligations in perpetuity; the rights are probably greater and the obligations less than in the case of free labour; and, lastly, the labourer has no share in settling what these rights and obligations shall be. On the other hand, the hirer of labour possesses certain rights and incurs corresponding obligations for a limited time only; the rights are probably less and the obligations greater than in the case of free labour; and, lastly, the labourer has some share in settling what those rights and the corresponding obligations shall be.

In applying these distinctions to form an estimate of the comparative advantages of slavery and hired labour, two further points must be taken into consideration; namely, first, what is likely to happen on the expiration of a contract of hiring; and, secondly, how much share practically has the labourer in settling the rate of his own wages and the extent of his own obligations.

Now the rate of wages is adjusted by competition, and is ultimately regulated by the extent of the population. I have no time here to enter into any demonstration of these points, they are received doctrines of Political Economy, and I assume them as such, and immediately proceed to the application. On the expiration of a contract of hiring, if things remain in the state in which they were at its

commencement, the contract may be renewed in its original terms. But if this is not so, the master may be more or he may be less willing to hire than he was before. If he is quite unwilling, the labourer will remain unemployed; otherwise the effect will be, an alteration in his wages. Now the rate of wages depends ultimately on population, so that if the labourer wishes to influence it in his own favour, his only possible means of doing so is by acting on the population. That is to say, if the labouring population would marry late and have small families, they would ultimately increase the rate of wages, but this is the only possible way in which they could do so.

Thus it appears, of the three advantages that the hired labourer apparently possesses over the slave, the first, that his servitude is only temporary, is clogged with the heavy disadvantage that he is liable without any fault of his own to be left without work and therefore without wages: while the third, that he can partly regulate the amount of his own wages, is in any but the most advanced state of society rendered completely inoperative by the ignorance and want of self-restraint of the working classes. The second advantage of the free labourer, that derived from the comparative tendency of slavery and hiring, I do not intend to touch upon at present, further than to remark that this is just the point in which both slavery and the hiring system are capable of regulation from without.

The conclusion I would now draw is that a system of slavery might possibly be devised that would not be intolerable in comparison with the hiring system. This conclusion obviously points the way to further enquiries, which it may perhaps be my task to pursue at some future time.

A. K. C.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Michaelmas Term 1862.

"SOME Poets plunge at once *in medias res*": let the Johnian Chronicler be allowed to do the same; and let us without further preface proceed to record such facts as we have to note.

At an election for members of the Council of the Senate this Term the Rev. the Master was elected as a Head, Professor Liveing as a Professor, and the Rev. A. V. Hadley as an ordinary member.

Mr. F. C. Wace, M.A. has been appointed Junior Moderator for the ensuing Mathematical Tripos.

The Rev. E. A. Abbott, B.A. has been appointed Composition Master at Birmingham Grammar School. Mr. H. J. Sharpe, B.A. has accepted temporarily the post of Professor of Mathematics at Belfast in the place of Professor Slesser, who has been incapacitated from discharging his duties through illness.

The following gentlemen have vacated Fellowships since the appearance of our last number:

The Rev. W. C. Sharpe, B.D.
Mr. E. Headlam, M.A.
The Rev. J. Rigg, B.D.
Mr. W. C. Evans, M.A.
The Rev. H. G. Day, M.A.
Mr. R. B. Clifton, M.A.

We give the List of Honours in the Moral Science Tripos which appeared on Monday last.

It contains the names of none but Johnians: of whom we may congratulate two on obtaining a First Class.

FIRST CLASS	SECOND CLASS	THIRD CLASS
Austen	Devey	
Cherrill	Guinness, F. W.	—

The following lists contain the names of those gentlemen who obtained a First Class in the June Examination:

THIRD YEAR

Hockin	Stevens
Snowdon	Cotterill
Rudd	Pooley
Warmington	Rounthwaite

SECOND YEAR

Ewbank	Smallpeice
Stuckey	Archbold
Baron	Moss

FIRST YEAR

Marshall	Wilson, K.
Beebee	Yeld
Wood, A.	Griffiths
Russell	Waterfield
Robson	Vawdrey
Levett	Coutts }
Blanch	Shackleton }
Isherwood	Wiseman }
Cope	Peachell
Roach	Baynes }
Huntly	Gurney }
Watson	Mills
Kempthorne	Barlow
Burgess	Keeling
Clarke	Hawkins }
Cust	Smith, R. P. }
Sanders	Whalley
Masefield	Meyricke

English Essay Prizes

Third Year—Austen
Second Year—Pearson
First Year—Burgess

Prizes for Greek Testament and Ecclesiastical History:

1 Rudd | 2 Austen | 3 Snowdon

Reading Prizes:

Lee Warner | Ebsworth

A prize for Hebrew was adjudged to O. Fynes-Clinton.

On the 13th of June the following gentlemen were elected Foundation Scholars:

Warmington	Baron, E.
Pooley	Moss
Rudd	Ewbank
Snowdon	Smallpeice
Cotterill	Marshall
Stevens	Beebee
Lee Warner	

The Naden Divinity Studentship was awarded to C. E. Graves.

The Wood and Hare Exhibitions were given as follows:

£40 each

Hockin	Carey
Rounthwaite	Hickman
Austen	Stuckey
Falkner	Terry

£30 each

Snowdon	Russell
Rudd	Robson
Moss	Levett
Archbold	Blanch
Wood, A.	Isherwood

£20 each

Lee	Creeser
Brown, J. C.	Reece
Pearson	Newton
Robinson	

£18. 1*s.* 6*d.* to Tinling.

Mr. H. S. Beadon has passed the first examination for the Indian Civil Service: and Messrs. A. Ll.Clay, A. Yardley, F. W. J. Rees, and J. W. Best, the final examination.

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

E. W. Bowling, *President*
C. C. Scholefield, *Treasurer*
R. C. Farmer, *Secretary*
E. A. Alderson, *First Captain*
S. W. Cope, *Second Captain*
W. W. Hawkins, *Third Captain*
E. K. Clay, *Fourth Captain*

The list of University Boat-races during the term will be found on an adjoining page: the following was the crew sent in for the Fours by the L.M.B.C.:

1 M. H. L. Beebee
2 E. A. Alderson
3 C. H. La Mothe
T. E. Cremer (*Stroke*)
R. C. Farmer (*Cox.*)

Mr. C. C. Scholefield, the winner of the Lady Margaret Challenge Cup, represented the College in the contest for the Colquhoun Sculls.

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday November 15.

Ten boats were entered: after seven bumping races the time race was rowed between the following crews:

1 R. B. Masefield	1 F. Young
2 A. D. Clarke	2 J. Alexander
3 E. A. Alderson	3 C. H. La Mothe
A. Cust (*Stroke*)	C. C. Scholefield (*Stroke*)
R. Levett (*Cox.*)	W. J. Stobart (*Cox.*)

Mr. Levett's boat won by about a second.

The Lady Margaret Trial Eights came off on Wednesday and Thursday November 26 and 27; there being four boats in. The following was the successful crew:

1 S. B. Barlow	5 M. H. Marsden
2 A. Marshall	6 H. Watney
3 H. Rowsell	7 C. Yeld
4 W. Dunn	A. Langdon (*Stroke*)

R. H. Dockray (*Cox.*)

The University Scratch Fours commenced on Monday December 1. Thirty-eight boats were entered. The time race was rowed December 5; Messrs. M. H. L. Beebee and J. Alexander of the L.M.B.C. being in the winning crew.

The officers of No. 2 (St. John's) Company of the Cambridge University Volunteers are: Captain, W. D. Bushell; Lieutenant, W. H. Besant; Ensign, W. Marsden; Ensign

J. B. Davies having resigned his commission on leaving Cambridge.

On Monday November 17th, a Match took place between No. 1 (University) Company and No. 2; seven men on either side; in which our Company proved victorious by 11 marks (hits and points): the scores being respectively 228 and 217.

The Officers have this Term subscribed for a Challenge Cup to be shot for weekly by members of the Company; if won three times to become the property of the winner. Won for the first time by Captain Bushell.

The Johnian Challenge Cup was shot for on Thursday November 27. The victor was Captain Bushell, who made 27 points. Ensign Marsden and Sergeant Clare scored 26 and 25 points respectively.

We regret to say that the work of recruiting has not hitherto proceeded so briskly among the freshmen of this College as might have been hoped; indeed we fear that without a speedy accession of strength the Johnian Company will scarcely be able to maintain its well-earned reputation.

The final contest for the Prince of Wales' Cup took place on Thursday December 4. It was again carried off by Lieut. E. C. R. Ross of the 6th Company.

The match for Chaplain Emery's Cup was concluded yesterday (Dec. 9.) Ensign J. Grant-Peterkin of the 1st Company was the winner with 52 marks (hits and points): Lieut.-Colonel Baker and Captain Bushell scoring 50 marks each.

The Newbery Challenge Racquet Cup was won easily on Thursday December 4th, by Mr. E. W. Bowling, who played the concluding match with Mr. A. Smallpeice.

A subscription has been opened in the College to aid in the relief of the distress at present prevailing in the Cotton Districts. The amount already received, not reckoning several subscriptions promised, exceeds £300, of which more than £6 has been contributed by the College Servants.