



IN THE MAY TERM.

“Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen in Walde:
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.”—*Goethe*.*

I. *Evening.*

IN the happiest of his early days, Goethe wrote the poem “Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,” on the wall of a hunting lodge, or forest-hut, at Ilmenau. Shortly before he died he revisited the scene, and read the memorial lines. Regrets came to him, and tender remembrance of the time when that simple little verse was written, an *impromptu* of the moment: he thought of changes that years had brought since then—

* Mrs. Austin says these beautiful lines by Goethe have all “the calm and harmony of a summer night;” and adds, “their sweetness is perhaps unattainable” by translation. Her version has little either of the music or of the solemn impressiveness of the original. Almost all who have attempted to transfer into our language “Ueber allen Gipfeln” have been defeated by the airy witchery of the Poem. Longfellow’s translation in “Hyperion,” is sweet, but not faithful to the enchanting irregularity of rhythm. It is pretty and soothing, however:—

“Under the tree-tops is quiet now!
In all the woodlands hearest thou
Not a sound!
The little birds are asleep in the trees;
Wait! wait! and soon, like these,
Sleepest thou!”

how Wieland and Herder, Schiller and Karl August, his dearest friends, had died and left him, a lonely-hearted old man, the patriarch of German literature, to drop into his grave and sleep at peace. His eyes filled with tears, we are told, as he repeated the lines. "Yes," he murmured softly to himself, "*Warte nur, balde ruhest du auch!*"—Thou, too, soon shalt rest!"

The words of that "old man eloquent" return often to memory, as we pace the quiet groves of St. John's, or sit at twilight musing happily, though somewhat sadly, at our life, study window. Happily, for we dearly love this College its holiness and seclusion, precious to those who desire the calm and peaceful regularity of labour; its healthy activity, sociality, and buoyancy of heart, such as the "Lady Margaret" men enjoy: Sadly, moreover, for though not much of the world's misery shews itself here, where poverty, sickness, wrath, and injustice are not frequent visitors, and where the "Shadow feared of man" rarely crosses the threshold, there are many painful revelations even here: hours of weakness and of folly, in ourselves and others, as well as glimpses and echoes of the sterner warfare that is held outside, with deeper anguish and more hopeless entanglement of wrong-doing. Thence comes it that we may not be lulled into false security, or forget that the hour is drawing nigh when we must quit these honoured walls, and take whatever place awaits us among the crowd of workers, in town or country, striving to accomplish our little task with patience and fearless energy, before the head is laid beneath the sod. "*Warte nur, balde ruhest du auch.*" Even the May-term, in its sacred hour of Twilight, forbids not such meditations as these.

Theodore Martin gave a charming paraphrase, under the title of "Evening":—(Vide *Aytoun and Martin's "Poems and Ballads by Goethe."*)

Whilst acknowledging that all must needs fail, we can only offer

Calm on all the hills now
Rests around:
Through each topmost bough
Scarce a sound
There doth creep:

The Woodland birds have hushed their soft tune:
Pause thou, then! soon
Thou, too, shalt sleep.

The thoughts of the evening-time do not greatly differ, whatever be the season, and whilst we grow older, roving on from land to land, wave by wave advancing, they repeat themselves, uttering the same warnings, shewing the same visionary faces, leading us upward and onward with the same spiritual blessing that they offered to us in our childhood, so long as we yield ourselves trustfully to their whisperings and are softened by the holy influence of that same hour, wherein, we read, the Lord Himself was wont to hold converse with our first parents, "Walking in the garden in the cool of the day."

Can we ever exhaust the beauty of the evening time, which unites the loveliness of day and night? Where the sun sank from view, the long bars of cloud now stretch onward, line above line, yielding fanciful resemblance to the rocky ledges of a shore to the eternal sea of clear and glowing sky: the calm sweet heavens, that underlie all the disguises of the storm, the terrors of the thunder, and the slanting sun-gleams through the rain; all the dazzling glare of summer days, and the myriad sparkles of the winter stars at night: remaining inexhaustible in depth and mystery, richest where least adorned, most awful in the bare and beckoning beauty, to which our spirit yearns, yet cannot go, but which sometimes comes down to us and fills us with its wondrous fascination of repose.

Is it life or death that breathes there, in the depths of heaven? can the soul doubt its immortality, even for an instant, with such a vision before it of the Silent Land, where nobler forms of life appear to wait for us? Assuredly the thought of Glück cannot be otherwise than true:—

"There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity:
These clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold—
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that ~~try~~ ^{own} attempt, to share the blame of imperfection
Us weary children of a day,
Life's tedious nothing o'er,
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore."

Twilight ever has been, ever will remain, our favourite hour, and at such time it little matters where we be, on

mountain-side or sea-shore, on the wild moorland or "in populous city pent," so that the evening sky be visible to us in solitude,—if, indeed, that can be called a solitude which is full of all companionship in holy thoughts and feelings. It is because we believe the influence of the evening hour left some impress on the verse, that we now venture to offer to our fellow-students, before we part at the close of this "May-term," a few lines which shaped themselves even as they are read below. Some years ago, we were resting for the night in an old Château, zur Philipsburg, one of the most spacious dwellings on the Rhine. Almost opposite lay a little village, unknown to fame, quietly rejoicing in the name of Niederspay. Our thoughts concerning it, went to this tune:—

NIEDERSPAY.

(In the Rhine-Land.)

In a château, quaint and spacious, that looks forth upon the Rhine,
I am sitting at my window, crowned with tendrils of the vine.
And the stream flows swift and softly, and the evening shadows lie
On its foliated banks and roadway, and the hamlet Niederspay.
Niederspay, that with half-timbered gables fronts the Marxburg
rock,

Thin blue smoke and rustic chapel feudal grandeur seem to mock;
Dwelling there serene and hazy, while the swarm of tourists climb
To inspect yon dark memorial of the horrors of old time.
Folter-Kammer, den of torture, *Hundlooh* grim and *Donjon* high,
Bristling bayonet and cannon,—none of these suit Niederspay.
Timber-rafts float past; it sees them:—hears the measured sweep
of oars,

Feels, but heedeth not, the swell of water lashing on its shores:
Cares not for the flaunting steam-ship more than for the sluggish
boat,

Droning like a lazy school-boy who has got his task by rote.
Time brings change to other regions, politics may heat men's blood,
Niederspay has no such fever: "after us, let come the Flood!"
Should another Huss, Napoleon, Shakspeare, rise, 'twere all the
same;

If their cry were Reformation, Conquest, Freedom, Truth, or
Fame:

Zeitungs might propound grave terrors, timid matrons wail and
sigh,

Warriors burnish up old weapons; 'twould not waken Niederspay.

Creeping slowly go its oxen with a rough-hewn cart behind,
And a herdsman stretched upon it with closed eyes, like "Hood-
man Blind;"

Still its children—for it has some—Heaven alone knows how or why
Children ever could be born in such a place as Niederspay:—
Still its children rest in shallops from the glare of noontide sun,
Or drop tiny sounding pebbles in the stream with sleepy fun;
Far too listless to take notice of the bubbles as they rise,
Or at most regarding such with easy open-mouthed surprise.
Winter brings no slides to them, they snooze like marmots in
a hole,

Scarcely conscious on awak'ning, how the seasons round them roll:
Dozing feebly, harming no one, dozing from their hour of birth;
Little change can death bring to them, pillowing on their mother
earth,

Who retains less trace of them than water does of clouds that fly:
What would our old world be doing if 'twere all like Niederspay?

Deeper fall the evening shadows, cold and solemnly they fall,
As on one I loved descended cold and solemnly the pall.
Only by its darker outline 'gainst the sky appears the shore,
And the vineyards green and cornfields are reflect in Rhine
no more;

Yet like beat of pulse the oar sounds, with the plash that checks
the stroke,

And the voices on the water echo from the beetling rock;
And a distant bell, that slowly chimes the hour from Stolzenfels,
With the light wind on the river dies away or grandly swells;
And the one bright streak that moonlight sends as herald of
her reign,

Pierces through the growth of Darkness, as a gleam of health
'mid pain.

Something moveth o'er the water, sweetly, mournfully, and dim,
And I hear a voice of greeting that belongs to none but *him*;
And the things that never may be now, but once had seemed
so near,

Come upon my heart once more, and chill its gladness even here.
Here, where Nature's loveliest scenes are decked with all the
charms of Art,

Where associated grandeur proudest feelings can impart;
For they raise the soul above the petty troubles of the day,
Give it freedom, give it rapture, far beyond its prisoning clay:
But they cannot give oblivion, nor the balm for wasted youth,
Sicklied hopes and narrowed wishes, wanderings from the path
of Truth;

Cannot give the clasp of hands, that now are cold and far removed,
From the idols of our boyhood, from the friends whom we had
loved.

We may smile, and jest, and ramble, pass the else-fatiguing time
 With a song of noisy laughter, with a picture or a rhyme;
 But we cannot dull the stinging thoughts which to our bosom
 creep,

'Tis enough if with all efforts we conceal the tears we weep.
 —So I close my window sadly, close it gently, with a sigh,
 For my heart awakes to memory and forgetteth Niederspay.

II. "Hesperus."

When, in our own love for evening, we recal to memory the many beautiful works which have been produced by J. Noel Paton, chief among living Scottish artists, and find that in almost all of them he has chosen the sweet hour of Twilight, we are guided to the secret of his power, as well as to an instinct of his nature. Scarcely any other painter has so thoroughly given the dreamy loneliness of what in the expressive northern speech is called the *gloaming*: when the air seems filled with a stillness more musical than song, and the gathering darkness enfolds a mysterious glow that reveals holier beauties than the daylight could display; when the earth appears almost a living thing, breathing a hymn of adoration, and the heavens above seem wooing us to their serene depths, far, far away from all those cares and struggles that had bound us captive: The hour when we pause and listen to the whispers of our own soul, and yearn for purer joy and freedom, with eyes fixed on the one star that waits for us, shedding its mild and melancholy beams as if in pity for the agonies and sin that have defaced the world. All is hushed and solemn; not like the dull torpor of midnight, but tremulous with imagined messages and visions, so mystically interwoven that the separate functions of sight and hearing almost lose distinction, and become blended into one. We are no longer imprisoned in this fragile body, for our own spirit is drawn upward to the skies, away past all those filmy streaks of cloud, into the clear expanse; away across the distant streams that lie thus motionless and lit by lurid light, as if from some internal source of brilliancy; over the purpled hills, the darkening fields or moorlands pulsing with strange vapoury exhalations that lend fantastic unreality to familiar objects; away into a Dreamland tenanted alone by the perfect holiness and beauty that feel no stain of guilt, no doubt or selfish craving, but where we cease to shudder under life's impurities and pass into an ecstasy of silent worship.

No one who has loved that hour of sacred quietude can fail to recognize how deeply and how constantly it has impressed itself on Noel Paton. Year after year he has resumed attempts to embody in his pictures that spirit of gentleness and dreamy sadness which fills the evening twilight. It allures him ever again to fresh achievements, nearer and nearer to success; but he has felt that it is inexhaustible and ethereal,—that even he can only partially convey its marvellous loveliness. He has shewn us the wild revels of the fairies,—their forms symbolising capricious fancies, with airy grace and tenderness, with wanton trickery and quaintest goblin antics—all united to coherence in the quarrel of "Oberon and Titania." In his "Dante meditating on Francesca da Rimini," he more thoroughly penetrated to the mournfulness of the twilight; and also in his "Silver Cord Loosed," where, more than in all the others, he has shewn the soul-subduing gloom, the hopeless agony of grief. For in this picture, evening itself has passed away, with the Dead Lady, and night is drawing over all a solemn darkness, as though it were to hide for ever the heart-broken and the dead. Sorrow more intensely overwhelming could not be revealed by the artist's brush: it is of all his works the most awful and impressive. But even in his "Home from the War," the symbolical beauty of the evening hour lends a charm, telling of the Sabbath rest, the night of slumber and of consolation, that await the mutilated veteran and those who are dear to him. The days of their toil and anguish are newly ended, the dusty wayside and the anguish of suspense are quitted now, and these long-parted ones can enfold each other once again, while the stillness of evening is over all, scarcely broken by the sobs and murmurings of thankfulness, or the soft breathings of the slumbering child. In each of these pictures, except the "Oberon and Titania," the time chosen was verging on the close of twilight, when night had almost come, and sorrow attained supremacy. Not so in the "Hesperus," which shews the earliest aspect of the evening, the first few minutes after sunset, whilst brightness lingers, though the gaudy colours that dazzle the eye by day have acquired sufficient mellow-ness of tone to become massed together.

What is this picture, "Hesperus," and what does it tell us of the twilight hour in the May-term?

A young girl is seated in a romantic glen; her lover, on his knees beside her, holds her delicate hands and raises his face towards her own in mute affection. His mandolin

or giter, forgotten already, has fallen at her feet, with the scroll of music of a song that in some trembling of the notes revealed how dearly she was loved. The sounds have not left her heart, though they are heard no longer. A richly-bound and jewelled volume lies on the moss, and has a bunch of blue-bells between the closed leaves, marking the place where the youth and maiden ceased to fasten on the Poet's words, and only listened to the whispers of their own affection. "That day we read no more." Melody and motion have long ceased: all is so stilly that the field-mouse has approached them unscared, and its watchful eyes are sparkling from under the curled and reddening fronds of fern. Already the bat is abroad, circling above in the cloudless sky, where a thin crescent moon is shining, and the star Hesperus glitters brightly, as if it were a tender sentinel over the young lovers. A dewy freshness is on everything: insects are happy on the grass, the pink eyebright and wild strawberry twinkle amid the brake and herbage; honeysuckle and ivy enclasp the tortuous stems of trees, which like the rocks are velvet-mantled with moss and lichens, and the polished leaves around them form a bower. The distant hills are becoming sharply defined against the horizon, and evening is slowly melting into night. But the delicious dream of love, love given and interchanged, has so absorbed the every thought of minstrel and of lady, that they heed not the approaching darkness. Scarcely conscious of themselves, they see only one another: a little more of approach, a touch of the lips, or a simple word, and the spell will be broken,—their secret made known, once and for ever. With downcast eyes, with heaving breast, half shrinking from, yet half advancing to his implied caress, the maiden leans towards him, as, with his face turned close to her, he seems to yearn for her consent and plight of troth. The world of vague desire for sympathy, with its delirious minglings of joy and fear, its half regrets and hopes and questionings, trembles on the breath, which may either yield to him one sigh of acceptance, or even yet utter the word of denial and banishment. Too near for friendship—too far off for love—they may not part unplighted now to meet again to-morrow as to-day. If not already gained, that heart of hers has become aware of too much danger, and unrest, willingly to risk another interview so sweet and perilous beneath the rays of Hesperus. Her love is either wholly won, or in the failure of the hour she is lost to him for ever.

Happy mortals, who have the sunshine of life and of

life's primeval joy upon your path: Students, whose fair cousins and sisters' friends are fitting with you through the leafy walks of the May-Term, and lending something of a fairy-land enchantment to the banks of Cam, even whilst Collegiate honours are undecided in the balance: ye, who, unable to stand before Noel Paton's picture, as we have loved to do, can yet gain a suggestion of its beauty from the engraving by W. Simmons (newly published by Mr. Hill of Edinburgh, and exhibited on King's Parade). Are your dreams of "Hesperus" more full of the assurance of a blissful ending, than are those which, according to our sadder thought, seem not unwarranted? In the dark, melancholy face of the young minstrel, and in the rich antique costumes, we read indications of the scene being that land of love and song beyond the Alps, the Italy where Dante garnered such devotion for his Beatrice. Indeed, though this may have been undesigned, there is resemblance in this face to that of the world-worn Florentine, who raised the veil from early sorrow in his "Vita Nuova." It may be simply such an association, with the land of passionate devotion, and the haunting pensiveness of twilight, but we cannot banish a presentiment of sorrow. As they sit there, so youthful and as yet so innocent, we wonder whether it is by accident or as an allegory that the artist has placed the lovers on the edge of a precipice! Amid the trim devices and luxurious elegancies of their courtly lives, the affections of simple nature survive unchanged: also symbolised, perhaps, by those sweet flowers in the gay volume. And will these affections aid to preserve them, or be blighted in the contact with a luxurious world? Surely not without special meaning is the stately lily blooming in the dell, but with a bee hovering above as though to rifle its sweets, whilst two roses, the customary tokens of passionate love, lie already neglected and withering at the feet of the beautiful girl and her worshipper. Over all the scene there is such calm and tenderness, there is such innocence and confiding truth in the young lovers, that ours may be excess of fear and mis-giving: but life is full of saddening changes, and it seems natural to believe with him who gave us the "Dream of Fair Women" that "Beauty and Sorrow go ever hand in hand": a remembrance which made Byron ask,

"O Love, what is it in this world of ours
That makes it fatal to be loved? O why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?"

III. Spring-Time.

The brief Easter Vacation gives us a glimpse of other scenery than the parallelograms and very mild inclined-planes which are characteristically offered at Cambridge, as suitable for every walk in life, to University Students. A fortnight's absence, with the aid of railways, may be amply sufficient to revive our spirits with the sight of mountains loftier than the Gogmagogs, promenades more lively than Trumpington Road on Sundays, street-architecture of imposing grandeur surpassing Petty Cury, and even streams more majestic and pellucid than the classic Cam; though no College-grounds lovelier than those of Trinity and St. John's, or recreation more invigorating than a steady pull in the eights, fours, or pair-oars for the coveted pewters. We all come back for the May Term with a sense of returning 'Home': inasmuch as few places so thoroughly seem our own private dwellings, with the commingling of rest and labour, as our College rooms. The bright Spring weather nowhere shews to greater advantage than here, although we confess it sometimes relapses into a sullen, penitential, cold, misty, raw, disagreeable state of wintry humidity, suggestive of aggravated Diphtheria and Exams., rather than of perfect happiness. The gardeners sigh when they think of the wall-fruit. The farmers, whose faces had been daily attaining a resemblance of the definition that is given in a book tolerably familiar to us here, "length without breadth," at the prospect of continued drought, now begin to jingle the half-pence in their pockets, with an air of contentment. A few weeks of nice mud-making showers cause their hearts to sing with joy, and they count the 'turmut's' and measure the blades of wheat with an approach to satisfaction rare in the bucolic mind; which has had much to trouble it ever since the epoch of the gentleman who is known to fame as reclining sub tegmine fagi. At such times it will be to the advantage of "*The Eagle*" not to call upon us for a poem in celebration of the season, as it might obtain nothing better than the following:

Cold and raw is this Spring-time weather, Nipping the winds and dreary the sky, Making one's skin like goose-flesh or leather, Or flaying the tender folks altogether, Blueing the nose and reddening the eye. Poets have sung of this charming season: Do not believe what those rhyme-sters say! Think you such fellows will listen to reason? Would Mr. Spenser with ecstasy freeze on Clare Bridge,

and chaunt lyrics in praise of May? Bitter and blowy, or drizzly and snowy, Bringing bronchitis and coughs each day, Rheumatic cramps and catarrh, though showy Buds on the trees may appear, well know ye This is no *beau ideal* of May. Coaches of Cubs now may take their measure, Papers and Cram filling up each day; Drill tempting few, and the boats no pleasure, Causing the Captain and Cox distress sure, As they think of the prospects of bumps for May. Useless are "gates," for no man cares to go out; Bull-dogs at Leap-frog may freely play; And the Proctor's walk must be rather a slow bout; And lectures in hall are all idle forms, no doubt, When nine-tenths Ægotants possess in May. Sport me the Oak, Mon cher Aigle; I'm smitten With a cold in my head, and the pen will stray Into shivering rhymes, for my thumb's frostbitten Through staying outside of its worsted mitten, And my ink has congealed, and the words I've written Form a sort-of-a-rhythmic Ode to May.

But, you know, this would never do; although justifiable under the circumstances, inasmuch as our doctor's bills always increase in an inverse ratio whilst the Constitutionals diminish, and poetry goes down to zero with the Fahrenheit. In the May term we must generally be prepared for changes in weather and literary articles,—some being shivery, windy, and cold, but with occasional bursts of sunshine (let us hope) and joyousness: alas! the Editorial Committee may discover that there are contributors as capricious as any April, and at odd hours as disagreeable as November itself, that *bête noir* of the months. Why do we Britons concern ourselves about the weather? Why is it our first and unfailing topic of conversation when friends meet or when they write? Is it not because, in addition to the national prosperity as regards crops, and the consequent increase or alleviation of misery for our countrymen, we feel how dependent all are on the state of the atmosphere? Mists and melancholy, sunshine and serenity, wind and whimsies, drizzle and despondency, pair off together: our spirits are barometers, and the rise or fall in our happiness is indexed by the mercury. Consequently, in estimating the strength of acerbity in a critic—whether Gifford, Dr. Johnson, Ruskin, or anybody in general—we must make allowances for his indigestion, and the state of the weather when he wrote. Local philosophies and superstitions explain local meteorology: and vice versa. Optimism and universal philanthropy are improbable results in Nova Zembla or Spitzbergen.

As the former attempt on behalf of May was perhaps unsatisfactory, here is another, made since the sun shone again:

SPRING TIME.

Spring comes, with sunshine and with showers,
And snow-white lambs that blissful play,
And nestling birds and balmy flowers,
Dear month to hopeful lovers—May!
Fast flit the shadows o'er the hills,
Soft verdure conquering wintry knolls,
And on the ever-dancing rills
The Season's gladness downward rolls.

Blest time, that never failed to shed
Some hope within each weary breast,
Rousing us to a firmer tread
If wavering or seeking rest.
"Up, yet again!" it calls, "nor lose
The golden hours of manly toil:
Who now desponding fear pursues
Reaps barren harvest from the soil."

Season of Hope, we welcome thee,
Clear healthful skies thou bring'st again;
Morn of the Year, thy child-like glee
Lightens our heart from wintry pain.
All things are new once more, thy flowers
Are pure and fragrant, blossoming
Through bleak March winds and April showers:
A May-day wreath for thee, dear Spring.

We hear thee whisper of bright days
That on thy sister, Summer, tend;
And buoyant Fancy forward strays,
To bask in dreams thy sunbeams lend.
All wayward as thou art, and wild
In playful beauty, thou dost fling
Alternate blights and blooms, thou Child
Of storm and loveliness, dear Spring.

We waited thee by brook and field,
We sought thy steps on heath and hill,
By lakes where snowy drifts congealed,
And Winter haunted sadly still.

We sought thee long: the flowerets slept
Beneath the mould, no birds would sing:
The shrill winds moaned, the gray clouds wept,
Where wert thou lingering, dear Spring?
Thou heedest not that we may chide,
But laughing in thy girlish mirth
With faëry minstrelsy canst glide,
Making an Eden of our earth.
The seas are calmed, the woods and dells
To foliage burst, on wandering wing
Each bird of passage comes: thy spells
Wake nature into beauty, Spring!
Consoler, in whose elvish mirth
Resides a touch with strength imbued,
From slumbering force and wasteful dearth,
To raise a harvest bloom of Good;
Thy buried grain, thy buds unroll,
To us a mystic emblem
Of Resurrection for the soul,
To blossom in eternal Spring.

IV. Sweet Summer-Time.

Having thus, we trust, made our peace with the Spring-time, which deserves all loving-tenderness of speech from us, we would gladly speak our praise of Summer. Has the reader been already detained too long? Is his button-hole very weary? in fear of such being the case we postpone the river-sketches with which we might otherwise have afflicted him, and shall lie in wait for another opportunity, when the king of feathered fowls becomes clamorous for Commons. As the warm days advance, the labour of perusal would grow more oppressive, and "reading for his May" will be found sufficiently hard, without having to read about the May, in addition. Yet before we say farewell to the term, let some one hand us over a harp, a lyre, or a banjo (we not being difficult to please with any instrument, except the hurdy-gurdy or the bagpipes), so that we may do our best in chaunting a lay of welcome to that Circean damsel, the

SWEET SUMMER-TIME.

'Tis Summer, love, and Summer time is brief,
And fair things die with Autumn's earliest leaf;
Then take thy joy ere Winter bringeth grief,
For Youth still guides our bark in fond belief
Though terror-stricken Age drifts on the reef.
Sweet Summer-time!

O Summer-time, O lovely Summer-time!
 Frail insects we: is happiness a crime?
 Somewhere we frolic in a fragrant clime,
 Though Wisdom frowns, and with a lofty rhyme
 Ambition bids us tread a path sublime.

Sweet Summer-time!

O Summer skies, O skies so blue and clear!
 Is it not well that 'mid this grief and fear
 Our hearts respond to what we see and hear
 Of festive beauty and of mirthful cheer,
 And yield us still a Poet's Golden-Year?

Sweet Summer-time.

O Summer woods and shady bowers of green,
 Whereto we glide like streamlets from the sheen,
 Now lost in moss, now tortuous roots between,
 In sun or shade, in gladness through each scene,
 Then issuing forth to deeper vales serene.

Sweet Summer-time.

Sweet Summer, Summer-time, ere yet you go,
 I taste the joys that with free hand you throw:
 Whate'er ensues, whatever bliss or woe,
 Life's festal goblet in its over flow,
 Yields me one long deep draught: 'Tis all I know.

Sweet Summer-time.

Karl of Nirgends declares that nothing ought to be done in the Sweet Summer-time, except to lie on the grass, under green leaves, blinking at the white clouds (if there are any to be had) or at the waters that keep slipping up to one's feet, with a gentle rustle, and perhaps with "tender curving line of creamy spray," whereof Tennyson discourses. He, that is, Karl—but it is also true of the Laureate—likes to dive into a forest nook where he may hear the little rivulets gush and gurgle, half-hidden by the fern, and, with the slumbrous buzz of insects around him, yield himself up to such a delightful book as Allan Park Paton's "Web of Life," George Macdonald's "Phantastes," Longfellow's "Hyperion," George Meredith's inimitable "Shaving of Shagpat", or Professor Charles Kingsley's "Water-Babies:" wherein we again meet Noel Paton; and if there be any other volume as deliciously entrancing, and over-brimming with kindly humour or poetic feeling, we shall be glad to know it. Quite as great a pleasure will it be to Karl. He says it is an insult to the bright skies and the fragrance of the flowers

for any one to annoy himself with politics or musty metaphysics, and either sort of Mathematics, in the Sweet Summer-time: which declaration is very annoying to Questionists near the close of the May-Term, as well as to people who imagine that they have any chance of becoming Senior-Wrangler, if the Fates are propitious. You would scarcely think that Karl was the same person who in winter was up to his eyebrows in Scandinavian lore, Malthus on Population, Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations, and the disputes of Cyprian, Origen, or the other Fathers. Despite his affectation of idleness, Karl is no less busy at present, watching the wondrous transformations of insect life, dissecting flowers, and studying the marvels of atmospheric changes. He is thinking more of the labours of Professors Babington, Liveing, Sedgwick, Balfour, and other Natural Science celebrities, than of those very interesting books in green covers, published by Macmillan, devoted to the consideration of sines, cots, tans, the four normals, constants, and other nursery-literature of the Abstract Students, up to the cobweb intricacies of diagrams which form the art-treasures of our revered top-three in the Tripos. Karl says that "Enjoyment" is the one word spoken by the Sweet Summer-time; even as "Hope" is whispered in every breeze of "Spring," and "Memory" is written on withered leaves of Autumn; whilst Winter, with its stormy weather, exhorts to "Fortitude." He is a strange creature, this Karl, it must be confessed, and it is not always easy to discover whether he is in jest or earnest; especially if he be in high spirits, with the sunshine and bird-warblings of Sweet Summer-time. He becomes intoxicated with thunder and lightning, as the infant Schiller is reported to have been; and the wilder the wind is on dark nights, filling his Academic gown like a ship's sail, and carrying him off his feet under a press of canvass sufficient to capsize a sugar-puncheon, why—all the more delight is it to Karl. He has no idea of what some folks call maintaining his dignity, and likes to startle conventional proprieties out of their daily routine, enjoying the fun of their perplexity as with raised eyebrows they wonder what will next ensue. He plays tricks as absurdly as a schoolboy, thinks nothing of exploding puns in a white cravat, or a University Examination (*e.g.*, he said something in very crabbed Greek about *Cedipus's* poor feet, which caused a serious difference of opinion between himself and the Examiners,) and would have been willing to make an April-fool of a Russian

Domitian, like Ælius Lamia with the "Heu taceam!" although the knout and Siberia might be in immediate reversion. We have heard him gravely proclaim the necessity of laws in England to fetter the press, enforce shaving, and encourage the presence of double yolks in Madingley eggs. All this is "very tolerable and not to be endured." Thus he occasionally mystifies a quidnunc, though he seldom plays these vagaries with his friends, and gets him keyed up to a tone of seriousness. If you met our Karl afterwards, his quiet manner and sad countenance might reveal more earnestness than you at first had given him credit for possessing. Is it that he is afraid of the deeper sorrows and aspirations being seen by those who are sceptical of any worthiness existing without the pale of their own sect or clique? Does he decline to "wear his heart upon his sleeve," because, in such case, "daws will peck at it?" In the apparent want of balance in his nature, so different from the grave equality and proud gentleness of Guzman—is he unjust to himself or to others? The answer is difficult to be given. Persons boast themselves deep and unfathomable in their reserve; but we have seen Karl solve their shallow mysteries in a brace of interviews. He himself seems to remain a riddle, to-day's verdict contradicting that of yesterday. Those who have for years most closely watched him, on his frequent re-emergences from absence and obscurity, always find fresh elements to puzzle them, and they gradually acquiesce in the belief that he is more thoroughly in earnest with the game of life than he cares to admit to anybody. His orbit is so eccentric that you can never be certain whither he is going, or whence he came. His individual acts and words are incongruous. Is he wasting strength on trifles, or obeying the law of his temperament? Is he ever going to do anything great, or is he to be allowed to sport noisily, like a perverse gunpowder cracker, in all Life's Sweet Summer-Time? He asks for no permission, no advice, no assistance, no praise, and no extenuation. He is aggravating or conciliatory, destructive or constructive, entirely according to his own disposition. He flashes in and out of all the social mansions, scarcely resting in them, even as tents of a night. His wants are so few that he is seldom at the mercy of Fortune; his enjoyments are so many that he finds happy moments everywhere. It may be this reckless yielding to all whims not actually sinful, combined with a chivalric courtesy towards the weak, and pure reverence of Womanhood, that has made

him a favourite with such diverse persons. He has found more affection in the world than has that solemn hidalgo, Guzman, whom all respect, but nobody except intimate friends may presume to love. A dislike to the trammels of 'a position' is possibly the cause of Karl hitherto encouraging others in a feeling of distrust towards him. He too well loves the freedom of his present movements to allow himself to be enslaved by any sect or party in social politics. Therefore, glorying in this versatility, he is now careless, now exacting, about things which seem to others of disproportionate value. We might plead for one, who refuses to plead for himself, in some such words as these:—

KARL'S CAP AND BELLS.

Sometimes he'll vent a shocking pun,
Sometimes a sentimental rhyme,
Alternating 'twixt gloom and fun,
As, more or less, through life he's done,
And may continue through all time.

An idle dog!—yet he may think,
In such a chequered world, 'twere well
When he has found his spirits sink,
To jest (whilst others growl, or drink)
And jingle Folly's cap-and-bell.

You'll say, the bauble on his staff
Is not a proper Pilgrim's crook!
But those who weep and those who laugh
Alike from Truth's pure well may quaff,
However diverse they may look.

To us it cannot matter wholly
In what quaint mood his thoughts are clad:
Whether in austere melancholy
Or in the pathwork skirts of Folly.
Belike the heart in each is sad.

If warm that heart, and firm in faith,
Why need his censors frown or snarl,
Though he may chase each fancy's wraith?
"Tis not the best of ways!" one saith:
"Friend, are thy ways the best?" says Karl.

Well, we leave the question undecided, except by making this final remark, that the hour is surely come when there is call for every honest worker to rouse and do his stint of labour with full devotedness, "laying aside the sin that doth

most easily beset us," even though it be the luxurious revelling in all sweet sights and sounds and Midsummer fancies, such as appeal to natures that are less tempted by baser lures. Whatever leads us aside from the pathway that we are imperatively called to tread, must needs be evil and to be resisted; whether by flowers or quagmires, the danger of delay is almost equal. Not here, and not now, should we fail to urge the importance of the command that is laid upon us:—"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me!" Truly the self-denial may be as fully needed in a May-term as at any other moment. For some of us the hour of departure approaches: the sweet harbour of College study must be quitted, and the cordage will soon be strained in tempest, or the loyalty of the crew be proved when becalmed in mid-ocean. Let the last words be those of hopeful cheer and friendly warning, as our students pass from the sight of fellow-gownsmen, when entering on the world's struggle in

THE NEW VOYAGE.

The bark is manned, the sails are filled,
The sea-track lureth golden bright,
The waters of the West are stilled
Whereon the setting sun doth 'light;
And from the shore a chorus flows
Voices of friends that hail the bark
With cheers—"God speed thee 'gainst the woes
And perils of the coming dark!"

Creeps from the hold a coward fear,
And whispers "Pause! thy bark is frail;
No sunny harbour will be near
If wrecked by fell Ambition's gale.
The world has abler men, shouldst thou
Abjure these tasks and seek thine ease:
Too long thou 'st lingered—wherefore now
With unfit powers assay the breeze?"

I answer: "Standing at their helms,
In barks like mine, I view around
Those whom I love, for diverse realms
With diverse hopes and cargo bound.
We quit the harbour's calm, not loth
We seek instead the gloom and gale;
Before us Work, behind us Sloth,
And God our pilot:—Can we fail?"

J. W. E.



THE LAST SIGH OF THE BACHELOR.

"— for three years term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here."—
"Love's Labour Lost."

I've put on my hood; I am going,
My lov'd Alma Mater, from you;
Scenes hallowed by reading and rowing,
Red brick and rough plaster adieu!

I've ta'en my last sniff of your breezes,
My last hurried glance at your Dons,
From the ivy-wreathed windows of Jesus
To the half-coloured turrets of John's.

Fades off from my soul's recollection
The Degree-week and all its sad hours,
And I think with unfailing affection
Of the joys that I knew 'neath thy towers.

Our Feeds—e'en the great Martin Tupper's
Whole talent and time t'would take up,
To sing of our wines and our suppers
And the divers descriptions of "Cup."

How we'd tunelessly treat the aspersion
Of a friend's genial powers as a lie,
How we'd make that immortal assertion
"Which nobody can deny."

A A 2

The woes of the dread "Paley Monday,"
 The struggles to read in the "Long,"
 The Trumpington lounges on Sunday,
 The Euclid which *would* come out wrong.

Scratch-fours where we didn't win Pewters,
 "Exams" which we passed by mere cheek,
 Religious disputes with our Tutors
 On the subject of "chapels a week."

The glories of "Friday on Fenner's,"
 The hope of a "Varsity Blue,"
 The chances of landing our Tanners
 By spotting the man for the cue.

The rows on the Fifth of November,
 The crush of the Trinity Ball,
 The classics we couldn't remember,
 And the boat we so lov'd after all.

Smith's bay'net which caused us to shiver,
 Our own which stuck fast in its sheath;
 The thousand delights of the river,
 The "Two Thousand" joys of the Heath.

The Match at Lords, won in a canter,
 (I'd say so of Putney but can't)
 The Double-first Honours which Granta
 Objected so strongly to grant.

All these we must needs leave behind us,
 Be they cared for or not as they may;
 On that long-looked-for day which shall find us
 Possessed of the letters "B.A."

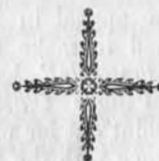
'Mid crowds on the towing-path cheering
 I ne'er shall perspire as before,
 No more shall I swear at the steering,
 Or furiously call upon "four."

The shout of "Hard in from the willows!"
 Shall ne'er again fall on mine ear,
 As eight pump'd aquatic gorillas
 Are struggling to row their boat clear.

No more 'mid the dangers of cricket
 Shall I be seen crossing the Piece,
 Struck down as I hear from the wicket
 An outcry of "Ball if you please!"

No more!—one might go on "no more"-ing
 Till doomsday for aught that I know;
 But what were the object of flooring
 One's subject and them at one blow?

Rash outlay of talent or money
 I consider the work of an ass,
 So, seeing the weather is sunny,
 Here, Porter, to Shoreditch—*Third Class.*





HOW TO DEAL WITH THE BUCOLIC MIND.

No. 3. *Village Festivals.*

I FEEL that some apology is due to the Editors of *The Eagle* for the long break in my communications on the subject I chose for some papers about two years ago. The stern business of life will, I hope, be admitted as an excuse, and the fact that, since writing my last paper on "the Bucolic Mind," I have been brought face to face, and mind to mind with Bucolics of a new county, and have entered upon an incumbency, with all its responsibilities, among a new people, instead of a curacy among people who knew me from my boyhood. In such cases much patient study and investigation is required to find out differences of character and habits of thought, as well as no small amount of caution, in first beginning to deal with a people who will be led but not driven.

However, after the appeal in the last number of *The Eagle*, I am determined to make an effort, and send off a Paper on "*Village Festivals*," having already treated of *Village Schools* and *Village Clubs*. As in my opening paper, I wish first to point out for whom I write.—My object is practical, in accordance with the invitation of the Editors, that Members of the College should write on subjects they were personally acquainted with, and should keep in view the benefit or amusement of at least *some* of the subscribers to *The Eagle*. My humble contributions then do not aspire to attract the attention of the embryo Barristers and Physicians and Statesmen among the Undergraduates of St. John's, but merely to offer a few hints to those who are expecting to be some day Country Squires, or Country Parsons in our scattered English Villages.

And now, a few remarks on Village Festivals: It is happily unnecessary to dwell on the advantage of both

Squire and Parson taking an interest in the amusements of the people. The time is gone by in which the amusements and festivities of different classes were as different as their houses or their food; when it was an understood thing that the labourers on an estate, or the small cottagers in a Parish had their amusements on the sly, when bull baiting, cock fighting and violent faction fights at football were the recreations of the lower orders, in which of course no respectable person could join. The danger now is rather the other way, and in many country villages the recreations of the labouring class suffer from a little *too* much fostering, and nursing, on the part of their superiors.

Just as, in the establishment of Benefit Clubs, the most solid and enduring will not always be those framed for the members, on the soundest principles, by men of rank and talent, so in promoting the amusements of the labouring class it will always be well to develope and improve upon their own ideas, and to encourage the proper observance of days and festivals that harmonize with their old associations. Of these days the principal is that called in most villages pre-eminently "*the Feast*," in others "*the Wakes*." The origin of these festivals is involved in some obscurity, but they probably date from the first establishment of Christianity in Britain, when Christian festivals were instituted in the room of the idolatrous entertainments of the heathen, and the day of the Saint to which the Parish Church was dedicated became the established feast of the parish. The Festival included the day itself and the eve or vigil before it, and the services both religious and festal were naturally denominated from their late hours *wæcan* or *wakes*. The immense value of this connection between the Parish Feast and the Parish Church is obvious, and where it is possible, the Church should endeavour to regain her own, and have the wakes celebrated in a seemly and Christian manner, on the Saint's day to which they belong. Let there be a short Choral Service in the morning, a good dinner and rustic games in the afternoon, with a few popular addresses, a little singing, and 'God Save the Queen' to wind up with.

Occasionally perhaps there will be some doubts about the day, if the Church is dedicated to some of those canonized old worthies Saint Werburgh, Saint Vedast or Saint Ethelburgha; but in these days of Church restoration there are few Parishes where the *Re-opening* of their restored old Church will not afford the inhabitants a creditable and interesting subject for an annual commemoration. I think it is important that the

day or days, of the reformed *Parish Feast* should be fixed by some rule well understood by the people, as it is very desirable that arrangements for home-visits from young people in service should be made dependent on the period of its celebration. In one of my former Parishes I remember there used to be an annual dispute about the right week for the wakes. Generally, it was said, the Butchers "ruled it" as providers of the indispensable roast beef and boiled mutton, but one year the rival parties succeeded in having two successive wakes; and that fortnight, as the Yankees say, "was a caution" to the quieter inhabitants. The Festivals however, which will be most readily fixed by a period of the year, are of course those which are now becoming common in most country parishes, viz. "*Harvest Homes*." Instead of the old practice of each farmer giving a heavy supper with an inordinate quantity of ale and spirits to his men, and sending them staggering out of his house to conclude the night at the village "public," it is hoped that the chief inhabitants and farmers of every parish may be induced to club together, in friendly concert with their clergyman, to provide a good reasonable holiday and day of recreation, both mental and bodily, for their poorer neighbours who have been engaged in the work of gathering in the crops. Of course such a day is easily planned and arranged where the whole Parish belongs to *one* Squire, who is moreover on good terms with the Clergyman. The Church will be especially decorated for the occasion, wreaths for the piers being made of a band of plaited straw about half an inch wide with ears of wheat, barley, and oats introduced at regular intervals, and the capitals being adorned with garlands of vine or oak. Pretty devices for the east end of the Chancel over the Communion Table may be formed by placing miniature wheat-sheafs within wreaths of vines, and no one will be at a loss to think of suitable texts to place in green letters on the walls. In the procession to Church, from the village schoolroom or dining tent, as the case may be, a wheat sheaf will of course be borne aloft, composed of the finest ears contributed by the different farmers of the Parish, the time-honoured flags and banners of the Independent Order of Rechabites will do duty for a second time within the twelve months, and the boys' Drum-and-Fife Band will "play" the procession through the admiring village. The Service and sermon, a short and pointed one let us hope, being ended, the procession will wend its way back, with no halting step, to the roast beef and plum pudding, at which each person, on shewing the

card of admission, given to him and paid for by his employer, will speedily be seated by the stewards of the day. Dinner over, and a short time having been allowed for conversation, which is always, I have observed, very stiff and constrained as long as the serious business of the knife and fork is being attended to, a few loyal toasts and local sentiments will be cordially received, until the adjournment of the juniors to cricket, quoits, skittles, &c. at which the seniors will look on, and smoke the pipe of benignant contemplation. But all this time the *women* must not be forgotten, or the new system of Harvest Homes will hardly gain much of their praise. They must at all events join their husbands at the tea, if not, as is to be desired, at the dinner of the day, and then after some concluding songs and music we may look for the pleasant though hitherto rare sight of an English labourer quietly walking home with his wife after a day's enjoyment, instead of being angrily fetched by her, with mutual recrimination and abuse, from the village alehouse.

Of course all the details of the *Harvest Festival* will be managed in a parish such as I have supposed, more easily than in one which is owned by a number of small freeholders, but even then I think that the Clergyman, if he will be content with merely taking the lead in the preliminary deliberations of a committee of farmers, may gradually effect much in promoting a reformed "*Harvest Home*."

But there is one kind of Village Festival that will naturally fall almost entirely under the Clergyman's sole direction and guidance. It is the privilege of the Church of England to have the education of the young in our country villages almost entirely under the control of her Ministers, and I think that all who take an active part in the daily routine work of the National School, will look forward with pleasure to the annual *School treat*.

The best time of year for this Festival will generally be about the end of July, when the Harvest holidays are approaching, and the school is beginning to get thin, as the prospect of the treat, limited of course to those in regular attendance, will be very effective in keeping up the numbers until the proper day of breaking up. At the same time, although great strictness should be shewn in refusing all on the School Register who have not been regular in attendance, I think it is very desirable to extend the invitation to former pupils who have left the school with credit, and are working in the parish, or at service. By connecting old scholars with this day, and other special days of their old school's

year, I think the greatest benefit may be produced both to themselves and the cause of education in their native place. It is needless to go into the details of the usual school-treat, the tea, the cake, the games, &c., but I would just suggest an occasional variation which I have myself found very successful, and that is, the *School Excursion*. To be fully appreciated by the children, a large town should be the point of a Village-School excursion. The following description of one appeared in the Leicester Guardian of the period some years ago :

“WYMESWOLD NATIONAL SCHOOL EXCURSION.

“School Treats in these days have a strong tendency to degenerate into mere eating matches, where that boy or girl will appear the most highly rewarded, and consequently the most meritorious who can ‘take in’ the largest quantity of plum-cake or bread and butter. We think therefore, that any effort to raise the character of these entertainments, and impart to them something of a more intellectual cast, is very commendable, and deserves encouragement. A scheme of this sort was projected by the Curate of Wymeswold, for those children of the National School who had attended regularly since Whitsuntide, and on Friday the 11th inst., the happy party, fifty-one in number, started about nine o’clock, in three vans, for Nottingham, reached the Victoria Hotel at half-past eleven, and thence walked up to the Arboretum. The passing view of the Castle, the noble Market-place, the Blind Asylum, and the new Cemetery, drew forth many genuine exclamations of wonder and delight, but *the* thing decidedly, was the Arboretum, its beautifully planned walks and flower-beds, and gracefully undulating grounds. After spending a couple of hours very pleasantly, including a brief adjournment to the refreshment pavilion for sandwiches, cake, &c., the older boys and girls, under the guidance of their Master and the Clergyman, proceeded to the Mechanic’s Institute, and inspected the valuable collection of stuffed birds, animals, fossils, &c., at the Museum. On returning to the Arboretum, various games were carried on with great spirit till about five o’clock, when a general muster took place, the final slice of cake was served out, and with many a longing, lingering look behind, the party commenced their homeward journey.”

Where the Parish School is a large one, an excursion of this kind is rather a serious undertaking, but the idea may be worked out with advantage in connexion with the Parish Choir, who must certainly be indulged with an occasional

Festival. In most Dioceses an excellent opportunity for a treat to the Choir is afforded by an annual gathering of Parish Choirs in the Cathedral Church, and I can testify to the success of several held at Southwell, Peterborough, and Norwich.

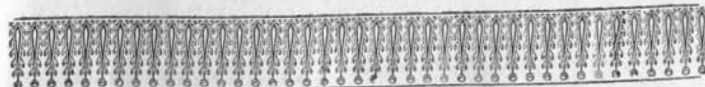
Excursions on a large scale, open to the whole Parish, have sometimes proved very successful, as for instance, some of those recorded in the lately published and very interesting biography of Professor Henslow, to Ipswich, Norwich, Cambridge, and even to the Great Exhibition in London.

There are however, of course, very few country Clergymen who have Professor Henslow’s ability to organize recreations for their parishioners on so large a scale, but I think that most of my clerical brethren can avail themselves of what is really becoming quite an important agency for influencing the country parish, an agency borrowed I admit from Dissenters, but not on that account to be despised. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*. The *Tea Meeting* is one of the simplest, cheapest, and best means I know for ensuring to any useful Institution a favourable start or a prosperous anniversary in the Village. Mr. Whitehead’s “Village Sketches” will give the necessary details to those of my readers who care to have them, and I will simply say that in connection with a Rural Library, a Penny Bank, or a Village Horticultural Society, there is nothing like a *judicious use of the Tea-pot*.

The last Village Festival I have time and space to treat of shall be the *Cricket Match*. My readers who play three Matches a-week on Parker’s Piece, and think nothing of it, can hardly realise the interest which the one Match of the season creates in the country village. It generally comes off about the end of August, when the Little Barton Club consider themselves sufficiently adepts to “send a channels” to their ancient rivals at Norton-on-the-Hill. Great is the excitement in Little Barton when the eventful morning for “the Match” arrives, and the open van conveying “the opposite party” is descried in the distance. The wickets having been duly pitched by the Umpires, at the hazard of their lives, among the sturdy young fellows who are slogging at practise bowlers all round them, everything is ready for a start, except the champion and mainstay of Little Barton, who has not yet vouchsafed an appearance. At length, after an immense deal of shouting for him, that worthy emerges from his carpenter’s shop on the border of the ground, and surrounded by an admiring throng of small

boys, rolls down to the scene of action, with a couple of bats of his own manufacture, carried Robinson Crusoe fashion, on each shoulder. The game commences amid the breathless excitement of the Little Barton side, who have been sedulously drilled for the last few weeks into the positions and duties to be occupied by them in the field, Longstop especially, having been cautioned about the "byes." Presently the Norton batsman lets drive at a delicious "off ball," but merely touches it with the edge of his bat, and sends it just over short slip's head, within a few yards of Longstop, past whom it rolls for three runs without any attempt on his part to stop it. "Muve Jem! why don't you muve?" is shouted at unlucky Longstop, from all parts of the field; but only brings forth the indignant protest, "Talk of *me* moving; why it were a *hit*!" Enlivened with sundry similar little episodes, the game proceeds with all the glorious uncertainty of Cricket, and terminates at a late hour of the evening. Of course the losing side are disappointed, but still it has been a thoroughly good English day's pleasure, and both winners and losers part good friends. "*A very harmonious game*," said a country Umpire to a friend of mine, after one of these rustic encounters. "Yes" replied my friend, "very much so." "*Harmonious*, pleasant, good feeling on both sides," urged the Umpire. "Certainly," acquiesced my friend, "and I hope we shall soon meet again." "Well," said the Umpire, "that's just it, I didn't wish to disturb the harmony of the game, but you've been bowling a foot over the crease all day. I'm glad I didn't 'no-ball' you. It's been such a *very harmonious game*!"

J. F. B.



CHIDHER.

(From the German.)

THUS spake the ever young Chidher:—

I passed a town as I rode along,
A man plucked fruit in a garden fair,
And I asked, "how old is the town so strong?"
"The town" said he, and he plucked again,
"The town stands here, 'tis very plain,
As ever it did, and will remain."
When half a thousand years had died,
The self-same way I chanced to ride—

No town found I, but a lonely mead!
And flocks were scattered far and near,
A single shepherd tuned his reed,
And I asked, "how long have they pastured here?"
He said, and turned again to play,
"The young leaves grow where the old decay;
This is my pasture-land for aye."
When half a thousand years had died,
The self-same way I chanced to ride—

I found the seething ocean strand;
A boatman cast his meshes near,
And as he drew them full to land
I asked, "when came the waters here?"
He said, and laughed the thought away,
"Since first the Ocean dashed his spray,
Our boats have anchored in this bay."
When half a thousand years had died,
The self-same way I chanced to ride—

I found a forest greenly dressed ;
 A woodman felled a lordly tree,
 And, as the echoes sank to rest,
 I asked "how old that wood might be?"
 He said "for ever hath it stood,
 A holy refuge, firm and good,
 My chosen home of solitude."
 When half a thousand years had died,
 The self-same way I chanced to ride—

I found a market town; and loud
 Arose the hum of industry.
 I asked them "whence that busy crowd?
 And where the forest and the sea?"
 An answer came above the roar:
 "So had it ever been before,
 And so would be for evermore."
 And as the time again is gliding,
 Perchance that way I'll go a-riding.



A GHOST STORY.

(Continued from page 273.)

SNORING soundly in bed, with his night cap well pulled over his ears, my uncle *ought* to have been found at one o'clock in the morning. But we found him in a very different state from this. He was lying on the floor apparently lifeless, and when we brought a light nearer to him, we saw that blood was flowing from a wound in his head. Tartar was lying stretched over his master's body, alive, but alas!

"Quantum mutatus ab illo
 Tartare"

whom we had seen a few hours before so full of animal life and courage. He was shivering and shaking all over, and at intervals he howled and whined in a most melancholy fashion. Nevertheless the faithful creature was keeping guard over his master's body, and at times licked the lifeless hand that could no longer answer the dumb creature's affection. As I said before, I shall never forget the scene as long as I live. The servants gently lifted the General on to his bed, and even then I could not help admiring the calm and resolute expression of his face, and had I not seen the dark stream of blood trickling slowly down from his iron grey locks, I could have fancied he was only enjoying the deep and placid sleep denied to the sons of luxury; and which none but soldiers and the sons of toil ever know; or, if I may quote the eloquent words of an Aquiline Bard, that sleep

"Peculiar to oars, and overworked Omnibus 'osses."

It seemed hard that a man who had escaped the dangers of war, famine, and disease in foreign lands should be thus

struck down by a cowardly assassin in an hour of seeming peace and security. But I rejoice to say that my uncle, though severely wounded, was not dead: in fact the surgeon (who had arrived within a quarter of an hour after the alarm) declared after a few days that the General, thanks to his iron constitution, would probably be as well as ever he had been in the course of a week. And here I must not omit to mention an instance of Agatha Snow's coolness of judgment and presence of mind. While the rest of the family were giving way to expressions of horror and grief, my uncle might have bled to death. My aunt was the first who recovered her senses, and she told one of the servants at once to fetch a doctor. But before the servant had gone, to our great relief, our own medical man made his appearance. We afterwards discovered that on the first alarm Agatha had of her own accord rushed off for him, and insisted on his coming with her immediately. But in accordance with her retiring and reserved character she never made mention of this fact to any of us, and it was not till after some days had passed that we knew to whom we were indebted for the doctor's opportune arrival, and even then Agatha seemed distressed by our expressions of gratitude, and positively refused to accept the handsome present which General Mackenzie wished to give her. Nevertheless she was unremitting in her attentions to him, and volunteered to sit up with him at night as nurse, a duty which none of the other servants and no professional nurse could be found to undertake. For, of course, the whole affair had been noised abroad, and a legal inquiry had taken place, which had however thrown no light on the mysterious event. As my uncle still lay in the ghost-room, it was not probable that we should find many nurses willing to sit up with him through the night, and as my aunt insisted on sitting up with her brother all night till he could be removed into another room, Agatha and I contented ourselves with being as useful as we could during the day.

In a few days my uncle was removed to another room, and recovered sufficiently to be able to give us the following account of what had befallen him:

"On the night of the 25th, when I wished you all 'good night,' I little thought what a night of it I should have. I did not trouble myself about your ghostly friend, and though I put my pistols within easy reach, I laughed at myself for doing so, and thought I had been a great fool when I took the trouble of loading them before dinner. I now

regret that I did not examine them to see whether they were properly loaded as I had left them a few hours before. Tartar, who as you know has been carefully trained never to jump on my bed, soon made himself at home on the floor before the fire, and I, following his example, fell asleep as fast as I was able. I could not have been asleep for more than an hour when Tartar awoke me by jumping on to the bed. This being a decided breach of discipline, I reprimanded him, and ordered him to jump down: but the animal did not seem at all inclined to obey: he kept whining and shivering most piteously. However, I neither saw nor heard anything that could have alarmed him, so I forcibly ejected him, and again fell asleep. Again Tartar awoke me by jumping on to me: he was trembling violently, and this time positively refused to be moved from the bed. Determined to see what was the cause of his fear, I sat up in bed: I then saw a figure standing by the fire, I immediately seized my pistols, and as the figure did not move, I politely asked to whom I was indebted for the honour of a nocturnal visit. The figure at once turned round toward me, and I saw a tall dark man who seemed to have lost his right arm. But what struck me most was a frightful gash extending across his throat, nearly from one ear to the other: in fact, in all respects he corresponded to the description given me by Hester of the apparition which had frightened her, and which, you remember, I laughed at as the result of a romantic imagination, or an indulgence in hot suppers. However I had smelt gunpowder too often to be afraid of a ghost, and I repeated my question politely but firmly: upon which my friend became very fierce, and, as far as I can remember, told me he was the ghost of my late brother-in-law, and uttered fearful imprecations upon me for having intruded upon his privacy, and at the same time advanced towards me in a threatening manner. I must admit that though I have seen the human countenance distorted by every sort of evil passion, I never yet saw so diabolical an expression as that of his ghost-ship. In fact he looked so bent upon doing me a mischief, that I covered him with my pistol as he advanced, and warned him, that if he came a step further I should fire. His only answer was a hollow laugh, and an assurance that no earthly weapon could have any effect upon him. I then fired, and feel confident that, had my pistol been loaded properly, the ball must have killed or wounded him. You may judge how great was my horror when the figure merely laughed scornfully, and addressed me thus:

"This time I leave you: but venture to sleep another night in this room, and you will pay the penalty for it with your life."

"Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I fired my second pistol, but it evidently had as little effect as my first, for the creature merely scowled at me fiercely and saying, 'Remember my words,' turned as if to leave the room. But I was not to be settled so easily as this by a fellow who had only one arm: so I sprang out of bed, and rushed upon him. The fellow faced me at once, and as I was closing with him struck me a terrific blow with some concealed weapon, shewing me at the same time that though his right sleeve was empty, he had a right arm to use, and an uncommonly strong one, for after I received the blow I can remember nothing till I found myself in bed with all of you around me. However, though I certainly got the worst of it, I think I have cleared up one or two points. This villain is no more a ghost than I am. He appears with only one arm in order to personate my brother-in-law; and he got into my room between dinner-time and bed-time, and drew the balls from my pistols. But as soon as I am well, I will try my luck with him again, and take good care this time that my pistols have something better than powder in them."

As I have already stated, a legal enquiry had been set on foot, and notwithstanding the apparent simplicity of the case, every effort to solve the mystery had been baffled; and many people believed that my uncle had been visited by a *bonâ fide* ghost of his brother-in-law. To this belief all the servants inclined, while my aunt and uncle believed that the whole affair could be explained by natural causes, and suspected that some of the servants were possibly concerned in the matter. I for my part had never quite got rid of my old suspicions about Agatha Snow, and I was in consequence not a little disturbed when I found that my aunt had determined to dismiss every servant in the house, *except* Agatha, in whose fidelity she seemed to have a belief that amounted to infatuation. It was fated however that we should get rid of Agatha sooner than we had expected. I was seated one morning with Agatha by my uncle's bedside, she reading the Newspaper to herself while I was working, when suddenly I heard a piercing shriek, and saw Agatha fall back senseless; I rushed to her and when she came to herself, we carried her off to her bed-room, though she insisted there was nothing the matter with her. The newspaper had fallen on to the floor, and I now picked it up,

determined to find out what had so violently affected her. The Paper did not seem to contain much news, or at least news that could have interested Agatha much: there was a description of Napoleon's Italian Campaign; the arrest in Rotterdam of a gang of English Coiners; and lastly an article on the mysterious adventure of General Mackenzie, the writer of which article found fault with the magistrates for not having subjected all our servants to a more searching examination.

Next morning to our great surprise Agatha Snow had disappeared, having left most of her property in the house. After a few days a distant relative of hers, living in Rotterdam, called and presented a note from Agatha Snow, in which she said that private affairs had rendered it necessary for her to leave us without any notice, that her property and all wages due to her were to be entrusted to her relative, and that we need not trouble ourselves to make enquiries for her as she was quite well and happy. Thus we lost our charming Lady's Maid. I cannot say that I regretted her much, though my aunt seemed to feel her loss deeply. Meanwhile General Mackenzie was quite well and strong again, and the first thing he did on his recovery was to return to the ghost-room. But no ghost disturbed his night's rest, nor ever afterwards was anything uncanny known to intrude in the room. After the General's departure my aunt made the room her own, and continued to sleep in it as long as I lived with her, without the slightest interruption from the one-arm'd spectre of her late husband.

Ten years had passed and nothing more had been heard of the ghost; new scenes and new ties had almost banished the remembrance of the whole mystery from my mind; still I could not help thinking about it sometimes, and hoping that the truth might yet be brought to the light; and as I started with my husband for a Continental Tour, in which we hoped to stay some weeks with my aunt at Rotterdam, I could not help expressing to him that I felt a presentiment that before our return some clue to the mystery would be found. But alas! after staying a month in Rotterdam, and investigating the case, as far as we could, we were as far off from the truth as ever, though I must admit that I became acquainted with several facts in the former life of my uncle and aunt, which before had been kept secret from me, or only mysteriously hinted at. These facts it is not now necessary for me to relate, for though they accounted for much that I had previously thought peculiar in my aunt's conduct, they did

not seem to have much connection with the solution of the ghost story, on the supposition that the assailant of General Mackenzie was no ghost, but an utter impostor. I left Rotterdam much vexed by my failure; but, as it turned out, chance led me to the information which all my efforts had been unable to obtain. After spending the winter in Italy we returned home through Switzerland. We intended to stay for a month at Lucerne after the fatigues of the St. Gothard Pass. A crowd was waiting the arrival of our steamer at Lucerne, and as I landed I thought I recognized a face amid the people who thronged around us. I saw a pale face, which still retained evident traces of beauty, looking at me with a fixed gaze. But directly our eyes met, the face disappeared and I could nowhere see it again, though owing to a certain indefinable impression made upon me by the look which I encountered, I was extremely anxious to keep the face in sight. I fancied however as we walked slowly to our hotel that I caught occasional glimpses of a woman following us, and I was confirmed in this suspicion when I observed that as we walked up the steps of our hotel the woman suddenly stopped, and retraced her steps as fast as she could. That evening a note was brought me by the waiter, who said it had been left by a boy for Miss Hester—. Tearing open the envelope, I found a few words written in evident haste on a scrap of paper. The writer, as I have stated, had addressed me by my maiden name, thus showing that he or she knew something of my early life. The note itself implored me to meet the writer that night at 12 o'clock on the second covered bridge (which, if I remember right bears the name of "Mühlenbrücke"), and assured me that, if I would do this, I should hear the whole history of some mysterious events which had happened during my early life at Rotterdam. The writer added that, unless I came alone I should receive no information. My mind was soon made up. I shewed the letter to my husband, telling him that we had at last arrived at the object of our desires: that I felt sure the woman who had followed me from the steamer was the writer of the letter, and that I suspected her to be no one else than the once beautiful Agatha Snow. At first my husband would not hear of my meeting this unknown writer—but what good and true wife ever failed to persuade her husband that her judgement was vastly superior to his? He of course yielded after a little opposition, but stipulated that he should walk with me to the bridge and wait near to it, so as to be able to assist me at once in case of danger.

As the hour of midnight came on, I confess I began to feel a little nervous as to the result of my expedition, for the night was threatening, and the moon was at times hidden, and at times drifted angrily through a cloudy sky. The old Cathedral clock struck twelve as I stepped on to the bridge, and at the same time the moon was hidden by a long black cloud. It is not a cheerful bridge in broad daylight, with its dark corners, and its ghastly roof-paintings of the "Dance of Death," but then it seemed more than usually dismal: for, below, the dark Reuss was almost invisible, as it went gliding swiftly and silently along, except where it fumed and fretted against the timbers of the old bridge; while the wind was howling in a dismal and discontented manner, as if it had conspired with the water to destroy the 'Mühlenbrücke,' and was made sulky by its failure. As the last vibration of the clock died away I stood in the middle of the bridge, and became conscious that there was a figure by my side, though whether it was a man or woman I could not determine because of the darkness. But I was not long in doubt.

"Do I speak to Miss Hester —?" I heard some one say in a voice which, though scarcely familiar to me, I thought I had heard before.

"I once was Miss Hester"—"I replied, "but my name is now changed. What information have you to give me?"

"Come here, out of the wind," the voice replied, "where we can hear one another more easily."

I felt my arm touched gently, and at the same moment the clouds broke and the moon burst forth in all her glory, and I saw before me the figure of a tall dark man: and fear, like unto the fear which I had felt long years ago in the haunted room, fell upon me.

(To be continued.)





THE LADY MARGARET 5TH BOAT, MAY 1863.

EIGHT B.A.'s stout from town came out M.A. degrees to take,
And made a vow from stroke to bow a bump or two to make.
Weary were they and jaded with the din of London town,
And they felt a tender longing for their long-lost Cap and Gown.
So they sought the old Loganus: well pleased I trow was he,
The manly forms he knew so well once more again to see:
And they cried—"O old Loganus, can'st thou find us e'er
a boat,

In which our heavy carcases may o'er the waters float?"
Then laughed aloud Loganus—a bitter jest lov'd he—
And he cried "Such heavy mariners I ne'er before did see;
I have a fast commodious barge, drawn by a well-fed steed,
'Twill scarcely bear your weight I fear: for never have I see'd
Eight men so stout wish to go out a rowing in a 'height.'
Why, Gentlemen, a man of war would sink beneath your weight."
Thus spake the old Loganus, and he laughèd long and loud,
And when the eight men heard his words, they stood abashed
and cowed;

For they knew not that he loved them, and that, sharply tho'
he spoke,
The old man loved them kindly, tho' he also loved his joke:
For Loganus is a Trojan, and tho' hoary be his head,
He loveth Margareta, and the ancient Johnian red.
So he brought them out an eight-oar'd tub, and oars both light
and strong,

And bade them be courageous, and row their ship along.
Then in jumped Casa Minor, the Captain of our crew,
And the gallant son of Fergus in a 'blazer' bright and new:
And Θωμᾶς ὁ Κυλίνδων full proudly grasped his oar,
And Ἰάσων ὁ Χαλκουργός, who weighs enough for "four;"
For if Jason and Medea had sailed with him for cargo,
To the bottom of the Euxine would have sunk the good ship Argo.
Then Pallidulus Bargeus, the mightiest of our crew,
Than whom no better oarsman e'er wore the Cambridge blue.

And at number six sat Peter, whom Putney's waters know;
Number seven was young Josephus, the ever-sleepless Joe:
Number eight was John Piscator, at his oar a wondrous dab,
Who, tho' all his life a fisher, yet has never caught a crab:
Last of all the martial Modius, having laid his good sword by,
Seized the rudder-strings, and uttered an invigorating cry:
"Are you ready all? Row Two, a stroke! Eyes front, and
sit at ease!

Quick March! I meant to say, Row on! and mind the time
all, please."

Then sped the gallant vessel, like an arrow from a bow;
And the men stood wond'ring on the banks, to see the "Old-
'uns" row;

And Father Camus raised his head, and smiled upon the crew,
For their swing, and time, and feather, and their forms, full
well he knew.

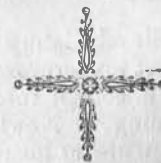
They rowed past Barnwell's silvery pool, past Charon's gloomy
bark,

And nearly came to grief beneath the Railway rafters dark:
But down the willow-fringed Long Reach so fearful was their pace,
That joyous was each Johnian, and pale each foeman's face.

They rowed round Ditton corner, and past the pleasant Plough,
Nor listened to the wild appeal for beer that came from bow:
They rounded Grassy Corner, and its fairy forms divine,
But from the boat there wandered not an eye of all the nine:
They rowed round First-Post Corner, the Little Bridge they
passed;

And calmly took their station two places from the last.
Off went the gun! with one accord the sluggish Cam they smote,
And were bumped in fifty seconds by the Second Jesus Boat.

TURGIDUS DEMEX.



TWO PICTURES.

("Home," and "The Silver Cord Loosed.")*

THAT the same hand should have given us "The Pursuit of Pleasure," "Hesperus," "Home," and "In Memoriam," will not appear strange to those who love to watch the ripening of an artist's mind, and see the subjects of his paintings, or his poems, ever deepening in human interest, howsoever graceful and fantastic were his earlier dreams. J. Noel Paton, whose "Oberon and Titania" secured popular favour at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, 1851, and whose "Pursuit of Pleasure" was in later years an object of attraction to many thousand spectators, touched the heart of the nation when he painted "Home,—the Soldier's return." The yearning tenderness and grace of "Hesperus" leads us into a different world of thought, and appeals to a smaller circle of sympathy than the broad human interest of the "Soldier's Return from the War." Too many were wrung with agony for the sufferings of beloved relatives, wounded and slain in the Russian campaign, to allow this noble picture to be received with indifference. Even in times of continued peace it would have spoken to all by its simple earnestness, but it was doubly impressive when it harmonised with recent recollections. The "In Memoriam"—an episode in the Sepoy insurrection, although impressive and admirable as a work of art, was less suited to be a favourite, from the painful nature of the subject.

"Home," also, tells the story of bygone danger and present joy. In its quiet tenderness and pathos it is austere true to nature. It is a cottage interior, glowing in the fire-light, and again evening. Newly returned, a wounded soldier is seated once more at his own hearth, wearied and faint with past suffering, and encircled by the arms of his young wife, who kneels before him, pressing her cheek

against his breast. Pale, and with closed eyes she leans there silently, the tear stealing down her face, her lips parted, almost swooning from excess of joy and grief,—joy that he is saved, mingling with the agony of knowing him to be thus mutilated and feeble. His aged mother bends over him, hiding her face on his shoulder. The baby in its cradle sleeps unconscious of what passes; a solemn calm reigns throughout. In mournful tenderness the soldier enfolds his wife with his only arm. Thin and pallid, although bronzed by a foreign sun, his face tells of sufferings; languor and gentleness are visible, yet the brow records courage and indomitable energy into the past. How often and how longingly, by the watchfire in the trenches, on his pallet in the hospital, and on the voyage home, has he yearned for this moment. His garments are tattered and dusty: his shoes shattered with long marches; the armless sleeve of his coat, fastened to the breast that is decorated with medals; the Russian helmet, brought as a trophy to please her who welcomes him; all these assist to tell the story of his journey home, and of hastening before recovery of strength to seek the mother and the wife who long have prayed for him, and to gaze on the infant that has seen the light since he had left them for the war.

By innumerable touches, graceful and unobtrusive, we are admitted to knowledge of what quiet life was led by that soldier's family while he was far away. We see this in the simple neatness of their attire, in the cleanliness and order of the cottage furniture, the snow-white hangings of the bed, the clock ticking monotonously, the open Bible with the aged woman's spectacles, as she had hastily laid them down, when his long-absent tread was heard at the door; the fishing-rod and violin near the old cabinet, revealing days of early comfort; the little needle-box filled with all his letters from abroad, treasured and often re-perused, till every word has been learnt by heart; the sewing-work hurriedly flung aside, the infant in its sweet healthy sleep, unmindful of past anxiety and present rapture. The cheerful blaze of firelight is on the wearied man, as if in welcome; and the distant church among the trees—seen through the window, where blooms the solitary flower which he planted long, long ago,—is now silvered by the evening twilight, that falls like a benediction on the *Soldier's Home*.

Such a picture, fitted to adorn all dwellings, aids to sanctify our daily work. What is before our eyes in the hours of leisure and meditation, of social kindness and of family

* A note on page 315.

affection, should be worthy of our best regard. This painting of "Home," and the masterly engraving from it also, is nearly as perfect in execution as it is lovely in conception. There is a holiness in its tender beauty. With the exception of one early picture, of the Saviour bearing the Cross, J. Noel Paton has abstained from that most difficult walk of art, in which so few modern Painters escape failure—the illustration of Scripture. Irreverence too often prompts to these rash attempts.

But whatever he selects for subject, the work bears indication of a pure and aspiring nature: whether the gambols of the fairies who haunt the moonlit glade, the meeting of lovers, the mingling of chivalric daring and impassioned affection, or the anguish and religious faith of our own day. In daintiest imagery of works that held a tendency to allegory, with most minute attention to details, on which he conscientiously bestowed his patient labour, he never failed to shew true poetic nature. Ideal art has found in him an unflagging son of toil. His industry has been remarkable, and few men have united so many rich qualities of genius. A cold and repelling style of colouring was one of his few defects, but he has almost conquered this crudeness by incessant study and practice. Even now, however, there is too little resemblance to flesh in some of his figures, which have, at times, the pallor of wax and the hardness of ivory. He has attained peculiar impressiveness with the deathly aspect of the dying or the dead, or of those labouring under intense emotion. His tendency towards the lurid and evanescent hues of twilight, seems to have assisted in fastening on his works an occasional ghastliness. In his drawing he is almost faultless, to the minutest detail of anatomy, costume and ornament, whilst the natural beauty of the forest, and the brake or field, he has portrayed with graceful fidelity. Already he has shewn a worthy commencement of an artist's career, a poet's life so far as aim and work can make it, and we cherish the thought that all his successes in the past, are little compared to what he may yet achieve in his new field of usefulness.

"Love has he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers have been woods and rills;
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Yet the cheerfulness of spirit that pervaded his earlier pictures, has been of late years toned into something more sad and mournful. To his eyes which see beauty every-

where, is revealed much of the anguish and desponding gloom which underlie all the sunshine and many-featured time. Surely there have been many hours of melancholy musing in that busy life of his, whilst labouring to record the beauty, and he could not help recording, half unconsciously, the sadness also. He has learnt to understand that mournful declaration of the material world being made subject to vanity, and in the reiterated failures of fulfilment, the promises made by leaf and blossom, that meet blight and rottenness before maturity,* has been compelled to read the same law which is forced on our attention in crowded city or in dusty chronicles of bygone time. No wonder is it that the messages he hears are not unfrequently of late the mournful echoes of the preacher that "all is vanity," and that like the strange and richly-gifted daughter of the Yorkshire moors, Emily Brontë, he has thought with calmness on

"The long war closing in defeat,
Defeat serenely borne:
Thy midnight rest may still be sweet,
And break in glorious morn."

Let us remember the sublime beauty of what Dean Milman says:—"The less of this cold earth, the more of heaven." In the hour of sorrow and of humiliation, it may also be that the soul perceives life is merely a probation and a burden which it must soon lay down. It recognises death to be the last of earthly blessings, the last of friendly messengers that are bestowed on man. Not with the hysterical outcry of impatience, but with holy calm, are we intended to regard our removal.

* This subject is discussed with noble impressiveness by Bishop Ellicott, in one of his least known, but most spirit-stirring works: "The Destiny of the Creature." He observes regarding "the peculiar amplitude of the term 'vanity.'" It is not said that the creation was subject to death or corruption, though both lie involved in the expression, but to something more frightfully generic, to something almost worse than non-existence,—to purposelessness, to an inability to realise its natural tendencies and the ends for which it was called into being, to a baffled endeavour and mocked expectation, to a blossoming and not bearing fruit, a pursuing and not attaining, yea, and as the analogies of the language of the original (Romans viii. 21, 22,) significantly imply,—to a searching and never finding."

See also Dean Trench's recent University Sermons: "The Creature Subject to Vanity."

These thoughts press on us in quiet hours and do much to mould our lives, so that we walk more humbly yet more unfalteringly, than of old. Seldom absent from our mind is a remembrance of some one whom the earth holds no longer, and the solemn tones of that sublime requiem, the Dead March in Saul, linger on our ear. And of all the pictures that we have seen and loved, scarcely any has a firmer hold upon us than that one, by Joseph Noel Paton, which we first saw in the possession of a dearly valued friend (the late Edward Plint of Leeds), a picture without name, except that of "the Dead Lady." It bore, instead of title, a quotation from Isaiah, lx. 19,—“The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.”

The same picture, now being engraved, bears a title from Ecclesiastes, “The Silver Cord Loosed.” This solemnly impressive work is, to our mind, one of Noel Paton’s best. In intensity of tragic grandeur he has never risen so high elsewhere. He had been overmastered, lifted out of the mere conventionalities of art, by awe and anguish of personal sorrow, when he painted this. To some it may appear almost too real in its exhibition of death, although nothing repulsive or horrible is shewn. Doubtless, it was the depth and force of anguish, which was in the painter’s own heart at the time, soon after the death of his mother, gave this strange fascination of sincerity to his work. Yet how truly has the etherealising influence of true art been manifested, by transfiguring the actual into what we see, instead of insulting the dead by literality of representment. He has felt the force of that warning which is spoken to every genuine poet, lest he bare too much of private grief to the public gaze:—

“Be wise! not easily forgiven
Are those who setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.”

(*Tennyson.*)

The picture shews two figures, a young man encircling with his arms a Dead Lady. In his desolate grief he lingers, whilst the darkness gathers round them. In silent agony he clasps her who has been to him dearer than all the world. Nay, not her he clasps, but that which is left behind by her; for all the life and light, the smiles and loving tenderness

and patience, which had made her known to him, have now passed away, except from memory. The dead lady is sketched on her bier-like couch, her beautiful face seen as a darkened profile against the evening sky; her eyes are half closed, her lips parted, the whole figure lying composed in the sleep of death. The mountains in the distance are coldly purple; long bars of cloud are across the heavens; the sun has set, and one pale star shines sadly,—seen through the Moorish arch which over-canopies the whole. In front of all sits the mourner; his face, hidden from us, pillowed on the bosom which is cold to him for evermore. His cloak partially conceals his figure, and its heavy drooping folds increase the effect of that breathless awe which pervades the picture. For nothing stirs, nothing has stirred or changed except the deepening of shadows around and within, and only slowly, silently, will the light return; the dawn of morning to the sky, the dawn of hope to the heart, as that glorious symbolising of the soul’s resurrection is beheld, and the sun which shines upon the just and on the unjust leads the stricken heart to put its trust in Him who is the Sun of Righteousness.

Sitting here, at this study-window, I see the picture vividly before me. And perhaps to each of us who have seen and loved that work of our Scottish artist, the remembrance of some one Dead Lady, already laid to rest and seemingly forgotten by many who had loved her of old, may be often present, and yielding a strange enhancement to the charm that we acknowledge to have found in “The Silver Cord Loosed.”

J. W. E.



OUR CHRONICLE

May Term, 1863.

THE present number concludes the third volume of "*The Eagle*." For six years the aspiring bird of St. John's has winged its flight above the region of mathematics and classics, and done its best to draw more closely into cheerful fellowship of literary tastes the graduates and undergraduates of our well-beloved College. The success of the magazine has been beyond dispute, and we venture to hope for an increase of strength and popularity with each following term. The large number of our subscribers continues to be gratifying, and by the exertion of our friends might easily be increased: indeed, we scarcely think it right that any member of the College should fail to be a supporter of "*The Eagle*." Our present readers might do effectual services by employing their influence, at the commencement of the October Term, in bringing the magazine fairly under the notice of the fresh recruits who arrive to fill each vacated place in hall, chapel, lecture-room, cricket-ground, boating-shed, and Senate-house. We have also to remind our friends that they ought not to desert "*The Eagle*" when they themselves quit College. We furnish opportunities for the communication of intelligence between resident and non-resident members, between those who are still working onward towards B.A., and those who have already commenced their labours in the busy world outside.

Already we have published papers from "Our Emigrant" in New Zealand, from Madeira, and from India; and are expecting other valuable contributions from diverse parts of the world, where Johnians fail not to flourish. Yet we feel that it is necessary once more to remind our well-wishers that not only their subscription but also, when possible, their writings, would be thankfully received. We are certain that there are now many able men among our readers who ought to contribute some of those thoughts and experiences which

might hereafter prove useful for the guidance of others. Our Editorial staff is annually changing, but there is no reason why our friends should cease to favour us with their assistance as contributors when they cease to be in residence; for wherever Rowland Hill has power, and the Queen's portrait ornaments the corner of the packet, the winged thoughts may travel to Aquila, and Aquila may fly back with a joyful paean of gratitude to each loyal son of St. John's.

And with this respectful suggestion we bid farewell to our friends, dispersing for the Long Vacation. We wish them a happy rest from labours and a blithe reunion, with renewed strength and hopefulness, when Autumn brings the caps and gowns once more into requisition, and the Lady Margaret crews assemble to recount experiences of travel, and speculate on the chances of gaining the Head of the River. May they, with vigorous bumps, with steady grind, and genial thoughts, win further honour for their College; on the Cam, and in the Class Lists, and—last, not least—in the pages of "*The Eagle*."

The Commemoration Sermon was preached this year by the Rev. the Master.

The Rev. R. B. Mayor, B.D., Senior Fellow of the College, has been presented by the Master and Seniors to the living of Frating-cum-Thorington, in the County of Essex.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the Porson Prize has been adjudged for the third time to Mr. H. W. Moss, of this College, and that the same gentleman has gained the Browne Medal for a Greek Ode.

The Rev. G. N. Hedges, B.A., has been elected a Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar of the First Class.

Messrs. C. Taylor, B.A., and A. F. Torry, B.A., obtained a First Class in the Voluntary Theological Examination with marks of distinction for Hebrew.

The following gentlemen were elected Minor Scholars and Exhibitioners of this College, on Friday, April 24:—

Mr. Sandys from Repton School, and Mr. Humphreys from King's College, London, to Minor Scholarships of £70 per annum.

Mr. Brogden from Shrewsbury School, and Mr. Chaplin from the City of London School, to Open Exhibitions of £50, tenable for three years.

Mr. Evans, from Merchant Taylors' School, and Mr. Boden from Rossall School, to Open Exhibitions of £40, tenable for four years.

Mr. Gwatkin from Shrewsbury School, and Mr. Blunn from Oundle School, to Minor Scholarships of £50 per annum.

Mr. Beaumont from Highgate school, Mr. Chumley from Lancaster school, and Mr. Souper from Bradford College, to Open Exhibitions of £50, tenable as Minor Scholarships.

Mr. Frith from Sedbergh school, to an Open Exhibition of £30 per annum, tenable for four years.

Mr. Carpmael from Clapham school to an Open Exhibition of £20 per annum, tenable for three years.

The following are the names of those who were placed in the First Class in the College Voluntary Classical Examination, at the beginning of this term:

Beebee	Terry
Lee Warner	Wiseman
Moss	

The May Flower-Show was held this year in the grounds of our own College. The day was chilly but dry, and the numerous assemblage evidently was gratified at the completeness of the entertainment.

The Procession of Boats came off in King's on Saturday, May 25, and was more than usually successful.

At the University Subscription Concert, May 27th, Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, No. 4, Weber's Overture to "Oberon", Mendelssohn's Overture to "the Isles of Fingal," and the Barcarole from Professor Bennett's 4th Concerto, Op. 19, were excellently performed by the Orchestra. Madame Alboni and Mr. Weiss gave great satisfaction, although some disappointment was felt at the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, whom illness prevented from attending.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, elected this term, are:

President, E. W. Bowling
Treasurer, E. K. Clay
Secretary, S. W. Cope
First Captain, W. W. Hawkins
Second Captain, W. Mills
Third Captain, G. W. Hill
Fourth Captain, F. Young
Fifth Captain, R. C. Farmer
Sixth Captain, W. J. Stobart

First Boat.

- 1 W. Mills
- 2 H. Watney
- 3 M. H. L. Beebee
- 4 C. H. La Mothe
- 5 M. H. Marsden
- 6 W. W. Hawkins
- 7 A. Cust
C. C. Scholefield (*st.*)
R. C. Farmer (*cox.*)

Second Boat.

- 1 E. K. Clay
- 2 F. Young
- 3 C. Yeld
- 4 H. Newton
- 5 S. W. Cope
- 6 A. Langdon
- 7 W. F. Meres
G. W. Hill (*st.*)
R. G. Hurle (*cox.*)

Third Boat.

- 1 S. Burgess
- 2 A. D. Clarke
- 3 H. Rowsell
- 4 F. C. Wace
- 5 T. Knowles
- 6 H. Allott
- 7 S. B. Barlow
D. Jones (*st.*)
M. H. Quayle (*cox.*)

Fourth Boat.

- 1 R. Levett
- 2 H. G. Hart
- 3 W. Covington
- 4 A. Marshall
- 5 J. B. Haslam
- 6 K. Wilson
- 7 W. P. Hiern
C. Taylor (*st.*)
R. H. Dockray (*cox.*)

Fifth Boat.

- 1 W. Boycott
- 2 R. S. Ferguson
- 3 E. W. Bowling
- 4 J. Smith
- 5 S. H. Paley
- 6 P. F. Gorst
- 7 T. H. Secker
T. Fisher (*st.*)
W. D. Bushell (*cox.*)

Sixth Boat.

- 1 R. S. Stephen
- 2 W. J. Stobart
- 3 E. B. I'Anson
- 4 F. E. Hilleary
- 5 J. J. Cartwright
- 6 T. Roach
- 7 C. E. Graves
R. C. Farmer (*st.*)
J. T. Watson (*cox.*)

On Saturday, May 23rd, the University Volunteers were inspected by Colonel M'Murdo, who spoke of their appearance and proficiency in terms of warm commendation. On Whit Monday the University Corps took part in a review on Stourbridge Common, in company with several bodies of Volunteers from the neighbouring districts.

On Monday, June 8th, the Battalion will be reviewed at Oxford, with the Oxford University Corps, by Colonel Mc Murdo. A good muster is expected, about three hundred men having signified their intention of being present.

The Johnian Challenge Cup was shot for on Thursday, May 26th, and was carried off by Private J. O. Barnes.

The same gentleman won the Officers' Pewter for this Term.

We regret to say that our Company will lose the services of Ensign Marsden, who resigns his commission after this Term.

The annual match for the small silver Cup, between the three winners for the year of the Challenge Cup, took place on Friday, June 5th. Corporal Guinness (the winner in the Lent Term) did not appear, and the contest therefore lay between Captain Bushell and Private Barnes; the former gentleman was victorious.

In the contest for the Newbery Challenge Racquet Cup this Term, Mr. A. Smallpeice defeated Mr. T. H. Secker, and played the concluding match with Mr. Bowling. Mr. Bowling proved the victor.

The Officers of the St. John's College Cricket Club for this year are:

President, Rev. A. Calvert
First Captain, A. Smallpeice
Treasurer, O. L. Clare
Secretary, T. Knowles
Second Captain, W. J. E. Percy

The First Eleven have played five matches this term: April 28th, against Christ's, which was won by St. John's in one innings by 88 runs. Score:—St. John's 231. Christ's, 1st innings 49, 2nd innings 93.

May 25th against Trinity (barring University Eleven men), and was won by St. John's by 55 runs on the 1st innings. Score:—Trinity, 1st innings 76, 2nd innings 198 with 6 wickets down, St. John's 131.

May 22nd, against King's, and was won by St. John's by 103 runs on the 1st innings. Score:—King's, 1st innings 47, 2nd innings 193 with 3 wickets down, St. John's 150.

May 27th, against Jesus. This was won by Jesus by 17 runs on 2nd innings 124 with 9 wickets down, St. John's 83.

May 28th, against Caius, which was won by Caius by 26 runs on the 1st innings. Score:—Caius, 1st innings 160, 2nd innings 113, St. John's, 1st innings 134, 2nd innings 49 with 1 wicket down.

The Second Eleven have played two Matches:

April 16th, against the 2nd eleven of Caius, won by St. John's by 161 runs. Score:—Caius 46, St. John's 207.

May 2nd, against the 2nd eleven of Christ's, won by St. John's in 1 innings by 47 runs. Score:—Christ's, 1st innings 77, 2nd innings 117, St. John's 241.

A Scratch eleven was sent out on May 15th, to Ashley, and were defeated in one innings by a few runs.

The Master and Fellows have announced their intention of putting the cricket ground at the back of the College into playing order. This will doubtless be a great boon to our cricketers, as it is most necessary for the welfare of Cricket anywhere that the ground should be easy of access.

UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.—MAY RACES.

Wednesday, May 13th.

THIRD DIVISION

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

SECOND DIVISION.

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

the 1st innings. S

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Thursday, May 14th.

THIRD DIVISION.

40 Caius 3	46 Pembroke 2
41 Peterhouse 2	47 Trinity Hall 4 }
42 Corpus 3 }	48 Christ's 3 }
43 3rd Trinity 3 }	49 Lady Margaret 6 }
44 Queens' 2 }	50 Catharine Hall 2 }
45 Magdalene 2 }	51 Jesus 3 }

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Friday, May 15th.

THIRD DIVISION.

40 Lady Margaret 5	47 Catherine 2
41 Peterhouse 2 }	48 Lady Margaret 6
42 3rd Trinity 3 }	49 Christ's 3 }
43 Corpus 3 }	50 Trinity Hall 4 }
44 Magdalene 2 }	51 Jesus 3 }
45 Queens' 2 }	
46 Pembroke 2 }	

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Saturday, May 16th.

THIRD DIVISION.

40 Lady Margaret 5 }	46 Queens' 2 }
41 3rd Trinity }	47 Catharine 2 }
42 Peterhouse 2 }	48 Lady Margaret 6 }
43 Magdalene 2 }	49 Christ's 3 }
44 Corpus 3 }	50 Jesus 3 }
45 Pembroke 2 }	51 Trinity Hall 4 }

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Monday, May 18th.

THIRD DIVISION.

40 1st Trinity 6 }	47 Queens' 2 }
41 Lady Margaret 5 }	48 Lady Margaret 6 }
42 Magdalene 2	49 Jesus 3
43 Peterhouse 2	50 Christ's 3
44 Corpus 3	51 Trinity Hall 4
45 Pembroke 2 }	
46 Catharine Hall 2 }	

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Tuesday, May 19th.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Wednesday, May 20th.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Thursday, May 21st.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

END OF VOL. III.

W. Metcalfe, Printer, Green Street, Cambridge.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

Michaelmas Term 1862.

THE FOUR-OARS—November 10.

1	1st Trinity	5	3rd Trinity
2	Trinity Hall	6	Sidney
3	Caius	7	2nd Trinity }
4	Lady Margaret }	8	Emmanuel }

November 11.

1	Emmanuel	4	Sidney }
2	Trinity Hall }	5	1st Trinity }
3	3rd Trinity }	6	Lady Margaret

November 12.

1	3rd Trinity	3	Lady Margaret }
2	Emmanuel	4	1st Trinity }

November 13—TIME RACE.

1	1st Trinity	3	Emmanuel
2	2nd Trinity		

Won by 3rd Trinity by about five seconds.

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS—November 17.

1	Lawes, 3rd Trinity	5	Lee, Caius
2	Edgell, Queens'	6	Scholefield, Lady Mar. }
3	Yearsley, 1st Trinity }	7	Baker, 3rd Trinity }
4	Bolden, Christ's }	8	Pixell, 1st Trinity
		9	Warner, Trinity Hall

November 18.

1	Bolden	4	Edgell }
2	Baker }	5	Lawes }
3	Pixell }	6	Warner

November 19.

1	Lawes	3	Warner }
2	Bolden	4	Pixell }

November 20.

1	Pixell }		Bolden
2	Lawes }		

November 21—TIME RACE.

1	Lawes	2	Bolden
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Won by Lawes by fifteen seconds.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

THE FOUR OARS.

NOVEMBER 11.

1 3rd Trinity	}		3 1st Trinity
2 Lady Margaret			4 Trinity Hall

NOVEMBER 12.

1 Trinity Hall
2 1st Trinity
3 Lady Margaret

NOVEMBER 13.

1 1st Trinity
2 Trinity Hall
3 Lady Margaret

NOVEMBER 14.

Time Race.

1 Trinity Hall		2 1st Trinity		3 Lady Margaret
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A dead heat between Trinity Hall and 1st Trinity, Lady Margaret being 7 seconds behind.

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS.

NOVEMBER 18.

1 Garfitt, 1st Trinity	}	}
2 Yearsley, 1st Trinity		
3 Dickinson, Lady Margaret	}	}
4 Gibbs, Christ's		
5 Pixell, 1st Trinity	}	}
6 Barker, Corpus Christi		
7 Hawkshaw, 3rd Trinity	}	}
8 Talbot, Trinity Hall		
9 Chambers, 3rd Trinity		

NOVEMBER 19.

1 Garfitt, 1st Trinity	}	}
2 Pixell, 1st Trinity		
3 Chambers, 3rd Trinity	}	}
4 Hawkshaw, 3rd Trinity		
5 Dickinson, Lady Margaret		

NOVEMBER 20.

1 Dickinson, Lady Margaret	}	}
2 Pixell, 1st Trinity		
3 Hawkshaw, 3rd Trinity		

NOVEMBER 21.

1 Pixell, 1st Trinity		2 Hawkshaw, 3rd Trinity
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Won by Hawkshaw by 11 seconds.