THE EAGLE.

A GHOST STORY.

(*Concluded from Vol. III., page* 345.)

AGAIN must I apologize to the reader for the fact that my excited feelings brought the last part of my story to an abrupt termination; the best apology that I can make will be to conclude as speedily as it is possible a story which I feel has already occupied far too much space in the columns of a Magazine so well known and so deservedly distinguished as *The Eagle*. Let me then return at once "in medias res."

Fear like unto the fear which I had felt long years ago in the haunted room fell upon me. I stood in silence gazing on the handsome, though sombre features of my companion, and some minutes passed before I could ask him what object he had in this mysterious midnight interview.

"Tell me," he replied, "before I answer you, tell me if you believe that long years of repentance can blot out long years of wickedness. If days spent in alms-giving, nights in sorrow and sleeplessness, seem to you to be any atonement for the sins of one's past life, then you will not refuse the hand of forgiveness to him who now stands before you, and to another as sinful, as unhappy, and as repentant as he is."

"If," I replied, "you speak of Agatha Snow—for I cannot help believing that you are in some way connected with certain events of my early life—I have long forgiven her as heartily as I hope to be forgiven myself."

"And what of him who now addresses you?" he asked in an agitated voice, "can you extend to him who is far more guilty the same forgiveness?" "Convince me of your repentance," I replied, "and your offence heavy one, if I, who stand so much in need of forgiveness, cannot forgive it."

"Thank God!" I heard him murmur to himself; then handing me a sealed packet, "Read this," he said "at home, and remember that you have promised to forgive; remember that the sins related in this narrative have been bitterly repented of; and if, after you have read all, you can still forgive Agatha Snow and her wretched brother and accomplice who now stands before you, come to the address which you will find written for you, and by your forgiveness throw one ray of hope over the last days of two repentant sinners."

Nothing of any importance passed between us after these words; my companion crossed to the opposite side of the river to that from which I had come, and I rejoined my husband who was beginning to be alarmed at my absence. On reaching our hotel, the first thing we did was to sit down to read the MS. which I had received, and the contents of which I shall lay before the reader. The writing I saw was that of a woman, and I seemed to recognize it as that of Agatha Snow; the only title of the narrative, which I am going to translate, as well as I can, for the reader's benefit, was—

A CONFESSION.

I write this account of my life, in which I intend to hide nothing, in the hope that it may at some time reach the hands of Miss Hester ——, and that she and anyone else whom I may have injured may forgive me. I shall address this confession to Miss Hester ——, partly because she is intimately connected with many of the events which I am about to relate, and partly out of a feeling of love towards her, and a desire to obtain her forgiveness for an injury done to her. Should she think that sufficient atonement has been done by my confession, I ask of her to destroy this confession, and to banish it and the events which it relates from her memory for ever. It would be painful for me, and useless for the reader of this confession, were I to enter into a description of my life previous to my marriage with Arthur Snow, my late mistress's butler; it is enough for me to say, that till the day of my marriage my life had been one of peace, innocence and happiness; and, but for my marriage, I might even now have a conscience clear before God and man. I do not intend to defend my own guilt by laying my crimes at another's door; whatever may have been Arthur Snow's guilt he has atoned for it by his death, at least in the eyes of man. I had not been married long before by accident I discovered that I was married to a most profligate and lawless character; in fact, that the man who was to be my partner for life lived by coining.

It is needless now to describe how I strove to turn him to an honest life, how unavailing were all my tears, my reproaches, and my prayers; how my horror was increased, when I discovered that my brother Edward, my youngest and best-beloved brother, was one of the gang; and how by degrees I myself left the paths of honesty, and became the most eager, the most crafty, and the most accomplished coiner of the gang. My husband died within two years after our marriage, but before his death he had entrusted to me a most important secret. Previously to his having turned coiner, he had, as he told me, been guilty of several forgeries, in which your late uncle, Miss Hester, had been more or less implicated. Your uncle, though a wealthy, had always been an extravagant man, and I fear that he was induced by Arthur Snow, who, though only a butler, was much in his master's confidence, if not to participate in his crimes, occasionally to avail himself of money which he knew had been dishonestly got. A feeling of remorse at length drove him to take away his own life in the room which you know afterwards was called "the haunted room." My husband while a servant in the house had discovered that there was an underground chamber underneath this room, and connected with it by a secret passage; this chamber was also connected with one of the canals of the town by an underground passage, and had been formerly used by smugglers as a storehouse for their goods.

Arthur Snow on his master's death determined to employ this secret chamber as a safe place in which he might coin counterfeit money, the only room in the house which was connected with it being uninhabited, in consequence of the awful death which had taken place in it.

It was this chamber that was the scene of our illegal trade. One of our gang had a place as servant in your aunt's house, and, by judiciously inspiring a dread of the haunted room into the other servants, secured us from any interruption after night-fall. I must now return to my own history. After my husband's death, you might imagine that I must have at once given up my dishonest life.

But alas! The excitement and the danger of our occupation, and a desire to share the fortunes of my brother Edward, determined me to follow the path of wickedness upon which I had entered. It was, however, the opinion of my accomplices that I could be of more use to the gang by obtaining the place of lady's maid to your aunt than by remaining with them. The servant in your aunt's house who had been in league with us had incurred the displeasure of your aunt, and had been in consequence dismissed. As you know very well I applied for and obtained the place of lady's maid to your aunt. Things went on very well, till one day to my horror we heard that the Haunted Room was again to be inhabited. Many were the anxious consultations which the gang held on the subject; and at length, contrary to my advice, it was determined that a Ghost should be got up for the occasion to terrify the first person who should invade our place of resort. My brother was the person who undertook to act the part of the Ghost. He was well acquainted with your aunt's private history, and being remarkably like your unfortunate uncle he resolved to represent him, and accordingly appeared for the occasion with one arm (your uncle had lost an arm some years before his death), and a ghastly cut across the throat. He thought that as your aunt's superstitious feeling about the room had made her refuse to let it be occupied for so many years, directly she heard of her husband's spirit having actually appeared in it, she would order the room once more to be shut up, and to remain uninhabited.

How little he knew the strong mind and dauntless spirit of your aunt, the sequel proved too well. I who knew her better than he, and who longed to save you from the danger which threatened you, tried in vain to dissuade him from what he was about to do. At the same time, wicked though I was, I still had a heart left, and loved you with all of it that was left. But selfishness was stronger than love within me: I thought that the occupation of the haunted room would certainly lead to the detection of our hiding-place, and I argued with myself that the love of self-preservation was an ample excuse for my conduct, and that it would be a squeamish piece of folly if I were to expose myself, my brother, and my friends to certain ruin, in order to save a young lady like you from one night of alarm. I will not describe the horrors of that night, nor my own feelings of remorse, when on the next morning I thought I was standing over your lifeless body; I found that my brother also was troubled in his conscience at the part he had acted, and positively refused to appear as the Ghost again, if the haunted room were occupied by a woman. Fortunately good Mr. Broadbrim was our next guest. Strange as it may seem, I can hardly help laughing even now, when I think of the account which my brother gave me of his nocturnal interview with that sober gentleman, who then for the first time in his life forgot to address a stranger as "friend," and even to "thee" and "thou." The amusement produced by the absurd terror of this gentleman made my brother more reconciled to his character, and when I told him that his next victim was to be a general in the Indian army, he was perfectly delighted. But this time we knew our task was not so easy as before; and as my position in the house enabled me to go into all the bed-rooms, I was only too glad to be able to get at the General's pistols, while he was at dinner. He had imprudently talked in my presence of loading them, so as soon as he was at dinner I found my way to his room, and extracted the bullets. You know the rest, and how at one time our plot seemed likely to terminate in the crime of murder; I must go on to explain to you matters of which you are probably still ignorant.

You remember the sudden manner in which I left your aunt's house, and you must have connected it in some way with the emotion displayed by me while reading the newspaper a few days before. In that paper I saw for the first time that several of our gang, my brother amongst them, had been arrested. My mind was soon made up; I resolved to leave your aunt's house, and to devote myself to effecting my brother's escape. I shall not attempt to give an account of my futile efforts at plotting his escape. They all failed; and as I knew the police were observing your aunt's house at the time, and were also on the look out for the place in which we had coined all our money, I was in a state of terrible suspense; for had they discovered our underground chamber, they would have obtained positive proof of my brother's guilt. But I am thankful to say that with all their vigilance they were doomed to disappointment, and as they only had their suspicions and no evidence against my brother, he was acquitted on the day of his trial. But the gang was broken up from that time; the eye of the police was upon us; and ere long we migrated to England, that land whose shores ever welcome the destitute and the oppressed. But my brother and myself felt tired of and disgusted with our occupation, so, respecting the hospitality of England, we separated from our companions, and strove by leading honest lives to atone for our past offences.

My brother managed to obtain a situation in a mercantile house, where by slow degrees he at length made a sufficient fortune to enable us to return to our native mountains. For the last few years we have been living at Lucerne, where, by spending our time and money amongst the poor, we have endeavoured to atone, as far as we can, for the misdeeds of the past.

Thus ended this remarkable confession, which it is needless to add, I read with great attention and no little excitement and surprise. We soon found our way to Agatha Snow's house; she was still in many respects the Agatha of former days, a strange mixture of good and evil, though now the good prevailed, as formerly the bad had prevailed.

As in her confession, so in her conversation, she could hardly at times abstain from laughing at the ludicrous points of the Ghost story. Still I believe, judging from her general demeanour as well as from the charity with which she gave to the poor, that she was truly repentant; and, when at length she died, respected by the rich and lamented by the poor, I felt confident that her end was peace.

AMYNTAS.

⁂

MATHEMATICS, A SATIRE.

[The following effusion is supposed to be due to a man who suffered much and long from want of appreciation on the part of Examiners. The Tripos-list (in which, instead of being a wrangler, he was but a few places from the bottom) drove him to desperation, and these lines, which were left behind in his rooms, are the consequence. The Editor has struck out several allusions to private tutors, which seemed to partake of a personal nature.]

When the Chaldæan shepherds watched by night,
And pondered on the distant worlds of light,
In all the freshness of its youth arrayed
A mighty science was to men displayed.
As silently of old its votaries sat,
And gathered in its laws—great truths, whereat
The eye flashed bright—then Poetry's rare fire
Was ever near to quicken and inspire;
Imagination owned the kindred twain;
Ah me! of old 'twas thus, a glorious reign,
Ere Mathematics, harnessed to a tram,
Was brought to basest use of carting cram.

But now—great Science hear my truthful lay!—
But now we never think—it doesn't pay:
The age is passed; far wiser is our hope,
Our high ambition has a larger scope;
No more we strive to leave a mark for fame,
To gain a mark is now our noble aim;
To floor a paper, taking honest care
Only to fudge a little here and there:
This is our grand resolve, the worthy end
To which our modern aspirations tend.

Of old, how eager was the thirsty mind
New laws and undiscovered truths to find!
How, as in earnest search the kindling eye
Devoured each symbol-truth, the heaving sigh
Would greet the closing page! but now, forsooth,
Our modern volumes, for our high behoof,
Temper the rough wind to the shorn lamb's state—
Omit Arts. 5—9, *Chaps.* VI.—VIII.

Now by the mystic $\sqrt{(-1)}$
No more shall fearful looking volumes stun;
Hence folio treatises, great tomes away,
Rose-water mathematics have the day!
Now crown octavo volumes deftly bound,
The royal road to learning's dome have found;
Macadamised and fair the way appears,
And laureate honours droop on lengthened ears.
Soon shall we have, as taste and art increase,
Our books embellished with a frontispiece:
And startled Euler scandalised shall view
His propositions set in red and blue!

Yet still with olden fame we can compare,
Claim for our age its due inventive share,
Speak of advance in mathematic lore,
And point to grand results unknown before.
Granted no wondrous laws repay our zeal,
And little of the world our powers reveal,
Yet we the old philosophers could show
How to set a, b, c down in a row.*

The glorious science lives, to flourish still!
We differentiate with easy skill:
Let not our learned era be defamed,
Immense equations now, like dragons tamed,
Defend in vain within their magic ring
The doomed solution, such the force we bring.
The glorious science lives! and this its power,
To bully some poor rider by the hour,
Till worried, knocked about, and beaten well,
It "comes out"—like a winkle from its shell.
'Tis true, we grant, when yielded is our prize,
It is not much in quality or size,
But if the fox beneath your censure smart,
At least bear tribute to the hunter's part.

Had Galileo's mind remained content,
And had it on results like ours been bent,
Those mild results which now our thirst assuage,
In Mathematics' crown octavo age;
No inquisition, meddlesome or mad,
Would ere have deemed his calculations bad;
Save haply when analysis had shown
That half a man "can dig a ditch alone."

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* There is supposed to be some allusion to *determinants* here.

Here then our comfort; if we aim not high,
At least we fear no charge of heresy.
The rash intruding spirit we disown,
That dares to guess at suns and worlds unknown;
In humbler guise we are content to plod,
And talk of fleas and spiders on a rod!

But hold my muse; nor venture on the ground
That opens now, where conicoids abound,
Or that profound abyss, infinity,
Where all the asymptotes in limbo lie.
Enough; it yet remains to weep the age
Of bygone enterprise, that would engage
Freely with Nature's laws, mayhap to fall,
Yet, stumbling grasp the treasure after all.

May the day come, when men of stronger thought
No more shall toy with science as in sport,
Blow pretty bubbles, calculate their height,
And mark them as they vanish out of sight,
But turn to nature, and with strength of yore,
Compel her to divulge her hidden lore.

F. H. D.

ΜΕΓΑ ΒΙΒΛΙΟΝ, ΜΕΓΑ ΚΑΚΟΝ.

> "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
> And the individual withers, and the world is more and more."
>
> TENNYSON.

IN one of those noble libraries which are the pride and ornament of the modern capitals of civilization, there stood, amid throngs of frivolous loungers, two more thoughtful occupants. The one a youth, with intellectual forehead, bright hopeful eyes, and glowing cheek; the other a gray-haired man, whose pale and furrowed brow told of long years of patient study and research.

"Ah!" cried the first, as he glanced around at shelf upon shelf, chamber upon chamber, richly stored with the trophies of learning and genius, "what a field here lies before me! many years of life still await me, how gloriously shall they be spent! how I burn to traverse these regions of thought, to know and feel what the wisest and wittiest of mankind have discovered, invented, or imagined; to study, estimate, compare, all the great philosophers, historians, and poets; and in such company, associating with such princely intellects, to myself become wise and great!"

The other heard him not, but as he glanced around, his mind too was moved to meditation.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "how my estimate of this vast collection has altered since first I saw it! what a mass of rubbish I now see around me! what exploded error, garbled truth, facts belied, falsehoods invented, absurd pretension, intellectual quackery! Palimpsests—where lying monkish legends have smothered beyond the chemist's reach the utterances of more honest minds! Commentators—wresting from their text ideas the author never dreamed of! Editors—degrading some estimable name into a mere pedestal whereon to display their own ignorance and conceit! Truths, thinly

scattered though they be, repeated to satiety, and so choked and overgrown withal by innumerable fallacies, that it were a matter of nice calculation whether mankind would not rather benefit by the destruction of the whole collection! Verily, if anywhere, most of all in a great library like this, do the words of the preacher come home unto me, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!'"

"The volumes seem to speak to me from the walls," continued the other, "inviting me to converse with them. Besides those glorious masterpieces of antiquity, of which I already know somewhat, how much is there in my own tongue awaiting me! The historians—how different and yet each with his peculiar charm! here, stately and measured narration; there, charming and inimitable diction; yonder, patient investigation and philosophic disquisition; beyond, eloquent and soul-stirring description; this one, like the miner in his dark recesses, lighting up and discovering obscure annals and forgotten epochs; the other, adorning and illustrating the noblest and greatest passages in the world's history. But all with the same aim, to instruct and elevate me, to take me beyond the little sphere in which I live, and make me wise with all the lessons of the past. There, too, are the poets and romancers—with what enthusiasm shall I read them, finding there sympathy with all my emotions, food for the highest susceptibilities of my nature! How shall I delight to re-peruse and criticise them, comparing their excellencies, illustrating their fancies, and making, what I most admire, part, as it were, of my own intellectual being! See too, where Science invites me, with her marvellous discoveries and ever growing lore! How eagerly shall I investigate the laws of light and heat, of motion and of matter, of the great system in which I am but as a speck of dust or a grain of sand, go up to the first fountain of my being, the eternal and the everlasting, and learn at last, in contemplation of the Infinite, 'to look through Nature up to Nature's God!' Once more, there are the divines and theologians, and, among them the keenest of intellects and the holiest of men. How will it be at once my duty and my delight to examine the credentials of my belief, to study its history, and to apprehend the philosophy of its ethics and its design!"

"Looking at each department of knowledge here represented," soliloquised the other, "how at variance are the authorities! until like the quantities of a long equation, they neutralise each other, and the equivalent obtained in undeniable truth, may be written down as nothing! See those shelves laden with historians, 'Quot libri, tot sententiæ,' this one reading events and their results in one light, that one in another, until scarcely the facts seem common. See the legends and fables there, the disregard for the most notorious circumstantial evidence here! Old historians foolishly credulous, new historians foolishly sceptical! Until one begins to doubt whether the professed writers of history have not rather obscured and rendered ambiguous what mere tradition had better preserved. The poets, too! what mere tinsel now appears what formerly I most admired! words which once flushed my cheek and made my heart beat quicker, how their light has died away! Where once I saw nothing but what was just, graceful, and sublime, how much of false imagery and meretricious ornament I now discern, how little that my judgment and fancy alike approve! Nor when I turn to where stand ranged the treatises of science, can I pretend to much more real satisfaction at the sight. Granted that I see much of unimpeachable, well established truth, how trivial is the amount when compared with the unexplored and the unknown! The sum of human effort seems, here, but to have lit, in a dark illimitable cavern, one tiny lamp, whose rays just suffice to show mysteries which the human mind shall never penetrate, labyrinths which my limited faculties shall never explore. Lastly, there are the stores of theology—what portentous volumes have mounted those shelves since first I saw them! debating not merely an isolated doctrine, but unteaching me half that I learned at my mother's knee, or confessed at the altar of my church."

"But if there be one thought," continued the youth, "which more than any other thrills me with enthusiasm, it is to think what a glorious prospect here opens on my age. With such a foundation, what a superstructure may we look to raise! So much error detected, so much truth established, with what increased freedom shall the human mind now travel on its onward path, sounding depths of natural science and rising to heights of philosophic thought undreamed of by the past generations! And it will be my grand privilege to help in this noble work—perchance to leave behind a name which posterity shall cherish and venerate!"

The bell, that marked the hour for closing the library, now sounded; the reverie of each was broken, nor did the crowded thoroughfare prove very favourable to the continuance of such meditations. Which of these thinkers was nearer truth? or did the "golden mean" lie somewhere half way between the two?

To be candid, we are bound personally to confess to a sensation of something like mental nausea, when surveying a huge library. That the feeling is more justifiable or natural than would be the loss of appetite at the sight of a magnificent banquet, from which we must rise, leaving untasted many a tempting dish, we are not prepared to shew; but the fact remains, and we do undoubtedly contemplate with more complacency a certain niche in our own study, where we are not scandalised by names of authors, before unheard of, each stretching away on the backs of some dozen goodly octavo volumes. The sight of such vast collections humiliates us. With the utmost industry and energy how small the fraction we can hope to make our own! Were it not better to give over the toil and trouble we are wont to expend on this fraction, and to take our ease in content and ignorance?

> "To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

The words of Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Religio Medici*, come back to us:—"There is yet another conceit that hath sometimes made me shut my books, which tells me it is vanity to waste our days in the blind pursuit of knowledge; it is but waiting a little longer and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion, which we endeavour at here by labour and inquisition. It is better to sit down in a modest ignorance and rest contented with the natural blessings of our own reasons, than buy the uncertain knowledge of this life with sweat and vexation, which death gives to every fool gratis, and is an accessory of 'our' glorification."

We think, too, of that exquisitely beautiful plaint of one of our greatest modern writers, that on such occasions his feelings were like those which drew tears from Xerxes, on viewing his vast army, and reflecting that in one hundred years not one soul would remain alive. *For to himself, with respect to the books, the same effect would be brought about by his own death.*

There is yet another view, more healthy as it seems to us than this, more rational than the ambition which would grasp at all. It points to the subdivision of labour—a law in the intellectual as well as the physical progress of mankind. The age of admirable Crichtons has gone by. The man who, in the present day, should profess to speak with authority in all the many present subdivisions of human knowledge, would be laughed at as a mere pretender. The age is getting intolerant even of such sciolism as that of Frederic Schlegel, who aimed at universality in literature simply; but whoever, being possessed of fair abilities, will devote himself mainly to one section of Literature or Science and assume to know but that, will always command a hearing.

An amusing article appeared a short time ago, in one of our most popular contemporaries, entitled "Why should we write more Books?" wherein it was argued with much humour, that it were well we should discontinue writing and take simply to reading. There were already more books in our libraries than we could read, supposing we were to allot, say half a century, as a breathing space wherein to make ourselves better acquainted with what we possess, and to accumulate some really new material for theory and practice to work upon. The laws of Nature rule, however, even in the domain of letters. As well might we expect that the years should pass, bringing no spring time, and yet—

"—with Autumn's yellow lustre gild the world,"

as that the human mind should move onward, assimilating past thought, but producing nothing new.

We remember once hearing it debated, and arguments of some ingenuity were adduced on both sides, whether the burning of the Alexandrine Library were not, after all, a benefit to the world. Without discussing the question, we would venture to suggest broadly, that no true philosopher would wish to see any past product of the human mind utterly lost to us. Though noticeable only for its folly and absurdity, it may yet be useful as a danger signal for the future. Many an incipient theory has doubtless been crushed in the shell by the discovery, on the part of its originator, that his craze, untenable and absurd though it may have been, had been anticipated by some centuries. An exploded book will sometimes serve, like the Irishman's sign post, to shew the way the road does not go. It may save the future traveller some fruitless steps. Failures and follies, to the wise, are but stepping stones to truth.

Δ.

THE DON.

I was reading Mathematics
Till my eyes were heavy grown,
O'er Sir Walter then I nodded
Till to sleep I laid me down;
And methought that Rokeby's Outlaw
Laid his sword and buckler by,
And in peaceful garb arrayed him,
Here to live, to read, and die.

I.

Our fellows' grounds are fresh and fair,
The banks are green, they say;
I'd rather be an idler there,
Than reading for the May.
And as I passed through fair St. John's
Beneath the turrets high,
A Freshman envying the Dons,
Was sighing dolefully:
"Our fellows' grounds are fresh and fair,
And college rooms are dreary;
I'd rather roam an idler there,
Than study Lunar Theory."

II.

"If Freshman, thou of those wouldst be
Who drink our college wine;
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
Who at high table dine;
And when you've told the riddle o'er,
As tell full well you may,
Then tell me if you still deplore
That this is your first May."
"Yet, sighed he, college grounds are fair,
And college rooms are dreary,
I'd rather roam an idler there,
Than study Lunar Theory.

III.

I read you by your chin smooth shorn,
And by your tie so white,
I read you for a curate, sworn
To keep the Church's right."
"Though curates must their schools inspect,
And lengthy sermons write;
Their task is over with the day,
Mine not till dead of night."
"Yet, sighed he, college grounds are fair,
And college rooms are dreary,
I'd rather roam an idler there,
Than study Lunar Theory.

IV.

I read you by your limbs so large,
And by your ponderous weight;
I read you for an oarsman good,
Five in your college eight;"
"I list no more the starting gun,
No more the coxswain hear;
No more along the banks I run,
No more my comrades cheer.
And oh, though fellows' grounds are fair,
And college rooms are dreary;
Sooner than roam an idler there,
I'd study Lunar Theory.

V.

Freshman, a mateless lot is mine,
And mateless shall I die;
The gyp who serves you when you dine,
Has happier life than I;
And when together we are met,
And the port is getting low;
What might have been we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."
"Yet are the gardens fresh and fair,
And college rooms are dreary;
I'd rather be an idler there,
Than reading Lunar Theory."

T. R.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.*

DEAN Alford and Mr. Moon represent two classes who are just now doing much to mar the purity of our English. The former is a type of the school, who set up custom as their paramount guide in matters of language; the latter of the followers of Blair and Kames, who would cramp all energy and nervousness of style by precise rules, such as none but a dead language will allow. That the Dean has done good by calling attention to common mistakes and vulgarisms is evident from the thoughtful letters which have furnished much of the material for his later papers, but this only makes his advocacy of custom *versus* grammar the more dangerous. I am not going to uphold grammar in Mr. Moon's sense of the word as applied to the writing of English: the language is too elastic, its power of assimilation too great, for its growth to be thus limited. But there are general and universal laws of grammar, to which the language of civilized men is everywhere subject, laws equally binding upon the speech of Demosthenes, and the dialogue of Shakespeare. These laws are not arbitrary, but are founded on the common sense of mankind. Indeed it is this appeal to common sense which seems to have misled the Dean of Canterbury: though the common sense of mankind is surely better shown by the principles which men have acknowledged for centuries, than by the changing fashion of an age of beaver hats and crinolines.

In defence of these principles, and by consequence of pure English, I propose in this paper to examine some of the points discussed by Dr. Alford, and to touch upon some other questions which arise out of the subject. I simply view the matter as one of common sense grammar; I have no knowledge of the sources of the English language which would justify me in taking any higher ground.

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* *A Plea for the Queen's English*, by the Dean of Canterbury in *Good Words* for March, June, and November, 1863.

In his first paper[*] the Dean says: "The '*to*' of the infinitive mood is precisely the same preposition as the '*to*' of motion towards a place. '*Were you going to do it?*' simply means 'Were you in your mental intention approaching the doing of it?' And the proper conversational answer to such a question is, '*I was going to,*' or '*I was not going to,*' as the case may be; not '*I was going,*' or '*I was not going,*' inasmuch as the mere verb '*to go*' does not express any mental intention. This kind of colloquial abbreviation of the infinitive comprehends several more phrases in common use, and often similarly objected to, as *e.g.* '*ought to,*' and '*ought not to,*' '*neglect to,*' &c., some of them not very elegant, but all quite unobjectionable on the score of grammar."

I will return to the first-mentioned case by and bye. Let me say a few words on the general question. The infinitive mood may be called the noun form of the verb; it expresses, that is, the idea of the verb abstracted from the ideas of time and modality.[†] This is the true key to its use. A noun can stand in a sentence either as subject or object, and under these heads most of the uses of the infinitive can be classed. Now the English infinitive has two separate forms, but no inflexions. The form 'to have' comes, it is true, from an inflexional form of the Anglo-Saxon (Latham's *Handbook of the English Language*, p. 397), but examples will show that in the written language it is such no longer. Each of the forms is used, now as subject, now as object.

Take the following:

To err is human, to forgive divine.
To be or not to be, that is the question:

(where the position of the negative shows that the 'to' is an integral part of the noun form.)

And have is have, however men do catch.
K. John, Act I., Sc. 1.

The use of this form, however, as subject is rare.

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn.
K. John, ibid.

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[*] *Good Words*, March, 1862, p. 194, a.

[†] In English, that is, and in fact in most modern languages: in the ancient the infinitive has an inflexion of time.

Since that thy sight which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow.
Coriolanus, Act V., Sc. 3.

The infinitive also occupies the place of the object in such phrases as "I will come," "I dare say," or "I dare to say," as

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest.
Othello, Act IV., Sc. 2.[*]

The uses of the two forms thus run almost parallel, 'to deceive,' 'to learn,' being objects in the first passage, 'flow,' 'dance,' 'weep,' 'shake,' in the second. The second form is only, it will be noticed, used with transitive verbs as a secondary object.

Now it follows from this meaning of the infinitive, that in the case of ordinary transitive verbs the proper substitute for the infinitive standing as sole object is the same as it would be for a noun in the same place, namely, the neuter demonstrative 'it.' 'Do you wish to see this collection?' 'I do wish it.' 'Neglect to,' 'ought to,' and the like are consequently vulgarisms.[†]

But besides these uses, there is another class which can scarcely be included in either of the former, as representative of which we will take the Dean's '*going to do.*' The verb 'to go' is essentially an intransitive verb, and the infinitive 'to do' cannot therefore stand as its object. The explanation of this class is to be sought not in the general laws of the infinitive, but in the special origin of the form '*to do.*' '*To*' being, as the Dean remarks, the same as the ordinary preposition, expresses when combined with the noun form of the verb, the direction, object, tendency of an action. It is to this that we owe the use of the infinitive to denote purpose:

"I come *to bury* Cæsar not *to praise* him,"

or consequence, as is the case after some adjectives and phrases like '*such as,*' &c. or even absolutely—

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[*] Other instances of the so-called gerundial form of the infinitive in early English following verbs, which generally take the objective form, may be seen in Dr. Latham's book.

[†] If the Dean is not satisfied with 'I ought,' let him follow Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, Act III., Sc. 3.

SIC. Answer to us.
COR. Say, then; 'tis true, I ought so.

And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John, Act IV., Sc. 2.

It is to the former of these uses that the phrase "*Are you going to do it?*" belongs. It originally, I believe, denoted actual motion, but subsequently was widened and at the same time contracted to its present use. The '*to*' is an integral part of the infinitive:[*] if it were not, yet, being simply the mark of direction, whether actual or mental, it cannot have a place in the answer to the question any more than in the answer to the question "*Are you going to town?*"[†]

There are several other illustrations of the use of the Infinitive as a noun form which I should like to bring forward, but must defer to another occasion.

Connected with one of these infinitive forms are the auxiliary verbs *shall* and *will*, with respect to which I cannot do better than quote the definitions of Dr. Latham: "Auxiliary derived from the idea of future destination dependent upon circumstances external to the agent—*shall*. The same dependent upon the volition of the agent—*will*. *Shall* is simply predictive, *will* is predictive and promissive as well."

To denote simple futurity we use the form 'I shall,' 'thou wilt,' 'he will.' The reason is obvious. In our own case the event is either entirely independent of ourselves, or is made virtually so by the completion of the act of volition: in the case of others, courtesy supposes that their volition will always have free play, and the action be dependent upon it. If you want on the other hand to intimate to a man that you will use a pressure which shall make him no longer thus a free agent, you say 'You *shall* do this.'[‡] Dr. Alford gives

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[*] That it is so is seen by comparing the French *je vais faire* with the German *Ich werde thun*.

[†] Morell classes together "I am going to read," "I am about to work," somewhat incorrectly. In repeating the second clause, 'to work' would evidently be rendered by 'it.'

[‡] *Coriolanus*, Act III., Sc. 1.

An officer
That with his peremptory 'shall'—wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch
And make your channel his.

I think the Dean's sentence "If you look through history, you shall find it so," (p. 439, b.) decidedly pedantic.

good illustrations of the two cases of the use of *shall* in the first person. '*Next Tuesday I shall be twenty-one*'—is an instance of an event plainly independent of my volition: while the traveller's angry words '*I shall write to the Times about this*,' are to be explained according to the second account, viz. that the man's mind is already made up, and his writing is put in the class of things no longer dependent on his volition.

The two expressions "He told me he should go up to town" and "He told me he would go up to town," do not necessarily arise from the possibility of saying either 'I shall' or 'I will,'[*] but the one represents exactly the speaker's words, the other the courteous expression of them by the reporter. The latter may express simple futurity, as well as a promise to go.[†]

I am glad to see Dean Alford take up the cudgels for that much misused tense, the *perfect*, or *present perfect*, as Dr. Wordsworth very properly calls it. The tense is not a past tense at all, but denotes a present state, which is the result of some past action or course of action completed before the present time. That this is the case is shown in the dead languages by the position of the perfect among the primary tenses, and by passages like Virgil's well-known '*Troja fuit*', which bring out most strongly this meaning; and the use of the present of the auxiliary verb *to have* to form it is the testimony of modern languages to the same fact. Indeed I do not know whether it would not be better to abolish altogether the practice of calling '*I have found*' a tense of the verb '*to find*.' Strictly speaking, the English verb has only two tenses, present and past; the other so-called tenses are all combinations of the present and past of other verbs, with the infinitive or one of the participles of the verb in question. In the sentence "*I have found a book*," the word *found* is as unalterable under any inflexion that the verb *have* may undergo as any adjective could be, and can be regarded only in the same light as an adjective. Modern European languages give a good illustration of this. The German has its predicative adjective invariable, and therefore makes no change of gender, to suit the participle to the object; but points to the same conclusion by always putting the participle last, "*Ich habe ein Buch gefunden*." But the French and the Italian make the participle agree in number and gender with the object when that object has preceded the verb, as in relative objective sentences: "*J'ai trouvé des livres*," "*Io ho trovato dei libri*;" but "*Les livres que j'ai trouvés*;" "*I libri, ch' io ho trovati*." (The fact that the gender is invariable, when the object follows the verb is explained by the usage of all languages, to suppose an object, until it be mentioned, to be of some particular gender, &c. In English and German it is the neuter '*it is*,' '*es ist*;' in French and Italian the masculine as the more worthy.)

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[*] *Good Words* for June, 1863, p. 440, a.

[†] Since writing the above, I have met with some good remarks on the same subject by the late Archdeacon Hare in the *Philological Museum*, Vol. II. p. 219. He says: "Our future, or at any rate what answers to it, is, *I shall, thou wilt, he will*. When speaking in the first person, we speak submissively; when speaking to or of another we speak courteously. In our older writers, for instance in our translation of the Bible, *shall* is applied to all three persons; we had not then reached that stage of politeness which shrinks from the appearance even of speaking compulsorily of one another. On the other hand the Scotch use *will* in the first person; that is, as a nation they have not acquired that particular shade of good-breeding which shrinks from thrusting itself forward."

In a conversation which I had recently with a foreigner, another apparent exception was started. A question having arisen about the derivation of a word, he said, "I shall look in Grimm's Wörterbuch." Why do we say *will*, and not *shall*, in such a sentence? By the same rule of courtesy, which dictates that such an act, to oblige another, must be expressed as a distinct exercise of our own will, and no mere passive compliance with circumstances. That is, the expression is "promissive as well as predictive."

Now let us examine the case *à propos* of which the Doctor's remarks are made. In the second paper* he had used the words "Dr. Donne in King James the First's time, preaches on them, and quotes them over and over again in this sense." To this a correspondent objects that, as Dr. Donne has been dead 200 years, he ought to say '*preached*' and not '*preaches*.' I think he is right in his conclusion, but not in the way by which he reaches it. The Dean justly observes, that the present and present perfect are properly used in speaking of authors who being dead yet speak to us by their works. "We should say '*Dr. Donne has explained this text thus and thus*;' not '*Dr. Donne explained the text thus and thus*.' This latter sentence would bear a different meaning." That is, we call attention to the permanent record of his explanation, *still current*, and its influence upon subsequent comments, not to the mere fact of explanation. But after the addition of the mark of time,* "*in James the First's reign*" this is no longer possible; we are bound down to the one instant of the preterite—we must either say '*preached*,' or use the *historic* present '*preaches*.' The accurate form of the sentence would be "Dr. Donne in King James the First's time preached on them, and quotes them, &c." the present '*quotes*' shewing that the quotation still remains.

I do not think that the sentence, '*Dr. Donne explained this text thus or thus*,' bears the meaning put upon it by the Dean, namely, that the book containing the explanation is lost. The meaning of the preterite as distinguished from the perfect is always, that the effect of the particular action of the verb is looked upon as transitory, not permanent. Apply this distinction to the present case, and you have the meaning which would, I think, be naturally put upon the sentence; Dr. Donne explained it so, but his explanation has been since then exploded. So with the sentence, "Livy *told* us," the telling has no permanent effect. This may, I think, mean either that the books in question are lost, or that the researches of modern scholars have proved the erroneousness of the statement.

It has often been matter of dispute whether *than* is to count as a conjunction or a preposition, *i.e.* whether we are to say "*less than I*" or "*less than me*." Alford decides for the latter on the strength of Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 299,

> Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom,
> Satan except, none higher sat.

"*Than who*," adds the Dean, "would be intolerable; and this seems to settle the question."

But take another example, "Sit not down in the highest room lest a more honourable man than thou be bidden of him:" would not *than thee* be equally intolerable?

As a matter of pure grammar *than whom* is wrong. *Than* is the same word with *then* (Donaldson, *New Cratylus*, § 200), so that "he is taller than I" means "he is taller, then (*i.e.* next in order) I."* It is best to adhere to this grammatical rule (violated, I confess, by many good writers) for another reason. The sentence "*I like you better than him,*" supposing *than* to be a preposition, is ambiguous; it may mean, "*I like you better than he likes you,*" or "*I like you better than I like him.*" Keeping *than* as a distinct conjunction, the former sentence is expressed by "*I like you better than he,*" and the ambiguity avoided.

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* *Good Words* for June, 1863, p. 431, b.

* This point may be illustrated by a quotation from the *Cambridge Chronicle*, Nov. 7th, 1863. "On the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week, Mr. E. T. Craig has delivered a course of lectures," &c. Substitute "during this week" for the names of the days, and the perfect is right.

What then should lead us to accept Milton's *than whom?* Chiefly, I believe, considerations of euphony which in the inverted order of poetical sentences sometimes overthrow grammar. Take the sentence "Satan sat higher. Higher than who?" or "Socrates was wiser. Wiser than who?"; and I do not think 'than who' is intolerable. But with the relative it is otherwise. There would be the same harshness about *quam qui* or *ἢ ὅς*, but we unfortunately have no genitive *οὗ* or ablative *quo* to resort to. So our poet takes the whole idea *'higher than,'* and gives it the same regimen as its equivalent word 'above.'

We might be tempted to make *than* a preposition as well as a conjunction, on the analogy of *except.* But the analogy is a false one. *Except* is the imperative of a verb, whose object may be (1) the objective case of a noun, including of course the infinitive of the verb; (2) an objective sentence which, as expressing a hypothesis, is put in the subjunctive mood.

Somewhat akin to the dispute about *than* is another about the word *like.* Is it an adjective only, or is it also used as an adverb of manner? That is, can the sentence "*like he was*" stand? I think the Dean is quite right in putting it altogether under ban.

Again, what shall we say of the following sentence?

They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frowned in Greece.
Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 1.

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* Shakespeare uses it thus without a comparative (for the previous 'rather' seems not to belong to it), *As you like it,* Act III., Sc. 2:

As loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Note also a peculiar use in *Winter's Tale,* Act IV., Sc. 3:

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.

Undoubtedly "such a one as him" is better for ordinary use, for the simple reason that it avoids an unnecessary ellipsis.

A correspondent of the Dean's asks whether it is not incorrect to say "*He is not as tall as his brother?*" I should say certainly not, whether you regard the reason or the custom of the thing. You do not say "*Is he so tall as his brother?*" but that is no proof of the converse. The reason of the preference for the negative form of the expression "He is not so tall as his brother" is pretty plain. "As tall as his brother" merely fixes an inferior limit of height: "So tall as his brother" fixes a distinct and definite height. When I ask whether a man is as tall as his brother, I want to know whether he is at any rate not under his height, not whether he is exactly of the same height. Now as a general rule of language 'not equally' is taken to signify 'less': therefore "not so tall" means under the fixed limit of height, and is the most accurate way of replying in the negative to the above question. At the same time the other answer, by negativing the inferior limit together with all superior heights, simply contains the other answer plus a superfluous addition. The Dean is not right in implying that the affirmative sentence "the one is equally good with the other" is equivalent to "the one is as good as the other."

Whilst I am upon this subject let me observe that the phrases *not so great, but,* and the like, followed by a verb, are not, as many persons think, colloquialisms to be avoided in writing—but expressions used by good writers, and defensible on grammatical grounds. Take the following instance from the *Taming of the Shrew* (Act I., Sc. 1), "Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out." The second clause defines the *so,* and the *but* may be paraphrased by 'on the contrary.'

The question arises here how far the omission of *that,* be it conjunction or relative, is allowable. Dr. Alford, speaking of the position of the prepositions in relative clauses, says "'*You're the man I wanted to have some talk with,*' would always be said, not '*You're the man with whom I wanted to have some talk,*' which would sound stilted and pedantic." Insert *that* or *whom* after man in the former sentence, and you have a grammatical sentence, which, I grant, runs more easily than the second. But without the relative the sentence is neither grammatical nor indeed intelligible, except when the growing tendency to be oblivious of grammar has made us expert at deciphering such combinations. This is just the sort of slipshod writing and talking, which I think all men of education ought to protest against, and by their example to condemn.

As a conjunction in such phrases as *only that, but that,* (*so*) *as that,* I believe *that* is better left out.

A word about participles. The English language has only two, the participle of the incomplete action, *writing,* and the participle of the complete action, *written.* "*The letter being written*" is sensible English, and denotes that the writing is finished—but "*The letter was being written*" is nonsense, for it attributes incompleteness to a completed action. The Dean very justly gives us the proper expression *in writing* or *writing.* I cannot help thinking that we have to thank those who prefer custom to rule for the loss of the good old equivalent of the former expression, *awriting,* which would have saved us so much bad grammar. At any rate I hope my fellow Johnians will not, with Dr. Alford, think it "vain to protest against this combination of past and present participle, or even to attempt to disuse it one's self."

An interesting paper might be written on the formation of the perfect tense of English verbs, by means of the auxiliary verbs *to have* and *to be.* How shall the boundary line be defined? *Come* and *go* certainly require *to be;* so do many neuter verbs. We do not say, "the flower *has* faded," but "the flower *is* faded;" but yet we say, "she has fainted" not "she is fainted." The sentence which one sometimes hears, "he has died since then," is a barbarism; but "he has lived there a long time," is the only admissible form. Any one that will work this vein will confer a benefit on his native language, and will be the means of preventing much inaccurate writing. Perhaps, however, we can hardly expect to find any logical system involved in the usage when we start with the glaring inconsistency of "I *have* been." The French go with us in this particular, the Italians and Germans are more logical.

While on this subject, let me add a caution against another barbarism. There are a few words originally adjectives derived from Latin participles which have come to be used also as verbs, such as 'degenerate,' 'regenerate.' We meet now-a-days with such expressions as "*it has* (*is ?*) *degenerated,*" "*a peak is serrated.*" I question the propriety of these forms. The Prayer Book settles the matter as

regards one of the words; "except he be *regenerate* and born anew."*

The absolute use of the participle is another subject which admits of closer research than has been given to it. Here is a good example for analysis:

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it.
K. John, Act III., Sc. 1.

To turn to another subject:

The rose by any other name would smell as *sweet.*
How *sweet* the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
The moon shines *bright:* in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did *gently* kiss the trees, &c.
Merchant of Venice, Act V., Sc. 1.

Colts, bellowing and neighing *loud.*—*Ibid.*

What part of speech is *bright,* and why should we make the difference between "shines *bright*" and "kiss *gently*"? These are two questions which Alford has not satisfactorily answered. *Bright* is an adjective, and I think I can show that it is used in accordance with the common-sense principles of grammar. In the phrases "*he seems anxious,*" "*he looks pale,*" *anxious* and *pale* are adjectival predicates, just as much as the word *happy* in the sentence "*he is happy.*" Since however the verb itself contains the primary predicate, they are called by grammarians secondary predicate. *Anxious* is therefore of the masculine gender. "*The moon shines bright,*" "*the rose smells sweet*" may possibly be explained in this way. A reference to the Latin suggests another possible solution. As in the corresponding adjective *suaveolens, sweet* may be a neuter adjective, agreeing with the noun idea of quality implied by the verb, as in the paraphrases "the rose has a sweet scent," "the moon gives a bright light." Whichever solution be adopted, (and to this I may return on another occasion, when I have leisure to test the two by examples from good authors,) the words are used strictly as adjectives, and from both rules it follows that the use of the adjective will be confined to verbs of passive quality, and cannot be extended to verbs of action, or of active quality. We say *"the rose smells sweet,"* but we cannot say *"the man smells keen."* An exception must be made in favour of such active verbs as admit of what is called "the accusative of cognate signification," as *to walk quick, to talk loud, to breathe soft,* or as in Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors,* Act III., Sc. 2:

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* It might be thought that the verb 'to regenerate' was of later origin: but see the service for Private Baptism, "it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant."

> Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty.*

These then are the two uses of the adjective in the predicate.

The number of verbs which admit only the adjectival form is limited: there are many which admit the use of either the adjective or adverb; for instance

> A substitute shines *brightly* as a king
> Until a king be by.
> *Merchant of Venice,* Act v., Sc. 1.

And compare the next line but seven,

> The crow doth sing as *sweetly* as the lark
> When neither is attended:

with Tennyson's beautiful lines

> And as the sweet voice of a bird,
> Heard by some lander in a lonely isle,
> Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
> That sings so delicately *clear,* and make
> Conjecture of the plumage and the form;
> So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint.

The verb *to read* belongs, as I believe, to the latter class, and while *"to read oddly"* is correct, just as *"to sound oddly"* might be, *"the sentence would read rather odd"* is perfectly legitimate.†

The Dean's theory that it is only monosyllabic adjectives that are thus used is scarcely tenable.‡ *"It looks elegant," "it tastes delicious,"* are surely not incorrect: *"it tastes deliciously"* would be absurd. There is a line in Tennyson's *Vivien,* which some such idea has, to my mind, marred:

> How hard you look and how denyingly!

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* *Look sweet—sweet* is here a neuter accusative for *look = put on a look.* The expression 'to look nice' may belong to either class, as *that cake looks nice,* where *nice* is in agreement with *cake: she looks nice,* where *nice* is the neuter if the phrase is taken in its usual meaning: "the general effect of her appearance, dress, &c. is pleasing."

† *Good Words* for June, 1863, p. 433*b*.

‡ *Good Words* for November, p. 766.

To put the two on a parallel, *to look hard* must be taken in the colloquial sense of *to stare,* which evidently is not meant.

> How hard you look and how denying!

expresses, I think, far more clearly the poet's meaning, when he speaks of a hard look.

Why should we say *good*-looking but *well*-favoured? Because *favoured* is an adjective, and adjectives are qualified not by adjectives but by adverbs. There is one exception to this in the use of *much* with the comparatives and superlatives (?) of adjectives of extent. That *much* in such phrases is a neuter adjective is shown I think by a reference to the more definite phrases, "*ten feet* longer," and the like. I remember only one other instance "Thy commandment is *exceeding** broad."

This accusative of extent is admitted only with reference to superficial measures, not with reference to measures of quantity or capacity, so that Dr. Alford is using a false analogy when he argues from "*ten feet broad*" the correctness of "*this broad*" (of which I have my doubts) and thence deduces the equal correctness of "*this much,*" which is a decided barbarism. Till you can say "*a gallon much*" or "*a bushel much*" you have no right to say "*this much.*"† The reason is definitely fixed by grammarians. Every case has its distinct meaning as connected with space and motion, as every one who has learnt the prepositions in his Greek Grammar knows. The accusative denotes the space passed over, and in using the expression '*a wall ten feet high,*' or '*murus decem pedes altus,*' I point out the fact that to reach the top of the wall from the ground, I must pass over ten feet of linear space. But how are we to apply this definition to solid content? It is evidently impossible, and therefore we must be content with the more grammatical, if less striking, *thus much* or *so much.*

Another question arises in connexion with these measures of space, &c.; ought we to say "*these seven years*," or "*this seven years*"? Both are found:

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* This is probably an instance of the use of the adjective strictly for the adverb. Cp. *Twelfth Night,* Act v., Sc. 1:

> For his sake did I expose myself, *pure* for his love.

† There are two apparent exceptions: *this full* and *a gallon full.* The latter is on the same footing with 'a pitcher full:' in the former the *this* is indicated by pointing and is of linear measure, "up to this point, or height."

> This woman, whom Satan hath bound, lo! *these* eighteen years.—*Luke* xiii. 16.

and

> Who for *this* seven years hath esteemed him.
> *Taming of the Shrew*, Induct., Sc. 1.

In the former passage, the use of the plural calls attention to the continuousness of the disease, and suffering. If I may illustrate from the French, the former would be expressed by *années*, the other by *ans*. The case is therefore parallel with that of nouns of multitude, which take the singular or plural according as the thing signified is looked upon as a unit, or as an aggregate of units. In this light we may defend the following strange construction:

> O, then we bring forth weeds
> When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
> Is as our earing.
> *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I., Sc. 2.

where *our ills = the catalogue of our ills*. (It is perhaps more probable that "our ills told us" = "the telling to us of our ills," making a participial subject like Tacitus' "quum occisus dictator Cæsar aliis pessimum, aliis pulcherrimum facinus videretur.")

Dean Alford (p. 194) supports the expressions '*where to*,' and '*where from*,' in questions, as opposed to what he calls the pedantic (!) *whither*, and *whence*, and he is supported by custom and grammar, for prepositions govern adverbs, *e.g.*, *for ever, till now;* but why do people say, "*from hence it is*," "*he comes from thence*"? The expression is utterly indefensible.

A friend has suggested to me that there is some difficulty in the use of *with* and *by*: are you to say "enclosed *with* a wall" or "enclosed *by* a wall"? Strictly speaking, *by* denotes agency, but it is used in a wider sense; *with* in such sentences always denotes the instrument. So that I should then, and then only, use *with*, when I wished to denote the wall as an instrument in some one's hands, that is, when I referred to the original act of enclosure, *e.g.* "Aurelian surrounded Rome *with* a wall;" but "Rome is surrounded *by* a wall, built by the Emperor Aurelian."

Dr. Alford objects to the sentence "Cambridge has educated a Bacon, a Newton, a Milton." Now compare this with the sentence, "Cambridge has educated Bacon, Newton, Milton;" and every one will feel at once that there is a difference in meaning. The latter simply states the fact that three men named Bacon, &c. were educated here; the former brings out the preeminent distinction of the men. The article corresponds to the Latin *ille*. As to the use of the plural of proper names, when a proper name is used as the type of a class, it descends to the level of a class-name, or common noun, and is capable of the same combinations. The usage is a very old one. Plato speaks of the giants in argument of his own time as 'Ηρακλέες καὶ Θησέες,* and we commonly enough say ourselves, that a strong man is a very Hercules. The demagogue is called the Cleon of his day; the patron of letters is a Mæcenas. This is not mere colloquialism, but has the support of one of the best masters of English, the poet Gray:

> Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
> Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
> Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

There is one more question of Syntax in the 'Plea' which I wish to speak of, namely, the order of words. Of *only* I have nothing to say. Of *both* I have. Shakespeare, in the passage quoted from the *Tempest*, Act I., Sc. 2:

> Having both the key
> Of officer and office, set all hearts in the state
> To what tune pleased his ear:

is wrong if he means the key of officer and the key of office, and is not to be followed, because he violates a law, not of Lindley Murray, but of common sense grammar. I might quote the preceding lines:

> Being once perfected how to grant suits,
> How to deny them, who to advance, and who
> To trash for over topping, &c.

as authority for '*her doesn't belong to we*.' Let us examine this matter. There are brackets in composition as well as in mathematics, and any term which belongs equally to every term within the bracket, must be put outside the bracket. Supposing the Dean's interpretation true, (which

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* *Theætet.* p. 169, c. I print it in Greek because of my ignorance of the correct plural of Hercules and Theseus.

I doubt,) the above sentence is as wrong as it would be to write $ax+y$ for $a(x+y)$, for the *both* in such a clause is the first member of the bracket. The Dean certainly does violate the rules of good English when he says "they broke down both the door of the stable and the cellar;" nor does it appear to me the plain colloquial form which he thinks it to be. Persons accustomed to speak good English would say either "the door both of the stable and the cellar," or "both the door of the stable and that of the cellar," a form which does not seem to have occurred to the good Dean's mind. I might by my system of brackets write "both the stable and the cellar door;" but I should fall under his displeasure more seriously, for he objects to the combination "*Old and New Bookseller.*"

I had almost forgotten to notice the special pleading in defence of that most hateful barbarism '*those sort of things.*' The Dean seems to think that there is a natural tendency in the human mind to set grammar at defiance, and quotes in its favour the well known *attraction* of the Greek relative and antecedent. It is to be hoped that his anticipation, that the inaccuracy will ultimately be adopted into the language, will not be fulfilled.

Let me add a few words on some questions of orthography. The Dean repeats the arguments for *favour* versus *favor*, but does not mention that the same reason upholds *favorable, honorable,* as opposed to *favourable, honourable,** which are contrary to all analogy, and law of derivation. Having originally included *neighbour* in the list, he withdraws it in his last paper.† He says, "This has come from the German '*nachbar,*' and it is therefore urged that an exception should be made in its case to the ending in *our*, and it should be written '*neighbor.*' I am afraid the answer must be, that English custom has ruled the practice the other way, and has decided the matter for us. We do not follow rule in spelling the other words, but custom."

But what rule could possibly be alleged for rendering the German *bar* by *bor* rather than *bour?* Take the word *harbour*, which is connected with the German "herberge"; why should we spell it *harbor?* We get no further clue thereby to its derivation. His principle is right thus far, that the spelling which custom has fixed, is not to be interfered with, except some reasonable cause can be shown for the change. This is not at all a case of custom against rule. With regard to the other words, *senator, orator, governor,* the former two may have come directly from the Latin, the last is rightly spelt *governour.*

Latin derivatives in *-tion* are formed, not from the present tense of the verb, but from the past participle, as is seen in words in *-ation*, and in such words as *correction, prohibition:* it is therefore incorrect to write *connection, reflection,* the true form being *connexion, reflexion.* No one would think of writing *flection.*

Enclose is another word which is often wrongly spelt. The second syllable shows that it is derived to us through the French; and therefore we write *en* not *in.* The reverse mistake is made with *inquire*, which, with its derivatives *inquest, inquisitive,* &c., comes directly from the Latin. *Expense* is another Latin word which without any reason is sometimes corrupted into *expence.*

The Dean has some useful notes on pronunciation, especially of Scripture names. It pains one's ear to hear so often in a College Chapel, of all places, the word *Timōtheûs*, a trisyllable, instead of *Timŏtheŭs,* a quadrisyllable. *Covetious* too is very common.

As to Zabulon, I believe that Dr. Alford and the Greek are wrong. I know nothing of Hebrew, but am told that Zabŭlon, is the right pronunciation.

We hear the word *princess* very often now, and not seldom mis-pronounced. On the analogy of *duchess, countess,* &c., it is *príncess*, not *princĕss*, nor *prínciss.* The unaccentuated short 'e' and 'i' are, I think, a crucial test of English pronunciation, just as the pure 'u' is of continental languages. If a man says *rébil* (noun) or *evle*, you may be sure there is a screw loose in his English.

Alford quotes the use of *party* for an individual, from the *Tempest*, Act III., Sc. 2.

> **Stephano:** How now shall this be compass'd? Can'st thou bring me to the party?
>
> **Caliban:** Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep, where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Here is another instance: *As you like it,* Act II., Sc. 7.

> **Jaques:** Why, who cries out on pride,
> That can therein tax any private party?

My desire is to stimulate the discussion of these points, and I think I cannot do it better than by adding some passages from Shakespeare, which illustrate questions of grammar, or require some careful analysis.

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* Archdeacon Hare in the *Philological Museum,* Vol. I., p. 648.

† *Good Words* for November, p. 756.

The following will interest the classical student:

Denial followed by a negative: *Comedy of Errors*, IV., 2.

First he denied you had in him no right.

Double negative: *Merchant of Venice*, V., 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.*

Dativus Ethicus: *Merchant of Venice*, I., 3.

The skilful shepherd pil'd me certain wands.

Winter's Tale, I., 2.

I am appointed him to murder you.

Of the following I shall be glad to receive any further illustrations, (the italics are my own):

I'll bring mine action on the proudest *he*
That stops my way in Padua.
Taming of Shrew, Act III., Sc. 1.

Apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such *shes*, would chatter this way.
Cymbeline, I., 6.

And to poor *we*
Thine enmity's most capital.
Coriolanus, V., 3.

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk
Let *him* be made a coverture for the wars.
Coriolanus, I., 9.

He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note.
Twelfth Night, IV., 1.

Or play with my some rich jewel.
Ibid. II., 5.

I have noted the following instances of simple words, now gone out of use, which I shall be glad to extend:—*file*, Macbeth, III., 1.; *praise*=appraise, Twelfth Night, I., 5.; *long*, Coriolanus, V., 3.; *stroy*, Antony and Cleopatra, III., 2.; *haviour*, Cymbeline III., 4.

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* The Editors, by a false punctuation, insert a comma after 'stratagems'; in any string of words like this the comma takes the place of a conjunction, and has therefore no place where the conjunction itself is inserted.

The following passage is interesting, as the original of a common saying, used in quite a different sense. *Julius Cæsar*, II., 2:

Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me.

where ceremonies are prodigies, portents.

I may note, by the way, another proverb often quoted, but commonly misunderstood. A man walking on a straight road, will often say, "Well it's a long lane that has *no* turning; we must come to a turn soon:" whereas, the proverb simply means that the absence of a turn in the road makes it seem so much more tedious and long.

I will close this paper after Dean Alford's example, by giving you as a *bonne bouche* a few specimens of modern English.

The following appeared in the same number of *Good Words* in which the Doctor's first paper was published, to act, I suppose, like the Helots, as a "horrid example."

"In 1806, Carlo Brioschi, Astronomer Royal at Naples, in endeavouring to ascend higher than Gay-Lussac, the balloon burst, but its remnant happily checked the rapidity of the descent, and falling in an open space, his life was saved; but he contracted a complaint which brought him to the grave."

"The processes of expansion and contraction are constantly going on, and varies with every variation in the height of the balloon."

"When all the ballast, instruments, and every thing else are placed in the car, with the grapnel attached outside, so as to be readily detached, and these amount to 4000 pounds, the balloon is brought to a *nice* and *even* balance, so that the addition of 20 pounds would prevent it from rising, but if removed would give it the required ascending power."

The following is taken from the Memoir of Lord Lyndhurst, in the *Times* of Tuesday, October 13. "He acted in perfect harmony with Canning until Canning's death, in the following August; who in fact, caught at Wimbledon the feverish cold which killed him, on visiting, as distinguished from his 'candid,' his cordial friend the Lord Chancellor."

But it is time for me to bring this medley to a close

These notes have been very hastily put together, and I have not the time to revise them as carefully as I could wish. It is very possible that I am mistaken in some of the views I have expressed; I shall be well satisfied if I further the objects for which the *Eagle* was started, by inducing others to take up the subject from their own point of view, and to let us have that *interchange* of opinion which the Editors have so often looked for in vain. There are many reasons why men here should think more of the principles of sound English; the moral benefit of striving to attain to a lofty standard; the danger of going on from slipshod writing and speaking to slipshod thinking: and the fact that the English of the pulpit is the great, nay, in some cases the only model of English to the lower classes. Let us have some protest against the hasty writing of the newspaper press, and where are we to look for it, if not in the young men of our Universities?

The papers which I have passed in review may have on the whole, a good effect, and are evidently prompted by a desire to maintain the purity of English. I only regret that the standard of pure English is put so low, and that the Dean of Canterbury, while defending the coin of the realm* in its sterling purity, has no protest to enter against a debased coinage, so long as it has currency.

R. W. TAYLOR.

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* *Good Words* for March, p. 197.

MEDITATIONS OF A CLASSICAL MAN ON A MATHEMATICAL PAPER DURING A LATE FELLOWSHIP EXAMINATION.

WOE, woe is me! ah! whither can I fly?
Where hide me from Mathesis' fearful eye?
Where'er I turn the Goddess haunts my path,
Like grim Megœra in revengeful wrath:
In accents wild, that would awake the dead,
Bids me perplexing problems to unthread;
Bids me the laws of *x* and *y* to unfold,
And with 'dry eyes' dread mysteries behold.
Not thus, when blood maternal he had shed,
The Furies' fangs Orestes wildly fled;
Not thus Ixion fears the falling stone,
Tisiphone's red lash, or dark Cocytus' moan.
Spare me, Mathesis, though thy foe I be,
Though at thy altar ne'er I bend the knee,
Though o'er thy "Asses' Bridge" I never pass,
And ne'er in this respect will prove an ass;
Still let mild mercy thy fierce anger quell! oh
Let, let me live to be a Johnian fellow!

* * * *

She hears me not! with heart as hard as lead,
She hurls a Rhombus at my luckless head.
Lo where her myrmidons, a wrangling crew,
With howls and yells rise darkling to the view.
There Algebra, a maiden old and pale,
Drinks "double *x*," enough to drown a whale.
There Euclid, 'mid a troop of "Riders" passes,
Riding a Rhomboid o'er the Bridge of Asses:
And shouts to Newton, who seems rather deaf,
I've crossed the Bridge in safety Q.E.F.
There black Mechanics, innocent of soap,
Lift the long lever, pull the pulley's rope,
Coil the coy cylinder, explain the fear
Which makes the nurse lean slightly to her rear;

Else, equilibrium lost, to earth she 'll fall,
Down will come child, nurse, crinoline and all!
But why describe the rest? a motley crew,
Of every figure, magnitude, and hue:
Now circles they describe; now form in square;
Now cut ellipses in the ambient air:
Then in my ear with one accord they bellow,
"Fly wretch! thou ne'er shalt be a Johnian Fellow!"

Must I then bid a long farewell to "John's,"
Its stately courts, its wisdom-wooing Dons, (?)
Its antique towers, its labyrinthine maze,
Its nights of study, and its pleasant days?
O learned Synod, whose decree I wait,
Whose just decision makes, or mars my fate;
If in your gardens I have loved to roam,
And found within your courts a second home;
If I have loved the elm trees' quivering shade,
Since on your banks my freshman limbs I laid;
If rustling reeds make music unto me
More soft, more sweet than mortal melody;
If I have loved "to urge the flying ball"
Against your Racquet Court's re-echoing wall;
If, for the honour of the Johnian red,
I've gladly spurned the matutinal bed,
And though at rowing, woe is me! no dab,
I've rowed my best, and seldom caught a crab;
If classic Camus flow to me more dear
Than yellow Tiber, or Ilissus clear;
If fairer seem to me that fragrant stream, {too true
Than Cupid's kiss, or Poet's pictured dream;
If I have loved to linger o'er the page alas!!}
Of Roman Bard, and Academian sage:
If all your grave pursuits, your pastimes gay,
Have been my care by night, my joy by day;
Still let me roam, unworthy tho' I be,
By Cam's slow stream, beneath the old elm tree;
Still let me lie in Alma Mater's arms,
Far from the wild world's troubles and alarms:
Hear me, nor in stern wrath my prayer repel! oh
Let, let me live to be a Johnian Fellow!

CYLINDON.

OUR LIBRARY STAIRCASE.

(By the Author of "Our College Friends.")

> ....—"And yet on earth these men were not happy, not all happy in the outward circumstances of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison bars, and the damp weeping walls of dungeons. I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and in bodily discomfort, and sickness which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much; and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death:—and the world talks of them while they sleep."—LONGFELLOW'S "*Hyperion.*"

§. *I.*

NOT only in the May-term is there beauty in the gardens of St. John's, which Mat Prior planted in Cathedral form. We can be happy therein, even when the last days of November are upon us; when the trees of lighter foliage are stript to their branches, and the grand avenues of limes and horse-chestnuts have ceased to "wear their leafy honours thick upon them." But not when the wind is howling bitterly, and the sky is overcast with drifts of rain, and chilly damps more penetrating than the rain; for all these combine to warn us that the Autumn has bidden farewell, and make us draw closer to the fireside at evening, after closing the study window. At such times the Fireside is the pleasantest of bowers. When the twilight fades, the curtains are drawn, and the moderator lamp is lighted (a luxurious application of "the midnight oil," proverbially associated with students,—who are Slaves of the Lamp, in other sense than Aladdin's familiars), with the hearth swept cosily, our toes in slippers, the kettle singing on the bars, although no cat is purring on the hearth-rug; why, it is no bad substitute for the sweet Summer-time.

Resting quietly thus, at close of day, and gazing into that strange world of Phantasms, the red heart of the fire, I love to think about certain books that have become my favourites; books to which I always return gladly, and without an effort, certain of winning fresh enjoyment from the remembered passages, and, in addition, of finding new light cast by the spirit of the moment, on what had hitherto comparatively failed to yield satisfaction. Some of these volumes are of venerable age; rich old crusted port from Apollo's own wine-cellar, of choicest vintages, when the sun had three-fold potency: the cobwebs of the intermediate centuries have not spoiled the flavour of the draught. Others are of recent browst, and not bad tipple, if you choose the proper time to tap. We sip from both these stores, as we rest quietly by the College fireside.

Sometimes the thought of the world of books that is above us—hundreds of volumes which have remained unopened for many years together—leaves a sense of pain with one who remembers how little profit has come from the labours of so many brains. Here, in E staircase, 2nd Court, have accumulated dusty folios of venerable age, tall copies that delight the eyes of bibliomaniacs, fat little twelvemos, respectable quartos, serviceable octavos, nondescript-sized gatherings of sundries, in which similarity of form alone has been admitted as a plea for companionship in binding at some ancient date—so that pious meditations, heretical comments, obscene verses, parliamentary speeches, court sermons, and partizan diatribes, find themselves huddled together in a leathern case, which bears some undecipherable Roman numeral and the generic title of "Pamphlets." Into this uncatalogued and perplexing wilderness we occasionally venture on a voyage of discovery; sometimes thinking it an Augean stable, and sometimes a Golconda, according to the amount of profit that attends each exploration.

When at our Fireside thoughts flit from the writings to the authors, there is much suggested for reflection; and many faces come and go, in that changeful dream-land above the smouldering ashes, in the caverns of intensest heat, over which airy flame-vapours of violet hue are hovering. There also, in the lives as in the fire—when the smoke and blaze were over, and before the disembodied phosphorescent light for ever quitted the dust and cinders that were cast to earth,—bright phantoms played amid the heat. These we love to watch. For, in all cases, the life of the author, if he be worth anything, is of at least equal value to us with his book, and the two are commentaries on each other. Of the early-comers we know little from the annalist; but we likewise misknow as little, and that is a great gain. On the contrary, of the men whose names and writings are avowedly popular at present, we seem to know too much. Scarcely any good is learnt from the hackney Paul Prys, who retail whatever rumour either malice or folly sets afloat,—who spice the choice morsels for a column of "Town and Table Talk," or "Lounger's News," to suit the market in the Provinces, and furnish distant quidnuncs with the scandal of the London Clubs, Studios, and Green-rooms: surely this is not the material whence we choose to draw knowledge of the literary and artistic workers of our day. Such crude and contradictory mis-statements would but mislead enquirers, and all this trampled mire must be swept aside before solid footing can be discerned. Better the scanty records of the past, than the lying fullness of report that is in vogue at present.

Yet even to writers, books, and things of recent date, mystery has already attached itself inextricably, despite the gossipers. After-generations will be puzzled in attempts to discern how far true was many a man whose fragmentary work comes down to them; and may rightly deem that he must first have thought the truth before he could have written the truth, and perhaps wrought out that truth by a life, as well, or better, than he did by words. People, incompetent to judge, make merry over the presumed insincerity of literary workmen; but we disbelieve the statements of such scorners, who cannot value an author's struggles. We disbelieve, even when we acquit them of deliberate intention to deceive; but they have become unable to understand the truth themselves, and when this is the case, the simplest matter of fact is by any such witnesses garbled into a falsehood.

It is natural that loving the early writers, Spenser, Shakspere and the other Elizabethans, we should desire more ample accounts of how their lives passed, than what we possess in the meagre and contradictory notices given by those who lived more near to them in time than ourselves. It almost seems inconceivable that their own people should have been so blind to their merit, and not have known, whilst labouring to send down any records to posterity, who were the men and which were the details most valuable and desirable. But we have long ceased to wonder at this ignorance. To know the true man is a rare faculty: is indeed one of the rarest of faculties. Therefore, it is not strange that the greatest thinkers are not quickly recognised, unless they come as mechanicians, chemists, or other practical producers of material wealth; and even of these, the enthusiastic and unselfish labourer, who is farthest in advance of his age, is less likely to be welcomed with plaudits and affection than the meaner tribe of jobbers who but little surpass the crowd of consumers. Poets, painters, and musicians, especially, must lay account to be treated harshly, neglectfully; they have generally looked for such treatment, and been seldom disappointed. They have had high spiritual compensation, doubtless, but they paid the price. When any one sought to evade the law, the result was so much the more humiliating. Always sad is the picture of one who vainly tries to harmonise two irreconcilable modes of existence. This is equally true of the man who clothes his ideas with words, colours, or pure statuesque form, as a writer, painter, or sculptor; or if, instead, he bids them go forth still more immaterialised, as the wordless music of a composer: music which comprehends the higher secrets, that no words can reach. It is of such a one, of Beethoven for example, that William Bell Scott affirms:

> "Wild
> Fancies of heart are his realities,
> And over them, as o'er firm ground, he flies
> Towards absorption in the unknown skies
> Of spirit land.
> "Alas! within the maze
> Of the actual world, hills, cattle, ships and town,
> Knowledge accumulative, mace and gown,
> Wealth, science, law, he like a blind man strays.
> Yet be thou proud, poor child! be not cast down,
> Men hear thee like the voice of the dead risen,
> And feel they are immortal, souls in prison."

Not only have we ceased to consider it wonderful, the neglect experienced by great men, but, also, we doubt whether it be even pitiable. Rightly considered, in many cases, this so-called neglect was the best thing the society of their own day could offer them. As a surfeiting of sweets destroys the digestive powers, so a surfeiting of praise might have injured the poets: a little wholesome bitter tones the system, and improves the appetite for solid food; only, somehow, a few of them received too liberally of the bitters. One need not have a quart of vinegar deluging the salad, or swallow a hogshead of lime-juice along with one's salt fish on Life's banyan-days. The author of "Festus," in his less-known

satire entitled "the Age," has pleasingly expressed the fact of the poet's genius being nurtured by neglect. He says:

> "As the poor shell-fish of the Indian sea,
> Sick—seven years sick—of its fine melody,
> The pearl (which after shall enrich the breast
> Of some fair Princess regal in the West),
> Its gem elaborates 'neath the unrestful main,
> Its worth proportional to its parent's pain,
> Until in roseate lustre perfect grown,
> Fate brings it forth, as worthy of a throne;—
> So must the Poet, master of his art,
> Feed on neglect, and thrive on many a smart;
> Death only, may be, gives him equal right,
> And nations glory in his royal light."

We learn to be more merciful in our judgment of those who failed to appreciate the buried poets of old-time, when we observe what passes around us. If our fathers stoned the prophets, and we build up their monuments, none the less are our contemporaries ready and willing to stone or starve a fresh generation, and leave as a legacy to descendants the raising of the inevitable cenotaphs. Croly has lately passed from us; but he was little appreciated during his life time, except by George Gilfillan, who always fought stoutly in his praise. Walter Savage Landor, a veteran of noble build, is still amongst us, but possessing little of apparent fame proportionate to what must come to him half a century hence, or later; when he will be spoken of as one of the most richly-gifted and independent writers of this age.

How little do people know of the true poetry of Robert Browning, Henry Taylor, R. H. Horne, George Macdonald, Walter Smith ("Orwell"),* Edmund Reade, Stanyan Bigg or Thomas Aird; whilst the Gerald Masseys, M. F. Tuppers, and Charles Mackays of the day run through their brief career of mob popularity.

Not to multiply references to living men of genuine powers, whose immediate influence is restricted, whilst the rhetorical flourishes of ephemeral creatures are received with acclamations by the multitude; sufficient proof is afforded of the ease with which men who scorn to beg for such senseless homage can glide into a region of obscure labour, and in a few years have so drawn themselves aside from the cliquenotoriety of their day, as to be almost forgotten, long before age has overtaken them. Witness for this, one of the most impassioned of all modern dramatic poets, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, author of the *Bride's Tragedy*, *Death's Jest-Book*, &c., who died so recently as 1849, and who had been, even then for a score of years absent from the field of his early triumph. Masterly as is the brief memoir of Beddoes, by "K." prefixed to the collected works published by Pickering in 1850, it is painfully scanty in details. A few familiar letters admirably reveal the poet in his frank communications with such friends as Proctor ("Barry Cornwall"); and sometimes refer to literary occupation. But only at rare intervals were his movements shewn, or, as it appears, sought to be discovered. Here was one of the most marvellously gifted poets of our own day (we say this emphatically, believing its truth, not by a waste of superlatives), portions of whose dramatic writings have scarcely been equalled since the time of Ford, Webster, and their comrades; he enters into his work from love of it, and cares so little for winning an increase of fame, that he allows his manuscripts to be destroyed, or lost, and scarcely takes any precautions to preserve the least token of what he had been. Even his medical labours, his German political life, as well as his purely literary studies, were each and all used merely as the day's work; and whether men would afterwards praise or blame, or utterly forget him, seemed to give no moment's anxiety to Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

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* Vide "*The Bishop's Walk and The Bishop's Times.*" Macmillan, 1861.

Nevertheless, a few have gratefully cherished the scanty remains of his writings that have been given to the world: as also of another neglected but genuine poet, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, whose works have been re-published, extensively circulated, and pilfered from, in America; nevertheless, in his native England no collected edition has ever been published, though his reputation was great in Cambridge, and such men as Macaulay, Sydney Walker, Buller, Moultrie, and Charles Knight were his intimate associates. Of Beddoes and Praed we may speak hereafter; they, with Walter Savage Landor[*] and Robert Browning, are our chief favourites when we yield ourselves to the strains of the sweet singers by the fireside on holiday evenings at St. John's.

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[*] *The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor;* comprising Heroic Idyls, &c. New Edition, enlarged. Nichol, 1859.

§ *II.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR AND MILTON.

> "Be patient! from the higher heavens of poetry, it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the Poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before it is rightly known what we are."—W. S. LANDOR'S *Examination of Shakspere.*

Whenever we take down from the shelves the volume of Walter Savage Landor's *Hellenics*, our freedom departs for the rest of the evening. The most intimate friend and profound mathematician may clamour unregardedly for admittance: we surrender ourselves to Landor, and our Oak is inexorably sported against all intruders.

More than half a century ago Walter Savage Landor had already gained a high position in literature. Since 1802 he has continued to write with the same impulsive vigour and independence of opinion, neither seeking nor obtaining what is called popularity, although he has influenced many thoughtful minds, and given us, in his *Imaginary Conversations*, an inexhaustible family of friends, and in his *Hellenics* a volume of genuine poetry that cannot fail to be esteemed hereafter as of high excellence. No other living poet gives us such a magnificent revival of the Grecian spirit. He has already the dignity of a classic. We find in many of the poems a glowing warmth of colouring, a devotion to beauty, a tender playfulness of phrase and imagery. There is purity of feeling amid all the sportiveness. In these lovely shrines nothing of gross sensuality is permitted to intrude; but everywhere is the elegance of richly developed art, everywhere the luxuriance of natural beauty. Some are Idyllic in their sweetness, their dainty toying with Arcadian enjoyment and affection. Others have more severity of tone, a calm and saddened grandeur, such as few modern authors have equalled. Each group of figures, distinct in outline, bears the token of a master-hand. Theirs is the repose of Grecian Sculpture, as in its best development of the Phidian era, with perfect symmetry of strength and gracefulness. The studied affectations of voluptuous elegance are not here, nor is the seductive sentiment which commends itself most readily to effeminate minds. Instead, we have the higher fascination of such forms as those that were illuminated by the sunshine on the Athenian Parthenon; the never-equalled sculpture, fragments of which are preserved to us in the British Museum, and known to the world as the Elgin Marbles:—The Theseus, the Ilissus, the Fates, Iris, and the Horses of Night. Marvellous are these statues in the fidelity to nature, and their austere sublimity, solemnised by the abiding calm of the marble, yet withheld from stony impassiveness by some mysterious glow of life and motion; which conveys to the mind a sense of arrested and slumbering vitality, rather than of workmanship from the hands of mortal man. And, in their own degree, the same attraction resides in these Hellenic poems by Walter Savage Landor. They appeal to the best feelings of our nature, they have their foundations of excellence in the highest and grandest of our sympathies.

We are led by him into an antique world of nature and of art, that can never become uninteresting; for in it we behold everything which is dear to our heart and our intellect. It is the same humanity which is around us in this nineteenth century, but it is transfigured by the distance. Overspread by the clear blue sky of the South; with warmer air breathed around the marble temples of Greece, and the rude huts of Sicilian Swains, we are brought into fellowship with things innocent and fair. The trivial and the commonplace are for a while dismissed, as we listen to this poet, who, with wisdom and melody, leads us again to a land that appears more lovely, and to days that seem more simple than our own. He leads us with him when we read the opening lines of Invocation:—

"Come back, ye wandering Muses, come back home!
Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies:
Come, let us walk upon the silent sands
Of Simois, where deep footmarks shew long strides;
Thence we may mount perhaps to higher ground,
Where Aphrodite from Athene won
The golden apple, and from Here too,
And happy Ares shouted far below.
  Or would you rather choose the grassy vale
Where flows Anapos thro' anemones,
Hyacynths, and narcissuses, that bend
To shew their rival beauty in the stream?
  Bring with you each her lyre, and each in turn
Temper a graver with a lighter song."

The completeness of the volume, its general uniformity of grandeur and beauty, fit it to be esteemed the most conclusive evidence of Walter Savage Landor's powers. In everything that he has written have been lines of suggestive thought, melodious cadences, and poetic fancies. But hitherto he had seldom revealed himself without irrelevant matter. He has long been acknowledged in his eminence as a student of the past, and for the variety and persistency of his investigations. His sympathies are keen and numerous, although he is a staunch hater, and occasionally unjust, to those whose principles are opposed to his own. His antagonism is the natural result of his earnestness. What he does is done heartily, whether blessing or banning, building or overthrowing. Against tyranny he has spoken by words and deeds, a life-long protest, and some of his withering sarcasms are not likely to be forgotten. In a few of these outpourings of indignation, he has occasionally injured his own reputation by the intemperate ferocity of attack. He has laid aside his own dignity, and the result has been in every way painful. No one who is acquainted with the value of his writings, and the genuine worth of the man himself, can read, without interest, the passage in the Appendix to the *Hellenics*, containing a Farewell to England, and a rebuke of those who insulted and calumniated the aged poet, as he departed for what is probably the last time, into exile. It commences thus:

"*A heartier age will come; the wise will know*
If in my writings there be aught of worth,[*]
Said ardent Milton, whose internal light
Dispelled the darkness of despondency,
Before he with imperishable gold
Damaskt the hilt of our Protector's blade.
Wonder not if that seer, the nighest to heaven
Of all below, could have thus well divined.
  I, on a seat beneath, but on his right,
Neither expect nor hope my verse may lie
With summer sweets, with albums gaily dressed,
Where poodle snifts at flower between the leaves.
A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,
And find not overmuch to pare away.
The soundest apples are not soonest ripe,
In some dark room laid up when others rot."

A calm reliance on the inevitable approval of the after-time speaks in the lines that follow, as in many passages of his prose works:—

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[*] "Veniet cordatior ætas:
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet."
MILTON, *Poemata.*

> ..."Meanwhile not querulous nor feverish
> Hath been my courtship of the passing voice,
> Nor panted for its echo. Time has been
> When Cowley shone near Milton, nay, above!
> An age roll'd on before a keener sight
> Could separate and see them far apart....
> We upon earth
> Have not our places and our distances
> Assigned for many years."

The poem begins and ends with reference to Milton. All who have deeply studied Walter Savage Landor—and in his best utterances few of our miscellaneous writers better deserve attentive perusal—must be aware of the reverence paid by him to that lofty intellect. Indeed, the internal resemblance which subsists between Milton and Landor, is even more remarkable than any external similarity of style. Thorough fellowship with Landor need not be expected from persons who have distaste for Milton, in the political and social relations to his time, according to his peculiarity of temperament; howsoever such modern critics may affect to comply with traditional acclamations in homage to him as a poet. Many features of likeness exist in these two ardent worshippers of Liberty. We might trace a parallel, and find scarcely anything in the one, as a man, which is not also in the other. Their many virtues, their few faults, are almost identical. Transport them to one another's era and position, and each would have acted as the other has done. In both are seen the same over-ruling pride, that to superficial observers appears to be conceit; the same indignant scorn and hatred for oppression, fraud, and treachery of all kinds; the same high ideal of labour with untiring devotion, and readiness for self-sacrifice in a great cause; the same intolerance and merciless denunciation of whosoever shrank timidly from opposing falsehood. In their austerity and superhuman grandeur they are removed above the petty trafficking world, somewhat too high for common sympathies. To the crowd they appear cold and hard, exacting, scornful; but there is a pure stream of affection gushing from those ice-crowned mountains, there is a fire of patriotism ever burning within, there are luxuriant vineyards over-crusting the hardened flood of lava which had rolled down destructively of old, so that flowers and fruit are blooming on the very margin of the sea which reflects the calm bright stars of evening. Both men require to be known more fully than is found possible by hasty readers; both demand our reverence for their massiveness of thought and their constancy to early principles. We see on their brows the mark of storm; it tells what they have suffered—what they have surmounted. They have had to yield many a cherished fancy, have denied themselves a thousand private luxuries, before they could arrive at even this much of success—little though it be compared to what they sought. Such men, the few gigantic ones, repel ordinary affection. Dante, Æschylus, and Milton, in their several fields of action, as also Michael Angelo, David Scott, and Walter Savage Landor (less different in degree than the world deems), held the same depth of nature and the same aspirations. They stand like the Egyptian pyramids, above the long dreary levels of human stagnance. They point upward to the immensity, they look downward on the storm, with serenity but with abiding sadness. To them Summer scarcely lends her bloom, but Winter has no power to destroy. We see their massive solidity, their repelling gloom, and perhaps we weakly shudder. If we keep aloof, in terror or in scorn, what can we learn from them? There are secret vaults within, to which no common eye can penetrate; there mysteries and mazes which can never be unravelled. If we refuse our homage, let us not ignorantly ridicule. Pause, if you will, in the purple twilight, and muse with awe on what you see. Better it is for us to marvel at them, and seek to rise in comprehension of their greatness—although they still preserve so many secrets; better than if we passed on flippantly in our gay skiff or in the caravan of worldings, with words of mockery and senseless laughter. Not without untold agony and heroic effort these sublime ruins soared above the plain. Surely there have been sorrows enough, and pain of body, long harassing labours and frustrated hopes, before one man, before one building, before one work of art approached completion. The more vast and self-reliant it is, the more incomprehensible it must ever seem to idle gazers, and the more fascinating and instructive it must ever be to those who reverently think upon its place in the eternal scheme of usefulness and beauty.

By those who know the grandeur which Landor has intermittingly revealed in his prose works, and which in less diluted simplicity he has shewn in these poems on Greek subjects, the *Hellenics*, we will not be charged with exaggeration of praise. Lifelong he has been unequal, we confess; as all great men have been unequal. He has yielded too freely to the temptation of speaking for the moment; paying away the strength which was due to worthier requirement. Consequently, he has allowed all allusions to temporary politics to intrude, and overlap almost all his writings, whatever was their ostensible subject. He has lost patience and lost temper, and has marred the symmetry of works that ought to have been artistically constructed, free from incongruities and personalities. This fault scarcely appears in the *Hellenics*. They are kept untainted. The dust and clamour of the flying hour mar not their beauty. As we read them, again and again, we feel lifted into a serener heaven of contemplation. Not the fashion of the day is stamped on them; not alone the Past, but rather the Future seems to claim them as its own. We feel certain that many a reader in after years will share our enjoyment of their wholesome beauty and their unaffected strength; and that, however busy may become the people with the great work of civilization and christianity before them, an after-generation of heroic thinkers,—each solitary, it may be, and yearning for a fuller draught of freedom and mental light—will gratefully look back on Walter Savage Landor, his life and writings, and thank him for the aid which he has given to the great cause. We know well that under all which he has done has been a purpose not less magnificent, and hopes not less disinterested and sacred, than those of the maligned and disappointed Milton.

J. W. E.

* * *

THE LADY MARGARET FOUR, NOV. 1863.

Bright October was come, cold, misty-morning'd October,
Cheering the toil-worn earth with its yearly promise of rest-time,
Changing the verdure of aspen and lime to the red tints of autumn;
Clusters of golden leaflets droop from the shivering birch-boughs,
Pendulous, heavy with dew, most beautiful now as the coming
Winter bids them descend, and carpet the earth with their rich brown
And gold. Beautiful bright October (except when it rain'd, then
'Twas cold, horrid, drizzly, dreary, fraught with consumption)
Welcoming votaries up to the shrine of the goddess Mathesis,
Some in the verdure of freshness, some junior, senior sophs some,
Hastening joyfully, all, to the scene of their pleasant but hard work
Past or as yet but expected. Came up too the lazier fellows,
Spending great part of their terms in the pleasures of boating and cricket—
Spending, but not quite wasting their time; albeit the immortal
"Muses hard-grain'd of the cube and the square" are seldom in season,
And the others, the Classic I mean, for them have few charms, still
Somewhat they gain in the genial mirth and chaff of companions,
Somewhat of good for themselves, for each other of generous feeling,
Somewhat of energy, hardihood, pluck, in their boating and cricket

Term was begun in good earnest. The tortuous bank of the river
"Ditch," as our Oxford friends sometimes provokingly call it,
Echoed with pattering steps, and noise of hard-working "Coaches"
Panting and shouting by turns to crews of Freshmen amusing;
"Back straight, 'Two.'" "Now 'Three,' do a little more work at beginning,"
"Into your chest well, 'Five,' and don't screw out of the boat so,"
Shouting and panting by turns, urged on by zeal patriotic,
And a sprinkling may be of pride, as with dignity new-fledg'd.

But when the day was done, and the calm still twilight descended,
Then Lady Margaret call'd together her sons to a meeting,
Margaret, honor'd of all, silv'ry-headed, the Pearl of Boat-clubs;
Margaret, Pride of St. John's, belov'd of the "Ancient Loganus,"
Held a meeting again in the rooms of the Classic Cylindon.
Silence gain'd at length, with a smile uprose the First Captain,
Metaphor only—"uprose"—for indeed he had never been seated,
Stood and proposed with a smile in language Thucydidean,
(His own words I would give, but do not remember minutely)
That our club should send in a Four to the on-coming races.
Cheering succeeded, and chaff derisive, and laughter informal,
Cheers and laughter and chaff, "Please don't, Sir," by Clericus bellow'd;
For well knew every man in the club that the Four were in training,
Full well knew the places and forms of those muscular Christians;
Often, with Dan'l in stern, had seen them start from the boat-house,
Often had run on the bank to watch them time, swing, and finish,
Often had waited to see them return with Dan'l for Coxswain:
Dan'l—addicted at times to trying the cold water system,
Not on himself, but on others unwilling in river so muddy—
No "lone lorn Dan'l" he, most weighty, most cheery of "Coaches"

Help me, O muse, awhile in the arduous task of description,
Spare me, O friends, if perchance, though strong my wish to do justice
To all, a theme so grand o'er-top the force of my language.

Beebee was 'bow,' as last year, the lively cigar-loving Beebee;
Voted "no end of a swell," in cruelly dry mathematics,
Language (ancient of course) and mythical lore of great Rome, in
"Musical chaff of Old Athens," in Pindar and Poets excelling,
Good classic he, and successful, the Beau of Bell scholars;
Beebee was 'bow,' as last year, the lively cigar-loving Beebee.
Hawkins succeeded as 'Two,' for two quite big enough truly,
Hawkins, the grave, demure, large-limb'd and active First Captain,
Worthy all praise and all thanks for his energy, zeal untiring:
Limner of witty Cartoons, sent up to friend Punch, *and inserted.*
'Three' was the Pride of our Club, was Marsden the shapely, the straight-back'd,
Playfully christen'd "The Little" because of his giant proportions;
Marsden, the brave, unboasting, surpass'd by none as a worker,
Rara avis in terris of the genus hard-reading, hard-rowing,
No mean disciple of Selwyn the Great, a good oar, a good classic.
Watney was stroke, the lithe, dark-eyed; of oars the most lucky,
Lucky, deservedly too, for "who help themselves, them the Gods help:"
Winner of pewters unnumber'd, of medals (in anticipation),
Never 'tis said has been bump'd in a race! Ah! would that I had not!

This was the crew. They were steer'd by the cool-headed bird the Coturnix,
Steady and skilful in taking a corner—but not as the bird flies.

Think it no strange thing, that we look'd with hope to their winning,
Proud of their long sweeping stroke, their swing and their strength unequall'd,
Still at the meeting 'twas hinted by some that "Third" was the better
Boat, and Emmanuel "not to be sneez'd at."—"Wait tho' till Monday,
They have only just tried their out-rigger, but when they get steady—!"

Bid me not now recount the hopes and fears of the next week;
How they went splendidly one day, did the course under "Eight something;"
But on the next, without reason apparent, were nearly "Nine twenty."
How with gladness of heart we saw them spurt in from the willows,
And cheer'd and shouted with joy, but next moment with faces
Lengthen'd, and spirits deprest, we heard Dan'l sigh, as he mutter'd
"Worse than yesterday." So, when the prizes of life are contested,
Hope, disappointment, fear, joy, are strangely inter-commingled.
Happy who shrink not, through dread of defeat, but with patience and courage
Strive and battle and win, in the God-given strength of their manhood.

Rose on the Monday eventful, old Sol, in his splendour of Autumn,
Softly rose-tinting the barèd limbs of the lime and the sturdy
Old oak conquer'd at last; rose-tinting the weeping willows,
Drooping their amber leaves to the bank of the swollen river.
Need I relate how in spite of a manly and spirited effort,
Victim fell Trinity Hall to our longer stroke and our harder;
Capital race it was round Grassy and up to Plough corner,
Where in a *rattling* spurt, our Four won the first of its honours.
Tuesday brought little of Glory; for "Third" having spurted out Pembroke,
Nothing was left us to do, but, reserving our strength for the morrow,
Calmly row over the course, with Emmanuel three places forward.

Throng'd were the willow-fringed banks on the day of the final struggle,
Long 'ere the three rival crews fared forth on their arduous errand,

Thirsting for honour and fame, for self, for club, and for college.
Hardly a *race* was expected by many who thought themselves judges,
"'Third' was pre-eminent, certain to win, and Emmanuel second:"
Our four had such mite of a chance, they might as well not start.
Well! they *did* start, and went up the first reach with motion unsteady,
But at the corner improv'd and flew like an arrow to Grassy.
Shudder'd our hearts as we watch'd their Cox'n the skilful Coturnix,
Lest he should steer them too close and our chance be lost in a moment:
Needlessly shudder'd our hearts, for indeed he steer'd to perfection.
Now they sweep round Ditton corner, 'mid shouts of "well row'd" and "well steer'd, Sir."
But as they enter the Reach, our hope so lately renascent
Suddenly dies away as we see them perceptibly losing.
Dies to be newly rekindled; for as they near the willows,
Starting again into life more vigorous, joyous, elastic
Than ever, quick'ning their stroke but not lopping its length or its power,
Sinews strain'd to the utmost, and hearts beating high with excitement,
Forward they leap in a last "dying spurt" and—hark! their gun goes:
Eagerly all eyes turn to the other boats; are they still rowing?
Has a gun miss'd fire? Oh! the fearful suspense of that waiting
Till come the sharp "crack," "crack," with hardly a second between them;
"Third" *is* third, O mirabile dictu, and we are the Victors—
What follow'd who shall describe? such cheering enthusiastic
Never before has startled our old Father Cam from his slumber;
Never such waving of hats, such rapture almost universal.

Brimful of nobly-earned κῦδος, our four paddle back to the boathouse,
Greeted at every point, as they pass, with "Well row'd, Lady Margaret."
"Well row'd indeed" let us sing; and as we tell of past triumphs,
Let us with brightening prospect, look forward to others as well-won:
Let us remember our Motto, remember its *real* meaning,
And when the races are over next May, we will, *if we can*, shout
"Cheers for the Lady Margaret first boat, Head of the river!"

D.

A LETTER.

Mr. Editor,

I am an old Subscriber to *The Eagle*, and have in my time contributed more than one article to its pages. In common with all well-wishers to the noble bird, I should extremely regret, that from lack of support it should, after six years successful flight, now droop its pinions, and I should therefore wish, with your permission, to address a few words in your pages to your numerous readers, for of them there is no lack. I have lately read with great interest the exciting tale you have just published "The Ghost Story," and as I laid down the last number, after its perusal, I dreamed and I thought that I was addressing your readers in such terms as these:

"You have heard of the Ghost which troubled Miss Hester ——, is there not a ghost which continually haunts and troubles you? Do you not at times see the ghost of a noble bird, once the proud and perhaps pampered pet of this College, now reduced to a state of literary destitution and semi-starvation? Does not this attenuated spectre, with drooping beak and dim eye, at times address you in these words:

"'I was once the King of Birds, the minister of Jove himself. For six years I have dwelt in this College. Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics encouraged me to my first flight. They fed me on the choicest morsels of literature; they gave me solid prose for meat, and poesy sweet as nectar for drink.

"'Now I pine melancholy, neglected: and unless speedy contribution be made for me I shall die of inanition. In vain do I look around for the Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics who formerly befriended me. People seem to be afraid of me: the young and rising generation, to whom I look as my chief supporters, avoid me, and leave me entirely dependant on the contributions of a few Editors, without whose kind support I should long ago have departed this life.'

"This I can assure you, O Reader, is not an overdrawn picture of the sufferings of *The Eagle*. The bird is too well known for me to enter into a description of its praises; all I would say in conclusion is this, if you would keep *The Eagle* alive, if you would bring back Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics to this College, and appease the Ghost which mars your rest; go to your rooms, take pen and paper, and write an Article for *The Eagle*."

And then I awoke, and determined to send these thoughts to you, hoping thereby to procure you many articles even to overflowing.

PHILAETOS.

"ON THE WELL OF A JAUNTING CAR."

TWO English ladies once paid a vist to Ireland, and on landing called for a Jaunting Car; but having never seen, or sat on, a Jaunting Car before, they asked of the driver where they were to sit. Says Paddy "Ladies of quality sit 'on the well' (the place where the luggage is usually put), and pay half-a-crown; ordinary people sit here (pointing to the proper seat), and *only* pay a shilling." This anecdote was related to me during a recent tour in Ireland by two Irish ladies, who actually saw the poor unfortunates driving through Kingstown in the above position. I hope therefore, that the fact of it having been related to me by two eye-witnesses, may serve as some apology for bringing my verses on the subject before our readers.

Two ladies once wished a short time to beguile,
  And traversed the Irish sea o'er!
Then came to the land of the Emerald Isle
  Determined each spot to explore.
But sad to relate, both the Mother and Daughter,
  Though the sea was remarkably still:
Yet nevertheless while crossing the water
  Were both of them dreadfully ill.

They stayed in the cabin the whole of the day;
  Sighed much as they reeled to and fro,
Till the vessel had reached Dublin's beautiful bay:
  When both of them came from below.
Though sure, let me tell you, they looked very pale,
  And seemed to be trembling all o'er,
Yet both of them ceased their most heart-rending wail,
  When the vessel was moored to the shore.

They got all their luggage conveyed to the land;
  Then out of the vessel they came;
And seeing a car and a car-man at hand,
  They immediately called to the same.
These ladies had never before in their life
  Seen or sat on "a jaunting car,"
But the driver put quickly an end to their strife,
  When he their perplexity saw.

"Oh, if you both ladies of quality be?
  Why then you must sit 'on the well,'
And pay half-a-crown, though the general fee,
  Is a bob I am sorry to tell."
—You know that for ladies of high Pedigree
  "On the well" could not be the right place;
So as the car drove through the town, you might see
  Many smiles on each impudent face.

How very indignant was each lady's look
  At the folks so disgracefully rude!
And, as you'd suppose, with fierce anger they shook,
  And were both in a sorrowful mood.
So at last they bade old Macdoulan turn back,
  Disgusted with all in the town;
Then Paddy in glee to his whip gave a crack,
  And for driving he charged them a crown.

This my tale is as true as ever you've heard;
  For some ladies who'd witnessed the scene,
Once declared unto me that a sight more absurd
  In their life they never had seen.
Now ladies, dear ladies, and gentlemen too,
  Your heads pray don't carry too high!
For you see from this that your pride you will rue,
  And misfortune is sure to be nigh.

SEMPER N*.

OUR CHRONICLE.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1863.

AT the commencement of the Fourth Volume of *The Eagle,* we have the pleasure of announcing a large increase in the number of Subscribers, and of returning our thanks to some new Contributors in addition to our old supporters. We trust that the flight so happily begun may be as happily sustained, and, to quote from another page of our present Number, that "the pride and ample pinion which the Johnian Eagle bear," may not be suffered to fall and droop from the negligence of the noble bird's friends and guardians.

The entry at S. John's College has been unusually large this year, the names of 91 Freshmen appearing on the boards.

The office of Lord High Steward of the University became vacant at the beginning of the pesent term by the death of Lord Lyndhurst. The vacancy was filled by the unanimous election of the Right Hon. the Earl Powis, LL.D., of S. John's College. Earl Powis graduated in 1840, when he obtained a first class in the Classical Tripos.

The College living of Marton-cum-Grafton, in the County of York and Diocese of Ripon, has become vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Foster, M.A., who has held it since 1809. The Master and Seniors have presented to it the Rev. J. R. Lunn, B.D., Fellow and Lady Sadler's Lecturer of this College.

On Friday, November 27, Mr. H. Fawcett, M.A., Fellow of Trinity Hall, was elected to the Professorship of Political Economy. Mr. Joseph B. Mayor and Mr. L. H. Courtney, Fellows of S. John's College, were also candidates. Mr. Mayor polled 80 votes, and lost the election by only 10 votes.

On Monday, November 2, the following gentlemen were elected Fellows of this College:

Henry Ludlow, M.A., 8th Wrangler, 1857.

William Philip Hiern, B.A., 9th Wrangler, 1861.

John George Laing, B.A., 2nd Wrangler, 1862, and 2nd Smith's Prizeman.

Alfred Freer Torry, B.A., 4th Wrangler, 1862.

John Sephton, B.A., 5th Wrangler, 1862.

Philip Thomas Main, B.A., Bell's University Scholar, 1859, 6th Wrangler (equal), 1862.

Charles Edward Graves, B.A., Porson Prizeman (equal), 1861, 2nd Classic, 1862.

The Naden's Divinity Studentship has been awarded to C. Taylor, B.A.

The following gentlemen obtained a First Class in the College Examination in June last:

Third Year.

Ewbank
Stuckey
Smallpeice
Archbold
Baron
Newton
Clare
Creeser

Second Year.

Wood, A.
Marshall
Blanch
Russell, C. D.
Beebee
Coutts
Levett
Sutton
Griffiths
Cope
Isherwood
Smith, R. P.
Roach
Vawdrey
Kempthorne
Yeld
Huntly
Shackleton
Wiseman
Watson
Wilson
Cust
Masefield

First Year.

Pryke
Pulliblank
Stevens, A. J.
Marrack
Jamblin
Warren
Haslam, J. B.
Hill, E.
Dewick
Genge
Massie
Hathorntwaite
Rowsell
Covington
Brayshaw
Cotterill
Burrow
Miller
Hart, H. G.
Govind
Davis, A.
Carleton
Payton
Rowband
Marsden, M. H.
George
Bloxam
Doig
De Wet
Barker
Constable
Hewitt
Luck
Mullinger

Reading Prizes.

1 Cooper	2 Brown, J. T. Gurney

Prizes for Greek Testament and Reformation History.

1 Pearson, J. B.	2 Archbold Moss

English Essay Prizes.

Third Year.	*Second Year.*	*First Year.*
Pearson, J. B.	Yeld, C.	Payton Mullinger } *Æq.*

The following gentlemen were elected Scholars June 12:

Third Year.	*Second Year.*	*First Year.*
Newton, H.	Griffiths	Warren, C.
Terry	Levett	Smith, W. F.
Archbold	Wiseman	
Clare	Russell, C. D.	
Creeser	Coutts	
Pearson, J. B.		

The Wood and Hare Exhibitions were given as follows:

£40, Ewbank and Wood, A.

£30, Stuckey, Moss, Blanch, Pryke, and Pulliblank.

£20, Marshall, Russell, C. D., Beebee, Stevens, A. J., Marrack, Jamblin, Hill, E., and Dewick.

£15, Smallpeice, Baron, and Cust.

£10, Reece, Robinson, Quayle, Isherwood, Cope, Roach, Kempthorne, Shackleton, Yeld, Huntly, Watson, Smith, R.P., Coutts, Hathornthwaite, Covington, Massie, Marsden, M. H.

£8 17*s.* 3*d.* Brayshaw.

Proper Sizars—Yeld, Shackleton, Stevens, and Marrack.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are:

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.
Treasurer, G. W. Hill
Secretary, S. W. Cope
First Captain, W. W. Hawkins
Second Captain, W. Mills
Third Captain, H. Watney
Fourth Captain, A. Cust
Fifth Captain, W. Boycott
Sixth Captain, W. J. Stobart

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, November 14. Twelve boats entered. After five bumping races, the time race was rowed between the following crews:

1 R. P. Smith	1 J. B. Haslam
2 W. Covington	2 F. S. Poole
3 J. N. Isherwood	3 M. H. Marsden
H. Rowsell, *Stroke*	F. Young, *Stroke*
W. J. Stobart, *Cox.*	R. S. Stephen, *Cox.*

1 P. H. Kempthorne
2 E. B. I'Anson
3 S. W. Cope
E. C. Roe, *Stroke*
W. Mills, *Cox.*

Mr. Mills won by about half a second.

The University Four-Oar Races commenced on Monday, November 9. Seven boats entered. The result of each day's racing will be found on another page. To the delight of the College, the Lady Margaret Crew, by a splendid spurt from Ditton corner, came in the winner of the time-race by about three seconds.

The winning Crew consisted of

1 M. H. L. Beebee
2 W. W. Hawkins, *Capt.*
3 M. H. Marsden
H. Watney, *Sroke*
M. H. Quayle, *Cox.*

It may not be uninteresting to record the winners of the University Fours since their institution in 1849:

1849	First Trinity
1850	Lady Margaret
1851	Third Trinity
1852	First Trinity
1853	Lady Margaret
1854	Third Trinity
1855	Trinity Hall
1856	Lady Margaret
1857	Magdalen
1858	Third Trinity
1859	Third Trinity
1860	First Trinity
1861	First Trinity and Trinity Hall (dead heat)
1862	Third Trinity
1863	Lady Margaret

The Colquhoun Sculls were rowed for on Monday, November 16, and following days.

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

President, W. D. Bushell, B.A.
Treasurer, R. B. Masefield
Secretary, C. Warren
First Captain, T. Knowles
Second Captain, W. J. E. Percy.

We have been requested to insert the following:—

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

At a meeting of this Club held in the President's rooms, March 24th, a general opinion was expressed that it would further the interests of Cricket in the College and be very convenient to Cricketers, if the ground at the back of the College were put into playing order. Various methods were suggested of raising the money necessary for the purpose, but it was finally resolved that a voluntary subscription be opened; in a short time a sum amounting to nearly £20 was collected and about as much more was promised. Since then the Master and Fellows have taken the matter up, and have kindly consented to give £100 to the work if so much was required. A tender was sent in by Daniel Hayward, in which he engaged to level a piece 60 yards by 40 for a match ground, and another 80 yards by 15 for practice; this was accepted and the work is progressing most satisfactorily.

On Thursday, November 26th, a meeting of the subscribers to the Johnian Cricket ground was held in the President's rooms, to consider what should be done with the money that had been collected. Mr. Calvert having opened the meeting, proposed:

"That the money that has been already collected for levelling the Cricket Ground be devoted to a Pavilion Fund, and that those gentlemen who have promised a subscription for the former purpose, be requested to allow the Committee to apply it to the aforesaid Pavilion Fund."

The motion was seconded by Mr. Clare, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Clare then proposed: "That an account of this meeting be inserted in *The Eagle*, together with an intimation, that all subscribers to the Cricket Ground Fund who have paid their subscription may, if they object to the above resolution, have their money returned on application to the Treasurer."

This motion was seconded by Mr. Knowles and carried unanimously.

The President then dissolved the Meeting.

We have to announce that a new Boat Club has been established in the College since the issue of our last number, under the name of the Second St. John's; the officers of which for the present term are:

Captain, T. H. Baynes
Secretary & Treasurer, C. D. Russell

The Cambridge University Rifle Corps is, we are happy to say, in a most flourishing state. The number of recruits this term is much larger than usual. In our own company Mr. O. L. Clare has been elected ensign in the place of Mr. W. Marsden.

The Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup has been won by Lieutenant Colonel Baker, Corporal Doe and Captain Ross of Trinity were second and third.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.—MICHAELMAS TERM, 1863.

UNIVERSITY FOUR OARS.

Monday, November 9.

1 Trinity Hall }
2 Lady Margaret }
3 Magdalene }
4 Emmanuel }
5 Pembroke
6 1st Trinity }
7 3d Trinity }

Tuesday, November 10.

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

Wednesday, November 11.

1 Third Trinity | 2 Emmanuel | 3 Lady Margaret

Won by Lady Margaret by about three seconds, Emmanuel being second.

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS.

Monday, November 16*th,* 1863.

1 Fanshaw, Corpus
2 Bolden, Christ's
3 Mills, Lady Margaret
4 Brickwood, Downing
5 Chambers, 3rd Trinity
6 Langdon, Lady Margaret
7 Edgell, Queens'
8 Gibson, 1st Trinity
9 Baker, 3rd Trinity
10 Fawcett, Christ's
11 Richardson, Trin. H.
12 Baynes, 2nd St. John's
13 Dyke, Trinity Hall
14 Selwyn, 3rd Trinity
15 Morris, 2nd Trinity

Tuesday, November 17.

1 Selwyn
2 Mills
3 Chambers
4 Bolden
5 Langdon
6 Dyke
7 Edgell
8 Baker
9 Richardson

Wednesday, November 18.

1 Chambers
2 Richardson
3 Selwyn
4 Baker
5 Bolden
6 Dyke

Thursday, November 19.

1 Dyke
2 Chambers
3 Bolden
4 Selwyn

Friday, November 20.

1 Bolden
2 Selwyn
3 Chambers

Won by Chambers. Selwyn second.

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